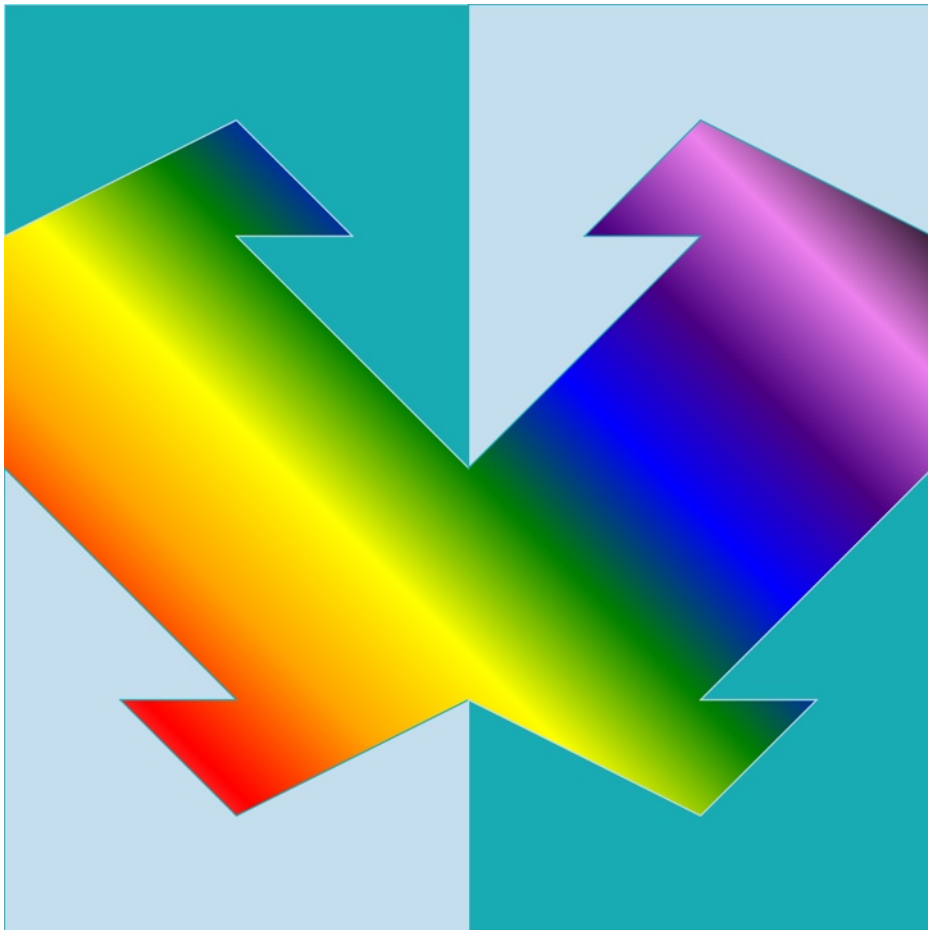


Punishment



By Solon Ezeri
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Water dripped as Len laid on cold concrete. He gave a soft groan as he stirred, eyes opening to find himself across from a familiar red gryphon. As the wolf's mind switched on, he began to panic, struggling to get to his feet within the cramped space. However, he found himself unable to use his hands at all. He couldn't even feel anything beyond his shoulders.

"About time you woke up." Gallows said, giving him a glare that could melt ice. "Hope you don't mind the guest room. It's a bit cramped, but suitable for a thief like you."

Len's eyes widened, finally getting a good look at his captor. The gryphoness was someone he'd been watching throughout the week, trying to get an idea of her schedule to make sure he wouldn't be caught. However, something had drastically changed, as instead of the taloned hands he normally saw her with, there were a pair of white furred arms with paw-like hands in their place. Wolf-like white fur and paws, in fact.

His eyes adjusted, and it was then that he realized why he wasn't able to feel his arms. Those *were* his arms on the gryphon. He'd heard about her *Modularity* ability in classes back home, but never once thought he'd witness the effects, much less be subjected to them.

He tried whimpering, but nothing came out of his snout. Like his arms, he couldn't actually feel his lips, or even his inner maw, as he sat there in silence.

"What's wrong? Feeling a little...*incomplete*?"

Her words taunted him, but a chill went down his spine as she stood up and walked forward into the light of the dim room. It wasn't just his arms that she had on her. His legs carried her forward with their strong paws, and his black-tipped tail swayed and swung idly behind her with each step. He could see another snout with his inner maw and lips had replaced her beak, tongue licking lips as her new fangs were briefly bared with a smile.

The gryphon hybrid leaned down to gaze into his eyes. "As they say, turnabout is fair play. You took as you wished, so I'm doing the same with you."

She reached down, wiping a cum-stained hand across his face. Len could see his own cock adorning her crotch, soaked with seed from a recent orgasm. She'd obviously jerked one off while waiting for him to wake up, leaving him feeling quite violated and vulnerable as his gaze turned to one of pain.

The hybrid gave a soft growl. One Len would normally make while contemplating something.

"Of course, what should I do with *you*?"

Her clean hand secured itself around his throat, lifting him into the air like a sack. He was nothing more than a torso and mouthless head, so she knew he wouldn't be going anywhere of his own volition.

"I could piece you out and add to my parts collection. Maybe leave your consciousness in one of my soul rings while you contemplate your poor life decisions for eternity."

Len couldn't even form words in his head. It was just silence and memories as he sat there, wanting to cry, but unable to do even that.

"Actually... No. Something more fitting."

One hand went onto his head, the other gripping his chest. After a few moments of tugging, he felt a pop at the base of his skull, and suddenly felt far lighter than before. The way she gripped him by his ears kept him from witnessing much, but the fact that he couldn't feel anything below his jawline told him everything he needed to know.

The wolf was nothing more than a head. A muted, mouthless head, held like some sort of sports ball. The alarm bells going off in Len's mind were overwhelming, and yet, something forced him to stay aware and at attention.

By the time he could see his captor again, the red gryphon was completely gone. His torso had replaced hers, and her head was a carbon

copy of his own. The scar across his left eye, the deep growling chuckle he was known for back home, the chunk missing out of his right ear, all where they should have been. Even his voice, taken by the newly minted clone of himself, was perfectly mimicked down to his raspy deep tone.

“Mmm... Normally, I’d put you on the trophy shelf in my private study.”

She held him like a something out of a shakespearean play, azure eyes locked to his own amber orbs. It was the only difference. The only thing that would let someone tell them apart.

“You’re gonna become something a bit more...*useful*.”

Again, Len wanted to whimper, but nothing even echoed in his own thoughts. Just the hope that it was all a bad dream. That wasn’t the case.

The wolf carried him into the next room. A sex dungeon, with a submissive of some sort locked into a vacbed within the door. Their cock acted as the handle, as they squirmed and shuddered in place when she turned it to opened the latch. Gallows placed her prize onto a workbench, flipped upside down. Somehow, he didn’t feel any vertigo, despite everything telling what remained of his form that he was probably falling.

After a glance around the space, her hand reached toward a couple of the shelves and grabbed some toys. One was a stroker toy in the shape of a wolf’s muzzle, made of translucent blue silicone, while the second was a fleshlight made of the same material.

The fleshlight came first, pressed into the base of where his neck once was. He shuddered hard, a surge of pleasure sweeping through his smaller state of being, until he could feel the pussy lips of the toy being teased by the cold breeze blowing through the room. Mounted exactly where she’d pressed it into him, it was a part of him at that point.

The stroker came next, forced over his own snout. Within moments, sensations of having a mouth returned, but not one that moved. His *lips* were molded into a sensual smile, forcefully parted by the

silicone tube that now filled his muzzle. The two openings he now had also seemed to be connected inside, given how the air passed through from one side to the other.

Then, she started pressing with both hands from each side. He sensed himself compressing down painlessly, blissful arousal building with every moment. Little by little, he shrank. The world became bigger, and in his last view of the world, she smiled hungrily down at him. Darkness took over as he lost his sight to her hands, then silence as his hearing left him as well. He could feel a plastic shell cover the shaft that his main form had become, with a snout that stuck out one side, and his new pussy on display from the other.

“Game over, thief.” The wolf said, picking it up again with a wide grin across his face. “You’re gonna make a nice new fuck toy for me, and we’re gonna have *plenty* of time to break you in.”

Len gazed down at what was left of the nameless toy, his amber eyes glowing slightly with lustful desire. There was plenty of time before anyone would wonder where he was, meaning he also had plenty of time to play with his former self’s new eternal prison. His cock was already eagerly throbbing just thinking about it.