Free Samples

As usual the kitchens in Jerkah’s realm were as busy as ever; creatures of all kinds were walking around attempting to prepare the various meals for not only the realm but all those that the chocolate crocodile served in many other spots in the Nexus. Not only where there the chefs themselves but for a number of stations there were creatures that would be the actual courses in the meal as well as those that acted as the ingredients for others. Everyone worked in sync with one another but it wasn’t without its problems, which is where the Sous chefs stepped in to make sure that everyone remained in line. While they weren’t the Generals like most of the nexus creatures nor the typical second in command they were tasked with making sure that everything ran smoothly, especially when Jerkah himself wasn’t there to oversee the line.

Matthew was one of those that had been recently promoted to such a spot. The strawberry cheesecake fox-dragon had been put in charge of one of the dessert sections, which was one of the more popular areas with a lot of creature traffic, and though there was a lot of work to be done the hybrid confectionary kept up with the pace. He had even been allowed to help out Master Jerkah himself with a number of his set-ups and had met the others in the realm, something that few others got the honor of doing unless they were being consumed as part of the party. It put him in an area of high distinction where the chocolate crocodile would be in his section less often since the head chef knew he could handle himself. That was why when Matthew was about to check on the latest batch of cream puffs, which were a number of flaky pastry dragons with a serpentine cream filling, that he was surprised to see that Jerkah was already there.

“Baked to perfection I see,” Jerkah said as he took a large ladle of chocolate sauce and poured it over the dessert dragon’s head, Matthew watching the creature arch his head and neck to make sure it spread as evenly as possible over his body. “I’m not here to critique your culinary skills though, I actually have a task that I would like to offer you.”

“Of course Master Jerkah,” Matthew replied as he tilted his head slightly to the side in curiosity. “What can I do for you?”

“I have a number of cooking demonstrations going on that are not in the realm or in any of the pocket dimensions I have,” Jerkah replied with a slight sigh. “To be perfectly honest we’re a bit overbooked and supplies are thin as they are. That’s why I’m asking a number of sous chefs to fill in and help out the chefs as well as become any ingredients that they may need.”

Matthew nodded in response; as a sous chef the crocodile had given him the ability to morph himself into a variety of ingredients, but normally that was just to put the finishing touches on something that they didn’t realize they needed and typically he just stayed in the first form that he had been given. Though this would be the first time that he would be operating off-realm without the master chef at his side he knew he could do it and didn’t want to let his master down. When he agreed to help out the crocodile smiled at him and gave a pat on the shoulder before handing him a small list. When the cheesecake foxdragon looked at it he saw that it was all locations and the names of the chefs that were in charge of the demonstrations, which meant that for each one he was going in blind.

When Matthew asked about his own station in the realm Jerkah told him not to worry and that he would get someone to cover for him if needed, instead sending him off to go through the hub and into the dimension where he was needed. The cheesecake foxdragon wasn’t quite sure where he being sent to, especially since it seemed like wherever he was going had some idea of the nexus realm and the creatures within, but what he did know was that he was ready to help with whatever cooking problems there were. He felt the portal start to vibrate underneath him as he stood on the platform and after giving a thumbs up to the one controlling the hub he watched as the multihued smoke swirl around him. Eventually it completely clouded his vision and there was a bright flash, and when he was able to see again he found himself in the middle of what looked like a massive cooking trade show.

While Matthew could tell that this wasn’t a part of Jerkah’s realm, or any of the other nexus creatures for that matter, he could definitely see why someone like him would go unnoticed. There were other food creatures not associated with the chocolate crocodile walking around as well as the usual normal humans and anthros, all of them looking at booths that were set up to display all manner of kitchen gadgets. It was essentially a trade show, the cheesecake creature mused as he began to sense Jerkah’s minions, and from the tingle in the air there was also a significant amount of magic in the air. While he made his way over towards the booths he happened to see one of the non-nexus food creatures on display and from what he caught of the presentation they were homunculi, essentially magically animated creatures that were created from food to add some flare to parties.

It was the perfect place for Jerkah to slip some minions in of his own, Matthew thought with a chuckle, and when he finally got to the booth where he sensed his own kind he was slightly surprised to find that it was closed and the curtains were drawn. When he went inside he found that there were several cake creatures and shiny brightly-hued nagas that were arguing with those that weren’t made of food that the hybrid assumed were the chefs responsible for the demonstration. “Oh, thank goodness you’re here!” one of them, a somewhat rotund racoon man said as he saw Matthew walk into the display booth and waddled over towards him. “It’s a disaster, a disaster I tell you!”

“Whoa, one second,” Matthew quickly replied as he held his hands up to keep the chef from saying anything further before looking at the food and ingredient creatures. “Now I’m here to help but Master Jerkah didn’t give me anything really to go on, so what’s the reason the booth is closed?”

“Because we have buttercream that isn’t sticking to their cakes!” the raccoon chef shouted in dismay. “The product demonstration was to show how our creatures can cover any cakes for any occasion but every time we attempt to have one of them cover the cake creature we created they just slide right off of them! We thought that the buttercream might have split…”

“Do I look split to you?” the purple-colored frosting creature said as he suddenly slithered up to the two and looked at Matthew. “Now that we have a REAL chef here we can finally get to the bottom of this. I’m still wondering why Master Jerkah lets you cook when you clearly prefer to eat.”

“A fat chef is a sign he cooks well!” the raccoon chef shouted back before taking a spatula and slapping it on the snout of the serpentine creature. Matthew had to take a step back as the naga lunged forward and wrapped around the raccoon, covering him in frosting as the chef started to threaten the ingredient creature with a hand mixer he had managed to grab. The cheesecake foxdragon sighed and put his hand against his head as the others quickly came in and pulled the two apart even as the purple buttercream naga spat frosting at the raccoon who continued to try and throw kitchen utensils at him.

“I’m starting to see why Master Jerkah didn’t want to take care of this himself,” Matthew replied as the two finally calmed down enough to stop flinging things at each other, going up to the raccoon and taking a bit of the frosting that coated his jacket. “The naga is right though, he definitely isn’t split and the consistency looks good to me. If that’s the case than the problem might be with your cakes.”

The snake stuck out his forked tongue at the chef, who let out a grunt and took off his chef jacket as Matthew went over to the cake creatures that had stood there and watched the fight. It didn’t take long to realize his conjecture about the cakes being off were correct; when he examined the tiger cake he found that not only had it been underworked to the point where he could see raw ingredients but it was sticky to the touch, which meant that there was too much liquid in it. A small grin formed on the face of the foxdragon as he realized he could solve both problems with one solution and turned to ask the chefs where their flour supply was. When he was pointed to it he took one of the sacks and ripped it open, then dumped the flour over his own body before going back to the tiger he had initially examined and asked for him to hop up on the stainless steel countertop.

The tiger smiled up at him as the foxdragon chef got to work, taking his hands and pushing them into the pectorals of the creature with his flour-covered hands. Though he didn’t like to besmirch other people’s work Matthew find that the naga had been correct that the chef hadn’t prepared this cake well, especially as he saw some of the defining feline features morph into formless goo briefly. The other chefs and the food creatures gathered around him as he began to kneed his hands in deep while also taking his flour-covered cock and pushing it into the tailhole of the cake man beneath him. Though the latter part wasn’t completely necessary nexus minions, including the hybrid himself, used pleasure to help speed the process along and he had the feeling fixing a cake wasn’t going to be the only thing on his to do list.

The slightly garbled groans of the cake tiger became more defined as Matthew worked his way up and down the neck and shoulders of the creature, incorporating the flour that had stuck to him into it to help firm him up. After about a minute the areas that he worked on were starting to get more well-defined, especially the tiger’s cock as the one penetrating him plunged in and out of his doughy tailhole. There were a couple ahhs from the other chefs as the foxdragon felt the other creature’s cock begin to stiffen, forming into an erection that pressed against his abs. The tiger let out a great sigh of pleasure and mentioned that he hadn’t been able to get stiff since he had been created, something that caused a chuckle to come out of everyone else other than the raccoon chef who huffed and put his arms over his chest.

As the foxdragon felt the legs of the cake tiger wrap around his waist Matthew noticed that it wasn’t just the feline features that were getting more distinct as he hand mixed in the flour. Before he had gotten started the tiger looked had looked rather thin, and not even lithe like his own body but actually skinny. The more that he massaged and the harder he thrusted his throbbing cock into the man beneath him the more muscular he started to get as well. As Matthew arched his back so he was standing up straight and dug his clawed fingers into the gooey calves of the tiger he felt them start to swell up slightly, which caused the limbs to tighten around his waist and get his dick even deeper inside of him.

Eventually the tiger was bigger than the chef who was fixing him and as Matthew reached around and pulled the cake creature up until their chests were pressing together, the foxdragon thrusting up into the feline. As Matthew’s fingers sank into the back of the cake tiger he felt something tap on his shoulder and turned to see that the purple buttercream naga had slithered up behind him. “I think we need to try and little experiment,” the sugary serpent said with a hiss as Matthew felt his ear get tickled by a forked tongue. “Just to make sure everything is ready for the demonstration.”

Though Matthew was still hilt-deep in the tiger that didn’t stop the naga from coiling around him, though the cheesecake foxdragon suddenly found himself entangled as well as the naga began to crawl up their bodies. Though the pleasure from feeling the frosting cover him was very pleasant what Matthew was more pleased with was the fact that as the snake’s body slid over the skin of the cake tiger it adhered to it like glue. The naga seemed equally excited with his work as the chef felt something slide up underneath his tail while the cake and buttercream creatures made out. At the same time the buttercream naga continued to wiggle himself all over their bodies and though the frosting didn’t stick to Matthew it was evenly coating the cake until he found himself pressed against a purple cake tiger with white stripes.

The naga continued to pump into Matthew while making out with the cake tiger and for a few minutes the chef just enjoyed having his insides spread open while he did the same to the man wrapped around his waist. Just as he was about to move onto the next one and repeat the process however he got a distress call that felt like it was somewhere else within this giant kitchen trade show and realized that he was needed once more. He pulled himself out of the take tiger and shook the remnants of the frosting and flour off of his body before he pointed to the chefs and told them to do that for the rest of the cakes and get the display up and running. All of them nodded eagerly and as Matthew left the trade show booth he could hear loud noises coming from it once more, though these definitely weren’t from arguing as he used his senses to find the next area that needed his help.

It didn’t take Matthew long to find what he was looking for, finding a display stand that was also being run by several of Jerkah’s minions. Unlike the first one he had gone to this one was up and running and they were advertising special magic in order to have people covered in various prepared desserts, though the cheesecake foxdragon knew that they were actually transforming those who were willing into various confectionary creatures in order to swell their ranks. It appeared on first glance that they were doing quite well, in fact it took him a while to wade through the crowd that had formed as the human that was on stage was being turned into a blueberry scone fox by the batter fox behind him. It seemed that public displays of sex were commonplace here, Matthew noted as he made his way around the booth towards the back.

“Hey, what’s seems to be the- oh,” Matthew said as he looked down and saw a golden wolf creature on the ground looking rather deflated with the cheesy batter sergal and chef hovering over him. “Let me guess, trying to make a cheese souffle?”

“Second try so far,” the chef replied, the otter sighing as the sergal just grinned sheepishly in embarrassment. “I think we may have messed up the recipe with this one, and if that’s the case we’re not going to have enough in order to perform the next demonstration! Where are we supposed to get another vessel in such short notice?”

Another vessel, which was essentially they were going to turn into a food creature without the use of an oven. It was already rather tricky to do even without a recipe as delicate as a souffle, and if the batter has a bout of performance anxiety then they end up with something like the wolf that several other chefs were helping up so they could transform him back. “I can be the vessel for this demonstration,” Matthew said as he nodded to the cheese batter sergal. “The change is only going to be temporary for me but it should give you enough time to whip something else up to go after us.”

The chefs nodded and almost immediately began to go to work to prepare another batter creature as the cheesecake foxdragon watched several ingredient creatures ready to be merged together. As he looked up on the stage he could see the previous demo was just about to wrap up, which gave him enough time to revert from his dessert nature to something that looked a little more flesh and blood. As his body tingled he watched as grey scales replaced graham cracker and cheesecake until he completely reverted back to his old body. If someone licked him at that moment they would have gotten a taste of his actual form but for the moment he knew that the rouse would be good enough for a visual inspection as he flexed his muscles while getting used to being a normal hybrid once more.

Just as the last of his body changed Matthew heard the sound of applause and watched as the newly created food creature walked off the stage to go and mingle with the crowd, which then prompted him to be brought up next. The announcer told the audience that the next demonstration was for a light and fluffy cheese souffle that anyone can have their homunculi become for a fancy party, or to have it coat themselves to become the party. A few of the people in the audience chuckled at that but the hybrid’s main concern was the minion practically quivering behind him. This was likely the cause of the last souffle creature deflating and the foxdragon whispered some words of encouragement before bending forward slightly and pressing his hips back.

Matthew let out a soft gasp as he felt the cheese batter sergal begin to wrap his arms around him, already feeling the power inherent in his body mingle with the creature behind him. With the foxdragon one of Jerkah’s minions it was easier for the other man to start to transform his body, though for the moment they were mostly just getting into position with one another as he felt those fingers press against his firm pectorals. He reached back and grabbed the gooey creature’s thigh to spur him on further and he could feel the other man start to grow more confident with every second. Part of being a good chef was making sure that his creations were the best that could be on display, Matthew thought as he felt the tapered tip of the thick cock slide up underneath his tailhole, and as his own began to rise up he could already feel the sergal’s member start to push into him.

“Thank you for this,” the sergal whispered into Matthew’s ear as the chest of the sergal began to push against the scales of his back. “I think we’re both going to rise to the occasion on this one.”

The hybrid chef merely nodded and let out another groan as he began to feel the throbbing shaft spread him open. Though it was hard to see the crowd with the stage lights on he could hear quite a few in the audience let out mutters of approval as Matthew could start to feel the changes happening to his body. Part of baked good creatures was usually some manner of growth and as he felt his hips begin to thicken it was clear that the chefs had decided this was going to be for muscle. His stomach gurgled as the goo of the batter creature began to pump into him, not only from the increasing thrusts of the sergal behind him but also because it was starting to merge with his body. Matthew let out a loud groan that was muffled as the sergal pressed his angular muzzle against his own draconic one and the cheesy tongue slid into his mouth and began to stuff his throat as the rest of the batter started its spread.

Though the transformation would normally be effortless for Matthew since he was an experienced chef for Master Jerkah he played things up, building on the pleasure that came with the changes as his cock grew bigger while his stomach bulged briefly before becoming a set of washboard abs. He could feel the batter that was snaking all over his body had started to soak into his muscles and caused them to thicken as his body became that of a cheese souffle. Though both their arousals began to skyrocket the two remained gentle with one another in order to make sure that the foxdragon didn’t end up like the wolf that had just changed back, the cheese batter sergal making sure to stuff his maw just like his tailhole. It was hard to see but Matthew could feel that the chest and hips of the other creature had already merged into his back and he could feel his tail pushing through the partially melted creature while he was being stuffed.

Matthew’s eyes fluttered slightly as the pleasure suffused into his head and felt his skull start to swell, growing larger as he once more became a creature comprised of food. Instead of being a strawberry cheesecake he was becoming a cheese souffle instead as his muzzle became more angular. While he wasn’t transforming completely into a sergal it was clear that some of his features were merging with him along with the batter, mostly overwhelming his vulpine features while his body became spongy. He could feel the gratitude coming from the sergal before their heads completely merged together and the creatures that the batter creature was comprised of split back into their individual components as they disappeared back to Jerkah’s realm to be reborn as ingredient creatures again.

Control of the remaining batter creature transferred to Matthew and for a brief moment he felt the unusual sensation of having four legs before he pushed the gooey limbs into his scaled ones. The tentacular tongue had already completely slithered down inside of him and already transformed his throat and mouth into a similar souffle as the rest of his body was becoming. Since it was only going to be a temporary transformation anyway Matthew decided to use a bit of his own power to beef up his body further, deepening his voice as he allowed the batter to flow into his arms to grow his biceps while he continued to thicken his pectorals. It was clear that those who were watching were intrigued by the new developments as the foxdragon felt his body begin to grow and stretch.

As the last of the batter continued to swirl around the growing beast of a creature Matthew decided to that he had shown off enough and when he took a look back at the chefs behind the scene he could see that they were just about ready for him to hop off the stage. The souffle beast made his way as the announced told the audience that he would be there for sampling, which prompted him to head into the crowd for people to nibble on him while the next show was put on the stage. “It’s amazing that such a powerful-looking beast is made out of such a light and fluffy dish,” one of the audience members said after taking a bite out of his bicep, causing Matthew to shiver in pleasure as it quickly reforms once again. “Your group must be masters of your craft.”

“We like to think so,” Matthew replied with a grin that grew even wider as he felt several others nibbling on his tail while he talked. “I hope that you enjoy sir, there will be plenty more to have if you keep watching the display.”

“Actually I was wondering if I could talk to someone that was in charge?” the cheetah said. “I would like to talk to them about being in the central presentation stage since one of my other acts canceled after their ice cream homunculi melted before their show. If you can pass on a message to them to talk to me I would be happy to talk to them.”

Matthew wasn’t sure whether it was just the confidence from being such a strong creature or the high that came from his transformation but he felt himself taking charge since he was technically the liaison for Jerkah as the time. “That would be me actually,” Matthew replied, seeing the slight look of shock followed by a grin on the feline’s face. “Let me get changed out of this and perhaps we can talk about it.”

The cheetah introduced himself as Frienze and said that he was going to go over to the sample area and wait for him to change as Matthew took his card. An opportunity… it was something that the foxdragon wasn’t expecting as he managed to shake off the rest of the crowd and head backstage in order to revert his body back from his souffle form. Part of him wanted to go back to his cheesecake body but he didn’t want the guy to think that he was just some sort of homunculi pretending to be in charge. The savory taste of cheese continued to linger in his mouth as he reformed the last of the souffle back into his form and it reverted back to scales and fur. Once he was back to what most would consider normal Matthew quickly walked back out and made his way towards the sample area to meet up with the cheetah once more.

“Wow, that was quick,” Frienze said as he put down a plate with a number of small squares of pie on it.

“I was highly motivated,” Matthew replied as the two sat down at a table. “So what is this opportunity that you want to present to my group?”

“Well I can tell from seeing the booths that you and this Jerkah run that he has a knack for pageantry and that is the performance that I need right now,” Frienze explained. “As I mentioned before one of my acts had a literal meltdown and I need something to fill the slot so we don’t have an empty stage for an hour, and I was just about to give up on the search when I saw your demonstration. I know that this is putting you on short notice but if you can come up with something that, pardon the pun, really cooks I will be happy to put it in the slot and get you guys on the main stage.”

“That’s quite the offer,” Matthew said as he processed what the cheetah was saying. “Is there anything that we would have to do in particular, like pay or something?”

“Considering you’re doing me a favor I’ll wave the rather considerable fee that it takes to get a slot,” Frienze said. “You put up a good performance and I guarantee Jerkah is going to be swimming in orders from anyone who watches it. But make sure it’s good, because if you flop on the stage then it’s going to give you the opposite result.”

Matthew found himself swallowing hard as he suddenly felt more pressure than there was before when he first met the cheetah. Frienze was definitely giving him, and by extension Master Jerkah, a great deal in exchange for helping him with this scheduling problem of his, but now that there was the potential for failure it caused him to second guess his decision. If he failed to get something together for the main stage then it would not only be a black eye for the chocolate crocodile but also potentially undo everything that he had done here today. But… Jerkah was always telling his chefs to be bold and daring, and as Frienze told him that he still had about five hours to prepare Matthew knew that he and the other minions have done more with less time.

Eventually the foxdraogn told the cheetah that he had a deal and would be there on the main stage with something that would blow his audience away. After shaking Frienze’s hand he got more details on the timing and what they could provide for him on the main stage before thanking him again and leaving. As soon as the feline left Matthew’s smile turned into a look of anxiety and immediately contacted anyone and everyone that was on the same plane of existence as him, everyone from ingredient creatures to chefs, and told anyone that wasn’t currently working on a demonstration to meet him in one of the test kitchens. There were a number of people that replied that they would be happy to help him and that made Matthew feel better before he asked them if there was a place where they could meet that would give them some privacy.

About an hour later Matthew had a number of other minions of Jerkah all huddled around an island that was in one of the private test kitchens that was there for people to double check to make sure that their demonstrations were still good. For the nexus minions it was a chance to talk in private as they looked at one another. “The stage is too small to do any sort of mass transformation,” a honey-colored jackal said as they looked down at a piece of paper that had a number of ideas written on it. “It’s going to have to be something with just a few of us ingredient creatures, and Master Jerkah doesn’t want us to blow our cover of not being magic-using chefs quite yet.”

“I think this one is going to be our best bet,” Matthew said as he tapped on one of the food items that was on the list. “It’s a dessert, which our section is the best at, and only needs a few ingredient creatures that we have. Plus it’s an extremely flashy dish and something that if done right will really please the crowd I think.”

“We’re going to need the main ingredient though,” a bright blue, slightly gooey wolf said.

“Seriously?” the jackal replied. “We don’t have any here?”

“All being used currently,” the wolf stated. “We’re lucky that we got the ingredients we have.”

“I can take the main role,” Matthew exclaimed before he rubbed his chin. “There’s another rub though… when the cheetah was talking to me about what sort of acts that should be put on the main stage he mentioned that we need to reach a more varied demographic. He says that our demonstrations are fine but if we’re going on the main stage we need to cater more to the audience we have.”

There was a silence that fell over the group as they quickly gathered what the cheesecake foxdragon was talking about. “Is that… can we even do that?” the jackal asked. “I mean, the realm and Master Jerkah has some pretty strict rules when it comes to that.”

“I already talked to Master Jerkah and he said that since we’re not in the realm we can make an exception in this case,” Matthew said. “That’s the other reason that I’m going to be taking on the main role, and I also want the transformation to happen on the stage too. We still have a few hours before we go on stage so lets get the other two ingredient creatures up here so we can make sure that it’s perfect.”

The rest of the chefs and ingredient creatures nod and get ready for their time on the main stage, which included Matthew’s transformation into an ingredient himself. While it normally had to involve a trip back to Jerkah’s domain and more specifically his pantry to become a certain type of food part of the powers that he had gotten was the ability to change his form just by consuming something similar. In this instance it involved the hybrid fishing out a cherry from a jar of pie filling and swallowing the tart treat. As soon as the taste hit his tongue he could feel it start to spread in his maw even after he swallowed it.

The sounds of the other minions working in the background began to fade away as he felt his body start to change immediately. He stood in front of the mirror and watched as the red began to spread over the outside of his muzzle, the foxdragon opening his mouth to see that the entirety of the inside of his maw was stained red as well. As he let his tongue loll out of his mouth he could see the cherry-flavored liquid drool out of his mouth slightly while the bright color started to appear on his neck and stomach as well. The assimilation was happening rather quickly and though it was extremely arousing he made sure to not stimulate himself too much, even as his member began to harden while the cherry coloration spread over it as well.

“You make quite the cherry,” the honey jackal said as Matthew saw him appear in the reflection as he continued to change. “You sure you don’t want to go through the other change right now? This is something that most of our kind don’t ever get to experience.”

“I want others to see exactly what Master Jerkah and his minions are capable of,” Matthew replied as he turned his back to see the red cascade down his back and assimilate the cheesecake and graham cracker all turn to the same texture. “Besides I know the one that’s going to be involved in the first step and he’s very good at what he does, and quite honestly I’m… actually looking forward to it. It’s just a shame we can’t practice more, but I don’t want him to rub off of me before its time.”

The jackal nodded and let Matthew finish up with his preparation as his body became a smooth uniform color that almost made him look like he was wearing a rubber bodysuit. That was just the nature of being a dark cherry ingredient and as he pressed his hands against his body he could feel his firm but yielding flesh and know that he was exceptionally juicy on the inside. Everything else was still the same for him for now, though he knew that it wasn’t going to be that way for very long. He didn’t have too long to dwell on it though as he looked up at the clock and saw that it was time for them to get to the main stage in order to do their performance.

The main stage was set in an auditorium where it was in the middle and the seating completely surrounded it. When Matthew looked around he found Frienze who told him where the green was so that they could wait for their turn. As they walked down and into the tunnel that ran underneath a section of the seating he saw several chefs that were displaying a rather impressive set of knifework as the crowd let out sounds of surprise and amusement. The cherry foxdragon made a mental note that perhaps his master could do something with that before they he went inside with the two ingredient and one food creature that flanked him.

Since the space was limited Matthew decided that the other chefs would have to remain in the audience, which was fine since he was going to be the one that did the demonstration anyway. The others that were with him was a liquid naga, the gooey creature inspired by one of Lord Athear’s designs, and a white sugar lion. They also had a vanilla ice cream eastern dragon with them as well for the final product, and as they went into the green room several others that were in the room gave remarks on how well their frozen treat homunculi held up to the heat. Matthew said little except for thanking them on the compliments since he knew that they were professionals in their craft and they may spot the fact that something was different about the way they operated.

Fortunately they had arrived at the green room about thirty minutes before they were supposed to have their slot and soon Matthew heard his name get announced over the speakers to get ready. He nodded to the naga, lion, and dragon before heading out into the tunnel where they would wait for the act before them to finish. Even though this wasn’t the first time the foxdragon had cooked in front of an audience before it was mostly catering events and usually with Jerkah by his side to make sure everything was good. This was going to be something much different in nature in multiple respects, but the cherry creature didn’t have much time to think about it as the demonstration on the stage finished and the announcer called out his name to head up.

As the four creatures moved through the tunnel and appeared in the auditorium those that worked the logistics of the stage were quickly moving things around, taking the modular countertops and cooking surfaces as the floor slowly opened up. Beneath the stainless steel was a very large cast iron pan, something that Matthew had asked Frienze about earlier and was surprised that he could produce. While it wasn’t necessary for their demonstration it added a bit of dramatic flare for what they were about to do. Once they got up to the stage the ice cream eastern dragon gave the other three a nod and remained outside the pan as he was the finishing touch for what Matthew and the others were about to create.

“You two ready for this?” the naga whispered as they got to the middle of the pan.

“Well my part is rather easy,” the lion replied with a grin. “It’s our chef here that needs to be ready for his part, especially with what you’re about to do to him.”

Matthew just nodded and the crowd went silent after their introductions were finished, which prompted the lion to come up behind the cherry creature and begin to run his hands up and down the dark red body of the other male. The foxdragon could hear the feline growling slightly as his muscular chest pressed into him, his sugary body mingling with the cherry as his thick cock began to push up into him. As the hybrid began to feel his tailhole getting spread open he let out a soft gasp and arched his back slightly, feeling the lion already starting to incorporate himself slightly onto his own body. Normally this would be a straightforward merge, the sugar creature would dissolve and merge into him as they rutted, but Matthew had told the lion to hold off as long as possible as the liquid naga began to slither around the two of them.

Even though he didn’t need to breathe Matthew felt his gasp catch in his throat as the amber creature began to coil around the both of them, though the head of the creature remained fixated on the foxdragon as a smile formed on his serpentine snout. “You are far too tense right now, my little morsel,” the naga said in a soothing voice, leaning in as the sugar lion continued to sink his cock deeper into the cherry foxdragon. “Ignore everything else and focus on my voice, my sweet little creature.”

The naga leaned in and kissed Matthew on the lips, flicking his tongue in and causing a bit of the liquid that he was made of to drain into his throat. It had the unmistakable taste of alcohol, cherry brandy to be specific, and the potent intoxicant aided in the words that were seeping into the mind of the creature. Pleasure was also flooding into his system from the sugar lion beginning to thrust into him and as the naga continued to smile at him the foxdragon found himself mimicking it with a goofy grin forming on his own muzzle. As he felt his mind sink into the haze of hypnotic pleasure he could feel his muscles relax and soon was held up only by the muscular arms of the lion and the coils of the naga that had managed to wrap around both of them.

While Matthew had coordinated everything he had no intention of being merely the chef on this one with the role he took and as such got the brandy naga so that he could show off the full experience. He could feel control of the situation slipping from him as the creatures continued to massage his body and stimulate him, feeling his own maleness become completely aroused as the naga slid himself so that it remained exposed. “What’s this now,” the brandy naga said with a smirk as he lowered his head so that the throbbing cherry cock was right in front of him while he supported the rest of his body with a coil that tightened around the chest of the two. “Tsk tsk, can’t have something like that, not for a ripe cherry creature such as yourself.”

Matthew found himself slightly confused at the statement; though he had known exactly what was about to happen the effects of the alcohol and the enthrallment by the naga had caused his memory to go fuzzy. It was supposed to be that way and gave the foxdragon a sense of surprise as the naga began to lick and slurp at his member. The sudden sensation of pleasure down there caused him to squeeze down on the cock that had been completely embedded in his tailhole from behind and the sugar lion let out a loud groan and pushed in even deeper. Despite trying to remain separate for as long as possible the feline was beginning to merge with the foxdragon, causing the cherry body to start growing bigger as the serpent continued to coat them with his gooey body.

A puddle of brandy had begun to form at their feet as the three creatures continued to pleasure one another, much to the enjoyment of the crowd, and as the naga sucked on Matthew’s member more changes began to happen to his body. At first it was hard to tell with the sensations coming from his groin but as he happened to look down he saw that with every bob of the naga’s head his cock began to look… smaller. When he tried to say something he suddenly found the tip of the serpentine tail pushed into his mouth and as he instinctively sucked on it he could feel more of the liquid began to coat his throat. While Matthew knew what was about to come it was becoming increasingly hard to think as the naga continued to suck him off even as there became less to suck.

“There we go,” the brandy naga said as he pulled off to reveal that the cherry foxdragon had only about an inch or so left on his member and it was still shrinking. “Almost ready, my good girl, you’re coming along quite nicely. Can you feel the temperature rising, the heat growing between your legs?”

With the sugar lion still stretching into his tailhole it had increased the sensitivity between Matthew’s legs, and as his hips began to grow wider from the sugar being infused with it he could feel the fingers of the naga pressing just a few inches further up. The cherry creature let out a gasp as they began to push inside the soft flesh that yielded to the touch until the naga was almost knuckle deep inside of him. As the last of his member became little more than a nub the slit that had formed on his groin grew longer and deeper, forming into sensitive folds that the serpent’s fingers continued to slide around inside. There were a few in the audience that let out cries of delight as the chest of the foxdragon began to fill out, swelling as the naga slid his fingers upwards to show off something that was rare among the creatures of the nexus realm.

The cherry foxdragon had gained a pussy.

The new sensations caused Matthew to groan loudly as the naga shifted his coils around until his own cock was situated in front of the new hole that had been created. The naga didn’t let up on the transforming creature as his hands massaged the blossoming chest of the creature as the foxdragon felt his new breasts starting to swell. While the rest of the body became more curvaceous with the addition of the sugar lion that was pushing into him, feeling the cock that was pumping into him merging into his insides and spreading outwards. The muzzle of the lion pressed against Matthew’s own and even as they briefly had a second pair of arms that came from the feline they were stained red with the brandy-infused juices that were dripping off of their bodies.

“Who’s a good cherry girl?” The brandy naga said as he kneaded the new boobs before sliding down the tightening sides.

“I-I am,” Matthew replied as he felt his new feminine sex get stretched out by the liquid but still firm cock that was pumping in and out of him. The entirety of his body was soaked with the brandy naga and his body had started to merge just like the sugar lion did, the serpentine spirit growing thinner with each thrust. Before the brandy creature had completely disappeared though they had one more trick other than just having the cherry foxdragon become a girl, which continued to happen as she felt her body grow slightly more augmented to more than just her gender. The ice cream dragon that had been standing by the side of the pan took a match and lit it before he leaned down and lit the fluid.

There was a loud series of noises that came from the audience as the brandy naga and the cherry foxdragon girl were lit up, the flames dancing over their bodies. The serpent continued to slither around and make the fire shift as Matthew looked down while the last of the sugar lion disappeared completely. A smile came over the foxdragon’s lips as she brought up her hands and pressed against her heavy breasts, watching them jiggle as tongues of flame licked over her body. The heat was very pleasant and seemed to spur on her transformation further, feeling her tail shift slightly until the tip became slightly spaded and her horns grew out a little more.

“Have fun, my little demon,” the brandy naga hissed into Matthew’s ear as the last of him dissolved away into the toned but also supple body of the cherry creature. It wasn’t long before the completed cherries jubilee was alone on the pan, the demonic creature letting out a soft sigh of contentment as the corruption that the naga had imparted on her continued to set in just like the flames that licked her body. The succubus continued to dance for a bit before she moved from the cast iron pan to a smaller glass bowl, and as she did she looked over at the ice cream eastern dragon.

The white-scaled dragon made his way over towards the still flaming creature and Matthew gave him a fanged grin as she beckoned him over. The cherry demon felt incredibly sexy and wanted to show off to those that were watching, trailing her clawed fingers over her body and causing the flames to shift into a mesmerizing pattern for those in the audience to watch. By the time the dragon had made his way over towards him his cock was completely erect and she told him to lie down in the bowl, which he did immediately as he curled his long body so that his member was straight up in the air while the rest of him was supported around the bowl. As the dragon had started to reach for his throbbing tool Matthew quickly stopped him and got into the bowl herself, feeling his body melt slightly from the flames of her body before they finally died out to reveal the deep red of her scales and contours of her thin but curvy form.

The muzzles of the two creatures met in a kiss as Matthew could feel the dragon still melting underneath her even without the flames, his solid white eyes staring directly into her own as he let out a muffled groan. His elongated body was able to coil around her a bit and as they continued to kiss a bit of deep red cherry juice began to dribble down the dragon’s snout as he started to swallow something. The tongue of the hybrid had pushed down deep into the male and had started to fill him with the sweet, flame-kissed taste that she had acquired and as she brought her pussy down to rub against the head of the dragon’s cock he could see his white scales become tinted. They weren’t going to merge together like the sugar lion and brandy naga, but the cherry foxdragon succubus was going to make sure that her tasty corruption had suffused itself through her prey.

When Matthew broke the kiss she leaned back and saw that the ice cream dragon’s tongue had been dyed a deep red, though it maintained the consistency of the rest of his body as she only imparted the flavors to him. The two draconic creatures continued to press against one another and as she felt his clawed hands press up against her breasts it caused a surge of pleasure to go through her body. This was what she was made for, Matthew thought to herself as she pulled the dragon’s flexible head up to suck on her tits while she continued to tease his cock, to infuse others with her delicious demonic essence while absorbing some of their own. Already she could see that the dragon’s horns were starting to grow and his body was becoming more muscular between her thighs as the pleasure continued to suffuse through her prey, watching him start to bulk up into a creature more proper to serve as her mount.

Matthew let out a loud moan herself as the shaft of the dragon suddenly surged with corrupted growth and caused the head of the cock to push up between her legs. As her feminine sex was stretched open the cherry foxdragon succubus lowered herself even further, engulfing the ice cream cock even more as the eastern dragon arched his back. His claws began to grow bigger and the look of pure bliss on his face was slightly distorted as his fangs grew out. With his back against the bowl the hands of the man wrapped around Matthew’s hips, but as they did his arms thickened and his fingers shifted in their orientation as he grew more feral by the second.

“Yessss,” Matthew hissed as she began to bounce up and down, letting that cock impale her over and over as the red tint continued to spread over the changing creature. “Let my taste corrupt you, consume you, become a part of you. You may be the big bad dragon, but I’m the dominant flavor here.”

“Yes…” the ice cream dragon hissed, his voice becoming deeper as his body grew bigger by the second and began to wrap around the demonic foxdragon’s body.

“Yes what?” Matthew said as she squeezed her inner walls and drew out another loud groan from the creature.

“Yes Mistress,” the dragon replied, his voice trailing off as his entire body began to quiver and grow. It soon became long enough for the thick, muscular coils to wrap around her form and with it came the chill of the ice cream creature. But Matthew continued to remain warm as they slid their forms over one another, the dragon humping up into her to get deeper inside her folds while she brought his head back up to lick her breasts. It didn’t take long for the succubus to have her first orgasm and that only served to infuse the feral ice cream dragon even more, which caused him to cum deep inside her with such volume that it distended her stomach slightly before the flavor was absorbed and incorporated into her.

Once the show was over the audience was told that they could come down and have a sample of the cherries jubilee if they wanted, and it no time there was a line that practically extended from the stage of those who wished to try. There were enough people that it actually prompted the announcer to say that they were going to move the bowl over towards a dedicated sampling area so that everyone can have a taste but they don’t disrupt the schedule of events. The succubus and her demonic dragon cohort remained entwined as several homunculi moved the bowl, Matthew feeling the throbbing member inside of her the entire time. While the crowd could sample of their bodies she wanted to keep the dragon’s cock for herself, especially with the transformation making it nearly a foot long as she leaned back to show off her stretched pussy while still completely impaled.

There was still no shortage of options for the crowd though; some were rather timid and merely kissed either Matthew or the ice cream dragon while others were bolder and suckled from her tits to get an ice-cream tinted cherry treat. There were a few that took a more traditional approach and took a spoonful out of the two, but with the muscular dragon and cherry foxdragon there was more than enough to go around even as several went straight to the source and took bites out of them. Though Matthew would have loved to continue to spread his corruption to all of them Jerkah had wanted this to be a low profile, which meant that they got to consume and move on while their bodies quickly regenerated.

Eventually the next show started and that attracted a lot of attention away from them, especially once people got their fill and moved on. After about half an hour the two were alone save for one person, their heads turning as they saw Frienze standing there as he started to clap. “I have to say that your group really knows how to put on a show,” the jackal said with a grin as he went over to the edge of the bowl and gave them a grin. “I already have a few people who came up to me and asked for your information, which I just wanted to make sure was correct?”

“Yes, they’ll be talking to Master Jerkah with any inquiries,” the demonic cherry foxdragon said with a grin as she leaned down towards the jackal. “That being said why don’t you come on up here and have a taste? I’m sure that all this running around and making sure the schedule has made you famished.”

“Oh trust me, I make sure to get my fill of samples,” Frienze replied with a grin. “Anyway thanks again for filling in like this, I’m sure with you-“

The jackal didn’t get to finish his sentence as the ice cream dragon took his huge paw and used it to scoop up the man, causing him to drop his clipboard and yelp slightly as he was pulled into the bowl with them. Matthew had already sensed the lust for the two creatures and it was only his obligation that had stopped him, and as she leaned back and used her legs to bury his snout into her snatch she could see that quickly dissolve away from his mind. This one loved his sweets and it didn’t take long for him to start eating her in a completely different manner, the busty foxdragon leaning back and moaning as he plunged his tongue into her depths. Soon she didn’t even have to hold him there as his muzzle continued to advance up her groin while trying to get deeper inside of her while the demonic cherry ice cream dragon stripped him of his clothing.

Even before the bigger man behind the jackal had a chance to mount him Frienze was already starting to change, cherry ice cream clinging to his fur before it started to spread outwards. When the dragon began to push into the jackal’s tailhole it only spurred him to lick more furiously, causing her to pant and gasp as she slid up against the smooth sides of the bowl. For a few minutes they remained like this with the dragon pounding the jackal with his demonic ice cream cock, corrupting the creature as a pair of horns began to sprout from Frienze’s head. Matthew could feel his tongue stretching and growing inside of her and decided to move on to the main course, pulling the increasingly demonic ice cream jackal off of her before shifting to move between them.

At this point the thoughts of keeping the schedule had total left Frienze, his brain totally frozen in lust as bright cherry goo dripped from his muzzle as he slid up behind the succubus. It didn’t take much prompting for both the transforming jackal and the dragon to take their cocks and push them inside of her, both shafts sliding up against one another as her dark red cherry pussy accommodated them both inside her. Two sets of hands grabbed her to keep her down as they thrusted up into her, one massaging and stroking her breasts while the other was on her hips to control the tempo. Since the jackal was already in the throes of her corruption she just wrapped her arms around him and continued to let the two fuck her, her body bouncing slightly as the features of the increasingly ice cream canine grew more draconic by the second.

By the time the three were finished two feral cherry ice cream dragons were lying in the bowl with the cherry foxdragon succubus, Matthew still sucking the cock of the jackal while the other lazily slid in and out of her pussy. They had been going at it for a few hours and thought the stagehands were more than willing to watch the show, unaware that one of them used to be their planning coordinator, they finally came up and said that they had to clean up and clear out. The order snapped Matthew back into his proper frame of mind and the chef nodded at them and said that they would be out soon. Though that meant that Frienze would be transforming back soon it was likely that he was going to be getting a call from his master as he transformed back, losing the cherry hue of his skin as his cock grew out of his groin while his pussy sealed up.

As the last of his breasts deflated back into his masculine chest Matthew felt the tingle of a portal being opened up behind him and turned around to see that it was Cao, Jerkah’s dessert general. “Hey Matthew,’ the chocolate éclair cobra said. “Jerkah says that everything seems to be under control here and that you can head back if you want. Or if you’re having fun you can take in the sights, see if there’s anything that might inspire you.”

“Oh… well, it never hurts to learn new techniques,” the cheesecake foxdragon said as he looked at the reverted vanilla ice cream dragon still making out with his copy. “Plus a good chef always cleans his kitchen. I think I’ll stay here a little longer, at the very least there’s a lot of free samples here to try out.”