

Snatched!: Taken From My World And Fucked By A Gang Of Gnolls Into Their Gnoll Bitch With My Only Chance At Getting Home Is By Convincing Them To Embark On A Mighty Adventure!

Victor opened his eyes, the breeze of the savanna enveloping his body. Scents, sounds, sensations all foreign to the human male, a world completely unknown all around him. Even the sky itself had light green streaks intertwined with the blue. Two suns, one white, and one red, stared at him like a demon with heterochromia.

"Where in the world am I?" the man said with a deep voice despite his more frail body. A jingle below took his attention downwards, noticing that he was... *completely naked?* "Not good," he looked to his left, then his right, wilderness all around. "Not good at all."

Yet the jingle, the clanging of metal upon his bare skin was still uninspected. Seeing it made Victor's eyes expand in a flash, the very last memory he had before passing out and reaching this unknown place. He was in a jewelry store, and he was offered to try it on. A silver necklace with a blue diamond dangling from it. Its cut was remarkable, and it's what made him eye it in the first place. The necklace itself was ornate, lines and hills all across it like some kind of map.

Simply beautiful. No wonder the man was so eager to get a crack at seeing how it fit him. Even now, it was hard to deny his gaze a few seconds longer. The gem was larger than his hand's hold over it, and it was cool to the touch.



But that was enough of that. Victor stood up, noting that he was truly nude, no underwear, no nothing. A short-haired man with brown hair, a 5'6" tall body with a 150 pound frame. He didn't consider himself a remarkable man, but most people that did not struggle with optimistic egotism thought the same of themselves. There was a charm to the way he talked to others, and... hm...

It did not seem to be the case that charisma or fancy talking would get him anywhere out of this situation. Perhaps if he paid more attention during that one camping trip he did last summer. Or had taken some kind of survivalist class. Even breathing in the air felt foreign, heavier, like it was not made for someone like him.

What else could he do? Without tools, or clothes, or anything, it would be a hard task to think of the positives from walking in a straight line in some random direction. But that's what Victor did. Some tall, exotic trees swayed out in the distance by their lonesome. Shade would be nice, but it wasn't exactly like he was hot... it was rather the opposite. As if this savanna was going through Autumn, or the very beginnings of Winter.

It was odd that being naked felt so unnatural in the wilds like this, where at one point his oldest ancestors had not a single care in the world to traverse in the nude. The long grains of yellow grass softly rubbed at his skin, which was remarkably tender.



Victor had blemishes, he remembered a roughness, but now it was all... so... silky. The texture of it satin and nice to the touch. The surface was sensitive too, Victor giving a small, surprised gasp at the gentleness.

“This is weird... too weird.” His heart beat heavily, the suns in the sky, the occasional alien bird flying overhead. At least things were alive here. He wasn’t the only living being. Although, the birds here were nearly as big as him. And he was worried at how they circled around him, staying longer than he liked.

Victor's feet were sore, scraping against brush and dirt, a random rock here or there angled in such a way in the ground that he'd trip. This place was not made for him, and that was a fact. Passing by another tree, exhaustion claiming his body, the naked human laid to rest. He hadn't seen any predators, or other strange creations. Some beetle-like bugs as big as his foot scurrying away as he traveled. Apparently more afraid of him than he was of them.

The silver necklace was his only comfort in these lands. Its beauty an oasis to his eyes. Getting on his rear, the suns almost in the middle of the sky, Victor laid his back against the bark. It was an idiotic move, but his vision waivered, the fatigue kicking in faster than he thought it would. The blue diamond necklace felt like a tight collar, and an even bigger weight on him. Before he knew it, sleep took him, and all he emitted were snores of relief.



There was a shuffle in the grass, a giggle shared between them all. Victor's eyes opened suddenly, hearing the steps of something nearby. Multiple somethings. But he didn't have to wait for long as they skulked out of the tall reeds. They were fantasy creatures he knew well. And in this moment, all too well.

“ello Sunssshine. Just a little nap eh?” They were gnolls.

Most had brown, ragged fur with black spots, mohawks of many colors on each. Weapons of crude war held on standby as they determined the human to be the furthest from a threat. Loincloths hiding *almost* all of what was held behind them. From Victor's angle, every hyenanoid's heavy testes dangled below the scruffy pieces of scrap covering their crotches. Putrid, hairy, and... large. Their frames were wider than him, taller than him. Even the smallest here dwarfed him. And all of them were smiling.

Victor knew exactly why. Well, he had two ideas. He'd be food, or... and he couldn't figure which would be worse... a slave.

“Boss is gonna love this. Haven't had a piece of meat like this in a long time. Look at *that* ass!”



Oh God! They really were going to eat him! Devour him from head to toe, melt and dissolve in their stomachs, his life ended for-

One with a red colored spiky hair approached first, his spear wrapped near the tip with cracked bird-like skulls. "Never have I seen such a scared beauty. Your jaw's hittin' the floor babe. You alright?"

Victor would've liked to think the question was genuine, that this beast was saying these things in earnest. But the human's eyes bulged as he saw from under the loincloth a girthy, maw tearing cock slide outwards from behind it. The red haired gnoll slowly stroking the side of his penis like one might a horse's flank.

"A beaute Ragarz?" a gnoll with gray fur placed a fat paw on the red haired one's shoulder. "You're too fucking soft!" His eyes turned to Victor. "I see two holes, six breasts and..." The beast's head turned, muzzle lips flaring. "That necklace? Where you find it girly?"

"G-G-Girly?!" Victor stammered. "I'm not a girl!"

A light brown furred hyenanoid spoke up from the closing in half circle. "Suns' light and heat in her snatch. Poor bitch don't even know what day it is probably."



A gnoll to the former's left replied back. "What day is it though?"

"Fuck if I know."

The fuzzy one called Ragarz, who gave the human a seemingly false sense of security was now the closest there. His cocktip barely a foot from Victor's lips. "Should be kinder to the ladies lads. Gonna be my pups growing in her because they like that lavish shit."

Like a wall, they surrounded him. He tried to stand but it wouldn't help. Their muscles, their power and strength... he was a sheep amongst wolves. But one thing didn't make sense at all.

They saw something he did not. "But... I'm not a fucking girl! I'm human, I'm lost, and I want out."

Ragarz's lips curved. "Think I'd know what a human is. Just had one for dinner yesterday. Seems you've hit your head hard girly. Let me help remind you of *why* we know you're female."

The one speaking, red mohawk waving in the red, shot his hand forward, grabbing Victor's exposed breast, cupping the hefty ball in his hand as the gnoll's claws dug deep



into the flab. The human gasped, unaware of how *more* sensitive it had become until he looked down, noticing that what Ragarz had in his fuzzy hand was the smushy, soft piece of a D, no E cup tit. Just one, only one, and the more he squeezed it, the more the naked man moaned.

“Oh fuck! What the f-fuck!?”

The standing hyenamen all around him began their chortles, high-pitched giggling abound, wrapping around his head and digging deep into his ears. Ragarz could only smile, using his other hand as it dropped his spear to grab at the other tit. Wherever his fingers made contact, the form they all apparently saw appearing in real time. His hands weren't able to cup their enormous size, but he wrangled them, stretching the pliable orbs with little care of the supposed human's whines or objections. Victor threw his hands to grasp the gnoll's arms, which in turn gave him paws, the Earthling wooed as black pads appeared around his digits and palms, the nails becoming similar yellowish claws. The hands themselves larger than his previous ones.

“I think you're starting to get it now, love.”

“She's got tits bigger than my ass!”

“Touch her cunt! Make that pussy *pop*!”



Victor clenched his teeth as the closest gnoll rubbed his paw all up and down her chest, her belly, more beige fur cropping up, four additional yet smaller boobs bouncing around as they were slapped and fondled. Any part of the human's body touched created another bit of fur, another gentle pound of additional fat. It piled on, and more. The necklace juggled around the more the human was manhandled. But finally, without much fanfare, Ragarz lined up his cock with the nude human's mouth, and pushed.

It happened in the flash of an eye. The musky tip of an unwashed penis coating Victor's lips in a gold-white precum, making the pink maw go black as the color snapped into a different hue. The male gagged as his tongue touched the shaft, feeling it fatten as every inch inserted allowed another inch outward of a gnollish muzzle from the foreigner's face. A black nose sucking in the earthen aromas, sharp teeth careful to avoid the footlong of flesh sliding its way to the back of her mouth, turgid pre-seminal fluids hocking from the tip with the bombasticness of boiling water. The male gnoll kept a hand on the back of Victor's head, turning the hairs there to that same sandy color as the rest of their body.

The human's sinuses blazed as a tempo took place within his new maw, his body literally pinned against the tree from the gigantic phallus pumping in and out. Flying precum would hit his skin, sizzling upon the reveal that there was fur always there. Victor could easily say he'd never sucked a dick before, but for how women were



supposed to satisfy this beast seemed like an impossibility. A crunch of fatty meat sliding in and out of him with no opportunity to lick with his tongue, or suck the head! Just like former girls had told him about. But *why* would he care about getting this bitch off?!?! No! No... no he had to get him *off*, not **off**... but he was grabbing the shaft with a hand thicker than his prior, his brain morphing along with the rest of his form. The precum he had swallowed traveled down his esophagus and churned within the stomach acids, spreading the changes to other, harder to see spots.

But that process would be accelerated as Ragarz howled to the hells, soaring spit hitting the so-called 'bitch' with flecks of salvia that matted her hairy fur, shifting the colors there to a better purpose. A mass of unbroken gnoll seed spilled into Victor's mouth, sputters shooting out as every bounce of the gnoll's dick dolloped another liquid glob of yellowcake. It filled his mouth, threatening to spill past his lips, but with courage and new reflexes and emergency swallows, the wave of sperm settled, journeying to a home that was the best alternative over the ground. Of course... there was always one place much better than even a gnoll slut's stomach.

Which Victor would soon find out as the throng of fuzz, muscle, and horny hyenanoids threw themselves onto him. Baseball glove sized hands pushing the changing human onto their back, allowing the man to feel the piercing prong of the next gnoll right onto his crotch. As soon as it touched the human's genitalia, they folded. Like in cards it was giving up the preposterous idea that they were ever male in the first



place. The necklace now jiggled upon even jigglier breasts, the new female screaming aloud like a banshee as her penis retreated to the periphery, a small nub that could grind along the shafts entering her one by one.

Every orgasm was a widening of her hips, another bark of affirmation that told each and every good boy to keep fucking her. The former human's eyes went feral, starstruck with overstimulating pleasures that slapped her mind silly. Another cock to swallow, another to take into her loins. Eventually the impatient males started to climb under her, to frot between her valley of tits. A deep place, a lovely place. Never before did she feel so native, so belonging to a land and its people. She never knew she was a member of their people, but surely now as the weaker willed ones jerked themselves off, cumming along her back fur, she would be a member of their tribe. Or at least *smell* like one. An asset they were apparently sorely missing.

It was between sucking off the male in front of her and trying her best to add to the motions for the one behind that her own climax kicked off. It took more than a second without foreplay, but by God was it powerful. Victor's eyes half-closed, her body lifted from the ground to be spit roasted, fingers and toes faintly touching the dirty floor. Cum hit so many parts to her, her eyes, her ears, nose, breasts, fat ass. And so much had filled her womb that it all oozed out. Especially with her girl juices ejecting themselves, coating the male's cock behind her, making him smile, mischievously giggle,



and wag his tail. They were all wagging their tails. Victor had no idea when she had gained her own, but it made so much sense now.

After her skyrocket of euphoria came and went, the female gnoll's energy levels died immediately, feeble muscles crying for a break. With 10% of the band still needing their fix, they just simply fucked her like a toy. She did not move, did not moan. Cock in, cock out, both from front, and from back. At the end of it all, every male piled around her, a field of compacted fat and fuzz. Their heats permeated together, night coming as the bright blue moon shined its rays, and made the savanna near freezing.

"What a good fucking girl eh?!" one of them shouted out.

Victor... Victoria? She was still herself, but much different. So different that she smiled at hearing them all hoot and holler, chanting "GOOD GIRL!" repeatedly like she had just scored the game winning goal. Random hands and fingers touched her, feeling her breasts, pulling at her labia, skimming the edges of her anus. None of it seemed too... humiliating or impersonal. A part of her new brain told her that she belonged here, even if the human in her tried its best to roar the opposite.

Ragarz had his arm around her, looking at the blue diamond necklace she still wore, stained, but easily cleanable. "Eh, what is this girl? Where'd you find a treasure like this?"



"I..." her voice was undoubtedly feminine, but still husky like the male's. Like a roasted pork leg covered in honey instead of some smoked, almost burnt sauce. "I woke up with it on."

A darker brown gnoll who laid his head on her lowest tits, unknowingly getting milk into his fur, turned to her. "So it's yours then? You find it on the ground, it's yours. Take it from another, it's yours." A slap on his head from another nearby hyenaman made him correct his words. "Not from you broad. You can keep it."

Victor cooed as the reality of her situation kicked in. This wasn't her world, nor her life even if it felt so good. Yet, the one who first fucked her took the azure gem into his rough palm. "Still... the boss is gonna wanna see this." He stood up, startling her as the rest did so too. "Carry the girl lads. Treat her well. After all, who the fuck knows who the father'll be huh?"

They all laughed stereotypically, heaving huffs and gaffles while one hand from each took hold of an arm or leg until she was restrained above them. In the distance, the fires of their nomadic camp roared with a skeleton crew, but most importantly... this boss they talked of.



Victor was without a clue on what exactly she would do once getting there. What would be done to her? But the last surprise of this encounter came as Ragarz slapped her right tit with the back of his paw.

“Ey, what’s your name?”

Compared to before, they did not believe her body was the correct one. After all, if this is what they saw, then no wonder Victor was seen as an idiot. With that in mind, she played dumb. Which wasn’t hard, her brain had already forgotten a few concepts here and there. Came with the goods and the fact that the human head was just a tad better.

“Not sure, not sure about a lot.”

“We can see that. Heat’s so hard in that pretty cunt of yours you thought you were human.”

The sole female shook her snout. “Started with a V.”

“Vie. We’ll go with that. Simple, but fetching. A good term for a good girl like you.” He grabbed her chin, shaking it, scratching the beige fur there with a sharp thumb.

The camp ahead was a half mile away. The new Vie took hold of the gem idle atop her outstretched top pair of tits. Almost lazing as if on a table from how



pronounced the breasts were. She had to get home right? This place... this place wasn't really her home? But the scents in her nose, the smells that titillated her senses.

Well, nothing else in her life had ever felt so... natural. Even the word 'boss' piqued her curiosity. With the taste of cum still coating her tongue, the end of tonight, and her future, swung in the balance. What she would choose and embark on, would come next.

The question was, would she be given the choice to choose her fate?

