

Rise of the Anubis Mate (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“The crew checked that area as well.” Lance reported, answering yet another question laid before them. “Still no signs of the tomb.”

“Dammit! I was sure it was in the southwest coordinates!” The head of the dig grumbled, marking something off at his makeshift desk. “Humph, mark my words. We’ll find our sneaky, hidden tomb soon enough. It cannot hide its valuable knowledge from us forever.”

Lance frowned internally. He didn’t want to go against his boss on this. However, the longer this expedition and dig went on, the more and more skeptical of locating this supposedly lost tomb he was becoming.

However, he merely nodded. “Well then, what should I tell the team?”

The head sighed. “Tell them to report to me immediately. It is best if I give them the new directions, so they’ll understand.”

“Sure, I can do that.” With that, Lance gave the man a nod and left the tent. He stepped out in the blazing sunlight and onto the burning sand.

He looked into the sky briefly before wiping his brow. It had been a long month of backbreaking labor of digging and surveying these Egyptian desert. They had gone on with their hunt for what felt like even longer than that. In all their time, no one has uncovered any trace of this mysterious tomb.

Lance huffed, walking along the path towards the most recent area they were digging in. The whole thing had been incredibly frustrating. Besides not even finding anything from this place, they found jack in terms of anything. This whole trip had been a royal waste of his time.

He rubbed his face, stepping over some hardened, hilly ground. *So much for getting a start on... well anything.* He had nothing to show for himself, to start a career in archeology, or even to mention to his family back home.

“Maybe I should just cut my losses and call it? No... what if they discover something when I’m not here and... that’s just gambler thinking now. Ugh, I frickin’ hate-”

CRACK. Lance stopped dead in his tracks. A sharp, cold shiver ran straight up his spine. He bit his bottom lip and looked down.

However, he was soon going down. The ground beneath him crumbled. He let out a loud, horrified yell as he fell through the dirt. A dust cloud went up, and he was gone from sight on the surface.

He fell a few feet and landed on a smooth surface. A surface that was slick and tilted down. He went further and further underground, sliding down this mysterious chute and leaving the warm light above. Darkness overwhelmed his vision, dust covering his mug and making it hard to breathe.

And soon, Lance hit the ground with a resounding thud. He coughed and hacked, so much dust and sand in his lungs. He tried looking around, but all he saw was darkness.

He felt the pockets of his shirt and found his phone. Thankfully, it still worked, and he was able to flip on the Flashlight feature. He took a look around.

His jaw dropped. He was in a large room made from sandstone and brick. Hieroglyphs were chiseled onto the walls with passageways leading elsewhere. Treasures, statues, vases, and such were all around him. In the heart of it all was a large, faded throne.

He felt his heart race a mile a minute. *This... this is it. This is the tomb!*

He started to smile. All of that toiling and burning in the hot sun was about to be worth it. Everything here would make it all worth his while.

And yet, a thought quickly entered his mind. He was kind of stuck. Flashing the light behind him, he could make out the entryway and slide that brought him in. He looked it over and up the long, winding chute. He stepped on the slide and rubbed his foot into it.

Okay... I can kind of make out light up there... and this isn't that slick. I'm pretty sure I can get out of this with a little effort.

Lance took a deep breath, coughed out the dust in the air, and tried to relax. He wasn't in too deep of trouble, he told himself. He would be fine. Someone was probably already looking for him. He could just have a little fun right now exploring the place before everyone else got there.

He seized his opportunity and explored the wide room. He dared not touch an item or trinket in fear of causing who knows what to happen. He didn't trust his luck. However, he took time to study the items and hieroglyphs on the walls. He wasn't an expert or anything, but at best as he could make out, the place seemed to be some sort of sacred ground.

After studying the last vase, he turned his eyes on the big prize in the middle of the room: the throne. It appeared to be made of gold for the seat and back, but its legs looked almost to be made from obsidian. An odd design, especially for the region.

He approached the chair, ascending the few steps that led up to its elevated spot. Stepping up to it, he noticed something new. Laying across both armrests, there resided a specter. It was long, almost five feet in length, and black obsidian too. At the top was a gold ankh, which didn't look a bit dusty.

Lance stared at the curious item. Again, it was something that felt out of place with the rest of the items in the room like the throne. *So odd...* he thought, leaning in and flashing his light over it, *I wonder who this belongs to? ...heh, maybe they're still entombed here and-*

His train of thought derailed. A soft, otherworldly aura began to emanate off of the specter. His heart skipped a beat as he jumped back, the pole starting to levitate.

He hurried down the steps as the torch lamps in the room lit up, giving the place an eerie glow. He turned back briefly when he was down, rushing towards the slide. The specter had lifted up and floated before the throne. An intense shiver went down his spine.

That's when it struck. A beam of light burst from the hole in the ankh and struck him in the chest. He felt a fiery burst as he was knocked to the ground hard.

He moaned, spread out on the hard ground. It stung and burned... but only briefly. The pain suddenly left as soon as it hit him. Even with the smell of burning fabric and a light smoke barely visible in the torch-lit room, he felt oddly fine suddenly.

Uuuugh... my head... Lance's mind was still spinning after everything. He managed to find the strength in him to sit up and look himself over. There was a large hole in his shirt now, scorch marks surrounding where the blast had struck him. His skin looked black as well.

Crap crap crap! This is bad... this is really bad!

Without even thinking, he raised his hand and brought it to his chest. Just as he touched the area, he realized what he was doing and braced for pain.

Yet, it did not come. He felt something odd that wasn't burnt skin. He grabbed his phone that had fallen beside him and flashed it on his chest. His skin was covered in black fur.

Lance felt his jaw twitch, followed by his teeth clattering. "H-h-how is this possible?!"

There was a soft crackle and scent of smoke as the hole in his shirt started to widen more. More and more of his chest was exposed, going down to his stomach. As the hole opened, the black fur spread. It slowly engulfed his chest, his nipples turning black, and dipped down onto his stomach.

The widening went on and on, but what could he say or do? What could he even think at the sight of something like this? The floating staff, the burning clothes, the growing fur, that strong, pleasurable feeling that sent a shiver down his spine.

He shook his head as goosebumps broke out on his back. *Wh-what was that?!*

As he tried thinking that over, the majority of his shirt burned away. All that was left was his shoulders, collar, and sleeves, barely hanging on. Everything that now laid bare was coated in black fuzz as far as the eye could see, even digging a bit into his shorts.

He shivered, biting his bottom lip as he looked back down at himself. He ran his hands over his torso, feeling it gently. It felt rather nice and soft admittedly. It was like petting a dog with short, fine fur.

Lance quickly shook his head. *No... can't... can't think like this.* He panted softly, feeling a little heated by his pelt. *Why does this feel good? This doesn't make sense. What is hap-*

WHO HAS ENTERED MY PRIVATE DOMAIN?

A booming voice that blared throughout the room suddenly nearly knocked Lance onto his back again. His shoulders hunched together, teeth chattering as he looked around. He could see no one at all.

Shivers continued to rocket it across his body. Black fur moved onto his shoulders, slowly creeping down his arms. The rest of his shirt burned away, yet, he paid it no mind

There was silence, silence for a long, what felt like an immeasurable amount of time. His hands clenched the ground tightly, fingernails jolting forward and forming small claws. Everything felt so empty.

Did... did I just imagine-

I see. A human. A human has not set foot in my chambers in a long, long time.

Lance looked around. Still not a person in sight. He gulped, stuttering as he rubbed his forehead, “Wh-who a-are you?”

He looked down at his hands, finding something off. Black fur had engulfed the two of them now, claws jutting out at the fingertips. There were a few spots lacking fuzz though, the skin black and puffy. He had pads now, giving his mitts an animal look.

I am one of the many gods of this land and the king of this particular kingdom.

The voice sent another shiver down Lance’s spine, going from the head to his rear. From there, a short, small tail emerged. Black fur quickly sprouted over it as it oddly, excitedly wagged, despite his confusion and nervousness.

This is crazy... I gotta... I gotta try to leave now or-OH MY GOD! He smelled and heard that sizzling once more, quickly looking down upon himself.

He was greeted by the sight of his shorts and underwear burning away now. This time, it was moving swiftly in comparison to his shorts, unveiling black fur by the second. He barely at time to react much before it was all gone, leaving his bare bum and crotch on display.

Crap crap crap! He blushed, quickly covering his junk with his hands. It definitely felt different as well, but he was too afraid to give it a look.

I see you have awakened my staff. Only those of my kind can see it, let alone awaken it from its dormant state. You are very special.

Lance shivered. He felt nervous, extremely so. What exactly was being implying?

But on the other hand, there was a part of him that felt excited. He blushed, feeling something arise within his crotch, bumping his hands that tried to cover it. The black fur was quickly rolling down his legs, egged on by his growing excitement.

As fur rolled over his feet, pads growing and toenails turning to claws, the voice boomed one final time. **Perhaps it is time for a better look at you, intruder. You are vague and hazy from where I reside now.**

Crap crap crap! Lance's body tensed up. His neck creaked slowly, looking around in horror, wondering where this thing could be coming from. Black fur crawled onto it then, his long, frizzy blond hair beginning to shrink.

He did not have to wait long to find out where this "god" would arrive. In the center of the room, there was a sharp, intense glow. It was so bright that he was nearly blinded, even with closing his eyes and covering them with a paw.

He winced, his ears shaking. They stretched out, moving to the top of his head and growing dark fur. They pulled out tall into sharp points, longer than even a Doberman Pinscher.

Eventually, the light faded, and vision returned. Lance weakly opened his eyes, the world blurry and wobbly to look at. However, despite it, he could see a new figure in the room, standing before the throne and looking at him.

The being came into focus. It was tall, much taller than him, and muscular. He was coated in the same black fur as him, a long, pointed muzzle extending from his mug. His hair was long and sharp, going past his shoulders. He wore only a white, elegantly woven cloth around his waist.

Yet, Lance could tell it did nothing to hide his most prominent feature. The beast was rather "big" behind it, packing something no normal creature could hope to possess.

Lance blushed and shivered. His nose darkened, turning bumpy and cold. Nostrils flared and lifted up, pushing out into a small, canine snoot.

The canine creature smirked. **"I am Anubis. Welcome, mortal, to my throne room."**

The "human" shook one final time. His face stretched out into a similar, long, pointed muzzle as Anubis' own. His blonde hair completely blackened and went straight itself, similar to the beast, but only at chin-length. Lance was complete.

Anubis stepped down the stairs, his eyes locked to the new jackal with great interest. Lance was locked to the floor, unable to move his legs.

The black beast stood before him, looking over the new anthro. His eyes fell on Lance's face, chest, arms... and then his crotch. He smirked. **"I see you are impressed with me. Good to see such reverence and excitement from mortals in this day and age."**

Lance gulped and summoned up as much bravery as he could, his face beet red beneath his fur. "I-I-I didn't mean to disturb y-your throne. Honest! I had no--"

"You humans were for this tomb." Anubis leaned in, his voice sounding deeper and harsher than before. **"Weren't you? You were going to disturb it."**

Lance could feel the hairs on the neck stand up. He braced for whatever would come.

"But that is alright."

The new jackal flinched. "It... it is?"

Anubis leaned back and laughed, his pecs bulging gently with each gasp of air. **"Of course! After all, you have all brought me such a fine, young mate to enjoy. How could I be upset with an offering such as this?"**

He leaned down and stroked Lance's muzzle chin. He shivered as his pupils dilated. "M-m-m-mate?! What-what are you talk-oooOOOOoooOOOoooooo~!"

His eyes went crossed as pleasure poured in through his body. In his crotch, the thick rod his paws were covering slowly slipped away, out of their grasp. His equipment slowly retracted back into his body, a slit opening up in its place. A slit that was growing wet with anticipation for what would come.

Lance panted heavily, grasping his hands tightly. He realized he was grabbing nothing but air now. He looked and found his new vagina, waiting and ready.

"Holy shit," Lance squeaked, his voice rising in pitch for a brief second. "What is going on with-" He looked up to Anubis for answers, their eyes meeting and locking. However, he could not finish what he wanted to say. He was lost in that gaze... that intense, strong gaze.

Anubis smiled. **"Fear not, for your time is at hand. Your molding is almost finished. Soon, you shall be a perfect fit."**

The everchanging man could only moan. Everything was heating up within him as this strong, overwhelming lust consumed his being. His mind was growing cloudier by the second, only a dirty thought or idea occasionally appearing.

His body was slimming down, limbs losing muscle and his stomach losing fat. His shoulders pulled in and drooped as well, giving him a slender body. A slender, long one though as his legs grew a few extra inches.

His legs continued to change, gaining thicker, softer thighs as Anubis knelt down. He got down beside Lance on one knee and stroked his chin. Lance could feel his fur standing up again as the beast cooed softly, **“Have no fear. Everything will be alright, my love.”**

“My love”. Those words pierced through Lance’s hazy mind, his heart racing with excitement. A soft moan left him as he answered, “O-okay...”

Anubis’ paw gently slid down Lance’s chin, down his neck, across his chest, and onto his thigh. Lance’s entire body quaked, a more lustful, needy moan coming out this time. His rear shook before it suddenly expanded. His hips widened to keep up as his butt cheeks ballooned into a thick, bubble butt.

“My my, such a needy mate.” Anubis chuckled. **“How are you feeling now?”**

Lance panted heavily. His pupils dilated as he sweated heavily. He gulped. “I... I... I feel... I feel...” The words were at the tip of his tongue. There was no need to hold them back any longer, no need to fight it. “I feel... incredible~.”

A wave of relief and satisfaction washed over him. Lance sighed happily, relaxing just a little despite still feeling incredibly tingly and excited. His waistline thinned significantly, his stomach toning to a more fit shape. He now had quite the hourglass-esque figure.

Anubis leaned in until they were almost muzzle to muzzle. **“And you look incredible too, my love.”**

Lance’s body moved on its own. A hand reached over and stroked his own, fuzzy thigh. He felt the power, the strength, the muscle on it. It felt good.

Lance’s chest lifted with each breath, twitching now. From it, the flat, toned area began to bubble and swell. Fatty deposits built up from underneath their nipples and grew, small mounds forming and growing. Soon, a set of B-cups rested on her chest.

Anubis huffed, quaking just a little from the touch. However, he quickly composed himself, saying, **“Ooooh, someone is feeling all touchy now.”**

Lance nodded softly before freezing up. Something crossed her snoot, her black nose breathing in a strong, enticing aroma. Her eyes cranked down towards the source, the large jackal man’s crotch. A powerful musk was coming from it, and his loincloth was tenting quite a bit now.

“Oh my... does my mate want something?” Lance barely registered Anubis’ own words, focusing more on his rising bulge. At most, she simply nodded her head.

“Well then, allow me to give you what you so desire.” Anubis grabbed his loincloth and with a simple tug, ripped it right off. Freed from its trapping, his large, almost basketball balls hung loose. Above it, a black-furred sheath with a large, foot long canine cock.

Lance felt like she was going to have a heart attack right there. The sight, the girth, the smell... Anubis' godly cock was a sight to behold. She moaned again, licking her lips hungrily. She wanted it so badly right there and then.

Her black hair grew out into an elegant bowl cut, eyelashes growing longer as she took the sight in more and more. She could hear him say, **“Does it please you?”**

She was more sure than ever. “Yeeeees~.”

“Then show me. Show me how you’ll please your god, your mate. Tend to my needs.”

A smile spread across Lance’s face, her breasts swelling again. They quickly boosted up to sizeable C-cups, nipples going erect. She looked down at them, feeling their weight, and knew exactly what she wanted to do.

She pressed herself up against his rod, sticking the pulsating, thick mass beneath her breasts. She gripped her mounds and started rubbing and mashing them against her mate’s glorious cock. The two both moaned in unison, pre drizzling out and onto her breasts.

The warm, sticky feeling upon her tits and in her fur felt rather nice. Her breasts swelled again as she happily thought about what was happening with a clear mind. Forget everything she was trying to do for a month or all her life. What was famous to being the lover and mate to a god such as Anubis? All she needed and wanted was him now.

Her breasts swelled once final time to a mighty E-cup. Her paws could barely grasp all of her titflesh, but she did her best. Her love needed her to tend to him after all.

As she tried her best, her ears twitched.

“Down here!”

“Look how far it goes!”

“I think he fell down here. Just keep lowering me down!”

The team... she thought, her mind wandering, they found me! They found the tomb. They’re here to rescue me!

She frowned. **“Hmm?”** moaned Anubis, looking down at his mate, **“Does something trouble you?”**

“...no... not at all.” She smirked. “We just might have some pesky visitors very soon. Though, I’m sure you can deal with them.”

Anubis laughed. **“But of course! You just focus on pleasuring me. I’ll take care of any trespassers on our private occasion. Perhaps they can serve as some nice servants to build our new kingdom.”**

The jackal woman smiled. Anubis would take care of everything. All she needed to think or care about for now was that giant, inviting cock before her. Licking her chops, she leaned and opened her maw, prepared to do just that.

THE END?