

## Day Six: Muscle Worship

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*You might expect the god of the afterlife to be a rather grim fellow – perhaps he'd be a rather morose soul, inordinately fixated on the doom and gloom of death and mortality. You may think him a Grim Reaper-esque figure, as silent as he is severe. Or maybe he's a more like Hades, as cold and stern as he is fair and just.*

*How wrong you would be. The true god of the afterlife could not be further from such dour depictions. Anubis, whose charge is to ferry the souls of the dead to the afterlife, serves as a beacon of hope. He is the protector of tombs, the embalmer of the dead, the guider of souls, and the weigher of hearts. Anubis brings the promise of respect and justice after death, and remains an ever-popular figure across the mortal realm. Yet his renown is not restricted to those who roam the mortal plane. Anubis is perhaps the most popular god within the deific realm as well.*

*Today, I will tell a tale that takes place in a world beyond our own. I aim to recount but some of the exploits of Anubis and his encounters with Sobek, crocodilian protector of the Nile and anointer of fertility.*

It must have been the hottest day of the year. Sobek had been tossing and turning all night, unable to find a comfortable position. "Maybe a cool bath is all I need to cool off," he thought to himself as he flipped his pillow for the thirtieth time that evening.

Slowly, the crocodile rose to his feet. He let out a large yawn, scratching an itch on the modest paunch he carried about his midsection. The reptilian god plodded across the palace towards the royal bath chambers. Rubbing the sleepiness from his eyes, he leisurely removed the sole garment he'd worn to bed – a simple white loincloth, which did little to conceal why he was deemed the God of Fertility.

As Sobek hung his loincloth at the entrance to the baths, he finally grew aware that he was not alone in the bath chambers this eve! A familiar form had his back to the crocodile, steadily scrubbing himself to a glistening sheen; a certain black-furred god of death also had the idea to take a bath tonight.

Sobek wasn't sure how long he stood, admiring the powerful angles and crevices of Anubis's body—tracing the curves of his round deltoids, the flare of his lats, the swollen power of his thick glutes... He nearly jumped out of his skin when a deep voice rumbled, "Good evening, Sobek."

"Anubis! How long have you known I was watching?" the croc yelped out in surprise.

"Not too long. I heard your footsteps approach just a few moments ago," the jackal replied as he turned around.

As Sobek admired his fellow god, he couldn't stifle the small gasp that involuntarily escaped his throat. It had been far too long since he'd seen Anubis in the nude – some hundreds of years, by his best recollection. While the gods were not puritanical by any means, it had simply been many moons since the occasion had last come up for him and Anubis to lay together.

Seeing Anubis in the nude, Sobek had to wonder if the jackal shouldn't have been a contender for the title of Fertility God! Nestled beneath a plump sheath, between burly thighs, he possessed testicles that might have rivalled anyone but the God of Fertility; each one was easily larger than its owner's fists. It was no wonder the jackal was so buff, with such hefty orbs pumping untold quantities of testosterone throughout his body! The crocodile was all but certain Anubis hadn't been nearly so hung the last time they slept with one another.

Ever forthright, Anubis broke the silence. "I see you're admiring my recent gains, Sobek. Well, I was just about done in the bath anyway, if you wanted to get better acquainted with my body," he offered with a sly wink.

“Oh, King Ra above! You know I would love that,” the crocodile growled, breaking into a toothy grin. His thick flaccid shaft was already twitching with arousal as he watched his mammalian friend slowly rise from the water and begin towelling off.

“Perfect, you can accompany me to my quarters,” Anubis offered. While Sobek pulled his loincloth back on, he was surprised to see Anubis venturing out of the with just a towel wrapped loosely around his waist. He’d evidently come to bathe without a single shred of clothing on his body.

Trotting along behind his friend, Sobek could barely conceal his excitement. His thick, reptilian tail swayed side-to-side in excitement as he strolled through the palace with his favourite black-furred hunk. Soon enough, the duo arrived to Anubis’s bedchambers. With a single wave of Anubis’s hand, several candles flickered to life around the room.

“Now, where were we, Sobek...?” the jackal rumbled, letting his towel drop unceremoniously. Taking a seat on the edge of his bed, he continued. “I think you were admiring my physique?” he purred.

“Lie back and let me do all the work, big guy,” the crocodile replied, stripping free of his own cloth. As Anubis obligingly positioned himself spread-eagle upon the bed, Sobek crawled up between his thighs.

“Mmm... You’ve truly got the body of a god, Anubis,” Sobek rumbled as he grasped those swollen biceps in both clawed hands. Feeling their warmth, their potent strength, he couldn’t help but imagine the dominance they could exert, pinning him down, pushing his face down into the bed... The reptilian god was rock hard and throbbing, just from worshipping Anubis’s powerful arms. Beneath him, Sobek heard his companion sigh in pleasure, clearly enjoying his reverent ministrations.

Those roaming hands next moved up to Anubis’s incredibly firm, rounded shoulders. The jackal’s huge deltoids cast an impressive silhouette, endowing him with a masculine breadth few could dream of, let alone achieve. Those shoulders,

nestled against thick, corded traps, drew Sobek's attention towards the jackal's powerful neck – how it swooped majestically down to his collar, and led into the croc's favourite muscle group: the pecs.

Pressing against those thickly muscled pillows, Sobek felt his cock beginning to leak precum. As he grinded against Anubis's broad thighs, he squeezed and rubbed across every inch of those thick slabs of muscle that jutted so proudly from Anubis's chest. Encouraged by the soft moans of approval he was eliciting, the crocodile began to pinch and tweak the jackal's small, perky nipples.

"Mmmhh, Sobek, just like that... Please, keep enjoying my powerful body," Anubis cooed as he reached down to grasp his cock along with the crocodile's slightly larger one. Gripping both in one powerful hand, he began to slowly jerk both males' generous shafts, utilising their bountiful precum to lubricate his strokes.

"Gladly, my god," Sobek murmured as he adjusted positions. Locking his lips around one of Anubis's nipples, he sucked and licked the sensitive nub while his hands roamed across the jackal's abs, feeling the densely-packed strength within each cobblestone muscle and tracing the deep valleys between.

As Sobek worshipped Anubis's body, he closed his eyes and his thoughts began to wander. Anubis had grown so large, so powerful, so masculine, in no small part thanks to the recent growth of his nuts... Sobek's lust-addled mind desired nothing but to help the god of death grow even stronger. There was indeed one way he could help his fellow god grow bigger, stronger, and more powerful.

Thinking of Anubis's package, he grasped the erotic energy swirling throughout the room. Sobek concentrating his power on the jackal's package, that knotted shaft frothing so eagerly with his own. With every thrum of the jackal's heart, the God of Fertility felt his companion's cock and balls throb slightly larger, more fertile, and more potently virile. Anubis seemed to notice the difference as well, as his stroking grew more wild and frenzied. His cock was both longer and thicker than Sobek's now, and his balls heavier and more potent.

It was not long until Anubis was biting his lower lip, crying out in ecstasy as he shot jets of white-hot cum across his own body and Sobek's. Sobek leaned down to meet Anubis's lips, muffling his fellow god's climactic cries as the pair kissed. Reaching down to deliver the last few strokes to his own shaft, Sobek began to spill his own potent seed across the jackal's body, his entire body shaking and quivering from the intensity of his orgasm.

Nearly a full minute later, panting from exhaustion and lust, the crocodile slowly pulled back from the kiss. Anubis scooted to the side, allowing Sobek a place to rest in his bed.

"You know I felt that, Sobek," the jackal murmured. "I didn't know you wanted me even larger, but I will gladly accept your gift."

Lying on his back, Sobek wrapped one arm around Anubis, pulling him close. "Good, for I shall offer you my blessing as many times as you desire. I strive to see you flourish," he replied with a grin.

"Is that so? Then I suspect your bed might grow quite cold in the coming weeks, old friend," Anubis noted with a wry grin.

"So long as I may enjoy the fruits of my labours," Sobek said, stifling a yawn. "But for now, let us recharge our strength. Maybe I will even accompany you to work out in the morning."

"Please. I think it would be quite appropriate for the God of Fertility to possess a body fine-tuned for such bestial encounters," Anubis agreed.

With a nod, Sobek turned to his side, wrapping both arms tightly about Anubis. Anubis turned as well, happy to let his old friend spoon him as the two slowly drifted to a peaceful slumber.