

Rogue Curse (Adventurer to Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

In a fantasy land, there is a temple that exists to undo the curses people receive. But when a recently cured rogue attempts to steal from the donation box, they face the wrath of the temple's deity - and a whole slew of curses cured from others are now piled upon him!

Rogue Curse

Dastin despaired. It was meant to be the perfect crime. The Temple of Onira was renowned across the land for being able to cure curses if one gave a coin of something of value to the temple's coffers. People of all shapes, sizes and races travelled across the lands to visit the temple, all in order to be cured of cursed afflictions. Centaurs who had been cursed to always have grit in their hooves, mermaids cursed to have human legs, goblins cursed to never possess gold again! And there were other, even larger curses: men who had been cursed to live as women, others whose lust had been inflamed beyond reason, or had even been transformed into another race, such as a dragonkin or orc. Some individuals even had multiple curses.

So when, after delving into a forgotten tomb and raiding it for gold, Dastin had been cursed to never be able to act stealthily or hide from the view of others thanks to a tomb trap, he knew he had to go to the Temple of Onira. But the young thief had always been an opportunist. Growing up as a human on the streets of Planir, he had learned to take care of himself and take what he wanted from others, whether they deserved it or not. With his dashing dark hair and thin moustache, he cut quite literally a roguish figure, able to woo women out of their purses as easily as he cut said purses while passing them on the street.

But this curse could be a true blessing. The amount of donations the Temple of the Goddess Onira, patroness of blessings and ender of curses, had accrued would be fabulous, enough to retire upon. So it was that when he entered the temple he brought some ill-gotten gains, caring little for this small sacrifice. He knelt before her mighty statue as others in the line did, hearing their grumbles about various transformations and woes, and then he recited the words:

“Oh Great and Mighty Goddess, I beseech thee to hear my prayer and restore me from this vicious curse. I give you this donation in hopes of being worthy of your boon.”

Sure enough, as soon as he placed the coins in the coffees of the priests, who promptly took them away, the statue of the beautiful goddess shimmered with light, and he felt cured. Already, he knew he could hide and pick locks and be stealthy once more.

A good thing too, because that very night he snuck into the back of the temple while all were asleep. It wasn't hard to find the lockbox that contained the greatest treasures, and he opened his handy *bag of excessive storage* to accommodate the enormous wealth within.

Unfortunately for him, he had barely begun to steal the enormous wealth when a voice boomed in his ear.

"You DARE steal from me, petty mortal? After I CURED you? Thou is not worthy of mine blessing, and so I wrench it from you!"

Alarmed, Dastin tried to flee, but found himself unable to hide in any shadows or keep his presence secret. He ran through the main halls of the temple he had been in earlier that day, but already a mob of priests and priestesses were surrounding him.

"A thief!" one called.

"Goddess, we seek your aid!"

To Dastin's horror, the enormous statue behind him began to ground shift, taking on the living visage of the goddess herself.

"And so you shall have it, my loyal followers. Dastin Urkan, you have desecrated this place, and tried to steal from mine righteous flock. I am the keeper of curses. They are not destroyed by mine power, but stored here in the temple for safekeeping. Now, I unleash many upon you as punishment for your transgressions. I can read your mind, rogue, and I know what curses will teach you the right lessons. From now on, you shall never steal nor thief nor hide from attention ever again. In fact, you shall have attention in abundance, and give it, whether you like it or not!"

And just like that, the curses flooded into Dastin. He tried to cry out and beg for forgiveness, but it was too late. His body twisted and changed, bloating in some places and shrinking in others. His clothing fell away, leaving him naked before the congregation, and to his embarrassment his chest began to expand, forming two large and obvious breasts. He tried to hide them, but *hiding* anything wasn't an option anymore, and besides, he had other concerns: his backside was expanding, and a long tail was developing, thick and scaled. He shrieked, but more changes occurred; a bloated sac pushing aside his legs even as his manhood retreated, a set of antlers surging forth from his head even as his face and upper body feminised. It was too much, it was all too much!

"Please, don't curse me!" he cried out. "Please!"

But he knew his pleas fell on deaf ears as surely as his own were flattening and lengthening. It was when he looked down and saw his feet hardening and turning to animal-like hooves that he was unable to take it anymore.

He fainted on the spot.

That was a while ago now, and Dastin had become a lot more resigned to his changes ever since. His days as a thief and roguish adventurer were over, and even his womanising days were behind him too. This was for several reasons, the first being that his body was far too unwieldy and attention-drawing to ever be stealthy again, and the other reason being that he wasn't even a *he* anymore, nor could he even find attraction to women anymore.

Yes, many transformative curses had been laid upon Dastin, and it had left *her* as quite the freak. Not only was she now female, with prominent breasts and a stunning face and figure, but her lower half revealed her to no longer be human either. Her legs were frog-like, with webbed sections between her toes. While she still had powerful legs, she also possessed a deceptively powerful mermaid tail out of her backside, one that allowed her to swim with ease, though it took her time to manage on land without causing others to trip over it. From her head jutted an impressive pair of antlers, like those of a mighty stag, and between her legs was a large bovine udder that was constantly full of milk, much to her chagrin. Her skin was green in colour, perhaps some kind of part-orcish curse, but her arms were matted with animal fur. Her eyes were like those of a snake's, and her hair was long - right down to her feet - and unable to be cut without growing longer.

Yes, she was quite the freak, and all the worse because she couldn't hide it. Literally, her old curse had been restored, along with new ones: she had a deep need to show off her body, and that meant only wearing a skimpy halter top that showed her large green breasts, while her udder rested over a very short skirt of reeds. Her tail, long and surprisingly beautiful, shifted around behind her, and she was compelled to display that, too. Other curses made this worse: her lust had been expanded, making her feel a deep attraction to men, and she was also cursed to serve as a local tavern wench, complete with lurid displays of her form before those who prized such an exotic figure. She couldn't help but move in an almost serpentine, swaying fashion, and while her new job at least paid her way it wasn't one she could exactly leave either, thanks to her lust. In fact, her curse ensured that she had to give in to her attractions and take a man upstairs to her room at least once every second night or so, if not more than that.

It was pure embarrassment, of course, to be reduced this way. Onira refused to turn him back and stated more curses would come if he stepped inside her temple again, and leaving her position was impossible. For the rest of her life, she would be Dastin the Cursed, Dastin the Exotic Wench, Dastin the Transformed, Dastin the *Desirable*.

The need was coming over her again. There was a man across the tavern who kept looking at her as she served drinks. Her tail snaked behind her, weaving expertly between tables, and men and women alike reached out to touch it - turns out it was also cursed to bring good luck to everyone else but her, go figure. God, she at least looked forward to

swimming in the lake tomorrow to get away from the constant touching. She could even have a nap there before she needed to return for air. For now though, her tail was an attraction, and she had to accept it, along with the rest of her body's assets. Speaking of, her large green breasts bounced in her tight top, and her antlers tingled - why did *they* of all things have to be sensitive? Even her bulging udder was starting to seep, and while she had to provide milk to customers on demand, her body was aching for a more . . . personal extraction of her produce. Yes, that man in the corner was looking at her, admiring her up and down, viewing her exotic and strange mismatched beauty with desire. He was on his own, shrouded almost in darkness, and his leather outfit and dark hair marked him out as quite the rogue.

Dastin delivered the last of her drinks to the table and tried to ignore the playful slap on her green ass, then made her way to the roguish man, her hips beginning to sway a little, her furry arms tingling. She knew what would happen next. She would enjoy it, as much as it humiliated her. The truth was, her body needed it, and she simply couldn't fight it. She had resigned herself to it.

It was just . . . did she *have* to be also cursed to be attracted to *rogues* most of all?

The End