

Having a Goo'd Time

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Shape undulating, rippling with satisfied mirth, the monstrous slime-creature swallowed the legs of the canine young man who had, moments earlier, so valiantly opposed it, his form melting rapidly into the gurgling mass, to join his friends.

"This is what happens to all who defy my coming dominion!" the figure announced, through the pumpkinoid zigzag of a mouth.

Another moaning blob of peeled off his smooth, gooey figure, cleaving away from the trails streaming from arm and thigh to slop to the carpet, where it reformed slowly into a similarly crude approximation of a person, opening red eyes and that same jagged mimicry of a mouth, moaning at the erogenous sensations of its newly slick and squishing self, as it staggered off in search of more prey.

Noxin smiled as he watched the drone depart.

One more servant in his conquest.

The final morsel awaiting conversion was a young feline, already on his knees in the corner, eyes wide with awe and terror.

"Now, mortal, surrender yourself to the taint, and feel my corruption take you in mind and body!"

"Oh *fuck* yes!"

The looming mass of slime faltered at that answer, his glowing eyes widening.

The cat took the opportunity to *pounce*. Arms wrapped around Noxin's chest, fingers sinking into the black sludge.

"Wh-what are you doing?" the Lord of Slime demanded, as the feline man purred, and ground his hips against the flowing surface of a leg, "I just turned all your friends into my minions of darkness!"

"I know, they're *super hot*!"

Noxin stared, leaning back to try to pull away from the unexpectedly eager meal, however the feline held tight.

"*Me next!*"

This was not at all how his conquest of the mortal realm was supposed to go – mortals were meant to fall for his sludgy magnificence *after* he remade them in his image, not come demanding it from the start.

‘Oh well’, he thought, ‘no harm in a free lunch’.

The slime broke on the cat like a tidal wave, gushing around the purring twink like so many hands, stroking over skin and seeping under clothes.

Nate was writhing in the embrace, his cock thrusting into the folds of congealing and caressing slime as it penetrated his every opening, pouring into nose and mouth and ass, entering through navel and ear and nipple, even draining into eyesockets and urethra, the tongues of gelatinous corruption kissing through his head and chest, even infiltrating his pores with those smooching squishes.

“Hoooooly shit yes,” he groaned, as the darkness spread through his flesh.

Those few areas left exposed were already turning slick and shiny as that rubbery toxin tainted his body, and he sank his hands into the expanse, as claws and fingers fused into new pointed digits, bones and muscles melting into the morass of churning goo.

“Are many mortals this eager to be digested into slime?” Noxin asked, sounding almost uneasy as he sank into the chest of his victim.

“Idon’tfuckingcare!” was the wordless answer on the feline’s mind, as Nate groped his growing cock with hands of goop.

His shaft was expanding, swelling with slime as it was subsumed, the shape changing, reforming into the humanistic phallus of the being so mercilessly philandering him.

Around it, his shorts were bulging out, as he felt the sensual rush of fluids *into* his erection and ass spreading and converting his hips. They were bowing outwards, filling, inflating as they melted, giving him a wonderful new outline, curvaceous and sensual and gorgeously slick to his touch.

“It’s too good,” he thought, “s-slow down!”

Noxin took pleasure in speeding up.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it? I know how wonderful it must feel, so all the more reason to properly enjoy yourself... until it’s myself at least.”

Fingers of corruption were burrowing into his brain with audible squishes and pops, tendrils leeching at his thoughts as they wormed through those defenseless, eager folds, *slurping* so salaciously at the gunk invading the cat’s cortex.

“Yesyesyesyesyes!” was all he could think, as those tainted touches tingled through the core of his being.

Everywhere they massaged into his mind, Nate felt his brain melting, dissolving into sludge inside his skull as countless tentacles fucked his brain into slop, the squishing, churning ache of orgasmic pleasure and dissolving thoughts too wonderful to bear, as new passions and desires were pumped in through ears and nose, drilled into his thoughts by that warped lovemaking between cerebrum and slime, ravaging his disintegrating brain like the ultimate sextoy, and filling the feline with whole new worlds of understanding and bliss in the process.

“Fuck my brain to slime!” the cat cried out, as the cerebral sex-sounds echoed within his elated head.

Sharing in that stunning pleasure, Noxin had no reason to refuse, and both shuddered as they churned together, feline mind and eldritch horror merging and melting into one in that delightful meeting of the depraved.

“Slime ish the besht! I need more sludge in my shkull!”

Nate writhed, hands clutching his head as ears filled out into solid cones, fur melting into a smooth skin of congealed sludge just like rubber, coating and replacing all his features, his short snout dripping at the tip where the impression of a nose poked out.

Last to chance of his face were the eyes, red energy creeping in from the edges, to meet the black blooms welling up at his dissolving irises.

New black pupils overtook the center of each eye, while all around the radiant red consumed the remaining detail, to give an utterly demonic aspect to the new creature being made.

His mouth too was glowing red, as zig-zag fangs filled his muzzle, echoing those of Noxin himself, a long, sloppy tongue spilling out and licking over his fuller lips in their paroxysms of delight.

Both predator and prey were shuddering together now, Noxin less driving the change, more *driven* by that impossible, captivating will of his eagerly demanding meal, forcing him to go on without rest, as together they experienced the euphoria of pleasure which neither had ever conceived.

“So gooey, oh gods yes!” he gasped.

Nate’s fingers were sinking into hip and chest, tearing back shorts to fondle the amazing expanse of slick phallus which they shared, masturbating gleefully as together they felt his insides melting.

Slime was coursing through every vein now, consuming all as it worked into the heart of the former feline, and his purrs only deepened as the slop pumped through heart and lung, enveloping and defiling each organ in turn... *perfecting* that unifying form as all details were dissolved, organs churning away into more sloshing sludge.

Inside and out, Nate and Noxin were pure goo, their congealed skin squeaking and squishy, the inside a roiling orgy of slopping slime, every part of that new creature caressing and kissing and fondling itself.

Hands were doing the same, guided by a shared will, mutual *need*.

Stroking that throbbing chest evoked new surges of pleasure with each brush of fingers, reveling that fuckable morass of muck which replaced all organic structure in their torso, their other hand tugging down stretched shorts as their cock bucked in the air, splattering an orgasmic spray of more of their infectious muck all over the far wall.

All their dissolved innards remade into a swirling factory for corruptive slime, the fused creature shuddered, trails slopping from remade limbs and bubbles oozing out through layers of thickened goo, as their new genitals bulged outwards, engorged with sensually simmering sludge, pumping through them to gush everywhere, as they bucked their newly voluptuous figure and ejaculated their seductive ooze.

They writhed together like that for almost a minute, before either could think clearly enough, with that blob of slime which was once a brain, to speak.

"Augh f-fuck... does it a-always feel this good?!" Nate gasped, as he fell back against the wall.

"I don't know, I-I didn't mean to... *merge* like this," Noxin thought, as he swirled inside their conjoined self.

"Let's go find some more people and find out!"

Both shared that thought, as the new Lord of Slime wandered out of the building, still caressing and kissing themselves, cock drooling as did their lips.

Noxinate were going to *enjoy* being themselves.