



Far out in the sun scorched lands of Egypt across swathes of desert where an endless horizon of amber sand was all the eye could see for miles around. Here, under the blasting heat, only the sturdiest forms of life could thrive, sneaking along the grains out of sight or taking cover in what little shelter there was in order to wait out the sun, where an equally vicious temperature on the polar opposite of the morning blaze sets in. It was only natural for the region to be avoided by travelers.

But located somewhere in the heart of the inhospitable desert, there existed a small pocket of human habitation amidst the still dunes and flat crusted plains with visible silhouettes of tents and even a buggy sheltered against a backdrop of mountainous sand and stone, a highly unusual formation considering how gaunt and smooth the bulk of it was. And when coupled with the pillar like formations of weathered sandstone with worn out surfaces dotted with indecipherable carvings long lost to the ravages of time and exposure to the elements, it painted a picture that suggested this unsuspecting rock face might have been something else, something grander in a time long forgotten to the minds of modern man.

And that something was what these people were here to figure out, bringing with them the scientific and engineering advancements of their time to look for clues.

But while most archeological ventures served to preserve the past while hoping to uncover more tidbits of new information to add to an already vast archive of knowledge in regards to the numerous civilizations that had come and gone, this particular group of men and women were not here to educate themselves.

To them, measly scraps of yellowed papyrus and shattered tablets were secondary objectives. They were there for profit, and the knowledge of the past could only roll in the dough for so long. No, they needed a jackpot in the form of solid gold, jewelry and precious artifacts. Something they could immediately strike rich off of without spending an exorbitant amount of time looking for the best buyer to fork over the cash.

And after a seemingly endless trek across the sands tracing the path ancient Egyptians took in constructing these secretive shrines and temples. The black hearted explorers were certain that this place was it; the end of the line where a lifetime's worth of riches awaited.

As they usually did, the back end of the gutted stone leading into the rock face proper was hacked apart with excavation equipment, revealing a subterranean complex of interlinked tunnels and chambers far larger than the others they had seen in the other sites so far, further cementing their local bookworm's assertion that this was the temple they were looking for, the final destination for pilgrims of old to travel to and make their offerings known to one of the ancient gods in the Egyptian Pantheon; Anubis himself, the just God of Death who would lead the souls of the departed at the end of their lives to receive judgment. But the raiders cared little for that little smidgeon of history as they set about exploring the place, setting up their own infrastructure while securing potentially dangerous sections of the underground. Navigating repetitive halls and installing floodlights in the more massive interiors where a simple torchlight did little to pierce the

darkness, all while greedy hands latched on to every single surface, probing into every nook and cranny possible, pulling apart containers, smashing pottery and even desecrating the sacred sarcophagi of which there were many, pulling jewelry and coin off of the mummified dead within despite their scholarly ally's warnings and discomfort. Instead, they mocked him for his indecision. Asking him why he even bothered to volunteer for the job with their crew if he felt scared about robbing from the dead, sending the hesitant youth pondering just what he had gotten himself into in his blind pursuit for glory and riches.

He would not be seen back at the tents that night...

After that fateful argument however, that was when the first of a series of mysterious occurrences would begin to plague the excavation and emptying of the temple's treasure starting with the disappearance of the troubled scholar whose last sighting was when he left the men who had mocked him. Initially, the rugged thieves had laughed it off as the coward turned tail and slinked off somewhere to sulk, saying he'd turn up again eventually.

But what followed next would assuage them of their naiveté, relieving them of laughter and confidence when functional equipment tested time and again begins to malfunction without reason in addition to various installations ranging from scanners to lighting emplacements vanishing without a trace. All while more and more disappearances begin to plague the crew, extending first to the men who had insulted the vanished scholar before extending to the others at random. It was enough for many to cut their losses and call it quits right then and there, taking what they had already looted from the temple before the supernatural occurrences and leaving without notice. In spite of the apparent dangers that now made themselves apparent however, the motley crew's leader; a surly Britishman with a scar down his right eye by the name of **Logan**, wouldn't see reason, believing it was the work of sabotage led by the disgruntled scholar who he assumed had taken to setting up a new base of operations somewhere deeper inside the temple with a group of loyalists hoping to claim the find and all its riches for themselves by instilling fear within Logan's men through the theft of supplies and the kidnapping of their number.

To those who had seen these strange occurrences first hand however, they knew that this couldn't have been the work of one man, no, not a large group even. Objects that needed two to three people to lift couldn't simply just be spirited away in the blink of an eye, and they definitely didn't bring along any EMP emitters that could short circuit electronics in a pattern not too dissimilar to an invisible entity crossing the room towards the witnesses who had seen fit to abandon ship right then and there. Not Logan however, he was born and raised in a hard boiled military centric family who weren't the type to take insults lying down, nor were they the sort to resort to stealth or guerilla tactics. If a nerd wanted revenge, then he would gladly oblige him, riling up what few remained of his men in a rallying speech and unleashing the small armory they had taken along with them for emergencies that had thankfully gone untouched by the thieves.

What Logan and his men would soon realize however, that unless the wimpish scholar was some secret agent with a repertoire of successful missions under his belt, there should've been no way he could ever hope to overpower men far larger than he was with firearms training and CQC skills to boot. With each patrol he sent into the underground looking for the rebels or every guarded expedition to uncover more riches, it would only ever result in lesser and lesser returns as the nabblings become more severe, with entire units vanishing all at once, cutting off radio contact and GPS trackers in an instant without a sound.

Enraged and unwilling to give in to the superstitious fear that had claimed a majority of the excavation team's collective minds, Logan would lead his own hand picked team down into the depths consisting of Luce; the crew's demolitions specialist and Tyler; a young upstart who seemed to have his heart and mind in the right place, seeing Logan like some father figure to chase after, intent on rooting out the troublemakers putting a damper on their operations once and for all, unaware that this would be the final time they would be feeling the warmth of sunlight for a long, long time to come as they set off down the broken steps leading into the underground, leaving barely a skeleton crew outside to await their return.

Not even thirty minutes into their journey would they begin to encounter anomalies that weren't present before upon their arrival here a few days ago. Creeping shadows that seemed to ebb and flow like water, vague, humanoid shapes flitting in and out of existence like phantasmal beings in the unlit darkness of various rooms and a mind boggling looping effect that had them walking down the same corridor endlessly until Luce points out the same broken light fixture on the wall they had passed for the umpteenth time, calling for them to backtrack to the room connected to this singular looping corridor.

“Shit, I think we’ve just been got...don’t know what’s going on here but I think this way’s a no-go. C’mon, let’s just-CRACK”

That was when the first casualty to the team would come in the form of Luce's voice being silenced midway through her hurried explanation of the loop with Logan and Tyler both turning in shock to find no one there behind them besides an abandoned pistol lying on the cold sandstone after being dropped from non-existent hands with a loud, sudden clatter that bounces down the myriad halls like a ghostly moan for the loss of its wielder. Left with no other choice or explanation, the two continue forward, continuing out into the next room after the corridor was seemingly appeased with the offering of Luce, allowing the two passage to continue further into the treacherous unknown.

“W-What the hell happened back there? Where’d Luce go? She just...gone! She’s gone!”

“Shut the hell up and focus kid! We’ll double back for her later...you got some notion of what happened back there right? One wrong step forward or backward and we’re finished so keep your head straight and ears pricked for those guerilla fools...or whatever else got Luce...”

With Tyler spewing expletives and casting his panicked gaze all over the place, Logan turns his attention to the room they were in, recognizing it as the main resupply point near the entrance. There should've been supply crates and scanners stacked in the corners, flood lights on either end flanking the next set of corridors, wires snaking across the floor and over makeshift beams connected to generators. But there was nothing, just darkness, it was as if no one had been here before despite Logan's clear memory of being the one who had laid the groundwork for all the logistics and placements in the first place. Whatever was going on here, its influence was clearly more widespread and a sign that this couldn't have been the work of mere men alone. Something really was afoot here...not to mention Luce's sudden vanishing, and it seemed he truly was wrong about his assumptions for once.

He needed to call off this foolish venture before it was too late, and as much as he disliked leaving Luce behind and lying to Tyler, at least the two would manage to leave with their lives. He remembered another path that led back to the entrance from here, so as long as they stuck to their torches and kept their eyes out for any more of those ghostly apparitions, they should be able to make it, turning on his heel to relay the plan to Tyler...

...Who thankfully hadn't wandered off, standing close by with his gun drawn and at the ready, shaky hands casting a wavering spotlight on the far wall before Logan moves to steady his grip, focusing Tyler's wide eyes on his steely gaze.

"C'mon kid, we're getting out of here. No point chancing it any further..."

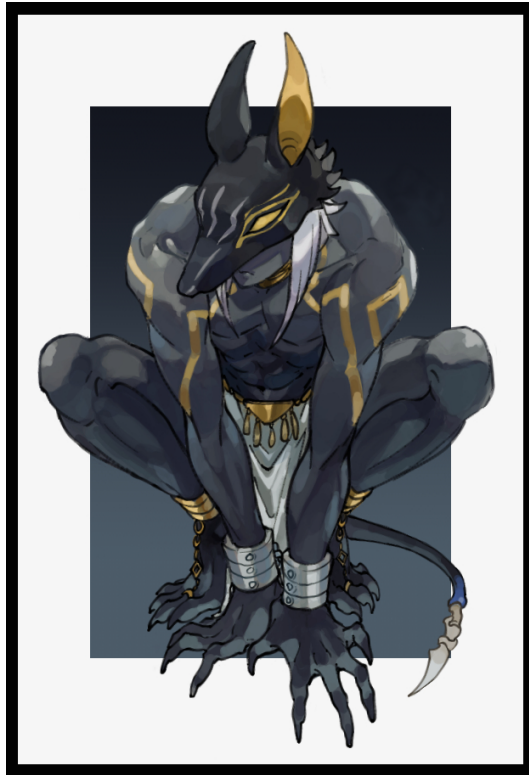
"B-But what about Luce? And the others?"

"I'm sorry but we can't, not unless you wanna get got by whatever's got them. Now c'mon, you keep going on about wanting to be some gunfighting lad like I am? The sooner you learn to cut costs the faster you'll get there...kid? Hey! Have you gone absolutely...bonkers...what in the blazes is this?!"

Dodging out of the way before the wicked edge of a blade could shear his nose off, the startled thief stops his rant before pointing his gun at Tyler, realizing then that the kid hadn't lashed out in adrenaline fueled panic. The strike had been made by five razor sharp albeit short fingernails extending from ashen gray hands bulging with muscle and packed with superhuman strength to shatter and rend solid sandstone that had withstood the test of time, two things Tyler didn't have.

And as a black miasma rises up over the brutal limb, the mirage of Tyler fades away wherever it spreads, replacing the scrawny young man with a hunched over giant of hulking strength and animalistic poise. Triple jointed legs planted firmly on the ground while a leathery tail slaps against the floor like a whip with a wicked tip probably composed of sharpened barbs of bone. Instead of clothes, all the man beast had on him was a simple loincloth extending from an ornamental waistband crafted out of exquisite gold shimmering in

the glare of Logan's flashlight. And around his wrists, massive cuffs were locked tight without a keyhole to be seen.



But it was his face that drew Logan's attention. He couldn't see the strange creature's facial features because of a matte smooth mask fashioned after a jackal's visage blocking it from sight, but the hair, although dyed a lustrous silver, looked familiar to him, as was the sharpened jawline barely visible beneath the intimidating mask.

"That's...no...it ain't possible...how'd you do it you freak? How'd you nick the kid's face?"

"Come now thief...you've seen the wonders of what you would call a temple. Is it so hard to believe one of us could wear the face of your compatriots whenever we wish? I must say, for as much as your former protege holds you in high regard...you're spectacularly average..."

"One of us...that mean there's more of you? You're the blokes who nabbed my men!"

Firing off a round that flies straight and true into the body of the crouching man beast, Logan fires off another after realizing the first had simply went right through his body, phasing past ashen gray hide as if it weren't there physically. Unfazed, the creature holds out a hand, palms spread wide in a gesture that brings forth the gilded hilt of a tool, conjured from air and embossed with symbols and indents the stumped soldier could not understand. The wicked, crescent shaped blade that tipped its head however, was something Logan understood clearly. Even from where he sat, the potential destruction this exotic armament could unleash upon a flesh and blood form was clear for him to envision, made clear when the still hand that had summoned it balls into a fist, sending the weapon flying forward, hitting the stone floor with a resounding clatter before coming to a stop at Logan's feet.

"Your weapons won't work I'm afraid...but that certainly will. Consider this your one last chance to prove yourself. A warrior's standard demands this be a fair fight..."

"Fair...huh? Don't know what sort of brain scrubbing blokes like you go through but...fair's the last thing this is..."

Scoffing, the man beast begins to move, prowling around the chamber on all fours, encircling Logan as he holsters his gun before reaching out for the ax, gripping the cold, leather wrapped grip in a sweaty hand before rising to his feet, hunched over in an effort to make his profile smaller while keeping his dangerous for under constant surveillance. Both sides daring the other to make the first move with fidgety feints from Logan and slow but gradual steps taken to close the distance by the hulking Egyptian phantom.

Eventually, Logan moves forward for the first strike, successfully provoking a response as the crawling humanoid lunges forward, claws outstretched to perform a stabbing lunge that would never connect as the experienced vet sidesteps the thrust, bringing up the arm holding onto the ax just in time for its hooked edge to find purchase just below the right elbow, separating skin from flesh, shredding tendons and shattering bone before coming out the other side so quickly the blade had only the faintest hint of black fluid running off it's edge. But victory was still far from reach, and as Logan turned for a follow up, a backhanded strike from the dismembered limb sends him reeling backward, slamming hard against the far wall.

The animal had caught his lost arm with the other and used it to extend his punching range. If he felt pain, he definitely wasn't showing signs of feeling it, smiling wryly as he rights his posture, standing up to tower over Logan with platinum locks glimmering in the light cast on him from the dislodged flashlight lying on the floor behind the apparent victor. With just that one strike, the damage had been done, his jaws were smashed in, leaving him stunned and enveloped in mind rending pain. And judging by the ringing in his ears and how lopsided his vision was getting...he'd been given a concussion to boot.

But a predator was most vulnerable when it moved to deliver the final blow, and Logan still had the ax tucked away by his side, hanging on by a thread in a grip rapidly being sapped of its strength by the flow of lifeblood dripping down his chin and onto his clothes. He relieved his adversary of one arm, doing so again would be a cinch. But wishful thinking could only carry one so far, and as he swings upward, another stab of pain, this time from his wrist, sends him reeling, choking out a cry of pain while glancing to the side to see the bony impaler that tipped the beast man's tail jutting out through the hand that gripped the ax, forcing him to drop the weapon with purposeful tremors that drive the barbs deeper.

A brief exchange of blows and the fight was as good as done. If Logan had the tact and reaction timing of his younger days, then maybe he would have dodged that unexpected attack and come out on top. But it didn't matter, especially not when he was an inch away from death or whatever it was this thing had planned for him as his vision begins to darken, spreading out from the edges like black webs until all he could see was darkness, blotting out the sight of the masked victor as all feeling and weight leaves him entirely.

But the peace of sleep was something Logan would not get to enjoy for long as he comes to slowly on his knees, naked skin exposed to the humid air within a spacious chamber that, unlike the rest of the underground, was well lit by burning scones embedded into the walls, illuminating gilded pillars much like those at the entrance but layered in brass and gold, polished to a mirror sheen holding up the overbearing

ceiling above. But the sights were secondary compared to the way Logan was feeling as he struggled to free his arms, bound by heavy, cold weights stuck fast to his back. His jawline had been restored and the searing fire in his wrist and spine had been doused. He felt refreshed when he knew he shouldn't be. The jawbreaking punch and organic blade piercing his wrist were sensations still fresh in mind, impossible to forget.

And yet here he now laid, healed and stranded on strange shores...

“So...the interloper awakens...I would apologize for the harsh treatment my loyal servant has put you through...if you hadn't come into my home looking for treasures, desecrating the holy ground upon which my most treasured subjects sleep. Consider yourself lucky, fool!”

The voice was reverberant, booming with authority and dripping with suave charisma that instantly had Logan's attention, craning his neck skyward up a flight of steps where a figure similar to the ashen beastman from earlier was sitting, poised and dominant with bulking arms folded across a broad chest ripe with herculean muscle. But unlike the beast, he did not shy away beneath a mask, gazing down upon the Brit with otherworldly purple irises burning like coals in the abyss of midnight sclera set upon the immaculate face of a literal Egyptian god framed by lustrous threads of gunmetal blue that falls over an ornate collar and accessories that were clearly made just for him; sporting an effervescent finish that gave them the same otherworldly glow his eyes seemed to burn with.

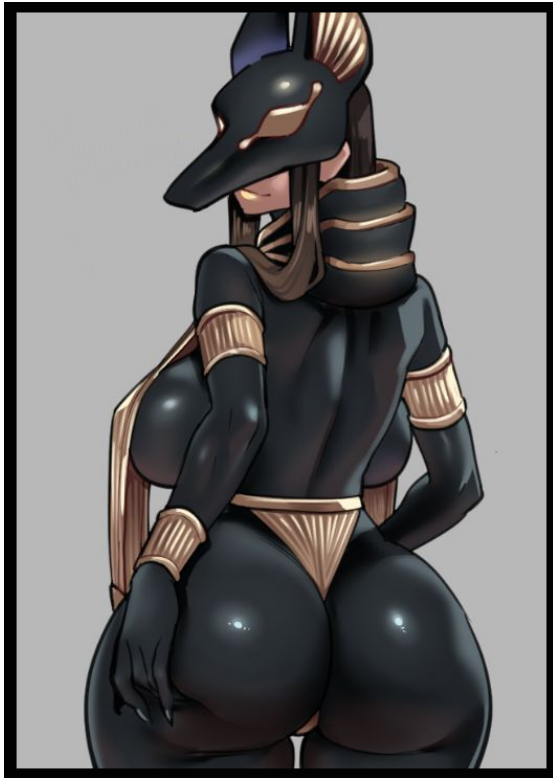


And farther below a luxurious waistcloth, powerful triple jointed canine legs jutted out with a lax attitude to the way they were crossed over each other. It was clear he saw the human as barely anything worth being guarded around, affirmed by a long leathery appendage lying limp on the sandstone he sits on, which also served to help Logan realize the gravity of the situation he was currently in.

But that didn't mean he'd go out without trying to at least lessen the load on his men's head, Luce, Tyler and the others that got captured, he wanted to know if they were alright and, if possible...bargain for their freedom against whoever...whatever this being was.

“T-The others, let them go, I led them here so, just take me instead!”

“Hmph, who do you think you are exactly? You barge into a temple, my temple with the intent of emptying it of all its contents...and once you’re caught...you try to weasel out of it with bargains? I think not, your lives of freedom are now forfeit. Not to worry, I shall take great care in educating you, just as I’ve taken the liberty of doing so for the others. Of course, any noble servant must be duly rewarded for their honor so I think it appropriate to inform you I’ve handed the scholarly fool over to serve as his first wife. Time is most certainly not as kind as most make it out to be...I think companionship is the best cure for that...I gave you all plenty of chances to turn back...no more!”



Turning in the direction the bored looking giant waves at, Logan’s eyes widen at the sight of the ashen gray warrior from before standing with his back facing away from there in a secluded corner of the chamber, running both hands including the one Logan had hacked off earlier over the curvaceous form an egyptian woman willingly presenting her bare ass for him to caress and squeeze, giggling softly with her adulterous face, likewise, shrouded behind a matching jackal mask with visible veins of gray creeping up her body and over the beige tan skin of her soft chin, glimmering with a little speck of saliva as her pert lips pop into an ‘O’, releasing an inaudible moan as her partner pulls off her loincloth to do the deed.

“S-Scholar...you mean that’s...the kid that vanished first?”

“She was hesitant at first, but unlike the others, she eventually saw the errors of her ways through her own mind. She was gifted even before I bestowed this form upon her. And now that she’s free of your ilk, that gift can nurture well under my servant’s tutelage...don’t look so surprised, in my realm, trivialities like gender matters little when there is so much more the human body can become...observe.”

“My realm? W-Wait! Do-agh!”

Before Logan can do much else, the man holds out a hand, manifesting a golden length of ethereal energy, snaking around his hand before shooting out at the speed of light to connect with the thick, uncomfortable band secured around Logan’s neck that had, until now, gone unnoticed. And as the two ends meet, the

rope's vibrant energy begins to seep into the collar, humming with alien mechanisms far beyond the realm of human understanding.

It was over in an instant, but to Logan, that brief millisecond moment in time was an excruciating minutes long experience of having his body tampered with by his captors supreme abilities that seemingly commanded the fabric of reality itself to do his bidding as easily as one lifted a finger to satisfy an itch, causing thick tufts of soft fur to begin growing out from where the collar bit down around Logan's neck, shrinking to accommodate for the man's slimming neckline as broad shoulders pop inward while more of that new shaggy exterior blossoms forth from beneath ashen gray skin that was as smooth as baby powder, subsuming the former soldier's scarred, mottled hide of peach wherever it spread.

“As you can see, flesh is but putty in the hands of those who know how best to shape it. And under mine, your's will be most exquisite indeed...”

A sickening crunch, a surge of flesh, and Logan's bare chest was sullied, molded by invisible hands, softening to the touch, losing rigidity expected of well trained muscle in place of buoyant elasticity displayed by the burgeoning pair of tits growing atop the man's chest, pulling him forward in a way that makes his spine arc inward, accentuating them even further while the gaunt, skeletal ass of a middle aged British man darkens, losing unsightly hair as the blocky thing bloats into a comfortable pair of cushions coated in the same fur that blanketed almost the entirety of Logan's drastically altered body while his inert tailbone twitches before shooting outward to connect with a long, tensile appendage that twitches like the head of a snake before drooping down between the pert heart shaped cheeks below.

In place of callused hands and weathered, blister covered feet, gentle paws layered in soft padding emerged with the exception of the feet, which still retained most of their original simian features to aid in walking upright without placing too much stress on the long curvaceous legs they were attached to. With portly thighs boasting a slappable layer of insulating fat and long, waifish arms that could no longer hold onto a rifle much less an ax without strain. The soldier boy Logan once was had been completely eliminated. And with his skull lengthening into the broad, pointed snout of a jackal complete with sharpened canines, the man's visage finally fades as wide, sullen eyes soften into endearing slanted slits containing gentle yellow orbs for irises. Framed by a lengthening head of hair that ties itself into braids both long and short, arranging themselves neatly to lend emphasis to the former human's curious face while a bundle of it falls down atop an attractive rear.

A subtle pop, a low rumble and an indiscernible squirt of fluids spattering into the floor, and even his gender was forfeit, barely given the time to react before the electrifying pleasure of the female orgasm shoots through Logan's freshly formed vagina whose sputtering pink folds weren't even aware they had been readjusted from their former purpose as a man's pecker, twitching violently while jets of thick, useless cum spray forth from a urethra, soon giving way to a watery substance that signals her body's recognition that she

was no longer a man, working in tandem with her steaming ovaries to pump her body full of female hormones and adrenaline, stiffening the swollen nips of ebony stop her breasts as they jiggle along with her momentum, howling involuntarily in true animalistic fashion as she collapses forward from her brief attempt to stand as a human man, ending with her being forced back on her knees as a humiliated half breed jackal woman. Panting like a dog in heat while freshly grown ears flutter in confusion atop her pretty little head. Cowering in a pool of her own making with fearful eyes staring down at herself, blinking in disbelief before running her paws all over her curvaceous form with time returning to its normal flow once the shock wears off.

Bountiful hips that were as wide as tree trunks, petite limbs that didn't look like they could pull off a single rep of weightlifting or last one round around a stadium, milk filled tits that wobbled and bobbed with every subtle movement. And instead of the familiar package between her legs, there was nothing. A void between fur laden thighs bearing the entrance to a new pair of lips. This was wrong, on so many levels!

"A-Are those breasts? Oh god, what's happening to-*\$^&*@?!'*"

Finding herself speaking a strange collection of gibberish halfway through her horrified exclamation. Logan yelps as the hand that held her collar tugs hard, pulling her forward to land face first in her own jiggly bosom right as new clothes befitting her new place in life phases into being, cupping her breasts tightly while a simple loincloth attached to a brass waistband falls over her lap and below her rear, leaving a little cutout for her demure tail to wag over. And like icing on a cake, beautifully crafted gold pieces slot and slide themselves all over her body, painting the lower lip of her snout a shimmering yellow to finish dressing Logan up like an offering fit for the gods themselves. A fitting end for the thief who had come here looking for riches to fill his coffers with, whining as she turns her head up to look submissively upon her new owner as her whines stifle upon her collar's stranglehold tightening around her neck, making sure her ears were perked up and ready to absorb each and



every word from the unamused being she would forever regret crossing.

And once he was done, all she could do was accept her fate, unable to speak in anything besides the tongue of the ancient Egyptians as she lowered herself even further in mock veneration. He had spoken his name, that of Anubis. The Egyptian god of death whose responsibilities amongst the pantheon involved ferrying the souls of the dead to ensure their fair judgment at life's end. And to pay for her careless desecration of a temple where the dead were embalmed and laid to rest all in the name of greed, she would serve as the newest slave directly under the god himself. A halfbreed jackal woman with no name and class robbed of her identity while her master spoke her old tongue with freedom as if to mock her. A true mirror to show she no longer deserved treatment as a human being. If she was to labor, then she would do so without question. If she was to be laid with a man, then her legs would part without hesitation. All while being adorned in the trinkets she so desperately sought.

"Good girl..."

While she laid there, the jackal girl slave would remain oblivious to the rows of her like-minded kin kneeling in silence along the path in the center of the chamber. Each and every one of them stripped of individuality. Luce, Tyler, the vanished crew. All knelt before Anubis as one, dressed in luxurious silks that showed off their buxom bods, humbled against their will for the rest of eternity, where time would turn their inner disobedience, whittling it down until nothing but loving obedience remained.

Satisfied with his newly expanded entourage, Anubis sends the two servants a nod, a message they bow in recognition of before they set off together as one, having ended their lovemaking a while ago with a tiny bit of spunk trailing down the masked woman's thigh. The remaining humans at the entrance would need to be rounded up, their equipment destroyed and the entrance sealed again. And once they were brought before the god burning with righteous ire, they too would know the glory of being blessed by Anubis' touch...

THE END