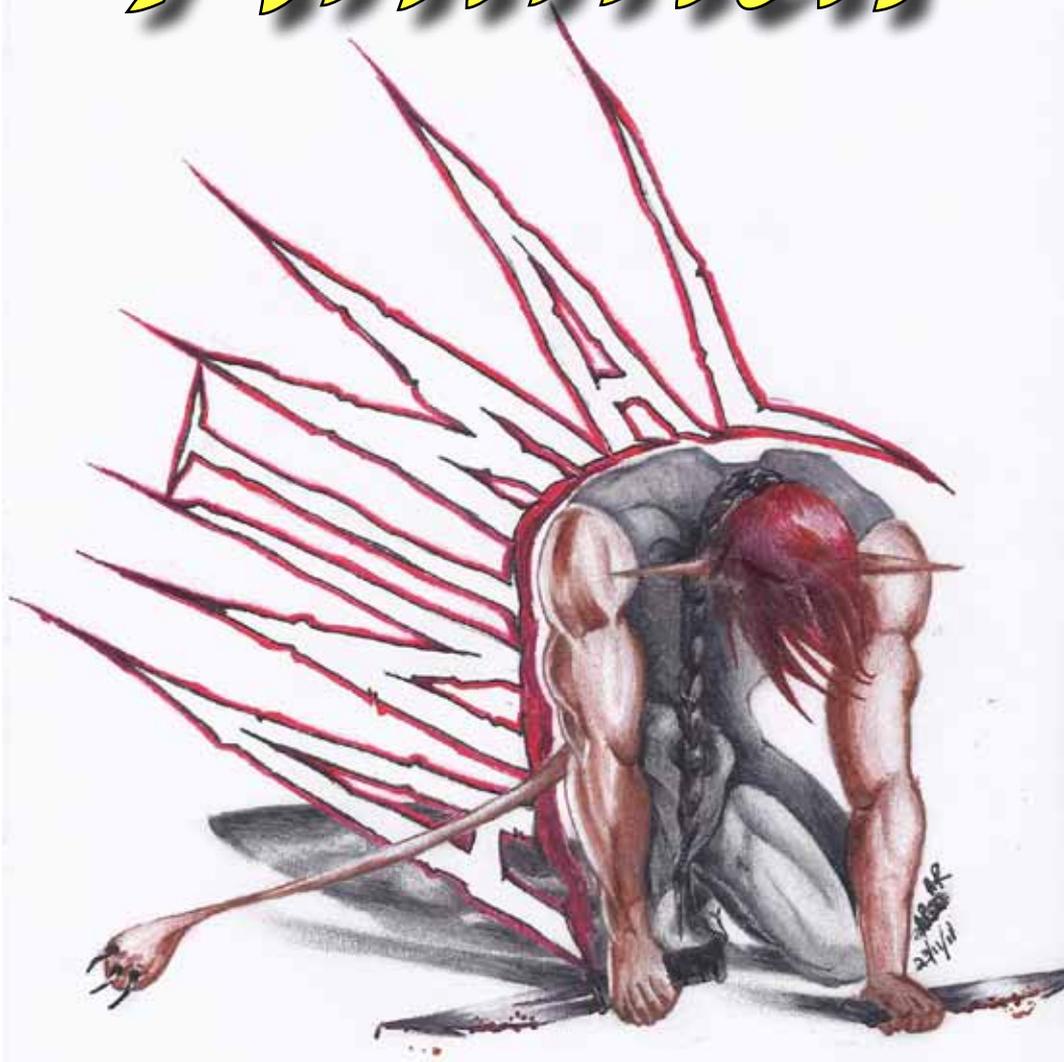


Burping Frog Publishing

Animal



Jason Mortimer II

Chapter 1

In the training yard of Sirius Academy a young man stands in the midst of a field of wooden dummies used in the honing of one's skills. He stands there in a leather coat with the folded collar high on the back of his neck. His vibrant red hair hangs limply over the long black braid that starts at the back of his neck, its base hidden underneath his mop of red hair, and hangs over his right shoulder. He stands clad all in black with large gleaming daggers in both hands. He clenches them tightly, his fingers through each large ring near the base of the blade.

His name is Demarius. He stands in the early morning air with the snow lightly falling. The ground is icy and blanketed with a light layer of fresh snow that had started falling just before the sun came up. He begins to twirl the blades, making use of their rings, as he prepares for his training routine. His long tail, segmented with evenly spaced and very lightly indented rings in the flesh, sways in long sweeps as he anticipates his training routine. He sets his jaw and begins.

He runs at full speed towards the first wooden dummy and drops to his knees as he slides underneath the outstretched limb of the dummy and strikes in a disabling spot, making the dummy fall apart like one of those olden day toys. He springs to his feet and sends the blades flying from their handles on thin tensile wires to attack two more dummies. The blades snap back into place as he lands on top of another dummy. The blades fly out again. One strikes the dummy he is on as the other is whipped towards

a nearby dummy. He soon begins to whip the blades around, striking with precision with each lash.

He is soon done and all the dummies are down. He leaps off of the dummy he is on and heads over to the reset panel. As he resets the dummies someone comes out of the shrubbery, clapping slowly.

“Very impressive for someone so pathetic,” a tall woman taunts as she approaches Demarius.

“Grida,” Demarius exclaims in surprise.

“I understand that you’re a virgin.”

“What has that got to do with anything?”

“Well I figured we virgins should stick together. Maybe I can help you achieve a proper transformation into your Ultiform.”

“Really?” Demarius relaxes as the woman that bullied him from the first time he failed to transform appears to be making peace.

“No you idiot. You’re a pathetic nerd. You piss me off with how smart you are. You get good marks in combat and everything else, but what is the point if all you can do is transform your arm? Hell, even your paralytic toxin is weak as shit. You’re lucky though, I’ve gotten tired of my virginity so I figured I’d steal yours while I give you mine, which means I won’t paralyze you. You can run now if you want. I do enjoy chasing you. The scent of your fear makes me so horny. I masturbate to the thought of how pathetic you are.”

Demarius scowls and drops his daggers out of his sleeves. He attacks. Grida laughs and materializes her sword using cutting edge dimensional technology. From the dangling charm that hangs on a bracelet on her right wrist the great sword emerges. It is a two-handed sword with a double edge and a large hilt. Grida swings it effortlessly as Demarius attacks with his Shogei Daggers. During a weapons aptitude test it was discovered that this was the weapon that best suited him and in such regards he did not disappoint. He sends the dagger blades flying, their curved tip helping the blades arc through the air towards the forceful Grida. She simply licks her lips with the four tendril tips of her tongue

and slashes in front of her to deflect the blades.

“Come on, at least put up a good fight. The more heart you put into this the wetter I will get when I knock you out.”

“Shut it you beast. I will not let you do as you please anymore.”

“Like a shit like you has a choice. You can’t even use your full abilities because you can’t transform. You must be some sort of retard.”

Demarius falls silent and sets his jaw. He dashes into the field of dummies and makes Grida follow. He knew that head on she would defeat him since she could tap into the strength and speed of her Ultiform. He has a plan that would work to his advantage. Once in the midst of the dummies he uses them to hide behind as he lashes out with his dagger blades. With her large sword in hand it was difficult for Grida to maneuver. She however is far from a disadvantage as she turns into her green Ultiform, green because of her green tail.

Grida now looks like a real beast. She has a short powerful muzzle that suits her humanoid face, her elf-like ears now shorter and flat against her head, her blonde hair now thicker and wild; her upper limbs like tubes with the same type of superficial segmentation as her tail. Grida’s lower limbs like large rounded clubs, almost like barrels that taper to a point where the joints are located. Her extremities are like long blades until they become segmented for flexibility. Hands and feet have the same form, her blade-like toes digging into the ground as they form a right angle with her feet.

Grida grows quills along her back and forearms and sends them flying towards Demarius. She sends a wave of bio-energy immediately behind the quills that Demarius deftly renders useless. The energy wave, however, sends him flying into a dummy and he is knocked out. Grida smiles and stretches her arm to cover the thirty feet distance to snatch him up to his feet and pull him towards her. She then takes her humanoid form and drapes Demarius’ limp body over her shoulder and takes him to her room.

Once behind closed doors she removes his weapon cuffs and

his clothing collar. He is now defenseless and naked. She finds some cord and binds his hands behind his back and rests him down on her bed. She then ties his feet down, securing them using the legs of the bed. She smiles when she takes notice of his erection. She sits on his chest and bends forward to examine it properly.

“Such a root you have here. At least this part of you isn’t pathetic.”

Grida takes in his scent with a great inhalation. Somehow this brings Demarius around.

“What are you doing?”

“I must say, you are as meticulous as I am when it comes to personal hygiene. With that said I don’t think you deserve my true virginity. I think I’ll give you my black cherry instead.”

“Stop this nonsense. Get off of me.” Panic fills Demarius’ voice.

“If you want me to stop then make this fellow go down, or is the sight of my slimy pussy too much for you to take?” Grida laughs apathetically and cruelly. “Look at how plump my pussy lips are, like a plum or peach. Can you see my clit? Almost like a tiny penis isn’t it? I bet a pathetic boy like you is a huge perv. Why don’t you give me a blowjob?”

“Stop it Grida. I have the right to save my virginity for the woman I love.”

“Like any woman would love a pathetic man like you. I’m taking your virginity because someone as pathetic as you has no rights. Now stick out your tongue or I’ll stick my finger in your ass.”

Demarius becomes limp almost instantly.

“What’s this? Has the mere thought of having your ass violated made you limp? You might be more of a man than I thought.”

Grida smirks before she snakes her tongue forward and uses her thin tendrils to stroke him back to life. She slides the sucking part of her tongue, which is at the common base of her tendrils, over his tip as he gets hard and begins to suck on him with force.

“I wonder how cum tastes. Come on, suck on my clit and use your tendrils to tease my pussy. If you make me orgasm I might end your torture here.”

Demarius hesitantly allows his tongue to slide forward and suck on Grida’s clitoris. She squeals happily before sliding her mouth over his manhood and taking it all in by opening her throat.

“By the Great One’s spark you are so good at that. You have skills to make a woman happy. Use a tendril to tease my anus and make me nice and slick ... Yeah, just like that.”

Grida strokes Demarius hard as she feels herself nearing climax. She feels him twitch and grips him tightly to prevent him from climaxing as he continues to service her. She soon wets his chest with her thick orgasm.

“That was great, Demarius.”

“Will you let me go now?”

“No, I want to feel this impressive cock of yours in my ass. Why the hell do you think I let you lick me there? Besides, judging by the size of your balls you need a good release.”

Grida laughs wickedly as she gets up to slide her butt down Demarius’ manhood. He struggles in vain. She presses his thick tip to her anus and slides it down slowly, a look of pure sweet misery on her face.

“I didn’t think it would feel this good. There is no way I can keep this to myself. I am sure the frustrated girls here wouldn’t mind paying a little price to take advantage of a pathetic loser like you. Now that I think of it, a human dildo sounds like a good job for you.”

“Please don’t do that,” Demarius begs as tears start to roll down his cheeks.

Grida laughs and begins to play with herself as she continues to ride his shaft. She looks around her plain room that was standard for the academy. She spies her communication device on her study desk and makes a mental note to send a text message to all the girls she knew wouldn’t mind participating in such a thing. She soon screams in sheer ecstasy as she climaxes.

“You will definitely make a good human dildo. I can just

imagine it. After field practice I'll hunt you down, bring you back to this plain white room and tie you down to the bed to use you to relieve my stress. And when I am done with you, take you to a room we can use where the instructors won't find us and have the girls use you as they please."

"You are a monster," Demarius shouts with his tears flowing freely now.

Grida slaps him hard across the face.

"You watch your mouth. A man who cries so easily has no right to judge me. You should be happy that you're going to be laid. Now release all of your seed deep inside my bowels. I am surprised you haven't cum yet."

"Like a bitch like you could make me cum."

Grida laughs and begins to bounce hard on Demarius' cock. She tightens up her slightly bleeding anus and squeezes him so hard he cannot help but erupt deep inside of his hated nemesis. She laughs cruelly and continues to ride him in that position, occasionally playing with her breasts and clitoris until she tires herself out and flops down on top of him, trapping him there under her until she was ready to let him go. Her large breasts choked off much of his air as they smothered him. He calmed himself to better control his breathing. Grida simply slept, holding him like a stuffed animal.

"All the money I'm going to make," she mutters in her sleep as he stayed awake, trapped under her.

Slowly it dawns on him of what his life was going to be like from now on. He decides that he won't give her the satisfaction of being miserable and cries for the last time.

Chapter 2

Demarius wakes up in his own bed the next morning. He looks at the four walls of his room and sighs; plain white like everything in the room. Sirius Academy was a military style school that trained people to be hunters, a title given to those that were mercenaries for hire. With the release of fury hounds into this dimension a lot of bizarre things started happening that only a trained hunter could take care of. Even something as simple as an escort could sometimes go awry with fury hounds on the loose.

Demarius gets up out of bed and heads into the academy's locker room. If need be male and females could shower separately, however, in this day and age such modesty was a minor consideration. He meets the other seven men at the academy already in the stalls lathering up. He heads to an empty one.

"You're unusually late Demarius," Roderick remarks when he spots Demarius.

Demarius simply shrugs and turns on the hot water. He stares at the wall in front of him as the water pounds at his body, the streams stinging him. It wasn't enough.

"What's with you? Are you trying to boil yourself? It's that bitch Grida isn't it? If she wasn't so strong we'd help you out, but she is the strongest female and the second strongest cadet here; you being the first in a manner of marks."

"Why don't you shut up, Rick?" Chadney asks with a growl.

"What's the matter with you? If you are so concerned with Demi then why don't you help him out?"

“Because that bitch has ways of making your life miserable; she practically controls the other twelve girls. Nothing goes on that she doesn’t find out about. If you want to keep anything secret you had better not tell anyone under her influence.”

“You sound like a conspiracy nut.”

“It’s not a conspiracy, it’s a fact.”

“I don’t know what you boys are talking about but you better beat it. I need to speak to Demarius alone.”

Demarius continues to stare at the black tiled wall as the other men turn to see Grida standing behind them in the nude with the green haired Viperia and the quiet Mizudori standing to the side behind her. They were naked as well. Chadney and the others rush out of the shower stalls and head out of the locker rooms as they wrap towels around their waists.

“Is it true what Grida is saying?” Mizudori asks when she is sure the other males are gone.

“What did she say?” Demarius asks lowly as he continues to stare at the wall as he pictures himself punching it until his hand breaks.

“She says that you’re her property that she is willing to rent out for two hundred credits.”

“Is that all I’m worth to you? A lousy two hundred credits?”

“Of course not,” Grida starts, “the price is to attract customers. Compounded over many years of servitude would probably get your true value to me. Of course private sessions are five hundred credits.”

“Why won’t you just leave me alone?”

“Because you don’t have the power to stop me even though you’re a man; none of you pathetic males do. Looks like I’ll be holding onto my true virginity for a while. Well, enough chat. Viperia has paid for your services so act like she’s Captain Shojimatsu and fuck her.”

Demarius flinches at his combat instructor’s name.

“What’s the matter, Demarius?” Grida asks in a mocking sympathetic tone. “You didn’t think I noticed the way you looked at her? I should tell her about this business I’m starting and see

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