

The Jackal God was bored.

Once, long ago, when his worshipers had been numerous, he had nary a free moment to himself. He'd taken on many roles throughout the years, but none more essential than to guide deceased souls to their eternal fate, be it paradise or purgatory. Now in modern times, other deities had taken over the tasks he'd once held sacred. He, along with all his fellow Egyptian gods, was relegated to a small cast of followers until even those few were no more, and the gods no longer served any practical purpose in the world of man.

Anubis had been content to observe the evolution of mankind from his exile, as did many of his brethren. He'd even taken human form from time to time, interacting with them, trying to understand the changes to their path that led them away from his original mission. He'd puzzled at how these beings were so content in their existence as mortals. They were even without a concept of the afterlife! He wanted to know what drove them to continue to grow and evolve, despite the knowledge they would one-day die.

During his hundreds of years of observation, Anubis made many discoveries. Though on the surface, it appeared that humanity craved worldly possessions and wealth above all else, these elements were not the key to mankind's success and longevity. Nor was it fame or status that drove men to continue their uncertain mortal voyage. No, what truly spurred mankind on was human connection. The bonds between family, friends, and lovers were the inspiration for every art, story, in truth, every creation of the human world.

Even with this knowledge, Anubis had done little in the way of actually interfering in the lives of mankind. He told himself it was beneath a god, such as he. Though in reality, he was trying to hide one simple truth.

He was lonely.

He longed to feel the connection that he observed so prominently in humanity, the bonds that held individuals together, gave them a sense of purpose amidst the sea of chaos that was mortal life.

Anubis resolved himself. He could no longer present the scales and decide the fate of the deceased; that role was behind him now. However, perhaps he could change the fate of the living. Someone he found worthy of granting a new life.

Someone that maybe he could finally experience a true sense of human connection with.

Mike made the trek through the sketchy streets, wondering what his friend had to show him that was so important. Generally, when Damien called, Mike came running, though this was the first time he could recall that Damien sounded so insistent. His friend Damien was many things: strange, elusive, but he was never boring. He was always up to something, always asking Mike to join him on some sort of adventure, anything from exploring abandoned properties to simple people watching.

It wasn't just Damien's activities that were odd. His pattern of speech was far too formal for the social norms for his age group. He often spoke as though a person his senior, wise of worldly wonders well beyond his years. Mike found himself wanting to find out more about Damien's past, to lift back the veil on his friend, and see whatever was hidden beneath. Damien had never said much about himself or his history, nothing specific at least. He seemed like such an old soul for a 24-year-old, and almost sad in some way, no matter how invested he was in his present activities.

These qualities often left Mike perplexed. Not just because the hobbies themselves were puzzling, but Damien always seemed to want Mike along for the ride. What was it about Mike that Damien found so interesting? Hell, if Mike didn't know any better, he'd say Damien held a tiny flame for him.

Certainly, Mike was physically more interested in men than women. He hadn't even known of his interest in men for years; his overly religious parents had stripped any such notions from his mind at a young age. Mike hadn't had the best of childhoods. He'd discovered himself in his early 20's quite by accident and was disowned upon sharing his revelation with his family. He'd allowed himself several flings since then but ended them when they threatened to become more emotionally intimate. Deep down, a part of him still took the words of his family to heart, and he was disgusted with himself.

Mike had never been to Damien's residence, and he was beginning to think the abandoned-looking stretch of apartment buildings lining the street wasn't the right place. That was the thing with Damien. Given his demeanor, he seemed much more at home in a lavish palace than the run-down part of town. But Mike could never be sure, and it was every bit as likely that Damien lived here as it was he lived in a mansion somewhere miles away.

He finally got to the correct building, its number faded and almost obscured by large trees. To Mike's amazement, the apartment complex in question did have a working intercom,

one that Damien promptly responded to. He came bounding loudly down the stairs, almost giddy with excitement. He was clad in all black, his usual attire. Mike never fully understood the obsession with black; Damien failed to give off a goth vibe or even be aware of the stereotype associated with his fashion sense. Yet he never wore anything beyond a simple black dress shirt and black jeans. Mike suspected he had closets filled with them.

Damien took Mike's hand without barely a hello and rushed Mike back up the stairs and into his apartment. Mike, swept up in the suddenness of the moment, was taken aback by his best friend's abode. For starters, it was modern, a stark contrast to the building's exterior. He didn't view Damien as a slob per se, but this place barely looked lived in. Secondly, there was an obvious Egyptian motif. From what he could gather, the artwork and statues on display depicted various Egyptian deities, though he wasn't familiar with most of them. Though one, in particular, stood out. Mike recognized the distinct figure of Anubis present in various incarnations, some as a full jackal while others were mostly men, all featuring that prominent jackal head.

"You like it? ", Damien asked, watching excitedly as his friend took in the surroundings.

"It's... it's really nice bud," Mike replied. "I wouldn't have guessed you were so into Egypt themed stuff. But it looks really nice. "

"Your words flatter me," Damien replied, in that not-quite typical word choice he so often employed. "Please take a seat, allow yourself to feel at home. "

Mike took a seat on a sofa facing the center of the living area. "It's nice that you finally invited me over bud, but it sounded urgent. What's up? "

"I have something to show you, my friend. I haven't been completely truthful with you," Damien began, positioning himself in front of the sofa Mike had elected to sit on. "It has been weighing on my mind for some time, and I have decided I could no longer conceal the truth of my being from you. Don't worry, all will become clear soon. If you can, I hope you will trust me. "

"Oh, ok? " Mike replied, confusion evident in his tone. What in hell could Damien mean by that? Mike's mind traced every possibility, from drug addiction to mafia connections. He hadn't pegged his friend as the type to be involved in anything so sketchy. But at this point, he figured almost anything was possible.

Damien began to take his shirt off and unbuckled his pants. It was beginning to make sense now, Mike realized.

"Umm, bud, you're being a little forward, aren't you? I mean, if your gay, that's cool, I told you about myself. And if you're into the idea of... us, maybe we could take some time, sit on it? "

Mike found he wasn't put off by the idea that his friend might have a crush on him. He was just... a bit surprised. Maybe once the shock wore off, he'd be able to give it honest consideration.

Damien said nothing in response, just smiled as he continued to undress, leaving Mike more than a little curious. Stark naked, Damien stood before him, arms outstretched. "Just watch, my friend. I'll provide you a full explanation once I've finished. "

A light glow fell over Damien, coating his entire body in a strange aura. Mike watched as his friend's skin began to blacken in a wave across his body. It almost appeared to be... fur? Was Damien spouting fur all over his body? The fur was pitch black, and in moments it had spread over his entire form. A passing thought made Mike realize where Damien's obsession with black clothing came from.

Mike watched with a mixture of shock and fascination. He couldn't fathom what was happening to his friend. Yet Damien was certainly enjoying it. His face held a look of rapture, and his erect member stood proudly at full mast. Mike couldn't help but sneak a glance. Slowly, the 7-inch dick began to lengthen and redden, cockhead growing more pointed until the erection was decidedly animalistic. Damien even seemed to be sporting a thick bulge at the base, reminiscent of a canine knot.

Damien's form continued to shift, his already muscular frame bulking up even further. He suddenly stood on the balls of his foot as his ankles extended, the new position evidently more comfortable. Mike couldn't believe his eyes as he watched his friend's toes begin to crack and pop, big toes growing smaller while the others expanded. His nails grew thick and curved until his entire foot resembled a dog's paw. Similar changes began to ripple over his hands, the difference being he maintained his opposable thumbs, though now each sported canine claws.

Damien suddenly let out a moan of pleasure, grasping at his buttocks. Mike couldn't see it from his vantage point, and noticing this, Damien turned slightly, allowing a full view of both his muscular ass as well as the growth protruding from above his crack. The black extension shot outwards until the unmistakable outline of a tail made itself known above Damien's posterior. Damien seemed to relish in its growth, growling sensually as inch by inch, his tail reached its full length.

It wasn't until the final changes to Damien's head began that Mike began to put two and two together. Damien's smile broadened as his mouth began to pull away from his face with a crack of muscle and sinew. His nose darkened to match the same shade as his fur and appeared to grow moist and glisten in the late afternoon light. His eye teeth lengthened until they were clearly visible from his now expanding muzzle. His ears rose towards the tops of his head, hair falling out to give way to that same dark fur underneath. His eyes began to glow, changing from their normal brown to a deep golden yellow. The now distinct canine shape bore a striking resemblance to the jackal-faced deity on display around the room.

Damien's voice broke Mike out of his stupor. It was deeper, more guttural, but still held the distinct tone that he so closely associated with his friend.

"As you might now suspect, I am not a mortal man. Your race once referred to me by the name Anubis. I am what you might think of as a divine being. In reality, I've always felt more like a guide, preparing mortals for their journey to the next life. "

"However, I have not taken on these duties in quite some time. I have lived among you, learning from you, and I have come to a decision. I wish to resume my duties of leading mortal men to their next phase. Though not in death as before, but in life. I hoped to find someone to awaken to a new existence. Someone worthy of ascending to our pantheon, to forge a path as of yet unheard of by humans. I have chosen you for this honor. "

Mike sat in shock at this revelation. His friend, a god this entire time? ! How was such a thing real? ! He didn't want to believe it, yet there was no denying the evidence he'd witnessed with his very eyes. No trick of the light or sleight of hand could simulate what he'd seen happen to his friend.

He had no idea what Damien-no, Anubis, he corrected himself, meant by 'ascension' or 'destiny'. However, that was the furthest thing from his mind at the moment. No matter what Anubis would have him selected for, he could not shake the notion that he was the wrong choice.

"But why? Why me, specifically? I'm sure you've seen dozens, hundreds, of people that were better suited for this new life than me? What makes me so special? "

"I... " Anubis began, unsure how to proceed. He knew he had to answer the inquiry honestly, or else lose the chance with his friend that he'd waited so long for. He composed himself and then spoke.

"The truth is, my friend, I am lonely. During all my years among mortal men, I have never sought companionship. I have never found an equal or taken a mate. In you Mike, I see a partner, someone who excites me, makes me feel more alive, more... human than I have ever felt in all my long years. I would like you to become my companion, my mate. Will you have me? "

Mike was overcome by Anubis's sincere speech. The friend he'd known all these months was a god. Anubis had several hundred lifetimes of experience, worlds of vast knowledge and power. Yet, he has chosen to spend a significant portion of time with Mike, a mere mortal. For what other reason could that be than love?

He thought back to all the times he and Damien had spent together, how much they'd shared. There'd always been some small romantic connection between them, he was certain. He'd never really opened up to anyone as he had with Damien, never been so excited to see someone that he'd often put down what he was doing when Damien came calling. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake that image of his best friend so clearly reflected in the expressions and mannerisms of the jackal god before him. A person Mike felt that maybe he might be in love with too.

"Anubis I... . yes. Of course, the answer is yes. " Mike resolved himself. No matter how much logic or reason tried to get in the way he knew deep down, for the first time in his life, he needed to be true to himself. These feelings Mike had for his friend, the same friend who was now the glorious deity before him, they needed to be explored. He looked into the jackal's eyes, seeing only excitement and anticipation reflected in the golden orbs. Damien wanted the same thing as he, perhaps even more.

They embraced; Mike trying awkwardly to make out with the jackal's much longer lips and muzzle. They took a moment to explore each other's bodies, Mike loving the silky feel of his new partner's black fur, almost wishing he could be engulfed in a pelt of it himself. He so desperately wanted to wrap his hands around that gorgeous canine erection that Anubis was sporting, but he forced himself to take his time. They were in no hurry.

Anubis licked at Mike's neck, and then slowly turned him around, feeling along his back with those magnificent paws-hands. He slowly moved his paws down Mike's chest, pausing briefly to tease his lover's nipples before heading lower. Mike gasped as he felt paws brush against his sensitive member. He'd never felt excitement like this before! Anubis's paws settled in a gentle grip on his partner's eager cock and began to gently stroke up and down.

Mike had several other lovers in the past, but no sexual experience had ever been more arousing. He could never have imagined how wonderful the awareness of canine paws against his dick would be. He relished the feeling of heat, of soft fur against his eager breeding rod, felt the firm grasp of pseudo paw pads holding him tight. Mike began to pant and moan, his own sounds of ecstasy driving his lust to insatiable levels. He tensed at the feeling of the paws stroking him off, losing all inhibitions as he quickly came, sticky fluid spurting copiously all over his partner's paw-hands and the apartment floor.

Mike nearly collapsed in his rapid release. Anubis supported his lanky frame, allowing his weight to rest on the god's unnatural strength. His entire body was soaked in slick sweat, but his partner didn't seem to mind.

"Thank you," Mike replied, reaching up to rub the jackal's muzzle as he moved in for another tender kiss. "Let me return the favor".

Mike motioned Anubis to the bedroom and had him sit on the edge of the bed, then settled comfortably on his knees in front of him. He was excited to do this. Mike knew this was a god, had been revered by many in the past. Yet he found himself wondering if Anubis had ever been worshiped in this manner. Mike began to stroke the thick canine member, enjoying the alien feel of the tapered, pointed cockhead, the stark contrast between the width of the shaft and the bulge that lay beyond the medial ring. He wondered if he could take that length in his mouth fully; it was certainly bigger than any cock he'd tasted before.

Struggling a bit with its girth, Mike slowly worked the monster organ into his mouth, gripping it with his left hand to steady both it and himself. After only a few moments, he felt his jaws becoming sore; however, he was determined to please the divine being before him properly. The taste of his new mate's pre was oddly sweet, much more so than any of his previous sexual partners, and drove Mike further to keep taking the wonderful shaft in his lips.

"Oh yes, Mike, please, more! " Anubis cried out, loving the skill and tenderness the human presented while pleasuring him. Anubis placed his paw on Mike's head, pushing it up and down, encouraging him to go faster, to take his entire length. Mike was spurred on by his mate's actions, eager to please the jackal and take his needy member. Even though he was forced to give his jaws brief rest bits, he made sure to help maintain the canine erection with gentle strokes of his hands in between.

Soon Mike felt the massive maleness throb and pulse under his ministrations, and he sensed Anubis was getting close. Wanting to fully embrace his partner, he positioned his mouth over the flared cockhead, waiting to be rewarded with the jackal god's gift. He was suddenly hit

with a wave of his mate's release, splashed in the face from the sheer amount Mike could not swallow. The jackal's cum was marvelous; Mike licked his lips as he found he couldn't quite get enough of the flavor.

As Mike relished in the taste of his mate's seed, he began to feel warm all over, even more so than from the sexual heat between himself and Anubis. It felt absolutely divine, as though he were being filled with power and purpose. It was as though every cell in his body was flaring to life all at once. Mike rose to regard his new mate with a look of curiosity and wonder.

"It's starting, my love. My gift to you, born from my seed. With it, you will be able to transcend your mortal limits, to become a being such as me. Do you wish this? "

"Oh gods, yes! " Mike replied. He sincerely meant it.

"Then allow me to perform in proper homage to your new existence. Please, take me," Anubis began, getting up onto all fours and presenting his ass to his new lover.

Though Mike had cum not ten minutes prior, he felt his member stiffen at the sight of the jackal's waiting pucker. He had little experience topping and was worried about hurting his new mate. However, Anubis was already glistening and wet for him. Either by some divine force or a sign of his eagerness to take the human's much less impressive cock. Mike worked his way in slowly, feeling his member push easily into the jackal's willing fuck hole. He allowed himself a moment to relish the heat and tightness of his lover before instinct took over, and he began thrusting back and forth, settling into a comfortable rhythm.

"Oh yes, that's right, YES! " Anubis yelled, clearly enjoying the sensation of being fucked. His cries drove Mike on all the more as he picked up his pace, aware of nothing else but the warmth spreading over him and the feeling of being inside his lover.

A slight itching sensation overtook Mike, but he paid it no mind. Had he been aware of anything but making love to his mate, he'd have noticed his body slowly sprouting golden hairs. Mike's tailbone ached briefly, but the pain was quickly overridden by the ecstasy generated by his thrusts.

His hands clenched, gripping his lover's back tightly as they shifted, claws digging into the jackal god and eliciting a brief yelp of pain, though Anubis did not move. Mike barely noticed a dim pain in his feet; they were undergoing a similar transition to canine paws. His heels extended and shifted his posture as the balls of his feet widened, and dull canine claws dug

into the floor. Yet despite the initial awkward stance, Mike adjusted himself with little thought, wanting desperately to fill his lover.

Mike realized with a suddenness that Anubis's male cunt was suddenly much tighter than it had been upon entry. Was his own member changing to match the glorious one that his jackal lover sported? He certainly felt a difference; the sensations coming from his new cock grew more intense with each thrust as he filled his partner fully. Mike felt even more of himself struggling to push its way in, a canine knot not unlike the one at the base of the jackal's own cock, tying them together in their lust.

Mike was so close. His eyes closed in anticipation of his release. He knew what was happening to his changing form, and he welcomed it. His was to become like his friend, his lover, and mate, and his heart rejoiced. His entire being was rapture, both physical and emotional.

Mike felt his jaw press outwards, face tensing up with an audible crunch of bone. His ears itched and stretched as they grew towards the top of his head, becoming massive like the jackal's own underneath him. His gums ached briefly, as he felt what must be his new teeth breaking through as his old ones shifted shapes to befit the canine he was becoming. He had a sudden urge to open his mouth; a blessed cooling sensation greeted him as he realized with a chuckle he was panting like a dog!

His world opened up to new sensations beyond anything the human Mike could comprehend. He was aware of every car passing by outside, every fly buzzing through the apartment. However, his enhanced hearing was but a drop in the ocean compared to his new sense of smell. It was as though a switch was flipped in his mind; he was aware of so much more than he'd ever dreamed possible. Yet strongest to his changing mind was the smell of his mate's needs beneath him. That scent drove him wild, brought him close to the edge.

Mike felt his seed building up in his balls as the jackal's tight opening gripped him firmly, massaging his now much larger shaft. He felt himself cumming, crying out as he lost all control and released his load into his mate's ass in a mind-blowing orgasm. He felt the simultaneous clamp of Anubis's rectal muscles as he too came hard, spraying thick seed all over his paw and the bedsheets. Mike whited out at the sensation, collapsing on Anubis's back, panting in relief.

Anubis was in pure bliss, feeling the weight of the newly minted jackal collapsed on his back. He had witnessed the baptism of a new god, the first he'd guided in many long years. Moreover, he'd found an equal, someone he could finally experience the facets of mortal

companionship with as he'd always dreamed of. He grew excited at the thought of all the things he would show Mike, teach him, explore with him.

After several minutes of peaceful slumber, Mike stirred, trying in vain to remove himself from his partner's opening. After a few moments of struggle, he remembered he was a jackal now, the knot in his member had tied him tightly to his mate. Mike chuckled to himself at that; there were worse ways to spend the afterglow of successful mating, after all.

"This... this feeling..." He questioned, coming out of his drunken like stupor. "Will it always be like this?"

"Yes, my love," Anubis replied, turning his head in an awkward attempt to kiss the newly minted jackal's muzzle. Mike returned the gesture, loving the alien sensation of locking muzzle on muzzle, stretching out his tongue to wrap around his lover's own.

"I could get used to this," Mike replied softly, as he broke off the kiss, feeling himself drift off again.

Anubis let his mate rest for a time until the knot in his ass began to soften, and slowly he pulled out, making sure Mike was lowered carefully onto the bed. Mike stirred only briefly, love in his golden eyes as they fluttered shut, exhausted from his transition and his wild lovemaking. Both jackals passed out in each other's arms, dreams of each other, and the new lives that they would now share lulling them into blissful sleep.