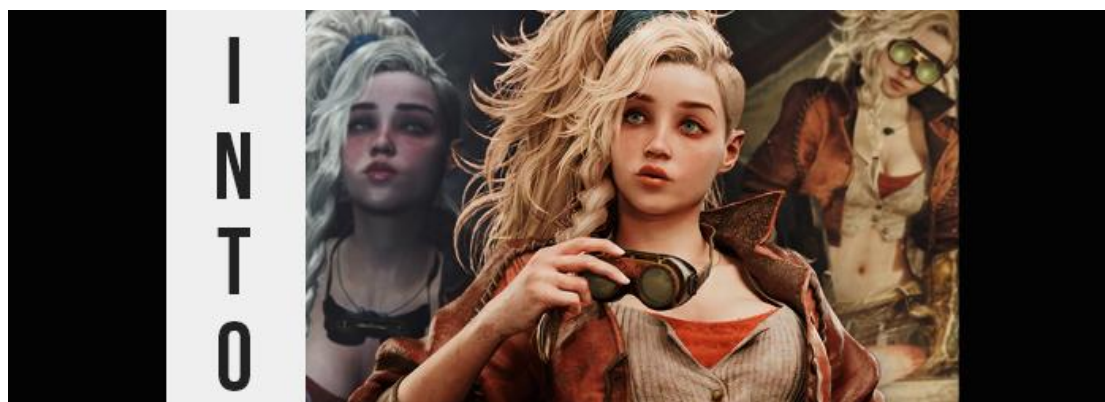


HOT AT THE SMITHY

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes you just got a little *too* ‘lost in the sauce’, so to speak.

It was a saying that referred to an over-interest or obsession with something, making it such a priority that you ended up forgetting about other things in the process. For many, this could be used to describe getting too into a work project, and for others? A hobby. For me, however? Well, it really was more like the latter. Video games counted as a hobby, so I suppose it really did apply even if it was just one specific game that had taken up all my time.

Monster Hunter Wilds. I was a big fan of the Monster Hunter series and had been waiting for the newest game for a while. There were few entries in the series that I *didn't* like, because each one had its own charms. The ‘World vs Rise’ debate was never even relevant to someone like me, who could see the good and bad in both in them. Either way, as the successor to World, I had been extremely excited to see what they had cooked up for Wilds.

And I was *not* disappointed. The graphics, the monster designs, the characters, the *gear*. I hardly had any complaints, and if I did? They were all more related to *performance* than anything. As a PC player I had suffered through a rather rough launch, and even now my computer struggled to play things at a consistent FPS most of the time even *with* frame generation systems. My computer was running *hot* as a result, and even though it was early spring? My bedroom was practically a sauna whenever I played.

“I wish the weather was nicer. Then I could dress down like someone in the game...” I mumbled to myself while playing with the

fan on my desk. Most of the characters in Wilds dressed appropriately for the climate. Especially the women, who struck the right balance between being attractive and not being particularly fanservicey. Of course, all *I* wanted to do was just wear some shorts and a t-shirt without getting the chills every time I left my bedroom.

But someone or *something* out there? It kind of missed the *meaning* of what I had been saying at the time.

“WAH!?” The net thing I knew, the computer chair beneath me had disappeared and my ass fell towards the ground as I cried out with surprise. Fortunately, my fall had been broken by something soft – and I was equally surprised to find that this ‘something soft’ was *sand* of all things! It wasn’t long before I realized that I wasn’t just *sitting* on sand. I was *surrounded* by it in an alcove that looked *extremely* familiar. **“Wh-What just happened? Why am I *here*!?”**

I picked myself up to stand in a place that shouldn’t have even been *real*. Looking around, while *vacant*, this was clearly the base camp in the Windward Plains, the first locale you explore in Monster Hunter Wilds. The region was mostly *desert*, which was why there was so much sand around. But honestly? The temperature didn’t feel all that different from my room.

“Is it because I made that wish? No, that can’t be it. Magic *ain’t* even real... Then again, neither is— Huh?” What did I just say? I hadn’t immediately recognized it, but after it lingered a moment, it had become clearer. I had said ‘ain’t’ instead of ‘isn’t’ for some reason? I didn’t use vernacular like that, it was a little too *southern* for me. But it wasn’t the last time I would be using words like that in the near future.

Because of the lighting afforded by desert surroundings of sandy and dirty cliffs, I didn’t even notice that the color of my pale skin had darkened ever so slightly. Not enough to say that I had a tan or *anything* like that, it was just a vaguely darker white spurned by the slightest of melanin increases. What probably *should* have been more obvious was how a *lot* of my body hair was shaved away, whereas the little that remained lightened to a *sandy blonde* that was hardly noticeable against my skin.

I **“Hmm”**ed my loudest hmm. **“So, I’m *all* trapped in Monster Hunter, *findin’* myself near the smithy. What am I *s’posed* to do about all this?”** It was more like I’d found myself *in* the smithy. The forge was just a few feet behind me, though it wasn’t lit. Something about it was calling to me. Was I really that interested in a forge? I

didn't even have the foggiest idea of how to light it, much less forge armor and weapons! But oddly... I felt like I had a concept of an idea.

Despite my lack of knowledge, my shoes crunched against the sand beneath them as I approached the blacksmithing tool regardless. The uneven footing paired with my weight made it a little more laborious of a process than I otherwise would have liked, but each step seemed to come a little easier. It didn't even occur to me that there was a *very* unnatural reason for that. Not even as my pants and boxers slipped off my hips. I stepped out of them without it even hitting me!

My body had been getting lighter. Not necessarily in the sense that I was as 'a light as a feather'. It was much more *literal* and the direct cause of my loss of pants. Any weight that could have been deemed 'excess' was shed from my frame, and there had been a *lot* of 'excess'. You could tell this process was an *unnatural* one for reasons beyond the speed at which it happened. My skin tightened to alleviate the risk of any skin flaps, and even my stretch marks were mended. Not only was I perfectly thinned by the time I reached the forge? But my arms, chest, and stomach had become quite *toned* with muscle, too.

With the forge within my reach, I couldn't stop myself from sticking out a hand to touch its side. "**Hey there, beautiful!**" I might have been the sort to *jokingly* speak that way to my computer in the past, but not a *forge*. And even I could tell that I wasn't *joking*. This affection that I felt towards the forge that I'd never used before in my life was completely *genuine* for some reason. I might have found an answer if I'd thought to question it.

I crouched down to look inside where the flame would normally be lit with ease. Now that I was thin and fit, I didn't need to worry about a belly getting in my way. The fact that I hadn't even realized I was thin would probably be a red flag to an onlooker, but there was no one around me to point that out at the time. While I was peeking inside, however? My body became even *smaller*.

It was difficult to tell exactly what was happening without me standing upright, but my body was slowly being swallowed by a shirt that went from oversized to *very* oversized. My nearly six foot body was losing height and *fast*, prompting me to continuously correct my sitting posture while my feet diminished in size within my shoes, and the hands I had gripping the forge became a little shorter but, oddly, *rougher*. Callouses and burn marks were etched onto my grip, the scent of flames and coal not only wafting from them but *all* of my skin.

"**Hup!**" I sounded oddly *bubbly* by the time I bounced back up onto my feet, but I also sounded a little... *younger*? Maybe it wasn't that

surprising. My height *had* dropped to 5'6" and so a shift in one's voice to be higher in that case might have made sense. I was bubblier because I had the *prettiest forge in the world in front of me* too! What I couldn't see was my *face*, which seemed to better suit someone around the age of *twenty five* or so now.

The issue? It didn't exactly suit a twenty five year old *man*. My complexion had softened considerable, and the shape of my face was gradually shifted into a more oval-like design as some of the features upon it *grew*. My nostrils shrank, for example, by my nose grew a little longer overall above a pair of lips that swelled into quite the impressive, pink pout. Even with a resting expression my upper lip pushed upwards quite a bit. On the other hand, my eyelashes lengthened upon eyes that became 'prettier'. My brows, though, became a touch bushier and *darker* than the rest of my body hair.

"Someone really should fire you up there." I put an arm on the forge now, leaning against it while I eyed it with my blue eyes. *I know exactly how to do it, so what's stoppin' me?* ...Which was a reality that was *very* different from what it had been in the moments before. But something was stopping me. Like I was subconsciously *waiting* for something to happen? There was a *lot* happening to be fair, but I'd demonstrably been ignorant to basically *all* of it.

The mess that was being made of my short, dark hair was chief among them! The dark strands finally lightened to the same sandy blonde as my body hair, a (now) bushy mess of pubes and all. But it lengthened, and lengthened, and lengthened some more. Bangs that were about six inches long were swept to the right to expose my forehead, while the rest fell in a messy bunch in the back until it reached past my ass.

But that was another thing! My ass was growing *waaaaay* bigger! Even though I'd lost all that weight! The swell of those sweet cheeks pushed my hips to part wider, bubbling into a cute heart shape while my vaguely muscular thighs took in all of the overflow. They were nice and plump. My body was actually shaping up to be pretty nice! But... **"Mmn!?** **Whoa now! The forge ain't that exciting!"** I let out a pretty *weird* moan for some reason!

Well, it wasn't really that hard to tell why. The old balls and chain – or my cock and balls, I guess – had gone the way of the Canopus wyvern: extinct. A *woman's* pussy now rested beneath my messy bush, and it had provoked a surge of *crazy* arousal for just a second. It was enough to make my nipples go erect too, and from there? Weight pooled beneath 'em, stretching my chest into a pair of *D-cup* tits. Not too shabby if I say so myself!

My body *was* pretty smokin', but I didn't really care about people ogling me. So long as I could get my work done in comfortable clothes, then I didn't have a single complaint. And on queue? That old, oversized shirt I was wearin' was just *gone*! Replaced by a beige and orange crop top under a brown jacket with short sleeves that was *just* as short. My cleavage was damn obvious, but it was good to have the girls and my tummy catching some cool air while working. The baggy, green pants I wore were held up by a *huge* belt and tucked into brown boots, while a number of tools hung from a pouch on that belt.

The final touches saw a blue tie pull all my messy blonde hair into a loose, high ponytail, and work goggles were strung over my neck. Some of the length of this hair was tied into braids behind me, but my hair could be so frizzy that I didn't always bother to put in *that* much effort! I idly played with my goggles with the gauntlet I wore on my left hand to keep my hand safe. Still got burns here and there though, unfortunately. What was a girl to do when she worked with the heat all the time!? Just had to do what I had to do!

“It’s already hot, but I should get the furnace of the smithy rollin’ in case any orders come in.” It was already midday, so why hadn't I gotten the fires going in the first place!? As the resident blacksmith it was *kinda* my job and all. Else people would be comin' to me like 'hey *Gemma*, why are ya slacking?' and that would be a pain in the butt! I used my bare forearm to wipe the sweat from my forehead. Unsurprising, since we were stuck in the desert for the time being and all.

But the heat didn't really bother *me*. Never had. As a blacksmith I was always standin' beside the fire, stoking the fire and using the fire to mold steel to my will. The heat was my best friend, and I could stave off most of its side effects by dressing the way I did. Even as I lit the flame at my smithy station, beads of sweat dripped down my exposed abs. **“Feels weird though. Kinda like I’m forgettin’ something important? I already forgot to light the forge though... Maybe that was it?”** I shrugged and then stretched before crouching down to nurture the flame, which only made me sweat more.

No one said being a blacksmith was a *clean* job! But I was kinda used to it at some point. Some women found it *hot*, right? So it probably didn't even matter in the end! **“Alright!”** It was all good to go lickity split, and when I bounced back up? **“Whoa, when’d the camp get so busy?”** Hadn't it been empty before? Come to think of it, that had been a little



creepy, so maybe I was imaging it? Oh well! I had customers now, and as always? When I finished an order...

“PERFECTION!”