

Multiclassing (Party Hero to Female Healer TFTG)

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A Commission for JcJace45

Alec is the leader of a heroic adventuring party, the only man in his group of four. A stalwart hero, he gains the blessing of an artefact that allows him to draw in the abilities and features of his teammates to help them through tough times. But when fellow party member Jezzeth figures out that this effect can go both ways, she and the others start to offload unwanted traits to Alec, while he gives up features they want. Soon, Alec finds himself going from a manly frontline combatant to a rather womanly backline support.

Multiclassing

“Watch out! The dragon is about to use its fire breath!”

It had been Sameen who had called out. The cleric of their adventuring party was a meek human woman who generally kept to the back, doling out healing and buffing spells whenever she could. But with a giant looming red dragon before them, she was trembling in terror.

“Fear not!” Alec cried, forthright and confident. He was their leader, a very handsome and muscular human with the classical looks of a noble knight. He led from the front, his sword hacking away at the dragon’s reaching claws before diving away from a swipe.

“Hit it’s weak spot! Agatha, get in position!”

Agatha raced as far as she could, but despite being a trained ranger, able to land bowshots expertly, she was also a halfling, one who continually struggled against the difficulties that came with her height. She was still well within range of the dragon’s breath as she readied a shot.

“Damn it, Jezzeth, lend me your speed!” Alec cried, racing to save Agatha. He was calling out to the last remaining member of their team, a purple-skinned tiefling with beautiful looks and a sly manner. Jezzeth was their spy, their sneak attacker, the one who could disarm traps and unlock doors. She was also very fast.

“Ugh, fine! But don’t keep it!” she cried.

Alec activated the amulet hanging around his neck. It reached out, taking Jezzeth’s speed and leaving her slow. He had gained this artefact only recently, and it was a great blessing indeed, allowing him to draw upon the abilities of his teammates to further aid them. Unfortunately it also sapped them of their selected quality until he returned it.

“Damn it,” the tiefling muttered, hiding behind a rock. “I wish I could at least get some of his sword skills in return.”

Jezzeth suddenly trembled, feeling a strange flow of energy. Alec noticed it too; he pushed the halfling ranger Agatha out of the way, her fiery red hair just missing actual real dragon's fire, and got them to safety. But when he rose, he was holding his sword in a terrible manner.

"What the - !?"

The fire hit him, searing his skin. Sameen squeaked far behind. She raised her staff and pink energy pooled around it, until it shot forth and began to heal Alec's skin. He reached out with the amulet, grabbing that healing power for himself. Sameen winced at losing the one thing she contributed to the group, but Alec wanted to do his own healing. He applied the magic expertly, then got to his feet, returning Jezzeth's speed.

For just a moment, the tiefling rogue felt like she could pull on the exchange, and even keep the sword skills she'd just gained. She smiled slyly, and let it go . . . for now.

"This time, Agatha," he bellowed to the halfling ranger clad in her green camouflage. "The weak spot in his belly!"

Alec launched forward, grinning as he swung his sword. All was right in the world so long as he had the amulet. For all the rest of his team's inexperience, so long as he could draw from their strengths, victory would be hand.

A sword strike.

A follow up arrow shot.

The dragon fell, its eyes dim.

"Ha, we felled the beast!" Alec declared. "A great group effort all around."

The rest of the group were more so-so on this. Ever since Alec had gained the amulet, it seemed more like a one-man show, with them as the providers of skills, and little more. Agatha was a little happier at least, having delivered the final blow, but she still cursed her halfling nature; how could she climb trees and bounce from limb to limb while being so damn short?

"Another adventure concluded," Alec said, looking at the group. "Let's go collect the reward, girls. Time to look for the next job."

Jezzeth paused, her tail flickering as she looked at the hands that, for a brief second, had known how to balance a longsword expertly.

"The next job," she said to herself. "I have some ideas about that."

"What do you mean, you'll need the amulet's power?" Alec asked.

Jezzeth sighed, scratching a dark purple horn with one sharp-nailed finger.

"This next job, the contact wants to speak with just me, okay?"

“But I’m the leader.”

“Sure, I know that, but he doesn’t trust you. It’s an underground thing. So he’ll talk to me. I just need some of your height, maybe a bit more masculine features, and I’ll be in a good position to negotiate.”

“Masculine features!?”

Jezzeth shrugged. “I’m not stealing your manhood, Alec, I just need to look imposing. The item is attuned to you, alright? And it might be better if I look a little more human. Tieflings can be a bit distrusted.”

Alec sighed. “I understand, but it won’t matter. You can’t just take qualities from me, it doesn’t work that way.”

Jezzeth looked to Agatha and Sameen. She’d already told them her theory, but the halfling ranger and human cleric didn’t believe her. So instead she focused her mind on the amulet. A few moments passed, during which Alec was ready to say some variation of ‘I told you so,’ but then a connection formed. The male hero grunted, clutching his arms as his height began to shrink, his limbs too. Jezzeth rose, and her face became less exotically beautiful, appearing a bit more masculine. Sameen gasped, and Agatha looked on in shock as her horns even retreated, and her purple skin became a warm olive tone instead.

Alec, on the other hand, felt a tail push out from his tailbone, and a pair of horns rose from his head. In moments, he also had purple skin. He had lost some height and changed species entirely, and he was gripping his now-longer hair.

“I - I don’t understand.”

“Won’t be long, don’t worry,” the now-taller Jezzeth said with a playful grin. “Enjoy the tail but watch the horns, shortie.”

And then she was gone, leaving Alec humiliated right in front of the other two heroes.

“I . . . I can’t believe that just happened,” he said, holding the amulet. “There’s no way that’s happening again. Don’t you get any ideas!”

“Of course not!” Sameen squeaked.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Agatha said.

But the pair *did* have ideas already brewing. Sameen could imagine gaining confidence where she had little, giving up her background focus to become the stalwart paladin she always wished to be. And Agatha had watched the height exchange with extreme interest. Not only that, but she couldn’t stand her own curves. Halfling men loved a gal with a large bust and wide hips, but they weren’t conducive to the life of being a stealthy, elegant ranger.

The secret of the amulet was out, and each woman wanted a bit of self-improvement from Alec.

Alec's tail shifted back and forth, and the man couldn't stop touching either it or his new horns.

"Bad enough being bloody *purple* without these editions!" he whined, pacing back and forth. "I feel totally unmanned!"

Agatha snorted. "Just be grateful you're still not as short as me. Besides, you're not unmanned. Try having heavy weights on your chest every time you try to run."

But Alec's mood failed to lift, and he continued to pace.

"M-maybe if you just sit down?" Sameen shyly suggested. "Um, maybe I could work some magic to make it feel better?"

Alec just shook his head. "I don't want it to feel better, I just want this damn effect ended! This amulet was meant to empower me, not make me some kind of vendor!"

The door opened, and Jezzeth strolled in, tall and confident and human. She clasped her hands together.

"The magic worked, everyone, looks like we've got a job on our hands! And it's a big one."

"Bigger than a dragon?" Sameen squeaked, nervously clutching her healing staff.

"Please, that was barely a wyrmling. *This* is a genuine, bonafide necromancer lord, one running amok in Telken."

"Why would they want us to take on a necromancer? That seems standard heroing."

Jezzeth grinned. "Aye, there's a catch. The necromancer is a local lord's risen ancestor. Seems the family line has some dark secrets they don't want out. They want him removed quickly and surgically. Sounds good, right leader?"

Alec frowned. "It'll be better once you give me my traits back."

Jezzeth sighed, but she focused and quickly allowed the power of the amulet to form their connection. Alec's visage returned to normal, just as she became a tiefling again. The only thing was . . .

"My height! You're still taller than me!"

Jezzeth chuckled. "Just for a little longer. That and the sword skills. You can still use an axe, but I'd like to know how to swing a shortsword."

Alec became furious. He rose to his feet, but he no longer had the height advantage.

"You can't just do this!"

"You've taken all of our powers and skills at one point or another."

"Only temporarily!"

"Yeah, but sometimes for *days*. And since this amulet clearly goes two ways, I'm thinking we girls should stand to benefit for a bit. You're always at the front of the team,

taking all the glory, earning all the bardic tales and songs. It's high time we distributed things."

Alec fumed, but he looked quite pouty next to Jezzeth, whose tail swished back and forth with cat-like confidence.

"Fine, temporarily. Just temporarily, since it will help us."

It was at this point that Sameen pitched in, her voice warbling and nervous. "Um, maybe in that case . . . I could get a little confidence boost? Just a little bit to make me less scared when things go wrong. Maybe a little less, um, shy as well?"

Alec sighed. He could already see this going wrong.

"Fine, just this once, until you build up your own confidence, Sameen."

He hoped he wasn't making a terrible mistake.

Alec had made a terrible mistake, and he was only just starting to realise it on the road to Telken. For one, once the pathway between himself and Sameen had opened, he lost all control over it. The nervous cleric had taken far more confidence and courage than he'd intended to give, and the result was that now she was happily singing along on their march, keeping pace with the rest of them, and even eagerly chatting about how much she wanted to be "at the frontline for once, smashing undead skulls!"

Which, for two, meant that Alec now felt suddenly shy and small. He had intended to demand his height back from Jezzeth, but when he broached the subject, the tiefling rogue just gave him a funny look that made him wither a little.

"M-maybe later," he said, more than once.

It burned him up inside, particularly since Sameen was eagerly boasting about possibly giving up her healing and taking on the role of a full-blown paladin.

"It wouldn't take much," she said idly. "I don't even stutter when I speak now, and the combat spells I already know off by heart, I just didn't have the confidence to be at the front to say them. Now I could smite my enemies like . . . like I've always dreamed of doing."

"That would be outstanding," Agatha said, trying to keep pace with her taller friend. "That's like my dream of being a ranger."

"You are a ranger," Alec said, trying to keep in the conversation and steer it away.

"I know, but I'm not a *good* ranger. I'm too short to move swiftly, and these damn curves of mine-

"Boaster," Jezzeth said, grinning.

“Oh, I bet they’d be good on you, Jezzeth, but I have to be constantly mobile and lining up my shots. These damn tits are always getting in the way, not to mention the other curves.”

“I always thought you looked as you should,” Alec said, trying to comfort her.

She just exhaled. “Try thinking that when your chest is getting in the way of loosing an arrow. I’d do anything to have it a bit easier.”

Alec’s heart was caught in his throat. It was like he could *sense* what Agatha was about to see. Which was problem number three: the amulet, he’d discovered, couldn’t be removed. No matter what force he applied to it, nothing could bring him to take it off. He was starting to think it was less of a blessed artefact and more of a cursed one, especially since his ability to take the traits of others was becoming more lopsided in their favour.

Agatha looked sweetly up at him.

“Alec, just for part of this journey, would you mind if we swapped some height? It doesn’t have to be all of it, but even just being a bit taller would help redistribute these damned curves and let me keep pace as a proper ranger should.”

Alec grew flustered. They were on a forest path, and he couldn’t exactly excuse himself to a tavern this time.

“Look, Agatha, I understand it’s difficult, but you can’t expect me to suddenly become even shorter. Jezzeth already took from me and made me a tiefling for a little while!”

“Which reminds me,” Jezzeth said, twirling her dagger idly. “I’ve been thinking we could have you take on my features again back in the city. Tieflings stick out; we’re quite rare and some blokes consider us exotic, assholes that they are. So it’s hard to sneak around.”

“This - this is p-preposterous! I’d much rather give up height than my own species again!”

“Wonderful!” Agatha said, leaping up to hug him around the waist. “I’m so grateful, Alec, thank you so much!”

“I didn’t mean-

“Well done, Alec!” Sameen said, slapping him on the back as if she had always been as forthright as this.

“No! We’re a party, this amulet should be used to share, not-”

But he could already feel his more demure side, dumped upon him by Sameen, starting to worm its way through his actions. He sighed, not wanting to go against the will of the party. Perhaps if he’d set a better example initially with the amulet, but it was too late; Agatha felt the connection open and immediately seized upon it. The man grunted, gasping as his height shrunk dramatically this time. He had previously been over six feet in height, but his limbs and spine and general stature compressed magically down.

“Ohhhhh, ahhh . . . oh G-Gods . . . “

“Yesssss!” Agatha murmured, clenching her fists as her own height rose in contrast to his shrinking. She had just meant to take a foot or so of height, but the use of the amulet was positively addictive, especially when her heart’s desire was now coming to fruition. “M-make me a proper ranger! Give me your height, Alec, all of it!”

Alec whimpered, clutching his smaller form. The only saving grace was that his outfit changed with him. In moments he was down to perhaps three-foot-three in height, barely coming up the hips of the other members of his party, whereas Agatha was now nearly six feet tall, her camouflage green leather armour having expanded to encompass her form. She was still quite busty and curvaceous, her bosom jutting out and her rear looking quite delectable from Alec’s lower point of view, but she laughed as she ran to and fro.

“The speed! Look at my speed!”

Alec’s face dropped. “I’m so small. You took some of my speed, too! That’s no just height! My legs aren’t nearly so athletic!”

“I’m so sorry, Alec, truly!” Agatha called out, though she didn’t sound so much as she moved from tree to tree, hiding easily from the party so that her voice echoed out. “But it’s for the best! It’ll all go back after we defeat this necromancer, I promise!”

Alec wanted to argue. He truly did. But Sameen’s shyness rose up within him, making him want to clutch a healing staff rather than the axe he was no forced to use. An axe that had, thankfully shrunk down to size.

“This is ridiculous,” he muttered to himself.

“Aww, you’re so cute!” Jezzeth declared, mussing his hair as she passed. “You’re basically a halfling already!”

Agatha gave a sheepish grin as she appeared back on the track, but Sameen stopped for a moment.

“It’s okay, Alec,” she said comfortingly. For a moment Alec thought he was about to get his confidence back from her by way of apology. But then she simply smiled.

“If it’s too hard to fight while you adjust, I’ll protect you.”

Somehow, that was the ultimate insult.

The team fought bravely against the necromancer’s undead hoard at the edge of Telken. Wave after wave of skeletons, infusing with the glowing green light of foul dark magic, came at them, rising from the graveyard and tumbling over the town walls beyond. Jezzeth took cover, firing her crossbow to shatter skulls. Sameen took to the front for the first time, wielding her mace and attacking foes left and right. Agatha loosed arrow after arrow, allowing brambles to grow from where they landed to catch her enemies. She in particular

laughed joyfully, unable to be caught, easily tracking the movements of hiding skeletons with her greater height.

“Thanks so much, Alec!” she cried.

And then there was him. Alec was at the front line too, but for the first time he felt like he didn’t belong. The connection between him and Sameen had opened during the first opening seconds of combat. Evidently, the cleric still had concerns about up-close fighting, because his combat stances were taken from him, as was his resilience. He felt them trickle away, along with his durability and tactical prowess.

“Stop it!” he cried, already struggling against the hordes. He felt ridiculous; the human skeletons were all twice as big as him, and it was a crazy world where *Sameen* was now the one freeing him from entrapment. “Stop taking everything from me! I need *something*, damn it!”

Sameen went red with shame, and for a moment, once more, he thought she was going to correct the matter. Instead, she opened the connection to his amulet again, the jewel glowing brightly.

And gave him her healing abilities instead.

He felt the power flow into him, right at the moment Agatha let out a howl of frustration. She now looked even more spectacular with her taller height, but she was literally having to adjust her bow stance continually due to her bust *still*, and it allowed a zombie to take a meaty bite out of her arm from the distraction.

“Help her!” Sameen called out, that stolen decisiveness flowing through her. She hurled her staff to Alec, who managed to barely catch it. And then she returned to clashing with the undead, leaving Alec in the role of healer.

“By all the Gods, this isn’t my role!” he said, but only to himself. He darted towards Agatha, reaching out with his new healing power, and soon her wounds knit themselves back together.

“Ha!” Jezzeth called. “It seems our leader is now the party healer! Keep it up, Alec!”

The fighting resumed, and Alec had little choice but to give himself over to his new role. He was the team healer now. Without a word, he began to move to the back.

His body and disposition just weren’t up to being a frontline fighter at the moment.

Jezzeth grinned as she returned to the group.

“Typical necromancer,” she said. “They just can’t resist a good mausoleum lair. It was either this or the cathedral. He’s got undead help and there’s a foul aura there, but with all of us at the top of our game I’m sure we can take him.”

"I'm - I'm not at the top of my game," Alec whined.

Sameen placed a hand on his shoulder. She was so much bigger than him now, everyone was.

"Look, I know you're not used to being the healer, but trust me when I say it's an important role, Alec."

"It's not my role! Why don't you d-do it again?"

She hefted her large mace, which was bristling with energy. "Because at this moment, I can be a paladin. And that's the best thing against a necromancer right now."

Even Alec couldn't argue that. He just hoped they could get through this without another change. As it turned out, only moments later Agatha spoke.

"Actually, Jezzeth, I'm not at the top of my game. I'm a lot better, but, well, these damn curves keep getting in the way."

"Still?" Jezzeth said.

"Let's just say being able to take bigger steps and run faster makes for bigger . . . wobbles."

Sameen pinched the bridge of her nose. "Give them to Alec. He can take them; a healing support won't be bothered by them."

"Yes, I will!"

"Not in terms of fighting. Look, Alec, it's for the good of the party and our mission. This could be deadly; you need to do this."

Somehow, without there ever being a discussion over this, Sameen had become the leader of the group. Jezzeth grinned, relishing this a little too much.

"I - I shouldn't have to . . ."

But a combination of his shyness, his healing nature, and the increasingly cursed nature of the amulet meant that his ability to fight the coming connection was hopeless. Agatha bit her lip, moaning a little as her chest began to flatten down, her rear too, and her lovely hips. Alec trembled, trying not to moan at the strange, unwelcome pleasure that followed. It was too much; his nipples throbbed and expanded, his once muscular chest softened and expanded. He clutched it despite his embarrassment, trying not to develop a heaving chest. Instead, it grew even more rapidly, along with his ass and his hips. He whined, shaking as his body became increasingly feminine.

"You c-can s-stop now!" he whined, but Agatha wasn't stopping, lost in her own pleasure at turning more masculine. Her biceps swelled, her muscles developed, and those annoying curves all melted away, leaving her a lithe ranger that looked more like an elf than a halfling.

"And I still get to keep the good luck of my kind!" she boasted, looking over herself.

Alec wasn't nearly so happy; his changes were still happening, his bust becoming heavy and full until they were undeniably a pair of very large breasts. His hips popped wider, and his voice began to go higher, cracking up several octaves. His short hair grew, expanding down his shoulders, and the poor man suddenly tensed up, whining in a high, musical voice as his member retreated and reformed into a vaginal passage.

"S-stop it! You have to s-stop it now before I - OHHH!!!"

He, now a *she*, fell forward. It was a painful land onto his terrific bust. He rolled over, and saw that while his outfit had changed, it had done so in a way that left said bust on display. In fact, his clothing wasn't even his anymore; it was like a sort of combat robe, or dress, that clung tightly to his curves, with slits for the thighs and a lot of cleavage on display.

"What in the nine hells!?" he gasped, not used to his new voice.

"Sorry," Sameen said. "I didn't mean to get in there, but I just thought it would be good to get some proficiency in better armour, and my healing role doesn't really go well with armour, so I thought we could swap dress sense."

"I'm a damned woman!" Alec shrieked. "Agatha, this wasn't what we agreed!"

But Jezzeth shushed him. "Pipe down, little lass, or you'll give away our position. We can sort this all out later, but it looks like Agatha is finally able to fight to her fullest, so for now we should proceed. Sameen?"

The new de facto leader nodded. "We've had some swapping of roles, but this could be our most ideal formation. It might be worth considering keeping it for the trek back, in case of bandits. But let's prove ourselves first, right Alec?"

Alec grimaced, still looking at his bust. It was wobbling and jiggly and surprisingly sensitive, and even the new padding on his ass felt strange, let alone the shift in his hips when he stood up and walked. It was all so much; he was the height of halfling and female no less, with the shy personality of a support healer.

"Right Alec?" Sameen repeated, voice confidence and clear.

"Y-yes," the new woman replied.

"Good, then let's see if this new party composition works!"

The worst part was . . . it did. The necromancer of Telken had no chance at all, not with Sameen up front cleaving aside his forces with her smiting mace, or the newly male Agatha pinning every enemy back with his magic arrows. Jezzeth traded insults with the necromancer, who taunted her for being a 'tempting tiefling.'

"By all the Gods, I'm so sick of people being hung up on that! I'm just a person, and soon you won't be!"

She was the one who dealt the final blow, getting a sneak attack that bled out his foul heart. The other undead fell, but the only reason they had held out against them so effectively was that Alec had turned out to be a natural healer.

Yes, being a woman was all wrong.

Yes, his bust wobbled with each major movement.

Yes, he was utterly humiliated, thanks to his personality and bodily changes.

But somehow the worst part was how damned good he was at wielding the cleric's staff, despite how big it was compared to him. He kept the group in fighting shape, cast daylight spells against the living shadows, and generally called upon powers that gave each of the other members an edge to their success. When it was done, they each celebrated.

"We did it!" Agatha cried. "I can't believe what a difference losing my damn chest made! Gods, I'm never going back to being a woman again, or short, for that matter! And you, Sameen, you smited those fuckers!"

The new paladin grinned. "It felt so natural, like I'd been doing it all my life. I think . . . I think my God wants me to continue this role. It feels like a proper blessing. Jezzeth, those new sword skills were on display as well, I noticed!"

The tiefling cackled. "Far better than just a dagger, eh? For once, I didn't feel overwhelmed when up against a group of enemies around me. I could parry with the best of them. And all of this is thanks to you, Alec! Don't think we didn't notice how good you were with all that healing and support!"

Alec balled his fists. "I - I had no choice! It came naturally to me. It's the amulet, it's a curse. We have to undo it."

But Jezzeth just lowered herself down to his level. "Aww, come on now, you're a natural in this new role. You really are, Alec. I think we were always meant to find this amulet, and you were always meant to be our cleric. Truly."

Alec shivered. New emotions stirred in him; feminine ones that made him want to cry.

"It's okay," Agatha said. "Look, if it's any consolation, you were a pro."

"And you kept us all alive," Sameen added. "You're still a vital member of our team."

"Not to mention," Jezzeth continued, rubbing Alec's little shoulder, "you look damn good, Alec. Really damn good. Like a short, busty halfling! I'm sure other halfling girls would kill for those looks."

Alec wiped away a tear. "But I'm not a halfling! I'm a human! I'll stick out like a sore thumb wherever I go!"

At this, Jezzeth looked at the other two women, who exchanged a wordless kind of message with her that Alec couldn't quite read. Sameen nodded, as if providing approval for what Jezzeth was about to do.

"Oh no, is this another swap?"

“Just one last one, Alec,” she said. “Or perhaps Alice, might be better. Or Alexia? Either way, I’ve been thinking ever since you took my tiefling nature for a bit, that maybe something more permanent would be better, hmm? I mean, I *do* stick out, and it’s hard as a sneaky thief and rogue to do that. A lot of unwanted attention. Besides, you could do a lot more good for my kind being a kind, healing cleric than I do giving tieflings a bad reputation. So what do you say, honey? Are you ready to don the tail and horns and purple skin again?”

Alec could only give a long sigh. The amulet glowed, already opening the connection. The woman had no real choice in the matter.

Alexia tried to keep her head up as they exited their meeting. Jezzeth had been paid up, and was looking quite happy about it, being a tall, confident human woman. Sameen was already putting forward notions of where to lead the group next, and what services she could render as a mighty paladin. Aghath was still getting used to being a man and having a new, albeit similar sounding name, but judging from his actions in the bar with an attractive tavern wench, he was already embracing his new role.

Which just left Alexia, the tiny, busty little purple-skinned tiefling. Instead of gaining attention as a stalwart hero, numerous eyes - particularly male ones - gazed at her wherever she went now, intrigued by a figure they assumed was either some kind of unique goblin gal or a crossbreed between a tiefling and a halfling. The latter was rather true, really, but regardless of what she was, the fact that men loved to gaze at her impressive chest or comment on her swaying derriere was what really mattered, especially since her purple tail only added to the effect. ‘Exotic’ was the word that was applied to her, and she didn’t exactly love the realisation that, just as Aghath had accidentally taken on her interest in attractive women, *she* had gained an interest in attractive *men*. She certainly hadn’t acted on it so far, but there was a fear she would. With her shy nature and more demure approach to social situations, it was easy to let a handsome figure lead the conversation and walk her into things, and the rest of her party were encouraging her to embrace her new body and “have a little fun.”

The amulet had stopped glowing and finally come off. No one could get it to work again, no matter how skilled the artificers in the city were. The blessing or curse was complete, and for better or worse, Alexia was now a short, busty tiefling woman for life. From now on, she’d always be helping from the rear of the party, keeping the vanguard heroes alive and healed. It suited her new, feminine self rather well, whether she liked it or not.

The End