

Mini-Story: Cerberess

By FoxFaceStories

“Let’s kick some demon ass,” Left yelled, “and show this crowd what this cerberess can do!”

“Ugh,” Middle said. “Bad enough we got given this ridiculous outfit and ridiculous proportions. Now we have to be even more of a spectacle.”

“Hey!” Right said, “I like the outfit and the body! It shows off our amazing legs!”

“You forgot to mention the rippling muscle and huge bust,” Left mused.

“I took that as a given!” said the dainty Right, “And consider that a plus!”

“You two!” Middle said, as they wielded their flamestaff, “How do I get anything done with you on my right wanting to show off and you on my left always pulling for a fight.”

The three Ashlyns hadn’t always been like this. In fact, there hadn’t been three Ashlyns at all; just one. Ashlyn Rivers was an explorer and adventurer across the wild ancient tombs of the Ridden Coast. She had been pretty, in a rugged adventuring sort of way, though shorter than most people expected. Still, she had a good head on her shoulders, a fact that was now more comical than it once had been.

One day, while helping rid goblin raiders from an unexplored region, she accidentally activated old magics that unexpectedly transformed her into her current form; that of a three-headed cerberess. She was still human, sort of. She didn’t have animal traits, thank the Gods above! But she was now a striking seven feet tall, her entire body grown to positively Amazonian size and strength in order to accommodate the fact that she now had three identical-looking heads upon her extra-wide shoulders. She quickly found her mind split into three separate but interlinked personalities:

Left, as they called her, was a somewhat butch personality, with her pixie haircut and love of a good fight. She loved adventuring, and showing weaker bullies who was boss.

Right, on the other hand, had Ashlyn’s sense of personal beauty, amped up to eleven. She had long, vibrant hair, and constantly wore makeup. She loved to show off her chest, which also had become impressively huge in size, as well as her shapely, muscular figure.

Middle was the exasperated leader, often having to make peace and coordinate the other two, and she was both the most maternal and most headstrong, ensuring they worked together to use their body effectively.

All in all, it was a strange situation to go from one person to being three, especially when all three were variations of the same original. They had tried to reform using the magic, but the temple had lost its magic, and as far as the Ashlyns could tell, they were stuck now, for life. More than that, and to Middle's perpetual irritation, the magic had also removed their modest adventurer's clothing, and replaced it with what could only be described as a sort of 'battle bikini': a metal bust that contoured perfectly to her large breasts, with thankfully a comfortable fabric padding on the inside, as well as an equally metallic underwear that was framed by a red loincloth that hung between her mighty legs. From now on, modesty wasn't an option. Their Amazonian body, with its impressive muscles, swaying hips, perfect legs, and large, head-sized breasts, was now fully on display, not that Right complained.

Now, she wandered as a magical warrior with her party, though no doubt some felt she was an adventuring party all to herself. Herselves, really. It was a good thing her fighting prowess was astounding now, because it made dating very hard. Few men could stand a woman with three opinions on every subject. Not to mention the ridiculous metal bikini 'armour' the three of them had to wear as part of their 'uniform', one that any article of clothing defaulted to when their magic was called upon.

Still, their current boyfriend didn't seem intimidated or embarrassed. In fact, as Left would often smirk about, he seemed to enjoy the sound of all three of them moaning in harmonic unison as he brought the three of them to a climax. And it took a LOT to please all three of them. But any man who could get them to agree on the subject of his handsomeness was worth keeping around. It seemed that as a half-orc, he was one of the few capable of going more than a round with herself.

Despite all the troubles being a 'cerberess' brought, there were definite upsides to Ashlyn's new life. All three of them. For one, they were never alone anymore, and always had two people to share interests with (even if each head had its own differing levels of interest). Hours of conversation could easily accompany an effective guard duty, which leads to point two; the greater awareness and brainpower they all shared. Very little could catch the Ashlyns by surprise now. Except, of course, the constant bickering and jokes from their 'sisters'.

After all, the tales of the beautiful and dangerous cerberess Ashlyn was now reaching far and wide, and all three of her were starting to realise that their heroic tale was going to be very different than what they expected. Instead of a dashing, leather-armoured rogue, they were a scantily clad cerberess whose very body attracted attention, and three-headed nature made them stick out.

"Might as well get used to it," as Right would say.

Middle could only reluctantly, sighing as she gave in to Left's lust to join the fight.

And the rest, as the legends go, was history.

The End