

The Road to Change, Part 11: Long in Tooth and . . . Ear? (Anthro Rabbits TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Melvin is a noble-born magic caster, stuffy and serious. Allison is a vibrant and confident fighter, charged with his protection. Despite their contrasting personalities, the two must set forth together on a grand mission when a foul demon lord rises and unleashes transformative domination magic across the land. As the two adventure and deal with their own series of bodily transformations, they are forced to grapple with their own growing feelings for one another.

Chapter 11: Long in Tooth and . . . Ear?

The jungle region further along Yolep was beautiful. Pillars of light danced through the canopies of thickly clustered trees, and wild birds flitted from tree to tree in this vividly green space. Neither Melvin nor Allison had seen anything like it.

“Astonishing!” Allison exclaimed.

“Yes,” her companion replied, his gaze on her amazed face as she stared at the swarm of butterflies that erupted from a nearby tree trunk. “Astonishing.”

She grinned in his direction, beaming like she was the sun itself, and it made something in his heart flutter too. Ever since admitting an attraction back in Ynder, he’d hoped that it would put to rest any awkwardness. And it had, potentially, at least in quieting their bickering. But now that had been replaced by a *new* kind of awkwardness. Mel found his usually academic and clinical thoughts being invaded by images of the golden-haired Allison smiling just as she was now, her hands behind her back. He remembered seeing her breasts - her actual breasts, in her human form, however brief the view was - and the image just came to him sometimes. Often right as he was about to sleep.

Or in dreams.

The ones that made him *very* grateful that he had his own tent and sleeping pack.

And she had such a . . . *buoyancy* to her. When she wasn’t being a huntress or warrior or survivalist, she moved as if each new part of the world fascinated her completely, and each new person could be an ally, not an enemy. It was naive and silly and *lovely* all the same.

“Mel? Mel? Something on your mind?”

He realised she was talking to him. "Oh, I was just . . . thinking about how ridiculous some of these changes have been! By the Gods, they just keep coming, don't they?"

She laughed easily. Gods, she had a lovely laugh. How had he never noticed it before?

"You're not wrong. They haven't all been bad, though. I didn't quite mind being a powerful centaur, even if I was male. Hm, it was rather interesting being a man, in fact. What about yourself? Any changes that weren't all bad?"

He grimaced. "I feel like mine have trended towards being more embarrassing. Still, being a dark elf so recently . . . that was fairly astonishing. I would have preferred being a *male* elf and not having a desire to breed, of course, but the heightened senses, the understanding of shadows, the athleticism and acrobaticism . . . it was quite exhilarating."

"And being an orc was bloody marvellous, I'll tell you that!"

"It certainly suited you."

"What, the gigantic tits?"

Melvin was just about to drink from his waterskin, but instead spluttered, sending it everywhere. "I - I wasn't meaning that at all. I meant, well, I meant the strength. You're a very strong woman, Aly."

She punched him lightly on the shoulder, an action he once would have hated from someone lower in station than himself, but now didn't so much mind. He rather liked the touch, in fact.

"Yeah, I guess I am, master nobleman. But I didn't mind the tits. Temporarily, that was. I've always wondered what it was like to be big-chested."

Melvin was about to say 'I've seen your chest; I know you use a compression bandage because you're not small either, Aly!', but he thankfully realised what a mistake that would be. The pair entered a dark tunnel from an enormous hollowed out tree trunk, one of the gargantuan ones found only in Yolep.

"Okay," he said. "Getting off the topic of breasts-"

"Coward," she teased.

"-what was your least favourite change?"

Aly groaned. "Such a pessimist, you are! But it definitely has to be the maid."

"Not the goblin?"

"At least I could still swing a sword as a goblin!" she said, bringing forth her own Sarathian blade and slicing at several hanging vines through the long tunnel. "As a maid, Gods, I was just some submissive cleaning minx. What about your least favourite? Let me guess, nobleman that you are, it had to be the tavern wench, right?"

Melvin raised an eyebrow.

"No? The goblin then?"

Melvin did something he never expected himself to do; he widened his legs and gestured with his hands him carefully carrying a heavy load between them.

“Moooo,” he moaned. “Mooo-ilk mooo-eee!”

Allison *exploded* with laughter. Melvin nearly jumped: Aly often giggled and guffawed, but she was literally *wheezing* now, clutching her sides and stopping only to wipe away tears in her eyes. He found himself laughing too at the sheer ridiculousness of it, and soon they were both cackling for no real reason that either could discern. It took what seemed to be a number of minutes for either of them to calm down, though even after that their laughter echoed through the tunnel.

“Gods, what was so funny?” Melvin asked, wiping a stray tear from his eye.

“Well, at first your impression - it was so unlike you! And then, I guess I was just so . . . happy. You know, with you.”

It was then that Allison did something she knew she shouldn’t. It seemed to almost happen on its own without her consent, like it was an automatic reflex. She shifted closer to Melvin and let her shoulder brush against his, and in the motion she placed her hand upon his own, laced her fingers around his, and held them there.

Melvin stopped. His heart thudded in his chest. His temples pounded. This was exactly the kind of image that had continued to repeat in his mind over the last few days, often as a prelude to . . . other kinds of images. Naughtier ones. And yet he did not pull away.

“Allison,” he ventured. “Aly. What are we doing?”

“I don’t know,” she whispered.

They turned to face one another, still holding hands. Allison was lost in those vibrant green eyes, just as Melvin found it difficult to look away from her ocean blue pair.

“Aly,” he said, so quietly it might have been a whisper.

“Mel,” she replied, as if that was all that needed to be said.

She kissed him. It was always going to be her first, woman of action that she was, a creature of impulse. She went up on her toes and placed a hand around the back of his neck, locking her lips over his. It was a perfect moment within the hollowed out tree tunnel, the holes above them allowing gorgeous plumes of light to fall upon the pair, bright moss and plants all around them. It was warmth and delight . . .

. . . and then the cold dread.

He wasn’t kissing back.

The moment of bliss soured immediately as she opened her eyes and saw that Melvin’s were wide open in shock. She pulled back.

“I’m sorry! I don’t know what I was thinking!”

Melvin shut down completely. He had imagined this moment, but never expected it to be acted upon, especially by Aly! His own temptations had been there, but now hers as well? He had to restore order, reclaim the balance they had just found. He wiped his lips quickly and turned away.

“Aly,” he said, voice echoing up the tunnel. “That was not . . . appropriate.”

“I - I know.”

“I am a nobleman. Your liege. We are of different ranks, and we are on a sacred mission to defeat the Demon Lord. None of this is right.”

Aly sagged. She felt as if she could be swallowed up by the moss and disappear forever. It would be a damn mercy. The blush in her cheeks was so hot it was making her sweat, the nervous tingling in her spine leaving half of her body numb.

“Shit,” she muttered. “Fuck. Shit. Fuck!”

“Aly.”

“I’ve embarrassed myself, Mel. I’m sorry, okay? I don’t know what came over me? I was acting stupid!”

Mel moved to reach out and touch her shoulder, then thought better of it. “We are like Praemis and Cawthor, remember? The valiant mage and his knight who faced down the Demon Lord centuries ago, and succeeded. They were brothers on the field, as close as two men could be. I have no doubt they had . . . affection . . . for one another. And we do have affection, both of us, for each other. But it is not *that* affection. I think you were just being . . . mistaken. Am I making sense?”

Aly wiped away some embarrassed tears. “Completely. I’m sorry, sir. Master Dawnway.”

Melvin nodded. She still wasn’t facing him. “Look, Praemis and Cawthor were as brothers. We’re like siblings too, aren’t we? Grew up in the same household, even! Brother and sister on a journey, sharing a battlefield; that’s us, isn’t it?”

Even saying it left an acrid taste in his mouth, and in hers. But it was all he could think of to say to restore order. His hand still bore her touch, and part of him wanted to say ‘to hell with it!’ and be the one to kiss her. But this was just lust. A long journey under the stars with all these changes had finally awoken interest in a woman in him. He was convinced that if he were back in Arlingdale, he would not even think of scrappy, impulsive Aly in that way whatsoever, and instead be lusting after a woman who was a more proper match.

Yes, that was it. Wasn’t it?

“Aly, talk to me,” he said, his own thoughts now in order.

His protector turned, her face serious, free of embarrassment. "It's okay, Lord Melvin, sir," she replied formally. "I forgot my place. It has been an eventful few weeks. Please accept my apologies."

He cracked a half-smile of unexpected amusement. "Aly, you don't have to talk so formally. We're still friends."

She nodded. "Of course, master. But I think it would be best for me not to be so . . . impulsive. I'll keep a lid on acts like that in the future, I promise, Mel. Lord."

Melvin was taken aback by this, but Aly was already scouting ahead, walking carefully, avoiding his gaze as best she could. Her hormones were out of control, embarrassment and longing trapped just under the surface. She wanted to scream, to hit herself, to go back in time and never have kissed him! How could she have been so stupid, stupid, *stupid*?

She was so distracted with *appearing* like she was focused that she didn't *actually* focus on the strange gathering of leaves on the ground at the other end of the tunnel. Ironically, Melvin *did*.

"Allison, watch ou-"

She vanished tumbling down with a muffled yell. Melvin raced forward and saw that it was a long tunnel of dirt, circular in shape, heading at a diagonal angle.

"Gods! Aly! I'm coming!"

He winced, then jumped in, tumbling straight after her. He landed after nearly twenty seconds of painful rolling in an underground passage, one that was oddly comfortable thanks to its thick beds of blue subterranean grass, with bright flowers lighting up the area around them. Allison was already standing, her sword at the ready.

"I'm sorry, master!"

"Seriously, Allison! How did you not notice a damn pit trap? I thought you were all together?"

"I - fuck. I am, Mel. Lord. I just feel so stupid about everything, and - are those giant rabbits?"

Melvin was so surprised by that sequence of words that he almost didn't look up to notice them come in through one of the many other tunnels leading to this chamber. Well, it would be more accurate to say they 'hopped' in. They were indeed rabbit-like, but as the light of the underground passage illuminated their forms, it became clear that they were not giant rabbits, but rabbit-folk. They had tall, proud ears, easily two to three feet in height that either stood vertically or flopped rather adorable behind their shoulder blades. They were coated in fur and entirely naked. The colour brown dominated, but there were also white rabbit-folk, a few black ones, and most had a mixture of some colour: white spots on brown, flecks of auburn hairs, and so forth. Their shapes were soft and almost cuddly looking, and

while it was obvious from their small but obvious furry breasts which ones were female, the males also had a slimness to them, barring their legs. All of them had powerful thighs and long feet, and small tufts of tails on their backsides. And none, thankfully, were armed.

Allison lowered her weapon, learning from Mel's own diplomatic approach to things. She even re-sheathed it, but kept her hand near the hilt, just in case.

"We mean you no harm!" Melvin announced. "I am Lord Melvin Dawnway of Arlingdale, and this is my . . . my protector, Allison Greenwood, also of Arlingdale."

The rabbit-folk had formed a semi-circle around them, all of them seemingly curious, their oddly adorable whiskers twitching and their paw-like hands tensing occasionally. One shifted forwards, a male of their kind, creeping rather than hopping, moving up to stare at them with impressively large eyes. He sniffed the air right around them, saying nothing otherwise. Then, he turned his head back to the clan.

"They're telling the truth!" he declared in a voice that sounded older than either expected. "They mean no harm!"

The rabbits exploded with joy, some of them whooping and cheering, others bouncing around, some coming together and pawing at one another, tumbling over and embracing in what seemed to be an almost scandalous intimacy.

"Don't mind them," the male rabbit said. "That's just how we celebrate around here. I am Bahlrak, one of the leaders of this warren. You don't smell as if you are from around here. I have never even heard of this 'Arlingdale.'"

"We aren't," Melvin said, astonished. "In fact, we are travelling to . . . to fight the forces of the Demon Lord."

His estimation was right, because the rabbit nodded sagely. "That explains your weapons. Please do not attempt to draw us into this fight, we are the Rabbit-Kin, and our clan is the Long-Eared. We stay safe underground and thrive and expand, building warrens as easily as we build our great families. We desire not strife, nor contact with those who would hunt us."

"And we would not give it. We simply wish to pass through your lands and get closer to Aenir."

Bahlrak nodded. "This place I have heard of. But come, you should rest, both of you. Today is a day of great celebration, and you smell so weary. We heard you arguing, also. Clearly, you must lose your tension. It was obviously an argument of passion about your relationship. I can understand why you have claimed such a beauty, of course. Allison, you are a creature of saintly bliss, no doubt."

Allison's jaw fell. "Um, no, we're not . . . we're not a couple."

"But your scent is on him, and his on yours!"

The pair both blushed. "That was . . . a mistake. In fact, I'd just done something foolish. It's not happening again."

The crowd suddenly halted, and numerous males and even some female rabbit-kin raised their heads, their ears now all standing vertically as they took in her words.

"Not taken?"

"She's free!?"

"What about him!? He smells virile!"

"But she has such gorgeous hair! Such beautiful eyes! I smell her fertility! She would carry great litters?"

"Would the Lady Allison desire a dance?"

"Would the Lady Allison desire food?"

"Lord Melvin needs rest; I am most comfortable!"

And so on. The rabbit-kin surged forward and quickly surrounded the confused pair. Allison tried to explain.

"No! I was just trying to - oh, I suppose I could use a rest. By the Gods, is that a fruit platter? Did you say a hot bath?"

"A hot bath!?" Melvin exclaimed. "They have hot springs here? How did they even - oh, yes, that's a knot in my back right there. Mhmm, that's a fairly good massage, actually, wow."

Before they knew it, they were being carried through the burrow tunnels into a far vaster chamber, one with cleverly disguised holes in the far-up ceiling to allow sunlight in, as well as numerous underground hot springs, enormous flower beds, great gardens of vegetables, and numerous outlets for comfort and relaxation.

And, apparently, a great deal of lovemaking.

Neither could avoid seeing it wherever they looked. There were rabbit-kin pleasuring one another in the hot springs, several couples on a hillside who were eagerly mounting one another, various partners intertwining to form a miniature orgy. There were passionate kisses, romantic flower-givings, celebrating families, and what even appeared to be a number of rabbit-women giving birth, encouraged by numerous family members and their lovers as they pushed out fresh new litters into the world. It was then that Allison noted that they had lower-down nipples for extra milk sacs. Many of the female rabbit-kin were in fact obviously pregnant, and said milk sacs had swollen up into smaller breasts below their 'upper' pairs.

"What the fuck?" Allison said. "This is like . . . a sex dungeon?"

Melvin grimaced, but couldn't disagree. Yet Bahlrak looked at them like they were unbelievable prudes who should belong in some far-off monastery.

“This is our way!” he declared. “We rabbit-kin are creatures of love and romance. We keep one another safe, and just as I said, we grow our families happily, some with monogamous pairings that last for life, others with numerous partners in an endless chain of familial connection.”

“So you just, what, breed all day?” Allison asked. She sniffed the air, finding it oddly sweet; everything smelled great down here.

Bahlrak smiled, showing off his longer front teeth; they looked particularly cute on some of the rabbit-folk women, Melvin thought.

“Not at all! Well, yes, but breeding is just one part of it. It is also poetry! It is dance! It is racing and sleeping! It is lying with one’s lover and gazing up at the stars when it is safe above ground. It is pleasuring one through all the known and unknown ways that are handed down to us, in order to increase the overall joy. It is motherhood and fatherhood, childhood and sibling understanding. It is growth in so many ways, and it can be expressed as simply and beautifully as holding one’s hands and . . .”

A female rabbitkin hopped over, clutching a small baby at her chest. She looked around Bahlrak’s age, and she instantly took his hands and gave him a loving peck upon his furry face, right below his triangular nose. Instantly, it was obvious these two were a loving couple. Allison found her hand feeling very empty at that moment, and she tried to avoid looking at Melvin, she was going so red.

“Maybe relaxing wouldn’t be such a bad thing, after all, Melvin said. “Separately, of course. I need to rest and do some reading.”

A rabbit-kin gestured for him to follow. “We do have a recovered library, in fact! It’s full of books, though not all of our kind are literate, nor multilingual, you see . . .”

Allison stayed where she was, her heart still pounding.

“Are you alright, dear girl?” Bahlrak asked.

“I just . . . I want to relax, but things are strange between Melvin and I right now.”

Balrahk’s partner nodded. “I am Sarmash. I understand, Allison. I can smell the need upon you! We all get it, it’s not embarrassing. If you like, we can help you relax and enjoy the festivities, if you wish?”

Allison sighed. “I’d like that very much, actually.”

The pair took her to the hot springs and gestured for her to enter them. A little self-aware, but in the knowledge that Melvin was not present, she removed her clothing and slipped in.

“Go beneath the waters,” Sarmash said in her soft tone. “We’ll do the rest.”

Trusting them, and still taking in that sweet scent, Allison did as they said. For just a moment, she heard them chant something, and then the water lit up with a brilliant blue light. Instantly, a sense of calmness, joy, and even *exuberance* came over her. Muscles relaxed,

and after a brief prickly sensation passed through her skin she experienced that happiness in full. Muscles shifted, her bones seemed to warp, but it felt *good*, like unkinking a bad knot in one's shoulder.

She rose above the water, her ears standing proudly tall, and sighed.

"Gods," she said. "What did you do to make me so . . . do I have whiskers?"

Bahlrak and Sarmash grinned. "It worked, dear!" he said. "I knew it would. She has the soul of one of us; impulsive and delightful! A creature of optimism and hope!"

Allison tried to jump out of the pool, only she did not just jump, she *JUMPED*. The shocked woman tumbled over, landing on her furry rump and nearly hurting her fluffy little tail.

Her *tail*!?

With a yelp, she leapt again, only this time it transitioned into a hope. She managed to right herself, shifting her now-powerful and thick thighs. Her clothing was gone, and she was entirely naked, except for the fact that she was covered in a thick coat of blonde-white fur. Her face now had a snout, complete with whiskers, and her front teeth were longer. It was completely bizarre, and even more so because the lust and desire she had been holding in now felt like it was running rampant and free in her, like all her inhibitions were barely held in check.

"You serve the Demon Lord! But - but Mel didn't detect Domination magic!"

The rabbits looked at one another.

"Demon Lord?"

Serve him?"

"Don't be foolish! We would never use Domination magic."

"No," Sarmash explained. "This is Primal magic, silly!"

Allison patted her fur. It was odd to be naked but *not* naked at the same time. And this didn't seem to have the same kind of mental allure as Domination magic. She felt calmer, more able to revel in her own optimistic and giddy nature, but she was fundamentally herself, as far as she could tell. "Explain," she replied.

Bahlrak twitched his head to one side. "Yes, the old ways are forgotten to most people, but not to our hidden kind. You have lost contact with the magic of transformation."

"That's evil magic. Domination magic."

"No," Sarmash said quickly. "Domination magic is only a corrupted form of the original; Primal Magic. The magic of change, of the seasons and the earth. This is what we rabbitfolk know, or at least some of us. We give you the gift of our own joy with the knowledge that it shall only be permanent should *you* wish it so and accept it. You can feel it, can't you?"

Allison could. She wasn't sure how, but she knew that her transformation would not last. It would only be a few short hours. She knew it with certainty in a way Domination magic had never allowed her to consider turning back so easily.

"Okay," she said. "So this might not be too freaky. I'm a rabbit girl now. I've been worse things. Much worse things. And I do feel nice. And I can hear a lot! That's useful. And I can . . . *jump!*"

She did not exactly jump, however. In fact, she *soared* right of Bahlrak and Sarmash's heads, and right onto a small bridge across the chamber, one that overlooked a small underground stream. Allison giggled, her long teeth showing as she could barely contain her giddiness.

"I think I like Primal Magic!" she announced. "I've got to tell Melvin!"

But those awkward thoughts returned, and she stamped a powerful foot on the ground.

"Well, I'll tell him after I've had some fun."

All thoughts of the humiliation of kissing her lord fled Allison's mind in the hours that came to pass. She burned off her new bunny energy, hopping and leaping and scurrying through the enormous underground warren, exploring positively everything she could and leaving nothing behind. Other rabbitkin joined her, giggling and squeaking excitedly to one another about their newest member.

"She is even more beautiful as one of us!"

"Mate with me, Allison!"

"No, mate with me! I would show you many kisses!"

"I would feed you many carrots!"

"I would give you big litters!"

Allison laughed at this amount of infatuation; she'd never had so many potential suitors in her life, and they weren't half-bad looking now that she was one of them, either.

"Sorry boys!" she yelled before leaping forward again. "I'm not looking to get tied down! But I sure could use a warm bath and a massage after this!"

It had been something she had always desired; a level of treatment like that was usually far above her station. But instead her male rabbitkin would-be mates practically fought one another for the honour, proclaiming her 'golden-furred beauty,' which made her cheeks blush beneath all that fur.

And so it was that not long after she was relaxing in the hot spring, her fur wafting in the wet warmth, her ears drooping backwards in comfort as several males - and one

interested female - saw to all the kinks and knots in her body. They spared no part of her either, and while she was initially resistant to having her furry breasts massaged, she figured 'while in Yolep, do as the Yolepians do!' and gave herself over to their touch, licking her front teeth in bliss all the while.

"By the Gods, this is wonderfuuuuuuuul," she moaned, stretching out that last syllable for all that it was worth. Away from the springs, and even in some of the adjacent ones, various rabbitkin were making love. There was even an older couple joining hands, and seeing it again brought mixed feelings to her. She decided to sink further into the water, soaking her long ears, but she could still hear it all.

"She would be so perfect here."

"Allison, perhaps you would consider another hour or two? An extension of the Primal magic?"

"It's been so long since we met an outsider. If you stayed, we could show you how joyous it is to exist here!"

"And how bountiful mating can be."

Hands massaged her breasts, and it was more sensual this time; a male's touch. She didn't shy away from it. Part of her wanted Melvin to see her and be jealous, and she knew it was a foolish part of her, but she let it run wild anyway. Even if her thoughts turned to Melvin touching her instead.

"Mhmm," she moaned.

"He doesn't appreciate you," came the male's voice. *"I am Sten. I would treat you well, Allison. I truly would. You are a huntress, and that is foreign to us rabbitfolk. I find it deeply brave, my Lady."*

"I'm no - ahhh - knight," she stammered back.

His hands went to her ears, and that was even more pleasurable.

"You should be. You would be, here."

"I can't. But . . . maybe a little extension on the hourglass, hmm? I want to hear all about this frankly *brilliant* culture."

Melvin realised that far too much time had passed since he'd last seen Allison. He'd been immersed in the put-together library warren of the rabbitfolk, but it hadn't just been the tomes that had interested him; their carvings and runic symbols were strange and familiar. The librarian, a rather anxious bunny girl named Tida, seemed oddly taken with him.

"It's just that I've not mated with anyone in a long time you see, I'm usually picky about such things and all that and it's easier to twixt the nethers oneself when one's

academic interests are elsewhere, particularly when one's own kind tends towards more base kinds of thinkings, which is not to say that you are base, far from it, your academic mind is of excellent interest to me, you might say that it is your mind that is arousing, if one finds it sensible to call it such, I know your culture is more prudish and-

Melvin put up a hand. "I'm sorry, Tida. I'm sure you're lovely - Gods know that you are brilliant - but I have to go. I think these symbols are those of Domination magic, and that worries me."

Tida cocked her head to one side, her larger than normal ears flopping about. "Oh, you mean Primal magic. For transformation? Yes, of course it is! Allison's already been changed by it for several hours now!"

"She has!? I have to go!"

He took to his feet, running as fast as he could out of the makeshift library, feeling guilty about Allison; but he'd had to bury those strange thoughts beneath a whirlwind of academic study!

"Are you sure you don't want cross-species relations for the academic elements!?" Tida called out, but he was already gone.

The rabbit-kin had Domination magic. The rabbit-kin had *Domination magic!* And somehow, they had been able to conceal it from him utterly. Not a trace of it to his magical senses, even after all his experience with and study of it. Clearly the influence of the Demon Lord was strong, and he needed to rescue his Aly. Lady Allison, that was. No, she wasn't a knight. Why hadn't he damn well knighted her already? What was stopping him!? And why was he thinking of this now while Aly was in danger of being trapped in some new form!?

The rabbit-folk were clustered in groups, some making love, others mounting each other like, well, *rabbits*, and others enjoying the whimsy of their surroundings. It was evening now, and evidently this was a time of romance for their kind, though some swollen mothers celebrated as they entered into labor or otherwise felt numerous kicks in their bellies.

"Why did we ever trust them!?" he muttered under his breath.

He activated his locating spell, connecting Allison's aura to his own. He instantly knew her location, and barrelled towards her. She was in what appeared to be a particularly hedonistic looking warren filled with gorgeous flowers and exciting scents. There was moaning within, and all kinds of horrible images flew into his mind of her bleeding out to some secret and terrible ritual, begging for him to save her. He extended a whip of black flame, readying to carve his way through any crowd to save her, and then suddenly-

He put the whip away. There was laughter on the other side of the door, and not evil laughter at all. Slowly, he crept up to it, and spied the large crowd of rabbit-kin within. None of them looked malicious at all. In the centre of their mob was the most pampered looking rabbitfolk he'd ever seen - and one that was so obviously Allison judging from her blonde fur

and ocean blue eyes and overall figure - was lying comfortably in an enormous hammock of woven reeds, surrounded by various rabbit-kin of either gender, all of whom seemed to be dedicated to making her as hedonistically comfortable as possible.

One fed her grapes, one at a time.

Another passed her fine cuttings of vegetables.

One saw to filing the nails of her pawed feet.

Another one saw to her pawed hands.

One rabbit-kin fanned her with cool air.

Another pair massaged her fur.

And the rest were gathered around her, listening to her story as she regaled it with two cucumber slices over her eyes, her furry ears carefully rubbed by various would-be suitors eager to gain her favour.

“And then! Get this! It turned out that Giselle *was* a centaress herself!”

“What!?”

“No way!”

“And what happened next, Lady Allison?”

“A fight broke out between the more conservative faction of centaurs led by Willow, and ourselves led by Giselle. By this time, of course, we were centaurs. I was fully male, believe it or not, and Melvin was female!”

“Mhm, I’d like to see you fully male, Allison. You would give large litters from your seed!”

She blushed. “M-maybe. I certainly had seed as a stallion, that was for sure!”

They erupted into laughter.

“You tell the stories so well, Lady Allison! Clearly you are suited for a rabbit-kin’s life, for we love a well-told story!”

She smiled, relaxing as her form was massaged.

“You guys! You truly are very good at compliments, you know! And I say that as a complimenter myself! Melvin always says I’m far too optimistic and trying to see the best in people.”

“He is blind!” one cried. *“That is the best skill of all! It is what lets our warren thrive; by believing in the good in each other.”*

“Exactly, you get it, Sten! Ohhh, and your hands aren’t half bad either. Paws. Whatever. My point is, you’re right! You’re all right. You’ve got it all figured out, being kind and sexy and enjoying a good feel of one another. You’re not worried about pompous things like class and chivalry and hierarchy and what’s sensible; you just pursue pleasure, make big loving families, and enjoy life. That’s the spirit! Hell, I know this rabbit-kin form is only temporary, but I’m of half of a mind to join you!”

That set off an excited furor. Numerous voices, particularly *male* ones, were eager to pass on their thoughts regarding this, and it was clear that the opinions only went one way when it came to this particular debate.

"Yes, Lady Allison! You must join us!"

"You would make a fine mother of our kits! I would be glad to give you your first dalliance!"

"No, I would! Or we could take turns, if you would have us?"

"And massages everyday!"

She giggled. "Boys, boys, settle down! I'm not that kind of girl. Well, *mayyyybe* I'm not. Sten, you might be able to have me. I mean, it's not like anyone else appreciates me the way you do. Perhaps I am just good for making litters of kits and being pampered and respected, right?"

Again, an eager furor rose, keen to please her. Allison giggled, and slowly Sten circled around to her side upon the enormous hammock, lying beside her and rubbing her fur. His gorgeous little snout moved ever closer to her, and by this point Melvin could watch no more.

"DON'T DO IT ALY!" he cried, barging into the space more fully. It was enough to send a majority of the rabbits scampering from their fear of predators. Sten even tumbled out of the hammock. But Melvin simply marched up to Allison, who was lifting her cucumber slices from her rabbit-kin forehead, and he went down on one knee.

"Aly, don't stay with these rabbit-kin, I mean it. I don't know what magic it is - it's not Domination magic, but it's *something* - but I know you are stronger than it. I promise you that I *do* appreciate you. I'm sorry for my stiffness with you before, and how I behaved after *that* moment, but I want you to know that you *are* dear to me, and that you are more worthy than you know. The - the scariest thing for me would be this journey without you. You have already done so much for me, and I want you to know I am here for you, and I won't close you off."

Allison raised herself up, shooing off her rabbit-kin suitors.

"Give me space, give me space."

She hopped over to Melvin with practised ease, smiling at him, her ears long as well as her front teeth. And then she reached out and mussed up his perfectly made nobleman's hair.

"Hey! Aly! What are you doing?"

"Playing you, dummy."

Melvin realised he'd been had, and he cringed. "You could hear me coming with those big rabbit ears, couldn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

“And this really is just a temporary transformation.”

“Primal Magic. I’ll get Bahlrak to tell you all about it in a moment.”

He nearly asked, but kept going. “And . . . this was all for show, right?”

She winked at him. “Well, *mostly* for show. I won’t lie, it wasn’t half-bad to have a bunch of men slaving away at me with interest, and the grapes really are nice here. But yeah, I admit, I wasn’t cool with how *that* moment went earlier, and I guess I just wanted to rile you up a little.”

He sighed. “Well, consider me riled up, Aly. I meant every word, though. I shouldn’t have reacted as I did.”

She shrugged. “Maybe, but I shouldn’t have acted in the first place.”

“Well, the hand-holding wasn’t wrong. I distanced myself. The truth is, you are more than my aid and protector, you are my . . . my dearest friend.”

With that, he took her pawed hands in his.

“And I am truly thankful for you.”

The parade of rabbit-kin around them gave a collective ‘awww!’

“Put a litter in her!”

“Mount her, man!”

Melvin and Allison broke into laughter.

“Don’t ruin the moment, guys!” Allison called back. She looked up at Melvin and smiled, and then, with her own will, she slowly transformed back into her human self, thankfully with clothes and all. Except there were a few differences, now. Her armour now had a fine cuirass, one overlaid by an impressive red tabard, and it was matched by a pair of new greaves and leg armour. The Dawnway sigil was over her left breast, and she had a half-cape across her back, as if she truly were a knight.

“How -!?”

“Primal Magic,” Bahlrak explained, hopping forward with Sarmash. “It is the uncorrupted form of Domination magic, and it changes one into what they ultimately want or truly are. Only those that willingly submit can be permanently changed; it is a magic of love and truth that the Demon Lord has perverted.”

“Astounding,” Melvin said, shocked by the sight of Allison’s transformation. “Can you teach me this magic?”

“We cannot,” Sarmash said. “For it is in our hearts, and we have never taught it. But we gained it first from the land of Taiva. There may be teachers there.”

Melvin’s mind raced; this could be a skill to undo the Demon Lord for good, if his magic truly was a corruption of a Primal truth.

“I will ask for what knowledge you have,” he said, and then he paused, considering something. “But first, I would ask that you all leave the room. Please.”

Cautiously, the rabbit-kin removed themselves, until it was just Allison and Melvin remaining. The door closed, though obviously many listened from the other side. Allison grinned sheepishly, clearly nervous. "Um, is the outfit too much?"

"Kneel, Allison."

"Oh, we're back to full names, are we? Look, I thought you said this master-servant thing was-"

Melvin shook his head, all nobleman. "I said *kneel*, Allison."

Cautiously, she did so, going down on one knee. Melvin gestured to her.

"Your sword, please."

She passed it to him. Her heart was thudding now. He couldn't be, could he?

But he did. Melvin raised the sword up high. "This is something I should have done a long time ago, and after some great valiant battle. But why not now, in this place, among allies and friends, with the knowledge that *you* are my dearest one. Allison Greenwood of Arlingdale, sworn to the service of the Dawnway nobility, and protector, soldier, and warrior of our realm, I hereby ask that you swear an oath. Do you vow to be chivalric, to be honourable, to fight for good against evil, and to aid myself against the dark powers of the Demon Lord no matter the danger?"

Allison could hardly speak. "I - I vow it, my lord."

"And do you pledge to keep safe the Dawnway family, myself most of all, as its protector and warrior?"

Tears were forming at the edges of her vision. "I do, my lord. I pledge so."

"Very well, then. I, Lord Melvin Dawnway of Arlingdale, invested with the power of nobility in all its powers and duties, do so knight you *Lady* Allison Greenwood, a knight of the realm of Arlingdale. Rise, Lady Greenwood. Rise as a *knight*."

Two small tears fell down Allison's cheeks. This had been a day of confusion and humiliation, transformation and escapism, envy and reunion. But this . . . this moment was *true* transformation.

She rose, not any different and yet so completely changed, and she felt the weight of her knighthood settle upon her as she'd always hoped it would.

"Mel," she said. And then there were no words. She could have kissed him if she didn't already know what a disaster that would be, so instead she embraced him, hugging him deeply, her dearest friend. From behind the door, numerous rabbit-kin exploded into yet another celebration, and the pair laughed, clutching one another.

"A knight," she said to herself. "I'm a knight."

"My knight," Mel said, adjusted one of her strands of hair behind her ear. "Now come, Lady Greenwood. We need to find out about where we can look for teachers of this Primal magic."

He turned on the spot, still smiling, and even though Allison was beaming too, something in her also trembled with realisation.

“Oh no,” she whispered, so quietly that even the rabbit folk would not hear her. “I’m in love with him.”

Alternate Ending: Bunny Breeders

It was another day in the warren, and that meant yet another day of mounting and mating and damn well *breeding*. Allison was always an early riser compared to Melvin, but she didn’t too much mind when she could so easily rouse him with her furry flanks and fertile curves. He had his arms and long legs wrapped around her, his paws upon her belly. Inside, an entire litter of beautiful little kids kicked and squirmed, making her groan slightly. She had never imagined having so many children, or children at all really! But when one had come to love the life of a rabbit-kin, well, it also came with an acceptance that one was hyper fertile, your mate hyper virile, and your body randy as any succubus.

“Mhmm,” she moaned softly, rubbing her own swollen orb. Her breasts were full of milk again, as well as her lower teats, and it brought excitement to her. Birth would be soon, and birth would be *exciting*. Melvin had confirmed it when they’d switched places for their last litter: when she’d been the male and he the female. He’d carried the litter wonderfully - six kits in all! - and he’d orgasmed something *fierce* when he’d birthed them into the world. She hoped to experience the same for this, her second pregnancy.

And to think they’d only been rabbit-kin for a little over a year.

Perhaps it had been a foolish choice, when the pair embraced. Allison felt so free and happy in her anthro-rabbit form, and Melvin had stared at her, taken by how adorable and loveable she was. It was as if in changing to another form, he could finally see the inner beauty that had already existed. Rather than convincing her to return to her human form, he’d actually joined her for several hours, and the pair frolicked and hopped and relaxed and ate and became closer and closer until . . .

The inevitable happened.

Primal Magic was a beautiful thing, but one of the most spectacular parts about it is that it allows one to take on a new skin and love someone in a new way. Or perhaps even in a complete way. Freed of his regular human inhibitions, and yet still fully cognisant of his own mind, Melvin had realised fully the attraction he held towards his partner, and his desire to remain with her. The kiss from her had not been a mistake, far from it, it had been a *prelude*. In his rabbit-kin form he pressed his fur against hers, finding a private place for the

two of them, and stirred to such passion there was no more denying their need for one another. He had slid into her, mounted her from behind, and she had moaned in bliss.

“F-finally! I’ve been waiting for this!”

“And I’ve been dreaming of it, Aly!”

It still remained one of Allison’s best memories. The next best was when they had decided to stay. It was, in many ways, a selfish choice. The Demon Lord was still out there, his forces still massing, but the rabbit-kin’s magic kept Callista and Narsa and all the rest at bay, unable to find where they were. Of course, both *did* plan to turn back still. It was just a break of a week or two to gather their strength before rallying on. Except then Allison had discovered the most frightening, terrible, shocking, and purely *wondrous* news.

She was pregnant.

Quite pregnant, in fact.

Melvin had put a whole litter into her, and soon her breasts and her stomach were surging forward each day, her hunger growing, her new instincts telling her to stay close to her mate and keep safe for the sake of their kits. At that point, in many ways, their fate was already decided. They would never leave their children, and in the joy and passion of the warren, more kits would soon be arriving. An increasing understanding of Primal Magic allowed Melvin to switch genders, and Allison joined him in this venture, and so their next pregnancy saw Melvin as the bunny breeder, clutching *her* stomach and moaning softly as they kicked.

“This is so fascinating,” she marvelled one morning as Allison massaged her body. “I never thought I would be pregnant, especially not like this. And yet . . . I feel fulfilled. Like this was what I was meant to do.”

“I understand completely!” Allison squealed in return, though *his* voice was a bit manlier by that point.

Now it was her turn again. Aly sighed as her kits rolled within her distended womb, shifting about. She had never planned on a family, especially not a big one, but just as Melvin had said, this all seemed so *right*. It didn’t hurt that rabbit-kin had fantastic orgasms and very easy births, or that they had a whole community who could serve as their family.

She felt a paw shift over her belly, clutching it more consciously, and she smiled, her front teeth showing.

“Wakey, wakey,” she said, turning her head back to give a little nibble-kiss to her husband.

“Morning, my darling love,” Melvin replied. “Gods, you’re so beautiful this morning, Aly. And so comfortable. I swear your fur is getting more radiant each day.”

She giggled. “And I’m getting bigger each day too! Feel.”

She lowered his paw to feel their kits, and she could *sense* the pride radiating out from her lover. "You did this to me. I want to do it to you again, next time."

"I'd be happy to. Gods, to be both mother and father, it's a magic I never thought I'd know, but I'm grateful for it. Would you like some food, my love?"

Her large furry ears perked up. She could hear the vegetable garden being plucked of its freshly ripped specimens, and the sounds of the rabbit cooks making their favourite salad stew. It wafted to her nose, making her whiskers twitch.

But she *also* felt a certain hardness against her cute little tail, and she shifted her wide hips, rubbing against her lover's crotch until his penis was throbbing against her. Melvin grunted, and she giggled.

"Oh, I'm very hungry. For you, and vegetables. In that order, my love."

"You are so voracious," Melvin said, gliding his paws over her form. Even more when you are pregnant. I very much appreciate it."

"Mhmm, show me, Mel. I want you inside me. So we can practice for all the litters yet to come. We'll outlast the Demon Lord not with war or conflict, but with love like this."

"And a bit of breeding," he said, gripping her, sliding his length into her.

Aly cried out, her body responding to his entrance with pure bliss. "A lot of breeding, in fact! Ahhh!"

The mounting continued, and the two rabbit-kin showed their love to one another. The only interruption occurred several minutes later when Aly's water finally broke.

That was okay though, the two bunny birthers would have a lot more lovemaking yet to come.