

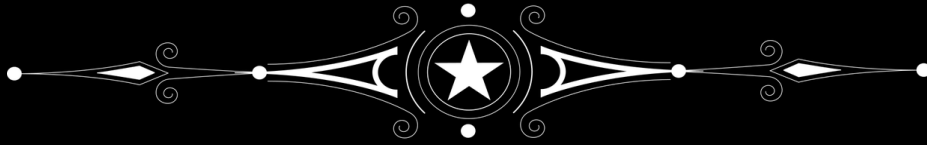
Anubia Rising

Commission for Stupid_jackal

By
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The following contains: Male to female TG, strength drain, reality altering

Read at your own discretion.



Khios, set my meals!

Khios, scrub the golden chamber pots!

Khios, trim and paint my claws!

Khios, should I wear the purple or the gold today?

On and on, orders from the jackal god of death came every day. A servant's life is a chore without ends. Even hours after receiving his latest task, that stupidly booming, if sexually masculine, voice echoed inside the brown jackal's head. It wasn't the orders themselves that bothered Khios so much. This was the duty he'd trained into and felt honored to uphold.

It was the cold-hearted indifferent tone that voice carried in every aspect of his presence. Years weren't spent dedicated to fur styling, cooking, and loin cloth scrubbing just to be treated like an object. The arrogance of gods was one thing. At least that meant they acknowledged a mortal's existence enough to overcompensate in front of them. Being completely aloof left one's hard work meaningless in the grand scheme of things.

"Why does he always bother asking me about fashion anyway?" Thoughts were boiling so fast some couldn't help spilling out in soft growls. The polishing job he was performing on an obsidian jackal statue threatened to rub its expensive metallic paint off. He was on number five of about twenty shown off around the temple representing a god's bloated ego. "Seriously. Do you take the opposite of my suggestions to mock me? 'Silly mortal. You know black goes with everything.' Easy for someone with that night pelt to say. You and your ripped chest could..."

Crack!

"Aah!" One angry pass of the cloth proved too many for a black rock. Khios pulled back his cloth horrified at the large cracks his pressure had created along the statues neck. Before he could full comprehend this affront to the deity it represented, there came a second crackling of brittle

rock. The brown jackal could only watch the dog head plummet to the ground, shattering into a wave of broken pieces.

An apt representation for what might happen to him within the next hour.

"Maybe if I start running now, I can beg Bastet for sanctuary." He forced a laugh that failed to calm his nerves. Trembling hands picked up what pieces Khios could manage. Some vague part of him hoped perhaps it could be reassembled with a bit of glue. That was when he noticed something else and looked at the remaining statue. "Why the heck is this thing hollow?!"

Like most servants to the great Anubis, the jackal had assumed his lord wanted all his decor solid and valuable. Cutting corners to save a bit of cash sounded more like a trick some priest would be delusional enough to risk. But right between the stone canine's shoulders was an empty hole where a head should be.

Well, not entirely empty. Khios' curiosity got the better of him and he inched over for a look inside. Torches gave just enough light he could make out a trio of neatly wrapped scrolls at the statue's bottom. Ignoring basic survival rules when it came to Egyptian booby traps, he couldn't help fishing them out.

Eyes barely glanced over the first lines of writing on one before they went wide.

"This is..."

*

Being a god can be such grueling work. All these mortals worshipping your every whim. Didn't matter if it was whatever a deity fancied for dinner or if his favorite undergarments got wine stains on them. Such insignificant ants would be directionless without some higher force taking up their attention.

Anubis let a small chuckle escape in his leisurely stupor. Absent thoughts couldn't help wonder how many of his worshipers thought currying

the black jackal's favor might spare them from death. That was just an inevitability of existence. His job was to simply make sure the cycle of life kept turning. If they wanted to make him the best roasted lamb ever, who was he to say no.

Shame his bath was getting cold. Most of the servants were sent away for the time being so there wasn't anyone keeping up with refilling his marble pit with hot water. True, he could snap some fingers and heat the current water himself, but a few hours of soaking felt like enough. For now.

"I should check if what'shisface finished polishing my idols, anyway." Anubis rose to his paws in a manner that barely disturbed the bath water. Excess streamed along the lines of his imposing muscular body with the beauty of rocks on a waterfall. Black fur shined with an unnatural gloss that left him glinting in the torch lights of his personal chamber. "That one's been rather diligent lately. He's cute enough to be a keeper, too. I might reward him with brushing out my back fur before bed."

The big jackal got about three steps out of the water when a weakness struck his paws, threatening to send him collapsing back in. Anubis gave his head a shake trying to help clear it. That had been unpleasantly unexpected. Good thing he'd dismissed his night servants for a bit of privacy time. He'd hate to have to punish them for bearing witness to such an undignified display.

"Hhmpf! The hell?!"

No sooner was Anubis able to regain his senses than a hard pulse rocked through his hips. The jackals body instinctively humped at the air in front of him. Every muscle in his lower region seemed to be flexing at once. Chiseled glutes clenched his cheeks despite this weirdness, making blood rush into his flaccid member.

"Heh. Not sure I was thinking of my dutiful servant in that way," he tried to joke while watching himself quickly grow into an impressive ten-inch erection. "Guess you're the only thing that would know better."

Nothing about tonight had been particularly arousing for the death god, but all the quivering against his prostate was quickly getting him in that mood. A thick hand was already reaching for the deified phallus before he could think on it. Fang bit gently into his lower lip trying to stifle a growl.

There was always time for a little self-pleasure to help get him to sleep. Perhaps the maid in waiting could help him clean up afterwards.

"YIP!"

Two fingers rested atop Anubis' bright red dick, pulling back a second later. It wasn't the incredible sensitivity that startled him so much as the sensation it was pulling away from him. He hunched over for a closer look and let out an even louder bark. The god's manhood had reduced considerably in size compared to just moments ago.

And it continued to regress before his eyes.

"What the...n-no!"

Any thoughts of lust were tossed aside when Anubis gripped fully onto his dick. It no longer had the length to stick out of even his mighty fist. Such an action did nothing but make him even horrifyingly more aware of its rapid decline against his palm. Even his furry sack was deflating, pulling its load tight against the ceiling of his pelvis.

The canine member shrunk out of his fingers entirely. Anubis gasped, trying to grab at it again, but there wasn't much left of his epic virility that once made mortal women swoon. He hadn't even realized his sack had emptied until the loose skin suddenly split, making an opening of sensitive wet muscle going deep inside him.

"This can't be!" The gods mighty voice cracked, though he was too panicked to notice. Fingers continued to paw at a developing slit that resembled feminine beauty he'd never wanted to see from this perspective. What remained of his pride and joy dwindled into a useless pink nub tucked under the fleshy hood. One insanely sensitive at being pressed.

"Haaah!"

Sharp cracks in his hips sent Anubis' reeling. The Jackal god collapsed onto knees and elbows with an embarrassing clumsiness he'd never known. Nothing could get him out of such a degrading posture either. Bone's snapped and reshaped across his body, shaving the sharp edge off his masculine physique for something softer and rounded. Legs refused to respond while his hips were busy expanding into a wide, curvy girth.

"What is this madness?!" He demanded, watching the ridged glutes of his ass vanish under loads of inflating fat. Every word cracked into a higher pitch until his voice sounded so much like the many maidens he'd bedded over the centuries. "This can't be happening?"

A hand grasped at his neck, shocked at how slim and soft the fine fur felt on his fingertips. Tendons began to twitch along his palms and he watched horrified as the digits thinned into something more delicate with pedicured claws.

Strength had returned to Anubis' legs, for what little good it did him. So much chubby flesh had filled out his thighs they were forced to rub together when he walked. The sudden new structure of his hips threw his balance off further. Its natural sway made his pronounced shelf of a butt wobble about. He still managed to make it for the bedchambers mirror, only to give out a cry way too meek for his godly stature.

Not that the jackal had much stature left. His muscles were deflating before his eyes. Shoulders and waist collapsed in on themselves, further exaggerating an hourglass figure befitting a fertile mother. Grasping at her stomach, Anubis could no longer feel the abs that'd brought so much pride. Just a pudgy servant's belly.

"Aah!" Things only got more uncomfortable when her face in the mirror began to bubble and shift. Jaws sunk with several small cracks, thinning her muzzle. Eyes grew larger while cheekbones plumped. It became a face the death god would have found beautiful on literally anyone else. Especially when the fur on her head erupted into an explosive growth of black hair that came to rest at the base of her tail.

"Oh fuck..."

A fluttering in her chest brought Anubis' attention down to the last bit of masculinity she had left. Pecs that had commanded so much obedience withered away into a smooth, black pelt with barely any definition showing. Yet there was still a lot of things stirring under that fine pelt. Nipples that used to be practically hidden under the short hairs were climbing their way out. They swelled into prominent, stiff nubs that tickled the jackal's tail at the slightest breeze from their sensitivity. Areolas were quick to follow. Bumpy pink flesh parted the fur on her chest like grass. Their rapid widening form very large disks of skin that could be gleamed like distant stars.

A snarl of defiance helped muster up what resistance Anubis had left. She tried calling on all her power and fight back the tension rising in her flattened chest. Sheer willpower and rage fueled her lithe body, but to no avail. The very feminine and cute looking woman in the glass refused to shift back to his glorious self, or any other way Anubis could think. Whatever force was at work here proved far stronger than a god of the dead.

"Yip!"

An airy gasp escaped her lungs when the pressure on her ribs released in a surge of growth. The area around her enlarged nipples pushed outwards and sagged, forming mounds far softer than the muscles that'd been there moments prior. Anubis cupped at them in disbelief, feeling a shock of warmth to them that nearly sent her legs failing again. Desires to try holding them back were overwhelmed with an instinctive need to rub and knead at her budding breasts. Palms rolled them to press together and pull them apart with fingers brushing at nipples hard as diamonds.

While that helped relieve some tension in the swelling masses, the jackals self-massage seemed to coax their growths further with each pass. It wasn't long until she was unable to even grip them fully in her daintier hands. Hefty sacks of milky flesh in shining black fur rolled between her fingers, threatening to surpass her head in size before their growth finally stopped. Even then, Anubis had gotten so lost in the pleasant sensations she'd never wanted to stop. Her tail swept wildly over the broad range of her plump ass while relishing how wet her crotch was getting.

A sudden touch on her neck followed by a tightness of a light weight brought the horny jackal woman back down to earth. She stared blinking at the mirror, hands still tightly clenching her tits while eyeing the gold and blue collar that had been slipped on her. Golden eyes followed the attached leash in a slow turn to a brown, male jackal holding onto the other end. The very sight of his excited grin on that cute face was enough to make her heart flutter. Getting a whiff of his arousal had her thighs quivering.

"W-what is the meaning of this, master?" she said, trying to recall any semblance of authority that had come naturally that morning. What little fire she could manage burned out fast this close to this servant. Her words came out more like a flirt than anything assertive.

And there was something about that sentence that bothered her for a faint moment.

Khios gave out a hearty laugh. His free hand reached out to pet behind a pointed ear. That near instantly sent all of Anubis' muscles relaxing as she leaned into his strong touch. It was clear she'd lost a lot of height along with her manhood, barely reaching eye level with this fluffy, rather hunky, male. Somehow that made things feel right. She really hoped he'd touch him in other, more needy, areas soon.

"I'll be honest, Anubia," he said, unsure if his words even reached the jackal goddess rubbing her face against his palm like an eager pet. "When I found your hidden scroll of destiny, I half expected it to be a trap for the real thing. Didn't think you were stupid enough to just hide it in front of your treasure vault. Amazing how one can re-write reality with a few simple sentences. isn't it?"

She let out the bubbliest giggle yet. Hearing that name on her ears put out that annoying fire in the back of her head that kept insisting something about this was wrong. Anubia was a goddess, after all. Nothing about her existence could possibly be wrong, because she was here to please. Seeing the leash holder look so happy, talking to her in such a dominating way, really made her want to express just how dedicate to mortals she was.

Course, she'd never tackle that rod tenting Khios' loin cloth without permission first. Hopefully he wouldn't tease her about it too much longer.

"Why don't we take that sexy new body of yours for a tour through the servant's quarters?" The male jackal chuckled slyly. With a sharp tug on the leash, Anubia silently fell into step behind him being led out of the regal bed chambers. "I think there are plenty of your followers that will love being reintroduced to their new goddess."

The thought alone got Anubia's ears perking. Being in a room full of her loyal followers was enough to get her pussy leaking a trail of droplets behind her.

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Afterward

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