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I'm joining a research department with a company that works in Egypt to help the government find ancient burial sites and lost civilizations.

Around the same time that I came on board, information was found that referenced what may have been a community worshipping Anubis, the ancient Dog God. That has always been a common belief, but this all seemed to come from ancient writings, but no actual proof that it took place or, for that matter, if there were ever any such creature as a God who had a well-maintained body, supporting the head of a dog with horns, dog ears, and some other attractive enhanced physical attributes.

However, according to what we were hearing, a burial chamber had been discovered, supposedly containing some mummies that may be the proof everyone was looking for. Because of our expertise, they requested us to come, joining the find to open the cases and find out if any of the rumors were correct.

Before joining this dig, I started to do some research, finding out we had many males and females missing who were with the working staff. I requested complete files on each of the ones missing. There was a common theme. The males were all in good shape, good looking, the females were hot, each one had breast enhancements, and from all indications, all had disappeared inside. Security footage showed them entering the day they disappeared but never coming out.

I had some real concerns. First of all, Mark, my supervisor, was in great shape, was easy on the eyes, and I had plans for the two of us hooking up on our next trip, that and the fact I had enhanced my tits to a big double D-size. Armed with this info, I entered Mark's office, showing him what I had found, and maybe joining this dig may not be the best idea. We talked about the pros and cons of joining. It was a find of the century, and to be asked by the Egyptian Government to join them in opening the caskets, was an honor and one he didn't think we could pass up, then laughing.

"There are probably hidden chambers where they wandered into," he said. "I think if we remain in the main rooms, we'll be fine."

One other thing that bothered me was the reports of moaning, whimpering, sounds of pure pleasure filling the caves, but no one had any idea where they were coming from. They were probably the wind blowing through the facility, so I didn't think about it.

Two weeks later, we had arrived in-country, boarded a caravan arriving at the entrance to the find. It was located far away from the Valley of the Kings, near the river's edge, not a tomb as such, but the entrance looked as if the sand just dropped off the opening, nothing like any others found.

As I was carrying my work cases to the opening, a funny feeling washed over me, telling me there was danger inside, but I had committed to this, so I pushed the feeling to the side, walking in the main room. Stopping, looking around - lots of caskets, artifacts, it looked like the inhabitants had just been here, not being lost for a couple of thousand years. There was no dust covering like it should have been. That is when I heard the sounds. It was sexual moaning and whimpering, occasionally passionate screams. They were real but not visible.

Mark and I looked at each other, lots of concerns, but the find was real, so beginning to work on the first tomb to see who was encased inside. We worked on the case, easily breaking the bonds and lifting the top of it. A mummified gentleman with a massive set of tits and a cock bigger than anything I had ever seen on a human male, even bigger than the enhanced porn photos. The way this ancient shemale was preserved, the gods obviously may have admired him.

The sexual sounds, this body, and maybe a smell were overwhelming to all of us. After a few days, moisture between my legs was always present, then looking at the men on our staff, all had semi-hard cocks making small tents in their shorts.

Mark had moved to one wall, leaning against it to study his photos, when suddenly he was gone. We stopped all work, searching for him, but the walls were solid, it did not appear to have any hidden rooms, but he and two of our staff males were gone.

The staff gathered to determine what we should do when Mark's distinct southern accented voice began to beg someone not to make him do something. He was in a sexual situation that had him begging someone. His begging along with the others, we were convinced the tomb had ghosts or spirits of some sort, which had some influence over those they had kidnapped, erotically interacting with them, but although we could hear them, we had no idea where they were.

We noticed one thing: it sounded like dog gods and goddesses were interacting with our kidnapped humans, but since we couldn't see them, we were only guessing.

The sounds of extreme erotic situations had us all on edge a little. I could feel the moisture between my legs becoming uncomfortable, there was also a distinct smell or odor that none of us could put our finger on, but it was there, smelling very much like a sexual smell that you noticed as soon as you entered the large room. We had not discussed it, but everyone acknowledged that there was something sexual about this discovery.

With Mark's disappearance and the others, a full-scale investigation was launched, asking us to stay out until they could arrive. Some were from our offices and national teams, some from Egypt, all counting our group who were still present. Around thirty men and women, the original team that discovered the opening and the new investigative unit, entered the tomb the following Monday morning.

This time, the smell was powerful, so I could see everyone being affected by it, some rolling their eyes up in their heads, some moaning, others were pulling at their body parts, boobs, and cocks. My pussy was tingling as it has never done before, moving to a side, slipping down on a small rock type of bench, my nipples were hard as rocks - knowing something was wrong, looking back at the entrance, the sizeable cement-rock type door, slid easily back into place, sealing the opening, becoming invisible to anyone outside, who may come by looking for us.

Inside, the smell became more and more intoxicating, slowly building up all of our arousals. I tried to maintain a clear mind, but my eyes gradually lost the ability to focus or concentrate on anything. My legs were wide open, hands moving from my breasts to between my legs, my hips moving up and down - that is when the walls seemed to disappear, adding in hundreds of more people. I first noticed my supervisor Mark, on his knees, sucking on a dog goddess' nipples, my eyes opening wide when I saw his cock was now over twelve inches long and so big around, it would have been hard to fit my hand around it. Turning towards me, he now had a nice set of tits, at least a heavy C-cup, possibly a small D-cup. He looked very much like the mummy we had discovered.

The dog Goddess' all had huge tits, which looked like they were filled with a substance. Looking around at the other guys who had been kidnapped, they all had huge cocks and tits - they had all been changed into hot-looking shemales.

That was when I noticed a Dog God approaching me. His body was something any girl would get wet over, his head a giant dog head, horns that stood out from his head, a tongue that looked like it had

to be over a foot long, then I let out a small whimper when I saw the size of his cock. It was black, hanging down between his legs, at least other than a horse, had to be the biggest one I've ever seen. It looked like it was coated in a slimy substance, but what caught my attention was the scent he was giving off. It seemed to cover my whole body, instantly raising my arousal, looking up at him, wanting to know what was happening to me, but I was having difficulty speaking.

Like everyone else's, my clothes were off me, leaving all of us nude. The closer he came to me, the more aroused I was when he suddenly stopped a few inches from me. Looking at him, confused why he wasn't moving closer and taking me.

He saw the confusion in my face, smiling, kneeling, so his cock was even closer to me. I could smell his cock, which only confused me even more. That is when he moved close to my ear.

"We're not allowed to seduce you," he said. "The decision has to be on your dime. The goddesses offer their milk to the males. When their breasts are close to them, the smell of their milk destroys any inhibitions a male may have. That is the same thing you are experiencing now from the oily liquid I have on my cock. Soon you will reach out to touch it. As soon as the gel contacts your skin, it will make you suck it. Then I'll ejaculate some cum in your mouth, and from there, I'll be fucking you." Then he giggled. "Everyone will be fucking you, including your males who are now shemales."

I heard what he said, but I was too gone to understand what he was saying, eventually reaching out, gripping that beautiful shaft. As soon as I touched the gel, something shot through me, making my whole body shake. While under the influence of this new drug, leaning in, taking the head in my mouth, as soon as it was there, two small squirts of cum, filled my mouth, causing me to swallow, then fall back, my eyes rolling up in my head.

Before I could react, he had moved between my legs, rubbing that massive head back and forth between my pussy lips, then pushing the head inside me, stopping to let the drug take over my body.

I lay there, legs wide open, feeling how wonderful it felt just inside me, then moving my hips to push him further inside me. As soon as I did that, he pushed once, bottoming out, the pain was the worst I could have ever imagined, but his dog-like, rapid pounding soon gave way to so much pleasure, my legs began to shake, my body exploded on this beautiful shaft. My legs and hips continued to shake, experiencing a second wave of orgasmic enjoyment, but he never slowed down or let me enjoy the wave of pleasure he was giving me. Instead, he just kept pumping that dog cock in and out of me.

I have no idea how long he fucked me, and it was a long time. My pleasure soon turned to pain again. My pussy was so sore that my opening would writhe in pain every time he bottomed out. Eventually, I felt him stop and release the warmest, most satisfying seed inside me that I could have even dreamed about. Pulling out of me, looking at my pussy leaking cum, and the puffy lips now swollen and red.

"Welcome to your new life as one of our sex slaves."

Then he was gone.

Laying on my back, my legs wide open, totally exhausted to the point of never being this tired before, a Goddess straddles my body, leaning over so I can lick her nipples easily.

"Go ahead and empty my boobs. The milk will heal your body, condition your pussy to be able to enjoy the hours and hours of fucking you will be doing each day."

I started sucking, and to my surprise, my pussy began to feel good again, actually more than just

good, fantastic, ready for a new cock. She explained that Goddess milk gave males the big cocks and incredible tits they all have, but it excited and conditioned our pussies for females.

By the time I emptied her jugs, I was horny as hell, needing someone to fuck me, someone to fuck me. Looking around, I spotted Mark alone, his cock still dripping from his last pussy, moving to him, easing that monster up inside me, beginning to ride him, "I guess maybe we should have stayed home and not come on this one, but I do love the size of your cock"

He giggled. "Well, we didn't know we'd end up being sex slaves to a group of Dog Gods and Goddess, but I am enjoying the sex."

We both kissed a deep passionate kiss while he was fucking me. Just as a dog god slides his long tongue up inside my ass, causing me to moan and look forward to becoming an anal slave as well.

The End.