

All over the world, some of those in the midst of playing a certain game were suddenly hit with a surge of energy from another plane of existence. It was a call of sorts, a drive from an unknown force that seemed to select a few certain individuals, though the selection process could not be ascertained from an outside perspective. Whatever, or whoever, was behind it chose the user's avatar to create the connection between worlds, one to draw the chosen one inside to take the place of that avatar.

Though the avatars were few, the worlds were many, as infinite as the game's players. It was, therefore, possible to be taken into the same avatar but exist in different worlds and never come into contact with each other. Still, it was of little consequence for those taken, their limited awareness of the circumstances not allowing them knowledge of the grand design.

Regardless, through intelligent design or random happenstance, certain individuals were forced to leave their former lives and bodies and enter into those in a parallel plane, one that they could never have been perceived of as real yet every bit to those who lived there as that of the earthen realm. Though bodies were swapped, consciences were not shared, forcing the necessity for swift adaptation lest one be caught up in a world of strife and bloodshed far before their time. This is one such circumstance...

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"Fucking scrubs!" Kevin yelled, not caring that his mother could likely hear him from the other room. She should have been used to his angry demeanor when it came to gaming by now, whether she liked it or not. Kevin had more than a bit of a temper when it came to losing and he wasn't afraid to show it.

In his anger, he nearly threw off his headphones, but, deciding their expense was not worth any potential damage, decided instead to disconnect from the voice chat. He was tired of listening to the chatter of noobs anyway. Why he'd decided to play with randoms was beyond him. Getting some games in of League before he had to go to bed for work wasn't worth dealing with shitty teammates.

He'd been practicing with some newer characters himself, though he was hardly enough of a scrub to let that be an issue. Currently, he was working on learning Kindred, a character with two halves, one ranged and one up close. He'd been liking their playstyle well enough, though they were hardly his strongest character.

Kevin was decent at jungle, using the character's hunting abilities to farm exp and hunt other players, stacking skills, and eventually coming out overpowered. He liked the slow

build-up to midgame, then snipping kills from ranged with Lamb. It was cheap from some perspectives, but it met Kevin's playstyle rather well!

But, tonight, his friends were all busy, and no one he was playing with managed to keep up with his skills. It was annoying losing games that should be his due to player misplays and poor character choices. He was getting more than a little pissed, prompting his mother to turn up the music so as not to hear the childish display. Why her son cared so much about a game and had not an ounce of dignity in the rest of his life, she could not fathom.

Though Kevin was easily angered by the game, tonight his gamer rage had reached its peak. "Useless fuckers!" He called out, slapping the table in his fury, only then realizing how much of a sound that made. There was a noticeable dent in the cheap wood from his efforts, though Kevin was hardly the strongest of men. Still, he felt a little ashamed of how angered he got to make it come to this.

It was time to put the game down for the night. Yet, to his dismay, after trying to exit the program, the load screen did not diminish. Efforts to hit *control/alt/delete* did nothing to motivate his computer. Great. On top of everything else, his computer had frozen. He would have to reset it the hard way.

Yet, even efforts to press the power button proved futile, the monitor still stuck on the League Of Legends load screen and rendering Kevin unable to do anything. He almost threw something again in anger, but, embarrassed about his previous outburst, decided against it. Instead, he focused on more rational thinking before deciding that the only course of action was to wait.

Even after ten to fifteen minutes, nothing came of his patience. Kevin was starting to get more than a little annoyed with his computer's inept response. It was taking an impossible amount of time for the computer to restart. There was little reprieve other than to unplug the device and start anew. He hated the idea, especially with what it might do to the device. But, there seemed little other option.

It was the sudden spark from the wire that prompted Kevin to pull back, not really wanting to hurt himself. Yet, his hand was already on the wire as a sharp jolt ran through his hand before several more pulsates left him stunned. Kevin wanted to cry out, the sharp pain more than he could bear. Yet, before he could react, the electricity ran through him, making him dizzy before he lost consciousness. Only the sensation of leaving his body, of being sucked in and away before he blacked out could be felt before there was nothing left...

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The first thing that Kevin realized before he woke up was that he was not in his room. It was far too cold in here, especially as it had only been early autumn, decently warm in the midwest at that time of year. Here, it was freezing, though the icy winds did not seem to bother him as much as they might have. Rather, he seemed to be covered with a warm blanket, something pressed tightly against his skin. Though for the moment, he was just thankful he did not feel frozen or even chilled.

Opening his eyes, Kevin was greeted to the sight of something that defied explanation. He was sitting on the edge of a precipice, overlooking a vast field and a city beyond. The structure did not match anything he had ever seen before. Worse, there were no roads, no cars, no...anything that was recognizable. Certainly, there was nothing here of note, nothing that could explain where he was or how he had gotten here.

The next thing that came to his awareness was that it was late evening, the sun starting to set on the horizon. It had been dark when he had lost consciousness, he was sure. Had he been asleep for over a day? Why hadn't his mother woken him? Worse, where was she? His room? His *house*? There was no way he could have gotten outside without being taken. None of this made any sense!

Though he was slow to realize it, Kevin became aware that his vision was...different. It was sharper, more in focus than it should be, even in the low light that seemed to have taken over the landscape. And how far away was that town? There should be no way that he could see something so distant so clearly. And, yet...

Kevin was about to open his mouth and call out when the sight of his hand gave him pause. At least, what he perceived to be his hand. There was nothing even remotely human about the way that it looked, at least from his perspective. It was massive, bluish-grey in color, and covered with hair. But the biggest kicker was that it only had three fingers, two massive ones, and a thumb. He would not have thought them to be his hands, yet there was no denying that fact when a mental command prompted them to move. The three-digit fingers were part of his anatomy now, it seemed.

Slowly, Kevin's gaze raised towards his arms, which were much smaller than they had been not several moments ago from Kevin's perspective. A thick patch of fur ran past his wrists almost halfway towards his elbows. The fur was softer up his arm, and he could not see his flabby belly in his periphery. What the hell had happened to his body?

Slowly, Kevin was starting to realize that he was naked, though it was hardly the thing to worry about given the state of his hands or the fur on his body. Looking down at the contours of

his frame, he was shocked to tell that it was lithe and lean, the fur so thick that it obscured the skin. He wanted to run his hands through it but was afraid to try and touch anything with the three thick-nailed fingers that he now seemed to possess.

There was more, much more. Gaze lowering, Kevin soon realized that his entire groin was covered with the silvery blue hair, enough that he could not see anything. Fear raced over him; had he somehow lost his cock? Or was it still there, obscured by the hair? Again, he did not want to touch himself, afraid of what he would find if he did. There was every chance there was nothing there, which would be far worse than anything that he could even imagine.

A numb sensation in his feet made shivers run through his spine, not wanting to see what had happened but knowing he needed to look nonetheless. At first thinking he was wearing tight shoes, any mental commands to move his toes made him aware that they were gone entirely. Either that or they were glued together though it was impossible that he couldn't even detect that much.

The actual sight of his feet was more horrific than he could have imagined. Where once he had the normal array of toes, he now possessed a pair of thick, cloven hooves that looked more like they belonged on some sort of farm animal. Worse, Kevin was starting to think that they might belong to some devil or demon, which was slowly starting to make more sense the more that he thought over his situation.

Mental commands tried in vain to try to move his toes, phantoms of tingling denoting where they once were. Of course, nothing came of it, none of the joints or muscles necessary present. It was maddening to try and work an extremity that was not even present. It was as though the hooves fully comprised his toes, and his ankles had stretched back, leaving his balance precarious. He was still standing, somehow, on legs that were half the width of his hooves and ankles that were nearly twice the length that they had been

Upon realizing how disproportionate his body was, Kevin suddenly felt dizzy, wobbling uncontrollably on his inhuman legs. It was clear that he was *not* human at the moment unless he was in some sort of suit. But then, that was impossible, wasn't it? He was easily one-third of his former rather chubby weight, if not lighter. His entire body even *felt* lighter, if that was possible. Save for the heaviness of his feet, that was. They were sturdy, he was sure, but he was waving back and forth, as though forgetting how to stand. Then again, if this wasn't his body, or at least, some sort of dream, he wouldn't know how to stand, right?

It was at that realization he suddenly leaned backward too far for his body to manage. With a sharp *yelp* that was not in the voice he'd had before he passed out, Kevin felt himself falling over, landing on his ass with a *thump*. The landing was, thankfully, painless, though

Kevin felt the need to lay still for a few moments to try to get his bearings. His legs felt wobbly and unruly, and he wasn't sure how easily he could get back up on them. Worse, their smaller stature made him think that he might injure himself if he tried. So, for now, until he could think, sitting on his ass was probably the best option.

A myriad of possibilities raced through his mind as he stared at a figure that was looking less and less human and masculine. Reminding him of an hourglass, his hips and ass were massive, easily twice the width of his belly and lower legs. The visage was impossible to fathom in the real world but it certainly sparked certain mental images from fictional media. It was hardly possible that he was dreaming or in some sort of drug-induced stupor. Not with how real the world felt around him. If he had to guess, Kevin would have to assume that he was somehow in someone else's body, though it was evidently not even human.

Seeking hands played over something firm and metal that made him turn around. Before him was something that appeared to be a primitive bow, one that matched his fur coat in coloration. Its curved contours were accented by massive spines, and a single string ran from tip to tip. More so than the perspective of his body, the bow brought forth a familiar image in his mind, though looking more like a prop than anything he might have expected to see in the real world.

Still, with the idea firmly in his head, Kevin was prompted to reach up to his face, knowing what he would find by doing so but cautions about it all the same. Something firm and metal met his touch like a covering was over his face. As he had worried he might be, it seemed that he was wearing a mask. Even without tracing his hands over its surface, Kevin had a good idea of its shape, given the rest of his form.

Even in the face of such irrefutable evidence, Kevin felt he needed a moment to try to come to terms with his current predicament. If what he feared was true, he was in a video game in the body of one of the characters. But then why did the rest of the world seem so...real? It was just like being outside on a mountain, the fresh air, and sounds of wildlife giving him the impression that he was awake in the world.

Yet, the more he looked around, the more that the world seems to be... wrong. Kevin had chalked it up, initially, to being in a part of the world he had never been in. Yet, the trees, the town, and even the sky all seemed like they were part of some sort of different planet. The world of a video game, perhaps, though such obvious falsehoods were starting to seem more and more plausible.

Given the game he had been playing and the character traits of the body he now possessed, it seemed likely that he was in some sort of facsimile of Runeterra. Though, beyond

the name, he didn't know anything about it. It was all just a game, damnit! He didn't have the maps memorized, save for the one that he played on almost every night!

Thoughts racing for a few moments, Kevin soon came to the realization that if he was really in the world of League Of Legends, then he might be in the body of Kindred, the character he had been playing. The form of Lamb, one-half of the duo, seemed to match the body that he now wore. Though it was impossible, there was no denying what was in front of him. No other body that he could conceive of could match what he saw in himself than the Lamb half of that partnership.

Then, where was the Wolf? Kevin didn't see anything or anyone around him, not for the miles that his new vision seemed to be capable of. As far as he knew, the Lamb was never far from the Wolf. Then why were they separated now?

A goal came to mind just then, at least something for him to focus on in the face of the information that he had. He had to find the Wolf, the other half of his partnership. Surely, the Wolf could provide some sort of answers. He would at least be someone to talk to, someone that would trust the body he was in, right?

Moreover, Kevin had to be sure. He couldn't see his face, not without some sort of reflection to go on. Though he was certain he was in the body of the Lamb, there was no way to be sure unless he witnessed that haunting mask staring back at him. It was a minor priority, but one that was better than nothing, he realized.

Still, the more he thought over his plan, the more doubts that plagued his mind. Did Kevin really want to find the Wolf? He was certainly a fearful adversary. What would Wolf do if he realized that Lamb was no longer Lamb in mind? Would Kevin be walking to his doom rather than his salvation?

Doubts aside, nothing else Kevin could conceive of doing, save sitting here and waiting for come what may, made any logical sense. He had to try something, anything, or else sit here forever until something came by. And getting up to find a source of water or some other reflection was at least a start.

Yet, even that simple of a task carried with it its own problems. He had been unsure how to work his body ever since realizing this alien one was now his. How hard would it be to get up from a sitting position? Kevin wasn't sure he could stand in this body, much less walk.

Moving his much heavier hooves was surreal, though it did serve to give him an idea of how to manage. Bracing his hooves in the ground, he raised himself up, balancing all his weight

and betting that his hooves would do the trick. Thinking it would take him some effort and not wanting to injure his legs, Kevin was shocked to realize that it was barely an inconvenience to raise up his body, though he wobbled a little bit, off-balance from the quickness in standing.

Walking was a more precarious affair. Far from simply putting one foot in front of the other, the weight in his upper body was nearly that of his unruly hooves alone. It was a struggle to lift one of them, and not because his strength was diminished. Rather, it was largely due to his uncertainty in that strength and his fear of hurting this body. He had no idea how much longer it would take to get his own back, and he didn't want to injure the one he was stuck in.

A wobbly step forward was followed by a second one, making Kevin groan with the realization. Though he was overweight, Kevin's stature was at least something he was accustomed to. The kind of trek that Kevin wished to make was likely to wind his former body, but it would at least be a lot faster for him to move as he was than move in a body that he did not know how to work.

Taking more time with his steps, however, Kevin started to find a rhythm that made it manageable, at least as fast as he'd be able to make it in his old body. Putting all the weight on his hooves made it at least possible for him to prevent himself from toppling over. As his steps went on, it started to feel more natural, as though he was experiencing some sort of muscle memory within the body that he now owed.

That last bit of realization made him fearful that the mind which should have inhabited this body was still in there, somewhere. The instincts, the drives, and the sentience of Lamb should not have been far from his own. Would it be more powerful than his own if it should reach the surface? Would it take him over, force him to watch as a prisoner as it lived out its life, not caring about the life that it had stolen and locked away?

No. At least, not as much as Kevin could tell, anyway. There was nothing in his mind that could indicate that the Lamb, or even the Wolf, was present. Even trying to search his mind, his memories, for something akin to an alien thought or impulse, were absent. For better or for worse, it was only Kevin's mind in this body.

That came with its own series of fears and doubts. If he was in the body of Lamb, then was Lamb in his body? What would she be doing with his body, with his life? Did she not know how to function in his world as much as he did not know how to adapt to this one? How embarrassing would it be for a creature like that to try and live his life? Worse, in-game, she was a hunter, a killer. What if she...oh, God!

Still, Kevin did his best not to focus on the things that were far out of his control. It wouldn't do him any good, after all. There was nothing he could do about it other than to try and find Wolf and get some answers. Assuming that Wolf would help him, even if it wasn't really Lamb. Still, it was Lamb's body, right? Surely, Wolf wouldn't hurt it.

Kevin didn't have time to think about such things for now. He had to get used to this body and explore his surroundings before something even worse happened. Almost forgetting the bow on the ground, he gingerly reached down to grab it, not wanting to forget such an important object. Of course, he had no idea how to shoot it. But there was no use leaving it there, something that Lamb likely highly valued.

As he finally got used to his stride, Kevin couldn't help but think about how *weird* it was to walk with hooves and the current stance he was in. He was walking digitigrade, as opposed to the plantigrade stance that he'd used all of his life. It was akin to walking on tiptoes, and those toes weighed what felt like half his body.

His lower legs, for their part, were much stronger than he had given them credit for. Though they seemed to only be made of bone, it was hardly an inconvenience to move his heavy feet. In fact, the more used he got to his stride, the more he realized that his lower legs were designed to move him forward almost effortlessly, strong enough to keep going without the slightest bit of fatigue or energy consumption.

Soon, Kevin was walking at what he felt was a normal stride, though he wasn't sure of his body's actual abilities. He was a hunter, right? He was surely meant to move much faster than this. He didn't mind his walking gait, all things considered. It was nice to be this thin and powerful and lithe, he decided. Walking was almost effortless, he soon found, finally getting the hang of this body. He was walking faster now, though was still a little cautious of moving in a body where he felt that he was off balance. He figured the real Lamb would have no trouble walking much faster than this, hunter that she was.

It did not take him too long to find a brook in the mountains, hearing the sound of running water some distance off. Kevin hadn't realized it until he started trying, but his hearing was much more acute than anything he had known in his human body. It soon became obvious as he got closer to the stream that the reason he hadn't been hearing anything was that there simply wasn't much around. Save the errant sounds of birds, ones that were apparently much further away than he should have been able to hear.

At the effort of trying to locate a source of water via sound, Kevin slowly began to realize that his ears were twitching this way and that, as though trying to locate the direction of the water. Kevin hardly had the ability to control them. Yet, with some practice, he felt them flick at



his own prompting. It was bizarre, to say the least, to be moving appendages that did not have such an ability in his human form.

Kevin soon realized that the less he focused on it, the more his ears reflexively moved in the direction of the desired sounds. Again, it was more akin to muscle memory than any instinct left in his mind. The sounds of running water soon had him at a mountain brook, deep enough to cast a reflection. Kevin came upon it with a feeling of trepidation. He didn't want to confirm what he already knew. But part of him was almost curious at what he looked like, to see what Lamb appeared like in the real world.

The face reflected back at him was quite surprising, to say the least. Kevin's suspicions about wearing some kind of mask were correct. It was tight enough that he could not see the skin under it. If there was anything under it, at least. Part of his was curious to take it off and see what was underneath. But, it didn't feel like he was wearing a mask or anything of the sort. Was it part of his face? Kevin felt he didn't want to know, at least not yet.

The overall shape and design were almost reminiscent of a fox or some other lithe canine, with two horns on the top that looked like ears and a piece over his mouth that appeared more like a thin muzzle. His own features were tiny enough to be entirely obscured, save for his ears and the braids that hung down from his head. That, and the mane of hair that sat perfectly behind his head, so that not so much as a stray follicle was being blown out of sorts by the wind.

It was the eyes that Kevin felt were the most prominent feature. Though nothing persisted in his vision to indicate it so, the eyes were glowing, shining green even in the low light of the setting sun. They gave him a haunting stare, one that was sure to invoke some form of primal reverence in anyone who he came across. Kevin made a note not to try to talk to anyone unannounced, lest he intimidated them outright!

Shaking his head a little, Kevin tried to come to terms with the realization of what he was, or, rather, whose body he was currently in. It was clearly a being from another world. If Lamb, if Kindred existed like this, surely, then there was a possibility that all aspects of the lore were present in this world. Yet, aside from the characters he played against in-game, he recalled very little about it. Why did Kevin not bother to read more on the lore? Then again, how could he have known something like this was a possibility?

Having now confirmed his identity, Kevin quickly realized that there was still only one course of action. He had to find Wolf, the other half of the Kindred character that he found himself a part of. There was no way around it. More than likely, if they were a bonded pair then Kindred would come to find *him*. Or, at least, someone that he considered to be Lamb. Either way, a search was in order.

Holding onto his bow carefully, Kevin got up, looking out into the oncoming night with a sudden sense of excitement. Though the sun had gone down, his perceptions of the world had hardly changed. In fact, things were almost as brightly lit to his eyes as they were by the light of day. Naturally, they would be, if he was truly in the body of such a seasoned hunter.

One thought passed through his mind then, the strangeness of the situation giving him some pause. Was his sudden swap due to the fact that he had been playing as Kindred before it happened? If he had been playing as someone else, would he find himself in that body instead? Was there another body he'd prefer to be in, rather than this spectral beast? It was impossible to say, and there seemed little time for such what-ifs in his current predicament.

Not for the first time today, Kevin found himself interested in the abilities of the body he was in. Real or no, it wasn't every day that one woke up in a different body. And this was a far cry from his somewhat overweight form. The opposite was true; he was lithe, powerful, and strangely feminine. The notion should have bothered him, but Kevin was remiss for not caring that his body was a different gender when he realized how well it could move. Despite its much smaller stature, it was far stronger than anything his human form could achieve!

Despite the bizarre nature of the body and his presence in it, Kevin was remiss for not finding anything disturbing about the entire affair as he learned to use his new body's natural abilities. The entire world was open up to him, and not just visually. Even sound, every scent, nothing escaped his notice. Despite his relatively lithe form, Kevin had never felt more powerful in all of his life. Never before was he in more control. Nothing out here, even in this alien world, could harm him. At least not without a fight, though Kevin couldn't give them one, not without some practice!

It occurred to him then, not without a twinge of excitement, that if he was such a skilled hunter then perhaps it was prudent to try to hunt something. Not a human, or anything sentient, as best as he could determine. Even if Kindred killed people, harvesting their souls for the afterlife, he wasn't sure that he could bring himself to do it. But, something else? An animal? He needed the practice to use the bow that he now carried, right?

It didn't take him very long to find something worth the chance to hunt. His nose picked it up first, the scent of what his mind told him was a deer. It was downwind, something that he instinctively knew. It wasn't a racial memory, rather a muscle memory much like walking had been for him. He knew to stay downwind, to feel the air on him and know which way it was blowing so that he could stalk from the proper vantage point.

The sounds of the animal, clearly a deer now, made his ears twitch as they moved in response to its direction. It was moving slowly, grazing and occasionally moving its head as though looking for predators. Predators like *him*, Kevin delighted, giving him a sense of excitement.

It did not take him long to come across his quarry, a single lone stag drinking by the brook. Kevin could take his time lining up the shot, not used to firing such a thing and needing the extra preparation time. He picked up the bow, the weapon feeling familiar in his hands as he took aim at the creature. Though he hadn't ever fired anything like this before, it did invoke that same muscle memory from his body that he was using to get him through the experience.

Yet, it was hard to allow his instincts to take control and fire as he knew he needed to. Too late, the deer turned to notice him and bolted away, taking off into the dark with its heavy footfalls. Kevin cursed his luck, thinking that he could not outpace the beast and that he would need to find another to fire upon.

Yet, it took him only a moment to think about the abilities of the form that he now possessed. Kindred could use a hunter's mark of sorts, right? He wasn't sure how to do so, and wracking his brains seemed not to provide an answer.

Yet, it took only a few moments of concentration for Kevin to realize that a new ability, beyond one of hearing or sight, seemed to indicate where his quarry had gone. It was like an additional sense, a spatial awareness that had no human comparison. Whether or not it was the hunter's mark ability, Kevin couldn't be sure. But whatever it was, he could hunt down his prey now with no chance of it getting away.

"How fast can you run?" Kevin whispered, surprised at how much his voice sounded like the recorded one from the game. It almost made him shudder to realize that it was coming from him. The voice was so surreal, and so...feminine. It was like he was hearing himself but also hearing someone else speak. To say it was alarming to hear from his own lips was putting it mildly!

"So bizarre..." Kevin replied, rubbing his throat a few times to make sure that the voice was actually his own. Hearing lines that were not recorded by the character coming out in her voice confirmed his suspicions. No matter how much he tried to clear his throat, nothing changed in the cadence of the sounds that came from his own muzzle,

"Fuck, I really am Lamb..." Kevin tried swearing, something that would never make it into a family-friendly game's dialogue. It was the last thread of certainty that he was, in fact, Lamb and that it wasn't a fever dream. Still, it was hard to come to terms with the fact that his

own voice had been replaced by that of a voice actor. Even stranger was that the exact voice was translated into this other world like Lamb's vocalizations had an influence on who voiced her in the living world.

Kevin felt that he should have been afraid to confirm that he was living in another world where elements of a video game existed in his own perceptions. Yet, there was also a sense of elation to realize that he was this character now and possessed all of her abilities. The hunter's mark was but one of a myriad of possibilities that Kevin could use, and perhaps there were even more he would discover once he met up with Wolf!

Tracking the animal was now a breeze, though Kevin stalked along quickly, trying his best to keep quiet as he moved. It wasn't hard, not even with the relatively large hooves he possessed. He scarcely made a sound as he traipsed through the undergrowth, slowly closing in on the deer that had to eventually stop, it becoming fatigued where Kevin could apparently not be.

This time he did not hesitate to shoot from his bow when he came upon the tired animal. Part of him was worried that he might miss or that he would injure but not kill the animal. Yet, like his other abilities that seemed to have muscle memory associated with them, Kevin decided to let himself go and fire the bow before he could think about it any further. The arrow shot true, striking the stag in the heart and knocking it over, dead before it hit the forest floor. The perfect kill in the way that only a seasoned hunter like Lamb could make.

Recalling a trait of the character from the game, Kevin found himself wondering if the kill would make him more powerful. He wasn't sure *how* that would translate to the real world. Would his strength and stamina increase briefly from making the kill? He certainly didn't feel stronger. Maybe it was something unique from the game, or perhaps he needed to kill something sentient in order to receive a gain. He wasn't ready to try that out, not yet. Not unless necessary, though he couldn't imagine taking a life. Even killing the deer, though exhilarating, made him feel a little nervous.

Kevin looked over the corpse of his kill, not feeling the sense of elation that he had hoped for. In fact, the whole ordeal made him feel as though it was...pointless? The hunt itself had been exhilarating, but it was mostly a sense of indifference in taking its life. He felt no desire to eat it, no hunger at the prospect of its meat, or really none in general.

Thinking there was something wrong with him, Kevin wracked his brains, trying to see what he could recall of Kindred from the lore. It had escaped him utterly before now, being more concerned with his hunting and searching. But, despite all the trekking that he had done, Kevin felt no semblance of fatigue after his chase. And after all this time he assumed he should

be hungry. Hell, not even the water that he'd used to view his reflection invoked a desire to drink.

Not for the first time that night, Kevin lamented his lack of interest in the backstory aspects of the game. Then again, how could he have ever known that *this* could happen? Lamb wasn't an animal, or an animal man, not really. Some of the other bestial characters were, but wasn't Lamb some sort of ethereal being? Like a spirit, or someone from a spirit world. Did that mean he didn't need to eat, sleep, or drink while in this body? It certainly seemed like the case.

It was only then that Kevin started to realize the perks of being in this body, lacking the need to eat, sleep, or feel fatigued. Despite the bizarre nature of the existence, Kevin found himself in, he couldn't help but find the realization rather...neat. It was super convenient to have a body that was devoid of simple needs. He could literally run all night, and never have to stop or rest. The entire world was his to explore, to hunt if he saw it fit to go after something that wasn't a deer. It would certainly make things more convenient in finding his other quarry!

Giving more thought to his body as a whole, there was one other aspect of his physiology that had largely escaped Kevin's notice until now. He had understood it, of course, as least on a fundamental level. He knew, deep down, that his body was female, that the Lamb aspect of Kindred was a woman. But it had never really sunk in before now. He wasn't a man anymore, though he hadn't bothered to explore that side of himself. Did he really have no balls or cock? Stanger still, did he have, well, anything down there? He was a video game character, right? Yet, this world felt as real as the one that he was in, so then...

Feeling a little nervous about examining his sex, Kevin decided instead to check over the rest of his body first, wanting to really take in the feminine aspects of it. He had to admit, the sprite in the game did it no justice. It failed to cover the hourglass figure, the ample hips and butt, and the sway of his body as he walked. There were no breasts, not really, though Kevin was delighted with the unexpected sensation of nipples under the skin as he explored himself. Touching them sent alien shivers through his body, once that related to confusing signals through his loins.

It was hard to find fault in the strangeness of the situation with the amount of pleasure that Kevin found himself exploring. His new additions were far more sensitive than anything he had ever experienced on his own frame. His nipples had never been much of an erogenous zone, though Kevin seldom partook in pleasures of the flesh to really know where his hot spots were. Still, it was amazing feeling himself up in this body. Kevin hardly had the wherewithal to pull away, so lost in the pleasure that it was giving him!

Noticing that the sensations were making him wobble a little, Kevin got down on his ass, taking a moment to rub its ample contours. It was exciting to have a posterior that was so...big. It accented his womanly accents wonderfully, and only served to spur on the arousal that his nipples were giving him. Never before had the straight man been so turned on by the female form as he was with this body. He didn't play with himself often, and he had never imagined what it would be like to play with a female's sex on his body, after all. And, best of all, in his current predicament, the body was his to play with as he saw fit!

The cry from his nipples was almost siren with the pleasurable shockwaves that playing with them sent through his body. They were centering on his privates, though Kevin could see nothing through the fur of the form that he now possessed. He was tempted to reach down to touch what he assumed was there, but there was a hint of trepidation in his mind that made him feel a little nervous about what he would find.

Still, the nipples on his chest gave him enough temptation to tend with as he rubbed them over, the sensation in his loins warming now the more that he touched them. He almost wondered if they would leak fluids from his prompting, but nothing came of it. Instead, the small nubs served only to bring him pleasure and make him moan in that feminine tone as he squirmed on the ground.

Part of him wondered why Lamb possessed sex organs in the first place; surely, a spirit did not need to reproduce. And if she did not need to eat or drink, surely she wouldn't need any plumbing down there, right? But if the sensations were any indication, she seemed to have a vagina of some sort, and it did feel pleasure. Be it her form a facsimile of living beings or it an unexpected aspect of spiritual beings, Kevin could not say. But in the moment, he was remiss to care, simply lost in the sensitivity of the sensations from his chest.

Even as he touched himself, Kevin could feel something lower on his chest, being stimulated second-hand from his self-pleasure. Kevin found himself wondering if maybe, perhaps he had more sets of nipples, akin to being an animal rather than a more humanoid form. Reaching down, he was delighted to discover that he had not one but two sets of nipples, further down on his chest just above his belly. To his excitement, they seemed to be just as sensitive as the first pair, though playing over all four of them in tandem was certainly bringing a delight all on its own.

Tremors flowed into his crotch, making Kevin squirm and writhe from the pleasure that was pulsating in his lower half. It felt like each wave was a mini orgasm on its own, created simply from touching the sensitive lumps on his chest. But, with them came the craving to touch that area lower on his form, to experience its pleasures directly rather than the second-hand way that he had been experimenting with.

The temptation was too much for him to bear any longer, not caring that he likely possessed a cunt if the feelings from rubbing his nipples were only a prelude to what could come next. Parting the flesh, Kevin's fingers found that the skin around his vagina was moist, as though aroused through the cunt lips that he now possessed. The slit was relatively small, leaving an area between his taint and anus. Yet, the sensitivity it seemed to possess was more than Kevin was ready to experience. A moan escaped his lips as even the effort to pull back the skin to see what he now had between his legs felt sensual. If it was this nice to expose his cunt lips to the air, then what would it be like to...

All notions of modesty were thrown out the pervertible window as Kevin's three-fingered hand reached down and started to rub the skin, slowly as though exploring himself for the first time. The notion was apt as Kevin had never had a female's sex and would be discovering its flesh anew. There was no need for him to feel embarrassed; his enhanced senses told him there was nothing else living for miles around, save the birds and the bugs. He was free to play with himself without fear of repercussions.

The temptation to dive in on his sex was rather strong, though Kevin, feeling he had all the time and the energy in the world, was content to first tease its contours. He played around the edges, rubbing the flesh as the ache of his insides started to swell. The flesh was more sensitive than he'd ever hoped, making him tempted to dig in and see how quickly he could bring himself to orgasm. It soon became a game of sorts to see how long he could hold out from the temptation to plunge his fingers in and fuck himself in the way that his body seemed to cry out for.

It would turn out that the period of withholding would not be very long. Though the surface of Kevin's sex was sensual on its own, the urge to feel penetration welling in his mind could not be ignored. With little regard to holding back, Kevin plunged in, spreading his three fingers wide in order to reach the maximum amount of surface area possible. His insides were on fire at this point, and Kevin felt that he needed to quell that heat by touching himself as vigorously as possible.

Kevin wasn't sure how the sex organs of Lamb compared with those of a normal human. He had never been with a woman before, much less gone down on one to compare anatomy. He did seem to detect a sensitive bit of flesh at the apex of his vagina, and he managed to adjust his fingers so that his thumb played over that nub while the other two spread himself wide and started to pull back and forth in a way that made him elicit an audible moan.

With the stimulation to his sex, and the other hand playing between his four nipples, there was little ability for Kevin to hold back against the sensations. And he no longer wanted to, not with how divine it felt to be played with in such a manner. His orgasm started to wash over him

with an increasing intensity that made Kevin touch himself faster and faster. His feminine voice cried out, though the orgasm that overtook him was a consistent pressure that steadily increased in intensity rather than the all-encompassing explosion of its male equivalent. Best of all, Kevin felt no fatigue, no need for a period of refraction as his orgasm dipped down, only to start to build up again.

Still, Kevin took a moment to come down from the release and take stock of his form. The scent of his sex in the air was pungent, though not offensive as Kevin had feared. Rather, it served only to increase his arousal from the odor of his previous release. Never before did he find the scent of sex erotic on its own, but now it seemed to turn him on more than anything he could imagine.

Kevin was about to reach down to play with himself once more, with little better to do in the moment. If he did not need food, or rest, or the hunt, then why not take the time to explore his new body as it seemed to crave? Yet, there was a presence in the air that seemed to call out to him, that left him to pause and question what it was that he was doing. No, that wasn't it. It called to him in a way more primal than Kevin had ever experienced, even from his own sex.

It started as a stillness in the air, something otherworldly that Kevin could not identify. It did not belong on this plane, or, rather, was not of it. It was, of him, if that made any sense. Kevin hadn't realized what was missing before now, hadn't realized that he wasn't whole. But, with the presence of this other being so close to him, Kevin was suddenly painfully aware of how alone he had been, and how much this other entity completed him. It was obvious as to the source of the sensation. Wolf had found him.

Yet, rather than the elation that his body seemed to feel at the presence of its other half, all Kevin could feel was fear. Wolf was just as powerful as he, if not more so. He was a Lamb, after all, and Wolves hunted Lambs. Even though the two of them were supposed to be Kindred, it was impossible to remove a human's understanding of events. He was in the space of a predator, one that did not need a bow and arrow to strike and kill his prey. If he was inclined to, Wolf could dispatch him before Kevin had a chance to even cry out.

Worse was the notion that Wolf would not like the fact that Kevin was not really Lamb. Though it might be Lamb's body, it would not take Wolf long to determine that he was not Lamb if he did not know already. If they were as close as the lore seemed to indicate, then surely, he could not hide his true self from the beast.

With almost a look of reverence, Kevin lifted his head to see the sleek form of Wolf slinking towards him. He was dark as night, eyes glowing blue to match the eerie green of Lamb's own. He, too, wore a mask, though it was likely more for striking fear into their victims



rather than any real need to hide. Like Lamb's, Kevin found himself not wanting to know what was on the other side of it.

“You're not my Lamb,” commented Wolf, without any bit of hesitation. Kevin felt his blood freeze at that. There was no trying to escape, no reasoning with the beast that knew him better than Kevin knew himself in this body. He was totally at Wolf's mercy now.

“That does not matter. You are still Lamb, not mine, but you feel like Lamb all the same,” he replied, walking over and audibly sniffing the air.

Kevin was finally able to take stock of the sheer size of Wolf compared to his own body. Though the two were side by side in the game, it wasn't until Wolf's nose was nearly at his chest level that Kevin really got a scope of the beast. Though they were equal partners in hunting, it was his pure physical prowess that made up for the lack of a weapon that Lamb had to use in battle.

A flush of embarrassment would have crossed Kevin's features if it was possible. Wolf was still sniffing, taking in all that was around them. And, right now, the stench of Lamb's sex was heavy in the air, clearly present to Lamb's enhanced senses. Surely, Wolf's abilities had to be at least the same if not much, much better. He would clearly know that Lamb had been masturbating. And that brought with it more shame that Kevin was willing to admit.

Yet, it was not an expression of disgust that slid over Wolf's animalistic features, though it was hard to tell in the moment. The expression seemed to be one of excitement, of anticipation. Kevin wasn't sure how he knew this, exactly. Just that it was the truth as plain as anything else.

His suspicions were confirmed at the sight of the bestial cock that Wolf seemed to sport, pushing its way out of a sheath that Kevin was only just able to see visible hanging from his groin. He wondered for a moment if it was the potent scents of sex that were doing it for him. Or, was it something more...personal? Maybe the two of them were buddies of a different sort, as much as bonded spiritually as physical. Did they perhaps take part in pleasures of the flesh?

Before Kevin could further reflect on things, Wolf's nose was at his groin, lapping with an insistence that could only come with experience. There was no way that they weren't lovers at least in the physical sense. Every fiber of Kevin's being told him that Wolf's touch on Lamb's body was familiar. This sexual dance was evidently one that they performed often if the sensation to his nethers was any indications.

“Which things are mine to take?” Wolf asked, pausing from his gentle tonging and looking up to the face of his friend with an expression of anticipation. The line was familiar, and also carried with it an unexpected request for permission.

Kevin through for a moment reminded of the line from having played the character so many times in recent memory. “All things, Wolf,” he replied, then got down on his back.

The position felt more comfortable than Kevin was ready for, carrying that sense of familiarity that accompanied all things within Wolf’s presence. This was their preferred position, it seemed. Though, it was likely that in their long lives the two tried making love in all the ways that they could conceive of.

With the touch of Wolf’s cock so close, Kevin felt his body starting to get wetter than even his masturbatory efforts had left him before. The notion of being fucked was making him excited on so many levels that Kevin found a hard time coming to terms with that reality. On the one hand, the idea of penetrative sex was a curiosity. If touching himself felt so good, then what would taking something inside of him be like? Surely, it had to be much better than he was ready for. His vaginal lips were almost opening and closing in the excitement of being taken in such a way.

Yet, there was something more personal and intimate in doing this with Wolf that had Kevin elated. They two were already bonded in a way that defied understanding. If they regularly partook in sexual acts, then it was a dance they likely knew well. And it was one that Kevin was more than happy to give a try!

Wolf wasted no time, getting on top of him and staring down with that intense gaze that made Kevin shiver with anticipation. Time seemed to stand still; Kevin almost had a mind to try and beg for what it was he wanted. But, in his current state of being, he could only gaze back, his glowing eyes speaking volumes for what he wanted. No, what he *needed*.

Nothing his own hand could do brought him more satisfaction than the pointed tip of Wolf’s cock on his own sex, opening him up just slightly, though enough that Lamb shuddered all the way through. He felt his slick sex peel open, accepting the phallus inside of him eagerly without pain or even a semblance of discomfort. In many ways, it felt as though the penis belonged inside of him if that realization could be apt. It slipped in easily, all the way to the knot that Wolf possessed before he started to thrust back and forth.

It was like a true awakening to feel Wolf fucking him, to take him and bond them in a way that was beyond understanding. He could almost sense Wolf’s thoughts as though they were truly a single being and the memories belonged to each instead of only one. The sensation

threatened to whiteout Kevin's mind, but he managed to hold on if only to gain a true understanding of the experience.

He could clearly see in Wolf's recollections that they did this every night, made love to bond in body as they already were in mind. Even though he was not truly Lamb, it mattered little with the body that was also his, as much as Wolf's belonged to Lamb. Kevin might as well have been simply along for the ride, free to enjoy the sensations and all they had to offer.

Wolf was all the way in now, his knot threatening to invade at any moment. Kevin moaned in that feminine tone that beckoned Wolf forward with the extra bit of effort that was needed for proper penetration. All it took was that final bit of prompting to have Kevin fully opened up and for the knot to slip inside of him, to tie them together properly until the finale came.

Kevin could feel every inch of the throbbing organ inside of him, every vein and the elastic tissue that was stimulating his own orgasm to approach. It was as though every inch of Wolf's cock was made for him, made for his pleasure and ecstasy. As he came that first time, Kevin's world whited out, making him shudder and shake and vibrate around that cock that his entire world revolved around.

Of course, in his current state, Kevin knew when his mate was ready for his own release. It was all too obvious by the thoughts in his head that Wolf wanted to join him in orgasmic bliss and make his other half cum again as well. Whispering a line from the game, Kevin said, "You...your time has come," though it had a much different context than either was used to.

Yet, Wolf seemed to get the idea, grinning a knowing smile. "Ready or not..." He managed to growl out, closing his eyes and preparing to let it all go. "Never one without the other..."

All at once, Kevin's mind was nearly blinded with the combination of Wolf's release and the sensation of warm fluid spewing over his insides, filling him and coaxing another orgasm from his loins. It was at that moment that all of Wolf's thoughts were his, just as his were Wolf's. They were truly Kindred now; even Kevin's existence from another world mattered little to the bond that these two bodies shared.

Kindred lay there, the sensations running through both bodies felt by the other in a way that defined understanding. There was no denying the very literal bond that existed between the two of them. It surpassed all understanding, to cum from two perspectives at once and yet still primarily exist in the one body. Kevin allowed himself to be one with his other, to exist in both bodies as he now understand only Kindred could.

Stay thoughts still passed his mind as he lay there with Wolf, the two of them tied together as they were. He wasn't in his proper body, of course. How it had happened was a mystery. Equally perplexing was the notion of getting back to his true body. Without an understanding of the process that had brought him here, how could he possibly hope to figure out the way to get back?

But, then again, with the feelings of closeness between the two of them, did Kevin really want to? Surely, being a spectral being forced to hunt and kill those whose time had come should have been an abhorrent future. But, then again, life would be much longer like this, he was sure. He wouldn't live forever, surely, but far longer than his human lifetime could ever be. And the sex was certainly nothing to scoff at!

But there was time for such thoughts later. He could always ask Wolf, though, judging by his initial reaction, it was likely that Wolf had no idea of such things. Maybe Wolf could help him? Would Wolf even want to? It didn't matter in the moment. The only thing that mattered was the feelings of having Wolf inside of him, tying them together physically in tandem with the spiritual way that the two beings existed as one. One character, one force, one for the hunt and to reap the lives of those whose time was up!