

OverWARKwed

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Over WARKed

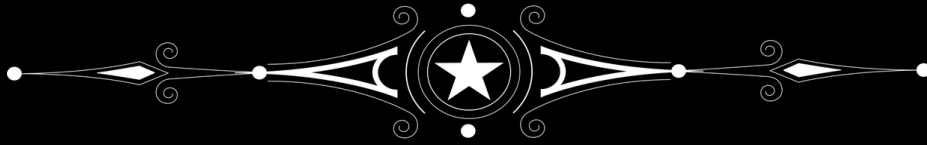
A crowdfunded story

By

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 12

"Thanks! I can see that much." Tatanu gave out a grumpy huff in her anxious pacing about. Nothing about her gait was natural anymore. The simple act of walking came with a compulsion to hunch forward and stick her big butt in the air. "I'd like to wark this is happening. People don't just wark into chocobo's."

"You transformed into a sin eater, but a common bird is what surprises you? Kweh Kweh!" Lynda started to laugh, which broke into a cough again.

The only half lalafell raised an eyebrow at her friends suspiciously sounding chirps, but decided not to say anything. Watching the Roes figure bulge through numerous holes in their armor while rummaging through debris was concerning enough. There was a lot less muscle and more pudge to that waistline than yesterday. Tatanu really hoped they'd just been slacking on their morning crunches lately, or maybe eating one too many muffins.

"Maybe it was that feather?"

"The wark?" Tatanu's tail feathers stiffened with her blush. She hadn't realized how distracted she'd gotten watching Lynda bend over to move some large wood piles. That grey, thick ass was eating its way around a normally snug thong for a warrior.

Lynda had found her axe and hefted up onto one shoulder with relief. It felt a bit heavier to wield, making the roe concerned she'd suffered some arm damage. That'd need healing when they got back. She looked back at her heavily transformed friend, attributing Tatanu's flustered state with the notion they were practically naked in chilly weather.

"I saw a weird silver feather in your book that started glowing when you casted a spell. Thought maybe you picked up some kind of magic enhancer from your inter-dimensional trip."

"The what...no. I got that from a..." Tatanu's eyes grew wide, face turning red from anger. Or it could have been from the little feathers starting to overtake her hair. "That warking wark wark miqo'te kweh sold me a kweh kweh curse!"

"Uh..." Lynda only caught half of that with their friend forgetting to check the squawking. It didn't help the march into birdom seemed to be picking up speed. "Who cursed what now?"

"There wark this bubbly merchant in Gridania," Tatanu's grumbled while trying to wipe more feathers spreading up her belly. She really wasn't liking how stiff her fingers were getting. "I kweh there was something wark about her. Ugh! Wark is my spell book?"

"I think it landed over here." A lot of hefting and huffing saw Lynda eventually flip half a wagon. Post battle must have really taken its toll if this was causing her to get winded. "Yup! Here it is, Tat-"

Lynda bent down to retrieve her friend's lost tome and ignited a small symphony of destruction inside the scorched clearing. Everything below the waist, every thread and torn strap clinging to life, broke in an explosion of tense pressure. Armor plates clattered off the ground in hard bounces. Thong split into flight from a rubber band effect. Shins poured out the leather confines of their boots, leaving the rest to fall off with the Roegadyn's panicked jumping.

"Holy kweh!" The book flew from Lynda's flailing hands, luckily in a direction Tatanu could shuffle her chicken legs into position for catching. Course, she was more concerned about her friend's sudden half-naked condition. "My muscles! What's happening to my muscles!?"

Hands roamed over Lynda's figure in a panic, squeezing or groping at random areas. she seemed especially distracted by the enormous bare ass that'd busted out. Tatanu couldn't blame them with the way it was being waved in her direction, especially with the little goosebumps developing over that soft skin.

Lynda gave off a louder squawk cupping her stomach. Gone were the abs that could make most creatures fear being broken in half. The front of her half plate laid uselessly split open, allowing a very thick stomach to flop out in a disgustingly deep hang. She was still a large woman, significantly larger than an hour ago, in fact. Just not in the way either adventurer was used to seeing.

"Not to sound sarcastic, hun," Tatanu said sheepishly. A desire to be considerate for her friends now familiar plight was coming into conflict with a noticeable stiffness in the Lalafell's shoulders. "I think you're getting fat."

"Oh, wark no!" Lynda glared at her half-bird friend. A moment later her eyes shot open in slow dawning realization. Both hands crept up the what remained of her tight chest armor to feel along her throat. "How is this happening? People don't just gain excess weight in minutes."

"Kweh! They don't turn into big smelly wark mounts either, but have you wark-ed at your butt?"

That brought about an even angrier glare until Tatanu's apologetic face told it hadn't been meant as a slight. When Lynda continued staring blankly, she bobbed her head so horns subtly pointed downwards. The fattening tank finally took the hint and twisted best she could to gleam what was going on back there. A suddenly difficult feat with the loss of her hourglass waistline.

"Are you wark-ing kidding me!?" Lynda didn't even try fighting the scratchy clucks that escaped her throat in fury.

Just above the Roegadyn's inflated rear was a smaller, yet significant, swollen lump at the base of her spine. It could easily be twitched about with a small collection of muscles thanks to her frantic emotions like a proper tail. What was really setting her off were the numerous, thick yellow feathers growing out of it. She could watch them emerging the sensitive skin, growing longer and fluffier at a slow, but steady pace.

Then there were the soft, countless amounts of down starting to shade her grey hips a bright yellow as well. She reflectively pulled at the jiggling cheeks of her hefty rear trying to get them off. All that accomplished was a lot of pain.

"Wark the kweh spell did you even cast, Tatanu!?"

Tatanu stamped her giant bird feet defensively, making her bushel of red tail feathers fan open. "Kweh! I was trying to wark a normal wark blasting spell to save your muscled wark wark kweh! How was I wark it'd...kweh?"

Lynda blinked as her friend's grumpy rebuttal trailed off. She stopped trying to claw the feathers growing off her legs to see the lalafell glancing around the smoldering rubble wide and alert. The way her arms tucked the book against her sides looked disturbingly bird like.

"Wark's up?"

"Do you wark...I mean think...?" Tatanu's scaled feet padded heavy steps in a circle as she perked up. It was getting incredibly hard to walk normally with how her hips kept widening her stance along with her rump. "If that meteor wark is transforming kweh, wark you suppose those poachers...?"

Lynda would have laughed if she couldn't feel her stomach inching thicker and heavier in the palm of her hands in real time. Still, the implication crept a grin on her face. A quick help glancing around couldn't spot fur or tail of those rat beast-men anywhere. "I mean, if they're not dead, they're about to get all the giant chickens they could ever want. Right?"

Tatanu tried to smile back, only to stop at the skewed way her teeth ground together. "That sure makes me feel better, hun."

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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