

# *Beauty Within The Beast*

In the not so distant year of 2050, the inhabitants of Earth, particularly the dominant human race would suffer the worst global catastrophe ever witnessed next to the event that wiped out the dinosaurs, leaving almost every major civilian population in severe disrepair by the time black spikes burning with a fiery orange energy within ranging in scale from a small bike to higher than mountain peaks finish erupting from within the planet itself. And as they tore through the ground, massive earthquakes, landslides and merciless tsunamis would further add to the devastation and massive body count that already numbered in the millions just a few minutes after the initial incursion.

Some called them spikes Thorns of Judgment, others simply saw them as just that; big angry rocks that seemed unstoppable, piercing through buildings and terrain until, just as suddenly as they emerged, they all stopped growing, losing energy as the world fell silent and dark.

But what came after would soon leave the survivors wishing they'd been among the millions claimed by the Thorns...

A little known phenomenon before the emergence, isolated reports of strange animals immune to all forms of trauma inflicted by ordinary weapons were making the rounds within the west, before cropping up in Asia and then the rest of the world. With the first confirmed case of a human fatality just a few days before the great collapse.

Like the animals, the creatures that emerged from the ground minutes after the thorns had gone dormant were immune to all forms of human weaponry. But unlike their forebears, these new forms came in far larger sizes, bearing sharp claws and rending fangs. Beginning with shaggy beasts walking on two muscular digitigrade legs with a face likened to that of an ogre with a wide spaded tail capable of launching iron spikes at high speeds, they spread forth from the thorns, devouring anything they came across with an unquenchable hunger for more. Inanimate objects, pets, animals, even themselves, everything was fair game to these new abominations.

But the more they ate alongside further encounters with what remained of mankind's military, the simple dinosaur like creatures would be joined by large ape like ones sporting masks of fury and pipes capable of launching deadly blasts of air and flying ones shaped like eggs with the bust of an angel in bondage for a nose, presumably to distract its prey from the gaping maw beneath, filled with highly toxic gasses.

By the time more deific forms took to terrorizing the world, what was left of mankind had given them all a simple name; Aragami, the Japanese term for Mad God. Nothing could slow them, and they ate literally everything. Which meant that even if people hid in bunkers, the Aragami would scour the Earth clean of its natural resources, leaving it a barren dustball.

And while the world continued running blind towards certain annihilation, a certain group well aware of the disastrous coming of the Aragami well before it even happened remained functional and structurally intact amidst the chaos; working power systems, anti-Aragami encampments that the later walls would derive from and even a rudimentary means of pushing the invulnerable creatures back through the use of their own cells infused within bullets; Oracle Cells, mysterious particles capable of almost anything, from generating limitless energy to mimicking any structure, organic, inanimate or even both.

With a few confirmed kills and specimens to work with alongside a few morally questionable decisions, the eventual first and then second generation God Eater's were born. Originally meant to replace firearms before such meager weaponry was proven obsolete in the face of the Aragami, the second generation wielded large, overbearing weapons that came in many types fittingly named God Arcs after the supersoldiers that wielded them, all meant to subdue the creatures before they could fully adapt to the damage being done to them. Destroying the core, akin to a brain, that held the Aragami together or doing enough damage to the body would be enough to kill them.

But at the end of the day, God Eater's were still human. And as the Aragami continued to evolve, amass in number and strip the Earth bare, there was little Fenrir, the pharmaceutical company turned global superpower that became mankind's last hope almost overnight, could do but hold the line until fortress cities surrounded by slums could be built all over the world, keeping out the Aragami while slowly biding their time, laying the groundwork for future ambitions while the God Eater's held the line, protecting the precious few remnants of mankind as faith in the heavens themselves faded from all but the most devout of minds.

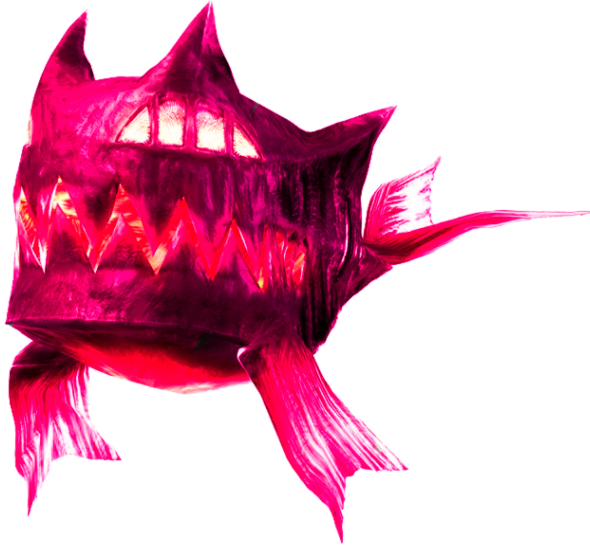
In the decades that followed, an evolutionary arms race between the God Eaters and Aragami would silently begin. With each new advancement made in the field of Oracle Cell research, the Aragami too would bring new toys to the playing field. Deusphages; God Eater Killers, Psions; capable of leading and enhancing lesser Aragami while depowering God Eaters and a whole other array of unknown Aragami at the fringes of Fenrir held territory.

And while Fenrir and the God Eaters had their fair share of victories, the same could also be said for the Aragami themselves...if humans utilized Aragami like tools...then the opposite was fair game no?

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Blasted wasteland, that was the same dreary scenery for miles on end in every single direction. Craters left behind by massive explosions, derelict buildings lying half consumed by radioactive mud sapped clean of its pollutants, strange pockmarked holes and gashes that seemed to be reminders of past battles fought in the region before it died...turned silent with nothing but the clatter of dust and ash kicked up by the wind to fill one's ears with.

But in the darkening shadows between the ruined monuments to mankind's past glory as the sun begins to set across the horizon behind more jagged peaks of ruined cityscapes, something was darting quickly from cover to cover. Something small, about the size of a dog, hovering a few feet off the ground with small piscine fins



adorning its adorable compact frame with a white hot glowing underbelly, from which a strange pink glow spreads outward, encapsulating its charcoal black hide.

Despite the intimidating incisors lining a huge maw that accounts for almost the entire circumference of its body and the emotionless slits it had for eyes, the creature seemed innocent and very much harmless. Letting out soft squeaks and curious chirps every time it came across something that piqued its interest, sniffing and hovering around it before continuing on its way...

Before a swift gray blur drops down from above followed by the sharp sound of metal biting clean through flesh and stone, drowning out the pained yelp from a life whose end came so swiftly the agonizing pain that engulfed it lasted for only a nanosecond before its vision fades to black.

A trap sprung by an opportunistic mind in a kill or be killed world...

Dislodging the oversized longsword from the ground before inspecting the crater left behind by the impact, a gray haired man dressed in soiled fatigues emblazoned with the tattered symbol of a wolf's visage on his back spits in disgust at the bisected body of the small Aragami he had wasted mercilessly, prodding at the deflated corpse of the pink creature before kicking it aside, lifeless corpse flopping around on the dusty ruined road.

The man was a God Eater, wearing a large red circlet on their dominant hand and wielding weapons far larger than himself, all symbolic of Fenrir's frontline soldiers. But they rarely ever operated solo unless the situation called for it...and none were as brutal or sadistic as this man seemed to be.

Abaddon, like the recently deceased specimen lying on the ground, were rare oddities even amongst their own kind. While they were still Aragami, the peculiar creatures had never once laid their fangs on a God Eater. In fact, they didn't seem interested at all in anything besides whatever got their attention. While they bore an adorable appearance, the cores they held within them were some of the rarest to be found even in large Aragami, making them a high priority target by Fenrir for God Eaters to take down and harvest.

But none held a glow as intense as this one had, and with a high Oracle Cell emission, it wasn't too much of a surprise when Fenrir would eventually set their sights on it, sending out a single God Eater to complete the extraction of its core. And out here in the Himalayas where some of the strongest Aragami were a common sight? The techs back at the Branch needed every advantage they could leverage against the threat they faced.

**"Stupid thing...couldnt wait till morning they had to call someone to fetch them their toy at 2 am..."**

From the way the man cursed as he fiddled with his earpiece however, it was obvious he had no will to be here nor carry out his obligations to the Branch if it meant intruding on his precious rest time.

Unbeknownst to him however, the supposedly dead Abaddon begins to wiggle, jerking like a fish struggling for air as the intense pink glow emanating from within it burns to life once more, triggering some sort of reaction that begins to dissolve the tiny Aragami into a thick sludge that wastes no time in rushing toward the idle God Eater, sticking to his longsword unnoticed before slipping inside the nooks and crannies of the bioweapon, fusing with the Aragami core that gave the weapon its form, function and loyalties, becoming a ticking time bomb just waiting for someone to lay their hands on its hilt.

Normally a God Arc could only be handled directly by its owner; the God Eater linked to it during the initial phase where Bias Factor, a sort of controlling fluid that directed and regulated Oracle Cells, were injected into a human subject. But as proven by Psion type Aragami whose control over Oracle Cells extended to the Arc's themselves that enabled them to render God Eaters inner, the concept was not foolproof...very vulnerable to tampering under the right conditions...

And so as the unwitting man places his hand around the cool hilt to finish extracting the core after reporting the kill, the previously innocuous weapon bursts to life in a sudden flurry of roiling black goop, jagged metal teeth and angry magenta hued serpentine eyes, swallowing the human whole before he could even react, leaving nothing but a vaguely humanoid cocoon of goop bubbling with activity, surrounded by menacing spikes formed from the remains of the God Arc invaded by the animated corpse of the supposedly deceased Abaddon.

While Aragami were for the most part mindless animals with the sole instinct to feed driving them onward. Some were capable of displaying higher thought functions and even emotion. But not on a level that suggested free will, it was more akin to a vague attempt at copying said emotions and impulses.

This Abaddon however, was not like the others, it had a will of its own, a drive to learn and evolve. But the moment Its life has been cut off so swiftly by one so disrespectful and cruel, a new emotion had bubbled forth in its mind; anger.

Anger would soon give way to thoughts of vengeance, sadness at not being able to see its life to fruition. And as the Abaddon's being fades away to parts unknown, the Oracle Cells left behind assume its vengeful will, taking

action as the pervasive mass now coiled tightly around the God Eater responsible for slaying the pure 'heart' that had kept them motivated.

Try as he might to resist, all it managed to do was send a subtle vibration running through the cocoon, tightening further around the body of the human, devouring his clothes until bare skin burned an ugly purple brown upon contact with the vindictive mass, bonding with flesh and blood, turning the Oracle Cells already coursing through his veins to their cause, warping flesh and twisting skin into unrecognizable shapes; all signs of Erosion that signaled the expiration of a God Eater and the start of their metamorphosis into an Aragami, drowning out his muffled yells of pain much like he had the Abaddon's.

And while the results were usually random, the living mass had something else in mind for their unfortunate victim. Humans like this one were no better than the beasts they accused all Aragami of being, but beasts could be tamed, made better whether they liked it or not. Flesh was as malleable as the mind was after all...

...and with a little help from the hivemind that gave them shape and definition, the supercells had just the perfect body in mind as the last patches of cocoa brown skin on the man's body became subsumed by the mottled purple of Erosion, freezing his resistance in tune to his brain slowly being encased entirely in Oracle Cells as tendrils pour into every open orifice in his body, reshaping flesh into new forms, assimilating DNA until the gray haired man no longer existed in both body and soul...

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### **"Where...am I?"**

Submerged in an endless void of cold dark ocean, the human male opens his heavy eyes, looking around for any semblance of light to break the darkness he was surrounded by.

But there was no saving grace, nothing to tell him where he was. And whenever he tried to remember where he was before awakening here, his brain would sting with pain, making it impossible to form any coherent thoughts, much less sensible imagery. What he did know was that he was tired...and angry...something about being sent out to do...something? In the middle of the night...yeah, that had to be why he felt mad, anyone would right? What happened before all that though, the life he led, the people he knew, the world he lived in, it was a blur.

Just before he could try to break through the sting pain however, a familiar sight breaks through the dark like a slideshow in a cinema; displaying scenes of a happy childhood, playing and laughing in a world of blues and greens.

**"Mum...and Pops...what...but I thought they- \*SNAP\***

A sudden bang akin to a power cut rings out alongside the rapid slideshow coming to a sudden stop. Stunning the mesmerized human as his eyes flutter in a daze, eyes that were beginning to slant upwards at the edges while narrowing in at a rapidly slanting nose line that all aided in lending him a more feminine appearance, batting soft lashes in confusion as a long strand of hair begins to slide down his fringe unnoticed alongside the rapid mane he was earning as the rest of his neatly kept hair extends down a slimming back in long lustrous locks of silver.

By the time a groan of pain leaks free from between plump, puckered lips. The silver haired man was already barely recognisable if it weren't for the still rugged body that bore the head of an enchanting goddess with a neutral expression seemingly frozen in the wanton stars of a dominatrix. Exuding the soft sighs and gentle breaths of a husky maiden from another land.

**"What was I...saying again? A...mother? But I...don't have a mother...or father? That can't be right..."**

But before the panic can set in upon realizing there was a massive gap in his memories, another show begins, this time displaying horrific scenes of a town on fire, the earth erupting with giant spikes, erratic movement as two individuals he could no longer remember carried him off on their backs.

Then came the beasts, roaring as they cut down soldiers, mauled innocent civilians and tore down buildings. But right before he could glimpse the finale as the man and woman holding him make it to a helicopter, the same thunderous bang returns, knocking him out of his stupor in a sudden jolt that leaves him with another gaping hole in his memory while drowning him in darkness once more, oblivious to the transformation wracking his body while he floats lifelessly, deep brown eyes glazed over as an ominous orange glow sparks to life deep within the darkened embers.

But unlike the panic that sets in before, nothing comes to mind. All the anger, frustration and sadness he felt filling up his heart while watching that brief but traumatic playback had vanished, snapped away into nothingness once the film had come to a close. All that was left in that aching heart of his was emptiness, a void as dark and hollow as the one he was trapped in.

Just like before, the mutations afflicting his body begin once more, spreading down like pale snakes as a snow white coloration begins to encapsulate his womanly face before spreading down over a broad neckline, crushing it inward while doing away with body hair and ugly scars, replacing it all with porcelain smooth skin akin to a doll's while morphing spindly muscle and tough flesh into petite fat and supple flesh lining long dainty arms and a rapidly slimming torso, gaunt silhouette giving way to an eye-catching hourglass figure meant to entice the hearts of men with the luscious curvature of a woman in her prime alongside the dips of healthy flesh inspiring sinful urges to grope and sink one's hands into.

But what was a seductress without her assets? Men desired breasts to suckle on, the flexibility of a nubile body that could take them in any way possible, the touch of a lady who knew her man's needs and the warmth of another body to spend the night with...

With the blossoming of a healthy pair of breasts beginning across his once flat chest, an emotionless groan escapes the effeminate man's lips for one final time as his manhood begins to twitch, growing erect as tendrils of liquid darkness begin to emerge from the void, coiling around his pent up pecker before stroking gently while another penetrates it's tip, forcing wide set hips to buck and thrust instinctively to the heavenly feel of having one's manhood turned inside out as vaginal walls are fingered into existence, testes dragged and deformed into the organs responsible for granting a mother the eggs to lay within her womb, a womb that was now burning with need deep within her toned tummy, letting loose ecstatic moans while her face remained emotionless, empty eyes glowing yellow while a rusty red colour begins to emerge from the roots of her hair, overtaking her previous ashen gray head of hair entirely while the tips of her toes begin to fuse together, taking on a mottled black texture reminiscent of old, bundled flesh as more tentacles begin to emerge from the void, swarming around the newborn woman, tickling her engorged breasts now fully grown at ample D's, kissing the plump, hairless lips that served as the entrance to her tight, aching snatch and tilting her shapely chin left and right, like a slaver inspecting the goods before he put good money down...before forcing their way down her limp open mouth, jerking her neck back in reflex as the thing begins to fill her insides with its cold, unfeeling mass.

She knew this wasn't right at all, that there was something she should be doing. But no matter what she tried to think of, nothing came to mind. Even when the pain had stopped encroaching on her attempts to think, the following pleasure was making it much harder to gather her thoughts together.

**"Who even...am I...anymore...I swear I...wasn't I a..."**

Another show, this time of more recent events that pull her in for a moment of clarity as her golden eyes widen in shock; a man wielding a large blade, cleaving apart large beasts without issue. A rough life meeting people that were barely there for a week before vanishing from his life, feeling pangs of sadness and grief.

It all kept going for what felt like years, until the man had no friends left, only a drive for revenge to keep him going. His skills had dulled alongside his emotions, and on one fateful night after being sent out to hunt down something, he would meet his end.

**"It's...me...I'm...not dead! No!"**

Fully aware of her predicament as the last scene of dark sludge engulfing the man comes to a close, the dwindling remnants of the former God Eater struggles to fight back, punching away the tendrils wrapped around her voluptuous body, brown returning to her left eye as does her name, biting down in disgust at the tendril still jammed deep down her throat before realizing in a mix of terror and frustration that her legs all the way up to

her hips had been consumed by an enormous mass, the same mass the tendrils originated from, lurking in the dark like a leviathan of the deep.

That would not be enough to deter her efforts to resist however, she knew herself to be human, a God Eater, one who served to rid the world of all Aragami. And she was a man, not a waifish babe that needed to wait for her knight in shining armor to come to the rescue. Whatever this was, she swore she would make it pay for depriving her of her manhood. Screaming in rage while continuing to trash and punch against her bonds much to the entity's dismay.

But a mere human in the final throes of Erosion stood no chance of recovery, and with the frailties of the female body now ripe for exploitation, all it took was a simple flick of a tendril over her erect nipples to snap her concentration, arching her back with a surprised yelp before more tentacles emerge to bind her momentarily still arms as an opportunist strikes from below, parting her virgin folds before knocking against the entrance to her womb...



...Just as the frozen film before her rolled up eyes snaps to black, deafening her ears while emptying her mind for the third and final time as an orgasmic moan ripe with emotion and rumbling with the heavy air of a second more monstrous being leaks freely from her drooling lips, no longer any hint of the furious persona that dwelled within her a second ago as she clutches at her head in a mix of joy and pain while bony protrusions akin to a dragon's hide emerge from within her pale skin, offering protection and meager cover for her privates as a sharp pair of tusks pull up and over her breasts before biting down on her nipples, censoring them from view alongside her dripping wet snatch as a thick plate of the calcified armor rises up to conceal it.

With the emergence of wicked horns pulling free from the sides of her skull, the goddess slumps downward in exhaustion, panting heavily as her eyes resume their intense yellow glow once more, crimson mane bellowing around her sweaty body as human skulls and solid flesh rise from the darkness, her very

own armrest to lay her weary arms upon as dexterous fingers glide across their smooth surface, giggling seductively as her eyes narrow into salacious slits, shooting a wanton look at nobody in particular.



Because that was all she was now; a monument to vanity, forever doomed to prostrate her body for all to see atop a horrific amalgamation of corpses both Human and Aragami, her own personal steed as ugly as the soul that now dwelled within. Where undying hatred once burned, an even greater urge and lust to achieve the epitome of beauty took its place. And instead of a boring old God Eater...a lovely Deusphage had subsumed his place in life...

With the human element within the newborn Aragami thoroughly removed, the petrified figure of the God Eater begins to crack and shift as the torso of a woman far larger than any normal human emerges from the cocoon, laughing in a shrill melodious voice before the rest of her monstrous figure emerges from the ground beneath; a hulking quadrupedal frame covered in sickly purple hide sporting the wing talons of a Chi-You on its front facing limbs alongside gelatinous yellow orbs that were as jiggly as their mistresses teats, fluttering her crimson mane in



confidence as if relishing in the disgusting display she put on as the pustules burst with a sickening wet splat, revealing the disembodied limbs and screeches of multiple other Aragami; the eyeball of a Sariel, the rocket launchers of a Quadriga, these were just a few of the discernible parts jutting out from the goddesses obese and diseased lower half...

**"KZZT-ucas! Lucas, can you hear me? We lost your vital signs for a few minutes...what's your condition? Where's the Abaddon? Lucas!"**

Cocking her massive head to the side in mock surprise before reaching down to grasp at the tiny black device caught in her hair, the Venus scowls at the scratchy voice of a young Caucasian woman coming from the other side. But before her powerful yet slender arms can crush the thing, a thought crosses her empty mind; why not pay her a visit? Looking around, all that remained here for her was an empty wasteland without an audience to bear witness to her beauty...and she felt so very hungry too...

Leaning in close to the receptor she seemed to know was where one had to speak into to send a reply, the Aragami breathes a hot gust of air into it, delighting in the sharp cry of pain and shock at the feedback piercing the poor girl's ears over at mission control.

**"L-Lucas! That wasn't funny! Where are you? It's been-"**

***"I'm coming dear~"***

Dropping the earpiece onto the ground far below her while not caring one bit about the voice on the other end going into a panic while calling for a high alert status, the massive Aragami turns on her heels before stomping off towards the direction she knew where food would be, drawn instinctively by the residual remains of the God Eater floating around inside her mind while ravishing her body, impatient, lustful, contemptuous and prideful. She was all these things, and with the power to level entire cities in one night and beauty to rival that of the gods themselves, the simpleminded Venus had no qualms with the way she conducted herself...none could rival her and she would rather die than let that fact be overruled.

*And if anyone was daring enough to say otherwise...why she might just see the need to pay them a visit herself..*

**THE END**