# Special Goodie Bags

Slypher hummed to himself as he carefully took out the wiggling creature from the jar that it had been contained in, looking it over for a bit before carefully putting it into the orange and black gift bag that he had specifically designed for such a thing. The phoenix had a grin on his beak as he carefully moved it over to the container and dropped it in, then sealed the edges together as it wiggled around a little. Once he had made sure it was secure he moved it over towards a table that contained several of them and put it carefully in its place. As he turned back to his workbench however he let out a squawk as he found a draconic Sabrewolf standing there with his arms crossed and a pissed off look on his face.

“Stop it.” The hybrid said simply.

“Stop… what?” Slypher replied, grinning mischievously as the other creature leaned to look past him at the table as one of the bags fell over from the contents within. “Oh come off it Serathin, you know that its all in good fun. I’m just spreading a little Halloween cheer!”

“That’s Christmas cheer,” Serathin corrected as he picked up one of the larger backs, only to drop it when he heard something hiss inside. “No more fancy containers for that one I see. Just who are you planning to unleash these creations upon, if I may ask?”

“If you were thinking that I was going to leave these fast-acting parasites at the SHIFT Institute party I can assure you that’s not my plan…” the green eyes of the Sabrewolf continued to stare at the phoenix as Slypher coughed and looked down. “…anymore.”

“I knew it,” Serathin said with a sigh. “You know that they don’t appreciate this side hustle of yours, even if you managed to use it to prevent several Red Files from happening. Eventually they’re just going to fire you and then you’ll have to figure out how to get your dietary requirements without their help.”

The phoenix scoffed at that and waved his hand dismissively. “I assure you I can handle myself when it comes to that,” Slypher said as he looked back over the boxes and bags he had on the table. “Of course now I’m going to have to put these all back and toss the containers. Seems like quite the waste to me… perhaps if someone had access to the ability to scan timelines and give me a place where I can… drop them off and we can watch.”

Serathin tapped his foot on the ground as he continued to look at him, then sighed and threw his hands up in the air while saying he’ll see what he can do in exchange for not releasing them at the holiday party. Slypher promised and gathered up all the bags before putting them in a box with the words Free, Take One on them. He knew that he could get the draconic Sabrewolf to let him release these for his fun as long as he didn’t do so on the employees of this place. A shame though, Slypher mused as he waited to see where they would be dropped off, they seemed to have a lot of fun with them last year…

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Rubine made his way down the street, heading towards a small gathering of friends for the Halloween festivities. As the frog continued down he noticed there weren’t any children around since trick or treating hours had ended. There were still a few lights that are still on and for others they had the mostly empty bowls of candy out. More than once he found himself taking a slight detour and grabbing a piece to snack on from the unguarded bowls that lined most of the neighborhood steps.

As the frog got closer to his destination he found a bowl full of bags that looked much more intricate then the others, and to his greater surprise it was almost completely full.  Considering how kids reacted to things like fun size candy bars he imagined that something like this should have gotten ransacked a while ago as he went up to the small table.  When he looked it over the only thing he found was a small note telling him to take one with no indicator of what was inside the gift boxes.  Though he had gotten most of his sugary fill Rubine decided to take one more out of curiosity than anything else and grabbed it while continuing on, missing the movement of some of them after he had pulled one off.

After walking for a few more feet Rubine decided to see what was inside the gift box, slowly opening it up and looking inside.  When he looked down into it he found that it was a singular piece of milk chocolate that had no label or stamp on it.  Must have been some sort of gourmet stuff, he thought to himself as he fished it out and looked at it, and considering there was only one piece it had to have been expensive or something.  Once more he found his curiosity getting the better of him and after tossing the box into a nearby trash can he popped the piece of candy into his mouth...

...only to almost immediately pause in his tracks.

It was the strangest chocolate he had ever tasted, if he could even call it that.  The frog immediately found his mouth and tongue coated with a silty texture while it had a taste to it that he couldn't identify.  He couldn't quite put his finger on it but it was almost a coffee flavor if it was dumped on the ground first.  Though his first instinct was to try and spit it out he found that it had melted so quickly that was practically running down his throat.

That didn't stop Rubine from trying as he finally got to the house where his friends had been waiting for him.  As soon as he knocked on the door a husky answered it while the frog continued to try and wipe his lips.  "Hey, there you are Rubine," The canine said with a grin on his face, though it turned to concern as he saw him spit on the ground.  "You alright?"

"No worries Chaos, just had a bad piece of candy," Rubine informed as he walked inside.  "I hope you have something to wash the taste out of my mouth."  Chaos nodded and showed him to the refreshment table where their wolf friend Jezerek was playing with his braid while looking over the assortment of snacks.  There was also a robotic lion named Dieter who was fiddling with the music, and even with the frog being a little later than he had liked he could see that so far they were the only ones.

All that Rubine could think about was washing down the bizarre chocolate, still feeling the silt in his mouth like he had just eaten it as he poured himself a drink.  When he finished and had a sip he found that there was no taste from the candy, just the beverage he had made.  Even though it was progress his mouth still felt strange even when he swished it around inside.  With no taste and just the odd sensation though Rubine resigned himself to just enjoy himself and hope that it would go away eventually.

A few minutes and two drinks later thought the sensation had not abated from his maw.  If anything it was getting more intense, though it might have been the alcohol he drank as his blue hands pressed up against his face.  When his fingers brushed up against his lips they felt strange, like they had gone numb except for the fact that they were also quite sensitive.  As his vision began to swim Rubine could also feel his stomach gurgling and it felt like that candy along with his drink might be coming back up.

Rubine quickly excused himself from the conversation he was having with Jezerek and asked Chaos where the bathroom was, which after being pointed in the right direction he made a run for it.  There was a feeling of fullness that was coming from his midsection and as the sensation radiated out through his body there was also a strange pleasure that came with it.  It was another reason why he was running for the bathroom as he had started to feel his arousal growing despite himself and didn't want to embarrass himself in front of everyone.  Even as he went up the stairs and towards the door where the bathroom was located he saw his pants were starting to tent, which distracted him from the droplets of bright blue that were leaking from his maw while he held his hand against it.

When the frog finally made it to the bathroom he closed the door as quickly as he could and went over to the sink, using it to steady himself as he felt more and more lightheaded.  It was like he was already drunk even though he only had one drink and as he stood there his entire mouth felt almost numb.  It caused his tongue to slip past his lips and as it did it caused his body to shudder; the appendage felt a little like he was sucking on his own dick and as it continued to stretch longer and longer he found it was also more swollen than before.  It was all so strange... especially as he looked up at the mirror and found himself practically drooling down his chin.

It was a sight that finally snapped him out of the haze he was in and as Rubine attempted to wipe the viscous substance off his chin he found it to be much thicker than before.  It was also a bright blue and as he continued to have it oozing out of his mouth he saw that it was opaque too when it dripped onto his shirt.  He could feel the consistency of silt and it suddenly reminded him of the chocolate he had eaten, causing his eyes to widen at the thought hat perhaps there was more to that strange-tasting dessert then he had thought.  With more of it dripping down on his chin he found his mouth unable to contain it and got a bunch of it on his shirt.

There was nothing he could do about it as he saw the muddy residue on his clothing, but as he started to take it off to see if he could perhaps rinse it under the sink he noticed that the collar was stained with blue too.  While some of it had dripped down his neck he saw that it was on the back as well.  His thoughts grew increasingly fuzzy as he tried to comprehend what was happening to him, but they were being overridden by the increasingly powerful sensations that were coming from his body.  With his shirt off he could see himself in the mirror and as he stared at the reflection his fingers graced his chest where the blue coloration that was normally restricted to his limbs was starting to seep into the rest of his body.

A body that felt increasingly strange the longer he stood there shirtless in the bathroom.  Everything started to feel strange and hazy as he looked down and noticed that his pants were tented and more of the strange blue substance was on the crotch.  Even though he was in someone's house he found himself pulling down his pants and letting his cock spring free.  He let out a gasp as he found the shaft to be a bright, almost glossy blue coloration and when he gave it a squeeze it was squishy but still surprisingly firm.  More of the muddy drool began to seep out of his mouth and his tongue flopped out of his lips, but his primary focus was on slowly stroking his cock as some of it spread onto his fingers like it was caked in mud...

Chaos had just finished refreshing the table as he looked at his watch, noting that the bulk of people were about to be coming.  The few people that had come in early were helping with the last touches and as he looked around he noticed that one was missing.  When he asked Dieter where Rubine was the synth lion replied that they thought they had seen him go up to the bathroom and looked like he might be sick.  The husky frowned at that; he had just gotten done with a drink and if he got ill by that he wanted to make sure he knew about it.

After excusing himself from the party for the moment Chaos went up the stairs to the bathroom where Rubine had gone up to and made his way towards the bathroom.  With the door closed there was no way to tell what the frog was doing and when he knocked on the door there was no response.  "Hey, Rubine, you dong alright in there?" Chaos asked, putting his ear up to the door to see if he could hear anything while putting his hand on the knob.  "I'm just coming in to check up on you, let me know if you don't want me too."

To his relief the door was unlocked and as he opened the door that feeling quickly turned to confusion as he saw the frog standing there.  Not only was Rubine stroking himself while completely naked but his body also looked strange, like his skin was oozing some sort of bright blue substance that was making his body look gooey while a puddle of it was forming between his deformed feet.  "Chaos..." Rubine said as a wide, unnatural smile formed on his face, his voice having a slight gurgle to it as he stepped towards the husky with surprising speed.  "Trick... or treat..."

Before Chaos could react in any way he found himself getting pounced upon by the frog, getting knocked backwards as he felt his clothing being taken off of his body.  When he opened his mouth to ask what was going on he found his muzzle getting stuffed with the tongue of the other man, his head tilting back as he could see it curl up into the air like a tentacle.  It quickly disappeared again though as it was shoved down deeper into the canine underneath him whose eyes began to roll back into his head.  The infestation had already started to take root from a rather insidious parasite, the mimic mud claiming another while still suffusing itself through Rubine's body.

Even as he was deep throating the thick tongue Chaos could feel his maleness hardening while his limbs twitched.  It seemed like the tongue of the frog never ended, gulping and gurgling as the body of Rubine began to grow more distorted.  The husky's stomach started to swell and his cock twitched while more of the thick substance was pumped into him.  With the infestation in the frog reaching critical mass most of his body had been converted to the muddy parasite, which Rubine was more than gleefully pumping into the husky.

Eventually Rubine had infested the other creature enough and pulled his tongue out, letting the husky lay there as blue flecks of mud began to lighten to a cyan color that matched his highlights.  When the frog stood up he found that his body had a flexibility that hadn't been there before and as he stroked his new limbs they stretched unnaturally.  It took all of his concentration to remain in his current state and as he heard a groan from the floor his gaze went down to the canine writhing in pleasure on the floor.  Unlike his own transformation the sudden influx of mutating mud was causing the husky's body to melt, his swollen stomach quivering as thick tentacles of the substance could be seen spreading out underneath his wet, matted fur.

As the frog left the party host in order to entertain the others Chaos remained on the floor, his breathing becoming wet and gurgling as the parasitic mud continued to quickly suffuse through his system.  He was so horny he couldn't even think straight and even as his fingers began to melt and he could see his feet softening and becoming misshapen all he could think about was stroking his cock.  A sensation of pressure began to be felt rising in his chest and as his hand managed to wrap around his shaft, which stretched and lengthened with each stroke while becoming increasingly flexible, his other one went to where he could feel the strange sensation.  It felt so good... and as his free hand stroked along the muddy fur he could feel it merging with his transformed flesh as his neck began to bulge from the base and travel upwards before finally reaching the back of his throat.

An almost orgasmic sensation overwhelmed Chaos as the loud gurgle that came out of his mouth was accompanied by a thick torrent of cyan mud that escaped past his lips.  It quickly coated over his muzzle and even as he continued to stroke his softening cock, which was still more sensitive then ever, he could feel the thick substance flowing down his face.  He closed his eyes as the mud sloughed over him as another glut of it came out of his mouth and as his muzzle began to melt into his head he couldn't open his eyes again.  When he brought up the stump of his muddy hand to his face he could hardly feel the lump that his maw used to be and as his ears merged with the growing puddle that was in the ground he couldn't see anymore.

A wet slap rang through the air as his butt and hips thrusted up in the air, landing back in the muddy puddle and causing his body to spread out as he came.  Just like with his mouth his cock spurted with thick mud that grew with each jet, splattering over his rippling form as it destablized more quickly.  The only thing that came from his blank face were muffled grunts and soon even those disappeared as the cyan mud spread over his carpet.  But Chaos was only concerned about two things as his mind melted and joined with his amorphus form; the continuing orgasm fed to him by the parasitic mud he had become, and wanting to spread this feeling to others...

Back down in the first floor Jezerek and Dieter continued to make small talk while they waited for their guest to reappear.  The party was almost ready to begin and with no sign of Chaos or Rubine they were wondering if they should let in the first guests.  Just as they were about to play rock paper scissors for it hwoever they heard someone coming down the stairs and turned thier heads to see who it was.  Both of them breathed a slight sigh of relief when they saw Chaos coming down and giving them a smile.  When Dieter asked if everything was alright with Rubine the husky just told them that he had a little too much candy on the way into the party but that he would be fine and to go on with final decorations before people start arriving.

As the two nodded and made their way to the living room to finish up the spooky lighting the husky suddenly had an uncharacteristic smirk on his face.  Rubine had started to make his way down the hall in order to try and ambush the two when he realized that it was very likely at least one of them would get away, but as his infested mind thought about how to rectify the situation his muddy body began to sculpt itself.  After having been on top of Chaos the canine form had imprinted on him like silly putty, so as the real host was turning into a puddle of pure pleasure he was able to continue the party without him.  There was so much information flooding into the mind of the disguised frog that he wasn't quite sure what to do next, though one thing was for sure... before the first guest got there he would have them both infested.

First step was ensuring that he would get them both, the disguised Rubine mentally choosing between them before his gaze finally landed on Dieter.  The lion was far more easy-going then Jezerek and would save the wolf for last as he got an idea for how he would get them both.  With guests arriving any minute there wouldn't be much time for him to act as he went over and made a few drinks that he would give to them.  Chaos knew some pretty good drink recepies that he took advantage of, adding in his own special ingredient just to make sure that they wouldn't get far away.

"Thank you two for coming early to help me," Dieter said, the voice of Chaos still echoing in his ears as the infested creature gave the other two a cup.  "A toast to you two, for a great party and a happy Halloween."

"Happy to help!" Dieter said before the three of them all took a drink.  Once they had finished the glass that they were given the one they thought was Chaos smirked slightly before taking them back.  He could see the look of slight confusion on their face at the strange taste of the homemade drink, but it was just enough of the parasitic mud to get it introduced into their systems without being detected too much.  But while Rubine could just sit back and watch the same transformation that happened to him the mud-based creature was itching to get at least one of them completely converted before the first guests arrive.

Jezerek was about to ask if there was some sort of music that they should put on while they waited for people he began to feel a tingling sensation in his stomach.  That drink was strangely gritty and he wondered if there was bad alcohol put into it, but as he put his hand against his belly he felt another uncharacteristic gurgle.  When he looked up to ask what was in that drink he was shocked to find that Chaos had closed the distance to Dieter and was starting to stroke his synthetic skin.  It was a strangely amorous display for being in the middle of the living room right before the party while also feeling his own pants began to tent from the site.

There was a loud bang as Chaos suddenly pushed the synthetic lion up against the wall, their muzzles meeting in a sloppy kiss as Dieter's pants were undone.  When the feline reached back to do the same his hands suddenly squished into the shirt that had started to shift to a cyan hue while the hem melted into his wet fur.  His cock that had been contained in his pants suddenly pushed out of them like they were wet paper, reforming as the guise that Rubine had kept up faltered.  It took a lot of energy for the parasite to maintain such a thing and with the two already infected they would soon be thinking exactly like the increasingly muddy husky... though as the thick tongue pushed into the mouth of the feline and his cock slid up into the exposed hole his features were becoming more frog-like.

As the synthetic lion gurgled in pure pleasure Jezerek found a thought finally cutting through the haze of pleasure that had been building in his mind.  He found himself blinking his eyes a few times as it dawned on him how bizarre the sight he had been staring at had become.  With the canine features melting and reforming there was a wet squelching sound as the tongue and cock of the creature pushed into the one pinned against the wall.  Dieter's eyes had rolled back into his head as blue mud was dripping down his lips and thighs, the shiny substance shifting to a silver hue as it joined with droplets that were leaking out of his metallic skin.  Whatever was happening to the lion was happening fast and Jezerek jumped slightly when he saw the feet of the lion drop to the ground with a wet thud as they melting into the growing silver puddle merging with the bright blue one around Rubine's feet.

Got to get out of here... as jezerek wiped his nose, unaware that a deep brown mud was dripping from his nostrils, he was suddenly moved with the urge to run.  Though his eyes drifted towards the front door he felt his thoughts shift to go somewhere else and the wolf made his way to the stairs.  He made his way over to them and as he started to gallop up the stairs he caught sight of the two creatures that were still rutting there in the living room.  It was hard to tell that there were two of them though as Rubine's body was thrusting hard into Dieter to the point the chests and muzzles of the two men were melting into one another.

For a brief second Jezerek wondered if this was some sort of prank for the holiday, though his increasingly addled mind had started to drift to something else.  He found himself taking off his clothing as he made his way up the stairs to the second floor and by the time he ran into the bedroom he had his underwear around his ankles.  He found his thoughts growing increasingly clouded, his eyes becoming glassy as mud dripped not only from his mouth and nostrils but also his ears.  Though the wolf himself was confused on why he was there the parasite that guided him knew why he was there, staring down at the bright cyan puddle of mud that was on the floor.

Join us... it felt like the words reverberated through his skull as he found himself taking a step closer to it.  There was something inviting about it and as they moved forward he could see the surface of it shimmer and shift.  For a brief moment he could see the face of the real husky form before it disappeared once more, sinking back into mud as though beckoning Jezerek towards it.  With the parasitic mud already infiltrating his mind it didn't take much for the wolf to step into it while stroking his throbbing cock.  The second his paws touched the surface of it the mud immediately began to flow up them while causing the infested creature to shudder in pleasure.

Unlike the two in the living room this batch of parasitic mud that used to be Chaos had no intention of melting this one.  Jezerek's eyes went wide as he felt the tendrils slithering through the fur of his legs but they quickly became glassy as his face went slack.  the mud inside his mind was keying him into the pleasure of the moment as the cyan mud flowed upwards until it had completely coated his legs, the brown mud that had been leaking out of him merging with it.  As soon as the substance got to his hips the wolf's back arched as a thick tentacle pushed into his tailhole while also coating his cock and the fingers that glided along the sensitive flesh.

The mud heightened the sensations that came from the wolf's maleness as Jezerek continued to stand there and let the mud take him over.  His mind had already been converted; even if the wolf hadn't been drawn up to the bedroom his fate had already been sealed the moment he took the spiked drink.  A soft gasp escaped his lips that had a wet sound to it as his stomach swelled slightly from the mud that was being pumped into it.  It mixed with what had already been converted without his knowledge and soon the lupine creature was coated all the way up to his chest as the cyan mud also coiled around his forearms as he continued to pump his cock.

As the mud traveled upwards both inside and out the paws of the wolf began to change ever so slightly.  His fur was starting to be scuplted into the limbs again, but the deep browns and tans of his formerly shaggly length turned to the coloration of the husky that was taking over this new host.  Soon the only cyan that was on the legs of the creature was the stripes that belonged to Chaos, though as Jezerek nearly fell over from the tentacle pumping into him it wasn't the only thing of the husky manifesting.  The mimic mud was imprinting everything onto his softened mind, the pleasure suffusing through it making the infestation nearly seamless.  All the wolf could do was focus on his growing cock as his prostate was pummeled into, unaware of the alterations to his physiology or that the cyan mud had crept up his neck and was coating the underside of his jaw.

When Jezerek felt himself about to cum he found his head instinctively tilting bed, the swelling of his mud-covered chest pushing upwards and causing the mud that his internals had been assimilated into coating his muzzle and head.  His cries of pure esctasy were muffled as his face was lost under the thick glut of cyan mud that cascaded down his features.  With their bodies being so similar the sculpting of his features were subtle, but when the last of mud disappeared into fur it was not the wolf's head that emerged.  A devilish grin formed on the infested husky's muzzle as the last of the brown muddy cum oozed out of his cock, which had returned mostly to normal as the last dribbles turned a bright cyan before stopping completely.

Just as the mimic mud had finished reforming the doorbell rang, which prompted the host to form a set of clothing out of his mutable body so that they could properly greet their guests...