One of Many

The forest was silent; for many that might be peaceful or almost serene, but for the creature with one blue and one green eye that was scanning the area he found such a thing unsettling. It normally meant that there was something, or someone, that had scared all the local wildlife away from this area, which was exactly why Vorkax was out there in the first place. As the merged wolf-dragon continued to survey the area he hadn’t found whatever phenomenon was driving creatures out… though he was also there for another reason as well. He hadn’t been the first that was tapped to try and find out what was going on and those that had gone in first to investigate have yet to return despite it being several days.

Considering the creatures that had disappeared it put Vorkax on even higher alert than usual, but so far his hike through the woods of silence had not turned up a single thing. He had located a few potential tracks that he had tried to follow but they were so erratic that it was hard to figure out where they were coming from. The trail felt like it was being made by a naga, which would have been a good start for him, but the size didn’t match and there were multiple break points further away that would have indicated several creatures before suddenly it was gone again. By the second day Vorkax was starting to wonder if whatever had been had completely left as he brushed the leaves out of his light purple fur and the purple and gold of his mane.

As the sun had begun to set and the dragon-wolf thought about having to make camp yet again Vorkax heard something that was finally something other than the sound of his own feet or the wind rustling through the branches. The merged being dropped low and moved quietly through the bushes in search of the sound; whatever it was that he had heard was big, potentially some sort of dragon or something of that nature. Either way he wanted to make sure he got the drop on it instead of the other way around and though it took longer than he had thought he eventually tracked the creature to a clearing in order to get a good look at it. When he finally caught sight of the entity what he saw caused his mouth to drop as the setting sun illuminated the shiny skin of the bizarre rubber creature.

The lower body was a singular tube of black latex, which was what had given him the impression of it being some sort of naga creature, but as his eyes trailed upwards what he would consider to be the upper body of the entity was actually several rubbery heads that seemed to be constantly slithering about. There were four heads and while they had no eyes that could be seen it was made up for by the huge lips that were on their faces. While the structure of all the heads was identical they had different colorations and patterns, and as he noticed that one was black and gold while another had a specific design on the top of its head it caused him to gasp audibly. He had just found where the other two had disappeared too… and as all the heads turned in his direction he realized the error he had just made that caused it to find him as well.

Not good… Vorkax wasn’t keen to find how fast it moves through the woods and immediately started to run in the other direction, but in his effort to try and sneak up on the creature in the clearing he had taken a path that had the least amount of underbrush. While it worked in his favor it also seemed to do the same for the strange entity and it didn’t take long before he found it gaining on him. Even with no eyes the multi-headed rubber creature seemed to sense exactly where he was going and it wasn’t long until several times he could practically feel those strange bloated lips nipping at his tail. He just needed to find some sort of underbrush or something that their large body would be a hindrance, but as he attempted to do a sharp turn to get them caught up in a thicket of trees he found his foot hitting an exposed root that caused him to stumble.

While it hadn’t been enough to completely knock him over the loss of momentum was more than enough for Vorkax to find himself in the clutches of the creature, the purple rubber head glomming around his legs as tentacles that were inside of it curled around his flailing limbs. As he saw the two heads with the patterns he recognized he thought perhaps they might recognize him and let him go, but that hope was quickly dashed as he saw their huge mouths curl up into smiles as the tongue-like protrusions within licked their shiny lips. The merged creature continued to try and wiggle his way out of the bindings but the mouth had had latched onto his lower body continued to hold fast as smaller black tentacles whipped around and tore the clothes off of him to reveal his lavender fur underneath.

“Let go of me!” Vorkax shouted as he continued to fight even while he was naked. “You’re not going to eat me so easily, I’ll crawl all the way back out of you if I have too!” To his surprise his declaration was met with laughter by the three heads that weren’t holding him, causing him to pause even while continuing to hold the black tentacles at bay from curling around him.

“No… you will join us…” the black and gold head said.

“Feels so good to be a part of us…” the purple and green head said.

“You will embrace us…”

“Become us…”

“One of us…”

“One of many…”

Soon the voices began to blend together as the tentacles continued to curl around his legs and lower body, which if he didn’t know any better he would imagine they were trying to arouse him. It wouldn’t be the first time a creature ensnared people in that way but as he continued to try and kick away the mouth that was holding him, which only seemed to visibly stretch out their thick necks with his feet, he wasn’t paying attention to the smaller black tentacles that continued to whip around him. He thought that they were merely there to bind him, but with the distracting mouth still enveloping his lower body he didn’t see that one of them unfurled at the tip to reveal four pedals and a hole in the middle that leaked blue goo. With Vorkax holding it halfway down its body it had enough room to do what it was supposed to do and suddenly the dragon-wolf went from fighting to his entire body going stiff as he felt something latch onto the back of his head.

It only took a second before those rubbery petals latched onto the fur of the back of his head but as he felt the one between his horns slide down to just above his forehead the effects were instantaneous. He had already been getting tired from the run and subsequent struggle, but as he began to feel something happening to him as his mouth opened in a gasp. The other heads stopped what they were doing and saying and seemed content to watch as the head that had kept him entangled let go, slowly letting his hips slide out as the sucker attached to the back of his head slowly lifted him upwards. It didn’t take long before the legs of the merged creature dangled in the air, his eyes slowly rolling back into his head as he felt something akin to a tongue licking against the back of his skull.

With the fight sapped out of him and tendrils of rubber already starting to push into his head the multi-headed creature was content to take it slow, their prey already in their clutches as they began to feed his mind directly with images and thoughts of pure pleasure. Though Vorkax still had enough sense in him to know that this wasn’t right there was nothing he could do, his body wouldn’t respond to his thoughts and the only thing that was moving was his maleness had started to grow erect. As the seconds passed the black tentacle that had captured him was also starting to change, the entire length growing thicker as it started to feel like the goo that was leaking out of it had begun to trickle into his head. But those thoughts were disappearing, the body of the captured creature twitching as his still-rolled back eyes began to shift and change.

It was the sign of the creature taking over, whatever this thing was it had no need for such pesky things as independent thought from its heads as a droplet of a shiny grey substance leaked out of his mouth. As the tentacle that Vorkax was suspended by began to grow thicker the pedals that had initially captured him began to grow bigger as well, which seemed to suction them tighter against his head. He had… to fight… even forming the words of resistance were growing harder to find in his head as he found his thoughts turning to how shiny and lovely the other heads were. There was a growing appreciation of what they were trying to do for him, bringing him into the fold with them so that they could be one together.

As the black rubber of the tentacle began to push against his back Vorkax found the line between his own psyche and the one that was pushing into him beginning to blur, and as it did his increasingly shiny eyes began to radiate a pattern on them that was completely unnatural to any but those who experienced the embrace of this creature. It was a hard, and as it radiated out into various hues the hypnotic effect it had was not lost on their newest prey as something began to push out past his lips. At this point even if he had the mind to escape there was no way he could, the goo that was inside the hollow tentacle absorbing the fur and skull of the merged creature to make it into more rubber. As more of the rubber pushed over his head it began to look like a hood as the cyan heart eyes stared straight head in a blank expression of pleasure.

Though the creature was completely pacified the tentacle was not done with this one yet and as the black rubber tentacle became about the same width as the suspended creature it began to lean back to have the body rest against it. The tail of the dragon-wolf was the first to get pulled in, and as it did a tentacle of rubber snaked out and pushed into the tailhole of enthralled man. Pleasure… it would bask in the radiant bliss that all the other tentacles felt and as it started to flow up its legs it completely encapsulated his member as well. The feeling of rubber completely enveloping his furry legs had caused them to rub a bit but that only served to push them down deeper, causing them to sink as what few thoughts Vorkax had left were that of the intense pleasure he was feeling as the black rubber turned the same lavender as his fur.

It was also happening to the synthetic substance that was crawling over his head, though as the pleasure continued to build all he could feel was the delightful sensations that the creature was feeding into him. Even with his head only partially converted he could feel the wiggling sensation in his maw increase and as his maw was stretched open he found that the insides were puffy and completely converted to rubber. That was how it was supposed to be, the voices in his head said in unison, how else would he be able to grab prey to create more heads. As the cascading tentacle moved up and enveloped his arms it caused his back to arch and he could see the others watching, their mouths in a big-lipped smile that started to be mimicked by his own.

You are one of us… the more the rubber enveloped his head the more it took his coloration, but that was just a sign that he was joining them as the horns underneath began to shrink. Once the resistance had left him everything else began to drain away, and as the look of bliss grew on his face so did his lips. Having a muzzle was overrated, there was no need for it as the tentacles once more emerged from his maw. The rubber had almost spread completely over the sides of his face and all Vorkax could think about was wanting more; he wanted the lips that were inflating and completely subsuming his muzzle to overtake him, he wanted his chest to join with the rubber that was already spreading over it. As his large ears were pushed down against his head he could already feel them melting and merging with the rubber of his new body, his head losing more definition by the second while his mouth grew bigger.

No Vorkax, no dragon-wolf, no need for silly things like carnal pleasure. If he had the ability to look down he would have seen that his maleness was merely a bump in the increasingly lavender rubber of the tentacle that was absorbing him with the only other thing standing out was the remains of his tail. Without even realizing it his arms had also been completely subsumed and the creature made sure that he was loving every second of it. It wasn’t long before the only thing that was left was his already mutated head, his huge rubber lips starting to move as the shiny tentacle that had finished completely subsuming his ears started to coat his eyes.

One of many… that was what he started to say, and as the last of Vorkax disappeared underneath that rubber with his whiskers being absorbed there was nothing left of the dragon-wolf save for the purple markings on the pink tentacle mouth that he had become. The other creatures were still smiling as the newest of their heads did the same, another one joining the entity. The black and gold head leaned in and shared a kiss with their newest one, their lips squishing together and the tentacles within swirling around while their heavy black rubber body began to sprout smaller tendrils so that they could start to move again. As they moved away the only thing that was left of the merged creature was a set of clothing that had lay in tatters on the ground, but soon it would join the other sets that were scattered about in the woods.

With four heads instead of three the creature moved with an expedited pace, a second rubber tentacle being formed to take the place of the one that was the new head. As they moved forward their existence was simple, hunt for more prey in order to gather new heads. It was a simple desire but one that caused them all quite a bit of pleasure when they accomplished, something their new head had yet to experience. While they all shared in the blissful euphoria of gaining more the lavender one found his mouth tentacles starting to poke out as they attempted to find more in order to add to their fold, one that he would capture so that he could contribute their body.

It didn’t take long before the only thing that the lavender head knew was the desire to hunt and his own huge maw being occasionally kissed by another, sharing in the love that they had for one another as their body continued to move. If the others knew who they had been before they had no intention of sharing and he found himself unburdened by such knowledge himself. He vaguely recalled that he had once been another creature but as soon as the tentacle took him all he felt with the pure bliss that came from being enveloped. He truly was one of many, and as such those many were one that only desired to grow more heads and get even bigger.

Day and night had no meaning for this creature, but as it circled around an area where the entity remembered grabbing a naga that was one of its heads it began to sense something that caused it to pause. It was another, a head to be that caused all the big-lipped tentacular heads to move about in eagerness. The plan that it had was simple but effective; normally anyone that was out in the woods were of a curious nature, and therefore all they had to do was find a place where their prey would have to get close and wait for them to make a move. The rubber tentacles that they had on the ground were extremely sensitive to feeling movement and though they had no visible eyes the head could sense just as well as they found a spot and waited there.

It didn’t take long for them to feel the approach of the one that they were waiting for, the creature attempting to sneak up in order to no doubt try and see what would soon be their shared fate. Even though the new head felt something familiar about this it was more concerned about being able to experience the bliss of bringing another one to the many, and when they felt the creature stop right at the edge of the clearing they knew that they had been spotted. They waited for another second before they felt the creature take a step backwards and that’s when they knew it was time to strike. The four heads all turned towards this new prey in unison and as they heard the crashing of branches and felt them run it was time for the chase.

As the four-headed creature extended the tentacles of its black rubbery body to practically skim across the forest floor as the lips of the heads were being licked by the ones in their maws. The lavender head in particular was eager to capture this new potential head in order to grow them even more, though in the back of its mind it also intensely desired to see the process from the other side. Inside the lavender head the imprint of the merged creature was still there and the experience of being absorbed into the tentacle creature was fresh enough that it desired that feeling again. It was more than the instinct that the others ran on but they all wanted the same thing, to feel the intense pleasure that came with another joining the many as its focus returned to capturing the creature in front of them.

Though this was a wily one eventually they had managed to use the woods to their advantage in order to trap the creature, which the honor of such came to the newest of their heads as the former Vorkax lunged at them. The man let out a cry of surprise and attempted to wiggle out of the way but as the head clamped around his torso the tentacles within quickly coiled around and his mouth clamped around them like a vice. The creature was another strange one that had entered the forest in the search of answers, a mix of dragon and wolf with black and purple fur with silver stripes on him. None of the heads had any recollection of who this creature was but in a few minutes they would know everything that they would need as the assimilation tendril rose up.

The other heads began to slide around one another and smile as their new head wiggled within the one that was captured before it. The latex insides of the lavender head were stretched out a few times by the big draconic feet of the man but as the others began to whisper the mantra that they would become one of them soon enough the tendril got ready to do its job. Despite being captured the rubber lavender head noticed that this creature was reacting in a positive manner to his maw tentacles, and since he remembered when he was fed pleasure in order to aid in the process he decided to do the same to this one. With the black tendril opening up its petals his job turned from capture to distraction, the hive of tongue tentacles licking around the quivering legs before sliding up and stimulating his hardening member while also teasing his tailhole.

Their prey let out an audible gasp at feeling the penetration, not only of their tailhole from the lavender head stimulating him but in the back of his head when the tendril latched onto it. As the green eyes of the hybrid widened in shock the creature knew that the process had started; soon this creature would be absorbed just like the others and as goo began to filter through the swelling black tentacle and into the head of the draconic sabrewolf he could feel his body start to shake and convulse from the pleasure being fed to him. Almost immediately the other four heads began to writhe as the feelings of euphoria spread over them for getting another into the fold, though the lavender head was still curious on seeing what happens on the other side of things. With direct control over the black rubber tentacle he continued to pump more goo into the creature who dangled from the sucker petals that had latched onto him, eventually the head that had captured him letting him go and feeling his lower body slide out of him.

Eventually they had the hybrid dangling from his feet and as they saw his eyes start to glimmer the transfer of information began. With each head that they gained the creature grew stronger; for Vorkax the creatures had already known about him from those that they had assimilated before, and while they couldn’t say the same for this one the information that was contained within would be quite useful to them. One thing that they did discover quite early was that this one was growing aroused just like their last head had and the entire group smiled at one another as they found the desire building in this one. It was so easy to mold those that were already feeling sensations of lust just from the rubber that had started to spread over his back, the wings of the draconic sabrewolf being pulled into the thickening tentacle as his jaw went slack.

Already the lavender head could see that the inside of his mouth had grown shiny as the tendril merged with his head, infiltrating his mind so that he could become part of the many mentally first. They knew as soon as the corruption took hold by the transition in their eyes and it wasn’t long before the pupils of the man disappeared. They were soon replaced with hearts that showed their love and desire for their new life while they were also being conditioned by it. Soon this one would completely submit, though even if somehow their prey could escape the mental hold on their mind their body was already partially absorbed by the rubber growing behind it.

With the creature having black fur the rubber that was spreading over it started to blend in, but as the chest of the other man was pulled back into it from the wings that were getting suctioned into it the shiny substance started to turn purple as it went over the fur. The lavender head started to have flashbacks of his own transformation, remembering the feeling of being absorbed into this creature while the shudders that came from the other heads indicated that they were undergoing the same sensations. Each time they captured another prey it allowed them to experience their own assimilations all over again and with the lavender head having his so fresh in his mind he could even remember his identity before becoming just another head. The idea of being Vorkax was such a foreign concept to him though and it was quickly dissolved back into the void just like the identity of the one that they had found was called Serathin.

As the heart pattern in his eyes grew stronger the lavender head decided to toy with this one a little more since he was enjoying it so much, his mouth tentacles pressing against the groin of the other man and coiling around his cock once more. Already his thick tail had been pulled inside the fattening tentacle as the purple coloration started to leach more into it, as well as silver stripes. With the tailhole of the creature already being pumped into by another tentacle to help assimilate his insides with more goo all the heads could see his lips start to turn shiny and plump out, his mouth opening in pleasure to reveal that his tongue had been covered in rubber as well and were joined by several others that started to flick out into the open air. With the lavender head inadvertently pushing in the body of this creature he could see the rubber enveloping him, the strands that were on his chest growing thicker as he began to get engulfed.

Just like with what had happened to him the lavender head stopped and watched in bemused interest as the suckers that had latched onto the head of this one swelled and grew. With the back of the draconic sabrewolf’s head already completely enveloped and absorbed, as indicated by his muzzle growing flatter and his lips swelling out to envelop it while the shiny rubber within continued to be exposed, it started to cascade over his head to envelop the rest of his features. It swept over his horns and ears and flattened them against his head, the bulges pushing out the rubber before they started to flatten out as those glowing heart eyes just stared blissfully into the distance. That’s it, the heads of the creature thought as they could feel their newest addition succumbing, just be absorbed into them as his already puffy face grew less distinctive by the second.

Soon the lavender head watched as even the eyes of the creature disappeared, though just like the rest of them he could still see as the rubber pushing over his head and cheeks started to merge with his massive lips. The snout of the creature became indistinguishable as the dopey grin that the one formerly known as Serathin had grew bigger, eventually becoming a smile that was matched by the rest of the heads around them. With most of his body already completely enveloped it didn’t take much for the outline of the draconic sabrewolf to disappear with his maleness still throbbing as a bump on the tentacle before that was smoothed over with the last of his face finally disappearing.

A fine addition, the lavender head thought as the black and silver striped head rose up among the others and began to kiss them deeply. As their tentacles slithered around one another he could feel the lust that was formed by it and the assimilation of the creature was better than any orgasm their old forms could have experienced and was almost as good as their own transformation. As the lavender head looked back down he noticed that in his distracted state with initially trapping the creature that the tendrils had shredded his clothing and they were in a pile on the forest. It would be just like the others that were scattered about and soon this entire forest floor would be littered with them as they would continued to absorb, assimilate, and transform to gain new heads as their new head joined the others with their body.

With the intense need for his first assimilation no longer there the lavender head felt himself relaxing more, though he could still sense that the one after him was now very eager to find others and have them join in. As memories floated up to all of the heads they could see that there would potentially be others that might go looking for their latest prey, which just like the ones that had been attracted to this spot by them meant that their numbers would only be growing. For the moment though the lavender head was just content in licking his lips and occasionally making out with their amorous new head while they waited for the next prey to come across their path.

Meanwhile in another dimension another version of Serathin suddenly opened his eyes, which for the briefest of moments were hearts before they reverted back to their old self. Well that was an interesting experience, he thought to himself as he looked up at the screen that showed the face of the merged creature whose green and blue eyes looked back at him. That had been the what, second, maybe third version of Vorkax that he had been tracking that ended up as another creature? It certainly led to an interesting development with that new creature and he made sure to make a note of it before he stepped outside.

“Hey Serathin,” a blue-fire phoenix said as the hybrid looked up to see Slypher standing there. “I can sense a little residual corruption on you, anything fun?”

“Yeah, a rubber hydra-like monster that’s absorbing people,” Serathin replied as he held up the file. “Completely overrides them, envelops their features so its mostly just a maw with a huge pair of lips. Seems to be intent on only adding more of itself too, might be something to look at.”

The phoenix just nodded and waved the hybrid off before tapping his black beak. “I see…” Slypher said as a grin grew on his face. “What an interesting concept…”