Friendly Competition

The Vulture’s Roost was a store that was typical of its kind; the game and collectible shop taking up an unassuming storefront that was sandwiched between two others on a busy street in the downtown section of the city. It was a store that Tom had heard of several times before as he had gotten into several different board and card games of his own and had been meaning to visit for some time, unfortunately with no current job even if he did go down there he couldn’t buy anything. It was a shame because they had not only traditional games but were also told to have a number of classic arcade cabinets as well, something that also greatly interested the fox. But as he continued to put off his visit he finally found something that helped facilitate the trip in the form of a job offer for additional help that was needed.

The idea of working at a game store greatly intrigued the vulpine, and though he knew that there would be hard work involved the idea of being surrounded by everything that he had come to love and also help customers with his knowledge was too good a deal to pass up. After making sure that his resume was up to date he sent it out to the company, only to be surprised by an almost immediate return that he was welcome to come in for an interview. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest as he set the time right then and there for tomorrow, then spent the rest of the day preparing himself for it. Even though it was for a game store he wanted to make sure he came off as entirely professional and would take the job seriously before going to bed so that he got enough sleep for the big day.

When the next day rolled around the fox was walking down the sidewalk with resume in hand, the busy traffic whizzing back and forth down the street as he made his way to his destination. He could feel himself still becoming nervous as he looked at the shop signs that hung above him until he got to the one with a vulture’s head on it. That was it, the fox thought to himself as he stopped and looked up at it, the Vulture’s Roost. He took a deep breath to steady himself before opening the door and walking inside.

The first thing Tom noticed with the store was the impressive amount of games that were stacked on the shelves; everything that he had ever heard of and few he hadn’t was there and there was even a nook where people could try sample games for free. Further back he could also see a line of arcade machines that several people were playing, kids and adults mashing buttons trying to beat whatever virtual enemy they were facing. As he continued to look around in awe his attention was suddenly brought down by someone waving a hand near him. When he brought his attention to the store clerk he was shocked to find a synthetic-looking avian creature with glowing yellow eyes looking at him.”

“Wait a second, I know you!” Tom said as he looked at the metallic body armor that covered the large creature’s frame. “You’re Robohawk! From Streets of Metal!”

“Well, you can actually just call me Seban,” the avian replied with a chuckle. “But here at the Vulture’s Roost we’re encouraged to take the forms of the heroes in popular card and video games. Robohawk just happened to be something I was into playing when I first started this job and now here I am.”

“That cosplay looks incredible,” Tom said as he continued to look over Seban. “Are you actually a hawk and was able to just put on some sort of prosthetics or is it like a full suit?”

“You certainly are the enthusiastic one, aren’t you?” Seban replied with a chuckle. “I’m sure that we could talk for ages over this but I believe you have an interview and it would be shame for you to miss it because we got caught up talking shop. I’ll take you back through the adult section of the store, Vincenzo is waiting to meet you.”

Adult section… Tom was slightly taken aback that a store like this would need a section only for adults as he followed the robotic bird to the back of the store. As they turned a corner the vulpine did see that there was a section clearly marked for adults only and even had a camera that was watching it as Seban opened the door and took Tom inside. Once they were on the other side of the threshold and the avian creature closed the door behind them it felt like they were in a completely different store. There were still board games and arcade cabinets, but they were definitely lewder than anything out front as they walked towards another door.

This one opened into a small room and when Tom looked inside he saw a vulture man sitting on one end of a table, which was the only piece of furniture in the room aside from two chairs, playing with a bright red crystal that hung from a golden chain draped around his wrist. It was hard for the vulpine to tell how hold the guy was, though the vulture seemed to be a bit on the older side as he stood up and allowed his deep blue robes to fall to the floor that made him look like some sort of wizard character. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Tom,” the vulture man said as he shook the fox’s hand, then gestured towards the other seat before sitting down himself. “As Seban has likely told you I am Vincenzo, and I am the proprietor of this establishment.”

“A pleasure to meet you,” Tom said as he sat down and handed over the resume. “I have to say your shop is very impressive, you manage to put so much into such a small space it’s almost hard to believe.”

“We do our best,” Vincenzo replied as he glanced down at the piece of paper he had been handed before putting it aside. “I like your eagerness and from your resume you seem to have an extensive knowledge of games that I can put to use. But there is one thing that I like to see before I put someone to work, and that’s a little test that I would like to do with you right here, right now.”

To Tom it seemed like the interview was going rather well and he nodded, which prompted the vulture to take one of the crystals that hung from his robes and hold it up into the air. As he swung it back and forth the vulpine could see the others that dangled from his sleeves but they all looked rather cloudy while the one that was being dangled in front of him was completely clear. “Alright Tom, I want you to just go ahead and tell me what you see when you look into this crystal,” Vincenzo instructed, watching the fox’s head start to nod back and forth. “Your position here at my store depends on it, so be as detailed as you can get.”

There was a moment of pause before the fox began to describe what he saw, though for Vincenzo it didn’t matter in the slightest. The only thing he wanted to make sure was that Tom continued to stare at the gem as it scanned his retinas and made a complete copy of his personality that would be coded within the crystalline matrices. With every second that passed the stare of the vulpine became more glassy in nature as the words he said started to make less coherent sense. Within a minute Tom was slumped back in the chair as the gem became as clouded as the rest of them, a smirk forming on the vulture’s beak as he sensed the very essence of the creature dwelling within the RFID chip he had just downloaded him into.

A few moments later there was a knock at the door and Vincenzo authorized its opening, the robotic hawk poking his head in and seeing the unmoving fox on the other side of the table. “Already copied I see,” Seban stated as he moved over and poked Tom in the head only to have him shift over to the other side of the chair. “You going to mechanize him?”

“No… I think I have an idea for this one already,” Vincenzo stated with a smirk as he stood up. “Take his body and put it in one of the holding chambers, it will need to be ready for him when he gets back from his training. The only thing that I’m trying to decide at the moment is whether to cast him as Illias the archer or Slythir the bard.”

“I would go with the archer personally,”Seban said as he scooped his arms underneath the fox and pulled him up before easily carrying him out of the room. “Just imagine a bard that’s composed to sing being around the store.”

The vulture thought about it for a few seconds before just nodding his head and walking out of the room itself, still holding the crystal in his hand as he made his way over to one of the arcade cabinets. He took the crystal and placed it in a hidden slot that was on the side of one of them and watched as the screen flickered, downloading the new information into it. As he sat there and watched the download happen Vincenzo suddenly heard the tapping sound behind him, and slowly turned around to see a life-sized sheep plushie standing there with a permanent grin on his face and wearing a top hat. Despite the smile the way that the other man on it was clear that there was more than a little irritated about something.

“Well if it isn’t Sir Arthur Stuffington,” the vulture stated in a mocking tone as he crossed his arms on his chest. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“You know very well that’s not my last name,” Arthur replied as he took his cane and poked Vincenzo in the chest. “I’ve heard that your master has some brass balls on him, some say literally, but did you really think that you and Lord Haleon could just put a shop down right next to mine and I wouldn’t notice? How preposterous!”

Vincenzo’s beak continued to have a smirk on it as he shrugged at the proprietor of Stables of Fun, the plushie store next door. “You and Lord Santer do not own this territory Arthur,” Vincenzo replied. “Plus it’s not like we sell the same things, card and video games are very much different than stuffed animals and whatever else you sell over there. Perhaps it could even be good for both our businesses.”

“You very well know that this is direct competition, you villain!” Arthur replied in a huff, once more tapping his cane down on the floor. “Neither I nor Master Santer is going to stand for this, not when there are plenty of other shops that you could have taken in this city, or any other city in the Nexus Realm!”

“First of all, you can stop it with the tapping,” Vincenzo exclaimed as he slid his leathery bird foot underneath the cane the sheep plush had been tapping on the floor. “I’m not going to fall under your enthrallment like those you lure into that penny ante store you run. Second, I would think that you would know better than to just bluster into someone else’s domain like this without being prepared for what I have set up. And third… well, by this point I think that it’s moot since you’ve been listening to the music coming from this arcade cabinet ever since I realized you were here.”

There was no response from the sheep plushie this time, the vulture chuckling to himself as he turned back and pressed several buttons on the arcade console he had just uploaded Tom into in order to stop the hypnotic tones coming from it. He had been warned by Master Haleon that the sheep plush would probably come in to cause a fuss, and also that his mind had already been softened by the guise that caused him to be Arthur Woolsley. Despite that he knew that he wouldn’t have the other minion under for very long and took out another crystal, this time pushing it directly into the forehead of the other creature. The leather and stuffing easily yielded to it and it wasn’t long before he had copied Arthur as well, taking it out and putting it into the machine after pulling the fox from it.

“Looks like we’re going to be having a two-player game,” Vincenzo said with a cackle as he watched the new personality get downloaded in as well. “You two have fun!”

When Arthur opened his eyes again he found himself standing in the middle of a field, immediately sitting upright and looking around before glancing down at himself. “Well I never…” the sheep plushie said as saw himself in a rather garishly dressed outfit, groaning from something poking him in the back which when he shifted to the side and pulled it out found it to be a lute. “A video game, are you serious Vincenzo!?”

“Hey you!” A hushed voice called out, Arthur looking over to see a fox dressed in dark blue leathers and wielding a bow. “Get over here before you get yourself killed!”

Arthur suddenly realized the gravity of the situation and stood up, trying to grab his top hat before he realized he didn’t have one as he hopped over the hill to the other side. “I’m going to strangle that bird when I get the chance,” the sheep plush said before looking at the fox. “Wait, I know you, I saw you go into the store right before I did.”

“Yeah, I went in for an interview and now I look like something out of a fantasy novel,” Tom replied as he ducked his head down. “I’m honestly not sure what I should be doing, one second I was sitting and hoping that I was going to get a job and now I’m in a game trying to avoid enemies. Is this part of the job, did I actually get hired or something and is this some sort of LARP thing?”

“I assure you it’s not… whatever you just said,” Arthur said as he rummaged around in his pack. “I know this rather twisted vulture and he fancies himself as some sort of eighties comic book villain, which means he didn’t just put us here for a lark. Whatever you do try not to take any damage and watch out in the skies above, knowing Lord Haleon there is probably some sort of avian theme to this just like everything else…”

The fox looked confused but Arthur motioned for him to press on, leaving his hiding space after finding a map that he knew would be somewhere in his rucksack. While he wasn’t sure what the vulture was hiding he knew that it wouldn’t be good, but as a lover of games there would likely be a way to win as well. Unfortunately he had no idea what the victory conditions were, but there had to be something that would tell them when they got there. No doubt the vulture was looking down and laughing at him, knowing that his minions were probably wandering around looking for them as well…

As the path marked on the map took them through a forest day suddenly turned to night and a fox started to creep in along the ground and swirl around their feet. “That… was unexpected,” Tom said as he looked around at the sudden lack of light. “What is going on around here?”

“I said I would explain later,” Arthur said curtly, though as they stood there he suddenly heard a rustling in the bushes that drew his attention. “Tell me, are you any good with that bow?”

“I… would say no, but for some reason it feels extremely familiar when I shot it a few times,” Tom commented. “For some reason I also think I can cast magic, which is absurd, but when I think of spells a list of them suddenly pop up in my head.”

“Any fire?” Arthur asked.

“Yeah, exploding arrow,” Tom replied. “Why?”

“Use it on the bush that’s to my left,” Arthur said as he subtly motioned towards the target he intended the fox to hit. Though the fox continued to look confused he did what he was told, quickly drawing an arrow and firing it into the nearby shrubs. The sheep plush could hear the vulpine gasp as the foliage exploded in flames and a black-feathered creature ran out while on fire.

“Someone put out Jerry!” a deep voice replied as Arthur and Tom suddenly found themselves surrounded by several more similar avians, all of them wearing armor and wielding various weapons. “If it isn’t Illias and Slythir, did you really think those disguises would fool us?”

“I see that we have encountered some common cutthroats,” Arthur said as he drew his weapon, which turned out to be a rapier while he felt Tom press up against his back in shock. “What do a bunch of crows… crows… oh, a murder of crows! Oh how droll Vincenzo, you couldn’t think of anything better than that?”

“Shut up, you cur!” the clear leader of the bandit gang said as the others continued to sneer before turning to look at the fox. “You turned your back on the ways of the shadow Illias, we’re here to turn you around yet again. Either the two of you come with us quietly or we’ll convince you right here, right now.”

If Arthur had the capability he would have rolled his eyes at the hammy performance the group was giving, though it was likely for Tom’s benefit and not his. If they do what they’re planning to do however it would likely result in the same conclusion, and that wasn’t something he was willing to give up just yet. As he readied themselves to fight he told Tom to fire a shot at the leader, only for the fox to say that he couldn’t even move. Arthur frowned slightly and tried moving around himself and found he could, which perplexed him until he heard the bandit leader whisper to get his attention.

“It’s turn-based mate,” the crow said in a hushed tone.

“Ah,” Arthur said, seeing the others nod. “I suppose this means I go first then.”

Instead of attacking the bandit leader the plush sheep decided to try out one of his bardic abilities, putting his sword away and playing on the lute. As he played a melody two of the crows suddenly passed out, falling backwards and snoring loudly. “Hah, now that’s funny,” Arthur said, causing both the fox and bandit crow leader to tilt their heads at him in question. “Because I’m a sheep, and I put them to sleep… you know what, never mind, who’s next?”

“That would be me,” the crow leader said with a smirk as he was lunged forward with his weapon drawn. At first Arthur thought that it would be him being attacked, but instead he went straight for the fox archer. Tom attempted to dodge out of the way but was no match for the attack, and as he saw the blade sank into the fox a purple light shined out from where it made contact. Like any other game that Haleon had created the sheep knew there would be no pain, instead hearing the vulpine let out a loud moan as his pants immediately began to tent from the stimulation.

Arthur could also see the fur turn black and merge into feathers, watching it plume out as the fox let out a loud gasp. “Oh god… what’s happening…” Tom said as he could feel the black feathers spreading. “It feels so good… but these thoughts…”

“They’re the ones you’re supposed to have Illias,” the leader of the crow gang said as the others that were still conscious said with a chuckle. “My blade of corruption is unlocking your true form, and the more lust you feel the more it spreads. Just enjoy yourself, the changes are already starting to set in…”

Tom once more moaned as another one of the crow gang attacked him, but this time with a disarming attack that went for his clothes. Though it didn’t get everything it had stripped him down to his briefs, which had a very large bulge that he was sure wasn’t supposed to be that big. When it came to his turn the transforming vulpine used an arrow and shot it at one of the gang members, who let out a loud caw and fell over. As another bandit was about to attack the crow that was supposed to be downed continued to ham it up, which caused both Arthur and the crow leader to shake their heads.

Soon it was Arthur’s turn once more after the remaining gang members attempted to attack the fox and miss, and the sheep decided that two could play at this game. This time he targeted the crow leader and played a song as he watched his smirk turn to a look of slight shock before a moan escaped his beak. Arthur could see his legs quiver as the bandit leader dropped his weapon as well as his pants to expose the thick cock that was contained within quickly filling with blood until it was completely erect. Arthur’s victory at disarming his opponent was short-lived however as the crow’s shock turned to a smirk on his beak as it became his turn.

“Thanks for that,” the bandit leader said as he walked over to the fox, who was practically staring at the crow’s cock. “Now I don’t have to prepare myself for my special attack. It’s time to show Illias who he truly was.”

Arthur mentally smacked himself in the head as he realized his idea of causing them to be overwhelmed with lust to the point the two could run was about to backfire. The next attack that the bandit leader was about to do wouldn’t be with a weapon this time, watching his eyes glow with a golden light as he looked down at Tom. He could see the vulpine’s muzzle drop as his mind was no doubt filled with new feelings and sensations, the crow actually uploading the Illias personality into him. After a few moments the fox’s eyes were starting to turn the same color and start to glow as the bandit leader brought him down to his knees and pushed his throbbing member into the maw of the other creature.

The pretense of this being a battle was shed as Arthur and Tom basically lost, especially as he saw the vulpine muzzle of the other male start to be molded into a black beak while being stretched open by the cock inside of it. The changes started to quicken for the fox as his shoulders swelled with muscle while his neck thickened, black feathers quickly replacing his fur as his ears folded down until they merged with the rest of his skull. As Arthur watched he began to feel the corruption seeping into him as well as the other crow bandits began to turn their attention on his body. Though the stuffed sheep was keen to watch what was happening to Tom he could start to feel his own form becoming altered, synthetic feathers growing where the bandits groped him as they stripped him of his armor that was useless at this point.

As the crow men began to play with Arthur’s cock and the sheep could feel new thoughts being introduced into his mind the real focus that most of them had their attention on was the bandit leader and the arcane archer. By this point the entire head of the fox had been transformed, the sleek and slender beak of a crane opened wide so that the crow he was servicing could thrust his cock all the way down into his throat. The rest of his body was practically quivering both from the changes being made and the pleasuring being received as his muscles reformed and gave him a chest and arms that were lither in nature, not as muscular as the avian sliding his shaft in and out of his maw but with a similar sense of power that was also graceful in nature. As the changes began to taper off getting to the vulpine’s midsection the bandit leader pulled out and hoisted the dazed, lust-stricken male to his feet.

“I may not be an archer like this one,” The bandit leader scoffed as he pulled the briefs off the fox to expose his already transformed maleness and his tailhole. “But I’m pretty sure I can hit a bullseye with this one.” The other members of the gang chuckled as the lead crow wrapped one of his thick arms around the feathered chest of the transforming male, shifting slightly to allow for the wings that were starting to push out from the expanding muscles of the archer’s back, while his other hand went down to grab his still erect cock. There wasn’t much that was needed to pop the head between the increasingly feathered cheeks, Tom letting out a squawk as his fluffy vulpine tail split at the base and lengthen into elegant black feathers.

Meanwhile Arthur’s transformation was going at a much quicker pace, the white fluff of his body turning into multiple bright and colorful hues as the smile painted on his muzzle split when it hardened slightly into a short beak. A song bird… as it became harder to think with the music that was starting to fill his head he realized that it was a fitting form for a bad as one of the crows pushed his cock into his tailhole. His short stub of a tail had already warped and stretched into a set of feathers as another one of the bandits leaned in and took his throbbing tool into his own beak. He could feel his body growing more muscular by the second and with multiple creatures feeding him such pleasurable corruption Arthur knew that he wouldn’t be able to hold out for very long…

After about a minute the bandit leader had a moaning, squirming black crane in his grasp as he sank the last few inches of his cock inside the other male. The toned, athletic body of the smaller male pressed back against his own chest as he reached forward and stroked the crane’s cock watching the last vestiges of his fox nature disappear as his feet formed black scales and talons grew from his toes. “Looks like we got ourselves a proper birdy here!” the bandit leader shouted, looking over at the other crow men that had gotten the synthetic songbird on his hands and knees with a cock in his beak and tailhole. “Tell me, who are you?”

“I… am Illias…” the crane said between pants, groaning as his arm reached back and wrapped around the crow’s neck so that he could better angle his hips to get the thick shaft deep inside of him. “The arcane archer of corruption.”

“That you are,” the bandit leader said with a grin, giving Illias’ cock a few strokes to cement the identity into him. “Your arrows are capable of turning any creature into a loyal bird slut filled with lust, just like you are now.”

“Yes!” Illias cried out. “I use my wings to spread corruption through the land, my presence is an open that lust will soon be upon those that see me.”

That was all the bandit leader needed to hear and brought both of them to orgasm, filling the crane with his seed while angling the cock of the other male out to spray it away from them. He could hear the gasps of the other male as he was filled, his eyes glowing with an intense golden light just like the corrupted bard. With Arthur, now Slythir with his mind completely rewritten to that of the character in the video game, taken care of the group was free to do whatever they wanted. They still had a little time left and the bandit leader was eager to see one of the enchanted arrows of the crane strike someone and watch them turn into a quivering mass of avian muscle while humping up into the air…

Eventually Vincenzo came back to the came that he had trapped the two in and tapped on the recall button while putting a fresh crystal in the ports. The original personalities of the two were safely stored away with the others that he has collected, hoarding them away while uploading the two into new versions. Once he had gotten them he went over to another room where the physical bodies of the two laid, and as he pushed the crystal into the middle of their foreheads their forms immediately began to change. It was much faster than in the game and in a matter of minutes a black-feathered crane and vibrant songbird man laid where a fox and plushie sheep had been.

As soon as the changes were complete the two opened their eyes and looked over at the vulture. “Illias reporting for work Master Vincenzo,” the crane said, the bard following suit a short while later. “What do you wish for us to do?”

“You’re going to be going out and driving video game sales for now,” the vulture said as he looked over the character that had been only a concept on an electronic device before this moment. He knew this one would serve him for as long as he wanted, but as his gaze went to the one that used to be Arthur he knew that the sheep would probably transform back in a matter of hours. “As for you, Slythir, I think there are many who would love to hear you sing…”