

Erutell: Game of Change

Description:

Nate is an intelligent college student in his early twenties who has an affinity for board games. One day, while exploring the back of a dusty bookstore, he discovers an ancient-looking board game called 'Erutell.' Intrigued, he steals this forbidden tome, wanting to play it with his three other friends at their weekly game night. But little do they know that for each card drawn, changes both mental and physical will alter their destinies, and it will be a race to the finish line to see who, if anyone, will be able to win the right to turn back.

Erutell: Prologue

The store was tucked away in the corner of a forgotten street in a ridden-down suburb. The street lamps faltered occasionally, and a low mist settled on the streets almost as soon as the sun had shone its last ray upon the town's horizon. Haverton was the kind of town most people drove through to get to other, more interesting places. It had just one cinema, one mall, one elementary and high school each, and a college with a campus that held barely eight hundred students. Most people who went for degrees there had no desire to live elsewhere; otherwise, they would have gone to college elsewhere already. Still, the town had its charm; it backed against a largely untouched forest that reached up to the mountains, the kind of forest that generated all sorts of fun rumours and superstitions among the townsfolk. And the weather was perfect in summer and full of white snow in winter. And there was a closeness to the people, for the most part. Havertonians, as they called themselves, had little reason to bicker and fight, their population being too large for the close mindedness of rural types, and too big for the apathetic selfishness of big city types. The biggest problems in Haverton rarely extended beyond juvenile delinquency and the occasional neighbourly dispute. And, of course, Sheriff Knott's rare but memorable drunken mishaps.

It was also just large enough of a town to hide away little stores that some never ever knew were there. That was part of the reason why Nate Portis stayed, for the little stores like this one. He was a promising student with a love of fantasy, science fiction, and all kinds of creative worlds, but in truth he aspired to little more than to write such stories himself in the town of his birth. You'd be surprised what kind of inspiration one could get, especially from tucked away prizes such as this.

Satler's Antiques & Memorabilia

That was what the sign read. It was, technically, located below the street, with one of those sets of stairs that leads directly to a multi-story building's basement from the side of the street. Nate knocked, saw that the sign said 'Open', and decided to go in.

"Hello, is this place open? I know it's late."

"We're open, young man," came a wearied, older voice.

There was a man with bedraggled grey hair who sat not behind the counter, but was currently perched on what appeared to be a rickety wooden stool, fixing up a display of carved wooden soldiers. It was far from the only display in the store; the small business was positively cramped with antique toys, games, books, tomes, displays, posters, hanging ornaments, model trains, baseball cards, Christmas decorations, Halloween costumes, and so on and so forth. The air was musty and stale, as if the combined ages of all the items in the room had aged the building with it, and all those who entered. It was powerful on the senses, and the yellowed lighting only made it feel even older.

Somehow, it only made Nate even more famous.

"Wow, I've never known this place was here all my life, and I grew up here."

The old man chuckled, stepping down from his stool and extending a hand. Nate shook it. "You'd be surprised, young man, how often people say that. Not that I get much business, but then I mainly run this store for fun, anyhow. Consider me an antique in charge of all the others."

Nate chuckled. He liked this man.

"I'm Nate," he replied, and he took another look around the area. You'd have to step carefully, just to avoid crashing into the various hanging model planes and lead-painted toy figurines. "This place sure is amazing. I love stuff like this."

It made the old man grin. "*That*, I don't hear as often. Some people don't have an appreciation for nostalgia. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"I'm looking for games."

"No videogames here, son. Don't make me feel too old by claiming a videogame can be an antique!"

Nate grinned and shook his head. His brown hair tousled over his forehead, and he swept it away. He'd have to get it cut soon. "No, sorry, Mr . . . ahh . . ."

"Satler," the old man said with a grin, scratching the stray hairs on his chin. "It's on the door."

"Ah, yes, Mr Satler. No, I'm more old school. A few friends and I, we do game nights together every week, sometimes more than once. We love board games, but we've played most of what's out and we're looking to change things up. I thought I'd surprise them with something older they hadn't heard of, instead of something new."

The old man rested a hand briefly on his shoulder. “Well then, it seems I’ve misjudged the youth of today. Here I thought you with your hoodie and jeans and no belt might not have the right kind of taste for this store. Glad to be proven wrong. Glad indeed. Let me show you around.”

Mr Satler did. Nate stared with wonder at the numerous astonishing piles of dust-covered tomes and toys and memorabilia. He couldn’t help but pick up several first edition copies of *Space!* comics, along with a signed hardback of *Land of the Barbarian Kings*, his favourite pulpy fantasy novel as a young teenager. It truly was a blast from the past to be here, and he stopped several times to ask Mr Satler about how he acquired it all, usually resulting in a long-winded story. It seemed the owner had a keen mind and memory for each item acquired.

Finally, they arrived at the board games section, and Nate took to perusing. Mr Satler hung back, allowing him to pour over forgotten early editions of *Monopoly*, numerous wargames, a proto-edition of something approaching *Dungeons and Dragons*, and a number of boardsets from other countries, some not even in English or missing their instructions. Mr Satler left him to do some rearranging, and Nate spent what felt like half an hour searching over. There was so much to interest him, but he had to keep his friends in mind: Gary would want something exciting, and Katy didn’t want anything cooperative, she was a ruthless competitor. He had to balance that with Jill’s more nerdy demeanour, especially since, well, he’d always had a bit of a crush on Jill. He wanted something that would appeal to her.

He was considering between two options, neither of which felt quite right, when the strange feeling occurred. It came from the back of the store, like an ancient sigh, or a soft hiss, without sound and yet echoing in his mind. Something was back there, and he wasn’t sure how he knew that, only that it was there, and it wanted to be found. He put the two games down, and stepped slowly towards the location where the strange sensation was coming from. It seemed almost soothed by his approach, and it made him curious as to whether this was merely instinct, his own intuition, or something . . . more.

The area at the back of the store was marked as *For Staff Only*, though it appeared Mr Satler was the only staff. Nate looked around, checked that he wasn’t being watched as the proprietor sorted through a stamp collection, and stepped through the door.

The forbidden zone was dark and dusty, far more than the stale customer area. It was a thin space, the shelves crammed with all manner of books, toys, ornaments, and games. But one in particular seemed to draw him forth, and he could see why. It was a large, heavy looking game set that was bound by two thick locks. It was coated in dust, more so than most of the other items there. The sigh increased in his mind, and Nate found himself wanting more than anything to see what it was. He pulled the locked tome from the rack, and

dramatically blew the dust from its surface. There, inlaid in metal that stood from the leatherbound cover, was its title:

Erutell

“Erutell,” he repeated, and flipped the tome around. “Erutell, the Game of Chance and Change,” he read. “Brave adventurers and explorers, pioneers and trailblazers, must reach the end of the course. For each card drawn, the world of Erutell will come further to life, and bring wonders and dangers to be shared and overcome. Suits 4-6 players.”

Nate beamed. He didn’t know exactly what genre this game fell into, or what kind of game exactly it was, but something about it felt right. That strange compulsion, that odd call that brought him to it had died away, but it felt more than right anyway in his hands.

“What are you doing back here?” a crusty voice muttered.

Nate spun, the bound game in his hands. Mr Satler stood in the doorway, the light framing him like he was a giant blocking out the sun. It made the young man’s heart skip a beat.

“I was looking for games,” he said weakly.

The owner beckoned him forth and tapped at the top of the doorframe where it said *For Staff Only*. “Don’t they teach young people to read these days?”

“Oh, uh, sorry. I didn’t see that there.”

“Yeah, yeah, just don’t do it again. What’s back there isn’t for sale, okay? What were you looking for anyway . . .”

The man’s eyes froze as he saw the game in Nate’s hands. For a moment, there was something like horror in them. He snatched the book and carried it with alacrity to the front desk of the store.

“No, no, no! Not this one, *never* this one!”

Nate followed, confused. “I’m sorry, I didn’t realise. Is it a family heirloom or something.”

Mr Satler turned, and suddenly he looked far older. Too old, almost. “One of the most terrible sort. *Erutell* is a curse, young man, though I doubt you’ll believe me. It carries with it - oh, never mind. It’s not meant to be played by human hands, nor can it be understood or have a place in mortal ken. I keep it safe back there.”

“I’m pretty responsible,” Nate replied, “I can give you fifty dollars for it. I promise I won’t destroy it or damage it.”

The man laughed, and it was a dry, wheezy laugh. “Destroy it, huh? If it could be destroyed, I would have done that some time ago. No, it is *not* for sale.”

“But -”

“Don’t press me on this, young man. You want to buy your comics, then you drop this argument now. *Erutell* is not a game, it is fae magic, or perhaps something beyond that. I won’t chance it, not after . . .”

His breathing slowed, and he stopped talking for a moment. Instead, he simply took the book and placed it behind the counter, and shrugged.

“Look, you seem like a good kid with a sensible head on his shoulders. I’ve got a few other games hid up on the shelf I can show you, and even give you a discount on. How about that?”

Nate was shocked at what had just transpired. “Uh, sure, yeah, that sounds good.”

The man grunted, glad to be done with the argument, but not in a rude way.

“I’ll just go get a taller ladder, ‘cause I’ll need it. Just wait here, I won’t be longer than two minutes.”

He walked away, opening a separate door and rifling audibly through what sounded like a full closet of equipment. A bead of sweat dripped down Nate’s forehead. The call was still there, distant despite the game’s closeness, but present all the same. The old man was probably a little crazy, or just did drugs or had a nasty break up over the game or something. That’s what had happened to Katy and Gary, and they were friends again now. This Mr Satler was just a little weird over it.

Slowly, Nate peered over the store counter, where the metal-embossed game sat, looking ancient and mysterious.

“I’ll return it right after games night,” he said to himself. “I’ll even apologise and pay him that fifty. I’m just . . . borrowing it.”

Slowly, carefully, cautiously, and yet with great daring, Nate reached and grabbed the heavy game set. He could have sworn, just for a moment, that it thrummed with power in his hands. He twisted his head to see if Mr Satler was coming out of his storeroom, crashing through to intercept him. But there was nothing, only more difficulty with the folding ladder behind a closed door.

With a slight grin, and more than a little helping of guilt, Nate backed out of the room, clutching *Erutell* against his chest. He backed into the cold night, where the mist had swelled to almost impossible thickness, and disappeared into the fog.

Tomorrow night, he would have a new game to play with his friends.

To Be Continued . . .

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 1: Highborn, Lowborn

"It's called *Erutell*," Nate declared, unveiling the large wooden tome. His friends "oohed" as he unlocked the flap and unfolded the heavy wood board that was its playmate, taking out the ancient tray with its many carved pieces.

Katy, Jill, Gary and Nate were at Katy's folks home on the edge of Haverton, up on Sentry Hill. It was a big house - practically an estate - with a lovely view of the lake and distant mountains, and nearby meadows of flowers. It was their favourite place to play their weekly games together, and not just because the living room was enormous: Katy's parents were almost always away on business, leaving her to run the place by herself. The large halls and magnificent fireplace in the living area gave the house an almost medieval atmosphere, which was a perfect background ambience to what they were about to play. It was Saturday in the mid-afternoon, and they were all set to enjoy themselves, keeping the fire stoked against the chilly fog outside.

Jill's eyes widened behind her glasses. She was the same age as Nate - twenty three - and he had always had a crush on her. With her frizzy blonde hair, light blue eyes, and lithe, short stature, he'd always found her quite cute, especially since she had a habit of blushing sweetly when she was complimented. She liked cooperative games mostly.

"Wow, this actually looks really authentic," she said, pouring over the details closely, her fine eye giving attention to the details.

"Looks badass," Katy said. "Way better than the last game, right Gary?"

In contrast to Jill, Katy was a competitor at heart. Be it games, drama performances, or even dating, it was all a matter of beating the other side. She had dark skin and grey-green eyes, a result of mixed Arabic-Indian heritage, and was quite attractive with her tall, slender body. If Jill was a whiz when it came to mathematics and science, Katy had the performing arts locked down. She'd been introduced to the group through Gary, who used to date her, and there were still some sparks that occasionally flew between them.

"Hey, that's not my fault," Gary replied. "It was about football, I thought it would be fun! Besides, this game might suck as well. It looks like it has elves or whatever."

Gary was the designated 'jock' of the group, though in truth that was an unfair designation. After all, he loved video games and boardgames as much as the rest of them. It's just that he was also a rampant gym nut and football fan, and always played on weekends. He had a slightly Mediterranean look and complexion, something the ladies often liked. He often ribbed Nate for not having a 'man's body', which annoyed Nate, but he never spoke up about it. People quickly learned to ignore some of what Gary said.

"Trust me, this'll be good," said Nate.

He himself was an ordinary looking man in his twenties with chestnut brown hair that nearly went to his eyebrows, and was slightly shorter than average height - Gary liked to remind him of this fact often. Still, he often felt that he was the glue that really held the group together; it was his love of boardgames that had brought them all together, and they'd been playing for years now. When Gary and Katy split up a second time, it was him who organised with Jill to get them talking as friends again.

He looked at the other three, and a dramatic smile came over his face.

"After all," he said, "this game is *cursed*."

Jill rolled her eyes, but Katy clearly loved the drama.

"Oh, a curse! Do go on . . ."

Nate indicated to the large wooden board before them. On it, a strange and fantastical geography was detailed of a large kingdom and several neighbouring regions. In cursive script, the kingdom was titled *Erutell*. It bordered the sea around its southern coast, and had large plainlands to the north. Several dark forests clustered throughout the land, as well as several cities and many outlying towns. All of it had been carved into the wood intricately, and through it all ran flat tracks - the 'roads' the player pieces were meant to travel down on each dice roll, one space at a time.

"I got this from a little shop called *Satler's Antiques & Memorabilia*. Heard of it?"

The others shook their heads.

"Neither had I. But it was filled with tons of antiques and old toys and the like. It was awesome. But at the back of the store was a forbidden area, where this was located. The old man that ran the store didn't want me to have it - he said I would regret it, as would any that played it. It was too dangerous."

"So how did you get it?" asked Jill.

Nate paused. Saying he stole it might make Gary impressed, but he didn't want Jill to judge him. "I, well, I bribed him. I had some antique baseball cards he wanted, and some extra money from work, so I went all in."

Katy scoffed. "Can't be too cursed then."

"Yeah," Gary injected, "I think you got *cursed* into paying extra, dude. Should've haggled. Got right up in his face."

Nate sighed. "Okay, so it's not cursed. But it *looks* cursed, doesn't it? I mean, have you ever heard of *Erutell*?"

The others shook their heads.

"How does it play?" Jill asked. She was situated next to Nate, and was the most obviously interested.

Kate lifted part of the board in order to read the instructions.

“Erutell, the Game of Chance and Change. Brave adventurers and explorers, pioneers and trailblazers, must reach the end of the course. For each card drawn, the world of Erutell will come further to life, and bring wonders and dangers to be shared and overcome. Suits 4-6 players. Hmm, sounds pretty neat. Competitive too - it says here there can be only one winner. So I vote we play it, so I can fucking dominate you guys.”

“Oh, you are so on,” Greg said. “How do we set up?”

Nate explained, “okay, so here’s what I can tell of the rules. We each choose one of the six player pieces, and place it on the south-eastern coastline here: that’s the starting point.” He gestured to where *BEGIN* was painted on the large board in fancy Olden English style. “From there, the oldest player starts, and the game proceeds in a clockwise direction around the players. You roll two dice, and the number you roll advances you across the board.” He traced his finger over the path that wound its way over the board. “The first to reach the end is the winner.”

“Dude, that’s boring as hell,” Gary said.

Jill rolled her eyes. “There are more rules, Gary. Why do you think there’s that slot on the end of the board?”

Nate gave a silent ‘thank you’ to Jill, before proceeding to read the thin wooden set of further rules he had in his hands..

“But beware, brave adventurers, for complications away. After each roll, an adventurer must draw a Card of the Fates from the Weaving Wood of Erutell’s borders.” He indicated to the slot Jill had pointed out, off the edge of the map. “There are three kinds of cards:

“*Green* is Change, the most common card, and will bring exactly that to your life, befitting your new place in Eruell.

“*Blue* is Setting, which will manifest the world of Erutell around you, bringing you close to its fold.

“*Red* is Event, which will bring forth action and mindset befitting the kingdom’s nature.

“Each brings danger and opportunity as you advance towards Erutell, capital city of the same name. The winner will be freed, and be granted a boon. The last behind will suffer their fate. But beware, if the game is not finished within the span of a day’s passing, you will be fated to reside in Erutell forever more, as the Card of the Fates has decided.”

He finished reading, and placed the instructions down carefully. They were old, and he didn’t want to break them.

“Well, that was weirdly ominous,” Jill said, raising an eyebrow. “Are there any other rules?”

Nate checked over them. "There's a lot of warnings of not trying to cheat, or roll the dice out of turn. Also apparently additional players can join in the middle of a game in-progress, gaining some benefits to help give them a chance of victory, but also some negatives to compensate for it. The game takes itself quite seriously."

"I like it," said Katy. She grinned widely. "Especially since I'm going to win."

"Yeah, right," Gary cut in. "It's a game set in medieval times, right? Who better to win than the knight in shining armour?"

He moved to grab the knight piece.

"How do you know Nate isn't the knight in shining armour?" Jill asked. She blushed a little as she asked it, and it warmed Nate's heart.

"Because he doesn't have the upper body strength. No offence Nate, but this is a job for a real man: that's what the middle ages were all about, right?"

Jill rolled her eyes again. "You really need to read up on your medieval history . . . but you're not wrong. It was pretty patriarchal."

"But this is fantasy," Nate corrected, "so anyone can choose whatever figurine you want to play as. The cover has an elven warrior princess, so -"

"DIBS!"

Katy grabbed the green piece, carved perfectly into an elven princess stringing her bow, and placed it on the starting point. Jill shrugged, and from the remaining four pieces decided to select the mermaid.

"Nice seashell bra Jill," Gary remarked. Katy punched him hard enough on the arm to make him wince.

"I like mermaids," Jill said a little defensively, as she placed the blue figurine on the board, alongside the grey knight and green elf.

"That leaves me then," Nate said. He decided upon the barbarian warrior piece, coloured brown.

"Well, that's easy to remember at least," Jill said. "Nate has brown hair and a brown figurine. Katy chose green; she has green eyes. And I've got blue; I'm the only one with blue eyes."

"What about me?" Gary asked, pressing his finger on the grey knight.

"You've got grey sludge for brains," Katy ribbed.

"Screw you!" he said, but we were all chuckling, him included. "Okay, let's get started before we have to think about what to order for dinner."

Nate ordered the board for them; he'd examined it over already several times. There wasn't much to organise, and he was a little nervous that the cards that were meant to come out of the old wood carved game wouldn't even work with their mechanism anymore, or worse, were simply missing. They arranged themselves around the coffee table, the

fireplace keeping them warm, and the old walls with their numerous photographs and old paintings setting the perfect mood for them. Gary was the oldest, so much to his macho, take-charge delight, he was set to go first, followed by Jill, then Nate, then finally Katy. The ambience of the room was perfect for the game, and despite some initial scepticism, Nate could tell that each of his friends were keen to play.

“Okay,” Gary said. “Let me show you ladies how a real knight wins their game.”

“I hope my elven archer shoots you in the butt.”

“I volunteer to drag him down to the ocean depths.”

“I’ve got a particularly brutal looking club there that may help.”

Gary just put on a shit-eating grin. “Bring it on then, take a swipe at the king. C’mon, double-sixes!”

He rolled the dice, and the game began. The group looked in interest as the heavy wooden dice bounced and rolled across the board, finally resting after several seconds. Gary frowned, and the rest of the ‘adventurers’ grinned.

“A three and a one? No fair!”

“Suck it Gary!”

He gave an exaggerated frown, and was about to say something in return, when Holly squealed, scaring the rest of them.

“What the hell, Jill?”

“Are you okay?”

She just pointed to the board, where to the astonishment of all of them, Gary’s knight piece was moving of its own accord across the landscape, four places in total.

“It’s gotta be magnets, right?” Katy asked. “Maybe the game isn’t actually that old.”

“Looks like,” Nate said, but there was something strange about the motion that made them all go silent. There was a strange smoothness to the way the knight movements that seemed almost unnatural.

The tension was broken by the harsh clip of a card slotting quickly into place through the gap in the ‘Weaving Wood’ in the top half of the board. The quick motion jolted them all, and poor Jill had to cover her thin mouth to avoid yelping again. Instead, she gave a surprised squeak.

“It’s a blue card,” Nate said, eyes hovering over the intricate backing design of the card, which depicted a sun rising over a medieval city. “That’s a setting card.”

Gary snatched it up, suddenly intrigued, and read it aloud.

*“Erutell has its share of mist and dark and dun
But in this moment feel its warm and rising sun.”*

The macho man screwed up his features. "Ooookay. Weird. Nothing's happening, though. Is that my turn?"

The rest looked to Nate, who shrugged. "I guess it is."

Gary passed the dice to Jill, who took a moment to examine the. They were old, heavy, and seemed to be weighted with metal beneath the carved exterior. She was about to roll when the sun's rays came in through the window, quickly clearing the mist.

"Huh, the sun's come out," she said, "and it's really warm. Nice."

"My God, I really did make the sun come out!" Gary declared, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he held up the card.

Katy giggled, twirling her fingers. "Oooohhh it's the cuuurse! It's given us the terrifying gift of warm weather!"

Jill rolled the dice and got a six and a four. She gave a cute little fist pump.

"Still not fair," Gary said as her mermaid slid forth ten places. She stuck out her tongue at him and took her card. It was Red.

"An Event card," she said. "Cool. It says . . .

*"You could make a fine young maid,
Were you to wear an appropriate braid."*

"Oooh, the curse! Please, not the braid!"

"Jeez, the game doesn't like your hairstyle Jill. I told you I should style it."

Katy fell to laughing with Gary. Jill just looked at Nate and shrugged. "I guess that's it. I'm sure it'll get more interesting."

Nate cringed a little internally. The game wasn't exactly going how he'd hoped it would. "Yeah, I hope so."

Suddenly, a weird urge overcame Jill. Perhaps it was simply being made aware of her frizzy hair style, and the mention of it by the card and Katy both, but for the first time in a long time she felt like changing it. Changing it *now*.

"I'll be back in a moment," she said. "I've just got to go to the bathroom."

"Everything alright Jill?" Katy asked. "You look . . . focused."

"Yeah, I'm okay. I'll be back in a moment. Keep playing."

She stood and left, leaving Nate to roll the dice.

Jill stared at herself in the mirror, dissatisfied. She occasionally got like this; between her frizzy blonde hair, thin lips, and rounded glasses, she certainly couldn't compare with Katy's beautiful looks. Even her face was a little thin; a bit too willowy, at least to her eyes. She had never had the knack for makeup or hair styling though, not like other girls, and now

she wished she did; she liked Nate, had for a couple of years now, but she doubted he would show much interest in a girl like her. At best, she was 'cute', the word guys had for girls who could never be 'beautiful' or 'sexy.' She sighed.

"What am I doing?"

But the compulsion was there again, the urge to actually try something different. Something new. Something that would *fit*. Slowly, opened the drawer to the various brushes, combs, bands, and dryers.

"I don't have the slightest idea of how to even manage a braid," she said, and yet in moments she was doing exactly that. She expertly combed and brushed her hair, and impossibly it began to straighten a little, going from frizzy to beautifully curly, and it almost seemed as if her hair was becoming shinier, even blonder somehow. It was an alarming thing, and yet for reasons that escaped her it felt *right*, and soon she was forming a loose braid in her hair.

"I swear my hair isn't this long," she said, shocked. But still she adjusted it, finishing off her new style. She took it in, gazing at her reflection. Her hair now looked like an old-fashioned braid, almost like that of a peasant woman or lower nobility of a medieval period. She half expected a coif to materialise on top of it.

"Wow, I look . . . really good," she said. The style matched her, and it felt right.

Jill returned to mixed cheers and groans from all members of the game. Nate was playing with a sword taken from Katy's dad's collection of them, twirling it in the air with surprising expertise.

"NERD!" Gary called.

Katy was clapping. "When did you get so good at fencing, Nate? You would be great on stage!"

"I - I don't remember!" Nate called, as he flipped the sword and manoeuvred it as if he were a natural swordsman. "I guess the card just reminded me that I could do it - I am a *Star Wars* fan, after all."

He finished his display and sat down, a little startled, but kept his sword close. Jill joined them, her changed hairstyle the new centre of attention.

"Nice flourish there, Nate," she said.

"Thanks," he said, a little sheepishly. He was trying not to admire too obviously her new hairdo, which had a timeless quality to it, and seemed to accentuate the best features of her face. "It came after a card about 'lords and swords' and all that. I only rolled seven"

“Speaking of cards, I see someone has responded to theirs,” Katy teased. “Jill, you look gorgeous! I swear your hair is actually shining!”

“Yeah, what brought on the change?” Nate said, before quickly following up. “It looks really good. I mean, it suits you Jill.”

Even Gary assented. It made the blonde woman blush appreciatively.

“Okay, okay, thanks guys. I just . . . I just felt like doing it, I guess! It’s your turn then, right Katy?”

The competitive woman leaned forward, her green eyes gleaming. “Yeah, finally! So far this game is a real wash, but I’m sure I’ll at least kick you guys down to size.”

She took the dice and rolled them, causing everyone to groan.

“Double sixes, are you kidding me?”

Her elven warrior moved forward, and a card spat out.

*‘Roll again on doubles, in order to stay mobile,
For doubles sixes gain riches, worthy of a noble’*

“Fuck. Yeah,” she said, grinning. The dark-skinned woman took the dice and rolled again, before giving a little dance of joy on the spot. “What have I told you? Queen of the board right now. Absolute. Queen.”

She rolled a seven, and advanced seven more places, entering the first Zone of the area; a part of the kingdom labelled Riverwend. A card slotted into place, and she removed it, reading allowed in her most dramatic theatre performance.

*‘No dark creature or vicious soldier may ever harm her,
When she take on the form of a man in shining armour’*

The group looked around at each other.

“This game is weird,” Gary said. “Besides, I’m meant to be a knight in shining armour. You’re too . . .”

“Female?”

“I was going to say hot.”

She punched him on the arm. “Knights *are* hot, excuse me.”

“Yeah, but you’re the wrong kind of hot. Like, not muscular enough.”

“Excuse me, I’ll have you know that - UGH!”

Suddenly, Katy doubled over, dropping her card to the floor. Her eyes bulged as she tried to form words, but her stomach was overcome with a strange knotting sensation, one that was rapidly expanding out from her core to the rest of her.

“Katy! Katy? Are you alright?”

Gary immediately launched to his feet to see to her, as did the other two. Gary caught her as she fell backwards a little into his arms, and the sense of concern upon his

features told a story. She groaned, body writhing, and to everyone's astonishment - especially her own - her skin began to bubble and shift.

"What - what's h-happening to m-meeee!?"

She arched her back as her spine popped, new vertebrae forming to give her a greater height. She clutched her head in response to the strange feeling of her hair actually receding back into her head, and mid-groan her jaw seemed almost to clench and crack; it shifted wider, bones growing to give her a more manly shape.

"Holy shit, what the fuck is happening to her?" Gary asked, agitated.

Nate and Jill looked on in horror as their friend's body continued to warp, growing taller, more muscular, and developing hairs along her bare forearms.

"F-fuck!" the woman gasped, looking down at herself. "It's like s-someone's sitting on my ch-chest! Nngggghh!"

And just like that, her breasts began to deflate. While Katy had always been fairly lithe and athletic, she had always been proud of her sizable C-cups. They were perky and bouncy, and the right kind of outfit made them pop. But now they deflated, the pressure sinking them into her chest, fat and tissue being directed to leave her with strong pectoral muscles instead.

"Katy, your boobs!" Jill declared, pointing.

"I c-can feel it! Ahhh!" Katy whined. In truth, it wasn't a totally painful experience, but it was weird as all hell, especially when her hips pushed inwards, losing their attractive slight hourglass shape, and even more so when she felt a bizarre tugging in her genitalia.

"No! No! No!" she cried, but already her voice was deepening, dropping several octaves to a low, masculine impression. An Adam's apple rose upon her throat even as her face lost its softness, and began to grow a short dark beard."

"The hell!" Gary gasped, dropping her back to the couch and taking several steps back. "You're a dude!"

"Ab-about to b-be! UUUggghhh!"

And just like that, she felt a large member snake out between her legs, passing through her passage and filling in the flesh behind it. Two large testes sort of 'popped' in after them, eliciting a gasp from her each time.

"I've got a dick, I've got a dick, holy shit I've got a dick!" she - rather, *he* now - exclaimed, clutching the obvious and quite impressive bulge outlined between her legs. Thankfully, the sight didn't last too long, for in mere moments even his clothing was changing. It warped, becoming multi-layered and solid. On Katy's increasingly muscular figure, it felt quite light, despite taking on more and more metallic aspects. But very soon it was obvious exactly what his clothing was becoming.

"A knight! Just like the card says!" Nate exclaimed.

Katy was silent, simply gaping in shock as *his* clothing rearranged, becoming a classical shining knight's costume complete with a tabard of a tree atop of a waterfall; the symbol of Riverwend on the map. After perhaps twenty seconds, the changes were done, and he could stand on shaking, nervous legs.

"Is . . . is it over?" he asked.

The others nodded, staring at the man in front of them that had been Katy.

"I need - I need to see a mirror," he said, in a voice that was impressively masculine, and not too deep. It had an almost hopeful, dreamy cadence to it, or at least that was how Jill felt, before realising she was getting oddly aroused just looking at her transformed friend. Katy stood and shunted past Gary, who realised that his on-again off-again girlfriend was now taller than him.

"Holy shit," he said, turning to Nate. "The game is real."

Katy looked over himself in the mirror. He didn't really think of himself as 'himself', but his maleness was impossible to deny. He was still dark-skinned, still possessing those same green-eyes, still appearing to have mixed Indian-Middle Eastern heritage. But instead of an attractive, slightly busty woman in a tight black shirt and casual track pants, he was now a dashing handsome figure with a close-cropped beard and goatee, and eye-brow length hair that was neatly parted. He was bulky without looking 'roided up', and he was astonished at the raw power that he felt in his manly limbs, including how his plate armour felt incredibly light despite its obvious weight. He turned right and left several times to see himself in profile, unbelieving that the game had magically changed his gender. Between his legs he could feel a very impressive member, so different from having a womanly slit between his legs.

"Gosh, I look good," he said, and caught himself. "I mean to say *gosh*. I mean, *darn*."

He frowned. This was already bad enough, but he couldn't *swear* anymore?

"I guess I really have become the knight in shining armour," he mumbled sadly, appreciating the glint of his armour. "Darn this stuff is bulky."

He tried pinching his skin a number of times, as well as washing his handsome face with water, but nothing changed his new reality; he was now male. And an impressive male at that; it felt weird not to have a little jiggle on his chest or a wider set of hips. Not to mention having such facial hair; it was like a bristle! How did men get used to this?

He gave another heavy sigh, and wiped the soft tears in his eyes. Even crying felt different; it didn't come as easily, and the experience of it made him feel irritable. After he'd

cleared himself up, he stood tall and proud, and walked back in to see the others, head held high.

No one said anything as Katy returned and sat upon the couch, causing it to groan a little beneath his impressive weight. Next to him, Gary looked less impressive, and the macho man even felt strangely jealous of the former female beside him.

“So,” the new man said, “magic is real. The ‘curse’ is real. You’ve really made a mess of this, Nate! And I *wish* I could use the words I want to but this darn body doesn’t like that, but best believe I’m angry!”

Nate coughed awkwardly. “I - I thought it was a gimmick. We all did! I had no idea it was real magic, I mean . . . that’s crazy shit, isn’t it?”

Jill nodded, as did Gary. Even Katy had to agree with that.

“But I don’t think it’s permanent,” Nate said. “It’s a game, right? The game said the winner goes free, and the loser gets stuck with what changes they have. And the other two . . . well, it’s not clear there, but it seems to imply they’re free so long as they do alright, I think.”

“Well I don’t want to be stuck like this!” the knight shouted. His armour clinked with each movement.

“You’re pretty far ahead,” Gary said. “I think I’m the one that should be worried, Katy. Or is it *Kade* now?”

She punched him on instinct, and Gary howled in pain.

“Aaagh what the fuck! That shit hurts now! Jesus Christ, that’s gonna leave a mark!”

Katy went red around his dark cheeks. “Oh my goodness Gary, I’m so, so sorry. I don’t know my own strength!”

“Well I do!” he whined. “Damn it to hell, what do we do?”

“We have to destroy it!” Katy said. “That’ll end the magic, right?”

All eyes turned to Nate. It was clear that a re-read of the rules was necessary. He laid them out and re-explained, turning over the minutiae. There were the types of cards, the threat of being stuck in Erutell if they did not finish in twenty four hours, the notion that other players could join midway, the warning against cheating, and so on. It was only when he checked again of the minor rule set that he noticed something. Or a few things.

“Oh. Oh, that’s not good.”

“What? What is it?” Katy said. The knight in shining armour was fiddling with part of his outfit, and Jill was getting a little startled when she realised it was a sheathed *sword*.

“Umm, how do I say this? It says that we can expect further changes: *Beware adventurers, you shall take on new forms by the game’s end, and perhaps even take on new lives in the land of Erutell. Attempts to end the game early will cause lasting consequences, and any attempt to destroy the game will leave all adventurers stranded in Erutell.* So we can’t just destroy the game. We have to see it through to the end. It sounds like when we get Setting cards, it’s going to literally make the location around us more like Erutell, sort of like bringing us into that world, which must be a real place. Like another dimension or something.”

“Then we need to play through to the end,” Jill said. Nate was briefly distracted by her looks; her hair really did look very lovely now, and it had a shine and lustre it previously lacked.

“Yeah, exactly.”

“Shit,” Gary said. “So any one of us could change again?”

“That seems to be the case.”

“Nate, I blame you for all of this,” Katy said, crossing his arms, causing the metal to clink. “You better turn me back.”

Nate took a deep breath. “I’m so, so sorry. I - I had no idea.”

“It’s not your fault. It’s not *his* fault,” Jill said. “How could he possibly know that it was going to be a magical game?”

“Maybe because it was *cursed*?” Katy said, voice booming.

“To be fair,” Gary pitched in, “all spooky and fantasy board games say shit like that.”

“Fine, whatever. This sucks, alright? I’ve got a penis. A big one.”

Gary’s eyebrow raised, a hint of jealousy emerging. “How big?”

“Big. Bigger than yours.”

“Fuck, you must be huge then.”

“Don’t make me punch you.” Katy looked around, the situation still sinking in for him, and for the others too. “I guess we continue then. Holy *moly*, this is weird. Actual magic, and it’s turned me into a dude. At least I’m winning.”

It was the awkward truth no one wanted to acknowledge just yet. If the loser kept their changes, who would be stuck? And as what? They could only hope that the change Katy had experienced was drastic to the extreme, and the rest would be small things like Jill’s hair.

It was with that fear in mind that Gary took the dice. Slowly, as if holding a pair of tiny grenades, he rolled them on the table, cringing.

“Nothing too bad,” he prayed. “Please, nothing too terrible.”

He rolled a six and a three, and his knight slithered a head.

"Not bad," Jill said, feeling tense. "You're not too far from Katy's elven - hey! Hers has changed!"

She pointed a finger at Katy's figurine. Sure enough, it had changed, becoming a metallic silver knight upon a horse.

"Oh God, even my game piece is male!" the transformed knight moaned. "This is so embarrassing."

The duller grey knight that was Gary's figurine slowed to a halt three spaces ahead of Jill's, and the requisite card popped into the slot. They each jolted despite knowing it was coming. The large, handsome knight in their midst was evidence of what the game could do. Slowly, hand shaking a little, Gary took the card, and read it aloud.

*"The best thing for a knightly need to quench,
Comes in the form of a busty tavern Wench."*

The entire room fell silent.

"Shit, I'm sorry dude," Nate said, then noticed Gary was grinning.

"Don't be sorry for me, Nate. I'm more than okay having a nice tavern wench on my arm. Looks like not every change is bad."

He grinned again, but the grin faded as he saw everyone's expression. "What?"

Jill bit her lip. "Uh, I don't think it means you *get* the tavern wench, Gary. I think it means, well . . ."

"It means you *are* the tavern wench," Nate finished. He'd figured out much the same.

"Wait, no, surely it means - Argh!"

Much like Katy had, he doubled over, scratching and clawing at his body as the flesh immediately began to ripple and alter. He groaned and grunted, grabbing at various body parts. He stood on shaking legs, pushing away from Katy, who actually smirked.

"I'm looking forward to seeing this!" he declared as Gary ran up to the fireplace, still making guttural growls. His body warped, his manly form visibly shrinking before their eyes. Gary himself felt overcome by hundreds of invisible hands pulling and pushing and massaging at his flesh. His lower stomach lurched as it was shoved aside, a new and rather feminine organ growing into place. His bones pulled, ligaments stretching in some places, pressing in at others. He writhed against the brickwork of the fireplace, and with each great huff of breath his ass expanded, becoming round and roudure, and outlining against the fabric of his pants.

"Ah, my ass! Shit! It's like I've got pins and needles all over my body. I can feel my fucking muscles disappearing. I worked so damn hard for these gains!"

True to his word, they shrunk down, hard-earned muscle melting to become the additional 'padding' women are known for.

Katy watched on as his once-boyfriend's body continued to feminise before his eyes. His hips widened with two audible pops, and his waist contracted with an accompanying wheeze from Gary; he felt as if he was being squeezed by the middle.

"Oohhh . . . Ahhhh . . . Aahhh sh-shit! I'm growing tits! Big ones!"

No one but Gary could see, though they did witness his clothing alter. His jeans and long sleeve shifted to become a green long skirt and green tavern dress that would be right at home in medieval times. It merged into a brown corset that pulled tight over a ruffled white blouse with short and equally ruffled sleeves. It was matched by a pair of brown low-heeled leather boots that conformed perfectly to his shrunken, quite shapely legs.

"Oooghhh! They're still growing!" he shouted, and Nate and all the rest couldn't help but try and crane unsuccessfully for a view. But Gary alone could see the flesh pooling into his once-muscle chest. It filled into his front, causing the two mounds to expand and rise like baker's dough. His nipples tensed and throbbed, and he could not help but squeeze and knead them in the resulting discomfort. They grew in size a second time, forming feminine areola around them, and becoming strangely erect to his ministrations. But still his breasts expanded, filling the cups of his corseted blouse, racing past their already ample C's and shooting past D's. They grew ripe and heavy on his chest, the main focus of his attention even as his face softened and rearranged, and hair began to spill from his head. It lightened considerably, going from dark brown to a bright and fiery red, and taking on a curly texture. His mind registered this all, including how his ass continued to expand and his body hair was shrinking back beneath his skin. But his new breasts surged forth, pressing and then straining against the white fabric, forming bountiful cleavage, until his newfound flesh could no longer press forward any further, and having no space left to go, began to push upwards. His mammoth mammarys rose, threatening to spill out, until his humongous boobs stopped shy of G-cups. Each was half the size of his own head, if not two-thirds! They were heavy, pushed up into a generous bust line, the flesh jutting from near his clavicle

"Ooohhhh . . . Mhhmmm," he moaned, and his voice had become a sweet soprano. "Gawd, I feel so dif'rent."

It was then that the new woman clamped her hand over her mouth. As if it were an afterthought, a quick tug pulled her penis up into her body, leaving a womanly flower and passage in its wake. Gary squeaked in response to the sensation, which was so sudden that her hands flew to between her thighs, where she felt a set of lower lips beneath her medieval undergarments. She stood there, breathing heavily, her enormous chest rising and falling like a pair of fleshy mountains. She had no idea what to say. What was there to say? She'd just been stripped of her manhood and made female. She looked down at the large, pert boobs taking up no small part of his vision. *Very female.*

"Uh, Gary?" Jill asked. She was generally the most compassionate of the group, and she stood, drawing closer to Gary, who was not only a little taller than herself. She placed a comforting hand on his shoulder, and the former male jumped, turning on the spot and setting her tremendous bosom wobbling heavily. Everyone's eyebrows raised. Nate's jaw dropped, he was unable to look away from his friend's massive chest. As much as he had a crush on cute Jill, he couldn't deny that he'd always had a thing for 'well-endowed' women, and now one in a sexy tavern wench costume - her bosom practically straining to escape her corset - was right in front of him. He sat back down, crossing his legs a little awkwardly to conceal his growing erection. Thankfully, no one seemed to notice; they were too absorbed in Gary's chance.

"Good lord Gary, you've got tits like a cow in calf!" Katy exclaimed, before realising what he'd said. Yet another medieval way of speaking.

The woman held her large breasts with her dainty hands, shoulder-length red hair shifting with each movement. She touched them, pushing them up a little and little them fall. Nate squeaked a little; he certainly didn't want anyone to find out that he was quite the horny young man, especially not in response to his own friend. Gary let her new boobs wobble a few more times.

"Blimey, I'm a curvy lass!" she said in a rough commoner's voice and accent. "Them things are heavy!"

She turned a little red from embarrassment at her new manner.

"Nice accent," Katy said, giving a low chuckle.

This time it was Gary that punched, except she was substantially weaker, and the armour around Katy immensely strong. Her knuckles bounced off easily, leaving her wincing.

"Cor! That smites! Why am I talking this way?"

"For the same reason that Katy can't swear, though it looks like you've been hit harder," Jill said, analysing the situation. She adjusted her glasses, trying not to feel a little jealous that freakin' Gary of all people had more of a chest than her, though perhaps too much so. "The game is making us take on the roles when we change."

"Well I don't feel like much of a tavern wench," the new woman said. She crossed her arms over her chest, unintentionally lifting them higher. "Gawd, these things get in the damn way they do."

"But can you cook?" Jill asked.

The busty wenched raised an eyebrow. "I'm a dude, so no."

"Really? Think about it."

Gary did, and slowly an expression of wonder and awe crept across her features. Dozens of recipes came to her, ranging from the basic to the advanced, from lamb leg stew to garnished hare to stag supper. Ale too; many forms of it to be brewed and served, and

mead as well. Good hearty wines had a small selection, and ways to chop and present potato, carrots, and mix in the onions in various combinations to serve the main meal and fit the drink. She breathed heavily by the fireplace, large feminine globes rising and falling, continuing to strain against her tavern wench dress, as she absorbed this new information. As this occurred, Katy was glad for his armour; he was feeling the very unusual sensation of his large penis beginning to harden and rise, pressing against the codpiece of the armour. He'd always been a little bi, but something about Gary's new appearance was driving him crazy. It was hard not to stare into the impressive cleavage, or appreciate his wide hips and rondure behind.

"Gawd," Gary said, "I bin hit with all kinds of knowing. I can cook us all a stew toot sweet if needed. This is all so weird. I fuckin' hate it."

"Finally, it took turning into a woman to know how to prepare dinner for once," Katy said.

"Well at least I can fuckin' still fuckin' cuss, ya'hear?"

Katy burst into laughter. "You sound ridiculous!"

The two descended into a silly squabble as Jill turned to Nate. "I'm a little scared, Nate, or what we might turn into. Look, even Gary's figurine has changed."

Indeed, it was now in the form of a rather shapely tavern wench, though the miniature had her corset loosened, and her blouse falling down over one shoulder as if she'd just emerged from a tumble between the sheets.

"I know," Nate said, shifting closer to comfort her. "I'm sorry about all of this."

"It's not your fault, but it is crazy. I think we need to play this smart, keep the game going quickly, but memorise the rules and conditions."

"I agree," he said. Jill always did have a tactical mind, which was funny, because she didn't like to compete. "Whatever happens, I promise I'll do what I can to get you out of this Jill. I couldn't forgive myself if something happened to you."

She smiled a little, looking away, the moment a bit awkward. She looked back, and smiled again. "Thanks Nate. That . . . that means a lot. Holy crap, look at Gary though, she's about to bust out of her top!"

"I'm trying not to notice," Nate said, chuckling.

Jill rolled her eyes. It was a cute little expression of frustration he'd always enjoyed about her. "Of course, *men*."

"I can't help it! He - or she, or whatever - looks like she's about to topple over!"

"Uh-huh. Had no idea you were such a boob man."

Nate shook his head, a little too quickly. "I'm not, I'm not. But they are . . . distractingly big."

“I know it sounds ridiculous, but as scared as I am, I’m also annoyed that fucking Gary Smith has bigger tits than me.”

“I mean, you look fine just the way you are, I think. Cute, even.”

She frowned. “Cute, huh. Cute isn’t always nice, when you want someone to look at you a certain way. I know you like me Nate, but *like* and *crush* are a league away from being *wanted*, if that makes any sense.”

Nate wasn’t quite sure how to respond to that, but thankfully he didn’t have to; Jill was distracted by the subject with the ‘bigger tits’ wrenching her by the shoulder and shoving a pair of dice in her hands.

“Roll! I wanna get out of this!”

Jill shared a brief look with Nate, and it almost seemed she was annoyed to be interrupted. He was too; he wanted to tell her that she was beautiful in his eyes, but it wasn’t the time. Perhaps, if they all changed and lost out, it never would be. Jill rolled the dice and got only a five.

“Damn,” she said. A green card popped up, causing her to gasp. She’d been hoping to avoid that.

*‘With great gait, figure, and massive stride,
From this barbarian princess you’ll never hide.’*

“I don’t like the sound of that,” she said.

“Are you - are you about to become Sonja?” Nate asked.

Everyone leaned forward, awaiting the change, and soon it came. She buckled and writhed, moaning as her body shifted, growing taller, taller even than Katy’s new height. Jill’s high, sweet voice lowered, becoming a husky growl as rippling muscles exploded into being across her form.

“Nngh! Aaggggghghghh! UUGGGHH!”

It was hard for Nate to watch his crush shift and change, bones extending, tissue forming rapidly across her body, giving her bulk. Jill herself was astounded at the alien and discomforting sensations of being changed; it was like she was being actively *pumped*, inflated with muscle. Her clothing stretched, and to her embarrassment and shock, it actually *shrunk!* Her pale form expanded, and her winter skirt retracted, fusing with her panties and turning red-brown, becoming an animal fur loincloth that covered her woman hood and part of her hips, but not much else. Her shirt receded, shrinking and tightening to form a wrap around her breasts, which were starting to grow.

“F-fuck!” she cried, not being one to swear often. “Speak of the devil, I am growing boobs!”

It was a small compensation within all the strangeness. Her breasts, once flat little A-cups, were bulging and pushing form, becoming large, firm E-cups that stretched the fur

wrap tight. Over her shoulders a furry cap flowed into being, and her hair extended with it, maintaining the same braid but ushering down to the small of her back, becoming even more brilliant, Jill's curls and frizziness reappearing a little to give it a wild, free look that suited her. She gasped as her core tightened, and an impressive eight-pack of abdominal muscles formed there. Her thighs similarly swelled, and her calves became shapely and defined. Her hips widened further, but not so much she looked ridiculous; it was clear she was becoming a beautiful yet incredibly powerful woman. Her biceps erupted, her arm muscles looking strong enough to hold back an ox, yet once again her feminine beauty was somehow only enhanced.

"Oh my God, Jill, you look awesome!" Katy exclaimed, again thankful for the armour that hid his penis away. She was becoming quite a sight.

"It f-f-feels really g-good!" Jill exclaimed, her voice now husky and low, almost sultry. "Like I'm b-becoming more p-powerful!"

"You certainly are that! Lucky!" Gary pitched in, placing her hands on her exaggerated hips and frowning.

Nate simply stared. A silver circlet with a central emerald gem formed upon Jill's head, and a large greatsword in a sheath at her round hip, with a hunting dagger on the other side. Upon her feet were fur footwraps, and between them, the loincloth, the breast wrap, and the cape, that was all she was wearing. She did indeed look like Sonja, and she must've been at least 6'3 in height. She rose to it, standing on two powerful legs, looming over everyone.

"Woah, woah. This is weird. I feel huge. And my muscles!" She actually giggled a little. "I feel kind of confident. I think it's part of the cards, but it's also me too. Man, I could get used to this!"

Nate was struggling to meet her eyes. She looked astonishingly beautiful, a true barbarian warrior princess come to life. More than that, she was also revealing a lot of her muscle-bound body with its perfect curves. She caught him looking, and actually smirked.

"Not so *cute* now, am I?"

"I'll say," he said. He shifted, trying to conceal his hard-on.

Jill decided to not tell him she'd noticed. It was weirdly flattering, and it felt good to actually be sexy. She'd always dreamed of being more attractive, though it was at war with her own nerdiness and work focus, and she'd never found the time. And while she'd never imagined feeling beautiful and sexy in *this* particular way, it was actually empowering. She wished she wasn't so scantily-clad though. She expressed this.

"I feel a little . . . exposed."

"I'll say. You look *hot*," Katy said. "I always had a thing for muscly women, and it appears that male me does too."

"You liked well-muscled men too, now," Gary said in his high tavern wench voice.

"Yeah, but you're lacking in that department now."

"Yeah, yeah, don't I fuckin' know it."

Curious, Jill strutted over to the shelf, where an impressively heavy cabinet sat, piled over with thick books. She leaned down - it was more of a journey to do so now that she had grown ten or more inches in height - and grabbed the shelf.

"Uh, those are expensive!" yelled Katy, standing to attention in his knightly costume, but then his voice went silent: Jill had lifted the entire thing with practised and powerful ease, the books wobbling on top but kept in place. She lowered it, guiding it back down. The whole thing hadn't even caused her to break a sweat. She turned back to the others, hands on her hips, and bellowed a bit of a laugh.

"Wow! Okay, that feels amazing."

"You've got brains *and* brawn," Nate marvelled.

"And boobs," she said cheekily, looking down at the peak of cleavage showing above the fur wrap. "I feel a bit more aggressive too. I don't like competitive games, and this one terrifies me, but is it weird that I kind of feel an urge to win now?"

"Sort of, given the loser could be trapped, unless we figure out something else," Nate replied.

"Hmm, you're not wrong there. I'll make sure to keep this barbarian aggression in check. I might have to lift some things occasionally, though."

It was at this point her stomach gurgled fiercely, growling with hunger. Nate felt similarly; he was also quite hungry.

"Oh . . . I think the change took a lot out of me."

The others agreed, beginning to think on how to order food, but it was then that Gary shot to her feet.

"Oi! I'm a tavern wench, ain't I? Least I can do is rummage up some food, even if it is fucking embarrassing."

"Really?" Katy exclaimed.

The beautiful busty woman blushed. "I got this weird compulsion, alright? Feelin' the need to make us some good hearty stew. Can I see what you got in your kitchen?"

She moved before she even had permission, shuffling down the hall, and capturing the attention of her former girlfriend, who admired the way Gary's bouncy behind swung from side to side in her skirts.

"Okay," Nate said, thinking. "We've got a barbarian from the mountain wood - that's where you landed, Jill. We've got a tavern wench from the small village where Gary ended up. You're a knight, Katy, because you landed near the garrison. I'm seeing a pattern here, maybe. If I can roll a six or seven or eight, I think I'll be okay, and -"

“What the shit! What’s this now!?”

The three of them took to their feet, and Nate was left behind as the valiant knight and speedy barbarian princess thundered ahead. It made him feel a little emasculated, though the sight of his crush now as a busty mountainwoman was making him feel all sorts of thoughts. It was only when he ran much further than he thought he had to that he realised the building had grown. It was bigger now. Katy was astonished as he pulled up to the kitchen, where Gary was surrounded by hanging meats, piles of vegetables, cauldrons and stew pots.

“It’s - it’s like a medieval tavern in here, or something.”

“It’s a lord’s kitchen,” Gary said, looking around. She had a strong urge to use as many ingredients as possible.

“But - how could this be? Has the entire house grown?”

It had, and an exploration by Jill and Nate together quickly confirmed it; it had tripled in size, if not more. It had grown a dancing hall, a series of guest rooms, even an empty stable outside. The technology had also regressed in many places; stone arches and older wooden panelling was evidence, and there were numerous paintings depicting great ancient battles and mighty dragons. There was an enormous room dominated by a lord’s bed, and even a room high up, a rookery for messenger pigeons and ravens.

“How can this be?” asked Katy, astonished, when they all returned. By this point Gary was neck deep in ingredients, working hard with her old-fashioned white apron and tied back hair to make them a lamb and vegetable stew.

“I think it was the earlier card you drew,” Jill said, her mind still sharp even in her barbarian body. “It was something about riches.

“Yes!” Nate exclaimed. He retrieved the card and bounded back up the hall, showing them.

*‘Roll again on doubles, in order to stay mobile,
For doubles sixes gain riches, worthy of a noble’*

“Worthy of a noble. You’re not just a knight, ‘Sir’ Katy - you’re a lord as well! This is your estate. Your manor. Your - well, if it changes much more, it might be your castle!”

Katy didn’t know what to say. His stomach said it for him. With a grin, he looked over to the busy tavern wench making up food.

“You, wench! How long till supper, eh?”

She shot him a dirty look. “Don’t even start, Katy.”

The woman rounded about to continue working the stew, and Katy took a moment to slap her on her nice ass. She squealed, and fumed silently.

“Just wait till your next change, love. I’m gonna mash you with a soup ladle when I gets the chance.”

Between them, Jill and Nate just chuckled. It was hard not to, in such a ridiculous situation. But Nate still worried about his turn.

*'A short and green aspect you shall bear,
To toil away properly in your underground lair!'*

Nate sighed. They were back in the living room, which had expanded appropriately to double its size by the time they returned. They had feasted well on Gary's rather excellent stew, and she had even served them fine mead, which was wonderfully sweet. Jill had managed to restrain her impulse to eat the side sausage with her fingers like a good barbarian warrior, but she had attacked the food with a knife and fork as if it were an enemy. Katy, usually pretty laissez faire when it came to eating habits, was extra mannerly. They had all changed so much, and it made Nate nervous as to what he was becoming. More than once, Katy and Gary had stated that they'd hoped he'd change a lot, just so he could get his just desserts for finding the game.

"I wish I never did," he bemoaned. But it was too late now. And so he had drawn the next card, and found the above writing.

"What's it mean, then?" Gary asked, batting his fiery hair aside and setting his heavy tits wobbling by accident. It was a continual source of frustration for him.

Nate sighed a second time, resigned to what was about to come.

"It means I'm about to become a goblin. A female one. Look, see, I landed in the Jagged Mountains. Goblin territory. At least I moved seven places."

He didn't double over when the changes came. He simply awaited the strange tenseness that followed them.

"Oohhh . . . ahh God this feels weird!"

His body shrunk down, deflating. His skin crawled as hair retracted, but itched even more so as it slowly turned a yellow-green colouration. His spine retracted, and he tensed as each of his limbs became briefly oversized, then reduced down also.

"Holy moly," Katy gasped, "we've all had it weird, but you're literally becoming an actual fantasy species!"

"I kn-know!" he grunted, his nose pulling like taffy forwards, his ears wrenching out to become long and fanned and pointed. "I can f-feel it!"

It was, he thought, perhaps deserved. Goblins were known to lie and steal, and he'd done exactly that to Mr Satler. This was his just desserts. The chickens coming home to roost. He whimpered in a somewhat nasally voice.

"Ohh . . . yep, becoming female alriiigggh!"

The last part was accompanied by a lifting octave as his genitals were absorbed back into his body, replaced by a dark green womanhood. Small breasts pushed from his chest, roughly B-cups in size, but they looked much bigger on his frame due to his general shrinkage; Nate felt as if the world around him was getting bigger as he lost half of his entire height. His brown hair remained, but it spilled out a little longer, before a set of brown leather armour encased his form. His fingers extended, growing talons, and his feet were bare like Jill's.

"God, I've turned into a fuckin' shortstack," he whined, now fully female. "I'm a goddamn she! Fuckity fuck!"

"Um, are goblins known for swearing?" Jill asked, staring down at the little goblin warrior woman. Indeed, she did have the shape of a shapely but incredibly short woman, albeit with a pointed nose and large ears, and green speckled skin.

Nate considered. She *did* feel like screeching invectives. Her voice sounded like that of a heavy cigarette smoker.

"I guess I fucking do," she said. "Damn it. I feel like thieving shit as well. I'm like a walking stereotype."

"OH! I can't IMAGINE how bad that would be!" Gary declared.

The others assented.

"You do look sort of adorable though," Jill said, getting to her knees. Nate embarrassingly realised that even though she was kneeling, she was still easily taller than him. She extended a powerful hand and patted Nate's green hit. "You make a cute goblin woman."

Nate batted her away. "I thought you didn't like 'cute'? Thought it was weak shit."

She shrugged her powerful shoulders. "I don't know, I'm getting a different perspective now, maybe."

"Fucking great. Sorry, that's the goblin swearing."

"Don't worry, I'm pretty sure I can kick your ass."

Nate laughed in response, and realised that his teeth were now all pointed. "Wow, okay. This shit is going to take some getting used to. Let's keep it going so I can change back, or at least into something else!"

With that, Gary took the dice and rolled them.

"Woo! See that? Ten!"

His figurine moved ahead, the miniature grey tavern wench now in the lead, though only four spaces ahead of Katy, who hadn't even had her turn yet. It landed upon another castle.

"C'mon, king maker!"

"The king is in the capital of Erutell, idiot."

"I thought the whole place was Erutell?"

Jill sighed. "It is, but the capital is also called Erutell. It's the final goal."

"Whatever. It's all progress, innit?"

The card slotted up. It was red, the second of its kind after the one that made Jill change her hairstyle. Nate had to hop up onto the table just to see what was happening; Jill helped lift her, much to the new and green female's embarrassment. Gary took the card gingerly, and began to read it aloud in her peasant wench voice.

*'After a day's long adventuring, handing monsters their defeats,
A knight will take a busty wench for a tumble between the sheets.'*

"I don't like the sound of that," Gary mumbled. But already a strange flush of heat was coming over her. She felt drawn to Katy, somehow; his handsome face, his strong muscles, his knightly demeanour. It made her flush, feeling awed for his presence, and she could feel her breasts tingle, her nipples beginning to harden and throb with desire. Her feminine loins began to lubricate, an incredibly lust overcoming her.

Katy, for his part, felt much the same. Whereas he had already felt the oddity of his new penis going hard earlier, now it was practically attempting to buckle the codpiece off his armour. He couldn't keep his eyes off the beautiful and heavy tits on the tavern wench, or the way they were constrained and lifted by her bodice. She had a magnificent ass that he wanted to grope and fondle, and he was overcome by the need to spill his seed inside of her, making a woman of her and a man of himself.

"Shit, I'm feeling real - oh fuck!"

"Me too," Katy said. "I - wow, you look gorgeous. A real lusty peasant beauty."

Jill and Nate looked on in astonishment.

"Er, what the flying fuck is going on?" the goblin questioned.

"It's the damned card!" Gary groaned, drawing closer to the armoured knight. "It's making me horny as hell. Ohhhh, my pussy feels wet and ready as hell. I need a big manly knight to fill it! I need deflowering!"

Katy grabbed her, and the two pressed together, feeling more needy for sex than the two ever had in their lives. Their bodies were almost on remote control.

"I'm sorry, Gary, but I really need to take you!"

He placed a hand around her soft waist, amazed at how much smaller the former alpha male was, and how impressively busty she was; her breasts squished against his armour.

"Oh fuck, this is so wrong. But I need it, *milord*. I need your big sword!"

Neither of them could control exactly how they spoke, but the sentiments were real, though the magic drove their lust. Before Jill and Nate could act, the two of them drew closer, pressing their lips together. Gary was astonished that she had to lift her head to

match her lover's lips, and even more so that his beard hairs felt wonderfully bristly against her soft skin.

And suddenly they were elsewhere, disappeared in a flash of light, leaving Nate and Jill scrambling to find them.

Gary and Katy found themselves in the stable's, lying against one another on the straw. The lust was still high, the heat in their bodies driving them forward.

"Ohhh - God! This is crazy! We should stop!"

But even as Gary said that, she was expertly unbuckling the armour, tearing it off piece by piece and throwing the metallic parts to the ground, before working on the undergarments. Katy, for his part, pulled at the wench's clothing, undoing the ties of her corset, allowing those big beautiful melons to go free, bouncing with each movement.

"I know . . . but I want you too bad. My 'sword' is too hard, and it needs its sheathe!"

Despite how corny and ridiculous the lines were, it made Gary's loins feel as if they were on fire with need. She worked even faster, removing the last straps of armour and dinging them against the wall.

"I don't wanna be fucked like a woman, but I want you to fuck me, *milord!*"

And with that, he was upon her, pulling up her skirts and kissing at her magnificent breasts as she lay back against the straw pile. Katy nibbled at the flesh, and in her throes of bliss Gary pulled her corset apart, allowing her fat nipples to experience the open air, right before the powerful knight began suckling upon them.

"A maiden's chest like a cow in calf!" he exclaimed, repeating his earlier commentary. Each suckle made them both even more aroused, and Gary found herself anticipating the moment the large cock that was snaking out of Katy's trousers to enter her. It felt wonderfully appropriate that they were in a stable, not only for the classic imagery of the tavern wench being taken, but because their shared lust was so animalistic. She wanted a strong beast to suckle on her big teats.

"Katy! I need you! It feels good but I want you to plough me, like a field! Shit, this wench talk is weird but it's making me so horny!"

"I as well, maiden. Call me Kade. Sir Kade."

"I will, Sir! Please! Get in me!"

Their flesh pressed together, 'Kade' now shirtless, enjoying the way his hardened muscle pressed against Gary's supple skin.

"But what to call you?"

"I don't fucking know. Please, the magic is making me need this. It's embarrassing! Just fuck me and get it over with. I need your noble seed inside me!"

Kade smiled, enjoying the flush of heat in her loins, the raw power in her body as she loomed over Gary, who was already spreading his perfect olive thighs, her red hair spilling across the bed in a pose of absolute femininity.

"I think I like you as a Gwynn," Kade said, resting her against a large shawl on top of the straw, to aid in both their comfort.

"Gwynn it is!" she rasped, breathing heavily, her mammoth chest rising and falling. "Just fucking fuck me! The game is making it impossible not to want it!"

"I know!" Kade said, and with that, he fully unbuckled his trousers, letting loose the immense cock. "I can't believe I have this cock, but I am absolutely going to use it. Bet you never thought we would . . . *lie together* this way, did you, Gwynn?"

But Gwynn was already salivating over the incoming manhood, and she reached out her soft hands, gripping its fantastic girth, and pulling it forth against her lower lips. She moaned, feeling its fat head against her sensitive lips, and the moan turned to a wail as Kade surged forth, sliding his impressive dick deep into her slick depths. It was utterly strange and unrecognisable to Gwynn, who had never imagined she would be a woman, let alone one with such massive and sensitive melons in need of a good fucking. She rubbed her bare chest against Kade's, salivating at the sensations of her hard nipples against his pectorals. He in turn began to rock, thrusting slowly in and out of her, grunting in a deep, manly voice.

"I can't . . . stop," he stammered, lost in sensation. "The magic is making me . . . do this."

"S-same," the wench cooed. She was hoping against hope for her friends to barge in and save her, but at the same time she couldn't help but luxuriate in the pleasure. Being penetrated was something entirely different, and yet the build, the sensation of being *filled*, was greater than any pleasure she'd had as a man. She started to wail, clutching him helplessly, *her* knight, *her* Sir Kade.

"Oh! Oohhh! Ohhhh . . . f-fuck me! Don't s-stop! I know it's the magic but I d-don't want it to s-stoooooop!"

Kade grinned, and thrust even deeper. His balls ached with tension, demanding release, but it was much too fun to toy with his former boyfriend and friend, the one who was always so macho now reduced to a needy woman lost in lust.

"I'm going to cum!" he declared.

"Do it, *milord!* Spill your seed inside me! Give me one of your heirs!"

That made Gwynn pause. The magic had made her say it, but before she could even grapple with the terrifying implications of that statement, Kade gave another great thrust, and

she was sent utterly over the edge, climaxing terrifically, clutching her knight for dear life as orgasm after orgasm swept through her. She let loose a cry of ecstasy, feeling the warm jets of semen flooding into her womb, and Kade in turn gasped and grunted, the release coming in a great pressurised burst.

They collapsed against each other, panting, Kade's face buried in those perfect, bountiful tits. They had lain there for nearly ten minutes, unbelieving what they had done, when Jill and Nate burst through the stable doors.

"Finally found you - ah!"

Jill leapt back, nearly bowling over the little goblin woman Nate had become. For their part, Gwynn and Kade covered themselves up hurriedly, both blushing to the extreme.

"It was the magic!" the wench yelled. "The damned fucking curse, I tell you!"

"Gwynn's right, it wasn't - we couldn't - we weren't in our right minds."

"Wait, did you say Gwynn?" Nate asked, keeping her eyes averted despite the magnificence of those immense cow tits. "What the fuck is that about?"

"It's my name now, sort of," Gwynn said, feeling morose. "Kade said it, and now I can't *not* think of myself as Gwynn. I can't even say Ga - say Ga - see what I mean?"

"And I'm Kade, as she said," the knight stated, putting his leather costume on, but leaving the armour. "Erutell has affected us. I swear, as much as I'm enjoying Gwynn's predicament, and even some of this strength, I definitely wouldn't go so far as to have sex in a body like this! I've got this big appendage between my legs that has a mind of its own."

"It's okay, calm down" Liza said, extending her hands to gesture that very sentiment. It never usually worked, but now with her tall stature and commanding presence, they listened. "We all know it's the game. It's making us act our roles, at least a little. We're still us, but the event cards change us in some way. It makes us do things. You don't have to be embarrassed. I mean, my best friend just turned into a female goblin twenty minutes ago."

All eyes turned to Nate, who grinned sheepishly with his toothy maw. She'd been trying to ignore her femininity, but she was also learning that goblins were apparently even hornier than Nate had been as a man, and with more allowances too; she was finding everyone present a feast for the eyes.

"Yeah, it's fucking weird. At least you're still tall as shit," she spat.

"That's true," Kade admitted. "Let's just pretend this never happened and -"

But he didn't finish his sentence. Already, Gwynn was stomping out of the stable and finding her way back inside, her shoulder still exposed much like the sexy game piece that was now hers. The rest followed after her, even mighty Jill a little afraid of her fury. She looked utterly indignant, humiliated that she had just had her 'field ploughed' and been forced to like it. In fact, the images continued to swirl in her head, the post-coital bliss still

present, and it was driving her mad. She was meant to be an athletic gym nut, not some curvy bird serving mead and showing off her tits. At least, that was her thought process.

“Gwynn. Gwynn! Gwynn don’t do anything stupid!” called Kade, and Jill and Nate joined the procession of voices.

Gwynn didn’t care. She stormed into the living room where the fireplace was still roaring, and wrenched the board from the table.

“Can’t destroy the board, eh? You would say that, wouldn’t ya? Well, try *this!*”

With one great throw, she hurled the board into the flames, causing the rest to elicit a yell. Gwynn grinned in triumph as the board was consumed by flames, disappearing from view.

“What the fuck have you done?” Nate said, feeling bolder than usual now that Gary’s male presence was gone. “You stupid fucking moron! We could be stuck like this.”

“Nah, I bet we go right back. Tis’ common sense.”

But the players didn’t turn back, and neither was the board destroyed. The flames parted, and the board was not even lightning up. Tentatively, Jill reached forward a hand, and found the surface cold.

“It didn’t work,” she said. “Nate, you’ve got small fingers, can you help me with this?”

To Gwynn’s disappointment, the two wrenched it out, the little goblin woman finding herself oddly comforted by the feeling of unearthing a ‘treasure’. They placed the board back on the table; nothing had changed.

“Well, it was worth a damned shot,” Gwynn protested, but the rest gave her glares.

“If we make a decision, we make it together,” Kade said, and the stern authority in his voice seemed, impossibly, to cower the busty serving maid, who looked down at the ground, and her own cleavage.

“Guys, there’s a card.”

“But no one rolled.”

“Still,” Nate said, “it’s here. And it’s *purple*. It had Gwynn’s name on it.”

There was a long silence, every eye turning to the maid. She rolled her eyes and picked the card from the slot, reading it to them all.

*‘While it is fun to roll in the hey, and to buck and breed,
Try to destroy the game, and you’ll bear fruit from that seed.’*

“Bear fruit?” she said.

Jill figured it out first, followed by Nate. The smarter pair bit their lips, not wanting to give voice to what they thought might be happening, even as Kade and Gwynn argued over what it meant. It didn’t take long to manifest anyway.

“Oohhhhhh . . . that felt right weird!”

There was a bubbling sensation in Gwynn's gut, down in her belly. It was little at first, but it began to grow, the contents feeling heavy as it developed, her skin feeling tight. She clutched her stomach, breathing heavily as she had during sex, but now in response to something altogether.

"Your stomach," Kade noticed, "It's growing!"

"It's - ahhh - it's getting tight!"

It was indeed. Her belly rounded out, expanding and becoming spherical. It rose and rose, becoming heavier and fuller, and her hips spread out slightly to accommodate them. An ache in both her breasts, and they expanded also, growing yet another cup size, and having a strange sensation of fullness within them. Gwynn seethed, sucking air through her teeth as her curvy body became more and more maternal, and certainly a lot heavier. Her clothing altered, becoming looser to accommodate her expansion in breast and belly, and soon she was lying back on the couch, rubbing her swollen womb, groaning.

"Oohh . . . the fuck is this! I'm gonna explode!"

But even as she said it, the growth slowed, stopped when she reached somewhere around the six month mark of pregnancy, a fact that was now obvious to everyone, including herself. Her breasts were even larger, and as she gripped herself, overwhelmed by it all, a spurt of milk ejected from her left nipple to soak her dress. She grunted.

And if there was any doubt as to her new condition, she felt a sudden shifting in her belly, the alien sensation of life moving within her, the still-developing product of the union between her and Kade. She looked up at him in fear.

"Oh shit! You've knocked me up!"

The group was silent, staring at that rounded belly. As if wishing to break the silence, the infant moved within the former man, and all of them saw her stomach shift to the kicks.

"I've - I've got a noble bastard in my belly!" the tavern wench said.

Still no one knew what to say.

To Be Continued . . .

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 2: Fantasy Realm

By FoxFaceStories

Nate is an intelligent college student in his early twenties who has an affinity for board games. One day, while exploring the back of a dusty bookstore, he discovers an ancient-looking board game called 'Erutell.' Intrigued, he steals this forbidden tome, wanting to play it with his three other friends at their weekly game night. But little do they know that for each card drawn, changes both mental and physical will alter their destinies, and it will be a race to the finish line to see who, if anyone, will be able to win the right to turn back.

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 2: Fantasy Realm

The group gazed at the tavern wench with her bulging pregnant belly. Her clothes - thankfully - had altered to accommodate her swollen stomach, which was undeniably on the verge of the third trimester. Just a couple of hours ago, Gwynn the tavern maid had been Gary the gym bro, but now the busty woman was contending with the fact that her occasional girlfriend-turned-handsome knight Katy/Kade had knocked her up, all thanks to the nature of Erutell. And because she'd tried to destroy the game.

"Holy shit, you've been knocked up the duff," Nate said. He - or rather, *she* - was still a shortstack little goblin woman with a figure that was a little too curvy for her small size. Due to her short stature, she had the closest view of her friend's pregnant belly, and to her, it looked:

"Fucking enormous!"

"I'm not that big!" she spat back. She tried to lift herself, only to fall back on the hay. A sudden lurch in her stomach - her *womb* - confirmed its contents once again. A flurry of kicks impacted against her belly, and she groaned.

"Woah, okay, that's a real baby in there," Jill said.

"You think!?" Gwynn said. She cradled her bump, still unbelieving that she was not only a *she* but a *pregnant* she at that. Her baby settled a little, its kicked diminishing. "By all the Gods above, I've got no core muscles anymore!"

"Typical Gary alright," Kade said with a hearty masculine laugh, "turned into a knocked up wench and all she can think about is how it has impacted her workout routine."

"You're the one who knocked me up! It's *your* baby in me!"

That took Kade back. His eyes widened. Factually, he knew it to be true, but he hadn't fully grasped it just yet. They had indeed just had sex, and he'd learned just how wonderful it felt from a male perspective, but to realise that he had indeed gotten his former boyfriend with child, and moreover quite far along, was something else altogether.

"How do you feel?" Jill asked.

Gwynn groaned. "Feel? How do ya think I feel? I got a baby in me belly, a womanly flower 'tween my legs, and I can't stop speaking all peasant-like!"

Kade extended a powerful arm and helped the poor former male up. She thanked him, still blushing and trying to ignore the fact that they'd just engaged in passionate sex, their usual roles reversed. Gwynn straightened her back, trying to get used to the heavy roundness of her altered form, her crushed bladder, the way her breasts had ballooned even larger, and now felt oddly full. She stroked her fertile roundness without thinking, and placed her other hand on the small of her back to help herself adjust.

"Blimey, okay, that's gonna take a while ta get used to," she said. "My God, who would willingly put themselves through this? I feel as big as a cow!"

"Look like one too," Nate said. He grit his sharp goblin teeth. "Sorry, it's this whole fucking goblin shtick. I can't help but be all crass and shit."

"Well, shut up shorty, you probably look more ridiculous than I do!"

Nate felt an impulse of anger, one that she could not help but give into: she *needed* to bite Gwynn on the leg for that 'short' insult, bring her down a peg! She leapt forward, teeth bared, and it was only Jill's timely intervention as she grasped the goblin in her strong barbarian arms that prevented further violence from ensuing.

"GRAAAGHH! LEMME AT HER!"

"Jesus Nate, calm down you little murder hobo! Remember, you're not really a goblin!"

Nate breathed, and managed to swallow the anger. It had felt so real.

"Aww, fuck, I'm sorry Gwynn. I just - fuck, this day!"

The others all nodded.

"I mean, turned into a goblin!"

"Turned into a man," Kade added.

"Turned into a tavern wench who's expecting," Gwynn moaned.

They looked to Jill, who towered over even Kade's head. She shrugged, flexing her powerful muscles and allowing her large breasts to rise and fall like miniature suns.

"Don't look at me. I *like* my changes."

Gwynn raised an eyebrow, still caressing her heavy stomach without even realising she was doing it.

“Lucky you then,” she said. The formerly muscled man took Kade’s arm as if she were a medieval woman waited on by her chivalrous knight, and he helped her to a better chair to accommodate her . . . condition. “Ugh, let’s just keep playing. I don’t want ta think about the fact that I got an actual wee one squirming around inside me right now.”

She also didn’t mention the strange maternal affection she was also experiencing, that let her to keep rubbing her stomach.

“A good idea,” Kade said. He nestled against Gwynn, keeping some space between them. After the game made them have sex, things were bound to be awkward for a while, but he too felt a draw to her now that she carried his child. It was those darned knightly, chivalrous thoughts again.

“Okay, who the fuck is up then?” Nate said, clambering up onto the sofa. As a little shortstack of a goblin, she was already getting irritated at her state, wanting a change. And also anything to fix her damned huge arousing. No wonder goblins came in such big numbers, she thought.

“It’s mine,” said Jill. The gorgeous barbarian princess took the dice, examining the board. “Gary is twenty three spots along. Kade is nineteen. I’m fifteen. And Nate is fourteen.”

“Fucking fuck,” she goblin said, crossing her arms and trying to ignore the big green globes on her chest.

“Let’s hope we can pull ahead then. You all realise that if things go badly for the loser, these changes could be permanent? The game said ‘the last behind will suffer their fate.’”

“It also said if we do not complete the game within a day’s span - twenty four hours - that we will be trapped in Erutell forever,” added Kade.

A silence echoed outwards through the group, each looking to the other. Each was weighing up who they would have to beat, and how they would feel about that, given each other’s changes. It gave a palpable tension to the air. It was, naturally, Gwynn who broke it. She waved a large wooden serving spoon in the air.

“Oi, let’s get a move on then! Or we’ll all be trapped like this!”

Jill took the dice in her hands, and pressed them against her chest as she often did for luck. Of course, there was a lot more chest than before. Nate whistled appreciatively.

“Oh, Nate, if only you were this bold before you were a little green woman.”

“The shit does that mean?”

She rolled her eyes, then rolled the dice. A five and a six.

“Hell yes! That’s eleven spaces!”

As it had for every other roll, her little piece - which now resembled a barbarian warrior (complete with skimpy clothing and impressive figure - moved on its own eleven spaces ahead. It landed, appropriately enough given who was next, in Goblin Valley. A blue card, just as appropriate, appeared in the slot. A setting card. Jill took it and read aloud.

*'Goblin Valley is wide and dark, so do not get lost,
But you are ambushed, prepare to pay the cost.'*

"Huh," said Nate, "so what does that mean?"

"I've no idea," Jill replied.

And then the world exploded.

Matthew Hardwick was minding his own business, enjoying the setting sun on his deck. He was in his mid sixties, and already entering that stage of his life where the very sight of youth, and certainly evidence of change, annoyed him deeply. Some considered him a crusty old man; certainly, there were more than a few in town that gave him a sore eye as he passed, and the kids stayed clear of him. That was alright by his estimation; children these days were a revolting, insubordinate lot. Not like they were back in his day. They were meant to be seen, and not heard. Not like that Katy whatever-her-last-name-was that lived in that gaudy mini-mansion on the next block. Sure, they were separated by over a hundred feet of pleasant hill land, but he still got headaches from when she had her parties going. It infuriated him.

Which was why, when there was a great groaning and what sounded like a demolition derby at her place, he assumed she was having another one of those ridiculous parties. He briefly considered making a noise complaint to the police, but they largely ignored him now.

"Never too late to make a neighbour feel unwanted," he said. He grabbed his cane, and stood on his deck. Perhaps it was his failing eyesight, or simply that he must have missed the latest extension being added to that garish home, but it looked bigger, somehow. Did it always have a turret?

"Ridiculous looking homestead," he muttered.

There was a crash, a loud cry, and voices carrying on that managed to travel even across the distance.

"That tears it. I'm going to make them know I won't be putting up with this."

He made it halfway across the distance when the earth shuddered, and the ordinary grassland burst into life. He staggered, barely able to stand. It sounded like the Rapture had come, but instead of being lifted up, he was suddenly dwarfed by swelling trees and shifting landscape.

"My God, what's happening! What's happening!?"

More trees, more shifting landscape. It was an earthquake, but one that somehow brought life instead of destruction. In moments, he was surrounded by a great woodland forest, with babbling streams and dark echoes in the woods. And he was very, very frightened.

“I bet this is that young Katy’s doing!” he said, gritting his teeth.

He shuffled forward, still clutching his cane, and trying to ignore what sounded like high-pitched laughter in the dark of the forest around him.

The Goblin Valley had come to them, it seemed. The shifting landscape had torn into the side of Katy’s parent’s house, and in the ensuing chaos the group had been separated: Kade and Nate had run from the expanding trunks with their sharp branches by leaping outside, while Gwynn was too overcome with her pregnant belly, and was reliant on Kade to pull her to safety by retreating upstairs, where they had just recently consummate their new relationship. The Erutell board and all its pieces had been expertly plucked by Jill, who carried it in one muscled arm as she held the small squirming form of green-skinned Nate in the other.

“This is certainly not how I imagined today would go!” cried the braided barbarian princess as she vaulted out into the expanding wilderness.

“Me fucking either!” the goblin girl replied. She clutched tighter against Jill, trying to ignore how the large woman’s huge tits were making her own feminine parts grow moist. The forest continued to expand around them, bushes and trees and rocks and little gulleys expanding or carving into being.

“I hope poor Gwynn is okay!” she said.

“Yeah, hopefully there’s no early labour. That’d be shit as!”

The thought of their friend, who often bragged about being a manly man, having to spread *her* legs and go through the ultimate womanly act, was so absurd as to be almost amusing. That was, it would be amusing, were they not all facing death and danger and possibly being stuck like this.

“Watch out, tree!” Nate called, and Jill dodged it expertly.

“Keep calling them out for me Nate!” she said.

The new goblin took her advice. She was overcome with fear, and while Nate had never been the bravest sort, she had the distinct sense that this was the result of her goblin nature; they were not known to be brave creatures. Still, she was able to weaponise that fear, and use it to predict the expansion of the wild forest, which they plunged deeper into in order to escape.

Finally, after what felt like minutes of running, Goblin Valley had manifested fully, and the two were alone. In the dark.

“Okay, this is really fucking creepy.”

“Yeah,” Jill said. “I wish I had a sword of some kind.”

“Uh, you do, moron. It’s at your hip, remember?”

Jill flushed a little. “Oh yeah, whoops. And c’mon Nate, don’t call me, moron. What’s gotten into you?”

A strong feeling of guilt overcame Nate, and her little green body flushed red with embarrassment. “Oh shit, I’m so sorry Jill! I swear, it’s the transformation. It’s got me wound up real tight. I feel so fucking guilty that’d I’ve done this to everyone. I was the one who bought the game. And I didn’t even buy it! I - I *stole* it, like a common thief! It’s a good thing I’ve become a common goblin, because that’s how I’ve behaved! I’m - I’m so fucking sorry!”

Jill placed a firm hand on her little shoulder, and gave a comforting smile.

“Hey, Nate, it’s okay. We’ll work it out. I’m just glad you told me.”

The goblin woman collapsed against a tree. “I just feel like a fucking idiot. The old man warned me and everything. And now Gwynn is fucking knocked up and I’m a shortstack goblin chick!”

“Hey, at least I got muscles and boobs,” Jill joked.

Nate’s yellow eyes traced over her crush’s voluptuous form.

“Yeah, you sure damn do. I’m just glad you came out of this okay, so far at least. I couldn’t - look, I couldn’t forgive myself if anything happened to you, Jill.”

“Because you have a crush on me, right?”

Another deep blush.

“Yeah, yeah I do.”

“But you’ve always been afraid to make a move, haven’t you?”

Nate grit her sharpened teeth. She was distinctly aware that, sitting before Jill’s Amazonian body, she was fast becoming a strange mix of angered, embarrassed, joyful and really fucking aroused. Seriously, she was lucky the game wasn’t making her hot for a dude, or else she’d be ending up in the family way much as Gwynn had already.

“Yeah, I have. I’m a fucking idiot. You’re just, like, so smart and shit. I know I’m a real nerd too, but I feel like you’re on another level with the way you’re headed.”

She placed her hand on that same green shoulder.

“I like you too, Nate. I was just waiting for you to make the right move. And me too, I suppose. I’ve always been a bundle of nerves. It’s only since I got upgraded to ‘busty barbarian warrior princess’ that I’ve started to feel comfortable even talking about this.”

She chuckled, and Nate gave a husky goblinoid cackle with her.

“Fuck, took a game for us to confess our feelings, huh?”

"I suppose it did. Maybe Erutell won't be so bad so long as . . ."

Nate sat up. "So long as?"

"Shhh." Jill pulled her large sword from her hip, and flourished it expertly. "I can sense trouble. I think . . . I think we're being watched."

Nervously, Nate grabbed her own daggers from her hip. Thankfully, the game had already made her fairly proficient in weapons. She twirled them, and clacked her fangs. She felt a need to bite something. With her improved senses, she sniffed the air.

"Huh, weird. Smells like me."

Suddenly there was a great roar.

"Oh, shit."

Dozens of goblins erupted from the trees, each of them small and green and carrying spears and weapons. With their yellow slitted eyes and dark camouflage they had the appearance of cats, and like cats they growled, raising their talons to the air.

"Stay back Nate, I'll protect you!" Jill declared. She brandished her sword, swinging around in a flurry as numerous goblins attacked in disorganised waves. Her barbarian's blood was up, but she wasn't aiming to kill; simply to smack them with the flat of her blade, cut their weapons down to size, or inflict non-fatal cuts to ward them off.

"KILL ZEM!" cried one of the goblins, though only Nate could understand them. She realised that they were speaking goblinoid, and she could too.

"WAIT!" she cried, stepping forward to slap aside a goblin male heading towards Jill's back. "I'm one of you, you fucking morons! I'm on your side!"

"JOIN US! KILL ZE FUCKING HUMAN!" another declared, before being kicked into a tree by Jill's powerful footwork.

"She's a fucking friend, you shits!"

They growled, not knowing what to make of this situation. But more and more goblins were arriving, and others were recovering from their injuries. They seemed to turn towards a goblin with a slightly more elaborate set of dress. He bared his canines and sighed.

"WHO GIVES A SHIT!? KILL NOW, SORT LATER!"

"Damn, there's a lot," Jill said. She twirled her blade expertly, cleaning it of blood against her thigh. It was one of the sexiest things Nate had seen, and she got the sense that she'd feel the same even if she were still human.

"I got your freakin' back!" Nate declared.

More of the goblins came, attacking waves that were only slightly more organised than the ones before. They screamed and cried, threw spears and chucked stones, they even bit and gnashed their teeth. They were easily beaten back one on one, but were increasingly forming an unbreakable tide.

"I think - I think we better get the fuck out of here!" goblin Nate cried. She was mainly surviving just by the use of her daggers, and the fact that most of the goblins were too stupid or distracted to focus on her as an enemy.

"It's too late!" Jill cried, throwing a goblin off her bag that had clawed some flesh out of her shoulder blade. "I can't see a way out!"

Nate closed her eyes, only briefly, trying to think of an option, but her greedy goblin mind could only think about how to get out, how to escape. And that's when she realised.

"The dice! It's my damned fucking turn! I might be able to change things!"

"Get it! Quick!"

Jill pointed to a crafty goblin already escaping with the board. Nate scurried after him, grabbing its edge.

"NO! MINE!" he screeched.

"Oh, for fuck's suck!" she cried. She tried to grab it again but he was just as strong (or weak) as her. "Oh damn, fine, have a look at these instead!"

Goblins were horny pricks, so she took that moment to rip open the buckle keeping her goblinoid top upon her chest. Her big, green breasts with their dark ivy nipples were fully on display, and it was obvious from how distended they were that she was deeply aroused from the fighting, the stealing, and the presence of Jill and her busty body. The goblin stared as if starstruck, and was distracted enough that she easily took the game from his hands. It was very heavy for her stubby little muscles.

"WE FUCK NOW?" the goblin asked. He actually looked a little cute. Did goblins have big dicks despite their size? She briefly considered it before realising it was her crazy monster hormones. She slapped him upside the head instead.

"IS THAT MAYBE?"

She ran back to Jill's side and opened the board, grabbing the dice.

"Any time now, Nate!" Jill cried. She had sustained several more wounds, though none looked anything approaching serious just yet.

"Gotcha freakin' back!" Nate declared, and rolled the dice. They bounced out of the board and across the forest floor, were kicked by a random goblin, batted by a random sword, before landing off into darkness where someone male gasped in surprise. Nate had know way of knowing which way her dice landed, but the inference with the role thankfully mustn't have counted, because her little goblinoid figure began to slide forward. It landed in the Goblin Valley also, just three spaces behind Jill. She must have rolled a nine.

"Not fucking bad," she whispered, dodging an attack.

A card spat from its slot and she picked it up in her nimble green hands faster than she could have believed. It was red. An event card.

"Please please please please help us!"

She read it, and her thick black eyebrows raised in confusion.

*'Goblins' love of battle goes right down to their foundations,
But peace may reign if you foster very close relations.'*

"Uhh," she said, not sure what to make out. She looked to Jill, who was in the middle of battling a goblin, holding it easily in her hands and about to throw it into the crowd like a bowling ball, when suddenly she stopped.

Jill felt a flush. A heat. A need. An undeniable arousal that settled immediately and powerful between her thighs and expanded throughout her core. Her nipples became quickly erect, hardening against the fabric of her revealing top, and her breath came even heavier than it had moments before in the heat of battle.

"N-Nate . . . that card, I think I know what - OOhhhhh - it means by *relations!*"

Nate was feeling it too. Well, even more than previously. Her female goblin parts felt like they were on fire, and weirdly, her pointy ears as well. She guessed they must be a bit of an erogenous zone for her new kind.

"How the fuck is this gonna help us!?" she whined, but before she'd even finished the sentence, she saw exactly how.

The entire goblin army had likewise stopped fighting, and many of them appeared to be in the early stages of growing arousal as well.

'THE GREAT GROZ'TAL HAS BEGUN!' the one that was apparently their chieftain declared. A great cry of joy went up among the goblins, and they jumped up and down and waved their spears.

"Uh, what does the Groz'Tal mean?" Jill asked. She was barely managing to avoid groping her own large breasts. It was like there was something in the air, fanning the flames of passion.

"It, oh fuck I'm turned on, it's the big mating festival," Nate said awkwardly, the goblin knowledge implanted firmly in her head through the magic of the game.

"Is that why I feel so . . . ?"

"Uh-huh. M-me too."

"Fuck."

"Yeah, fuck."

All around them, various goblins began to pair up, or in threesomes or even foursomes, stripping each other of their clothes and beginning to rub and caress each other's flesh. It was a shocking sight, but with the shared pheromones in the air, it only made Jill and Nate more turned on. They looked at each other.

"Fuck," Jill said again, panting, her large boobs rising to form a perfect cleavage with each breath.

"Fuck," Nate agreed. "Let's - let's fuck."

“Yeah. Oh my God, I never expected it like this Nate, but I need it so bad, and I want it to be you!”

It was an agreement born of exasperation. She picked up the small goblin woman that had been her human friend and pressed her face against her breasts. Nate couldn't help herself; she tore at the thin fur material, pulling it down so she could access her friend-turned-lover's breasts immediately. They were so huge and supple, like enormous soft pillows.

“Fuck, you're fucking stacked!”

“Just feel them already!” Jill begged. She fell to her knees, letting Nate rest on her powerful thighs as the goblin woman kneaded and sucked her breasts. Her nipples were damn sensitive, and every ministrations brought her closer to a powerful orgasm. She returned the favour by pulling away Nate's minuscule clothing. The goblin woman was wet between her thighs, aroused beyond belief. Jill chuckled.

“Do you want me to-”

“Fuck yes! I want to *fee*/ you Jill! I always have!”

It was the most unexpected consummation of their feelings towards one another, a scenario neither of them could have guessed. They were surrounded by the sounds of goblin passion, a cacophony of moans, dirty talk, and ecstatic thrusting. And in the middle of it all were Jill and Nate, the latter's tiny body against the former's large one. Jill pressed her fingers against Nate's crotch, and the goblin shuddered.

“OOoohhhhh f-f-f-fuck, that f-feels goooooo!”

She continued, thrusting her fingers inside the woman, expertly teasing out her pleasure using her own womanly knowledge. Nate, for her part, was forced to remain focused on the woman's breasts, unable to reach her lover's vulva. Instead, Jill used her remaining hand to masturbate, rubbing her throbbing clit in time to their motions and Nate's tongue upon her right tit. The two groaned, bodies overcome with sweat from the heat of the ecstasy they were both enthralled in. Even the battle-scar and light scratches on their bodies was not enough to bring down the mood. In fact, for Nate and Jill both, it only enhanced it.

Finally, the pleasure built and built and built and built until it was too much to ignore, and they were both sent completely over the edge.

“Oh - Oh - OHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

They climaxed together, and Jill nearly crushed Nate against her, pressing the goblin's face right into her massive rack. It only caused Nate to orgasm harder, smothered in the wonderful boobflesh of her lover, one she'd had a crush on for years. The sounds of goblin love fervour continued around them for some time, until they were finally able to part.

“Well, that's one way to avoid goblin violence,” Jill breathed.

“Yeah. The best way, I'd say,” Nate said.

The two of them laughed. All around them, the orgy continued, and so they stealthily redressed, picked up the board, and began to wander away in the direction of the dice.

"You know, I rather like you as a sexy little shortstack goblin," Jill remarked. She patted Nate's mane of dark hair, causing the goblin to grimace.

"Well, I rather like you as this big giant of a woman with the huge fucking boobs," she said back, pouting and sticking out her tongue.

"I know you're trying to rib me right back, but I actually *love* being like this. I kind of hope I can stay like it, crazy as it sounds."

"Well, I know I want to fucking turn back."

Another ruffle of the hair. "Awww, but you're so cute!"

Nate gave a little smile. "Well, at least all this insanity brought us together."

"Katy and Gary too. Or Kade and Gwynn. Whatever."

"Somehow, I don't think Gwynn appreciates her changes as much as you do yours."

They both cringed a little at the mental image of Gwynn with her rounded pregnant belly. Both were inwardly curious if she'd actually have to birth it, and what would that even mean. Maybe the cards would reverse it, but that also felt kind of . . . wrong. They left the topic unspoken as they searched the dark forest floor for the dice. The game needed to be continued, obviously.

"Where are they?"

"I don't know, shouldn't they be returning to the board or some shit?"

Nate sniffed, her greater senses helping her track the dice. She moved forward, Jill following her, but both stopped short at the sight before them.

"What the hell are you? What is this?"

The voice belonged to an old man with a cane walking through the forest. He had grey hair and a bald spot on his head, and an expression that was the textbook definition of 'cranky.'

"Oh shit, that's Mr Hardwicke."

"Who?"

"Katy's crusty old neighbour, remember? The one that called the police because we were - gasp! - having a party on Halloween."

"Oh, it is. He used to talk down to me. Oh, I think I'm going to enjoy this," Jill said. She stepped forward powerfully, looming over the decrepit figure of Mr Hardwick.

"What? Who are you?" the man repeated. He took a step back. "And what have you done to my lovely backyard?"

"*Your* backyard?" Jill said, amused. She placed her hands on her broad hips and leaned over, letting the man nearly have a heart attack from the scandalous display of flesh

she was showing. Nate scampered between her legs, baring teeth. "I think you'll find this is *Erutell* you've wandered into, Mr Hardwick."

The man looked frightened. "Eru . . . tell?"

"Oh yes, and this is my goblin friend Nate. You *do* remember Nate, right? He - or rather *she* now - has changed since last you saw her."

Matthew Hardwick's jaw dropped. It was impossible. The rakish boy couldn't have turned into a little female monster, surely? But then, forests didn't grow up in seconds either.

"I don't - who are you then?"

"Me? You might remember me as Jill. We've only met a couple of times, but I'm Jill, Katy's best friend, and the one you called a 'nosy little Nancy.' Well, not so *little* now, am I?"

The man trembled, obviously intimidated by her size. "This - this is impossible."

"Not impossible, just shit weird," Nate added. "So you better stay out of it, or I'll bite ya, got it?"

Matthew Hardwicke gasped, afraid of the violent little woman with green skin and sharp teeth. He stumbled backwards, only to suddenly trip by accident.

Right over a pair of dice.

It happened in slow motion. Both Nate and Jill saw the dice roll, and they both went rigid at the sight of them. Automatically, the board game fell from the barbarian princess' hand, snapping open on the ground. The old man fell on his back with an 'OOF!', but the dice were already coming to a stop.

A six and a four. Ten spaces.

For a moment, no one said anything but for Mr Hardwick, who struggled to sit up, complaining of the damage done to him, and still trying to scramble away from the strange transformations all around him. But what he didn't see, and what Jill and Nate's eyes were locked onto, was that a new figure rose from the figurines of the board, in the shape of an aging wizard, and began at the starting line of the board.

It shifted slowly forward ten spaces, and a Green card appeared in the slot.

"That's a change card. Holy shit, Mr Hardwicke just accidentally joined the game."

"I did *what?*" the old man said, still moving backwards. He was becoming increasingly terrified and confused, and worse, a strange thrumming sensation had begun to settle over his skin. The large woman claiming to be Jill moved towards him, holding a large board game that looked ancient even to his eyes.

"Mr Hardwicke, I'm sorry for intimidating you," she said, in a voice that sounded much more like the annoying smart alec he'd once chastised. "But you've accidentally joined the game. You need to take this card and read it."

"I don't need to do anything!" he said, stepping backwards again. Good lord, she was huge to his eyes. And those breasts! It was scandalous! "Just stay away from me!"

“The changes to ‘your’ backyard, what happened to Nate and I, it’s a result of the game. Even Katy and Gary have changed. I mean, there’s a pregnancy and everything.”

Even to his panicked mind, he found a kernel of information to enjoy. “Ha, I always knew she’d end up knocked up early,” he said.

The goblin and barbarian exchanged looks.

“Well, not exactly *her*,” the goblin said. “Look, just read the fucking card, okay. You’re part of the game now, and something tells me you sure as shit aren’t getting out of her until you help us finish the game. You’re not in fucking Kansas anymore.”

Matthew Hardwick pressed back against a large tree. Somewhere deep in the forest, something monstrous growled. It caused him to shiver. Maybe if he followed this insanity along, it would return to normal as they said?

“Fine,” he said, snatching the card out. “But then you two young freaks need to explain just what the hell is going on. I don’t deserve this!”

They both nodded, eager for him to read. And like all the rest, he felt compelled to say the words aloud.

*‘In the land of Erutell, it is easy to doubt yourselves
But never so for the matriarch of attractive elves.’*

Hardwick looked up from the card, confused. “So what the hell does that mean then?”

Nate and Jill already had a strong idea. “Um, you might want to prepare yourself. Things are about to change.”

“What the hell are you on abo-OOHH!!”

Hardwick’s body tensed, and the old man began to writhe as changes rippled quickly through his body. He grunted as his limbs became slender, his frame more healthy, his back less bowed. There was a crack as his spine corrected, and he gasped in response to his finger bones losing their arthritis and becoming renewed, and oddly slender.

“What - the hell - is happening!?”

“You’re becoming a fucking elf!” Nate said, amazing. As horrified as she was over what she’d unleashed with the board game, she couldn’t deny she was ecstatic to see every male nerd’s dream; a beautiful real life elf!

“That’s - that’s impossible!”

“I feel like this conversation is going round in circles,” Jill said, as she watched Hardwick’s skin change to an ethereal purple.

The cranky neighbour saw his skin change with astonishment, his arms taking on a violet colouration even as they became longer and more slender. He cried out as his spine

elongated, stretching so that he had gone from below-average height to easily 6'2, and again when his pelvis widened slightly. Years of poor dieting thinned away, leaving body slender, and he felt the remaining fat distribute elsewhere.

"No, no, not some lady!"

"You'll get used to it," Nate said, chuckling at the sight. She'd never liked Hardwick, who'd been a bully as long as Katy's family had known him for a neighbour, which was years now. The man gave a startled squeak as small breasts formed on his figure, lithe like an elf's, but still wonderfully shapely, perhaps a standard B-cup. They became topped with dark purple nipples, which felt strangely sensitive, growing hard against the fabric of his top. The top itself changed, along with his trousers, merging fabrics to become a fine blue elven dress, with a sash in the middle that sat around his narrowing waist and over his widened hips.

"But I don't want to be an elf!" the man protested, even as his legs lengthened, losing their grey hairs and becoming smooth and poised.

"Well, I didn't want to be a fucking goblin," Nate laughed.

"Who knows, next roll you might get exactly what you want!"

"N-next roll?" the man managed to stammer. He could feel his manhood - one he'd been proud of in his youth - beginning to slide back into his body. It felt like his own organs were reeling it back in, and despite his horror, it felt strangely sensual. He couldn't help but groan as his cock receded, his balls tensing in an explosive orgasm. He thrust his hips, ashamed to be doing so but unable to help himself, but the cum dissipated into thin air, vanishing much like his manhood. Hair exploded out from his scalp, particularly from his bald spot. It was a dark purple, and it spiralled out over his eyes to briefly disrupt his view. He parted it like a curtain, and squeaked again; his fingers were so dainty now! The nails were the same dark purple as his hair, which only stopped around his ankles, it was that long.

"Heavy," he stammered, feeling the large heft of it. It was silky. Shiny. Smooth. But it was the least of his changes, really, because at that very moment his penis finally receded fully into his body, only the head remaining, which shrunk to a sensitive purple clit beneath his dress. In that moment, as Hardwick crossed the boundary from *he* to *she*, another orgasm rocked through *her* body, causing her to shudder. As if given permission, the last of her changes occurred: her ears stretched to long points, half a foot in length, and her eyes turned a cosmic blue, devoid of any pupil or whites. Her lips become full, slightly pinker than the rest of her violet skin, and her cheekbones become high and prominent.

Hardwick breathed, her poise oddly elegant, appropriate given her new elven form. She was entrancingly beautiful, possessing a mythical quality that was impossible to articulate. She was tender and fragile, otherworldly and wise. That was, until she opened her mouth.

“I’ve turned into a fucking woman!” she yelled. She grabbed her meagre breasts, outlined against her dress, and hopped on her feet comically, as if the ground beneath her was lava. “Turn me back! I don’t want to be an elf! Or a woman! Why am I fucking purple? You kids did this to me, you’ll pay for this, I tell you! I knew that Katy had a hand in something foul but this must be the work of Satan, I say. Change me back and turn this forest back or I swear I’ll-”

Jill grabbed the lithe woman and pressed her coarse hand against her mouth.

“Shut. Up,” she said, but Hardwick continued to muffle and moan. But the main sound had stopped.

Something monstrous was nearby, and the goblin love-making had ended.

“You hear that?” she said, still keeping her hand over Hardwick’s soft mouth.

The new elven woman nodded, looking furious. It was not a look really suited to one so ethereal as a purple-skinned elf in queenly attire.

“Good, because that’s the sound of something *not* good. Nate will explain everything to you, but for now we have to get back to the house and meet up with the others.”

She began to move, Nate alongside her on stubby little legs, and Matthew Hardwick, the most beautiful new elven woman in the land, squirming to break free of the barbarian’s hold.

“Ahhhh - don’t s-stop! R-right there! F-fuck your manhood is firm, m’lord!”

Gwynn whimpered as Kade thrust into her again. She held her firm belly in her hands as she lay on her back. It was an impressive weight, but all worth it to feel his large manhood slide deep into her pussy. At least, that’s what her body felt like, her mind had other opinions. She felt utterly ridiculous, stuck as an overly-voluptuous tavern wench rounded out with child, and currently getting her brains fucked out by the man who was *meant* to be her girlfriend! Instead, Erutell had ensured she was now stuck as a pregnant peasant while *he* got to lord it as a chivalric knight. She wanted to complain, to whine, to keep the game going, but she hadn’t realised that when the card she’d played earlier made her and Kade incredibly aroused for one another, that it wasn’t just a one time thing. Neither had he, but the new knight had taken it much better. It was easier, after all, when you weren’t the one carrying the other’s baby.

“You are doing very well, wench, given your condition!” Kade said, as he thrust into her again. He’d raised her skirts to gain access, and her slim white legs were positioned over his shoulders. He knew he shouldn’t be enjoying himself so much, but she was too damn

perfect, and the way her large chest wobbled back and forth with each thrust only turned him on all the more, particularly as she was at that moment squeezing and groping said giant tits.

“My c-condition is y-your f-fault - NGGGHHH!”

She trembled, groping her breast with one hand and rubbing her taut dome of a belly in the other. She couldn't believe how heavy her body was, or how weak she felt, but most of all how submissive she was to it all, like a good tavern wench.

“I know, I'm sorry Gwynn! But that darn game makes me so attracted to your beautiful body, especially now that it's f-full with my child!”

Another thrust, and he could feel his new balls tensing, ready to release again.

“It just feels t-too good - Ngh!”

“For m-me too milord! I'm so close!”

It only took several more thrusts, and the pair, still fresh to their genders and new roles, shuddered in orgasm. Gwynn's voice was high and feminine, her moan almost animalistic and needy. Kade, on the other hand, gave a manly grunt as he shot his seed inside her, his cock throbbing several times. Gwynn was overcome with feminine pleasure. She tried to hold in how womanly her cries were, but it was impossible.

“Gawd, that's so good milord!” she shouted.

It took a few moments for them to settle down. Once he pulled out, Gwynn flopped to her side, rubbing her belly, trying to soothe the child within that she was unexpectedly carrying.

“Ohhh, calm little one, calm.”

Again, those maternal feelings rose to the surface, and she blushed, trying to push them back down and failing miserably. She felt the need to cook something, make up a nice drink for Kade after they had cleaned each other up. The role of tavern wench was getting to her mind, especially now that pregnancy hormones were added to the mix.

“Okay, so we did it again,” Kade finally said, joining her on the bed and staring into her beautiful blue eyes.

“Fuckin' hell, we're like rabbits,” she complained.

Kade rubbed her belly, and while she was a little galled by it, it felt nice enough that she didn't stop him.

“I tried to fight it, I swear. Your beautiful visage was simply too much. I'm like a knight addicted to his tavern wench.

“That's exactly what you are, you nimrod,” she said. “And I got this damn peasant accent likes I got no learning!”

Kade pressed himself against her, still cradling her belly. Despite how mortified she was, Gwynn also pressed closer, her body savouring the way he rubbed her skin. She felt so

full, the skin of her massive mound so tight. God, it was like she was covered in hills along her front!

Neither could believe how fast they had come around to sex again. After the forest outside had erupted into being, the Kade had suddenly lifted her pregnant form up in his muscled arms and leapt up the stairs, escaping ahead of the massive trunk that grew up through his family's house. What they found upstairs was not what Katy's house had been: instead of a rather lavish but still modern set of bedrooms, *Lord* Kade now had a princely bedroom, dominating by a large bed with numerous cushions and amenities fitting for a medieval fantasy realm. There was even a large portrait of him.

It was in that bedroom that they hid, waiting for Jill and Nate to return with the board game. During the following hour of waiting, Kade bolted into action. Gwynn felt useful in her fragile state while he repelled several attacks by goblin raiders, even skewering two of them with his mighty sword. His *other* mighty sword; she was well-acquainted with his impressive natural one. After they fled, he bolted the door, barricaded it, and immediately went to her side. And to her undying humiliation, she began to cry. It had all been too much, and her new female hormones were only amplified by her pregnancy hormones, and her utter uselessness made it even worse. His comforting presence led her to kissing him. To needing him.

And then the arousal rose in both of them, and the rest was history.

"We need ta get going. We're busy fucking like rabbits when our friends are in danger, yeah?"

Kade sighed. "You're not wrong, my dear. They can take care of themselves, but it has been too long. I just wanted to make sure you were safe."

She blushed, fixing her skirts automatically. She extended a hand demurely, and he took it, helping her up.

"What a gentleman," she said. The tone was sarcastic, but it was mainly to cover up that she'd genuinely needed help getting up, and also appreciated it.

"C'mon, let's get going,"

They exited carefully out into the main hall. The tree trunk of Goblin Valley still dominated, but the goblins were seemingly all gone, though the place stank of pheromones for some reason. Gwynn found herself walking behind Kade, keeping close to him but letting him take the lead. It was against all her instinct, but her desire to be the alpha male contradicted her tavern wench compulsions, and the maternal sense to protect the child developing within her that was currently asleep.

"Maybe they did find themselves in nick of trouble," she suggested in her twangy peasant's voice.

It was that very moment that trouble found *them*. A large roar, and an immense grey troll burst out from the stockroom. It was a snarling horrific beast, and its sudden appearance made Gwynn scream, partly out of fear, partly out of shock that *her stockroom* was imperiled.

“Gawd, it’s one them trolls!” she screeched.

“Never fear, dear woman!” Kade replied, before cringing a little. The knightly dialogue was becoming a bit much. He bolted forth, sword drawn, to slay the creature, which ran at him in thunderous steps. The creature roared, and took a great swing at him, but thanks to the transformation, he was endowed with a knight’s reaction, speed, and combat prowess. He ducked beneath the blow, and ran through the creature with his sword.

The beast howled, trying to bite him, but he pulled back, dodging another blow. A swing of the sword, and its hand flung clean off. The troll cried out, and managed to take Kade by surprise, knocking him across the room with a swing of its remaining arm. His sword clattered nearby, but not close enough. The beast, lurched forward, and out of the corner of his eye Kade saw Gwynn grabbing a rolling pin from her outfit, ready to charge the beast.

“Gwynn, no!”

But before she could even attempt to attack it, there was a war cry from behind the troll. The monster lurched around, only to be sprung upon by three warriors, each with a feminine warcry. The muscled barbarian princess Jill cleaved its remaining arm with a sword, while Nate bit and stabbed at its leg. And farther off, to the astonishment of Kade and Gwynn and even the figure herself, a purple-skinned elven archer fired a bevy of arrows into the troll. The creature collapsed with one last mighty groan, shattering the floor of the entrance hall.

“Mum and Dad are going to kill me,” Kade said. “I’m so glad the rest of you are alright!”

He ran in his suit of armour to embrace Jill, and pick up Nate before realising how annoyed it made his friend. But then he turned to the figure who stepped forth, her gorgeous features twisted into an expression of anger.

“And who are you?” he said.

The elf slapped him, causing him to step backwards.

“Oi! Don’t you dare take a lord like that!” Gwynn called, waddling forward.

“This is no lord, and you all know it. These two explained everything to me. I always knew you’d be a troublemaker Katy, and now I have proof. You’re meddling with forced God never intended for us, just like all your parties, and the drugs, and the drinking, and the juvenile delinquency.”

Kade raised his eyebrows. “By the heavens, *Mr Hardwick?*”

“The one and the same,” she said. She brushed a curtain of her incredibly long hair to one side. “And now I’m stuck as a bloody female elf until *you* fix this. This insanity has got to stop, and I’ll be the one to do it.”

Gwynn chuckled at the newcomer’s presence.

“Don’t you say a word, Gary! Yes, I know that’s you. I may be trapped as some harlot elf but at least I’m not pregnant out of wedlock. The sheer immorality in this room disgusts me, especially the dress of these two.” She waved a violet hand at Nate and Jill. “Now open up that bloody board so I can win and turn all this nonsense back to normal, and hopefully send the lot of you with it!”

There was a moment of silence.

“What do you mean, *you’ll* win?” Kade asked. His eyes narrowed. He may have been turned into a chivalrous knight, but he still had the competitive spirit of Katy, and currently it was focused like a spear against his elven neighbour, who he’d hated all his life.

“It’s only natural. Besides, the game wouldn’t have turned me into an elf if I wasn’t going to win. I’ve read my Tolkien, I know they are the most noble of the fantasy species. Not like the rest of you.”

Her haughtiness rankled the group. Jill went to say something diplomatic, and Nate went to say something crass, but Kade silenced them both with a gesture.

“Very well, you’re on. After all, there has to be a loser, right?”

He said it meaningfully, before taking the board from Jill’s large hands. “Let’s retire to a different area of the house, and continue playing. I believe it’s my turn.”

They gathered in the upstairs reading room. It was a medieval study, created from one of the earlier roles, and it was big enough to accommodate all of them. Hardwick sat away from them, which was a very elven thing to do. She occasionally brushed at her long strands of perfect hair idly, without meaning too. She was impatient, complaining that Kade hadn’t rolled yet.

“I just want us all to be clear on a plan,” he said. “If trouble strikes, we all protect Gwynn. She’s the most helpless.”

“I ain’t helpless.”

“You know what I mean, dear.”

Gwynn rolled her eyes. “Fine, just make the roll before this little bub wakes me up in fits all over again.”

Kade breathed, and rolled the dice. “Darn, only a two and three.”

The figure moved five spaces ahead, and he took the blue setting card.

*'A chamber vast and full of treasure,
Arcanums, guards, and forbidden pleasures.'*

A great groaning of walls rumbled far below them, followed by the sounds of bricks, mortar, steel, and stone manifesting. It lasted roughly thirty seconds before ending.

"Well, I guess we have a dungeon now," he said. "And a staff, if 'guards' means anything."

He ducked outside momentarily, shifting down the steps and past the half-destroyed entrance hall. He returned just as quickly.

"We got a dungeon or what?" Gwynn asked.

He nodded, beaming. Nate instantly felt a need to steal from it, and had to suppress her goblinoid urges.

"At least that was quickly sorted," Jill said. "It seems you and I are the lucky ones so far, Kade."

"I better have my lucky go now then," Gwynn said. "Someone help me up."

Jill lent her strength for the task, and the newly pregnant former male waddled to the board. Kade handed her the dice so as to save her the trouble, and she mumbled a red-faced thanks.

"Okay, the faster we roll, the quicker the game is over. So let's just all circle through this, right?"

"Agreed," Hardwick said, while examining her bow. "I want this pagan nonsense over with, and everything back to how it was, without all the juvenile partying."

"Fuck off with that shit," Nate spat, sticking out her tongue at the elf.

Hardwick sneered, and it took Jill stepping between them to stop a fight breaking out between the tall and the short, the elegant and the . . . not elegant.

"Calm down, you two. Let's just work together, even if we don't all have to like each other."

Hardwick scoffed, and once again, it seemed like the old man was perfectly suited to play the snooty, haughty elf maiden. She brushed her hair to one side like she was a queen bee cheerleader, crossed her arms, and waited.

"Gimme something good, I want ta go up in the world already!" Gwynn said. The dice left her hand, and landed on the board. Only a two and four. "Damn, just six."

The figure slid forth, landing next to a major city on the map labelled Erlington. A green card emerged from the slot, and everyone sucked in their breath.

"Please be a man again, I miss my cock and I *certainly* don't wanna give birth."

She plucked it from the slot, and read aloud.

*'Now that an heir to a lord you're carrying,
It's time you gain a more queenly bearing.'*

"Oi, the fuck does that mean?" she said.

"I think it means you're going up in the world alright," Jill said, having figured it out first. She gestured to Gwynn's hand, where a set of golden rings had already appeared.

"What the hell?" the tavern wench said, but already the changes were altering her dress and body. Her dirty barmaid outfit altered, becoming longer until it trailed against the floor. Her dirty shoes were replaced with expensive noblewoman's boots, even as the material of her dress also took on a rich blue and purple pattern, with numerous rose patterns painstakingly stitched along the sides and back. Her wild mane rearranged itself, becoming a complicated series of plaits and braids that formed a royal bun. The hair became pitch black in colour, and her eyes a piercing light blue. Her cheekbones became a little more prominent, though not as much as Hardwick's elven pair. Tasteful makeup befitting a royal also appeared upon her face. Her lips became ruby red, her eyelashes darkened, and her cheeks given a foundational blush. Her large bust was pushed up by the impressive dress, forming a tantalising look at her massive bust, and the dress configured around her bump. It was incapable of hiding it, but it made her figure seem more refined and slim. More jewellery appeared around her neck, including an expensive diamond pendant upon a necklace that rested between her two breasts, drawing the eye there.

"My God, I've become a queen," she said, in a voice and accent that was now dripping with refinement and class. "And my voice, it has changed also. It's so fffffffoolishly strange. Darn, I can't even swear now!"

"Join the club," Kade said, chuckling. "Are you alright, my love?"

She looked to him with shock. "Yes, my love, I am fine. Though it appears I cannot stop calling you my love."

"Or I you,"

"Those expensive fucking rings that match might explain that," goblin Nate added in.

The two nobles looked in astonishment at their hands, and noticed that each now had a silver ring to match the other.

"Are we - are we married as well now?" Queen Gwynn said.

"It appears we are, my love," Kade said, "and I suppose that makes me King Consort."

"Well, at least I'm in charge again . . . sort of. But I'm still stuck as a woman, still *expecting*. Gosh, I feel like I'm getting further away from this. Where's my muscle? Where's my manhood? And where's my ability to speak like an ordinary ffff - an ordinary person."

She gave a heavy sigh, and everyone in the room appreciated the way her new costume let her bosom rise and fall. She had a queen's disposition now, and while Gary was still inside her, still railing to get out, the magical compulsions ensured she even moved like a noblewoman, taking careful steps and maintaining an elegance and authority that bordered on the haughty.

"Can we stop the game for a moment, that I may be get used to this ridiculous speech and dress?"

"No way in hell!" spat Hardwick. "We keep going!"

"Fine," said Jill. "I'm next again anyway." She stomped forward, giving time for the overwhelmed Gwynn to be helped back to her seat. Already she was acting the part of queen, complaining about the lack of comfort on the seating, and keeping her King Consort close. She and the rest watched with baited breath as Jill took the dice and rolled them, getting a total of three off a two and a one.

"Damn! I should be in the lead. Now I'm tied with Gwynn."

Another green card shot up, and she took it straight away, uncaring that it meant another change, simply accepting what might come next.

*'When too many maids in one place are stood,
Erutell has a way of manifesting manhood.'*

Jill sighed. "Stand back everyone, either there's gonna be a lot of men in the room with us, or my voice is going to be a lot deeper in a moment."

It was the latter, which became immediately evident as her muscles bulged even further. She groaned and grunted voice deepening, trying to ignore the strange sensation in her pussy, where a different kind of growth was taking place. Nate went to her side, the small goblin grasping her leg.

"Jill, are you okay?"

"F-fine!" she stuttered. Her breasts began to deflate back into her chest, becoming muscled pectoral instead. "Oohh, damn it! No, not f-fine! All good things come to an end. Well, at least we're sort of compatible again, in a girl-guy way, huh?"

"Yeah," Nate said, staring as a massive cock began to emerge from between her crush's legs. It was massive, and felt even bigger to Jill, who had never imagined she would have a manly member swinging from her body. It was huge, the biggest dick she had ever seen, and it was hers. Even as her loincloth altered to contain her impressive package, it was still outlined prominently for several long seconds. Gwynn covered her eyes, somehow unable to bear such an 'uncivilised' sight. Hardwick likewise looked away, irritated. Nate

stared, feeling suddenly hungry. And as for Kade, there was, surprisingly for the former woman, a strong sensation of jealousy.

Jill's muscles bulged, and the new man roared as they inflated further, body hair springing up to form a manly 'matt.' The change was oddly exhilarating, causing the new *him* to pose dramatically as the last of his masculinity settled in. His hair remained in the same blonde braid, but his jaw was now square, his features more rugged. He needed a new name, and his mind searched for one. Out of the blue, possibly a result of the surrounding magic, it felt right to take on the name 'Jarron.'

"Jill, holy shit, you're fucking ripped! And you've got a massive cock!"

"Jarron," he said, turning to face them. He was shirtless but for the pelt over his shoulders. His voice boomed. "My name is Jarron now. I think the game has made it so."

"Next, next!" Hardwick demanded. "Hurry up for my turn!"

"Just a moment, fuckface," Nate snapped. She jumped up on the table, causing Gwynn to pull away from her sharp sense. The new queen had developed a sensitive palate for such things. "Jill, are there any other changes? Are you still you?"

"As much as I can be," the new male said, only to start blushing as he looked down the goblin's top. Followed by Gwynn's. Followed by Hardwick's. "Only, oh damn, this is embarrassing. It seems I'm getting a first hand experience of what many men have to go through."

For a moment, no one knew what the barbarian was referring to, until the large snake between Jarron's legs began to strain at his loincloth. Nate tried to avoid staring at it, but it was like the sun. She reached out, still driven by goblin horniness, and stroked it with a green finger. Jarron pulled back.

"Woah, easy Nate! I'm not used to this yet. Damn, that felt good though."

"Sorry, it was just there. I can - well, I can stroke it again, can't I?"

But the elf in the corner was already moving ahead. She grabbed the dice from the ground, her expression still full of frustration, and she pressed them into Nate's little hand.

"Enough of this bloody nonsense. I'm sick of all of you, and this ridiculous waiting game. I don't care how you end up, I want to be out of this game. So ROLL!"

Jarron moved to stop Hardwick before she did something she'd regret, but it was too late. She had grabbed Nate's surprised hands and hurled them to one side, forcing the dice to launch from both their hands. They flew across the room, bouncing above Gwynn's head, and it was only Kade's quick acting that got her out of the way before they stuck in her cleavage.

"Hey, stop that! I'm your Queen! At least I think I'm your queen."

"You're nobody's queen!" snapped the purple elf. "This is all heretic filth. I told you I want out. There has to be one adult willing to be reasonable and in charge in the room."

“And that’s you is it, shithead?”

“Yes,” she said to the little goblin, “I rather say it is. Elves are long lived, so it’s appropriate that I am one - a senior citizen who knows a thing or two.”

“Do you know about cheating?” Kade said. The knight was grinning. He may have been forced into a chivalrous role that his competitive Katy spirit didn’t like so much, but he could certainly relish an opponent’s mistake.

“What do you mean, you silly child?”

“I mean that you made Nate roll a nine. But two cards came out. One is *purple*. The cheater’s card. And I think that’s for you.”

Hardwick tensed. Everyone did. Nate moved forward and snatched her card eagerly.

“Green card! I’ve landed in the Great Plains. Let’s hope I get out of this body and into something a bit more human.”

She read the card out as Hardwick nervously shifted towards her own.

*‘Across the Great Plains these noble archers move,
With powerful human torsos, and mighty feet of hooves.’*

“Centaur!” called Kade, predicting what was to come.

“Rats,” the goblin woman said, but the change was already occurring. “At least I’ll be fucking big again, and not so bloody horny, I hope.”

Her body swelled, growing in height even as a set of additional legs extended. Her skin tone altered, not becoming white again but instead a rich brown olive. Hair grew from her pelvis and legs, and a tail erupted from above her ass. Her cheeks swelled, pushing backwards, causing Gwynn and Kade to move aside.

“Watch out, there’s gonna be a horse here!” Jarron said.

“OOoohhhh . . . s-so m-much g-growth!” Nate whined. She gripped her pelvis as it widened yet further, and felt the alien sensation of new legs hitting the ground. Her feet contracted, forming into hard hooves, while her hair became more tangled and wild, though less messy than that of her goblinoid self. Her canines retracted, teeth becoming flat, perfect for chewing plants. Her breasts grew a little, matching her torso, but to her delight there was also a growth of muscle, most prominently in her abs.

“Hell yeah, at least I got some muscle back - NNGGGH!”

She bit her lips as her vagina shifted backwards, sliding between her rear legs, which were almost fully developed now.

“OOhhhhh . . . MMHHMMM!! That’s - ahhhh - sensitive!”

Her voice altered to become more powerful, like that of a female warrior’s. It lost its huskiness, but made her sound all the sweeter as she was overcome by the pleasurable

changes. Her loins tingled far behind her, and her soft arms could not reach them. Instead she backed up, rubbing her equine behind against a post, flicking her fully developed tail out of the way.

“What the hell are you doing?” Hardwick gasped.

“Don’t I look at me! This stupid body is so turned on, *still!* Just read your damned note!”

Jarron’s cock hardened at the sight of the beautiful, busty centauress Nate had become. The barbarian moved to her side, and after a moment’s pleading from her friend’s eyes, shifted again to her behind. With his hand, he began to tease at her equine folds, causing her to moan.

“Oooohh, don’t stop! Yes, right there! Th-thank youuuuu!”

She kicked the back wall in a sudden movement as she orgasmed, the second time in just over an hour, and in a totally different form.

“This had become a madhouse,” Gwynn said. “At least I didn’t become a horse.”

“And - ammhmmh - at least I’m not pregnant, Gwynn!”

The queen gave a ruffled look, and turned to Kade for back up. But the latter’s eyes were locked purely on Hardwick, who was reaching a trembling hand to her purple card. The one giving out for interference and cheating.

“Someone’s about to pay the piper,” he said. “This should be fun.”

Another orgasm, and Nate’s body finally settled. She didn’t feel the need for a new name, just yet, seemingly spared from the same compulsion as the others. But it would only be a matter of time and change. She gave thanks to Jarron, who patted her hairy flank, which had turned out to be a hazelnut colour.

“Thanks Jill. Jarron, I mean. This is so weird.”

“I think it’s about to get weirder,” he said, gesturing to Hardwick, who now had the card in her hand, eyes wide with fear. Nate still had enough goblin in her to give a nasty smile. The only one relishing it more was Kade, as it was read out.

*‘Forcing a throw from a fellow player shows a lack of thought,
So be cursed to follow your bodily desire, your willpower reduced to nought.’*

Instantly, Hardwick felt a change come over her. Tendrils of magic reached into her mind, reducing her inhibitions to near zero. She felt a switch turn on in her brain, making her attracted to everyone of age around her. Her body was flooded with desire, her elegance bent towards the giving and receiving of pleasure, no matter the situation. To her horror, she felt her years of knowledge and intelligence reduced, a new bimbo-like state overriding her mind. Matthew Hardwick remained, his personality still there, but it was becoming enslaved

to bodily needs. She felt her pussy tingle, her nipples tense with arousal. Everything about her body now felt so obviously soft and needy, like her glorious elven form was designed to be appreciated and used, to bring happiness and joy to all.

As if to give evidence to this personality change, her breasts inflated to sizable D-cups, and her hips widened a little more. Her face became a bit more ditzy; rounded with cute cheeks and wider eyes. And she became programmed with more sensual movements, a sexiness creeping into her elegance. Her classy dress drew tighter around her form, exposing more cleavage, and rising so that the hem reached only part way down her thighs.

Kade cackled with each alteration, loving how his old cranky neighbour's form was twisted to become a sexy elven bimbo. The rest looked on in a mix of shock, amusement, and more than a little arousal.

Matthew's changes finished, and she knew instantly that her name was meant to be Muriella. She was a moon elf, and like the moon, she had become a symbol of fertility, femininity, change, and the passion of night. She looked to each other resident in the room: the well-hung Jarron, the fertile Queen Gwynn, the manly knight Kade, and the beautiful centaress Nate.

And she felt a deep, deep, *deep* need to fuck every single one of them.

"Oh, crap," she gulped.

To Be Continued . . .

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 3: Players & Passions

By FoxFaceStories

Nate is an intelligent college student in his early twenties who has an affinity for board games. One day, while exploring the back of a dusty bookstore, he discovers an ancient-looking board game called 'Erutell.' Intrigued, he steals this forbidden tome, wanting to play it with his three other friends at their weekly game night. But little do they know that for each card drawn, changes both mental and physical will alter their destinies, and it will be a race to the finish line to see who, if anyone, will be able to win the right to turn back.

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 3: Players & Passions

The others instantly noticed the change in Matthew. Not only had Katy/Kade's angry neighbour become a gorgeous elven maiden, but now she had become a parodic porn star version: a moon elf whose alignment with the lunar body amplified her symbolic fertility into actual fertility. The newly changed woman, now thinking of herself as Muriella, glanced from figure to figure, becoming impossibly aroused. She admired Jarron's manly muscles and barbarian physique, imagining him overpowering her, spanking her like the naughty girl that Erutell was making her. She considered Nate's centaur form, and all the taboo things she could do with that lower half. Kade, the mighty knight, no doubt also had a mighty member. It disgusted her how much she wanted to strip off his codpiece and *taste* it. And, of course, even Queen Gwynn's fertile, rounded form was alluring, in its own way. A reminder of how *she* could end up, if she gave in to her lusty ambitions.

"F-fuck," she repeated.

"Holy shit," Nate said, still overwhelmed by her centaur form, "look at him. Her. She's become a total bimbo!"

"It serves thee right," Gwynn added. The raven-haired queen rubbed her stomach as she struggled to stand. Kade helped her.

"How do you feel, Mr Harwick?" Kade asked. "You're looking like quite the lusty wench, but I thought you hated those?"

Muriella didn't know what to say. She felt so embarrassed, and her costume showed off so much of her now: her breasts were pressed up to create highly alluring cleavage, and

her hips and long legs were revealed easily by two slits in her outfit, though even that was short enough to suggest the hungry pussy between her legs.

“Oh God,” she groaned, “you’re all so - so . . .”

“So?” Nate asked, placing her hands on her horse hips.

“So damn hot!” she yelled. “You have to turn me back! I’ve got a damn p-pussy, and I can’t stop thinking about what it w-would feel like to - to . . .”

“It feels nice, at least,” Gwynn admitted, before blushing deeply on her pale cheeks. Kade grinned, remembering to how it had felt not only from the woman’s side, but now as the man’s. Jarron, meanwhile, just placed his large hands over his crotch.

“Can we all stop talking about sex right now?” the former female said. “This big . . . thing is doing its thing.”

Matthew looked at the incredibly erect cock straining the barbarian’s loincloth, and she hungered for it. It was so wrong, and yet she wanted it more than anything. Wanted it *inside of her*. Jill - now Jarron - for her part felt similarly; she was entertaining thoughts of ploughing the fertile fields of that gorgeous elven slut, and it made her blush deeply. Especially since she had only recently confessed feelings for Nate.

But that had been when he was a barbarian princess, not a prince.

“S-someone roll! Whoever’s turn it is!” he yelled.

“It is Matthew’s,” Gwynn said, pointing at the former cranky old man in an appropriately imperious fashion.

The elven bimbo took a moment to realise what was said.

“But - but I just changed?”

“Because you forced Nate’s roll! It is your turn again!”

She nodded eagerly and grabbed the dice, rolling them across the floor.

“Yes! Two sixes!” she declared, whooping and cheering with a wild abandon that was a little uncharacteristic of her. Her large breasts bounced in her tight elven dress, and she had to grab the top of her dress to ensure it stayed up, much to her embarrassment.

The others all looked at each other, nervous. There was an unspoken meaning that passed between them: *‘Mr Hardwick said he’d win and we laughed, and now he’s rolling gold, and gets another roll after this!’*

Sure enough, the little elven figurine rolled over the board, coming to a stop *just* before Nate’s, and two places before Kade’s. A card popped out.

A setting card.

“Shit,” Jarron said, pressing his strong fists together.

Kade sighed. “Okay, she’s not in the goblin forest at least.”

Muriella plucked the card out and read aloud, her voice a little ditzy.

*'These changes have made your new selves quite horny,
Why don't you enjoy your bedrooms time till morning'*

"Huh," she said, her highly aroused mind unable to process it all. "I hope I end up with Jarron. He's so fucking hot. I want his big hard cock in me so bad, even though I know it's totally immoral."

She rolled a second time, the first change yet to come into effect. The others groaned. She had rolled nine: a five and a four. Once again above average. Her figure slid forth into the valley of Infernus, ahead of the rest of the group, past Jarron and Gwynn who were in the lead, beating them by two places.

"Yes! I'm, like, sooooo winning!" the elf said. "By the moon goddess, it's making me so fucking hot. God, having a wet pussy feels super weird. And being a moon elf is making my skin feel really mystical. Like, the sexual act is sort of holy to me now."

Jarron coughed loudly, completely unable to conceal the raging erection he had. Nate elbowed him, the centaress woman wishing she could be attracted to the elven bimbo in front of her, but her brain also lingering on Jarron's form.

An event card popped up this time, and Muriella plucked it.

"Kade, do something! She's in the lead!" whined Gwynn. Her new queenly bearing made the idea of simple fighting impossible to even consider, despite her proud gym muscle past as a man.

"I can't dear, if I try to take the dice from Matthew, bad things happen, remember?"

"I'm Muriella now," the moon elf said idly, rubbing her breast with one hand as she read the new card.

*'Fun will be had this night, a time of sensual parry
But at least one will have a new fruit of the womb to carry.'*

Gwynn gave a haughty noblewoman's laugh, rubbing her distended pregnant belly.

"Well, at least I know I'm not in danger of that! Finally, someone else can feel the embarrassment and discomfort I've been feeling the last five hours!"

Jarron and Nate went to say something, when suddenly the game of Erutell glowed. Each person in the room looked to one another, startled, as suddenly the light expanded, encompassing each of them, and flinging the transformees to locations far away.

Kade and Gwynn landed in an expansive bedroom, one far greater than even the lush location they'd last made love in. It possessed a large ceiling, numerous well-furnished drawers, mirrors, and comforting ornamentation. On the walls hung several paintings, each of them depicted the Queen Consort with her raven-black hair and piercing blue eyes and suggestion of her large bosom. Some of them had Lord Kade at her side, her noble knight, lover, and husband. One of the paintings even had her posed to the side, cradling her swollen belly, a soft smile upon her lips.

They were both lying back in the luxurious Queen's bed. Literally, a bed for a queen. Gwynn was no longer wearing her royal dress but instead a nightshift that dress tight around her bustline and belly. Kade was similarly dressed, though in night trousers and shirt.

"Oh my God, not again," Gwynn groaned. She struggled to roll to the side, placing her belly against the bed so she could face her new husband.

"We might not have sex," Kade said, though his member was already getting hard.

"We will," she grumbled. "What the game says happens, happens love. I can't even stop treating you like my husband now."

At that, she placed a slender hand upon hers. Kade looked at her, entranced by her beauty. While her appearance as a busty tavern wench was downright sexy, she was even more astounding as a queen, her dark hair contrasting with her blue eyes, her body fertile with an heir to the throne of the land. He reached out and caressed her belly.

"Mhmm," she moaned, "that actually feels n-nice."

"Is he awake?"

She shook her head. "*She* isn't."

"How can you tell?"

"I guess a mother knows, my love. And yes, I am aware how insane that sounds."

Kade chuckled, before taking a heavy breath. Just as the card said, he was starting to feel hornier and hornier. Her fertile curves were right in front of him, and no matter how much he tried to ignore them, not even her loose shift could disguise them. The fact that she was full and round and fertile with his child somehow only made her more attractive to him, and his knightly, noble mindset continued to be aroused at the notion of creating little heirs to the kingdom with her. He tried to look elsewhere, and spied the game on the side of the bed.

"There it is! I'll quickly roll!"

He did so, getting a two and a five. It put him just ahead of Muriella by four places. A blue card emerged. An Event card. He took it and red, trying to ignore his raging need to plough Gwynn's already fertile fields.

*"A tether has formed between you both, the stuff of destined fate,
Never shall you leave the side of your loving mate."*

"That's . . . not too bad, right?" Gwynn said in her fine accent.

Kade smiled. "I think - I think it's saying we're going to be together, from now on. In whatever form"

Gwynn breathed, clutching her stomach. It sounded more than a little romantic, in fact.

"Good," she finally said. "I never should have allowed our relationship to fall apart, back when I was a man."

"Me either, from the other side."

They kept eye contact a little longer. Slowly, Kade rose his hand up from her taut dome to her round breast, rubbing his fingers over her large nipples. She gasped.

"Oohhhhh, I t-told you," she said. "We're going to m-make love."

"Did you want to fight it?"

He continued to rub her nipple, drawing closer to slip his hand down her top so he could touch it directly. Her flesh was wonderfully plump and soft, her bosom ripe.

"N-nooo," she gasped, yielding to his ministrations. "I d-dont want to. And besides, I - ahhh - I want this to be done, so we can finish the game."

She didn't tell him that was partly a lie. She was becoming incredibly aroused, needy for her King-Consort. Alien thoughts entered her mind, feeling turned on by the knowledge that she was bearing the fruit of his seed in her womb. She wanted him.

"Very well, my love," Kade said. "I look forward to making you moan. I remember you were very feminine last night."

"Please, shut up and fuck me already. Don't remind me who I used to be, just get it done.

He began to work on exactly that. He helped her remove her shift, a struggle given her rounded form and lack of stomach muscles. He too took off his clothing, and for a moment the two took in each other's gorgeous forms, the very height of femininity and masculinity - well, except for perhaps Jill-Jarron in the latter category. Nevertheless, Kade was very well-endowed, and Gwynn could only bite her lip in anticipation.

"How - how shall we do this?" she asked.

"Stay on your side. Lift your leg. I'll take you from behind."

"G-god, I imagined us doing this from the other side, once."

Kade positioned himself, groping his new royal wife's wonderful tits as his hard cock pressed against her pussy. She whimpered as his tip rubbed against her moist slit, and then he entered her. She gasped, quivering as he inserted himself inside her, and soon the two were bucking. She held her belly, rubbing it, and occasionally tweaking her nipple. Her rubbed her breasts and belly, thrusting from behind her into her waiting depths.

“OOOoHhhhhhhhh,” she groaned. “So-so weird, but s-so good!”

He grunted in turn, too aroused by his wife’s fertile form to say anything. He wanted to cum inside her, to make her his woman, to please his Queen. It was like she was reading his thoughts, because moments later she said exactly that.

“I want your seed inside me, my love! I want you to please your Queen!”

Gwynn couldn’t believe she had said it, the words had leapt out of her, but she meant in that moment every damn word.

The two reached greater and greater heights until neither could take any more. Kade gripped her large breast, squeezing as he ejaculated deep into her already-full womb, and she moaned several times over as more and more orgasms rolled through her.

“Yes. Yes. Yes! Yes! YEESSSS!!!”

She shook, trembled, and he with her. It took over ten seconds for his penis to stop spurting cum into her, and she whimpered at its wonderful warmth within her.

And then she trembled.

“M-my love?” she stammered.

“What is it?”

“S-something - uuurgghh - something’s happening! N-no! It can’t be! Oh, this isn’t f-fair!”

Kade pulled back, eliciting a gasp as his cock slid out of her. Cum leaked from her womanly opening, but not as much as there should have been. Instead, Kade watched, riveted, as she clutched her belly, moaning and groaning without end.

“Are you okay? Gwynn, what’s happening?”

A flurry of kicks impacted across her womb, and a new pressure grew there. Her breasts ached, and they visibly expanded slightly, her nipples burning as the first of her milk came in.

“You idiot, you got m-me - ooohhh - pregnant!”

“I know Gwynn, but right now -”

She spun her head, glaring at him as she held her belly, a belly that was expanding further, the skin tightening unbearably. “Nn-nnnoo, you g-got me p-pregnant again!”

Kade gasped as he watched his former on-and-off again boyfriend’s belly expand. It rose, becoming larger and rounder and even more taut, its belly button popping out further. Gwynn writhed, overcome by the pressure, and it took several minutes for it to end. By that time she was obviously much more pregnant than before, evidenced by the increased activity in her womb.

“Nnhhghhnn . . .”

“Twins!” Kade gasped, marvelling. “Amazing!”

She glared. “Why d-don’t you c-carry them, my love. Ohhh, everything’s bigger, even my tits! My belly is twice as big now. So f-fucking pregnant. Get me the dice!”

Kade was confused for a moment, until he realised what she meant. Anything to change and continue the game after all. He looked around the room and quickly found the board game. The dice were there with it, and he passed them to her. She rolled a two and a four, putting her just behind Muriella, but only barely. A blue card emerged, and she gestured for Kade to grab it for her.

“Too fucking pregnant t-to move,” she complained, rubbing her naked belly, within which her babies continued to squirm. Her nipples leaked little trails of milk onto the bed.

“It’s a Setting card,” he said, worried. She took it, and he then took to rubbing her belly, calming their twins within. It helped calm her too as she read.

*‘Erutell draws closer and closer upon your distant land,
You have lost five hours to escape with your merry band.’*

“Shit! Shit!” she said. “We just lost a heap of time. We need to warn the others.”

But even though both wanted to leave the room, neither could quite remove themselves from the bed. Muriella’s previous cards were still affecting them, rooting them to the spot and making them horny once more. Despite being overwhelmed at becoming heavily pregnant with twins, Gwynn found herself staring at Kade’s large cock again, particularly as it slowly but surely become hard and erect once more.

“Oh G-god. We have all n-night, don’t we?” she said.

Kade nodded. “I think . . . I think we’re going to have a lot of sex before we fall asleep, my love.”

She shifted over, and he helped her up so that she was upon him. She was heavy, but able to straddle his hips. They held each other’s hands for support, and she lowered herself onto his hard member, sighing gently as it entered her.

“F-fuck, I can’t f-fight this, my love.”

“Then let’s not try. We’ll meet the others in the m-morning, and do our best.”

They ended up fucking three more times before they fell asleep together, as royal husband and wife. To her great embarrassment and reluctant joy, Gwynn had even tasted Kade’s throbbing cock to arouse him back for round four.

Jarron leapt to his mighty feet. The powerful barbarian looked around. He was in a forest glen, somewhere. The air was tranquil, the smell of the earth sweet. In the distance, he could hear halflings frolicking and dancing and drinking, and a parade of cheers as well.

And moans. Very, very feminine moans.

“Nate!” he declared. He worried for the man he cared about - even if she was a centaress now - and raced out of the peaceful glen and into the halfling village. It was night still, but a tavern built into the slope of a hill was clearly open. The entrance was short, and Jarron had to duck his large barbarian body to fit through, but he managed. There was a collective gasp as he entered.

“Worry not!” he declared, amused at his own medieval-style declaration. I’m not here to - UGH!”

He hit his head on a wooden board railing above, and clutched his temple as he knelt further down.

“I’m not here to fight!” he repeated. “I’m here for my, uh, friend. He - *she* - is a centaur. A beautiful centaur with full breast and hazelnut hair. Have you seen her?”

Again, there was that loud series of moans, sounding somewhere between pain and pleasure. It made Jarron’s heart race with worry.

“Please, you must tell me!”

One of the halflings stepped forward, the bartender. He was a short little fellow with bright orange hair.

“Sorry, sir, we ain’t seen no centaurs round these parts. Just that excited elf maiden that suddenly dropped out of the blue and who has started, well, started making things a bit more lively round here.”

Jarron’s eyes widened. So *that’s* who the moaning was coming from.

“Where?” he demanded.

“Back of the tavern, outside near the fire pit, by the river. She was a bit too tall for this establishment, but she took a drink with her.”

Jarron gave his thanks and thundered out of the tavern, squeezing awkwardly out through the small rounded doorway. The moans got louder, and were accompanied by several loud male grunts. Jarron sped past a little halfling dome house to see a sight unlike any other.

“MMMhhmmpphh! MMHpph!!!”

“By the Gods,” he said.

There, near the warm fire pit, upon the lush comforting grass, Muriella was completely anked and being spit-roasted by two muscular halflings. One was taking her from behind, hoving his cock deep into her ass. He held her wide hips securely, and her rounded rear wobbled with every thrust. On the other side was a slightly older halfling who was

groping her large blue-skinned breasts. She had her pouty bimbo lips around his dicks, and was taking his member deep down her throat. Her eyes were rolled back into her head, overcome with pleasure. They briefly focused on Jarron, and suddenly they went wide with alarm and embarrassment, but then the halflings continued to thrust, and she was lost in pleasure once more.

“Wait yer turn!” a halfling shouted as Jarron stepped forward.

“MMHHMPPHHMPH!!!”

Muriella writhed as both men came at once. She fell to the ground as they pulled away, still shaking, licking the excess droplets of cum on her puffy lips, and rubbing her sore ass. It was wrong, it was immoral and sinful to partake in such an action. And yet . . . she had loved it sooooo much. And she needed more.

She spied Jarron again, and licked her lips.

She needed him.

It took a moment to stand on her trembling legs, the last of her orgasms still fading from her system. She felt so utterly sexual. Various halflings moved to try to grab her ass and tits, but she shifted past them. She wanted more than they could offer now. She caressed Jarron’s muscular, mostly naked chest.

“Muriella, what are you doing?”

“I c-can’t help myself,” she said. “You morons did this to me. Made me into, like, this total elven ditz. I can’t help but want to suck your big, hard cock and taste your cum. Please, if you can’t turn me back you’ve got to come in meeeeeee!”

Jarron was rock hard. He wanted to pull away. He’d just confessed he truly liked Nate not longer ago. He wanted to be with Nate, even if he was now a female centaress. But Muriella’s cards were in effect still, and he felt an irresistible urge to fuck this busty, sexy, insatiably horny moon elf.

“Oh, shit,” he said, running a hand through his plaited blond hair. “I don’t think I can fight this.”

“Me either!” the bimbo complained. “I want to! It’s immoral and sickening and perverted. It’s unforgivable.” Her voice suddenly turned erotic as she narrowed her eyes in a sexy manner, focusing on his muscular features. “But I can’t stop.”

Neither could Jarron. He grabbed the moon elf and pressed her lips against his. They kissed deeply, savouring each other - his musky scent for her, her honeyed elven taste for him. Her large breasts squashed against his chest, dark blue nipples rubbing against him. It made them hard, erect in their own right, and she shuddered in pleasure.

“MMmhhmm, big strong man. How do you want to f-fuck me?” she said.

“I want you to do what you did to that other elf and swallow my seed,” he said. He couldn’t believe he was saying such things - he was meant to be a nerdy girl, not a buff and

tough-talking alpha male! And yet, it felt so good to say. Besides, he had already figured out that they should try to avoid getting her pregnant: after all, the previous cards had stated that was a dreadful possibility, and he didn't want to be stuck supporting an elven babymama.

Or did he?"

He forced her down to her knees before he could reconsider that sexually-charged option. Muriella ripped his loincloth from him, and began to lick the shaft of his penis, working his way up to the head. He grunted in approval. God, was this how men felt when they received a blowjob? She always thought they were gross as a woman - she'd never given one as Jill - but as Jarron he relished the submissiveness of a woman pleasuring his manhood.

"It's soooo immoral," she moaned, before taking him fully into her mouth. She continued to suck away for some time, and the feelings were intense on both sides. He grabbed her head, forcing her to take his cock deeper down her throat, and despite hating every moment of it, Muriella couldn't help but love it at the same time.

"Mmhhpphhh," she moaned, mouth full. She had no gag reflex, able to fully take him in.

It didn't take long for Jarron's balls to tense.

"GRRRRRARRGGGGHHHH!!"

He roared like a lion, like a barbarian upon the mountain about to surge into battle. He came in one great wave, every ounce of semen pouring down Muriella's throat. She moaned with him, sucking every last drop and imbibing it, leaving not to fall to the ground. The halflings around them cheered at the display as he beat his chest, and both partners suddenly remembered they were being watched.

It was then, even in the last throes of orgasm, that Jarron noticed the board. Erutell was on the ground near him, and his figure was glowing slightly. The game was telling him something.

He pushed Muriella off her cock. Somehow she had even orgasmed just from giving him head. He was jealous - maybe he would have considered the act as Jill if that was true of human women. Instead he grabbed the dice and rolled them, trying to ignore how the cranky neighbour-turned-bimbo was currently in the lead. A nine; Jarron was now in the lead. They were all so close! Except for Nate, who was far behind. He took the green Change card and read it as Muriella clutched his leg, begging for more attention.

*"A so-called righteous man's acts have been the true moral tell,
Come morn, such a figure deserves a form more befitting Hell."*

A flash of red energy shot from the game to envelop Muriella's form. The bimbo still clutched onto Jarron's leg, refusing to let go. Nothing seemed to change: both were still insatiably horny, and to Jarron's surprise, he could practically feel his balls begin to fill up with semen already, and his cock hardened, desiring once more to enter the elf's blue depths. It didn't matter that she had been the nosy, irritated, older figure Matthew, all that mattered was that she was a curvaceous, busty blue moon elf who was practically begging to be impregnated.

At least, that's how he thought of her in that moment.

"Mmhmhm," she moaned, seeing his cock harden. "That's so - it's so big! I just swallowed so much of your cum already! I, like, can't take any more."

She rubbed her long ears as if they were erogenous zones, before moving down to stroke her dark blue areola, causing her nipples to stiffen.

"What does the card mean? I feel, like, not nearly as smart as I was!"

"I have no idea," Jarron said, trying to think about Nate and focus on not 'cheating' any further, even if they had not truly begun dating yet - how could they in this insanity?

But Muriella was already beginning to stroke his cock. The halflings cheers, several of them exchanging bets and gathering drinks for the show.

"Go on mate, fill 'er up!"

"C'mon tallie! Fuck her good! The gods all know we have!"

"Keep her busy so she stops stealing our husbands now!"

The jeers and cheers continued, all encouraging in their own right. Muriella herself was overcome. She knew that as a moon elf, she was a creature of fertility and night-time rights. Most moon elves were intelligent, but her rashness had reduced her to a bimbo. But even if she hadn't ended up like this, she would have felt some aching need for sex: it was the way of her new people. The Matthew part of her brain railed against this, screaming for it to end. It was unChristian! It was unholy! It was purile heathen nonsense, and disgusting to consummate a relationship before marriage, let alone have sex purely for enjoyment!

And yet he still desired to be filled anyway, his mind at war with *her* female form. She fell back to the ground, sighing as she spread out on her stomach upon the soft grass. It was luxurious, and her sensitive tits and belly were gently caressed by the unnaturally soft green. She raised her rounded blue ass into the air, raising herself on all fours. She wiggled her behind, and Jarron was overcome by the delightfully sweet smell of her hungry pussy.

"This is already hell," she groaned, "but I need you to fuck me from behind so totally bad!"

To the cheer of the halflings around them, and even Muriella herself, Jarron stepped forward, knelt on the grass, and slid his cock deep inside her. Her wet tunnel was tight

upon him, and yet perfectly slick, as if it were made for his incredibly large member. She groaned as it went in.

“Sooooooo b-biiiiig!” she wailed, and soon they were thrusting in perfect rhythm, insatiable thanks to the powers of the card.

The Erutell board game vanished off to its next location, but by that point the two of them were too lost in lust to notice or even care.

Like Gwynn and Kade, they went a number of rounds before retiring: six to the other couple’s four.

By the time Jarron fell asleep, there was a strange, slightly red hue to Muriella’s skin, and strange little bumps forming a little painfully on her forehead. She fell asleep over an hour later, after servicing every remaining male halfling that lusted after her, often two at a time.

By that point, something strange was growing out her backside, and two little lumps upon her shoulder blades. But she was too delirious with pleasure and tiredness to care.

Nate was alone on a wide plain. The sky above night, but he recognised none of the strange constellations, despite being an amateur stargazer. He - well, she hadn’t been a *he* for several hours now - called out for Jarron, but he didn’t appear. Nate cursed, a little surprised by the hoarseness of her new voice.

“Heh, ‘hoarseness’, now that’s a good one.”

She looked around, trotting forth on her four legs with a little uncertainty. She was not used to being so tall after being stuck as a little female goblin, nor being so muscly, even as a man. She had a robust figure, and not just for her large horse half: she had actual defined abs and clearly muscled arms. And while her tits were even a little bit bigger, her body had lost the overall cute pudgy she’d had as a goblin.

“Is it weird I like this more, even though I’m stuck with extra limbs and boobs that wobble like crazy when I trot around?”

She shrugged, and called out for the others again. She didn’t even recognise the area. There was a forest in the distance, and a watering hole also, where several ordinary horses were gathered, but otherwise she was alone. Another turn - she was getting used to her larger body now, even if her hooves lacked the sensitive feeling of human feet - and she saw a set of lights.

“That’s Kade’s place. Well, Kade’s ‘castle’ now. Though I guess it’s Gwynn’s now that she’s a queen. Damn if this isn’t embarrassing.”

But it was likely Jarron was there, and so that's where she began to move. Her horse half had an odd motion to it; she was able to rely on a sort of muscle memory - one she'd not truly developed - but she was continually surprised by how her tail whipped about to scratch an itchy flank or swat at an insect.

Still, it was kind of cool, even if she was still a *she*, much to her own annoyance. It had certainly been more than a little embarrassing to have required Jill-turned-Jarron to pleasure her horsey back half, rubbing her bestial vaginal in order to make her cum. It had been even weird to imagine being penetrated by a big stallion cock and filled entirely. The game was doing weird things to their brains, though at least it was never overriding them; even when Muriella became a bimbo before they'd separated it was clear that Kade's former neighbour was humiliated and angry about the situation. She was just also dumber and clearly aroused.

Nate raised herself over a small hill on the way to Kade's castle. She wasn't too far from the forest line by that point, but still had a ways to go. She was impressed with how much energy her body had at least; she raced in several bursts, and only had to hold her large breasts to stop them from flopping all about. If she had decent support, as women called it, then she could actually get used to it. There was an energy to it that was exhilarating.

Eventually though, she became quite thirsty. She waded carefully on all fours into a nearby lake, down enough so that her human waist was cooled by the wonderful water, and close enough to cup and drink.

"Jesus, I'm huge," she said. She turned her spine, surprised at how flexible her upper body was, and patted herself on her horsey back. "And what an ass. Seriously, huge. To think Jill often complained about not having a bigger butt. And I wished she had one! Now I'm really eating my words."

"There is nothing wrong with a good ass on a filly," a male voice sounded.

"Who is that? Who's there?"

"Another of your kind, beautiful filly. Can you not smell me?"

She sniffed the air, and suddenly everything changed about her body. It was as if someone had flipped a switch from 'intrigued' to 'fucking turned on' in a straight second. Her equine vagina became wet with need, and suddenly the brass baritone of the male's voice sounded devastatingly sexy. Out of the shadows of the nearby forest line came a male centaur. She could tell not just from his humanoid half, which was still a little hairy, and wonderfully well-muscled, but also because the biggest cock she had ever seen was hardening between his hind legs.

A true stallion cock.

"I c-can smell you," she mumbled, staring wide-eyed at the enormous member. Dear God, it was *massive!* How did he even walk? But then she knew it was normally in a sort of furry sheath. It only came out when - Oh.

Oh shit.

Her tunnel became that bit more moist, her nipples that little bit harder.

"Damn it!" she said in her sexy rasp of a voice, "it's the card that Muriella pulled! It's making me horny!"

The centaur smirked. "I don't know what 'card' you are referring to, filly. I am Nahako of the Turning River Tribe. I am the chief stallion's son. I would know the name of a beautiful filly such as yourself?"

She fidgeted nervously. Why wasn't she running? It was like he had a magnetic presence. It was the cock. The cock was magnetic. Damn fucking game making her horny for big centaur men, was this all karma for stealing the game in the first place?

"Fuuuuuuck," she moaned, covering her bare breasts with her forearms, and failing to entirely cover their ample size.

"Your name is fuck?" Nahako said, drawing closer. He had wonderfully tan skin, and long dark hair. It was driving Nate's centaur body wild.

"No, no! I'm, um, I'm Nate," she said, a little weakly. His musk was powerful. Bestial and animalistic. Of the earth. The stallion drew closer, rubbing his flank against hers as he circled around. It was humiliating to be so obviously turned around: he even sniffed the air as he passed her backside, and was smiling as he came around her other side. Automatically, the urge to piss came over her. She remembered that was something horses often did to entice a male. Gross.

"Nate," Nahako said, "an interesting name. Not one I associate with a centaur. From which tribe do you hail?"

"Um, the Tribe of Haverton?" she suggested.

The centaur seemed amused.

"You don't sound so sure, beautiful filly."

"Can - can you stop calling me that? Please?"

Again, that dashing smile. He rounded her a second time, sniffing their air. This time, her tail lifted automatically, and to her great embarrassment, she pissed a stream of hot urine on the ground. The stallion chuckled.

"Hmm, and yet it seems you like the words I say, *filly.*"

She shivered, her heavy body shaking. She didn't mean to, but she automatically widened her stance.

"Ah, and you seem to be in want of a mate."

He ran a hand along her powerful flanks, and she in turn couldn't help but admire his own. His hand passed over her human skin, and she lowered her arms in shock, only for him to grope her breasts, squeezing it, allowing her hard nipples to become even harder. He chuckled again.

"Yes, I can tell you want this, filly. You want to be mounted."

"N-no, I - Oh fuck."

Nahako laughed. "Nate is too strange a name for a centaur. You are an interesting one. The name for a beauty such as yourself in my tribe would be Natora. May I call you Natora?"

Again, that moistness, that wetness in her gaping slit. She needed him, and his big stallion cock. It was insanity, and made her regret more than ever stealing that board game. The name Natora sounded so perfect, and without even thinking she found herself adopting it. It was appropriate, it was right. It was the name of a centaress in need of a stallion.

"Yessss," she moaned, "Natora is g-good."

"Very well, Natora, would you like me to mount you?"

She wanted to say no. She wanted to say 'Jill or Jarron, whatever she or he goes by, is my perfect mate. That is the person I want. But at that very moment, the stallion's scent overwhelmed her. She grasped her wonderful tits, feeling their softness, their sensitivity.

"Yes."

"That is not good enough, I want you to beg me, beautiful Natora, my filly. I want you to beg your stallion to be your master."

The Nate part of her recoiled at this. Sure, he had masturbated to stuff like this, but to be part of it was something else! And yet . . .

"I - I beg you. Please mount me. Fuck me with your big stallion cock."

"You are most submissive, filly. I will please you several times over, and make you my first among concubines."

"Your first among WHAT!? I'm not going to - NNGGHHH!!!"

He leapt up from behind, pressing his girth upon her strong back, and she was shocked that she could hold him. She barely managed to get another word out when suddenly his immense stallion cock rammed against her seeping womanhood, spreading her wide. She howled in her raspy feminine voice, loud and astonished and yet so clearly overcome with pleasure. The stallion bucked, and his enormous horse cock penetrated right to her centre, sliding in and out of her massive tunnel, stretching her walls. It was like nothing else she had ever felt. Natora stuttered, unable to form proper words, and fell to playing with her own nipples, kneading her sensitive boobs as the stallion continued to buck like the wild animal he partly was.

“S-s-s-s-soooooo b-b-b-big,” she said, her voice like that of someone on a rollercoaster ride. In many ways, she was: she was getting ‘ridden’ in a way only a horse could.

“You are a tight filly,” Nahako exclaimed, continuing to ram his meaty member deep into her, “you will bring me great respect and honour! I claim you, as I claim all my concubines! You will bear my foals!”

“F-f-fuuuck,” she groaned, unable and unwilling to stop the continual bliss, the endless ecstasy of the animal act. And yet the thought of becoming pregnant with foals was terrifying - wasn’t this what the card threatened to occur?

But it was too late: the pleasure and bliss built until she could bear it no longer, and she let out an uncharacteristic cry of delight, loud and clear and echoing into the forest. Nahako roared with her, and suddenly his cock twitched inside her depths and unleashed a torrent of cum that felt like it distended her belly. He stayed in her until so many gallons of it had poured into her, and only then did he slide heavily off her, much of his seed spilling out and yet more remaining within.

“Holy fuck, I just got fucked by a centaur,” she said, unbelieving what had happened. She looked around, weak upon her equine legs, and in the corner of her eye spotted something miraculous and terrifying. Erutell, the board game.

She stumbled towards it, still leaking horse semen out her backside, still awash in the delirium of being fucked so hard she could barely walk. The centaur male chuckled, clearly proud of himself and the effect he’d had upon her.

“Where are you going, sweet filly? I feel surprisingly virile tonight, as if I could go right again.”

That, she knew, was a result of the cards. She lowered herself, still panting in residual pleasure, and struggled to reach the dice with her unwieldy form. It took several attempts, but in the end she got it. She rolled: a three and a five. Eight in total. She was last except for Kade, and was surprised to see Muriella in the lead. Not good. A green card emerged from the slot, and she took it.

*“You are set to slumber and rest your horsey tail,
But you shall arise a winged thing of breath and scale.”*

“No way,” she said, “there’s no way, surely? That can’t be referring to - NNGHH!”

She looked back in shock: Nahako had mounted Natora instantly, and was pressing his cock against her still-wet vagina already.

“C-can’t you l-leave me alone!?” she pleaded, desperate to avoid having sex, and yet helpless in her libido for it.

“Only once you are filled to the brim, and pregnant with my foal,” he said.

And with that, he slid into her, and once again the former Nate was fucked like the mare she was, and flooded with horse semen. By the time they were done, after two more ‘bucking sessions’, she could barely walk at all, and she fell asleep against her new mate, the centaur that claimed her.

She could only hope she wasn’t already carrying his foals. Things were weird and confusing enough without that scaring Jarron off. She just hoped the board game was making its way back to him: it had disappeared as Nahako had pulled out of her the second time, his excess semen spilling down her left hind leg.

Morning came, and each member of the continuing insanity awoke. To their collective horror, they woke *late*. The sun was already fairly high in the sky.

Gwynn and Kade only noticed as they got dressed and exited the Queen’s Chamber. They were visited by several servants who helped them dress, uncaring of their nakedness, apparently this was to be expected. Nevertheless, Gwynn found herself overwhelmed by her massive twin pregnancy, her belly ballooned outwards and her bladder crushed; she needed to pee immediately, and her waddle was exaggerated, causing her large breasts to wobble in her elaborate dress.

“S-so embarrassing,” she muttered, clinging to Kade’s arm. She found her stalwart night very handsome, but couldn’t but worry as they exited onto the balcony and saw that the sun was high in the sky. “Damn!”

“I know,” said Kade, holding her tight. “We don’t have very much time. We need to find Erutell, or else we’re going to be stuck like this forever.”

“As husband and wife, my love,” she said in her queenly voice, staring at him with her piercing eyes. “And with twins on the way.”

She rubbed her belly, unsure of what to think. Part of her was growing fond of them.

But the game needed to end.

Gwynn turned to her guards. If she was going to be stuck as a damned pregnant queen - pregnant with twins at that now! - then she might as well take advantage of it.

“Screw this,” she said. “Guards, ready me a coach! We’re going searching for my allies.”

A guard nodded, and ran away.

“Kade, my love,” she said, “I need you to help me downstairs. We’re going to find our friends and finish this game, even if I have to be a pregnant squid.”

“Yes, my Queen,” he said, oddly turned on by the fact that his old boyfriend’s confidence was back, now re-g geared towards a woman leader’s ambitions.

As they turned to set off, there was something unusual far in the distance. A solitary figure, red-skinned it seemed, was flying down into a clearing.

“That direction,” Kade said.

“Are you sure, my love?”

“I have a knight’s instincts, just as you have a queen’s now. Something is wrong that way, and I think our friends are caught up in it.”

Jarron also woke late. He had an arm around a naked halfling woman, and he pulled from her in surprise. She was beautiful, if utterly tiny. Had they . . . ? But surely he wouldn’t fit? Not unless? He tried not to think of it: he had a massive headache from the wine the night before, and if that was the case for a barbarian, he must have drunk a lot. But he remembered having sex with Muriella, the moon elf even partaking in pleasure long after he had finished with her.

He felt guilty, betraying Nate like that. They wanted each other, they liked each other! As Jill, he had wanted Nate to confess his feelings for a long time, and now that everything was changing, it had finally happened. And they had an interesting sort of sex.

“But where is she now? Where is that beautiful centaress?”

He looked around the halfling village, many of the citizens were already moving to work in their fields and bakeries, some looking at Jarron and his lovers from the previous night a little admonishingly. Others were clearly a little amused.

“And where is Muriella?” he asked.

“Are you asking after me, foolish boy?”

He looked around, trying to find the source of the sensual yet dark sounding voice.

“Up here, Jarron. Above you.”

Several halflings gasped. Others fled in terror. Jarron’s jaw fell.

There, red wings outstretched, talons extended, was Muriella, but not as she had been the night before. Her skin was no longer blue but crimson in colour, and her eyes yellow and slitted. Bony white horns extended from her forehead, and her feet were claws, with white talons to match those on her leathery wings. She wore a dominatrix-like costume of black leather, more akin to a push up bra and miniskirt with straps than a medieval outfit. She looked positively domineering and sexy, her boobs even bigger than they had been, her belly slightly distended. She rubbed it sensually.

“Oh, this?” she said, grinning with sharp teeth. “This is the consequence of our little fun last night? Or perhaps one of the halflings. Or perhaps both? Evidently, I was quite fertile as a moon elf. But now, as a succubus, I have my intelligence back, *and* the greater advantage.”

She lowered herself a little, and showed the board to Jarron. Her figurine glowed, waiting to be rolled.

“Muriella? What happened to you?”

She gave a cackle. “What happened? My dear former neighbour-turned-barbarian, I have been *remade*. I was once a humble old man, sick of his annoying young neighbours, righteously furious but without power. And then that same neighbour victimised me, made me into a lusty stupid cock-hungry bimbo. Well, now *I’m* taking my power back. The card was right, I now feel like a creature from *Hell*, and imagine my surprise that I *love it!*”

Jarron wasn’t surprised at all, in fact. Matthew Hardwick had always been a callous, petty, and vain man: the notion that he would go mad with power, especially when suffused with a succubus’ instincts and wants, was sadly pretty predictable. Nevertheless, it worried the barbarian.

“Muriella, it’s your turn to roll. Whatever you’ve turned into, you might end up changing again! We need to finish the game! It has to be done tonight!”

Again that witch-like cackle. Muriella was clearly amused. She ran a long-nailed finger down her breast, teasing at her cleavage. Despite the fear of the situation, Jarron was a little turned on.

“Oh, I don’t think so. You see, I rather find this form addicting. I’ve had the most wild night of passionate sex, and all these sleeping halflings around you - the ones that didn’t wake up - are not just hungover, but lacking in life force. I drained it from them: several years of each of their lives. And I think I’m only going to become more powerful. All my life people have looked down on me, and now with these wings, and these curves, and these powers, I’m going to toy with them. And I’ll have my revenge on you, *neighbour*, because I’ll be leaving with this board game where you’ll never find me! That’s right, *Jill*, I’m running out your clock!”

Jarron launched at her, and the succubus shrieked; she hadn’t anticipated he could leap so far. He nearly grabbed her, but she shut the game case and soared up in the sky. With a shriek of a cackle, she flew over the forest clearing.

“Fuck, this is bad,” the barbarian said.

He began to run after her, unknowing exactly where she had gone, but powered by a barbarian’s fury.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Natora muttered. She had pulled away from the still-sleeping Nahako, and was finding it extra difficult.

This was on account of the extra weight in her equine belly.

“Ffffuck, I’m pregnant. I’m pregnant with his foal. Why are we all getting pregnant! Stupid Muriella with her cards!”

But in truth, Natora blamed herself. It was she, as Nate, who had stolen Erutell despite being warned. It was she who insisted on playing it. And now she was only paying as much price as the rest of her friends. But it was still horrifying! She couldn’t be too far along - certainly not as far as Gwynn was. Pretty unfortunate for the former gym jock. But there was no doubt in her mind she was at least in the equivalent of the start of the second trimester: there was a defined weight to her equine belly and a tiny stirring within.

“Am I going to have to give birth?” she rasped. “God, what will it feel like pushing out a whole horse? Well, it’ll be a centaur, won’t it? What the hell do centaur babies even look like?”

There was a tingling in her udder, and that too worried her. At first she thought it was going to be the development of milk, but then the tingling spread over and over her body.

“Ummm, what the HEEEELLLLL!”

She grabbed her throat, shocked at the enormous bellow that had emanated from her. It woke Nahako instantly, and the stallion leapt up, grabbing a spear from his side to leap to their defence.

“Ah, my mate,” he said, regaining his cool. “You startled me. My fertile mare Natora, clearly we are meant to be, for you to bulge with life so soon. It is a sign from the gods that you will produce many fine foals for me.”

Thankfully the arousing effect had ended, for while she still found him oddly attractive, she no longer wanted to jump his equine bones. Besides, she had other problems: the tingling was spreading, and with it, her muscles were building and rearranging, a pressure building in her tail and neck and arms.

“NNNGGH!!!” she groaned, “I d-doubt that’ll be the c-case, Nahako! I th-think last n-night was our only t-time together!”

“I have claimed you,” he said, as if it were a simple fact.

She eyed him, and he seemed already smaller. His face fell, becoming confused and then frightened as her body continued to swell and alter. Her hair was replaced by the emergence of green scaled that shimmered brightly. Her face pushed outwards, the alien sensation of her skull reforming to become huge and elongated. Teeth sharpened, her tail thickened and grew out, and her horse body doubled and then tripled in size as it developed more and more muscle. She felt the life within her still, and was uncertain if it had become

an egg or remained centaur-like, or what indeed it was. But it was clear the rest of her was changing. Her human arms extended, flattening out and becoming a large pair of wings. She roared in ecstasy as her body was flooded with power, a dragon's might and confidence surging within her.

"You're becoming - you're turning into-"

"A DRAGONNNNNN!!!" she roared, even as the transformation swelled her yet larger, spread the scales across her flesh like a coat of the most defensive armour. Her tail was whip-like, long and dangerous. Her hooves became front and back paws with long, sharp talons. Her hair fell away, replaced by a fine crest of bone and frill, and along her back a series of spikes jutted from her spine. She roared in approval, adoring this latest change. She may have still been female, even a pregnant female, but what boy hadn't wanted to be a dragon?

She loomed over the narcissistic stallion, her neck stretching outwards, tissue and bone and muscle forming as it grew, and she smiled with her toothy maw.

"ONLY ONE CAN CLAIM ME," she bellowed, "AND YOU ARE NOT HE!"

She stretched her wings out, unbelievably excited by what she was about to do. Instinct was raging within her to fly, and she had no intentions of fighting that particular desire. They extended like great fans, and with three muscular beats they lifted her up. She felt a raw power of fire in her belly, and with another great roar she shot flame far over the stallions head, above the treeline. She laughed in a deep, thunderous voice.

"AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!"

It almost made stealing the board game worth it.

The sky opened up to her, the whole of creation as she rose. To her shock, she could see all of Haverton below, down in the valley. As Kade/Katy's large house was located far on the edge over the lip of the valley, no one had yet noticed that a large forest, small mountain, and various glens and fields and valleys had come into existence, or even the large castle that was Gwynn's new residence. But they might notice a dragon.

She lowered herself, flying down and relishing every beat of her mighty wings, every ounce of power in her being. The forest roof flew past her, and even the fullness of her belly could not stop her. She sniffed the air, and instantly caught Jarron's scent. He was several miles away, but she could reach him easily. Gwynn and Kade were just leaving the castle, and at impressive speed. Their smell was intermingled with horses, but their smell didn't concern her, only Jarron's. There was also something infernal in the air, but she ignored that too. She wanted Jarron.

She flew as fast as she could to him, and numerous elves, dwarves, centaurs, and other creatures looked up and pointed from clearings.

“THIS IS THE STUFF OF MAGIC!” she roared to herself, even as she sped towards the barbarian she desired.

It almost made her wish she could stay in Erutell.

But at least they had until that night, she was certain. They could figure out how to save themselves. There was always a loophole or other victory condition in games like these. Besides, it wasn't like they were in much danger just yet, right? They were still all on the same team.

The infernal scent disappeared off her register, and she continued flying.

To Be Concluded . . .

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 4:Winners & Losers

By FoxFaceStories

Nate is an intelligent college student in his early twenties who has an affinity for board games. One day, while exploring the back of a dusty bookstore, he discovers an ancient-looking board game called 'Erutell.' Intrigued, he steals this forbidden tome, wanting to play it with his three other friends at their weekly game night. But little do they know that for each card drawn, changes both mental and physical will alter their destinies, and it will be a race to the finish line to see who, if anyone, will be able to win the right to turn back.

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 4: Winners & Losers

Muriella cackled as she flew. She felt so free, so powerful, so *devilish!* She ran her taloned fingers over her red-skinned form. Somehow, being stuck in a very voluptuous woman's body no longer bothered her. Her mind has escaped her previous bimbo punishment, her intelligence regained, her old hatreds regained. Logically, she should be railing against her fate, she knew. To be stuck as an incredibly busty, highly aroused demoness seductress, a succubi with scanty clothing and a spaded tail and forked tongue and leathery wings, it was anathema to everything she had believed in as a cranky old male religious fanatic. She should have been aghast, furious. Incandescent with righteous religious rage.

But now she knew better.

She had never been truly pious. She had never truly loved her neighbour. She had hated Katy, and her friends. For their age, for their romance, for their choices, for their friendships and connections. She had jealously coveted their youth in particular, their freedom to defy social norms she had always been trapped in. Religion had simply given her - *him* at the time - a cover to be cruel and envious.

But now *she* had been transformed. No longer a ridiculous busty elf but an imperious succubi. A creature of wanton lust and control, of dominance and youth, of raw sexuality and *power*. She could feel herself just becoming aroused at the notion of her new future: her ability to twist men (and women's) minds with just the allure of her form alone. To feed off of sex - by the dark powers, she had been unwillingly celibate far too long as a man. And now she carried progeny within her slightly distended belly, no doubt a future demonic creature for dear devilish mama to rear and raise. Her own kids no longer talked to her, so why not

have more that she could raise and control? And even better to prevent herself changing any more.

“I’m not giving up this form!” she cried to the air as she soared across it. In the distance, red mountains and volcanoes loomed. A perfect lair for a red-skinned succubus to make home. To make her *lair*. She clutched the boardgame *Erutell* to her chest, careful not to drop it. If she damaged it, it might punish her, transform her further in ways she did not want. It had unwittingly given her a perfect body - if she had been the villain to Katy’s group as a man, why not continue the role now? Why not force them all to stay in *Erutell*, and be her playthings?

She let out a cackle at the thought, her voice low and sultry.

“Ah, it felt *good* to be bad!”

Jarron ran through the forest at a pace that could barely be matched by even the fastest of leopards. It was one excellent thing about being a manly barbarian: he now had speed and stamina to spare, and his powerfully muscled body could cope with feats of endurance that his old rakish, nerdy girl body could hardly imagine. But despite the thrill of his new form, and even the still-present post-coital pleasure of the night with the halflings, he was far more concerned with the tragedy that was looming. He needed to catch Muriella, or else if the twenty four hours elapsed they would be doomed! It was already heading towards late morning, and they had started the game before six at night. All that blasted succubus Muriella had to do was wait out the timer and they’d all be stuck.

“Damn it Kade, what did you do to piss this old-timer off?” he asked himself aloud.

He leapt, his mostly-bare form crossing an immense chasm that any ordinary human would be filled with fear at the idea of even attempting. Halfway through his arc he grabbed a hanging vine and swung upon it. He couldn’t resist what came next.

“Aah-eeh-ah-eeh-aaaaah-eeh-ah-eeh-aaaaah!”

The Tarzan yell resounded through the forest, causing great flocks of birds to burst up into the sky. He briefly grinned, savouring his own power before returning to the task ahead. She’d been heading West, he was certain, but with the constant treeline and the mountainous terrain, she could easily outstrip him in distance. The damned succubi had the advantage, and none of his new innate tracking skills could aid him. He tugged idly on his blonde braid, the first true change he’d experienced. It seemed like a lifetime ago: since then he’d confessed his crush for Nate, pleased that crush while she became a female centaur, seen the rest of his friends transformed and altered in gender and form, and had sex with a village of halflings! All he wanted was to be back to normal, before *Erutell* had happened.

Well, there was a not-inconsiderable part of him that still wanted to be this strong male barbarian. Or even a barbarian princess warrior, as he had been. It *had* been nice to have larger breasts after all, though he had begun to appreciate what it was like to be intoxicated by a rush of testosterone in his system.

“Have to save the others first!” he declared.

He leapt past a giant poisonous snake, cleaving its head off even as it reared at him. A large monstrous goblin creature launched from the dark of the woods, and he ran it through. The fighting instinct came easy, and it felt good to wet his greatsword with blood.

“Ha! A barbarian true!” he laughed.

But then something else much louder resounded from the forest. No, from a wide path that ran through the forest. Jarron drew his sword, prepared for any eventuality. An evil knight? A pack of brigands? A band of goblins? The land of Erutell had many surprises. He could hear a thundering approach of hooves and a great carriage, and soon it loomed into view, its colours resplendent, its guards heavily armed. They pointed at him and shouted, and several archers drew their bows.

“COME GET ME! SEE IF YOU CAN KILL ME!” Jarron roared, the barbarian rage taking over.

The archers drew their bows back even as the carriage pulled to a stop along the road, and prepared to let loose.

“Wait! I order you to stand down! Your Queen orders you to stand down!”

Jarron almost dropped his sword, astonished. He recognised that voice.

“Someone help me out of this damned carriage! Your Queen demands it!”

A confused soldier looked at Jarron for an awkward moment before leaping off the carriage and opening the door. He extended a hand, and a lithe, pale one took it in turn. A very pregnant queen, resplendent in a purple royal travelling dress, a golden crown upon her head, managed to exit the carriage, clutching her rounded belly. She looked positively frustrated at the load she was having to carry, and moments later her new lordly husband exited, wearing a regal tunic and jacket, and finely sewn trousers.

“Gwynn!?” Jarron declared, sheathing his sword.

The former male-turned-expectant monarch raised a fine eyebrow.

“That’s *Queen Gwynnefer* to you, Jarron,” she said in her fine, imperious accent.

Jarron gave a slightly amused bow, one that made Kade chuckle.

“My apologies, your majesty.”

Gwynn rolled her eyes, feeling utterly ridiculous. Not only were her two unborn babies kicking heavily in her womb, but she already felt quite puffed just from getting out of the carriage. Still, that sense of urgency hadn’t gone away.

“Jarron, I sensed something was wrong in my kingdom. I mean, in the forest. Whatever. Something took the sky earlier; something red with wings. It looked like a fell omen!”

She blushed a little at the ridiculous old timey language she was being compelled to use. She lowered a hand to rub the underside of her belly.

“You sensed right, Gwynn,” Jarrons said. “Muriella - she’s become some sort of demon after breaking the rules and rolling. She’s pregnant -”

“By the Gods, who *isn’t* at this point?” Kade said.

Gwynn silence him with a clear before trudging closer to Jarron, her bosom wobbling in her fine clothing.

“She’s pregnant and *what?*”

“Well, it might be my baby. Or a half dozen halfling’s, it’s hard to tell. But she became a demoness with red skin and leathery wings. Horns and tail and all - and she’s taken Erutell!”

Gwynn gasped. Kade furrowed his brow.

“That absolute bastard. Bitch now, I suppose. You know, when she was cranky old Mr Harwick she was always throwing out self-righteous declarations, complaining about everything, telling us how sinful we are - me most of all. Just because I was a competitive girl who played sports, didn’t act too ladylike, and yes, liked sex. And now he’d a pregnant, literally horny devil woman. The absolute irony!”

The irony wasn’t lost on anyone else either, nor the urgency.

“Where has she taken the game, and why?” Gwynn asked.

Jarron sighed. “She says she wants to stay like this, and I think she wants to punish us. She’s playing for time so she doesn’t get transformed again and we all end up in Erutell for good.”

“F-f-f-ffff. Not good,” Gwynn finished weakly. Clearly, being a queen meant that speaking in curses was not always easy for her. “I don’t want to be trapped as a woman, not to mention one who is currently *pregnant with twins!* Even if they are little royals!”

She caressed her belly, her young shifting about in her full womb as if reacting to her words.

“Settle, little ones. I’m not saying I dislike you, but I’m not cut out for this! I’m meant to be a ‘gym bro’, not the Queen of the Realm.”

Kade raised an eyebrow. For all that his former boyfriend had changed utterly, she was oddly quite motherly to her unborn young already. Kade himself felt quite protective towards them too. But still, his own lordly and knightly sensibilities came to the fore.

“We need to move with haste then. The changes have left me with a solid understanding of the region, I think. It sort of comes in drips and drabs, but if she went West

as you say, there are roads wide enough for our royal carriage to travel, until we reach the Hinterlands. If she is holed up there, we may have a chance to reach her before nightfall. Before . . . before we're stuck like this for good."

The three of them exchanged glances. None of them wanted to remain in their current forms, but Kade got the distinct sense that Jill-turned-Jarron didn't entirely mind her new one, just as he, formerly Katy, had actually come to enjoy the male role. Particularly, of course, when it came to being able to have sex with Gwynn.

He pulled himself from those thoughts as his new wife huffed.

"I don't care how much power and beauty this body commands, I refuse to stay trapped as a Queen, or give birth!"

"And the Gods know what's happened to poor Nate," Jarron said. "If Muriella has him in her claws as well by now - and she well could - then we need to protect him. Her. / need to protect her."

The married couple nodded, and Jarron couldn't help but notice that the two drew a little closer, Kade placing his arm around Gwynn's waist, and she nestling against him slightly. Even pregnant as she was, her beauty was immeasurable: her hair raven black and silky, her eyes a piercing blue. They had a determination there that Jarron's new barbarian warrior instincts respect.

"Then let us be off in my carriage," she declared. "And at great speed!"

She ordered the reluctant guards to accommodate Jarron, and a number of them looked at the mighty barbarian with awe. A few were clearly pleased simply not to be fighting him. They got in, though Jarron stayed atop the carriage, and took off as fast as the horses could pull them.

They could only hope that Nate was alright.

Natora smelled the air, finding her lover's scent. She could still barely believe it: she was no longer a paltry little goblin, or a demure centaur to be mounted. Now she was a full-blooded, full-grown, fully airborne *dragon*. Her green scales shimmered in the sunlight as she soared in the air. She could see the buildings of Haverton below, the town she had grown up in as Nate. The place where she had met her three best friends, played their tabletop games, and - of course - eventually and foolishly stolen the boardgame Erutell. These thoughts should have despaired her - after all, she was currently a mythical being, a pregnant female one at that - but at that moment, far above everything, she could only feel elation.

"I'M A DRAGON!" she roared in triumph, twirling a little in the air.

The musky scent of Jarron was not too far away now. It mingled with several other scents also, and Natora recognised them well. She could make out the stalwart, clean, yet virile scent of Lord Kade, owner of the castle, as well as the feminine scent so full of life that bespoke of Gwynn. All three of her friends together in one place, and moving at a surprisingly rapid pace.

Natora smiled, her green maw curling back into something approaching a grin. She flapped her enormous, muscled wings, taking pleasure in the power of her new body. What kid hadn't wanted to be a dragon? She'd always been quite the nerd. Hell, as Nate, she'd been the one that got her friends into boardgaming. It was fair to say that dragons were her favourite creature growing up as a result, and she'd had dreams of becoming one, and feeling the freedom and magic of such a form.

The reality blew every expectation away. She whipped her tail through the air, motioned with her four legs in the direction she desired, twisted her body like an immense mythical serpent, allowing the rest to follow. She breathed in, and let loose an enormous geyser of flame, laughing even as she did so, the great spurts of flame streaking back over her snout and body harmlessly.

"I COULD GET USED TO THIS!" she bellowed.

Even the fact that she was still female did little to diminish her joy. Not the fact that inside her slightly swollen belly was a draconic womb filled with . . . something. She suspected it could have been transformed into an egg, though it could equally end up being some sort of dragon-centaur, courtesy of the stallion centaur Nahako. She rubbed her stomach with her forepaws, her talons raking over hard plates of green scales. It was not too prominent on her, thankfully, and in the air it all meant little, but it was still strange to imagine. Part of her wished that it had been Jarron that did the deed.

"Still, it may not matter, once we finish the game," she muttered to herself, albeit still quite loudly.

The scent grew stronger as she approached the edge of a forest that led to a set of mountains in the distance. From the treeline burst a resplendent looking carriage, and it was from their that the scent was currently emanating from.

"FOUND YOU, MY MATE!" she roared.

She descended down at a rapid pace to meet Jarron.

Chaos erupted in the carriage.

“DRAGON!” several guards yelled, putting the fear into Gwynn. She held herself against Kade, hating her own emotional response, and placed an arm protectively over her belly.

“Lord husband, protect your babies!”

He nodded, feeling a deep need to do so as well. He kissed Gwynn quickly and leapt from the now-stopped carriage, where Jarron was already standing with his greatsword at the ready.

“Get it away from the carriage!” he yelled, “get it back to the forest!”

The driver at the top of the carriage nodded, thankful for the order, and began the process of turning the horses around. The two men looked up at the great green dragon hurtling in from the horizon. It was enormous, and powerful, and awe-inspiring.

And terrifying.

“Well, time to find out which one of us is the best warrior,” Kade said with a smirk.

Jarron chuckled. “Still the same old Katy. Competitive to the end.”

“What? Can’t a couple of girls-turned-guys just face off one another instead of getting the guys to do it for them?”

“All our guys got turned into girls.”

“Sad for them. How the hell do we kill a dragon anyway?”

Jarron took a steadied breath, and raised his sword. “At a distance. You distract it, and I’m going to throw this at great force right into its heart, the Hobbit style.”

“Is that how the movie went?”

“The book at least.”

Kade shrugged. “Good enough. Best of luck! If we do get out of this, I propose we become gym buddies, even if we go back to being girls. Having muscles is just too good.”

Jarron nodded in agreement, but it was too late for any further banter - the carriage was fleeing back to the forest line, and they needed to protect it as long as possible. Funny, really, to think that Gary would become the damsel in distress.

But not so funny they couldn’t take this moment seriously: the dragon loomed as it grew closer and closer. Their hearts beat rapidly as it descended, its size immense, its jaw open. It roared, and an enormous plume of smoke erupted like a geyser from its mouth.

“Shit,” Jarron said. “This is serious.”

Kade nodded, clutching his sword and feeling awkwardly not up to the task for once in his life. “Maybe we can reason with it?”

“JARRROOOON!!!”

The dragon’s voice was immense and low, yet distinctly feminine.

“Do you know this creature?”

Jarron shrugged as the dragon beat its wings at the last moment, landing on the ground with ease. He threw his sword with all his might.

"Aaaarrggghh!" he screamed as it careened through the air. It bounced uselessly off the dragon's stomach. There was a pause as the dragon regarded this with shock.

"What the hell, Jarron? I'm pregnant!"

Jarron's jaw dropped. "*Nate!?*"

The dragon raised itself up. "It's Natora now. I got the best roll of the dice ever, huh?"

"I'll say!"

Kade looked in awe. "We'll, I'm glad we don't have to fight you."

"Me too," she boomed. I've got strong instincts to protect my mate Jarron. I might have roasted you by accident."

"Aww," Jarron said. "That's sorta sweet." The barbarian mindset returned. Nate - I mean, Natora - can you help us? Muriella has stolen the game?"

"WHAT?"

They were nearly knocked over by the gust of her breath.

"Sorry."

Jarron began explaining the situation with Muriella while Kade ran to retrieve his pregnant wife and carriage, nestled away in the forest. It took some convincing, but eventually the carriage returned, and Gwynn looked up at Natora with shock and jealousy.

"Not fair at all," she said. "I got stuck as a d-d-darn pregnant woman."

"Technically, I'm pregnant too."

"Yes, but I don't think it gives you the same trouble."

The green dragon grinned.

"We need to get moving," Jarron reminded. "Muriella could be in the Hinterlands or beyond right now."

"No," Natora said, looking down on them all, "she'll be in the molten region beyond them. She's a devil woman now, it'd make sense right?"

The others considered this, and Kade and Gwynn's faces fell.

"We'll never make it in time," Kade said, clutching his wife's form. "She has a few hours' headstart and we're past midday now. We started the game around six: there's no way to get the carriage there in time."

The guards on the carriage seemed relieved by this, but Jarron and Natora just exchanged a cheeky sideeye, man to dragoness.

"There is one way," Jarron suggested. "We go by air."

Natora raised herself to her full height and power. One of the carriage archers fainted.

Gwynn stared in astonishment. "No! No, no, no! That's too crazy!"

"Crazier than staying as a royal queen pregnant with twins?"

Gwynn was silent for a moment. She turned to her carriage staff.

"Right, all of you out. Your Queen thanks you. Find your way back to the castle and inform my steward."

"B-but your majesty-"

"Hurry up before I regret it. Kade, help this ridiculous pregnant body back into the carriage. And . . . hold us while we're in the air."

Kade smiled and got to work settling his ex-boyfriend and now current wife in. Natora drew her large head down towards Jarron, nuzzling him slightly. Jarron returned it by stroking her magnificent scales.

"You should get in too," Natora said.

But Jarron gave a wild grin. "No way would I miss this. I'm riding on top."

Gwynn had her eyes shut. The view outside the carriage door was too terrifying.

"Stupid female emotions!" she cried. She was grateful Kade was with her, and said as much.

"It's okay, my love," he said. We'll get through this. "I'll save the day. I promise."

"You just want to compete with a dragon."

A sheepish grin. "Well, yes. But a man can do two things, my Queen. And I do want to keep you safe. I do . . . want you. In any form."

Gwynn's pale cheeks reddened.

"And I, you," she replied, trying not to look him in the eyes. She took his hand and rested it on her belly, where their babies were slowly stirring. "It's weird, but I hope *they* turn out okay as well."

Kade nodded, though he was uncertain. Hopefully, it would all be sorted.

The carriage was held aloft by Natora's four great dragon claws. She sped through the wind and air, trying to regain Muriella's scent. For all her worries, she couldn't help but find being a dragon exhilarating still. Jarron felt similarly.

"WOOOOOOO HOOOOOO!!!" he cried, much to Natora's amusement.

He was perched between her shoulder blades, gripping the spikes there for makeshift handholds. He was also having the time of his life.

"This is amazing!"

"Isn't it just, my mate? I feel so free, so powerful. I want to do loop de loops, but I won't do it obviously."

"How does it feel to breathe fire?"

"Absolutely mythical, my mate."

Jarron stroked his dragon mate's shiny scales, feeling a little jealous.

"I feel like I've missed out. You get all these amazing fantasy creatures!"

"It was pretty cool being a centaur, up until I was mounted."

"Still, it almost makes me wish I'd been turned into something more fantastical."

The dragon grinned, and shot faster through the air, over the Hinterlands. She sniffed the air, and once again caught that infernal scent.

"I was right. She's deep in the molten lands."

"Then hurry Natora, we're running out of time!"

Muriella cackled as she watched the sun upon the horizon. She had no exact way of telling the time yet, but it was clear that evening was coming. She had found her perfect lair: a cave in the rock face of a great volcano. True to the fantasy nature of the place, it was wonderfully hot, with rivers of liquid magma and geysers of steam. She wasn't immune to their heat, as far as she could tell, but was at least more resistant than a human would be. She flew back and forth in her cave, planning for what it would eventually become.

"Ahhhh, the bedchamber here, very large for all my future . . . companions. And over here I shall place the lounge area, for fun and games of all kinds of devilish desire. The entrance shall be grand, all the better to look over that pathetic distance castle owned by Kade. Ha! To think, they will soon be trapped, while *we*," she rubbed her slightly domed belly, stroking it with her taloned fingers, "*we* will just be getting started. The progeny of a lusty halfling, or better yet the wonderfully muscular Jarron, and a succubus! You will have a very interesting future here, dear. Don't worry, I shall lavish you with all that a devil woman needs. We're going to have a hell of a time visiting punishments on others, and indulging in all our darkest whims!"

She regarded herself in an obsidian mirror. To think that she had found such freedom in her form! She would have found it evil, repulsive before. But now, as a demoness, she could appreciate her beauty. Her large, supple breasts, her perfect hourglass figure, her long tantalising thighs, her prominent cheekbones. Somehow, the scantily-clad costume of black leather only enhanced her dark allure, the white bony horns upon her head and red leathery wings even more so. She made a few poses, allowing her spade-ended tail to flicker suggestively.

"Oh, I'm going to have so much *fun*. And all the better to trap the rest of them with me! Good luck finding me with little more than an hour's time remaining, kids! Mama is going to enjoy getting her devil on, now that her inner darkness has been unleashed!"

“That’s what you think!” came a loud and authoritative voice.

Muriella turned, aghast. She recognised that voice, and the defiant edge to it that remained even after it had become masculine. There, standing at the wide cave entrance, his face reddened in response to the heat. He looked every part the impressive knight, even adorned in shining armour. In his hand was a long sword. The other had a shield.

“Lord Kade,” she said with a sharp-toothed grin. “How did you get here so fast?”

He raised an eyebrow, a half-smirk on his features.

“Is that really the question you wish to ask, *Matthew?*”

An anger boiled deep inside her, red hot.

“That’s not my name anymore!” she snapped, flapping her leathery wings and gesturing to her supple, voluptuous form. “I’m Muriella! It was *you* and your ridiculous young friends that sucked me into this fantasy game of yours. Turned me into a demure elf, and then into a stupid, lusty bimbo one! Well, I’m an evil succubus now, *Katy*, and I’m staying like this! I refuse to go back to being old and angry and not having the power. Now I have all the power in the world!”

She raked her fingers across the obsidian wall for emphasis, sending sparks flying. She hissed, flapping her wings again and taking to the air inside the cabin, floating roughly thirty feet up, easily out of his reach.

“You always were a total jerk, Muriella, but this is a new low! Before, you were just an uptight cranky old man for a neighbour. Why steal Erutell?”

She laughed. “Because I don’t want to roll again. I want to keep this form! And more than that, I want to punish the four of you for all the insults you put my way!”

“You always insulted us first!”

She shrugged. “Po-tae-toh, po-tah-toh. It’s all the same. And frankly, I’d rather stay a busty, sexy demoness than go back to that life. Here, at least, I have years and years of life left to me.”

“You do realise you’re pregnant right!?”

She smiled as Jarron entered. The barbarian looked almost unaffected by the heat, but then that was a very Conan-like type, wasn’t it? Barely clad in furs, and yet living in wintry mountains? It made no difference to her calculations. She could easily keep out of reach of both of them, fly away if she had to.

“Ahhhhh, my lovely Jarron. Of course I realise I’m pregnant. After all, there’s a good chance it was *you* that put the child there, if you remember?”

The man blushed, and Muriella could recognise some of the old Jill there.

“Yes, I see you, *Jill*. For all your muscles and strength and swagger, you’re still the same too-shy, nerdy girl, trying to present yourself as strong even as a host of insecurities undoes you. Where is Nate, Jill?”

A smirk. "Close enough."

It was the kind of comment that made her briefly glance around, wondering if there was a trick. But there wasn't. There was no one else here.

"And poor Gwynn, where is she? Still stuck as expectant royalty? I'm barely a couple of months along, I wonder how it feels to be pregnant with twins at the start of her third trimester? Ahhhh, I look forward to hearing the royal announcement in three months' time. How splendid, the arrival of royal babies is. I might even introduce them to my little one in time: see which infant is stronger."

"You really have gone around the bend, you monster."

She giggled, rubbing her hands over her thighs. She knew she was giving the two girls-turned-guys a show, and it amused her to see that they were obviously a little aroused, particularly Jarron. The fur underwear he wore didn't exactly conceal much.

"Oh, well maybe I've always been a monster, Jarron. I always complained, whined about others. Did my best to ruin them. I *thought* it was because they weren't righteous enough, not proper enough. Young and foolish. But the truth was, I was always bad. I resented others because they had power, and I didn't. Well, now I have power over two wonderfully hunky men. I'd almost let you do all sorts of things to my wonderfully sexy body, but then I think it'd be best to wait another hour first, right?"

The two exchanged a glance, nodded, and stepped forward.

"We're finishing the game, Muriella. Hand it over."

"Not a chance! I'm revelling in my form - why should I risk losing it to another ridiculous shape, or worse - going back to who I was!? There can only be one true loser, correct? Well, let's all be losers - even if it makes me the winner!"

Kade took another step, looked into the demoness' yellow eyes.

"Matthew, we were neighbours. We didn't like one another, but we could be neighbourly from time to time. Please, we'll do all we can to help you stay here. But give us the game. Please."

For just a moment they could see her expression change. Uncertainty, sympathy, guilt passed over it. And then suspicion returned.

"No! This is a trick of some sort! A piece of guile. Ah, but I'm the devil now, and this devil will happily keep you at arms reach. And I'd like to see what army could stop me."

Jarron shrugged. "Fine, so bet it. NATORA, MY MATE! TIME TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY!"

He shouted it as loud as he could, and for a moment there was just a pause in the air, an uncertainty as Muriella tried to see where this 'Natora' was - obviously it was Nate, but how could he or she possibly help them?

And then the cavern wall to her left collapsed, sending her flying.

The demoness shrieked as she sailed through the air, dodging and weaving away from boulders before crashing to the ground beside a molten river. There was a second crash, an even more dynamic one than the first, and suddenly a gargantuan green-scaled dragon was looming over her, its head easily the size of her whole body, its wings spanning out of the hole it had just created. Its maw was great and terrible, and licks of powerful flame rippled out the corners of its reptilian lips.

“GIVE UP!” it boomed in a low, feminine voice.

She squealed, gripping the boardgame.

“You - you wouldn’t kill me!”

“OH YES I WOULD, TO PROTECT MY MATE. YOU MAY BE A DEMON, BUT A DRAGON’S FIRE CAN KILL YOU. WE WILL PLAY THE GAME, MURIELLA!”

She whimpered, barely able to view it in the eyes. It seemed that becoming a succubus hadn’t done anything for her inherent cowardice, or her intense desire to live. She tried to outthink the situation, tried to bargain, but those immense eyes stared down upon her, and she was unable to meet their gaze. There was no way out.

“Fuck!” she yelled. “Fine! You can have your stupid game.”

“AND YOU WILL ROLL WHEN REQUIRED.”

“Yes, fucking fine! Dammit, if there’s a chance I can stay like this -”

“I DO NOT CARE, SO LONG AS WE ARE SAFE.”

She huffed, her large red breasts wobbling in her tight, revealing black leather top. Her tail writhed in irritation.

“Where are we going, *Natora*?”

“DO NOT MOCK ME! I AM A DRAGON.”

Jarron chuckled, oddly proud of Nate/Natora’s new confidence.

“We’re going,” he explained, “a little lower in altitude. Your *Queen* is waiting, Muriella. And you’re going to roll your dice before her judgement.”

Muriella felt defeated, but a glimmer of dark hope remained. “Well, look at that sun. So close. You don’t have much time! You may still be trapped.”

The dragon whirred about, frightening her back again.

“IF WE ARE, I’LL MAKE YOU MY FIRST HUMANOID MEAL. I’VE DEVoured THREE CATTLE ALREADY, AND I’M FEELING HUNGRY FOR BURNT DEVIL.”

Muriella gulped, before joining the others on Natora’s back.

Gwynn gave an awkward, pregnant run to Kade when he returned, gripping him intensely.

“My love! You’re okay!”

“Of course I am,” he joked. “I had a dragon and a barbarian at my side. It was a cakewalk.”

“But we may have less than half an hour! We need to get rolling!”

Muriella nodded sourly and unfolded the board, receiving glares from the group and Gwynn in particular, though Kade also kept an eye on her.

“Fine, fine, you do-gooders. I’ll roll.”

She did so, gaining a four and a six.

“Great, now I’m winning. I hope you’re happy.”

The deviless took a green card hesitantly, and read it.

*“The devil is in the mind as much as the details,
Time for you to grow a conscience and all that it entails.”*

“What does that - Oohhhhhh!”

She clutched her horned head, feeling strange new emotions wash over her. Feelings of guilt, remorse, terror. An utmost empathy for the others around her swept over her being, as well as horror at how she’d acted and treated them, even as a human man. She still had the lust for power and sex, but it was redirected in a compassionate, loving way. A desire to use that power to entice and please others, to heighten the pleasure of those around her.

“Oh Gods!” she cried. “I’ve been so terrible! I feel awful. The things I’ve done to each of you - I’m so sorry!”

Tears formed in her eyes.

“I think she means it,” Gwynn said, a little startled.

“Could be crocodile tears,” Kade said, suspicious.

“No!” Muriella declared, falling to her knees before them. “I really am sorry. The game has changed me! I can feel how I’ve hurt you, and it feels terrible! I wish I’d never acted this way and -”

Jarron coughed. “This is all a wonderful redemption arc, but maybe we can roll the next dice?”

Muriella was left to weep and beg for forgiveness, even offering makeup sex to each of them, as they turned to Kade. He rolled the dice, and there was a gasp as he managed to score an twelve - two sixes.

“So close!” he declared. “Just three spaces more and I’ve finished!”

A green card also emerged, and he took it.

‘A male monarch is a feudal tradition,

Let your queen serve you in submission.'

"What in the Gods does that mean!?" Gwynn whined. "I'm the Queen! At least let me keep that if I have to be all big-boobed and beautiful and pregnant!"

But it was too late. There was a glow as Kade's uniform became even more resplendent, his armour gaining a kindly cape, and a golden crown appearing upon his head. Instantly, he felt even more regal, more commanding, and a new mentality of wisdom overcame him.

"Woah, okay. I hope I still have my competitive kick at least."

Gwynn looked at her husband with mixed envy and awe. She felt strangely submissive to him, just like the card had said. It was wrong, it was unfair, but he was no longer the Queen Consort but the one true king, which meant . . .

"Damn! I'm the King's Consort now," she whined. "And now I've got all these feelings, like I need to serve you. Give you heirs, your majesty."

She rubbed her already fertile belly, blushing heavily at the notion of giving him yet more heirs in the future.

"Gods, to be stuck as royal breeding stock. How did actual medieval women stand this?"

Kade placed an arm around his pregnant wife. "I'm sorry dear. Maybe our luck will change."

He rolled again, his victory assured. A three and a four. His figure slid to the end of the board, and magically dissipated as it reached the city of Erutell.

"HURRAH!" he shouted, in a distinctly kingly fashion.

The others breathed a sigh of relief, and Muriella sobbed in happiness. One of them, at least, had made it out.

"What happens now?"

A golden card ejected out of the Weaving Wood on the board. After a moment's hesitation, the new king took it.

*'A mighty boon is granted to the one first out of the fire,
A wish to be granted whenever you want, from your heart's desire.'*

"Holy fuck," Jarron said, "that's amazing!"

"IT IS!" Natora added, looming over the proceedings. They had chosen a wider plain just to fit them all in, due to her size. "WHAT WILL YOU WISH FOR!?"

Kade pocketed the card. "I'll wait and see how the rest of the cards fall." He glanced up at the setting sun. Natora had lit a small fire from her breath as they rolled, in order to allow them to see. Their time was nearly over.

"Gwynn, you're up."

The new King Consort sighed, her large bosom looking perfect on her figure. She drew closer and rolled the dice.

"Please be a man again, please be a man again."

She managed, frustratingly, to roll an eight from a five and three, exactly one short the number she needed to reach the end.

"Damn the Gods," she whispered to herself. "Bring it on then."

A green card escaped the Weaving Woods slot. She snapped it up greedily, pressing it briefly against her impressive chest before raising it up.

*'The birth of royal twins is a time of great cheer,
But the birth of royal triplets happens once in a thousand years!'*

A brief silence followed, followed by a loud gurgling in Gwynn's belly.

"Oh, you have *got* to be kidding me. I will *not have this!*"

But it was too late. Her belly ballooned further as yet another child conceived of her and her kingly husband was fashioned into being within her womb. She held her dress, shocked as seams began to give, though thankfully the magic quickly weaved through them as well, giving her some leeway as the dress became larger. Her skin glowed even further as she became even further pregnant, and her hair extended down to the small of her back, weaving and plaiting to be elaborate and gorgeous. Her young features were delicate, even in shock, and her breasts expanded just slightly enough to make her look even more delightfully gorgeous.

"F-f-for goodness sake!" she exclaimed in her royal voice. "A th-third! How many babies can a woman have!?"

Kade tried to conceal his chuckling, and instead helped her sit back down. Her belly was immense, particularly on her otherwise petite and pretty figure - petite, that was, except for her bountiful breast.

"It never ends," she complained. "At least Natora gets to be a dragon while pregnant!"

"IT IS EASIER."

"I hope you get wings like I do!" Muriella exclaimed.

"Oh, be silent. Who's next on rolling?"

Another glance to the sun. It was so low it might as well be night. There was tension and worry in the air.

“And be quick about it!”

It was Jarron. He rolled the dice quickly and confidently. They struck the board a little *too* hard, bouncing off.

“Dammit! Find them quickly!”

They scurried through the grass to find that the barbarian had made it to the end. To their collective surprise, even as his figure disappeared into the portal of the city of Erutell displayed on the board, a green card shot from the slot. He took it, reading aloud as they all did, and his eyes went wide with astonishment.

“Oh damn, this will be a change alright!”

*‘For braving the labyrinth, well you should fare,
For you are the Medusa, queen of your lair!’*

He looked up at Natora, the great dragon who had once been ordinary Nate, and gave her a sheepish grin.

“Well, I guess we’ll both have scaled, love, when I’m - Euruugh!”

His body shifted and tensed, rearranged and twisted. The non-dragon members of the party pulled back, horrified, though Muriella stayed close, unafraid and now deeply empathetic to each of the members.

“OOhhh, f-feels like I’m being stretched like t-taffy!” he cried. Indeed, his body stretched rapidly out. He hurriedly tore free of his scant clothing, hurling it aside as his skin itched terribly. His legs combined into one, and his manhood - massive as it was - pulled back into his body with a loud *SLURP*.

“Oh G-God! So d-damn itchy!”

He scratched over his muscled form, even as many of the muscles deflated. His arms became lithe and feminine, albeit still very muscular for a woman, and to his joy his abs remained largely strong and impressive, even as his waist contracted. A feminine slit formed in place, and *she* was now officially a woman again.

“I don’t know how - Ngh! - to feel about that!” she cried, her voice becoming that of her old one, albeit with a serpentine susurration to it. She writhed as an incredibly long and powerful snake tail formed her lower half, dark green scales covering its length. It coiled around itself automatically and she panicked in an attempt to control it before managing to right herself.

And that was when her hair changed.

It began as a tingle, but then Gwynn gasped and stepped back further.

“Jarron - Jill! Your hair!”

She felt at it, shocked as her blonde hair fell away, replaced by growing bumps. They poured out of her head, becoming fleshy tendrils, alien and strange upon her scalp. And heavy. Soon they shifted and moved and writhed all on their own, and then she felt them *come alive*, developing snake’s heads and mouths and even their own little independent hungers.

“Holy sssshit!” she gasped, as two powerful fangs grew in her mouth. Her eyes went liquid black, increasing her sight. Her skin paled, becoming a pale green against her dark green scales. To her shock, she felt a tug beneath her arms, and then another pair pushed out of her being.

“By the Gods!” exclaimed Kade.

“Trust me, having extra limbs isn’t too bad!” Muriella said, before being silenced by a group glare.

“I’ve already l-l-lost one!” she replied, gesturing with all four green arms to her long medusa tail. Her ‘hair’ extended, coiling down over to end at her shoulder blades, alive and constantly moving. To her absolute relief, her breasts grew back in and then some, becoming as large and proud as her former barbarian princess self, if not bigger.

“Thanksssss for that, at leasssst!”

They were wonderfully supple and soft and unscaled, and were quickly covered over by a bronze plate bikini armour that had - thankfully - a soft satin inside to its cups. Similar gold and brass and silver adornments appears in the form of bracers on her wrists, a fine necklace, even a fine red skirt held up by a silver brace around her waist, that thankfully hid her feminine opening.

“IT’S OKAY, MY LOVE! IT’S OKAY!” Natora roared.

She coiled the green dragon’s body as she became used to her form, the final changes settling in. She realised she was staring at the others, and for a moment she was terrified she was going to turn them to stone, but she felt no innate power like that within her.

“Thank goodnesssss,” she hissed, her long tail wrapped around Natora’s midsection.

Her changes finished, leaving her as a deeply sexy medusa. Her upper body was a perfect womanly hourglass, with full breasts and a muscled set of abs that nevertheless did not appear too much. Her snake hair, while strangely alive, gave her an exotic quality, and her face was just like Jill’s, albeit a little more full in the lips and prominent in the cheekbones. Her four arms clung to her dragon mate with uncertainty.

“IT’S OKAY,” Natora repeated, pressed her head against the new medusa’s carefully.

“I know. I know. It’ssss jusst sso weird. And it’s hard to not hisssss.”

“No desire to turn us to stone?” Kade asked.

“None, thankfully!” she called back. “It’s good to be a woman again, but really weird to have a sssnake tail! Good thing I don’t have long to get used to thissss.”

The others nodded. As strange and exotic - and frankly sexy - as her latest change was, they needed to Natora to take her turn. Jill did her best to untangle her incredibly long tail and slither over to the dice, before lifting them up to Natora’s fore left talon.

“Best of luck, my love,” she said. She kissed the dragon on her ‘lip’, eliciting a grin.

“Thank you, Jill. Glad to see you a woman again.”

“Still, it was fun, wasn’t it?”

“The best,” the dragon whispered.

“Hurry up already!” Gwynn demanded, cradling her heavy belly as Kade fanned her. “I’m carrying triplets here!”

The dragon clumsily dropped the dice, allowing them to roll. The warm light of the fire revealed that she too had made it to the end by two places. Her figure slid into the portal on the board and disappeared.

“GOOD,” she declared, though inwardly she would miss her draconic form.

Still, a green card appeared.

“SOMEONE READ IT FOR ME!”

It was Jill, taking it for her crush, the man-turned-woman-turned-dragon that she cared for. She slithered down, getting used to the bulk and strength of her tail, and read it aloud.

*‘Untold fear is what a dragon’s form shall send,
An optional humanoid form will allow you to blend.’*

There was a cascade of green magic, and suddenly Natora was no longer present as a great and mighty dragon. Now, before the group, was a very tall, busty, slightly pregnant woman. She had short green hair, and her eyes were an almost unnatural shade of emerald green. She was easily 6’3 tall, looming over even Kade’s impressive height, and there were small glittery remains of makeup on her face that looked strangely like miniature scales. She looked down over herself and gasped.

“OH MY GOD - I mean, oh my God! I’m human again! And I’m a woman!”

“And a tall one at that,” Gwynn said, eyebrow raised. “Though not as pregnant as me. You barely look out of your first trimester. Lucky.”

“Not the thing to focus on, my love,” Kade replied. He turned, looking up at Natora with astonishment. His face was level with her bust, which was certainly prodigious. As a former woman, he could see they were easily F-cups in size, though on her figure they didn’t

look ridiculously huge. She was well-muscled, and her garb was that of a green shirt and dark green pants.

“Well, you’re certainly human.”

“I don’t feel it,” she said, marvelling over herself, feeling her breasts and stomach.

Jill didn’t say anything, but her sultry medusa form felt more than a little aroused at the sight.

“What do you mean?” the snake woman asked.

“I mean . . . it feels like I’m wearing the wrong skin. Like this is . . . oh shit! Let me try something! Everyone stand back!”

They did so, moving back to Gwynn. Natora closed her eyes and focused, and then another roar of emerald magic occurred, blasting wind in their faces.

Natora the green dragon was before them again.

“SOME DRAGON’S CAN HAVE A HUMAN FORM!” she declared.

She closed her great eyes, focused a second time. This time the group was more prepared for the magical cascade.

Human Natora was before them again, hands on her impressive hips. She curled back a length of long green hair, marvelling.

“Well, this is fucking *awesome*,” she declared, even if I am still a girl. And a little pregnant.”

She poked her belly, which was only slightly domed beneath her green shirt.

“Too bad it’s only come at the end,” Muriella said.

“Yeah. Look, at least you’re not a villain anymore either. But maybe that would be easier. Because now it comes down to you or Gwynn.”

The Queen and the former villain looked at each other.

“She doesn’t deserve it!” Gwynn exclaimed.

The rest were silent, but it was a silent agreement. All eyes fell on the sexy red-skinned succubus. She looked at them, feeling no longer evil, just mischievous at best. And then an idea came over her.

“I’ve only got three places to go,” she said, taking the dice. “It’s impossible for me to lose.”

Gwynn gasped, cradling her heavy triplet-filled belly as it hit her.

“Because double ones will give you another role - oh, this is just awful!”

Jill slithered down to give her a hug. Natora came over and placed a hand on her friend’s lap. Kade kept close by, his eyes upon Muriella, imploring her to do something.

The sun fell out of sight. It was not long, they knew. Time was a little different in this sort of half-dimension they’d created, but they could all feel it getting closer.

The pull towards Erutell.

“Give me the dice,” Muriella said, standing back to her full succubus glory. “Trust me.”

“Why should we?” Kade said.

“Yeah!” Jill added.

Natora nodded, as did Gwynn, who was stuck in despair.

“Trust me,” the she-devil repeated, drawing closer. She flapped her wings. She was trying not to be suggestive in her movements, but she was still a succubi to her core, even if she was no longer a bad one. Her hips swung, her breasts bounced, her perfect midriff curved slightly with each step.

“Please,” she said demurely. “I know I’ve been a bad man and a worse succubus. But the card has given me empathy. It hasn’t changed my mind too much, it’s just . . . given me perspective. An understanding of myself and the harm I’ve done. The cowardice I’ve displayed. Please, I know a way to help.”

Kade looked to his old neighbour, sighed, and passed her the dice.

“I’m choosing to trust you,” he said.

She smiled a slightly cheeky grin, one that radiated passion, and it took Gwynn nudging him in the ribs to get him to step back and attend to her. Muriella took the dice, examined them her hands, and rotated them.

And then she placed them face down. Double ones.

“That’s cheating!” Gwynn declared.

“That’s the point. I lose.”

A purple card emerged from the slot, and she took it quickly. She sighed a little.

*‘No chance of changing back for you,
If at the end you choose to lose.’*

Muriella sighed. “I’m the dumbest devil ever. I could have gotten what I wanted without being evil.”

Gwynn stood - with difficulty - and waddled over to Muriella. Her belly dominated her otherwise lithe figure, though her chest remained impressive.

“Thank you,” she said, tears in her eyes.

The succubus thanked her back, wiping tears of her own.

“I’ve been a cruel, ignorant, stupid person. I’m sorry to you all.”

She held up the dice. “Your turn Gwynn.”

Gwynn reached to take them, and then everything happened at once.

The sky tore in half, like paper shredding.

A second moon appeared in the sky.

The land shifted and rippled, the mountains and hills and valleys separating from the normal earth they had grafted to. An enormous vortex swirled into existence, raging and purple, lightning cascaded through its eye.

The group screamed in terror, Gwynn loudest of all as it began to pull her into the air. "What's happening!?" she shrieked. "What's happening!? KADE, SAVE US!!!"

She rose further and further, pulled into the vortex. The great mountains and molten landscape they had just come from also rose. Goblin armies and centaurs rose. Battlements and elven glades and halfling villages erupted into the air. It was all rising into the swirling tear between realms.

"We've gone over time!" Natora yelled over the sound of dimensions rending. "It's been over twenty four hours!"

Jill acted quickly. She uncurled her tail to try and grab Gwynn, pull her back to earth. But it was no use, the heavily pregnant queen was too out of reach. Natora concentrated, tried to enter her draconic form, but it fizzled in a burst of magic. She looked over, and saw Kade's chest shrinking, his shape becoming more feminine.

"We're turning back to normal!" she declared.

Muriella shrieked as she aged, her skin becoming more pinkish already.

"She's right!" the demoness declared. "We've won, and only Gwynn is staying - she's going to Erutell permanently!"

Her wings evaporated, as if proving a point.

"Shit!" Kade said. He/she looked in horror as his/her love screamed, rising higher and higher into the tear between realms. They had dated and broken up, dated and broken up, but now he or she or whatever Kade/Katy was never wanted to let Gwynn go, whether she was his consort or his boyfriend.

"We have to do something!" Jill yelled.

Gwynn was almost at the vast purple voice over a hundred feet up.

"Think of something!" she screamed. "Save me and my babies!"

It was the first time the jock-turned-expectant queen realised she cared for them totally.

Kade had only moments. He drew the golden card out, the boon he'd been given, and held it in the air before the voice.

"I WISH WE COULD ALL STAY IN OUR OWN REALM!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

The card flashed, and from all their perspectives, everything went white. The last thing they heard was a loud, booming voice, male and female at once, that could only be the voice of the game itself.

*'A WISH GRANTED THAT SHALL SEND YOU BACK HOME,
BUT SUCH A BOON WILL SET YOUR FORMS IN STONE.'*

Gwynn woke as the rays of morning sun poured in through the window. She grunted, feeling the kicking of three little lives within her, each vying for space within her bloated womb. She opened her eyes and groaned in realisation.

“Oh God, I’m trapped in Erutell. I’m trapped.”

But it was then that she heard a masculine grunt next to her. She shifted - awkwardly, given her heavily distended belly - and saw Kade was sleeping beside her. He was still manly, still kingly, and in that moment she realised they were in her house - albeit one that was still quite the impressive castle.

“Kade! Kade, wake up!”

He grunted awake, looked to her, and before she could say another word he clutched her, hugged her deeply, and kissed her just as passionately.

“Gwynn, my love! You’re okay!”

“I’m still a pregnant woman!” she declared, looking down at her large bosom in her nightie.

“But you’re okay! We’re both okay!”

She sighed heavily, quite short of breath thanks to her condition. “What even happened? Are we stuck in Erutell?”

“Let’s find out, shall we?”

He leapt out of bed, making her jealous of his movement. She stood a little uncertainly, placed both her hands on her back, and waddled after him as he exited their master bedroom. The grand halls of her transformed home were still fantastical in nature.

“Gods, we must still be in Erutell,” she said.

“No,” Kade replied, pulling her forward slowly and taking them to the balcony. “Look!”

There, down in the valley, was Haverton, their small town, untouched. Cars travelled on streets, and various businesses were opening up already. The horizon had no molten mountains or fantasy forests, just the regular fields and treelines beyond the valley.

“I - I don’t understand,” Gwynn said. She looked down over her fertile form, feeling embarrassed but oddly joyful that her babies were still with her. “I thought I was done for.”

“I wished on the boon card that we could all remain in our realm . . . but I think we might be stuck as we are now,” Kade said. He gave her a sorry look.

“He’s right,” came a female voice.

“Absolutely right, damn him!”

The two of them turned, and saw that Natora and Jill were just walking up the stairs to their balcony entrance. Well, Natora was walking - she was still the tall, muscular 6'3 woman with the rocking bod and green hair, and the faint green scales at the corners of her emerald eyes. She looked a little red in the cheeks as she stepped forward, having come to the realisation that she too was stuck like this.

Jill, on the other hand, was not really walking so much as slithering. She was still, after all, a medusa, complete with green skin, a large scaled snake tail, writhing snake hair, and void-black eyes. She tried to cover her form, still feeling a little embarrassed over how much she was showing, since she no longer possessed a barbarian's confidence. Instead, she was unintentionally swaying a little sensually, enough that Natora was having a hard time looking away.

"Oh my Gods," Gwynn said. "You two are both . . . both . . ."

"A medusa and a dragon," Natora said. She held out her hands. "I can still feel the magic. I can change to my true form, I know it."

"And in the meantime I'm stuck with a long tail and four arms. Great abs, at least."

The joke broke the tension a little.

"And we're still married," Kade said.

Gwynn nodded, pulling a little closer to him, finding comfort in her husband. "Yes, my King. And I still have this darn submissiveness to you. Gods, are we really all stuck like this."

"Just ask Muriella," Jill sighed.

She pointed up with all four arms at a red-skinned succubus in the sky. The demoness flew through the air, cackling, though at least no longer in an evil way.

"GOOD MORNING!" she yelled, running her hands over her form. "HOW WONDERFUL IS THIS!?"

Jill folded both pairs of arms. So did Gwynn. Natora too felt odd, despite having the power of a dragon still. Even Kade had expected to become a woman again.

"Just wonderful," Gwynn said. "I'm giving birth in three months."

"Most of us are stuck with babies, in fact," Natora sighed. "I don't even know what mine is."

"Me either!" Muriella said, drawing a little closer and rubbing her sensual stomach. "But all I know is that Kade's wish worked."

"Not well," the King said. "What the hell is Haverton - the world - going to make of us! Hell, my parents are coming home eventually, what will they say when they find out their daughter is a king?"

"Who cares!" Muriella declared, flapping her wings above them, "for now, let's just have fun! I'm going to find a cute guy to give me a good time!"

Jill startled, her snake hair going rigid. "Wait! Wait! That's not a good idea! I want time to figure out how to even break it to my parents that I'm a green medusa!"

"And that I'm f-f-freakin' pregnant!" Gwynn declared.

"Or that I can turn into a full dragon," Natora said. "Though at least they'll be happy to know I'm dating."

Jill smirked, and held Natora's hand with two of her own, blushing.

"That too."

Muriella grinned. "Nonsense! It will all be fun! Besides, I'm still a demoness, even if I'm nice now! The least a good neighbour can do is break the ice for you! Besides, I'm really, *really* horny! Sorry!"

The succubus took off into the sky and over the town, leaving the rest of them shocked.

"We need to stop her," Gwynn declared, hand on stomach.

"Working on it!" Natora said. "But I can't exactly turn right now. People will see!"

"Well, you might as well!" Kade said, feeling a little bolder. "At least go big if we're to put a pin in this!"

"That's a stupid idea Kade."

He shrugged. "They're going to find out sooner or later - would you prefer to be the one to usher in this new strangeness, or let Muriella do it?"

Jill sighed, understanding his point. "Oh Gods, let's just do this. Gwynn and Kade, you stay in the castle. We'll catch Muriella! Oh, and I guess we'll show Haverton that it's home to a dragon, a medusa, and a succubus now."

Gwynn went wide-eyed. "No, no, I order your to stop! This is a really bad idea!"

"Happy hunting," Kade said with a smirk, despite his new wife's protestations.

Natora grinned, first at him and then at Jill.

"Hop on. Or coil on, or whatever," she said.

She closed her eyes and concentrated.

"One dragon coming up!"

The End

Mini-Story: Lusty, Busty Tavern Wench (TG Bimbo)

By FoxFaceStories

It's been a few months since the original friend group, as well as a certain cranky old neighbour, were transformed by the magical board game Erutell. Now that the game is finished, and their new fantasy forms set for life, they attempt to adjust to their crazy new lives.

Erutell, Game of Change - Epilogue

Gwynn sighed as her beauty sleep was ended by the cry of a child. Then another. And then another. The gorgeous, raven-haired queen rolled in bed and pressed herself against the warm and well-muscled form of her handsome husband and lord, King Kade. Six months ago, she would have taken any chance to become male again and avoid the inevitability of not only staying a woman, but giving birth to *royal triplets*. But after growing ever more with her babies, and coming to love them even as they took up ever more room in her bloated, overstretched womb, she had come to accept that she would remain a woman. And when sixteen hours or long, unbelievable agony began, ending in the birth of her beloved prince and princesses, she was filled with even more love for them, as embarrassing as it was for the former male. And when her milk came in quite prodigiously, she was willing to forgo even the indignity of breastfeeding to make sure her babies would be happy. She accepted that she was a gorgeous, full-figured queen, a wife, and a mother. She gave up her ideas of being male again.

No, all she asked for these days was a nice sleep in.

Kade placed a strong arm around her, his hand resting on her ass. It was comforting.

"You need to feed them, my love."

She snuggled in closer. "I know, my king. Just one more minute."

Kade smiled. He loved the feel of his queen. She had the maternal figure and true bearing of a royal woman, something he'd never imagined his old boyfriend would be. Mind, Kade never imagined he would be a man either, especially one that was a king. Still, he couldn't claim to dislike his new life either. Not when he had an entire castle and grounds, a gorgeous wife, and three royal babies. Plus, an entire staff!

"What are you smiling about?" Gwynn inquired.

“Oh, just everything, my queen. Everything with that board game was so insane and yet, here we are. Perfectly happy.”

She scoffed. “Easy for you to say, you’re not full to bursting with milk.”

“You should have woken me earlier. I could have helped you with that.”

He ran a hand up to her full breast, which was easily a full EE-cup in size, and utterly hard due to how much milk it was storing.

“Wow, you really are full, my love.”

“I cannot help it, my lord husband. Nor can I even hire a nursemaid. The one thing a queen most definitely could do in history, and my fate is to feed them from mine own chest.”

She cringed a little at her overly-formal speech, a result of her change. Kade just grinned, loving it.

“How about this, my love. You go feed our little darlings, and when you have some milk remaining - and I know you will have quite a lot - you can come back to bed, and I’ll make you feel like the queen I know you are.”

It was shameless manipulation . . . and Gwynn was utterly aroused by it. Her body insisted on being terribly attracted to her king, and moreover utterly submissive to him as well. It was a dangerous combination for her future. If they weren’t careful they’d soon have another royal heir on the way. Still, it was enough to get her out of bed. She adorned herself in her dark purple royal robe and went to visit her darlings, located in three old-fashioned cribs in the room adjacent to their own. Her nipples throbbed, dark and aching with a need to be drained.

“Don’t worry my babies, your mother is here. Come here, Princess Jasmine. Princess Katie.”

The latter was named for herself, and the former for the female name she would have had from her parents had she been a girl. She gave an apologetic look to her fussing son. “I’m sorry, my little prince, I can only feed two at a time.”

She made a point not to *wish* to rectify that. After all, she’d gone through enough changes already. She sat down in a comfortable chair, warmed by the nearby fire that the servants had lit for them, and fed her babies at her breasts.

“Mhmm . . . that’s right, my princesses. Help mommy feel less f-full.”

She relaxed, letting them suckle away, and readying herself to take on little Prince James when his time for nursing came. As she closed her eyes and hummed softly, she thought of how much life had changed.

For all of them.

Natora flew through the sky over the townscape of Harverton. Numerous individuals walking the street pointed up as she soared over their streets, particularly the children who whooped and cheered. Just for fun, the great dragoness circled in the sky, barrel-rolling and showing off her glorious form. In the distance, the great Castle Erutell loomed, abode to Haverton's local king and queen, who were no doubt still sleeping or attending to their royal triplets. Natora smiled at the sight of it. It had taken a while to become accustomed to the fact that she was not only a dragon, but a *dragoness*, and for life at that. But in truth, she had once been a nebbish nerd who loved games like Dungeons and Dragons. Becoming a real life dragon was an absolute dream, even if she happened to get pregnant via a particularly randy centaur during the time with the board game.

Of course, she wasn't pregnant anymore, which was exactly why she felt so free in the sky once more. She laughed, which sounded more like a terrific roar, and swooped lower across the rooftops. People cheered for their local dragoness, and just for kicks, she unleashed a mighty gout of flame harmlessly into the air just to entertain them. The crowd went wild.

"THANK YOU!!!" she roared. *"YOU ALL STAY SAFE NOWWW!!!"*

She gave a reptilian grin, manoeuvring away from the town and over the castle of Erutell. Below, she could see that King Kade and Queen Gwynn were making love within their room, the curtains just parted enough for her to see the lustful royal pair going at it.

Ha! Natora thought. *To think my former gym bro friend is on the receiving end of a king's manhood!*

It made her chuckle, even if she felt a bit bad for snooping. After all, she did have a dragon's eyes, and a dragon's smell. And for all that Gwynn claimed she was still not accustomed to being Haverton's queen, Natora could smell the love for her lord husband that radiated from her, and the confidence and love that radiated in turn from Kade.

The town suddenly having a dragoness, a sensual medusa, a king and queen, and even a luscious demoness was quite a change for Haverton. But while it was wild, there must have been something about the magic of the Erutell board game that shielded them. For while the denizens were shocked and awed by these changes, there was no grand investigation by the police, the FBI, the military, or any agency of government. In fact, for as much as everyone talked about the marvel of the appearance of a great castle, and the flight of a dragon, and so on and so forth, word never really seemed to travel from the town. Oh, people would talk about the 'dragon of Haverton', but it didn't seem to arouse the interest it should.

Except in the town itself, where everyone was aware that little, nerdy Nate was now Natora, town protector and great scaled beast. That had been a case of celebrity that was unavoidable, particularly since Nate's parents were enormously surprised by it all. Still, her mother was just glad she was getting grandkids, even if they were likely some strange centaur-dragoness and possibly medusa hybrids. And God knows, it had taken both of them getting scales for Jill and

Natora to finally get together. She grinned at the thought of it. They had certainly used those scales to good effect. Jill was, after all, quite flexible.

Still, the only thing Natora truly regretted was never being able to apologise to Mr Satler, the one she had unfairly stolen the board game from in the first place. The kindly and wise store owner had been wronged, but after everything came apart, and when the game was finally ended, the store had simply disappeared. Satler had cleaned out and left town as soon as the sign of Erutell's return began. Evidently, he didn't want to be affected by it in any way. Mind, the game itself disappeared around that time also. Perhaps it had gone with him?

Natora cast her mind aside. It wasn't worth thinking about. She flew past the castle and landed on the castle grounds, right beside a great rocky formation that was the entrance to her lair. Well, her and Jill's lair. It was a good thing that they were both fantasy creatures who lived in cavernous spaces. She folded in her wings, landed to the ground with a mix of elegance and power. Then, with an almost girlish eagerness, she crawled into the cave, deep into the inner sanctum.

"There you are!" Jill called, her voice echoing throughout the chambers. "I was wondering when you'd get home!"

For a moment Natora didn't know where her lover was, until she remembered that as a medusa, Jill had a real talent for 'hanging' around like a serpent. Which in this case, meant being coiled around one of the stalactites way up high on the cave's ceiling. She grinned down at him, her cute canine fangs displayed.

"Gotcha, sexy!"

"Please don't fall, Jill! You don't have wings like I do."

"Oh, please, Nate!" she said, enjoying the use of the dragoness' old name. "I'm perfectly safe. You sound like my mother - she was round earlier by the way, she sends her love. She's eager to see the eggs hatch."

Natora breathed a little heavier. The eggs were in the centre of their vast chamber. All three of them. They had no idea when they would hatch, but Natora didn't like to be away from them too long. She drew closer, and with great care despite her lumbering great body, she coiled her serpentine body around them.

"Awww, my beautiful scaly girlfriend and her babies," Jill said.

"Our babies."

"Yeahhh. Well, I *think* some part of me made it into them. Magic is weird. But I guess medusa's can sort of imprint? We'll see."

Natora gave the closest analogue to a shrug that dragons were capable of.

“I guess we will. I see you’ve been decorating again.”

Jill grinned. Despite her void-black eyes, she was eager and optimistic enough a person that her expressions always came through nonetheless. She slithered about the stalactites easily, moving about the ceiling until she was down the wall, and then right beside Natora, her green scales right alongside her own.

“Do you like it?” she asked, pointing to the many bright Christmas lights that made the lair seem much more of a home. It was matched by numerous plush pillows, a functioning (and very large) bathroom in the chamber adjacent, and numerous cave plants as well as others with UV lights.

“It looks awesome Jill, really. Like home.”

Jill’s snake hair writhed happily. Natora loved it when it did that. It was oddly sexy, in fact. “I’m so glad! Because this *is* our home. Even if Mom thinks the decor is too dark.”

“Well, you’re doing plenty to fix it, my love.”

“I try. Arts and craft was always my thing.”

The two snuggled against each other. While Jill was smaller than Natora, she was certainly still very long thanks to her naga tail. She coiled around Natora’s chest and kissed her on the snout, smiling lovingly.

“They’ll hatch, don’t worry.”

Natora nestled against her medusa lover, enjoying the feel of her long tail wrapped around her chest and neck. It was soothing, especially the susurration of the snakes upon her head. Jill was quite a fan of them. In fact, she’d adapted very quickly to it, and come to love the way they always kept her company. The same was true of her tail. But then, Jill had always been adaptable. That was part of what made Natora love her so much. That, and how impossibly geeky she was as well.

“Come, let’s go set up the board for the D&D game. The others will be coming. Even Muriella, can you believe it?”

“I actually can’t,” Natora said, laughing. The sounds of her draconic belly laugh echoed throughout the chamber.

Muriella moaned sensually as she rode the gorgeous hunk on the living room floor.

“OOhhhh f-fuck! Oh darkness! Oh, hell! Yes! Fuck me like you’re going to hell, baby! F-fuck me like you’re a sinner! Yeah! YEAH!!! YEAAAHHHH!!!”

Muriella's wings expanded, their dark crimson leather knocking a bowl off the nearby coffee table. Her forked tail whipped around as she came and came and freakin' came. Her forked tongue slithered in her mouth as she relished the sensations. Jet after jet of her lover's semen poured into her womb, and she bucked her hips against him to drain every drop. She was quite a succubus, after all.

"Mmhmmm . . . that was goooood," she moaned. She drew herself down, placing her red-skinned body against the man she'd just fucked almost senseless, and gave him a deep, sensual kiss. "You've done well, sexy. Did you enjoy your little ride to hell?"

The man nodded, panting heavily. "Oh my God, yes. That was - that was the best sex I've ever had! Holy crap!"

"Good," she said with a smile. "The rest of your payment will be when I return."

She pulled herself off his cock, grateful that her friends were ensuring she was on the pill, and quickly moved to clean herself off in the shower.

"I'm looking forward to it!" the man shouted.

She giggled in that devilish way of hers. "Good! Me too. Wait a little tick, I'm almost done. You know how much the rush of water just turns this hot succubus body on."

She emerged, her hips swaying, the demoness looking like the temptation of first sin itself. She flicked her dark hair, checked that her horns were as sharp and pointed as they always were. She ran her hands rather distractingly down her hot form. "Well, wrong as it is to hide a body like this, I better get dressed."

"Aw."

"I know, sexy. But Mama used to be such a damn prude, I'm talking real conservative religious junkie, and it's only in the last six months that she's learned exactly what she's missing, and how *good* it is to be *bad*. So dressing up with just a *little* modesty is a small price to pay to thank the friends who helped me see the light. Or the darkness. Or whatever."

She winked, kissed him again, and just for good measure lowered herself down to quickly lick his bare cock, giving him a brief half-erection that was accompanied by a low moan.

"Just a little *taste* of what you're missing," she teased as she put on a sexy leather bra and panties, which was effectively her full outfit. She checked that her impressive red tits were (barely) within their cups, and that her cut red tail was through the hole of her leather pants. And then, with a smile, she put on her black go go boots.

"Now, milk is in the fridge, and there are soft fruit snacks in packages on the top row as well. Nappies are right on the counter, and I've got some chocolate as thanks too. You can watch anything on the TV, but nothing that will wake my little Jezebel, okay?"

Her hot babysitter, smiled. "Got it."

"Just watch her claws! They're just coming in!"

With another smile and a cackling laugh, she left her apartment. She waved to several other neighbours in the block as she moved to the stairs. The Henderson kids waved hello, and she waved back.

"Hey guys! I haven't forgotten I owe you a flight on my dragon buddy, don't worry!"

"You're the best, Muriella!"

"Don't you forget it! And don't forget to eat your veggies, right Mom?"

Miss Henderson smiled, thankful. She wasn't a huge fan of Muriella's form of dress, or her constant male (and female) visitors, or her often devilish sense of humour. But the truth was, ever since Erutell ended, Muriella was in fact a loving, compassionate person. Yes, she was mischievous, but she'd been made to see her own hypocrisy over the years, and been horrified by it. Rather ironically, it was only now that she was a literally a succubi demoness with red skin, a forked tongue and tail, horns and leathery wings that she was actually acting like the moral person she always claimed to be when she was a human man. She'd been religiously fanatic in all the worst ways, and now she was an utter hedonist who helped look out for the struggling people in her apartment block. Mind, some of that help came in the way of a 'life me up freebie' sex session or two. Or three. Or hell, a dozen or so.

She made her way to the rooftop, keen to see the people who were once her enemies, and now her closest friends. Spreading her wings, she cackled as she rose to the sky.

"I never get tired of thisss!"

"By the Gods, that was so close to a natural twenty!"

The group looked to Gwynn, who sighed as once again her barbarian failed to make a shot.

"Sorry, my love," Kade said. "But you get advantage, don't forget."

"Ah, of course my king! How could I forget?" With a keenness that spoke to how much she'd always loved board games, even as a gym bro male, she rolled the dice.

And got a natural one.

"By the gods! My little princesses and prince better not inherit my luck!"

The group laughed, and Kade hugged his gorgeous wife to his side. They were all in Natora's lair, the space made up even more comfortably courtesy of Jill's love of interior decorating. It

was, perhaps, the most true-to-life Dungeons and Dragons game ever played. In fact, rather amusingly the living fantasy creatures were all playing humans, and the humans were playing fantasy creatures. A male orc barbarian for Gwynn and a sexy female elven archer for Kade. It was a funny joke for the group. Not only were they playing the reverse of their usual roles, but also a gentle mirror to the people they used to be. It was a nice little bit of nostalgia, but not wishful thinking. Everyone present had come to love their new lives, even if Gwynn still grumbled.

“How are the triplets going, Gwynn?” Jill asked as she rolled her dice. “Fuck yeah! Nat twenty!”

“That is not fair! And they’re going wonderfully, noble Medusa. Sorry, my noblewoman’s speech is hard to fight again. Well, they are wonderful, when they’re not waking me up for constant feedings. Be thankful you’re both reptiles. These breasts are constantly full these days.”

“Ohh tell me about it!” Muriella sighed. “I’m still lactating! But it’s pretty hot. Guys love to nurse on my big red -”

“Okay!” Natora roared, “it’s your turn Muriella. That’s enough about milk for now.”

“Well, I mean I do still have boobs,” Jill chuckled. Her snake hair dropped around her chest, as if gesturing at said breasts. “Maybe I can make milk. You know, if I ever do get pregnant.”

“You have the eggs to consider first, I suppose,” Kade said. “Nice hit, Muriella.”

“Thirteen damage,” the demoness said. “Radiant, too. Hell, I love playing a holy cleric. It’s such a flip!”

Of course, she still enjoyed playing out the romantic roleplay a bit too much for Natora’s taste. The dragoness was a forgiving DM, but at a certain point it was a bit much!

“Glad someone is having fun. I never get to roll well!”

Kade smooched his wife on the cheek. “You’ll be fine dear. You’re barbarian, you can take the hits, remember?”

“Yes,” she said, eliciting a smile. “I suppose I can.”

She lowered a hand to his, held it lovingly.

“The place really does look lovely by the way, Jill! I suppose being a medusa has its advantages in setting decorations!”

“That it does,” Jill replied. “Though a few of my back ‘hairs’ were a bit too interested in nibbling at the rats in the roof.”

“Ewww, gross!” Murella said. “I favour rabbits. Horrible invasive species.”

“Stray goats myself,” Natora said, and the rest of the room paused. “What? I’m a dragoness. I’ve got to eat.”

But then she heard what the rest of them were seeing. Really, she should have heard it first, but she’d been so distracted by what the group of bandit NPCs she was fielding were doing that she hadn’t paid attention to the strange crackling sound behind her.

“My God, is it -”

She turned, nearly knocked over the table with her enormous tail, scrambling away from the game to see her eggs. Muriella flew up to get a better vantage point, while Jill surged ahead and on top of Natora, using her tail to easily slide around the dragon.

“It’s happening, Nate! It’s happening!”

“I know! I know, Jill!”

Gwynn and Kade held back. The Queen clung to her King, and he kept her in place. As much as the former woman was excited to see the hatching eggs, his duty was to keep his wife safe first of all. And Nate’s tail was quite an obstacle at times.

“Just wait dear, I know you’re baby made.”

“I am not! I’m merely . . . concerned. Perhaps a little clucky!”

“Okay, we can move forward now, they’ve stopped.”

The royal pair headed to the scene, where Natora and Jill were already coiled about their eggs, looking at the one in the middle, which was roughly the size of a small sofa. Passing it had been no easy deal. Gwynn felt her heart surge at the sight that was coming, and so did Muriella, flying above, tingling with anticipation at the impending hatching. Kade issued an order to a nearby servant, urging the staff to be on standby in case medical aid was needed. Gwynn hugged herself against him, ever proud of her lord husband’s decisiveness.

But Natora and Jill did not notice any of this. Instead, they watched eagerly, time slowing as the cracks in the egg grew wider. The child within pushed against the inner surface of the egg, slowly peeling it open. They had waited for this moment for months now. The moment when not only would they meet their children, but also discover what they were. Would they be dragons like Natora? Centaurs from the original impregnation? Or would they - as Jill heavily suspected - share some magical connection to the medusa who had helped deliver them, and imprinted upon them?

The egg opened, and the group had their answer.

“Awww, it’s cute!” Muriella cried, holding her hands over her red breast. “Er, what is it?”

The End