

Out to grab something quick between classes, Inalu was enjoying the feeling of fall air on her face. It was that time of year just on the edge of winter. Classes were close to done for the semester. Her favorite thigh length coat no longer needed justification. High-top boots were an everyday thing. Life could not be better and yet, she wished there was more going on.

The college sophomore was waiting in line at the burger food cart, spacing out and dreaming of being someone else, when she found herself looking into the front window of a store she did not remember. The yellowed boxes of an Xbox360 and PS2 in the window along with piles of old VHS tapes in a couple banker boxes argued the store had probably always been there. She made a note to come back when she had time to kill. Maybe the place would have a cool necklace or two to add to her collection of pentagrams, skulls, and dragons.

That time just so happened to be later that afternoon as her philosophy class was canceled.

The inside of the store was cavernous. The cinder block walls stretched the length of the building with squat, rectangular windows placed every few feet. Much of the glass was barely visible over piles of junk. A yellowing drop ceiling contained the minimum number of ceiling lights necessary to keep the space illuminated. A ground level walkway surrounded a lower area that was about half a floor down. Aside from the barest amount of space to walk, the floor was filled with shelves and tables. Books were everywhere as were bins of action figures, vinyl records, and so many other things.

It was also hot. Even considering the New England fall, the temperature in the space was stifling. She pulled off her coat and tied it by the sleeves around her waist, further hiding the freshman fifteen that refused to go away. The dark leather mingled with her poofy broom skirt just barely brushed the grungy, ancient carpeting.

Starting to poke around, she was stunned by not only the sheer volume of inventory, but also the staggering disarray in which it was stored and displayed.

“What is this, a flea market?”

“Hardly,” a voice boomed from behind her. “This, my dear woman, is all that remains of the

Bazaar at Keeva.”

Turning to face the voice, she first encountered the glass of a display raised off the ground. Leaning on it was a man who did not look like he belonged in a store. Put simply, he was huge. His shoulders and back looked wide enough to land an airplane on. His dark, rounded face was framed by what could only be called a mane of bright brown hair. Teeth sparkled from behind thick lips curled into a grin that seemed to stretch from ear to ear.

She puffed at an errant sable lock then tucked it behind her ear. “The what?”

“Hah!” He stepped back from the counter and kept talking. “You know. The Bazaar down on Keeva and Lockstead. Don't tell me you never heard of the biggest comic book shop in the state?”

Standing her level now, it felt like he was easily a foot taller than her. Maybe even two, impossible as it would be that he was nearly seven feet tall. The man's clothes clung to him like a second skin, revealing a body that probably would have looked more at home oiled up and on-stage than peddling memorabilia. He stood with his arms behind his back, which only served to further showcase how well developed his chest and shoulders were.

“Well? Nothing at all?”

“Can't say that I've ever heard of it.”

“Never heard of it?” With a hearty laugh, the burly man proceeded to launch into a history of the store. Walking around, gesturing wildly. His thickly muscled arms were shrouded in tattoos.

Her gaze wandered south of its own accord as she followed him around the shop. Like his shirt, his pants were also skin tight. A noticeable bulge was visible on the inside of his leg. She feigned interest in whatever he was holding up at that moment to cover her occasional glances, marveling just a little before letting her eyes move off in another direction.

When they got back to the counter, he finished up with story with a joke that had him laughing a few seconds at that before sighing and raising his hands.

“Kids these days. Well, anyway, what brings you in? Looking for something?”

“Not really...”

“Ha! Well, do look around and let me know if there is anything you want to ask about.”

A snarky remark about not being able to find anything was on her black-painted lips when she saw something that genuinely struck her fancy in the jewelry case. On the bottom shelf was a circular pendant with the likeness of a hyena's head and neck. The band was simple leather and the metal disk likely just pressed pewter. However, it was such an odd thing that it called to her. The ruff and spots were shimmering obsidian insets, the rest of the fur seemed to be sand. The entire thing was sealed in lacquer.

“Actually,” she pointed at it. “Could I see that?”

He moved back around the counter and pulled out the necklace. Taking the accessory from him, it was warm and surprisingly heavy. The coin was not much larger than a half dollar, its circumference fitting in her thumb and finger, but it felt much heavier when laying in her palm.

“That pendant belonged my Great Gran. She used to have a whole bunch of different animals, but most have found homes.”

“How much is it?”

He frowned dismissively as he looked at the ceiling. “Forty bucks,” he said, turning back to her.

“Forty? Guess I'm going to have to pass.” She went to hand back the necklace and he pushed her hands away. “No no, that's not how this works. How much is it worth to you?”

“I have no idea, fifteen?”

“Thirty,” he said at once.

“Twenty. No, wait,” she made a strangled sound. “Look, guy, I hardly want this and if you're going to fight me on it-”

“Whoa, sorry!” His eyebrows went up along with his hands as way of apology. “Just so used to haggling with my regulars.”

He crossed his arms and put his lips against his right hand, as if thinking. “In fact, since you've

been such a sport, you can have it.”

Inalu quirked an eyebrow. “For free?”

“Just put it on, it's yours.”

She squinted at him, but said thanks all the same. Slipping the strap over her head, she fanned her dark hair out from under it. The fabric of the strap was surprisingly soft against her neck. Putting her fingers to the metal to adjust it against her cleavage gave her a shock.

The door opened, letting in a gust that felt especially chilly. Lost in the shivers, the tingle ran down her arms and up her back. Another customer entered and began talking enthusiastically with the shopkeeper so she undid her coat, pulled it on, and excused herself.

He waved as she left, telling her to not be a stranger. Another shiver played along her spine, one that was definitely not caused by the cold. Inalu had an odd feeling they would cross paths again sooner rather than later. Shaking it off, she headed to the dorm to work on assignments due later in the week.

It was not until later, on the way back from dinner, that she felt the tingle again. It ran down her back and legs. A moment later walking began to feel strange. It was like her panties were somehow shrinking or something, causing them to ride up her butt. Every few steps, the tension seemed to be a little more insistent, a little harder to ignore. Try as she might to adjust, she could not stop her clothing from hugging her crotch. By time she had walked the intervening couple blocks, she could feel a soft squish between her thighs. Just what was going on?

She was alone in the elevator. The need to know pulled at her. Just a quick feel, that was it. What was the worst that could happen? Fingers slipped down her stomach and under both her skirt and tights. There she found warm flesh spilling out on either side of her panties.

“Huh. No wonder it felt like I'm humping a pillow,” she said stroking her swollen mons. “I hope this doesn't mean I'm getting sick or something.”

Peeking into the suite confirmed no one else was back from their night classes yet, so she decided to monopolize one of the semi-private showers between her room and the room next door. She tossed

her coat on her bed and gathered up a pair of athletic shorts and an oversized shirt. She deposited them on the chair she and the three other girls used as a makeshift table along with her towel before turning her attention to the shower. The water had to be swung all the way to hot to coax even a little heat out of the old system.

While the bathroom slowly filled with steam, she stripped off her outer layers of clothing, putting them in a neat pile just outside the bathroom. The talisman and her other jewelry ended up on the counter that was right inside her room. Standing before the mirror over the sink in just her panties and bra, her pubic mound was obviously larger.

Turning back to the bathroom, someone had left the shower head pointing towards the back instead of pointing it down. Cursing under her breath about people who cannot follow their suite agreement, she reached up and fumbled to tilt the shower head. Her arm and side ended up soaked in the process and a puddle was forming around her feet. Satisfied that she would not get soaked while getting undressed the rest of the way, she sidestepped to the other end of the curtain and gingerly stepped in.

Deftly, or at least far less clumsily than she adjusted the shower head, she undid the hooks of her bra and took it off, hanging it on one of the hooks just outside the shower. From there she hooked her index fingers into the waistband of her panties, awkwardly shifting the fabric down her legs.

The feeling of her constrained crotch being separated from the cotton made her gasp once more. The warm steam caressed her skin, letting her release the breath slowly. She felt more relaxed than she could even remember. With her underwear off and hanging up, she moved the shower head up so that the water beat against her face.

She was not prepared for the feeling as the water began to run down her body. First it felt like little electric shocks, but that changed to the feeling of breathing against her skin as the water got closer to her navel before, at last, it felt like fingers dancing across her skin. She groaned at the different sensations, her cheeks flushing from more than the hot water.

Her brain worked hard to remember why she had gotten to this point, but it was too far gone as she put shampoo on her wash rag and rubbed the same spot on her abdomen ten times. Her hand slowly crept down with the washcloth touching everywhere besides her engorged mound.

Soon, though, there was no where else to go. The fibers ignited her desire, her hand more aggressively moving between her folds. She noticed the sensitivity increase which each centimeter towards her outer folds. As she moved towards the interior of them, she moaned loudly, hand spasming and dropping the washcloth.

For a split second she thought of getting cloth from the floor, but her finger brushed against her clit, making her realize for the first time just how altered her body had mysteriously become. She traced a circle around it, her eyes rolling back and closing by the second lap. She kept the motion up, adjusting her hands, changing the pressure, speeding and slowing until her whole face was flushed and she was panting.

Realizing that she had changed, she stuck a finger straight out, using a makeshift measurement system. Her clit now took about half of her finger. She was pretty sure it was no where near that before this evening. She didn't dwell too long.

Her clit pulsed and brushed against the outstretched finger, providing a whole new set of sensations. She curled her finger up along the bottom, water running down her arm and against the side of her lips. She moaned and slid the finger farther back before hesitating. She took a deep breath and gave herself permission before plunging in.

“Ahhh god!”

She pressed her finger against the front of her pelvis. She started to gasp and moan as pressure was applied and removed. With the new position of her hands, water was hitting her large clit. Her hips began to slide, her ass tapping against the cool tile. She reached up with her free hand and fought to free the shower head, her hand shaking and sending the water to uselessly hit the curtain.

“No, please, not that way,” she pleaded with the object as if it could hear her. Eventually, Inalu

was able to bargain with it and persuaded the the shower stream to aim for her gloriously enlarged sex.

Her hips bucked harder with the redoubled attention, allowing the flow to hit the whole length of her clit. Another finger slipped in between her folds, followed quickly by a third and a fourth. She began to scream in pleasure and curse that she didn't have something more to fill her.

A knock on the door opposite her room snapped her out of her haze as one of the girls from the the other room called from the other side of the door. "Hey, can you finish that in bed? I need to take a leak."

Her face was even hotter now, burning from embarrassment more than arousal. She turned off the water and toweled off, stifling moans as the rough fibers clung to every curve. She had enough of a mind to pull her shirt over her head. That, too, was pleasurable torture. The soft cotton teased her hard nipples as they tented the shirt. With shaking legs, she managed to put her legs through her shorts. The jersey mesh was even more invigorating than the shower on her clit and her mound created a very visible cameltoe.

Unlocking the other door, she turned back to her room only to stop and grab the amulet and her other effects. Rings slid onto fingers and ear rings went back in, so as to not lose them. Putting the amulet back over her head resulted in another subtle shock. Her attention on the coin, she did not realize that the door to her room did not lead there anymore. Instead she found herself stepping out into space. Grabbing the door frame she, tried to pull herself back. Only the metal vanished under her fingers and with it the last bit of tiled floor. Suspended in air for a moment like a cartoon, she soon found herself falling towards a green expanse of gently rolling hill with a blue ribbon of river cutting across it.

Many thoughts went through her mind, but the one that stood out most was the regret that she was going to die halfway to orgasm. She was sure she had to be having a very vivid dream. As warm winds whistled past her, that became less of certainty. The ground was getting awfully close now.

She squeezed her eyes closed and landed on something squishy.

Prying one eye open, she found herself suspended on the surface of a teal bubble. Below her, an individual in plain, but form fitting gray robes had their hands outstretched. It looked like she was holding up the bubble.

From what exposed skin she could see, they had a dark complexion. The thing that caught her attention was their hair, it fell past their shoulders as was bright red.

Whoever they were glanced up and flashed a grin with before mouthing something.

Just then, the bubble popped and Inalu found herself dropping the last four feet to land directly in the arms of her savior. The pair tumbled to the ground and Inalu found herself with her hands on the other's arms. Their coppery-brown skin was soft and warm against her palms. At this distance the curve of breasts underneath her robes was unmistakable.

"I'm glad I got you in time!" The voice was feminine, almost musical.

"Yeah, I really appreciate that." The other woman's eyes were deep blue which complemented the red hair that was draped over part of her face from the fall. Inalu could not tear her eyes away. Her gaze lingered on the other woman's half open mouth, her thick bottom lip, and her flushed cheeks before she realized the position she was in and scrambled backwards.

"I'm sorry about that, I'm just very...lost right now."

"I would imagine, you fell out of the sky." The woman stood, revealing herself to be of slender build and above average height. She dusted herself off before offering a hand up. "My name's Kalani. What is yours, Holy One?"

Holy One? "I'm Inalu," she said taking the woman's hand and getting to her feet. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"I assure you, my lady, the pleasure is all mine. Now, would you walk this way? My campsite is close. I can get you a change of clothes and then we can sit comfortably and talk." The woman started to walk away, her arms up as she started down the hill. Inalu remained rooted to the spot, her toes grabbing hold of the grass.



“Before that, Where am I?”

“This is the realm of Sevhana,” she said, spreading her arms as she turned. “Between the mountains to the northwest and the great river in the east, this grassland is the kingdom of Rokah. Beyond our borders are the nations of Nilah to the east and Sahar to the south.”

Not on Earth at all in other words. She dashed to catch up, but the wet grass slippery and she nearly fell. Catching up at the bottom of the kill, she put her hand on the cleric's shoulder. It was surprisingly firm, like that of someone who was used to lifting heavy things. “Any chance you've ever heard of Boston?”

“No, my lady.” Kalani turned, her finger against her chin as she tilted her head. “Is Boston in the clouds? Is it a city of gods?”

“No it's on a bay—wait, what? What do you mean by gods?”

Kalani stepped over and put her hands on Inalu's head, as if searching or bumps. “I had sworn I caught you and that you had not suffered any head injuries, but are you sure that you are not concussed?”

She was very close and her scent, a combination of sweat, cinnamon, and lavender, filled Inalu's nostrils. The cleric moved closer as she reached for the back of her client's head, her chest squishing against her patient's, her thick lips only inches from Inalu's own. She could tell the cleric was still talking but all she could hear was her pulse pounding. Between the adrenaline and the interrupted masturbation, Inalu could feel her body heating up, could feel her engorged clit throbbing against the mesh of her shorts. It felt bigger somehow, or at the very least more sensitive.

“I'm fine, I promise.” Inalu grasped the woman's hands, which were quite warm, and held them in front of her as she took a step back to separate their bodies. The warm breeze felt cool in comparison. “Now, what's this about gods?”

The woman looked into her eyes, then blushed and looked off into the distance. “They walk among us. Their presence ensures a peace between the three kingdoms.” She stepped closer, her body

once more pressing into Inalu's. "Are you sure you're—"

"Do you serve a god?" it asked quickly in the hopes of preventing another embrace.

She nodded. "Indeed, the same as you."

Her gaze flicked down to the hyena pendant and suddenly everything clicked. That was why she was acting so reverent. To her, someone wearing her holy symbol literally just fell out of the sky and into her lap. It had to look like miracle from her perspective. Also, she was fairly certain the amulet was responsible for both her growth and her arrival here. The feeling that she would meet that shopkeeper again crept up her spine.

"Now come, let's get you some shoes at least. We can talk more at camp."

Lost her her thoughts, Inalu followed the cleric over several more hills until the river she had seen from the air came into view at one's crest. The campsite was below. A large tent was set up next to an expertly dug fire pit. A couple of broad logs sat upended around it and iron grating hung above the ashes of a fire long since dead. A fishing pole was sticking out of the ground and there were several small barrels with the word rice stamped on them. It was obvious Kalani had been living here for some time.

"Please, sit, Holy One." Kalani ducked into her tent.

"Let's handle that right now."

She peeked her head back out, a pair of long black boots in her hand. "Handle what?"

"Do you think I came from a city in the clouds?"

"Of course," she said right away, offering the boots to Inalu. "Where else would someone have fallen out of the sky from?"

"Is that why you're acting so pious towards me? You think I'm a messenger from your god?"

The dark-skinned woman looked confused. "Is Haggrathu not your god?"

"Let's say he is. Answer my question."

"Yes, my lady. I have been here for two over months awaiting the arrival of someone important to

the Hyena God of Changes and Mysteries. After my exile, he came to me in a dream. Told me to wait on the banks of the Jenday for someone he was sending to help me.”

“You were exiled?” she asked, looking up from tugging on the first boot.

“Clerics of the Hyena tend to be social pariahs. Those invisible, those cast to the margin. As outsiders we are not caught up in just getting along. We actively work to People do not understand that entropy is necessary for civilization to flourish. That for something to grow parts of it have to die. Leaders should be reminded they are human, that they can make mistakes.”

“Are you...are you saying you commit crimes against your government?”

The cleric rolled her eyes. “No, we tell stories to the masses. We provide lessons of the past to make sure mistakes are not repeated. We remind those who can make real change of their responsibilities. Some do not take kindly to having their mistakes, and the mistakes of their forebears, kept in the minds of the masses.”

“Then why don't those masses stick up for you?” Her question was punctuated with the sound her other foot sliding into the second boot, the cuffed hem brushing her knee. “It sounds like your order is doing a service.”

“For many reasons, really. Chief among them is that Haggrathu's influence causes chaos, so things can go very well around us or very poorly and when that will happen is, in and of itself, seemingly random. Chaos while good for breaking up stagnancy is not so easily harnessed for constructive means.”

“And? What are the other reasons?”

“People hate being reminded of the bad times. The times when decisions got hundreds killed for no reason. The times when taxes were taking food out of the mouths of families. As much as our presence keeps power honest, it never lets the masses get complacent either. We trace the scars of our history and keep the recent wounds fresh.”

“I can understand that, it's not much different where I'm from.” She scooted the log closer. “So did

you leave because you felt uncomfortable, or unsafe?”

Kalani blushed for some reason and mumbled. Her hands gripped her robes against her knees.

“I was made to leave because my village believed I was being shameful. That my feelings were some disease or some sick joke and that I refused to feel otherwise meant I was irredeemable.”

“I'm not sure I follow.”

Kalani's shoulders slumped, then she sighed and looked right at Inalu. “To put it another way, the truth is, well, a good number of his clerics are not...conventional men and women. While personal liminality is not necessary to join our ranks, his message of everything being in a state of flux appeals to those of us who are...not comfortable with who we were born as.”

Inalu nodded, comprehension dawning.

“It is, apparently, disconcerting to people to think that a woman might be a bit more...masculine than they appear. The same is true of men who have the body of a lady.”

“So they exiled you because you're trans? That's...” she was on her feet. “Where I come from that's unthinkable despite how much some would have it be the case. Why has that not changed?”

“We are a small order, spread over the kingdoms, but we are also those society would rather forget. It is easy for them to hate us even as we remind them of the bad, as well as the good, of our history.”

“I'm...sorry people are terrible.”

Kalani shook her head and then smiled. “You have nothing to apologize for. I can confidently say that, of all the people in this world, you are likely the least responsible for harm to others in this realm.”

There was a pause in the conversation. A falter in the momentum of her arrival. Enough such that Inalu remembered she was effectively dressed for bed. If this was not a dream, she was going to need to fix that.

“So, is there a town nearby? Somewhere I can find clothes? I didn't get dressed anticipating being whisked away to another world.”

“Yeah, it's half a day's walk. I need to go pick up some provisions anyway.”

That raised Inalu's eyebrow. “You're going to keep living here?”

“No, now that you have arrived. We shall journey to Haggrathu's temple. I am sure he will want to meet you.”

Packing up the campsite took a bit more than half an hour. Much of it fitting into a large wooden trunk finished with leather and steel bands. If anything, more fit into the trunk than should have been possible. That oddity, however, paled in comparison to what happened when Kalani closed the lid. The trunk began to shimmer, the dull leather becoming a vibrant rainbow. At first it seemed like the trunk was merely pulsing but, by inches, it grew smaller until its five by four by four foot dimensions were closer to inches.

“That was incredible!”

Kalani flashed her a grin as she picked up the trunk and stuffed it into her knapsack. “It is a benefit of worshiping a god of vagabonds, packing is easy. Now, let us go. We'll want to arrive before nightfall else we will be unable to enter.”

Inalu questioned the cleric about the history of the realm as they walked. If this was likely to be her home now, might as well know what had happened before she got here. Much of it sounded like the medieval history of Earth, though the gods were an x-factor. There were a few who remembered a time before their intervention, when Rokah, Nilah, and Sahar were constantly at war. Now though, their presence bent what had been generations of war into an alliance that made each kingdom flourish.

Aside from the three main deities who each were the champions of a kingdom, there were a plethora of other lesser gods and goddesses. Many of them were analogues of figures from myth. Artisans and craftsman, entertainers and leaders, they were scattered throughout the societal structure. Inalu wondered what they must be like, just the thought of meeting one

Despite the earlier awkwardness, she found Kalani easy to talk with. The other woman had a wry wit that underscored how much life she had lived in her twenty or so years. Inalu had crushed on other

girls before and this felt more intense than that. Perhaps it was being saved from falling to a certain death. Perhaps it was because the dark-skinned woman was the only person she knew in this strange new world.

Whatever it was, she found her gaze being drawn back to the cleric's face with startling frequency. Her mind replaying that moment at the bottom of the hill. She knew part of it was trying to grapple with her companion's gender, but it was hard to argue that she did not want to nibble the curve of Kalani's ear or feel her full lips against her own.

As much as she caught herself staring, her traveling companion did her own share of ogling in their conversations. So much so that Inalu began to feel very aware of her hard nipples and throbbing sex. Walking was not doing her simmering arousal any favors as the seam of her mesh shorts rubbed back and forth over her clit.

Further, whatever about the amulet that was responsible for her changes was obviously not finished. Beyond her clit incrementally growing and thickening against her mons and labia, her muscles were twitching like she had been working out for hours. She was not exhausted in quite the same way, but the burn of tearing and reforming fibers was like a dull ache from head to toe nonetheless. Panting and sweating after a couple hours that verged on torture, she was thankful when the wood walls of what she hoped was town came into view. There was a brief exchange with the guards, including several silvers, but they passed into the town otherwise unimpeded.

“Let us get you some gear more appropriate for the open road first,” Kalani said as she led the way through the winding, cobblestone streets. “After that, we shall pick up some provisions. We will likely have to spend the night and leave in the morning, but I know a place.”

“If you say so.”

A few minutes later she was pulling off her shirt to try on one of the many garments that Kalani had piled into her arms. She tried to remove the amulet, but it became impossibly heavy and would not budge. So much for that. Massaging her nipples to try and help with some of the soreness, she could

have sworn her boobs were bigger. It certainly seemed like her fingers were spread further apart.

Turning to look in the mirror, she examined her body. Her boobs did indeed seem bigger, their mass shifting more than she recalled as she rocked her chest. Their weight in her hands was surprisingly invigorating. They were very warm, as if they carried the heat of her interrupted shower.

It was not just her boobs either. There were signs that the rest of her was starting change. Her boots were now a couple inches below her knees and her shorts looked even shorter. There were hints of muscles she had always wanted, but never found the motivation to get—especially on her stomach. She had always hated how flabby she looked even though she was not really all that heavy. Now though, she had abs! They gave her tummy gentle waves that tightened as she flexed.

She realized she probably should be freaking out. Her body was magically becoming her idea of sexy and yet, she wanted to see where this went. Besides, if this was how much she had changed as they walked, what would she look like this time tomorrow? Would she be an amazon? Would it take longer than that?

The boots came off to admire her legs, and then her mind came back to the first thing she noticed changing. Curious as to how big she had actually gotten, she pulled on the bottom hems of the shorts, freeing them from her swollen vulva. The sudden change in sensation made her gasp.

“You ok?” Kalani asked from outside.

“Yeah, just sore.”

Slipping the mesh off the rest of the way, she stood naked. Her mound alone was staggering at this point. Her mons filled her hand and was hugging a clit that was as long as her thumb and about as thick. Her labia peeked out of the valley of flesh, looking slightly fuller. Running her fingers along them elicited another gasp.

Fully exposed, she almost did not recognize herself. Outside of the, frankly insane, growth of her sex, the changes were each slight—a little extra hip there, a half inch of height there, a couple pounds of muscle—but they added up to a noticeable difference from her mental picture of herself. Her fingers

roamed as she drank in her appearance. Watching her reflection bite its lip was making her pussy clench. Her fingers caressed her burgeoning abs as they moved towards her pussy.

Just then the curtain slid to the side. “All right, let us see how—oh my god!”

On reflex she grabbed Kalani, pulled her into the changing room, and closed the curtain in one sweeping motion. The cleric landed on the bench, her legs splayed.

“You're not just changing clothes in here,” she said pointedly looking over Inalu's shoulder.

“It's the amulet that's doing this. Has to be. Everything started going weird when I got it from that guy at the Bazaar of Keeva.”

“Keeva?” The cleric narrowed her eyes and cocked her head. She glanced briefly at Inalu and then went back to studying the wall over her shoulder. “That's a town in the north of Rokah, near Haggrathu's temple. How have you been there?”

“It was some junk shop on campus.” She turned and started pulling on her new undergarments. While not as nice as the spandex-laced boy shorts she had back home, the lace and cotton still felt familiar, their construction felt contemporary. Perhaps other things from Earth had arrived here before.

She happened to glance back and had to suppress a gasp. It seemed as womanly Kalani might appear to be, she also packing from the tent she was pitching in her robes. Realizing she was staring, Inalu blushed and hurried to put on the equally oddly modern bra.

Kalani, following her gaze, also blushed and sat forward. “What's a campus?” It was a question to keep the conversation going, but it reminded Inalu that even with familiar things around her, this world was still a different place.

“It's not important, really,” she said as she turned back to facing the cleric. “I do know how I got here now though. If what you're saying is correct, your hyena god reached into my world, gave me this pendant, and used it to yank me into this world.”

“Does it really seem that inscrutable? I have a trunk that shrinks to ninety percent of its size and you are having a hard time believing the god of mysteries could not reach you where you are from?”



“Fair point,” she said, turning back to the mirror and evaluating her half-naked body. The new panties did a good job of hiding her swollen vulva and its prominent clit. The bra fit better than any she had worn back home.

“More to the point, if that's the case, what's with this?” She swept her hand over her figure.

“Haggrathu's influence can do all kind of things. Perhaps that is the start of the body you would have had, were you from here. Perhaps it's the body you want for yourself. Maybe it's even a joke to him and the changes will vanish in an instant at his whim. I was not kidding when I said my power draws on chaos.”

She pondered that as she pulled on a long sleeved shirt. “Are you saying I'm gaining access to that power as well?”

“It would seem so.” She got up and put her hands on Inalu's shoulders. “You were literally plucked from your world by a god, did you honestly think you weren't going to be receiving some amount of blessing?” Her scent was still just as musky and sweet as before. Her eyes seemed to sparkle and there was a tinge of blush to her face. For someone who had been sitting, her breathing has a bit fast.

Inalu nodded. She glanced between the mirror and the cleric. She was a new person, one potentially blessed with uncanny, though unreliable, luck. Swelling clit aside, she was growing into her physical fantasy as her body moved fat and grew muscle. Why not take a risk?

A quick movement had her lips against Kalani's warm cheek.

She blinked and then smiled as she returned the kiss.

Inalu put her hands on the other woman's butt. The cleric's hand slid down her arms, pulling her close. A heat throbbed against her leg through robes. Her fingers pressed into soft flesh. Lips met lips once more with a soft moan. As if that broke their trance, both women stepped back and coughed.

“Wow.” Kalani said as she licked her lips and ran her fingers through her hair. “I...I'm glad you're interested in me. I just...”

“Why don't I get dressed and then we'll talk about this later?”

“Sure. I would like that.”

The rest of the afternoon was a blur of acquiring provisions, tentative hand holding, and “accidental” brushes. Eventually they sat down at a table at the inn. Dinner was corned beef and potato soup. Eating made Inalu realize just how long it had been since her last meal. Talking made her realize how she was equally hungry for knowledge. They discussed the journey and the towns they would pass through. They discussed theories about her transformations over dinner and found themselves both fantasizing about how things would go over the next two weeks.

Finally, they talked about Kalani.

“I can’t imagine being a vagabond cleric was what you grew up wanting to be.”

“Believe it or not, I wanted to be an innkeeper. The thought of being a safe harbor for people both lost and traveling is really compelling.”

From there they talked about her personal history. How she came to be in the service of Haggrathu. How she was exiled. How she felt about Inalu.

“You aren’t attracted to me just because of what your god said, right?”

“I mean, maybe? It’s certainly a basis, but I also haven’t felt like someone actually wanted me around for the better part of five years.”

“So you find me attractive?”

“I do.”

“So do you....um, want to sleep with me?” She sat back waving her hands. “I-I-I mean, in the same room.”

“I’d love to share a bed with you, Inalu.”

They went up to a room not much later after that.

“You don't have to do this...”

“No, I want to. It's been so long since I felt another person’s touch.”

Each slowly undressed at the same time. Beneath her robes, Kalani's chest was bound down with

wide strips of cloth. She was wearing what appeared to be boxers. White stockings clung to her legs and vanished into the legs of her bottoms. She had the casually hardened body of someone used to a lifetime of physical effort. A tattoo similar to the hyena emblem Inalu was hearing was inked onto her left shoulder. She looked away while removing her bindings, revealing the extent of her endowments as they dropped to her chest. Easily bigger than Inalu's, the cleric's boobs were wide-set tear drops with pink nipples.

“It was my first prayer,” she said, as if that explained it. “On a shooting star I wished that I would grow the breasts I would have had if my birth had been different. I got much more than I expected and they have only grown since then. That was nearly five years ago now. That was when my fiance’s family called off the engagement and my life sort of fell apart.”

Inalu now naked herself closed the space between them, her hand cupping one. She marveled at the heft. “You don't have to justify to me. This is who you are and this is the person I want to get to know better.”

“You say that now, you haven't--”

“Just show me. I promise I won't scream.”

Kalani edged her boxers down. Red hair rose over the hem then the base of her member came into view. Inalu found herself leaning in. The waistband was partway down her thighs before her entire length was visible. Tucked into the lace band of her stocking, her shaft was already throbbing. Inalu gulped, she wanted that cock and, at the same time, did not want to make the one person she knew in the whole world uncomfortable when she had decided to open up.

The cleric stepped in for a kiss, her fingers pressing into Inalu's stomach. She pushed them back. They fell into bed. Lips and fingers and tongues exploring. Imploring. Connecting better than any amount of words could manage.

Inalu had intended on avoiding Kalani's shaft, not sure how she felt about it. However, the cleric had other plans. She got up on her knees after a while. Her fingers tangled in Inalu's hair. She pulled

her shaft out. She was already beading, a fat drop of pearly pre growing on her tip.

“I haven't been...been this hard in such a long time,” she said while stroking. “I...I want you to...to...”

“To go down on you?”

“Yes. I know it's crass and I'm sure you—”

Inalu gripped her pole with both hands and Kalani gasped. Sliding one hand down, she caressed a sac that made her shudder with anticipation. “I like dick almost as much as I like women. A woman with a dick, well...” She left off as she slowly slipped her lips over the cleric.

From there, it was a frenzy. Kalani was insatiable, rising again and again no matter how much of her seed she pumped out. Inalu found her growing body more than up to the task and it was many hours later before they drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.

This was their routine for the next two weeks, even as Inalu's body continued to morph and change. If anything, her growth encouraged even more lust in the pair. Her clit grew larger and more cock-like at a rapid pace. Its size eclipsed Kalani's after four days and continued to grow. Entranced by their shared anatomy, the pair frequently just lay in bed sucking each other off as they drifted to sleep.

She outgrew all of the clothes in a week. Her body lengthening and thickening with each passing day until she was fairly certain she could qualify as an amazon. The slow shift from Kalani being taller was a strange confidence booster. The cleric seemed to enjoy being the smaller spoon, snuggling into her partner's embrace and falling asleep right away.

Even as she packed on muscles and inches, her curves flourished as well, developing her body into a tight hourglass. Her boobs were staggering now, their mass overflowing both her and Kalani's hands. Her ass, too, was unbelievable in its dimensions and one of the cleric's hands were almost always touching it.

On the eve of their arrival at Haggrathu's temple, they were staying at a hot-spring inn. The water was heated by the dormant volcano which the Hyena god apparently called home. It was, to Inalu the

epitome of the tension around the hyena's luck. She was floating in the bath, her hand around Kalani's shaft and the cleric's around hers, when the cleric got up suddenly.

“I want you to fuck me for real,” she said.

“I didn't think you wanted—”

“I didn't then and I do now.” She grabbed a bottle of the bath oils and poured much of the bottle over Inalu's clit-cock. Wrapping her boobs around the member, she worked the lubricant over the entire surface with her body. Ready, she bent over in the bath, presenting her ample ass and spreading herself open. “Take me, lover. Shove that girl cock deep inside me.”

Standing behind the woman she had come to love, gripping her hips, and hearing her continue to beg triggered something within Inalu. She felt a growl in her throat, a tightness in her pussy. Pushing forward, she fought for entry. The pressure on her massive clit had her panting even before she finally popped into her lover's anus. When she did, her big hands pulled the other woman back into her in one stroke. As she withdrew for another stroke, in the back of her mind she realized this was an impossible but it was hard to argue with the way Kalani was moaning.

The world fell away as her thrusting grew more insistent. Everything was just her, the oil, the water, and Kalani. She never expected this to feel so amazing. So right. Seeking an even greater high, she pushed her partner out of the bath. Lifting her leg, she spun such that Kalani's shaft slid between her swollen mons. Kalani poured more over them. Frantic, they slid back and forth on the tile. They ground against each other. They moaned in their shared penetration.

Kalani screamed, her cock throbbing as she pumped Inalu full. Pulling back, the cleric forced her partner onto her back. A whole bottle of oil poured down her proud pole. Straddling Inalu, she impaled herself on the massive clit-cock. Grabbing her tits, she rocked back and forth. Her tempo rose, Inalu began to thrust. All at once they both came again, semen spraying all of both of them. Spent, they collapsed into a pile.

“Well, that was certainly a display.”

Bleary, Inalu looked up. Sitting on the far end of the pool was the shopkeeper. As he sat forward, a sandy patch of hair sprouted on the bridge of his nose. It spread quickly covering his dark skin in spotted fur. With an audible crack, his jaw lengthened, his nose flattened. His ears stretched, the tops seeming to crawl up the side of his head. The grinning face of a hyena stared back at her.

“Ah girlie, you've come a long way since I say you last. I love what you've done with yourself,” he said as his vast shoulders bulked up even more.

“Of course you were Haggrathu.”

“But of course, don't be so surprised about that.” He rose from the water, revealing even more fur-covered muscle. He was not just bulking up either, his body itself was swelling. Blowing past eight, even ten feet, his height filled the space.

“You'll excuse me for such a lewd display,” he said as he gestured to his cock, “but that was the hottest show I've ever seen.”

His erection twitched as his already impressive anatomy swelled. His balls doubled in size, skin and fur crept up his cock. The base began to inflate, growing into a knot that was easily bigger than his fist. His human glans stretched and tapered, becoming fully canid by time he had crossed the pool.

“What-what do you plan to do?”

“Ah, yes, that.” He lunged at Inalu. One hand scooped up her six plus body like a doll. His fingers were tight on her neck as he held her against the wall. “I brought you to this place to take your body, your youth. Believe it or not, we gods age the same as you mortals albeit at a much slower pace.”

She struggled with his thick fingers, each bigger around than her hand could grasp. “Then why-”

“Give you power? To make you a compatible sacrifice. You are very nearly a god yourself and you have a worshiper, a mortal whose devotion to you is unwavering. Kalani's loyalty, her love, is what has driven your development. It's why I sent her to meet you. I knew she would fall for you, fuel your transformation.”

“You're despicable.”

“Well, I'm a god, so that's a given.”

“Fuck you.”

He moved closer, his cock rubbing against her massive clit. “Be careful what you say, you might regret it.”

“Regret what? You're going to kill me either way so I'll rage at you all I want, fuck ass!”

Haggrathu's eyes widened and then he laughed. “Have it your way then.”

Inalu clenched her eyes closed, prepared for the worst. When she felt a tongue bush her forehead instead she opened one eye. The hyena god was grinning even wider than before. Stepping back, he put her down.

“I'm confused. Weren't you about to rape me?”

“Why would I do such a heinous thing to my replacement?”

“Your replacement?!”

“Indeed.” There was a snap and a burst of smoke. When it cleared, a hyena puppy was sitting on the edge of the bath.

“I wasn't lying about my time coming to an end. I'm almost out of power and I'm tired of fighting a war with no enemies and no end. Preserving the lessons of history for every generation while also gathering their stories as well? It's too much—even for a god.”

“So you're saddling me with that responsibility?”

“You and Kalani. Between two, the task might still be possible. Will you accept?”

“What happens if I don't?”

“I send you home and look for another.”

Inalu looked over at Kalani. Rationally, this was an insane decision, and yet, she was seriously considering it. The last two weeks had been of her life. This was the most intense connection she had ever felt with another person. This was the most alive she had ever felt.

Realistically there was no choice.

“I'm in.”

“So mote it be.” Haggrathu jumped up and put a paw to the amulet. It flared to life, the light spreading over her chest and down her body. It felt like she was burning up as every fiber of her being began to throb. Second by second she felt the power of a god pour into her body. Dropping to her knees, she gripped her sides. Rolling around, she bumped into Kalani.

The cleric woke suddenly as her own body began to glow. Reaching for each other, the pair of chosen goddesses felt the power flowing in a circuit between them. The feeling of being on fire faded, replaced by the pleasant sensation of growing. They found themselves floating over the bath, rotating around the empty space between them.

In a burst they each gained a foot of height, their toes bushing the water. Inalu watched as patches of fur grew over Kalani's body, even as she felt the tingle of the same thing happening to her. There was a tightness in her pelvis again. A sensation of something being pulled up through her torso. It flowed down her arm and into the cleric who let out a sound that was somewhere between a gasp and a moan as her hips began to buck.

At the same time, Inalu was struck with the sensation of swelling against her mons and a slithering inside her. Weight settled on the front of her pelvis as the creeping sensation moved up her clit. A sharp pain, like a paper cut washed over her and then everything made sense. She had given her vagina and womb to Kalani and she was now the masculine half of the pair. Only, Kalani's shaft and balls were not shrinking. If anything, they were swelling as veins began to stand out under her skin.

The curious sensation of her boobs wrapping around her own cock snuck up on her as her member continued to grow. Then she realized just how hot her tits had become, how much they throbbed. She could feel them pulsing larger, enveloping more of her dick as they filled the space between the two women. Her nipples pushed into Kalani's and the cleric's own bust twitched and began to push back. Soon there was so much flesh between them that they were forced apart.

Trying to get to her feet from the fall, she realized how much her body had changed beyond the



truly massive dick growing from her crotch and wedged in the cleavage of boobs that had to be bigger than her head. Her hands were broader, her fingers thicker. Them and forearms were covered in dark fur, as if she were wearing gloves. The sandy brown and tan of her primary coat felt wonderfully soft. Her legs did not seem to work like she remembered. Her feet felt huge. Getting to her knees, she felt something brush the back of her thigh. Was it a tail? Judging from Kalani's body, that was the case. Her cock slipped free and hit the tile eliciting a canine yelp. She sat back in a hurry and put her hands to her face only to meet with a short muzzle and a cold, wet nose. Before she could grapple with that, an awareness dawned. She was sitting on her balls, their fuzzy sac brushing against her fat taint and sensitive ass hole.

“Inalu, love, what happened?” Kalani's voice was deeper, more sultry and yet also more commanding. The voice of a queen, no, a goddess.

“I think I agreed to make us gods.”

They each got to shaky legs, their paw-like feet spread wide as they grew accustomed to their new centers of gravity. On top of their altered anatomy, they had each easily added five pounds of breast meat, another five of cock and balls, and who knows much muscle.

Reaching out for the other resulted in sparks and their bodies pulsing once more. Inalu felt her feet growing larger. The bones thickening. New muscles knitting. New tendons growing. There was a tickling feeling as her nails grew out, hardening as they came to a point against the tile.

“We aren't done changing? There's more?”

“Seems so.”

As Kalani walked between her and the bath, Inalu was hit an idea. Launching herself at her girlfriend, they both collided and went flying into the hot water. Shocks ran between them as her fingers probed for confirmation of her hunch. Sure enough the cleric's taint had opened up, and her sack now rest on a oversized vulva. Pushing a digit in, then two, Inalu started to get her lover's motor running.

“Oh my fuckin—Don't stop. Don't. Ah!” Kalani's cock twitched, launching spunk into that showered over both of them. Before their eyes, her human cock began to change into one more befitting her anthropomorphic body. A knot inflated against her suddenly present sheathe, her length tapering down before flaring back out around the tip.

Grabbing her now very muscular calves, Inalu pushed against Kalani's newly grown pussy. Sliding in with a real cock was even more mind blowing than her massive clit. Instead of one overwhelming sensation, there were several different feelings. Pumping her love, Inalu could feel her own cock changing. With each stroke, there was more mass at the base until fully four inches of her length were too big too fit.

Kalani once again had other plans. Digging her heels in, she pulled Inalu towards her in a quick jerk then howled as the knot forced itself inside.

“I'm being split apart!”

“Then why'd you do it?” Inalu was trying everything to pull out, but found herself wedged in. It was as if Kalani's pussy was holding her, squeezing her, working her shaft with a rolling tightening not unlike a hand shifting its grip.

“Ah! Love, your pussy...it's-it's milking me.”

Overwhelmed, she bent to suck on Kalani's still stiff cock, wrapping it in her fur-covered tits. Having to relearn how to suck cock was a fascinating feeling, but she soon got the hang of using her longer tongue to caress the underside and rubbing the tip against the roof of her mouth while also smooshing the shaft between boobs that she could just barely get her arms around.

She could tell they were still growing as water sloshed out of the tub and their coupling hit odd moments of great tightness. Kalani's balls were pressing against her stomach, pulsing larger with each passing minute. They were both panting the other's name, their bodies actually starting to get sore, but climax was approaching quickly as heartbeats raced.

Inalu was the first to come, her body tightening up as her balls emptied for the first time. Kalani's

stomach actually distended a little from the volume, but she seemed pleased as she grabbed hold of Inalu's head started to buck against her mouth. There was a groan than blast after blast of hot, sticky cum hit her throat. She had never so eagerly gulped her partner's spunk down, but she did not want to waste a drop.

Exhausted, they washed each other as they waited for Inalu's knot to go down. Clean for the second time, they retired to bed.

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Six months later...

Kalani rubbed the dome of her pregnant belly as she and Inalu oversaw the repairs to the temple of the Hyena. The pair had been deliriously happy since the morning after gaining Haggrathu's power. It seemed that the reason the God of Luck seemed so fickle is that he barely had any juice left. Between them, Northern Rokah flourished as towns had unexpected windfalls. A farming community faced with drought suddenly found a new well. A mining town happened across a new deposit of salt. A fishing village had the largest spawning season in a generation.

Bit by bit, people around the realms began to whisper the name Inalu or Kalani when undertaking a risk. Asked for the twin goddess' favor when looking for love. When starting a business. When telling new tales to the people of Sevhana. It would not be long before a new town grew up around people making the pilgrimage to the Goddesses of Mystery and Change.

“Are you happy here, love, truly?” She worried that Inalu missed her home, her family. Worried her partner would one day vanish. “Do you not wish to return home?”

“There is no place I would rather be than right here, with you.” She held her wife. “This, this right here is home.”