

MORPHOLOGICAL MONSTER

MANUAL



A TF ANTHOLOGY BY
ABE E SEEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANGRBODA





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CHAIN REACTION

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NOTABLE DETAILS OF THE SOUTHERN REACHES



Elder Desert
page 38

page 20

Stormcaller Coast

Candle Cove
page 5

Red Jungle
page 55



It has been less than a generation since the last of the 'wizards' was revealed to be nothing more than a fraud, and the traditional concept of magic was consigned to history - if, indeed, it ever existed in the first place. Since then, the average person could be forgiven for thinking that the world has become a more orderly, rational place. There may yet be ferocious creatures and unknown dangers lurking in the shadows, but at least the limits of human experience are relatively understandable. We live, we grow, we fight, we love, we die, the end.

And yet, it is not always so simple.

There are some experiences that change a person at a fundamental level, some creatures whose threat extends far beyond their mere physical prowess. I have had a brush with such situations before - as my prior exposé into a burgeoning half-dragon cult showed - but even then I had assumed that such propositions must be actively courted to be effective. However, in conducting unrelated research recently, I was suddenly made aware of just how easily an unprepared person can encounter something that results in a drastic change to both their body and mind. While I work to raise funds for further expeditions, I have also busied myself with conducting research into other creatures that have this power, so that both myself and the world at large may at least be aware of the possibilities.

I now present this catalogue of these 'Morphological Monsters', highlighting cases both known and pressing, as in the Wererats of Candle Cove, and so rare as to be almost mythical, as in the Sea People of the Stormcaller Coast. The exact threat that these creatures pose is as varied as they are, but the idea that prompted this book remains.

Be aware, and be smart. The world may yet be stranger than you know.

Isobelle Carroway



WERERATS
OF CANDLE COVE







WERERAT: Until recently considered to be little more than legend, the unexpected events at the town of Candle Cove have proven otherwise. With a public proclamation to all travellers and traders nearby, the town revealed itself to be populated entirely by wererats, headed by a group known only as 'the Guild'. While their apparent intentions are currently non-hostile, the fact that several hundred citizens were recruited and converted without anyone in the outside world noticing is, at the very least, a clear cause for concern.

Given that the existence of this creature has only recently been confirmed, the method it has to convert its subjects is still largely unknown. Like all were-creatures there is some sort of infection involved, but the comprehensiveness of the Candle Cove incident implies either an exceptional virulence or an unusually intense drive to spread the infection felt by the inflicted. Fortunately, my inquiries have resulted in one detailed account that sheds light on all of these areas. Related first to a merchant of, as they put it, 'disreputable goods and effective solutions', and then on to myself, the tale purports to show the somewhat haphazard induction of one of the Guild's newer members, and was first told roughly a week before the open proclamation of Candle Cove's true nature was issued. As my source relates it, the original storyteller looked to be nothing more exceptional than a wiry young woman, looking almost cute in an innocent sort of way, and they met in the darkened tavern so common to less-than-legal transactions. After ordering drinks for the both of them she introduced herself as Alyssa, then related the following to explain how she came by the item she was looking to off-load:

It was my big break. Like a lot of people here I'd grown up doing what I could to get by; small-time jobs just to get enough food to eat and find some place to sleep. But then one day, after I'd slipped a coin purse from some fat merchant at the markets, I felt eyes on my back. I ducked into a nearby alley on reflex, and it was there that someone slipped out of the shadows and tapped me on the shoulder. He grabbed my arm before I could run, but then flashed a yellow-toothed smile and introduced himself. The Guild had taken notice of me.

I knew about them already, even then. Word had just started to get around, but only in guesses and whispers. They were the next big thing, out to run the streets, and if you got in now you'd have a chance to be set for life. And now here they were, offering me my shot.

Nothing comes for free though, of course. I'd have to earn my place. In a low, rasping voice he laid out what I'd need to do to prove myself worthy. There's an old temple here with a great big bell tower - it's the tallest thing in town, so you probably noticed it on your way in - but it's also so old that no one goes up there anymore. The stairs inside have all rotted away, and the building itself isn't exactly stable either - really, it's a disaster waiting to happen. Anyway, he told me that they used to light candles up there on like, holy days and shit, and even though that stopped a long time ago the solid silver candlesticks are still up there. If I could bring those back to him in this alleyway, by tonight, I'd be in.

I gotta be honest, my heart was pounding. Sure, I'd done second-story jobs before, but nothing like this. Even so, I can't tell you how much I wanted to get this right. I'd heard they had their own guildhouse somewhere, with beds and sheets and a warm fire, and all surrounded by friends you could trust to watch your back and help you out with exactly what you *did*. Somewhere I could *belong*. So yeah, I couldn't afford to fuck this up. I looked him in the eyes and nodded, then asked, in what I hoped was my most confident-sounding voice, if there was like, a plan, or if I was just supposed to... wing it.

His answer was to pull a thin, green bottle out from inside his heavy black robes and hold it out towards me. "No plan", he said, "but we will provide you with a tool. A taste of our resources, and of our... abilities." It looked gross; thick, yellow-coloured fluid in a dirty glass. I took it anyway, nodding thankfully. "A potion of agility", he explained. "It should help you with what is necessary."

My source paused here to say that at around this point when they were being told the story, the drinks they had ordered were delivered. Alyssa fell on hers eagerly, but an old instinct, well-honed by dealing with the less-than-reputable, gave my source pause. They quickly resolved to only pretend to drink, spilling as much as they could get away with while allowing none of it past their lips. In any case, the tale continued.

I got to the bottom of the tower a little after noon, after stopping along the way to get the rest of the supplies I'd need. The temple part of the building is still in use even if the tower isn't, but they don't bother to guard the tower, because who needs to guard a ruin? I found an empty area of the tower wall behind some tumble-down house where the brickwork seemed nice and loose, and with the help of my knife I started up. I made progress, but pretty soon I ran out of cover as the house behind me came to an end. There was no way I could climb all the way to the top on the outside of the tower without someone spotting me and raising the alarm, and even that was if I didn't just fall off first. Luckily, there was a boarded up window hole only a few feet up, and the wooden planks were so old I barely even needed to push for it to fall away, letting me slip quickly through.

Inside there was a small stone landing that seemed to have held up pretty well, letting me put my feet down solidly and get my bearings. It looked like there were a series of these landings all the way up, maybe about five feet up and ten feet away on the other side of the tower, connecting one set of windows to the next. Unfortunately, the wooden stairs that linked them all were long gone; only an occasional rotten board sticking out from the wall showing where they used to be. I *had* kinda hoped that maybe the rumours were wrong and this place was in better shape than everyone thought, but it looked like it was going to be a challenge after all. Still, at least I had something to help me out. I took out the bottle and popped out the cork with my thumb, and then, closing my eyes and holding my nose, I drunk it down.

I thought I'd feel something right away, some surge of magical power or something, but there

was nothing like that. I'd never drunk any potions before - even if I *had* managed to steal one from some rich but careless adventurer, they'd be way too valuable to waste them on myself. Given the prices they went for though I'd always thought they must be amazing, that drinking one would let you grow back a lost arm, run straight up the side of the tower then jump clear across the city. It just tasted bad. *Really* bad, like someone had pickled a dead slug in an old sock. I suddenly thought that this could all be a trap to get rid of me by having me drink poison, or maybe even just a prank; like they'd sent me up here with a bottle of sewer water just to laugh as I fucked up and died. But all those thoughts just made me *more* determined to pull this off. I've had people bet against me my whole life; the guards, other kids on the street, big-shot merchants - uh... no offense. Anyway, what I mean is that I was used to people thinking I can't do things, or that I wasn't worth anything, and damn sure I was used to proving them wrong. If they wanted to set me up with an impossible task and a fake potion as the price of membership, then that would just make it all the more satisfying when I shoved those candlesticks in their face and took my place in the club.

Shaking off the awful aftertaste, I turned back to plan my approach. Most of the boards of the stairs were gone, but there were about four still left between here and the next landing, spaced out almost evenly a few feet apart the whole way along. If I kept close to the wall, moved quickly and stayed light on my feet I should be able to jump from one to the other until I made it to the next stone floor. Using my knife to climb one step of the way all the way up the tower would have taken way too long, so, risky or not, this was my only shot. I've always found in times like this, when it's make or break and everything's on the line, I always do best if I don't think and just *do*. So I backed up a little to give myself a run up, got ready, then *went*.

It took me three steps to reach the end of the landing, before I launched myself out into the empty air towards the first board. I knew I'd have to jump again as soon as I landed, trying to keep my movement quick and steady enough that the wood didn't have time to break under me, so I was already planning the second jump when I was halfway through the first. Which just made me even *more* surprised when I cleared the first board completely, landing several feet later on the second one. I nearly stumbled, but luckily I've dealt with enough shifting roof tiles and stuff like that that I've learned to let my feet think for themselves, so even as my mind was wondering what just happened my legs were already pushing me forward again into the second jump. The board sagged downwards as I pushed myself off, and for a moment I thought I wouldn't even make the next one, until suddenly I found myself landing in a roll on the next stone landing.

"Okay", I said to myself quietly. "I guess potions just *work* then, no matter what they taste like."

I was pretty shaken up - nearly killing yourself with an off-balance jump will do that I guess - so I took a while to collect myself and look around. This next landing was about the same as the last one; featureless but comfortingly solid stone around a boarded-up window, with only a few beams of the old wooden stairs spaced out around the wall. I probably could have afforded to

slow down a bit, test things out and be cautious, but I haven't made it this far in life by playing it safe. If I'd made it the last time there was no reason I couldn't do it again, and, honestly, as soon as I got over the shock it was pretty exciting. Like I said, I've pulled some acrobatics shit before, avoiding the guards or some angry mark gone wrong, but it had *never* felt like this. In the past when I made a hard jump it was a challenge and a rush, but this just felt *natural*. To tell the truth, I couldn't wait to do it again.

I made the next landing in a single jump. Fuck, I don't know if I can even describe what that felt like. It was like being a hero or something, some wizard with a spell to make myself fly, except I was using the same muscles I always did in a way that made every part of my body feel alive. This time I landed on all fours, and I didn't even stop to stand back up before I turned and made the next jump. I must have cleared five whole floors before I stopped, and even then I didn't need to stop to catch my breath because I was tired, it was because I couldn't stop *laughing*.

When I finally did stop, I was probably just a little under halfway up the tower. If I could keep that pace up I'd be done before the sun even started setting, which would show the Guild just how good I was. Thing is though, there was a problem - the stairs had stopped. I'm not sure I would have even noticed seeing as I wasn't using them anymore, but for some reason the floor above me now was completely intact, and the only way up through the solid wood was the hole where a trapdoor used to be. No ladder going up through it, no floor to stand on beneath it - all of that was long gone. There was just me, standing on the landing about five feet down and another five feet to the side, staring up at this hole.

Right then, I swear I felt my feet like, clench. It wasn't painful, but it was *urgent*. My shoes had never fit that well to begin with, but they'd never given me trouble like this before. I pulled them off quickly, and I saw my feet *bending*, my toes stretching out and turning downwards in a way I was damn sure they couldn't do normally. But hey, what did I know what a potion of agility is supposed to do, right? Sure it was weird, but as soon as I'd gotten my shoes off the crisis was over, and then I couldn't shake the thought of just how much I wanted to make that jump.

My legs pushed down before I could think it through any further. Suddenly I was flying, rising up through the air with the hole coming right at me. But my angle was wrong, I was going to hit the sides and bounce off, falling who knows how far to a sad and pathetic end down below. And then, just before I hit, I somehow knew exactly what to do. I knew exactly which way to move my body, exactly how to twist and turn so I'd fit. And I did it. It was automatic, my arms pulled down to my sides, my back curved, my feet kicked outwards, and then I was through, landing heavily on the wooden floor. But this time there was more to it than just relief - I could already feel that something was... different.

I always used to keep a little hand mirror on me when I pulled jobs. You never know when you're going to need to see around a corner, or just check that your face is still safely covered with soot to help you blend into the darkness. I sat up, pulled the little case out from my belt and opened

it, bringing it up to my face slowly. At that point I didn't know if I *wanted* to know, y'know? If you can imagine that. Anyway, it pretty quickly showed exactly what I'd thought when I had my face to the floor. I had whiskers, and even a cute little pink nose to go with it.

My first thought was cat, right? Makes sense doesn't it - all the agility, plus the whiskers so you can always know exactly what size of hole you can fit through. But as I watched my nose twitched, my mouth opened slightly, and that's when I saw my two front teeth, already getting nice and long. Rat, I realised. Clearly rat.

It's hard to say exactly what I felt right then. A lot of things, all at once. Fear, anger, confusion... even more anger. I really did want to take that weasel-faced man who'd given me that potion and throw him into the sewer or something, right after I made him tell me how to fix this. But I still didn't know what this even *was*. Was I going to turn into a rat? Or was this just a temporary thing, some accidental side-effect that would wear off when the rest of the potion did? Pretty soon I realised that for right now, it didn't really matter. If I was going to be fine then I still needed to get the candlesticks to get into the Guild, and if I *wasn't* going to be fine then pulling off this job was still my best shot of showing that I was worth being given the cure. And *then* I could throw him in the sewer.

So I did my best to put that out of my mind, and went back to figuring out how to get up the rest of the tower. There wasn't anything else interesting on this floor, it looked like from here on out it went back to the same pattern as before - stone landings on opposite sides with a few half-rotten stairs connecting them. That wasn't even a challenge now, and honestly it was nice to have something good and physical to take my mind off of my worries. I did a bunch of floors all in one go, just one long string of running, jumping, landing and climbing - pretty soon I stopped bothering to straighten myself up after each jump and just ran on all fours, even if I didn't realise I was doing it right away. And let me tell you, it felt *good*. I felt fast, powerful and agile as fuck. If this was all it was I'd have been more than happy with just that forever, but... well. I'll get to that.

My source stopped the tale here again for a moment to point out that they had become aware that Alyssa seemed to have begun to change even while relating the story. Her nose was pushing slightly out from her face and twitching as she talked, while thin white strands slid out from her cheeks to form her whiskers. It was easy to write off at first as a trick of the torchlight, and there was something to her that made it easy to drift out and focus on the story rather than their immediate surroundings, but they were on guard enough from earlier to keep from, as they put it, 'getting sucked in'. Avoiding having drunk anything now struck them as a very good idea indeed, but they didn't want to leave abruptly and risk offending their host, so for now my source nodded along and made sure to keep their wits about them while the story continued.

I made it up pretty much the whole rest of the tower before I ran into something else that made

me stop. I could see what had to be the stone floor of the top level, but getting there wouldn't be easy. I was standing on the third landing below it, but the second one; the next one from where I was, just wasn't there. That meant that I would have to jump ten feet straight up and still somehow push myself back enough to get a decent handhold on the edge of the ledge above me. So yeah, as you can imagine, that was enough to stop me for a few moments. Thing is though, even with something as stupidly hard like this, I still ended up just looking the challenge up and down for a few seconds, then thinking, 'okay. I got this.'

Dropping back down to all fours, I felt my fingers and toes flexing into the stone beneath me. My whole body felt ready for this, but there was just one thing I had to do first. I felt like I had something stuck in the back of my clothes, so I reached back and swatted at it with one hand. The cheap cloth ripped easily, and then I felt serious relief as my new, long tail slid out behind me. I... hoo, yeah, just like that - that *always* feels good. With that done I pushed myself forwards with a smile, throwing myself up and out, landing flat on the wall on the other side of the tower. I felt my claws dig into the weak plaster between the stones, and then suddenly I had *grip*, and I was running in great, four-legged bursts straight up along the curve of the wall. It only took a few seconds before I could push myself off again, landing panting but happy on the final landing. Now that I was here I could see there was another trapdoor above me that must lead to the room above. This time though the ladder seemed to have survived intact, so didn't look like it would be any problem getting up there. So that was it. There couldn't be any guards up here, not with everything it had taken for me to reach it. Just up this last ladder and I'd have done it.

Half expecting the trapdoor to be stuck, maybe held down by a solid chunk of the tower roof falling directly on it, just as one last 'fuck you' to make things extra hard, I climbed the ladder and pushed up carefully. But no, the door opened smoothly, leading out into a surprisingly well-kept room. The wooden floor seemed to still be solid, and the brick walls up here looked like they were in pretty good condition. More importantly, there was a small marble pedestal right in front of me, and on top of that were five fancy-looking silver candlesticks. And in each one sat a fresh, lit candle.

I jerked myself back, dropping to the stone landing as the trapdoor slammed closed so loudly I was sure they could hear it clear across town. I fumbled at my belt, trying to pull out my knife while my hands felt weird and awkward, damn near scratching myself pretty badly with my claws. Eventually I got it out, holding it up ready towards the top of the ladder. My heart was racing. No one was supposed to have come up here in years, so how were there freshly-lit candles? Someone must be waiting for me up there; maybe someone was tipped off, or maybe this place wasn't as deserted as I'd thought, but either way it looked like they were all set up to catch me in the act. While all this was going through my head I caught sight of my hands up in front of me, fingers ending in sharp little claws, with light gray fur spreading up towards my wrists. Was the plan to frame me as some sort of monster that they could slay, getting a bounty for saving the town? Was that what all this was? Or was this all just some

horrible series of mistakes and accidents?

I have no idea how long I was up there, my whole body tense as I expected a hundred different terrible endings from whoever was waiting for me. But... nothing happened. I must have stood there waving my tiny little blade at shadows for a pretty long time though, because eventually I saw the light coming through a hole in the side of the tower next to me, and I realised that the sun was just starting to set. If I was going to have any chance of beating the Guild's challenge I was going to have to face whoever was up there, and soon. Breathing out slowly I put away my knife, freeing up both hands for the ladder. I told myself it must just be some old deaf monk, which was why he hadn't yelled anything out or followed me down. All I'd need to do is run rings around the poor dope they keep stuck up in this tower, grab the silver, drop down a few landings, and then I could run down a rope and get to the bottom in minutes. Easy. So I took one more deep breath, threw open the trapdoor and rolled into the room.

Coming up next to the pedestal, I got ready to spring forward, planning to grab the candlesticks and then make right back for the exit. But before I did all that I couldn't help but steal a look backwards, just so I could know what I was dealing with, and whether I'd have to be ready to dodge out of the way of a sudden stab or something. So I looked, and then pretty much completely forgot about the rest of my plan. For a start, there *was* someone there, but absolutely not who I'd been expecting. Instead of an old monk or a guard at the ready, there was a figure in a heavy black robe, leaning casually against the wall behind me. The hood of his robe was up so I couldn't make out any of his features, except for two hints of yellow as his eyes reflected the light. Beside him was another pedestal, but this one was a solid wooden block, looking like some hunk of tree cut roughly to size and hauled into place. On top of it was a small statue; crudely carved out of black stone into something like the shape of a rat on its hind legs. In the pale light of the candles, it almost seemed to glow.

Before I could do anything, the figure spoke. "Welcome initiate", he hissed. "You have proved yourself equal to the challenges, and are ready to accept membership of the Guild. You have only to make the final choice. The world of the light...", he indicated the silver candles, then pointed to the carving beside him and continued, "...or the embrace of the shadows."

He was the man from the street. I recognised him as soon as he started talking, but even though I could pick out his voice it sounded different from before. It was harsher, more rasping, as though his mouth was having trouble forming the words. Before I could ask him anything about it he saw my look of confusion and lowered his hood, revealing himself to me for the first time. His face was a muzzle, pointed and furred, drawing out into a wet black nose with long whiskers twitching at the sides. Grey fur covered him completely, from the pointed ears on the top of his head, down his neck and, I imagined, the rest of his body too. He looked like a rat man. Not one or the other, but both, and better than either.

At this point, Alyssa leaned forwards into the candlelight of the table, and it became obvious

that the same description now worked for her too, with the exception of her being a rat woman instead of a rat man. That last line, about them being better than both rats and people, my source soon concluded was the official line of the group, and probably a significant piece of their recruiting propaganda. It may sound unpersuasive out of context, but my source assures me that in the moment they were surprisingly taken with how good Alyssa made it all look. Despite having features halfway between a person and a rat my source stressed that she looked exceptionally attractive, with her mid-length hair framing her face cutely, while her bright yellow eyes shone in the torchlight with a startling intensity. Having made her point, Alyssa sat back and returned to the story.

“The blessings of the Guild include much”, the Guild man said, ignoring my open-mouthed stare. “Including a form much more suitable for our endeavours. As you have been discovering for yourself.”

That’s when it all hit me. This whole thing; the job, the potion, the gaps in the stairs and the missing bits of floor - *all* of it was on purpose. It was all set up to make me need to take the potion, then push myself as hard as I could so I could get used to what it gave me. So I could see for myself just what they were offering, and prove to them that I could handle it.

“But, why?”, I asked. It took me a few seconds to get my mouth to work right - it felt like it was in a different shape, and I couldn’t help but think I must have been pretty close to having a long rat’s muzzle like he did. Even so, I had to ask the question, so I forced the words out slowly despite my new face. “If this is a test to let me in... why give me the potion to make me one of you right from the start?”

He grinned, and I could see all of his sharp white teeth. But even so, it wasn’t threatening; somehow it felt warm and genuine, like he was letting a trusted friend in on a joke. “The potion is just a starter”, he answered. “Something to prepare you, and show you how things can be if you join us. It is a necessary part of the process, and its effects can be stronger or weaker depending on our purposes. You have been given a stronger dose than many, which is why your reaction has been so strong already. By itself, even these effects will fade in time. But in all cases it is required first, the taking of the drink. Even when the subject does not know they have drunk it. It must occur, to pave the way for the rest.”

Alyssa broke off the story again, raising an eyebrow as she looked meaningfully between my source and the mug they were drinking from. I can only presume that at this point she felt that subtlety was no longer required, that her target was suitably enthralled and there would be no further resistance. My source was suddenly struck by wondering exactly how successful they’d been in avoiding drinking any trace of the drink. Or if that was even enough - perhaps only contact with the skin was required, and there was certainly an ample amount of it running down their chin. In the meantime, Alyssa continued.

“And... then what?”, I couldn’t help but ask. It’s... well, as I’m sure you can relate, that was something I was pretty interested in getting answered. And so he told me what I’ll tell you now - that in the end, it comes down to a choice.

Reaching over the table, Alyssa took my source by the hand. Apparently, it felt surprisingly nice; the fur on her skin delicate and soft, while her claws traced slow patterns around from where she was holding.

You can choose to be a part of something. To *belong*. To let yourself be a member of the Guild, with all the privileges and power that position holds. You’ll be part of us as we spread, slowly and unstoppably, winning over the hearts, minds and *bodies* of every single person in our path. We will grow, we will succeed; we will be happy, content and many, all of us working towards that greater purpose as we remake this town in our name. You will be welcome, you will be needed, you will be loved, you will be one of us. That is what it means to join the Guild. Nothing more, and nothing less.

I gotta admit, at the time, I didn’t know what to think myself. When he was telling that to me he’d stepped forward and stroked me on the head, and the one thing I knew for sure was that that felt *really* good. I’d never had anyone that I could really trust to be *tender* with, y’know? But the Guild? Somehow I already knew that if I was in the Guild then I would never be without someone to be with, in whatever way I needed, whenever I wanted. I’d be part of a team, with people just like me to have my back all the time, instead of just being me against the world over and over again. And together we could really do something, make the world change, so that instead of us at the bottom grabbing what we could from the fat merchants at the top, we could make everything better for everyone. Make it so we bring everyone in, so that everyone can feel loved and needed and part of something, bringing us all together in our new forms for the good of us all. Doesn’t that sound nice? It certainly sounded nice to me.

Alyssa locked eyes with my source, speaking with considerable passion as she got to the meat of her pitch. Apparently the effect was substantial, in that my source found they couldn’t bring themselves to look away, nor could they remove their hands from Alyssa’s as she continued to stroke encouragingly.

Once I’d made up my mind, actually joining up was simple. I stepped towards the wooden block and, as the Guildmaster smiled happily behind me, lifted the sacred statue. As soon as I touched it I felt this... warmth, this incredible energy sweeping out from my arms and running through me. It was like when I’d first discovered the power of my new form while climbing the tower but even more powerful - I felt like I must be glowing as the magic filled my whole body. The rags of my old clothes fell from me, and as I shook myself free I felt my new pelt of fur slide out of my skin. My mind opened up to a new world of senses as my face settled into its new shape, my nose twitching as I took in the scents that surrounded me. I felt my new muscles grow into place so that I could be as fit and strong as I needed to be, but all the while the Guildmaster stood behind

me, stroking at my new coat, whispering encouragement into my newly sensitive ears. His touch felt so good, it felt so nice to be petted and loved, and ever since then it's always been something that I never have to be without. We are strong, we are many; we are the Guild, and we will grow, we will find new brothers and sisters to convert with our loving arms. Then you too can sit as I did, happily at the right hand of the master, feeling his claws scratch lovingly through your fur and his hand stretching your new tail into place.

I've spread his gift myself now. I don't think you can really understand it until you have. There was this girl I knew, she used to run the same routes as me, hang out in the same places and take on the same sort of jobs. She was about the only one who knew me well enough to notice that I wasn't around any more, and back then the Guild couldn't afford someone like that starting to ask questions. So one day, while she was ducking through some quiet alleyway, I pounced on her. She tried to get away, worried that I was one of the guards or something, but I couldn't have let her go if I'd wanted to. It's the need, you see. I don't know how the Guildmaster controls it so well, how he can stand on two legs and have conversations for hours when every part of me knows how much better it will feel to be down on all fours, feeling my fur rub up against their soft skin and trace the shape of their muzzle as I draw it out of them. Once you feel that... once I had her down beneath me, held tight by my powerful body, I slid open my legs and pulled her in. First they have to drink, and they always, always drink.

And then, there's no need for people to put on airs anymore. No need to pretend. Once they've tasted it they can feel the animal starting to rise up inside, and the look of that in their eyes, knowing how it's slowly breaking through their walls, their heart racing, just like yours is right now, just from my hand touching yours. I know that I can free them of all of that, all the doubt and the confusion, and just let them *be*, help them give in and accept it, hear the squeaks as they try to moan with their new mouth, slide the fur down their body with my claws and reach down to guide out their wonderful new tail. We don't even need to take the carving with us anymore, because we've found that we don't need it. When you embrace it, when you accept what you are and love it completely, then the power of it becomes a part of you, something you can share however you want.

I've held strong, proud men beneath me, feeling them lose themselves with every thrust as they became small and sleek, ready for their new role in the Guild. I've sat under the table of the noblest women, quietly working away night after night until they had to hide their changing face with a fan, and yet each time I visited they couldn't resist opening their legs at my slightest touch. I've shown a young couple, right while they were caught up in each other's arms, exactly what true passion is, showing them how they don't ever have to stop; they can always be naked, always be free, always able to cry out in shrill pleasure with a hundred voices at their side. Those two, now, that was something to watch - seeing them race each other through the changes; him pushing into her so hard her face couldn't help but press out in response, while at the same time her hands swept themselves up in his fur and urged it out faster. When I led them back to the lair they were still exploring their new bodies, sharing their new sensations freely as we all showed them just how good it could feel.



Soon we won't have any more need for the shadows. We've grown so far beyond needing these silver candlesticks now. The days of the Test are long past, where we needed to concern ourselves with making sure our members were strong enough to survive being hidden. Now we run freely, and those that could have prevented our rise have been converted to our cause. Already most within the city use their true forms openly, and the numbers that can stand to be smooth skinned and on two feet all day grow smaller and smaller. We intended to sell these candlesticks to you, for the last few things we need money to buy, but then the Guildmaster had a better idea. What need would a travelling salesperson have of their money if they were with us? Wouldn't it be better if they could support us directly, to help us spread the wonder of the Guild as they went, and provide a new source of members far across the lands? Isn't that worth more than the tiny amount of gold we could get from old candlesticks?

So now you have a choice, and it just so happens to be the exact same one I faced a lifetime ago. Will you take the candlesticks, or will you come with me to our room at this inn, and let yourself embrace a better life?



My source reports that it took a genuine effort of will for them to choose neither, and that Alyssa seemed stunned when they ran for the door as fast as their legs could carry them. Leaping on their horse and galloping out of town they swore they saw legions of yellow eyes glinting in the darkness, every shadow filled with shapes that watched as they fled. At the conclusion of this tale I asked them where they were headed now, and they answered "as far away from Candle Cove as possible, because the only other option I can think of is right back into it."

I was certainly confused by that response - the idea that having had such a narrow escape from danger that they would then risk walking willingly back to it seemed absurd. However, I kept tabs on them afterwards, and soon the acquaintances that had put us in contact reported that they had sold up their stock of items and set off in the direction of Candle Cove, not having been seen since. Whether they were a deliberate plant to spread the tale of the Guild's power, or if the allure of the recruitment drive proved persuasive enough that it eventually changed their mind despite their initial hesitation, I cannot say. Regardless, the fact remains that the persuasiveness of the Guild should not be underestimated. Travellers are advised to treat these wererats with caution, especially with their apparent ability to resume fully human form (albeit only somewhat briefly, it seems) in order to parlay with the unsuspecting, and to examine any free drinks given to them by anyone in the region with more care than normal.



SEA PEOPLE
OF THE
STORMCALLER COAST







SEA PEOPLE: The overwhelming conventional wisdom is that the Sea Peoples are nothing more than a myth. Unlike the other creatures of this compendium they have had no verifiable interactions with others, and, beyond the vague stories that are told about them, they appear to have made no impact on the world at large. Furthermore, even these tales seem to fit easily within the mold of simple morality plays, demonstrating the standard fairytale tropes of 'be careful of the unknown' or 'strange people offering tempting gifts are dangerous'. However, there is one particular story that is more interesting, one that is told in various different forms up and down the Stormcaller Coast (where, it should also be noted as circumstantial evidence, the more standard stories about Sea People are also considerably more prevalent). This story has none of the normal moral lessons of these tales, and although the fact that it is traditionally well regarded as an entertaining fireside tale may account for both its popularity and its considerably bawdy nature, it is noteworthy that such a non-standard story is so widespread. My theory is that it recounts an actual interaction with the Sea People in the distant past, and while the passage of time has sanded down the edges of the tale somewhat, it still retains a core of truth that accounts for its highly unusual nature. As such, I have collected together as many versions of the story as I have been able to find, in order to present an amalgamated version that serves to best convey what seems to be the best available account of the Sea People, and the consequences that can arise from interacting with them.

The story starts by explicitly establishing that it takes place some time ago, set shortly before a single powerful kingdom ruled over the entire region. The princess of this kingdom - at the time merely one of the powers competing against others for control - was promised to the prince of a neighbouring kingdom, and was apparently unsatisfied by the prospect of this marriage. Slipping away from her castle she made her way to the beach, and in the privacy of night conducted a ritual that summoned a member of the Sea People to attend her. The specifics of this ritual are always vague and vary from place to place, but generally involve a collection of exotic but not impossible components, like a crown crafted from sea salt, or a piece of driftwood in the shape of a four-fingered hand. With the ritual complete, the tales tend to coalesce into something like the version printed below:

As the last of the ritual components were swallowed by the sea, the Princess stepped back from the shoreline, folding her petticoat around her as she sat down on the grass. "This had better work", she mumbled to herself, "or my handmaid and I are going to have a *talk* about her suggestions."

Although she didn't enjoy having to wait, it was at least a nice night to be out. The sky was free of clouds, giving a great view of the starry sky, the whole beach shining in the grey glow of the moon. Soon she almost forgot that she was waiting for something, being so distracted by the view, but eventually her attention was drawn by a growing noise in front of her. The waves coming up on the beach had dramatically picked up in intensity, going from gently lapping water to crashing waves and thrashing foam in a matter of minutes. Just as she realised that she might need to retreat further from the shoreline there came one last great surge, with the water coming

almost all the way up to where she was sitting. Stunned, the Princess watched as someone emerged from the wave, framed by a dramatic splash of water as they beached themselves on a long flat rock not far to her left. The creature was - well, exactly what she had been led to expect - a member of the elusive Sea People; a beautiful maiden from the waist up, and with the sleek tail of a fish below that.

The two of them shared a gasp - the Princess in surprise and the Sea Person as she took her first breath above the water. She looked so human, the Princess marvelled; her long red hair was miraculously smooth and silky despite having just been underwater, and if she had gills somewhere the Princess couldn't see them. If not for the shimmering green tail that flexed behind her, and the fact that the only clothing she was wearing was some odd sort of clam shell bra, she wouldn't have looked at all out of place as one of the innumerable 20-something-year-old noble ladies around the palace.

Turning majestically towards her, the Sea Person said, "I have come, in keeping with the ancient pact, to hon-"

"Holy shit", the Princess interrupted, "you're totally here!"

There was a pause, and the Sea Person shifted backwards ever so slightly. "Uh... yes. Yes, I am indeed here and... here. My name is Lilandra, and-"

"Lilandra, are you kidding me? That is *crazy*, you know that?" She extended a hand. "I'm Maisey."

Lilandra took it reluctantly. "Charmed, I'm sure", she said slowly, giving it a limp shake while Maisey seemed fascinated at how normal her skin felt. "Did... you did want something, right?"

"Oh, totally! Right, totally, sorry! Of course I don't normally get all dressed up and hang out at the beach late at night, right?" Maisey laughed at her own joke, while Lilandra managed to look even more uncomfortable, especially as Maisey slapped her lightly on the back. "No, all this frilly stuff is such a *pain*, you know", she continued, "but there's like, apparently standards I have to maintain, even for something like this?"

For a few moments Lilandra simply stared incredulously. "Yes there are. Normally", she said pointedly.

"So anyway", Maisey carried on, letting that remark sail cleanly over her head, "I've got like, a serious problem. See, there's this guy-"

Lilandra interrupted her by exhaling loudly. "Oh thank goodness, unrequited love. That, at least, I'm comfortable with."

“What?”, Maisey responded. “Oh, no no no! Nothing like that! It’s an arranged marriage, for the good of the kingdom and all that.”

Lilandra smiled. “Ah, I see, my apologies. Your heart yearns to be free then, yes? You cannot be restrained in such a loveless union of convenience, so your only option was to summon a Sea Witch to break free of the shackles of your station?”

There was a pause, and this time it was Maisey’s turn to stare blankly. “No...”, she said eventually. “No, I like my station. I live in a castle, you know? A lot of people around here live in like, mud shacks. Fuck that. If I wanted to live in one of those I’d just like, run away or something.”

“I... see...”, Lilandra said slowly. “So... what do you want then, exactly?”

“Welll...” Maisey paused, idly twirling one of her ringlets with her fingers. “See, I’ve heard all about this Prince Percy, and he’s like, super nice by all accounts but... everyone says he just has absolutely *no* idea how to fuck.”

Slowly and silently, Lilandra’s face took on a visibly purple shade, her eyebrows rising almost to the top of her head. Meanwhile, Maisey continued undeterred.

“It’s like, apparently if he gets his dick in the same *room* as you it’s a good night. I don’t know if he’s gay, doesn’t like sex, or is just actually that clueless somehow, but it’s pretty clear that I’m not going to get anything for me from him. Which, y’know, fine, if he’s not up for it that’s cool for him and all, but then I thought, well, maybe I could just make sure I can take care of myself?”

Lilandra stared. “I... what?”

“Aww, you know!”, Maisey answered, moving over and putting an arm around Lilandra’s shoulders, then pulling her in close, much to her quiet discomfort. “I heard the stories about you Sea Witches having magic that let people get their heart’s desires and I thought like, what about... other desires though?”

Lilandra pulled back suddenly, slipping out from under Maisey’s arm and throwing up her hands in surrender. “Okay, that’s it. We’re done. We’re done with talking about this now.”

“So - can you help?”, Maisey asked hopefully.

Rubbing her hands down over her face, Lilandra responded without looking up. “Sure. Yes, you know what? Yes - I think I have just the thing.” She shook her head briefly, adding, “it’s normally a *punishment*, but sure. I think it’ll be just right.”

She sat back, drawing herself up to her full height as she closed her eyes and made a complicated

series of gestures. A wave crashed on the shore, and the foam seemed to leap up into Lilandra's hands, coalescing into a frothing white ball. Looking up and making eye contact, Lilandra said carefully, "okay, now, be careful, because from now on, whenever you get wet, you-

"Wet like, turned on?", Maisey said quickly.

Lilandra's face fell, and she bit her lip for several seconds before responding with an exasperated sigh. "Sure", she answered, "sure, why not? You get wet, they get wet, everyone gets wet and then... you know what? You'll see."

She leaned down and blew, the foam sphere shooting out from her hands to sink into Maisey's exposed skin. It tingled, but nothing more than that seemed to happen.

"Have fun, never summon me again", Lilandra said flatly, and before Maisey could react she turned and pushed herself away, sliding effortlessly into the water and disappearing into a retreating wave. And just like that Maisey was alone.

She touched her cheek, but her skin didn't even feel damp - whatever it was must have dried off already. About the only thing she had to take away from this whole encounter was the growing amount of sand in one of her nicer petticoats. "Huh", she said, "I hope I wasn't meant to pay her or anything." She stood up, dusting herself off as best as she could, and turned back towards the castle. Cracking her knuckles, she started walking, adding "let's go see what she did then!"

Fortunately, it wasn't hard to get back, slipping quietly through the sea-facing window of her room almost as easily as she'd left. She hadn't even been gone that long in the end, the candles she'd left burning were still only halfway through, so there'd be plenty of time yet before morning. That was for the best, because she *certainly* didn't intend to wait before trying out whatever the results of the Sea Witch's magic had been.

She sat on her big soft bed, smiling to herself as she slowly slid her hands down her body. She'd hurriedly taken off her petticoat, leaving it neatly folded and ready to be cleaned tomorrow, although quite how she'd explain the sand in it she wasn't sure yet. That was a problem for the future though, and for now she was excited in a way she hadn't been for some time. Sure, she knew how to enjoy herself, but not so much that the prospect of doing that alone for the rest of her life seemed agreeable. But now - now she genuinely didn't know what exactly was going to happen. Would her hands tingle with zaps of lightning as she worked herself over? Would her slit get so wet that she could fit whatever she wanted inside herself? Would she summon a bunch of floating magic hands to touch her all over? Just thinking about the possibilities made her bite her lip in anticipation, her own hands settling into a steady, teasing rhythm as she slipped naked beneath the furs on her bed. For as much as Lilandra seemed to have been flustered by the situation, she did seem like she was trying to fulfill the spirit of her wish by giving her something

good, and she couldn't wait to find out exactly what that meant.

There was a loud knock on the door, the sudden shock of noise startling Maisey so much she almost cried out. "Excuse me, Princess?", her handmaid called from outside the room, the tone of her voice somehow both apologetic and insistent. "I- sorry to wake you, but one of the guards thought he saw someone climbing in through your window just now."

"Fffffffffffffff", Maisey hissed, dropping her movements into a lower pace, even as she couldn't quite bring herself to stop entirely. "No thank you", she added eventually. "Uh, I mean, I'm fine. I'm good in here, thank you Beatrice."

There was what sounded like a hurried whispered conversation on the other side of the door, and then Beatrice spoke again. "Uh, my apologies Princess, but the guards here - they're concerned for your wellbeing, and I only just managed to stop them from barging into your room unannounced in case you are being held hostage. Could you - and I apologise again so much for the imposition, but do you think we come in so we could check there is no one hiding somewhere?"

Maisey sighed heavily, throwing her head back on her pillows as her hands still insisted on moving slowly against her. "F-fine", she answered reluctantly, "but just you, okay? The guards can- can fuck right off. I don't need the image of them poking through my things and sniggering while I'm like, trying to... sleep."

The conversation outside the door continued, then Beatrice answered, "okay mistress, that will be fine. I'm coming in now, okay?"

The door opened and Beatrice came in slowly, holding a lit candle with her, which she quickly set down in confusion next to one of the already lit candlesticks in the room. "Oh, you- you were sleeping with the candles burning?"

"Yeah", Maisey said flatly. "Sometimes I do that."

Beatrice curtsied, closing the door behind her. "My apologies mistress, I meant no disrespect. Sometimes I do the same. I'll... I'll just look around now, okay?"

Maisey gave a curt nod of approval, watching Beatrice absently as she insisted on doing an incredibly thorough job. Now that she didn't seem to be needed to answer any further questions it was getting increasingly hard for her to not just dive back into things at full speed. Her hands were so *wet*, she'd never been this wet before; every thrust of her fingers was provoking a trembling surge as her body responded, making her have to bite her lip to keep from moaning. She should stop, Beatrice was *right there*, looking around, she should wait until she left the room before she enjoyed herself like this, but it just felt so good that she just... couldn't. She

couldn't stop, and the only thing that worried her more than the fact that Beatrice might hear the increasingly slick noises she was making was the growing thought that maybe she wanted her to.

Her eyes had drifted closed, so when Beatrice politely asked, "did you leave these shutters open mistress?", standing right next to her bed, Maisey was taken completely by surprised.

"Y-yes!", she squeaked, then suddenly needing to justify her instinctive response. "I, uh, I was hot."

Spotting the petticoat folded in the corner, Beatrice lifted it up for a second and watched as a significant amount of sand fell to the floor. She paused, then gave Maisey an odd, knowing look. Their eyes met, and at the thought that Beatrice just seemed to somehow *know*, Maisey's hands sped up unthinkingly. *She knows*, Maisey thought, *she knows and I'm not stopping and she's not making me stop and-* with a barely-suppressed whimper her hips bucked, a tide of slickness pouring down the inside of her thighs. And more than that, her legs started to feel... different. Her wetness wasn't just coming from her slit anymore, it felt like her skin was absorbing it, being changed by it, spreading it; when one hand brushed along her thigh it felt different from anything she'd ever felt before - smooth, soft and supple, but slick too, and somehow both taut and pliable. And whatever it was, it was spreading.

Walking back over to the door, Beatrice said to the guards outside, "we're fine boys, there's no one else here. Go back to your posts, I'm going to talk to the Princess a little more."

Maisey almost moaned audibly, unable to resist the urge to grind her body slowly down along the bed, one hand toying desperately with her clit while the other instinctively spread her slickness still further down her thighs. She could barely manage to keep her eyes open as Beatrice walked back to the edge of the bed and said quietly, "so... I'm guessing the person that the guards spotted climbing into your room was you coming back, right?"

"Nhn-no", Maisey managed to pant, even as a tremor ran through her body at the reminder.

Beatrice raised her hands disarmingly. "Hey, it's fine - I'm the one that suggested the ritual, remember? I just didn't think you'd actually do it, especially not by yourself."

Maisey couldn't bring herself to say anything. She wasn't sure if the right thing to do was to deny it and get Beatrice to leave, or accept it so she'd move on, or just launch herself up wordlessly and fuck her into the ground right now. She'd never had a problem with being direct before, even if not with Beatrice specifically, so why was she now so frozen by indecision?

Taking the lead given Maisey's silence, Beatrice asked, "So what were they like? The Sea Person, I mean."

“Uh...”, Maisey replied, her eyes almost glazing over. Thinking about her again, and the promise of what she’d done was... distracting...

Once again, Beatrice carried the conversation despite Maisey’s silence. “I’ve heard...”, she lowered her voice, moving up close and whispering conspiratorially, “they’re like, really attractive, aren’t they? The whole race just handsome hunks and beautiful maids as far as the eye can see.”

Maisey bit her lip, her fingers moving faster and deeper as she imagined that, remembered Lilandra, thought about what she’d done, what she could do, and the way her legs were feeling more and more flexible, that dripping slickness spreading down unstopably as her own need just kept getting more and more intense...

Shifting into sitting cross-legged on the edge of the bed, Beatrice kept talking, her tone gossipy and conversational. “I’ve heard tales about how in the past, they used to interact with us more. Imagine that, a whole other people living in the water right next to us, and every one of them just chiselled perfection? And they’d do things like - if someone was out swimming one day, just having a private, relaxing dip, and then from underwater there’s just like - whoom!” She gestured rapidly, miming one hand getting suddenly pressed down by the other. “Then in an instant you’re just flat on your chest, getting pushed into the sand, and you look behind you and there’s just this slab of *Beef. Cake*. Abs glistening, mouth snarling as his powerful tail forces you both forwards, pressing his way inside you. Fuck, imagine that, right?”

“Ah-ahhh!”, Maisey cried out, unable to hold back the desperate, trembling orgasm that shook through her after that description. She wanted that so badly, of *course* she wanted it, but for now just the thought of it was enough to make her need to ramp things up unstopably.

For her part, Beatrice seemed less surprised than Maisey was expecting. “Mistress?”, she said innocently. “Is there something you want to share with me?”

Wordlessly, Maisey pulled one hand out from under the furs, even as she couldn’t stop working herself over with the other. Raising it up in front of her face, she blushed as both of them looked at it for the first time, taking in not just the slickness that dripped from every inch of it, but also the fact that her skin had completely changed colour to a sort of blue-grey sheen, and having that same taut, pliable texture as her thighs. Webbing connected the knuckles of each of her outstretched fingers, giving her hand overall a markedly aquatic appearance.

There was a few seconds of silence, broken only by the now-audible noise of Maisey’s other hand pleasuring herself. Finally Beatrice said softly, “oh, mistress. My mentore had always told me that that fire had long gone out of the Sea People’s race, that they simply didn’t allow themselves to do things like this any more.” She gave a warm, encouraging grin, moving closer as she took

Maisey's hand in hers. "I just knew that if anyone could provoke them like this again, it would be you."

Maisey pulled away, blushing at Beatrice's closeness. "I- I...", she stammered.

"Sshh", Beatrice whispered, brushing Maisey's hair affectionately with her other hand. "It's okay. You're just... you're feeling not quite yourself. You feel all that heat and *need* building up in you, but you just can't bring yourself to do anything with it, right?"

Letting Beatrice's hand fall down to touch her softly on the cheek, Maisey nodded silently, even her own still-occupied hand slowly slightly in its attentions as she slowly began to relax.

"I think you've somehow picked up some of the... restraint of the Sea People", Beatrice continued. "They'd see something like this as a punishment, letting yourself become something so... overt and directly sexual. They don't... I don't think they really do that any more, and that's why they never visit us nowadays."

Suddenly Beatrice leaned in close, squeezing Maisey's webbed hand with both of hers as she locked eyes with her. "But you know better, don't you mistress? This is what you asked for, exactly what you wanted. Remember?"

Maisey's brow furrowed. It... it was, wasn't it? This was exactly what she'd asked for, no matter how much it had confused poor Lilandra. And it did feel good, even the feeling of the webbing between her fingers sweeping against the edge of her pussy adding an extra spark of sensation to getting herself off. So then why... why was she holding back? Why did the thought of letting go and giving in to this give her pause? It felt so good, and she was only trying it out here in - well, not exactly private, but at least in good company. What could be the harm in enjoying herself? She licked her lips, looking up to lock eyes with Beatrice once again. And maybe enjoying more than just herself...

Slowly, Maisey let herself fall forwards, Beatrice welcoming her as they wrapped each other up in a passionate kiss. Her tongue felt thick and oddly slick, a fact that Beatrice soon appreciated as it slid its way into her mouth, Maisey's webbed hand curling against the back of her head. The kiss lasted several long seconds, but eventually the slowly, persistent rhythm of Maisey's hips forced them both to pull apart.

Maisey came back gasping, slick strands connecting them for a few seconds longer. "I... I need...", she panted.

Beatrice stood and quickly swept the furs on the bed aside, revealing all of Maisey's naked body. From the waist down her legs had almost entirely taken on that blue-grey sheen, the slickness from her dripping pussy sticking to every inch of her altered skin. "Yes mistress", she said softly,

“let it go and *accept it...*”

She swept in, her hands gripping Maisey’s thighs as she ran her tongue slowly and deliberately along the length of her slit. “You need this”, she said, leaning back briefly between licks, “and what *I* need... is for you to let loose the Maisey I know...”

Maisey was sweating, her legs twitching and straining uncontrollably. She could feel- every movement of Beatrice’s tongue made her whole body shiver, and every time that happened it felt like her legs were just a little bit longer, her skin just a little more slick.

Beatrice could feel Maisey tense up, her whole body seemingly caught between what she knew she needed and how she felt she couldn’t bring herself to act on it. She was stuck, trembling with frustrated energy without quite being able to go one way or the other. Clearly, she just needed one last push; one final thing to see herself through.

“Please”, Beatrice whispered in her ear, before leaning back and looking at her expectantly. “I *need* you to need this!”

Maisey licked her lips helplessly, her tongue feeling thick and dripping. “I... I...”, she stammered.

“You *need* this”, Beatrice said encouragingly, before standing back up off the bed and, in one simple movement, undoing her dress and letting it fall to the floor, revealing herself to be completely naked, her hands already starting to draw slow, teasing lines along her body. “Please, I need this, I need...”

If Maisey’s tongue felt thick before, at the sight of Beatrice’s pussy it was practically bulging out of her mouth. “I... need...”, she managed slowly.

Beatrice nodded wordlessly, then with one hand reached down and spread her lips open, working herself over with a single finger to emphasise just how wet and ready she was. Then with her other hand she pulled Maisey forward, all but burying her face in her slit. “*Show me*”, she hissed.

There was the sensation of slickness, her maid’s eager wetness all but pouring down her chin as the scent of her filled Maisey’s nose. She couldn’t help but breathe in, drawing her face slowly up along Beatrice’s crotch as she inhaled. And then, in a single, emphatic moment, the last of her resistance snapped.

Maisey grinned, her teeth slightly pointed as she almost snarled at the depth of the lust she was finally allowed to let herself feel. Beatrice felt something change, and leaned back slightly to look at her, saying hopefully, “mistr-”

Maisey’s hands tightened, lifting her up powerfully by the waist and throwing her down on

the bed. The sudden movement knocked the wind from Beatrice's chest, and by the time she'd recovered Maisey was on top of her, holding Beatrice's legs open with her knees.

"Fffuuuuck", Maisey hissed, both of her hands darting down to her crotch now that she'd secured her prize. "You're right, I nnNN... I nneed, I... nhng!"

Her fingers worked furiously; slickness running freely down her thighs as she finally managed to let herself give in to her desires. She established her groove quickly, hooking one hand inside her slit to stimulate herself as much as possible. After a few moments of frantic, helpful pawing her other hand began to climb slowly back up her body, pausing briefly to tease over her bare nipples. Then her mouth fell open, a wild, insensate moan escaping her, and her webbed hand clutching at the back of her own head, fulfilling some unconscious need for extra traction. Her hips bucked and a trembling orgasm swept through her, making her hand slide slowly down the length of her hair in her shuddering release. When her eyes opened again she found herself clutching unthinkingly at a thick strand of her curls, thoroughly sodden with the dripping wetness from her hand.

And then, even as she stared dumbly forwards, recovering herself, she saw that bit of hair seem to plump up slightly, before suddenly starting to twitch. She let go and it fell against her face with a soft, wet slap; the tiny, tapered tip curled up towards her mouth, running itself slowly across her lips. What... what was that?

"Uh, mistress?", Beatrice said politely, drawing Maisey's attention away from her confused thoughts. "Are you... aware of what you're doing here?"

Looking back down, Maisey followed Beatrice's pointing finger and turned to look behind herself, where her legs were holding the other girl down. Except... they weren't just doing that. Her blue-grey legs seemed to be longer than before, and much more flexible - while they were both watching they saw her right foot curled up effortlessly, winding itself in several slow loops around Beatrice's own foot.

"Oh", Maisey answered blankly as her other foot followed suit, and then between the two of them they pulled Beatrice's legs even further apart, further emphasising just how much her pussy was on display. Then she turned back, grinning devilishly as she looked Beatrice in the eyes. "No, I wasn't aware. But I am now..."

With surprising dexterity Maisey pulled herself forwards, grinding her dripping slit eagerly along Beatrice's body. She leaned forwards and grabbed her firmly by the wrists too, trapping the other girl beneath her completely as she slid herself back and forth. "Mhmm, interesting. I wonder what I could do with flexibility like this?"

Once again that curl of not-hair-anymore twitched, moving to almost tap her on the shoulder.

“Oh, what’s that?”, Maisey asked theatrically, exaggeratedly tilting her head to the side as though to listen to it as it waved itself by her ear. “You say you have a suggestion? Why, by all means, go ahead and show me.”

By way of response, it slithered its way back towards her mouth and thrust itself between her lips, pushing back and forth wetly for a few moments before withdrawing.

“Oh my!” Maisey mock-gasped, turning from this rogue tendril back to Beatrice as she looked up at her from the bed. “What a fucking *excellent* idea...”

A look of quiet concentration came over Maisey’s face as she pushed both hands slowly and deliberately down over her body, reaching in with her fingers when she reached her slit to spread one last burst of slickness down over the inside of her thighs. Then, after a few moments of deep, probing massage she pulled, her legs somehow parting at the pressure, like a rope pulled free from thick mud. With a satisfied grunt she separated out two long, flexible cylinders from her body, and then, after a brief moment of inspection and reflection, divided the rest of her legs once again, leaving her with six equally-sized tendrils curling out from below her waist. Finally, a double row of circular suckers pushed free on the underside of each one, completing the look of the octopus tentacles that had now replaced her lower body.

“Mmm, much better...”, she sighed happily, bringing the tip of several of her new appendages up towards her face to inspect and finding them apparently satisfying. “Now”, she added, looking back down at Beatrice beneath her, “time to put them to use. I think we’ve wasted more than enough time already, so what say we go ahead and skip the foreplay...”

Wrapping two tentacles tightly around Beatrice’s ankles to ensure her legs stayed spread open, she steadied herself against the bed with most of her remaining limbs before lowering herself down, sending one free tendril sliding swiftly up inside her servant’s pussy.

“Ah-ahhh!”, Beatrice cried, her body trembling as she felt her mistress’s tentacle press its way slickly through her slit. It was no smooth movement either, but a slow, pulsing rhythm; moving several inches forwards in a dramatic rush before teasingly withdrawing for an inch or so, all before repeating itself with yet another thrust. “Muh-mistress!”, she gasped desperately, “Mistress I! I- mmph! Mmmhph- uhhmm!”

Suddenly she had been silenced, yet another slick tentacle sliding swiftly between her panting lips. “Now now”, Maisey teased, “we can’t have you being too loud. We wouldn’t want to attract the guards again, now would we? So we have to be quiet.”

Dimly, Beatrice nodded, managing to quieten down enough that the tentacle in her mouth was



no longer needed to serve as a gag. Even so, Maisey quickly settled into a rhythm that included it - marking every thrust into her pussy with a teasing withdrawal from her lips, while at the same time pressing more of herself into her mouth whenever she pulled back from her hips. Beatrice quickly fell into a slow, rocking response; closing her eyes happily and letting her body move to exactly where Maisey wanted her to be.

“Mmmm, very nice”, Maisey said to herself, “but I think it’s time I put your mouth to better use, don’t you?”

Almost tenderly, Maisey moved to wrap Beatrice’s upper body in a slick embrace, leaving one tentacle still plunging in and out of her dripping slit, but focussing the rest on curling themselves tightly around her chest. Soon Maisey’s pussy was just above Beatrice’s panting mouth, and two tentacles curved delicately back up behind her head to push her irresistibly forwards. They made contact, Beatrice’s tongue lapping obediently at her clit as her lips were pressed into place, revelling in the dripping slickness even as she shuddered rhythmically at her own penetration.

“Yessss”, Maisey hissed, having to fight the urge to close her eyes and simply pant wantonly. “Be my g... good little servant...”

Two of her tentacles wrapped themselves around Beatrice’s wrists, pulling her arms back down even as her head was pushed forward, all the better to emphasise her subservient role as Maisey continued.

“I’m going to... I’m going to need this a *lot*, I’m going to call on you again, and again, and again... after all the... mhhmm... long state functions, whenever I’ve had a hard day, whenever... whenever I can feel this *need* building up inside me, whenever I feel these slick tentacles *straining* to break free once again...”

She looked down, pulling back slightly enough that Beatrice was forced to ease off for a moment, allowing Maisey to both lock eyes with her intensely and speak clearly for a moment.

“Actually”, she said, curling the tip of one of the tentacles around her head in to swipe tenderly along her lips, “I think I might get a special throne commissioned, one with a hollow back and a hidden compartment, so that I can wear one of my nice, big, fancy dresses, and then underneath all that, be nothing but a mess of tentacles that is *fucking you into the ground*.”

Her eyes flashed yellow, and once again she pressed Beatrice forwards, giving in absolutely to her lust-drunk fantasies as she began to rock her hips back and forth eagerly.

“I’ll... use you, over and... uhnnhnn! Over again! You’ll be my servant, my... toy! Nhn... nhhnnNN!”

Her hands swept frenziedly over her body, teasing her tits as that same blue-grey sheen began to spread upwards from her waist in pulses, every thrust spreading it more and more. Faint gills opened up on the side of her torso as she gasped and moaned, while amphibian-looking flaps of flesh grew quickly to link her upper arms to her body.

“I’ll... I’ll... spread!” she cried, losing control of her volume completely as her thoughts became ever more corrupt and impulsive. “I’ll send my... sss... slick tentacles into emissaries and embassies... I’ll... make so many new servants... so many new... mhmnn! Toys!”

Shaking her head incoherently, she felt the curls of her hair thicken with every movement, until soon she was crowned with a writhing mass of smaller tentacles, each of them competing to fondle her tenderly and bring her the most stimulation.

Her movements sped up, her thrusts becoming wild and erratic as she neared her climax.

“I’ll... I’ll need! I need to... uhn-mnn! I need to be slick and wet and serviced and spread and - unhnHNN!”

She came, all of her tentacles tightening as she pressed herself frenziedly onto Beatrice’s tongue, revelling in the dramatic, pulsing orgasm that shook through her. Beatrice, for her part, was still held absolutely captive, obediently doing what she could from within her restraints to heighten the pleasure of her mistress.

After several long, shuddering seconds, Maisey pulled back, and almost laughed out loud when she saw the thick black ink that now coated Beatrice’s mouth and tongue. “Of course”, she said softly, curling herself down to nestle the other girl tenderly against her chest. “I suppose it only makes sense that I should have a way to mark my property.”

She lay back with a contented sigh, and some time passed as the two women relaxed against each other. Eventually Maisey spoke again, feeling her legs slowly begin to pull themselves back together as her lust was at least momentarily sated.

“First thing tomorrow, I want you to get to work getting together another set of ingredients for that summoning ritual”, she said, petting absently at Beatrice’s hair. “I have *got* to pay Lilandra back by showing her what a good fuck like that is like...”



The specifics of the stories tend to diverge again here. In general they note that Maisey returns to normal when she is not aroused, but as time goes on the instances where that is the case become shorter and shorter, until eventually she begins to rule openly as a Sea Folk hybrid. Some stories attempt to use this as a moral to ‘always keep your wife satisfied’, while others

take the approach that the only-briefly-mentioned future husband enjoyed the benefit of not needing to satisfy his wife's prodigious urges himself, with an 'each to their own' sort of message. Still other tellings of this story simply end with a joke, as though this entire erotic tale was just the leadup to some absurd punchline, as ridiculous as something like that may be.

However, there are two further historical facts to this region that seem to give some level of credence to this story. The first is that the term 'black tongue' is still used colloquially to denote someone with an exceptional degree of loyalty to the local ruler, which does seem to have a rather direct inspiration from the story. The second is that there is historical record of a queen uniting the many disparate peoples in this region at some point several hundred years ago, using a combination of subtle political alliances and an unprecedented degree of sea power. This would seem to imply that Maisey did succeed in making contact with Lilandra once again, and an alliance of some sort was fashioned from their entanglement.

This all seems particularly timely given the sudden emergence of the new ruling queen on the Stormbringer Coast, who is proving surprisingly adept at uniting the region with a series of unlikely alliances. It is impossible to say if the old ways of contact with the Sea Folk have been re-awakened, but, if nothing else, it is perhaps worth keeping an eye on the situation in case diplomatic relations with this new queen turn out to be far more 'entertaining' than usual.



SPHINXES
OF THE
ELDER DESERT







SPHINX: The fact that sphinxes exist is well known. Indeed, in the desert regions they inhabit, the phrase “the sphinx’s due” is commonly used to refer to losses of money or goods due to unforeseen but unavoidable circumstances. However, as they tend to move around frequently throughout their large territories, actual encounters with them are both rare and impossible to predict. This seems intentional - if they preyed upon any one trade route for too long then the traffic they depend on would quickly dry up, with travellers taking alternate roads in order to avoid them.

All of this means that when sphinxes are encountered, it is extremely unlikely that the unlucky party will be prepared to deal with them. For those who fail to correctly answer their famous riddles, the penalty is to be turned back the way they have come, with all of their possessions that the sphinx desires left behind as tribute. Given that sphinxes apparently consider such people not worth talking to any further, stories of these encounters provide little information about their species. Those few that do answer correctly are generally smart enough to avoid pushing their luck, and simply move on quickly without risking provoking them with questions. And so sphinxes have remained largely a mystery; a force of nature, thought of in much the same way as an unexpected storm at sea or a flash flood.

However, my research has uncovered one particular story that contains more information on their life and habits. The details of this tale come from a note left with both a mule and a sizeable collection of trade goods at a small residence just outside of a fairly non-descript desert village. Apparently the resident was an old friend of a travelling merchant named Hanna, and the note was to explain why she was suddenly leaving them all their worldly possessions. It would seem that there exists a third potential outcome from a sphinx encounter, when the traveller passes the riddle to such a degree that the sphinx takes a personal interest in them, and it was this situation that led to the following story:

I hope this note finds you well.

Apologies for the mess, and for leaving all these items with you without warning. I recently found myself no longer in need of things to sell, or a mule with which to haul them, and I hoped that you could make use of all these things, or at least sell them yourself for some profit. I wanted to give them to you specifically because out of all my friends, you were the most generous in putting up with my habit of correcting people, or asking annoying questions in order to get more information. It is important to be right, and you were always better than most at tolerating my attempts to help others not be wrong. As it turned out, this impulse has resulted in some rather significant developments in my life, so I thought it only fair to repay you specifically for the kindness.

The developments I was referring to occurred a few days ago. I was travelling to the coast in order to sell my latest purchases to the trade ships, when upon rounding a corner on some

nameless mountain pass I suddenly found myself face-to-face with a sphinx. She was perched quite comfortably on a ledge up above me, peering down with a look that I can only describe as 'elegant disdain'. For a second I considered fleeing, but a quick glance at the powerful wings she had tucked behind herself put paid to the thought that I could outrun her, especially with my pack mule and all my wares in tow. So instead I stopped, looking up at her respectfully, and awaited the inevitable.

"Traveller", she soon said, her voice rich and sonorous. "I have found you passing through my territory, and so you must pay my price for trespassing. Either you provide me the answer to my riddle, or all that you own shall be forfeit."

I nodded meekly while avoiding making eye contact. She gave a slight smile, and I imagined my deference pleased her, but even so it did not prevent her from asking her fateful riddle.

"In the morning I walk upon four legs, two legs at noon, and three in the evening. What am I?"

The sphinx seemed to be content to wait while I considered the question, but after some time passed in silence she frowned in irritation. "You cannot avoid the question by not answering it, traveller."

"Oh! No, sorry", I replied quickly. "I'm not trying to stall, it's just - well, the question is a little mis-phrased, isn't it?"

The sphinx's paws were right at my eyeline, so I couldn't help but see them clench hard enough to make her claws dig right into the rock. "What?", she growled threateningly.

I'd clearly offended her, but I felt that I'd already gone too far to back off now, so I did my best to explain myself as I backed away slowly. "It's just, the answer is People, right? We crawl on all fours at the beginning of our lives, walk on two legs in the middle, and then use a cane for three legs total at the end. But..."

The sphinx had looked like she was getting ready to pounce, but once I gave my answer she seemed to be taken aback. Her brow furrowed, and she seemed to actually be considering my point rather than rejecting it outright. "But...?"

"Well, the time frame just does *not* work for the analogy, does it? Humans only crawl for a year or two, tops; and then assuming an average experience we'd use two legs until, what, the last ten years or so of life? So splitting it into equal morning, noon and night is, well, disingenuous at best. You'd be more accurate to say something like; I walk upon four legs for roughly an hour after midnight, then, barring accidents, two legs until approximately-

You know how I get once I get started on a topic, so it probably wouldn't surprise you to know

that even in that situation I hadn't been paying much attention to my surroundings. So I was caught completely off-guard as the sphinx pounced, knocking me bodily to the ground as she landed on top of me. I yelped in fear, instantly regretting all of my life choices up to that point, but then all of a sudden she leaned in close growling breathily, "I am so turned on right now."

Understandably, this took me rather by surprise. I didn't even register what she'd said at first, given that I was busy trying to crawl my way out from underneath her, but slowly my brain caught up with her words and I looked up in confusion. "You're... what?"

In response, she literally purred. If you have never been pinned beneath a giant purring cat woman, I can definitely recommend the experience. "There's nothing I love more than the hopelessly pedantic. Someone who, when confronted with a threat that could knock them senseless with a single swipe..." She flexed her paws on my chest, deftly reinforcing her absolute physical superiority, "...still cares enough about being right and showing off how smart they are to argue minutiae. Finding people who can offer an intellectual challenge like *that* are why I ask my riddles in the first place."

I was still staring blankly in shock. "Are... are you joking?", I asked slowly.

"Mhmmm, go on then", she said, seemingly ignoring my confusion. "Tell me more about what you would do to improve my riddle."

There was a vague thought at the back of my mind that this had to be some sort of a trap, but at the same time, she was telling me that she wanted me to help her be more correct. Who was I to disagree?

"Well... like I was saying, the whole thing is generalised to the point of being useless." She nodded along, her purring getting louder, which I took as further encouragement to continue. "You could either make it more helpfully specific, like I suggested earlier, or if it's important to you that you keep the original rhythm of the piece, then maybe you could add at least a sort of disclaimer. Something along the lines of, 'without implying that these divisions of a day are at all equal in time constraints, consider-'"

I was interrupted as she pushed down hard, leaning forwards and bringing her face right up next to mine to say, "you and me need to fuck right *now*."

"You and *I* need to fuck right now", I answered reflexively.

"Fffuuck!", she gasped, sweeping down onto me and wrapping me up in a passionate kiss. I could feel her breathing heavily even as her lips locked with mine - inexplicably, she really did seem to be incredibly aroused. Her movements were rushed and unthinking; her heavy paws cradling the back of my head as her wet little nose rubbed along my face. She leaned back briefly,

just long enough for both of us to take a breath, but before I could say anything she pressed forwards again. She brought her mouth in close, but rather than going for a kiss she simply licked me, sweeping her rough tongue slowly over the length of my face.

I shook my head a little at the sensation of it, but I held back with my reaction so as not to anger the powerful creature pinning me to the ground, not wanting to appear too obviously unhappy with her affection. “Uh, thank you”, I said quickly, “but- mmpfh!”

Once again she licked my face, interrupting my attempt to talk. I coughed and spluttered as her tongue drew across my lips, the tip of it tickling at my nose. She didn’t even give me a chance to talk after that, pulling me in close and licking me over and over again, the rough ridges of her tongue almost feeling like it was rubbing my skin raw.

This went on for at least a full minute before she finally pulled back, looking down at me with a satisfied grin. My face felt almost dripping wet, and I only just managed to resist the urge to try and shake myself dry. Instead I looked up at her with only a slight grimace and asked “...are you quite done?”

“Oh, honey”, she answered happily. “We’re just getting started.”

Without warning she bounded away, the force of her pushing herself off my chest driving all the air from my lungs for a second. “Here, let me just fetch something”, she said, then ducked behind the rock she’d been sitting on when I first saw her. A few moments later she returned holding a large satchel, and from inside that she she pulled out a shield the size of a wagon wheel, polished on one side to a mirror shine. She leapt up to the top of the rock with it, hefting it easily in one hand as she busied herself with some mysterious task. “Some ambitious idiot got their monsters all confused a while ago”, she continued, “thinking I’d turn into stone if I saw my reflection or something. He got *quite* the surprise when he watched me clean my teeth in his shield then throw him into a stream. Ah! There we go...”

Leaping back down next to me, I realised that she had wedged the shield into a crevice so that it was pointed down at me, letting me see my own face in its reflection. Except, I noticed immediately, something was... off...

She padded up beside me while I was distracted, saying softly in her low purr, “I want to let you watch what happens. I’m so wonderfully curious to hear what you’ll have to say about it all...”

I reached my hand up to my nose to check what the reflection in the shield seemed to be showing me. A few tentative touches confirmed it - somewhere in that bout of licking my nose had changed significantly, pushing up and flattening, becoming soft and pink at the tip, like hers. “What... what did you do?”, I asked slowly.

She stepped backwards, still grinning mysteriously. “Like I said, I’m just getting started. Speaking of which...”

Suddenly her claws were out, and in one deft swipe she sliced clean through the midriff of my clothes. Her other paw hooked into the newly-unfasted fabric, pulling it quickly away and leaving me naked from the waist down. She licked her lips, her eyebrows raising meaningfully as she started to lower her head. Retracting her claws, she laid her paws firmly on my legs, spreading them inexorably apart as her face neared my crotch. But before she made contact she looked up at me once again, shooting me a surprisingly earnest look.

“So, I’m about to go *mythological* on your pussy”, she said, “but first, I just gotta make sure - are you up for this?”

I blinked. “Do I have a choice?”

Her response was to rumble with quiet laughter, sliding her feline body up beside me so that she could run one paw down the side of my head. “Oh, of course you do. I mean, I *could* fuck you so hard that it will *change your life...*” She leaned in and licked slowly along the side of my head, and I could feel my ear somehow follow along with her tongue, drifting upwards into a slight point. It was distracting, both because of the weird changes in my hearing but also because it felt *really* good. “Or I could step aside and let you go on your way, I suppose. You turned me on with your smarts and I respect you because of that - I’m hardly going to force someone I respect into sex, am I?”

At this point I feel the need to justify my actions. Clearly the sane thing to do would have been to politely turn her down, gather up my clothes and belongings as quickly as possible and be on my way. But I didn’t do that. It’s hard to explain in a letter exactly why not. The fact that she seemed to genuinely like me being a pedantic know-it-all when everyone else seemed to tolerate it at best definitely contributed. But beyond that, I’m not sure if I can offer any real high-minded explanation. What can I say? She was cute, clearly into me, and I’d never had anyone offer to go mythological on my pussy before. It was a hard combination to resist.

Still, I didn’t intend to leap into this blindly. “If I say yes”, I asked her, “what happens exactly? How much more would I change?”

She looked down at herself, holding her paws up in front of me by way of example. “Oh, quite a bit, I’d say. But here’s the thing - it’s only going to get wild if you give in and cum. If you don’t, then-”

I cut her off right there. “Oh, no. No way are we doing some pointless teasing where I have to try *not* to reach climax. If we’re going to fuck, we are going to fuck *all out*. So what I want to know is - is there any way for me to undo any, uh, side-effects, that might come about from us doing this?”

She paused, rubbing the bottom of her chin thoughtfully with one paw. “Well, legend tells of a certain plant, found only on the slopes of the highest mountain in the dead of winter, visible onl-”

“Perfect, sounds great”, I said quickly, spreading my legs once again and indicating down to my crotch with a nod of my head. “So, you were saying something about going mythological...?”

She laughed out loud, the sound trailing off slowly into a breathy purr. “I’ll go ahead and take that as a ‘yes’ then”, she added, lowering herself out of my sight as I lay back against the ground.

A moment passed, then something occurred to me. “Hey, you’ve done this before on people, right? I mean, you’ve got some fierce teeth there, so you know what you’re doing, ri-”

She did. She really, really did. Her tongue was rough and powerful, but she knew better than to use it too directly. Instead she slid it slickly up the outside of my slit, teasing me deliciously with its bumps rather than simply rubbing me raw. It was her nose that did the heavy lifting at first; the wet tip of it brushing up against my clit, providing a wonderful counterpoint to the sensation of her licking as she got me warmed up. It wasn’t long until my own slickness started to add to her saliva, leading her to push in further and gather it up with her tongue. Then, with a sudden pounce she shifted back up on top of me, her paws clamping down on my shoulders.

She grinned, her lips dripping with lust, then swept in once again to sweep her tongue across the skin of my face. The sensation was softened now with the lubrication I’d provided, but despite that I still felt an odd tugging feeling in her wake. She gave me only a few quick licks, finishing with one horizontally across the length of my lips, leaving me smacking them absently at the slight tingling she left behind. When she pulled back again she flicked her head upwards, directing my attention back to the shield she’d set in place above me. “Don’t forget to narrate the show for me”, she said softly.

Her point made, she dropped back down my body, bringing her face between my legs and burying her soft nose into my pussy. From there she went to *work*, her tongue sliding tenderly over my folds again and again, now that I was finally slick enough to endure its roughness without complaint. In fact, it felt *good*; the delicious texture of her tongue adding to the blissful stimulation rather than being overpowering. I started to curl up against her, my hands drifting down around her head to encourage her onwards, but as I did she let out a brief, threatening growl. She didn’t slow her pace down for a second, but it was enough of a warning for me to lie backwards, letting me catch sight of my reflection in the shield one more time. I made eye contact just as a particularly strong jolt of sensation made a tremor run through me, and then when my vision focused again I saw that my eyes had changed colour; shifting in the space of a single blink from brown to an almost luminous gold.

“Oh!”, I gasped. “My- my eyes, they just... they changed!”

At that the sphinx quickly began to purr, the rich rumbling vibration adding an extra pleasurable kick to her attentions, at which point I suddenly (and some might say, belatedly, but I maintain that I had a lot going on to keep track of subtle hints) knew exactly what she wanted me to do. Settling down to make myself as comfortable as possible, I locked my new eyes on the shield, watching as wave after wave of changes swept over me.

They were slow and subtle at first, in keeping with the measured tempo she was keeping with her tongue. After my eyes had finished I noticed my teeth protruding slightly further, the tips of my canines poking downwards as I bit my lip slightly in pleasure. "I can feel them", I said softly to her, in between increasingly panting breaths. "I can feel my teeth growing outwards, feel my- feel my tongue, it..."

I trailed off into a wordless moan, and as I did I saw my tongue hang much further than usual from my mouth, a slick black stain spreading out along my lips as they grew effortlessly to match hers. "I- I can feel... mhn... there's something... pushing..."

Abruptly I sneezed, curling up as the sudden rush of sensations around my mouth and nose confusing my body into that response, but then when settled back down I felt an odd, stiff, bristly feeling weighing on my upper lip. Looking up into the shield with a quiet, "oh", I beheld my new whiskers; watching as they twitched with every distracted movement of my now-feline nose.

I had precious little time to appreciate them in detail however, because within moments the sphinx ramped up the tempo of her movements, and I was quickly overwhelmed by another round of changes. This time it started from where she was; a wave of sandy-coloured fur sweeping out slowly from my waist and sliding down my legs. "I- it feels... hot", I stammered, having difficulty talking through my new teeth and with my new tongue, but committed to giving as much running commentary as I could manage. "M... my fur is- I can feel it pressing out and my whole body feels so hot and it's... I..."

Without breaking stride for a moment, she simply reached up with both paws, hooking them inside what remained of my clothes and tearing them effortlessly aside. Immediately I exhaled in relief - I hadn't even realised how constricting they'd felt until they were gone, but now I felt like I could really breathe again as my new fur settled in over my body.

The feeling of warmth climbed over me, and even though it seemed to skip my chest completely I found myself unthinkingly bringing my arms up in front of my face as they began to itch. "I can... feel it moving down my arms", I said haltingly, staring at my trembling hands. "They... uhnn - it feels like they're pressing... inwards, getting... getting big but, pushed together... I can't- my fingers are... I can't move my fingers..." I watched helplessly as my hands balled together in front of my face, even as I shuddered with absent pleasure at the way the sphinx was working me over. One by one each of my fingers plumped outwards, being wrapped up by my

new fur as they became weightier and more powerful, even if somewhat less dexterous. Finally, to the accompanied by a series of my incoherent moans, I felt my fingernails sharpen and slide outwards into claws, while pink pads pushed out from my palms.

“Oh!”, I gasped desperately, staring as my new feline paws flexed in front of my face. “Oh my. That- that feels really... really...”

Suddenly she pulled back, sitting up as she licked her lips with a grin. “Do you want me to stop?”, she asked teasingly.

I can only really transcribe my response as “Mmmrrrrmmnh!”, some sort of half-formed, instinctual growl that took on new resonance from my changing body. For a second she looked like she was just going to laugh, teasing me further as I struggled through baby’s first animal noise, but then it seemed like she was suddenly taken by an idea. “Come on then girl”, she said with a growl of her own, “let’s get you walking on all fours.”

With a quick burst of movement she repositioned the both of us, hefting my legs up onto her shoulders as she pressed herself back in towards me. Soon she was back to lapping her slick muzzle at my pussy, only now instead of being splayed to the sides my legs were raised up in the air, and it took only a slight lift of my head to follow the progress of my changes down along them.

I knew I needed to keep my narration going, but I couldn’t offer anything more than a stumbling series of half-statements as the sensations overwhelmed me. “I... I need to stretch... it, mhmmm, ah- it, it’s like every muscle in my legs is straining at once and I need- need to release, I need, need to let it out, need to let go I need- please I, I have to- ah- ahnnmmmm!”

Just when I felt like I couldn’t stand the tension any longer she gave me a particularly deft lick, her paws pulling me close and her nose sliding deliciously over my clit, and that combined with everything else was enough to finally send me stuttering into orgasm. And that, the feeling of that *release*, that was enough to unlock the resistance that my legs were somehow offering, my muscles reshaping effortlessly and my fur flowing freely down the last of my legs, wrapping up and changing my feet into thick new paws in the space of mere moments.



After several seconds of my panting and shuddering she emerged once again, lowering my legs to the ground as she licked her lips happily. “Good girl”, she purred. “Let’s take them for a spin, shall we?”

It was far more of a command than a question, and she soon backed it up with a forceful tug, flipping me over and then forcing me to steady myself on all fours as she pulled me upwards. I felt awkward, my body still not entirely comfortable with being quadrupedal, but she seemed pleased with the results regardless. Bounding away suddenly she moved over to the base of the rock pillar she’d rested the shield on top of, then turned back to face me. “Come!”, she instructed simply.

I did my best, and although it felt truly bizarre to feel the weight of my body pressing down on the pads of my new paws, I managed to make my way over to her with only a few faltering steps. “Mhmm, good girl”, she said, returning my nervous smile with an earnest grin of her own. “Now, let’s work on the next stage, shall we?”

She slipped behind me, and before I could follow I felt her paws around my chest. “Up!”, she commanded, and instinctively I found myself rearing, leaning with my front paws against the rock spire. She treated me with another satisfied “good girl”, and I felt a rumbling in the back of my throat as an involuntary purr answered her affection. The vibrations of that seemed to travel up and down throughout my entire body, and soon she was adding to it; careful kneading from her paws working over my fur and pulling at my flesh. I felt my breath catch, my purrs stuttering as some kind of pressure built up inside me.

“Rrhr- mhrrrr”, I gasped wordlessly. Trying again, I forced my tongue to say slowly, “I ff- I feel... ffrrrr... there’s... heat, and phrr... pressure, and, and- mmmhrhrrrrhr!”

My voice faded out, trailing off as I gulped desperately for air. It felt like my chest swelled every time I inhaled, and exhaling did nothing to reverse it. It wasn’t until the sphinx pressed her paws up and groped my breasts openly that I realised that that really was the case - I was growing. My entire frame was becoming thicker and more powerful, more suited for my new form. There was the briefest moment of panic, expressed in a sudden, incoherent “mhhrrnnhnn?!”, but then she leaned in close, and simply *purred*. I’d heard her do it before of course, but the fact that she was right up next to me, purring for me, soothing me with the knowledge that this was all going exactly to plan - that was enough that I instantly felt myself respond. It was as though the example she set for me steadied my breathing, and with that comforting vibration running through me from head to toe I could simply relax, staring dreamily at my reflection in the shield as my body did what it needed to do. My muscles strengthened, my core bulking outwards to match her powerful dimensions, even my breasts becoming significantly more enjoyably sizeable. Soon it was complete, and under her unspoken direction I stepped back away from the stone pillar, confidently turning to face her on my hind paws.

“Two legs”, she said approvingly. “That wasn’t so hard, was it? Now, do you remember what comes after that?”

It took a few moments of panting to get my breath back enough to answer, but I did eventually manage to form a coherent response. “Three legs, in the evening. But- why would I... am I going to need to use a cane?”

She laughed, shaking her head with a smile as she swept me up into another embrace. “No, dummy. But don’t you think there’s some extra limb that maybe you’re missing?”

I actually didn’t realise what she was referring to at first, until eventually I noticed her waving her striped tail up behind her shoulder, and I blinked in recognition. “Oh! Uh, of course”, I responded.

Pulling me close, she gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. “I don’t think I’ve seen you blush like that before”, she teased. “It’s cute, I like it.”

“Uh, thanks”, I said, looking away in embarrassment. Changing the topic, I quickly added, “so, what should I do now?”

She paused briefly, clearly considering her options. “Hmm. I think we’re going to have to go for the *direct* route on this one.” Suddenly she dropped to her knees, giving her butt a tiny wiggle as she shifted around to make herself comfortable. “Up!”, she commanded once again, guiding my front paws onto her shoulders so that I was leaning forward against her. “Now stay *right* there while I get to work, but make sure you look behind yourself and watch the show.”

It actually took a little bit of shifting around to get the angles working, but she politely held back until I’d managed to find a comfortable way to stay in that position while still looking at the shield over my shoulder, the reflection that giving me a view of my fur-covered butt. The moment I nodded my readiness however she wasted no time, launching herself forwards and burying her muzzle into my slit. The delicate, cautious teasing she’d treated me with earlier was gone - she was a beast, wild and powerful, but now my body was equipped to handle that. I leaned into it, my claws pressing from my paws fitfully as I struggled to keep my eyes from drifting closed. She was a beast, but now so was I. This was my reward, my right, this was what I was *for* - to be able to fuck fiercely and freely, to be taken and to take, to grit my teeth and grind my pussy firmly against my lover’s face even as she sent her rough tongue sliding wonderfully along my slit.

“Yyyrrrsss...” I growled slowly, my tongue curling out of my mouth as I fought to keep being able to pronounce words. “I feel... I ff... I can ffeel it *building*, it’s- mhhrrrrrrr! It’s- it ffeels good! It- mmhrrr! Mhhrrroarr!”

I clutched her close, my heavy paws pressing her desperately inwards as I felt the unstoppable urge building to a climax inside me. And then suddenly there was a release; a great, trembling orgasm rippling through my entire body as I shuddered fitfully against her, my slick juices dripping down her smiling muzzle. But there was an even greater response visible over my shoulder, and despite the overwhelming pleasure I managed to watch as a slender cylinder of flesh stretched outwards, a sudden wave of fur sweeping over it until soon I was left with a perfect feline tail twitching happily behind me.

“Three”, the sphinx purred, sitting back and regarding me with satisfaction. “Feels good, doesn’t it?”

For several moments I simply stood dumbly, watching my new tail as it swayed back and forth behind me. “Y-yeah...”, I said eventually. Turning to face her, I managed a quick smile, my sharpened teeth pressing distractingly into my lips as I did so. “I told you a day was the wrong time frame though”, I couldn’t help adding.

She responded with a dangerous smirk. “Oh, really? And what makes you think that we’re done, exactly?”

“Uh, well, that’s the whole riddle, isn’t it?”, I answered, confused. “I’ve got all three, uh, ‘legs’, so what else is there?”

Without warning, she pounced (it was, as I’m sure you’ve gathered by now, a trick she rather liked). We were roughly the same size by now, but even so she had the edge on me by far in terms of knowing what to do with her body, so once again she pinned me down to the ground with ease. “Oh dear”, she teased, “don’t you remember? The answer for that riddle was ‘person’. A human. And honey - that’s not you anymore.”

Shifting her bulk to keep me held down with a single paw, she dragged the other one slowly down the length of my body; drawing a line from tip of my twitching muzzle all way down to my newly-furry waist. I could only whimper in response; the combination of her closeness and the feeling of her claw teasing at me was more than enough to make me blush once again. “You’re more than that now, and that means you get one more stage...”

She leaned back, pulling at me with her paws hard enough to get across the point that I needed to turn over. I followed her directions without resistance, and soon with a few more unspoken commands I found myself standing comfortably on all fours, my tail raised up obediently as she sat licking her lips behind me. There was one more quick adjustment to ensure I was lined up facing the shield, and then she once again swept forwards, working over my pussy with her mouth. She approached it with the same vigor she had previously, but this time the simple angle of our position made things surprisingly different. Before, when I was on two legs, I could at least relate to the basic setup of the scenario from similar oral encounters in the past, even if so

many parts of this experience were new and exceptional. This though, this was different. This time I was on all fours, being all but mounted from behind by a powerful beast, and all the while panting and mewling desperately like a bitch in heat. My tail swayed helplessly up in the air and all four of my paws twitched at the ground as I trembled at her attentions, my eyes almost crossing while I fought to keep my vision straight enough to watch my reflection. I could see my rough, panting tongue; my stylish black lips flecked with drool as I rocked back and forth, the sweat beading on my feline face, and all the while I could feel a wordless, animal growl rumbling at the back of my throat. But beneath that there was something else - some other, new pressure building unstoppably inside me.

“Yessss”, I hissed eagerly, tumbling excitedly through the only words I could possibly bring myself to say. “Give it to me, fuck me, mmhmmake me, make me cuh- cum! Make me- fuck me- mmhhrrmmake me a- mmmmmrrrhrrrrrooarr!”

I came one last time, my whole body shuddering as I felt my slickness dripping down over her face once again. But at the same time I watched as wings unfolded majestically from my shoulders, stretching out in moments to be every bit as beautiful and powerful as hers, and the feeling of all of that combined was so overwhelming that I couldn't help but let loose with a powerful, triumphant roar.

That climax took an even longer period of silent, panting recovery to process, until finally I was able to inspect my new wings with anything more than unfocused incomprehension. I stretched them out a few times testingly, marvelling at how natural it already felt to flex these new muscles. My examination was interrupted as she slapped me heavily on the flank, leaning around and treating me to another of her sly grins. “*Now you're done*”, she said simply.

Things calmed down somewhat after that, as we fell into a comfortable embrace together and she laid out the specifics of the situation. Her name is Clarissa by the way - I've just realised I never specified, but in my defence she didn't stop to tell me that until around this point either. I also realise only now that I should probably apologise for the potentially uncomfortable amount of detail I've gone into here for all this. I just think that the only way I can really explain my decision is by going through exactly how good it all was, so that doing what I did was the only rational choice. That and, to be honest, I've so rarely had the opportunity to brag in this area before. In any case, she filled me in on quite a few things, finishing with the information that sphinxes are by nature rather solitary animals, and they don't share territory with others of their kind easily.

I looked up at her sheepishly, genuinely taken aback. “Oh”, I said softly. “But... it does happen sometimes, doesn't it? Or are you and me not... not going to...?”

She answered by way of a kiss, my lips meeting hers softly as a steady purr rumbled through

both of us. “You and I”, she corrected with a big happy grin. “I think you and I are going to be just fine together...”

I can think of no better words to sign off with. If you do not understand my decision from them, you likely never would.

Regards,

Hanna and Clarissa



The recipient of the note confirmed that they hadn't met with their friend directly since, but they had no doubts that the writer of the note was indeed Hanna, and she sounded the happiest she had ever been. Merchants in that area still report that some travellers will very occasionally encounter two sphinxes at once, amiably taking turns asking riddles one after the other before taking their due from those they find uninteresting. Those with business going through these areas are advised to travel with someone smart enough to get them through without being waylaid, but not perhaps too smart, unless they wish to be waylaid considerably further.



SNAKE PEOPLE
OF THE
GOLDEN PYRAMIDS







***SNAKEWEED:** Well-known in temperate regions as little more than a common weed, Snakeweed may seem like an odd candidate for this book. However, my research has proved that there is substantially more to this seemingly innocuous plant than is normally suspected.*

As it is encountered by the many peoples that live within its substantial range, Snakeweed is a harmless, if annoyingly tenacious, weed. If pressed, most people would attribute its name to the creeping vines the plant grows along, snaking as they do through the soil to whatever sources of water are available. Given time they can choke out a plot of productive land completely, so they are normally pulled out as soon as they are discovered, discarded as a matter of course and given little further thought.

Deep within the Red Jungle however, this same weed has substantially different characteristics. This famously impenetrable region is roughly in the centre of the main area where Snakeweed is found, and an analysis of its spread indicates that this jungle was likely its initial source - a theory backed up by the fact that the plant seems to prefer to grow in iron-rich soil of the type that gives the Red Jungle its name. This same jungle is well-known as the site of an infamous lost civilization, the Snake People of the Golden Pyramids.

Tales of this civilization are as plentiful as they are fantastic; a whole race of ophidian warriors that launched themselves from the jungle in the distant past, rapidly conquering swathes of territory and ensuring a steady stream of servants and riches into their fabulous monumental structures. And then, almost as suddenly as they emerged, their civilization collapsed, disappearing from the world stage in the space of a few short generations. Tales of that collapse speak of them turning inwards, involving themselves in some new discovery or passion project to the exclusion of all else, and then when it eventually failed their society was left almost hollowed out from the inside, their external territory quickly reclaimed by their neighbours.

That the Snake People existed is an indisputable fact, given the amount of artefacts they left behind, and the sheer impact they had on surrounding cultures. However, their own cities, the acclaimed Golden Pyramids, have never been found, despite the efforts of generations of would-be treasure hunters. Indeed, it is these very expeditions that provoked my interest in the first place. Over time, reports have come through that those that penetrate deep into the interior of the Red Jungle have found walls of Snakeweed ten feet high and twice that much deep, which reacted to people attempting to simply hack their way through with startlingly fast regrowth. Indeed, there are a few reports of vines physically attacking explorers, although the descriptions of such events seemed more confusing than threatening.

In all, this was enough to pique my interest, so I planned an expedition to see if there was any connection between the Snakeweed and the Snake People themselves, that perhaps they used it as a way to guard their territory, and with that knowledge in mind then perhaps I would be able to make better progress than others. I also intended to see if I could find any trace of their

civilization by focussing my attention along the winding waterways of the region, rather than the more common approach of forging inwards from the less-overgrown mountain trails.

I was accompanied on my expedition by Andrea, my partner in many previous expeditions and much more besides. Confident that she could keep me safe from whatever potential dangers we encountered, we set out for what I promised would be a trip filled with profound discoveries. I kept a constant diary for the most part, although after a certain point these entries stopped (for reasons that will become obvious at that time), and so from there I have been forced to write from memory. Until then though, the entries are provided unedited below, starting from the first one of note:

Expedition Day 5: Today has been an eventful day. It began as all the others have so far, with Andrea and myself making our way further along the banks of this winding, unnamed river, further into the heart of the Red Jungle. I'd noted a definite increase in the amount of Snakeweed as we progressed, going from simply one plant among many to the main component of the undergrowth, but nothing about it seemed especially unusual. Today, however, that changed.

In the early afternoon, we came across a dense thicket of Snakeweed, clumped together into an odd vertical shape, roughly 6 feet high and 2 feet around. That was surprising enough, but it was also covered in bright yellow flowers, which is unusual as I have never known Snakeweed to flower. Quickly, I dropped my pack and took out my notebook, only to have my boot brush over an oddly-shaped rock as I stepped forward.

Looking down, I saw that this fist-sized chunk was not natural, and on closer inspection appeared to be a shattered piece of masonry. It looked like part of a signpost, or a milestone, as even this small segment had a few characters of writing on it. Even though I couldn't translate them, I recognised these characters as being in the language of the Snake People of the Golden Pyramids, our first encounter with their artefacts on this trip.

Excitedly, I told Andrea to look around to see if she could find more fragments, or maybe even the rest of this small stone pillar still standing intact, whereupon she immediately walked over to the clump of Snakeweed. "Uh, how about we start with the place where the vines go up weirdly in the shape of, I dunno, a pillar?" Grabbing at a patch of vines she wrenched them away, revealing the stone column underneath.

I was just about to run forward to inspect it, but suddenly it seemed as though her rough treatment had caused some sort of reaction in the plant. The first part of it was innocuous enough - one of the flowers above her fell forwards and dumped a spray of pollen over Andrea's head, causing her to sneeze reflexively. After that she shook her head and simply glared at it - a defense mechanism to irritate and confuse aggressors might work on jungle animals, but it

was safe to say they lacked Andrea's impressive constitution. However, the next response was significantly more emphatic.

With startling speed, several of the vines unwound themselves from the mass around the pillar, and launched themselves towards her. Caught by surprise, she still managed to tear out one that had wrapped itself around her right arm, but it was quickly replaced by two more, and together they succeeded in pinning her arm back, all of her other limbs quickly following suit. I scrambled back over towards my pack, hastily pulling out one of the bottles of Liquid Fire I brought with me specifically so we could clear out Snakeweed as necessary. Turning, I scanned the area for a good place to throw from, somewhere I could get the mass of the Snakeweed while sparing Andrea as much as possible.

Just as I got into position though, Andrea called out to me. "Wait, Isobelle, stop!"

I paused, arm raised. "Uh, what?"

She answered quickly. "I, well, I don't think I'm in serious danger right now, right?"

Looking over the situation, there was... a way you could make that argument. While her limbs were being spread back against the plant mass, she was not being pulled with enough force to injure her, nor had any of the vines sought to stop her breathing by curling around her throat. She seemed captive, but not being attacked. "Can we maybe just... see how this goes for a little bit?", she added. "Especially if the alternative is you burning me with that shit again."

I lowered my arm, sighing slightly. "You're having fun being unexpectedly tied up, aren't you? Is this a sex thing?"

"What? No", she answered, and then in the same moment we both saw another of the vines begin to wind its way up her leg, pulling insistently at the gap in her armour around her waist. "Okay, *maybe* yes", she revised hurriedly. "Just, uh, keep watch and make sure things don't go bad, okay? I want to see how this ride plays out..."

Shaking my head with a smile, I sat down on a nearby rock to keep an eye on things. It was Andrea's eager adventurousness that drew me to her as a partner in the first place, first as a team member and then as considerably more, so I could hardly begrudge her this now. Besides, from previous expeditions it was her willingness to throw herself into such situations that gave us the breakthrough we needed - I never would have been able to write such an in-depth exposé of the half-dragon cult I made my name on without her, nor, indeed, would I have been able to get the initial money for the publishing without having a constant supply of eggs to sell for a few months. So, with the Liquid Fire still at hand in case things went too far, I sat back to observe.

Not having her hands free to remove her clothes with herself, Andrea was limited to giving

vaguely encouraging hip thrusts as the vine continued its awkward probing. Soon it was joined by another one that wrapped around her waist from behind, and between the two of them they managed to work her scale mail leggings loose.

“Easy now”, Andrea said, although quite why she seemed to be trying to reason with a plant was beyond me, “let’s just take it- hnn!”

Her attempt at persuasion having landed on a complete lack of ears (yes Andrea, I know you are reading this over my shoulder, I still think it was a dumb idea), the vines seized their opportunity, with the first of them pressing urgently inside her. I tensed, reaching for the Liquid Fire once again, but Andrea called me off once again with a jerked wave of her hand.

“Nn-no”, she gasped, “it’s... it’s fine. They... ff... *fuck*... they know what they’re doing...”

Peering closer, I noted that the second vine had started to run itself rhythmically over her clit, providing a surprisingly adept counterpoint to the vigorous thrusting. Intriguingly, it seems the plant had some sort of investment in its actions being enjoyed by the subject, a fact that Andrea attested to with her repeated loud moans.

The encounter lasted perhaps five minutes overall, which may seem brief, but considering it was penetrating her emphatically the entire time anything further might have been painfully excessive. That said, the end point seemed to be determined by Andrea reaching climax, so it is entirely possible that if that had taken longer the plant would have simply kept going. As it was though, when she was nearing orgasm it seemed to somehow detect this (how exactly a plant managed this I have no idea), and it reacted by surging itself, depositing a burst of seed-like sap inside her. Andrea was then allowed to ride out the rest of her own climax as this sticky, pale green fluid dripped out of her, and then after a few shuddering moments the vines simply withdrew, lowering her back down to the ground. Looking up at me she said slowly, “well, I don’t know about you, but I think this trip is already a success.”

We’ve had no further interaction with the Snakeweed, not even when I very tentatively cleared some more of it aside to let me make a rubbing of the few visible carvings on the milestone (as I now believe it to be). Andrea reports that she feels fine, invigorated even, and after disappearing to the nearby river briefly to clean herself up seems no worse for wear. I am keeping an eye on her in case the sap proves itself to be toxic, but it did seem like that would be a spectacularly inefficient defence mechanism. My current theory is that this must be some method of propagation, similar to fruits that are designed to be eaten so that other creatures will spread the seeds, except rather more direct in its approach. Time will tell I suppose, but if we wake up tonight with the tent covered in Snakeweed then Andrea is going to sleep outside for the rest of the trip. No, you are, it’s my tent, deal with it.

Expedition Day 6:

Another development, this one even more surprising. In the early hours of the morning I was awakened by an odd sound coming from next to me, where Andrea was sleeping. She was breathing heavily, and as I rolled over to look at her I saw she was curled up facing away from me, seemingly twitching feverishly. My first thought was that some toxin from the plant had overwhelmed even her iron constitution, and I cursed myself for how blasé I'd been last night. I scrambled over to her and, when I pulled away the furs she'd been sleeping under, I saw exactly what it was that was going on.

The noise I'd been hearing was the sound of her frantically masturbating, a fact that also explained her heavy breathing. Her right hand was slick enough with her fluids that it seemed like she must have been going at it for some time, and yet I noted with some disbelief that she appeared to still be asleep - her eyes were closed, her eyelids twitching at what I can only imagine was a very enticing dream. Nonetheless, her hand continued in its movements, and as I watched it even adjusted slightly to include a steady circular rhythm of her thumb over her clit.

At this point I experienced a quandary. It was fair to say that this was not a standard state of affairs - I've been sleeping next to Andrea for some time now, and a habit of compulsively masturbating while unconscious is not one I'd ever encountered from her. And yet, she didn't seem to be in danger, per se. Quite the opposite, in fact. So was it really worth me waking her up, just because this was unusual?

In the end, the decision was made for me. There was another shift in her movements, and I realised something else was happening. Now her index finger had joined her thumb in its steady circular motion, and as I watched I saw the action she was making there begin to change. Her hand started to pull out slightly, dragging itself along the length of her clit rather than simply brushing up against it, and in seeing that I suddenly noticed that that was possible because there was now enough of a length for her to do that with. In the space of perhaps a minute her clit had become over an inch long, and with every feverish stroke it only seemed to grow further. Soon she was able to wrap another finger around its length, and then another, and another, until finally her whole hand was curled up against herself, and the movement had shifted entirely into long, steady strokes. Then, under the renewed circular massage of her thumb, the tip of her clit flared outwards, and it suddenly became obvious just what exactly I was looking at.

In the course of just a few minutes, Andrea had grown a penis; her clitoris transforming into a completely different organ, and with a sudden thrust of her hips she proved its potency by sending out a surge of slick cum. That cum appeared to be the same seed-like sap the Snakeweed had deposited into her, and, indeed, her new penis seemed to have a slight greenish tint to it, differentiating itself somewhat from the rest of her body. It seemed to have replaced her clit entirely, although as far as I could see the rest of her vagina was still intact - a fact that her other hand was still quietly taking advantage of, I noted.

It seemed that climax was finally enough to make her wake up, and as her eyes opened her unconscious movements stopped. “Mhmm... morning”, she said slowly, seeing me peering over her as she shook off her sleep. “What’s up?”

Then there was a moment when the sensations coming from the rest of her body caught up with her, and after a confused expression crossed her face she slowly pivoted her head downwards to see what exactly was going on. “Oh”, she said simply. “Well, good morning to you too, I guess.”

I have to admit, I was taken aback by her nonchalance. “That’s it? You wake up to find yourself with extra genitalia and that’s your only response?”

She shrugged. “What else is there to say?” She drew her hand one more time along the length of it, shuddering in pleasure as she did so. “It feels pretty great, so I’m not exactly mad that it’s here.”

“Right...”, I answered, still a little tense from the burst of panic I’d felt when I first woke up, and a little disheartened with the way Andrea was treating everything so casually. “What about the way you were just... pleasuring yourself just now, while you were asleep? Doesn’t that seem troubling to you?”

Again, Andrea shrugged. “Well hey, you’ve got a dick - you know what it’s like to wake up with a boner.”

That was true - unlike Andrea I’d always had a penis (and testicles, which she appeared to still lack), so I could relate to at least that part. “Okay”, I countered, “but I’ve never woken up to find out that I’ve been jerking myself off in my sleep before.”

“Well, maybe you should try it”, she said. “It feels pretty great.”

As I’ve said before, Andrea has always been adventurous and easy-going, the type to take almost anything in her stride, but the degree of nonchalance she was displaying here seemed exceptional even for her. After some further questioning I managed to ascertain that she didn’t have any extra knowledge of what exactly happened, and she didn’t report feeling anything particularly different when she went to sleep last night. Then she hit on me, and made a series of lewd gestures to indicate what type of exploration we should do today (“exploring my dick”, she is making me write here, for clarification).

While all of this isn’t *entirely* out of character for her, there is a difference between playing around at home and getting caught up in lust when we’re in a new and unusual situation. For now I am politely declining the offer, and will instead be simply keeping an eye on things.

While somewhat put out by my refusal, she reports that she feels fine to keep going, so for now our trek will resume.

Expedition Day 6 - evening:

Well, her lack of balls didn't last long. ~~I can't b~~ No, sorry, I shouldn't editorialise. I'll back up a bit and relate the entire event.

So, we were continuing with our hike. We hadn't encountered much of note since yesterday, except for the ever-present Snakeweed. Now it seemed to be flowering all around us, leaving the air thick with pollen in places, but none of the vines made any sort of threatening move as we walked. I kept my distance just in case, but Andrea continued to be completely unconcerned, although she was at least still wearing her armour, despite trying to set out initially without it. She'd also joked that she should go without clothes entirely, given that her leggings would be uncomfortable now, but a stern look from me put paid to that. Everything else aside, I can't have her snagging herself on some patch of thorns - I'd never hear the end of it for not warning her.

Her dick was also still present. I'd sat with her in the morning and inspected it (much to her chagrin that it didn't go further than that), noting that it seemed to be a surprisingly good-looking and sizeable specimen, despite the odd green tint. I would say that it looks good on her, if I wasn't sure she'd rub it in my face later, and probably in both senses of the phrase. Beyond that, Andrea seemed to be as she always was, although there was an unusual dryness to her skin, perhaps indicating some sort of mild fever. I shall have to keep an eye out, but for now it doesn't seem like a serious concern, and she seemed to manage the rigors of our hike without complaint.

We walked without incident until the late afternoon. Then, just as we rounded yet another of the endless bends of this this river, we caught sight of another of the ancient milestones. Although this one wasn't completely covered up like the previous one had been, there was a single Snakeweed vine curling lazily up it, with the majority of the stonework underneath still able to be clearly seen. That said, I was reluctant to approach *any* amount of Snakeweed at this point, especially around one of these markers, given what happened last time. So I hung back cautiously, charcoal and rubbing paper in hand, trying to decide whether it was worth risking it.

Seeing my dilemma, Andrea laughed. "Really?", she teased. "You're scared of a plant now?"

"After what happened when you messed with it last time? Yes", I answered.

She rolled her eyes. "C'mon Isobel, it's *one* vine. What's it gonna do?"

Walking over to the milestone, she reached out and grabbed the vine, pulling the tip of it free and holding it up in front of her in a mock struggle. "Oh no", she gasped over-dramatically, this

one vine has completely overpowered me! How can I possibly break free?"

"Hmph", I sniffed, starting to make my way over. "Okay, you've made your p-"

She interrupted me before I took more than a few steps., "Now it's undoing my belt - what a fiendishly cunning vine this is!" Sure enough, while she held the vine limply in one hand at her hip, her other hand quickly undid her belt, and soon both her clothes and armour were pulled aside. "And now I'm naked from the waist down! And the plant is going for my... private parts! Shock, horror, whatever shall I do?"

I frowned. "You're going to fuck this plant aren't you? Whether it wants to or not, huh?"

"Now it's... c'mon... there!... now it's wrapping itself around my cock!", Andrea continued, quite clearly no longer for my benefit. She'd haphazardly draped the tip of the vine over her right hand, which she was now starting to pump energetically along the length of her penis. Pretty soon she'd worked herself up enough that she was no longer bothering with the pretence, and was instead focussing on just enjoying herself as much as possible.

I watched impatiently for a little while, but only belatedly did it occur to me the problem with how she was positioned. "Wait, please don't cum on the ancient inscr-"

"Hnn-ahh!", Andrea gasped, tensing up and jerking her hips forwards, sending bursts of pale green liquid out over the surface of the milestone.

"Wow", I said flatly. "Remind me not to take you on archeological trips again in the future."

Andrea ignored me, spending a few moments leaning against the post and catching her breath. Eventually she raised the vine up to her face, the tip of it still dripping slightly from her cum. "Good job team", she said to it. "Although you probably could have done more of the work."

She jolted backwards slightly, and I could tell that the vine actually did start to move in her hand, rather than her just moving for it. "Oh, so *now* you're ready to play?", she teased, once again marvelously unconcerned as it snaked towards her.

For my part, I was torn between pulling her away and telling her it served her right. "Do you think you should maybe step away from it now?", I eventually said.

"It's fine", she answered with a shrug. "I'm sure it just wants to ghk-!"

Suddenly the vine had sprung forwards, taking her by surprise as it pressed itself between her lips. I fell backwards, immediately scrabbling back towards my pack to dig out that bottle of Liquid Fire, but I was stopped as Andrea frantically waved a hand at me.

“Ths fuh!”, she said, completely unable to form words around the length that was stuffing itself inside her mouth, but giving me a thumbs up all the same. Backing down only reluctantly, I once again sat back to observe another instance of local interaction.

The tip of the vine fortunately did not seem to be that large, and Andrea managed to accommodate it ~~in the same way she’s done in her practiced~~ without much difficulty. She seemed to get into it pretty quickly too, her new cock somehow managing to start stiffening up once again (a neat trick that I was momentarily jealous of). Soon she was stroking the length of the vine encouragingly, and once again it didn’t take long for the Snakeweed to finish up.

This time I saw the base of the plant start to swell, and then a series of bulges ran through the length of the vine all the way up to Andrea’s mouth. When they passed her lips her cheeks swelled, and she made a series of “glk! Glk! Glk!” noises as she struggled to swallow the mess of seed the Snakeweed was pumping into her. Then, after about 4 or 5 solid bursts it appeared to be done, withdrawing so rapidly from her mouth that she fell heavily down to the ground as she unbalanced herself.

I was momentarily concerned that she might have been genuinely hurt, or at least winded, but once again I was stopped in my tracks as she quickly sat up and then instantly began to masturbate.

“Really?”, was all I could say. “Again?”

She didn’t respond though, and I quickly realised that this time she wasn’t just ignoring me for comedic effect. Her eyes seemed almost glazed over, her hand movements jerky and uncoordinated as she feverishly worked herself over. It reminded me of how she’d been when I saw her this morning, right as she’d first gotten her new equipment. So, despite myself, I couldn’t help but lean in closer just to see what happened this time. I wasn’t disappointed.

While her right hand was still frantically stroking up and down the length of her penis, her left had drifted downwards, massaging steadily at the base of her slit. Then slowly there was a sort of reaction - as her fingers pushed inwards against her flesh something internal seemed to respond, and as I watched I saw her press two small shapes out from inside herself, her new balls settling down inside the palm of her hand as she gave a satisfied sigh. In moments they’d both swelled to an almost intimidating size, while behind them the rest of her vagina had sealed up completely, leaving her with the same set of genitalia as I have. Except slightly green, of course, and just a little bit annoyingly larger.

Once that had all finished off she gave her new balls an encouraging squeeze, and with that came to what I can only describe as a triumphant climax. The volume she gave out this time put her previous endeavours to shame, and given that she was *still pointing at the damn milestone* the

entire thing was soon literally dripping, ruining any possibility I'll have to get any rubbings of the carvings unless I want to waste all our wool trying to clean it all up. Once again she seemed both completely unashamed and unconcerned (the former of which is perhaps not entirely abnormal for her, but the latter still seems odd), and seemed to think this new development was almost entirely unremarkable.

For my part though, I was done with hiking for the day. I'm not sure if it was the tropical heat or the fact that Andrea's actions were becoming increasingly erratic while her demeanour was still infuriatingly casual, but I just couldn't bring myself to drag her any further for today. So we set up camp, a discrete distance from the still-dripping milestone, with the vain hope that it will have dried out by the morning so that I could examine it properly. We've settled into our tent now, and it feels like Andrea's body is just radiating heat. She fell asleep pretty much the second she lay down, while I stayed up to try to document things, and I can feel the warmth pouring off of her. It is distracting, to say the least. Apart from that and her dry skin she doesn't show any other sign of fever, she's not sweating or in discomfort, so I will try to just do as she is and ignore it. I suppose I won't feel cold at all tonight, at least.

Expedition Day 7:

A less remarkable day today, although my definition of 'remarkable' is likely getting pretty skewed. Andrea's new equipment still remains - if anything it seems slightly larger, and definitely more green-looking, but before I could make a more definitive evaluation she invited me to "conduct a hands on investigation", and then began stroking herself over in a deliberately enticing manner. I declined her offer again though. While I'm sure that would be interesting, and no doubt result in several noteworthy findings, it is still best not to risk that for right now. Informed of my decision, Andrea scoffed, gave herself one long, slow stroke, and said simply "your loss", before reluctantly stuffing herself inside her armour.

The milestone was a different kind of mess by the time we emerged; a fresh series of vines having wrapped themselves around it while we slept. I was in no mood to tangle with them myself, and Andrea seemed equally uninterested, so we simply set off up the river.

We made slow progress through the course of the day. The terrain was rougher, and several times we had to carefully cross patches of thick mud that threatened to suck the boots right off our feet with every step. We can't have made it more than a few miles before the sun was starting to set, and we hadn't found any sign of the Snake People in that time. I called a halt as soon as we found a clearing, putting down my pack and getting ready to settle in.

Andrea, however, only stopped very reluctantly. She seemed determined to press on, and it was only by telling her I felt physically incapable of walking any further that she finally relented. When she came back over I realised she must have stowed the majority of her armour at some

point today, and was now just wearing her more comfortable clothes. When I asked about it she shrugged, saying she didn't see the point in wearing it right now. I suppose I couldn't really argue the point - the only attacks she'd suffered were the ones she'd actively invited, and as such her weighty scale mail had been an impediment rather than a help.

In any case, she seemed fidgety and distracted, and when she sat down next to me I noticed what I quickly assumed to be the explanation, the fact that her leggings were struggling to conceal an impressive erection.

I nodded towards it. "Problem?", I asked, happy to tease rather than be teased for once on this trip.

She eyed me up. "Why, you offering to help?"

I have to admit, I couldn't manage to answer. For some reason my cocksure response caught in my throat, and I found myself genuinely unsure of what to say. "N-no", I managed eventually, looking away hurriedly. We've been together long enough that I thought I was past the blushing and bashful part of our courtship, but apparently something about being out here with her brings it out in me. So, with an exaggerated sigh, she excused herself, and I'm sure I can hear her working herself over down by the river as I write this. I can't shake the feeling that I should be observing her, that there's something I could learn by watching what she's going through, but that's inane. I'll record what's going on here, but I don't need to see the specifics. Although perhaps I'll ask her about them tonight when we turn in. It would be useful to establish her thoughts and feelings of the situation, so that sounds like a good plan.

Expedition Day 8 - morning:

Well, we fucked. That's blunt, but it's true. One moment we were talking, then we were talking next to each other, and then we were fucking. It was... unexpected.

I'd asked her about how she was feeling, and she said she was feeling good; full of energy, ready to go out and experience the world through the lens of her new anatomical abilities (I may have paraphrased somewhat). Then for some reason I asked if I could touch her cock, as though holding it would help me learn more, and of course she said yes, and touching lead to feeling which led to... rather more indeed.

It's notable that it wasn't our standard arrangement. Obviously that's true, given Andrea's change in circumstances, but it was more than just that. We have fairly established roles in the bedroom, and it's me that takes the lead, while she is happy to be subservient. This was... not that. It was, to be honest, rather exhilarating. I'm normally quite set in my preferences, but for some reason, this felt like exactly what I needed right now; to be passionately taken from

behind on some anonymous bend of an exotic, unexplored jungle. Not perhaps what I would want to do all the time, but it certainly worked for today. Andrea seemed to enjoy herself too, and she provided plenty of physical proof of that. So much so that I am left wondering if I am at risk of catching whatever it was that the plants did to her. In thinking about that though, that's probably not much of a concern. I already have a penis, and I sincerely doubt I'm going to grow another.

In any case, her frustrated energy from before seemed to disappear entirely once we were finished, and we both slept soundly. I awoke to nothing worse than a pleasant, satisfied feeling, and after a quick breakfast we're ready to set out once again.

Expedition Day 8 - evening:

Today was rather eventful, so I'll skip the preamble and get right to recording it. We hiked through the day, the terrain evening out for us to make significant progress, and not long before sunset we came across another of the milestones. Assuming we missed yesterday's one - presumably it either sank into the mud or was so overgrown we couldn't find it - then it seems as though they're set up roughly a day's hike from each other.

This one was completely free of vines, standing on a rocky outcrop that even the Snakeweed hadn't been able to envelope completely. Andrea and I both approached it together this time, and as we did I felt myself get a little excited. She looked at me and grinned, and I felt there were implications here, that we'd established a sort of tradition in our previous interactions. ~~It was~~ I'm not entirely sure if I can describe it properly. We both moved in as a joke, laughing quietly as we mocked this particular milestone for not having any vines to threaten us with, and then Andrea joked that maybe she should help this one along by spreading some seed on it as she had the last one, and I laughed, but it was the sort of joke that we both knew that it also wasn't a joke. It was a joke if either of us had objected to it, but when neither of us did, we kept pushing it further and further. She undid her belt with a laugh, shoving her leggings aside as she hauled out her substantial package, and then at that point I just stopped laughing.

It was only then that I noticed the considerable changes that had happened to Andrea during the day. Her dick was solidly green now, rather than just having the greenish tinge it started with, but it wasn't quite plant green. It was something else. I'm having trouble describing it exactly, but thinking back on it w

actually hold on, Andrea's right here, I've got a better idea

OK. Her cock is green now, but its green with scales, which coat the length of it from base to just below the tip. Those same scales extend downwards, spreading out over her balls, and then they spread out over her skin, leaving most of her waist green while from the thighs down and the

stomach up she's still normal. Her butt also seems tighter? I don't know if that's because of these scales though. Anyway

I saw all that, and I realised that whatever this was was spreading, changing her more than just giving her this nice big cock. And that was a surprise, and a big thing we'd have to deal with, but I just can't couldn't focus on thinking about that right now. Her cock was out, and she was stroking it, looking up at me and grinning, and as I turned around and looked at the milestone I could have sworn that all the pictographs on it were little pictures of people fucking, in all these different positions, getting taken from behind, being pressed down to their knees and made to suck them off, and then I turned back and Andrea is right in front of me and I have to just get down and i

Sorry. We got distracted again there. Now that Andrea is sleeping happily and I don't need to describe her equipment any further, I'll continue.

What happened at the time is pretty much exactly what happened just now. I got down onto my knees and Andrea swept in, pressing her cock between my lips. It felt really good, so much so that I could help but reach down and start working myself over at the same time. Above me, Andrea was enjoying herself too, her fingers curling into my hair as she thrust herself in and out of my mouth. Her breath was coming in short, hissed gasps, and the scales on her rear felt so wonderfully smooth and cool as I grabbed at her with my one free hand.

It didn't take long, then or now. Pretty soon she tensed up, pressing herself tightly against me as she let loose with wave after wave of wonderfully thick seed. I slid back slowly, making sure to lick her cock clean as I did so, even as I was still frenziedly jerking myself off beneath her. It felt somehow important to serve her correctly, and it wasn't until the dripping tip of her cock had slid free from my lips and she looked down and smiled - that was when I felt like my job was done to her satisfaction, and I could finally cum. And I did; this time it was my turn to coat the side of the milestone with thick seed, although I didn't even realise that was where I was pointing until it was too late. although, did I? It feels easy to say that it was an accident, that makes more sense, but if I'm honest with myself, I don't know that that's true. I knew, I think, and I did it anyway because it felt better somehow. Perhaps it was more taboo, or risqué, or something, but it simply felt good to do, so I did it. Looking back now, I can't even seem to bring myself to regret it.

After that though, I couldn't bring myself to try to investigate the milestone. Once again we'd managed to obscure the pictographs, but beyond that, I just felt surprisingly uninterested in it. I can't shake the feeling that we're onto something here, that we'll have a real discovery if we just keep pushing onwards, rather than letting ourselves get distracted. Why stare at simple rocks if soon we'll have whole golden pyramids to study?

We set up camp after we'd finished at the milestone, curling up together while I wrote these

notes. As I mentioned we were distracted again for a while, but now Andrea is sleeping soundly, and I feel like I am ready for a good rest myself.

one more thing: I noticed an odd, heavy sensation in my testicles as I was trying to settle down to sleep. I slipped out of the tent and in the light of the stars made a brief self-examination. I think they are very slightly larger than normal, and I think I can feel an odd sensation that speaks to over-production. Most notably, they look visibly green, and I think I can make out the faint specks of scales just beginning to emerge on their surface.

I don't know how I feel about this yet. There is a mix of competing emotions, but as I stood in the jungle with my balls in my hand, the only one I could really focus on was 'horny'. I will get some rest for now, and attempt to figure out exactly what to do tomorrow.

Expedition Day 9 Noon:

We set out just after dawn, both of us ready and eager to keep making progress. Unfortunately, we've hit a problem in that regard. The river in this area seems to spread out into a perilous swampy marsh, and try as we might we don't seem to be able to ford it. The ground here has the consistency of soup, the mud being thin enough that that we would sink before we make any progress given the weight of our packs, and a few testing prods showed that it was more than deep enough to be dangerous. We spent about an hour trying to scout a way around, but there's a sheer cliff to our side that we're unlikely to be able to find out way up. So for now we're sitting down and considering our options - either trying to find a safe way across (or up), or pulling down some of the trees and seeing if we can make a raft or bridge or something. While we wait though there's something I wanted to write down. I noticed that Andrea was wearing even less than before, only bothering to put on her sturdiest undergarments before leaving camp. I just asked her about that, that if she was perhaps feeling hot, but once again she just brushed the question aside, this time with only a wordless shrug. I thought about pressing the point, but her wearing that little meant that I could get a good look at the progress of the scales against her skin. They'd spread over more of her body overnight, now covering her from around her bellybutton to about halfway down her thighs. They also seemed to have settled into two distinct shades - a darker green on her rear and back, and the standard, lighter green that marked her belly and front. Sh

she caught me staring and this this time shes not even bothering to joke she's just taking off her ~~undergame undg~~ clothes and she's waving her butt at me and I know its a tease but still she has a *great* butt and now its all shiny and smooth and

she turned around and is waving her cock at me now and it looks *very good*

This is not fair and she knows it come on

Ffff-----

This is the point where the journal entries stop, given that at the time I was not in much of a mood to write anything. However, given the significance of our findings after this point, I've tried to convey what happened here in as much detail as I can remember. Fortunately, it rather stuck in my mind, so that wasn't hard. The narrative picks up not long after it left off, and I've tried to keep the tense the same as in previous entries so it feels less disjointed from this break.

We fucked again. I should probably be more specific actually - she fucked *me*. That was very much the situation there.

I was still somewhat approaching it in a joking, teasing mood; that we'd be playing with each other as we gave into the ridiculousness of whatever it was that was happening here. She... wasn't. I don't mean to say at all that she was mean or forceful- well, no, she definitely was forceful, but it wasn't in a bad way. She'd started out slowly, but by the time I approached her there was almost a fire in her eyes, and she gave me a look I'd only ever seen after times when I'd been away for a month or so on book trips or something. Except this time she wasn't lying back and trying to lure me into bed, but throwing herself forwards, pressing me face-first into the ground as she fumbled to undo my clothes.

In seconds she'd stripped off my skirt, and I swear I heard her hiss in triumph at the feeling of her cock thrusting inside me. Her fingernails felt almost sharp enough to hurt, but it was clear that she wasn't even focusing on that - she was fixated on taking me as thoroughly and emphatically as possible, and digging her nails into my shoulders was just a reflex, something that made clear exactly what we *had* to do here.

I have to admit, I didn't exactly mind either. She knocked the breath out of me when she first pushed me down, but as I lay there gasping my heart was *racing*, and I didn't want anything other than to press myself back up against her so she could fill me more fully. I've mentioned before I'm not normally one for being taken like this, but I think I am reconsidering my opinion on that.

She fucked me for a long time. How long exactly I'm not sure, because I lost myself to it enough that I wasn't keeping track, and I suspect the same was true for her too. It just felt endless - she'd thrust herself inside me and it would feel so *good*, and I'd push back against her feverishly, my own cock straining with every wonderful movement. I came myself not long into it, splattering the ground beneath me with shuddering spurts of cum, but she didn't even slow down. And I

didn't want her to either. I should say, this is unusual for both of us - I'm normally limited to a single climax and that generally marks the end of our sessions, but somehow this was different.

I looked back up at her at one point and her eyes were yellow, her teeth bared in a snarl as she pulled me back against her cock. It was somewhere beyond merely enjoying it, she *needed* it. And for my part, even if I didn't cum again I didn't care. I just needed her inside me, I needed *her* to cum, and I needed it because *she* needed it - I was absolutely at her mercy and she knew it, she was riding hard for exactly what she wanted in that moment and it was all I could possibly want to give it to her. Honestly, the sight of how much she was lost in it at that moment, that just about made me cum a second time.

Eventually she seemed to get her fill, and with a drawn-out hiss she arched her back and came, letting me feel the slow sweet bliss of her cum filling me up. Then she let go me go, apparently done with me for the moment, and slid back as I dropped to the ground. It took me some while to come down and catch my breath, and by the time I looked up again, Andrea was gone.

I confess, I didn't even realise that at first. I was still just sitting back and panting, and then I noticed an odd winding track in the dirt next to me, and it was only when I tried to ask Andrea what it was that made it that I realised she wasn't anywhere around. Fortunately, that was pretty much right when she returned, and the sight of her was more than enough to distract from my earlier confusion.

The changes had spread, much further than I could have possibly expected. From her waist down her whole body was coated in that two-tone of smooth green scales, and she was gliding towards me on the long, sinuous snake tail that had seemingly replaced her legs. The changes must have accelerated for her while we were fucking, but I'd been so lost in it that I hadn't even noticed her slow repositioning to account for her changing body. My eyes widened as it occurred to me that this too might be contagious, and a brief glance downwards confirmed that I too had a growing band of green scales circling my hips, just like I'd seen on her before we started.

By the time I looked back up she was right in front of me, holding her cock out in front of me. It quickly became apparent exactly what she'd been away for as I realised it was wet - apparently she'd taken the trouble to go to where the river was still running clear to clean herself off. I appreciated the sentiment, but I also knew what that meant. That was part of our dynamic too - when I'd done that that in the past, it meant that she was expected to make good use of my nice clean cock. And now here she was, looking down at me and grinning, her cock inches from my face.

I swallowed hard, trying to talk. I've had some experience with cocks in my past, but hers - I had to fight the urge to savour every inch of it. "W-wait", I said slowly, "I don't... should we? Is this... do we know...?"

Her hand moved behind my head, her now clearly-pointed claws combing carefully through my hair as she looked down at me. I stared up at her powerful grin and fierce yellow eyes, but instead of just forcing herself forwards - as I'm honestly not sure I can say I wasn't hoping she'd do - she simply held me there and smiled, her cock stiff in the air between us.

"Sssshh", she said softly, stroking my head comfortingly. It occurred to me that it was the first time she'd actually spoken in hours, possibly even all day, and there was a new, breathy sibilance to her voice that was surprisingly pleasant to listen to. "It'sss okay..."

Despite her best efforts, I pulled back slightly. "How... how do you know? How do you, uh... how..." I trailed off, my eyes falling slowly back down to her cock. It was still right there, glistening and perfect and so achingly ready for me.

"I jusst know", she continued, still petting me soothingly. She swept one hand down her body, her smile widening as she slid her clawed fingers down her smooth, scaled flesh. "Trusst me, it feels sssso good..."

Without realising it, my hand had found its way behind her, taking hold of her nice firm butt. "I... but, what if... how do... what...", I said slowly, but even as I spoke I could feel my lips brushing up against her - I must have drifted closer to her unconsciously, and suddenly there was a slickness on the tip of my tongue, and it wasn't just the water from the river. Somehow, she was already ready to go, and the salty tang of her pre-cum was enough to make me stumble over my words even further.

She reached down, tucking two fingers under my chin as she looked deep into my eyes. "Ssshhh", she said again, "you always think too much. Jusst for once, why don't you try letting go, and jusst letting yourssself go with it, like I do? I promissse, it will work out well..."

My head was spinning, my thoughts random and wild. "But... I can't... shake off toxins like you...", I babbled, but then she just moved herself forwards ever so slowly, at a speed that I knew I could have pushed her aside, or moved away, or even just closed my mouth - anything, I could have done anything to stop her if I'd wanted to, but I didn't - my eyes just rolled back in my head helplessly as she pressed her cock irresistibly between my lips.

I leaned in. I couldn't help it, the sensation of her cock sliding its way down the length of my tongue, tasting the slickness of her cum as it went, feeling her body tense as I grabbed her ass - it felt good. It was more than that, it felt *right*, it felt like exactly what I should be doing, and that I needed to service her over and over and over again, for exactly as long as she would let me. The thought of that was overwhelming, so much so that I couldn't help but reach down with one hand, starting to desperately work myself over. I shouldn't have been able to get hard again so soon, let alone cum, but already I could feel my balls churning, feel the need building up, and I just had to jerk off *hard*. I needed to cum, it was *important* that I came, it felt like I needed to

be rewarded for being of use, for servicing Andrea like it felt so good to do, but also I knew that that wasn't her job, somehow? I was supposed to service her, and she was supposed to enjoy it, and I was supposed to enjoy her enjoying it, and that's why it was so important that I cum, so she knew exactly how much I enjoyed it, and how happy I was for her to fuck me exactly like she wanted to.

I don't know how I knew all that, but I did, and the realisation of it all was what made my fingers curl up against my balls as I came *hard*, adding yet another puddle of thick green cum to the ground around us.

For her part, Andrea gave a brief, triumphant snarl at the sight of my climax, then ramped up her tempo in an effort to chase down her own. It didn't take long either, soon she'd hurriedly shifted one hand to my jaw, clamping it down on her cock as she tensed desperately. Then she came, and I could feel her heavy balls swelling and releasing against my lips as wave after wave of her slick cum pulsed down my throat, and the heat of it, the dizzying, all-encompassing warmth; it felt like it all rushed to my head as my eyes rolled backwards. I couldn't think, couldn't do anything but blissfully suck and swallow, all I needed to be was a companion for Andrea to use and fill with her wonderful cum. I'm told I was still jerking myself off too, but I was so far gone I can't even remember it, I just knew that I should be feeling as good as possible, and running my own slick hand frantically up and down my still-dripping shaft was just another way to achieve that.

What I do remember distinctly was the point where I felt something else start to happen. My legs were growing increasingly uncomfortable in the kneeling position I was in, leading me to awkwardly shift to sitting down with my legs out in front, split open to accommodate Andrea before me. Then I felt the warmth in my stomach start to descend, and the sensation of it was enough to make me look down in confusion as Andrea pulled away. From there I saw - it's hard to describe exactly, but my thighs were somehow moving inwards and joining together, like two pieces of cloth being sewn into one. At the same time those same light-green scales that marked Andrea's belly were moving steadily down my own body, my legs quickly merging together up to just above my knees.

As I said, it was a sight that was hard to describe, and it was enough of a shock to make me jerk backwards. "Nuh!", I blurted, too busy trying to process everything to form proper words. The sensation of my legs becoming increasingly more inflexible was disconcerting, and even with Andrea right there with me I couldn't help but freak out a little.

"Hey, it'sss okay", she said quickly, holding up her palms to calm me down. It worked. Her voice felt like it had somehow gotten even more silky and powerful, and the sound of it stopped me in my tracks. It was a voice that people should listen to, that people would like listening to, and it felt good just to hear it. I stopped struggling instantly, looking up and giving her my undivided attention. She wrapped her long tail lovingly around my legs, encouraging their slow steady

merging even as she talked me through it. “Thiss feelsss good”, she added, hefting her dripping cock in one hand and wiping it slowly along the length of my face.

“This feels good”, I repeated. She was right, it *did* feel good.

She smiled encouragingly. “You can jussst relax and enjoy...”

“I can just relax and enjoy”, I answered. Without further prompting I moved forwards, licking tenderly along the bottom of her shaft.

“It feelsss good to... mmhmmm... sssuck my cock”, she continued.

I pulled back slightly, just far enough that I could see all of her wonderful, delicious cock in front of me, before leaning back in and just rubbing myself up against it, feeling her blissful slickness staining my cheeks. “It... feels good to suck...”, I said, but then I blinked, shaking my head a little before adding, “but... what about... the book? The exp... the trip? Th-”

She lowered herself down smoothly, reaching out and wrapping one of her hands around my cock. Instantly it jumped to attention [as a brief aside, there is clearly something here that would make a fortune if successfully marketed as an aphrodisiac], as her clawed fingers curled inwards, her thumb teasing across my tip.

“Oh Isssobel dear”, she chided gently, “don’t you think you’ve earned a break?” Her hand started moving, torturously slowly, and I couldn’t help but bite my lip as my hips bucked forwards against her unconsciously. “A chance to relax... to enjoy yourssself... to let go...”

She picked up her pace, glaring down at me intently as I slid back helplessly, propped up on my elbows against the ground. “Nn-uhhh...”, I moaned.

Meanwhile, she kept talking. “Hmmm... I think I know how to get you to unwind. Here’sss something that worked for me...”

She gave a sudden twist, and I gasped as that provoked another brief spray of my cum, jetting up and landing on my chest.

“There, doessn’t that feel good? Are you sstill thinking about work?” She looked down briefly, and seeing me still biting my lip she shrugged, not slowing the speed of her hand for a second. “Then let’sss go again.”

I panted freely, my cock already starting to strain upwards already. “I... I... it...”

“Jussst let go”, she said simply, leaning down as she cupped my balls with her free hand. “It feels

sssoo good to let go....”

With another commanding squeeze she sent a jolt of pleasure racing through me, making my back arch into the air as my cock came once again, a fresh spray of cum landing at the base of my chin. “Ah! Ahhh! Ahhmm! It... it feelsss... Sssss... good...”, I moaned, my tongue suddenly feeling long and awkward as I tried to speak.

“*There we go...*”, she said, giving me an approving nod. Just then I felt another change, and looking down, as much of my legs as I could see above and below her tail were once again merging inwards, the green scales continuing their slow march down my body. All the while she pumped away at my cock eagerly, grinning as it once again quickly became hard.

“You’ll have sssuch fun being a nice sssnake ssslut with me”, she hissed, the points of her new fangs visible as they pressed against her lips. “Won’t you girl?”

“Nhghh- ahmmnn!”, I cried out as another orgasm shook through me, sending yet more thick seed splattering on my face and chest. My tongue stretched out of my mouth as I panted desperately, brushing against my own lengthening teeth as it did. “Yessss... pleasssse...”

“Good girl”, she cooed happily, “now keep going. I want to sssee you give in completely, and watch you really *enjoy* yourssself...”

She leaned close, cradling my balls as I could swear I felt them sloshing as they refilled in seconds under her attention.

“I want to watch you sssink down”, she continued, “into being a nice, ssslutty sssnake pet, sssso I can enjoy you with my nice, thick cock...”



I came. I couldn't help but cum. I could feel my face changing, my nose shifting slightly into a short muzzle, my ears sliding outwards, but none of that mattered. I needed to cum, and I moaned through bared fangs as yet another pulse of seed landed wetly on my tits. It felt *good*, and I needed to cum, and to stretch, and to finish - I was only barely aware of my feet pressing together at the other end of my body, my legs quickly stretching out to form the rest of my new tail.

"Good girl", she said again. "What are you?"

I had no words. The best I could do give a feral hiss as my fumbling hand knocked hers aside, determined to show her just how much of an eager slut I could be, to show her that I too was completely committed to making myself cum again and again until I couldn't think of anything else. So I came, one last time, curling up with my newly flexible body so that it coated my face, encouraging the last of my changes, wrapping every part of me up in those wonderful, smooth green scales. Then, finally exhausted, I lay back, my forked tongue idly flicking outwards as I breathed heavily, casually tasting the dripping slickness that clung to me. Andrea settled down beside me, curling her tail tightly around mine as she wrapped me in an affectionate hug, slowly stroking my back as a reward for my efforts.

We lay like that for some time, blissfully content in our afterglow. It was Andrea that stirred first. Her cock had drifted slowly upwards as we lay together, and I felt a quiet rumble from her balls as they were pressed against my stomach. Just then I felt it too - an urge, or a need even, something deep and physical, my body responding automatically as yet more thick seed churned in my balls. I could feel it rising inside me, an absolute requirement to fuck and to cum, but even as I looked into Andrea's eyes and knew she shared it too, we both also knew that there was more to it than just that. We had to go.

We didn't stop to pick up the camp, or any of our belongings. We simply left, gliding out gracefully over the swamp, racing each other as our flicking tongues tasted the air to show us the way. Our bodies now perfectly adapted to the terrain, with our smooth scales keeping the mud from so much as sticking to us as we sped over the broken ground.

After around two hours of speedy travel, we came to a clearing. Now, in retrospect, I recognise that it must have been a ritual site for the Snake People, with a small stone plaza set right where several branches of the river met, the whole area bordered by a treasure trove of engraved markers. At the time though, all of that barely registered. It was simply where we needed to be.

We made our way down to the riverbank, at the point just before the branches split, the water here being surprisingly fast-flowing. There Andrea took up a position, resting her hands on two ancient pedestals that were just at the right height for her to brace herself on. In turn, I lowered myself down, nuzzling lovingly along the length of her cock. She was strongest, the warrior; so of course it was her right to go first.

After a quick glance upwards to ensure she was ready, I slid myself forwards, my own cock stiffening as I experienced the bliss of filling my mouth with her. I lapped at her eagerly, tasting every part of her with my tongue, running my lips steadily up and down her shaft, and pawing encouragingly at her nice, heavy balls. In this place, with the absolute crushing need pressing down on us, it took only a brief moment for her to start to tense, forcing me to pull back reluctantly. Andrea raised her head and hissed eagerly as thick blasts of green seed fell into the river, quickly tainting the water as it spread out along all the various branches. For my part, I continued to milk her cock diligently, licking lovingly along her shaft as my stroking hands pulled more and more orgasms out of her.

Once she was finally spent she acknowledged my service with an affectionate pat, provoking an instinctive, rumbling sound of satisfaction from me. Then she moved to lounge comfortably at the edge of the plaza, content to simply watch as I took up the position.

By now my cock was once again aching stiff, with drops of my thick green fluid already starting to bead on the tip. But, aroused as I was, it was only when I turned to face the river with my cock in my hand that what we were doing truly hit me. We were spreading. Villages, towns, even cities still existed down the length of these wandering waterways, and here we were, feverishly tainting their water, so that this would infect them too, make them need as we needed, make them feel as we felt, make them need to find waterways of their own, and spread there too.

The thought of that made me cum *hard*, especially given that I was also working myself over frantically. Soon I too had added my seed to the river, and watched with eager pleasure as it spread itself out into the flowing water. Then, when I was finally spent, I collapsed next to Andrea, who welcomed me with another celebratory embrace.



That description fairly aptly sums up our next two weeks. Each day consisted of several sessions like the above, interspersed with resting together and eating from the plentiful fruit trees in the area. Over time though, while the need to continue this ritual continued, the all-encompassing nature of it began to abate. Slowly it became less intense and more, well, playful. Eventually we both started taking turns helping the other, and after an off-handed joke escalated unexpectedly, we even took to fashioning score cards so that we could rate each other's efforts when we felt like only watching. We made the trip back to our last campsite and finally retrieved our belongings - there was enough shelter at the ritual site that we didn't need our tent, but I'd begun to get curious enough of our surroundings to want to attempt to research them again, and thankfully my diary hadn't been lost or destroyed while we were gone. My clawed hands weren't much for writing, so I couldn't transcribe anything, but eventually I managed to piece together a theory for what exactly had caused all this.

I believe that the great final project that the Snake People poured their attention into was the creation of the Snakeweed. It was intended as a way to extend their reach and dominance

throughout the region, by both converting new followers and by encouraging them to spread it to others. This plant has something of a symbiotic nature; once it encounters a host, as it did with Andrea, it alters them so they are able to spread it further, and those the host has sex with are altered too. When we went to retrieve our belongings from our campsite we found a patch of Snakeweed growing thickly where we'd had sex, proving fairly conclusively that our cum was green because it was that it was loaded with the seeds of that plant. The plant seemingly gives its hosts a knowledge of important locations - like the milestones and the ritual site - to gather for conversion, but above all to seek running water to further its spread. And that, I think, is its downfall.

It's evident that this plan did not come to fruition. The carvings around this site seem to indicate that this is something that was ongoing back when the Snake People were active hundreds of years ago, and yet the only legacy they have left is that of a widespread but completely innocuous weed. The only theory that makes sense then is that the Snakeweed as they designed it, the more active, 'prime' version, has seeds that are too fragile to survive being immersed in running water, and attempting to disperse them in this way leads to their aggressive traits being stripped away so that only a milder version of it survives to spread. So the only place to encounter the Snakeweed as it was designed is here in the heart of the Red Jungle, where it was originally sown. Having gambled their resources on this project and lost, I believe the Snake People of the Golden Pyramid were unable to maintain their civilization, and, distracted and caught up in the hedonistic rituals they created, their society collapsed.

This was all rather a relief to realise when we started to feel these urges subside, freeing us from the potential guilt of spreading a long-dormant cultural superweapon out into an unsuspecting world. It was not long after that that we began to notice our snake-like characteristics begin to recede, and we made the decision to leave before it would be too difficult to get back across the swamp. I believe that there must have been some final part of the initiation process that was to be conducted by the original members of the Snake People civilization, and without that the immune system of the host eventually fights off the infection. Unsurprisingly, given her rugged constitution, Andrea shrugged it off first, although she did seem somewhat jealous that it lingered longer for me. In either case though, by the time we re-emerged from the Red Jungle, we were both back to our old selves.

Given that there were no lasting ill-effects, and that we only scratched the surface of this ancient culture, Andrea and I have both already agreed that my next book will involve a detailed investigation into the entire Snake People civilization. We're planning another expedition, this time following a different waterway, one that appears to lead right into the heart of the Red Jungle. And, I believe, this time we will have to make sure we bring some assistants with us.

I'm quite sure there will be plenty for them to do.



APPENDIX





FURTHER ADVENTURES



Here are some ideas we came up with that spin off from these stories, in case you feel like having fun in the fantasy world from this book. Feel free to use them as inspiration in your own RPs, or even as hooks for characters or adventures in tabletop roleplaying - although you may want to tone down the adult nature of the creatures in the latter case (unless you're running the kind of game that's okay with sexually transmitted lycanthropy, in which case, congratulations):

Wererats:

- The protagonists have to infiltrate Candle Cove after The Guild has announced their control of it, to either steal an important item or retrieve an important person
- The protagonists encounter a person who has been exiled from The Guild for some infraction, and is currently going through a form of withdrawal as they no longer have the company of other wererats
- The protagonists are contracted by The Guild to escort one of their members through a dangerous road, in order to establish an 'embassy' in a distant town

Sea People:

- One of the protagonists is secretly a 'black tongue', spreading the influence of the Stormcaller Queen wherever the group travels, as well as trying to subtly convert the people they are travelling with
- The protagonists encounter an injured member of the Sea People washed up on a quiet island, but find that not only is their magic misfiring due to their injuries, but some of their old instincts are resurfacing
- The protagonists must negotiate a difficult treaty in the court of the Stormcaller Queen, where the phrase 'diplomatic niceties' has a rather unusual meaning

Sphinxes:

- One sphinx in the region decides to punish particularly unworthy travellers by remaking them into obedient pets
- An unusually curious sphinx takes a special interest in the protagonists as they travel through the region, arbitrarily assigning them a series of tests as well as subtly altering their bodies and minds in order to help or hinder their progress
- A sphinx toys with a potential monster hunter, calmly outwitting them again and again as they fail to notice the changes made to their body with every attempt until too late

Snakeweed:

- A cutting of the infectious, 'prime' version of snakeweed somehow makes its way into a crowded marketplace of a busy city, and the protagonists have to find a way to either contain its spread or attempt to escape the consequences
- The protagonists take part in one of the earlier expeditions into the heart of the Red Jungle, the members slowly finding their priorities and bodies changing as their boat takes them inexorably inwards
- The protagonists encounter a lone surviving Snake Person, who, having somehow survived the downfall of their civilization, is now dedicated to once again propagating their race, and is more than happy to use the protagonists as a starting point

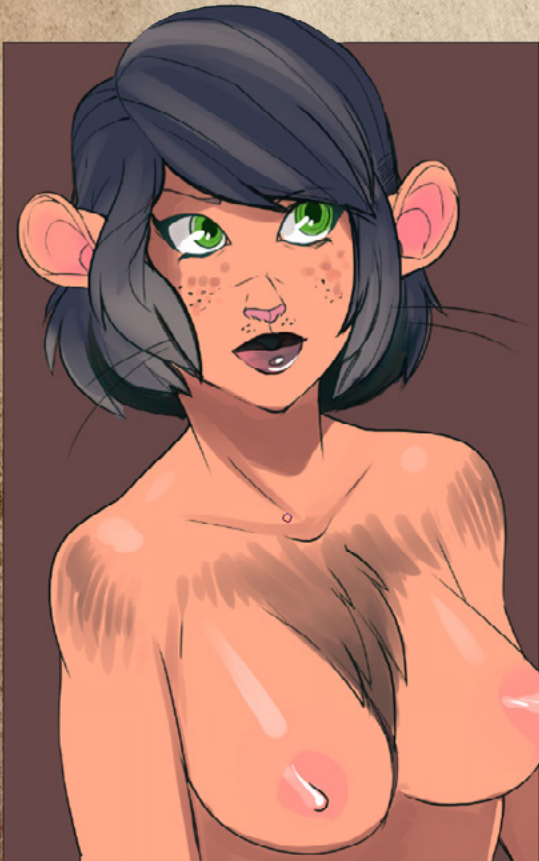
CONCEPT ART



Clarissa (the original sphinx)



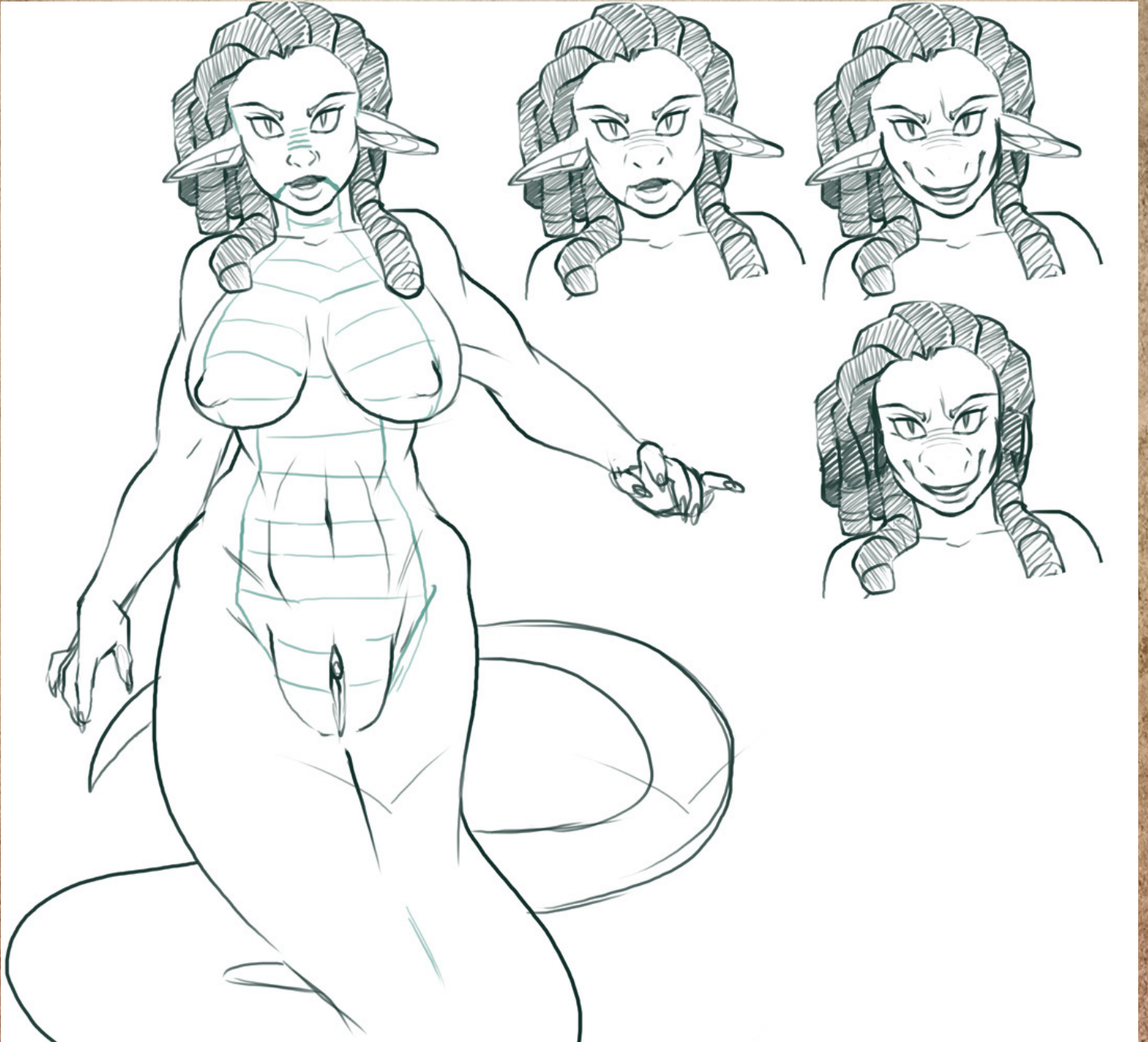
Hanna (human and sphinx)



Alyssa



Isobelle (author of the MMM)



Andrea (snake form concepts)



Isobelle (snake form concepts)