

Into the Game (Fantasy TFTG)

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A Story Tier Prompt for TGSorcerer

David and June are a happy married couple who love to play geeky fantasy tabletop games together. But everything goes wrong when they try a new two-player card game and instead are sucked into a fantasy world - one where David is his burly dwarf cleric and June is stuck as her lithe catfolk rogue.

Into the Game

Part 1: Fantasy Character

David and June were excited. They were a happily married couple in their mid-thirties who had finally achieved stability. Their mortgage was nearly paid off, their promotions were secured, and they both had disposable income to spend on their respective hobbies. And, of course, their major shared one.

Both David and June were *obsessed* with tabletop games, especially ones with a fantasy connection. They had actually met at a major event in town sponsoring said games, and things had kicked off from there. For June, David had been a tall, cute, bespectacled man with short brown hair and a nervous smile that made her heart melt. For David, June was exactly his type: an adorable librarian type with glasses as well, not to mention a love of wearing sweaters like his childhood crush: Velma from *Scooby-Doo*. She was outspoken and geeky, and she snorted when she laughed, which made him go head over heels pretty much immediately.

Things had taken off from there, and now they were five years married and enjoying the DINK life: Dual Income, No Kids. It gave them lots of spare time to try out their endlessly expanding collection of fantasy board games, and so it was with excitement that the pair were now, on a free Saturday morning, settling down to try their latest acquisition.

It was called *Erutell: Adventures in Fantasy Making*, and it was apparently some kind of card game adaptation of an original board game they hadn't managed to successfully track down. David read the instructions while June got the pieces sorted neatly and primly as she always did.

"Okay, so we have to choose a character based on some classic fantasy traits," David said. "Looks like there's tons of options. We choose a race card, a class card, we determine the gender and can write a brief description of our character, and then we choose a heroic goal."

“Ooooh, I love it!” June declared, snorting a little as she giggled. “I’m going to be like my DnD character *Naralae*: a sexy lithe catfolk rogue. Hmm, I’m thinking like a leopard print; black spots with yellow fur. Cute black ears on top. Big boobs.”

David chuckled. “Why do all your characters have big boobs?”

She rolled her eyes playfully. “Because I’m a member of the itty bitty titty committee, unless you hadn’t noticed? I wanna play my fantasy self. And my fantasy self is a sexy catgirl with big knockers.”

“I love your little boobs.”

“I know you do,” she teased, grinning. “Especially last night. But I’d go bigger if I could. Just let me have this, sweetie.”

“Fine, then I’ll go with *my* fantasy character,” David said, organising his cards and then writing a description on the provided Character Tracker pad. “I’ll be Strongborn Ironfist, a super muscly dwarf with flaming red hair and a huge bushy beard. Not to mention cleric powers!”

“Seriously?” June said. “The beard thing again?”

“Hey, you want big boobs, I want to not be so tall and have big damn muscles and a beard.”

“Fair enough. Just don’t grow a beard in real life.”

“Would that I had so much testosterone to get more than three whiskers, but alas!”

They laughed together, and then settled down to play. The game was not so complex; it simply revolved around a random card rotation of events to come, and the cool difference was that it *wasn’t* a surprise; all the challenges to be faced were known ahead of time, allowing you to plan your own action cards in advance. David shuffled the challenge cards and laid them out.

“Wow, that’s a cool set of challenges,” he said, looking at the five major events to come before they could achieve their heroic goal. The challenges went as followed:

A battle against goblin raiders.

A mystical curse in the dark forest.

A battle of perspectives upon the great mountain.

A visitation from a magical dragon.

A final conflict with a dark mage.

“Nice,” June said. “This could be awesome. I bet my catfolk rogue will easily get over that mountain.”

“Ha! Just wait till Strongborn takes on the magical dragon! He’ll call down lightning from the gods upon it!”

"So where are the Heroic Goal cards?"

"Ah! Just here!"

David spread them along the table. According to the rules, these were not randomly shuffled, but instead chosen deliberately by the players. Interestingly, the rules stressed not once or twice but *five times* how important it was to choose a Heroic Goal. Some were classic: rescue the beautiful princess and marry her, for instance. Others were more greedy: become rich beyond your wildest dreams. Others were clearly for ambitious characters: Take the Crown of Erutell. The two pored over these for fifteen minutes, examining them. Finally, June giggle-snorted and took a card.

"What did you choose?" David asked.

"No peeking!"

"Aw, c'mon!"

"Fine," she replied, sticking out her tongue. She revealed her card: *Gain Access to Forbidden Paradise*. It depicted a rogue on a beach, fawned over by multiple women as he drank wine and was fed grapes.

"That's not heroic at all!" David complained.

"Well, you're wrong, because it says 'heroic' on the card, ergo it *is*. Besides, it's the ultimate rogue dream!"

"Can't argue with that. Well, I might go with this one then."

He held up a card and showed it to her. June smirked at what it displayed: *Forge a Mighty Family Dynasty*. It displayed a king and queen, and numerous descendants springing from their union.

"That's so dwarven," she said.

"I thought so too."

"So how do we start?"

David brought out a specific card, one that had a slightly shimmery quality to it, unlike the others. "Okay, so this is where it gets kinda cool and thematic. We both have to say the words '*I Enter Erutell, Land of Fantasy and Change!*' at the same time, and then I place down this card in the centre of the board. Then, the first scenario begins and we can react using randomly drawn cards and the like."

June nodded. "Sounds neat. Okay, my sexy nerd husband, shall we do this?"

"We certainly shall, my adorably geeky wife. Ready?"

They spoke together, their voices enthusiastic, enjoying the roleplay element of it all.

"I Enter Erutell, Land of Fantasy and Change!"

David slammed the shimmering card depicting the map of Erutell down upon the table, and at the exact moment he did, chaos erupted. The card glowed brilliantly, nearly blinding the pair. June squeaked in shock, and David let out a "What the -!?"

The shimmer grew, the card expanding in size. The pair stood from their chairs and moved back, alarmed as the card took over the board, then the table, glowing brightly but now gleaming with the features of Erutell as if the world had unfolded into three dimensions before them, like an impressively photorealistic map in miniature.

"Is it supposed to do this!?" June shouted as an internal wind began to whip about impossibly, the enormous diorama emanating a powerful thrum.

"I don't think so!" David shouted back. "How is this even possible!?"

It wasn't, and yet it was happening anyway. The card was no longer looking like a card at all, or a diorama, or a model, but rather a *portal*. The edges of it became circular as it grew, swirling and shifting and roiling with a magical blue fog. They rippled and turned, and it was soon clear that they were not looking down upon a map of Erutell, but the real *world* of Erutell from way up high; an actual portal into the upper stratosphere of the fantasy world.

"David, I'm scared!" June screamed.

"Me too, June! We should go! Run!"

They began to move, but the portal whirled louder, extending further. The table was no longer there at all; the portal was extending down to take over the floor. A powerful gravitational force began to tug upon the married couple, and while Doug gripped the edge of the kitchen, he was unable to hold on. He began to slide back towards the portal, and June did so from her side.

"Oh God! Oh, David, help! I'm getting sucked in!"

"Hold on, June! I'm coming for you!"

He tried to dive over the portal and grab her, but the gravitational hold became more powerful, and he just managed to catch the foggy end of the portal, clinging on for dear life.

"David!" June cried. "David, don't let go! Don't let - AGHHH!!"

She lost her grip on the sofa she was clinging to, and was suddenly hurled into the portal. David managed to grab her hand in his, but her weight combined with the force of the pull was too much.

"DAVID!"

"I'M SORRY! I CAN'T HOLD ON! I CAN'T-"

He was pried from the edge of the portal, and the two were sent spiralling down into the other world. David and June screamed, turning head over heels. They had just enough time to see the portal close above them, leaving just a blue sky, and then they were rocketing through the clouds, still screaming, gasping for air and knowing - *knowing* - that they were going to die.

"DAVID!"

Her husband grabbed her, and she held him in turn. They were falling, and there was nothing else they could do. The alien world of Erutell in all its fantastical glory was getting

closer, its verdant fields and magnificent cities and floating islands and massive volcanoes and endless tundras and impossibly large trees and - and - they were about to die!

"I'm sorry!" David cried, clutching his wife close to himself. "I never meant for this to happen! I love you June!"

June screamed, but gripped her husband even more tightly. "I I-love you too, David! I'll never stop loving youuuuuuu!!!"

Her proclamation turned into a wail as they descended at lightning speed into the forest beneath them, its trees easily three times taller and thicker than the greatest on Earth. The married couple didn't have the time to appreciate them, however, because all they could do was scream one last time, knowing their end was about to come.

THWOOOOOMMM!!!

An enormous explosion resounded as they hit the ground, one filled with violet-coloured magic that expanded like a mushroom cloud from their ground zero. It should have been the death of them, and the pair were convinced it was, because the power radiated through them, infiltrating into their cells. It felt like annihilation, and the enormous gust of power that shot out like an earthquake from their newly-formed crater only gave further evidence to that theory. And yet David continued to groan, feeling his bones compress and warp, his muscles burning, his face tingling. June too whined, her voice high in the miasma of fog-like magic. Her skin tingled all over, and she felt something bloom in her chest. They were still clutching one another, moaning and half-screaming as their bodies transformed, height and shape and even race altering, not that they knew it yet. Even their clothing changed: David felt his gear become bulkier and heavier, while June lost much of her covering, feeling as if her midriff and thighs were now utterly exposed. Something pushed out from her backside, and she was convinced that it must be an internal organ falling out of a gaping wound. David was overcome by his body squatting down, wider and shorter, and he knew in his heart of hearts that his legs must have been crushed, his insides too. They were both dead, and by some miracle it was just taking them longer to die

Except that they continued to breathe.

The fog started to clear, and confusion settled in. How were they still alive? And why did they feel so different?

"J-June?" David said, his voice gruffer than usual.

"David?" June replied, her body . . . odd against his flesh.

"Are we still alive?"

"I think we are, David."

"How is that possible?"

"I - I don't know. But I feel . . . weird."

"Me too."

“Are you shorter?”

“I am. Are those . . . are those breasts resting on my head? Why are you wearing fur?”

“I’m not! I’m wearing leather! Why is your face so hairy and close to the . . . ground?”

June had hesitated with that last word, because the last of the magical purple fog had cleared around their impact crater, allowing the pair to finally see one another. From her view, she could see tufts of yellow fur upon a pair of very large breasts, ones that had black spots like those of a leopard. She was wearing a very short leather tank top of sorts to cover them, and a leather skirt that didn’t leave much of her new furry body to the imagination. Even stranger, her nose had grown enormously - no, her entire *face* had - becoming a feline snout.

And then there was her husband. David now appeared to be a stereotypical dwarf, clad in impressive armour and with a wild red beard and long red hair. He had an axe on his back, and looked to be impressively stout and strong, almost as wide as he was tall. From his perspective, he was looking up at two huge furry breasts barely restrained by a leather top, and then a very feline face with triangular ears atop it. A tail swished around the catfolk’s backside, and her entire body was covered in fur, her stomach more white, along with the inner part of her legs. Even her feet were bare, and she had a slightly digitigrade stance, with paw-like feet. Her hands had claws that raked a little at his armour.

“J-June!?” he said.

“D-David!?” she replied, just as shocked.

“AAGH!” they both screamed, jumping back against the low wall of their impact crater.

June instantly felt her body. She was now exactly like her catfolk character, and that includes her fur coating and her tail and her snout and her *everything*. She loved playing characters who were more flirty and confident than her own self, and that meant she was also scantily clad, too, though catfolk were often depicted this way due to the irritation of wearing clothing over fur. It meant she had a leather battleskirt and a sort of leather tube top and that was *it*. She was tall, lithe, and with a pronounced furry pair of breasts. It gave her a lot of mixed feelings to finally be busty, only in this way. And her tail! It was a totally alien sensation to have a new limb that was acting partly on its own without her permission.

“This is nuts!” she protested.

“I agree!” David said. “I’m so short!”

“At least you’re still human - er, sort of?”

David disagreed. He felt stouter, stronger, but also more aggressive than he’d ever been. There was definitely a mental change here, because he could feel an impatience in him that he’d never experienced before. Being a dwarf had left him just shy of five feet tall,

but with muscles so powerful that he was certain he could lift an ox over his head with ease. And then there was the matter of his beard; he felt a strange pride in it. His gaze wandered up to June and he noticed that as she looked over herself she was posing rather . . . sensually. One hip cocked to the side, her chest stuck out, her hips swaying with her movements. Flirty, just like her character.

“June, I think we’ve changed more than we think,” he declared in his gruff voice.

“What do you mean?”

“Look at how you’re posing.”

June realised she was stroking her fur almost erotically, and made a purr of embarrassment. “Oh my God, I didn’t even realise! I was showing myself off, why?”

“For the same reason I feel a need to summon forth Godly smites upon the enemy that did this to us. I think we’ve been changed a little in the head. I’m still me, but I feel this kind of overlay . . . like an instinct to be a proper dwarf.”

“Damn it!” June said. “Me too. I need to climb and scurry and . . . seduce.”

“This is why you shouldn’t play your characters like this!”

“Oh, I’m sorry, was I the one who picked the boardgame, Strongborn Ironarm?”

“What did you just call me, Naralae?”

“I said - wait, what did you just call me?”

“Naralae. I mean Naralae. Shit. I’m calling you by your character name!”

“And I’m thinking of you as Strongborn. We need to get out of here!”

The new catfolk clambered with ease up the crater using her retractable claws, jumping up to the forest floor and scanning with her new and better vision, looking for a way out. Strongborn, on the other hand, leaped out with his superior strength, an easy feat even with the bulky armour he was wearing. He landed and pulled forth his axe straight away, noting that it was infused with godly runes that indicated his mage-priest power. It crackled a little, surprising him.

“See anything?” he asked June/Naralae.

“Nothing. No way back. Can your magic do something, Strongborn? Sorry, I can’t say your proper name.”

He tried to summon some kind of portal, but it was well beyond his character.

“Nothing,” he said, tugging on his long beard. “What the hell do we do? I guess we need to get the lay of the land a bit, find some kind of village or town, perhaps reach the end of the game and-”

Suddenly, Naralae was at his side, moving so quickly she was like lightning. She pressed her beautiful and furry form against his, shushing him with a clawed finger.

“Shush!” she hissed like a cat. “I hear something.”

Her ears turned on her head, and then her blue eyes went wide.

“Oh God, I can hear a group of raiders coming. I can smell them too. Strongborn, what was the first challenge we had to face again?”

The new dwarf man realised immediately, hearing the rampaging horde now.

“The first challenge,” he muttered, readying his weapon. “A battle against goblin raiders.”

The game had just begun, it seemed.

Part 2: A Battle Against Goblin Raiders

They had only a couple of minutes to prepare themselves against the coming horde. Less than an hour ago the married couple had been thrust into the world of Erutell thanks to a magical tabletop game. The dorky June had become Naralae, a gorgeous and seductive catfolk who wore exceptionally little and moved with feline grace. The nerdy David, meanwhile, had become Strongborn Ironarm, a short, stocky, and powerful dwarven cleric who wielded the powers of the gods. It was their ultimate DnD fantasy come true, just not in a way they ever expected or imagined, and now a rampaging army of goblins were heading their way.

“What do we do?” Naralae pleaded, tugging on her feline ears.

“We should plough right through them and smite them with the power of our belief!” Strongborn shouted, holding up his axe.

“What? Honey, that’s absurd!”

The dwarf frowned. “You’re right, that’s stupid. I think my new self is far more hotblooded now.”

“What if we hid?”

“Never! A dwarven cleric fights!”

“Strongborn!”

The dwarf huffed. “Honey, we need to pass these challenges, remember? We’ve both got a heroic goal to succeed in before we can, presumably, turn back! I’ve got to forge a mighty family dynasty, and you’ve got to gain access to a forbidden paradise, yeah? To do that, we need to ride roughshod over these goblin *bastards!*”

Naralae snarled, baring her sharp teeth, but not at her husband, merely the frustration of the situation. “Fine!” she declared, before using her claws to easily clamber up a tree.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m a rogue, remember? I’m readying a sneak attack.”

“Oh, right. I should, uh, oh . . .”

“What? Are you - are you looking up my skirt? I’m covered in fur, honey!”

Strongborn grinned anyway. Never let it be said that your husband doesn’t like the look of you in any form, dear!”

“Awww. Now hurry up and get ready!”

He did so, focusing on his new compulsions and class features. He quickly manifested an aura of protection around himself, then concentrated on casting a circular field upon the ground that would grant him advantage in combat against enemies and bend luck towards the will of the Great Forge, his God.

“Grant me the power to win, oh Forge!” he declared, leaning into his character. “Let me burn my enemies with your heat, and throw them back with the power of your bellows!”

Above, Naralae was far more stealthy. She clambered across a branch and lay against it, purring. She was not used to being so agile or acrobatic, and yet she felt she knew exactly how to use her bow and arrow and the lighter crossbow at her side.

“Focus, Naralae,” she said. “It’s just a game. You know how to win . . . and how to look good doing it, too.”

Her ears pricked up. She could pinpoint that there were nearly two dozen of the creatures roaming their way, and the voices of the goblins were now discernible too.

‘I smell foods! Adventurer foods, lads!’

‘Bets they got lots of trinkets on them too, chief!’

‘Aye, and a fuckton of meat for our broth! That’s catfolk we smells. They taste nice all boiled up. The dwarf too. Lotsa good healthy muscle meat on them. Sink ya teeth in, ya little shits! ATTACK!’

His voice rang out, and the goblins burst through the bushes, exploding onto the scene. David/Strongarm was ready for them; he swung out with his axe and slashed one open where he stood, then brought it around in the same movement and beheaded the second little green goblin just as he emerged with a bloodied scimitar. Strongarm cried out, shocked to see actual blood and guts in front of him. It felt so much more real than he imagined.

“Naralae!” he cried, jumping back as arrows fired and more goblins entered. “I think this is real!”

“Obviously, honey!” she announced, before letting loose one arrow, followed by a second. They implanted directly into two goblin heads, dropping them immediately. But then she saw what her husband was talking about; these creatures were dying at their hand, and going for the kill. One slashed at Strongarm, causing him to grunt in pain as it tore through the flesh of his right forearm. He kicked at it, and thanked the Gods that his stubby dwarven legs were still a match for the even stubbier goblins.

“Oh no,” Naralae said, shivering with fear. “It’s *very* real. We could die! Strongarm, we need to retreat!”

“No fucking way!” he growled, stepping back into his circle. He raised his shield and thudded it to the ground, sending a barrage of celestial lightning from it and directly frying three goblins. Still they came, and Naralae had to jump between trees, only narrowly missing some arrows fired her way. One scraped her hip, a small streak of blood flying through the air. She missed the branch, only for her tail to automatically flick out, grab it, then somersault her back into the tree. She was astonished at her own feat. She really *was* just like her character, in the same way that Strongarm was just like his.

“Taste the heat of the forge, ya villains!” he cried, swinging a now-flaming axe at them, lit by his cleric magic. “You’re as brittle as poorly-made iron. Now taste true steel!”

Strangely, he was getting the hang of this, especially the more he leaned into his character. Strongborn was a dwarven cleric, yes, but David had always played him like a sort of honorary barbarian in personality, someone who wouldn’t back down from a fight and loved to battle evil foes, vanquishing them in the name of all that was good and holy. The goblins were hurling themselves at him now, but he cast spell after spell, rebounding them with a wave of thunder and then turning the ground to ice to cause them to slip over. When they stepped into his circle, luck turned his way temporarily, allowing him to chop away at arms, legs, or entire torsos.

Unfortunately, the tide was turning against him as a second group emerged. They scrambled over the hill to Strongborn’s left, cackling with glee.

“Bring him down! Bring the fucker down!”

“Dibs on the head! I wanna make it a drinking skull!”

“Carve him up! He smells of gold!”

They were even climbing the trees to get to Naralae, peppering her with arrow shots to keep her off-balance. She loosed more arrows, taking down one after the next, but her footwork was causing her to stumble, and the attack wasn’t helping

“Think, Naralae,” she told herself. “Be like your character. Work with her. What would Naralae do in this situation? Not your old geeky self, but *her*!”

She would be confident. She would be quippy. She would be sultry and flirty and dominant, even from the shadows as she took their lives from above. With a single breath, she discarded her fears and allowed herself to revel in being *her* character. She jumped to the side, avoiding an arrow, and then grinned at the goblin that had loosed the shot.

“Oh, honey, you gotta do a lot more than that to catch a playful gal like me,” she purred, before raising her crossbow and firing it, causing him to fall to his death. “And remember, you only get one shot, dear.”

More arrows came her way, and she averted these by literally leaping backwards in a reverse somersault. The next branch gave way, but she twirled into the air again, looping her legs around a branch and hanging upside down. This time, she was much lower, her breasts large and threatening to escape from her tight top, furry and beautiful to behold. Three goblins looked up at her in shock, having been preoccupied with Strongborn.

"Like the view, gentlemen?" she teased, before flinging out all three of her daggers and then dropping into the fray.

"That's a welcome and attractive sight, me lass!" Strongborn yelled. "But I could use some help here! My powers are running damn dry!"

"What a shame, I rather like seeing you pinned down like that," she teased, licking her lips, her tail curling suggestively. "It gives a catgirl all kinds of ideas."

But she launched forward despite her flirtation, and smacked two of the goblins off of him, proceeding to race them with her claws.

"Never get on the wrong side of a cat!" she proclaimed. "That man is *mine*! My sexy dwarf husband, even if that's not what he ordinarily looks like, he's still my sexy man, got it!?"

"They'd better get it!" Strongborn exclaimed. "Because my axe will teach them otherwise, ha!"

He was up again, and the tide had fully turned. The goblins' morale was in the process of shattering, and some were even fleeing to the hills. Together, the married couple fully immersed themselves in their respective fighting styles, and harried the enemy. Those foolish enough to stay and fight were cut down by axe or pierced by arrows. When they tried to rush towards Naralae to catch the beautiful catfolk rogue offguard, she removed her shortsword and held her ground valiantly until Strongborn crashed down upon them. In the end, they were sent shrieking into the hills.

"Retreat! RETREAT!"

"Run! They're fucking adventurers! RUN!"

"Don't leave me!"

"You're toast! Leave every man behind!"

Soon their clearing was empty of goblins, save the many they had slain upon this battlefield. The threat was ended, leaving the married pair to look upon one another and their own handiwork with utter astonishment.

"We did it," Naralae said.

"We did it," Strongborn repeated.

"Honey, we did it!"

"We did!" he said, stamping his short feet excitedly. "We actually did it!"

The pair ran to one another and embraced, and with their height difference it meant that Strongborn's face was pressed right into her furry breasts, a sensation he definitely

wasn't complaining about, especially since they were larger on Naralae than they had been on June pre-transformation. He gripped her, lifting her up in the air and spinning her with ease, his dwarven strength powerfully impressive. It even made Naralae giggle, her tail swaying in delight. She lifted her hands to the air as he spun her some more.

"Wheeeee!" she cried with glee.

Finally, he put her down. She lowered herself to kiss him passionately, and then they pressed their foreheads together, amazed at what they had achieved.

"You were incredible," she said. "So manly and powerful, the way you took them on!"

"Me? Naralae, you were amazing! You were moving from tree to tree and peppering arrows just where they needed to go. How did you do that?"

She grinned sheepishly before shrugging her furry shoulders. "Instinct, I guess! I was never acrobatic before, but God, I am now. Watch!"

Naralae did a backflip on the spot, landing with the grace of a professional gymnast. Strongborn actually applauded, then proceeded to grab his axe and literally split a rock in two, before gesturing to his wife, who cheered in turn.

"Holy shit, I'm a fucking dwarf!" he yelled.

"And I'm a sexy cat lady," Naralae replied, striking a pose that she could only pull off thanks to her newfound confidence.

The two broke into laughter. The worry was still there, the concern for how they'd get back, but for now they were alive and had something to celebrate. Well, at least until the smell hit. The pair halted their laughter and took in their surroundings, which were now slick with the yellow-green blood of goblin raiders, not to mention many of their dismembered bodies. It stunk like high hell, and was not exactly a feature they had considered during their many adventurous tabletop sessions. Naralae screwed up her face at the smell, only to realise it was coming from a location closer to home as she looked down her furry chest.

"Gah!" she yelled. "It's on my fur! Strongborn, it's on my fur!"

"It's okay, they're all dead," he said gruffly. "Besides, it's not that bad."

"But you don't have my sense of smell! It reeks!"

"Oh, shit. Of course." Strongborn looked around. "Come, we'll head upwind of it, then get you bathed."

At this, her hair rose all across her body, and her tail went straight.

"Did you say b-bathed?"

Strongborn chuckled at his wife. "I'll say you're definitely a cat now, alright!"

The married pair were happy to find that they had a camp waiting for them uphill, complete with tents, bedrolls, packs, and rations. It was just like the D&D experiences they had always craved, only *real*, and something about that was very special, particularly once Naralae had the gunk washed off of her fur. It had been a literally hair-raising experience that left her claws going in and out, but be he David or Strongborn, her husband was a caring and patient man, and he bore the accidental scratch marks well as he washed her, then brushed her fur in the aftermath, which soothed her to a soft purr.

"You are so amazing," she said, her tail coiling around him before sliding down to caress his thigh. "I couldn't imagine going through this with anyone else but you, sweetie."

Her voice had a sexy, husky quality that was starting to do things for Strongborn. She had removed the short leather tank top that bound her large, furry breasts so he could massage all the kinks out of her system, but the pair was starting to feel a heat in the air.

"You're just as wonderful, love," he said in his new, rather gruff voice. "Don't worry, we'll get through this. We'll beat the challenges and escape here. Hell, after this starter, maybe we can even have some fun with it, eh?"

At this, she giggled nervously. "I suppose so! I feel so alive, being Naralae. It's so strange, being covered in fur, and having all this . . . energy. And I've got this tail!"

"Do you mind it?"

"I actually rather like it. It's . . . fun, I guess. And I'm so acrobatic and *flexible* now, sweetie. Mhmmm. Did you see me hanging from that tree?"

"I can hardly get the image out of my mind, love."

"Just like you taking on those goblins all by yourself. You've got some very sexy muscles now."

"I'm not too short for you?"

She licked her lips and turned her head so she could look back at him while he massaged her. "You're more than man enough for a cat like me," she teased. "What about me? Does the fur . . . bother you?"

"Honey, don't think wrong of me for saying this, but the fur is kinda doing things for me right now."

"It is?"

"Oh, yeah,"

She purred louder at that. "Lower your hands."

"Down here? Below your shoulders?"

"I was thinking *here*, where I've grown a little bit."

She took his hands and pulled him forward, wrapping them around her ample bustline. His fingers sank into the soft flesh of her full, furry bosom, and she moaned with

pleasure at the sensitivity of her breasts, and how wonderful it felt to have such masculine hands upon them.

“Woah,” Strongborn said. He began to fondle her breasts, cupping them and squeezing them together, then running his coarse fingers over her large, soft nipples. “These are . . . bigger.”

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. “Ahhh. Are you c-complaining?”

“Not at all, sweetie. Ohhhh, you’re making this new dwarf a bit - ahh - excited.”

Suddenly, she flipped around, right over his head, landing behind him with her claws extended over his armour, playing with the straps. Her breath was hot in his ear, her tail snaking across his neck sensually.

“Then if we *have* to go on an epic quest with our characters, why don’t we have a bit *more* fun? You know, to prepare for that mystical curse in the dark forest coming up next.”

Strongborn chuckled. “Sweetie, I definitely chose the right woman - or catfolk - to be my gorgeous wife! Come here, you!”

She jumped back, evading his grip. “Only if you can catch me!” she cried, playfully evading him even as he removed his armour, revealing his incredibly broad, muscled form beneath. But on the fourth go when he leapt, she allowed herself to be caught, his strong body pinning her down. Her breasts rubbed against his glorious pecs, but he lowered himself to press his throbbing manhood against the fabric of her skirt, leaving his face right in her tits.

“Go ahead,” she teased. “Make me meow, big guy.”

“I’m not that big anymore, not that I’m complaining with such a view!”

Naralae giggled, helping him remove his breeches and lift her skirt up. She gasped as he entered her, curling her toes as his length went in and in and further *in*.

“Ohhhh, but you’re b-big where it counts, my love! Aahhhh!!”

Part 3: A Mystical Curse in the Dark Forest

Strongborn Ironarm and Naralae held hands as they walked down the lonely road towards the dark forest that the game had prophesied for them. The strongly-built dwarf chuckled as his wife removed herself from his grip to easily climb up a tree and retrieve some fruit for them.

“And to think you once hated heights!” the former human said.

“That was when I was June!” Naralae proclaimed, the sexy grey-furred catfolk moving with ease and then acrobatically leaping down to the ground again. “Now I’m your catgirl, honey.”

She bent down and kissed him passionately, and he took advantage of the moment to pat the fur along her lower back. He loved how it felt, and she loved being petted now, to the point where she actually purred.

“Mhmm, you like my fur, don’t you?”

“Just like you love my dwarven muscles,” Strongborn said.

She giggled. “Among other things,” Naralae replied, letting her tail curl and caress his crotch suggestively for a moment. Now enjoy the fruit! I suspect this and our rations might be the last thing we eat before we enter this dark forest.”

“Anything to expect, do you think?”

Naralae shrugged. “All we know is that this is one of the challenges we have to go through to get out of Erutell and back to real life. There’s a ‘mystical curse in the dark forest’ that we’ve got to overcome, whatever that is.”

“Well, you’re the librarian, honey,” Strongborn said.

“Was a librarian.”

“Still, any ideas of what the dark curse could be? Folklore and the like?”

She purred while they approached the dark forest’s edge. It loomed menacingly, the trees tall and foreboding, their leaves dark, the mist preventing one from seeing too far in.

“Well, a lot of folklore has cruel witches in the forests. Or moral tests. Given how we’ve been changed, we could be changed again.”

“I’d prefer not,” the dwarf said, admiring his muscled and armoured form. “I’m rather liking this dwarven body. Though I suppose I could be some goliath; it would be nice to be taller than my wife again.”

At this, she teased him by bumping her chest directly into his face. “Please, you like having my big furry boobs at head height.”

“Ah, then I retract my previous opinion!” he declared.

They rested and ate, devouring the fruit and their rations. And then, just because they were a little nervous and it was already late in the afternoon, the pair decided to pitch their tents and wait until tomorrow before voyaging in. It also gave them an excuse to vent their lusts upon one another. They made love beneath the stars out in the open view, with Naralae riding her dwarven husband and letting him play with her large furry breasts and suck on her nipples. It was pure ecstasy, and she let loose a loud meow while he exclaimed a battle roar in dwarvish. The pair had always had their own little kinks bound up in their tabletop personas, and now they could finally live them out, it seemed.

The dark forest was not named poorly. It was indeed dark, even in the midst of a sunny day as they travelled through it. The canopies were thick, and Naralae had to climb high just to get a sense of how they were travelling. Soon though, the trees were too tall for even her to ascend without getting tired, and instead she had to flit and climb through small spaces while Strongborn hacked his own path through with his axe. The mists were getting thicker, and they had to stay close, but their own unique ways of travel would separate them sometimes: she would have to scurry across a chasm by leaping through the trees while he used his dwarven strength to simply leap the gap.

"This really is a creepy forest!" Naralae said. "And so silent! Even my cat ears aren't picking anything up."

"Lucky you," Strongborn said, his shield glimmering with celestial light, "because I can sense a nasty presence in this mist."

"Undead?"

He nodded. "Definitely. I can't pinpoint it, though. It's like it's all around us. We should be careful, and ready to smite any danger, my love."

"Just like we do whenever we play at the table, honey," she said with a wink.

The pair continued to venture through the eerily silent forest. Strongborn tried to keep his focus on detecting the presence of undeath, but that proved his undoing, because when his catfolk wife easily stepped across a fallen log crossing a broken stretch of the earth, he lost his footing on some of the loose moss because he was too busy concentrating.

"Aghh!" he shouted, falling down into the earth and hitting his rump painfully on the ground.

"Honey!?" Naralae shouted from high above. "Are you okay? Can you hear me?"

She couldn't see, even with her cat-like vision, into the darkness, and she immediately began to panic. "Please tell me you're alright!?"

Strongborn stood up, his shield lighting up to show her that he was okay.

"I'm fine!" he declared. "Just bumped my ass. Lucky I've got this armour and this dwarven constitution."

"Yes you are, honey. That would have killed me, I suspect! Do you want me to come down?"

Strongborn grimaced. This place he'd fallen into looked like the entrance to a cave, one that had the scent of death in it. *Undeath*, even.

"No!" he yelled. "I don't think that's a good idea. You keep going ahead, sweetie. I'll meet you back up there."

"Are you sure?"

“Aye,” he said in a dwarven-like manner. “This feels like the path for a cleric. Don’t want a catfolk down in little tunnels where none of your abilities can function well.”

Naralae nodded, understanding his point, but still fearing for her husband.

“You make it out the other side, my beautiful dwarf husband!” she declared.

“Don’t you worry, love! I want to touch that furry backside of yours again soon!”

She giggled. They were really getting into this. But now they were going to be split up, and neither were too happy about that.

Not with a mystical curse they were yet to face.

Naralae jumped across the tree branches. It was lonely without her husband. Without her David. Or Strongborn now, as she easily thought of him as. Still, she was a catfolk rogue, capable of great feats of athletics and acrobatics, and she needed to draw upon both now, because the forest was starting to become harder to traverse.

“Ewww,” she whined as she landed on the next treebranch. “Is that - a cobweb?”

She hurriedly used her paws to get it off her nose, only for her eyes to widen as she took in the path of the forest ahead.

Webs.

Webs everywhere.

Enormous spiderwebs with thick, rope-like webbing that spoke of much, much larger arachnids than would ever be possible in her own reality. But here in Erutell, it seemed the classic threat of giant spiders were real.

“Oh God,” she whimpered. “Spiders. I hate spiders.”

She took a heavy breath, patting her own fur and calming herself. Her tail was still ramrod straight, but after some petting it began to soften too.

“Just think of your husband, Naralae,” she told herself. “And your goal. You’re going to gain access to a forbidden place. Obtain riches. Get a happy ending on that beach.”

Of course, the image on the card she’d drawn also showed a rogue being fed grapes by numerous fawning women, but she doubted that part would be literal. Instead, she focused on the calm of that image.

“And jump!” she declared.

She launched from her tree and began to leap and twirl and swing and dance between the branches. The webs were everywhere, and she had to literally somersault through the gaps in some of them. It was as exhilarating as it was terrifying, but still she moved with alacrity, eager to reach the end.

“I’m doing it!” she declared. “I’m actually doing it! I’m - agh!”

Her foot caught in some webbing, and she immediately fell from her branch, sticking into an enormous spider web that hung in a clearing, massive and surrounded by many other, slightly smaller webs. Naralae groaned, trying to pull herself free, but her strength was too little, and each pull only made her stick tighter. And then the skittering began, and large dark shapes began to emerge from the mist.

“Oh God! Oh shit! Strongborn! David! Husband! HELP ME!”

They were huge, each the size of a fridge, their black abdomens sleek and shining, with a thick red line over the top. They were moving along the web silently towards her. Naralae was starting to panic.

“Get away from me! I’ll kill you! I will!”

But she didn’t even have her dagger in her hand. The spiders drew closer, closer, closer, and then -

A loud shriek, high-pitched and unnatural, and the spiders fell back. They rimmed the edge of the web, their red eyes watching her, glowing slightly in the mist.

“What? Who was that?”

“I am the Mother of Spiders,” echoed a voice from above. Naralae shivered, looked up. A huge profile of an arachnid was far above, as large as a house, its abdomen bloated with eggs. *“And you are in my home.”*

“I was just passing through! I swear!”

“You threaten my young!”

“They were going to eat me! I’m sorry, I didn’t want to hurt them, and I still haven’t! I - I love spiders! I really do!”

The large creature shifted far above. Eight enormous red eyes stared down upon her from one hundred feet or more away.

“You . . . love spiders? Few love my kind. Most despise them.”

“N-not me!” Naralae lied. “I love a good arachnid!”

“Interesting. Perhaps you will not be our lunch. Perhaps I shall bless you, and curse you. I cannot let a trespasser go easily, but since you claim to love spiders so much, I shall leave my mark upon you, and let you go. Do you agree to these terms?”

Naralae nodded rapidly “Yes, yes! I agree! So long as you don’t eat me, I agree!”

The spider twitched. Its eyes glowed as it descended, revealing its impossible size.

“Then take this curse, outsider. Gain the spider’s form.”

Naralae began to grunt and groan. Beneath the spider’s glowing gaze, her form twisted. She gasped, trying to ask what was happening to her, but it was already too late. Her fur was withdrawing, her lower half growing and extending, her ass swelling beyond imagining.

“No! I didn’t - oh God! OHHHHH!!!”

By the time her legs began to split in two, and more limbs started to form, Naralae realised she had made a very, very big mistake. But by that point, her eyes were already beginning to glow, and her abdomen was enlarging to impossible proportions.

Strongborn crawled through the tunnels, his beard bristling with tension. He had to hack his way through at times, or use his dwarven strength to push aside stalactites and other obstacles, but he was making steady progress. Slowly the tunnel was changing, widening, but it was going down instead of up, much to his frustration. And the undead presence was growing stronger.

"You are in my domain," a woman's voice whispered in his ear suddenly.

"Fuck!" he cried, readying his shield. He looked around, but within the glow of his cleric power he could spot no true enemy, just shadows that seemed to stretch impossibly around him.

"Hearing things. Not a good sign. Unless it's a revenant or something. Then it's a really, really bad sign."

He soldiered on, relying on the courage his dwarven form gave him, and the stubbornness that infused it as well. He entered a large chasm, and when the rocks gave way he found himself skidding down into it. He readied for a hard landing, but instead the dwarf's feet landed on something much . . . crunchier.

Bones.

Lots of them.

Mounds and mounds of bones covering the entire cavern floor.

"Fuck," he said. "Okay, this is *very* much where the undead presence is. On your guard, Strongborn."

As David, he'd fought off dozens of supernatural threats while playing tabletop games, especially as his favourite dwarven cleric. He relied on his powers now, illuminating the space around him, turning slowly as he advanced through the chamber.

"You will be cursed, Strongborn. You have entered a cursed place, and you will be changed by it. Death will come to you. As it came for me."

Again, that sweet woman's voice speaking those horrific words. Strongborn turned again, holding out his axe.

"Who are you!?" he demanded.

For just a moment, he saw the image of a woman, a beautiful noble in an elegant outfit befitting her station. She was ethereal and transparent, her eyes unnaturally dark. She smiled at him from afar, standing atop a mound of bones.

"I died long ago. I wished to warn my true love not to go to battle, but instead my corpse fell here, between the two armies who had taken my love. I rose. I cursed them. I ensured their bones would lie here forever . . . as yours will, Strongborn."

She raised her arms, and suddenly hordes of nightmarish spirits, sickly green in colour, leapt from her finger tips. Strongborn yelled in horror, but ran to her, beating aside the spirits with his radiant axe and celestial shield. He roared in a battle rage as he surged towards the spirit.

"I am no soldier! I am looking for my true love as well! I'm not like them, I'm just like you! Now let me pass!"

The spirit's eyes went wide. *"Just like . . . me? Very well."*

And then she vanished, and darkness reigned once more. Strongborn trembled, feeling that this was too easy. And he was right, because suddenly his feet were sucked into the bone pile he stood upon.

"Gah!" he exclaimed. He slashed at the pile, but it was like quicksand, opening as a great maw to suck him down among the rib cages and skulls and leg-bones.

"No! Vile spirit! Let me go!"

"I will let you go," her voice echoed as he was pulled further in. *"You are like me. It is time for you to become like meeeee . . ."*

Suddenly, the bones began to pull against him. He struggled, but one by one they pierced his body. Strongborn screamed, but the pain did not come, not even as shard after shard of bone tore through him. He was dragged down into darkness, but it was as if he was watching the event take place, instead of actually experiencing it. He was having an out-of-body moment, he realised. That thing people talked about when they died on an operating table before being revived. Except this was no dream; he was actually starting to float upwards, passing through the bone pile he'd just been pulled down through.

"What!?" he said, only to clutch his throat. His voice was all wrong. His body felt all wrong. He was floating upwards, he was *flying*. And yet he did not possess a dwarven form anymore. He could already tell that he was taller, more slender, and his voice had sounded almost . . . womanly. Panic in his being, he shot up out of the bone pile, his form moving through it in an ethereal manner. He continued upwards, right into the middle of the massive chamber. The noblewoman's spirit awaited him there, a beautiful woman with ghostly blonde hair and a slightly deranged smile.

"You are so beautiful now," she whispered. *"So much like me."*

It was only then that the terrified Strongborn looked down and realised that his own body was not only transparent and ghostly, but that his figure was definitely not a dwarf's anymore, and certainly not male. Instead, two prominent breasts pushed up by a fine

noblewoman's dress were now in view, and his hair, long and white-blond in its transparency, fell down over his shoulders on either side.

"Oh, spirits!" the new woman cried.

And then she screamed, flying through the cavern roof to get away.

Naralae was still trying to get used to her grotesque new body as she fled from the web-filled region of the forest. The mist was starting to disappear and the moonlight had come through, but that only reminded her of just how much she had changed. Where once she had been a sleek, grey-furred and beautiful catfolk, one with lovely proportions as she had always dreamed of possessing, now her figure was much, much more monstrous.

"Spider legs! I've got fucking spider legs! Eww, they're so gross! And too many!"

She scuttled over a log with surprising ease, her eight long spider legs moving swiftly and almost elegantly, which somehow made the experience all the worse. The Mother of Spiders had transformed her into a half-spider; humanoid up top, but arachnid from the hips down. Naralae had never felt so alien inside her own skin before; having a tail and fur was *nothing* compared to this. Now she had oil-black skin across her entire form - even her once-pale upper half was black as midnight - and with a huge thorax bulging out from behind her. It was round and swollen and kinds of wrong, and she could literally *feel* the spider-silk being formed inside of it. Upon the back of her massive abdomen was a thick red line, like that of a redback spider from Australia, the one she'd seen images of when she'd travelled there with David. It matched her new hair, which was long enough to go down to the small of her back, and was a vibrant red as well. Not ginger, mind, but actually *red*. A deep crimson red that now matched her *eight* eyes.

The drider pulled to a stop as she came to a pond. She examined her reflection in it and gasped, cringing at the sight of her arachnid lower half. She didn't have any bristles or hair, at least, but the sight of her was truly strange. She had two normal eyes, albeit ones that were entirely red with black pupils in the center, and then six smaller red dot-like eyes around them. Her vision was indeed marvellous, but the fact that she could look in several directions at once was still deeply weird. All of it was, right down to having so many limbs, and a massive lower half.

"God, my ass is so big. A big black spider butt. What will Strongborn think? Is there a way to cure it?"

She sagged a little, and her breasts jostled. That was another thing; her skirt had ripped apart but her chest wrap had stayed together. Only now it was straining to contain her chest, which were large black teardrop mounds, each feeling almost the size of her own

head in size. They were topped with large grey nipples, and she badly needed something else to wear. Not that she could cover her lower half. She was pretty sure her vagina was way back behind her spider abdomen at this point anyway.

"This is so weird!" she whined, curling all eight legs in agitation. "Too many limbs. Too much butt. Too many eyes. Too much . . . spider! Ugh! It doesn't get any stranger than this!"

As if daring reality to defy her expectations, an ethereal and transparent figure suddenly emerged right out of the ground on the other side of the pond, moving *through* the ground without disturbing a single pebble. Naralae leapt back, her breasts nearly ripping through the chestwrap, her thorax bending. It squeezed, and she gasped at a sudden release as a thick web shot forth from it right at the ghostly figure, which was tinged a pale green.

"Agh!" she cried. "Get back!"

But the web passed straight through the spirit, who cried out in turn, flying to one side.

"Monster!" the ghost screamed, putting out her hands as if ready to fight using some supernatural power. Sure enough, they glowed green, illuminating the figure. She was a woman, one wearing a noblewoman's dress, beautiful and elegant, with a corset underneath to push up her somewhat ample chest. Her hair was long and pretty, her face petite and young, perhaps in her early twenties, and despite the fear Naralae felt, she had to admit the woman was deeply beautiful. Still, she grabbed a sharp stick from the ground after lowering herself on her eight legs, then raised it at the spirit.

"Get back!" Naralae repeated. "I warn you, my husband is a dwarven cleric! He'll be here any moment and banish you back to the underworld!"

The ghost woman paused in the air. Her face was not violent or scary, but just shocked. She looked like a sweet young thing, more sympathetic than hostile.

"N-Naralae?" she said in an enchanting English accent. "Is that really you? You've become a drider?"

The spider woman gasped. She stared at the ghost girl, who slowly floated closer.

"Strongborn?" she stammered. "David!?"

The ghostly beauty looked over herself. She looked like a beautiful Victorian woman, albeit one who had died and become an entrancing spirit.

"Um, I think I might need a new name now, sweetie."

Part 4: Up the Great Mountain

The newly changed pair were struggling to come to terms with their changes, even as they exited the dark forest and entered a rugged territory that led up to a grand mountain. The land of Erutell was beautiful, and the sight of floating islands off to the west high up in the sky, and grand lakes to the east, were truly something out of a fantasy. But it was hard to appreciate that when the married pair no longer had their original player character forms, but instead ones that were far more macabre and grotesque.

“Do you *have* to ride me?” Naralae, the black-skinned female drider turning a little to look back over her enormous abdomen.

Daria shrugged a little as she shifted to face her wife. She appeared to be a beautiful woman in a sort of fantasy Victorian style, her corset pushing her ample chest up significantly. She was also ghostly-green and semi-transparent thanks to her new ghostly nature. It was not what she had expected to become at all, but now she was cursed with a dead woman’s likeness, and she couldn’t deny that she looked as beautiful as she did ethereal. It was, in just two words, quite mortifying.

“You said I didn’t weigh anything?” she said. “I thought riding on your back would be fine!”

“That’s not the point, sweetie,” Naralae groaned. “It’s just . . . I feel like a cattle!”

“You’re not a cattle, you’re a drider.”

“That’s worse! Look at me, scuttling along. I’ve got far too many legs! Ugh, even worse, I’m getting *used* to them after several days. I’m a gross spider woman!”

Daria patted her wife, though her hand passed through the woman’s abdomen. She could place her body on things, she noticed, but she was still incorporeal for the most part. Still, it passed a shiver of sensation from Daria, who had been renamed following her transformation into an undead woman.

“You’re not gross,” the new ghost lady said. “You’re just, er . . . different! Still very beautiful! You know, the top half of you, that is!”

Naralae folded her arms beneath her breasts, which were significantly larger than they had been, and barely covered by the fur chest wrap she wore. “You’re just saying that.”

“No, I mean it! You look like the most beautiful spider woman there could possibly be! Again, the top half, I mean. You know I’m not a big spider fan, though at least your ass is comfortable. But yes, definitely, um, the best drider?”

Naralae was not exactly comforted by her former husband’s lack of enthusiasm. “That’s a very low bar. God, I miss being a catfolk! I was so dextrous, so agile! I was playing out my fantasy tabletop character and I felt *alive*. Now my ass is too huge and you sitting on it just reminds me how massive it is!”

Daria sighed and rose from her wife's rather spectacularly large spider behind, then floated around to her side. She 'sat' on nothing but air and continued to float next to her wife, looking somewhat like a ghostly therapist from another age.

"Honey, this is all just temporary, remember? Once I finish my quest to forge a mighty family dynasty and you gain access to a forbidden paradise, all should be good, right? You won't have to look like a big gross spider thing after that."

Naralae rolled all eight of her eyes. "Oh, gross am I?"

"N-no! I didn't mean like that, but . . . well . . . it's temporary, that's the major point. Just like me sounding like I'm a damn governess in some spooky BBC drama."

"That doesn't mean I get to be okay with having a giant spider ass or eight legs! You know I hate spiders even more than you do!"

Daria gestured to herself, to her prominent breasts and fine petticoat, to the way her hair was done in an elaborate up-do, and how she could literally put her hands through her own body if she wanted. "Well, I'm not exactly loving being an undead woman here, sweetie."

Naralae smirked. "At least *you* get to fly."

"That part isn't so bad, I won't lie. I'd like to be able to touch you, though. Or anything, really."

The drider paused on the tip of a ridge, feeling a little tired from all her skittering about. She planted her eight legs into the crevices of the rocks and then adjusted her fur wrap, wishing she had something larger to cover her massive teardrop-shaped breasts, or the bravery to wear nothing at all and go 'full native drider.' She placed her hands on her broad hips where her body spread out to her arachnid lower half.

"Would you touch me like this, if you could?" she asked.

Daria paused for a minute, then said, "Of course!"

"You hesitated. I really am a turn off now, aren't I?"

"The top half of you isn't! I mean, I could get used to the eight eyes. It's not like you find me as attractive as I was, now that I'm a ghost woman."

"I do!" Naralae said. "You know I'm bisexual, sweetie. You look - you look *gorgeous*! Damn it all, I find myself *jealous*, David. Daria, I mean, since you find a male name so . . ."

"Wrong," Daria said, pouting cutely. "This form *wants* me to have a female name."

"My point is, I'd love to look like you, even as a ghost! You know I love ren faire stuff, and Victorian dress up. I *dragged* you to the Steampunk cosplay convention three years ago. You look *hot*. But . . . I guess you can't feel the same towards me."

"The upper half, I do! Even if you have eight eyes."

She scoffed. "You just like my giant boobs."

"I have no guilt about that."

"But you can't touch them anyway."

Daria lay back in the air, looking sadly at the sky. "Can't even eat for the past few days. Not that I feel hungry, but I feel like I'm missing out. God, I miss touching things."

Naralae's eight eyes all twinkled, and her front two spider legs rubbed together conspiratorially. "Have you touched yourself, yet?"

At this, Daria's ghostly green cheeks turned just a little red. "Can you blame me? Look at these jugs I've got now!"

"Ha, I knew it! That's why you disappeared for a stretch into the earth! Leaving me to keep scuttling about like a gross spider girl, I'll remind you."

"I keep telling you, you're, um, pretty in your own way! I just, er, don't exactly have the kind of body that can very well respond to you anymore."

Naralae was about to question what Daria meant by that when she suddenly felt a pressure in her giant spider abdomen. She squeezed all eight of her eyes shut and groaned, trying to hide the building pressure, but Daria spotted it immediately, the ghost women circling around her wife.

Honey, are you okay? Is it the webbing again?"

"Yes, it's the webbing!" Naralae grunted. She lowered her large body, preparing for the inevitable embarrassment to come. "God, as if this isn't b-bad enough! Ohhhh! NGH!!!"

The pressure gave way, and suddenly a thick wad of webbing *shot* from her passage behind her and shot between two rocky pillars in the craggy landscape. It instantly formed a thick cobweb between them, and Naralae panted, trying not to feel *too* blissful about the strangely pleasurable release. Daria frowned and floated in front of her drider wife.

"Eww!" Daria squeaked, disappearing into the earth and stepping out from a pillar further away. It was a little ghost trick she'd learned, and one she appreciated during her wife's little 'expulsions.'

"Don't eww m-me!" Naralae growled, before wincing again. "It's - ahhh - what my stupid drider body d-does now! Nghh! Ohhh!"

This time she cried out in sweet relief as an even larger glob of webbing shot from her backside, unfurled, and formed another giant criss-cross of webbing between another set of rocky pillars. The relief was palpable, and it made her nipples harden against the fabric of her top. She almost squeezed her sensitive breasts from the sheer arousal of her own web production, and to her humiliation, Daria seemed to notice.

"Sweetie, I don't mean to be rude, but . . . did you happen to enjoy that a little?"

"Don't even talk to me right now!"

"I'm your husband! I'm just asking!"

"Talk to the spider-ass, Daria! I don't want to talk about it! Let's just make camp!"

Daria looked around. "Where?"

“Within the shade of my own damn webbing, I guess. It’s gotta be good for something, right?”

She scuttled off to where she’d expelled her body’s produce, feeling her large abdomen already producing more within her immense thorax. Her breasts jiggled with her hurried movements, and Daria floated after her, hair moving about as if underwater.

“You won’t be a drider forever, love! I’ll be attracted to you again, I promise!”

And that was the problem. As much as she knew it made sense, it hurt her so deeply to know that her partner didn’t find her attractive, especially when she did with Daria.

They camped for the night. Daria felt a strange pull to simply enter the earth, and while she tried to fight it, she couldn’t do so for long.

“Sorry, do you mind if I go?”

Naralae was more miserable. She was in her web, literally on a totally vertical angle, yet her body clung to the large construct with ease. “Go ahead,” she said. “I need some time alone.”

“I love you, sweetie.”

“I know,” she said. “I love you too. I just wish the adventure was more like how it started.”

Daria caressed her wife’s body, but only produced that light ghostly tingle, and then she lowered herself towards the surface, trying not to look too visibly repulsed by her wife whom she loved. Ghosts did not sleep, but they did ‘rest,’ and this, she reasoned, was her way of resting. She descended down into the ground, waving an awkward goodbye to her wife, and suddenly she was in a void, floating naked, her hair spilling voluminously around her. Images of the life of the woman whose body she had gained a likeness of began to flood in. She turned in this floating abyss, observing a handsome man, his features manly and kind, helping to lift a beautiful dame across a river to avoid her getting wet. She felt his touch upon her body, the sensation of his fingers touching her most sensitive folds.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, her voice carrying an afterecho like she was not truly there, or anywhere. “Why am I f-feeling these memories? This is new! G-go away! I have a wife! I have . . . a wife . . .”

Naralae, meanwhile, had her own newfound instincts to deal with. She needed to hunt. Her large body required more food, and she’d kept hidden from her husband-turned-ghost wife that there was another repugnant part of her form: an urge to track down prey. She had fangs for a reason, and a hankering for blood, one that she knew would make her husband even worse off when it came to his attraction to her. He was

squeamish about blood after all. So she lowered herself out of her web and scuttled off in search of the foxes and goats that seemed to litter the dry craggy landscape before the mountain that was their next challenge. A quick and almost orgasmic shot of web from her rear later, she was able to easily drag her latest catch up into her web and coat it.

“God, this body is so freaky. I can’t believe some people are into this,” she whined, before digging her fangs through her own webbing and into the goat she’d caught. Instantly, the warm blood filled her mouth, and she drank down greedily.

“Mhmmm . . . but it tastes s-so good!”

The pair had both been in their new bodies for over a week and a half. The rocky landscape was hard to traverse even for a drider, and both avoided the easier passages that resembled caves after what had happened last time. Naralae became ever more used to her large spider form, even using her legs to gesture or point at times, while Daria found herself drifting into the earth when she wasn’t needed more and more. The ghost woman would never, ever tell her wife, but she was experiencing her own instincts. Ghosts naturally craved the world of the living, the world of *sensation*, and her inability to touch or interact with things, to *truly feel*, was starting to drive her mad. Only in the world of the ethereal, when she disappeared into the void of memory between life and death, could she experience touch.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned each night and those times during the day when she entered that place. “Yesssss. T-touch me. F-feel me. Ohhhh!”

The memories of that woman’s lover filled her heart and mind, and she slowly stopped caring that it was a *man* that was tasting her body in these memories, only that *someone* was making love to her at all. The man’s name was *Clayton*, and he was a man of the land, a traveller and performer. He had swept the long-dead woman off of her feet, and now Daria was tasting those memories, indulging in being romanced. His smile made her ache for him, particularly since her body was so very receptive to the advances of a man now.

“Mhmm, take m-me, Clayton! Make me f-feel alive again . . . ahhh . . .”

Her breasts were kneaded by his loving caress, and her form was protected by his grasp. She spread her legs, floating in that space and experiencing what it was like to be fucked by a man. It was all so wrong. It was, in many ways, a form of cheating. But neither ghost woman nor drider could do anything to one another, and Daria’s body was far too lustful. She *needed* this, and she convinced herself that Naralae would understand, though she never told her.

Naralae, meanwhile, continued to hunt and consume her food, disposing of it discreetly so as to not scare away her ghost wife when she rose again from the earth. She continued to make more intricate webs with each camp they made at night, and soon she was starting to develop an appreciation for the art of it, not that Daria ever noticed. In fact, the ghost woman thought the web production was disgusting, and while Naralae *wanted* to feel the same way about her body's instinctive act, two whole weeks of feeling an orgasmic rush at producing her spider silk was starting to rub off on her. Her own mating instinct was rising, and her thoughts were tinged by the idea of making love to another of her kind in her increasingly advanced webbing. She couldn't even touch her pussy anymore, so she took to rubbing her rear up against the pillars, groaning as she did so, fondling her own massive breasts so that all eight of her eyes were clenched shut as her body tingled from the pleasure.

"I just w-want someone back to f-fuck me!" she groaned. "Why c-can't he be Strongborn again! Ohhh, but he still wouldn't like me like this. It's not f-fair!"

In fact, Daria was away more and more, and she felt increasingly lonely. She knew she couldn't blame her husband-turned-ghost wife, but these changes had lasted longer than their previous ones, and a wedge between them was growing. Their shared excitement and romance was being replaced with separate trajectories, and she worried about where that might lead. And yet, when she went to sleep, she still dreamed of having a plump sac full not just with silk but eggs as well, and how wonderful it would be to carry her spider-babies on her back.

To say it was disturbingly erotic to imagine would be an understatement for the drider.

The next challenge, they knew would be a 'Battle of Perspectives Upon the Great Mountain.' Well, they were finally rising up the mountain proper. Daria had it easy, though she found that if she overused her ghost powers she would start to fade, and so she had to occasionally rest on her wife's back. Naralae was still frustrated at going from a sleek and beautiful catfolk to a bulbous-behind drider, though just as irritating was how well she was adjusting to it. Her eight eyes helped her notice all the best paths to climb, while her eight legs scuttled easily up the rocky mountainscape, particularly since her feet (well, her *points*) clung to the ground with an impressive stick. It meant, once she'd received enough encouragement from Daria, that she could actually even climb *inverted* surfaces, and even her large spider thorax was easily pulled along thanks to the strength of her lower body.

"Why do I even have breasts?" she complained as she climbed upside down along an inverted section of the mountain. She grunted, shifted, and fired a web from her ass, an

act that made her moan a little with odd satisfaction. "Sorry, had to get that out of my system. But what I mean is, why would a drider need breasts? Don't they lay . . . eggs?"

The last thought excited her, so she tucked it away under other thoughts. Daria floated alongside her, adjusting her corset, not used to the way her dress billowed around her. "Why do dragonfolk in this setting have boobs? I think horny nerds making fantasy universes is the answer. Not that I'm complaining. Yours are *spectacular*, sweetie."

She grinned, her sharp teeth showing. "Speak for yourself! That corset is doing a lot of support work there, honey. How does it feel to be a woman?"

"Not as strange as it is to be undead, really, though having a kind of Victorian accent is odd. I won't lie, I'm missing the big dwarf dick."

Or *his* dick. She couldn't stop thinking about Clayton. He was probably long dead, but the memories of the woman who had cursed her made Daria feel things for him, and his big thrusting cock.

"I am too," she said. The drider woman climbed up over the lip of the mountain and kept on ascending. She fired a quick web to hold back what looked to be some loose boulders that could fall if they disturbed the ground too much, then continued to ascend with Daria on her back.

"Do you think you'll ever not find me ugly?" she asked.

"I didn't say that!"

"But you don't find me attractive," Naralae continued. "It's the spider butt, isn't it? Or having too many limbs? Oh god, is it the eyes? I'm getting used to them but they must look so gross to you. I was hoping time would change that."

Daria literally phased *through* her wife to quickly face her. They pulled to a stop. "Sweetie, it's not that at all. You're beautiful, still. I mean, your top half is."

The drider tapped several of her legs on the ground and folded her arms beneath her midnight black breasts, which were enormous. "But what about my lower half?"

"Well . . ."

The woman was crestfallen. "I'm not blaming you, Daria. But if you turn into a man at the top of the mountain, and . . . and I don't change, then would you ever consider . . . you know . . . sex?"

"Sure!" she said. "Of course! We can make out, and you know I love your top half."

"I mean including my bottom half. I mean you inside me."

Another hesitation, and she already knew the answer.

"I'm sorry, sweetie," Daria said. "I'm not saying never."

"You don't have to keep talking . . ."

"-but I can't imagine it. Look, maybe it's just who I am right now. I think I'm more of a . . . traditional woman at the moment."

“What do you . . . oh. Oh! You mean you’re into . . . ?”

The undead ghost lady flew back a little, her hands outstretched. “It’s not my fault, okay? I’ve got other memories rattling around in here, and I go into the void and see Clayton-”

“Who’s Clayton?”

“-and it’s not my fault, I swear! This body is just so, so . . . God, let’s not talk about this!”

“Talk about what?”

The wedge grew a bit wider. Naralae looked at Daria and for the first time ever felt actual fear that the person she’d fallen in love with might be experiencing temptation towards infidelity. It made her scuttle back, and her abdomen nearly expelled some more silk purely from her agitation. And then it did out of surprise, when a new voice startled them.

“Hello there! Good to see another of my kind!”

They both turned to see a figure moving down from a pillar just fifty or so feet away. He was a drider with grey skin and a darker grey arachnid lower half, and long white hair that looked like a handsome contrast to Naralae’s blood red hair. He waved to her, entirely naked as he moved down the pillar of stone towards them.

“Hello!” he declared again. “I’m Narinth! I haven’t seen a drider in a good long while, let alone one so unbelievably beautiful. May I ask your name?”

Two things occurred to Naralae at that moment. The first was that this male drider couldn’t see Daria at all. The second was that, with his impressive muscles, naked chest, and powerful arachnid body that was just a little smaller than hers, he was very, very handsome.

“Oh no,” she whispered to herself. She feared where this was going.

Part 5: A Battle of Perspectives

Narinth scuttled forward and swept his white hair behind his shoulder with a grey hand. Naralae found it hard not to stare. His upper half rippled with muscles, and his face was deeply handsome, with a chiselled jawline and broad shoulders. His darker grey arachnid lower half was smaller than hers, which at first made her embarrassed, but some drider instinct overrode that initial assumption and corrected. It was *right* that he was smaller than her. After all, that was the case with real spiders, wasn’t it?

“Are you okay?” he asked her, his voice a smooth baritone, his pale blue eyes piercing yet caring. “I heard you talking to yourself. You haven’t any company?”

Naralae still felt anger towards her changed husband. Daria had just mentioned some 'Clayton' fellow, and it was clear from how she'd spoken of him, and how she yearned to return to him, that some kind of cheating was going on, emotional cheating at the very least. Something in her was more aggressive to jump straight to that assumption, she knew, but her anger stewed, and so her answer to Narinth wasn't exactly honest.

"N-no," she said. "It's just me. I was talking to myself."

"Are you serious right now?" Daria said, the ghost woman floating around in front of Naralae. "I'm right here! We need to have this conversation! And we don't need any newcomers right now!"

But Naralae stepped *through* Daria, uncaring about hearing her former-husband's need to argue right now. The woman wasn't even attracted to her, but her own body was fucking *needing* attending to.

"My name is Naralae," she said to Narinth.

"Ah, we must come from similar clans," he said. "Though males hold the 'Na' sound in mine. Fascinating. May I ask what you were talking about?"

Naralae swallowed. She looked back at Daria, who was floating in the air, fuming as she folded her arms. "Nothing," she replied. "Just nonsense talk about how to reach the top of the mountain."

Her dismissal of Daria was more complete than she'd thought, because the woman was sucked down into the ground, temporarily banished as she had been previously, needing to recover in that netherspace where spirits went. Naralae cringed.

"Sorry," she said.

"There's nothing to be sorry for," Narinth said calmly. "Is there a reason you're alone? I assumed a beautiful drider like you would be spoken for, and yet you're out here climbing a mountain. So very curious!"

Despite her oil-black skin, Naralae found herself blushing. She bit her lip with her fangs, and all eight eyes blinked in surprise. "You think I'm beautiful?"

"If you don't mind me saying. I had assumed you were very aware. I've never seen a drider with such a glorious abdomen, nor such captivating looks. And your red hair! Is that your natural hair?"

"It's . . . sort of. Yes. It is, I suppose."

Narinth smiled, showing his fangs a little. "Well, consider me blessed to have seen it. You say you're going up the mountain. What for?"

"I have . . . business to attend there. I guess, um, you could say I'm an adventurer. I want to get to the top to prove something, and to move forward. It's hard to explain."

"Well . . . would you like the company of another drider?"

Naralae looked back. She could still sense Daria's presence, but her partner was in that spiritual world . . . probably with whoever *Clayton* was. Her more venomous drider feelings rose to the surface. It would be wrong to say yes, but he was so very handsome, and he made her feel better about her massive spider ass, that was for sure.

"I'd quite like that," she said. "As long it's not too great of a burden, and you're not going out of your way to - nghh! Oh, not now! Sorry about this - NGHH!"

She squeezed her massive abdomen and shot a huge wad of web out, which connected several long-forgotten pillars half-buried by dirt and time. Narinth actually chuckled.

"By the Web! You must be in season. I . . . are you sure you want me to come with you?"

"Of course!" she said, simply wanting to move on from that embarrassment. She gestured with one leg forward. "Let's go."

But Narinth scuttled ahead and put up two spider legs. "First, I know a local village. We'll need some more equipment for the climb, and I wouldn't want a good woman like yourself to be hurt, Naralae."

Again, that warmth and need filled her. She almost licked her lips.

"Lead the way," she said, and then: "Handsome."

Daria moaned as she spread her legs for Clayton. The handsome bard had kissed her passionately, and the ghost woman clung to her lover, wrapping her legs around his waist.

"It's only a vision," she told herself as she floated in the unreality that was this space between life and death. "It's only - ahhhh - a vision. You're n-not real! I can end this!"

And indeed, she had. Several times already. But slowly her defences were being broken down. The memories of the real Daria intermingled with her male ones, and the former threatened to overcome and possess the latter. Daria's past was simply too exciting and enticing, and the sensation of her new female needs being met were hard to resist.

"I love you, Daria. You're mine, and I'm yours. I want your sweet body so bad."

"So *take it*," both Darias said, both past and present. She gripped him, feeling his hard cock at her entrance, and when the plunge came, the ghost woman held on for dear life, encased within her past mortal life. It felt too real, too enticing.

"Ahhhh, it's n-not cheating!" she claimed to herself. "It's not ch-cheating! None of this is real! It's not r-real, I'm just - ahhh - seeing memories!"

But part of her knew that she was lying. In her anger and frustration at Naralae, she'd allowed herself to give in to her ghost girl needs. She could see the outside reality of the

material plane, and could catch glimpses of Naralae laughing at Narinth's dry humour as the two scuttled through a small town partway up the mountain. It was a thriving community, but they clearly hadn't seen driders in a long time, because they got many funny looks. Naralae was humiliated, especially when a child pointed out her 'big spider butt,' but Narinth comforted her, reminding her that driders are different, and that she was indeed beautiful - no wonder she was in season!

"Wh-what does that mean!?" Daria moaned as she was thrust into again. She was in the back of a bard's caravan, clothed herself in fine wears while Clayton was still half in bardic costume. It was astoundingly erotic, but such eroticism was a trap.

"I'm s-sorry, Naralae! It's n-not cheating, I swear! Ohhhhhh!"

The pair of driders stopped at several locations at the town of Elmont. Narinth made all the necessary purchases, grabbing them food and backpacks, as well as grapple hooks with rope and several other necessities for avoiding disaster. He knew what he was doing, and Naralae thought it was quite attractive. Her husband had never been so practical, being a nerd rather than a physically fit specimen with an understanding of such outside activities.

"You know your stuff," she said, brushing her red hair over her black shoulder.

Narinth smirked, his eyes briefly flicking to her backside and then her ample chest. "I try. I'm a wanderer by nature. Like you, I enjoy exploring. I rarely see my own kind, so before we leave, shall we have a tavern drink?"

"I don't know," she said. "I mean . . ."

She wanted Daria back, but her body was on fire. Her spider pussy was out of reach, her bulbous backside desperate for contact with a male.

"Okay," she said, perking up. "Just one drink."

But as things go between two members of the opposite sex who find one another deeply attractive, one drink became two drinks became three drinks became four. Narinth had to book them a room for the night, because the hours were passing quickly, the pair conversing about their strange pasts. Naralae admitted she was not originally a drider to him, without even thinking, all because of her tipsy state.

"I know, I know! I'm sorry for deceiving you. But that's why I'm so vague about these things! I'm a human woman. Well, then I was a catfolk. I liked that best. But now this, er, curse has made me a drider. It's all so new to me! And I shoot web out of my butt, and I thought I was so ugly until . . . until you started saying otherwise."

Narinth exhaled, taking it all in. "But you are beautiful," he finally said. "And the only reason you are so anxious, I suspect, is because you are in season. Otherwise, you would not view being a drider as a curse. In fact, I could show you how lovely it is."

She chuckled in her drunken way. "What do you mean, in season? You keep saying that, but I don't know what it means!"

"Well, er, since you don't know, I'll come out and say it. You're in your fertile period. Driders have a season of mating. Females find it unbearable if they don't mate often during this time. I can smell it on you, and feel your pheromones upon my hairy legs."

Naralae's eyes widened. Her pussy was indeed tensing, filled with need. Filled with desire. "Wait . . . are you saying I'm . . . in *heat*?"

Narinth chuckled, a little tipsy himself. "That's a good way to put it, yes."

"And you didn't tell me?"

"I thought you knew! You were flirting with me!"

"I - I wasn't, I was . . . oh God. I'm sorry, I don't know what this is!"

Narinth scuttled out from his seat - because they were so large, they'd downed outside the tavern - and put up his hands in a calming gesture. "Naralae, please don't freak out. I wasn't aware of who you were. What you were. Look, I'll go let another room out. You take one, and I take one. If you feel like visiting mine tonight, the door will be open. I'd very much like to help you with your problem, dear beauty."

He walked back into the tavern, leaving Naralae *very* confused, and even more aroused.

It took some time for Daria to break back into the material plane. Something was blocking her re-entrance, something dark and shameful and full of potent feeling. But the ghost woman was determined to get through. She was tired of being female and mostly dead, and she'd just been fucked several times by a lover from the distant past and she'd *enjoyed it*, much to her perennial shame.

"Let me out!" she shouted, pushing against the barrier of the void. "I'm not disappearing back into memory! I'm going to see my WIFE!"

Suddenly, the veil between worlds came crashing down, and the ghost woman tumbled back into the warmth of the material plane, turning head over heel as she floated in a tavern space. There was a warm fire and several patrons drinking quietly, but no sign of Naralae. She could feel the drider woman's presence, however, and it lurked upstairs. It was in the throes of something, some deadly confrontation; the ghost could *feel* those emotions emanating.

"I'm sorry, sweetie!" Daria called. "I wasn't strong enough. I'm coming! I won't let any harm come to - you!?"

She had literally shot *through* the door, phasing through the other side. But what she saw was not an attack, but something considerably worse: her drider wife was being railed by the male drider Narinth. His legs had pinned her down, and he was gripping her bulbous black backside as he thrust into its vulva opening, where her web also shot out. Half the room was covered in web, in fact, but this did not look like a nonconsensual act, because Naralae was squeezing her own massive melons and moaning aloud.

"Yesss! Don't stop! I can't b-believe how much I n-needed thissssss! AHHHH!!!"

Daria was too shocked to speak, and she was positioned behind and to the left of the pair, so Naralae couldn't see her. The spider-woman had half over her eight legs pressed up against the wall as she bucked her enormous spider abdomen back against her new lover, and with each thrust she cried louder and louder. Horror crept over Daria at the realisation that Naralae had *never* made such impassioned sounds with her before, not even as a randy catfolk woman.

"Naralae! What the hell are you doing!?" she yelled, floating around beside her wife as she was fucked. It was unfortunate timing, for at that exact moment Narinth rammed his member deep into her spider body, causing her to orgasm *loudly*.

"OH GOD! DARIA! THIS ISN'T WHAT IT - AHHHH!! YESSSSS!! OH GOD, STOP IT! MMHMM! IT'S TOOO MUUUUUCH!"

Daria folded her arms, fuming, but it took over *two whole minutes* for her drider wife to stop orgasming. Streams of drider cum were pouring into her body, and instantly her mad desire, her *heart*, was finally satisfied, at least for now. When she was finally done and Narinth extracted himself from her, Naralae was still panting and cupping her tits, overwhelmed by all the sensations. But she hadn't looked away from Daria, her expression showing a mix of humiliation and ruinous guilt.

"D-Daria," she said. "I - I couldn't help it. I-"

"Kick him *out*."

The drider nodded. She shifted her enormous body, turning around in the tavern room, which was hard given her size.

"That was . . . good," she told the handsome man.

"More than good, I'd say," he replied with a smirk. "Those seemed to be very satisfying sounds. We should stay together, at least long enough so that I can meet our little hatchlings when time comes to lay."

Naralae blinked. "Wait . . . hatchlings?"

"Is your heat sorted out?" he asked. "Don't worry, I'll still take you to the mountaintop tomorrow. But given that we just mated, I'd sure like to meet my little ones before we part ways."

Naralae looked to Daria, then back to Narinth, and then a thousand yards into the distance.

And then she *screamed*.

"I keep telling you, sweetie, I couldn't help it!" Naralae yelled as Daria floated ahead.

"And I keep not believing you!" Daria yelled back. "I turn into a ghost girl for a few days-"

"Well over a week, actually. A couple of weeks, perhaps."

"-and suddenly you're letting a disgusting spider monster *fuck* you! I never thought you'd cheat on me, Naralae! Not even in a warped reality like this!"

Naralae turned and shot forth a length of silk to help her ascend up the cliff-face, an action that made her grunt from the reluctant pleasure it produced. She began to climb, but she kept her human hands on her broad hips, her dark eyes staring into the attractive ghost woman that her former husband had become.

"You don't know what it was like, *sweetie*! You were changed into a ghost. I was changed into a 'disgusting spider monster' as you put it so *kindly*. I had needs! My body was in fucking *heat*! I tried to be patient, but we couldn't *do* anything, and my new instincts were going crazy. I needed to - to fuck! I couldn't even reach anything myself! And you were disappearing and you mentioned your 'Clayton.'"

Suddenly, Daria shimmered, her form flickering. "Clayton isn't anybody."

"Like hell he isn't! I saw the look on your face, and I heard what you accidentally spilled. And I know what a woman looks like who's just had sex with someone else! You had messy hair and your corset was undone and the stays were loose at the back! You even had a makeup smudge, for God's sake!"

Daria felt humiliated. "It's just the memories of this body, alright? I can't help but go through them!"

"And I couldn't help what I did!"

"You got drunk!"

"That was to deal with how horny my body was getting!"

"Well it didn't work!"

"Neither did you resisting Clayton, hmm!?"

The argument suddenly stopped. This was a cycle for them. It had been a full day of climbing since the previous night, and that had had its fair share of climbing too due to the fact that Naralae had skittered right out of the room and out of town after the revelation that she might be pregnant with *drider* eggs if she didn't act soon and change again. The two had barely stopped at all, resting briefly only to use up their supplies - well, Naralae did, Daria just had to return to her ethereal space and try to resist seeing Clayton again. The problem was, despite her anger at her wife, she too was finding it hard to resist her body's natural attraction to its lover in ages past. She'd kissed him tenderly and lay with him in bed in that space, allowing herself to dream up scenarios that she had no right to experience.

The two had hit their first major stumbling block in their marriage. For years, the two nerds had fit perfectly, but in just a couple of weeks their paths had diverged, and they knew it. The sense of betrayal mingled with guilt in Daria's head, and the same was true of Naralae. The latter climbed up the mountain, heading into the snow. She didn't let up, not even as her body chilled. Daria did, at least, help guide her up the mountain and find the best paths, but silence reigned between the pair.

It was only when they reached the caldera that it all broke out again. The place was clearly a dormant volcano, but their feelings were explosive and heard enough to make up for the sleeping mountain's chill.

"Look, I can't get over how much of a betrayal this is," Daria said.

"It's not a betrayal!" Naralae growled, climbing over the lip and heading down into the caldera. "You weren't there to help me! You disappeared, all so you could see Clayton!"

"I keep telling you, I can't control that. You should have had stronger willpower!"

"Ha, the same can be said of you!"

"I was just fucking in a dream, you were getting fucked by Narinth in real life! I'm surprised you chose to leave him behind"

"At least Narinth made me satisfied! You haven't done that lately! Not even with your fancy ghost powers! What, am I supposed to be celibate forever!?"

Daria groaned. "I'm starting to feel glad you might be pregnant with eggs. It'll serve you right, *honey*."

"Just like being dead suits you. Because before coming here, our bedroom was pretty dead with your lack of interest in me!"

They reached the centre of the Caldera, but neither seemed to truly recognise this, because their arguments were swelling in rage and passion. They didn't know it, but they were engaging in the Battle of Perspectives already, the next challenge on their list. And they were *failing* it, the pair attacking one another, running through their entire marriage with a microscope, and finding clouds in every silver lining. Naralae stamped her eight legs on the

ground in anger as she snapped back at her wife's accusations, while Daria refused to be sent back to her void space, even when Naralae tried to force her back in there.

"You were the one who trapped us here!"

"And you were the one who bought the game!"

"Well, I'm the one actually dragging us up here!"

"Only after I encouraged us! God, why are you like this!? You were the same when I wanted kids!"

"Well, you got your wish, because I might have little hatchlings on the way!"

"Sure, you have spider babies before actual ones!"

"Like you'd be a good father to our kids. You get way too facetious over game rules, how would you go with a screaming toddler!?"

More hurtful words were about to be exchanged, but suddenly the land around them began to rumble. The sky was overcast and turning greyer, the clouds threatening a great storm. Naralae stumbled back on all four legs, her huge spider ass swaying and her melon-sized tits jiggling like crazy until she cupped them in her dark hands. The ground split between them, and to their shared surprise something rose the glowing red crack in the ground. It looked like living fire, but it quickly coalesced itself into the shape of a handsome man, one who appeared to be made of that same fire substance, and wore colourful, non-burning robes that appeared not-native to this part of Erutell. He grinned broadly, laughing as his fiery beard and goatee flicked little tendrils of flame about his face.

"What a battle of perspectives we have here!" he announced in a brass, booming voice. "Have you come to solve your relationship, strange ones? The spirit of Mount Firemeir is more than willing to grant you your desire, and teach you something about one another. It is so rare for him to get visitors."

Both individuals looked at the strange spirit, who was grinning as he took in the sight of them. They paused only for a moment though, because soon they were ranting and raving, pointing out the foibles of their spouse and laying the blame on what had gone wrong in recent days and whose fault it was. The spirit just laughed.

"Firemeir is amused!" he declared. "But he can sense your troubles. These forms are not yours. Firemeir will fix them, and your marriage, if you do Firemeir a favour."

"What favour?" Daria asked, desperate to change back.

"You must visit a dragon beyond yonder eastern hills. It is a mighty fell beast, and one that harasses the mountain of Firemeir and threatens his worshippers down my sloping sides. If you bind yourself to see this dragon on my behalf, I shall grant you better forms."

"Agreed!" Naralae said, desperate not to have a giant butt anymore."

"Fine," Daria added. "Maybe now you'll see how not being able to touch things has driven me mad."

Firemeir applauded them with a smile. "Very good, very good! The spirit of the sleeping mountain is pleased. Stand before him, good servants, and receive a blessing of shape and blessing of purpose. It will fix the problem between you, though perhaps in different ways than you might expect."

"So long as it gets fixed," Naralae mused.

"Ditto," Daria replied.

But the spirit of the mountain was already weaving its flaming hands about, forming new magic that they could both feel pull at their skin and threaten to change them. Finally, they were at the next point in their journey, and clearly they just needed to reach the dragon for the penultimate part of the journey.

At least, that was the hope. But it all went a bit unexpected as the spirit Firemeir roared in an ancient, unknowable tongue and then unleashed a torrent energy over the pair of them. It was another transformation spell. That was the good news, of course.

The bad news was that they were changing into something entirely new and unexpected, all over again.

Part 6: Flying Forms

Daria and Naralae erupted into groans and moans as their forms were once again changed, this time by the spirit of the mountain, who had manifested as a handsome man calling himself Firemeir. The fire that gave him his name surged out of the caldera of what must have been a dormant volcano, sweeping around them and causing their bodies to swell and shift, to shudder and alter.

Daria felt the greatest change immediately. She had been trapped as a ghost girl for *months* now, incorporeal and barely able to grasp anything physical. *Finally*, flesh and blood was returning to her system. Her eerie green transparency vanished, replaced by the warmth of pink skin. Her bosom rose and fell with breaths - actual breaths that her physical lungs needed to process - and she squeaked in delight.

"Finally!" she shouted. "I'm finally - wagh!"

She fell right on her rump, no longer able to fly. The very moment she landed her legs were outstretched in shock, but before she could even stand up they snapped outwards again, becoming longer, her toes stretching dramatically. The skin became coarse and hard, turning a dark yellow colour. Her nails became *talons*, and she actually *squawked* in shock, like some enormous bird. It was a more correct assessment than she might have known, because feathers began to sprout across her body, tearing apart her corset and then causing

her olden-style dress to fall off her form entirely as several spear-like feathers shot out from above her backside.

“What the hell!?” she cried. “I’m becoming - oh, I know this one! Naralae, I’m *becoming a harpy!*”

The last part she actually *sang* without even meaning to. The words had burst out of her with such enthusiasm that they had become a birdsong, and this trait was emphasised further as a crest of bright purple feathers formed around her head. Her arms stretched out without her consent, and it quickly became obvious why: they were in the process of becoming large birdwings, though her overall arm structure was still largely preserved, so that at the front edge of the wing a clawed hand was preserved, though it had three talons and a thumb talon, instead of a full five digits. Without even meaning to, she flapped them in agitation, shocked at how the bright purple fur was spreading across her body, leaving just her stomach, her breasts, and her face free. The result was that she literally leapt up into the air and hovered there for several seconds before crashing down, which caused her to squawk again.

Meanwhile, Naralae’s entire body was shrinking. She was overjoyed, because this would mean she *definitely* didn’t have to worry about spider-babies or pushing out a huge egg sac or whatever it was that giant-ass drider females did. Even her breasts shrank, and she was grateful for that; she’d long wanted larger boobs, but not *that* big! She sighed with relief as her dark skin turned to a more regular fleshy tone, but then it shifted again until it was a beautiful mocha-brown colour, which confused her.

“Er . . .”

She didn’t even get to start a sentence, because then a rumbling began in her belly, and something pushed out from between her thighs. Naralae gasped, instantly going red in the face at the exact moment that her midnight black skin finished turning into the magnificent olive colour that Firemeir had given her.

“Um, oh God! I - uh - why am I growing a - a *thing* between my legs!?”

Even as she asked the question, her voice lowered in pitch, taking on a bellowing brass tone that was magnificently masculine. She covered her mouth in shock, and Daria looked at her with equal surprise. Her former husband was turning into some kind of bird woman - a harpy, perhaps - complete with wider hips and a full-blown bird tail, not to mention little more than a red chest wrapping and a sort of loincloth skirt of the same colour. Meanwhile, Naralae’s clothing was becoming a bright orange with softer blue tones along its edgings. Her breasts sank back into her chest, and her nipples likewise shrank. Meanwhile, the fleshy protuberance between her legs continued to extend.

“Nghh!” she grunted, as two new objects plopped free of her. She reached her hand back and felt a hairy ballsack, which meant that the long fleshy thing in her hand was -

"A penis!?" she gasped, voice impossibly lower than before. "I'm growing a penis!?"

"You are taking on the form of a magnificent djinn," Firemeir explained. "Would that I could maintain your beautiful female form, but I sensed that your companionship had been broken, and as the more dominant figure, I assumed you to be the naturally male one."

"Well you got that wrong!" Naralae yelled. "Change me back!"

"I am afraid it is," the spirit of the mountain announced. "But worry not, there will be more opportunities for change. For now, you can use your djinn powers to aid me in convincing the dragon to no longer threaten me, or those who live upon my slopes or within my shadow!"

The new man groaned, but couldn't stop the changes. Neither could Daria, who had dearly hoped to become male again, but was just as female, only with a lot more feathers and a strong bird theme. The two experienced the final aspects of their transformation. For Daria, it meant the completion of her wings and the growth of long and beautiful purple hair which was just a few shades darker than her bright feathers. Her hips spread further, giving her a gorgeous figure, but thankfully her breasts were not quite as big as they had been a moment ago, though a lot of cleavage was still on display thanks to her now only wearing a red chest wrap and hanging loincloth. Naralae's final changes reminded her just how damn male she had just become: a full and rich black beard pushed out from her manly jaw, and a full black moustache too, oiled to perfection. Her chest hair grew thick, and the same was true upon her arms and legs. She - or rather *he* - now looked like a powerful djinn, and the fire magic of the mountain now surrounded him, becoming *his* power now too.

"I'm not even Naralae anymore," he murmured, holding up his hands and feeling the reality warping essence of his new being. "I'm . . . Naraji."

"Well, I'm still Daria!" her harpy former-husband chirped, gesturing outwards with her wings. "Why couldn't you just have made me an amazing fighter or clever wizard?"

Firemeir smirked. "Because you both need *to fly*. The dragon lies in yonder direction. On top of the great stone pillars you will find the entrance to its lair from above, and it must be flown into, for there are no handholds. Go there, convince it to no longer harass these lands, and I can transform you again and complete your destinies."

The pair looked at one another. They were meant to be in love, but both could feel the enmity brewing because of their recent cheating, even if said cheating had been partly compelled by their new roles.

"Fine, fine," Daria said. "At least I'll get to touch things, and make sure my *wife* doesn't have sex with a female genie."

"And I'll be able to fly alongside *you*, honey, and make sure *you* don't find some birdboy from your past to get *you* all knocked up with eggs."

Daria grimaced, her feathers fluffing up in anger. She relied on her new instincts and took to the skies. With a focus upon her magic, a flying carpet appeared beneath Naraji's feet, and he too flew up, following his former husband and heading on to the horizon where the spirit of the mountain had indicated.

The pair flew together, and yet apart. The wounds of their discussion - well, their shouting *argument* - was still too fresh, and neither knew quite what to say. The only good thing about the silence was that it allowed them to appreciate the sheer incredible feat that was flying. Daria could feel the wind on her wings, the rustling of her feathers as she rose and dived, as she looped around upon the wind currents and simply soared above the verdant fantasy land so very far below. Naraji looked over the edge of his carpet, amazed at the splendour of creation. He found himself laughing, his booming voice a cackle that echoed upon the wind.

"To think I was once afraid of flying!" he shouted. "Now I can actually dance on little more than a flying carpet!"

And he started to do just that, cartwheeling and performing handstands and using his agile male strength to its fullest, even while thousands of feet above the trees and rocks and rivers below.

"Please, you call that flying?" Daria replied, her voice a mesmerising song that made Naraji feel a hardness stirring in his breeches. "Check this out, honey!"

And with that, the harpy looped and circled around the handsome and stylish djinn, moving with such elegance and speed that it was beautiful to behold. Naraji wanted to be angry at his former husband, but it was impossible not to cheer as they flew. They lowered down, rapidly descending together and pulling up at the last second to speed along a lake. Daria's instincts activated, and the harpy began to sing a gorgeous soprano tune. Suddenly, fish began to leap up from the lake's surface, and she caught them in her talons with excited ease.

"Oh my God! Naraji, are you seeing this!?"

"I am, sweetie! It's incredible! Let's see what I can do!"

They reached the edge of the lake, where numerous trees and bushes were growing fruits that were not yet in season. Naraji focused on the power within his new magical and male form, and then sent it shooting outwards in a bright series of sparks. They leapt into the bushes and trees, and suddenly the fruit ripened to a ludicrous extent, to the point where the limbs and branches hung heavy with delicious fantasy fruit of all kinds that had no clear Earthly basis.

"I sense that they're good to eat!" he declared with his syrupy voice. His magic picked up dozens of them, and they followed the carpet, floating behind them. The anger was still in their shared memory, but it was lessened by their shared joy over their new forms. Much better than being a fat-bottomed drider and an intangible ghost girl. For Daria, flying as a ghost was more like floating, and had extreme limits. She felt like she had no limits now, and barely cared that she was still female.

"This is incredible!" she cried, her voice a gorgeous tone that was long and high. It made Naraji pay further attention to his changed former-husband, but also to his own male body. It was *definitely* attracted to the gorgeous harpy, and his libido was clearly stronger than it had been as a woman, though not as bad as it had been while a drider. No, this was something else. Something more . . . dominant that was springing forth.

He decided that he liked it, and he summoned forth a ripe mango-like fruit into his hands and bit into its juices while he watched Daria fly.

"Perhaps we can start again," he whispered to himself. "Start again like . . . this."

They made a camp that night, and the pair explored their new bodies, though certainly not with one another. Again, that silence reigned, but it allowed them to at least adjust. Naraji discovered the power to summon a mirror in order to inspect himself, and he couldn't resist stretching and flexing, smirking as he took comfort in his new masculine strength.

"I really do look incredible," he said, grinning and tweaking his moustache. "I can't believe I'm actually liking being a man. I can even pee standing up!"

In fact, that last part was actually kind of the thing that sealed it. No more squatting in the woods; Naraji could simply pull his pants down at the front and pee freely into the bushes. It didn't hurt that his magic could make his urine smell like wildflowers, of course. And he could use his magic to summon a comfortable tent that was bigger on the inside, and yet he could also choose *not* to use magic, and instead rely on his impressive strength. He took to deliberately hauling chopped wood for the campfire, all so that Daria could see him.

And the new bird-woman did indeed take notice. Just like when she'd been fixated on Clayton as part of her strange ghost woman experience, now she was finding her body still attracted to men, only now it was her actual partner. She wasn't sure if this was better or worse, but she started humming to herself by instinct regardless, a music tune rising in the air between them. Her nipples throbbed, and she remembered that she could actually touch them properly now, and so she did exactly that, caressing her breasts out of view of Naraji. Her talons, while sharp, could be quite delicate, and the sensations left her wings fluttering about in excitement.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned, perhaps a little too loudly. She could feel her passage starting to become moist, her passions stirring. It was just like when she and Naraji had fought off the goblins at the very beginning of their journey. She retreated to her tent quickly, the one that Naraji had kindly summoned for her. She needed to indulge in her passions, and get the embarrassment over with. She lowered her hands down to between her legs and, being careful with the sharp ends of her fingers, began to rub and caress her throbbing clitoris. It caused even louder sweet music in the air, but there was no stopping that now, not while her tail shook in delight and her feathers rustled with excitement.

In his own tent, Naraji grunted happily. He was drawn in by the harpy woman’s music, and was only just barely able to resist it. Still, he was naked in his tent, the light of his magic allowing him to see his own immense cock which was straining with erection. The man took a deep breath and started to stroke his member. The release was wonderful, but more release was needed. His balls began to stir, tightening wonderfully as he gripped his dick harder and tugged on it again and again. He wanted to fuck Daria. He wanted to shove this new meaty appendage deep inside her passage and make her sing an entire aria! He gripped his member, sliding his hand up and down, just *imagining* their love making. He wanted this, he wanted to dominate her. To be the husband instead of the wife, and to make things *right* again. He had failed as a wife, and Daria as a husband, so why not switch places? The magic of this world was making him so much freer than he’d ever been, and the thought of fucking his feminised harpy wife sent him over the edge.

The two must have been in tune together in more ways than one, because they both orgasmed in their respective tents, and not quietly either.

For a long time, neither said a word. And then, once the awkwardness was too great, Daria spoke.

“G-goodnight, sweetie.”

“Goodnight . . . my love.”

Perhaps, they both thought, things would get better between them, and they could put that episode behind them.

If only they knew what else was to come.

Part 7: A Visitation from a Magical Dragon

“What’s the next step?”

Naraji looked to Daria, who had just finished a morning flight around the heavenly paradise they now found themselves in. The white-capped mountains in the distance were pristine and awe-inspiring, while the lakes that dotted the landscape were clear blue, untouched by the possibility of modern pollution.

"Well, we've had a battle against goblins, a mystical curse in a dark forest, and a battle of perspectives, right? That just leaves a visitation from a magical dragon and a conflict with a dark mage left. So I suppose we have to hunt a dragon."

The handsome genie man grinned at his own words, excited at the prospect they held, but then he noticed the uncertainty in his husband-turned-wife's expression. The beautiful harpy woman was covering her breasts with her wings and looking around nervously. Naraji floated closer and then hovered beside her.

"What's wrong, Daria?"

"*That*. You calling me 'Daria.'"

"But you chose the name."

"No, the name chose me. Like 'Naraji' chose you. We're meant to be David and June. Your name doesn't even sound like yours anymore! You're some kind of genie person."

"I thought you liked this latest change?"

The bird woman's feathers fluffed up a little, and when she sighed, it was in a music tone befitting her harpy song. "I like it more than the last ones, but I'm still a woman, and now you're a man! This isn't how we're meant to be."

At this, Naraji hovered behind her and then placed his strong, olive-skinned arms around her. "Who says this isn't how we're supposed to be? You must admit, these forms are a lot more fun. We always dreamed of living in a fantasy world and having magic powers, sweetie."

"Yes, but not - not as some gender-swapped couple! You slept with a spider-man!"

"And *you* cheated on me with some dead guy!"

"That wasn't my fault!"

"And I thought you were over this."

Daria gave another musical sigh, her wings flapping in irritation. "I thought I was, but it's hard. Look at me, Naraji. I'm a harpy!"

Naraji raised his hands and started to cup her breasts, fondling her nipples and making them grow stiff with arousal. "A beautiful feathered harpy with so many vibrant colours," he whispered in his baritone voice in her ear.

"I - what are you doing?"

"Only what we *both* imagined last night. I know we both heard each other. You were thinking of my new big muscles, weren't you?"

He lowered one hand down to feel her tail, and then up a little to rub a growing wetness between her feathered thighs. Daria gasped.

“Just like I was thinking about your beautiful feathers and what it would be like to be the one on top, honey.”

Daria moaned again, her tone so very siren-like that it made Naraji all the more aroused. “Ohhhh, G-God! I can’t. I mean, I had thoughts last night, b-but - ahhh. Oh God, you’re t-touching my vagina.”

“And you can feel *this* too, can’t you?”

Naraji, who had once been the more shy and demure of the pair, was practically drunk on the assertiveness and power that his muscular genie body gave him. His new manhood was large and hard, pressing up against Daria’s tail and causing the harpy to whimper and moan. He caressed her form, her trim but muscular waist and then sucking on her neck in a highly erotic fashion.

“I imagined I-last night,” Daria breathed. “But that doesn’t m-mean - ahhhh - we have to stop!”

“Why? Why do you want to stop?” Naraji said, turning her around and then stroking her crest of multicoloured feathers. “You want this like I do, sweetie. Admit it.”

“That’s wh-why we have to s-stop! Naraji, I’m n-not meant to be the one having something like *that* inside of me! It - it won’t even be able to fit in me!”

Naraji smiled as he removed his pants with just the click of a finger, followed by the rest of his clothing. His cock was huge, much more impressive than Daria’s had ever been when she was David. It twitched, as if indicating a desire to fuck her now-female husband.

“It’ll fit, don’t you worry. And it’ll be magic. Come on, honey. I’ll show you.”

He used his magic to lift the pair up into the air, and soon Daria’s wings were flapping, keeping her aloft. She moaned, her tune almost mesmerising to hear. It caused birds to soar up in flocks and dance around them, making this moment even more magical.

“I - just do it!” Daria finally exclaimed. “Fuck me, h-husband!”

He gripped her as they floated over two hundred feet in the air, the majesty of the land of Erutell all around them. She parted her thighs, and with just a moment’s hesitation, allowed him to plunge his enormous cock into her passage.

“OHHHHHHH!!” she moaned. “S-so b-big! MHMMM!”

Her murmurs of discomfort, confusion, arousal, and pleasure were the sweetest song Naraji had ever heard. He knew in that moment that he wanted to stay in this world, to continue this quest but never leave this land. He and Daria had never had the most exciting sex life, but *this* was something else. Raw magical power coalesced within him, enhancing the experience. He realised he could manipulate his form further, and so he *grew* within her, and at the same time two extra hands extended out from below his current pair. Daria’s

gorgeous eyes went wide as he used them to work her wonderful hips at the same time as he played with her lovely slim breasts.

“How are you - mmmm! OH GOD! AAHHHH!!”

Her voice erupted further, taking on a brilliant wordless song that caused more birds to fly around them like a natural orchestra. Daria was in the throes of passion. She had experienced something like this before when she was a ghost girl, but nothing on the level of such physical embrace, nor a lover who knew her. She felt as humiliated as she did lustful, and so she spread her thighs wider, her talons encircling Naraji.

“Cum for me,” Naraji bellowed, his eyes glowing and his multi-armed form squeezing her every erogenous zone. “I want you to cum, honey. I want to feel like a man, and you as a woman.”

“I don’t - I don’t -”

“*DO IT*,” he boomed, and his magic coursed through her system, flooding her very essence and causing her to *explode* in a magnificent female orgasm that went on and on and on until the next orgasm hit, followed by the next and the next. Her cries were not so much screams of ecstasy as one long and undulating musical note. That, combined with how good her wet passage felt as it milked Naraji’s cock, sent the genie into overdrive. He drew upon his magic to enhance his own virility, which caused his balls to visibly swell twice as large.

“Here I GO!” he bellowed, and then he experienced his first orgasm as a man. It was one giant powerful blast, and that was appropriate, because he fired into her like a thunder cannon. A veritable flood of semen poured into Daria, which left the harpy wailing, her wings flapping ever faster. She collapsed against him, and he slowly lowered them down until they were lying together on the grass.

“That . . . was magnificent,” he said.

“I - oh God, did that just happen?” the harpy replied.

“It did, sweetie. And I think we *both* loved it. I could get used to staying as a genie man, you know. Just like I could get used to you as a sexy harpy.”

He caressed her form as they lay together in the grass, but Daria’s mind was running a mile a minute after it finally left the post-coital mental haze.

“Oh God,” she whispered. “I liked that too much.”

The pattern repeated far too often for Daria’s liking over the next week as they explored this far land, and somehow far too little for Naraji, despite the frequency with which they made passionate and highly magical love. They had to find the mountain of the dragon, but both

had assumed that with flight it would be a shorter trip. Instead, the lowland and plainsland villages - initially awestruck by their marvellous appearances - were insistent that the dragon flew from far, far to the east, emerging from a mountain that had been shattered by a great and ancient cataclysm. They called it *The Maw*, a title which excited Naraji but left Daria far more worrisome. She wanted this experience over quickly, and always pushed for them to explore further and farther, using her wings to carry her from village to village, stopping only so they could gain respite, or so that Naraji could recharge his magic, which could indeed be overly expended. For the harpy woman, this once exciting adventure, born of being sucked into a game, was instead dragging out too long. Her harpy body lusted over Naraji's male form, but she felt forever humiliated by her needs, and desperate to be a man again. It wasn't as if she'd ever been some big jock or anything. As David, she'd been a fairly average-looking nerd, but somehow that had made her male pride stronger. When you have so little of something, it hurts all the more when you lose it, and such was the case here, especially since her harpy instincts made her so sweet in song and deeply submissive to Naraji's dominating side.

The new male genie, on the other hand, adored this new dynamic. He had loved being submissive in bed back when he'd been an ordinary human woman, but perhaps that was only because he *could* be submissive. Even David had been much stronger than him, being a man, and he'd always been a shy type. Now, however, the powerful genie magic in his strong and virile body had him excited. He was taller, stronger, musclier, and flooded with testosterone. Being the one to initiate and dominate during sex was a fascinating new dynamic, as was being able to go shirtless when he wanted, and not having to worry about the male gaze when they visited small villages along their eastern travels. In fact, he had quickly developed a protective streak when it came to Daria, just as he couldn't stop appreciating her slim female figure or relishing the way she was putty in his hands - all four to six of them, if necessary.

"Maybe we can keep something of these forms when we turn back," he said to Daria after yet another copulation, during which she had made a most beautiful birdsong of passion.

"As if," Daria said, still panting. "I'm not - ahhh - staying like this. It's so embarrassing."

"It can't be worse than being a ghost girl, and me being a drider. We were accidentally cheating on one another!"

"Yes, and we forgave one another! B-but . . . I don't want to be spreading my legs when we get back. I'm still the man in the relationship, honey. This is just a little detour before we return to our world and put this all behind us."

At this point, Naraji finally voiced a thought that had been floating in his head ever since they spotted what were apparently dragonstorm clouds above a series of high craggy mountains on the horizon.

"What if we . . . didn't go back?"

Daria blinked. "Didn't . . . what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that this land is exactly what we've always dreamed of, Daria! Look at us! We've been able to play our own characters in the kind of tabletop world we've talked about wanting to visit. And it's real! And we have magic, and we're having more sex than we ever have, and I feel powerful, and being male is so addicting. And when you sing as a woman, you make such sweet sounds, my love, I swear this is how it's meant to be."

Daria vaulted up, her wings flapping and keeping her hovering several feet above the ground. Her feathers ruffled up as she took in her genie mate's words. "No. No! What are you saying, honey? You want me to stay like this?"

"If you set aside your male pride, I'm sure you'll understand. Daria, I've always been so small and afraid, but now I can finally let loose. And you can fly! It's your fantasy superpower! And you're so beautiful. We'd be so free together."

"No! I'm not - why would you even think that? Is this the same harebrained series of thoughts that got you to sleep with that spider guy?"

Naraji's expression turned furious, and his power swelled as he floated up, equal in height to his mate. "You said you'd forgiven me."

"I - I have! But I can't forget! You think that was easy for me?"

"Nothing about this is easy! But now we can be free together. We have the perfect forms, honey. We've been flying and fucking and exploring and using magic. What more could we want?"

"I want to be a *husband* again! And I want - oh God!"

Daria suddenly took to the sky, dragging Naraji with her. It was just in time too, because an immense scaled beast, golden in colour and fierce beyond belief, suddenly crashed down from the sky and sent entire chunks of earth vaulting up into the atmosphere. A piece of debris nearly hit Daria, but Naraji deflected it. They both flew several hundred feet up to take in the sight of the dragon, which itself looked to be almost one hundred feet in length from snout to tail, its scales glimmering a beautiful gold and yet radiating a terrible heat. It looked up and grinned at them, intelligence in its eyes.

"My, my. What do we have here? Two interlopers come to take my pet away from me? Did the wizard Archimendron send you? Well, allow me to send him a violent message in return; your reanimated flesh as his assassins!"

Naraji clutched his head and so did Daria. The voice that spoke in their minds was *vile*, but it didn't seem to come from the dragon. It looked up at them, its eyes glowing a dreadful green.

"It's possessed!" Daria exclaimed. "We have to fight a dark mage at the end, right? He must be the one controlling it!"

"I think you're right," Naraji bellowed, gaining more height. "But what do we do?"

"Is there a gem or something? A spell?"

The dragon rose up on its immense haunches, its wings flapping loudly, sending entire trees crashing down as it rose into the air once more. Naraji closed his eyes and sensed something.

"There's a curse upon the creature!" the handsome genie exclaimed. "I can sense it! I need to get in close, but I'm not as manoeuvrable as you. You need to be the distraction!"

"What? Sweetie, I can't let you get close to-"

"Just do as your husband says, Daria! You must trust me!"

And with that, Naraji threw out a hand and summoned a thick series of stormy clouds around him. The dragon burst through the clouds, but he was hidden within them, along with Daria. The harpy was furious, but once more found she couldn't disagree with her genie partner's bellowing presence.

"Fine! But we are talking about this later! Even if I'm a woman, *I'm* still the husband!"

She took off out of the cover, and the dragon reared around.

"The first little morsel. I shall stitch you back up and make you my thrall, as I did this foul draconic beast. Ha!"

"Definitely a necromancer!" Daria exclaimed as she whizzed and whipped through the air. The dragon gained on her, but she had greater manoeuvrability, allowing her to dodge the blasts of searing hot magma that shot from the dragon's great golden maw. Some of her feathers sizzled, causing her to yelp, still she twisted and turned, rising up into the clouds for cover.

"You cannot hide so easily, servants of Archimendron! Behold the power of a fully grown dragon thrallbeast!"

The beast roared, and the clouds rained forks of lightning upon Daria. She dove and dodged between them, but it crackled her feathers further, leaving her vulnerable.

"Naraji! Where are you! HONEY!"

Another blast of molten magma, another great and terrible roar. The harpy rose above the clouds, angling her tail to trace a serpentine path in the sky. She headed towards the sun, hoping to block the great dragon's view, but it gained on her anyway, swatting at the air.

"I don't even know a wizard!"

“Liar! None try to stop my machinations and live! I will hear your confession in the pit of this creature's belly!”

Suddenly, the dragon sucked in its breath. It had the power of a ginormous vacuum cleaner, pulling her back into an open jaw that could have fit an entire moving van. She screamed, flapping her wings, until finally her last instinct took over: she *sang*.

For the briefest moment, the creature was mesmerised, and it allowed her to regain thirty feet of distance. But the magical power of a dragon was beyond any harpy, and it readied to swallow her whole, when suddenly-

“What!?! No! This creature is mine! You dare thwart the will of-”

The dragon's eyes shifted to gold and its behaviour instantly changed. It turned quickly, looping in the air to grip Daria in its claws instead, but in a gentle enough manner that the harpy was caught and not crushed.

“Don’t be afraid!” it roared in a maternal, almost queenly voice. “I am myself again. Your mate saved me!”

It rotated in the air again, revealing Naraji floating near the creature's belly, his hand upon her luminescent scales. He was smiling like a madman, which annoyed Daria, who had felt so in danger.

“I’m sorry, my love! It took longer than I thought it would to purge the wizard’s magic from the dragon, but everything should be alright now!”

She crossed her wings together, still in the dragon's grip.

“You might have told me the whole plan! I felt like a damsel in distress!”

“It’s a good look on you!” he declared, before catching himself. “Sorry, all this testosterone . . . are you okay, my love?”

She looked up at the dragon, who smiled at her. The creature of legend truly was a magnificent sight, particularly those golden scales and golden eyes.

“I think I will be,” she said. “If she can get us home.”

The dragon brought them both down to earth, its touch gentle and precise. She - for it was a female of its kind - placed them on a great grassy plain before its own mountain lair, which indeed looked like a shattered pass. She then sat down before them, her stature immense, her crest majestic, her very presence seeming to warm them from the heat that radiated off of her scales.

“Thank you for saving me. I am Delphira, Matriarch of the Skies, the Hornbearer, the Mother of the Golden Mountain Pass.”

“I’m Naraji,” the genie said, smiling. “And this is my wife, Daria.”

Daria frowned at this. She didn’t want to be the wife that her partner was now making her out to be. “Actually, that’s not quite true, because-”

“Because you are not from here,” Delphira continued, her voice loud and regal. “You are from another plane of existence, yes? I can smell it upon you, just as I can feel the magic of your changes. These are not your natural forms . . . though you, Naraji, are getting closer to your ideal, as are you, Daria.”

Naraji beamed at this. “I knew it! I knew that becoming a man was meant to be! Am I meant to be male?”

The dragon smiled. “Perhaps. Certainly, you are evolving.”

“Well, I’m not meant to be a woman!” Daria replied. “Can’t I go back to being a powerful dwarf or something?”

Delphira chuckled. “Perhaps you will, or perhaps you are simply fighting a future that was long ago destined for you. I smell another thing; you have enjoyed this form, Daria.”

“I - God! This is humiliating. Look, we just need to defeat a dark lord, and then we can achieve our heroic goals.”

Delphira smiled, lowering herself further.

“You speak of Palgram Varr, the dread necromancer who controlled me with his dark powers. He must be stopped, or all of Erutell will suffer.”

“Can you help us against him?” asked Naraji.

The dragon shook its head. “Alas, no. I would fall under his thrall again were he and I to draw close. But . . . I can imbue *you* with the powers you need. You have changed again and again, please allow me to change you further, to bring you closer to your ideal forms here in this plane of existence. Will you allow this, adventurers and heroes?”

Daria gulped, but Naraji’s eyes gleamed with excitement.

“Yes, yes!” he exclaimed. “We would be honoured, great Matriarch of the Skies!”

He turned to his harpy mate, who sighed in that musical tone of hers. “I guess I could become closer to male,” he muttered.

“There are no guarantees,” boomed the dragon. “Just that a gold dragon’s breath may draw you closer to your destinies. Prepare yourselves for another change, and may it be GLORIOUS!”

Daria squeezed her eyes shut, while Naraji was all wide-eyed and excited. With a great exhalation, Delphira breathed the essence of gold and light upon them.

And then the changes truly began.

Part 8: Draconic Forms

Daria's feathers flattened and hardened, pressing down against her skin even as they turned a gorgeous green. She gasped, her gorgeous plumage retracting yet shining in an altogether new way.

"Oh, hell yeah! Finally, a change I can get behind! A big powerful dude dragon!"

"Your changes will manifest according to your natures," Delphira said, her voice booming yet somewhat cryptic.

"I - I think I'm staying rather powerful myself!" Naraji intoned, his voice remaining deep as his own muscles expanded. Scales sprouted across his skin, satisfying a deep itch as they rose to the surface. His chest expanded yet further, his rib cage swelling. He grunted, struggling with his limbs as they thickened with muscle, growing in length and forming a powerful bone structure within. He toppled forwards, his genie magic disappearing in an instant, and landed not on two feet but on all fours.

"Woah!" he exclaimed. "Am I - am I becoming a drake or something?"

"More than that, for saving me," Delphira exclaimed, her great golden wings expanding. "You are worthy of a true draconic lineage, both of you! Naraji, I rename you Naraxis; a powerful blue dragon, young in years but tremendous to behold!"

The newly-christened dragon-to-be found himself roaring in approval. To experience what it was like to be a dragon was actually *Daria's* dream, he knew, but now that it was happening, he couldn't help but feel the immensity of power swelling within him and savour the triumph of it. He kept on growing, his spine changing shape so that he was permanently on all fours, and his fingers and toes melding together to form three toed talons with an opposable claw that jutted backwards. A tail began to form at his backside, pushing out and out and out until it was huge and long and had a great deal of muscle.

"Oh, I like *this!*" he announced. "Can I stay like this? I never want to leave if I can stay like this!"

Delphira chuckled in her regal fashion. "Perhaps, if you prove worthy of it."

"What are you talking about!?" Daria moaned, her own changes continuing, albeit not quite so great in size as her partner's. "This is j-just temporary! God, how come you're getting so much bigger? Why do I still have b-breasts!?"

Indeed, her slim chest was actually growing more sizable again, her stomach and mammaries softer and slightly yellow in contrast to her bright green scales. Her breasts bulged again, and were topped with dark tan-coloured nipples that were soft and prominent and deeply sensitive.

"Mhmmm! Since wh-when do dragons have b-breasts!?" she exclaimed. Her tail thickened, losing its plumage and becoming a counterweight to her chest. Her face began to

push forward, gaining a cute snout, and yet her hair remained, brunette in colour and falling down to her shoulders, giving her a distinctly gorgeous and feminine appearance that was only increased by the swelling of her hips. "Dragon's don't have tits!"

Delphira cocked her large, golden-crested head to one side as she watched as she observed the pair changing, Naraxis growing ever-larger, while Daria's became more and more voluptuous.

"You are *not* becoming a dragon, that is why. By saving me directly, Naraxis has proven her worthiness as a true dragon. As her submissive mate and aide, you are given the great-but-lesser honour of becoming her servile *draconian*."

"B-but I'm a man!"

Delphira guffawed loudly. "You do not appear to have the essence of one! In fact, the aura of your mate has grown more proudly bold, while your own aura is deferential and very female!"

"But you're a female too!"

"I am a *Queen*, a *Matriarch*. Accept my blessing, Daria. I rename you Derinthia, and this shall be your identity while you are empowered so."

Both of their minds changed. It was impossible to fight against, not that the newly-named Naraxis was at all interested in fighting his new identity. He grew and grew until he was over thirty feet in length, miniature in size compared to Delphira, but still incredibly mighty. His face pushed forward to form a reptilian snout, his shimmering blue scales shining all the brighter as his magnificence increased. His body was not thick but instead sinuous and long, serpentine and agile with a spine like a serpent's. His crest extended, bones jutting out from his skull, and while it was initially painful he quickly revelled in the feeling, for much like when he became a genie, Naraxis could feel magic growing with him. He was a being of magic now, a new draconic magic that flowed through his mighty veins.

"Isn't this incredible, Derinthia!?"

"For you, maybe!" the female draconian cried, now diminutive next to her mate. "I'm still a woman, and I'm tiny compared to you! How come *you* get to be a dragon?"

"You don't like the look of me, hmm?"

Derinthia was about to say just that, but as the changes continued, and her height increased to roughly six feet, and as two wings with that same emerald green colouring extended from her shoulders, something further happened to her mind beyond just yet another identity change. Suddenly, Derinthia looked up in awe at both Delphira and Naraxis, and not just the awe of a massive tabletop gaming nerd being amazed at real-life dragons in an alternate fantasy universe, but instead a sense of borderline *religious* awe. They were astounding to behold, powerful and mighty, and their sleek yet dominating presences were

impossible to look away from. Without even thinking, she went down on one scaled knee even as a battle skirt formed around her lower half and an armour cuirass formed to contain her upper half - two prominent round parts to contain her magnificent bust.

"M-my mate!" she declared without thinking. "Wait, why did I just say that? Oh God, I'm worshipping my own husband! I mean, my dragon! My wife, I meant my wife!"

Naraxis extended a hand in sympathy, but was unused to a quadruped stance and so nearly toppled over. He might have crushed his poor former husband, were it not for the sudden eruption of a pair of massive blue-scaled wings that surged out from his powerful back. They were mighty and magnificent, and their spikes were formed from gleaming gemstones that glittered brilliantly in the sunlight. His member swelled and grew, but it also pulled up inside of him at the same time, hidden within a reptilian fold until the time was right.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" he boomed, voice more powerful than ever. "I assure you, you still look most beautiful, especially with those emerald scales!"

Derinthia would have blushed, were it not for her scales. She had a smaller crest than her draconic husband, though her cute horns were also lovely gemstone formations, as were the claws of her hands and feet. Her tail shifted behind her, powerful and surprisingly long, moving in a serpentine fashion. It felt even weirder to possess than her feathered harpy tail, yet quite prehensile. She curled it around and held the point even with her face.

"Oh God," she said. "This is so cool and wrong at the same time. It's like the monkey's paw; I always wanted to be a dragon, but instead I'm some kind of sexy girl dragon with wide hips and a big butt and huge boobs! Dragons don't even need boobs!"

"Draconians do," Delphira said gently, lowering her face down towards the male-turned-female. "They give birth to live wyrmlings, and nourish them with their milk. You could do so if you wish; it is not uncommon for a master dragon to breed with his servile draconian, should they wish it. They can even, quite rarely, lead to the birth of a pure dragon, if the seed is strong."

Derinthia almost went into the air for a moment, her wings were suddenly flapping so hard in agitation. It was another alien sensation to her - her previous wings were at least part of her arms, but these were a whole new pair of limbs!

"N-no way!" she suddenly declared. "I don't want to have kids, no matter how . . . God-like . . . he is." She had to shake her head to remove that naturally dutiful submissiveness. "Besides, he's huge! I'd die!"

"Ah, that is the other thing. Naraxis, how fair you with your body?"

The enormous blue-scaled dragon was starting to adjust to walking on all fours. With each step, he thudded upon the ground, causing minor quakes, though it was nothing compared to what the great golden dragon Delphira would be capable of. His tail swayed,

and it collided with a tree behind him as he turned, the only one standing nearby in their field. The entire trunk split, and the tree top fell to the ground.

“Uh, whoops!”

“Careful, sweetie! What if you hit me?”

“I’m still getting used to this! I’m so big! It feels incredible but . . . very unwieldy. What if the necromancer is inside a cave or something?”

Delphira smiled warmly. “That is what I wish to reveal to you. If you focus your dragon magic, you can assume a more humanoid form, one capable of mating with other races, instructing them, engaging in their cultures and practices, or simply living among them. Or, as you say, fitting into smaller caves where cruel and contemptible necromancers like Palgram Varr.

“Oh my God - er, Gods? - this is so cool!” Naraxis proclaimed, stamping her heavy feet in excitement and causing poor Derinthia to flee back a little, her tail wagging behind her. “How do I do it?”

“Simply concentrate on the magic within.”

“Yeah, and try to at least be a little shorter than me, honey,” Derinthia added. “At least give me that much while our genders are reversed.”

But Naraxis barely heard her. He was brimming with enthusiasm, barely able to believe how *awesome* this all felt, in every sense of the word. Within his chest stirred a powerful flame, a roaring engine that could combust and cause a mighty geyser to pour forth from his maw, and yet it was also so much more than that. It felt like the heart of magic itself was brewing and churning inside of him. Was this what it meant to be a dragon? Because if so, it was far, far grander than simply being a genie. And so he closed his eyes and stretched out his large wings, focusing on that boiling magic within the heart of his immense body. It was fluid. It was adaptable. It was the very essence of change and wonder.

“Make me . . . more human,” he intoned, his voice like brass itself.

He focused further, repeating the words, and suddenly found a connection. It was like prodding at the magic within allowed it to expand and flood through his body, extending through his entire nervous system, through every blood vessel and across his skin. Slowly but surely, his body started to shrink. Derinthia looked with awe at her changing lover. She felt the need to bow again, and only half-resisted it, but her tail wagged in excitement just from the spectacle of it. In less than thirty seconds, Naraxis’s body shrank and transformed into that of a rugged and powerful looking humanoid male, albeit one with touches of the draconic about him. His hair was blue to match his scales, and his clothing consisted of a regal adventurer’s cloak of the same colour. His muscles were strong, his shoulders wide, but his ears were slightly finned, and his hands scaled. The same blue scales peppered the sides of his temples as well, and a draconic tail shifted behind him also. To complete the

look, two long blue amethyst horns extended from the top of his scalp and swept back. He appeared like some kind of dragon king, and this time Derinthia actually did fall to her knees and bowed onto her hands.

“N-Naraxis!” she declared, unable to help herself. “You look - you look utterly astounding!”

“I feel it, sweetie!” he replied as he turned his hands over and inspected his blue gemstone fingernails, which were somewhat like claws. “This is amazing. Oh, I never understood why you wanted to see what it was like to be a dragon before, Derinthia. Why not a tiefling or a centaur or a mermaid or something like that? But now, now I get it!”

At this, Derinthia managed to recover a little and stand, folding her arms beneath her armoured chest, which unfortunately was pushed up rather spectacularly by the cuirass, which terminated above in such a way as to show off quite a lot of draconian cleavage.

“You have no idea how jealous I am right now. And you’re a male dragon, too!”

“What is wrong with being female, young one?” Delphira asked.

Immediately, Derinthia felt the weight of a dragon’s opinion holding her servile self under its sway. “N-nothing, great Matriarch! Nothing at all. It’s just - I’m not meant to be-”

“Nonsense, you *are* meant to be. I can detect your aura, your very essence. This is far closer to the true and final you than your original male self. One can see it in your interactions, in your nature, and in the ripples of your future.”

Derinthia swallowed and scratched awkwardly at her scales. This was all too much, and being in the presence of not just one but *two* dragons was making her feel so very strange, like she needed to cook and serve and worship them in equal measure.

“C-can we just know what we’re supposed to do so I can go back to normal?”

Delphira smiled, but then she beat her wings. The wind whipped against the grass and nearly sent the draconian flying until Naraxis steadied her with a more powerful wing. Suddenly, the great golden dragon took to the sky, rising slowly but surely, her full power on display. She roared, and a great plume of radiant fire emerged in a straight line for several hundred feet into the distance.

“Follow in that direction!” she cried. “Across the Hinterland and into Fell Deep. You will find Palgram Varr there, preparing his necromantic armies. I was to be the head of his conquests, but now he will be securing his defences. Go quickly. It is just three days away, and be prepared to save Erutell from his grasp. If you do so, you will be rewarded most high, and your ultimate heroic goals will be achieved.”

Naraxis raised his head in sudden interest. His hold over his smaller form disappeared, and soon he began to expand again, his new natural form taking precedence. Derinthia literally had to move back to accommodate the great thirty-foot plus long dragon

manifesting before her, and once again she had to try and control her own reactions from the sheer wonder of the sight.

Naraxis, on the other hand, was otherwise occupied in thought. His talons clawed at the ground in further excitement as Delphira's words sank in. *Heroic goals will be achieved. Heroic Goals*. That was exactly what he had set as part of his character back when she'd been plain, shy, and simple little June well over a month ago. That woman had selected a goal, and so had Derinthia, back when she'd been the kind but ultimately unadventurous David.

"A heroic goal," he repeated, his belly brewing with fire. "Derinthia, do you know what that means?"

Derinthia did, though the rather curvy draconic woman found herself more relieved than excited, realising that their journey was near an end and that they would be out of the game soon.

"I do, my mistress," she said, before catching herself. "Sweetie, I mean. We both set a goal before we were cast into the game."

"Then seek it out now," Delphira commanded, launching further into the sky. "I must return to my lair and fortify it. Go, heroes, and earn your victories! I thank and bless you once more!"

She soared up and away, and Derinthia had to choke back a sob.

"Damn this draconian form. It's like I'm *compelled* to worship and serve dragons. Mistress, what do we do?"

"Didn't you hear? We have to find the necromancer! She pointed the way?"

Derinthia hesitated. "I - I know. It's just . . ."

Her tail curled around her midsection awkwardly, and her wings flapped by instinct too. "I just need to follow what your command is, first."

Naraxis chuckled. "I'm sorry about this, sweetie. But at least it's very cute of you! I could get used to this!"

"Please don't . . . mistress."

"Worry not! I want to stay like this forever, but I want a more equal dynamic with you when we choose to stay. Fine then, follow me, my lovely draconian maid!"

It was a joke, but to Derinthia's shame, she felt a warm flush of excitement run through her tall green-scaled form. It made her spread her wings and launch into the sky after Naraxis, who looked utterly majestic and perhaps even elegant as he darted through the air. She managed to catch up, but only by moving her wings at a much more rapid pace to do so.

"Please slow down, mistress! Ugh, I can't stop calling you that! I can't keep up with your majesty!"

“Sorry, I’ll try! I’m just enjoying this too much! Look at me; I feel like a God.”

Derinthia was embarrassed, because it was hard not to see Naraxis as one. A God to be worshipped. More and more, she felt less like a husband and more like something apart in their marriage. She was fearful of what that meant.

“Just focus on the future,” she said to herself.

“Exactly!” Naraxis announced. “Where we can both be dragons, me as your virile mate and you as my fertile queen! How astounding would that be?”

“I meant us getting out of here!”

“Well, I’m going to pursue my heroic goal. You remember it, don’t you?”

“Of course!” Derinthia said. “*Forge a Mighty Family Dynasty*. It showed some kind of noble lineage filled with many descendants. That could be us back in the real world. We planned to have kids!”

“Ah, but mine was a bit different, my draconian beauty!” Naraxis exclaimed in a rather proud voice, his own draconic nature getting to him. “*Gain Access to Forbidden Paradise*. I am to be ruler of some kind of hidden island, fawned over by numerous concubines and wives as I enjoy my splendid new existence!”

Derinthia almost fell out of the air, and certainly fell behind as Naraxis’ words reverberated in her head. A dragon’s pride, ambition, and desire to possess a lovely hoard was already setting into Naraxis’ mind, and it made the dragon-girl very anxious indeed.

“W-wait!” she cried. “What do you mean, concubines and wives!?”

But Naraxis was already soaring towards the Hinterlands, and all Derinthia could do was hopelessly fly after her mistress.

Part 9: A Final Conflict with a Dark Mage

Derinthia moaned with pleasure as Naraxis mounted her. She’d had sex as a woman before, but the hope had been for such an event to be temporary. Now as an emerald-scaled draconian with a wide pair of hips and impressive bust, however, she was feeling more submissive and devoted to her wife-turned-dragon master than ever.

“We’ll t-turn back! We’ll f-find a wayyyy! Ohhhh!”

She roared as Naraxis thrust his dick into her. Her tail was draped over his shoulder, slapping against his back, wings flapping in ecstasy while he brought her closer to climax. He was in his more humanoid form, a powerful king with a strong tail himself and a crest of shining blue. The dragon roared with pleasure when he finally came, and she did too,

collapsing forward and tearing at the grass with her claws just to deal with the pure ecstasy thrumming through her core. What felt like an entire *torrent* of dragon seed flooded into her draconic passage and into her waiting womb, which left her quivering with bliss. Finally, Naraix withdrew, leaving her to collapse upon the ground.

“D-did that please you, master?” she managed, deeply submissive by instinct after such an act.

As if to emphasise the increased power difference between them, her formerly diminutive wife grew back into *his* truly grand dragon form, incredibly large and powerful, like a god looking down upon his deeply blessed servant. She lowered her head and hated herself for acting like this.

“You have pleased me very well, Derinthia! You will always remain my first wife, I assure you!”

“I’m your only wife, and I’m meant to be your husband . . . master.”

At this, Naraxis rumbled a little with amusement. “Don’t be like that, honey. When we played tabletop games, I recall you enjoyed having your dwarf character seduce multiple women. You even got a harem at the end of one of your campaigns!”

“That was just a game!” she whined, looking up at the massive and glorious creature above her. She stood on still wobbling legs and felt the ooze of dragon semen creeping down her naked thighs, which made her shiver. “This is real life! We’re in some alternate dimension fantasy world, but we don’t belong here!”

“You love to fly! You love fantasy, darling. You can’t deny how wondrous this all is! Look at me, I’m a mighty DRAGON!”

His voice boomed, and a great plume of fire shot from his mouth into the morning sky. It left Derinthia bowing deeply, once more a servile worshipper thanks to her ridiculous Draconian instincts. Finally, she managed to get back up and cross her arms over her large, softly scaled green breasts.

“You’re letting your new body get to your head, honey! You’ve only been a dragon for a day, and I’ve only been this damn submissive serpent woman for the same time!”

“Ah, but you have also been a beautiful harpy in love with a powerful genie, and a ghost girl dependent upon a strong-backed drider. Even in the beginning, while you were stronger, I was growing in strength far beyond what I once possessed. Don’t you think this is destiny, my love? I could live as a mighty dragon, and you could be my priestess and worshipper! Both our noble goals could come true: you could forge a mighty lineage by becoming my bride and bearing my wyrmlings, and I would take us to a forbidden paradise where you could have so many new friends - my other wives and concubines.”

“M-Master, are you *nuts*!? We swore to love one another!”

"I do!" Naraxis shouted in frustration. "I love you more than anything, but a dragon's love requires more than just one individual. Don't you feel that need, Derinthia? Delphira has blessed us both. Our love can be *shared*."

Derinthia's tail swayed behind her. She was still getting used to it, but it was currently thudding a little on the ground, an expression of her own annoyance as well as how damn enticing her dragon lover's words were. The idea of becoming his emerald-scaled first bride, above all other wives and concubines, even able to rule over them a little and restrict access to Naraxis . . . it felt like the truest call of a draconian.

But not for the man called David whom she was supposed to be.

"Honey, I married you with the knowledge that we would do everything for one another, be with one another in sickness and in health."

"We will still be together! You are just not a *dragon* honey, just like you weren't a *genie*. You didn't even experience a *drider*'s needs. My whole journey through Erutell has been preparing me for this: to become a grand dragon! I know this now!"

Derinthia cursed under her breath, shaking her wings out. She took a rag and used it to clean out her womanhood, and then quickly began to put on her rather showy armour, including the cuirass that pushed up her breasts on display. She was aware that she was putting on a show, and accidentally kept on making her appearance quite seductive for Naraxis, but in the end she was dressed.

"Let's get to this necromancer," she said. "If it truly is your destiny, then I'm sure you can remain a dragon. But if *I'm* right, we'll turn back. Either way, you can't obey your new queen of the dragons, Delphira, can you?"

At this, Naraxis snarled a little. He realised he was in a bind. Part of him felt quite sympathetic to poor Derinthia. The draconian, once her husband, had never asked for this, just like he never had. But only he understood the instincts and desires of a true dragon. He never wanted to go back to being little more than a shy human woman anymore. He would always love Derinthia, always. But he had become so much more than he could ever be as shy, nerdy June. This was his destiny, he knew it. That of a mighty dragon, able to take humanoid form, and spread his magical lineage throughout the world.

"Very well," he said, voice booming. "We shall complete our quest, and see how our great heroic goals manifest. I know I am right, Derinthia. This is our destiny."

Derinthia was glad that her blush did not show on her scales. She gripped some of her long, dark green hair and fidgeted with it, trying to ignore her urge to simply fall in line and worship her mate and master. Her *lord and husband*.

"And I know I'll get my body back," she said. "We both will."

The dragon huffed, then turned his head across the wild hinterlands, where a horizon of black smoke rose upon dead mountains. "Then let us finish this, and find out."

The land was not just death, it was *undeath*. Skeleton hordes roamed across grey hills, and unholy abominations of flesh pointed at the sky where Naraix flew, Derinthia in his wake.

“He’ll know we’re coming!” Derinthia said, bringing herself alongside Naraxis’ enormous blue-scaled maw. “My love, we need to think of a plan!”

“Shock and awe is the plan!”

“Stop thinking like a dragon! His castle is just ahead! He’s a necromancer and he can use magic to ensnare dragons!”

“Delphira said we would be safer. His magic takes time to work upon our kind.”

“Then at least come up with something with me! Would we have just barged into a lich’s lair while playing *Fantasy Arcane*? While playing *DnD*!?”

At this, Naraxis considered her mate’s points. “You are right, my mate. See, this is why you should stay with me as my first wife and mate! I need good counsel as a future great dragon. I shall rise further up into the mist. My eyes can look down upon the tower, while you sneak lower and find any traps.”

Derinthia felt nervous, and also didn’t like being separated from the mate she saw as partly her master, but she followed his instructions. There were numerous walls and barracks leading up to the blackstone castle, and they were manned by unholy warped flesh with far too many eyes, or simply the restless dead. It was a grim affair, and it made her colour stand out all the more. Still, she found a rocky cavern to make her move from, and shifted through the thick mists as quickly as she could, relying on the monsters looking up at the sky to try and see the much bigger target again.

“I will be David again,” she told herself. “I will be a man. I’ve had fun - it’s been genuinely amazing - but the time has come to be a man again and not some submissive draconian!”

She leapt and then glided over a section of the wall of Palgram’s castle, then dived into the moat at the interior wall just before a swarm of skeletons could see her. Sure enough, there were numerous traps she could spy here: runes upon the walls, runes upon the drawbridge, runes on the towers and even in the water. One lit up and she had to jump out before an explosion of ice got her. Derinthia darted around the corner, avoiding the skeletons and servants moving to investigate. Quickly, she slipped up into the sky and reunited, much to her relief, with Naraxis.

“There are too many traps!” she cried.

Naraxis remained calm, eyes on the castle far below. “Explain where they are. What they are.”

"Honey, it's too much-"

"Sweetie, I am a *dragon*. Now tell me. I've found what I think is a weakness but I need to know what to expect."

Derinthia nodded, and then proceeded to tell all to Naraxis. She found that as a draconian, her memory was excellent, though not as good as a true dragon's. To her surprise, Naraxis shifted his long neck in midair and nuzzled against her in mid-flight, an action that approached a gentle and romantic kiss. It left the green-scaled draconian her all warm in her considerable chest.

"You are magnificent," he said. "Almost as much as me, ha! I know the way in. He's counting on its weakness. It's deliberately exposed, and has many runes. But your description leaves a gap through the east wall."

"Th-through the east wall? *Through*?"

Naraxis grinned, and the dragon practically *radiated* charisma. Derinthia realised she would follow this dragon anywhere, but she truly hoped it wouldn't be a road that left them permanently in these forms.

"Follow me!" the dragon declared. "A smart plan, with shock and awe! Honey, this is just incredible!"

Naraxis shifted in the sky, and then dove down with such speed and ferocity that Derinthia simply could not keep up. The dragon roared loudly, sending out a sonic boom that caused skeleton guards on the highest towers to simply shatter, and then he went straight for the eastern wall. At the very last second, he roared magnificently, sending out a geyser of flame so superheated that it literally *melted* the stone into magma. And then Naraxis was in, an immense dragon inside the throne room of this fallen castle, already sweeping her tail out to take down skeletons and abominations, spewing her next flame to pop monsters of green and purple slime. Traps went off, hurling rocks and beams of pure magic at her, and while these hurt, he simply thrashed about, annihilating them.

"WHERE IS PALGRAM VARR!?" she roared. "HIS TIME HAS COME! HE SHALL THREATEN THE DRAGONS NO MORE! HE SHALL-"

And then suddenly Naraxis found himself frozen. A sickly green field of magical power spread across him, holding him in place, and numerous tendrils of the same colour dragged him down to the ground as if he were chained. The dragon roared, his flame melting more stone and causing various minions to erupt or scatter, but his might was restrained. A reedy voice cackled from above, and slowly a man in dark robes floated down from near the ceiling of the great throne room. His skin was pale and withered, crisscrossed with scars, and maggots fell from his flesh as he finally found purchase upon the ground. The dark wizard's eyes glowed that same sickly green, his black hair writhing like centipedes upon his shoulders.

“My, my, what have I caught in my web? I lose Delphira, but I *gain* a new draconic servant, it seems.”

Naraxis struggled against his bonds, but they only pulled tighter.

“You will not escape, dragon. Or are you a genie? I sense the same essence in you that I fought against when I controlled the Matriarch of the Open Skies. Alas, you stole my pet from me, my instrument of great conquest. No matter, I shall get her back. Tell me, what do you call yourself? And do lie or fall silent, or I shall *flense* your scales from your skin.”

The bonds pulled tight, and Naraxis grunted heavily. His tail was restrained, preventing even that offensive option. “I AM NARAXIS!” he roared. “AND I SHALL SMITE YOU, DARK WIZARD!”

The man cackled from his throne. “Shall you? It seems quite the opposite is in the cards, I should think. I have you where I want you, once-genie, in the clutches of Palgram Varr, the greatest wizard in the known world. But you are not a genie either, are you? No, your essence is not even of this world. What is your original form, I wonder?”

Naraxis panicked. The dark wizard extended his hand, a black staff in his pale grip, and suddenly a new transformation rippled through his body. He tried to escape it by shrinking into his humanoid but still draconic form, but instead his scales fled him entirely as he was reduced in size.

“Wait!” he roared. “Don’t do this!”

A commotion rang outside. A loud roar, a gout of flame, the sounds of arrows being loosed and spears being hurled.

“It seems your lover is already engaging with my forces, which are blocking her ability to rescue you. How amusing. Well, while she is finished off, it’s time for some fun. Let’s see who you truly are!”

Naraxis shrieked. His tail pulled in and disappeared. His scales evaporated. His wings shrank down into his shoulders, and soon he was simply a human man, wearing a simple blue robe before the Palgram Varr. With a humiliated whimper, even *that* body changed. His penis withdrew back into his body, and his hair grew out a little longer, turning brown. A pair of spectacles appeared on his face, and slim breasts grew from his chest. In moments, he was now a *she* again.

She was June.

Simple, ordinary, nerdy June. She had never felt so diminished and small. Once, she had been satisfied with her body, but no longer. The incredible essence of dragonhood had been *hers*, and even the allure of being a powerful male genie could have worked as consolation, but not this. Tears formed in her eyes, and Palgram cackled as draconic energy crackled around his staff, her dragon magic absorbed into it.

“How amusing! A small, mousy woman from another realm of existence! And to think you became a virile male dragon! I bet that was intoxicating, wasn’t it? Well, bear witness to my own transformation, mortal. I shall take Delphira’s magic and make it my own. I shall be a blessed dragon now, one mightier than you and she combined. And I, Palgram Varr, will rule over all of Erutell with an iron claw!”

June acted quickly. She *raced* towards the wizard, but she knew she was already too late. Her legs were too weak, her stature too small. She was never going to make it.

But then she didn’t have to.

“JUNE, GET BACK!” Derinthia roared, triumphantly flying in through the massive hole in the eastern wall. She had no flame of her own, but she threw a stolen spear at the dark wizard. He barely managed to dodge it, and in doing so the draconian took advantage of the distraction to smash into the wizard, knocking him down from the stairs of the dais and toppling the throne.

“Get back! I shall be unstoppable!” he roared. Magic lashed out from his staff, hitting Derinthia. Her body instantly warped, and to her shock she was now a drider just like June had been. She slipped on her eight legs, unused to her enormous abdomen.

“That will contain you!” Palgram laughed, readying his spell again.

“Derinthia!” June cried, slipping through a crack in the green magic trap her larger form had been ensnared in. “Use your backside, remember!”

The new drider managed to turn just a little and released the pressure in her gigantic spider ass. A wad of web shot out and smacked into Palgram, catching the top of the staff and interrupting him yet again.

“Get away!” he screamed. “You will be nothing when I am done! NOTHING!”

June grabbed the spear on the floor and jabbed it towards Palgram. It caused an accidental discharge of energy, one that sent cracks down the length of his staff, and this spell warped her essence again. June was now a huge green orc with incredible muscles and a two-piece fur outfit that displayed her fit green form.

“This is a start!” she roared, and she punched the man across the room.

Palgram aimed the staff at the pair of them, and more cracks went down his staff. “Be nothing, fools!”

But instead of being vaporised, they were changed once again by the misbehaving magic. June was now a gorgeous mermaid, her tail flopping uselessly as she tried to drag herself closer, bare breasted and with long red hair. Meanwhile, Derinthia had turned into an incredibly beautiful infernal princess, one with purple skin and curved grey ram’s horns that twisted around either side of her head. She was beautiful and very buxom-figured, her legs hooved and with locks of purple fur around them, while a spaded tail extended out behind

her, at least four feet in length and seemingly quite prehensile. At her side was a silver sword.

"Oh God, it doesn't stop!" she cried, her eyes golden and faintly glowing. "What am I now?"

Palgram cackled, gripping his staff. "The fabled Queen of the Aluvian Coast!" he cackled. "How amusing that for a moment you might have fulfilled *another* prophecy. Instead, you will *die!*"

He aimed his staff, sickly green magic once more emerging from it. At the last second though, June managed to lunge forward, pushing off with her tail in a muscular leap so that the mermaid landed in front of the blast. She screamed as it hit her, which gave enough time for Derinthia to run forward with a ragged scream and plunge the sword into the necromancer's heart.

The dark wizard's eyes went wide. For just a moment, he looked like he was about to say something, and then instead he exhaled and collapsed upon the broken stairs, lifeless. Derinthia barely paid attention to him. She grabbed the staff. She could feel the magic flowing within it, and for once, *she* felt like she had some command over it.

"Thank fuck!" she declared. "I've got infernal magic! Yes! June, I can change us b-"

The gorgeous purple-skinned beauty paused as she saw June. She was no longer a mermaid, but instead her regular human self for a third time. She was gasping for air, naked upon the ground and struggling against a grievous magical wound dealt by Palgram Varr.

"Shit! Oh God, honey!"

Derinthia moved to her side and knelt down, forgetting the strangeness of her own body and even that she was walking with *hooved feet*. She cradled her lover.

"June! June, stay with me!"

Her wife softly smiled. "You were r-right," she whispered. "I'm s-sorry for how I was. Dragon's in-instincts. I just f-flew too close to the sun, I guess."

"You'll be fine. I can find a way to heal you. Does infernal magic heal?"

If it could, she wasn't sure how to. June took her hand, tears in the woman's eyes. "I just wanted to be a dragon, David. I'm sorry I was how I was. You can take it all back now, make us who we were."

"But - but you'll never be a dragon again."

June swallowed. "I know," she said, tears in her eyes. "I don't d-deserve it. You deserve to be happy again. Use the staff, David. I trust you. I'm sorry for it all. I love you so much . . ."

"Even if our paths ended up lying in different directions," Derinthia finished.

June nodded. "My fault."

"No, mine as well. God, I can't believe I'm going to do this! Okay, here goes! You owe me, June!"

Her wife's eyes widened in surprise, as Derinthia raised the staff. They both knew it would break apart upon the next spell, and a very careful one would have to be applied. Even Palgram had failed. But he hadn't used the draconic energy within the staff, wanting to save it all for himself. Derinthia called upon that magic, and then, focusing on it as strongly as the new infernal woman could, she sent it coursing out and back into June. The staff shattered as the magic was sent forth.

"Make her Naraxis again!"

June cried out in surprise, but could say no more, because her body was changing, swelling, growing rapidly. Blue scales erupted across her form, and a massive tail extended from her backside. Soon she was on all fours, and a great pair of dragon wings were spreading outwards to fill the throne room of the fallen dark wizard. Her neck lengthened, her jaw became a mighty dragon's maw, and then with the formation of a great crest, *she* became a *he* again. June was Naraxis once more, and he let loose a bellowing roar of victory.

"Thank you," he breathed, barely able to believe what his lover had done. He was a dragon again, but one that had been sufficiently humbled. His instincts still called for a procession of wives and concubines, but . . . he now saw Derinthia as his equal. "But my love . . . you've given up your chance to return back to normal!"

Derinthia looked down upon herself and sighed. She had rather large breasts, dark purple like the rest of her skin, and her dress, while very lovely, was certainly showing off her features well. There was even a slit down either leg to show off her thighs, and the backless design of the dress made her feel more like a courtesan than anything else.

"I know," she said, her golden eyes roaming across her changed form. Her purple tail curled around her thin midsection as if to comfort her, and she found herself touching her curved ram's horns, not used to their weight upon her head or the sensation of such bony protrusions. "It seems this might be me."

"You could . . . we could always . . . ?"

Derinthia raised her face to take in the mighty Naraxis. Once, he had been a diminutive woman that she loved. She still loved him. She knew that. But the light of romance had changed for the two of them, and deep down they both recognised that.

"I will always love you, Naraxis. I will. But I don't think our love can be like it was."

Naraxis lowered his head, his tail shifting against the wall behind him. "I know. I'm sorry."

“Don’t be. It’s just . . . we’re in a different story, I suppose. We didn’t marry in a land of grand adventure and transformations and gender changes.”

The dragon nodded again. “But what will you do?”

“I have no fucking idea!” Derinthia said, and she found herself laughing at the insanity of it all. “Look at us! The dragon and the damsel in distress, and in a dangerous castle at that!”

Naraxis let out a loud laugh. “If I may so, you look like quite the devilish princess!”

“A prophesied queen of the Aluvian Coast, whatever that means!”

They laughed again, and then died down into awkward silence.

“Wait,” Naraxis said, shrinking down to his draconic but humanoid form. “What about our heroic goals?”

As if summoned by his very words, suddenly there was a great trumpet that echoed through the throne room, a procession of them in fact, all piping out a triumphant tune. The dragon and the demoness looked up into the air to see an announcement in gold forming like that of a videogame . . . or a magical boardgame.

Congratulations! it said. You have won the tale of Erutell, and your new lives here await. Do you wish to claim the rewards of your Heroic Goals?

Naraxis and Derinthia exchanged a look.

“I guess we should, right?” Derinthia said. “No point turning down a good reward.”

“Indeed!” Naraxis replied. “We claim our rewards!”

The gold letters expanded, miniature fireworks going off above them. And then there was a mighty flash, and they were elsewhere . . .

Part 10: Heroic Goals Achieved

Derinthia blinked. The dark fortress of Pagram Varr was gone, and instead she was standing in what appeared to be an impressively royal courtyard, complete with a hedge maze to her side, grand flower gardens on the other, and an immense castle that stretched up to the sky before her, bright blue flags waving from the white stone walls.

“What am I? Oh, don’t tell me I’ve changed again!”

She held up her hands, and was partly relieved and partly annoyed to find that she was still her previous self; a demoni woman with dark purple skin and a very impressive bust jutting out from her chest, to say nothing of her childbearing hips and thin waist which gave her a perfect hourglass shape. Her tail flicked out from behind her, long and prehensile, wrapping around her left leg nervously. She was still attired in a refined dress, albeit one that

was a little more showy than she would have liked; it even opened up to show her slim midriff, and the thigh slits remained, which put her purple legs with her hooved feet on display. The former man gripped her grey ram's horns that circled around on either side of her head, tail uncurling to sway behind her nervously.

"How is this my Heroic Goal? Wasn't I going to forge a mighty dynasty? Instead, I'm stuck in a busty devilwoman's body!"

She was well aware of the fact that she had given up her chance to return to Earth and regain her regular human body, but why was she still an infernal woman, hooves and purple skin and horns and a tail and boobs and - and all of it!?

"Is there some mistake!?" she cried out, as if expecting some god or controller of this world to answer. "Hello! What happened to my mighty dynasty?"

It was only then that a loud horn blew, one that nearly made her jump. It was a good thing she didn't; she wasn't used to having hooves, and was worried she would trip as she got used to having toeless feet. The horn blew a second time, and suddenly there was shouting. With a silver sword at her side, Derinthia prepared for the worst. A green flame grew in her hand, a sign that she still wielded magic, and it was a good thing too, because suddenly what looked like finely garbed palace troops *burst* from the doors of the palace and descended down the steps towards her.

"Intruder! What are you doing here?"

"Wait, look at her! The flame in her hand! Her appearance!"

"Don't loose a single arrow! Someone inform the King and Prince!"

Derinthia was now very confused. She was surrounded by armed men, but some appeared to be kneeling a little, and others were looking at her with wide eyes, their expressions almost that of someone experiencing true *awe*.

"Wh-what are you staring at me for?" she said, finding her voice, which was quite regal indeed.

"You are Derinthia, are you not?" their captain said.

She nodded. "I am. Can someone explain what's going on here? I was fighting Pagram Varr. We had just defeated him and-"

And suddenly the guards exploded into shouts of joy, each of them conferring with one another. It was then that Derinthia remembered something that the dark wizard necromancer had said to her; that she had turned into the 'prophesised Queen of the Aluvian Coast.' Another set of doors opened, and an older man in a splendid blue tunic and a dashing handsome younger man who had to be his son advanced with their own set of guards. Derinthia gulped. She knew her body and desires had changed, but the younger man, who was no doubt the prince, did indeed look very attractive. He was tall and blonde-haired, his eyes bright blue, and he smiled in awe as he saw her.

“Father, it is her! Derinthia of the Demoni!”

“Don’t be a fool son, there is no telling what-”

The palace captain stepped forward. “Sire, she has the silver sword, and in her hand is the green flame, as was prophesied. And she brings word that Pagram Varr has been, at least, defeated.”

At this, the King fell silent, and he now regarded Derinthia as if she were a goddess.

“My lady,” he said, bowing just a smidge himself. “I welcome thee to the Kingdom of the Aluvian Coast. We have long waited for you. Our lands are beset by misfortune and disease, but the prophecy states that your arrival will end it all, and that you will bless our line with many strong descendants in a powerful lineage. Have you come to fulfil this grand prophecy and bind yourself to my son, who has waited also to have you as his bride?”

Derinthia blinked.

Derinthia gulped.

Derinthia took a moment to bite her lip as the words sank in.

“Oh dear,” she said.”

Naraxis was no longer in the ruined fortress of Pagram Varr. The powerful blue dragon bared his teeth automatically, his territorial instincts snapping into action in case there was some grand threat. But there was no one; just the sound of waves upon a gorgeous beach, and the sight of tall cliff-faces in the distance against which the large ocean waves crashed against. Beyond, the island rose up, revealing its tropical jungles and natural beauty, as well as numerous great ruins of a long-fallen civilisation. It was morning, the sun bathing the sky in a brilliant series of orange and pink hues. The growing heat reflected off of Naraxis’ scales, and it felt good.

“Where am I?” he rumbled. “Where is Derinthia?”

He knew that he and the gorgeous demoni woman were no longer destined to be together. Their short marriage had been filled with love and connection, but thanks to their changes, they had both become different people, especially Naraxis. He could no longer constrain himself to a single lover. His need was defined by an instinct to carve out his own magnificent lair, and fill it with treasures and numerous wives and concubines who could carry his seed. Such was the nature of a dragon; they pursued not just hoards of objects, but worshippers and lovers as well.

“Perhaps this place, wherever it is, would serve as a good lair,” the dragon mused.

“But where is Derinthia? Is she here?”

Suddenly a powerful golden glow erupted across the dawn, nearly blinding the powerful male dragon. He shifted his enormous body, rearing up for a conflict, fire brewing in his belly, but then he suddenly halted as he saw who was arriving, and instead he bowed. Delphira, Matriarch of the Skies, the Hornbearer, the Mother of the Golden Pass, was approaching, and for all his powerful might, he recognised a near-goddess when he saw one. The massive golden dragon settled down within the waters of the sea, easily towering out of the surface, and her great maw loomed over Naraxis.

“Behold me in my greatest splendour, Naraxis the Blue, Lord of Horn Island.”

Naraxis lowered his head further, then raised it back again in startling realisation.

“This is an island? *My* island?”

“Indeed, it is so,” the great golden beauty declared. “You have completed your destined quest, once-June, now-Naraxis. You have ascended to powerful dragonhood, and more than that, you rescued me from the vile Pagram Varr’s icy grip even before you were blessed with your splendid draconic form. Now, as thanks, and to repay my life debt to you, I interfere personally to grant you your heroic boon. You chose the goal of accessing a Forbidden Paradise, did you not?”

Naraxis looked around. Truly, it was a paradise. Undisturbed by human or humanoid touch for thousands of years, and the perfect location to begin creating his own rule from scratch. “It is magnificent, Delphira. You honour me, Great Golden One. But-”

“Where is Derinthia?” the golden dragon said, training her glowing eye upon him. “Fear not, she has been given her own heroic reward, just as the prophecy stated. I wish I had known the great Derinthia, the prophesied purple-skinned Demoni set to bring about the greatest age upon the Aluvian coast, was indeed the woman I met so briefly. I would have talked more and treasured the moment, for her future is bright indeed.”

Naraxis was heartened by this, remembering how his once-husband had given up hope of escaping back to their reality in order to save him and end the dark wizard. “I’m glad. She deserves happiness. Um, what kind of future is prophesied for her?”

The golden dragon smirked. “One that will perhaps take some time for her to adjust to, I imagine, given her male origins in another world. She is destined to be Queen of the Aluvian Coast, wife to a mighty King, and the mother of a great many children and even larger number of grandchildren, all of whom shall leave an important mark upon the world.”

Naraxis swallowed a little as he imbibed this information. His husband had never been the most manly individual, what with being a total dorky nerd like he had once been, but to think that she was now an alluring demoni destined to get not only pregnant, but give birth? And to go through it multiple times? He truly hoped she could adjust!

“I - I trust she will come to accept her grand future,” Naraxis said.

“Indeed, just as I am sure, blue dragon, that you shall no-doubt readily accept yours. You are to be Lord of Horn Isle, a forbidden paradise so few know about, leagues and leagues from civilisation. Ah, but there will be some who come to you, drawn by your presence, or simply shipwrecked. You will build a mighty civilisation here, and you will find wives and concubines and lovers to bear your children - live births and eggs, depending on their nature - for you to have your own lineage. You will know pleasure and power, and all shall fawn over you. Do you accept this charge?”

At this, Naraxis smiled, his instinctive draconic desire to be worshipped and pampered rising within him, as well as his powerful need to find a mate.

“I do,” he said.

“Good,” the golden dragon smiled. “Because the first of your potential wives is lost at sea at this very moment, having escaped from a pirate ship and now adrift upon the surface. You will find her north of here; a beautiful southern elf with dusky skin and a noble ancestry. I am sure you need no more hints.”

The golden dragon winked, then took to the sky. Naraxis bowed as she left, but already he was impatient. As soon as she was out of sight he took to the skies and headed north, flying over the island and across the waters beyond.

His first mate was ahead. His first blessed follower.

What a paradise they would make together.

Derinthia grit her teeth and let loose an animalistic noise. For all her poise and grace and incredible demoni beauty, this moment had no elegance about it at all. The pressure in her swollen womb was immense, and her skin was covered in a fine sheet of sweat. Already one doctor had been ejected from the room after she'd accidentally kicked him right in the chest; with her hard hoof she had accidentally cracked one of his ribs, and now her royal nurses were helping to restrain the legs of their famous and very fertile queen as she bore down yet again.

“Wh-why me!?” she cried. “Why does this h-have to be m-my fate!? Ohhhhh, Gods!”

Her husband had breached tradition to be at her sight. He held her hand firmly and lovingly, uncaring even as she accidentally butted him with her ram horns when she rocked her head to the side.

“You’re doing wonderfully, my wife. Soon we shall meet them. A little prince and princess to bring joy to the kingdom.”

“Y-you can be excited!” Derinthia groaned, the urge to push coming over her again. “You’re n-not the one who has to b-birth them, Aaren! Oh G-God, why can’t m-my magic help with the paaaaaaaiiiin!!”

But despite how much she was cursing out her husband, and how much she was thrashing about, to the point where her tail was going to leave welts on his royal thigh, Prince Aaren Aluvias stayed by her side. He was her husband, after all, just as she was his wife, the royal Princess Derinthia Aluvia. Derinthia the Demoni. Derinthia the Bringer of the Great Age. Right now, however, she simply felt like Derinthia the Exhausted. She stretched her legs wider, barely able to believe that she was once more pushing a child into the world. This was not her first. It wasn’t even her second pregnancy. No, she’d been a mother for three years now, and here were child three and four on their way. She had proven to be a most particularly fertile princess, which apparently made her ‘blessed’ according to the royal court, not that she always agreed when dealing with the symptoms of pregnancy.

“You’re doing so well, my love,” Aaren said as the urge to push briefly passed. “And you are as beautiful as ever. You are the light of my life.”

She smiled at him, panting heavily so that her very large and quite milk-laden breasts - both of which were leaking through her dress - rose up and down rather dramatically. Gods, they were so very full, to the point where she really wanted to push these half-demoni children out of her purple body just so she could start breastfeeding. Yes, nursing was something she actually looked *forward* to these days. The ship had long since sailed on her feeling embarrassed about it.

“Her Highness can push on the next contraction,” the physician said, a large orc woman who nevertheless was highly educated.

Derinthia nodded even as her husband dabbed her forehead free of sweat. She wrapped her wail around his waist and hugged him firmly. “Th-thank you,” she said. “I d-don’t mean the things I say in labor.”

He kissed her lovingly on the cheek, an act which briefly brought her a moment of contentment even through the pain and exhaustion. “I know, princess. You were fated to be our saviour, and you were. The prophecy never said anything about you not having a sharp tongue or a willful mind.”

She giggled, only to suddenly give a strangled cry as the pain returned.

“Okay! Oh, fuck! Oh, shit! So m-much pressure! It’s g-go time! Ohhhh, here I g-go again! NGHH!!”

She pushed with all of her might, bearing down with the kind of inhuman will that only a mother-to-be could summon. She placed one hand on her massive belly, one that was so huge thanks to the twin lives that had been growing within her for nine long months. She clutched her husband with her hand and tail, so very grateful that he was near. For all that he

could be such a lustful man when it came to their bedroom life, Aaren was truly someone she cared for. He wasn't like June - not a dorky nerd at all - but he was a good man and kind, and he worshipped the ground her hooves walked upon, even if they were annoyingly loud upon the kingdom's floor tiling. One day, she hoped, that deep care and connection she felt to her husband might even become *love*. A second chance after parting ways with Naraxis and taking on her new royal role. For now, though . . .

"NNGHH! RRRRAARGGGHHH!!!"

"It's a girl! Your first daughter, Your Highness!" the physician announced.

Immediately, a powerful relief hit the demoni woman, and she took in great lungfuls of air. A strong wave of emotion swept over her, and tears bubbled up in her eyes. "Let me hold her!" she announced.

Quickly, she was cleaned and passed to Derinthia, who was practically sobbing with joy as she took her child. Uncaring of the others around her, she pulled aside the low cut of her dress and exposed her enormous breast, complete with its dark nipple. Her gorgeous daughter had light violet skin, hooves, and a tail. More demoni than human, unlike her older brothers. She fumbled adorably at Derinthia's breast and then found a nipple and began to drink. Instantly, the woman sighed.

"Ohhh, that feels so much better. Thank the Gods for some reli-AAGHH! Oh shit, I'd f-forgotten that there's a s-second one! Why did you have to g-give me freaking t-twins, Aaren!?"

Naraxis swept across the land, staring down upon all of creation and feeling like its lord and master. Upon his back were several riders, each of them a beautiful mate who worshipped his very essence. Haleria, the elven maid whom he had rescued from the sea four years ago, was his first wife. She was swollen with child, but not so much that she could not cling to his spikes, nestled between his shoulders as she was. Behind her was Pali, the blue-scaled dragonkin who had gone on a hallowed journey to worship the Lord of Horn Isle, who had the same coloured scales as her. She had laid two clutches for him already, and no doubt was starting to develop a third; even in the air, he could smell her growing fecundity. Lastly, there was Fortuna. She was a human woman, one who had followed the signs of the goddess of the fates for whom she was named. A recent addition to Naraxis' harem, she had quickly proven herself to be a joyous and spirited addition.

His wives, concubines, lovers, and mates now numbered in the dozens. Most were devoted purely to him, but others had fallen in love with males who had come to the isle under his permission, and Naraxis had granted them permission to start a new life . . . so

long as they continued to venerate him, and once they had supplied him with another egg or live-born child. Already, he had dozens upon dozens of children. Most were dragonkin, but a few women - including his beloved Haleria in all her elven wisdom and devotion - had pushed a true dragon egg from their loins, which had hatched into a true dragon wyrmling descendant.

Each day had been a joyous one for the great blue-scaled lord. Sometimes he dreamed of being a human again, even being June the human woman again. They were not nightmares, these dreams. More like . . . curiosities. Strange, amusing dreams that reminded him of when he had been mortal, powerless, and did not possess a dragon's might or sheer virility. He would always wake from these dreams with a smirk upon his maw, or upon his face if he were in humanoid form, having just impregnated a lover in his bed.

"Ah, to think I was once little *her*," he would say derisively.

Still, as much as his forbidden paradise was just that - a paradise completely under his control and open only to those he allowed to discover it - even a life of being pampered, worshipped, and pleased sexually again and again could not sate his curiosity. What had happened to Derinthia? Yes, he knew the destiny she possessed, but had she accepted it? Had she prospered? As much as he no longer desired Derinthia romantically, he still hoped that his former husband was safe and well in her luscious demoni form.

Which was why he was currently flying to the Aluvian Coast. After four years, his rule had been consolidated, and the society under his watch was growing. He felt safe to leave it with his favourite mates, and so he soared ever closer to that beautiful coastal city with its immense palace and great dockyards. The dragon found himself astonished; he'd heard that the Kingdom of the Aluvian Coast was rich but beset by plague which was draining it. That was clearly no longer the case, as this was an immensely prosperous capital.

"Fascinating," he rumbled.

"Do you think your former mate is well?" Haleria asked, clinging to his back.

"I hope so," Naraxis said.

"Will she join you again?"

"No, but that is fine. Our destinies were intertwined, but were never meant to stay together. This is just a . . . temporary rejoining."

He could sense Haleria smiling on his back and rubbing her swollen womb with one hand. "Good! I should not like to lose my position as your High Priestess and First Wife!"

"Nor shall you!" he rumbled with amusement.

Below, guards were streaming out onto the towers. Others were setting up defences. The dragon chuckled. As if any of that could stop him. He'd had word sent ahead that he was arriving to see Derinthia as an old friend, but no doubt they were being careful. Just as he'd said, he landed in the royal courtyard, one of the few places that could contain him.

“Hurt me not, and I shall not burn you to the ground!” he declared to the regiments upon landing. “And do not harm my mates, or I shall set a far worse fate for you.”

The regiments backed up a bit, but were clearly on guard even as he lowered a wing and let his mates disembark. With a smirk upon his maw, he realised a new scent was in the air; he’d mated with Fortuna in his humanoid form just before leaving. In the hours of flight, she had fallen pregnant. Yet another child, or perhaps children, to add to his growing number of spawn. It made his instincts proud. Hopefully the poor thing would not be laid out like the gorgeous red-haired tavern wench Hilda, who had birthed him four children in her first pregnancy and currently had just pushed out another six. Dragon mating with mortals was . . . unpredictable when it came to results.

“I am Naraxis!” he boomed. “And I am here to see my old friend, Derinthia. The Princess Derinthia, now. And Queen one day soon, I should imagine!”

“But not yet!”

Naraxis looked and saw that Derinthia had just exited the main door to the courtyard, her handsome husband beside her, and was moving slowly with two bundles in her arms. She was just as beautiful as Naraxis remembered her becoming, and part of him felt arousal in her presence. She had a perfectly attractive figure with wide childbearing hips and a magnificent bust made for feeding, and her long hair was done up perfectly in a royal style. Her tail whipped about behind her, and she somehow made having a pair of hooves an elegant thing, moving daintily despite not having toes or heels. Her expression was a little embarrassed, but mostly pleased, and instantly Naraxis felt assured. He shrank down, assuming his horned and scaled humanoid form.

“Naraxis!” Derinthia declared, shuffling forward in her tight and impressively revealing dress. “It’s been too long!”

“I’m sorry, I had to establish my lair.”

“And I, apparently, had to establish a lineage, as you’ll recall.”

She held up her small bundles, and Naraxis was amazed. Her former husband was not just a beautiful royal wife, but a royal *mother* as well. A set of twins - one violet skinned, the other more Caucasian in tone - were in her arms, and both had demoni features.

“You’ve become a mother! When?”

At this, Princess Derinthia chuckled. “Three years ago. These two are just the latest ones. I have *four* children, Naraxis. Two boys, and these two darling girls: Prixa and Mahireth.”

Naraxis was astonished. “You love them?”

The gorgeous woman smiled and looked back at Prince Aaren, who was giving her some space before making his own introduction. “With all of my heart. It’s been a lot to get

used to, but I'm getting there. After four years, I'd hope to be doing so. I imagine you're doing rather well, 'wifey.'"

The dragon snorted with laughter, then gestured back. "These are my mates: Haleria, Pali, and Fortuna."

"Woah, you have *three* wives?"

At this, he coughed a little. "I have seven wives, twelve concubines, thirteen mates, and twenty three *former* mates."

Derinthia blinked. Then, to the shock of the palace guard and even her royal husband, she actually *snorted* with laughter, howling like she had no need for a pretense of royal elegance at all. Her bosom wobbled with her laughter, and her tail shifted back and forth to indicate her amusement.

"Oh, my dear Naraxis. We have so, so, so much to talk about. Come on in. Let's all get to know one another, now that we're *really* in the thick of this game."

With a laughter of his own, the blue dragon strode forward, accompanied by his lovers, while Derinthia carried her latest babies back to her husband to make introductions. It was just the start of their great destinies, and yet both already knew that there was no going back, especially not after four years of being in the world of Erutell. But perhaps, at least, they were no longer stuck. And while neither could ever have imagined that their lives would turn out this way - that of a virile male dragon lord and a very fertile demoni princess - it would be accurate to say that neither felt like they were stuck here anymore.

A good thing too, because just a few years later, another pair from Earth would find themselves dropped into the game, and require the aid of Naraxis and Derinthia both. But that's another story entirely . . .

The End