Chapter 1:

Poachers were the worst. Not humans. The random kind, the animals that caught a whiff of farm stock and dug under the fences. At the same time, Mina relished the challenge of a stray wolf or fox, since they usually put up a fight when she wrangled them into submission, sometimes saving a chicken or small pig in the process. Doing so got her covered in filth, but that was a good excuse for a bath.

She sighed in the hot water, relieved to be done for the morning. All the animals were taken care of, the wolf had been dealt with, it got a few bites and scratches in, but Mina won the battle, and now she could just settle back and relax. There came several advantages with a bath. One was getting clean, another was the sensation of her muscles relaxing, and the best was taking care of herself. Mina slid one hand underwater and cradled her shaft.

It had given her many problems since childhood. With Monsters lurking around, sharing anything with them warranted unsavoury attention. For a while, rocks were thrown and fists flew, but she figured out a way to handle them; punch back. That worked, though problems piled on as she grew up. That attention turned cruder in her teens. Men ignored what they knew of her to leer at Mina’s body, women gossiped about what the bulge they saw in her trousers, and Mina… she fantasised about them all.

Like that girl at the market every morning. Mina licked her lips in memory, the other hand coming to squeeze her breast, substituting it for the market girl’s. They shared a similar size, though Mina was slightly bigger. Her nipples engorged with her cock, which filled her hand. Veins swelled with desire, thick and juicy like the rest of her, and pleasure sparked wherever her fingers touched. She bit her lip to keep from moaning. It was embarrassing enough when her mother caught her in the mornings, but having them hear her pleasure was mortifying.

Mina pushed it from her thoughts and stroked as she squeezed. As her shaft filled out, it floated then lifted out the water to stand at attention, level with her face. She grinned at her member, both cursed and blessed for having it, then settled into her familiar rhythm with eyes closed. It would never happen, however she couldn’t resist imagining the market girl’s hand in place of hers. Were they soft? Rough from field work?

She’d never know. Fantasies were enough for her though, as she groped and stroked herself to a feverish tempo. Morning work was done, but she needed to be ready for the afternoon. With the water, she could imagine her hand as the girl’s mouth. Such a sinful, depraved want but one she revelled in like so many others.

The things her priest would hear if she confessed. Mina arched her back, moaning deep in her chest, which quivered with the water. Her sack, normally loose, pulled tight and her cock lurched for freedom. She gave it that, moving onto her femininity. The folds were soaked with more than water and welcomed her touch, before swallowing her fingers to the knuckle.

“Oh god,” Mina groaned and thrust into herself faster, keeping pace with the throbbing of her cock. Pre-cum raced down her shaft, lacing the water with her dick juice. She pulled on a nipple, tweaked her clit, and swallowed back the blissful shout that wanted to escape. No such issue burdened her penis, which launched a salvo of creamy, sticky semen across her body. Ropes lined her face and floated in the bath. The rest dribbled out her slit, just as thick as the first shot.

“Hmm, what is it about bathing in this stuff that feels wrong, but so, so right?” Mina asked herself as she cleaned herself. Strangely, she was complimented for her smell most often when she did that, more so than if she used the soap her mother made. Her family was a self-sufficient one, saving funds where possible to spend on more frivolous things or for celebrations. The best part of being on a farm was keeping product for themselves, especially when their animals made the best produce.

“Mina! Finish up in there. We’ll be late for the market,” her father called up.

“Coming!” Mina replied and stuffed her member into her trousers, which she covered with a long dress, one that helped her cleavage pop out better than it already did. Her gender already led to discrimination, she didn’t need people decrying her use of trousers.

Out in town, the market was just setting up for the afternoon. Mina spied the girl she’d just fantasised about and smiled her way, which broadened as she averted her eyes, like she’d been caught doing something wrong. As did the young man she was with. Few people met Mina’s eye without looking away an instant later, as though her mere gaze was a sinful indulgence.

“Stop teasing, Mina,” Father sighed and put down the last box of produce. Mina did the same, carting around the same weight, if not more. On a farm, gender didn’t matter; ‘carry your weight or get crushed’ was Father’s motto.

“Sorry. They make it too easy,” Mina said and took to the front. Travellers wouldn’t know of her, all they’d see is a buxom farm girl, whose dress was a little tight in all the right areas. Others heckled her with obscenities for it, but in the end she left with money that they could’ve had if they weren’t so prudish. Today saw far more commotion.

Mina tried peering over the throngs, though she didn’t have the stature for it. They parted as the clopping of hooves approached, and she saw him; a Duke. Dressed in purple and gold, guarded on all sides, and wielding an air of dignity that only nobility possessed. She withdrew back to her stock, stood at attention to accentuate her chest, and waited. The rest all fawned over the duke, trying to entice with deals and lies about the quality of their wares. But it was Mina who stopped him with a dismissive look.

“What have we here?” He asked, stepping down from his horse to the muck below, uncaring that his garments dragged in it. Mina looked around, as if he couldn’t possibly be speaking to her. She knew men, however, and his eyes never left her bosom. Just as planned. After several seconds, she finally looked back in apparent surprise.

“Who? Me? My lord, you must have a fine eye. We have some excellent goods.”

“Oh, I’m sure of it. But alas, I can’t tear my eyes away from you to look at them,” he said.

“Sadly, I’m not on offer,” Mina said.

“Yes, sad indeed. Perhaps you would accompany me? I’m lodging just a little ways from here.”

“I think not, my lord. I’m needed here,” she said, looking at her father. He nodded, understanding that he might need to step in.

“Ah, I see. I shall be around for another two weeks. Perhaps we can negotiate?” He smiled, the joy reaching his eyes unlike the slimy nobles she was acquainted with. She reciprocated, unsure how to react. Most would insist until she ‘slipped’ and revealed her bulbous trousers. Frankly, it was a miracle she hadn’t been executed.

“Perhaps we can,” Mina said. He gave her and Father a nod, then rode away on his horse, though not before stealing a final glance her way. Strange man, she thought and continued with the days business.

Just as he’d promised, the duke was back again the next day. And the next, all the subsequent days for a week. After the first few, she let him pull her aside and… talk. Every time she expected to be made an offer for sex, or have her family threatened, but it was just conversation. Somehow, through a means she believed to be magic, he even avoided gawking at her breasts for minutes at a time. Even she didn’t manage that in a mirror.

“I never did get your name, my lord?” Mina asked on his seventh visit.

“It’s ‘My’ and ‘Lord’. Pretty easy to remember.”

She rolled her eyes, “Be serious.”

“For you, my dear, feel free to call me Samuel.”

“And you may call me Mina.”

“Pleasure to properly make your acquaintance, Mina,” Samuel said and took her hand, kissing the back, eyes smouldering into hers. An involuntary giggle escaped her. This was something from a fairy tale. A farm girl that catches the eye of a duke, one that isn’t interested solely in her womanhood, and they fall in love for him to take her away to live happily ever after. The problem therein lied with her.

Happily ever after meant a family. It meant revealing her entire body to him and praying that he accepted it. Would he?

Never. Mina could never dream of a noble accepting such a freakish body as hers, particularly one that shamed his own. Though she’d never been with a man, or woman, she’d walked in on her father during his baths. Based on that, she assumed hers was larger than most. Not that she would ever know. Unless…

Mina shooed the thoughts away. Better to play along with Samuel until he left, then forget this ever happened. Perhaps some day she’d meet someone, fall in true love and live happily ever after, but that could wait. She still had plenty of time.

“Wrestled a wolf?” Samuel asked, incredulous.

“Yeah, how else would I protect the farm?” Mina said. They were at a tavern, sharing a meal and alcohol. It was Samuel’s twelfth visit, just a couple more and he’d leave. She wasn’t thinking about that, though, only of the buzzing in her head and veins, in part because of the drink, but also Samuel’s presence. She couldn’t hope to count the number of times she’d masturbated since they met.

Most nobles gorged themselves on wealth and food. He showed his fortune through subtler means. It was in his clean shave, the excellent haircut, and confidence as he walked, like nothing was beyond his reach. Certainly, few things were. He stood head and shoulders over her, intimidated if she hadn’t dealt with far more dangerous beasts in her time.

“I could hire some guards?” Samuel offered.

“Ha, no. It’s a bit of fun really.”

“Even if it leaves scars?” He asked and ran a finger over her forearm, where a mangled scar travelled from wrist to elbow.

“Think of them as trophies. You must have a few.”

“Yes, from things I’ve hunted with a sword and guards. I’d never wrestle with a wild animal. That takes a level of courage I’m far too coddled to have.”

“True,” she chuckled and grabbed his hand, delighting in how soft his was in comparison. Callouses lined his hand from sword swinging, but hers covered almost every finger and her palm. The man was sleek for a noble. He wore a shirt, loose around his chest and shoulders, revealing muscles sleek but strong, “Wanna try taking me on? Wrestle the woman that wrestles the wolves?”

“You’re slurring, Mina. I think you’ve had enough to drink,” Samuel said and took their shared mug away. It was more a flagon, one that she’d drunk about half of thus far.

“No, I’m not. Okay, maybe a little. Just one more then I’ll stop.”

“Nope, can’t have that.” Before she could argue further, he flung his head back and guzzled everything that was left, slammed it down, then let out a behemoth belch, “Now, you can have it back. One second...” The drink hit him a moment later, robbing him of balance. He topped onto the floor, giggling the whole way.

“Now you’re too drunk,” Mina laughed with him and tried pulling him up, but her own equilibrium was shot, causing her to tumble atop him. They wound up face to face, breaths deep, and minds mired in alcohol. Mina licked her lips, eyes focused on his. Was he doing the same, thinking the same? They were both drunk, maybe he wouldn’t care? Maybe he’d care more? Anxiety swirled in her vision and churned her guts. He leaned up toward her.

And Mina vomited over his head. She rolled off, the ceiling spinning over her. At least it wasn’t on his face, she thought and let the darkness consume her.

The next morning, she woke to a ceiling not her own. It was ornate, painted with dizzying patterns that she expected from an upscale home that couldn’t be hers. She blinked against the sunlight and turned over, suddenly facing Samuel. He was asleep, much to her relief as Mina’s morning erection tried bridging the gap between them. Carefully, she turned back around and slipped out. Her clothes were still on.

She sighed into her hands. Once the shock passed, nausea swept in, the price she paid for drinking too much. Samuel didn’t budge as she stood, which proved awkward with her cock at full mast. Leaving in such a state wasn’t an option, not for the duke’s sake. Through a door, she found his restroom, though without a latch. Make it quick, Mina thought and pulled her dress up and her trousers down.

“Fuck, looks like you’re excited,” Mina muttered to her throbbing member. It didn’t care that a single door separated them from Samuel, or that it had nearly revealed itself with its morning routine. Even a hangover couldn’t hinder the damned thing. Moreover, her member was rigid, like a slate of unrefined iron coiled in dark roots from base to tip. Ignoring her headache and the queasy sensation in her gut, Mina set to her favourite ritual.

She was close when gentle raps on the door shocked her. She covered her mouth, hand coming away from her cock, and smeared pre-cum over her lips. The smell clogged her nostrils, almost distracting from Samuel’s muffled voice.

“Is that you, Mina?”

“Y-yeah,” she rasped, hoping it sounded like she’d just puked, rather than the pleasure coursing through her system.

“Good. I thought I’d taken home a whore for a second,” he chuckled.

“Nope. No whores here,” Mina said, even as her hand returned to masturbation, soft gasps escaping her from edging herself. Her balls ached already, desperate to release their load. Because Samuel was near? Or because she was in someone else’s toilet? Both ideas turned her on more, murky pre streaming out her slit now. Her womanhood joined the fray and drooled down her thighs.

“Let me know when you’re finished. I might need a turn myself.”

“I will. Oh god, I’m gonna cum all over his toilet,” Mina mumbled to herself, stroking faster and using her balls to rub at her feminine lips. They nudged her clit, embers of bliss catching as they blazed across her nerves. Up her spine, down her legs, even in her toes, they all went up in flames with her release. Mina crammed her mouth with her dress to keep from shouting.

Ropes of semen flew and splattered over the walls and toilet. She grunted and aimed it down, getting the last few into the bowl at least. Juices rained on her trousers, soaking them in the scent of her pleasure. Her legs gave out with the last shot, bringing her to the floor, drenched and satisfied. Until she realised the mess she’d made. Head pounding and stomach displeased with her choices last night, she cleaned up everything she could find.

“Rough night?” Samuel asked once she stepped out.

“How aren’t you dead right now?” Mina groaned, though she was glad just to be done with the morning. That was too close.

“Years of practice and competition,” his stomach gurgled, “But that doesn’t remove all the side effects. Now, if you’ll excuse me…” He slammed the door shut and retched up a storm, while Mina plopped back onto the lavish bed.

Not long after he was finished, breakfast was brought in. An equally extravagant display of meat and cheeses with a soft wine that she wasn’t interested in. They ate in silence but for the sounds of delight. Whatever she didn’t like, he took, and what she did like, he gave to her. What she wouldn’t give to hear more about nobles like him.

This could be her daily life, she realised. He liked her, even a dense troll would see it. They could take it further, get married, then she’d wake up early, masturbate, go about her life in comfort and without want for anything… but that wasn’t fair to Samuel. He was a man, after all. He’d want all of her someday, then her secret would be known and it’d all fall apart, ending in heartbreak for them both.

Her reverie was broken by him. Somewhere in her thoughts, they’d taken to horseback and were back on the farm. She was in front, straddling the power animal, while Samuel’s crotch was flush to her rear. That realisation flushed her cheeks a brilliant crimson. If the saddle didn’t pinch her balls just so, she’d be hard again.

“I was thinking,” Samuel said, looking at the farm house. It wasn’t much compared to his accommodations, though it stood tall and sturdy, built to prevail against weather and animals.

“About?” Mina prodded. The horse stopped at the gate. Her dad was out, lugging bales of hay onto a cart, while chickens and other poultry flocked around him. Samuel dismounted first, offering his hand to her. When she took it, he didn’t help pull her down, but held it in his.

“Marry me.”

“I’m sorry, could you repeat that slower and very articulately?” Mina babbled.

“You should marry me. Or at least think about it,” Samuel elucidated, though it didn’t help her mind to focus any better. Her lips and tongue were numb, so she nodded and walked through the fence. Turning around, he was still there, waiting for her to get out of sight before mounting his horse. Mina was dreaming, that must be it. No one got to live a fairy tale.

But that is what happened. A fairy tale. A duke asked her to marry him. She was a farm girl, part of the slums, as far removed from nobility as it came, and he wanted her hand in marriage. Mina ruminated over it all day, even as she worked and talked with her parents, all her mind could focus on was that proposal. Finally, she broached the subject to them.

“Accept it,” Mother said instantly.

“Now wait,” Father cautioned, his face stern from concentration, “Does he know?”

“He doesn’t.”

“Then you can’t. Or at least you have to tell him before,” Father said.

“What if I got it removed?” Mina said.

“Is that even possible?” Mother asked.

Mina found that it wasn’t. Discrete as was possible, she visited every doctor in the town. She didn’t care about their disgust upon seeing her naked, only their response; it couldn’t be done. Not without magic and most people didn’t trust it with their lives, but that was quickly becoming her only option, which led her to the nearby forest. She’d avoided Samuel all day for this, the least she could was go through all her choices. Even if that meant talking to a witch.

In the forest, shadows stretched forever in the dwindling sunlight. Trees scuttled with life, twigs and branches snapping in the distance. All manner of wildlife existed amongst them all, worse than wolves or foxes, yet her biggest fear was in a cabin. Warm light illuminated the area around it, deceptively inviting.

She gulped down her fear and stepped forward to knock. The door swung open before her knuckle met it, revealing a swathe of mist, somehow controlled into a trail going into another room, from which a soft, yet gravely voice invited her in. Only a fool wanders into a witch’s home, and Mina did just that.

“What brings you here my child?”

“Are you… are you Jules?” Mina asked. She approached and tried the door, but found it locked.

“It’s rude to ask a question without answering one first, child.”

“I, uh, I wanted your help with something.”

“Ah, is that so? A business transaction then?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent!” Suddenly the mist was gone, the door shut, and Mina stood in a luxurious living room, more extravagant than the bedroom she’d woken up in, though only two chairs furnished the place. Brilliant colours dazzled from all around, jewels reflecting the warmth from a fireplace. One chair was occupied by a small figure wreathed in grey robes, only their head was visible.

“Jules?” Mina asked, to which the figure nodded at the opposite chair. She sat down as offered, studying who she assumed was the witch. Jules had lived there, on the outskirts of Mina’s town for decades, long before she was even born. None of the townsfolk knew her age, nor did they want to. Everyone avoided her wherever possible, only turning to the witch when medicine and faith failed them.

“That is my name, yes,” Jules said and pushed the robes aside, revealing a tiny body. Shorter than Mina’s leg, skinny and with a head too large for her body, she balanced a line between human and fae, not quite managing either side, “What can I do for you?” Jules stood up on the seat, grey hair pouring over her shoulders and off the chair.

At first glance, she might’ve resembled a grandmother. Shrivelled, hunched over, and haggard in every aspect of her appearance, but now the life flowed back into her. Just in how she held her shoulders, though her appearance took it further, shedding her age in moments to resemble Mina’s own mother. Such was the power of magic, she supposed.

“Yes, it is. But such a trivial thing requires only the barest knowledge, for something like changing the house, I need something more. Or to alter the human body.”

“You know why I’m here?” Mina asked, shrinking back into her chair to put some distance between them, like it would prevent her thoughts from being read.

“I only know the gist. I’ve had a long time to study you humans, your facial expressions are so easy to read. Magic just makes it clearer,” Jules explained and rubbed her hands together, grinning madly, “But I still need the details.”

Mina too deep breaths. The room smelled of sweets, not the rotting scent most associated with the supernatural, it was almost soothing, comforting her. She could fall asleep, drift away without a care in the world.

“What’s that smell?” Mina asked instead, blinking away the urge to sleep.

“You like it? Humans are always so nervous around me. Can’t imagine why. So I made this aroma for you people.”

“Can you make it stop? It’s making me sleepy,” Mina said, fighting her eyes the whole time.

“Is it? Hmm, it shouldn’t. Perhaps I made it too strong,” Jules murmured and clapped her hands again. The scent vanished, leaving Mina clear headed. She huffed a sigh and reasserted herself.

“I need you to make me a girl.”

“A girl? You’re already one. I could tell you the second I saw you.”

“No! I mean a proper girl. I have a… penis.”

“Oh? Oh! Well, that’s rare!” Jules chortled and hopped to Mina’s chair, standing over the futa despite their differences in stature. Her face shone with glee, eyes raking over every facet of Mina’s body, then settled on her crotch, “Are you actually a Futa? You have both?” Mina nodded to both questions, then Jules went back to her chair.

“Sorry,” the fae said, “But a human Futa isn’t something I’ve encountered before. I never would’ve imagined such a thing could happen. No wonder the aroma put you to sleep. It’s designed to ward off Monster Futa, but it had an effect on you. I wonder…”

“Um, can you?”

“Can I what?” Jules asked, blinking at her, “Oh, right! No, I can’t.”

“What?! But you could change your appearance.”

“That is the fae blood in me, child. I have a natural resource of magic. You, however, are human and thus far more complicated. Do you know how many organs I have? Four; heart, lungs, womb and stomach. You people? God, I don’t even want to count them all.”

“What about the brain?”

“Not the same for me. Mine is a construct of magical energies that creates a personality and consciousness. Yours is… ugh.”

“So, that’s it? There’s nothing that can be done?” Mina asked.

“I never said that. There are catalysts for such a thing. Just as in science, you need other elements to create something, I need such things for more powerful, complex magic,” Jules said and waved her hand. A book half her size floated over, pages flipping until she stopped them.

“Yes, this will do,” she said and looked to Mina, “But it will take some effort on your part. It could even endanger your life.”

“I… I’m willing. There’s someone who deserves a normal wife, a family. I can’t give them that as I am now,” Mina said, toying with her fingers.

“That’s the spirit. In this world, my child…”

“My name is Mina.”

“Don’t interrupt, Mina. Anyway, there are seven core Monster Futa in this world; the Hybrid, the Bull, the Horse, the Slime, Snake, Raccoon and Giant. There are others, of course, but those seven are the most important. Combine their power and I could work all sorts of miracles for your body. Even give you perfect ovaries for the perfect children.”

“I just want the penis gone, thanks.”

“Suit yourself,” Jules shrugged, “I don’t need them captured, only their seed.”

“Pardon?”

“Their seed. Cum. Semen. Sperm. Cock Juice. Whatever you want to call it. That is where a Futa’s power lies,” Jules elucidated.

“So I collect it and that’s it?”

“Yes.”

“What do you get out of this?” Mina asked.

“Exactly what you get; their seed. I don’t even need much to change your body, it’s that powerful. Even if you only succeed in a jug full of the stuff, I’ll be set for years. Unless business picks up,” Jules said and sent the book away. With another wave of her hand, multiple items appeared before her, “You’ll be needing these.”

“I get the map, but what’s the gourd and... what even is this?” Mina held a small box in her hand, which she opened to reveal a circle and arrow, no directions to be found.

“The gourd is designed to hold any amount of liquid, so long as it’s primarily semen, and that is a compass. It will point you in the direction of the nearest Futa, that isn’t yourself of course,” Jules said and clapped her hands again, a door appearing between them, “Now get a mosey on girl! You’ve got futanari to milk and a penis to lose!”

An invisible boot kicked at Mina’s rear, despite her sitting down, and launched her through the door. She found herself outside the cabin, no door behind her, or above, and the sun was about to set. All she had to show for the visit was a map, gourd and compass. But that was all she needed from the witch.

Back home, she kept the visit a secret from her parents. They didn’t need to worry over her anymore than they already were, and went to her room. She created a rucksack form spare cloth and packed her most durable clothes, then grabbed all the non-perishable food she could manage. The weight wouldn’t be an issue, she’d carried far more. In total, she had enough to last at least a week, more with the funds she had. It shouldn’t take that long to find all the Monsters.

As she put the map away, she noticed writing scribbled on the back. A message from Jules;

*Also, small thing I forgot to mention, but don’t let them cum in you. Things might get a little strange if that happens. - Jules.*

“How nice of her,” Mina said. She didn’t plan on getting involved with them sexually. If possible, she’d ambush them and milk the beasts and be on her way. If not, then she’d reason with them. Hopefully they weren’t too different from a wild animal; some food and they’d be friendly enough.

The hardest part was explaining her reasons to her parents. Her only excuse was that a doctor recommended she try a larger town or city, where they had better education. Either that, or visit the witch. Naturally, they were more inclined toward her seeing other doctors. Father was against it, worried over the added workload for him and his ageing back, but Mother talked him down. No matter how much people claimed men had power, they were helpless to their wives. Mina only hoped to be that stubborn when she was wedded.

The next obstacle was Samuel. He only had a day left in the town, before his duties took him elsewhere, possibly never to be seen again. She found him standing in her usual spot at the market, a smile on his face the moment he spotted her. Then a frown replaced it as he looked over her clothing. She was dressed for field work, with tough overalls that needed a knife to pierce, with her thickest shirt protecting where they didn’t reach.

“Where’s the fight?” He joked.

“Don’t know, still need to find it. To be serious, I am going somewhere. Possibly dangerous, but I need to do it. Alone.” She added, seeing him about to speak up.

“I understand. I asked too soon. Sorry, my mother and father are always pressuring me to find a bride and settle down,” Samuel said.

“It’s not that!” Mina said and composed herself, “I just, there’s something I need to do before that. Once it’s done…”

“You’ll say yes?” She’d never seen him grin so wide before, it even spread to her face.

“Yes.”

“That’s perfect! What is it? I’ll have some men accompany you.”

“I need to do it alone,” Mina laughed, “It shouldn’t take long. I hope. Three weeks at the most.”

“Three weeks? I could loan you a horse. That’d make it faster, yes?”

“I couldn’t ask you to.”

“Then don’t. I’ll just give it to you. Jackson!” At its name, his horse trotted over, leaning down to butt Mina’s shoulder, “You’ll have no better company than him. I assure you.”

“But that’s… Samuel, it’s too much. I don’t even know if I’ll make it back.”

“All the better you have something to remember me by,” he grinned and handed the reigns to her, “I’ll be waiting.”

Mina held his hand for a moment, then shook her head, looked around and shoved it against her breast. From experience, she knew it was softer than most pillows, and the bewilderment on his face told the same story. She quickly pushed him away.

“Something to remember me by.”

Any further words didn’t make sense. Mina mounted the horse and, with a final touch goodbye, rode away. She had a long road ahead, but it’d all be worth it. She was sure.