

Islands of Wet Dreams
Chapter 8: Into the Mountain
By Draconicon

When they reached the top of the mountain, Carl expected to look down on lava, fire, at least something that resembled the inside of a mountain. Instead...he saw red, and nothing but red.

“What...how...”

“*Maunga*’s getting closer to the surface, would be my guess.” Studley shook his head. “Looks like we don’t have a lot of time.”

“But...but this is a mountain. Why does it look like a...a...”

He didn’t even have the words for what it looked like. Instead of rock and rolling lava, instead of bubbling heat and swirling, molten goo, what he saw was pure red light, occasionally sparking like it was carrying some sort of charge. It was faint, almost like a fog at the top of the mountain, near where they stood, but it got thicker the further down it went, until he couldn’t even see the rock slopes on the inside. And he couldn’t see anywhere near the bottom.

Click click. He turned, looking at Lupe loading up his shotguns, and shivered.

“Do you...do you think you’ll need to shoot things on the way down?”

“I don’t have a fucking clue what I’m gonna have to do. But if it’s a god down there, pretty sure that this’ll do more than tickle it.”

“How? If it’s a god -”

“Heh, best not to ask what sort of ammo Lupe is carrying, Carl.” Studley chuckled. “Probably something classified, if I know him.”

“Ain’t wrong. They don’t even give me clearance for half the shit that I’m lugging around; I just tell ‘em I need it and hope that they buy it.” Lupe smacked the guns. “But I’m pretty damn sure that if we can’t get to *Maunga* and wake him up with anything else, these’ll do the trick.”

Carl wasn’t sure, but he wasn’t going to question it. After all, doubting a werewolf with guns as big as those probably wasn’t the smartest thing in the world.

He glanced down the mountain slopes. In the fading light, he could just make out the great bulk of the dragon and how it blocked off the path for the others running up it, and hoped that the Professor wasn't having too bad a time with the brute. Whatever he had shouted at the sky had pulled the dragon down in short order, and the only thing that he could think of that would make something like that leave them alone was some sort of deathly insult.

Just...try and stay alive for a while, Professor, he thought. We'll get this done and come back for you.

Though...what this was...

Edging to the lip of the mountain crater, he looked into the red again. There was a path, he saw. It was just barely visible through the red 'fog', and it lacked any sort of support away from the wall, but it was a way down. It was some way in without just taking a leap of faith.

"So...who's going into the scary mountain first?"

Studley's question was a good one. Carl looked back, glancing at Lupe. The werewolf shrugged, and stepped forward.

"Might as well be the guy with the guns."

"Considering that I don't have my katanas this time, probably a good idea."

"How the hell did you lose those things?"

"It wasn't a loss, it was a *loan*. There's a difference."

As the werewolves bickered with each other, they walked down the slight step past the lip of the crater, and stepped onto the path. When nothing happened to them, Carl followed after, trying to keep as far from the edge of the path as he could. The path wasn't exactly wide, and even pressing his back to the stone wall, he still only had about half a foot of clearance between the tips of his toes and the edge of the path.

The red mist swallowed them up as they walked down the rocky path, following a slow incline down in a spiral from the top of the mountain. Occasionally, Carl looked over his shoulder, the human making sure that they weren't being followed, but within minutes, he couldn't see anything through fog. Not even the opening they'd come through.

"How high up do you think we are?"

"Pretty high, Carl. I'd say..."

The darker werewolf leaned over the side of the path, peering through the mist.

"Well, I'd say we're 'fucked if we fall' feet up."

"Not...not helpful, Studley. Not helpful at all."

"Just saying."

He shivered, trying not to think about how long he'd be falling if he took a slip, and tried not to look down. Considering how he was edging sideways rather than walking normally, though, that was more than a little difficult.

It only got worse as they got deeper into the red. He swore that it was getting hotter, breaking into a sweat as they walked downwards, and he wasn't the only one. Lupe's fur was starting to drip, hanging over him like a great matted blanket, and even Studley was starting to wipe his forehead a few times. His own clothes hung off of him like soaked towels, and they were only getting wetter.

"Mmmph...I don't even see...what's making it so hot..."

"It's a fire god. Did you expect it to be fucking cold?"

"Ugh...come on...be nice, Lupe. It's not like Carl's got our experience."

"He can fucking have it. Could have used an easier life."

"Really?"

"Okay, no, not really, but shut the fuck up. It's hot."

As the heat kept climbing, he noticed something else. It beat down on him like it was the height of summer in the middle of the desert, and it seemed to be hitting the wolves almost as hard. Yet...

He pressed his hand to the rock. Nothing. No pain, no heat, nothing that might have shown that it was getting affected by fire or anything else. Not even a hiss as he pulled his hand away.

It was all focused on them.

Curious, Carl reached to the edge of his shirt. He hesitated, then slowly dragged it over his head, feeling it peel off of his skin almost as much as it slid off of him, and it was heavy with how much sweat was pouring off of him.

As soon as it slipped over his head, he felt cooler. No, not just cooler, but...perfect. The perfect temperature, not too hot, and not too cold, despite being soaked to the skin everything. His upper body felt right, while his legs, his crotch, his feet, felt like they were hanging over the edge of a fire.

"Ugh...great..."

"What's the matter, Carl?"

Neither of the wolves had looked back yet, though he wasn't surprised, considering they probably just wanted to get the hell out. Studley had somehow found some clothes for himself after the incident at the edge of the forest, dressed in tight leather shorts and a vest, while Lupe had something like a pair of combat pants that had likewise come out of nowhere. Probably Studley's help or something.

Either way, he could see that they were sweating much more in *those* areas compared to anywhere else on their bodies.

Ugh, the Professor would have a field day with this, he thought. Still, it's not like we can do anything if we sweat ourselves to death before we even get down to Maunga. If we can just keep from blushing to death instead...

“Guys, I, um, I think I know how to get through this.”

“Besides walking, you mean? I ain't jumping off the edge here.”

“Um...I just...”

Carl took a deep breath.

“We have to get naked.”

The human blushed worse as the two big guys turned around, their eyebrows raised about as far as it looked possible to go. He rubbed the back of his head, his cheeks burning as he tried to explain.

“I think...I think that with all the naughty stuff going on, it's another defense. If we go forward with clothes on, we protect our...our privates, but we are going to be exhausted. If we strip down -”

“Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me...”

“Well, I don't know about you, but I want to be awake enough to think down there!”

He couldn't believe he was shouting at Lupe again, but he was already desperate enough to get away from the heat to be stripping down. He tugged at his shoes, and then kicked them off, leaving them on the rock beside him. His socks came off next, leaving him suddenly cool from the ankles down, and he shucked his pants off with a grunt.

Before he knew it, he was standing in front of the werewolves in nothing but a pair of briefs, and - while he blushed in them - he held his ground.

“I...I don't want to get naked either, but I don't think any of us are getting down there with clothes on. Not without sweating out our body weight in water.”

“Werewolf.”

“Eh...the kid's got a point, Lupe.”

“You gotta be kidding me. You too?”

“Hey, I'm already soaked, and I'm not exactly regenerating here...”

“...”

“Yeah, you're noticing it too, huh?”

Carl blinked.

“What are you talking about?”

“Heh, you want to tell him, Lupe?”

“Shut up. We can still handle this.”

“Then I will.” Studley shook his head. “I’m not regenerating from all the water I’m losing. Normally, this stuff? All the sweating, all the draining we’re going through? No problem for werewolves. We just regenerate from anything, given enough time. But that’s not happening. Something...or someone...”

He gave a pointed nod over the edge of the path.

“Is keeping it from happening.”

“He’s...he’s already that powerful? But he’s not even awake yet!”

“Yeah, I know. Must be getting close, though, if he’s reaching out to the waking world this far.”

“Geez...we gotta hurry.”

“Yep. Soon as we strip.”

“Fuck this...”

Carl decided that he could at least turn around and give them some privacy as they stripped down, though it was hard to do when he remembered some of Lupe’s rather...large endowments, from when the Professor and his bodyguard had come stumbling into them earlier. It had been quite the sight, though he hadn’t really had the chance to see either of them from behind yet.

When they were done and they started walking again, he finally had his chance. Carl’s cheeks burned bright red as he felt his cock rising up from the sight of the two fuzzy sets of buns in front of him, those ass cheeks wet enough to slide against each other from the sweating they’d been doing. Muscles were barely covered by fur, and he could just imagine how they’d feel around his dick, letting him hump between them so easily...

Mmmph...don’t think about it, don’t think about it...

Yet, that was just about impossible, particularly with the way the wolves walked. Those ass cheeks just popped, big enough to keep the eye on them, and with just enough stability to keep from looking feminine. He wondered...

No, no, he wouldn’t grab them. Even if Studley was nicer than Lupe, he wasn’t about to risk getting thrown off the edge for that.

Down, down, down they went, and he wondered how long they’d been walking. An hour? Two? They’d been going for a while, at least. There was no sign of the hole above, and no sign of the floor below, so there was no reference for how far they’d gone. He couldn’t even see the spiral of the path above them, making him wonder if they had even gone downwards, or if reality had been warped to leave them on a constant circle rather than a slow descent.

What he did know was that he'd been hard ever since they'd stripped down, and it had only gotten stiffer as the time had gone by. He groaned, feeling his cock throbbing, aching from the stiffness those sexy wolf ass cheeks forced into it, and he whimpered as his balls churned constantly.

“Why...do you...”

“Have to be...”

“So sexy?”

“Wait...”

Carl blinked, shaking his head. He had been trying to say the sentence himself, but each of the wolves had said it as well. Reaching out, he grabbed Studley by the shoulder, which snapped the darker wolf out of whatever he was thinking. The pair of them turned to look at each other - Carl trying to ignore the throbbing wolf-cock sticking out from Studley's crotch - and then they looked in front of the other wolf.

He was following something that most definitely hadn't been there before. A female, of some sort. Smaller than the wolves, but about the same height as Carl. She had a sleek jumpsuit on, or rather, a cat-suit, like some sort of burglar, with a bunch of tools hanging from a utility belt around her waist. She swayed her hips with every step, throwing a roll and a bump to each sideways move, and Carl bit off a groan.

“She...she wasn't there before, was she, Studley?”

“No, but she's certainly here now. And a hot bitch, too...”

“Can...we not think about that?”

“True, she's completely fake, but she's hot as hell.”

“Yeah, yeah. I see that. You see that. But does Lupe?”

“Considering his eyes are all over her ass, I don't think he can avoid seeing her...but yeah, I don't think he knows she's fake.”

“Damn it. We need to - Holy...”

“Uh-oh...”

He wasn't sure why Studley was saying ‘uh-oh,’ but he knew what he was staring at. Lupe's cock was quite out of proportion to his body, standing out at a full foot and a half of length, and it was throbbing and getting bigger by centimeters every time that he took a step towards the vixen. He was growling under his breath, and Carl spotted him growing in other ways, too, his eyes getting more feral as his arms grew longer, his legs getting thicker.

“What...what's happening?”

“Iiiiiiii think that's Lupe's beast mode coming out.”

“You...isn't he already a beast?”

“Carl, compared to what Lupe’s beast mode is, this guy is a kitten.”

“That...isn’t encouraging. At all.”

“No. We need to -”

“RAAAAWR!”

Carl covered his ears as Lupe suddenly leaped through the air, claws outstretched for the vixen burglar. No sooner had he left the ground, though, than she whipped her leg around, kicking him in the chest and sending him around. It was like she had become supernaturally strong, all of a sudden, and Lupe was pinned against the wall. High heel against his chest, the woman’s suit squeezing all the right places - even between her legs - the vixen leaned in.

“Heh, think the big bad wolf can catch me? I’d like to see you try.”

She kicked him, leaping back a few paces, while the growing werewolf growled under his breath, slowly slumping forward to lean his hands on the ground, claws flexing, extending as the vixen ran her hands down the sides of her body.

“Hehehe, silly pup. Like you could handle *alllll* of this...I’ve got bigger fish to fry than you...”

“Grrrrrr...raaawwwrrrrrrr...”

“What’s the matter, hon? Fox got your tongue?”

She laughed, leaping over the edge, and to Carl’s shock, Lupe followed. The wolf howled as he leaped over the edge, chasing her into the abyss of red, until they were out of sight. Not...quite out of earshot, however. The smack of boots on flesh and the sound of claws ripping through cloth were quite loud enough, as were the sounds of combat and...other things.

“I...I don’t think we have our gunman anymore.”

“No, I don’t think we do. Pity.”

“But, uh...”

Carl hesitated for a moment, looking at the path ahead. Lupe had jumped off, but he hadn’t taken his guns with him. The human paused, slowly reaching out, and then pulled his hand back.

“How much would he kill me for touching his stuff?”

“Probably take off a limb or two.”

“...”

“Hey, it’s a discount. Lupe would probably kill you completely if it wasn’t for the fact that you were saving the world with those.”

“I, uh, don’t suppose *you* would be willing to take up the guns, huh?”

“Oh, I would, I really would. But I did that last time.”

“You don’t look like you lost anything.”

“I got better. And let me tell you, it was a bitch to get better from.”

He shook his head. Hoping that Studley was joking, he slowly picked up one of the shotguns, and grunted as he heaved it up from the ground. The thing was massive, big enough to drag his arms down if he wasn’t careful, and even leaning it up against his shoulder, he could still feel it trying to drag him off of his feet.

He’s a werewolf. It should be heavy. Even so, he was starting to see how Lupe could run around, carrying the Professor everywhere and still keep up with everyone. The gun weighed a ton.

He ignored the weight as best he could, and tried to keep from thinking about the fact that now it was Studley in the back, and his ass on the line as they walked along.

Just...don’t think about it. Just be ready to shoot anything that you see that isn’t Lupe. There’s no way that there’s anybody down here that isn’t an illusion or something. You resisted that centaur. You can resist anything after that.

They kept walking, though paused when Studley hissed, grabbing him by the shoulder. He pointed upwards, his ears twitching a few times. Carl tried to listen, but he couldn’t hear anything.

“What is it?”

“Slithering. Naga, I’m guessing.”

“...Great. Just...great.”

“Hey, at least you got a shotgun this time.”

“Considering how many times I beat his face in with an oar, somehow I doubt that’s gonna make a difference.”

“Better keep moving, then.”

They did, avoiding the little sparks in the air as the red fog discharged some sort energy. The further down they went, the more he saw things in the mist, little specters that moved from one point to another, little shadows of something else that were making the mountain their home. The sound of rutting wolf and moaning vixen could also be heard, but he tried not to think about that. His cock was hard enough.

Time lost all meaning, and he was about to consider throwing himself over the side and hoping for the best when one of the shadows in the fog drifted in front of him. It went from a slightly darker patch of red to a flash of light, and Carl lifted the shotgun -

“And now, it’s time for you to earn your place.”

The world was...different. Carl blinked, the red gone, the sky above blue rather than blocked off by mountain. The ground was no longer stone, but a soft carpet. And the shotgun -

Shotgun?

There was no weapon in his hands, just a simple leash. A leash that ran to his neck, and the other end which ran to -

“Ack!”

He was pulled down, suddenly, his body yanked from standing up to being on all fours. The leash ran down to the bottom of a boot, which was stomped on it to keep him from standing up. He saw his reflection in the polished leather, and slowly looked up.

A burly grizzly looked down at him, heavy-set but not particularly round. Instead, he seemed to emanate muscle and power, his arms thick and his shoulders broad. One hand held onto the leash, the other groped at a leather-covered crotch, squeezing it until a substantial bulge pushed it forward.

“Earn...”

He tried to remember what he'd heard. Earn his place? But...what...he'd been...

The bear grabbed him by the back of the head, pulling him in tight. Carl grunted as his nose was ground right into that leather, the smell of hot leather and warm musk pushing its way into his nose, his eyes rolling back as his exposed cock throbbed, twitched, even started dripping as he took a couple of breaths.

“That's right, boy. You think you're big and tough? Let's see how long you last with me in charge.”

The bear rubbed his head, and he groaned softly at the way that it almost felt like...petting. Like he was being encouraged to be good. Like he was...

He shuddered as the bear turned around, that leather boot keeping him pinned, twisting him closer as it ground on the end of the leash. In seconds, he went from staring at a thick, leathery-covered bulge to a big, round, barely-covered ass.

The leash-holding bear pulled his cheeks apart, dragging the side of his leather underwear off to the side. Sweaty fur led him down to a musky hole, right in the center of a round, huge ass. A heavy hand shoved him in by the back of his head, and he gasped as his nose and lips were pressed right to that hole, the taste and scent shoved into his brain.

“That's it, you little slut. You know where you belong. Right on your fucking knees, working on keeping *real* men going. You think you're tough? Show me how long you can worship my ass.”

Carl's eyes were rolling back in his head, his eyes glazing over. His cock throbbed hard as he took another breath, then another. His head was trapped between the cheeks, his tongue slowly sliding out -

BANG!

And just like that, the red of the mountain and the rocky path was back. Gasping for breath, he fell forward on all fours, just as the shadow flickered away, retreating while dripping something from a hole that was already healing.

Looking over his shoulder, he saw the shotgun in Studley's hands, already getting cocked for another shot. He blushed, looking down.

"...Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Pretty sure that you'd do the same for me."

"Pretty sure?"

"Well, you might miss, though I'm sure you wouldn't do it intentionally."

"Heh...not...not for you. Maybe for Lupe, though. What was that, anyway?"

"Some sort of lust wisp, I think. Not quite a full-on incubus, though. They're a lot harder to scare away, and they hang on a lot more. These things just drag you off into daydreams and then leave you in a fantasy that you want. What kind of thing were you seeing, anyway?"

"...I plead the fifth on this one."

"I'm hearing an otter screaming at me that that's not how that works."

"Then I'm not talking about it."

"Heh, suit yourself. Here."

The wolf handed him the shotgun, and they continued their downward climb.

Now that he knew what to look for, it was easier to keep the wisps away, though no less painful for it. The first time that he used the shotgun, the recoil and kickback almost knocked him off of the edge. Studley had to catch him to keep him from going over, but it definitely worked, blasting the silhouettes and specters out of the way.

After the fourth one, he could hear the slithering sound that Studley had mentioned before. It was definitely the sound of a naga pursuing something at high speed, and he knew that they weren't in the lead by much if he could hear it that clearly. Maybe two or three circuits above them, if that.

Time to run.

He and Studley ran as fast as they could, erections throbbing between their legs as they dodged wisps left and right, the pair of them shooting at some and leaping around others. There were times when Studley actually picked him up and threw him, the werewolf tossing him over different wisps and letting him shoot others that were in the way and unavoidable.

Down, down, they went at breakneck speeds, and Carl honestly wasn't sure how they reached the bottom of the circle alive.

They came to a halt, or rather, were brought to a halt by a giant boulder. They smacked into it hard enough for Studley to crack his head against the side of it, and Carl was pretty sure that he'd at least managed to bruise a rib as he bounced off of the werewolf in the process.

But at least they had reached the bottom, and now...

The human stared at what they'd found. The fog was thin enough to see the prison that held *Maunga*, and they finally had a chance to see what he was. A goat-like figure, with heavy horns on top of his head, and a white coat of fur, thick enough to look like sleeves down his arms and legs, he was suspended over a pool of red, clear water, his body bathed in the light that came up from it.

The god didn't stir as they came near, hanging in suspension with his head down and his shoulders slumped forward, like someone who had fallen asleep in a bundle of ropes, but it wasn't the sleeping god that had his attention.

No, it was the pool of water beneath him, and what was reflected off of it.

Hundreds, maybe thousands of different points of view littered the pool, with each one blinking as the person they followed blinked. He saw through the eyes of employees, through the eyes of visitors -

“Ugh...Mirror effect...”

He had to turn away from his own as he saw it, avoiding looking down into an infinite loop of someone looking into his own point of view. But he could see everyone, from the naga that was slithering down the slope to the dragon up above on the mountaintop. He could see people fucking, getting fucked, or otherwise given their fantasies come to life. Not once did he see someone that was suffering, or hurt, that didn't want to be.

Emphasis on those that didn't want to be. He blushed at how many were being 'hurt' in a way that made them cum.

He tried not to stare, but it was impossible to look away. A voyeuristic joy came from seeing them, even when they weren't doing things that he wanted to do, himself. He saw people that were getting fucked up the ass, and people that ate ass. He saw people that were getting fucked by plants. People that were drowning as they were molested by tendrils, only to gasp for breath at the last second. He saw people fucking away as they fell from a building, only to come for a safe landing in some strange happenstance that should never have happened, a balloon or trampoline in the way of certain death.

Carl followed the pool around, unable to look away as he took in one point of view after another, seeing the people who were somehow indulging their fantasies without risk, without...anything. It was like...like someone had twisted reality to make it all possible.

Maunga...why?

“Because...I...can...”

The voice. It was quiet, almost dismissible as something he'd not really heard, but he couldn't deny that it was there. Carl looked up at the floating figure, but it hadn't moved. Not one bit.

“How...”

“I...see...you...”

See -

Carl looked down, staring at the pool, and he saw it. A white point of view that reflected him looking down, with a red border around it. He leaned in, unable to help himself.

“*Maunga*? I thought...I thought you were sleeping?”

“I can...still dream...This place...is almost...a dream to me...”

“Then what...how...”

He shook his head. No. The Professor had said that he needed to disrupt the prophecy, make it happen without it being the god’s call. The shotgun should do that, if nothing else. Even if things were completely safe here, nobody should be dragged through this without knowing what was happening. He reached for it -

“Ah, ah, ah.”

Carl froze, the familiar voice of the naga filling his ears. He slowly turned around, saw that the naga had finally caught up with them. Lorenus looked at them, holding the shotgun in one hand, slowly turning it from him to Studley and back again.

“I think we need to have a little chat, boys. Why don’t you sit down...and we’ll see how long the pair of you can last against a naga’s hypnosis.”

“I don’t...”

The gun pointed in his direction again, and Carl slowly moved back over to where Studley was standing by the boulder, the pair of them sitting down by each other.

“Good, good...now...let’s just relax, shall we? Relax...and tell me your fantasies...It won’t be hard for *Maunga* to bring them to life, here.”

And then himself, once we’re in a lusty dreamland...This is not good. This is REALLY not good...

The End