

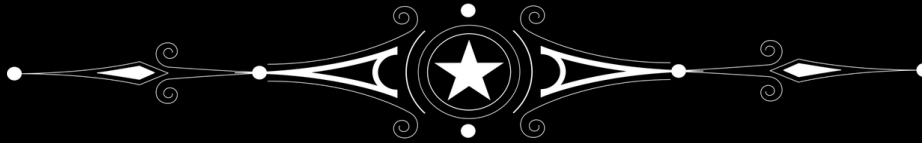
OverWARKwed

A crowdfunded story

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

Read at your own discretion.



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Lynda had no idea how long she'd been laying on her back inside the crater. Pretty much all that remained of the poacher's camp, and the surrounding woodlands, as a half mile of charred ground. Bits of black smoke still seeped from the area in thing vapors reaching for the sky. Judging by the suns position, things looked to be getting onto early afternoon.

"Since when the hells could a summoner cast comets?" she mused aloud. Every word felt like grinding her tongue against glass. Looked like even her throat suffered some blast damage.

Lucky thing about being an adventurer in Eorzea is how exploding isn't the worst thing that can happen to you. Worst case usually results waking up back at the aetheryte home base with a headache. Depending on the type of combustion used a trip to the menders was also common afterwards. Strange how the first thing didn't happen. Lynda prided herself on being sturdy but a flaming rock that size should have obliterated everyone present.

Sitting up immediately confirmed she hadn't been spared collateral armor damage, though. The big Roegadyn grunt from the aching muscles and tight strain assaulting various points of her body. Despite having large holes blasted in her plate mail, the bits that remained had been shifted all out of position. There was an especially tight squeeze over her breasts and stomach. Damn things looked huge trying to bulge through the metal openings.

Not that she'd mind going up a few cup sizes to give her short stack lalafell friend some competition.

"Oh crap!"

It took a minute for her thoughts to catch up with everything that'd happen. Lynda leapt to her feet, staggering from an unexpected shift in her balance. There would be time to worry about that and the harsh armor pinching later. A better look around showed no signs of the bandits. No bodies or anything resembling the remains of such. Most of their supplies were little more than ashes, though.

"Tatanu!?" The harsh crack in her throat got worse from trying to shout, but Lynda powered through it. "Tell me you're still alive, big girl!"

Something groaned softly a short way from her right, which was a good enough sign so far. Poking out of the crumbled mess of some tents looked like a pair silvery

horn, pushing Lynda to hobble on over. Curse it all. Her gait had really been knocked off balance by that meteor.

"Hnnngh!"

Moving the debris was a lot more difficult than it should have been for a woman that normally chucked cannon balls one handed. Not very far, yet still enough to impress sailors. Lynda had to grit her teeth, putting all her legs into getting a large slab of broken wood out of the way. Looked like her tiny friend had been lucky that'd been shielding her from other collateral damage.

"Tatanu? Are you...whoa!?"

Turns out there are many things being an adventurer in Eorzea also can't prepare you for. Seeing the current state of her friend might have been one of only a handful of times Lynda found herself completely speechless.

"Blargh!" Getting that hefty mass off her did help rock Tatanu out of her blunt force nap. She pushed herself up on trembling hands, coughing a fit before her throat felt clear enough it might manage speaking. "L-Lynda? Wark happened to us? I feel kweh I got hit by a behemoth."

"Well, that's not too far from the truth." Lynda tried to chuckle it off, only to break into a cough herself. The burn smoke wasn't that thick around here, dang it. "Though to be honest...I have no idea what's going on anymore."

"Wark's that supposed to mean?" The white horned woman was having it several times worse. Every attempt at a syllable became an exertion of effort mixed with constantly fighting back an impulse to squawk.

Moreover, Tatanu didn't appreciate the way her friend stepped back when she shuffled to stand instead of offering help. Not counting the giant plum of feathers swishing on her enlarged ass, something about the way her feet rested on the dirt made it hard to balance. The cold sensation told her they were now bare as well. Dang explosion must have done a number on her gear. At least there was a big stick nearby that made a decent enough brace.

"Oof!" She grunted softly, leaning on her makeshift cane with wobbling knees. When it was certain things wouldn't collapse under her own weight, Tatanu glanced up at Lynda ready to just move on from this weirdness.

Except she didn't need to look that far up anymore.

"Wark the heck?" The Lalafell's gaze slowly dropped until it finally met Lynda's. Standing at full height somehow brought her nearly eye level with the thick Roegadyn. An impossibility by all natural laws. Most of the tiny race rarely came up to their smallest roe's waist. "When did kweh get so small?"

"Um..." Lynda bit her lower lip struggling to find words, but quickly stopped at how hard and dry they tasted on her tongue. They weren't the type to concern that deep on look but figured that heat from that blast must have really rocked her complexion. She settled on sheepishly looking around in a pretend search for her axe. "It's looking more like you had a growth spurt in kweh more directions than your butt."

"I was really hoping you wouldn't say that," Tatanu groaned. Even that wanted to come out in a shrill chirping noise. There was no point beating around the bush anymore. She took a shaking step back to glance down at herself and instantly regretted it. "You have wark to be Kweh-ing kidding me!"

Her earlier assumption of that spell wrecking her outfit had been grossly underestimated. Tatanu's prized summoner robes had been absolutely destroyed. Scraps of silk hung off her shoulders barely strung together by ragged threads. The decorative head wear was nowhere to be seen. Gloves were burned out of existence, leaving bruised arms bare.

More importantly, the Lalafell's tits, bigger than most races could ever dream off, were swaying free in the open with her every move. It was annoying enough having to deal with so much weight when they were restrained. Like this, gravity was a dick constantly trying to throw off her already wobbly balance.

And then there was the fact she no longer had any pants. The earlier assessment of not having boots was also true. What that left naked from the waist down is what truly shocked the pair. Tatanu's butt had swelled massively round, jutting out behind her far enough it could support small objects on its fat cheeks.

Things only got worse from there. Red feathers coated everything from the waist down, almost taking over the purpose of clothing with the way hundreds of fine down covered Tatanu's crotch. Thighs had been spared no amount of girth in their own right. Very little space remained between them, despite having grown much longer than a Lalafell's bone structure.

But the worst part for her was just past the knees. Feathers cut off abruptly into skin covered in dark brown scales across gangly long shins. At the base were feet that no longer resembled anything humanoid. Two thick toes jutted out the front slightly skewed with a third coming out the heel for a counter balance. Black claws the size of daggers made it easy for Tatanu to dig into the soft dirt, literally grabbing it for better balance.

"Wark is happening!?"

"Told you, you were turning into a bird!"

TO BE CONTINUED...

This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.

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Afterward

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SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

Our thanks to the people who have crowdfunded this story so far:

Starlight Twist

Meepes

Running56

And a special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon:

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