

HELP!

I'M BECOMING THE MONSTER CLASS?!

A TF STORY BY
ABE E SEEDY
ILLUSTRATED BY
ANGRBODA

18+

ADULT
AUDIENCES



HELP!

I'M BECOMING THE

MONSTER CLASS?!

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY • ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA

GREATER

UNINSTALL
MODS
BEFORE
BETA

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With aching slowness, the counter ticked from 89 to 90% complete. Lucy registered the movement as she glanced over her shoulder, then turned back to her housemate.

“Okay so, we’re clear on what constitutes an emergency, yes?”

Leaning on the wall just outside Lucy’s room, Amanda rolled her eyes. “Something that involves immediate, direct danger, like the building being on fire”, she dutifully parroted back.

Lucy nodded. “Right. And it has to be an actual fire. Not just the fire alarm going off because someone burned their food or whatever.”

Exhaling slowly, as though the very act of remembering that distinction was draining her life’s energy, Amanda nodded back. “But like anything less than that and you’re going to be logged into that game for half a day, right? Isn’t that like, a million years or something ridiculous?”

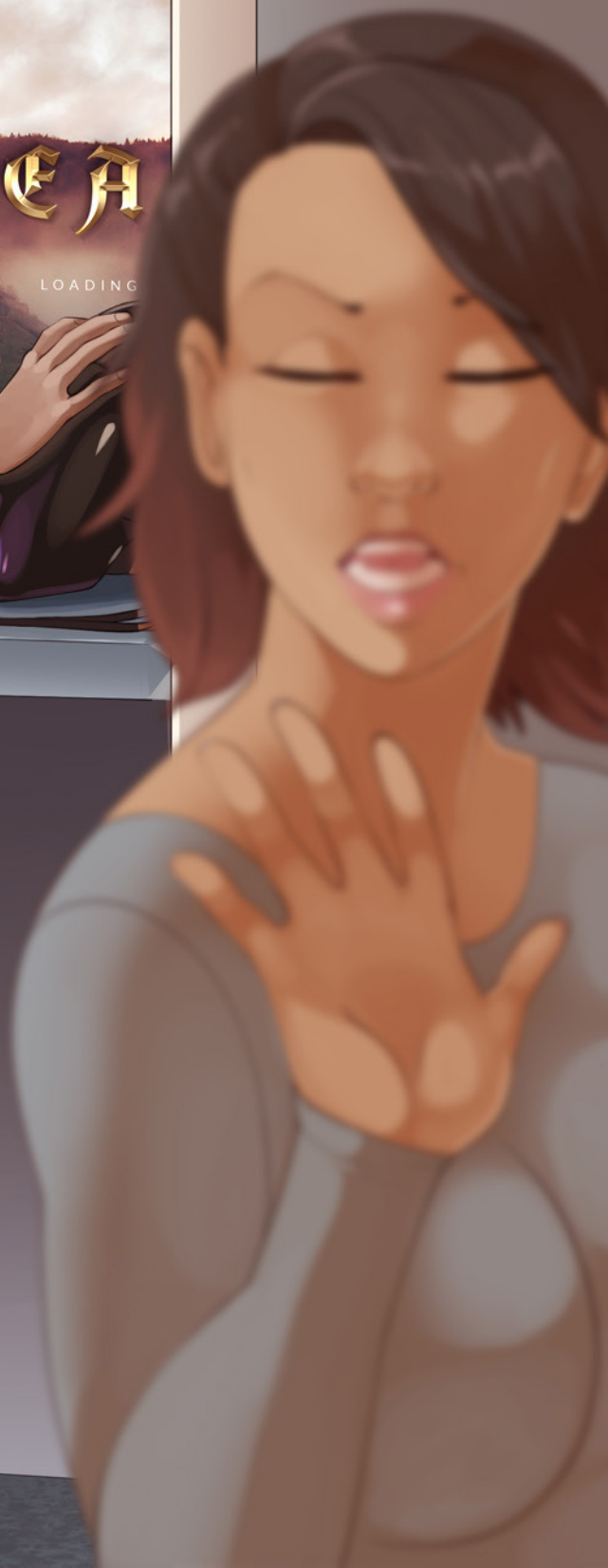
Fortunately Lucy was just checking the download progress over her shoulder again (it was at 91% now), so she managed to conceal her reflexive scoff. “The game doesn’t process that fast. It’s just gonna feel like two weeks from the inside. And besides, this is important. They picked me to be one of the beta testers. Me! Out of the thousands of people that signed up, I get to be one of the hundred they’re giving advance access to the new patch!”

She took a moment to check in on the download (93%), and when she turned back Lucy could tell that her housemate’s eyes had glazed over.

“Anyway”, she added, “the important thing is that it’s a privilege, but I’ve got to hold up my end of the bargain. At least 8 hours logged in, testing absolutely all the aspects of the new epic class they’ve assigned me.”

Amanda gave a resigned shrug. “And all of that means you’re willing to pay me \$20 to make sure you don’t get bothered in your room for the day, yeah?”

“Yes”, Lucy answered emphatically. “Yes it does.”



By the time the download finally hit 100%, everything was absolutely ready. She'd gone to the bathroom, set up the little hydration system that would keep her comfortable during the playtime, closed the curtains and made sure her rig was in perfect working order. She hit the quick start button to boot it all up, then gave herself a moment to soak in all the anticipation. Sliding the headset over her face, she felt the reassuring 'click' of the connectors snapping into sync with the receptors studding the back of her scalp. Then she laid back on her bed as the sensations of her physical body drifted off into the distance, and the world of Galatea swept her into its waiting arms.

Of course, it was just the blank loading lobby for now, a serene white space where admin work could be done while the rest of the world was loaded in. Lucy hastily waved away the Welcome menus that greeted her, tapping reflexively on each of the Accept prompts that flicked up in front of her. After all, she'd read all that weeks ago, back when she first got notice that she'd be in the beta. Now that it was finally here, now that *she* was here, she didn't need to see any of it again. She just needed to find out what random epic class *she'd* been assigned, and what cool new things she could do.

Finally the last popup disappeared, and the soft voice of the Game Master spoke up. "Welcome back Phaedra. Your prestige class has been unlocked. Would you like to see the details?"

Lucy was so excited that it took her half a second to respond. "Yes, please."

A chime sounded to signal that the request had been acknowledged, and then the 3D portrait of her character spun up in front of her, all her stats and equipment listing themselves off with arrows to the side. After a quick scan she found the heading for Prestige Class, and, with a slightly shaking hand, gestured for that to expand.

In bright red letters, the word

ERROR

appeared to greet her. She blinked, going to close and re-open the menu, in case that helped, but no matter how furiously she gestured it didn't want to close. Worse, the red text quickly spilled out of that area, marching outwards unstopably in a tide of technical complaints. It was all moving too fast to get a handle on, but Lucy managed to gather that there was an issue with her Mods folder.



“That... shouldn’t be...”, Lucy muttered. She’d turned all her mods off well before the new patch was installed. Hell, she’d barely ever used any of them - only downloading the big folder of graphical, AI and ‘other’-themed mods after one of her guildmates dared her to, and then turned them off after she found herself getting propositioned by a random river crab in a monocle and a top hat. Looking closer at the error, it seemed like some of the data for the new patch was trying to call up the exact same filenames that the mods had already used, sending the whole thing into a confused loop.

Before she could dig into it further, the Game Master chimed up again. “Exception error. Rectifying identity...”

The red text flashed past ever more furiously, but a moment later her character screen collapsed almost entirely. Her skills, stats, equipment and character model all disappeared, replaced with just a simple line of garbled text.

LEGENDARY/-PRESTIGE/MONSTER/-CLASS: FLAMEHOUND/-PHAEDRA

There was a... sensation. It felt like the rare few times when the game had entirely dumped out due to an error, only instead of it all falling away it was like the world stretched outwards infinitely for a moment before all the scenery of the game came rushing up to her in one great burst. Lucy staggered, bent almost double on the quiet forest path she was suddenly on, desperately trying to deal with the sudden sensory overload. And then when she went to straighten herself back out, she found that she... couldn’t. There was some sort of slight kink in her spine, making it so that she couldn’t help but lean forwards by about one or two degrees. But before she could even really focus on *that*, attempting to stiffen her back had provoked some other sensation, and that quickly drew her attention even further down.

She was still wearing the loose, puffy shorts that she’d had equipped for their one-handed fighting bonus, but suddenly the belt she had on over the top seemed way too tight. After checking that she was still safely alone, she risked pulling aside her clothes to take a look at the problem. Her pussy was somehow brushing up against the fabric, provoking all the weird feelings that were now overwhelming her. And there was... a lot wrong with that statement.



You didn't have genitals in the game. You just didn't, that wasn't what the game was for, so everyone's avatars were just smooth down there, presumably to keep a bunch of horny idiots from getting everyone in trouble.

The only time Lucy had seen different was that brief time she'd had those unsanctioned mods turned on, which... probably explained part of the issue, given the error message. But there was more to it than just that. Not only was her pussy there, it was also *wrong* - weird and puffy, with a dappling of bright red trailing outwards away from it and fading out against the rest of her skin. More than that, it seemed slightly lower than usual - usual for her real-life body, that was - or maybe it was just the odd angle of her back that made it seem like she needed to adjust herself further to get a better view. In any case, it was all extremely odd, and rather a lot to process.

"Ohhh... kay...", she said slowly. "Time to log out and log back in, I think. Game Master?"

There was a chime. "Yes **FLAMEHOUND/-PHAEDRA** ?"

Okay, ignoring that, Lucy thought. Out loud, she said, "Log out."

This time she was answered by the sour note of an error message. "**[!!] Identities with the <Monster> tag cannot log out.**"

Lucy's eyes bulged. "I'm sorry, what?"

"**[!!] Identities with the <Monster> tag cannot log out**", the Game Master repeated patiently. "If you still do not understand this tooltip, please contact an Admin."

Right, right, of course. "Please open a channel to the nearest available Admin."

Once again, the error sound rang out. "**[!!] Identities with the <Monster> tag cannot access the Chat function.**"

Lucy buried her face in her hands, then quickly jerked back as the motion provoked yet another eye-watering rub of fabric along her newly sensitive area. She'd heard something about hackers somehow programming monsters to spam the chat system, and the brute force solution of identity tags differentiating between player and non-player entities had never seemed like a problem until exactly this second.

Okay, okay. As far as she could see, there were still two ways out of this. One - she could find one of the Admins in person, and just ask them to change her tags. The problem there was that she couldn't know for sure where any of them were. That said, chances are at least one would

be hanging out in the starting area, which hosted the unofficial company headquarters in-game. And if that was what she was aiming for, then that had the additional problem that the starting area was several regions away, and she was pretty sure monsters were also banned from using fast travel. Unless there had been any mass-transiting sabrecats she hadn't noticed before now.

The other option was just to wait. The VR equipment had a hard lock on eight hours of use in one go, after which it would delicately but unstoppably eject the user back into the real world. The downside *there* was that it would mean she'd have to spend what would feel like two full weeks in the game, but, well, that wasn't too bad, right? She might have to walk a little funny, but surely she wouldn't be too distracted, given that she'd be out enjoying the amazing world of Galatea like she'd been planning on, right?

She went to take a step, and then suddenly she was hit by another sensory jolt. Her eyes screwed shut reflexively, and instead of seeing darkness she was greeted by another rapid flood of red error text. Shaking her head to clear it she slowly re-opened her eyes, only now she could tell there was something different. There was a warmth pooling upwards from between her legs, and her heart was beating notably faster. There was just this feeling of being... pent up, some urgent, undirected energy bouncing back and forth around inside her as she gritted her teeth. *Of course* she was in heat. *Why wouldn't* the 'REAL HORNY (#@w@#);;;;' mod have kicked in too?

"Okay", she said deliberately, "heading for the exit as fast as possible it is then."

About the only good thing to come from all this was the fact that monsters didn't seem to want to fight her, so Lucy at least had a peaceful experience as she made the long walk back to the intro region. That said, every time she got too relaxed and her mind started to wander, pretty soon she'd find herself re-opening her character window, seeing the angry red text of the error message still churning along. The reconciliation process was still dedicatedly working to put her ever more firmly on one side of the player/monster divide.

About 5 in-game hours into the first day though she had a brainwave, and called up the Game Master one more time. "Please show my current options for respawn locations", she commanded impatiently.

Wordlessly, a map sprung up in front of her, but it only took a second for her to realise that this too was a dead-end. Instead of a series convenient options, there was just a single shining red dot, far off to the side of the map, even further away from the admins in the starter area

than she was now. It looked to be in the new content region, and, on closer inspection, was labelled “**Legendary Monster Lair**”. She closed the map with a long-suffering sigh. So much for respawning her way out of this.

The next problem revealed itself the following morning. She'd spent most of the long and restless night with her legs as far apart as possible, trying to prevent herself from getting distracted by the enticing rubbing sensations. But as soon as the world time flipped to sunrise Lucy was completely awake, her ears twitching. There was a sound, something nearby that was... that she should go after...

Instantly she was moving, her gear forgotten as she set off at a dead sprint. She hadn't even fully stood up first, covering the first several meters on all fours before her body almost reluctantly went back to relying only on her hind legs. Diving through the undergrowth, she turned left, right, and left again in quick succession, the hint of movement up ahead driving her on. Finally she could tell she'd closed the gap, and her whole body coiled up like a spring before she leapt, her nails digging into the fur of the Critter as she pounced on it hard. There was only the tiniest squeak before the game registered her success on the hunt, the fuzzy little game creature despawning from the world as Lucy acquired the status 'well-fed'. It was only then, after she rolled to a stop and halfway through licking her lips, that her mind caught up with the rest of her body.

Sheepishly, she picked herself back up slowly, feeling the odd sensation of her ears flattening against the side of her head in residual embarrassment. She was sure there had been more changes to her body too - her hands felt broader and puffier if nothing else, better suited for running on than using her elegant sword. There might have been even more beyond that, but she hadn't the heart to find a reflective surface and check. The slowly spreading physical changes she could deal with, but she hadn't even considered changes in the core programming of her avatar. But it made sense, didn't it? There was always an AI-assist system involved, so that players could just think about wanting to attack and have their hands do the motions for them, without them *actually* having to become master sword fighters. But if her AI was mixed up with this monster, then... she was going to have to be careful about what she let it just *do* for her.

The thought stayed with her as she packed up camp. Like she needed one *more* example of how dangerous having her mind wander could be. She was already having to deal with stupidly insistent heat, the constant pull of sensations from between her legs never letting her forget how horny the game was telling her she was. But, of course, she couldn't give in to it, because anyone who jerked off in the game ran a real risk of getting found out by one of the admins,

and immediately kicked... out of... the game...

Huh. The thought somehow had never occurred to her before, but if the rumours were true, and there really *was* some way the admin team were monitoring the game traffic to clamp down on adult content on their servers, then... could that be a way to get their attention? Surely they'd forgive her given her exceptional circumstances, and once she let them know they could fix the problem and she could go back to playing the game like everyone else.

So then. It really was the best solution to, uh, investigate things.

Gingerly, she moved her shorts away. It looked like it had... progressed. The discolouration now stretched all the way up to her waist, with what she could now recognise as scales growing over her skin. Beneath that was her pussy, now almost dripping with slickness, although whether that was because of the heat or her anticipation Lucy honestly couldn't tell.

"Well", she mumbled to herself, "here goes nothing..."

Her fingers made contact, and immediately it felt different. Brushing over her lips did surprisingly little - they were sensitive, sure, but nowhere near as much as she was expecting given how prominent they'd become. It was only when she slid inside herself that she really started to feel something, her first exploratory finger quickly joined by a second. That... that was the correct strategy, something about the way her hips were angled, or the way her pussy was subtly reshaped, or hell, maybe it was that stupid AI sliding into her thoughts and giving her directions. Whatever it was that was causing it though, Lucy quickly found herself adjusting to the new requirements. She... it made her bite her lip to admit to herself, but it just felt *really* good to feel something pressing powerfully into her, and she couldn't help but lean further and further into that. Her hand pushed inwards again and again, and as she did so she belatedly realised just how much thicker her fingers had already become. The beginnings of soft paw pads had begun to appear on the tips of her fingers and the palms of her hands, and the feeling of that deliciously rough texture rubbing back and forth inside her made things even more overwhelming.

Within a few minutes she'd unequipped the clothes in her lower slot entirely, bucking her hips back and forth as her hand pressed inwards eagerly. She could swear her tongue was slightly longer as it fell out of her mouth, but for the first time the changes she'd gone through felt like an improvement rather than an impediment.



For as much as she'd jerked off in the past, she'd never felt this *wild*, this overpoweringly horny and completely focussed on the sensation of being absolutely filled. But more than that - she was doing it out here on the public server, just in some random clearing, and as she got more and more into it that became more and more of a positive rather than a negative. If the game was going to assign her the role of being a wild creature, she thought as her fourth finger slid smoothly inside herself, then maybe she should play the part.

She found herself panting audibly, and for a moment she tamped down on it, afraid that someone might hear. But then she remembered that that was the point, she was *supposed* to be heard - what good was getting herself horny if it wouldn't attract a mate? And then when she had attracted the mod, they could fix the game, and make things... better somehow, make it so that she could get back to what she was supposed to be doing, rolling over onto all fours and feeling her hand thrusting into her again and again, only it wouldn't be her hand, it would be a cock, the powerful, urgent sensation of something mounting her from behind, pressing his cock into her aching pussy and pushing her into the ground, fucking her over and over again as she panted and moaned and howled and came and *roared*.

The noise surprised even her, her jaw seeming to open wider than it should have been able to in order to let out the wild, animal sound that came out unthinkingly just as her body trembled with orgasm.

That... happened. After she'd settled back down it occurred to Lucy just how loud she'd been, and she looked around sheepishly to see if it had drawn anyone's attention. Fortunately, it looked like it hadn't, and she was still safely alone. Or, wait, *unfortunately* - she wanted to get noticed, remember, that was the whole point of doing that. The fact that it eased the increasingly demanding ache between her legs was just a... side benefit. But no, it looked like the admins hadn't picked up on the adult activity. Oh well, may as well try again.

Lucy managed to stop her hand just before it touched her skin. No. No, that probably wouldn't help. And if she started off down that path she'd probably never get anything done, she'd just be jerking off over and over again, lying in a fitful, self-absorbed puddle in some random part of the woods for the whole rest of her two week session. And that would be *bad*, she reminded herself pointedly. No, she was supposed to find someone, someone that could help. She needed to track them down and present herself to them, so they could fix her problem and make all this go away. It was a quest. Think of it like that. She had a quest, and the fail state was that she'd devolve into this helpless horny beast that couldn't think about anything beyond the aching heat in her loins.

She stood up slowly, shaking her whole body for a moment before she fumbled her equipment back into place with her increasingly stubby fingers. That fail state might be closer than she'd thought, Lucy admitted to herself, but hey, she hadn't failed a quest yet. The hunt was on.

The next two days passed slowly. For the most part Lucy simply walked - the one upside of all this was that she certainly didn't lack for energy. At the same time though, she was having to constantly bite down on the instinct to bolt off the path and chase some Critter through the undergrowth, and the less said about the *other* pressing drive she was feeling the better. It was just so *much*, the constant swish of her legs brushing past each other, the sensation of what she was increasingly sure was a growing tail straining out from behind her, knocking her more and more off-balance. She was trying not to look, but it was getting increasingly hard to avoid seeing the purple fur spreading slowly further and further down her thighs, or the way that her hands were now so puffy and paw-like that she was pretty sure she couldn't have drawn her sword even if she'd wanted to.

So even though the other monsters left her alone, her trek through the region was far more slow and challenging than she'd hoped. By the second day the only way she could get through it was by promising herself that as soon as she set up camp for the evening she'd try summoning an admin again by activating forbidden content, because maybe now she was close enough to the starter region that they'd pick her up more easily? Or maybe she'd just lucked out the first time, and everyone had happened to be busy with something else? Or maybe if she could just really lean in to how good it felt, her soft, fluffy paw brushing over her clit, her tongue lolling out of her mouth as she rolled back against the dirt, her powerful legs kicking absently at the air as she pressed as much of her paw inwards as she could, her tail wagging happily beneath her as she bucked and moaned and growled and roared and *came*...

And then again she fell back to her side with a loud 'chuff', looking around in resigned disinterest at the empty clearing. Still no-one. Perhaps she'd have more luck tomorrow.

For once, Lucy actually slept, although she only woke up reluctantly the following morning. It was always weird waking up inside the game, not just because of the fantasy surroundings, but because no matter how fast the simulation ran, a few minutes of real-world unconsciousness couldn't make up for a full night's sleep. So Lucy was already not at her best when she rolled blearily upright, rubbing her paws over her face to try and chase

away the last of her tiredness.

Suddenly, from the distance, there was a noise. A series of noises - the low murmur of voices getting nearer. Starting backwards, Lucy shook her head quickly and composed herself. Finally she'd run into some other people, people who could get a message back to the admins for her. She sprang forwards, loping out onto the nearby path on all fours. Walking casually towards her was a two-person party, a cavalier and a spellsworn by the looks of things, and her sudden appearance brought them both up short.

Belatedly, Lucy stood up, her back hitching awkwardly as her spine fought against the posture. Then she had to face *another* complication as her teeth and tongue seemed ill-designed for speaking, and she fumbled her way around the first words she'd spoken to anyone else in what felt like a week. "Hello! I'm so... ghlad to meet you out hehre!"

Rather than responding directly, the two players took up a defensive stance. "You ever seen a monster like that?", said the armoured fighter to her companion, raising her longsword in a salute. "I mean, I know all monsters are technically naked, but they're not normally so... blatant about it?"

"Yeahhh", replied the mage, summoning his golden rapier into his hand. "I'm trying not to look at its whole... zone, because the artist on this one must have really been pushing the boundaries. The way it's growling and yammering is weirding me out too, to be honest."



Lucy's eyes bulged. She'd been so excited that she'd completely forgotten to reequip her gear before running out here. But surely she wasn't mispronouncing things *that* badly that they couldn't even understand her? Maybe it was a lag issue with the world chat? Turning quickly, she barked, "Game Master, open a private local chat! You hear me now, right?"

She was interrupted by an error tone. "[!] Identities with the <Monster> tag cannot access the Chat function."

"Right", Lucy said flatly. Movement caught her eye, and slowly she looked upwards. Hanging above her head was the growing red circle of a monster aggression indicator, which she recognised just as the two players began their attack animations.

"Ohhhh, fuck *this*", she yelped, springing quickly backwards and haring off down the road at full speed.

Behind her, the PCs spent a few seconds swinging at nothing, running through their opening attacks in confusion while the monster they were expecting to charge them instead took off in the opposite direction.

"That's... weird", the cavalier said. "You think it's something we're supposed to hunt down?"

The mage shrugged, closing his eyes as his fingers danced in a complicated runic pattern. "Maybe, but I can't be bothered with that. Hold up, I'm gonna burn my ult."

Even though she was by now some distance away, Lucy's ears pricked up. Glancing back over her shoulder, she saw a giant spear of glowing ice materialise in front of the mage, and then, with one last hand gesture, it launched straight at her. "Oh fuck *off*", she had just enough time to mutter, before the attack connected and her vision went white.

The next thing she saw were the giant red letters saying "**YOU HAVE BEEN SLAIN**", which were, weirdly, comfortingly familiar. There was a brief moment where she thought that maybe respawning would reset the whole problem, but she soon realised that even though she was standing in an empty white void, she was still standing on all fours. So, no luck there. But... hadn't there also been some other reason why she'd been avoiding this solution too?

As if on cue, the text in front of her changed. "**RESPAWNING TO: Legendary Monster Lair**", it read.

Oh, she thought slowly. Yes, that was it exactly.

The scent of it hit her first, before even the location textures had finished loading in. She couldn't remember the game ever registering an unpleasant smell before, because why would anyone code it to do that, but this place smelled like - well, actually, unpleasant was the wrong word, somehow. Instead it was more like... 'full', or 'busy' maybe - a complex mix of scents that wove through the air to convey everything from presence to emotion. And there was... a lot of presence.

The walls of the cave burst into existence and stretched outwards quickly, but Lucy was transfixed by the shapes that had come to populate the space. There were at least a dozen of them; great, hulking, furry beasts, each of them raising their head lazily to look in her direction.

They must have been a new creature added in the update, because she'd never seen them before. Except that wasn't quite true, was it? The red scales had by now spread out over her entire chest, and it blended into dense purple fur the stretched from her shoulders down to the paws that had completely overtaken her hands. Shaking her head, she could feel horns jutting out through her mane-like hair, while her increasingly large canine teeth were rubbing against the outside of her lips. So she had seen them before, because they were the template she'd been mixed up with, the same creature she was slowly turning more and more into.

And unlike all the other monsters she'd encountered, they reacted to her. But it wasn't with aggression. Instead she could feel what they must have been feeling, a subtle mental recalculation that came from an increase in the size of the pack. She was being factored into the den, and combat roles and priorities subtly shifted around accordingly. And there was something... else. She couldn't quite tell what exactly, but her presence caused another shift in all the other monsters, their postures changing slightly one after another as some new calculation of the code updated through them.

"Um", Lucy tried. They looked at her, unconcerned, and not entirely interested in what she was saying, but she was making noise and nothing else was, so that was where their attention focussed. "I think there's been-"

Just then, whatever feedback loop her presence had caused got back to her, and Lucy stumbled backwards as the force of it staggered her. For several moments all she could see was a field of bright red error text, lines and lines of code racing over her eyes as whatever all this was fought to find some sort of solution. And then, just as quickly as it had come on, it vanished, but even as the text disappeared Lucy found herself still weighed down by some

oppressive force. Only now it took another form - the heat that she'd felt before was back with a vengeance, she could *feel* the slickness of her pussy as her hind legs rubbed up against each other awkwardly, her still-growing tail rising and waving in an attempt to clear a path.

What air she'd had in her lungs left her, and when she breathed in again the scents in the air streamed right into her head. It was - she couldn't describe it, not with words, because the truth of it all went right past words and plugged straight into the formless desires swirling around inside her. Instantly she realised that the reason why the creatures had shifted their stance was because she'd managed to impose one of the mods she carried on them too, and now each of them was equipped with a *substantial* package. It was - she'd never looked at them in detail before, obviously, because she'd turned that particular mod off as soon as she'd realised what it did, but now she was here and they were there and she was looking at them and they were so big and she was so *horny* and she-

Very deliberately, Lucy stopped. She rubbed her paws over her face, trying to pretend for now that she still had hands, and she was doing a very human, calming technique. If she could just focus, then she would be fine. She just needed to leave this cave, and then she could... she could get back to doing literally anything else, and that would be fine. Just leave the cave first. Just do that. *Now*.

She stood up, making a point of raising herself up onto two legs, literally putting herself above the creatures around her. "I- just, bye", she mumbled, trying to breathe as little as possible as she walked towards the mouth of the cave. Unfortunately though, she soon found that she should have spared a little more of her focus to the actual act of walking, and after only a few steps through the rough terrain a loose stone threw off her footing, sending her crashing back down to the ground and knocking the wind out of her once again.

As she lay dazed on the ground, she saw one of the creatures look over, then stand and begin padding in her direction. She felt it move behind her, feeling the brush of its long fur as it stepped over her legs, then heard its feet shifting as it turned around. She knew she should move, that all she had to do was to get back up, or scramble forwards, or even so much as roll over, but she... didn't. Instead she felt herself drifting upwards, settling slowly back onto all fours in order to provide a better platform, and letting the urgent, desperate heat from between her thighs guide her to where she needed to be. And then, her sharp teeth biting softly against her lip, she waited.



And... waited.

Eventually, belatedly, Lucy realised something was up. Turning around, she saw that the creature that had moved behind her *hadn't* positioned itself to mount her. It had, in fact, simply taken advantage of the warm spot she'd left behind when she first got up, and was now curled up there, soundly asleep.

There were a lot of emotions that ran through Lucy's head at this moment, and for half a second a dozen potential reactions fought for prominence. But in the end, after having spent so long like this, having gone through several desperately horny evenings and just *needing* to have this itch scratched, even as she fought against it and tried to find some other solution - somehow, this new refusal was the last straw. The game was broken. No amount of trying to fix it from the inside was going to work. But now, as she gritted her teeth and searched out the largest, male-est monster in the den, she was damn sure going to make her own fun with it anyway.

It didn't take long to figure out which of the monsters here was the boss. He was at least 3 levels higher than everyone else, and he lounged regally at the back of the cave. Lucy approached him on all fours, done with fighting to appear normal, and instead aiming to be as enticing as possible. After all, that other one had seemed completely disinterested in fucking, so even if the physical aspects of her mod had transferred, maybe the programmed priorities hadn't transferred. So it was up to her to set the tone, and hope that things would carry on once she'd set them in motion.

As it turned out, she needn't have worried. Maybe it was because he was the raid boss, but his AI seemed somehow more aware than the rest of the monsters. He looked up at her with a surprisingly animate curiosity as she approached, rolling over halfway at the insistent press of her muzzle. Then his cock was in view, rising up out of its sheath right in front of Lucy's wet nose, and she just let herself go. Her tongue curled around it, lapping eagerly in one long, persistent motion, letting the scent of it fill her up with every heated pant of her breath. He reacted, but this wasn't even about him - this was her, letting herself be as intense and needy and animal as she felt right now, finally - letting herself lick at this treat and feel her own heat rise to meet his satisfaction.

Eventually, he shifted. He heaved his weight around, pulling his hips away from her as he climbed slowly to his feet. Lucy backed off reluctantly, rubbing her muzzle against his to continue signalling her intent. And for the first time since she'd logged in the game played along with her, the mods or the errors or whatever it all was finally falling into sync with what she needed the game to do. His heavy paws fell on the back of her shoulders, his claws sinking softly into her fur as he anchored himself in place. And then, with an aching casualness, he

pressed forwards, sinking his cock into her dripping wet pussy.

Lucy felt herself *stretch*. She'd already been changed so much, but by jumping right to the top of the food chain, she'd set herself a challenging goal. His sheer size tugged and pulled at her, his cock chasing every last contour of her sex as he bore further and further down. She was - she wasn't quite set up for this, the angle wasn't quite right, or her own paws weren't quite ready yet to support his weight and hers, or... or something, there was something off, something stopping her from getting properly *fucked*, and the only way to get through it was... was?

Her mind raced. She could hear him grunt in impatience. Would he slide off her and be done? She needed to stop that. How could she stop that?

It was... this was all a feedback loop, right? That's what had caused this to kick into high gear when she'd come into the den. So if she could bring another of them into this, maybe it would... kick everything up another notch, and make it just get *right*. Right? She had to try. There wasn't any other option.

One of the lower level males had settled into a patrol routine, and its path took it right past where Lucy and the boss were. She waited several long seconds for its next pass, then reached out with a haphazard swipe of her right paw to draw it over. This one seemed less aware than the boss was, but it served well enough as an additional tool, something extra for her to use to solve her specific problem. It stopped in front of her, confused as to how it should act now that it had been interrupted, but before it could pick a new task Lucy angled herself downwards, desperately seeking out this new creature's cock. His legs kicked backwards awkwardly, only just managing to catch hold in the dirt enough to keep him steady against Lucy's insistent advances. Finally though she found her angle, and this time rather than simply licking along his shaft enticingly Lucy buried as much of his cock as she could take into her muzzle.

And then that was it. She could feel rather than see the red text dancing around the edge of her vision, but all that meant was that she was right, that this had been what she'd needed to do, she could feel her hips shifting as her body finally found the last missing piece, locking her definitively down onto all fours.



The tips of her horns rubbed against the underside of the second beast, her long tail swaying happily behind her as her legs finally braced themselves properly. And finally, *finally*, she felt her pussy settle into exactly how it needed to be, perfectly sized and angled to accommodate the partner she'd selected, while her long white teeth and black-lipped mouth framed the cock of her second mate. She drifted back and forwards blissfully, and soon she could feel her climax approaching, the heat in her crotch finally tempered by the shuddering joy of being so utterly filled. For several moments more she rode out the trembling sensations, with each of the males soon adding to her satisfaction with their own powerful climaxes.

With the encounter complete, the male in front of her withdrew, returning to his patrol path as if nothing of note had happened. But the male behind her... didn't. He'd cum, the slickness running down the inside of her thighs spoke to that, but for some reason he didn't seem to be letting up in the slightest. He was... did he need to prove his dominance by claiming her more than any of the others? Was he stuck in a loop? Or was this his idle animation now, fucking her more and more into the ground as her tongue dangled lazily towards the dirt, her eyes rolling back in her head as her body struggled to cope with all the sensations that were bombarding her. Maybe this was her idle state now, maybe this was her role in the group, or maybe the way that she could already feel her heat starting to build back up said all that she needed to know. His cock just felt so *good*, so why should she worry about anything else? Except, perhaps, for if she could get another of them to her front so she could have another cock for her muzzle...



Esther couldn't help but smile as she slipped through the mouth of the cave. This new Prestige class was *amazing*. In the full release of the game she was sure the Shade would find its role as the scout/DPS of the group, but for now, in this pre-release exploration, the fact that no monster would react to her until combat had been initiated meant that she'd been able to explore all the new areas before anyone else. She could even walk right into the end-game raid area, reading the stats of all these legendary monsters with her new Scout Weakness ability, without any of them so much as noticing her. It was enough to almost make her feel guilty for cheating her way through all the content, but hey, they wouldn't have programmed those abilities if they didn't want people to use them, right? And besides, this was just doing a fun-house tour of everything, surely when the game was actually live things would play out a little di-

Her leather boot hit something, stopping Esther in her tracks. Looking down, she saw that she'd walked right into a large, purple-furred paw, catching it right in the center and causing it to curl around her foot. After a second's thought, her eyes widened - would that count as an attack? Quickly, she brought up her UI, and relaxed as she saw she still had the 'Cloaked' tag active. But then, how could she have just stumbled into one of the creatures without noticing it? And why did it seem like it was actively holding onto her if it couldn't know she was there?

A sudden flickering of her UI screen drew her attention away from that line of thought. The whole thing stuttered, and then a cascading line of bright red error text poured down from the top of her vision, filtering between the cracks of her character sheet like spilled blood. Esther blinked in confusion, but before she could do more than wave the screen away her eyes caught movement from the shadows in front of her. Two glowing red irises rose up to her chest height, drilling into her intently and locking her in place. At the same time she saw the paw slide back away from her foot, as the creature stood up and stepped forwards into the light.

It was *large*. Not only did it stand almost five foot tall even on all fours, but it was thick-set with powerful muscles, with long, ivory-white fangs glinting as it moved out of the darkness. But there was more to it than just size that took Esther's breath away. The whole thing was built... weirdly. It was mostly just another monster, the same type as all the other ones in the cave that she'd already seen, but it was as though there was some other layer transposed over the top of it, like somehow this monster was dual-classing in another race. A distinctly *human* race, given the way its mane looked like one of the standard hairstyles, even if shot through with the same colour as its fur, and parted by great black horns. Most confrontingly, a pair of profoundly human breasts hung at its chest, even if they too were coated with the same red scales ran from its neck all the way through to the tip of its tail.

Reflexively, Esther engaged her Scout Weakness skill, but instead of simply displaying the monster's vital statistics in clean text above its head, she was treated to yet more red error text, this time in a rapidly scrolling cloud centered on the creature. She was able to make out the central designation line though, even if that too was somewhat garbled. It read:

LEGENDARY/-PRESTIGE/MONSTER/-CLASS: FLAMEHOUND/-PHAEDRA



Phaedra? But... hadn't she skipped the beta? Which was weird, because if you were one of the four people in the guild to get an invite you'd think you'd use it, but she'd just never showed up at the rendezvous they were all supposed to fast-travel to after logging in. And she'd never showed as available in the public contacts list, so they'd all just assumed something urgent had come up at the last minute. But as she looked closer Esther could pick out the similarities; the hairstyle was the same one Lucy had always worn on her character, and there was something about the face that seemed to match her too, even beneath the heavily feline cast to her features. But if this was Phaedra somehow - well, how? And why was she acting so weird?

The creature came closer. Its breath felt hot, making the skin of her bare thighs redden as she brushed up against her. She could *definitely* see her, cloak or not. And she was *definitely* still a she - if the chest hadn't been enough of a giveaway, there was a moment where she walked past Esther entirely, rubbing up against her like a giant house cat, and as she turned back around she saw the distinct sight of a dripping female sex beneath her raised tail, which was a hell of a lot to take in.

"Uh, good... girl...?", Esther tried. She raised her gloved hand to its head, giving a few quick scratches behind her long, pointed ears. "I'm just gonna, uh, head off.."

She turned, but before she could even start forwards she felt a solid blow to her back - not hard, but forceful enough to knock her off-balance and send her sprawling to the ground. Esther rolled over quickly onto her back, but before she could spring back to her feet she felt a heavy paw land on her chest. Even then, she could still push her way out of it, but slowly another fact came to her attention.

That amount of contact had apparently been enough, and her cloaking ability had gone back on its ten minute cooldown. In an instant she saw a half-dozen other creatures turn their heads towards her, her stealthy expedition apparently at an end. But then, before they could make a move, the Phaedra-creature standing on top of her let out a low, rumbling growl. And then, all the other monsters just stopped, the monster aggression indicators above their heads ticking quickly back into the green, unconcerned state.

Esther blinked. "Uh, thanks?", she said slowly. "I guess that saves me the respawn. Now if you could just let me, uh, up, that'd be, uh, great?"

The paw was unmoving, and the force behind it had amplified enough that it was clear she couldn't get out beneath it now, no matter how hard she tried. With the other monsters dealt with, the Phaedra creature slowly looked down at her, and try as she might, Esther was completely unable to read her expression. Was she saving her? Or just saving her for herself? Her head bent down, and there was another blast of heat as her breath pooled out over

Esther's face. And then, just before her teeth got close enough to cause any actual damage, her mouth opened, and Esther felt her rough tongue slide across her skin in one long, slow sweep.

It felt... weird. First there was the warmth, and the trail of slickness left in her wake, but beyond that there was some other collection of sensations that grew as Phaedra licked her again and again. There was some sort of pull, a tug on her body that followed the movements of Phaedra's tongue, and her face was left feeling increasingly... different. It felt like her nose was changing, sliding forwards along with her mouth into some sort of muzzle, like the one of her former guildmate above her, and her heart started to beat faster as a dim trail of error text sunk through the edge of her vision, even without any of the UI screen open.



By the time Phaedra stepped back, Esther's head was swimming. Her own tongue was falling out of her mouth, and she could feel an odd resistance behind her as the growing points of her horns scraped into the dirt. But more than anything else she felt heat, making her pant as it reverberated down her chest and right into her core. Her legs fell open, her leather armour sliding awkwardly across her increasingly slick crotch. She was... there was something, something in the air she was just beginning to detect, as her long muzzle waved back and forth impatiently. A scent, but somehow also a presence, or a desire, or a command - her head fell to the side and she finally saw the raid boss approaching her slowly, her eyes widening as she took in his impressive size.

Above her, Phaedra padded forwards, rubbing up against the side of the boss and casually shifting him into place. Then she destroyed all the armour and clothes Esther had in her lower slot with one swipe, leaving the way clear for him to press himself powerfully inside her. Phaedra simply watched as Esther gasped and moaned, red scales spreading up over her body with every thrust, seeming to enjoy the way her hands slowly shifted into paws as they flailed in the dirt.

Suddenly, blocky red text swam in front of Esther's face. **RAID FAILED**, it said. **RESPAWN Y/N?**

A paw waved at the 'N' option, and Esther honestly couldn't tell if it was hers or Phaedra's as the text disappeared. In either case though, the effect was the same. She wouldn't be going anywhere else for a good, long while.



When the system did hard-boot them out, it came as quite a shock. Lucy almost fell off her bed when her senses returned to her regular body, and that was to say nothing of the disquieting slickness that clearly still lingered between her thighs. Blearily she rolled onto her feet, noticing a piece of paper just in front of her door as she stumbled out towards the shower, trying awkwardly to remember how to walk on only two legs.

“There were a *lot* of weird noises coming from your room”, read the note in her housemate’s handwriting. “You owe me another \$20”.

Lucy shrugged. “Extremely worth it”, she said simply, then went back to mentally composing the DM she was going to have to send Esther when she next logged in.



BONUS

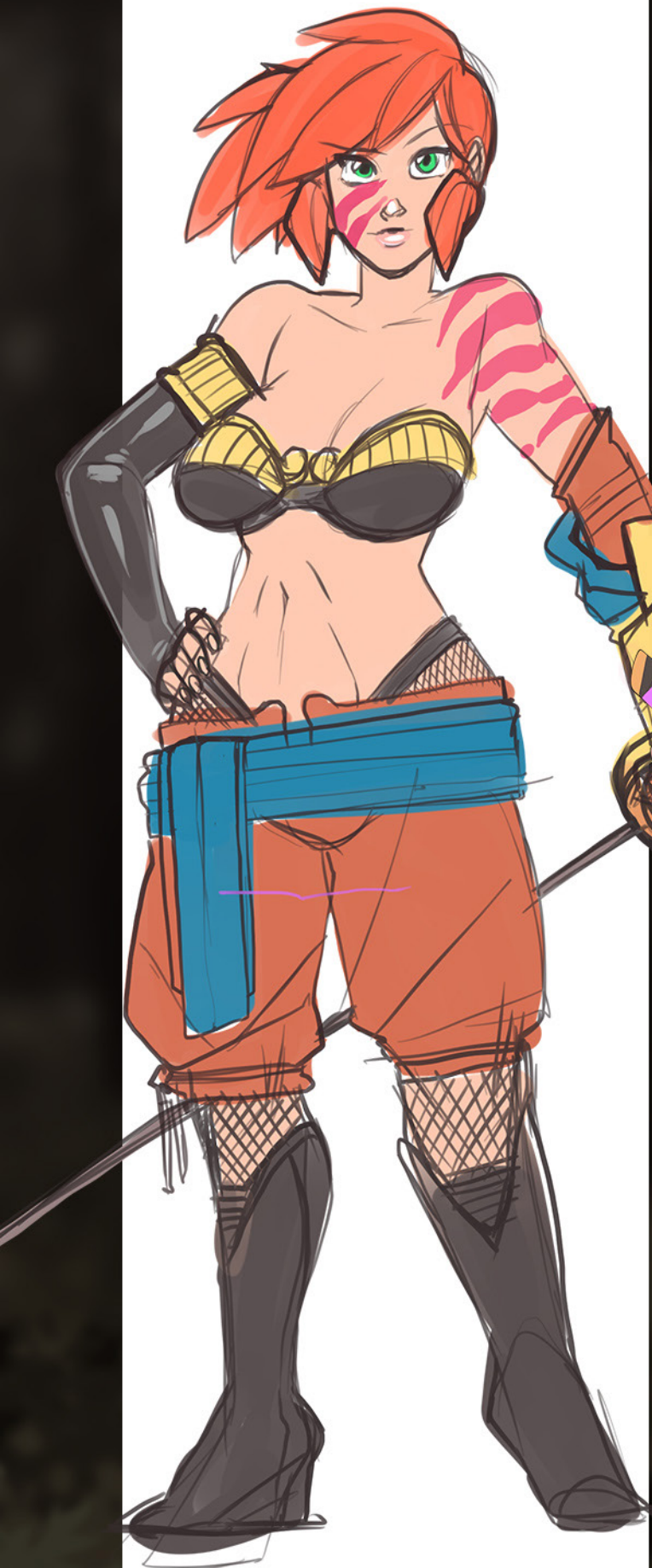
CONTENT



Slightly cleaned up version of the sketches I used to pitch Abe the story idea



Design sketch for Phaedra's monster form



Early sketch of Phaedra's design



Drawing of Esther's design

THANK YOU

to everyone who bought this and supported niche content! Abe and I love working on this stuff and it wouldn't exist without you. We both worked hard on this book and we sincerely hope you enjoyed it!

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