

Demophagiai

Scythian hyena-barbarians capture a Greek man and make him join their warband. Explicit.

Demos had no reason to be scared of the Scythians. They were like beasts, or were they like amazons; they devoured everyone, or maybe they kidnapped everyone, or both. No matter who was telling it, though, they always came in the dead of night for misbehaving young boys and girls and snatched them from their beds. In short, they were the monsters at the edges of childhood.

Demos had no reason to be scared of the Scythians until they came. He was grown up. He sold oil all over Thrace. He had a slave who stayed up night to make sure no one tried to make off with a jug of his oil and another slave who brought him dinner. He was supposed to be beyond monsters, but they had come in the dead of night and then pain had exploded across his head and everything was black.

On top of him lay a thick weight and beneath him it was uncomfortably lumpy and all around him the smell was awful. At the tips of his fingers, arms outstretched, he could feel a breeze. Animal instinct drove him toward the open air, squeezing and pushing and grunting. At last his head and shoulders were free.

"I wanna have the fat one," a voice hissed, female and rough and cold.

"You get the big one. I get the fat one," another voice said, lower-pitched and thicker.

"You don't need the fat one, tubby!" a third voice growled and then became indistinct as more voices started to shout.

Demos's bleary eyes made out a fire and a ring of silhouettes in the light, some standing, some sitting, some coming near to blows with each other.

"Hey, Cynna!" one of them shouted over the others. "Look, one of 'em's moving!" The one who spoke gestured in his direction.

His only hope was running, but everything below his waist was still stuck. Demos struggled to get away, but hands were upon him, thick hands with leathery pads and

rough fur and claws that pricked his skin. His agitation mixed with fright as he twisted his head over his shoulder saw where he had been: in the middle of a pile of slain men.

He was wrenched into the firelight, and between the fire and the moon, he could see who these people were. Every one of them had the face and hide of a beast—a hyena. From the shape of their bronze armor, Demos could guess that they were women, all of them. He hadn't gotten a good look at them when they had attacked, but now he knew who they were: Scythians.

"Must have missed him," one of the Scythians growled, reaching for her sword. Another put her arm across the body of the first, keeping her from drawing her sword. This second Scythian was tall and thick; her fur had been flecked with paint that swam like tattoos above rippling muscle, and her tall mane mocked the plume of a soldier's helmet.

"Hold on, Areto," she said, stepping past her and grabbing Demos's short beard between her claws, wrenching his face up to look into his eyes. "Maybe the man's useful."

Demos tried to keep his eyes away from the pinkish gash across the Scythian's left eye and the milky eye that rolled blindly in her left eye socket. He had the impression that she was waiting for him to speak.

"I'm a merchant!"

The Scythian bared yellowed fangs and twisted her claws against his cheeks. Demos winced and twisted his head.

"There's olive oil in my house, and... I can get you an audience with a royal court! I've sold oil to a few of them—"

The Scythian tossed his head to the side and he grabbed his cheeks and patted the small wounds..

"You think I'm interested in seeing a king?" she asked. The Scythian snorted, a savage grin on her lips.

The one she'd called Areto stepped forward, putting her hand on the warlord's shoulder. "I can take care of killing him."

The Scythian warlord growled sharply. Areto removed her hand and stepped back, saying quietly, "Whatever you want, Cynna."

"Get him on his knees," the warlord, this Cynna, told her band. The ones that held Demos kicked the backs of his legs in and pushed him down to the ground, only waist-high to the bulky beast woman.

"You ever sucked a cock, man?" she asked, spitting 'man' at Demos like it was an insult.

"Nnohhghh," Demos replied. Halfway through the word, Cynna crammed a thick shaft into his jaw and he nearly gagged on it. The cock was a surprise to say the least. Scythians were beasts and amazons at the same time, he had come to terms with that, but hermaphrodites as well?

Not that Demos had much time to ponder it. He had other concerns, like the cock forcing his mouth open and rattling his jawbone and knocking painfully against the back of his throat. His eyes watered as his throat croaked. His mood couldn't help stem the flow of tears. They ran down his cheeks and dripped off his chin.

He thought that Cynna couldn't be getting much pleasure, given how much he was struggling, but despite his efforts she was enjoying herself. Her cock was thick and rigid, filling his mouth with the curdling taste of hyena dick. Every thrust brought Demos a face full of rough, furry pubes, even less appetizing than Cynna's shaft.

The Scythian's cock started to pulse. Demos squeezed out a whine. Cynna let out a battle cry and his eyes flew wide. The cum blasted into his mouth and made him cough and sputter. Globes of it fell to the ground, rolling off his chin and through his beard, while much of the rest made it in, forcing its way into his stomach. Dazed and panting and disgusted, Demos fell back to the ground when Cynna roughly pushed him off her shaft.

He could hear cackling snorts around him. His stomach churned and he felt like he was going to throw up. He clutched his gut as a cold sweat draped over him. The hair on his body spread faster and thicker, dusting him with shades of tawny and brown. He licked at his lips and then cringed at the taste of Cynna's cum lingering on them, but his tongue felt too big and he let it roll out and dangle from his mouth. His cum-flecked nose grew darker and broader.

"How're you feeling?" Areto asked, looming behind Demos. She happily went along with Cynna's plan now.

Demos's lips moved without speaking. His chest felt as if it was rising against the fabric of his chiton. His hips ached and his breath was hot and needy. He wanted to say something, but it was the Scythian's cum twisting his words. He had to speak, though.

"Can I have another cock?" he asked, voice wavering, eyes pleading that the Scythian's answer would be no.

Areto didn't answer him. She grabbed him by the shoulders, tugged him up and turned him around and kicked him down onto his hands and knees. Demos was frozen in shock for just a moment by the sight of claws poking out of his fingers and the feeling of leathery pads along his palms.

Then his chiton was torn in half and fell to the ground, and he was gripping the dirt with those claws and crying out, spreading open his growing mouth.

Areto's shaft dug into his ass. He had been proud of never getting penetrated, but now that was more of a liability, as he was painfully tight around the hyena's thick cock. The pain brought tears back to his eyes as he squirmed and thrashed and gasped out loud.

Demos wasn't dumb; he could tell the Scythians' seed was cursed. The problem was that it clung to his mind and to his senses and made him crave more, even though he despised the very taste of it. He could feel the aching in his chest, where his chest was growing softer, rounder, dusted with tufts of creamy fur; along his legs, thicker, with a rounder ass and a stub of a tail sticking up from the base of his spine; all throughout his body where his muscles ached and swelled; even into his mind, where he could feel his thoughts slowing, feeling less civilized, more aggressive.

Against his will, his own cock grew stiff. He had loosened up, at least enough that every thrust didn't bring new new kinds of pain to him and his body reluctantly enjoyed the feeling. His tongue dangled out of his longer muzzle, his growing ears flattened back against his head.

"Ready for it?" Areto growled in his ear.

Demos started shaking his head, but Areto grasped his breasts tightly, squeezing them between her claws. Demos yowled and his back tensed and his paw-like feet curled tightly. Areto's cock spurted hot cum into him and his body slowly filled with her thick mess. Once again feeling bloated, Demos collapsed against the ground, panting dearly for breath while his ass hung high in the air, splattered with the cum that hadn't been able to fit inside of him.

Demos's growing muzzle pushed his chin along the dirt. His tail started to wiggle behind his ass. His large, canine-like ears were swiveled back, and the paws which were his feet had dug their claws into the soil. He felt a looseness and an openness between his ass and his cock, and with a ginger touch, he extended a padded claw to feel what was there—a pair of folds, soft and damp, tender enough to make him cringe and let out a pitifully needy whimper when he touched them.

He...no, she, Demos corrected herself, since her larger, softer breasts were pressed into the dusty dirt and her waist flared inward even despite her bulging abs. The fur was thicker and covered more of her, making her coat more like the Scythians', tawny and speckled brown, rough and thick with a messy mane instead of hair.

But she was strong now. Demos had broad shoulders and thick arms, strong thighs and a powerful back. She looked like she could hold a sword and shield and run in full armor with a spear. She could have run right then. She wanted to get up and run off and left the band of marauding barbarians behind. Her thoughts were getting duller, though, and she found it harder to care about her destroyed home or her dead slaves or her corrupted body.

She wanted blood and violence and terrified women to grab hold of, and though those thoughts scared her, she wanted them more than she feared them. Her growing muzzle wrinkled in a snarl as she fought what she wanted to say. She pushed herself to her knees, then to her feet.

"I need," she said, then mouthed dryly. They were all watching her. Her legs quivered.

"I need to fuck," she said, standing taller, but her voice still timid.

Cheers and cackles erupted from the band of Scythians. Suddenly, they were pressing toward her on all sides, and she felt little reason to do anything but allow them to lift her, turn her, tug her and push her open.

Demos tried to keep track, but it was hard enough just to know which way was down. Cocks were pushing up against her face and she did her best to give each one attention. It seemed easier now, with her muzzle as long as it was, to wrap her lips around a shaft and suck on it and lap at it with her tongue. Nothing was more delightful when they started to spurt on and in and over her face.

The Scythians took her ass and pussy with just as much enthusiasm, jostling for the position behind her, the winner getting to spread her ass open with their thick shaft. Since her pussy was big enough to fit one cock comfortably, it was stretched to fit two. The pair fucking her snarled and nipped at each other, warring over who could fuck her deepest.

As the cum started to soak into her body, it twisted Demos into the image of the Scythians. Not only in body, but in mind—she was hungry for meat, and had stopped caring where it came from; she wanted to crush and kill and fight and destroy; she was thick but savage and brutal. Demos the human was being crushed beneath a vicious hyena barbarian.

Everything became a haze of cocks and cum and claws scratching and groping and pulling her and telling her what a good warrior she'd make and opening her jaw to fuck her throat and calling her Anaea because they said that was her new name and pushing her legs wider to try to go for three cocks at once. Somewhere in there, the hyena had passed out in a haze of bliss.

"Stop droolin' on your tits!"

Anaea's jaw snapped shut. She reached into her furred cleavage and tried to wipe away the saliva.

"Sorry, was thinkin' about fucking again," she said. The happy memory of joining the Scythians had a tendency to distract her.

Areto growled roughly. "Fighting comes first, remember that."

Anaea nodded at her trainer and raised her practice sword and shield. Within moments, she was on the ground again, with Areto barking at her to get up and concentrate, but she just savored the moment and imagined herself with her trainer's cock down her throat.

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