

Since the arrival of Treck, Arakel had been disturbed. He was not used to the living, and far preferred the company of the dead if the truth were known. Now, two weeks after Treck's arrival, Arakel lay in his bed, his eyes open but his was mind lost in that place where dreams become memories.

*As a child, he stood in a wide circular room, the walls and floor made of solid marble, the domed roof held in place by great vaults. A great well, easily four hundred feet across, sat in the center of the room with no railing to guard it, and from that well came low, sensual moans and cries. Oil lamps hung from the vaults at varying levels, casting a golden glow across the room.*

*Scattered around the room were women clad in light robes open at the front, not one of them covering their body, standing in small group, sitting on lushly cushioned benches or relaxing in small sunken pools of hot, steaming water. All of them were in some stage of pregnancy, from only a slight bump to large distended bellies. Some men were present as well, clad only in loincloths and open, sleeveless robes, displaying their toned bodies, utterly hairless save for their flowing scalp locks.*

*Dressed like the other men, he stepped closer to the great well, and gazed down over the edge. The well dropped down nearly fifteen feet, and at the bottom rested four large creatures. Their true form was difficult to discern, because each was a mass of roiling tentacles, thick and thin, each tentacle flexible and immensely strong. His eyes were drawn to the creatures, beloved of his people and known as Nek-Tem, tracing their tentacles with his eyes and trying to see their true forms as he ignored the women in the well who were creating the moans and cries.*

*Because there were women down there, at least eight of them, suspended in mid-air by the Nek-Tem as their tentacles probed and plundered the women. Two of the women, each being enjoyed by a different Nek-Tem, had been pushed together and they kissed each other, their hands sliding over the others body in sensual bliss.*

*A hand came down on his shoulder, and he turned...*

and woke in his own bed, his eyes blinking a few times. He sat up, and looked about. From the main room he could hear the muted murmur of conversation, something he wasn't used to. He swung his legs off the bed, stood up, and pulled on a pair of leather pants that he had draped over a chair the night before. Then he stepped into his boots and walked out to the main room. Lim and Treck paid him no mind, as they hadn't for a week now, by his own request. He grabbed his sleeveless coat as he walked down the long tunnel that lead out to the rough entrance of the Cave of Spirits.

Outside, it was raining again, which he took as a good sign. He walked higher into the mountains, taking his time and keeping his eyes open for a rare weed. While he looked with his eyes, he opened his mind and sent it back to the Cave so he could listen to Lim and Treck.

"I asked you before why you follow Arakel, Lim," Treck was asking, "and you never did tell me."

“Arakel and I have somewhat similar goals,” Lim admitted. “In life I was a whore, fun and easy work that I thoroughly enjoyed. Unfortunately, there were some in my homeland who were against having whores and brothels, a clan called the Ryu-Sincar.”

“I’ve heard of them,” Treck admitted darkly, “they find the largest moral issue in a city when they enter, and then champion the forces against it. Afterwards, they use the influence and popular support to embed themselves in the city and become parasites.”

“Yes they do. They fanned out through the city in a single night and set fire to every brothel and rounded up every street whore they could find. The city elders were thankful, but what nobody was told was that the whores were kept as toys, for pure amusement and sadistic torture. I was among them, and while I enjoyed the whore’s life, I did not enjoy being a toy or whipping post, or coupling with a horse.”

Arakel ducked onto a rock outcropping, his eyes still sweeping the nooks and crannies of the rock for the weed. He already knew Lim’s story, knew more that she was telling Treck, so he stopped listening. Finally, in a crack at the base of a cliff, he found the weed. The stem was dark purple and the leaves a bloody red. It looked exactly as it did in the alchemical tome he had in the Cave. His hand slid into his coat, and came out with a short silver knife, which he used to slice the stem in a single motion. He put the knife away, and pulled out a silk cloth, which he used to wrap the weed before starting back down towards the cave.

When he got back, Lim and Treck were still talking, and he went straight away into his room. Setting the silk-wrapped weed on the dresser by the heavy book, he stripped off his wet overcoat and tossed it onto the nearby chair. He opened the book to the proper page, and then unlatched the box. He pushed the lid up, and went back to the dresser, where he unwrapped the weed, and picked up a heavy dagger, its blade etched with mystical symbols before returning to kneel at the edge of the box, setting the dagger beside his knee.

Arakel squeezed the stem of the weed, pushing out its thick white liquid, making it drip into the box, his hands moving in a specific pattern, dripping the liquid in an alchemical sigil before laying it inside the box and picking up the dagger. In a firm motion he slashed his own wrist, and held the cut over the box. As the blood began to drip into the box, he moved his wrist reverse of what he had with the weed.

When he finished the pattern, lights flared from the box, and before his eyes the mess inside began to coalesce, pulling together to form an androgynous, hairless human body. Arakel rocked back on his heels then stood, bending his arm to keep his wrist up as he walked to the dresser where he kept bandages. He put a bandage on the cut, and wrapped it in clean linen before walking back to the box.

The body inside was perfectly formed, entirely hairless and completely sexless. Its eyes were open, but aside from the black pupils they held no colour at all. A little button nose and slit of a mouth completed it. Arakel put one hand over the body, and his eyes closed.

In the main room, Lim looked down the hall. She could *feel* Arakel calling her, his magic reaching out and tugging her dead spirit to come to him. She floated that way, ignoring Treck's questions and the fact that he followed her down the hall. When she got to Arakel's chambers, she saw him standing there, bare-chested with one wrist wrapped in bandages, his other hand held over the large box at the foot of his bed. She saw a sexless form in the box, and then felt an even stronger call.

No, she realized after a moment. It was the same call, Arakel's call, he was simply calling her *into* the sexless body in the box. She resisted as best she could, but when he looked at her, his eyes conveyed an entire conversation, one they had held centuries ago. With that look, her resistance melted. As she descended on the body, she turned over, letting herself relax as she entered the body. The moment her ghostly figure touched the created form, it pulled her in, drawing her essence inside.

The body gave a spasm, and began to ripple. This, Arakel knew, was the real test. As the body absorbed Lim, the spasms and ripples became more severe until it gave a final jerk, and the ripples subsided. For a second, nothing happened. Then the body began to change. Nipples appeared on its flat chest, with areola slowly spreading outwards until they covered about a half inch circle. Beneath the nipples, the chest began to swell, two small bumps that steadily increased in size as the body changed around it, the torso thinning, the legs and arms toning up as stubble appeared on the head, even as the chin and jaw narrowed, becoming more feminine.

When the eyes opened again, they were a deep vibrant purple. As she, the body was definitely a she now, sat up, her breasts stopped growing, not overly large, but certainly not small, the kind of breasts that draw the attention of every man, and more than a few women, who see them, no matter what they happen to be wrapped in. Her lips were no longer a thin slit, but full and ripe, the stubble on her head still growing, like cascading fire rolling down her back in thick waves until it finally stopped at her waist.

Lim held her hands out, and Arakel and Treck each took one and helped her up. She giggled as she stood. "My, I'd forgotten just how nice it was to be helped up by two strong men," she said in that same rich, sultry voice.

Treck's eyes were wide as he stared at her nude form, her legs slightly spread to show her bare mound. "How is this possible..."

"In addition to being a Necromancer, I am also an alchemist. I've been working on this body for close to three hundred years."

"Three... three hundred years? Arakel, how old *are* you," Treck demanded in an incredulous voice.

"I passed my two thousand and thirteenth year last month," he said casually, "and for fifteen hundred years I've been studying alchemy. Now, Lim, head to the main room. Your body will need rest, so go and sleep. I'm also going to sleep, then I need to go out again. It could be a few days before I return."

Lim nodded, and then pushed her nude body against Treck. “Care to bed down with me Treck,” she asked, her hands roaming his body.

Treck blushed a deep red, and Arakel sighed. He knew that Lim was a wanton slut, but he had thought she would hold off at least a few hours. “Lim, before you indulge yourself, get some sleep. You haven’t needed it for some time, but you need it now. Besides, your new body is still changing. You cannot have sex for six hours at least, so go and sleep,” he said, pushing the both of them from his chambers before collapsing on his bed, wondering if he would again dream of the past.

Once pushed out of the room, Lim and Treck walked arm in arm down the hall. “He’s always such a spoilsport,” Lim said, pushing against Treck again.

“With that much study though, he most likely knows his business though, so I think we should both behave,” Treck said. “It’s strange that he didn’t say a word to me.”

“Not really. Arakel doesn’t really like people. I think he prefers the dead.”

“After living alone for so long, who wouldn’t?”

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When Arakel awoke some hours later, he dressed differently than usual. He pulled on cotton leggings, heavier boots than normal and a loose cotton shirt, over which he pulled his chain overcoat. He picked up a leather satchel on his way out of the room, and paused in the main room. Lim and Treck were sleeping on the large couch in a tangle of limbs, both nude. With a nod to himself, he left the Cave, and started down the path out of the mountains.

Not long after Arakel left, Lim awoke. She didn’t know how long she’d been asleep, but she felt better for it. She’d forgotten what it was like to sleep. Even better though, for her, was waking up with a naked man. She turned in Treck’s arms, enjoying the feel of his firm arms on her body. When he didn’t wake immediately, she pouted slightly, then slid her way down his body, her hands tracing his firm ass, then around to his half-erect member. With a soft cooing sound she took it into her mouth, her body already responding as she sucked on the broad circumcised head of his cock, one of her hands cupping his ball sack while the other gripped his ass.

Her tongue played along his cockhead, eliciting a groan from the sleeping lycanthrope. His eyes popped open, but before he could say anything, Lim’s head darted down along his curved length as she took half of it into her mouth, the head hitting her throat as she groaned. Treck rolled his head back with a groan as well, the sound of it almost bestial. His hands grabbed the couch as Lim pushed him off his side and onto his back, her head bobbing eagerly on his cock as she worked it into her mouth to his accompanying groans and spasms.

Before long, his cock was buried in her throat as she continually swallowed around it, the sensations making him twists and gasp. When she pulled back, she took a breath, and licked his cock clean before crawling up his body, her breasts hanging down and her eyes smouldering.

“Well little kitten? Let’s see what you can do,” she purred in his ear, one hand still gripping his slick cock, slowly pumping it.

Treck responded quickly, rolling over and planting her on her back as he worked his way down her body as she spread her legs, hooking one over the back of the sofa, the other falling off to the floor. His hands rubbed around her pussy, already soaked with her excitement, and using his thumbs he pulled her lips open, making her sigh and squirm slightly. He covered her pussy with his mouth, his tongue lapping up her juices while he began to purr, the sound rumbling along his tongue and against her wet pussy and clit, making her softly gasp, her hands grabbing his shaggy hair and pushing his head tighter against her cunt.

Her gasps became whimpers which became moans as she thrashed on the couch as his tongue lashed her cunt. Her body bucked a few times until he pulled his head clear, and slowly climbed his way up her body, his dark eyes smoldering as she gasped and gripped his shoulders briefly before reaching down between his legs to guide him to her tight opening.

She *was* tight, Treck thought, tight as a virgin, and as he slowly pushed into her, he felt her hymen. A few short thrusts tested its strength, and her sharp little cries told him all he needed to know. He pulled his hips back, and then drove them forward before she could lament his actions. She cried out loud, a cry of lust and joy as he took her bodies virginity, his thick cock destroying her hymen and plunging into her tight channel. Her hands clawed and scratched at his back as he continued his assault, his entire body working to drive his cock deeper into her body.

Lim’s legs locked around his waist, tightening in time to his thrusts to try and drive him deeper into her, the pain of losing her bodies virginity suppressed by the joy of once again having a solid cock deep in her cunt and working deeper. Her new body was smaller, and less conditioned, than her original body however, and before long she felt his cock head smash into her cervix, sending her eyes wide and a strangled groan out of her lips. Her nails tore over his back, making Treck flinch slightly, and his next thrust was a touch gentler, but her reaction was the same, but her legs tightened around him again, holding him there as she shivered and shook on the edge of orgasm, but Treck paid her attempts to hold him still no mind as he pulled back and thrust again, crashing into her cervix.

The third impact was enough. Lim screamed, the sound of it echoing off the polished stone walls as she came, her juices squirting out of her, drenching the fabric of the couch, her walls clamping down on Treck’s cock like a vise. Her sudden orgasm caught him by surprise, more so her sudden squirting, and, at the edge of an orgasm from her tightness, and the skill of her mouth and throat, he came with her, pumping his seed deep into her cunt, staring into her wide purple eyes with his green eyes.

They stayed locked together for a few minutes before Treck tried to slip out of her, only to find that her virgin cunt was still clamped down tight on him. He applied a bit more effort, pulling himself free as she writhed on the wet sofa, their mixed juices slowly leaking out of her cunt. He untangled himself from her limbs, and slowly stood, feeling the happy afterglow of a good orgasm as he staggered his way back to the pool, where he knew there was a shower. Arakel had

tried to explain how he had managed to get running water, but Treck hadn't truly cared at the time.

Lim, on the other hand, simply lay on the couch, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the afterglow of her first orgasm in almost five centuries. She reached down, scooped up some of the juices that were slowly leaking from her cunt and licked her fingers clean. She couldn't separate what taste belonged to who, but the combined flavor was good enough that she went back for seconds. She knew that she should get up and clean up, but for the moment she couldn't make more than her arms move properly at the moment. Her ear reported the shower turning on, but since her legs wouldn't cooperate, she resigned herself to laying there, occasionally scooping up some more juices and licking them off her fingers before fatigue overwhelmed her, and she fell asleep, one hand between her legs, the other resting on her stomach.