There was only about a minute left to the party when the rubber demon that had been the main centerpiece of the entire party called everyone that was still in the house to the main foyer. That meant killing the music in the living room and causing all of the hypnotically entranced rubber reptilian creatures to let out a groan of disappointment before filing in. DJ Abyss was about to pack up all this things when the one that was herding everyone in told him that he was one of those that was supposed to be in there as well. He just shrugged and motioned for his assistant to stop what he was doing and follow the creature into the main area.

On the other side of the house the nagas that had been just finished cleaning up the kitchens were also told to come in, the caramel naga followed by the other three that he had recruited. Before they got too far though they did have one last lick of their bodies, which was strange because even after the meeting they knew they could keep sampling yet it felt like there was the possibility that they wouldn’t. They only did so one or two times before filing in with the rest in the increasingly crowded hallway.

For some they had to remain in the adjacent dining room that looked into the foyer, the jello shot lizardmen being the ones that were told to wait there so that they wouldn’t make anyone sticky. They were soon joined by those that had spent the entire party playing video games, which had grown to nearly a dozen that had been pried away from the hypnotic game to join the others. As the two groups of lizardfolk looked at one another a sensation of camaraderie fell over them, nodding at one another. One of the gamer lizards in the back exclaimed that he didn’t know there was food at the party as he and several others nearly pounced on the table while Renzyl walked by them and looked through the bottles of liquor.

“You know if you want a recommendation you can talk to us,” the leader of the jello lizardman said to the rubber creature, who merely turned and looked back at him with a smile.

“I think I’ll be fine in this instance,” Renzyl replied as he looked at the proof of several bottles before grabbing three of them and walking back towards the foyer. “I know of a great place that you guys would fit in perfectly, just make sure you’re listening to the announcement happening soon.”

Meanwhile Neil was knocking on the doors to get all those that had more important activities than attending the party to come in, the pack of hellhounds exiting onto the second floor balcony that overlooked the foyer. They were followed behind closely by the three jungle cats who continued to stroke and fondle one another even as they went out into a public space. After that was Chaz, Amber, and their latest creation of a rubber minotaur on a leash between them as they strolled out. Finally was the former head of the frat slithering out as best he could with all the bindings on, Neil having to take off several of them so he could move properly and join in the announcement.

Had anyone looked outside they would have noticed that everywhere else the world seemed to have come to a screeching halt. Things that had been thrown floated in mid-air while the parties being held at other fraternities were suddenly silent. It was as if the entire world had been put on pause, though those that were observant enough would have noticed that there was still some slight movement happening. Everyone that was inside the frat house however was more focused on the rubber creatures that stood on the balcony as everyone gathered together.

Once they were sure that they had gotten everyone in the house, not a human in sight of the mix of creatures that gathered, Renzyl appeared suddenly in between the rubber wyvern and latex lizardman. “First of all I want everyone to give a wonderful round of applause to your two party hosts,” Renzyl said as he gestured towards the two. “If it wasn’t for them I definitely would not be here, and you wouldn’t be enjoying the lovely forms that you have right now. So a round of applause for these two!”

“Yeah!” Someone in the audience shouted as everyone clapped. “Go Sivilath!”

“Sivilath?” Renzyl said in slight confusion as he looked between the two creatures that flanked him.

“Oh, that’s my real name,” Chaz spoke up as he grinned sheepishly. “No one in the frat could really pronounce it that well so everyone just called me Chaz. Why, is that a problem?”

“Not at all,” Renzyl said with a small grin as he patted the artist on the shoulder. “In fact we should probably have a talk later about things, but for right now I have to present you all with a choice that may seem simple but is actually very complex. Now as you all know it is currently the minute before midnight; I have taken the liberty of using my power to dilate that minute so you can all choose whether to come back with me to my realm and retain those lovely forms of yours or go back to your normal lives and forget this party ever happened.”

The foyer suddenly became an uproar of conversation and questions to the rubber dragon, which Renzyl tried to answer as best he could even with everyone talking over one another. He told them that those in this world wouldn’t know they existed and that they would live in his realm as his minions. As such they will have get to keep their bodies and any powers that might be associated with them, something that caused several in the audience to grin. Finally after answering most of the questions he told them all to think about it to decide and that it didn’t matter whether they chose to stay or go, it wasn’t a group consensus.

“Well I don’t know about all of you,” one of the candied nagas exclaimed. “But this is quite possibly the happiest I’ve been in my entire life, and if keeping this feeling means becoming a weird candy snake then I’m all for it!”

“Me too!” one of the werecats said behind Renzyl. “I’m just curious though, if we go to your realm do we have to be rubber creatures too or can we just stay cat people?”

“Well we’d get that sorted out when we got to my realm,” Renzyl answered. “I can tell you that if you really want to be cat creatures and not rubber I have a few brothers that would be interested in you and I could always use a trade. That goes for anyone else, I will make sure that you are were you would be happiest even if that means you won’t be my personal minion. For most of you however I really don’t think that’s going to be much of a problem.”

There was another murmur that was generated through the crowd as Neil looked down at the clock on his phone. Even though Renzyl had suspended time it was still moving, the time reading only thirty seconds left until midnight. The wyvern quickly decided it was time for him to speak and asked for silence, which surprisingly he got very quickly.

“As you know I’m the one that summoned Master Renzyl here to this party,” Neil said, causing several more hoots and hollers before it calmed down again. “At the time I didn’t know what I was doing, which is not something that you should probably say when you are attempting to bring demons into this world. I think that this wasn’t some accident or mere random occurrence that he was here… I think that Renzyl is here because a lot of us wanted him here so that we could all arrive all at this exact same time together. In my opinion I think those that were already not interested have left the party and what we have here are a group of dedicated creatures willing to follow this dragon back to his realm for the after party!”

The foyer erupted into cheers and everyone started to chant Neil’s name, followed closely by Master Renzyl. “Well I think they made their decision,” Chaz said with a smirk as he looked over and winked at Neil. “I believe it’s time we brought this party to a close.”

“I believe you’re correct,” Renzyl said as he grabbed the liquor bottles he had taken and stuck a rag in each one, then lit them on fire before handing one to Neil and Chaz and holding the last up. “Even though your world will not remember what happened here the spirit of it will still live on in this area… which admittedly probably won’t be noticed as much at a fraternity row, or quite possibly more.” Everyone in the foyer chuckled at the joke before Renzyl continued on. “While you all will be forgotten here I assure you that every single one will be remembered, counted on, and cherished while you are within my realm.”

“Everyone!” Neil said as he held his own flaming liquor bottle in the air. “To the greatest party that never happened! Count it down with us!”

As time returned to normal there were ten seconds left to midnight, everyone counting down with the three that kept track of the time. When it got down to one the three liquor bottles were dropped, sailing downwards towards the floor as the time clicked over to midnight. By the time the glass shattered onto the ground and the flames quickly spread from the high-proof liquid it was in an empty foyer, every creature that had been standing there vanished without a trace. As the fire continued to rage it burned away any traces of a party left behind, consuming any evidence that Renzyl or the others were there to begin with as the sounds of sirens blared in the difference.

A few minutes later the fire department came and with it the local news crew, a reporter standing in front of a camera as the destroyed house continued to smolder behind him. “I’m reporting live from the scene of a fire that broke out at the fraternity row of the local college,” he reported as he looked behind him, then back at the camera. “While investigators are still out on how the fire happened shortly after midnight it has been confirmed that this particular house had been condemned for years prior to the blaze starting. I have been told that firefighters have already done a seep and confirmed there were no casualties or injuries, as soon as I have more news I’ll be sure to bring it to you.”

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The rubber wyvern and lizardman looked on in awe as they walked through the main entrance of Renzyl’s manor, their jaws practically dropping to the floor along with the others of their group. It appeared their arrival had been forecasted as they were met by several others that welcomed them to the domain. Several of the partygoers shouted after party and everyone laughed as they were separated and led to different areas of the realm. It didn’t take long before it was only the two original party planners that were left alone, though that wouldn’t be for long.

“Hello there,” a voice said behind them, the two spinning around to see a silver raptor with mirrored eyes standing behind them with a grin on his muzzle. “My name is Chrono, I’m Master Renzyl’s servant. You must be Renzyl’s new Generals, we are so very pleased to have you with us. The artistic lizardman is Sivilath and the wyvern is… Zander, am I correct?”

Just as Chaz was about to speak up he was interrupted by the wyvern. “Yep, that’s us,” Zander said, returning the grin as he attempted to shake hands with the raptor only to bump into Sivilath with his wing arm and knock him over. “Sorry! Still getting used to these new appendages.”

“Ah yes, there is quite the learning curve with them I’m told,” Chrono said as he motioned for the two to follow. “Master Renzyl is waiting for the two of you in the sun room, said something about an after party that those jello lizards were shouting about.”

The two laughed and followed Chrono towards the back of the manor where they saw the rubber dragon sitting and talking with several others. There was food and drinks on the tables as well, and though it was not nearly as wild as the one they enjoyed the sentiment just the same. Renzyl told them to help themselves and both Sivilath and Zander realized that they hadn’t eaten the entire time that the party had been going on. The two gave one another a look as they loaded up their plates and then returned back to the seating area where what appeared to be a stone leopard and tiger hybrid sat on one side while a rubber horned lizard sat on the other. There was also a bronze naga that sat in his own coils, the extremely muscular male patting over a swollen belly that caused both males to look at the serpentine creature in question.

“I see you’ve already noticed my other General,” Renzyl stated with a laugh. “Berza, this is Sivilath and Zander. I got them while at a party.”

“Makes sense,” Berza replied. “Once Master Renzyl gets his claws into you its only a matter of time before you end up here. You must have really impressed him to be his new Generals, good on you.”

“Thanks,” Zander replied. “Um… I don’t mean to be rude, but you look like you’re in a little… distress.”

The bronze naga looked down at himself, then laughed as the others chuckled as well. “Oh, I just happen to like being filled with eggs and such,” Berza admitted. “If that’s your thing too I’d be happy to share in the experience. Not sure what the General code of conduct is when it comes to that sort of thing though.”

“I’m sure we can jump off that bridge when we get to it,” Renzyl stated. “Before we go any further with the pleasantries, I had something to ask of our young artist here. You see while your acceptance of my gift meant that you were more than willing to come with me to spread your talent I’m afraid I don’t have much in the way of mentoring in that field. That’s why I called my brother Kirdos to come down and talk to you as well.”

“Me?” Sivilath asked, the feline statue creature nodding.

“I happen to be more in tuned with the creative nature of the world,” Kirdos explained as he set down his cup. “Just like our other brother Yavini has a green thumb and Haleon is good with computers. Now when we come across someone with a supreme talent that might fare better in the realm of another we always make sure that they are happy with their current situation. If you come back with me I’ll be sure to foster that gift of yours to become something greater than any artist you could possibly think of and you’d be around others like yourself as well.”

Everyone seemed to have their eyes on Sivilath as the lizardman shrank down into the cushions, as thought that would somehow stop the stares as they waited for his decision. The artist lizardman looked at Kirdos, then at Renzyl, then back at his own body. “Honestly… if it wasn’t for Renzyl I wouldn’t even have this body at all,” the lizardman said as he looked back up at the stone feline. “Plus he gave me this cool brush tail and honestly I think if I had the chance I could really spruce up the place around here. So while your offer is tempting I’m afraid I’ll have to decline, my place is here with Master Renzyl and Zander.”

“Fair enough,” Kirdos stated as he got up from the couch. “I believe I will take my leave then since there is nothing for me here.” As the hybrid was about to turn the corner he suddenly turned his head back and looked directly at Renzyl, who was sipping from his cup of tea. “Also I have claim to Severin B.”

“Not if I get there first,” the rubber dragon replied, smirking at the other creature as the feline frowned before disappearing. “Ah sibling rivalry… now where was I, oh yes, the other lovely gentleman here is Scythe, his is one of my Collectors. Now I hope you stocked up on everything because we have much to discuss.”

By the time the secondary party was over night had fallen on Renzyl’s realm, though for most that meant very little as the rubber wyvern and lizardman walked through the garden that was being planted behind the manor. Both had talked extensively with both Berza and Scythe on where they were going to fit in for their operations. For Sivilath it was an easy choice, the artistically inclined lizard would not only help with more creative traps but also get an art gallery running that would attempt to rival Kirdos. The lizardman was practically bristling with excitement as he thought about it, running his fingers through his brush tail as he did.

For Zander he was in charge of personnel management, particularly the recently transformed and those that were able to transform others. While it was an interesting fit he got to be in charge just like he had even with he was as at the party. He could use the others however he needed, even learning about something called a snake cock that was essentially a snake that took the place of his member. He already had several volunteer themselves when he showed interest in the subject and was definitely something he was going to try later.

“I have to tell you,” Zander said as they sat down at a bench in front of a fountain, both of them looking at the very naked dragon on top of it. “When I read from that book I did not think it would end up with us being transported to another realm where we turned into rubber creatures and are now responsible for various tasks assigned to us by a Nexus creature that was posing as a demon. What do you think?”

“I think I’m happy that you didn’t take my advice,” Sivilath replied, both of them chuckling. “By the way, what’s up with the names?”

The wyvern shrugged, folding his wings back while not knocking them into the other creature. “I figured new lives, new names,” Zander explained. “I know that yours is your real name but I don’t think a day went by when people didn’t call you Chaz for simplicity sake. Plus it just sounds more artistic, you know?”

The lizardman sighed, then chuckled and nodded. “I suppose you’re right,” Sivilath relented, then shook his head. “Man, it’s only been a few hours and I’ve been having a hard time remembering my former life as a human. Do you think the others are going through the same thing, maybe even some of them having regrets?”

Zander explained to Sivilath that one of the things he had gotten while he was getting used to his new job was reports on how the others were doing. From what he had heard everyone was fitting in to their new roles quite nicely; the candied nagas had all taken the offer to go with a chocolate crocodile named Jerkah while the jello shot lizards stayed behind with Renzyl. The werecats decided to go with Kirdos and the hellhounds went with a smoke jackal named Tarien, of which Renzyl got some serious trade backs for all of them. The regular lizards, the ones that got hypnotized, and the one that hypnotized them all also stayed with Renzyl in this realm too.

“I suppose everyone is happy just like Renzyl promised,” Sivilath stated, Zander nodding in agreement as they watched the water cascade down the stone. “Hey… what do you think ever happened to the book? The one about summoning demons for fun and profit?”

“I don’t know… burned up maybe?” Zander replied with a shrug. “Or maybe someone will use it to throw a huge party, I guess we’ll never know unless another group comes through that door just like us…”