

Under The Pharaoh's Sway

Chapter 1 - The Mistake

When your close friend, Mikael, had come to you telling of how he had managed to book a trip overseas to a supposed high class resort in Egypt with one ticket to spare for a companion, you'd jumped at the chance to take it. With nothing going on in the summer, a month-long vacation in a resort sounded perfect for unwinding.

But as you awoke in a dusty old cavern of sandstone and shattered clay pottery with a dull ache where your head had hit something hard, you cursed yourself for believing in that idiot so easily. The promise of a luscious lifestyle overshadowed the fact that Mikael was a massive nerd, the type who'd rather spend an entire summer delving deep into caves and ruins in search of historical artifacts and knowledge. The very same sort of ruins with indecipherable hieroglyphics on the walls and ruined statues littering the corners your eyes adjusted to.

After getting over the initial bout of fury at being tricked into accompanying the lying self-proclaimed archeologist, you figured you'd make the most out of the trip considering you had no real way back home. Joining him on his first down a recently discovered tomb he had first dibs to, already having probed the excavated entrance, Mikael was convinced whatever laid here was going to be the discovery of a lifetime. Convinced enough to go in with just the two of you and no backup (considering he didn't have the funds for much else), it wasn't too surprising when you were separated from Mikael, dragged through several dark tunnels and perilous chutes by an unseen force before you could even yell, blacking out after turning a sharp corner and whacking your noggin on the corner. And now here you were, in the middle of a vast subterranean chamber god knows how far underground with strange purple light emanating from the pools of natural spring water dotting the place. It certainly did make for a beautiful sight.

Until a deep booming voice reverberates around the chamber and inside your head, the intimidating baritone of a spirit from beyond the grave spitting drivel in a language you'd never heard of before while wishing Mikael was here right now. If anyone could figure it out, it'd be that eccentric nerd. But he wasn't here, and with no visible way out and the voice to contend with, you were well and truly on your own against something you couldn't even see. Whether or not this was a guardian or even the figure whose body was entombed here, you didn't know. Only that it sounded very angry.

Shouting in disgust followed by a confident proclamation no doubt directed at you, staggering off the floor while trying to defend yourself with words would prove to be futile, feeling brilliant pain akin to a white hot knife being driven into your body as you collapse onto the sandy floor in tune to a strong suction gripping ahold of your mind akin to someone jamming an ethereal vacuum into your cranium, siphoning knowledge,

memories and experience, leaving mere shells behind as your life begins to fade, locked away behind a foggy wall preventing you from grasping it. You could clearly recall being able to vocalize words in English, but as you try to do so, only choked cries and gasps escape you. Raising a slender hand in stark terror up to a slimmer neckline lacking the bulge of an Adams Apple with well trimmed nails tracing sensitive skin cured of calluses and hair. A shimmering golden brown coloration where pasty white once was.

Flipping over onto your barren back scraping roughly against the sandstone, the entity's voice begins to take on a familiar quality to it; you somehow knew what the misshapen words meant but had no means of replying as you continue to roll in agony, watching through half opened eyes as your clothes disintegrate into dust, bearing your sweat slick body for all to see. But forcibly being stripped bare would be a trifle compared to the shocking sight of rippling flesh and darkening skin, yelping in a foreign, effeminate voice as your firm abs bloat and surge forth into soft yet firm globular teats that were larger than your head, each milk filled breast tipped with fat pink nipples and sore areola. Sloshing around with your spastic movement against the ongoing transformation. Protesting with meaningless grunts as new memories fill your head, mirror clear displays unlike your now shrouded past demonstrating the purpose of your new assets; envisioning an Egyptian woman having her tits pressed together by an unseen man, mimicking her lust stricken face with the sensation of invisible hands running over your own pair just as your face begins to fall, losing definition with an open mouth plumping up into a cute 'O' of surprise, framed by luscious lips, a cute button nose and wide foxy eyes beneath a lengthening mane of dark brown locks, neatly trimmed at the fringe to bring emphasis to your lovely new face, crying out in denial with the tempting voice of a salacious maiden ringing all around the chamber.

"Take shape my love, so your sentence may be carried out in earnest; eternal service in my name..."

All you could muster in response was a waifish wail akin to a baby bawling, succumbing to the pleasure arising from the pain, as the rest of your old body falls; a tight, muscly navel bubbling into a supple belly framed by child birthing hips, sinewy legs lengthening into fattened limbs complete with plump thighs and soft calves ending off in clean dainty feet. And last but not least; the decimation of your manhood as you let loose a guttural moan, arching your flexible spine while giving your last hurrah, spraying white hot spunk everywhere until the thick flow gives way to a seemingly endless trickle of transparent fluids, leaking from between a widening gash that devours your useless testicles, converting them into fresh ovaries that waste no time in filling your womb with an egg, waiting to be fertilized with the seed of a man. A mission you rejected vehemently even as your mind fills with vivid recreations of the woman you now knew to be you riding a man with gusto, squatting shamelessly after the deed was done to clean his pecker with your mouth, all while his freshly unloaded baby batter leaks out from the sputtering snatch between your legs.

Even though they were just mental images, your body was reacting as if it really had happened; tender hips held in harsh hands, aching nipples gnawed on, soft lips ravished, a filled throat and an equally stuffed lower mouth, groaning in a mix of lust and fear at the sensation of warm semen sloshing around in your womb...

By the time you land back on the floor with a wet splat from your hearty ass in a pool of your own making with sand stuck across your voluptuous new figure, the man you once were was forever lost to time, replaced by the bodacious Egyptian woman lying naked with her head showing signs of ongoing transformation, feeling your skull shift slightly as your ears melt away, giving rise to a pair of jackal ears twitching atop your head with a wild mane long since having done itself up into a flowing ponytail. Which, judging by the slow raspy chuckle filling the air, the entity was most definitely pleased with, shivering in excitement as you feel a pair of unseen eyes scour every inch of your body.

"You look absolutely stunning dear...come...present yourself before me."

Despite the heavy weight of exhaustion weighing down on each limb, the voice fills you with energy, hopping to your feet effortlessly before holding your hands together behind your head while spreading your legs in a half squat. Prostrating yourself with an air of humiliation as a strong blush sets in on your rosy cheeks, flushed at the thought of a man liking what he sees...even though you knew that in itself was a fake memory forced upon you by whatever this was, just like how you now understood his language while forgetting your own. Rendered mute until he gave you permission to speak.



"Lovely...absolutely lovely...if it's one thing you interlopers are good for; it's becoming fine breeding stock for the next generation...wouldn't you agree?"

Nodding against your will, all you could do was remain frozen in place as new garments in the vein of a skimpy bikini manifests itself over your body, sighing as the straps bite into your sensitive skin with the smooth fabric of a flimsy top teasing your bosom as it drapes itself over them, drawing the eyes downward to the thong riding up between your ass and into a new set of privates. By the time a heavy ornate collar snaps itself in place alongside bangles and other golden accessories, you were complete; a young and fertile Jackalkin female with who she once was locked away just out of reach as a constant reminder of her trespass with special genetic memories implanted to guide her along her new mission, shivering in lustful submission with the slightest hint of hesitation in her big red eyes.

“Despite the circumstances, I assure you I am no monster. This is simply the nature of the curse over my resting place...and I treat all my women equally, no matter where they're from. How does Amun sound? A lovely name isn't it?”

And with that, a slow grating noise emanating from the large sandstone block you had initially woken up next to brings you to your knees, bowing your head with fluffy ears cast down in submission. Ready to grace the man who was to seed you with children while screaming in mental protest; you wanted to bed a fine lady, not some mummified husk in a dusty old tomb.

But as the sound of stone grinding against stone comes to a halt, you feel warm hands ruffle your hair before caressing your cheeks, lifting a dainty chin skyward to grace you with his handsome visage, filling your chest with butterflies the instant your eyes connect, shutting them as you willingly close the gap for a heated kiss.

And as you let loose an eager moan once you feel his tongue lapse over yours, you only hoped Mikael was still on his way. A part of you waiting for rescue, and another wishing for a fellow sister to share the pleasure with...

Chapter 2 - Mikael

“Damn it, where did that guy go off to...”

Clicking his tongue in frustration with an eerie echo bouncing down into the depths of the unknown. The lone Mikael flashes his last torch down yet another long stretch of empty corridors, the walls bearing a hidden message in the form of hieroglyphics that told the life story of the man who was buried here; from his early life as a laborer, conscription into the army, and as he crosses the length of the corridor, the sworn oath with the Egyptian god of the dead responsible for judging souls before they passed on. But what deal was made, alongside the very specifics of this man's origins besides the life he had led weren't mentioned at all.

Something Mikael was hoping would be answered when he got to the heart of it all. A fitting reward for sweating profusely from all the physical exertion required to dodge, run and escape from all the traps laced around the tomb. But in all that running, jumping and vaulting, Mikael had seen no sign of his friend ever having gone through before him. No footprints in the dust of ages coating the floor, no body and no sounds besides the distant echoes of falling sand and rushing water from an underground spring. One thing was for sure though; whoever this tomb had been made for was a definite bigshot whose full story he hoped to learn.

And as he steps out from that suffocating hallway with the story coming to a temporary close with the passing and burial of said individual, Mikael couldn't help but smile at the large circular panel embedded

into the wall of the dead end room. He had followed the linear pathways so this had to lead elsewhere, somewhere of critical import judging by the elaborate entrance.

'Or this is going to be one sick joke with a final death trap at the end...hell if it is...maybe he's already waiting to clobber me on the other side...'

Putting aside the grim thoughts plaguing him, Mikael lands a heavy palm on the smooth metal, feeling separate pieces beneath it into the wall, followed by the drawn out, ear piercing noise of stone grinding against stone before giving way to a thunderous rumble as the wall in front of Mikael slowly splits away into 4 separate pieces retreating in all directions to reveal a spacious chamber lit by mesmerizing spouts of purple light emanating from circular pools of water presumably fed by the water Mikael had heard rushing somewhere behind the walls earlier.

But his eyes and ears weren't focused on the surrounding expanse of what should've been the archeological find of a lifetime, ignoring the rest of the hieroglyphics that filled in the blanks of the entombed one's story, the pristine albeit dust shrouded pottery and the open sarcophagus as he stares silently at the figure seated on a rather modest throne of chiseled sandstone. No glamorous gold or jewelry to be seen anywhere on his naked muscular frame, bearing his manhood proudly for all to see. But a swollen pecker wasn't what drew Mikael's attention; it was the pair of canine ears flopping about atop his head.

And at his side, kneeling with her downcast eyes shooting Mikael a strange look of desperation, was a voluptuous Egyptian woman clad in elegant jewelry and very revealing attire meant to show off her curvaceous body rather than concealing it. And just like the man, she too bore the ears of a jackal atop her head.

Snatching his attention back from the eye candy with slow, shrill claps, the Egyptian man shoots Mikael a chilling grin before speaking in a foreign tongue he could not understand but from the tone and the way the man's face maintained a constant grin, it sounded like a mockery of a congratulation, before switching to perfect English as if he'd been speaking it for years now.

"How nice it is to finally have one with the spirit to make it through in one piece...not unlike the one who came before you...maybe you have something more to offer than knowledge of this new age you two come from? Or would you be willing to take your place by my side here? Just like her, in a tomb lost to time?"

Glancing back at the woman, he had an inkling as to why she seemed so desperate despite her serene posture. She had been the friend he roped along into accompanying him on this supposedly solo expedition. He didn't know how he did it, but Mikael could already imagine some fantastical magic of sorts that had drained him of everything he knew down to his very identity, leaving him unrecognizable. Probably because

this man, the pharaoh of the tomb, saw him as unworthy of holding on to that knowledge after being nabbed by a pitfall trap, rendering him, or rather her, his unwilling partner. Probably unable to speak unless spoken to and not in English but this strange new language only her man would understand.

Whether or not his next words were spurred by courage, smug confidence or a mix of the two, Mikael would never know.

"Sorry to say, but those traps of yours were old school...if you've got the stamina and the wit...they might as well not be there."

"Surprising, a daring one. You impress me yet again, do you not fear what awaits you? True, you've managed to pass the trials...but that doesn't change the fact that you and your friend over here are interlopers, yes? You thought this dusty old tomb empty, sought to empty its supposed riches? Well you'll find none of it here for I decreed it so...but you already know, don't you?"

And indeed he did, for the hieroglyphs on the walls depicted the very fate that awaited the undesirables at the very end; cursed to become fertile women draped in luscious silks and glimmering gold with unquestionable loyalty to their pharaoh, the man who slept within the empty tomb, they would become the very treasure they thought to steal.

But gold wasn't why Mikael had come here, while that was what he told his unwitting friend-turned-babe, it has been the only way to reign him in; the prospect of getting rich. It was simply for the thrill of it, the prospect of diving into unexplored territory and conquering its depths with fresh things to learn around every corner.

And the undead pharaoh's words were true; they had come in uninvited. But how were they to know this tomb was...special?

It was crazy, but Mikael had one last thing up his sleeve, fishing around inside his back pocket for a razor sharp butterfly knife. The daring man whips the weapon out before chucking it in the smug pharaoh's direction while breaking into an all out sprint at the same time, brandishing a hand pick that was just as lethal if used as a weapon, watching with satisfaction as the grin on his face turns into a pained look of anger, yelling out as the flying knife embeds itself deep into his chest, drawing not crimson, but a deep dark purple miasma.

Already up the small flight of stairs leading to the pain-wracked man and his friend still trapped inside her body with a hopeful look on her face, Mikael swings down hard with his pick, wincing at the sickening sound of bone and flesh giving way to cold hard steel. The deed was done.

But one who was already dead, could not be killed again, and as Mikael sets to freeing his friend, the pickaxe lodged deep into the pharaoh's skull shoots off into the dark corners of the chamber, clattering loudly against the floor in pieces, pulling out the knife in his chest before tossing it aside into one of the many pools.

"Very brave human, and oh so foolish. You deserve a mighty reward for such a feat."

Mikael had hoped to buy enough time for him and his changed friend to escape, but as he watched the distant doorway close itself back up once more and the mortal wound he had inflicted upon the pharaoh erased in such a short time, the man knew his fate was sealed, grunting as an unseen force takes ahold of his limbs, forcefully separating him from his friend as she immediately falls to her knees, bringing him face to face with the powerful pharaoh himself.

"A strong fire burns in you...and in that one moment where you returned me to death's embrace, my commune with our lord has yielded an interesting fate in store for you..."

Clenching his hands together, an overwhelming ache assaults every inch of Mikael's body alongside a fearsome itch prickling his hide, darkening it even further from its original tan while body hair recedes all across his distorting body, stripping him of his hard earned muscle gained from years of training and spelunking until all that remained was the slim, gaunt physique of an androgynous individual, groaning in pain and panting in exhaustion in tune to the snap of his bones and the swirl of his flesh as it shrinks down into slimmer, dainty proportions before dropping Mikael in a barely recognisable heap onto his lap, running large hands over soft, smooth hips and a sweaty navel before clicking in disgust at the sight of a flaccid member leaning against his own majestic rod, taking hold of it gingerly before beginning to stroke with a careful thumb, feeling Mikael's body twitch in response.

"There there, let yourself go, become who you were meant to be..."

A muffled expletive was all Mikael could manage, struggling to push himself off the pharaoh's massive frame. But thanks to his shortened height, reduced strength and the insane pleasure coursing through him with each stroke from the man's dexterous hands, all he could do was slip further and further into his embrace while the rest of his feminized body continues to change, plumping up with healthy fat, supplies flesh filling in the gaps and hardened muscle that serve to amp up the growing allure of Mikael's increasingly buxom figure, groaning in a voice that was hardly his own with a trembling hand pawing at his softening face, tracing rosy cheeks, filled out lips and the sleek allure of foxy eyes blinking rapidly in the throes of a woman in heat before large hands take ahold of Mikael's chin, turning his head in all angles as if to inspect it thoroughly, liking what he sees with a chuckle.

"Beautiful...absolutely beautiful...the flames of a worthy soul forges itself a wild, untameable body...the complete opposite to Amun..."

Still stroking away, it wasn't long till Mikael would unwillingly let loose a pathetic spray of his semen, coating both their navels in it while the remnants of his manhood finish receding back into a puckered snatch dribbling it's honesty down muscular thighs layered over with firm meat before the pharaoh dabs his fingers in the substance, brining it up to Mikael's womanly visage, letting her nose twitch and her cheeks flush red at the sour scent radiating from the thick white substance dripping off the man's fingers before ordering her to do something her former self would've never done in his life.

"Clean."

Willingly opening her drooling mouth before inserting the pharaoh's fingers deep inside it, Mikael's eyes lose their ire before diluting with crimson, jerking her head slowly back and forth with muffled grunts and moans while the pharaoh raises her supple ass up into the air, readying his erect pecker just below her pussy much to Amun's horror, left to watch silently beneath the pair as her former friend and last hope loses all sense of himself in time to her new Master's girthy member inserting itself into her, penetrating the sputtering lips where her former manhood once stood proud, rocking her on his lap like a good kitten as her efforts to clean intensify, swirling a flexible tongue, scouring fingers clean off the semen of another man, all while her eyes roll back up inside her head at the overwhelming ecstasy of having sex in the body of a woman, surrendering all that she was as her mottled head of hair extends down to her shoulders in a fiery mess of silky brown while the ears of a feline begin to pierce the top of her skull, twitching madly to the tune of her orgasm, throwing her head back while arching her back to give room for her tremendous bosom to come free, filling the pharaoh's face with warm pillowy cushions tipped with rosy pink nipples.



Where there had once been a daring Caucasian male about 30 years of so into his life, a beautiful Egyptian woman sporting feline features with a tomboyish face and hairdo lies broken in her Master's arms, mewling in the aftermath of an intense orgasm with a strong of saliva dangling in the air between her lips and his

fingers. Twitching every so often as he ruffles her head lovingly with his other hand held tightly over her heart shaped bubble butt.

"After so many years spent in the dark...to taste the pleasures of the flesh once more...praise be to Anubis in all his infinite wisdom...and as for you...rise Amun, join Numa in harmony."

Turning his attention to Amun with warm smile, who had been watching silently with any hope of returning to her former self diminished in her eyes, the enthralled Jackalkin female, turned on and left restless, rises to her feet with a simple nod, joining her fellow wife as she leaps from her Master's arms in tune to new garments and ornate jewelry materializing over the newly christened Numa's body, being just as salacious and revealing as Amun's were. Complete with a matching set of golden accessories and footwear as the two mesh their backs against one another before cooing as one with adoring expressions of love on their contrasting faces; Amun with diminutive embarrassment and Numa with an eager fire to do more.

"O glorious Master, how might we be of service today?"



With the Jackalkin and Felin women squatting as one with their tempting bodies perfectly lined up together, the unnamed pharaoh would ready himself for a wonderful show from his two wives, envisioning the happy family they would have together, the family he never got to enjoy in his time as a mortal man.

Over the years, whatever remained of Mikael and his companions old selves would erode, fading away under Numa and Amun's love for their Master, relentless sex drive and incredible libido. Bearing for their husband many healthy and strong children. And truthful to his words, would be equally kind and loving to them all...

THE END