

The Road to Change, Interlude 2: Changing of the Guard

(Multi TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

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

Interlude 2: Changing of the Guard

"This sucks," Marissa said, groaning as she squatted over a small bundle of hay.

"Another one - *snort* - coming?" Jace asked.

"Y-yep! Gods, it's a b-big one! Fuck the Demon Lord, I s-swear I'll get him for m-making me do this five t-times a d-day! NGHH!!"

She pushed, and the sound escaped her: "*HOOONNNK!*"

Marissa turned bright red, utterly humiliated by her lot, but unable to stop herself from making the goose-like sound. The fact that her swollen stomach was covered in white feathers and her arms had a vaguely wing-like shape to them now, also feathered, only added to the impression. Still, her pushing had its effect. It erupted from her loins: a golden egg. Yet another one. The Gods only knew how many she had laid already since she'd been changed. It fell onto the hay, and she gasped for a moment.

"Gross," Angelo said.

"Like you won't give birth to eggs if you ever get pregnant!" Marissa snapped. "I can't believe we used to date! You're such a - such a - such a *snake!*"

This didn't exactly have the effect she intended, because Angelo just rolled her eyes. Well, she tried to; slitted pupils didn't exactly provide the same effect as rounded ones. Instead, she simply coiled herself up in her tail to get comfortable in the evening air. Her very large, very long tail. The same one that pretty much the entire remaining Third Contingent of the Taravangian City Guard were resting upon, with the exception of Marissa, for obvious reasons.

"I'm pretty damn aware I'm a snake, love," Angelo said, her s's given a slight hiss with every one, courtesy of her forked tongue and obvious fangs. She gestured to her scaled body, midnight black in colour, which melded perfectly to her dark brown skin. Her bosom was particularly prominent, held up by a single support bandage. She'd prefer to wear armour, of course, but the Demon Lord's domination magic had seen to making that impossible; her mind just wouldn't allow herself to *not* show off her very fit, yet very amply *female* human half. Well, more like a human *sixth*, given the naga's tail, but still.

"At least you ended up with a powerful tail," Jace said. "I'm just a fuckin' pig! A lady pig!"

"I believe that's called a sow," Sir Tibault said, passing a s'more along on a stick. It was a D'Arbour delicacy meant for nobles, but given the collapse of Taravangia and the transformation of the entire defence force, the guards felt they deserved some small consolation prize.

Jace took it, but struggled with it for a moment; her hands were now more like manipulable *hooves*, with two finger digits and one thumb digit. They lacked the same sense of feeling, but at least they weren't full trotter hooves like those she had for feet now; she still struggled with those sometimes, even after being changed for a week. She knew she shouldn't have insulted the succubus that was threatening the city guard, especially not when she'd patted her large beer belly and laughed at the minion. Jace had assumed her to be a messenger, not a fucking lieutenant of the Demon Lord himself! And now she was a pig, and a female one too as punishment for how she'd made some rather unwise comments about the succubus' ample appearance. And being a pig woman, she had six very large breasts that were often full of thick, creamy milk. All the better to feed the damn half-human piglets growing in her belly. Another 'gift' from the succubus. Clearly, she felt Jace's beer belly could have been put to better use.

The pig woman let loose an uncomfortable squeal as one of her many piglets kicked inside her womb. It caused her lowermost right breast to expel some creamy milk, embarrassing her further. She didn't even get to wear guard's armour anymore; nothing fit her. So instead she wore a peasant woman's dress. A very *loose* peasant woman's dress that *still* outlined all six of her fat tits. Her curly pink tail jutted out from her backside, poking through a hole in the material.

"Fine, I'm a sow. A fucking pregnant sow. Are you happy? I definitely would trade places with Angelo in a hot second! Hell, even you Marissa! At least your pregnancies aren't kicking you! At least you aren't - *snort!* - cursed to have a damn piggy snout and ears, or to be lactating like a nursemaid all the time!"

Marissa gave a honk of annoyance in response, holding her swollen belly much as Jace held hers. God, it truly did stink being a pig woman. The six big, sore boobs, the

enormous pregnancy with a whole litter, the flushed pink skin, the snorting and squealing, and, of course, the secret desire to enjoy a mud bath. She extended her smore into the fire as they kept a watch along the street. They still technically had jobs, though the city was basically falling apart anyway, so for now they were just together out of inertia. Besides, Jace's wife had already claimed their marriage was annulled; the pig lady wasn't "the man I married" according to Yennifer.

"Sorry, didn't mean to hit a nerve, good woman," Tibault said, placing a hand upon her bare pink shoulder - it was a more showy dress than the sow would have liked. "It's not like any of us were left unscathed by the attack."

"Please, you got to stay a man!" Angelo said. "You didn't gain nine hundred pounds either, like I did! You *got* muscles, and *armour!*"

"Yes, but unlike you, I can't control half my actions. Isn't that right, *my dearest scaled beauty, my purple queen?*"

The stalwart, silver-plated knight passed another s'more to Xenoria as he said this, who took it and blushed, her own scales becoming a pink glint on her purple cheeks.

"Thank you, *my dearest love,*" she replied, though the second part of the sentence had been compelled. "You truly are *such a dreamy knight in shining armour.*"

Everyone groaned, Marissa included, and she wasn't even needing to push out a golden egg yet, nor a regular one, which happened occasionally. She hoped they didn't actually have goslings in them.

"Stop it!" Angelo said, hissing again. "I can only stand so much of that lovesick shit!"

"It's not my fault!" the dragonwoman said, standing up to her full six feet of height. "I can't help it! The Demon Lord made me be the *sexy dragon counterpart to my handsome knight, here to rescue me and fertilise my eggs, that I may lay my clutches for him.*"

"Trust me, egg laying is overrated," Marissa said, adjusting her cuirass once again and trying to find ways to fit it over her perpetually swollen belly. She quickly became frustrated and gave up . . . again. "Though with the way the curse makes you act, you probably won't have a choice in the matter."

The gorgeous dragon woman made a squeaking sound, and accidentally sent an embarrassingly small flame out, which at least had the effect of giving her a perfect s'more. Everyone knew that Xenoria had once been Xavier, one of their most enthusiastic guard members, who dreamed of grand adventures and defeating monsters that would attack Taravangia. He had constantly chafed against Tibault, who was a total slacker who just wanted to chase girls rather than properly defend the city. Now, thanks to that visit from that awful succubus, they had been turned into an imitation of the knight and the dragon. The lazy, good-for-nothing Tibault was compelled to be valorous and honourable, much to his chagrin, since he just wanted to gamble. And Xavier had become a parody of a dragon:

legendary beings of old whom countless heroes had tested their mettle. Such magical beings were long lost to the world, so she was more accurately a kind of lesser dragonkin: a humanoid figure complete with soft and prominent breasts, but with a long tail and pair of wings nonetheless. Not that the wings were actually big enough to let her fly, of course. Still, at least some of the armour fit her, even if she had to dent out a bit here and then a bit there in order to make it fit, purple bust included.

"We don't even know if we're compatible," she said in her dulcet tone, resting a clawed hand on Tibault's thigh. "*But if we are, I shall give you such wonderful clutch children, darling knight, for rescuing this dragon maiden fair.*"

Marissa made a sound like she was about to throw up, though perhaps it was just irritation at feeling another golden egg growing in her womb. Her feathers fluffed up a bit at the realisation.

"Keep it in your pants, you two!" a new voice called. "And consider that a Captain's order!"

As if they were still a regular regiment of the Taravangian City Guard Watch, they each gave a salute, even Jace, who didn't have all the fingers for it. Xenoria's wings even stood to attention.

The figure that spoke hardly called for such attention. She was a cute little thing; a pixie with fluttering wings that trickled fairy dust wherever she went. She had a cute little fae face and, appropriately enough, a bronze-coloured pixie cut for her hair. And to make her even more adorable, her captain's uniform had shrunk with her. It didn't have any sleeves now, and it ended in a battle skirt rather than proper breeches and chausses, leaving her legs bare, but it was a proper guard captain uniform and everything.

Captain Sabor gave a return salute to the group, then used her wings to flit on top of Angelo's snake tail. The female naga raised it to form a large arch so that the captain was technically above them all.

"What are you all bickering 'bout now, then?" the pixie said in a cute, reedy voice that nevertheless - impossibly - carried a tone of authority to it as well.

"We were just comparing notes on our changes, sir," Marissa said, before pointing at her stomach. "You know, since we've all been hard done by. I've clearly had it the hardest."

"As if," Jace said. "I'm a pig-woman! I've got to push out at least six piglet things by my count in a few months, and they just k-keep growing!"

"At least you don't have to have sex with your most annoying rival!" Tibault proclaimed. "Nor stay true to her *divine draconic beauty*."

"Don't lie and claim you *don't enjoy savouring my scales*," Xenoria replied, her tail sliding along his leg. "I'm stuck being a submissive dragon fantasy to you, and I *wouldn't have it any other way, my virile knight!*"

All eyes went to Angelo, as if expecting her to weigh in on this competition.

"Hey, don't look at me," she said. "I would rather not be a woman, but my tavern wench girlfriend is okay with it, and she even thinks Nagas are very exotically attractive. Plus, I'm stronger and damn intimidating now. I won the city lottery here, folks."

This just set off another round of frustration. Jace stood, waddling over to Angelo to give the naga a piece of her mind, while Marissa whined that it was unfair already being the only woman on the team; how could she possibly be of help now? Xenoria and Tibault shared a passionate kiss, her draconic tongue licking his face lovingly, the pair unable to stop play-acting out their overly chivalric, overly romantic roles.

Thankfully, Captain Sabor caused a little firework of pixie magic.

"LISTEN UP, SQUAD!" she shouted, silencing them again. "I know it seems hopeless. I know you're all struggling - except Angelo, damn his rotten luck - but we can still do our part."

"What's the point?" Jace said. "Taravangia is done for."

"Maybe not," the Captain said. "We can still help. Angelo can do a lot to control the rising crime and riots with her bulky body, and Jace, you were already mostly a sentry and storehouse man before with your gut, consider yourself on desk duty while you're expecting. You can help organise our storehouses and ensure they're sufficiently guarded and distributed to the people as needed. Marissa?"

"HONK! Yes, Captain?"

"I know you're not a fan of your new, er, 'talent,' but you must realise that the Demon Lord will want the goose that laid the golden egg in his service soon, in order to help fund future conquests. Let's not give him that opportunity: your eggs can be the thing that funds our resistance instead!"

She gave a salute, hopeful for once. "Yessir! Another golden egg coming up, sir!"

"And Tibault, you've gained new skills as a knight and warrior. We'll need you guarding important persons and at the head of any raiding squad. We'll also need Xenoria; her scales are impervious to fire, which will help with all the disaster in the city. It will also help with calming down the panicking families."

"H-how?" she asked, still clutching Tibault's hands despite herself.

Captain Sabor grinned sheepishly. "Well, kids seem to, er, like you. They think you're a fine mascot."

"*Mascot!?*"

"Just for now! It'll give the guards a new face to deal with what's going on, mark us as friendly. Besides, seeing you and Tibault will give hope to those that have changed that they can still have loved ones."

"But we're compelled to mate *and fill me with fertilised eggs, mmmm.*"

“That was the curse,” added Tibault.

“I know, I know, but it’s a message to send, alright? We’ve all got parts to play, and my fairy dust can help spread word around the city and send messages quickly, as well as get people’s attention. I can still be a captain, and you can still be guards of the city watch, I promise you!”

Each of them was filled with a little hope. Just a little. They were still no longer human, no longer completely in control of their actions or bodies or both, and half of them were pregnant or about to be, but this was hope nonetheless.

“What’s got you in such a good mood, captain?” Angelo asked, sliding over to see Sabor eye to eye.

Sabor grinned, and flew down to the cobblestone street, where a black cat approached from the darkness.

“Let’s just say I’ve found some wisdom and friendship from a rather unexpected place,” she said.

All eyes turned to the cat, which gazed back with uncanny intelligence.

“It’s good to meet the noble knights of Taravangia,” it said with a refined, noble voice with what sounded like an Ahmakian accent. “My name is Lady Skara, and I’m helping organise some resistance behind the lines. Trust me, the battle’s not over yet, good guards. You’ll still find your time to shine.”

Marissa was so surprised that she laid another egg right then and there.

The End . . . for now.