

Sailin' on the Green Sea (MtF, FtM, Goblin, Orc)

"By the gods, we are so screwed."

Astrid took a sip from the foul-smelling beverage, wincing as the drink touched her tongue and caused her entire mouth to tingle and burn. It tasted foul, and she wished she had a decent Winonian wine to sip from instead of this bile, but this was the best thing they had in the rundown pit of a pub the two of you sat inside.

You forced yourself to take a sip from your cup, hoping the alcohol would dampen some of your worries, but every time your lips touched the orcish firewater, it numbed them. It wouldn't surprise you if it were strong enough to burn the warts of a hog's back, and it was astonishing to see some patrons here chugging it down as if it was water.

The two of you stood out like a sore thumb inside the seedy bar by the docks. Everyone here was either dock workers waiting to haul cargo or swabbies waiting for their ship to leave, with very few being human. Most were orcs or some other green-skinned race that dominated the Dark sea surrounding the academic jewel of Esperia, with a few ogres and half-giants from the mountains that came here for the steady work and strong ale.

So, out of all the muscular orcs and beefy ogres crammed inside the half-busy bar, it was easy to spot the two human academics that sat wallowing in their misery in the corner of the pub. Astrid ran her hands through her long, curly mane, trying to contain the messy locks despite constantly proving it was impossible during the years you'd known her. The thin brunette sighed and took another sip, causing her to cough as the strong drink barely touched her tongue. She still wore her student uniform, just like you did, with the shirt and skirt covered in soot stains after her most recent experiment. It would probably be the last time either of you wore it or even walked on campus again, judging by what the headmaster said after the disastrous experiment that burned half the dorms down.

You ran your finger over a soot stain on your shirt, quickly spotting another on your pants, and sighed when you couldn't get it off. The smell of smoke and brimstone was thick around you two, stuck in both outfit and hair, and you groaned as you brushed some soot from your short hair.

"Yeah, well," you said, giving an awkward glance to the seven-foot-tall green gentleman that walked by your table and glared at both of you with his beady yellow eyes. "and who's fault is that?"

"You seriously can't blame this on me," Astrid said, adjusting the round glasses on her chubby nose. "I'm not the one that didn't watch the *cherubim vitae* as it was heating up so it wouldn't explode."

"That's because I had to make sure that the sulfuric mixture that you botched wouldn't become unstable," you said, raising your voice a bit.

"It wouldn't be unstable if you had just added the *angelic dust* in the previous step," she said, raising her voice above yours.

"The angelic dust wouldn't even be necessary if you hadn't added in the *chimeric blood*," you said, now shouting and causing the low murmur in the pub to disappear.

"I only added that because **you** didn't add enough chloric acid to the mixture!" Astrid shouted, her nasal voice echoing throughout the room.

"That's because **you** doubled the dose in the previous step **without telling me!**"

"That's because **you** never listen, dimwit!"

"Yes, I do! But it's hard to hear what you say when you're constantly mumbling, shorty!"

"Don't call me that, ogre-breath!"

"Near-sighted midget!"

"You half-wit orc!"

Finally, you stopped shouting at each other, unaware that everyone in the pub was glaring at you. Eventually, you noticed the awkward silence gripping the room as you stared at each other. At this point, you saw how everyone stared at you two, causing you two to remember a few of the ill-chosen insults you'd flung at each other. Both you and Astrid went silent, slumping down in your seats with an awkward blush on your faces.

Eventually, the other patrons returned to talking again, filling the silence with low grunts and tired discussion.

"Yeah, well," Astrid said after a bit. "I still think the headmaster and the council overreacted."

"Gee, I wonder why?" you said, rolling your eyes. Astrid gave you an annoyed glare but didn't say anything. "They're acting as if half the Academy burned to the ground."

Typical Astrid, never taking any responsibility. She might be a genius, hailed as an alchemist prodigy, but she still behaves like a spoiled child despite being over twenty summers old. Although, you honestly blamed yourself for this incident for always trying to do what she said and following her around like some lost little puppy.

Still, there was no denying that things weren't looking good. The headmaster had made it clear that even if both of you didn't get thrown in jail by the council after tomorrow's hearings, then you'd still be expelled from the Academy. So, the two of you could now look forward to spending years in the pit with the rest of the hardened criminals. Or, if the council didn't think the two of you deserved imprisonment, be drowning in debt on the streets without an alchemy certification to show for it.

So, in Astrid's own words, you two were so screwed. The situation was so bad that you couldn't even go to any decent pub without being recognized and risk being lynched by some angry students or their relatives. So, that's why you were here at the docks, drinking swill with the dockhands and salty dogs. At least you managed to convince the headmaster that you'd show up tomorrow, so he wouldn't have you jailed or put on house arrest until the hearing. It wasn't as if you could run. After all, where would you go? And, even if you did leave, the Academy had long reach and would easily find you wherever you went.

"At least we did show that *Dragon's Fire* is possible to make, at least one version of it," Astrid said, taking another sip from her drink. "Even if it was a bit unstable."

"Yeah, at least we have that," you muttered, not seeing the silver lining that Astrid saw in that. "I bet all the rapists and murderers in *The Dig* will go easy on us once we tell them that."

"*Ahem*, 'scuse me for interruptin', but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation."

You and Astrid turned your heads toward the man standing next to your table, surprising them both to see a goblin grinning at them. Just like the rest of his kin, the gentleman was barely three feet tall and with skin as green as grass. His red hair was surprisingly long, tied back into a ponytail, and his large ears were hard to miss despite his sailor's hat. However, unlike most of his race, it was impossible to call him tiny.

The man's gut was impossible to ignore, a flabby ball of jelly that his clothes barely contained. Yet, despite it and his sizable double-chin, he looked strong enough to take you both on in a fight. Strong muscles hid underneath all that padding, a frame hardened by living a rough life. His figure was imposing despite standing three feet tall, and he had this odd air of authority around him. Even some of the other patrons here gave him a wide berth, with some dockhands walking around the short fellow despite being twice his size.

The goblin wore an oddly fancy ensemble, and there wasn't a doubt in your mind that he was a sailor. Yet, he looked more like a captain than a swabbie, which was odd since you've never heard of a goblin ever becoming captain of a ship.

He gave you both a smile, flashing his toothy yellow grin. You could see how many of his teeth were golden, testifying to his wealth. He ran a hand over his neatly combed black hair, his numerous earrings clinking as his large ears shook.

"Did my ears deceive me? Or were you talkin' about *Dragon's Fire*?" the green gentleman said, his gaze turning to Astrid. His Lowland accent was thick, yet he spoke the language well.

"Why do you wanna know?" you asked, feeling suspicious. "Who are you anyway?"

"Pardon my manners, lad, yer right. Introductions are in order! I'm Gozruk Garlag, Captain of the *Emerald*. But please, call me Cap'n Goz," he said, bowing as much as his clumsy and thick body allowed. "Pleased to meet ya."

"Well, um, pleased to meet you too, Captain Goz. I'm Astrid, and this is my friend, Alistair," she said, gesturing to you.

"Now that we've gotten through the introductions," he said, rubbing his grubby hands together. "I couldn't help but overhear that yer in a spot of trouble. Some academic troubles, I presume?"

"Well, you could say that," Astrid said, giving you a weary glance. "The headmaster doesn't quite see eye-to-eye with us."

"Not surprising, since you did burn half the aca-' OW!" you said, your sentence cut short by Astrid's swift kick towards your shin.

"Ah, as I thought. An academic dispute! Aye, it's tragic that the so-called wise never seems to understand the youth," Goz said, shaking his head. "There's always a price for progress and innovation, ain't it?"

"Yeah, exactly! That's what I tried to tell him, but nooOooOo. They wouldn't listen to me at all," Astrid said, the naive girl unable to see through the green gentleman's attempts to charm her. "I mean, what does a couple of singed buildings matter when we might be close to uncovering the secrets of alchemy?"

"Aye, that's right!" Goz said, chuckling as he gave you both a glance. Your suspicious gaze met his, and you could see how his beady yellow eyes looked oddly sharp and clear.

"So, would you mind telling us what you want?" you said, causing the goblin to grin. "Because if there isn't anything else, then we'd like to enjoy our last drinks before spending our coming days into *The Dig*."

"Ah, right to the point, lad. That's what I like about ye," Goz said. "Well, what would ye say if I offered a way out of this predicament?"

"We're listening," Astrid said, pushing her half-empty mug to the side as she leaned towards the goblin.

"I'm a cap'n of a ship, and there's always room for some more crew," he said. "I'll be leavin' in the mornin', in case yer interested in comin' along."

"Yeah, there's no way we're running away," you muttered, shaking your head. "The Imperial Navy controls every port from here to *Sulaman*. We'd get imprisoned as soon as we got off the ship, and I'm not interested in spending the rest of my life hiding on your ship."

"Aye, laddie, but don't ye worry," Goz said, giving you a wink. "I'm a bit of an alchemist myself, and I got something that'd ensure the Navy would never find you again."

"Okay?" you said, once again a bit suspicious. "But, what do you want in return? I'm guessing you're not doing this from the kindness of your heart."

"Aye, right again, lad!" Goz said, chuckling loudly. "Well, all I want is to hear more of yer findings. About this so-called *Dragon's Fire*."

It was hard not to be suspicious, and you wondered why the goblin would even be interested in a volatile mixture like that. It could turn wood to cinder within seconds, which you and Astrid proved quite convincingly earlier this morning.

Honestly, you didn't like it one bit. But, before you could decline Goz's offer, Astrid jumped in and answered for you both.

"We'll do it!" Astrid said, reaching out to shake the goblin's grubby hand.

"Marvelous! Meet me at the docks before sun-up tomorrow, and bring everything you want to keep. We ain't coming back here for a long time," Goz said before turning on his heel.

"Astrid!" you hissed, glaring at her as the captain walked away. "You can't be serious!"

"What other choice do we have? Do you want to spend the rest of your life in chains?"

"Well, no, but-" you said, but Astrid cut you off again.

"Then this is our chance to avoid that! Please, trust me," Astrid said.

It was clear that she had made up her mind, and it was impossible to get the stubborn girl to change it once she did. There was no doubt that this was a bad idea. Not only would the Academy ban you two forever, but you'd also be labeled as fugitives and hunted for as long as you stayed in the Imperium.

Yet, what other choice did you have? You two had no family or friends that mattered in the city, and it was better to be on the run than locked up forever. You still couldn't shake the feeling you had about Goz, and you hoped it was just your weary side being paranoid.

You sighed. Astrid told you to trust her, and you did, but the last time she said, you two burned down five buildings and nearly killed someone. For now, you hoped this wouldn't turn out as badly.

"Where are you?" you muttered, pulling the cloak tightly over your body as you hid in one of the alleys near the docks.

Astrid was supposed to meet you here before you headed off to the ship, but, so far, there was no sign of her. The backpack you wore was heavy, filled with everything you owned, and your slim body struggled to carry it.

It was still dark outside, and a light fog had crept in from the sea. It made it much easier slipping down from the upper levels of the city and down here without being noticed. The trial was later today, and you'd need to leave before the guards would be looking for you two. For now, you waited anxiously for the frizzy-haired brunette to arrive.

Then, through the darkness and the fog, came a familiar figure hurrying down the street. Astrid's backpack looked like it was overflowing with stuff, almost twice as big as yours, and it was a miracle the slim brunette could carry it. You waved her in, and the two of you hid in the alley as she caught her breath.

"I still think this is a bad idea," you mutter as you look down the street, trying to see if there are any guards nearby.

"Well," Astrid said, breathing heavily. "It's a bit too late to go back now. Come on! The ship should be down by the docks over there."

Astrid headed off with an uncanny speed despite her heavy backpack, and you groaned as you tried to keep up. It didn't take long to get to the docks, and, unlike the rest of the city, the streets were oddly busy. Dock workers and sailors prepared the ships for the day, either unloading or loading the vessels for their voyage. Fishing boats were getting the nets ready, and you could see some officials inspecting the goods that arrived.

The two of you avoided the guards and the customs workers here, quickly making your way towards the *Emerald*. The ship wasn't hard to find among the immense merchant vessels, and you were both a bit surprised by it. It wasn't a bulky merchant's ship but a sleek sloop, heavily armed for its size by the looks of it. The ship's carpenter was hanging on the side of it, repairing a hole that didn't look like it came from natural wear and tear.

You and Astrid watched as burly sailors boarded the ship, all of them green and scarred. Most of them were orcs, but there were a few goblins in the mix. They were loading cargo onto the ship, some giving the two of you a suspicious glance as you stared at the vessel. They certainly didn't seem like merchants, and the bad feeling you had earlier only intensified.

"By the gods," you muttered, already feeling like this was a mistake. "They do not look like traders to me. What do you think they are? Smugglers? Pirates?"

"Does it matter? Right now, we need to get out of the city before anyone finds us," Astrid said, giving the customs official on the ship a weary look.

You could see the captain talking to the tall official, using that talented silver tongue of his to skirt the protocols and grease the bureaucratic cogs with a bit of gold. The customs official soon

left the ship with a blind eye turned to the cargo and a pouch full of gold in his hand. Thankfully, he didn't see you on his way out, or maybe he merely had been paid not to look in that direction.

Captain Goz soon turned his gaze towards you two, waving at you to come aboard the ship.

"What are ye waiting for, pups? Get yer bums on the ship!" Goz said, gesturing towards you.

The rest of the crew gave both of you a weary glance as you walked up to the ship, causing you both to pull your hoods over your faces as they bombarded you with judgemental and suspicious glances.

"Don't mind the crew, pups. They ain't as vicious as they look," Goz said, chuckling as you approached the captain. "They'll warm up to ye once we've got you settled in. Come here, into my cabin."

"I really hope so," you mutter as you walk by a couple of goblin sailors, each one glaring at you with their beady yellow eyes.

The captain led you across the ship to his cabin, Astrid following him like a naive little pup and you nervously tagging along. Goz's cabin was relatively spacious, and you felt relieved that you didn't have to lean over not to hit your head in the ceiling. There were nicknacks, artifacts, souvenirs, and trinkets from his travel all over the room. You saw everything from *Sulemanian* jewelry to exotic animal pelts here, leaving little doubt that this ship had traveled most of the explored world.

Astrid was equally in awe, but for another reason. She had noticed the books he had collected from his travels, all about alchemy and other esoteric arts. She nearly squealed when she saw that he had a copy of *Anges's Wonderous Concoctions*, a book most believed to have been burned by the witch hunters hundred of years ago.

The captain moved his surprisingly imposing frame behind his desk, planting his prominent in his comfy chair before turning his beady gaze towards you two.

"Take a seat," Goz said, gesturing towards the small stools in front of the desk.

You both sat down, placing your backpacks on the ground as he pulled something out of his desk. Soon enough, the goblin pushed one vial filled with a murky liquid towards you and then another towards Astrid. Both of you leaned forward, staring at the strange concoctions he had presented to you two.

"What is it?" Astrid asked, giving the captain a curious glance.

"It's yer disguises," Goz said with a grin. "If you drink this, then I'll assure ye that no Imperial swine will ever recognize ya."

"Yeah, well," you said, giving the murky liquid another weary look. "You haven't told us what it is?"

"Ever so suspicious, eh, pup?" Goz said, chuckling. He turned in his chair and got up, no longer keeping his eye on you two. "It's a polymorph potion, and it'll make you fit right in with the rest of the crew."

"By the gods, really?!" Astrid said, snatching both vials with enthusiastic glee. She held them in her hands, twirling them in her dainty grip and flipping them around.

"Hey, careful with those!" you hiss, worried that your butterfingered friend would drop them.

"Aye, they're the real deal, pup," Goz said, walking towards the bookcase where he kept his alchemical texts. "It ain't something you'd ever learn in the Academy."

"Holy moly, I thought the knowledge like this got lost during the witch hunts," Astrid said, unaware she was moving the slightly different vials around in her hands. Soon enough, she had no idea which one Goz had intended for you to drink.

"Aye, that's what yer professors would have you believe," the captain said as Astrid placed the vials back at the table before he noticed she had picked them up. "But it ain't lost, just hidden well in the world."

"That's incredible!" Astrid said, her eyes sparkling with glee. "Please, you got to show me the rest of the books you got here!"

"Aye, of course, pup," Goz said before gesturing towards the vials. "First, drink up. We can't leave shore with two humans like ye onboard."

"Wait, wait," you said, showing far less enthusiasm than Astrid. "How long will the potions last?"

"They're quite permanent, pup," the captain said with a grin. "but don't ye worry. I made the potions for both of ye in mind, so it ain't hard to undo the polymorphosis once the coast is clear."

"Come on, Alistair," Astrid said, grabbing the vial in front of her and unscrewing the cork. "What other choice do we have?"

"Well, not a lot, but-" you said, but the eager brunette cut you off before you could continue.

"Then let's do it! We'll both be green for a bit, work for Goz for a while, and work something out," Astrid said, raising the vial.

"By the gods..." you muttered, grabbing your vial and removing the cork. "You better not make me regret this later, Astrid."

"When have I ever made you regret anything?" she said teasingly, causing you to glare at the scatterbrained girl. "Bottoms up!"

You both pressed the vial against your lips, although Astrid did so more eagerly than you did. The liquid poured into your mouth, overpowering your senses with a strange taste. It wasn't bad, but not great either. It was at first sweet with a salty and bitter aftertaste, but it left your mouth oily and weird as you swallowed it.

"Ugh," you said and shuddered, placing the empty vial in front of you.

"Yuck!" Astrid said, placing it down almost at the same time.

"Marvelous!" Goz said, clapping his grubby hands. "It ain't long before the changes start."

The green captain grabbed the vials in his hands but suddenly paused as he glanced underneath the glass flasks. He ran his long-nailed finger across the surface, his eyes narrowing.

"Pups, did ye drink the vials I gave ye?" he asked, causing you and Astrid to give him a confused look.

"You mean the specific ones you gave each of us? Um, I think so, but Astrid did pick them up and mess around with them," you said, quickly shifting the blame over to the frizzy-haired girl.

"I just looked at them!" she said, glaring at you. "And I placed them back on the table without doing anything else."

"Aye, ye did, but you didn't place them back in the right place," Goz said, putting the vials down and rubbing his temples before muttering something in Lowland. "*Gaz'rek vogh gorok...*"

"Um, what is it?" you asked as an intense tingling sensation passed through your entire body.

You could feel your skin crawling, and it felt like your insides were twisting around and moving. Honestly, you could almost feel how the vile liquid coursed through your veins, infecting every inch of your body with magical energies. It seemed like Astrid experienced the same thing, judging by the nauseous look on her face and how she squirmed in her seat.

"The vials got brewed with each one of ye in mind," Goz said, shaking his head. "Weight, height, gender. Aye, everything. Now, ye went and switched it up."

"What does that mean?!" you exclaimed, feeling more worried with each passing second.

"It means it'll be a wee bit trickier undoing this mess later," the captain said. "And ye will take the other person's part in the crew."

Suddenly, nausea hit you both hard. Both of you struggled not to retch as it felt like your stomach got wrung and twisted into a knot. Already, you could feel your organs changing and how your entire physiology got rewritten.

You could feel your manhood growing erect in your pants, much to your shame. It throbbed and pulsed, twitching like crazy as it tingled as much as your stomach. Astrid felt the same, yet her loins felt warm and swollen as the liquid began to twist both bodies differently.

However, as weird as you felt, you couldn't help but glare at Astrid as she had again managed to screw this up.

"Why did you have to mix up the potions, Astrid?!" you said accusingly, glaring at her.

"H-Hey! T-This isn't my fault, Alistair," she said defensively, again trying to avoid taking responsibility for what she did.

"Yes, it is! You're the one that mixed up the vials, shorty," you said, insulting her short stature again.

"I told you to stop calling me that, butt-breath!" she huffed, standing up as her entire spine and body began to pop and crack.

"Make me, you four-eyed freak," you hiss, standing upright as your entire body was also achingly popping.

"Calm yer cannons, pups," Goz said, trying to get you two to stop shouting. "It ain't nothing we can't fix."

"Shut up!" you both hissed at the captain without thinking before turning your gaze back to the other person.

Suddenly, something was off. You had always been at least a foot taller than Astrid, and you weren't even that tall for a guy. The girl was tiny, standing at a mere four foot ten, and she had to tilt her head back to look you in your eyes.

Yet, you both didn't have to strain your neck as much to stare at each other now. Astrid seemed taller, not by much but enough to be noticeable. Even her clothes looked a little ill-fitting, her pant legs a bit too short, and her shirt a bit tighter over her meager bosom. At the same time, you could feel how baggy your clothes had gotten, and it felt like the table was a bit taller than a few moments ago.

The tingling sensation worsened as your bodies ached and itched, bones popping and cracking as you lost height steadily. Astrid looked far less worried or shocked than you, now marveling as her clothes began to feel tighter over her previously lithe and thin frame.

"I'm getting taller!" she said, smiling as she turned to look at you. To your horror, you could see that you soon stood eye-to-eye with the girl. "Looks like you won't be calling me shorty for much longer!"

"T-This isn't funny, Astrid!" you hissed, watching the room growing around you as you continued to lose height. "You're the one that screwed this up! What if Goz never manages to fix this?!"

"Well, you better get used to me calling you shorty then," Astrid said, patting you on your head as she finally surpassed you in height for the first time in your lives.

"Stop that!" you hissed, pushing her hand away. You could feel how drained and weak you've gotten as you did.

"Make me, shorty," Astrid said, clearly enjoying herself as she gained height. She was around five foot seven, and you realized you were over an inch shorter than her.

"Aye, no need to worry, pups," the captain said, trying to calm you down. "It ain't impossible to fix this."

"Yeah, but how long will that take? Weeks? Months? Years?!" you said, almost hysterical as you continued to get shorter. It didn't help that Astrid was still patting you on your head.

"As I said, pup, ain't nothing to worry about," Goz said, chuckling a bit. "I suggest taking off yer clothes before one drowns in 'em and the other rips 'em apart."

It was clear what he meant. Your clothes hung heavily over your increasingly shorter and thinner frame, and you grabbed your pants and belt to keep them from sliding down to your ankles.

However, Astrid was having the opposite problem. She hadn't just gotten taller but also a bit thicker, her frame swelling and stretching as her clothes hugged her more imposing stature tighter than ever. Her skirt barely reached her knees now, and her previously loose shirt and vest looked ready to pop a button at a moment's notice.

"I don't want to get naked in front of you two!" you said, unable to blush.

"Come on, shorty," Astrid said, clearly enjoying the situation despite everything. "It isn't as if you got a choice anyway. Your clothes barely fit you as it is."

Then, to your surprise, you watched as Astrid unbuttoned her vest and shirt and took it off. She then grabbed her skirt and pulled it down, sighing as her constrictive clothing no longer hugged her frame so tightly. She didn't stop there either, and the shameless woman soon stood naked as her bra and panties came off.

The most noticeable thing about her was her height, which was still increasing. It wasn't as much as before, but she was getting steadily taller. She was almost six feet tall, and it was clear that it wasn't stopping anytime soon.

The next thing that really stood out about her was her physique. Astrid had always been a thin and frail girl, short and with barely any muscles on her lithe frame. However, right now, she looked honestly quite athletic. You tried not to stare too much at the naked girl, but you

could still see that her waist was slim and trim, even showing the faint outline of her abs. Even Astrid's arms and legs didn't look like sticks anymore and looked decently toned.

Yet, despite her growth, it didn't seem that her hips, thighs, or breasts had gotten the memo. They were still as small and curveless as before, maybe even more than before the transformation started. They barely stood out on her increasingly athletic frame, causing her taller body to look more androgynous than feminine.

"Come on, pipsqueak," Astrid said as she grabbed your shirt before pulling it up. "Don't be such a prude."

It wasn't as if you had much choice after that. Astrid helped you with your shirt and vest, leaving your chest bare. Your pants dropped to the floor a few moments later when you let go of them, and your underwear quickly followed. Even your shoes felt massive over your feet, and you could easily step out of them.

It didn't take long before you stood there naked next to her, Goz giving you both a curious look as he watched how the potions affected your bodies.

At this point, you weren't even five feet tall and still steadily shrinking. However, in contrast to Astrid, it didn't seem like your body was developing any muscles. Instead, it felt increasingly softer and weaker as it shrank, almost as if excess mass from your shrinking got turned into soft pliant fat instead.

You groaned as you ran a hand over your soft belly, feeling the extra weight there. Even your backside felt somewhat rounder, and your chest felt oddly swollen. It didn't help that your cock had decided to shrink more than the rest, and it was a mere three inches long as it throbbed fully erect between your legs. You were thankful you managed to hide it behind your hands before Astrid could see it.

"So, let me guess, the one you intended for Alistair contained orcish essence?" Astrid asked as she ran a hand over her biceps, flexing her increasingly more athletic limbs with a smile. Even her voice seemed affected, having gotten huskier in the process. "And shorty here got a dose of goblin essence?"

"Aye, that's right," Goz said, giving both of you another curious glance. "But it ain't what worries me, pups."

"What do you mean?" you ask, now hearing how raspy your voice had become. It sounded softer, causing your voice to match your shorter stature.

"The concoctions ain't considering yer genders," Goz said as he walked around the table and over to you two. "So, each vial was gendered."

Astrid had always been the far smarter one of you two, so she understood what the goblin meant far quicker than you did. The smile on her lips disappeared for the first time since this started.

"Wait, does that mean you didn't give me just orcish essence," she said, her voice a tad bit thicker than earlier. "But, **male** orcish essence?!"

"Aye, pup," Goz said, giving her a nod. "That's right."

"Wait, does that mean..." you said, your voice trailing off as your cock suddenly started to twitch and ache. It throbbed as it shrank, pulling closer and closer to your body. "Ah!"

"Alistair! What is it?!" Astrid said, staring down at your tiny shivering frame.

You didn't answer. Instead, all you could do was hyper-ventilate as you felt your cock shrink as you held your hands over it. You felt two sharp stings of pain in your testicles as each one got pulled into your body, leaving your sack sad and empty underneath your nub of a dick. You gasped as it felt like something crushed your testicles inside your body, squeezing out the seed inside them. There was no orgasm, at least not one you had ever experienced before, but a thick rope of seed still shot out of your tiny dick as your body drained of cum.

At the same time, your insides began to ache as the magic twisted your testicles into a pair of fertile ovaries. It didn't take long before your prostate turned into your new womb, ovaries flushing your body with estrogen, and your new feminine reproductive system came alive. It made your entire body tingle like crazy, causing parts of your body to become even more sensitive.

Your hands pressed against your crotch as your cock shrank down in size, becoming a mere nub before shifting to become your new clit. Your empty sack got pulled and stretched, soon becoming the inner and outer folds of your soon-to-be feminine snatch. A thin bead of feminine need stained your cum-soaked fingers as your new hole opened up, leaving you a woman with both male and female juices on your hands.

"By the gods..." you muttered as you pulled your sticky hands away, revealing the void between your legs.

Astrid could only stare at your newly formed feminine snatch in shock and awe, her mind steeling itself for what she knew would happen next. Yet, no matter how much she tried, she wasn't ready for her own gender inversion.

She groaned as her loins began to tingle and ache, the tall woman leaning against the table as her abdomen started to gurgle. The sounds she made caused you to turn your head towards her, watching as she stood with her legs wide and her crotch uncovered as her pussy began to close up. A thin trickle of feminine need gushed out from her hole before the hole

disappeared, and you could see how her clitoris swelled in size. Astrid rubbed her sore midsection, no doubt feeling something similar that you did as her womb became her prostate and her ovaries turned into a pair of virile testicles.

Astrid shuddered when her clit surged in size, becoming over three inches long and still rapidly growing. The excess skin from her former labia got pulled and stretched into a sack before it filled up with her surprisingly large testicles. She couldn't stop herself as she put one of her hands over her growing cock, holding it tight in her grip as it swelled in size. The thing surged in size, becoming more impressive than your dick had ever been. It didn't stop growing until it was over a foot long and over two inches thick, covered in veins as it throbbed with need.

Unsurprisingly, Astrid looked ready to cum at any moment. The bulbous tip of her cock dripped with manly need, glistening in the light. Thankfully, she managed to stop herself, and you both now stared at the beast between her legs.

"Holy moly..." Astrid muttered in an even thicker tone, her voice husky and deep now. It was still feminine, but only barely so.

"Aye, this is interestin'," Goz said, giving the former woman's cock a curious look. "It seems yer transformation is bein' exaggerated by the gender reversal. I'd bet a gold coin that it'll only get more interestin' from here on."

"Interesting?!" you said, your voice softer and more high-pitched than earlier. "Look, you better be able to reverse this later!"

"Aye, don't get yer knickers in a twist, lass," Goz said, giving you a teasing wink. "There ain't much we can do about it now, but I promise you that it ain't something I can't fix."

It wasn't much comfort to hear that, not when your body was still tingling and aching as it changed. For better or worse, there was nothing anyone could do about it now, and all you could do was try to endure it. Even Astrid looked a bit upset about this, the former girl staring at her monstrous cock with shock and confusion.

Soft pops and gentle snaps reached your ears as you continued to shrink. The noise even seemed to get louder, and you quickly realized why. Your ears had begun to grow, first becoming a bit pointy before overall swelling in size. You reached up with your shrinking hands, feeling the size and shape of your large goblin ears with a feeling of dread. There was no denying it now, although there had never been a doubt about what you were becoming.

As for Astrid, she was letting out increasingly masculine grunts as her body grew in size and strength. Her arms bulged outward, gaining in thickness, and her entire torso looked increasingly more muscular. Her abs were soon defined and rock-hard, and her soft breasts were almost flat and firm at this point. Her feminine figure was little more than a memory now as her pelvis shrank, her hips became more narrow, and her shoulders widened. Your Adam's apple

seemingly transferred to Astrid as the defined bulge on your throat disappeared and how she gained one.

The changes happened rapidly from this point on. You were barely four feet tall, and Astrid was closing in on six and a half, yet neither of you showed any sign of stopping. The ceiling here wasn't that high up, and Astrid managed to hit her head as she straightened her back. She groaned, and the sound she made was unmistakably masculine.

However, as she got more muscular, the opposite seemed to happen to you. Your entire body had gotten softer and curvier as you lost height, with your pelvis widening and your chest, butt, hips, and thighs becoming more padded. Even your belly had grown a bit, leaving you increasingly chubbier as you changed. It was bad enough to lose your gender, but becoming a curvy goblin on top of that was enough to make your head spin.

"I still can't believe you screwed this up again, Astrid," you muttered, and your heart skipped a beat when you heard how high-pitched it was. Your voice was raspy and feminine, sounding like it belonged to one of the goblin prostitutes outside the merchant's district than to a young man.

"I screwed this up?!" Astrid said, **his** voice now deep and booming. Once again, the former girl seemed incapable of taking any responsibility. "I didn't do anything, you imp!"

"Really? If you hadn't mixed up the potions, then we wouldn't be in this situation," you said, your voice getting softer and raspier with every word.

"That wasn't my fault," Astrid said, slamming his fist against the table. It made the entire thing shake and creak, showing just how strong he had become. "Besides, we wouldn't be in this mess if you hadn't screwed up at the Academy!"

"**What?!** That was your fault as well!" you hiss, stamping your dainty foot against the floor and causing your increasingly softer butt, belly, and breasts to bounce and jiggle. "Why can't you accept responsibility for anything, you big oaf!"

"I will when it's actually my fault, you dumb cow!" he said, glaring down at your shrinking shape.

The green captain decided to stay quiet and watch as you two began to bicker like children. He chuckled and smiled, enjoying the little show. As you continued to quarrel, both of you continued to change.

You stared at each other, your brown eyes shifting to a yellowish hue as Astrid's blue gaze did the same. They turned a sickly yellow with dark pupils, soon matching Goz's and the rest of his crew. You gritted your teeth, the straight white smile soon turning yellow and jagged as your teeth turned to fangs. Astrid's teeth did the same, but he soon had a pair of tusks sticking out from his lips on top of that.

The insults continued to fly through the room, yours sounding more girly and his sounding far more brutish. The feminine curves on his body melted away, replaced with bulging muscles and powerful limbs. The opposite happened to you as your once masculine body became softer, girlier, and chubbier. You soon had a pair of sizable tits on your shrinking body that was bigger than most other women had. The same happened to your ass, going from curvy to bubbly to chubby to fat as you bickered. The previously narrow hips widened as your pelvis popped and snapped, soon giving you a pair of childbearing hips that matched your prominent posterior.

In contrast to your curvier frame, Astrid seemed to grow taller and beefier with each passing moment. He had already surpassed the height and size of most other sailors on the ship, yet he continued to bulk out. He now had a broad barrel-like chest with firm and hard pecs, and his chiseled six-pack was as hard as iron. Even his hands and feet grew in size, becoming huge.

Finally, at this point, you and Astrid's skin began to shift and change. Splotches of green spread over your bodies, overtaking your pale skin and replacing it with something more fit for the crew on Goz's ship. Astrid's hide became a darker green, closer to moss in hue, and spread evenly over his body. Your skin turned lime-green, bright and vibrant in tone, and a wave of dark green freckles swept over your chest, face, and even down the side of your hips.

The insults bickering continued, Astrid's voice now loud, masculine, and booming while yours was raspy, high-pitched, and girly. The hair on his head shrank, the frizzy mane soon shrinking down until it was short and unkempt. It shifted color until it was a pale red, matching the rest of the orcs on the ship. Yours grew longer, cascading down your head until it reached your shoulders as it became thick and voluminous. The color shifted to a far brighter red, equally as vibrant as your skin, and your large pointy ears pushed out from your voluminous red mane.

At this point, you had to use both your hands to keep your growing breasts under control. They were about as big as your head, heavy orbs of soft, pliant fat that were strangely sensitive. Your nipples were massive and dark green in hue, each as thick as your thumb. Tingles of delight passed down your spine as your nails grew longer, becoming claw-like, and how they caressed your large green orbs. Your belly thankfully stopped growing much earlier, now merely chubby and a bit padded. It looked small compared to your thick thighs that rubbed against each other with every step. Your hips stopped growing when they were jutting and wide, matching your hips.

However, nothing compared to your ass, which exploded in size. Each cheek was massive and pushed out far from your body, leaving you with a booty that would have looked huge on someone twice your size. It would be impossible to walk without waddling or swaying your hips, and even the tiniest movement sent your butt into a jiggling frenzy.

Finally, your face changed. Astrid's features hardened, with his chin widening and his jaw growing. Even his nose flattened down, giving him an orcish look, and the rest of his face

lost any trace of femininity. Even his ears grew pointed, but they were nowhere near the size of the umbrellas you had attached to your head. Your face softened considerably, with your nose shrinking to a petite size and your cheekbones becoming more pronounced. Your lips grew larger and plumper, and your eyes widened and became more expressive.

The captain smiled as he watched the changes slow down and eventually stop, leaving you looking quite different from earlier. Gone was the nerdy and short girl, and an absolutely massive orcish man stood in her place. Astrid was now seven feet tall with bulging muscles, an impressive frame that even an ogre might find intimidating. He had to stand hunched over in the room so he wouldn't hit his head against the ceiling.

On the other hand, you were nothing like the man you used to be. Nothing remained of your old self, replaced with a short and beyond curvy goblin gal that struggled to keep her curves in check as she bickered with the orc. You now had red shoulder-length hair, lime-green skin, and impressive curves that stood out quite a bit on your tiny body. All of it got exaggerated by the excess fat on your frame, leaving you far softer and jigglier thanks to the extra padding. You technically weren't fat, although you weren't far from it.

The transformation was over at this point, yet neither you nor Astrid had noticed it as you continued to bicker. It wasn't until Goz came up and broke up the fight did you realize how different you both looked.

"Alright, pups," Goz said, pulling you away from the tall orc so you would calm down a bit. "Insults ain't goin' to do ye any good."

"By the gods..." you muttered as you stared down at your massive tits, pulling your arms tighter across your orbs to cover them up. It only made your cleavage more prominent, sending weirdly pleasurable tingles down your spine.

"Holy..." Astrid muttered as he sat down on his ass, rubbing his massive arms and feeling his still erect monster twitching between his legs. The heavy testicles underneath it churned, full of his virile orcish seed. "This will take some time getting used to."

"Aye, that's understandable," Goz said. "Yer bodies became far more exaggerated than intended, no doubt due to the conflictin' genders."

The captain grabbed some blankets from his collection, throwing one over to you and the other to the former girl. You glared at each other as you covered yourselves up with it, both of you blushing a bit from the sensations of your strange bodies.

"So, what now?" Astrid asked, both of you unsure if you wanted to know the answer.

"What do ye think, lad? We set sail!" Goz said with a chuckle. "Once we're out on the open sea, I'll get started on a cure for ye. In the meantime, ye should get acquainted with the crew. After all, yer part of it now!"

"Great..." you mutter, pulling the blanket tighter over your short and stacked frame. It did little to hide the size of your breasts and butt, causing your lime-green cheeks to flush a rosy red hue.

"Aye, chin up, lass!" Goz said, and you whimpered when you heard him call you that. "Once we're out on the open sea, we'll start talkin' about that *Dragon's Fire* ye mentioned earlier. Until then, see it as a learnin' opportunity! Yer goin' to experience life on the sea and explore yer new bodies."

The captain walked over to the door and shouted to his crew to set sail, causing the rowdy crowd to cheer and start putting up the sail. Goz also called out for his bosun, and a muscular orc walked into his cabin. Yet, he was nowhere near as tall or beefy as Astrid, which put some perspective on how big the former girl had become.

"Garak, show the new lad around and give him somethin' to wear," the captain said, gesturing to Astrid.

"Aye aye, cap'n," Garak said, giving the new orcish lad an amused glance. "Oy, big guy! Come with me. I'll show ye where you'll be sleepin' and see if we have somethin' ye can wear."

After that, you and Astrid glared at each other before he left with the bosun. Soon, you were alone in the cabin with the captain, and you began to wonder just how you'd fit in with the rest of the hardened sailors on the ship. After all, it wasn't as if you could sail, and you didn't exactly have the body of a sea dog.

"Don't worry, lass! You'll see yer friend again soon enough," Goz said, causing you to let out a raspy 'eep' as he walked by and smacked you on the ass.

"H-Hey!" you said in your girly and raspy voice, giving him an annoyed look. Your ass continued to jiggle and shake for several seconds after his teasing smack, which made you blush even more.

"Heh, sorry about that, lass," he said, shrugging and giving you a wink. "Now then, how about ye get that ass of yours into somethin' a little less revealin'?"

It hadn't dawned on you until now, but you were shorter than the captain. He stood a few inches above you, which made you realize that you were at most three feet tall. Goz even looked quite imposing from this perspective, especially considering his broad chest, prominent gut, and muscular arms.

The captain walked to a chest in the corner, soon opening it up to reveal a pile of clothes.

"Pardon my bluntness, lass, but ye ain't got a body meant for the sea," he said as he began to rummage through the pile. "The potion reacted a bit, well, unpredictably and exaggerated some of your, ahem, assets."

"Yeah, well, that isn't really my fault," you said, your hips swaying and ass bouncing as you walked over to the captain.

"True, but that ain't goin' to change the truth," he replied. "But don't ye worry, I'm sure we'll find something for you to do."

"Great..." you muttered, now idly wondering what he meant by that.

"Luckily for ye, an old flame of mine left some of her clothes here, and I'm sure some of it should fit yer, heh, generous figure."

Soon enough, Goz managed to find something in his stash of clothes that belonged to his old prostitute lover. However, as you grabbed the ruffled dress and stared at the revealing leather bodice, you couldn't help but shudder. It would certainly fit, but there wasn't a doubt in your mind that these had belonged to a whore.

"You got to be kidding me," you muttered as you held a pair of frilly knickers that you wondered if they would even fit over your enormous derriere.

You couldn't find anything that would fit you that didn't look like it belonged to a prostitute, no matter how much you tried to look through his chest. So, with a heavy sigh, you resigned yourself to your fate. Goz couldn't help but chuckle as he watched you struggle to pull up the underwear over your ass, your lime-green cheeks now rosy red from the unfamiliar sensations you experienced with your feminine and curvy body.

One thing was sure - it would be a long and awkward trip across the sea for both you and Astrid.

"By the gods..." you groaned, your breasts pressed against the deck as you pressed your face against the ground. "I can't take it anymore!"

"Come on, lass," Gazik said, chuckling as he stared at your rear as it pointed right up into the air. The dress barely covered the bulbous cheeks, and he had no problem seeing your chubby legs and thick thighs from this angle. "We still have a lot left, so pucker up and put yer back into it!"

You pushed yourself up, breasts wobbling and ass jiggling from the sudden motion. A few locks of hair caressed your cheek as you turned your head to glare at the swabbie, the rest of your crimson mane now in a tight and messy bun on your head. The bodice squished your tits

together tightly, creating an exposed green-and-freckled valley that the rest of the crew loved to see.

Gazik couldn't help but smile at the sight of your cute face. Your lips curled up into an angry pout as you glared at the goblin, making you look more sultry and annoyed than furious.

"That's easy for you to say!" you replied with a huff. You groaned and sighed as you sat up on your knees, your back aching from carrying around the massive mounds on your chest. "We've been scrubbing all day, and we're still not any closer to being done!"

"Chin up, Iza," Gazik said, and you shuddered when you heard the name the captain had given you. The other goblin grinned as he gave your half-exposed rear another glance. "It ain't so bad."

"Hey! Stop staring!" you hissed, trying to pull down your dress over your ass. The goblin guy scrubbing the deck with you chuckled again at the sight of your blushing cheeks.

Across the ship, a series of roaring laughs reached your large and sensitive goblin ears, causing you to glance at the commotion. As usual, the rest of the orcish crew were messing around as they worked, telling stories and joking as they carried on their work.

In the middle was Astrid, the tallest of the green-skinned crew, and it was remarkable how well she had adjusted to her life out here. There had only been a few days since you left port, and you both had got thrown into the life out on open water. It was bad enough having to get used to your new bodies, but constantly feeling seasick and the way your legs ached from having to fight against the waves only made things worse. Still, Astrid seemed oddly comfortable in her new body and role already, and you figured it was easier getting used to being big and muscular than short and stacked.

The rest of the crew were kind, although quite brash and uncouth compared to the students and teachers at the Academy. You had spent most of your time mingling and working with the crew, like scrubbing the deck and helping the goblin matron working below deck with food for everyone. You had been invited to the captain's cabin a few times during the trip along with Astrid, the two of you talking to him about the *Dragon's Fire* you had been working on at the Academy.

It was clear it was the reason he had even helped you, the goblin eager to get his hands on it. Unfortunately, Astrid was the genius behind it, which meant that you barely had anything to contribute during the long discussion about it in Goz's cabin. There was this lingering fear in the back of your head that you might be left behind as the two more intellectual individuals discussed ideas and concepts you had struggled to understand.

Astrid, or Azog as the others called him, met your gaze with a teasing smile. You pouted and looked away, your tits jiggling from the sudden motion.

"Screw this! I'm taking a break," you said as you stood up, but a sudden wave against the ship quickly knocked you on your ass. Your boobs nearly bounced out of your bodice, and it took several seconds before your sore butt stopped shaking from the fall. "Ow..."

"Heh, not gotten your sea legs yet, huh?" Gazik said with a chuckle as he stood up with ease. The ship was moving like crazy, but he walked over and sat next to you on the floor. "Here, got somethin' that should brighten yer mood!"

Gazik pulled the bottle attached to his belt, first taking a swig of it himself before handing it to you. The stench from it stung your nostrils, and it wouldn't surprise you if it were the same liquor you drank at the pub near the docks before you left. Yet, despite how disgusting it seemed, you figured it was better than nothing. After all, you needed something to numb the anxiety.

So, with a heavy sigh, you put your lips against the bottle and took a swig of the drink. It burned as it touched your tongue, causing your entire mouth and throat to itch as you swallowed it. Sure enough, it was the same orcish drink you had at the docks. But, something was off. You smacked your lips, rolling your long purplish tongue over your fangs.

"Hey, it tastes pretty good," you muttered, smacking your pouty lips again. Your tastebuds had altered slightly since your transformation, but this was the first time you really noticed it.

"Good, ain't it? We got more of that below deck," Gazik said, giving you a pat on your back which caused your bosom to jiggle again. "The cap'n never let us leave shore without weeks of the stuff."

"Huh, you don't say..." you mutter as you take another swig from the bottle, letting the warm and oddly delicious brew calm your nerves and ease your anxiety.

It was hard not to smile as the gentle warmth spread over your body from your chubby belly, the stiff drink causing your frame to tingle slightly.

"Hey, ain't you 'posed to be with the cap'n tonight? I saw Azog headin' there earlier," Gazik asked, the goblin deckhand handing you the half-empty bottle.

"Nah, they don't need me," you said with a somewhat slurry voice. You accidentally knocked over an empty bottle as you grabbed the one Gazik handed you. "It's not as if **hic** I can contribute with anything."

"Aye, if ya say so," Gazik said, his gaze lingering on your half-exposed bosom. You didn't care anymore. After all, telling the crew to stop looking made them stare even more.

The last few weeks had been rough. You'd only seen a port twice, and both times you had been forced to help out on the ship. At least you've stopped getting seasick, and you had finally stopped falling on your ass when you walked with your wide-bottomed figure across the deck.

You had even started to get used to your body. Now, you no longer noticed how your ass bounced or your tits jiggled as you walked, nor did you find yourself waking up in the morning and missing your cock. Hell, you had even started to appreciate your frame a bit. You had lost count of the times you've spent playing with your sensitive and curvy body in bed before heading off to sleep.

By now, you and Azog had finally learned what Goz and his crew did. They were smugglers and pirates, something you figured out one day when they decided to raid a ship and steal their cargo. During the raid, you hid below deck with the only other woman here since you didn't have the body for anything that required physical labor or fighting. Hell, even the elderly goblin matron seemed more physically fit than you!

But, it wasn't the long time out on the sea or the cutthroats you shared the ship with that bothered you. No, it was how useless you felt. You couldn't really do much aside from scrubbing deck and peeling potatoes, not with a body like this, and you never felt like you contributed anything during the long discussion with Goz and Azog about *Dragon's Fire*. At least Gazik and the other goblin deckhands seemed nice, and you had found yourself warming up quite a bit to the jolly cutthroats.

So, for the first time coming to the ship, you declined Goz's invitation to his cabin and decided to stay up drinking with the rest of the goblin crew. At this point, only you and Gazik were up, with the rest either asleep or passed out on the floor around you. The alcohol helped with your worries, and you often took a drink or two each day to soothe your anxious mind.

"It's not like anyone else needs me," you mutter, leaning back against the box behind you before drinking some more from the bottle. "I'm just a fat pair of **hic** tits that can't do anything."

"Ey, ye know that's not true," Gazik said as he stepped over a passed-out deckhand before taking a seat next to you. The muscular and beefy goblin put an arm over your shoulder, pulling you in close.

It wasn't the first time he had tried to do that, but it was the first time you were too drunk and miserable to do anything about it. It actually felt pretty good, and you found yourself leaning your head against his shoulder as he tried to comfort you. You didn't even push his hand away as he placed it on your legs, rubbing your soft thigh gently.

"Although, yer tits are pretty big," he said with a chuckle, moving the hand on your thigh up to your breasts. You let him, too drunk to care, and you didn't react fast enough to stifle the moan that escaped your lips when he squeezed one of your hefty mounds.

"Y-Yeah, they are pretty big, huh?" you said with a drunk chuckle, shaking your chest a bit to make them bounce and jiggle in your dress and bodice.

"An' yer one of the fairest lass's in every port we've ever visited," he said, squeezing your breasts again and making you moan.

"I guess so," you mutter, feeling flustered and warmer with each passing moment.

"See? It ain't so bad, Iza," Gazik said, moving his hand from your bosom to your face. "Ye just need to focus on the good stuff."

Then, before you could react, Gazik pressed his lips against yours. You could taste the alcohol on his lips, feel his tongue pushing into your mouth, and experience a wave of strange euphoria and arousal washing over your weary and drunk brain.

You knew this was a bad idea. But you felt too miserable and drunk to care at this point, and feeling Gazik's hands squeezing your breasts and rubbing your thighs did feel pretty amazing. So, to your shame and surprise, you kissed him back.

Slowly but surely, you found yourself pressed against the floor, your heavy tits pressed against his firm chest as he explored every nook and cranny of your curvy body. Your loins ached in a way you had never felt before as a man, and you felt a yearning for something you never thought you'd ever experience.

You knew it wasn't too late to stop it, but you didn't care. Right now, you deserved a shot of happiness, even if it came in the form of a goblin deckhand ravaging your body. Soon, soft moans escaped your lips as the kissing stopped as the goblin pulled off his pantaloons and pressed his turgid cock against your thigh. The male part of your mind rebelled at the thought of being fucked by a man, but you pushed it away. You needed this right now. No, you **deserved** it.

Every inch of your body itched and tingled as he peeled off your knickers and pulled up your dress, exposing your wet and ready goblin pussy. A long, drawn-out moan escaped your lips as he pushed himself into your needy green cunt, spreading the labia wide and filling your body with his man-meat. Soon your entire body was jiggling and aching, your hands running through your red mane as he fucked you slowly yet firmly.

That night, every last ounce of your anxiety and worries washed away in a tidal wave of pleasure. You moaned and begged him to continue in your slurred and raspy voice, Gazik chuckling as he eagerly obliged. The bliss you experienced was more intense and beyond what you had ever experienced as a human man.

Azog and the captain worked on the theories in the cabin above, unaware of what was happening below deck. Your lusty moans echoed through the room, nearly waking up a few of the sleeping deckhands around you, as Gazik's cock gave you the relief that your body craved.

Gazik shot you full of his virile seed a few moments later, and you got to experience firsthand the insane levels of pleasure goblin women could achieve. Suddenly, as you lay there basking in the warm afterglow of the orgasm, you realized why so many goblin girls ended up as prostitutes and breeders. You told yourself that this was a one-time thing, that you only did this during a moment of weakness, but you knew it wasn't true. After feeling the orgasmic bliss this body could achieve, you knew you needed to feel it again. Gazik's cock twitched inside you, the goblin deckhand smiling as he squeezed your plump thighs and gripped your chubby belly.

"So, are ye feelin' better now?" he asked with a chuckle, giving your tits a soft squeeze as his cock throbbed inside your body.

"Y-Yeah," you muttered, running a hand through your messy crimson mane of hair. A soft smile spread over your drunken lips, your yellow eyes gleaming with lust as you stared up at him, and you wiggled your hips a bit. "Wanna do it again?"

"So, you sure you don't want to join us in the cabin tonight? I think we're getting close to a breakthrough," Azog said, forced to lean over to fit underneath the deck.

"Nah, I'm good," you said before taking another drink. You sat on Guzik's lap, feeling his throbbing bulge against your fat ass as he continued to caress your voluminous backside. "You don't need a dummy like me in there."

"You sure?" Azog said, looking a little worried as Guzik jammed his tongue down your throat, kissing you passionately.

You kissed the goblin back, your head filling with all manner of naughty images as you looked forward to later tonight. Ever since that night, you two had been fucking like bunnies. Week in and week out, spending more than a few nights together in bed. Sure, you had fooled around a bit with the rest of the crew, including a few orcs, but they couldn't compare to the hung deckhand that kissed you passionately now.

The former woman waited for you to finish kissing to answer him, but he already knew what you'd say.

"Yeah, I'm sure," you said, taking another swig from the bottle. "We both know that **hic** you're the smart one here. Go and tell the cap'n that I wish you both good luck. Oh, and remember not to use too much sulfuric acid!"

"Alright, if you're sure..." Azog said, and he couldn't help but chuckle when he saw the smile on your lips.

The former woman left you and the rest of the goblins alone down there. The last thing Azog heard before he headed to the cabin was your moan as Guzik pushed his hand under your dress, your cheeks rosy red as his fingers began to play with the hungry snatch between your legs. Azog didn't feel worried, though. After all, he couldn't remember the last time he saw you this relaxed and happy.

Later that evening, as you spread your legs for your green-skinned lover, you felt a brief moment of regret for turning Azog down. Yet, all those worries got pushed aside as Guzik thrust his cock into your moist hole. Soon, all that mattered was the pleasure he gave you and how your entire curvy body shook with every thrust of his cock.

"Hah! See, I told you it would work!"

Azog's victorious cry echoed across the ship as everyone watched the red flames spread over the merchant's ship. The vessel was empty, the crew rowing on small boats to the nearby deserted island after Goz's gang had raided it. It was the perfect target to try out the prototype *Dragon's Fire* that Goz and Azog had designed. Judging by how the hellish flames spread like wildfire over the boat, engulfing it in a matter of moments, it seemed to be a huge success.

It was hard to believe that they actually pulled it off. You stopped going to the meetings altogether after the first time you skipped them. After all, it didn't feel like you contributed anything to them. They had done wonderfully without you, and it was astonishing to see the results.

Instead of attending the meetings, you had continued to get acquainted with the crew and your new body. In the last few months, you'd gotten not only used to your body, but you felt comfortable in it. The way your bosom shook, how your hips swayed with every step, the feeling of your hair caressing your face and neck. It felt so natural now, and you could barely remember what it felt like to have a cock between your legs. However, you certainly knew how it felt to have a cock inside you!

The first night with Guzik had been amazing, but it was nothing compared to the many nights you spent these last few months with him and the rest of the crew. You indulged yourself in Orcish rum and green cock, often at the same time, and you could feel yourself loving both more and more. God, this body felt like it got made for fucking, and there were times when you felt scared of how far you've fallen.

Yet, you no longer felt worried or anxious. Honestly, you felt freaking fantastic! Life felt simple, and it made sense. The rest of the crew provided you with all the fun and stress relief you wanted, and there was always a stiff drink close at hand. The captain had made some progress on a cure, but there were times when you wondered if you wanted to return to normal again. For now, you figured there was no point in worrying about that until he had something to show.

Your yellow eyes gleamed as you watched the fires spread. Guzik stood next to you, one hand on your ass and idly groping it. You could feel tingles of joy cascading down to your loins, warming it up and getting it ready from his eager squeezing. It was hard not to smile and give him a sultry glance, a smile spreading across his lips when he saw the look in your eyes.

"Come 'ere," Guzik whispered, pulling you in close and away from the rest of the crew. "I'm in the mood for somethin' else."

The goblin pinched your backside as he escorted you below deck, causing you to shudder and gasp from the sudden sting of pleasure. You knew it was probably a bad idea to indulge yourself so much in this weird new life, and you could feel it getting harder to resist each day. Yet, you didn't care.

It didn't take long before your dress and clothes lay in a pile on the floor, and you bounced your naked curvy body up and down on his cock below deck. It was a simple life being Guzik's girl and a little more than a stacked goblin wench, but an enjoyable one. Maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't be so bad to take up his offer and leave the crew to settle down somewhere in the Lowland ports. After all, he certainly knew how to make you feel good. But, for now, you pushed those thoughts away as Guzik brought you to the brink of orgasm for the third time that day.