Best in Show

The Nexross was a place that was connected to and overlapped all twelve of the nexus realms and was also the metaphysical drain where any lost creatures in the realm would eventually wind up, and instead of being turned into a battleground by the creatures that attempted to spread their influence over the entire realm it was instead a neutral ground where not only they could go but their minions as well. As it became a place of rest and relaxation a resort was built up on the shores of one of the sandy archipelagos while a boardwalk town grew up around it. Since there were no worries of subterfuge or conversion minions of all types had fun together when they needed some time out of their own realms to recharge. At the top floor of the resort building that was restricted for only the nexus creatures themselves and their seconds however the atmosphere was anything but tense as the twelve that were gathered around looked at one another.

“I don’t even know why we’re bothering to have this discussion,” Tarien said, the smoke jackal-wolf said as he crossed his arms in a huff. “Clearly I’m going to be the best at it, it’s literally a combination of all the things that are in my sphere of influence.”

“Just because they’re in your sphere of influence doesn’t mean that you are the only one that can do them right,” Jerkah was quick to step in. “I know that I have a few creatures that are under my employ that I think could take on any of those who you specialize in.”

Twelve sets of glowing eyes stared at one another as the air was so thick with tension it could be cut with a knife, none of the nexus creatures daring to speak at the moment in case they found themselves in a position of weakness that the others could exploit. It felt like a powder keg that could explode at any moment and no one wanted to light the fuse even as several began to look increasingly frustrated with the silence. Finally it took the door opening to break the mood in the room as every nexus creature in there looked to see who had come in during this time. A silver rubber raptor, black metal bird, and marble cheetah were all standing there each with a tray with four large cups in it while the other hand contained a bag.

“Uh… here is your smoothie order Lord Renzyl,” the raptor said as he looked around at the nexus creatures that stared at him. “Did I… come at a bad time?”

“Smoothies!” Kirdos said as he practically leapt over the table in order to get his order from his second in command.

“Apparently not,” Renzyl said as he sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

“They remembered to go half vanilla bean half caramel with my fruit infusion order instead of full caramel, right Chase?” Kirdos asked as he practically hung off of the table. “It’s too sweet if they do the full caramel and the vanilla bean balances it out just right.”

“Of course Lord Kirdos,” Chase replied as the others got their orders from either him or the other two second in commands that had entered into the room. “If I may ask though, what seems to be the problem? You twelve have been in here for quite a while talking and everyone looked so intense when we came in, is there something going on with the realms?”

“Chase, wait,” Chrono quickly replied as he saw several of the nexus creatures start to wind up. “Don’t-“

“Because since the dawn of our inception into the nexus and the beginning of our proliferation out into the world there has been one question that has been even greater then who would rule over the ten-“ Renzyl started to say before a sudden cough from Garlan as he fished out a honey-glazed bear-claw out of one of the bags interrupted him briefly before he continued on. “Sorry, still getting used to it, twelve realms. It centers around a concept so classic that its very essence has seeped into the history of most of the realms in the nexus, a creature so foundational to the development of most worlds that it’s become a staple in all of our own individual realms… I speak, of course, about the legendary… werewolf…”

Chase’s feline face curled up in slight confusion as Chrono shook his head, the raptor putting the remaining drinks on the ground in order to rub his temples while the cheetah looked at the other nexus creatures that nodded solemnly. “That’s what this argument is all about?” Chase asked. “Who can create the better werewolf?”

“Who can create the best werewolf!” Modino shouted as he slammed his spandex hoof against the table and nearly caused the drinks on them to spill over, Chrono scrambling to keep them upright as the bull pointed into the air. “A slinky, muscular creature that slides through the air, that is why my concepts are the best!”

“I deal with dogs and shadows,” Tarien was quick to reply. “How can I not be considered the best at making werewolves?!”

The argument started up once more between the twelve as they all claimed to have the best werewolf concept, all except for Kirdos who continued to sip on his beverage and Olavar who hadn’t said a word since he stepped into the room. As the pitch seemed to intensify however they all heard the raven synth let out a loud caw that caused them all to stop and look over at the creature. “That is enough!” The synth shouted. “I feel like my head is going to explode at this rate and if I hear one more argument on who is the best at this I’m going to throw myself out the window.”

“Sare, what on earth has gotten into you…” Haleon said as he stepped towards his minion, only to see the raven stare vacantly as his beak remained slightly opened. The synth eagle and the others shifted their gaze to see that the tailmaw of Olavar had clamped around the back of the raven’s head. “Damnit Olavar, I know you can speak normally, do you have to go through our minions like that?”

“Yes,” Olavar said as he spoke through the bird he was connected to through his long, sinewy tail. “Listen, Garlan and I may be new to this entire thing but I can’t believe that none of you have figured out a solution to settle this debate once and for all. Why don’t you hold a contest or something to see who can make the best werewolf? You guys seem to like competition anyway.”

“The problem is that if we’re all participating then there will be some bias if we judge it,” Famjin spoke up. “Same with our minions, and this is too important to have anything influence the results.”

“Okay… then why not someone outside of our minion pool?” Olavar asked.

“Tried that,” Santer spoke up as he leaned back in his seat and put both his hooves up on the table. “By the time we explain what we’re doing they either one to be the minions of one of us or goes crazy and we have to return them with their memories erased. I don’t think we’re going to find anyone who will both know us and not be influenced to judge this.”

“Well… not necessarily…” Athear spoke up, the liquid naga slithering towards Olavar. “Our new deer brethren might be onto something here, we do know of creatures that are either fully aware of our existence or have dealings in multi-dimensional spaces that would make them more understanding. We just find someone like that and maybe we can turn this into a competition after all.”

“Not just one, we’ll need three judges,” Jerkah chimed in, which prompted the others to look at him. “What, haven’t you ever watched cooking competitions before? They always have three judges.”

“I agree with the chocodile,” Renzyl chimed in. “I know someone that I think will be more than happy to come in and judge the more technical aspects of the competition like overall creature design. We had some… business in the past and even though they mainly deal with rubber I think that he can be impartial enough to suit our needs.”

“I don’t know…” Kirdos said after finally unlatching his mouth from his straw. “If he’s into rubber doesn’t that swing him to your favor?”

“I assure you that he and I have no special love for one another after our… initial business dealings,” Renzyl explained with a wry smile on his face. “If anything I’m doing myself a disservice, but I still think he would be the best of the job. Just give me some time to talk to him and see if I can tear him away from that factory of his long enough to judge our little competition.”

The others nodded and took their smoothies and baked goods to other parts of the Nexross while they waited for the rubber dragon to make contact with someone that would hopefully be the first judge in their competition. It only took about an hour before the nexus creatures were told to come back to the penthouse meeting room and when they did they saw Renzyl standing there once more, but he was not alone. The other eleven looked in question at the raven that sat on a perch that was set up on a small table that replaced the large one that normally took up all the space in the room. The rest of the floor was rendered completely empty save for twelve small pedestals that had each of their names on it as the avian figure waved a wing at them.

“Greetings and salutations,” the bird said. “You can call me Raven. Renzyl has already told me all about you and says that you would like my help in scoring some sort of contest?”

“Yes actually,” Kirdos said as they all approached the table that had a banner marked with the word Judges on it. “He says that you could judge our creations on things like technical design?”

“It is what I do after all,” Raven replied with a small smirk on his beak as he motioned to Renzyl who tossed down a thick catalogue on the table that caused the bird to bounce slightly on his perch. “As you can see my factory only makes the finest in rubber accessories, suits, gimps, and whatever else you may need and I like to think that a large part of it is my eye for detail. Also I know that you all think that just because I happen to run a rubber factory I might favor your draconic companion here but I can assure you that there will be no favor thrown his way.”

The others looked at one another before they gave a nod of approval, which prompted the raven to tip his top hat to them. “Alright, so that’s one,” Athear said once they had properly greeted Raven. “What do we do about the other two?”

Once again it was Raven who spoke up, the others looking down at him once more. “If you don’t mind my making a suggestion,” Raven said. “If you’re going to do a competition that incorporates all of these different themes of yours you’ll need someone that has an adept understanding of all these transformations, someone that has been changed so many times by so many different things that he had can rate you not only on the creature itself but also the process in which they became said creature.”

The nexus creatures looked at one another and huddled up briefly to talk in private, one of the brothers occasionally looking up as though to check to see if Raven was listening in, before they told him that it would be a good idea. This time none of them had to leave the room as Raven said that a version of him was inside of his factory already and that it would take only a quick phone call to probably get in contact. The nexus creatures all looked in rapt fascination to see what would come of this, all save for Renzyl who merely sat there with a bemused smirk on his face as they waited for the avian to finish with his phone call. Eventually as the twelve finished eating their daytime snack they heard a buzz over the intercom that came from the front desk clerk that happened to be manned by one of Santer’s minions.

“Master, I have someone down here that wishes to come up to the penthouse,” the voice on the intercom said after Santer answered it. “He says that one of your mutual friends called him to come over and host some sort of talent competition?”

“Yep, you can send him up,” Santer said.

“But… Master Santer,” the voice on the other side said timidly. “I think he’s that guy that-“

“We’ll deal with him when he gets up here,” Santer quickly replied. “Hurry up, we’re trying to get something done and can use his expertise.”

There was a brief pause on the other line before the front deck clerk said that he would send him right up before the intercom went dead. By this point Raven had gotten back on his perch and as they watched the elevator get to the top floor he spread out one of his wings. “Gentlemen, I present to you the transformation connoisseur himself,” Raven introduced as the doors opened, all twelve sets of glowing eyes widening slightly at the one that had stepped out. “Serathin.”

“Him?!” Modino said before he pointed a spandex finger straight at Renzyl. “I knew it, you’re stacking the deck! There’s no way that someone like that who has his own army of rubber creatures would be impartial.”

“I would think from the fact that I dabbled in all of your realms at one point or the other that you would think differently Modino,” Serathin said as he made his way over to the chair next to Raven and sat down. “Sure my corrupted self might deal extensively in rubber but I personally have experienced a multitude of such transformations so that I can judge on the best of the best. Otherwise if you know another multi-dimensional creature that has extensive experience of the nexus realm that isn’t somehow tied to Renzyl I’m all ears.”

As both Serathin and Raven watched the nexus creatures all went deep into thought, again except for Renzyl who merely tapped his large rubber dragon foot against the side of the table, as they tried to think of someone any of them knew that fit the hybrid’s criteria. “Fine, but that means that Renzyl has to go last,” Athear spoke up. “That way his choice doesn’t taint the rest in the eyes of the judges.”

“I can agree with that if you can,” Renzyl replied simply, the others glancing around and slowly giving various nods or answers of approval. “Good, now that we have that settled there’s just the matter of the last judge that needs to be chosen before this little show can begin.”

“Actually… Raven told me that you might need a judge beside myself,” Serathin spoke up as he leaned back in his chair. “Since I found out that he was going to be one too I thought that the best person for the job would be someone to rate the personality of those that you convert, someone who has also been altered and transformed but mentally to be a drone, pet, servant, and the like. I also figured that someone with a bit more of a submissive mindset would be good to have since Raven can be rather dominant and I happen to be quite versatile.”

The group of nexus creatures looked at one another before Haleon sighed and shrugged. “I suppose in the interest of time and efficiency that will be the best route to go,” the synth eagle stated before he pointed a finger of Renzyl. “If it’s someone like Vyrnen though I’m going to call shenanigans.”

“Relax,” Serathin said with a dismissive wave of his hand. “He hasn’t had much dealings with any of you and though he enjoys rubber he also likes many other things just like me. Now I had him waiting in the front lobby in case you guys decided to throw me out on my ear so if you could just tell that stallion at the front desk to show him up we can get this party started.”

Santer nodded and went over to call down and usher up the potential third judge, which turned out to be another dragon-wolf hybrid just like Serathin. This one didn’t have the saber teeth though and as the nexus creatures all stared at him the markings on the creature turned pink as he went over towards to the final seat at the small table and sat down between Serathin and Raven. “So this one is Viratan, huh?” Athear said as he slithered up to the table and looked him over, which caused the dragolf to grin sheepishly while leaning back away from the goo naga. “Well he definitely comes as advertised, I think any one of us could claim him and he’d go for it.”

“Perfect, it appears we have our panel,” Renzyl said as he went over to something in the corner of the room that was covered in cloth, pulling it back to reveal a large scoreboard that had each of their names on it as well as three more columns with the judges’ names on the top of them. “Each of us will choose and transform someone that we believe will make for the best type of werewolf, and much to Tarien’s chagrin it doesn’t have to be a wolf in order for it to qualify. Once we’ve all put up what we believe our best interpretation is of the classic creature than these three will give us a score between one and ten based on design, transformation, and personality shift and whoever has the highest score will have that creature be crowned the best in show.”

The others nexus creatures voiced their approval of the system and then drew numbers in order to see what order they would go in, with the exception of Renzyl being slated as last in order to make sure the fact that he played to the judges affinities wouldn’t taint the rest of the scoring. As the remaining eleven looked down to see who would go first they all became silent as they looked down at the obsidian chip they drew in the palm of their hand. When Raven finally spoke up and asked who they were going to judge first it was Famjin who raised his hand and showed the stone with the shiny silver one emblazoned on it. On the scoreboard the neoprene shark’s name rose to the very top and he went over towards his platform where his name also was marked on.

When he got there a spotlight shined down on the spot along with the judges table and the rest of the room went pitch black to the point where the eyes of the other nexus creatures couldn’t be seen. While the pedestals looked ordinary they were actually a miniature form of the teleportation hub that each of them used, except these were only able to make connections in the Nexross itself due to its proximity to all other planes. As the neoprene shark concentrated the air shimmered and a portal formed, one that showed a beach on a moonlit night. The three judges all looked forward in eager interest as the opening expanded to show the human man in a speedo as he walked down the beach…

…Ethan knew that he shouldn’t be out at night by himself, especially not on a beach that had been closed to the public, but with his day schedule packed and nothing else open it was his only choice if he wanted to make sure that he got in shape for college swimming in the fall where it was his last year before he graduated. As he snuck down the rocky slope where the fence had a large hole in it and got to the sand he stopped and stripped off all his clothes beforehand, leaving only the green neoprene speedo on that he used for competitions. He stashed the rest of his clothes in a duffel bag as well as his personal effects and put them under a rock for safekeeping before making his way down towards the shore. Though he wished that there were people to admire his lean, toned body he knew this would be a bad time for anyone to see him as he quickly dived into the dark water.

Though it was cold he quickly brushed it off and began to swim, making sure to stay parallel to the shore and stick with the shallows so that he wouldn’t get caught in the riptide. With the cloudy sky overhead no one would probably see him if he needed help especially since there was no one out except the occasional patrol. When he got done with his first set of laps he found the sandbar he usually rested at and stood up, letting the waves wash over him as he took a second to catch his breath. As he looked up at the sky he sighed; normally he would have a great view of the stars here, especially with the moon being nearly full as he laid on his back for a few seconds with his feet still touching the sand.

“Ow!” Ethan suddenly felt something sting against his inner thigh and as he splashed around he swore he saw something move in the water around him. The pain quickly subsided but he found himself heading towards the shore anyway as he held the affected area with his palm. “What the hell was that…”

As soon as he got to the shore he looked down at where he had felt the initial sting and was shocked to find two puncture wounds there, though they weren’t bleeding and already looked scarred over. Ethan looked over at the water and stared hard to try and see if there was anything there that might have followed him ashore, but couldn’t see anything that would have given him a bite like that. For a few seconds he became worried that perhaps something had envenomated him but he didn’t feel woozy at all, in fact except for the adrenaline causing his heart to beat through his chest he felt fine. Despite this he decided he had enough swimming for tonight and went to grab his clothes before heading back immediately to his car, which caused him to miss the green-scaled snake head that poked up from the surface of the water briefly before submerging himself once more.

The next few days Ethan decided not to visit the beach, but the more he tried to forget about his encounter the harder it was to keep the thoughts out of his head. He managed to find some time in order to go to the local pool to swim but when he dived into the water he had to nearly jump about again as the chlorine stung against his skin. More than once he found himself driving home from his job at night and finding that he had drove back to the spot to get back to the beach and he had to practically close his eyes to drive off so he wouldn’t be tempted by it. There was also something else that happened as he got to the beach; as soon as he got into park and began to hear the waves crash against the beach he found himself sliding his hand into his pants in order to grope himself.

After four days of this Ethan once more got back from his job, this time as the sun was setting behind the horizon, and as he sat there in his car stroking himself through his neoprene speedo he decided he had enough and got out. At this point he was practically panting and took off his clothes at the car before he made his way down, leaving only his swimsuit on as his last form of modesty as he hastily climbed down the rocks. He needed to get into that water like someone was forcing him to do so, but as the last light of day disappeared and the moon began to push up overhead it started to get harder to climb down. It was like he was losing the ability to keep his balance and by the time he got to the bottom of the embankment he nearly toppled head over feet before he landed on the sand.

Even just being on the beach itself seemed to alleviate some of the anxiety that Ethan felt as he laid there, but as the surf began to wash up over him he suddenly heard a hissing noise that caused him to bolt upright. Had the snake that bit him returned? When he looked at the water, aided by the moon that continued to crawl up through the night sky, he didn’t see anything that indicated the creature was still there. But still the hissing remained, and it even seemed to grow stronger as he put his hands to his head.

“What is going on…” Ethan said to himself as he looked up at the moon as though that was where the hissing was coming from. “I feel… ssstrange…”

As he hissed out the last sound it caused his entire body to shudder when he realized it came out of his mouth involuntarily. He knew something was definitely wrong with him, especially when he attempted to get up and found his legs no longer wanted to move. Even though he had never heard of anything like it before he wondered if this was some sort of delayed reaction to the poison, especially as he stopped trying to drag himself out of the water and flipped onto his back. When he looked down at his thighs he was surprised to find both sides looked swollen and the skin was discolored, though it looked almost shiny to him as he reached down with his hand to try and figure out what was going on.

To Ethan’s surprise the texture of the strange skin was familiar as his hand brushed up against it, finding it similar to the speedo he wore as he started to breathe heavily in anxiety. When he attempted to get the piece of clothing off, despite the fact it would render him naked on a public beach, his fingers slid between his skin and the neoprene that was starting to creep up his stomach and hips. A sudden sensation of his lower body stretching caused him to groan and when he looked down at his legs again he found he couldn’t separate his thighs anymore. His first instinct was to try and get back up to his car but with his legs deforming before his eyes with the strange neoprene growing down them the only thing he could do was flip over onto his stomach and try to drag himself towards the rocks.

The changing man only made it a few feet before he felt a pulling sensation on his back that caused him to stop and push himself up. As he did it felt like his spine started to push outwards and the bizarre sensation caused him to groan loudly as the skin around it stretched upwards. Though he couldn’t see it he could almost sense that it was a fin-like appendage with yellow neoprene stretched across green spines, and the only reason he could guess the colors was as he got to his knees and got his hands in front of his face he could his fingers becoming webbed with similar synthetic hues. A hiss of surprise escaped from his mouth, which had started to become swollen, as he watched his pinky merge with another finger from the neoprene webbing that stretched up his digits as sharp claws pushed their way out of the tip.

Ethan found himself panting and with each breath he took in his chest began to grow more muscular as yellow vertical scales crept up them while being bordered by their traditional green counterparts. It was clear to him even in his confused mind that somehow he was turning into a monster, especially as his hips and thighs smoothed out into one tubular appendage while his calves and toes were being merged together. The strangest thing of all though was how… intensely good it felt. As the neoprene cascaded down his increasingly stretched lower body the feel of the sand against his new skin caused shivers of pleasure to go through every inch of his mutated form while his arms swelled with new muscle. He could feel a sensation creeping through his mind that seemed to quell his panic; it was a desire to do what he usually wanted to do anyway when he was done at the beach as his still mostly human head turned towards the waves that crashed against the shore just a few feet away from him.

When finally got to the edge of the water he flopped over onto his back, letting out a hiss as he felt the fin that had grown from his back press up against the wet sand while his body continued to mutate right in front of him. His voice grew deeper as he let out a groan, feeling his face start to stretch and throb with new growth as the last of his toes disappeared into his growing neoprene serpentine lower body. The synthetic substance had also completely enveloped his arms and as his teeth grew out past his lips he could feel his biceps bulge and his stomach and sides become more muscular by the second. As his head fell back he looked up at the full moon shining down on him before they shut and he let out a low cry that turned into a growl as his face stretched out into a muzzle while his entire body quivered from the strain of the transformation.

As the last of his human flesh was assimilated by the green and yellow neoprene that covered the rest of his body Ethan opened his eyes to reveal the almost glowing amber orbs along with the pupils that stretched into reptilian slits. His tongue stretched out past his new muzzle as the tip split into a fork, and as it waved out in the air the new creature could sense that it was also made of neoprene and could stretch out quite far. With the transformation complete the creature was able to get his arms to lift himself up, the yellow scales highlighting his biceps and forearms while green neoprene went down the rest of the way, and as the waves crashed around his body he was able to see himself in the reflection of the water. Ethan’s saw the head of a sea serpent staring back at him and as he put his hand to his ears he saw the reflection do the same to the ear fins on his head.

But just as Ethan managed to balance himself on his new lower body he felt a pressure on his skull and his abdomen that caused him to pause and groan. He realized his body wasn’t done with him yet and when he heard a low hissing noise he thought it was coming from his own muzzle, only to find that something else was causing it. The muscular chest of the neoprene sea serpent flexed as he felt several things pushing out of his skull, though what really caught his attention was the bulge forming where his waist met his new sea snake tail. His clawed hands went to the spot just as two snake heads suddenly pushed their way out of his hidden slit, but instead of shock, surprise, or horror as his new cocks slithered up into the air while more framed his head the shiny lips of the creature pulled back into a wicked grin.

The transformation that had turned the human into a neoprene snake creature had also tainted his mind, filling him with new instincts and desires that he had never even dreamed of as a human. He used his new tongue to lick and coil around his entire muzzle as he felt he snakes that made up a mane around his head wiggled and slid against one another. “Ssspread…” the neoprene sea serpent said as his neoprene snake cocks wiggled back into his slit and he slithered with his new body out into the ocean. “I musssst… ssspread…”

Meanwhile further down the coast there was a private beach, which unlike the public one had no signs that it needed to be closed down since no one was supposed to be there anyway. Though the owner had been warned to keep away from the water for the time being that didn’t stop them from setting up a bonfire in the hastily made sand pit, or for several of the guys to be sitting around it or out in the water with beers in their hand. Despite being warned the summer was starting to wane on and the owner, who sat next to the large stack of wood they had brought in, had gotten increasingly frustrated with the fact that he was paying for beach front property that he couldn’t use. Since there didn’t seem to be an real reason he could find for the beaches to be closed he decided to throw a late-night party with a few friends who were more than eager to take a swim on the warm night.

Though most had decided to come in for the night and relax by the fire two of them continued to stay out and splash around in the water. “Man, I still can’t believe you’re wearing that,” a younger college-aged man said as he looked at the speedo the other guy, who was only a bit older than him, wore while they stood on the sand bar. “You don’t own a pair of regular swim trunks?”

“Dude, chicks love speedos,” the other guy said.

“Yeah, too bad they all left an hour ago,” the man in swim trunks said with a smirk. “You may as well be naked in those things.”

“Why are you starin at my junk then?” the guy in the speedo asked, his own face turning up to a grin as he watched the other guy turn to embarrassment when he took the material and pulled it back to outline his groin even more. “If you like something you see just tell me, it’s not just for the ladies.”

“You fuckin wierdo,” the other guy said as he rolled his eyes and swam over towards an area of deeper water to dive down into. As he did he couldn’t help but shake his head while he was under the water; while the guy did have a nice body he knew that his friend was just joking, the problem is if he said he did see something he liked he wouldn’t be. It was the other reason why he decided to swim elsewhere as even though he probably couldn’t be seen under the surface.

While there really wasn’t anything to dive down for the fact the moonlight made the bottom of the water easy to see allowed him to explore the sand for anything of potential note. He was so focused on his search that he failed to notice the shadow that swam by him, and it wasn’t until something brushed up against his leg that he was alerted to something being around him. At first he thought upon the feel of the smooth touch that his friend had bumped up against him as a joke but as he looked around in the water he could see the legs of his friend still standing at the sandbar a few meters away. As he was about to go to the surface he felt a current of water brush up against his back but before he could turn to face it something green and shiny wrapped around his legs.

A stream of bubbles left the man’s mouth as Ethan slithered his serpentine body around him, his form gliding silently through the water as he trapped the human with his coils. He could see the panic in the human’s face as he let his air supply go all at once, but fortunately for him the neoprene sea serpent had air in his body that he could freely give to him. As he grabbed the human by the head and turned so that their lips met in a kiss to transfer the air the monster had one more thing that he wanted to give the human as well. The swimmer squirmed slightly but as he gazed into the glowing eyes of the sea serpent as well as the smaller ones of the dozen snakes that acted as his hair he started to go limp while one of the snake cocks of the neoprene creature slithered up into his swim trunks.

The sea serpent could tell that this one was eager enough and continued to use his enthralling gaze while the snake cock found where it needed to go. With the danger of drowning no longer an issue as his lungs were filled with the air inside the neoprene snake all his thoughts turned to the being that floated in front of him. His eyes remained locked on the glowing amber eyes as well as the snakes that wiggled about around the creature’s head, and when he did have a chance to examine the muscular, sculpted chest of the creature and the strong arms that held his own he could feel his heart pound in his chest. Even as he felt something start to push up in between his butt cheeks he couldn’t help but think how extremely handsome this creature is and even when he did realize what was happening he almost felt honored such a creature wanted to have sex with him.

Even being completely driven by his new instincts Ethan was impressed at how his prey had folded so easily to him, and as he felt the human shudder in his grasp as his snake cock spread him open it was clear this one would be viable for his plans. Already he could see an amber hue creeping into the human’s eyes as his mind was corrupted, warped by the power of this sea serpent shapeshifter as several more inches of thick snakecock were pushed up inside of him. Though the pleasure was strong it was nothing to what would happen next as Ethan felt something push up from his stomach into the base of his cock. The neoprene of his cock stretched as something slid into the shaft, bulging it out as it traveled from his body and up into the swim trunks of the other human…

Meanwhile the other swimmer had felt like he spent enough time in the water and was about to head back when he noticed that his friend had not surfaced in quite some time. While he knew that they tended to stay under the water for long stretches it had started to get worrisome that he hadn’t seen them in the relatively calm ocean for some time. He continued to use the sand bar in order to move around and try to see if perhaps they had resurfaced somewhere that he hadn’t been looking, but as the seconds passed and he couldn’t see anything his worry quickly started to turn to panic. Just as he was about to run back to the beach to tell the others to get help however he felt something brush against his legs, and as he tried to look down to see what it was his friend suddenly popped up in front of him.

“Where do you think you’re going?” his friend asked as he gave him a wry grin.

“I thought the rip tide got you or something,” the man in the speedo said with a sigh as he took a second to calm his beating heart. “Where did you even go?”

“Oh, just making new friends,” the other guy replied as he took a step forward. “Someone who’d like to meet you too.”

Before he could reply the guy realized as the distance was closed between them that his friend had abandoned his swim trunks somewhere and stood completely naked. As he was about to comment about what the others would think he also noticed that they were completely erect and still coming towards him. Everything about the situation gave off an eerie vibe but as his gaze suddenly went up to their eyes he saw that they glowed with an unearthly light, like the moon was being reflected in the amber orbs as his mind began to go blank. The entire time the green and yellow neoprene of the sea serpent had been circling them made his move, slithering through the water as the man became enthralled by the already corrupted human.

The one in the speedo found himself unable to move as the hands of the other man took him by the shoulders and brought him down to his knees. The corrupted human had brought him to part of the sandbar that allowed the other man to keep his head above the water, though it also allowed something else to remain above the surface. With the hypnotized man still starting up at those increasingly serpentine orbs he found his mouth opening and the throbbing cock of the other man being slid into it. As soon as he did he felt a second pair of hands, which were unnaturally smooth and had claws, pulled down his speedo to expose his rear end. Though somewhere in his mind he knew that he was not in a good situation the glint of those eyes and the sound of hissing that filled his ears made it hard to concentrate on anything other than the thick shaft being pushed deeper into his mouth, even as he noticed that the thighs of the one he was sucking off had started to turn green and shiny as well.

At the same time Ethan withdrew his other snake cock from his slit and pushed it up into the exposed hole of the one with the speedo, getting ready to lay the eggs that had been growing inside him into the man just like he had with the other human. With the light of the moon the one formerly wearing swim trunks was already starting to show, his flat stomach bulging slightly with growth as the mere presence of the egg inside him transformed him from the inside out. Since he had two snake cocks the neoprene sea serpent shifted his coils around to get the other one inside of his already corrupted and soon to be fellow monster, speeding the process along as he felt the first egg in his other shaft push up and spread open the hole of the human wearing the speedo.

The human almost fell forward as his ring of muscle was stretched wide, but by this point his mind had been fully enveloped by the same thoughts that the other two had. Grow and spread… even though the naked man still looked human the neoprene creature within had already taken hold, growing more powerful in his mind which allowed the hypnotic powers to shine through and ensnare the others. By this point Ethan could see that the growing cock of the human had started to slip into the throat of the other man and with a low hiss signaled for them to stop. As the two humans pulled apart a second and third egg had already slid into the stomach of the man in the speedo, and as Ethan withdrew his own cocks he shuddered in pleasure before pulling the swimsuit back up on the recently corrupted man.

Meanwhile the five on the beach watched as the last of the wood was added to the fire as they talked about what they were going to do about transportation and accommodations for the night. Several already opted to stay with the home owner while others said they had stopped drinking for the ability to drive home. As they continued to discuss they saw one of the two that had still been out in the water came in, adjusting his speedo as he did. When the owner asked where the other guy was he said he pointed over one of the dunes and said he was just letting himself air dry before getting dressed and coming over to the fire.

One of the other guests said they would go check on them and the owner nodded, the young man being a friend of the guy they were waiting for. Minutes passed and the owner looked at his watch, frowning slightly at how late it was and wondering what the two were even doing. He decided to go and check on them himself and crawled up over the dune while the rest watched the light slowly die from the fire. Even with the bonfire fading the light of the moon made it easy for him to see what was happening on the rest of the beach, and when he saw where his guest had gone he almost fell backwards. At first it looked like some sort of giant sea snake had washed up on the beach, but as he leaned forward he saw that it had the upper body of a humanoid creature and his body shined like it was some sort of costume or bodysuit.

The owner suddenly gasped as the coils of the creature shifted and he saw where his guest had gone, staring blankly ahead as the tongue of the creature pushed deep inside of his mouth. As both creatures seemed to shift about it appeared to be in pleasure as the movement of the two indicated a rather carnal activity that was going on. What drew his attention the most though were the arms of the human that had been ensnared; as they flailed against the body of the sea serpent they seemed to be getting shinier as well and swell with muscle right before his eyes, turning into limbs similar to the one holding the human’s head where his ears had started to stretch into fins and his face was pushing out into a reptilian snout.

The man still couldn’t believe what he was seeing but a sudden shout from the others at the beach caused him to nearly fall back as the noise caused the strange sea creature and the snakes on his head to shift to his direction. As he fell back among the sand of the dune he saw that the other guy who had been swimming that they thought was over the dune had washed up on the beach and was dragging himself with his hands towards them. The others believed he was in distress and went to help him but stopped short when they saw that his legs looked like they were covered in some sort of green goo and his stomach was swollen. They also saw that his he was completely naked and erect, his cock pushing out past his gravid belly as his upper body quivered while they thickened.

The owner shouted for the others to get away from him and to run towards the house, and while the other two that had been sitting around the campfire and the one in the speedo began to run up there was one that seemed to stay frozen in place. At first he thought that they had become paralyzed with fear but as he ran to grab the other guy he saw that a tent was growing in his swim trunks. The one standing there had locked eyes with the creature and the neoprene snakes growing from his skull, and as the others shouted for him to go they were stunned to see him pull down his trunks and move over to the groin of the transforming creature. They stood there in shock as the newly naked man squatted over the growing neoprene cock that stretched from the growing torso of the other male and began to impale himself on it, his eyes already starting to shift to an amber hue as the throbbing shaft disappeared up inside of him.

A loud hiss from the dunes alerted the group and they turned to see that two more synthetic sea serpents were making their way up the dune towards them, which prompted them all to run. Though the other two sea serpents were hot on their trail the house was on top of a steep incline which meant the werecreatures would have to use the stairs just like them. By the time the monsters reached the first platform they were already up to the house with the owner locking the door behind them. With it being beach front however it was only glass and he told the others that they had to keep going if they wanted to outpace the creatures. As two of the other guests nodded and suggested they take their cars they heard a loud groan and saw the man in the speedo sit against the couch while holding onto his stomach.

The other two went over to try and figure out what was going on but as the owner was about to do the same he saw that patches of the affected man’s skin on his legs looked like they were turning green or yellow in areas. He tried to tell the other two to get back but as he tried to warn the others their eyes widened in shock as his stomach started to bloat while the front of his speedo began to bulge out. The man writhed and moaned in pleasure as the corruption that had been transforming him from the inside out finally manifested as the thin layer of neoprene that his speedo was made up of suctioned to his cock, which grew bigger by the second. The owner continued to shout at the two to get them to move away from him but he could see that they were staring down at the swelling face of the man as his eyes had turned into an amber color already.

When the owner of the property saw that he quickly averted his eyes so he wasn’t ensnared as well, unfortunately his gaze went down to his groin where he saw the lengthening member split into two as the neoprene spread down and knit his thighs together. The other two guests were already gone, kneeling down and putting the growing snake cocks into their mouths while the transforming man let out a hiss of pure delight. The fact his new claws were digging into the leather of his couch was the least of his concerns at that point, especially since he saw that the two guests that started to suck on the two shafts that were presented to him already had their lips begin to puff out as the shiny neoprene covered them. As the last remaining human backed away he saw neoprene fins growing out of their heads as the snake cocks pushed down into their expanding muzzles and slid into their throats.

As the first bulges appeared at the base of the shafts that the two transforming humans sucked on the owner of the house decided to make a run of it alone, but before he could move he heard a knock at the door that caused him to turn his head and look. The second he made eye contact with the neoprene sea serpent he knew he had made a mistake, but that thought quickly evaporated from his head as he looked into the serpentine eyes of the aquatic creature that stared at him with a smirk on his muzzle. On the other side of the door Ethan knew that he could have just broken through the glass and slithered his way in, but as he gave a fanged grin to the human he knew that the transforming speedo-wearing man would provide enough distraction to ensnare him. With the two sea serpent-headed men on the couch stroking their own dicks while having eggs stretch out their neoprene throats from the mostly changed wereserpent on the couch it was up to the last human to let him in.

There was a momentary confliction on the face of the human, but as his nose began to melt into his face and his ears stretched it was clear the corruption that had ensnared all of them was already affecting him. Ethan waited patiently as the human approached, his gait altering slightly as his hips were already starting to turn his lower body into a powerful sea serpent tail, and watched as a clawed, webbed hand unlocked the door for him. As soon as he could the original monster that started this all darted forward and pushed the human down, feeling their tongues twine around one another as the shirt that the owner wore began to rip at the seams from his growing muscle mass. It wasn’t long before the others that were down at the beach joined in, a cacophony of hissing rising up in the house as their shiny, smooth bodies slithered against one another…

When Ethan woke up again his eyes shot open as he realized he was on the floor of a stranger’s house completely naked save for his green and yellow speedo. It was morning and the sunlight streaming in through the windows had awakened him, though as he looked around he saw that he wasn’t the only one that was in that position. There were at least half a dozen other nearly-naked men that were in the living room alone, all of them asleep as though passed out against one another and all of them with the same patterned speedo as his own. Though he certainly admired the view he knew that he wasn’t supposed to be there and quickly made his way back down to the beach as he slid on the sand that littered the floor, unaware of the nest that he and the others had made just off the shore that contained dozens of neoprene eggs they laid that were about ready to hatch…

In the Nexross the scene suddenly ended and as Famjin stood there next to his podium the neoprene sea serpent had suddenly appeared where the portal used to be. “So that was Famjin’s foray into the world of the werecreature,” Renzyl stated as everyone looked over at the judges, who were snacking on refreshments that had been given to them during the entire scene. “Let’s see what our judges thought, starting with Raven.”

“Well I certainly enjoyed the design,” Raven stated after he let the straw that he had been sipping from fall out of his beak. “I think that it’s a good traditional use of neoprene collars, having the serpent pattern as well as the place to keep his other appendages to help with streamlining. There’s definite form with function there and really the only complaint I would have is that the snake hair really didn’t match up with the rest of the motif, to me it seemed a bit like you were gilding the lily so to speak.”

“That was our technical expert giving a fair review of our neoprene aquatic weresnake,” Renzyl stated, several of the other brothers giggling before Famjin through them a look that made them immediately stop. “Now onto our self-proclaimed transformation expert, Serathin.”

“I have to say that I loved the initial transformation the best,” Serathin said after swallowing the éclair had had been eating. “It was a good traditional werecreature prompt, a nice mix of horror and sensuality that one gets with changes that run along those veins. I also thought that the oviposition was a nice touch as well, but like what Raven said I think the combination of snake cocks and then also oviposition might have been too much for what I would like to see when it comes to the spreading of the corruption. However with that being said I know that I’m mostly focusing on the initial werecreature and I have to say that it was a good, smooth change that I would probably enjoy myself.”

“Of course you would,” Renzyl replied. “And our final judge on the personality and mental aspects, Viratan.”

“Oh, that would be me,” Viratan said as he sat up. “I really liked the corruption aspect; it wasn’t completely mindless beast but there was enough there that really had that werebeast aspect you like to see. I could only imagine having an entire group of those prowling around the beach and creating more dominating egg-layers, and the transition back to normal while still having on a piece of him to remember the entire thing by was a nice touch.”

“Seems like high praise from the final judge,” Renzyl stated as he looked over at the other brothers. “Alright, who’s next?”

“Hey, wait a second!” Famjin spoke up as he pointed to the leaderboard. “What about my score?”

“Scores are going to be shown at the end to make sure that everything is fair and to give the judges a last chance to see your werecreatures,” Renzyl informed them. “They will be putting down their initial thoughts though so what you get now is probably what you’ll have when everything is said and done. Speaking of such things lets keep this show rolling, who do we have next up on our little competition?”

“I’m next,” Santer spoke up, the black leather horse moving over towards his platform with the sound of his hooves hitting the floor as he went to his podium that appeared next to Famjin. “Now I know that when you typically think of werebeasts you don’t normally think of plushies, but I think that you’re really going to enjoy how this scenario works out.”

The judges nodded and watched as Santer created his portal, opening up to a scene that looked like a sidewalk outside of some sort of store…

Chapter 2, Santer:

Kaisei made his way down the city street as he fiddled with his ponytail, trying to get it straightened out after the kid that had been the last in the daycare nearly yanked it off of his head. The hyena’s scalp still throbbed slightly from the encounter and not only had the rampaging child nearly pulled his head off but had also managed to rip the head off a giant stuffed teddy bear that was a favorite of the kids that went to the childcare facility he worked at. That was almost more painful than his injury as it had been one that Kaisei had personally bought for the childcare facility along with several others that he had also donated in order to make his life easier. While he enjoyed working with kids there was something about having to deal with them all day while their parents were gone that had started to get taxing on his nerves, but fortunately the destroyed plushie meant that he could visit one of his favorite stores as he came up to the colorful storefront for Stables of Fun.

Almost as soon as he got inside the hyena was greeted by someone in a horse plushie costume who waved at him with a hoof hand. “Welcome to Stables of Fun!” the guy exclaimed before his head tilted slightly in recognition. “Oh, hey Kaisei! What brings you back to the store so soon?”

“Unfortunately it’s not good news,” Kaisei replied as he held up his phone that contained the picture of the destroyed plushie. “I don’t suppose that there would be any way to repair this?”

Though it was impossible to tell with the stitched-on grin of the horse plush Kaisei could almost sense that the guy was frowning, and as a stuffed lion man came up behind and looked at the picture the feline fainted backwards and landed on the floor with a soft thud. “I think that it would be safe to assume that this one is going to be beyond even our skills to bring back to life,” the horse plushie replied. “If it was one of our special plushies than that would be a different story, though if you had one of those then this wouldn’t have happened in the first place.”

“No, this was an older one I had from another store,” Kaisei replied as he looked over at the huge stuffed creatures that lined the back wall. “Perhaps if I get a big enough one I might not have to worry about them being too rough with it.”

“Well we always say bigger is better,” the horse said with a grin. “Why don’t you go ahead and browse our wares while I see about something for you.”

The hyena nodded and watched the man in the horse plushie costume leave, then went ahead and started to look at the various huge stuffed animals that the store was known for. As he lifted the paw on the biggest of the group, a massive tiger plush, the employee went over and knocked on the door to the office. In a matter of seconds the door opened and a plush sheep in a dapper vest came out while holding onto a cane. The horse plush pointed over towards the hyena and the sheep plush man went over in order to greet Kaisei.

“Ah, I believe I’ve seen you around the store before but never properly introduced myself,” the sheep man said as he got the hyena’s attention and held out his hand. “Sir Arthur Woolsey, at your service. My employee has made me aware that you’ve been put in a rather distressing situation.”

Kaisei sighed and nodded. “Yeah, one of the kids at the place I work at had a tantrum and destroyed one of the bigger plushies they had,” Kaisei explained. “While I know that he’s just a kid and they can’t help themselves it makes me feel like sometimes they’re running the place and all we can do is just sit there and try to mitigate the damage. If we try to do anything despite how nice we are about it the parents come in and start screaming at us, another no-win situation, and sometimes it just makes me feel… so…”

“Powerless?” Arthur interjected as he tapped his cane on the floor, which prompted Kaisei to nod. “I can certainly understand how being put in a situation like that would make you feel weak, essentially being pushed around by children and adults alike with nothing you can do about it. Perhaps you just need a change of pace, something to help you deal with these feelings that you have deep inside.”

“Nah, I do enjoy working with kids and find the work fulfilling even if they don’t,” Kaisei replied with a slight laugh, and though the smile on the sheep plush wasn’t real he swore it looked like it was growing bigger. “Even if I could I don’t think I could stand up against one of those parents, just don’t have the fortitude for it if you know what I mean. Plus that just drums up more business for you, and speaking of which I’ll take this guy right here.”

Kaisei had to stretch a bit to get his hand up high enough to pat the plushie tiger on the head, and though it wasn’t the biggest of the bunch it would fit in his apartment until he had a chance to transport it to the daycare he worked at. Arthur nodded and told him to come to the counter with it, and though it was only a bit bigger than the hyena himself he still found it hard to shift the weight of the large plushie over to the checkout counter to be rung up. “You know, we can have this sent to your address for free if you don’t want to carry it around town,” Arthur said as he swiped the card that the hyena managed to hand him while still holding onto the tiger plushie. “Unless you want a stuffed companion to join you on the way home.”

As he looked at the plushie Kaisei’s mind began to think of the logistics of carrying such a thing all around, especially since he had planned on making a few more stops before he made his way back to his apartment. He told Arthur that he would opt in for the free shipping and after filling out his address where the plushie would be sent he left the store and made his way back out onto the city streets. As he walked to his next destination he couldn’t help but think of what Arthur had said to him and imagined what it would be like to be assertive enough to stand up for himself like that. Though he wished it was as simple as the sheep plush had said it he knew that the idea of being that sort of confident would merely be a fantasy for him…

By the time Kaisei had gotten back to his apartment it was already starting to get dark, though with it being early in the fall he was able to run a number of his errands before he got back to his place. When he reached his floor he was surprised to find a large box sitting in front of his door and as he took the bags full of groceries in one hand he shifted the package with the other in order to read the shipping label. It was from Stables of Fun and clearly addressed to him, impressing the hyena that they managed to get it to him so quickly. After a bit of fumbling around Kaisei managed to get his keys out and unlock the door while holding onto his bags and sliding the rather large box inside.

Though the temptation to open the box was quickly building Kaisei made sure to put everything else away before grabbing a scissors in order to open it. Being careful not to damage the contents within he cut the packing tape and opened the flaps, which caused the compressed plushie to practically spring out like it was about to pounce him. The hyena had a laugh at that and pulled the tiger plush out the rest of the way so that he could break down the box and not have it take up any more space. As the last of the large feet paws of the plushie slid out however it brought with it another box, this one marked with the logo for something called Stables of Love.

The hyena’s head tilted in question as he put the plushie aside on the couch and brought the package up on his coffee table. It appeared that someone had gotten their delivery included in his, but when he saw the packing label on it he saw the name Kaisei scrawled on the cardboard. He had never even heard of Stable of Love before though and still thought it was a mistake, especially when he opened the package and looked inside. As he slowly reached in and pulled out the black leather chest harness he felt his jaw drop slightly, then quickly put it back down in the box as though someone was going to see it.

This was clearly a mistake, Kaisei thought to himself as he put the box with the harness aside and went into his bedroom to change out of his work clothes and take a shower. More than once however he thought back to the harness and he found himself biting his lip. While he had always been too timid to explore it the idea of bondage intrigued him, and with this piece of gear it was almost like he was being invited to dip his toe in the pool. He imagined what it would be like to have it on and as he did he had to stop as he found himself growing aroused by the thought, turning the water to cold on himself to get his thoughts under control before stepping out and toweling off.

As Kaisei returned to his living room in a pair of sweatpants however the hyena stopped in his tracks as he saw the harness sitting out on the table. The dying light of the sun seemed to highlight the silver studs and clasps that made up the piece of gear and the more he looked at it the more he got the itch to try it on. It wasn’t like anyone would see him, his inner voice said as he sat down, and he was already shirtless. While he normally put on a big shirt that he would eventually sleep in he had decided to forgo the piece of clothing and it made him wonder if deep down it was his subconscious trying to get him to do it.

“It’s too late to return it today anyway,” Kaisei whispered as he wrapped his fingers around the supple leather and lifted it up once more, talking out loud as though to try and affirm himself of what he was doing. “Just for a quick peek to see what it would look like, then I’ll send it back to wherever it came from.” As he was about to slip it over his head he glanced over to see the tiger plush, then grabbed it and turned it so it was facing away from him. “No need for you to see this.”

Kaisei took a deep breath and after a few moments of hesitation finally slipped the harness over his head and around his arms. It took a few minutes to figure out how to get the leather in its proper place but when he finally got it around his chest he blushed slightly as it seemed to hang slightly on his somewhat skinny frame. This would probably look much better on some muscular hunk, the hyena thought to himself as he shifted the straps so that it fit more comfortably, imagining the horse plushie that he talked to in Stables of Fun. Once he had gotten a few seconds to get used to it though it was actually quite pleasant against his fur and as he sat down on the couch he finally began to toy around with his maleness that he had been denying up until that point.

While it wasn’t uncommon for him to stroke one out normally Kaisei would forgo such things in an effort to cook or sleep or even catch up on television, but with the leather settled against his chest he found the sight of it erotic enough to get his motor running. In the back of his mind he made a note to make sure he didn’t somehow damage the piece of gear as he leaned back against the couch. He found himself more playful with himself than usual too and as his apartment grew darker from the disappearing sun he found one of his hands going up to his chest and tweaking his nipples while the other slowly stroked his length. Eventually he found himself in the dark as night fell on the city, but by that point Kaisei was practically humping his own hand as he continued to rub his chest and tug on the harness.

Just as Kaisei was about to speed up to finish himself off though he suddenly felt something that caused him to gasp as his hand pressed against his chest. It felt like something had just pushed from inside him and despite being close it was a concerning enough sensation to cause him to stop. While he didn’t feel any pain it was like his upper body had started to become swollen, specifically where the harness was pressed against him as he pulled his sweatpants back up over his softening member. Was it possible that he might have had leather allergies?

It was enough of a concern that Kaisei went to remove the harness, but as his hands gripped against the straps he gasped when he saw that his hands looked like they had grown bigger too. They also felt heavier and as he looked at them he swore he could almost see them stretching and thickening into large hands that felt heavier and stiffer when he tried to wiggle the digits. It was enough to get him to try and stand up but when he did he lost his center of balance and fell against his table. Kaisei let out a loud groan as it suddenly felt like his spine was being stretched in a strangely pleasurable, causing him to groan loudly as he gripped against the table while his forearms grew thicker.

Something was definitely wrong with him, Kaisei thought to himself as he suddenly felt the coffee table pushing out from under him as his legs pressed against the couch. As he slid forward a few inches he heard a ripping sound and looked back to see that the cloth of his sweatpants had groan tight against his thighs. He tried to crawl to the point where he could stand but another surge of growth caused his chest to barrel out, feeling the harness tighten against him as the cascade of muscle caused his shoulders and biceps to bulge out his fur before settling back. The hyena was practically panting in pleasure as the sensations of his body changing were becoming too much for him, especially when he felt his thighs and calves balloon with growth and ripping his sweatpants even more.

Finally Kaisei managed to loosen his grip on the table, falling onto his butt as yet another wave of lust rolled through his body. When he looked down at himself he couldn’t believe what he saw; his legs were practically quivering as they continued to grow, each round of expansion leaving them more muscular than the last time as he saw the toes of his feet merging together with his toe claws spreading over the edges. Even though it was hard to tell his body was bigger than before, especially when he saw his pectorals practically inflate before his eyes as his stomach rippled before finally forming into a set of washboard abs that was adorned by slick black fur…

…no, this wasn’t fur, it was something else, Kaisei managed to think even as he began to feel an intense lust building inside of him. As he tried to shift onto his mutated feet he had to stop when his already ruined sweatpants were stretched more, but this time not by his growing thighs. The transforming hyena let out a loud moan as he saw his cock push out from one of the tears along the inner seam. His eyes widened as not only was it longer than before but the flesh had turned completely black and the head of it looked like it was flaring out. It was still growing too along with the rest of him and as Kaisei moved forward he was hit with another surge of growth that caused his shoulders to roll as they were beefed up with the rest of him.

Eventually Kaisei managed to get onto his feet, though that was threatened several times as they stretched and hardened until finally he stood on a pair of hooves, and eventually got to his bathroom. He had to see what he looked like even as his neck thickened and the changes were starting to creep up to his face while his body shifted around underneath the increasingly black hide that covered his body. When he got to the sink he nearly cracked it as he braced himself well he looked at his reflection in the mirror. Without even realizing it his hair had grown long and white, trailing down his neck to the rest of his muscular body that made his still mostly hyena head look ridiculous on top of it.

But whatever changes were happening to him wasn’t going to allow that for long as Kaisei felt the intense need to stretch his jaws as if yawning, and as he did a moan that grew increasingly deep escaped from his throat. His entire skull bulged and swelled as his muzzle grew thicker, his nose expanding as he felt his entire face transforming into something else entirely. His skin stretched unnaturally as he felt his entire maw stretch several more inches while the tongue in his mouth thickened until finally it was completely unrecognizable, Kaisei panting heavily as his neck twitched from his ears being stretched up and out until they resembled the rest of his equine form.

“Fuck…” Kaisei said, hearing his new voice resonate in his chest as his entire body trembled. “What happened to me…” The former hyena took a few more seconds to catch his breath and as he looked back at himself in the mirror it was with a pair of golden eyes, one of them partially obscured by the white length of mane that had fallen over it. When he stood up straight once more he found himself looking practically over the top of the mirror and knew that he needed to get a better look at what happened to him.

It was only a few steps over to the bedroom and when Kaisei used the full-length mirror attached to his closet he could see the extent of the changes that happened to him. Gone was the skinny grey-furred hyena; instead he saw the reflection of a well-muscled, handsome black-haired stallion. Everything about his body radiated seduction and beauty, to the point where he found himself flexing one of his arms just to see his new biceps. Nestled on his chest against a shock of white hair that highlighted his thick pecs and trailed down his washboard abs was the harness which looked like it belonged on him as he shifted his pose to look at the horsetail that had replaced his own… his own…

For a second Kaisei couldn’t even remember what he had been, and as he dwelled on his former form it was becoming increasingly hard for him to care as he stared at his mostly naked body. What really drew his attention was the thick, nearly foot and half long monster horsecock that was nestled between his powerful thighs that twitched just on his recognition. “I’m a beast,” Kaisei said as the smile that had been playing on his muzzle was allowed to fully form. “A sexy fucking beast.”

“I can certainly see that,” a second voice said, the new stallion turning to see that the plush tiger that had been in his living room was not only standing there at his bedroom door but had also gotten a thick cock of his own. “Although I haven’t seen the fucking part… yet. What do you think Kaisei?”

“First of all, just call me Kai,” the stallion said as he quickly closed the distance between them until their muscled chests were pressed against one another, the horse taller than the tiger as he leaned forward and gave a fierce, passionate kiss. “Second of all in this ranch it’s the stallion that does the riding. Now get on that bed before I tie you down.”

The tiger plushie was more than eager to comply and practically tossed himself down on the bed with his tailhole waving in front of him. Kai’s smile turned to a smirk as he wasted no time himself, grabbing his monster tool and pushing it into the velvety insides of the living plush creature. It wasn’t long until the stallion thrusted down hard, practically bulging out the stomach of the synthetic tiger as they got to the point where Kai practically pinned the other man to the bed. As the stallion looked down to see his thick cock disappear in and out between those cheeks the only thing he lamented was there wasn’t more gear around to adorn their rutting forms… at least not this time.

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When Kaisei awoke it was to the sound of his alarm, the hyena’s phone practically vibrating off the nightstand before he leaned over and shut it off. As his bleary eyes fully opened the fog cleared from his mind, and when it did he began to remember the most bizarre dream he had ever had. It was definitely an odd one; he had turned into some sort of horse man after putting on a harness, and then the tiger plush he bought turned to life and they had sex all night. When he looked down at his chest he found that the harness was gone and wondered if that had been some sort of stress-related hallucination as well, though as he shifted around in his bed he felt something press against his back that nearly caused him to jump to the ceiling.

Kaisei quickly spun around and found that the tiger plush was laying there in the bed next to him, something he was pretty sure he didn’t do before. As he caught his breath from scaring himself he started to wonder if he had done anything… untoward the plush, but after a careful examination of the stuffed creature he found that not only was it not anatomically correct like in his dream but also appeared to be completely intact. That gave him a sigh of relief but still made him wonder what had caused such a realistic dream like that to happen in the first place. As he heard his phone give another alarm though he knew that he didn’t have much time to think about it, especially if he wanted to replace the destroyed plushie before the kids got there.

As he grabbed the box in order to put the plushie back in Kaisei noticed something that caused him to pause before he picked up the smaller one marked with the Stables of Love logo. It was real, he thought to himself as he looked around, but if that was the case than where did the harness go? After a quick look around his rather small apartment he didn’t seem to find where he had put it if he had decided to stash it away. That wasn’t good… he had intended on returning it, but without the actual piece of gear there was nothing he could do about it.

Once again Kaisei’s phone reminded him that he needed to go to work and the hyena grabbed the tiger plushie and shoved it into the box, then proceeded to head out his door and to his workplace. While it was something that he had resolved in his mind to figure out when he got home he couldn’t help but think of the dream that had continued to linger in his mind. The stallion that he remembered definitely was not something he would do normally, so why did his mind have him being the one that did all those things? Well technically not him, the hyena thought while he was on his lunch break, it was whatever domineering creature his dream had decided to turn into.

It was enough that Kaisei resolved to go to Stables of Fun and see if they knew what the box was all about, even if he didn’t have the harness to return. Unfortunately several parents arrived very late and it required him to stay until long past the time he was supposed to be there. By the time the last one had arrived and picked up their kids and the hyena got into the city it was almost night and the Stables of Fun store was closed as he ran up to it. He jiggled the door a few times but like the sign had said it was closed, but just as he was about to turn away he saw a small advert that had the Stables of Love logo on it and a small bit of text that said it was an adult plushie adventure.

From the look of it the Stables of Love was just on the other side of the building and Kaisei made his way around to the other side. It ended up being down two alleys before he got to a back parking lot that couldn’t be seen from the main street and as he got there he was just in time to see the neon sign that read Stables of Love light up. As he was about to go up to it however he paused and hesitated, wondering if this was something he should do. Even though the advertisement was discrete it was clear that there were some very adult scenarios that was going on and he wasn’t sure if he would even be allowed to come in without some sort of invitation or gear.

Kaisei paced back and forth for a while trying to muster up the courage to go to the door and knock, remaining outside long enough for the street lights to flicker to life as the last of the light disappeared from the night sky. As the hyena continued to muse on what to do next he remembered that stallion again and it was so prominent in his mind that it caused him to shiver. Without realizing it one of his hands had started to go down to the bulge in front of his pants and began to squeeze against it, which began to grow bigger until it was more than just a mere tent that contained his erection. The pleasure coming from it also caused the hyena to get weak in the knees and as he pressed his back against the wall for support he watched in shock as his cock pulsated and grew with each beat of his heart until the outline of the shaft could be clearly seen.

Suddenly the straining zipper couldn’t take the pressure anymore and busted open along with the button, and Kaisei let out a gasp as a foot long horse cock flopped out and continued to lengthen right in front of his eyes. No… it couldn’t be… but as it began to thicken in arousal it was clear that his member had mutated just like last night until it looked unusual against his body, but as his hands went to hold up the hefty shaft he saw that his fingers were thickening and growing as well. The hyena tried to stifle his moan of pleasure but he could feel his back and neck muscles rippling as his frame began to grow, quickly causing the seams of his shirt and pants to start to rip as the lust and pleasure that came with the transformation made it hard to think of anything else. Kaisei found himself gasping slightly as his shirt became so tight it was hard to breathe and eventually he found himself ripping it off the swelling muscles of his chest.

Which was when Kaisei saw the leather harness pressed firmly against his pectorals.

The sight of the piece of gear caught the transforming hyena by surprise, but as he heard his shoes pop from his growing hooves all he could focus on was the pleasure coming from his body. He could feel the strength and power flowing into him once more as his arms grew thick and firm with new muscle just like his legs, feeling the concrete rub against his back as he grew taller by a few feet than his old hyena self. Despite being out in public Kaisei couldn’t help but grunt and moan as his muzzle stretched, his hands going from his cock to his face as it grew into an equine nose while white hair accented his hooves, tail, and cock along with his chest, back, and mane. It wasn’t long before a stallion stood there where a hyena had been only moments before, his chest heaving heavily as he continued to keep his hands against his face before he threw them back to expose the smirk on his face and his golden eyes.

“Uh, so much better,” the stallion commented as he looked himself over, giving his half-hard cock a squeeze before going up to the door and knocking on it. He didn’t have to wait long until a leather-clad horse man opened the door and looked down at him, then at the pile of clothes and the trail of pre dripping from the naked stallion’s thick shaft. “Hey there, my name is Kai, and as you can see I need a bit of a wardrobe update… I’d ask what kind of leather gear you got but if what you’re wearing is any indicator I think we’re going to be fast friends.”

Kai could see the leather jock of the other creature twitch slightly as a smile appeared on the other horse’s face before stepping aside. As the naked stallion walked past the door closed behind him and he suddenly felt a pair of hands against his chest and the bulge of the other man against his toned rear end. “I think we’re going to be very fast friends,” the other man whispered into Kal’s ear. “Welcome to the Stables of Love.”

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When Kaisei woke up once more he found himself in a bed that was definitely not his own as he shifted about and felt satin sheets underneath him. With that realization he was quickly able to banish the last of the lingering sleep and could feel panic start to well up inside his chest as he looked around to find himself in a rather gaudy bedroom. As he used the sheets to try and cover up his naked body he turned to see the shiny material slide off something else that was in the bed with him. Kaisei nearly shouted at the stranger that was there, which prompted the leather-covered horse man to snort and turn over to look at him through the lenses of the mask he wore.

“Whoa… who are you?” the horse said as he slowly groaned and stretched. “Where’s Kai?”

“Kai?” Kaisei asked in confusion as he nearly tripped over himself and fell to the floor. “I’m Kaisei! Who are you?!”

“Aesop,” the leather horse man replied as he looked the hyena up and down before sighing and looking at his phone. “Well then, looks like the fun is over for tonight, I have to get ready for work anyway. If you see Kai tell him that I had a blast and to call me anytime he wants to bunk up in my stable.”

Kaisei’s jaw just dropped as the other man got up from the bed and was also just as naked as he was, except he didn’t bother to cover up as he made his way towards the door. Had the situation not presented itself like it had the hyena might have been in a good mood being in bed with such a handsome creature, but at the moment he was more bewildered than anything on how he managed to get himself in such a situation and not remember it. As the other man left the room while in the buff Kaisei had no such intention of doing so, but as he looked around he failed to find where any of his clothing was. In fact the only thing he managed to find was his phone which was on the nightstand along with what looked like a scrap of his sweatpants as he looked up his location.

Stables of Fun… seeing it sparked a memory of him standing in front of the store before heading back to another establishment of a similar name. He remembered being in the parking lot when he suddenly began to feel strange, but after a certain point everything grew foggy in his mind. The hyena shook his head and decided to figure it out later, instead seeing the time and realizing that he was pretty much going to be late for work. He sighed and called in sick instead to make things easier, then called a rideshare service with explicit instructions to come to the back parking lot and pick him up.

When he got a notification saying that the car would be there in twenty minutes, which brought Kaisei back to his other problem that he was lacking clothes. Since the driver was unlikely to pick up a nude hyena man he needed to find something to at least cover up his groin with, and after a bit of searching he finally found something that would actually fit. Unfortunately it was basically a leather thong that left little to the imagination, but he had already taken up most of the time searching and his phone buzzed with the notification that his ride was almost there. It would only be from here to the car and then from the car to his apartment, Kaisei reasoned with himself, it would be a bit of a walk of shame but he had no other choice as he took the leather garment and slipped it on over his legs.

Despite trying to keep himself focused on the task at hand Kaisei couldn’t help but let out a soft gasp of pleasure when he pulled the leather piece up to his hips. It felt really good against him and though it was a little big it managed to stay around him after a slight bit of adjustment. It also accentuated his bulge to the point where he might even say he looked sexy in it, but quickly shook his head of the thought and went to grab his phone so he could leave. As he was about to walk over however he noticed something else that caught his eye and found that the thong was actually able to be turned into a loincloth with the additional piece of leather that he had found.

“Better than nothing,” Kaisei said to himself as he put the pieces into place and breathed a slight sigh of relief when his exposed rear end was at least partially covered, then heard his phone ring and found it was the driver as he answered it. “Yep, be right out, just need about two minutes.”

The voice on the other end told him that he would be waiting and hung up, which prompted Kaisei to exit the door and leave the strange room he had woken up in. When he got outside he found that it wasn’t just the bedroom that was decorated in a provocative manner; there were several leather-clad creatures, most of them horse men like Aesop that he had woken up next to, with some of them as well as others in very compromising positions. The sight of these men all bound out had caused the hyena to pause and stare lustfully at them before his brain reminded him that if he didn’t hurry he would be out his ride and would have to risk trying to get another one to come here. He managed to tear his eyes away from the sight and make his way down to what he believed to be the exit until several signs confirmed that he was in the right direction.

Kaisei hissed slightly and brought his hand up to shield his face from the sun that was almost directly in his eyes as he stepped out into the parking lot. Much to his relief the car had managed to follow his instructions and was waiting for him there, and when he got into the back seat he could see the elephant man just give him a glancing look before beginning to drive him to his destination. “Sorry about this,” Kaisei stated as he tried to hide his bare chest with his arms. “I woke up in… an unusual circumstance.”

“You can relax,” the driver said dismissively. “I tend to work this area during the night and early morning and as far as fares go you’re pretty tame as far as the get-ups that people come into my car with. Trust me when I say I have no reservations on what people do in their free time at night, sometimes I even get asked to go inside to join in.”

The elephant let out a little chuckle at that but Kaisei was just relieved that he wasn’t going to get kicked out of the car. With his escape from the Stables of Love he was able to think more on the pressing thought of how he had managed to get in there in the first place. The last thing he clearly remembered was standing outside the door but he hadn’t even gotten in yet, and since he hadn’t ate or drank anything he couldn’t imagine that he had somehow been drugged. As he continued to try and think of the night before he did start to get glimpses of the hidden memories, though when it began to flash on the more carnal aspects of the night he spent with the leather horse man he had to stop to prevent himself from getting horny in the rideshare and press his luck with the driver.

Eventually Kaisei got back to his apartment and thanked the elephant before scurrying to the door and using his phone to get inside. Fortunately with it still being relatively early in the morning there was no foot traffic in the halls, the hyena imaging the disapproving looks of his neighbors as he rushed past them in only a leather loincloth that exposed him every time it flapped up into the air. When he finally got to his apartment after what seemed like ages he practically slammed the door shut and finally allowed himself to breathe. Now that he was in a place that he was familiar with and felt safe in he could finally collect his thoughts for real as he went into the bedroom in order to change into something more comfortable.

“I actually think you look good in that,” a voice suddenly said that caused Kaisei to nearly jump out of his fur in shock.

“Who’s there?” Kaisei asked as he spun around, trying to find the source of the noise. “Where are you?”

“Check the mirror Kaisei,” the voice said once more, which prompted the hyena to look over at the closet where it was. “I want to see what I look like in that; Aesop had brought it for me to try on but we got a little frisky and decided to move on before I had a chance.”

Though there was no one around in the bedroom Kaisei couldn’t help but feel like there was a presence there besides his own, and as he looked towards his closet he felt himself swallow hard like someone was there lying in wait for him. After taking a few seconds to steel his nerve he went over and slowly opened the door while bracing himself for what was on the other side. As the door swung open however he found the only thing that was on the other side was his clothing with no one waiting for him. Just as the hyena thought that his mind was playing tricks on him however he heard a whistle and Kaisei slowly turned his head to look at the door where his mirror hung.

Kaisei gasped in shock as the reflection in the mirror wasn’t that of a hyena wearing a leather loincloth; instead it was a stunningly handsome and muscular black horse that not only had on a familiar harness but also a set of cuffs that were on his wrists, ankles, thighs, biceps, and a collar around his neck to top it off. “Damn, I can’t believe we look that skinny during the day,” the horse in the reflection said with a smirk as he took the loincloth they both wore and pulled his back to reveal the heavy bulge that stretched the leather thong underneath. “C’mon, show me the goods.”

“I… what…” Kaisei said in disbelief as he stared at the stallion in the mirror dumbfounded. “What’s going on here? Who are you?”

“I’m Kai,” the horse man said, which reminded the hyena of the name that the one he had woken up in bed with said. “And I’m the one giving your night life a boost in a much needed direction. Before you ask I don’t know why it happens but I’m not one to compain, you can’t deny that we look good like this.”

Almost as if prompted by his reflection Kaisei eventually found himself lifting up the loincloth he wore and showed that his equine counterpart definitely had him beat there too before he let it drop. “No, that’s impossible,” Kaisei said as he shook his head while Kai dropped his own loincloth. “I must be hallucinating or something, there’s no way that I’m turning into you. It’s probably just stress or something.”

“Yes, I’m sure it’s stress that’s making you believe that you’re turning into some sort of werestallion during the night,” Kai replied with a smirk. “You may deny it now but the more times this happens the more you want me to be in control, the more you want to feel that confidence and dominance over others that I have and you don’t. Pretty soon you’re going to yearn to be me all the time…”

Kaisei quickly closed the door in order to stop from hearing the laugh of the stallion, but even with his closet shut he could still hear the chuckle come from the creature within. Even though he knew that it should be impossible he couldn’t help but believe that the one that called himself Kai was telling the truth. It also brought the strange dreams and the fact that he was walking up in odd situations make more sense, but as his mind continued to dwell on the stallion he wondered how he even managed to end up like that. As he went back into the living room he saw the Stables of Love box and remembered that he had gotten the harness by mistake, and it made him wonder how something as innocuous as a few pieces of leather was able to do that to him.

The other problem with that thought was he didn’t even have the harness on him as he brought his hand to his bare chest. Though the stallion in his reflection had it on he had no such thing, and that made him wonder if he needed Kai to take it off in order to break whatever cycle of transformation he was in. Even as he thought of it the whole thing just was too fantastical for him to think was real, and he finally decided he would need some proof in order to find out if Kai actually existed or he was just having some sort of mental break. He set about to grab his web camera and laptop and set it up in his living room, then sat down on the couch and waited for night to fall.

With nothing else to do for the day Kaisei stayed where he was and watched television and left the view of the camera only to make food or use the restroom. Though he still wore the loincloth he decided to keep it on so he didn’t ruin any more of his clothing as he waited. Eventually the hyena became engrossed in the series he was binging and didn’t even notice that the sky was starting to go from light to dark. As the last episode of the series ended Kaisei stretched and felt a stiffness in his body, especially his feet as he lifted them up in order to rub them.

As Kaisei brought them up to the table his eyes widened as a pair of hooves landed on the wood with a loud thud. “Holy cow,” the hyena said as he saw a pair of cuffs on his ankles as the hair turned white and thickened around it. “It’s real, Kai is real, I’m a werestallion!”

A surge of pleasure ran through Kaisei’s body as he began to feel it start to shift, and as he brought his hands to his groin he saw that a pair of similar leather cuffs had appeared there as well. He remembered that the harness started it all and thought perhaps he could take off the items and revert himself back, but as his thickening fingers fumbled with the leather he found that there didn’t seem to be any clasps that he could use to try to get them off. With the transforming hyena focused on his arms he let out a groan when he felt them flex and watched his biceps bulge with new muscle as another pair of cuffs morphed out of his changing hide as though summoned by his augmented physique. It was as if his body somehow integrated the leather into his new body… which made him look down at the leather thong and loincloth he wore.

Kaisei stood up and tried to take it off but already his hips had begun to widen and his cock had started to expand within its leather pouch he saw that it was too late. As his hyena muzzle stretched and grew into something more equine in nature he could feel his thoughts start to cloud with lust, especially as he felt his member continue to thicken. He was losing control of his body quickly, he thought to himself as he felt his ears begin to change and his mane lengthen while watching the leather thong stretch with his new meat, with every pound of muscle on his body it was becoming harder to identify himself as a hyena. As his new nostrils flared and his hand began to massage his encased cock Kaisei could feel the pleasure overwhelm him, the color in his eyes shifting as he realized it felt… so…

…good. The look of shock on the stallion’s muzzle disappeared quickly, replaced with a smirk as his amber eyes felt the last of his body reassert itself. As he looked at the leather thong and loincloth along with the other adornments he got from the previous night, including the leather collar that appeared around his thick neck, Kai was glad for the new addition. Though his cock was aching to be released Kai decided to keep himself confined for the moment as the lust of his transformation suffused through his body. Kai flipped up the back of the loincloth and wiggled his horse tail, then confidently strutted out the door in order to find someone to enjoy his night out with.

It didn’t take very long; as soon as Kai found a place that catered to someone who looked like him the bouncer had practically let him in for free, and before he could order his first drink he had a couple of guys that were practically fawning over him. More than once he had a hand stroke his chest or against his arms with a couple of the more adventurous copping a feel under his loincloth while he did the same. Eventually he picked a fox that had on a bright red leather x-harness and asked if he wanted to go back to his place, the vulpine eagerly agreeing to the whims of the suave stallion. Kai couldn’t help but smirk as he imagined that somewhere inside Kaisei was probably getting jealous as he and the fox were practically making out before they even got into his apartment.

“Did I mention how much I love muscle men?” the fox asked with a grin as they pressed against one another, practically panting after a rather intense make-out session. “I could worship these pecs all night long… my name is Tyrian by the way.”

As they moved to the bedroom and Kai introduced himself for the first time that night he could tell that the vulpine was clearly enamored with his form, but more than that with his last statement he also sensed a bit of jealousy. Perhaps the lithe fox didn’t want the body of a twink and instead yearned to be more like the men he brought home. A meek, submissive male that wanted to be a strong, confident one… Kai couldn’t help but smile at the parallels as he pushed the fox down on his back and got on top of him while stripping him of every piece of clothing except for the harness. In fact it made him wonder if he could do something for him as he felt the deft fingers reach in his waistband and pull down his thong in order to allow the semi-erect cock to flop out.

As Kai got between the legs of the fox and began to push his thick shaft into the tailhole of the other creature it was clear that this guy was prepared for this ending to the night, though he could see the vulpine squirm slightly as he pushed in deeper. The stallion grinned as he used his hand to keep the head from popping out from between the cheeks of the other male, and once he had gotten the first few inches in and felt the insides of the other male clamp around him he adjusted himself to brace with his knees and reached up to his neck. Unlike his hyena counterpart the leather collar slipped easily up over his head and then slid it around the head of the other man. The fox hardly noticed it with still being impaled by the heavy equine cock sliding up inside him until the leather tightened a bit around his neck until it fit snuggly against his fur.

“You’re giving me… your collar?” the fox asked breathlessly as he put his hands against the black leather. “You shouldn’t have.”

“Mine will grow back,” Kai replied with a smirk, causing the vulpine to tilt his head in confusion. “Yours is going to have some added benefits to it.”

Though Kai hadn’t been sure if what he had planned was actually going to work the fox appeared to start to say something before his breath caught in his throat. At first the vulpine thought that it was the cock that was starting to bulge up his taut stomach but as Kai watched his muzzle open and close wordlessly he could see his neck thickening and his fur turning to horsehide. There was something else thickening as well as the stallion felt the cock of the fox push up against his abs, lengthening by the second with their lusts as his entire body began to quiver underneath him. The groans of the fox grew deeper with every second as his angular snout began to bulge and grow while snorts of pleasure came out of his nose.

Kal found himself getting hornier by the second as he felt the male grow bigger and more muscular under him by the second, dominating a form that was even more of a challenge than those that were practically drooling over him at the bar. Breeding another werestallion was something he didn’t even realize he wanted until he felt the hefty new horsecock throbbing between them and pulling up the growing legs of the other man while his feet formed into hooves. The harness of the former fox turned as red as his new horsehide as he began to thrust into him, feeling the growing muscles tense underneath his body as he began to rut harder and faster. As their muzzles met in a passionate kiss and Kal could feel the tongue of the other male lengthen slightly while inside his own maw he knew that Tyrian, or probably Ty at this point, was in for a long, rough ride…

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The next morning Kaisei woke up and knew that he wasn’t alone even though he was in his own bed, fragments of the last night and the smell of sex embedded deep in his fur as he felt the other man shift next to him. Though he half expected to see a red-haired stallion lying there he saw that Tyrian was back to normal and his x-harness and new collar were missing. He had a sneaking suspicion that the new werehorse was going to see them again the next night and when he looked over at his nightstand he could see that his webcam was there. While he was fairly sure he knew what was on it he quickly dismissed the fox, who gave him a kiss on the cheek and thanked him for the night before leaving, and then went to his laptop to check the footage.

Sure enough all the evidence Kaisei needed was right there on the screen; not only was his transformation into a werestallion clearly visible but it also appeared his alter ego had moved the webcam into the bedroom afterwards to show him everything else. The hyena blushed slightly as he saw his horse form along with the fox that he had taken home. What surprised him more however was seeing that the transformation was able to spread as Kai put the collar around Tyrian’s neck and transformed him as well. Did that mean that there was another out there who was going to transform every night, and if that was the case how many more was Kai going to create?

As many as he wanted… the words came up unbidden in Kaisei’s mind and he realized the connection between the two of them was growing stronger. With the footage in hand it was clear that he knew where and how this all started, and with it being Saturday he didn’t have to worry about work as he got on his clothing and made his way out of the apartment and into the city. The one thing he wasn’t sure of was if Stables of Fun was open, but fortunately he knew of another place that he was going to try first that was likely more active on weekends anway.

When Kaisei got inside the back door to the Stables of Love he found it to be rather quiet with just a few of the leather stallions rummaging around. Even though their bodies were enticing and it caused the hyena’s arousal to grow he remained fixated on the task at hand to find out where the harness came from. “Well hello there,” a familiar voice said as Kaisei began to move towards an area marked office, turning around to see Arthur standing there with that permanent grin on his face. “Kaisei, right?”

“Yes, I’m actually glad that you’re here,” Kaisei replied. “I had a harness sent to me by mistake from here, and now every night I’m turning into some sort of werestallion! Plus… I think I just passed it on to someone else too, a fox named Tyrian that I slept with.”

“I see, that is quite the adventure that you had,” Arthur said as he tapped his cane against the floor before motioning for the hyena to follow him. “What strikes me is that nowhere in your explanation you mentioned that was a problem, although having an alter that is extremely confident can be a little daunting at first. Perhaps this is a time for a change in your life?”

“A change?” Kaisei repeated.

“Well I’m sure someone like Kai would find himself more than willing to work in the Stables of Love,” Arthur said as he opened a door and revealed a bench with a number of straps on it. “He’ll get the bondage that the both of you enjoy and the other stallions here will keep him in check, and as for the day I could always use more help in the Stables of Fun store. You can still work with children and be around the plushies you adore… of course if you’re going to join in we’d have to change you and your other self to fit in with the aesthetic.

Kaisei was a bit perplexed on what that meant until he saw the plushie sheep press against his own body and realized that what he thought were plushie costumes the employee’s wore were anything but, they were actual real plushie creatures! That meant he would become a plushie too, and Kai would work back here and probably be put into all sorts of bondage situations. He could already feel his other self practically bucking in excitement inside of him in order to be in the stables, and Kaisei had to admit that it would be exciting to transform while strapped down so that Kai couldn’t have the run of his body like the other times. When he turned to the sheep to ask what it would take to accept the deal he saw that Arthur already had a piece of paper in one hand and a fountain pen in the other held out to him…

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Back in the Nexross Santer’s portal closed and the black and white werestallion stood there on the platform with all the cuffs, harnesses, and collar on him as well as the leather loincloth as Renzyl pointed to Vira. “The mentality switch back and forth between the two was the best for me,” The dragolf said with a grin. “Having that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde back and forth is a lot of fun in my opinion and a way for Kaisei to keep his submissive side while still acting out other fantasies that give him power as Kai. The ultimate switch if you ask me.”

“Once again I have to say that going the more traditional transformation route definitely worked for you,” Serathin spoke up when it was his turn. “The fact that it happened every night and sort of switched it back and forth like that also was an interesting twist like what Vira said with the Jekyll and Hyde situation. Also I have to say that the best touch was keeping the bondage gear exclusively to Kai and making that the trigger so that it would have to be Kai that essentially would break the curse of the werestallion on him.”

“I have to agree with Serathin that going with the standard werestallion worked with the aesthetics better than going with a leather horse like I thought you might do,” Raven said. “It was a good contrast to the bondage itself, and since it was still essentially gear it related more to bondage than to being a plushie. I do wish we would have seen more of the bondage and maybe something with pony play but given the time frame you have I would say that it’s certainly understandable.”

“Well, that’s compliments from all three judges,” Renzyl said as the judges put down their scores for Santer’s werestallion. “Who’s next?”

The nexus creatures all looked at each other and it was the black-furred bear that stepped forward. “Mmmm, been looking forward to seeing what the new kids on the block come up with,” Renzyl said as Garlan started to create his portal to show his werecreature. “Alright then Garlan, get started whenever you’re ready to go, let’s see what you got.”

Chapter 3 – Garlan: