

OverWARKwed

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A crowdfunded story

By

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The following contains: Humanoids into feral chocobo TFs, weight gain, minor macro

Read at your own discretion.



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"What are you..." Tatanu trailed off a little after looking at the mostly eaten onion in her tiny hand. Thavnairian onions were some of the foulest smelling, tear inducing vegetables to ever come out of the desert region. At least, that's what she'd been led to believe. It was one of the more favorite snacks to train the local bird mounts, and sure tasted sweet enough for the lalafell to take another chomp. "It's not so bad once you get used to them."

"I'll take your word for it." Lynda glanced around the woodlands, checking between a map they'd brought for a few seconds. Her axe became used to point off into the east. "Looks like the camp is in that direction. Not too far away either, maybe an hours walk."

The pair went about donning their respective gear and finished eating a hasty meal, thankfully without any further weirdness. That didn't stop Lynda from trying to eye Tatanu for any other ticks while they packed away camp, much to the little woman's annoyance. After fastening her robe properly, she brushed her hair back over behind the massive golden horns to get stray locks out from under the collar. A move she'd had to have done so many times it was just natural at this point

What wasn't routine was the fuzz around her neck.

"Wark?" Tatanu reached deeper under her hair, rubbing along the area behind her altered ears. There was a lot of fine layered fluff there that she knew hadn't been a byproduct of misadventures in the First. No amount of rubbing could dislodge it either. These were well attached to her skin. Being grumpy about everything enough already, she pinched a section between her thumb and index finger for a sharp yank. "WARK!"

While the action proved successful, it also sent a surge of pain through Tatanu's spine. Unleashing a sudden squawk through the tree lines had Lynda tripping over her backup.

"Are you alright!?"

"Fine!" Tatanu snapped, quickly moving her hair back to hide whatever might be back there. "Stupid morning bugs are already biting."

"Oh. You look a little angry."

It was hard to tell if that was a pun, nor did Tatanu care at that point. She had focused on the little tuft that'd been yanked off her and was now stuck between her pinched fingers.

Red down.

Nothing about this was making a lot of sense.

"What's that?"

"Just some stray feathers I saw on the kweh." Tatanu flicked the little feathers away, making to finish rigging her backpack. "How should we go about dealing with these poachers?"

"Well, we might be better off leaving our supplies somewhere safe first. If the rest are anything like those three, we should be able to manage with a frontal assault."

Tatanu couldn't help smirking up at her old friend. The direct approach was always the default option when it came to planning. There wasn't room to criticize such a tactic, either. Between the two of them there wasn't much time to set up anything complicated or strategic. Not to mention if those rodents were heading straight back to their boss, any delays could mean they'd walk right into an ambush, or just an empty hide out.

"I'll have to channel a lot of my magic through Carby for a single caster assault, but I think we can do some damage." She flipped through her tome a few times wondering about her strongest spells. "Let's just hope this boss isn't an adventurer like us. I'm not in a kweh to fight something super strong."

"I'm still getting worried about all your chirping too."

Tatanu shot Lynda such a look that being less than half her height still made the Roegadyn flinch. "Forget about that wark. It's probably some stupid prank charm I picked up at the market yesterday. Let's just focus on the job wark and foremost."

"If you say so."

They finished packing up their stuff without further complaint. Something Tatanu ended up not liking with the heavy silence weighing her down. Summoning mounts for the hike ahead at least gave her something else to focus on besides her own worries. Becoming a sin eater might have given her ears a monstrous fluff of golden feathers, but she was dead certain the rest of her head wasn't supposed to have red down on it.

"That cat is going to get a swift kick in the shin first thing when I get back," she grumbled over the thumps of her personal riding chocobo.

"What!?"

Crap! She didn't think Lynda was astute enough to hear anything when taking such a long lead ahead of her. Fortunately, she had plenty of other things to shrug it off.

"We're probably getting close. Let's stash our stuff and figure out the plan."

Lynda sounded off an affirmative shout before veering off the natural trail they were on. After another minute of travel, they dismounted and watched their chocobo's take off back towards their initial homes once more. While it was true both of their mounts had long since learned the ability to fly, being out in the open for any lookout that bothered to check the air was not ideal.

They didn't waste time searching for a hiding spot too long. When no crevice or ditch looked enticing enough, Lynda used rope to hang them from the tallest tree branch she could throw at, which turned out to be pretty damn high.

They weren't hiking through the dense underbrush for long before Lynda signaled for switching to stealth movements. Looking around her chiseled hips, Tatanu could see the tree's ahead starting to disperse into a clearing. Even without a clear view, she could hear the sounds of activity from beyond the borderline.

"I'm pretty sure we found the place."

The tinnier woman wrinkled her nose. "How can you tell?"

"They have a dozen chocobo's locked in very crappy cages."

"Oh. No fair, you got a higher view."

Lynda snorted her amusement. "At least you're easier to hide. Mind helping with that?"

"Sure thing." Tatanu threw open her book, taking barely a second to channel the magic needed to coat her big friend's armor in a dull sheen. The ether had the perfect result of nullifying any sound they made when moving. Something she was especially glad for when Lynda pounded her chest plat a few times to test it out. "Are you trying to get their attention?!"

"Hey! Quality check is important, right?"

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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