

Dungeon Disasters (Multi Fantasy Creature TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

The Radiant Fight are an up-and-coming adventuring party who are ready to make a name for themselves: Gerald the noble fighter, Vortis the intelligent but weak wizard, Davin the edgy rogue, and Jarina the timid yet loving healer. But when the quartet are captured by monsters during a failed dungeon delve, they are affected by unholy magics that begin to change their species, and their genders. After all, the dungeon needs more goblins, orcs, minotaurs, and centaurs . . .

Dungeon Disasters

Gerald smiled, striking a valiant pose before the entrance to the dark cave.

“Ah, here it is my friends. A worthy challenge to finally prove ourselves!”

The others rolled their eyes a little at their haughty friend, who was the very image of the knight in shining armour. With his golden locks, broad jaw, and pale blue eyes, he was the very image of righteous justice, and his polished armour and silvery sword attested to this. Beside him, his wizard friend Vortis curled his lip, concerned at the seemingly undefended nature of the cave.

“I would counsel against direct action straight away, Gerald,” he said in his weary voice. “After all, this is the Badlands, and any help from the Fire Mages is far away. I would not wish for us to be overwhelmed.”

He was the very image of a frail wizard: skinny bones, tall figure, and a purple robe with a pointed hat. Despite being the oldest of the group, being in his early forties, he was nevertheless by far the most uncertain, involved in the dungeon delves purely to pursue interesting lore rather than to actually fight anything. He practically sneezed whenever he had to cast a fire blast at something.

It was Davin who sneered, planting a hand on the wizard’s bony shoulder and chuckling softly. “Oh, for goodness sake old man-”

“I’m not that old.”

“Old in spirit, then. What’s the harm? This dungeon is rumoured to have been long lost to time, and to possess great glimmering treasures. I don’t know about you, but the Nightserpent would love to get his hands on those!”

Gerald coughed, suppressing a laugh. The Nightserpent was a title that Davin had given to himself, to be spread around when he eventually became famous as the greatest rogue thief in all the lands. Of course, while the pale-skinned man looked every part the

shadowy assassin, complete with black-leather armour and dark hood, his smugness always seemed to give him away. That, and his blood-red knives that were far too aesthetically fun for him to put away, despite them being dead giveaways in even low lighting.

"I think Vortis is right," the last member of their group said in a cracking voice. "I'm getting a bad vibe from this place."

It was the only female of the group: their armoured female cleric Jarina. She was a soft-spoken elf, but quite a young one, being only in her late-thirties, the equivalent of the early twenties for a human, and a stage she would stay in for some time. Her pinkish skin flushed a darker purple as she tried to face Davin.

"N-not to disagree too much with you, Nightserpent. It's just . . . I worry there could be more danger than we can handle here. Just my thoughts."

Davin grinned at the beautiful, frail-looking elf cleric. She was the only one that actually called him Nightserpent, and it made him feel quite lovely. Of course, despite his routine dalliances with other women, he actually had no idea that Jarina had a massive crush on him, partly due to her frequent shyness in his presence.

"I understand your hesitation, Jarina, but think of the opportunities here," he said. "Think of the riches, the treasure, the fame!"

"And the glory," Gerald added, trying to remind the often-edgy rogue of their true purpose. "We *are* heroes, after all. This would allow us to finally make our name in the Adventurer's Guild. One day, people will sing songs about the Radiant Fight!"

"I'm still not totally sold on the name," the wizard of the group said. Vortis rubbed his eyes, which always had the quality of runny eggs, and gave a nervous smile to the group. "I'm just thinking about the optics of it. You know, how it would poll with the church people and the like. Perhaps we could rename ourselves again before it's too late, perhaps after some ancient mythological saga or treatise on the benefits of adventuring."

The entire group groaned, even the non-combative Jarina.

"For God's sake, Vortis," Gerald said, gripping the squishy wizard by the shoulder. "Have some confidence, man! You're the eldest among us, and thus the wisest, but sometimes we need less intelligence and more action."

The wizard sighed. "I know. That's why you're the leader."

"Excuse me?" Davin said. "I should think I was the leader. I have the most recognisable look, not to mention the drive."

"You're also a total scoundrel," Jarina said, blushing. "Not a bad one, though, of course."

He flicked his knife dramatically, catching it easily after several spins by the hilt. "The best one, of course," he said easily. He flicked his hood over. "And I'll prove it. I bet I can get more monster kills than Gerald here."

“Nonsense,” the powerful fighter responded. “I’ll fell more creatures easily.”

“T-technically,” Vortis stuttered, “I believe my hit-to-kill ratio is most impressive by sheer measure of statistics, due to the lingering magical aura nature of fire blasts, as well as chillblane effects from weathercasting. Under the right test conditions, of course. Not that, well, that matters. Heh!”

He backed out of the fight as quickly as he had entered it. Jarina approved.

“I’ll leave you all to fight over it,” she said. “I’m the healer, and I have no desire to take command. That’s, well, that’s your thing.”

“And who do you think will win then?” Davin said, smiling pleasantly.

She blushed and looked away, stroking her long ear in embarrassment. “I’ll guess we’ll find out, won’t we? Let’s just be proper about it. Please.”

The group agreed: Jarina often had the effect of moderating them in a way that Vortis often failed to. After all, as nervous about his own utility as the wizard was, he could make quite the chaos when needed. The group liked to joke that he had no confidence in himself, but absolute confidence in the importance of obtaining fascinating spell scrolls, ancient tomes, and various relics, all of which meant that he would put his own life on the line to further his own knowledge. Jarina was terrified that he’d literally lose his body trying to expand his brain one day.

“Well, let’s hurry up and explore,” Gerald said, feeling impatient. “I have a sword in need of wielding for justice!”

“I also have a sword in need of wielding,” Davin jested, “but that can wait till I have enough coin to fill the most fantastic brothels back in Summersere.”

Jarina sagged, annoyed to hear of Davin’s lusty prospects. She cursed herself inwardly for wanting him so badly. She had always been attracted to the bad boys, though. It was, as the joke often went, the ‘curse of the good clerics.’ It was such for her, but she managed to bite her tongue and go along with it. She knew that as much as Davin liked her, it was more in the way that a man cared for his little sister. The elven woman had gorgeous hair and a very pretty face, but in the end her body was waifish even by the standards of her own species, and she knew that Davin liked his women distinctively non-elven: big hips, big asses, and big, bouncing tits. She simply didn’t stack up.

Thankfully, Gerald’s own posh, cocky personality wrested away that particular series of inner thoughts. He stepped forward, holding out his sword, and declared to the group as if he were indeed the leader, “let us begin the great dungeon delve of the Badlands! Let all monsters fear our advance!”

“Corny,” Davin said, unsheathing and sheathing his daggers.

“I liked it,” Vortis said. “But perhaps in a pentameter structure it could work better.”

“Please, let’s just go if we have to,” Jarina urged. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this. I intend to keep my divine aura up. So let’s please play this by the book!”

Davin chuckled. “By the book is Vortis’ way. I go by the shadows.”

“And I by the light,” Gerald said, a little haughtily.

“I’m the cleric,” Jarina whispered to herself as the men strode forward, each competing even if Vortis continually fell behind. “Light is *literally* my thing. Ugh, foolish men, and foolish me for going along with them!”

She hurried quickly after them anyway.

For all of Davin’s obsession with shadows and playing himself off like some edgy loner, the group did in fact operate by the book. The rogue scouted ahead, slinking through the shadows and dispatching any monstrous threats, reporting back on bands of goblins and orcs that had holed up within the great cave dungeon to the rest of the group. From there, Gerald led the rest of the team in, utilising Vortis’ magic to shroud them in invisibility, or otherwise to detonate evocation magics to disrupt the larger groups. Jarina worked in concert to buff the group’s protection, heal them from injuries, as well as to disrupt the accuracy of enemy bowmen and casters. It was the kind of excellent synergy that they had cultivated across their years of adventuring as the Radiant Fight, and it was on full display as they made their way through level after level of the dungeon, clearing deadly traps and passing difficult puzzles. Each had something to show for their efforts, and while Jarina still felt like it was all too easy so far, she couldn’t deny that her new magical circlet, freshly taken from the maw of a great Snapperhound, was already augmenting her magical prowess.

“And it does look very nice on you besides!” Davin said.

She was thankful that the shadows hid her exuberant smile at his compliment.

The group proceeded, dealing with the monsters that had overrun the nearby villages, the ones that had begged the adventurers to come in the first place. The orc and goblin bands were the chief concerns, of course. They were the most organised, the largest in number, and the goblins in particular were fast breeders. They could be the most vicious and warlike cultures as well, extracting tribute and tax and gold and slaves. Thankfully, these groups were not quite so repulsive, but it was clear that they considered the human villages in the lands around them to be subject to their will, because they did indeed have piles of gold and stolen goods hidden among their hoards.

“Riches!” Davin declared after a fourth battle with a goblin band, one that went swimmingly. The creatures had retreating, screeching, but most had been felled.

“No, these belong to the people,” Gerald reminded him in his high-minded voice. “I will remind you that as heroes, we are bound by the chivalrous creed.”

“You may be, but I see a nice jade statue right here! Wouldn’t you like a jade statue, Vortis? Vortis?”

But Vortis was already marking down interesting cave formations in his journal, and noting down the ancient structures that had once marked this place as a subterranean lair for elder dwarves in times long past.

“What? Oh, yes, sure. Four of them, thanks. So long as they’re stewed. My, this is all fascinating!”

Jarina couldn’t help herself. She giggled.

“See, you are enjoying yourself!” Davin declared.

“No, it’s just . . . ah, never mind. Have we, um,, dealt with it all, then? The Snapperhounds are gone, so are the orcs and the goblins as far as we can tell.”

But something about her manner gave her away. Gerald detected it: he had a remarkable talent at knowing when someone was lying, in the same way that Davin had a remarkable talent for picking locks and pockets, and guessing the value of a particular item.

“Jarina,” he said. “What aren’t you telling us?”

The elven cleric sighed, resting her mace between her legs. “Okay, I used my aura.”

“And?”

She pointed away from where the goblins had fled, towards a large blank stone wall. “And *that’s* a false wall. I can sense more levels below, and a lot more monsters.”

“Fantastic. This truly will be a heroic bout.”

“No, Gerald.”

“Sir Gerald.”

Davin coughed, and even Vortis looked a little amused.

“Please, not that. Look, there’s a lot more down there. I can’t get a sense of all of them, but I think there might be centaurs. Even some minotaurs. And they might be working together.”

Vortis frowned. “Nonsense, minotaurs don’t work with other kinds. And centaurs underground? It wouldn’t make sense! There’s nothing in the historical or mythological records to suggest this.”

Jarina shrugged. “I’m just saying what I sense,” she said. “I know you don’t believe me, but I think we should come back with reinforcements. Maybe call in the Sapphire Dragons.”

There was a collective groan from the group, particularly from its two competing ‘leaders.’

“No way,” Davin declared. “Not the Sapphire Dragons.”

“For once, I agree with you,” Gerald said. “They are . . . haughty.”

“Haughty for you?” Davin said. “See Jarina? That’s how bad they are.”

“I’m not the biggest fan of their presentation of draconic mythology either,” Vortis added nervously. “I know you probably don’t care, but -”

“We don’t,” Davin said dismissively. “What we do care about is making a name for ourselves, and we can’t do that playing second fiddle to the bloody Sapphire Dragons. No, let’s go in and go big. These monsters have been expanding their power base, and if it truly is that they’re working together - or have a dread master - then we can be the damn big heroes that put a fucking end to them.”

“Hear, hear!” Gerald declared. “This is the kind of stuff that legends are made of. Defeating a secret monster society.”

“It would also be academically interesting,” Vortis said. *“If it were true.”*

Jarina looked at her group, then at the door, then back at the group again.

“Fine,” she said. “If . . . if we have to.”

But she cursed herself for not sticking up further for herself. The aura would help them in battle, certainly, but the presence of so many creatures further beyond that hidden passage was making her concerned. What if they were more coordinated than they assumed?

It made no difference, anyway. With expert precision, Vortis was able to isolate the various magical glyphs that protected the secret tunnel from being uncovered. Then, utilising the extraordinary finesse and lockpicking skills of their resident rogue, they were able to dismantle the numerous traps within the door. Finally, it was Jarina herself who was asked to stride forth, plant her hand upon the wall, and focus her cleric powers upon them.

“Holy light, let this door be opened, and allow us to pass,” she said.

The door shifted, numerous complex interlocking mechanisms overlapping and finally pulling apart. Even Vortis seemed pretty astonished.

“This is very complex even for dwarven mechanisms,” he said. “It’s almost like the residents here have . . . modified them.”

“They’re just monsters,” Gerald said.

“I think it’s something more,” Jarina said, though her voice was quiet as always. And there was little time to elaborate, because suddenly the path was open, and an immense vaulted chamber was upon the other side, tunnelled with impressive precision by ancient architects, with great interior walls, buildings, passages, and internal towers.

“By all that is holy and the Black Mountain,” Gerald gasped.

“That . . . is a very big dungeon,” Davin admitted. “I swear I can smell the gold.”

“And the history,” Vortis added.

“And the danger,” Jarina reminded them.

They moved ahead. The area was vast, and from the great descent and numerous open pits, it was clear that there were many levels to this location as well. It went down and down, deep underground, but then there were also incredible chambers and forts built into the bedrock of this immense cave, as if numerous ragtag groups or even confederacies of creatures had been established.

And yet not a soul was in sight. Not one.

“Jarina, your aura,” Gerald said, gripping his sword more securely.

“I - I don’t understand,” she said, gazing around as they moved along a dark cleft.

“They should be right near us.”

Vortis cast a disperse invisibility spell after a nod from Gerald, but nothing appeared. There were no monsters. At this point they were all feeling a lot more nervous, except perhaps Gerald, who was relishing the challenge of a mighty victory against a great villainous leader. He gestured them forth, and not one to be overtaken, Davin followed alongside in the shadows, skulking along.

And yet still nothing, even as they ventured further into the great sanctum, even as they travelled around narrow passageways. Their surroundings were misty and shadowed, and each of them were turning themselves around, almost getting lost, and even Davin was finding it hard to see through the darkness. Their surroundings were oddly foggy.

So very foggy.

“Wait,” Vortis said. “We’re not where we think we are.”

“What?” Gerald said, snapping his head around.

“We’re on the ethereal plane. My Gods, how did I not see it? That wall glyph was more complicated than I thought.”

“Are you telling me we’re not even, er, here?” Davin asked.

“Indeed. It’s a cunning illusion that would leave any adventurer not even realising the place they’re in is populated. Look how empty it is! No treasure, no real signs of life, nothing worth plundering. Not even plaques or scrolls or anything worth studying for one such as I.”

“Leaving adventurers to leave peacefully,” Jarina said, beginning to work something out, “thinking they’ve accomplished their task already. Scared off the monsters.”

“Can you end it?” Gerald asked the wizard.

This was enough to make the usually unconfident wizard finally smile. *This* was an area he could work with. “I believe I can. Stand back everyone. I’ll dissipate the effect.”

Davin drew his crimson blades, grinning wildly. “And then we get to the fun work.”

“The holy work of the Radiant Fight,” Gerald said. “I haven’t forgotten that you and I are competing for kills, Davin.”

Vortis began to murmur, casting a spell to return them to the proper plane of existence. Jarina paused, trying to confirm the power of her divine aura to sense exactly what the situation would be when they arrived. Her eyes widened.

“W-WAIT!” she shouted.

But her hesitation cost them, because mere moments later the cursory fog at the edge of their collective vision lifted, and the cave was no longer empty.

In fact, it was *teeming* with monsters.

Powerful minotaurs with heavy axes upon their backs. Tall, backstrong orcs with rippling green muscles, fists at the ready. Hordes of pointy-eared, foul-tongued goblins drawing out their scimitars. And, shockingly, just as Jarina had sensed: there was even a herd of centaurs moving rapidly towards them, galloping onward with spears in hand.

‘*INTERLOPERS!*’ several cried. ‘*THEY HAVE SEEN US! ATTACK PLAN BETA!*’

“By the Black Mountain,” Vortis exclaimed as the hordes rushed in, “it’s true! They’re co-ordinated. They’re . . . an *army!*”

“Then we shall find the leader,” Gerald said, sneering as he readied his own sword. “Let’s do what heroes do.”

“And I’ll do the darker business,” Davin said, dodging behind a rock as he drew forth his crossbow.

The chaos began, but it wasn’t the usual dungeon clearing that the team of the Radiant Fist were used to. This was not picking off small bands of villains, tearing apart unorganised groups of bandits. Instead, this ancient underground citadel was housing a much more prepared and savvy alliance of warbands, all of whom were massing in concentrated ways to take down the four would-be heroes. The goblins surged forth in skirmished strikes as the centaurs dashed forward, hurled their spears, and then retreated. The orcs took the left flank while the minotaurs besieged their right. Gerald was initially confident, but his posh voice began to slip into a more desperate struggle for survival as the group were increasingly forced back.

Still, they made a good fight of it: the shining knight cut down goblin after goblin, relishing the way the foul creatures were banished from life. They snarled and screamed, hurtling insults most foul, but he cut them open cleanly.

“*We’ll lick your bones, ugly! Feed you to our little ones and fuck over your grave mound!*”

“Maybe one day, revolting creatures, but not today!”

And so he slashed forward, cleaving them in twain. Davin, meanwhile, recognised the threats of the minotaur masses at their flank. They were the largest fighters in this monstrous coalition, huge and hairy and advancing like a great royal guard. Their heavy hooves pounded on the stone, marking out their exact locations, and so he took them out

one by one with expert precision, crossbow bolt after bolt hitting vital arteries and organs, crippling them before he launched forward to slice and dice in a whirlwind of dark moves.

'KILL!' one declared. 'KILL THE LITTLE DARK MAN!'

"I'll cut you down for size, big boys!" he sniped back. "And have some good steak tonight as well."

Vortis didn't give any boastful or witty one-liners. The frail wizard kept up his various wards while using powerful fire and ice and necrotic magics to sap and destroy large quantities of the enemy. He relied on the rallying cries of his more aggressive teammates to give him strength: as much as he desired to access the lore of this ancient place, his confidence was falling apart in the face of all these enemies. He'd often been picked on and mocked as a child for his physical weakness, and as much as he had tried to push past those traumas as he honed his mystical talents well into his forties, he nevertheless found himself cowering a little before the sheer masculine might of the rampaging orcs. Their strapping green and grey bodies were like towers of perfectly sculpted flesh, and it meant that he simply *had* to target them, or be overwhelmed and easily overpowered.

Jarina worked harder than the rest of the group combined, not that she was often recognised for this. For every devastating cut or crippling blow a teammate took or might have taken, her protective magics were there to reduce the damage and even redirect it. She summoned guardian spirits to assist in holding the line, but her primary concern were the centaurs: they flocked forward in a stampede, threw their javelins, then rounded about and retreated. Vortis couldn't get to them, occupied as they were by the orcs, and both Davin and Gerald were struggling against the minotaurs and goblins respectably, carving a bloody wake through their numbers.

"I guess it's up to me," she muttered to herself. Like Vortis, she was in the grips of terror, feeling utterly overwhelmed by the numbers of enemies. She called out for Davin to aid her, or for Gerald, but neither could hear her, and her wards were placed on them. More javelins surged past her head, and she squealed, falling to the ground. In that moment she felt less like an adventurer than the scared waifish elf woman she was. She screamed as a javelin glanced her side, rending pain through her form.

And in the wake of that pain and fear, she summoned a wave of radiant energy from her staff and hurled it forward, beyond the ranks of infantry to the cavalry of centaurs behind them. She screamed as she did, her voice appropriately animalistic and hoarse. In that moment she was *one* with the centaurs, feeling their very souls and presence. And in that same moment she annihilated them, feeling their pain as their beings were ripped apart in brilliant white light, leaving no trace of their being. Every centaur was dead.

It took everything out of her. Jarina collapsed onto the ground, gasping for air. Her protective wards failed, and soon Gerald and Davin were being pushed back. Vortis didn't

notice, he was too busy annihilating orcs, screaming at them like they were childhood bullies. One got a lucky blow in and his head caved in. It was Gerald that saw this.

“Vortis! NOOOO!!!”

But then three goblin spears ran him through. Davin jumped over a minotaur, skidded between another’s hooves to get to his fallen allies. For once, his face was deadly serious, and not merely parodically so. Tears brimmed in his eyes as he surged forth, only for a lucky swipe of a minotaur’s greataxe to quite literally separate his legs from under him. He screamed in pain, right up until another axe took him in the back.

And then all was silent, and the four heroes were dead.

The four heroes were *not* dead several hours later, but they did wake heavily bound in metal cuffs and rope, their deadly injured healing together as green sickly magic coursed over them. They were in a deeper part of the dungeon now, an area that was less fortified and more cave-like. At the only exit to this large jail-like area was a congregation of monsters, many of them with fury twisting their features, particularly the goblins, orcs, minotaurs, and centaurs that remained, of which there were far, far fewer.

But as horrifying as a sight as that would ordinarily be, it was the figure standing nearer to the Radiant Fight that elicited the greatest woe: a dread wizard in robes of crimson and black. He was young, perhaps only in his thirties, and his face was oddly handsome. He wore a simple brass and gold crown studded with small gems, and didn’t look like the typical evil sorcerer, though his serious expression seemed to speak of power and ambition.

“You are exceedingly fortunate that I was able to revive you in time,” he said. “At great diplomatic cost.”

“Who are you?” Gerald spat, staring up at the man. He was not as frail as Vortis, but Gerald had a good foot on him, and could easily beat him in a swordfight, of that much he was certain.

“I am the wizard Alact, but you will come to know me as King,” the man said. His voice was clear and fine. Posh, even, though not nearly so posh as Gerald’s voice. The knight was incredulous.

“I know no such king but that of my homeland.”

“This will be your homeland. All of you, members of the Radiant Fight, will call this place home. It will be the only blessing I can offer you, and the appropriate bane for your crimes.”

“What fucking crimes?” Davin said with a sneer. “We came to fight a dungeon of marauding monsters, and we found one. You are the leader holding them as slaves.”

At this, the great hordes of monsters burst out laughing, and the wizard Alact laughed as well. "Slaves? No, nothing of the sort. Subjects, yes, but only by their consent."

"It makes no difference," Jarina said. "You are expanding ruthlessly through this region. The villages begged us to liberate them from your tyranny."

Another round of laughter.

"The surrounding villages and towns of this region are like any other: they would rather live in superstition and fear than embrace civilisation."

"You are a conqueror," Vortis said, not meeting the other wizard's eyes. He was sensing this man was stronger, and it shamed him.

"Indeed," Alact said. "But not a tyrannical one. I am doing no more than your own kinds and heads of states do, only I do not discriminate against orcs and goblins and centaurs and minotaurs and so forth, merely on the basis of their species. We are forming a mighty coalition to create a new empire, and they have willingly taken me as their king."

"Hail Alact!" the monsters cried as one.

He gestured them to pause. "But alas, I underestimated you adventurers. You killed many of my forces. They are stretched deeply thin. Too many minotaur females were slain this day, and *all* of the centaur males."

At this, the centaurs in the group, all of which Jarina realised were females, wept bitter tears, holding one another. They looked fierce, but not warriors. A couple were visibly pregnant. She bit her lip, almost wanting to say sorry. They'd misjudged this whole situation badly. As much as Alact was clearly not a good man, he had a whole civilisation down here!

"And we will slay the rest, once we are free," Gerald declared. Davin groaned, clearly annoyed at his friend being so direct.

"Oh, that can't be done," Alact replied wearily. He rubbed his temple. "It is death for you, or a form of escape. Those are the only options. While you were healing back to consciousness, I have had to draw upon every favour of mine with these separate clans in order to maintain my kingship and save your lives."

"Why?" Vortis asked, trying to understand.

"Because I aim to be a great king. A High King. And that means clemency. That means making allies. It also means knowing how to use a defeated enemy, and make them a valuable ally."

Davin snorted. "Fucking good luck with that."

"We shall never join you," Gerald added.

"It is not *me* you will be joining, I'm afraid. It is *them*."

The dark wizard gestured to the remaining members of the tribes, all of which were decimated in number to what they had fought.

“In order to replenish my army, and the clans who serve me, I hereby decree by my will, the great King Alact, wizard of the underdeep, that you shall be transformed to become the very creatures you slayed, and in doing so will aid in breeding their numbers back into the world. You will act as the mighty reproductive organs that will allow my goblins, minotaurs, orcs, and centaurs to fill these caverns again, and to create a new empire from the very spawns of your loins. This I will, and this you will do.”

Jarina looked at the group. The others were all boggled by this.

“You - you can't! That doesn't make sense!” she cried. “There's no way that -”

But then her words were given an immediate lie, because suddenly a green light poured forth from Alact's staff as he whispered a strange incantation in a booming voice. The monsters cheered, clapping and shouting out, booing and laughing as the ray expanded to encompass all four of them. Its effect was strange and sickening, like each were becoming weaker in some way, their flesh warped and strange.

“Oh G-Gods!” Gerald cried. “What are you d-doing to us?”

He struggled against his restraints, wishing he had his sword and armour to ready him to take up the fight again. Instead, he could only groan and whimper as his entire form shrunk - literally! His spine clicked audibly as it reduced in length, and his limbs followed suit until he had lost over a foot in height. The pressure was overwhelming, and it was enhanced by a strange ripple across his skin beneath the green light: his own skin was turning a yellow-green colour, and his ears were extending.

“Stop this!” he exclaimed in a voice that suddenly sounded a lot whinier. “I demand it at once!”

“You Gerald,” Alact said, “will become a goblin breeder. Too many of their kind, including the females, were lost at your hand. And besides, it will be hard for you to fight when you are getting so much smaller.”

Gerald gasped at this, unsure what to even say. It was pure horror!

But even the knight tried to escape his increasingly tougher bonds (at least in relation to his weakening body), another member was actually getting stronger. Vortis was racking his brain trying to think of a spell or magical solution to this conundrum, when suddenly he too began to gap and groan. The pressures were not pushing down upon his body, however, but pushing from deep within it.

“Ahhhh!” he cried. “Wh-what are you doing? Please don't ch-change me! I just wanted to understand! I wanted to learn! I could s-still learn! P-please!”

He begged pathetically, but in mere moments he didn't look quite so pathetic as before. His skin began to shift, becoming a vibrant forest green. His mind raced a second time, and he decided that he would have to risk a dimension-hopping spell and get help from

the Sapphire Dragons if necessary, only for two tusks to burst into being from his lower jaw, which widened considerably to make room for them.

“NNGH! Whath wath that? Mah teeth!? I can thspeak the incantathons like thith!!”

He writhed, trying to use hand gestures to compensate, but soon that was useless too, because his hands swelled with awkward muscle, as did his limbs in general, and his stomach. His shoulders creaked wider, and his entire form was flooded with power. Worse, his knowledge of his spells seemed to dim, making the already-tricky casting while handcuffed a total impossibility.

“Whath if thith spell? Whath are you making meee!?”

Alact sighed. “A man of your intelligence should know, Vortis. You are becoming a mighty female orc warrior. A lot less intelligent and less clear in speech to prevent any magical mishaps or escapes, but I’m sure you’ll get a dose of confidence from it. Sexual confidence, in fact. By reputation you are not a charismatic man, but with how many orcs you killed, I’ll need you seducing as many as possible in order to birth them into the world.”

Vortis swallowed, unbelieving what he was hearing. Him? An orc woman? An orc mother? It was beyond the pale. It was unholy. It was making his dick strangely hard in ways he didn’t want to acknowledge.

Davin by this point was picking his locks with great alacrity. He was flooded with terror, having already seen two compatriots begin changes that would lead them down the path to being monster breeders. He had no intention of becoming that himself. And while he did care for his friends, it was time for him to go solo and get help - maybe rescue Jarina if he could.

Except at the very moment that he was about to pick his locks, his fingers began to fuse together. His supple, agile form swelled, meat and tissue and power flowing into it. He staggered, nearly falling to one side as something terrible pushed outwards from his tailbone, and then again when he experienced the alien sensation of dark brown *fur* growing along his shoulders. In that moment, he realised that he had killed many a minotaur during the fighting.

“Gods, no! I’ll cast you into the Nine Hells and beyond the reach of the Black Mountain, you fucking psychotic fiend! Don’t you d-dare *moo*-ake me a fucking *moo*-inator! NNGHH!!!”

But the transformation was undeniably starting, because his feet began to change as surely as his hands had. His toes fused together somewhat painfully, thickening and hardening, the nails overtaking flesh until he had a pair of clumsy, loud, unacrobatic and unstealthy hooves instead of feet.

“No! Fuck you!”

“It will be the minotaurs you will fuck,” Alact said easily. “You will become a minotauress to gestate more of their numbers. I will warn you, they carry *very* heavy, and produce a great deal of milk. The females are expected to nurse their mates as much as their young. But they are, at least, deeply maternal. I’m sure you’ll get used to that.”

“NNGH! How dare you, you snivelling piece of - AHHGH!”

His scalp burned for a hot moment. Two twin pressure points burst, splitting apart his skull and scalp to form two bovine horns. They were not immense, but they were at least two inches long each, white and bony. Davin fell to screeching in anger, occasionally mooing as he fell into ever fouler invectives.

Which led, finally, to Jarina. She was trembling by this point, witnessing her friends change one by one until it came to her at last. She cringed at the sight of them, and knew what would happen to her.

“P-please,” she stammered. “I don’t want to be pregnant with centaurs. I’m sure we can work out a deal for the sake of myself and my friends. I - I - just tell me what I can do?”

Alact looked at her with sympathy. It had taken all her mental courage to even say that brief piece, but it was clear he was not changing his path.

“My dear, I can tell you are the best of your group, and its moral compass. For that, at least, you will have a boon. You slew all the male centaurs of our defences, leaving only the females left. I do not require you to birth new centaurs into the world. You will, however, have to *sire* them.”

Jarina whimpered. Unlike the rest, she didn’t continue to plead and beg. Instead, she was simply silenced by what was happening. Tears bubbled in her eyes as her form changed. Much like with Vortis, the pressures pushed out from within, but in a most unexpected and utterly embarrassing fashion. Her ass expanded, pushing backwards to become at first the kind of rear Davin would like, and then far, far beyond that. She grunted, breathing heavily as it expanded and expanded, becoming its own barrel-like appendage. Her internal organs shifted and grew, new ones coming into being, sloshing about in her insides with the fire of creation. It was at once utterly discomforting and strangely joyous, and for a moment she nearly moaned in passion. Her ears changed shape, becoming tall and furry like a horse’s ears, but a change she didn’t expect was in her breasts: far from their already-meagre size disappearing totally, they actually *grew*, pushing against her shift.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned as her nipples grew.

“Don’t worry, I won’t take all your femininity,” Alact said. “You can fulfil a double-role, my new subject.”

The light finally evaporated, leaving each of the members of the Radiant Fight overcome by their warped, somewhat monstrous bodies. None had changed fully, but they

had certainly changed enough. Gerald and Davin were particularly full of rage, while Vortis was just perplexed and dealing with his reduced mental powers. Jarina was lost in shock.

“Your magic failed, fucker,” Gerald said. He paused, wondering why he had just spoken so . . . commonly.

“Not at all,” Alact said. “The start is dramatic, with these changes intended to prevent your escape. The rest of the transformation will be much slower, and accompanied by changes of the mind as well. For now, you will be kept imprisoned here in this dungeon, gaining privileges only as you assimilate into your various new clans. I wish you luck, my new subjects. Breeding will come sooner than you think. For now though, it is time to be off to the cells.

There was no fight had. Each member was sapped of strength and still grappling with their transformations. The various clans grabbed the new soon-to-be members of their kind and began to lift and drag them out of the chamber, examining them all the while. Many spoke in their own languages, which the heroes did not understand . . . yet. But it was clear that the creatures were enjoying this humiliation, and looking forward to seeing more.

“Put them in more comfortable cells,” Alact declared. “And keep a watch. I’m sure you’ll enjoy the final results, my subjects. Your people will thrive again. I as King decree it.”

Naturally, the Radiant Fist immediately worked on how to escape. Unfortunately, while they had experience in such matters, they were handicapped in a number of potent ways that not only made their attempts failures, but also rather embarrassing on top of it all. Davin, their resident lockpick expert, could barely work his pins and keys due to his merged fingers. He swore and muttered and spewed invectives beneath his breath as he wrangled with the lock upon the door, while Gerald stood his usual guard. Even if his fingers were normal, the progress would have been slower: the formerly silent thief now made loud clapping sounds upon the stone floor thanks to his new and hated hooves.

“Stop making such a fucking racket!” Gerald hissed. “I’m trying to hear what these godsdamned goblins are trying to say!”

“Pay your own mind,” Davin sneered. “And stop speaking like I do. You can’t pull it off.”

“I can’t f-fucking help it. That damn wizard’s magic has me speaking crude-like. It’s utterly exhausting.”

It was also giving the formerly regal knight the jitters. Despite his haughtiness, he wasn’t an unintelligent man, and so could recognise that mental changes were slowly affecting him. Beyond just his new proclivity to swear, he was also experiencing difficulty

keeping his attention span on the activities of the guards who walked past the cells occasionally, or to even listen to the boring conversations of the orcs, whose language he could speak.

“Fucking nattering on about bloody guard shifts,” he complained. “Where’s the good stuff?”

“I beg you,” Davin said, “please go back to being annoyingly posh.

Gerald sighed. “I’ll try my best,” he said. He lowered a hand and scratched his cock, which itched from the ongoing effects of the magic as well as a strange arousal that he didn’t want to acknowledge. He made sure no one else could see him: they all had their parts to play.

“I’ll not lose my intelligence,” Vortis mumbled, focusing a new spell. “I’ll not lothe it. I mean, lose it!”

He was still struggling with his tusks, which he could have sworn had grown a little already. They pressed awkwardly against his upper lips, forcing the lower ones to jut out further. It made him look like a strange creature, particularly since his usually fine wizard’s robes were now stretched taut over his growing figure.

“Can’t you teleport us?” Jarina asked. “I’m sure you can do it, Vortis.”

“There’th antimagic on thome of the barths. Bars. But I would be able to get around it: except my handths can’t do the thomatic componenths!”

He was so frustrated over this, in fact, that he then proceeded to do something entirely unexpected, which shocked them all: he punched the stone wall of their large cell.

“What the fuck?” Gerald said, his words at odds with his high class accent.

“I’m sorry!” Vortis cried, wringing his hand. “I’m thorry! I was just tho angry! I couldn’t help it!”

“It seems there are many things we can’t help at the moment,” Davin noted. “I’m worried that even I’m losing my edge. We can’t let ourselves transform any further. How are you holding up, Jarina?”

The thin elven woman was not quite so thin anymore. To her embarrassment, her larger breasts made more of a visible slope against her thin shift, something which the other three had been obviously ignoring. They were not huge yet, but as the only woman in the group, it certainly meant something that she was a bit more . . . womanly.

“I’m going fine,” she said bluntly, covering her chest with her arms. “No, that’s not true. I’m not fine. None of us are fine. We’re turning into monsters because you lot couldn’t listen to the one voice of reason here! We wouldn’t be in this situation if you had just listened to me and my warnings! You idiots! I can’t believe this! Now because of you I can’t even walk - I have this huge ass that’s turning into a horse’s backside, and it’s only because they gave me extra rags that I can even cover it, godsdamn it!”

Davin stopped his lockpicking. Even Gerald's more impatience thoughts stilled as he turned to look at her. Vortis stopped inspecting the slight mark he'd left in the wall from his fists' impact, and gazed upon her.

"What?" she asked.

Gerald coughed, trying to assume his older voice. "It's just . . . that's the first I've heard you ever speak like that, Jarina. You're normally much more . . . hesitant."

"Cowardly," Vortis said, before claspng his mouth with his larger forest-green hands. "I'm thorry! I didn't mean it like that!"

"No, you're right," Jarina mused, scratching one of her horsey ears. "I was a coward. I should have put my foot down more. I'm as much to blame because I just damn well rolled over for you all. I should have been the voice of reason, not its whisper!"

She huffed, and it sounded almost like the sound of a horse, something she was quite self-conscious of.

"And now I'm becoming a centaur. A *male* centaur, sort of. If we don't escape, I'm going to have to *breed* new members of their kind, by all the Gods!"

Her cheeks flushed a deeper purple on her pink skin. It was meant to be a statement of disgust, but her clitoris bulged a little further between her thighs. It had slowly shifted backwards along with the rest of her sex, but that sensation of growth was continual. Already, the first signs of a very equestrian penis was developing, and it made her experience lustful thoughts when it came to penetration that she did not want to admit out loud.

"Don't complain too much, my dear," Davin groaned. "At least you get to play the much more fun manly part. I am one of the greatest lovers of this wide land, from Pyr to Tirune, and if I can't pick this fucking lock and get us out, I'm going to grow a fucking milky udder and get pregnant with bloody calves."

"And goblins for me," Gerald said. "Shit."

"O-Orcs. Good lord, orcs are huge!" Vortis added. "So very huge. We must escape. We simply have to, my friends! I'm a man of intelligence, and already mine is slipping!"

Surprisingly, it was Davin that crossed the room, still awkward upon his new hooves. He placed a three-fingered minotaur hand upon the wizard's shoulder, looked him square in the eyes, and said, "it's going to be alright, friend. I swear. I'll get us out of here. I won't let us change, or leave any of you behind."

There was another long pause.

"Um, Davin," Jarina said. "Are you feeling okay?"

Davin snapped out of it, and quickly retreated back to the shadows. "Of course I am, dear one. A moment of desperate emotion, nothing more. Pay no attention to it whatsoever.

Besides, I may have to go alone anyway: the Night Serpent is best undetected when it slithers solitary.”

Strangely, it was Vortis that laughed at that, and quite boisterously as well. He thumped the ground with his fist, disrupting his latest attempt at spellcasting.

“I’m sorry, I wouldn’t normally laugh like that, but it’s just so hilarious!”

“Keep laughing when you’re a seven-foot tall musclebound orc woman with big teats,” Davin spat.

But Vortis just laughed more. “Well, at least I’ll be taller! And I won’t have an udder between my legs, Bessie!”

“You take that back!”

“No! For once I won’t!”

“Both of you shuts the fucks up!” Gerald spat.

The three turned to fighting and struggling, not getting physical but up in each other’s faces. Jarina watched this with annoyance from the side, sighing. She could barely move, after all, and once more the boys were at each other’s throats. For as long as they would be boys at all, at least. Meanwhile, she could feel her sex slowly bulging bigger, and the first signs of new limbs beginning to grow along her extending rear. Slowly, glad they couldn’t notice, she lowered a hand to stroke her breast as she watched Davin complain and curse.

He really was attractive. What would he look like as a woman? And why was that making her strangely turned on?

The escape attempts continued over the next two days, each becoming more feverish and frantic and more difficult to pull off than the last. Their first truly successful attempt was as a group: by this point little more had changed other than the two weaker, shyer members showing more aggression and confidence, while Gerald was more crude and Davin oddly conciliatory. But the physical changes had not progressed too far by that point: Gerald was shorter and weaker, but still virile enough, and with Vortis’ and Davin’s enhanced strength they could easily lift the immobile Jirana as they made their escape.

And what an escape it was. Deprived of much of their talents, the group were forced to cooperate in ways they never had before. Even Gerald and Davin stopped butting heads long enough for a plan to be properly formulated, and Jarina actually managed to get her own voice heard as well. Previously, they would have relied on Vortis’ magic for a distraction, but instead he was used in an altogether different way: to distract the male orc guards who watched over their cells the most.

“Please!” he begged them as practised. “I’m growing further! I’m still getting used to talking around these tuthks! You’ve got to tell Alact to change me back. I could be a better withard leader than him, I th-swear it!”

The orc guards chuckled, looking down on the still small wizard man. Their eyes passed over his green flesh, and the stronger muscles that were slowly developing.

“I think you’ll look very good as a she-orc,” one said, grinning.

“Oh yes, very fine. We like our women broad and tough. With big ripe tits.”

Vortis shivered in fear, playing up the act as well as he could. “No! Please! I don’t want to m-mate with you! It’s not fair! I apologize for what I did, but you can’t make me - make me do that!”

“Do what?” one asked, reaching through the gate to stroke his arm. “Look forward to having a new breeder she-orc to birth our big babies? I’ll bet you’ll love it. She-orc women are tough. Good meat on their bones. Lots of nice, sexy muscles to arouse the lust. Don’t you think you want that, little man? I bet you’ll be a lot happier when I’m thrusting my big green - AGGHH!!!”

At that moment, Gerald and Davin leapt forward and grabbed the orc’s arm, snapping it against the railing as it reached through the bars. The other orc made to draw his scimitar, but Jarina was in position with several finely picked bones. She flung one, as did Davin, and they impaled in the orc’s hand, stunning him. He snarled, moving forward to wrest his friend from the grip of the two men, but then he began to stumble.

“Pixie dust,” Jarina said as he began to topple forward. “I always keep some hidden away. Just in case.”

“Nice dreams,” Davin added, grinning to Jarina. She grinned back, and this time she didn’t blush. He may have been turning into a minotaur woman, but his broad shoulders and greater height were only adding to his attractiveness for now, and his bovine horns were almost devilish, in an entrancing way.

“Good fuckin’ work!” Gerald cried, slapping Vortis on the shoulder. “You fooled them perfect, man.”

He cringed at his own changed speech, but began to work quickly to grab the keys from the orc.

“Yes, fooled them. F-fooled them indeed,” Vortis said, voice lowering a little. He didn’t dare admit that when the orc guards had been taunting him with future penetration, that his nipples had stiffened with a sudden arousal. “Let’s just be quick already!”

“Loving the energy, Vortis!” Jarina said. “Lift me up! My back end is too heavy for my legs to carry the rest - God, I almost wish I had four legs right now!”

They moved with great alacrity, and had a surprising amount of earlier success as they moved through the numerous wending hallways of the underground network. To their

joy, they even managed to make it back to the great citadel area near where their battle had taken place. They were not as quick as they could have been: Gerald's legs were smaller, Davin's feet clopped loudly on the stone, making him stumble, and Jarina's centaress growth was making the whole party take longer. But Vortis rallied. With each push forward, with each ambush upon guards whom they knocked out cleanly and efficiently, he could feel his heart soar.

"I'm not actually nervous for once!" he cried.

"Fucking hell, at least one of us isn't," Gerald muttered. "My stomach is all twisted up into knots. Stupid goblin changes!"

"Shhh!" Davin hissed, though he was making the loudest sounds of all, hooves clopping on the ground. He couldn't stop himself from scratching the area beneath his stomach. He didn't even want to think about what was growing there: his chest was already sore and slightly raised enough.

It was Jarina that kept urging them on the most, however. Without even realising it, the group took her to be their tactician. She was speaking plainly and with authority, urging them on and making the tough call of when to wait in the shadows and when to make a run for it.

"I've never felt so damned aggressive," she marvelled at herself. "Centaur really do bristle with confidence, don't they?"

"Just remember you'll be growing a centaur cock soon, dear one," Davin reminded her. "And that should dissuade you."

She smirked slightly. He was calling all of them 'dear one', and it would be very amusing once they escaped to remind him of the strangely maternal aspect he'd gained for a time. After they were changed back, of course.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. They were so close to the exit, back through the ordinary cave which would lead them back into the light, when suddenly a great wall of stone wrapped all around them. Vortis cried out an incantation to stop it, but stumbled over his pronunciation, and in his anger he flung a rock out uselessly instead. Jarina fell to the ground, falling to the side. She gasped as her spine extended in shock: the first sign of a tail developing.

"No! Fuck you!" Gerald exclaimed. He grabbed a spear he'd taken and flung it upwards to where the dark figure of Alact was descending, floating using his magic. A number of his forces appeared from the shadows. The spear turned into flowers before they even got close to him, and the man condescendingly clapped instead.

"Very good, very good. You got quite far. I was only just alerted, and a good thing too. I didn't want to lose yet more members of my subjects. At least this time you had the sense to just knock them out: that is why you are still alive."

“Fuck you!” Gerald replied. “And stop making me talk this way!”

“That is how goblins talk generally. I’m sure you’ll be feeling their overriding lust soon too. Their mischievousness.”

“I demand single combat!”

“And I demand new goblins be bred through your body. As King, my demand supersedes yours. And judging from your sheer obstinance as a group, I can tell you will be mighty additions to my forces.”

“We’ll never join you,” Jarina said, no longer afraid to face him.

“Ah,” he replied. “There is the stubborn will of the centaur coming to the fore. You’ll be in season too, ready to impress all the fillies. Vortis, your orc instincts should be kicking in - did I just see a former wizard hurl a rock and not a spell?”

Vortis bit his lip and scratched his tusk. “Um, I guess I did do that, yeah.”

“Tell me, what were you thinking?”

The wizard briefly panicked. “I - I wasn’t thinking.”

“Now, now, don’t worry. Orcs are not stupid, nor simple-minded. Just very direct. You’ll lose your spellcasting, but gain new confidence and . . . showiness, I’m sure. I can see you’re tearing apart your robes with your figure. I think some furskins will show off your burgeoning body nicely.”

It was Davin that snapped. “You cur! You fucking cretin! Just kill us if you’re torturing us. I refuse to become some lactating cow of a minotaress!”

Alact reached the ground, finally.

“I am not torturing you,” he said in his authoritative tone. “I am making my people happy, and ensuring they are prosperous. I already failed them once in hoping that you would fall for the ethereal plane ruse and not be a problem. Not again. You *will* become breeders for my people, for my armies, and thanks to *you*, my new kingdom shall rise. And if you do a very good job of popping out little goblins, minotaurs, and orcs, as well as seeding centaresses like I know you are already tempted by, Jarina, then one day I shall allow you to the surface again, where my kingdom will no longer need to hide in shadow. But for now, it is time to administer some punishment, so that you can fully appreciate the futility of trying to escape.

“Wait!” Gerald shouted, thrusting up a yellow-green hand. “Just fucking waits already! We can negotiate like pretty lords and all! I mean, like noblemen! We don’t need this arse-barging about transforming and - shit!”

It was too late, the green light was upon all of them. Jarina found herself oddly calm in the face of the transformative ray, and funnily enough so did Vortis. He was still nervous as hell, but clearly showing sterner stuff now that his mind had an element of the orcish in it. Meanwhile, to the shock of all, Gerald actually *whimpered*, closing his once-brave eyes and

trying to look away. Davin bit his lip, making a sound that was halfway between bullish disbelief and concern for his allies. The dark rogue had always been the most selfish of the group, and so it was utterly out of character that he thrust out his whole body to try to shield Gerald. It was not a successful action, and yet even Davin seemed surprised by it, and it made Gerald feel that little bit more humiliated, as well as grateful to his friend.

But then all was rendered moot anyway, because the changes were upon them.

This time Jarina was first, and she was oddly glad for it, hoping to finally gain some damned mobility. The changes came faster than last time, the pressures like a series of miniature earthquakes setting off in her body, internal steam vents pushing out parts of her body so that it expanded rapidly, in her bottom half *and* upper half.

“Ahh - ahh - it’s a l-lot!” she moaned. “Why d-does it feel-”

“Good?” Alact said, grinning. “Enjoyable? Arousing, even? Part of the preparation for your new breeding roles. I assure you, there will be benefits, though I imagine my various subjects will also take great pleasure in making sure you indulge in them. Just embrace the change.”

“N-no!” she cried, but that was a lie. Already she was failing to fight against them, welcoming them in. Her rear burst through the rags that had been loosely tied around her waist. For a moment she was caught in absolute embarrassment, but then her ass changed shape, growing taut with powerful muscle and remoulding to look more appropriately like the rear of a mare. Or a stallion. The nub at the end of her lengthened spine extended yet further.

“Ohhhhh! Nghhh! It’s g-growing!”

“Holy shits,” Gerald said. “She’s becoming a real horse. Fight it, Jarina, you mad bitch!”

“Don’t c-call me a b-bitch!” she spat.

“Sorry, it’s me mind!”

“And this is *mine!* I am ordering you not to c-call me that again!”

The goblin-to-be fell silent, as if totally under her thrall. Her confidence swelled as the rest of her did: her entire upper frame expanded, gaining an impressive amount of muscle, like the warrior women of the island of Celena. More of her clothing pulled apart, and while she fought to keep her modesty preserved, soon that was a task that was impossible.

“Aghhh! M-muscles! I’ve got muscles!”

Vortis looked at her with a bit of jealousy, feeling a strong desire to gain more abs and biceps himself. Davin looked on with similar astonishment, only to feel a ripple of pride and . . . attraction to the expanding elf woman. He’d never looked at her like that, but there was no denying that she was gaining quite the voluptuous figure.

“By the Black Mountain,” Gerald marvelled, “get a load of them tits!”

“Don’t I-look at me, Gerald, you ass!” she spat, and he covered his eyes instantly. But he wasn’t wrong: she was having to place her hands over her now-bared breasts, which were expanding faster and faster. Her skin darkened, losing its pink tone and becoming a warm hazelnut brown. It was paired by the growth of hair along her lower half. First it itched terribly, causing her to moan in a lower pitch,

“Not hair! I’m a goddamn elf, don’t you *dare* make me hairy!”

“Comes with the territory, my future subject,” Alact said.

And it did, practically *bursting* through her skin in a dapper dark brown coat that was surprisingly luscious. Jarina wiggled on the spot, overwhelmed by the expansion of her rear, which was now a full lower torso, albeit with not much to show in terms of hind legs. The hair spread everywhere, and soon there was a fine black brush for a tail. The pressure continued in a wave, finally reaching her nascent new limbs.

“Yes!” she said, giving in to the elation. “Just give me the I-legs already!”

Only for the changes to stop.

“What? No! I just want to be able to stand up!”

“Oh you’ll tip over forward with them titties!”

“Shut up, Gerald!”

Jarina was now utterly naked, looking over her changes and trying to come to grips with them. Already the transformation spell was shifting its main focus to Vortis, who likewise relishes its effects even as he tried to rally against them. But the she-orc to be was unable to put up any lasting incantations or wards, his tusks still a major impediment that infuriated him beyond his lessening vocabulary.

“Let uth go!” he demanded. “I am a member of the Academy of Borderless Magic! I can use my influence to thend a great many withards to - NGHH! STOP MAKING ME AN ORC!”

“There’s the rage of an orc, alright,” Alact said. The many male orcs present around the stone wall looked at this coming change with amusement and curiosity, laughing at Vortis’ increasing anger.

“I - I’m not meant to be angry!” Vortis continued. “I’m - I’m just a weak, frail wizard. My mind is my fortreth. I mean, my fortress! I’m a thpellcaster!”

“And you’ll cast a ‘spell’ on many a virile, barrel-chested orc, I’m sure,” the would-be king replied, grinning. He refocused the energy from his staff, and whatever changes Vortis was managing to resist with his mental wards collapsed completely. The increasingly *unfrail* man literally *screamed* as the changes overtook his body, letting loose a bestial roar as his entire form grew yet larger. His robes were no longer able to hold him, and like with Jarina they pulled apart, the cloth only so much tissue paper against the might of his growing strength.

“AGGH!!! SO M-MUCH MUSCLES!!!”

He cursed himself. It was ‘so many muscles’, but the rigours of grammar held little appeal when weighed against his increasing girth. So paltry in size and strength all his life, Vortis was infused with a sense of power and vigour all across his form. He rose inch upon inch until he was nearly six feet in height already. His shoulders widened out, and his skin turned an even deeper forest green. His tusks, already impressive, jutted out further, though they were still feminine compared to the men’s versions. His wiry hair turned black and grew down his back in a wild mane, matching the wildness of his features as they broadened, particularly his nose and brow.

“NNGHH!! POWER! A DIFFERENT KIND, BUT I F-FEEL IT! I MUST RESIST!”

“But you don’t want to, do you?” the wizard king taunted.

“Fight it, you brilliant fucker,” Gerald added.

Davin himself wordlessly reached out to touch his friend’s side, trying to offer what gentle encouragement came to mind for the softening rogue.

“I’m t-trying!” he exclaimed, but there was a thunderous voice to his roar now, a borderline orgiastic embrace of the bestial impulses coursing through his system like the very weave of magic itself. The once-weak man stood taller, shaking as muscles bulged along his back, upon his shoulders, and then swelling like fruits upon his thighs and calves, biceps and forearms. He subconsciously adopted a warrior’s pose before battle, continuing to roar, yet despite his very manly display, the first hints of more female changes to come began to manifest. His nipples, now a dark green, swelled larger, and a general softening began in his chest. His hips broadened, and though he was quickly gaining some impressive abdominal muscles along his stomach, the meagre hair he had developed there shrunk back into his skin, never to return. The same was true of his chest, and his arms, and soon he had no body hair at all. Soon, in fact, his figure even looked perhaps just a little androgynous, particularly since his lips swelled larger.

“N-NO! I AM SPELLCASTER! I’LL NOT BE SOME COMMON BRUTE! P-PLEASE!?”

But even begging felt wrong. There was a force of personality stirring in him now. It demanded an axe in his hands to strike this foul wizard down, spells be damned. It was only by focusing on the mere remaining mental wards in his skull that he could pull himself back from the brink. The effect was too much: he collapsed upon the ground with a mighty *thunk*, now much larger and more muscled, his thoughts far from academic, even in sleep.

“Fuuuuuuuck,” Gerald said, unable to help himself. “He looks hot! I mean, shit! What are these thoughts?”

Unfortunately for the former shining knight, those thoughts only increased with his own libido. Where everyone else seemed to be growing, he was reducing in size at a rapid

rate, his bones shrinking, his face losing its masculine broadness, and even his chest collapsing. Well, almost collapsing, but for two particular areas.

“Oh ratfucks! Ratfucks! I don’t wanna be some hairy goblin!”

“Not exactly hairy,” Alact mused, strengthening the spell’s effects. And indeed, the hair on Gerald’s chest withdrew entirely back into his form, absorbing into him and making it very clear that the shrinking hero was developing a small pair of breasts. Clear to him, at least, because he was now far too small for his clothing, and while the others were bursting out of theirs, he was drowning in his own and using it to cover his shame.

“My dick! My dick is on f-fire! Make me a knight again! I’ll swear fucking allegiance and shit! By all the Gods up and down, make me a bloody knight! Give me back my pishposh pisspot of a voice while yer at it too!”

Alact just smiled and shrugged, not even bothering to give this a reply. Instead, he deferred his attention to the other goblins, all of whom were shrieking with laughter and drinking down ale at the sight of the former knight. Gerald cringed, shrieking as his ears became absurdly long, stretching out further behind his head and becoming tapered. His nose likewise grew sharp and long, and his teeth began to gain even sharper points than that.

“Agggghhh! Yer f-fucking changing me, ya dork! This isn’t fair! This is fitting Davin, not me’s! Not me’s! At least let me talk proper-like! I’ll kill ya!”

The goblins just laughed at the sight of the hero shrinking ever smaller, until he was barely five foot three at best. There was still some ways to go though, looking at the small height of the other goblin folk, a fact that made Gerald very nervous. And the fact that some were licking their lips with their long, slimy tongues and gesturing crudely at him only made the situation worse, particularly since his nipples stiffened within his overly-large shirt.

“Awww, fucks. I’m getting a hard-on!” he cried, unable to even keep those thoughts to himself.

Davin watched his friends change, and recognised that he should have at least gotten further enjoyment from Gerald’s change into a crude goblin. It would be an amusing tale in the future, no doubt, given that the man was a self-righteous prick in his estimation, even if he was a good friend. But it was the ‘friend’ part of that equation that kept returning to him, and he found that his emotions were stirring ever stronger as the green ray of change washed over him. His friends were being transformed against his will, and for once his heart leapt in his chest, full of empathy and sorrow for them.

“Just change *moo-ee!*” he said in a braying voice befitting his coming minotauress nature. “I can’t b-bear being the only one! Leave them alone! Change *moo-ee* - wait, what the hell am I saying?”

Alact smiled, recasting the spell. "All the things that a good, nurturing minotaur mother would say to her friends, children, and lovers alike. You truly will have a different role, Davin. I'm sure that heart of ice will be a lot softer when you swell with milk and find a need to share your produce."

"MOOOO! I mean, NOO! You can't - OHHHhhhh!!!"

The word 'swell' remained in the rogue's mind as his body followed that very directive. His lean muscles, cultivated through years of adept training, slowly evaporated as his body gained a doughy softness to it. Like Vortis, his entire body gained a greater size and weight to it, but while the weakling wizard had become impressively buff, Davin's form instead generated curves and extra fat that left him looking strangely shapely. He blushed a deep red on his pale features as his nimble legs cracked and reshaped to become the powerful digitigrade configuration of a minotaurs, even his hooves expanded to accommodate this. From his tailbone slide a cow-like tail, short for now but destined to be much longer, and upon its end was a furry tip as well.

"NYAAHH!! OHHH! MOO-AKE IT S-STOP!!! IT FEELS TOO GOOD!!!"

More than even Vortis, the edgy rogue was flooded with an innate sense of rightness with the change. It was as if in losing his literal hard edges he was also losing his metaphorical ones. He didn't even curse or spit vile invectives to the wizard king transforming him - that was for Gerald now - instead he simply beheld his changing body in wonderment as fur sprouted from his skin all over, thick and surprisingly brown. His nose widened, nostrils taking in more air than he was used to, leaving him to huff like the bovine creature he was not far from becoming. His ears were already changed, but they extended a little further, and his horns followed along. He grasped them with his semi-hooved hands, grunting through increasingly flat teeth.

"NGHHH! NGGH! Bigger! They're getting - ohhhh, my voice!"

It suddenly shifted, rising higher than an octave until there was no denying that he was on the path to womanhood. It had a coarseness to it, but it was no longer the coarseness of a shadowy thief, but rather a large, furry minotaress. He stopped talking in shock, but nothing could stop his feminine gasps as his horns extended to be over four inches long now, sweeping back a little.

Naturally, as with the others, his clothing tore apart. He had grown nearly to Vortis' new height, but was broader, if not in muscle than certainly in his new skeletal frame. His hips had a womanly bearing to them, and his waist was thick, having lost its liveness. And with the last falling away of his clothing was the reveal of the next dreaded thing that would soon be emerging.

"An - an udder," Davin managed, breathing heavily and trying to ignore the slight softness upon his chest. He lowered a hooved hand to touch it, and for just a brief moment

was disappointed that his new, harder fingers had less ability to feel with them. Below his belly button the udder sat, merely an outline for now, but with four suggestive nubs that threatened to become a lot longer and most distinct in time. The entire area was slightly reddened and pinkish, not quite like a cow's udder though as it seemed to blend better in with his new light brown fur. It felt strangely stimulating to touch.

"Oh Gods, am I stimulating it?" he said, swallowing.

The wizard king shrugged. "You'll have to find out from your new minotaur mates, in time. No doubt it will be most productive. What do you think, Horace of the Front Guard?"

Attention turned to a powerful looking minotaur that stepped forward, his hooves smashing powerfully down upon stone. He was broad, heavily muscled, though still possessing animal broadness that the more immediately muscular orcs did not possess. Davin had to focus very hard not to gaze upon his furry chest and take in his handsome features. The attraction was instant, and he was shamed by it.

"She will be a most beautiful nurse mother," the creature said in its own tongue, a tongue that Davin somehow understood. The former rogue's body shivered in something like delight. Or submissiveness.

Or both.

"And this gel will be a hot piece of breeding action!" the goblin warchief cried. *"I am Gargul, and I will claim her by rights! But don't worry, once I'm done filling you with my little goblin babies the rest of my clan will fill you up too, 'Gerald'! We goblins are so fucking fertile our women can get pregnant to more than one male at a time! Heehee!"*

Gerald shuddered, trying not to be aroused by the thought of being shared around by so many goblins in quick procession. Of being *bred* again and again.

"We shall fight for you when you are ready, she who was once Vortis," the orc chieftain said. To Vortis' shock - particularly since the wizard had always looked down upon 'brutish' orc customs - the great grey-skinned goliath actually kneeled down in something like deep respect for him. *"I shall claim you as my first mate. I am Khar, chieftain of the Clan of the Buried Axe. The greatest of our warriors will have right to claim you as their k'zir, but I shall be the winner."*

Vortis grasped for what to even say to that. "I - uh, well - what?"

But the orc chieftain merely stood and moved back to his men. It left the last bit of attention upon the herd of centaurs. For the first time, Jarina really noticed them. She had been trying to ignore their lovely scents now that her own olfactory sense had been enhanced, and also trying to put the increasing bulge of her sex out of mind too. But both returned to the forefront of her mind as she beheld the gorgeous mares of the herd. Each was astonishingly beautiful - powerful, but beautiful - with elaborate hairstyles and suggestive clothing that left little to the imagination on their top halves. They looked at her

with interest, but there was also anger in their eyes. One, honey blonde in her long locks, strode forth and spoke in the centaur tongue.

“You will be the seed that allows the rebirth of the herd. I am Yyria, matron of the herd in the absence of a stallion. You took our stallions from us, and so you are punished and cursed. You will redeem yourself by ensuring our needs in heat are met. You will be father to our future stallions and mares.”

Jarina found herself oddly up to the task, only to pull back. Mixed emotions tumbled through her. “I - I’m sorry. I didn’t mean -”

“What you mean, means nothing. The wizard assures us that his magic will enable you to impregnate each of us with no fears of inbreeding down the generations. Your seed will be the most potent. That is the only reason why we allow you to live, and why we continue to serve him as our king. Do not fail us.”

And with that icy reception, she turned and went. The rest of the king’s monster army shifted forwards to remove the heroes and place them back in their pens. Davin, to his own surprise, moved along willingly, feeling far more submissive than he had been in his whole life. Gerald whined and complained the whole time, having to be pushed forward constantly. Vortis was likewise refusing to move except unaided, and yet found himself drawing closer to the orc-kind, gazing at them occasionally. The muscle envy was only growing.

But Jarina herself simply felt a strange guilt as she was lifted up and carried. A debt was owed, and a bond to fulfil it. The thought troubled the cleric, but she could not deny it entirely. She was, after all, a cleric of the oath of life.

Would she not be creating more life?

The Wizard-King Alact had mercifully decreed that the Radiant Fight’s quarters be moved to more accommodating structures, apparently in light of their ‘fresh changes of mind’. Gerald knew exactly what he thought of that, and made short work of cussing and swearing and demanding the old dungeon pits again just to prove that he was still a valorous, strong hero still, capable of weathering the worst. He wasn’t fooling anybody.

The new accommodations were much kinder, being located within the citadel structure rather than beneath it, and effectively being much more like a noble house arrest. Each individual even had their own rooms for a sense of modesty, though clothing was harder to come by: not that this was a major problem, given that they were all out-growing or out-shrinking what they could wear anyway. And while the situation was nicer, and the food much more plentiful, and the water no longer stagnant (Gerald preferred it stagnant now, much to his own chagrin), there was no denying that they were still prisoners being

transformed against their shared will: the bars at the doors made this clear, as did the rotation of guards outside the building whom they saw often.

Each member was trying to come to terms with what was happening to them. Alact had not visited them since, and they each got the sense that the faster transformations would only happen as punishment if they didn't let the existing polymorph magic 'take its course'. It was, in many ways, quite a cunning setup: Alact clearly preferred them to change slowly to get used to their new situation and slowly accept it, and they were willing to go along with that simply because the alternative was being changed all at once. So it had become a waiting game, one where they planned repeated escapes, only for Davin of all people to pull the plug, his more docile mind frantically worrying about the wellbeing of his friends.

"I'm - I'm sorry!" he declared more than once. "I'm not moo-eant to be this way, but I just worry about each of you! Even you, Gerald! Gods, this is all so sick, but I can't help it. I have these stupid emotions. I cried because I couldn't even pick a lock this morning!"

Jarina did her best to comfort him, and even Gerald recognised his friend's woes, though his own comfort was no longer in heroic proclamations but in saying things like, "yeah, that shit stinks, rights? Can't fucking stands that I'm becoming this loathesome creature what done speaks like tripe turnip talk! Meant to be a real shining knight, only now I'm becoming a crude little goblin thinkin' with his cock - ha! While I have it!"

It was a sharp reminder to them all that they were changing not just species, but gender as well. Davin, rapidly becoming the most feminine one, was most aware of this, but it was Vortis who was continually caught in accidental fantasies over it. The group assumed that he was summoning his mental reserves for planning and casting spells and rituals to escape, but instead his mind had become simpler, and when he wasn't starting to work out and practice with his new muscles, he was occasionally falling into daydreams, imagining what it would be like to have large, handsome orc men fight each other for his favour. For the right to mate with him. He even imagined being an aggressive lover, in riding those great-muscled orc males while they ploughed into him. There was a reason he shut himself up in his own room, touching himself often, practically urging his breasts to grow and his penis to diminish.

"What damn use was my mind before?" he snarled to his reflection in a mirror. "When I could have been like this, and happier for it? By the Black Mountain, I was a genius and a damn fool."

But still, despite being the one keenest on his own changes, he kept that secret from the others, embarrassed by his own excitement. Only Jarina noticed his slight oddities, but she had her own distractions. Her rear legs were coming in, and she was able to find some mobility at last, even if it was more of a drag-and-shuffle situation. She was growing still, and

not just in terms of her equine half or even her muscles: her breasts were becoming lovelier all the time, and for all the worry about her future and that of her friends, she couldn't stop feeling them and enjoying them. She had feared about losing her femininity, but her hair was only growing more brilliant, her elven beauty more fine. Much as Alact had said, her body would be womanly but for the male appendage that was slowly overtaking her female sex. And it had better damn well hurry up, she often thought, because it was getting more and more sensitive, and the more her lower half expanded, the further it extended from her grasp. She was getting damned horny, and couldn't even attend to herself. If things got any more desperate, she'd have to ask Gerald for help.

"That's . . . not the worst idea," she said to herself. "Is it?"

Perhaps it was. Perhaps it wasn't. But as the days passed for the members of the Radiant Fight, ideas that might have seemed unfathomable before seemed more and more approachable, even justifiable. Davin still tried several escapes, but these were half-hearted affairs, stopped as soon as he beheld a minotaur guard or were given an admonishing look by a powerful male. Gerald led the charge instead on repeated escape attempts, but his inability to concentrate on one thing for long, or to keep quiet, meant that he was easily captured on his own, with Alact not even bothering a further transformation other than to make his breasts a whole cup size larger to embarrass him: he promptly started playing with them in public, his libido already skyrocketing to proper goblinoid proportions. Vortis kept claiming he was working on a plan, but instead was working on his muscles, and finding every excuse to be seen by the orc guards outside the cell doors, often in a state of undress. They seemed to appreciate it. Jarina just felt horny, aroused, and in need to be able to walk already: she was useless otherwise, and even the idea of breeding beautiful mares was more attractive than simply remaining a prisoner.

Much more attractive, in fact.

Between these failed attempts to escape or deal with their circumstances, their bodily transformations proceeded apace. So did their mental transformations, and it meant that much of their traditional dynamics were upheaved and altered in ways they could not have imagined. Each morning they woke changed, and after a big meal supplied by their respective new tribes, they would often transform further in the aftermath, groaning and grunting collectively and then comparing notes awkwardly afterwards. Gerald shrunk yet further, but his figure also became a lot more squat and hunched, his back arching forward in a manner he would have described as 'peasant-like' once. His face was ever-more pointed, his skin slightly scaled and coarse. His toenails and fingernails extended also, but while he certainly looked more aggressive and feral, there was a sort of cuteness to him that couldn't be denied, perhaps because his femininity was finally creeping in. His breasts were blooming into existence, and they were not a small pair already. He wore only a loincloth

supplied by the tribe and a simple wrap around said breasts, leaving the rest of his body on display, and so it was easy to see the areas where curves were beginning to plump into existence.

“Godsdamnit, I can’t stop touching these tits! Won’t someone else grab a feel for me? No one?”

The rest sighed, getting more and more used to Gerald’s antics.

“I could give yours a squeeze, Vortis? Or maybe give ya a rub of the growing cock, Jarina? Wouldn’t ya like that?”

“For fuck’s sake,” Jarina said, snapping. “You’re a knight, Gerald. Godsdamn well act like it!”

He just muttered. “Liked you betters when you was a shy waif instead of a fuckin’ stallion type. Bet you’ll get a real big cock too. Godsdamn lucky. I just get to breed lots of goblins into the world. Ohhhhh, but that sounds so fucking hot lately, having a belly of goblin babies to be birthin’! How far I’ve frickin’ fallen.”

Fallen was not far from the truth: Gerald wasn’t just talking more crudely, but acting so as well. He masturbated in view of the group when his horniness came over him, much to Jarina and Davin’s disgust, and he couldn’t resist letting forth terrific burps whenever he consumed a good meal. He was developing a cute pudgy body too, with soft flab upon his stomach, but when the others called attention to the fact that he was losing grip of his normally excellent training regime, he just threw up a middle finger, stuck out his tongue, and would only catch himself and apologise half the time. If he was really called out for his changes, he was the first to point out Davin’s growing udder, giggling at its growth.

Davin was mightily embarrassed by it. By everything, in fact. But the udder was something that he could not escape. He was naked by habit now, despite his desire for modesty it just felt too ‘normal’ to have his body on display, a body that was increasingly maternal in appearance and function. Like Vortis, his breasts were growing, but they were leaps and bounds bigger already, matched only by that large milk sac between his thick thighs. He was not as tall as the would-be orcess, but he looked about the same size due to the entire fur covering across his body, one that finished coming in after just four days in their renewed captivity. His tail had fully come in, and now swished behind him by instinct, not really under his control but not entirely of its own mind either. The worst part was that he actually *liked* the tail. It was, as he accidentally put it in front of a laughing Gerald, “cute.” Jarina had agreed, and it flooded him with such worth that he actually *hugged* her. Hugged her!

“I’m not meant to be the soft one,” he moaned in his husky female voice. “I’ve got all these emotions swirling inside me. It’s like the more I’m getting pumped with milk the more emotional I’m getting!”

“Are you making milk?” Jarina said, ignoring how Gerald was licking his lips at the prospect.

Slowly, Davin moved one of his hoof-hands down to his growing breasts. They too were covered in fur, though it was thinner at the breasts, and his nipples were long and full like those of a pregnant woman’s. He tugged lightly on one and, sucking in a bit of breath, a small dribble of milk poured forth. Only a little, but certainly more than the once-rogue could ever have imagined or wanted.

“Gods,” Jarina said. “What about your udder?”

Davin sighed, lowering a hoof-hand to stroke it. It was nearly the size of a cabbage now, and only growing further. Worse, it was continually pressurised, as if filling up. The teats had come out of hiding, and were long and thick as thimbles.

“Nothing yet,” he sighed. “Thankfully. But . . . part of me feels it should. I can’t explain it. Oh, Jarina, it’s so embarrassing! It makes me want to cry - me!”

And he did, his big doughy cow’s eyes having taken their new shape the previous day. It was up to Jarina to help wipe away those tears, even as she took in his much more bovine face, complete with an adorable snout.

“It’s okay, Davin. We’re all changing. I know it’s hard. Maybe we can still find a way to escape, though?”

“That’s the worst part, Jarina. I - I sometimes don’t want to. I see the minotaur guards look at me, and I want to help them. I want to feed them. With - with my body, I mean. I want to nurse them and care for them. It’s fucked. Ohhh, I shouldn’t say that word.”

Jarina just comforted her friend. She didn’t tell him, but her ulterior motive was also in remaining close to Davin. Changed as he was, her own attractions were altering too, and his large chest and milky udder held an allure to her now. Her nascent cock stirred between her still-growing rear legs, and she had an image in her mind of finally being with this man . . . from the other side of things.

Certainly, it wasn’t hard to picture it with the mares. They were still cold to her, especially the leader Yyria, who checked often on the elf maiden’s progress. She would huff, turn up her haughty head, and clop away, leaving Jarina jealous that at least one of them could walk. Still, as much as she was no longer the shy, uncertain cleric she once was, she was not without guilt either. The thought of smashing aside those stallions and decimating the herd troubled her, lending her an increased push to breed their population back to healthy numbers. It was, admittedly, also something that was getting her increasingly riled up, enough that she finally made the decision.

After four nights of their second captivity, Jarina now had breasts that were each half the size of her own head and wonderfully full and bouncy. Her musculature was proud but female, her abs perfect, and she could finally, *finally* walk around on four legs, something

she was still getting used to. Her fur covering was nearly complete, and she got the real sense that the only changes left for her were for her horse half to grow to its full size, and her cock to come in fully. The last made her nervous, but given it would be the source of her virility, not as much as it should have. It had been similar with the development of her hooves: she expected to mourn the loss of her feet, but instead she was happy to trot around, eager to be able to run across a larger space. There were other pent-up issues as well . . .

“Gerald,” she declared one night. “Come with me to my room. I have a problem you’ll like sorting out.”

“Lemme guess, ya want me ta play with ya cock, ha!”

When he entered, she slammed the door shut, lifted his small four foot three body up with ease, and smiled. “That’s exactly right,” she said. “Because I can’t fucking reach it. Say a word to anyone, and I’ll play the role of the knight slaying the vicious goblin. Got it?”

He gulped. “G-got it!” He dropped to the floor and scampered back around her. “Ohhh, it has grown! I won’t say mum! Can I use my tongue?”

“Gross! But fine. Just make it - Ohhhh! Oh G-God, you’ve already s-started! Ahhhh, that’s g-good!”

It was very, very good. She wasn’t making any actual seed yet, but she could feel her balls beginning to stir into existence. When she came, she barely contained her glee, wishing desperately that she could cum just like a stallion.

Vortis, meanwhile, was also becoming much more obviously female, albeit in a statuesque stunner kind of way. Each morning he woke to take in his changes, relishing each change towards a more simple she-orc life. Knowledge of spells and scrolls and arcane matters dissipated slowly from his mind, and he welcomed the relief: his anxieties and frailties and uncertainties went with them, and soon he was gaining further confidence in his increasingly lovely body.

“Mhmmm,” he murmured to himself after several days into their new accommodation. “I had always heard that orcish women were rather . . . busty. But I never imagined! Ha! It was just academic interest before, but now - who would have *books over these?*”

And with that, he lifted his impressive breasts in his hands and let his thick green fingers sink into the wonderful flesh, savouring the jolts of pleasure that ran from his nipples down to his core.

“Ohhhhh, yesss. If only I could get another orc to - oh, but this is insane! Ah, but it isn’t. I want this. I’ve never felt so alive. I don’t have to think deeply, I simply *know* how to be. For once in my life, I could be . . .”

The word was *happy*. Or *confident*. Or *powerful*. He felt all three and more, and there was no denying that with each change, with each extension in height (he was six foot three

now), he was only embracing the change further. The wizard dreamed of being able to call himself a woman, and to claim the strongest mate of the clan, and rule over them as their matriarch.

“To ride Khar’s cock, and make him my mate. My k’zir,” he moaned. It caused his body to shiver, and his already cantaloupe-sized breasts expanded just a little bit further, his hips broadening to a fine breeding pair with them. “Yesssss. That is my new destiny.”

On the sixth day of their second captivity, their changes were practically finished. There was no denying it any longer: they were not only members of new species, but new genders as well. After breakfast, they were summoned forth to a grand plaza before the palace of the wizard king. On the way, the group was escorted by each of the four tribes they now belonged to, and each bore witness to their newest members, delighting in the sight of them. And, for all that the party tried to retain their pride as heroes, they too found delight in how they were received.

Jarina had grown a massive horse cock that sat within its sheath, yet stirred at the slightest provocation. It was embarrassing to possess, but her new maleness also found it to be a source of utter confidence and prowess, and so she strutted before the mares and particularly Yyria, demonstrating her virility. Several of the centaresses whispered amongst themselves, and Jarina managed to catch that they found her most impressive. Incredibly so, in fact. She in turn could smell their heat, their estrus. It was . . . sumptuous. She *needed* to fuck them, and no shyness about it either. The fact that her horse half was now large and grand made her just that little bit bigger than the mares. She wore nothing on her torso as if she were fully a male centaur, but the others didn’t seem to mind her large, bare breasts. In fact, even Yyria seemed to be looking at them with lust.

“You may yet prove yourself,” she said, which Jarina took to be the closest thing she would give to approval.

“When I breed you with my foals, I will have,” Jarina declared back, surfing on a wave of confidence. Yyria actually blushed at that, her tail flicking suggestively.

Vortis was similarly proud. She - for she indeed was fully woman now - stood tall among her fellow orcs, just as large as even the most strapping males, albeit with a great deal more in the way of curves. She had ripe breeding hips and full, heavy tits, each of which were the size of her own head and wobbled in her top, which was little more than a fur wrap that left her muscular shoulders bare. She was particularly proud of her powerful thighs, which were fully on display given that her fur battle skirt was quite short. She smirked at the orcs, particularly Khar.

“Not yet,” she said when he moved to speak to her. “The king first, and then you may prove your worth to me, my future mate.”

Khar beamed, as did the other orcs. “My, you have changed, Vortis.”

“I have been *unleashed*,” she said, gesturing to her amazonian form. “I was once a squishy, anxious little wizard. Now I am in my prime of life, and I would never go back. And I will only be re-captured by the most worthy of my new kind.”

Several of the orcs looked to one another, grinning, already anticipating the fights for this she-orc’s furious hand. To be her k’zir.

“Oh, and I am not Vortis anymore,” she declared. “I am Vorta. And whomever plants his seed inside me shall gain the strongest sons and daughters.”

With that, she continued marching forth, her large dark mane bouncing on her bare back. The orcs followed after. Furious warriors they may be, they were in the thrall of her presence.

Davin watched this, mystified, though he too had had his name altered. Not by his - or *her* - own choice, however. Instead, the submissive breeder-to-be was named by Horace and the other minotaurs of their council. The new minotaress was named Daridia, and she accepted this new mantle supplicantly. She moved slower than the rest, still unused to the bloated milk bag between her legs. It was huge now, easily bigger than even a freakishly large pumpkin, and it was bursting full with milk that dropped continually from her long distended teats.

“Ahhh, s-so much! T-too much!” she whined. She was completely naked, and was having to keep her melon-sized tits still with her forearms, a largely unsuccessful act. But the minotaurs were insistent that she wear no garb, and so she didn’t: it was far easier to follow her submissive compulsions than fight against them, particularly since her body now produced huge rivulets of milk. It had only been a few days ago when she’d started leaking small amounts, and now she needed to be milked every few hours, it seemed. But when she was milked, whether by the overeager Gerald, or Jarina’s kinder hands, or her own, or those of her new kind, the result was a warm ecstasy that made her feel complete. Not that she wanted to admit it.

“You are gorgeous, my breeder,” Horace whispered in her furry cow ear. *“Your body is ready for breeding. This milk you make is but a small portion to what a pregnant minotaress can produce. You want that, don’t you?”*

She moaned, clutching her udder to keep it from smacking loudly against her thighs as she continued the march. “Ohhhh, I do. Gods help me, I do! I want to n-nurse. Moo! But Just s-so full.”

He nuzzled her snout, which was now far more bovine. “In time, my breeder. In time, you will nurse us all, and we will grow strong off your milk.”

“M-mooooo,” he responded, in something approaching a bovine moan of reluctant pleasure. His entire body was primed for breeding now, for *mothering*. Those instincts drove Daridia forward, already swaying her thoughts to calving and nursing, providing all she could for her new minotaur tribe.

Lastly, there was Gerald. Unlike the rest, she hadn't changed her name, even as her petty cock had finally withdrawn the previous day and left her with a feminine slit - one she'd already duly exercised in rubbing, caressing, prodding, poking, and sticking all manner of penile-shaped object into, so great was her arousal. But she was also a goblin, which meant she was damn sure about flaunting convention when it came to names as much as everything else, including dress sense: she was barely clad but for a leather strap holding up her round tits and a small loincloth covering her near-permanently wet womanhood.

“Goddamn it, what's this whole procession for? Can't we get to breedin' already? Not that I want to, fer fuck's sake! I'm still gonna be a knight again, just you watch! But maybe, ya know, after I've had a few dozen babies in my belly. Maybe three dozen at the most! Isn't that right, Dar?”

And with that, he slapped the minotaress on her udder. She had to be restrained before Horace stamped down on the she-goblin with his hoof.

“S-sorry! I'm still gettin' used to all this crudeness! God, at least let there be some good grub at this event and all! Maybe it'll go to my tits and ass and not just to my belly, ha!”

At the mention of 'belly', the various goblinoids, particularly warchief Gargul, laughed amongst themselves, each slapping Gerald on the ass this time. She snapped at them, trying to imitate his former self, but it only made her all the wetter and readier to be bred already. She wanted a damn *line* of goblins taking her one by one!

The march ended in the centre of the citadel plaza, where the wizard king stood upon a raised dais like an emperor already ascendant. Alact was in his fine red and black robes, looking smug and imperial as they were directed to bow before him. Only Gerald didn't, until another goblin made a crude gesture that made her double over with laughter, completing the act. Daridia, naturally, had been the first to bow.

“Your transformations are finished, in mind and body,” their new ruler declared. “I can already see that, admit it or not, you are ready to serve in my kingdom, and to breed your new races into full flourish. But no change is truly complete, especially in matters of gender, until one has experienced the ultimate act, and crossed the final threshold. That is why we are here. Jarinda, Vorta, Daridia, and Gerald, I take you in as my new subjects. You shall be loyal to my growing kingdom until the end of your days, which are far off thanks to my protective magics. You will pleasure your tribes, boost their morale, and they in turn will ensure that you are always well bred and productive, forever adding to their numbers. And, I'm sure, you will come to enjoy it, if you are not already anticipating it already.

“So, my first decree is this: one final humiliation to pull you over the finish line. Ordinarily, you could consummate your new bodies and tribal bonds in the privacy of your respective huts and hollows, but here today you will bear witness to each of your friends succumbing to their new desires, just as you will. This plaza has been festooned with pillows, blankets, beddings, and areas of comfort, all out in the open.”

The wizard king smirked suggestively, gesturing out with his hands.

“Well, what are you waiting for? I order you to get breeding, my lovely new subjects.”

The four members of the Radiant Fist looked at one another with horror, shock, and then a slow realisation that each one of them had already succumbed to their new desires, and were just waiting to act upon them. Alact was right, this was humiliating. It didn't mean they were so shamed, however, that they weren't desperate to finally breed.

Naturally, Vorta was first. She grabbed two powerful orcs by their necks and laughed out loud, whooping and hollering.

“Ha! Finally! I'll lead the charge here - I want to be mated only by the strongest three or four of you, and carry the most powerful seed! I may have once been a fucking frail lad, but now I'm your powerful she-orc, and I aim to be your matriarch at that! Your chieftess! So, lads, prove your worth!”

The orcs quickly absconded to the left, already gathering in circles to challenge one another for mastery, for the honour being the first to fuck - or be fucked by, given her enthusiasm - Vorta the musclebound she-orc.

Jarina likewise followed her new confidence. Her slightly broader nose sucked in the sweet scent of the mares in their divine estrus. Yyria had her arms crossed over her chest, glaring at Jarina as if challenging the woman-stallion.

“You think you are ready?” Yyria declared. “You believe that your transformation will atone you? That you can simply mount us and become one of us?”

“Silence!” Jarina said, setting aside our guilt. “We warred once, but now we are of the same herd. I will prove it, damn you. I am not the shy, silly woman I was. I will be your chieftess *and* your stallion both, and it is time you accepted that. Now, do you want foals in your belly or not? I can always leave you and mount the rest.”

Yyria's glare softened, her nipples visibly stiffening on her chest. She approached forward, as did the other centaresses.

“Now *there* is the heart of a stallion,” she declared, caressing Jarina's chest. The half-woman, half-stallion moaned in pleasure, and began to return the favour. The two kissed, and Jarina seized the initiative, overpowering her. “You are indeed worthy of breeding us. Become our new stallion, Jarina. I just ask that you honour me by taking me first.”

Jarina grinned. “Turn around, and be ready. I am not small.”

Several of the centaureesses swooned as her mighty cock stirred from her sheath out to its full, mighty length. Jarina raised herself up, ready to mount as many mares as she could, uncaring of the crowd of onlookers. She was a creature of the wild now, after all. It was time to run free.

Gerald was next. The former knight was frantic, caught between animalistic lust and her own feralised desire for freedom. But she was surrounded, with many goblins including their warchief Gargul forming circle around her, inspecting their newest wench.

“So ripe!” one cried.

“So fuckin’ breedable!”

“Nice big juicy tits to suck on!”

“Ohhhh, I bet she’ll be bursting with babies, she wills! Bet she’ll be the best breeder we’ve ever had, eh?”

Gerald licked her lips, looking at each of the male specimens. It was true: of the few remaining goblin females, most of whom were already pregnant, she still managed to have the most fertile looking figure. Her hips were broader, her tits bigger, and the cute pudge of her stomach only indicate that there would be a lot of stretchiness to come when she was gestating dozens of little goblin babies. Just the thought of it made her moan and slowly start masturbating right in front of them, even right in front of the amused Alact.

“Ahhhh, I’m not meant - ohhhh, but maybe just one round of breeding? Just one?”

“How about *hundreds*?” Gargul teased, stepping forward to reach out and grope her left breast. The goblin girl squealed in delight, her body almost painfully aroused at the feeling. It was heavenly, and it was *naughty*. She could *do* naughty.

“Fine! Fuckin’ fine!” she cried, exasperated. It wasn’t like she could fight her instincts anyway: her knightly training had evaporated into a lazy hedonism marred by horny escapades, and this was just the natural conclusion of it. Besides, she was so damn wet that she needed some goblin cock in her green pussy already. “Get in a line, fellas! Fuck me already!”

She bent over, lifting her loincloth and slapping her large right cheek, letting it bounce. For a moment there was a twinge of regret, a recognition of just how far she had fallen. But then Gargul grabbed her hips forcefully, bending her over further so that she was on all fours on the plaza, and then he began to thrust, his hard cock entering her wetness and making her whimper in unbelievable bliss.

“Ohhhh, yes! Fuck me like I’m your pet! F-fuck me full of your babies!”

And from that point, there was no going back. She already knew that each of her new goblin men would take her far more than once, twice, maybe even three times. Her body was in for the long haul.

Daridia watched all of this unfold with a mix of fear, apprehension, and anticipation. Usually first to act, often without considering others, now the bloated, milk-filled minotauress could only stand back passively and see the party of the Radiant Fist become absorbed into their new lives and mental states. Yes, she recognised that parts of their old selves remained, and that instinct and bodily need drove them as much as the personality changes, but it was still worrying. Her own womanhood felt ready to be taken, and her udder and breasts were only filling up further, becoming unbearably hot and engorged, nearly painful with their excess. And yet still she waited, unable to act.

She needed someone to act for her, and that someone was the leader of her new clan: Horace. The great male minotaur stomped closer upon his cloven hooves and breathed hot air from his nostrils into her face.

"You are aroused," he said, and she realised he was speaking minotaur, and that it felt more normal to her now than the common tongue.

"Y-yes."

"And you are full. Engorged. Needing to be milked."

"I - I am. Ohhh, yes. I am. I need to be milked."

The minotaur's face was far more bovine than her own, but its features twisted into something like a smile. "Fear not, my lovely. Though we may look like animals, we minotaurs are most kind to our women. They nurture us, sustain us, bear calves for us. We will take this process slow, until you are ready. But you will be ready, I assure you. And you will not want to go back once your maternal instincts kick in."

Daridia bit her thick lip. The pressure in her udder grew once more, so she rested her hooved fingers on it, wincing at the taut nature of the surface.

"Mooooo," she moaned. "Please. Please, be slow. I n-never was as a man. I took my pleasures, but please be gentle with your moo-aiden."

Horace was. He calmly embraced her, tenderly touching her breasts and lowering one hand down to pull slowly at one of her teats. A stream of hot milk poured to the ground, eliciting a blissful moan from the new woman.

"Moo-ore," she begged. "Don't stop. Moo-ilk me. Please."

"And?"

She demurely pressed herself against him, loving the feel of her warm, lactating breasts against his fur. "And I will b-bear your calves. I n-need it. I will nurse you, and feed you, and be your den mother."

Horace chuckled warmly, nuzzling her neck. Their horns scraped against one another affectionately. "Then it will be so. We minotaurs are creatures of passion. You will be pleased by more than just I alone."

Before Daridia could put up a response to that, the other male minotaurs were called over. Gently, she was led away to one side of the plaza where numerous pails had been set up, as well as surprisingly plush couches and stools. Horace had her bent over one, gripping her hips as he prepared to take her from behind. Meanwhile, three other minotaurs gathered to her breasts and udder, and began to lap and suck at her milk. By the time Horace finally entered her with his enormous bull cock, she was already in heaven.

The wizard king Alact watched all of this unfold for a few minutes, and then retreated to give the new loyal breeders their 'privacy.' Not that it was entirely private: a giant monster orgy was essentially occurring in the plaza, but what the four transformed heroes didn't know was that in generating so much lustful energy they were actually aiding a ritual setup by Alact. Their changes were already destined to leave them hyper fertile - or hyper virile in Jarina's case - but now their lives would also be magically extended, and their ability to produce young would be hastened so that they could give birth - or speed up a centaress' birth for Jarina - within less than half the span of a usual gestation period, perhaps even faster. No doubt Daridia and Gerald in particular would be shocked to find that out, though Vorta and Jarina would likely find it a source of pride given their newfound confidence. Regardless, with the orgy having commenced, the ritual's magic had succeeded, and now they were locked into their new bodies and roles permanently. They would grow Alact's armies and peoples, bringing him loyal subjects, and soon his own kingdom would rise as one to stand the test of time, extending from the Badlands to carve out an impressive region of its own.

But in the meantime, the Radiant Fist could not appreciate this. What they could appreciate instead was the delirious joy of being bred. Jarina mounted Yyria, bucking in such a way that her huge stallion cock slid deep into the centaress' tunnel. The once-hard woman moaned in delight, pleased to be taken, and Jarina too felt utterly powerful.

"I'm going to c-cum!" she declared.

"Do it, my stallion! Prove yourself! Give me your foals, and become one with the Risen Herd!"

Jarina bucked several more times, her large breasts bouncing freely. She loved her new body, its perfect blend of masculine dominance and female beauty. She fondled her sensitive tits before thrusting one more time, and then the roar came. Her balls squeezed, and suddenly an enormous expellation of centaur seed occurred, rushing from her font to flood Yyria's womb. The centaress lost all hint of iciness as she celebrated this, her voice going high and warbly, before the two of them collapsed.

"You - you have proved yourself," Yyria said. "F-for now. I feel that the seed is already taking."

"It will," Jarina said defiantly. "And I will give you more than one foal in the years to come."

"Such determination," Yyria said, looking back to caress her mate's flank. "But you must dismount. My sisters need attending to. You must prove yourself to us all."

Jarina grinned, dismounted in a way that led to quite the splash of excess. To her own marvel, her testes were already filling up with semen, and her cock was once more stiffening at the sight of the raven-haired mare next approaching her.

"Will you do me the honour?" she asked.

"By all the Hells, I will," Jarina said. "For all of you."

Vorta was similarly enthusiastic. She was riding Khar, who had predictably won the first bouts. There was no need to plush carpets or pillows for her: her mate's back was on stone, and he was the only cushion she needed. His cock was thick and hard and long within her, and she milked him for all he was worth, her enormous breasts pressed right into his face.

"I've n-never felt like this!" she called. "I want to feel like this always. I demand it! You will serve your chieftess, and help her grow her tribe strong!"

Khar looked at her like she was a goddess, which was exactly how she felt. He grasped her breasts, squeezing them hard in a way that was painful and utterly *hot*.

"Yes, my matriarch. Vorta, you will lead us to great victories!"

"I will produce the strongest of orc children, and many of them! Mightier than any dismal spell!"

"Yes! Yes! Let me have the honour!"

"Take the honour, Khar! Mate me with your seed! Seize what is your right!"

He did so, grasping her waist as his whole body seized. The formerly weak wizard was hit by a massive female orgasm, then another, then another as she was filled with hot orc issue. It poured like a stream up into her, deep into her womb where she knew it would take. It pleased her to know that she would carry the strongest orc babies, and that she too would remain strong and powerful. Academia had not brought her happiness or joy or confidence.

Being a she-orc would. And she knew that when the pain of childbirth came, it would be the great challenge that would prove her worth again and again. She *relished* that challenge. But for now . . .

"That was acceptable," she spat, though both knew it had been marvellous. "But if it does not take, another honourable orc must take me. Begin the trials again!"

The orcs could barely wait to start their skirmishing. Their new she-orc had captured their attention, and their lusts.

Gerald was already pregnant, in the meantime. Goblins were like that. By the time Jarina had finished mounting Yyria and Vorta had experienced her first round, Gerald had already been filled with goblin cum over seven times, as well as had it splattered on her belly, back, and even her face. The goblins were insatiable, and she most of all among them. She sucked cocks while being taken from behind. Even as this happened, she used her hands jerk off the other goblins to either side of her, while letting others suck and play with her tits. She was essentially surrounded, to be used and abused and treated as a breeding object. The other goblin girls laughed at the sight, only to then switch to genuine awe at how lustful Gerald was even by their standards. Gerald didn't barely get a word in except for the occasional, "more damn it!" and "Ohhhh, I'm so fucking pregnant already! Make me more pregnant!" and "give me your goblin babies! Fill me up like a damn balloon, godsdamnit! Gimme your cocks - MMHPH!!"

It would be a long time before she was done, and she had no doubt that, given how goblin physiology went, she might actually never *not* be pregnant from this point on, forced to give birth daily to new goblins like some miraculous monster breeder, even as she was continually fucked pregnant with new babies.

"Ohhhh, fuck yeah. I'll take that!" she cried, until she was silenced by another goblin cock to suck upon.

In stark contrast, Daridia was welcomed softly into her own clan. She mooed as Horace flooded her womb with seed, and both of them knew she would be pregnant by it, though the other minotaurs would have their turns, in time. For now, it was important to them that she be treated with the reverence and respect of a mighty nurse mother, something that was finally eclipsing the last of her edgy, rogue-like resistance. The true pleasure, after all, came not from being knocked up, or having sex at all, but from nursing her new species. The minotaurs drank deep from her over-full breasts and even fuller udder, reducing the tension and fullness and heat, though they all knew her body would always provide. She was gloriously full of milk, and always would be so, for her calves and her mates both, and there were even spare pails to fill once they too were full of her produce.

"Moooooo! Drink, my loved ones," she declared softly. "Drink. There's always moo-ore to have. D-drink! I am one of you now."

And it was true. She was one of them, and happy to be so. Yes, it was still strange to have a bloated milk bag between her thighs, and to have huge lactating breasts and fur and horns and a cow-like face, but she was being so reverently and kindly that all edges were blunted away. She was a soft, submissive bovine mother-to-be, already dreaming of nursing her future calves.

The Radiant Fist was no more.

Alact's kingdom did indeed expand in future years, spreading out from the Badlands to overtake villages and towns, and then to conquer major cities. He had not lied, however. While he was conqueror and a man desiring power and influence, he was not a tyrant: he ruled wisely and reasonably, and in many ways had fairer systems of taxation, law, and equal rights across species than many of his neighbours, to the point where the Alactian Empire became *the* major power in the region in just a few short decades.

Of course, a major reason for this expansion of power was thanks to four former heroes who were still young, still fertile and virile, and still endlessly producing new citizens to serve their king. Far from angry at the man, they were each now loyal to him, joyous in their new lives. Just as Gerald had suspected, she had never not been pregnant since, always giving birth at least once or twice a day, and then being impregnated not long after. In fact, many of her daughters had to help with nursing duties just to keep up with her astounding reproductive rate. It was a good thing birthing came easily to goblins otherwise she might hate it, but she was able to live a life of indolence and sloth feasting and eating and fucking as long as she wanted. After all, her body only had one duty to perform, and it performed it well. It may not be the heroism of a posh knight, but she had come to love it.

Daridia gave birth the least given the gestation cycles of minotaresses, but her bountiful qualities of milk never diminished only growing greater as she experienced her pregnancies. The birth itself could be quite the ordeal, but she was always supported by her many partners, and moreover there was nothing quite like the love of holding a newborn pair of twin calves and letting them suckle upon her chest while her older ones feasted from her udder. She went with the will of her clan, not making decisions for herself, but always happy to be directed.

Jarina, meanwhile, was quite productive. Like Gerald, she was continually fucking and producing, but was glad that the hard act of centaress birthing was not for her. Yyria had become her favourite mare, her most loved and trusted. And, as it turned out, her most fertile: just like Jarina had promised she had produced more than a few sets of twin foals, much to their shared delight. While the other members of the old adventuring party had their breeding instincts, Jarina and Yyria's partnership had flowered into genuine romance, though that romance was multifaceted as well, for Jarina loved all her mares. They were a large, beautiful harem, and once Alact's empire had unfolded, they were able to roam upon the open plains, wild and free (so long as they paid taxes).

Lastly, there was Vorta. She too had a romance in Khar, but while he was her k'zir in the many years to come, her longer lifespan meant that she would take another eventually. Not while he was still in his fifties, however: an old, muscled orc was still a virile and powerful

orc, and so he remained her favourite. Whereas once she had assumed that the right words would give her power and the ability to make change, now it was in simple commands and a dominating - and arousing - presence that she achieved such. She had birthed many a strapping orc boy and girl, often twins or even triplets, which the orcs took as blessings. The act of childbirth was very painful and rigorous, but she would not have it any other way: it was a challenge of life, which the orcs took to be of great importance. And each victory was another mark of honour for her.

But while the Radiant Fist was no more, that didn't mean the four of them were not still friends throughout all of this. They had gone through something unique, been utterly changed, and were now breeders for a mighty series of monster races. That was enough to keep them bonded for life. And so, even if it was more difficult these days, they made it a deal to group together four times a year - once for each season - and swap stories from 'the old days' and exchange tales from the new ones. Often, Gerald would annoy them with her antics, but Daridia would keep her behaviour reigned in with her gentle, polite ways, something which Vorta and Jarina found hilarious given the role reversal. The latter pair had a lot more in common now, and while Jarina wasn't often pregnant, she did love talking about what it was like to be freer, more confident and powerful with the she-orc, who understood intimately. Usually such affairs ended with Gerald going into labour, or Jarina being summoned by her lovers, or Daridia needing to be milked due to overproduction, or Vorta simply desiring the touch of her k'zir, but they made sure never to end the tradition.

The Radiant Fight may have been no more, but the party remained.

The End