

Four-Legged Fog (Man to Centauress TFTG Preg)

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A Commission for BobbyBoi105

When Dastin enters a cursed forest on a drunken tavern bet, he certainly didn't expect to get quickly lost, or for the entirely real curse to actually begin to change him. To Dastin's horror, he finds himself turning into a beautiful centauress. And that's not all; she's pregnant as well! Can she explain the change to her friends? Can she change back? And why are they all acting like she's always been like this?

Four-Legged Fog

Far Edge was an interesting place. It was a common stop for adventurers, treasure-seekers, and explorers to gather in between their travels, because despite its name, Far Edge was actually at the very centre of the world for people of such thrill-seeking natures. Its western road went all the way to the Ice Knives, a series of mountains that once housed the grand civilisation of the giants. Its southern road took one to the Elysian Badlands, where the grandest and most dangerous monsters still roamed, and hidden treasures in their lairs. And while nary a dragon had been spotted in decades, Far Edge was the last place to supply before heading north to the Dragon's Coast.

As such, the town of Far Edge had become quite the way station for travellers and adventurers, hunters and map-makers and more. It housed a population of just a little over two thousand, a respectable number given its location nearly off the map, and it could accommodate numerous visitors across the year, its members making a tidy profit off of the often-doomed explorers. If they survived, of course, there was money to be made when they returned as well.

But there wasn't actually a lot to *do* in Far Edge, despite the wealth that passed through it. The town was too remote to ever become a true city, and many who made their coin well enough simply headed east, further into the known regions of civilisation. It didn't help that the town bordered a large forest, known to all as the Forest of Fog, or the Foggy Forest, that was shrouded in rumors and superstition and fear as much as it was in mist. Occasionally explorers would go in there. Few would leave. Some would come out, claiming they were some human or orc that went in, even though they were clearly a catfolk or an elf, and not even the right gender. It led to the local population having its own rules; don't go in. Just make your money, then get *out*.

But for those that stayed, there was still one place to spend one's hard-earned coin, and that was at the local tavern: Mallard's Inn, named for the large, burly ginger-haired

former warrior who ran the place. It was a place where locals and heroes mixed, explorers and farmers, merchants and treasure-seekers. The ale was good, and there was an impressive variety of wine vintages thanks to the flow of trade through the town, but most importantly of all, it was a good place to get hearty and drunk and tell stories.

And *dares*.

"No way!" Dastin shouted above the din of his mates. "Not happening!"

"C'mon, laddy," Cliven said. He was a stout dwarf who could hold his liquor, so the fact that he was drunk as a skunk on All-Merry Day was saying something about how much alcohol he'd imbibed. "It'd be nary a little adventure. You gotta put yer money where yer mouth is!"

The young brown-haired man chuckled. "All I said was that I doubt the forest is actually cursed! I didn't say I'd go *into* it."

Leo put his head in a vice-like grip and rubbed said brown hair until it was almost standing straight. "You said 'I could go into it' you daft cobbler, and that's just about as worthy of a challenge as anything!"

Dastin pulled himself away from his tipsy friend, whose dark skin had the rosy glow of someone who was also enjoying the effects of weldwater beer a little too much. When he tried to get the headlock going again, Dastin darted aside, and Leo gave up with a laugh.

"Why don't you challenge one of the adventurers here?" Dastin said. "I'm sure they'd much prefer to head out, right? Anyone?"

"No way!" a bold half-orc said from the back. "I'm on my way to hunt a wyvern, not get accosted by some ghost in your creepy forest!"

Dastin rolled his eyes and sat back down in his seat. "I'm just saying that for all we go back and forth on the Foggy Forest being cursed, when was the last time anybody actually entered it? And I mean a local, not one of these adventurer-types who pass through and like-as-not enjoy telling a tall one."

Leo waved a dismissive hand. He was a handsome, tall, dark-skinned man of Melderath descent, and was quite popular with the local ladies. He'd even claimed to have slept with a catfolk adventuress, though everyone agreed it was just Matilda, the grey-furred lass who was taking a seat at that very moment.

"What'd I miss, fellas?" she purred, tail flicking against Leo.

Dastin pouted a little. He quite liked Matilda. He liked her fur. He liked her cheery attitude. He liked her in the barmaid dress with the little hold for her tail that she often wore when she was working, which was technically now.

"Dastin here is bein' a wee bit of a coward," Cliven said, patting the man on the shoulder. "Claims he can brave the Foggy Forest and then backs his ass right out, ha!"

"I did not!" Dastin protested.

"Practically did," Leo murmured, taking another drink from his flagon. "I mean, he actually claimed the Forest of Fog isn't cursed at all. I'm basically the bravest guy here-"

Matilda snickered.

"-and I'm still shit-scared of going there."

"A shame," Matilda purred, tail swaying back and forth. "It'd be a brave man who went in there, wouldn't it?"

Dastin swallowed. He was quite tipsy, bordering on drunk, but the idea of Matilda the beautiful catfolk maiden (well, probably not a maiden, given her and Leo's occasional trysts) thinking of him as *brave* was a sufficient motivator to take his flagon and down it completely before his friends.

"Fine!" he said, slamming it a little too loudly upon the counter. "I'll do it!"

"What?" Matilda said. "I didn't actually mean that-"

"Let him talk, lassie!" Cliven said. "The man's bold as brass and his balls are made of the same if he goes through with it!"

"Yeah, we fuckin' dare you to do it!" Leo announced. "These adventurers around us aren't nearly as brave as you if you go in, mate!"

There was a joke in his tone, but in their drunken state, it had a touch of sincerity to it as well. It was hard to live in Far Edge as regular merchants and waresellers like the three of them all were, and *not* feel a little small compared to the heroes who passed through.

"Dastin, don't be dumb," Matilda said.

But Dastin was already grabbing Leo's flagon and drinking that down for extra liquid courage. "No, no, you said it'd be brave-"

"And stupid."

"-so I'm doin' it! I'll brave that - *hic!* - Forest of Fog, just you wait! But I expect all of you to compensate me."

"Twelve gold pieces in it for ya, lad!"

"I'll chuck in twelve as well!"

Matilda rolled her eyes and placed her hands on her hips. "Fine, if you must. I'll wager a kiss. How about that? Motivation enough to not get lost in the woods?"

Dastin grinned, leaning forward to kiss her in a moment of daring that was most unlike him. The catfolk just leaned back and giggled.

"Not right now, ya drunken human! I've got customers to serve, besides. Leo, Cliven, you better make sure he gets back or I'll call in your tabs, got it?"

They swore to escort Dastin to the forest once he was sober, and then wait for him. But the second she was turned, the drunken trio left the bar chuckling and giggling like children. Dastin was all in now, and his fears were flowing away.

He had a kiss to secure, Leo to prove wrong, and some money to score from his dwarven friend all at the same time.

"Curse, shmurse!" he announced as they headed out into the night.

Dastin was starting to get worried. He'd been in the forest for what felt like an hour, but he wasn't sure exactly how to get back. The villagers generally didn't fear the outskirts, just where the unnatural fog started, but he'd ploughed right on through, yelling like a crazy northern berserker.

"Don't be stupid!" Leo has shouted. "You just need to reach the flag!"

Everyone knew about the planted flag. You could just barely see it on a clear day, deep into the mists of the forest, stabbed into the side of a trunk above the thick fog. But Dastin, in his enthusiasm, had lost track of it. Or perhaps the fog now obscured it. Either way, he'd gotten lost, quick, and was now just sobering up enough to be a bit worried.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Leo! Cliven! Matilda! Anyone!"

There was no answer. The forest was eerily devoid of visible life, but he could hear things shuffling in the distance. Not that he could see far: the fog was everywhere, the mist all around him. He could only move slowly, following streams to glades and glades to streams, but nothing seemed to make sense. Water flowed *uphill*. Perfectly circular clearings would open up, only to disappear as soon as Dastin turned and looked behind him. Paths seemed to funnel him through; branches so thickly clustered and yet forming tunnels that led him yet further astray.

"By the Gods," he moaned after what felt like another hour, or another *age*, had elapsed. He was starting to feel cold. Damn cold. His nipples were freezing. *Throbbing*. He rubbed them, wincing as he cupped the small mounds there. "Why did I only wear my tunic and pants and not my damned cloak? Stupid drunk. Now my voice is all messed up. *Hic*."

He advanced through more of the forest, but things were only getting stranger. It wasn't just the fog, which was thicker now and higher than his head, obscuring almost everything. Nor was it the lights in the distance, always out of reach, yet glowing in greens and golds and blues like ominous wisps. No, it was his *body* now that was starting to feel strange. His hips were swaying in an odd manner, and his rear was uncomfortable in his breeches, tighter than it should have been against the material. With each step, he continued to rub and cup his chest, feeling the swollen flesh there.

"Damn fog," he muttered. "Got me thinking all strange. Got me . . . what in the hells?"

He entered into another perfectly round clearing, but this one had a crystal-clear pond in the centre, the water still, the mists receding so he could take it in. It was only then,

with the fog clearing from his head, and consequently, his mind, that he realised how pervasive the effects of the mist really were.

"I'm a - a woman!?" he screeched, his voice high and reedy with alarm.

He examined himself in the pond, but it would be far more accurate to say that *she* examined *herself*, because the figure in her reflection was undeniably female. She had long brown hair that swept over her shoulders, and it had gained some wild curls in it. Her face was soft and oddly beautiful, prettier even than her sister's was. She had breasts pushing out against her tunic, and not altogether small ones, though they at least were not gigantic either. But her figure was thinner, particularly in the waist, though her hips then swept out, making her uncomfortable in her pants.

"Oh Gods, oh Gods, tell me this is some hallucination!"

She pinched herself, trying to wake up or end the strange vision, but it only made her moan a little; she'd made the very poor choice to pinch her very sensitive nipples, and in response they throbbed again and then grew visibly, along with the breast flesh behind them. They surged forwards, straining her tunic until the top buttons came undone.

"No! NO!" she cried.

She began to run through the forest, horrified at what was happening to her. Her hair swished from side to side, catching in the branches of the forest, while her lower centre of gravity made it difficult to run in her usual male manner. Worse were her breasts; they were larger than Matilda's furry pair now, and bouncing with every leap, to the point where it was a little painful. She ended up cupping them, but that only made her groan again, because they were sore and achey and *still damn growing*.

"I need to get out!" she cried. "Let me out of here!"

Her voice was so different, and when she finally came to a stop, breathing heavily and still bitterly cold, she realised she was right back at that same eerie clearing with the crystal-clear pond.

"This can't be h-happening," the new woman moaned, holding herself. She fell to her knees, trying not to shiver. "I'm going to die here! Why did I take that bet? I'm a godsdamn wares merchant for adventurers, not an adventure myself! What was I thinking?"

It was so bitterly cold. She flexed her fingers, trying to at least *think* of herself as a man again, but something in the cursed forest fog was affecting her mind, making her think otherwise. She stayed in that position for some minutes, trying to not to fall asleep in the chill, until finally it began to pass.

"At least it's warming up," she said. She began to rise, noting the absence between her thighs but too terrified to feel the womanhood she now knew she possessed. But when she went to rub her neck in exasperation, she felt something that shouldn't be there: *fur*.

"What in the nine hells?" she said.

She touched her neck again, and sure enough, her neck was covered in fur. She lowered her gaze and saw that her breasts were partly covered in fur, and when she raised her trousers the same was true of her ankles and lower legs. The temperature hadn't risen, she'd been growing *fur* to warm her.

"No, this can't be happening! This is just one of Cliven's tricks or Leo adding something to my drink or - or - oh Gods!"

She ran again, moving back into the mist, racing through the forest, screaming for help. But the fur spread across her skin, forcing her to scratch the expanding itch as it began to cover her fully. It was a chestnut brown fur, lighter than the hair on her head, providing a contrasting accompaniment to it. Everywhere it went, her body was warmed against the chill of the mist, but it was so completely wrong that she simply *had* to get away from it. She'd heard tales of people being changed by the fog, but never truly believed them. People changing race and species and gender. Now, it was true of her!

"I don't want to become a catfolk!" she yelled. "Please, I'll do anything!"

But the strange lights, eerie and foreboding and always in the distant fog, simply taunted her with their ethereal glow. And 'taunting' was the right word for it, because over the next hour, Dastin began to realise she wasn't becoming a catfolk at all. Her hands did not become paws, but instead gained hardened tips at the end of each digit, similar to the composition of hooves. Her face slowly pushed forward a little, not greatly, but enough to provide her a snout, her nose widening to accommodate it. She grunted as something began to slide out from the end of her spine, until she realised it was a damn *tail*. She had to push down her breeches to let it out, but chose not to look at it. This was a mistake, because she might have realised earlier what she was becoming, particularly since her toes were starting to grow numb. When she came across that same accursed pond and finally saw her reflection again, she could no longer deny that her changes were stranger than she thought they were.

"Oh Gods," she cried, clutching her snout and feeling it. "A h-h-horse!? I'm becoming a damn *MARE*!?"

Indeed, her tail was just like that of a horsetail, with long black hairs that formed an arc behind her. Her thighs were growing, gaining power and muscle, and this caused her hips to grow yet wider. To the new furry woman's dismay, her snout was more prominent than the cute forward face of a catfolk. She indeed had a 'long face' now, though it was, thankfully, not nearly equal to that of an actual horsehead. Strangely, it actually looked quite beautiful, still possessing a very human set of expressions, her pointed and furry ears shifting to match her mood. Her hair remained, though it also continued in a mane down the upper section of her back. Her shoes fell off her feet, revealing a pair of godsdamn *hooves*.

At this, Dastin actually burst out in a maniacal laugh. "Hooves! Of course! Fucking *hooves!* Why not!?"

She laughed, wiping the tears from her eyes and trying to adjust to her strange body. Her boobs still had pressure in them, and were continuing to grow, which only made her cackle louder as she cupped her breasts.

"Bigger than Katie Atkins!" she said, chuckling. "And she's got a real set of milkers! And this ass! Ha! Is that the best you've got, cursed forest!? I'll find a cure! I'll escape and - UGH!"

It was the ass that proceeded to give the changing horse-woman trouble, because suddenly it lurched back, ripping open her pants and causing them to split apart. The former human man yelled out, once more flung into horror and shock as her ass grew to a ridiculous length, pushing out until it was like she was dragging a beer keg behind her. She cursed, jumped to her feet - hooves, actually - and began to run, dragging the large, expanding barrel of flesh behind her into the mist.

What followed was hours. What followed were days. What followed were *weeks*. Time seemed to bend in the fog, and she couldn't tell how much of it had truly passed. She ate vegetation, hungering for the grass around her. Something was wrong with her mind. At times, she accepted her desire to eat from branches and the ground with ease, and at other times Dastin recognised how wrong it was, but succumbed to hunger and thirst anyway. Her body was changing slowly, growing ever more cumbersome. Her backside swelled, her ass changing to no longer feel human. A new pair of limbs were descending far behind her, and after hours (days? weeks?) it became obvious that they were another set of legs. *Equine* legs. She struggled to move during those times, having to drag her increasingly heavy body across the ground, sleeping beside the pond and constantly checking over her changes. By that point, she had large, proud breasts, furry yet topped with large, dark nipples. Occasionally she groped and squeezed them, needing to feel some kind of pleasure. But it wasn't enough; it only made her female loins tingle and lubricate, and to her great shame her genitalia was now completely out of her reach. She had gained three additional limbs - her new back legs and her tail - but had less range of motion around her reproductive organs than ever.

"Can't k-keep me here," she mumbled to herself as she fell asleep yet again, her voice now possessing a slightly husky quality. "Can't change me completely. I'll escape. N-not a centaur. I'm not a damn centaress."

But she was, and with each passing second, year, week, month, hour - whatever it was - Dastin looked ever-more like a rare and beautiful centaur female, complete with proud muscles and furry form, her lower half that of a smaller horse, her upper half a mix of equine and human. Her breasts tingled occasionally, growing until they were the size of ripe cantaloupes. They still jostled, but thankfully her centaress nature made them less painful and a little more firm, now more proud and pert upon her chest, though they did obscure her view down of her own hooves.

"I never should have come here," she bemoaned later on, after she had woken - perhaps several sleeps later, it was hard to tell; memory was strange in the cursed fog. "I'm going to die here. I'm going to - ahhh. Ohhhhm. Mhmmm . . ."

She spread her backlegs wider; she'd learned to stand and walk again recently, though it still felt odd to be on four legs instead of two. But her tail lifted automatically as a rush of fog entered her from behind. The unfortunate former male actually let loose an accidental *neigh* as her equine passage became immediately aroused. It felt like something was entering it, ethereal yet physical. She grunted, neighed again, and then started to buck her hips, unable to help herself. Dastin felt something *pump* into her and fill the womb of her lower half. It was erotic and sensual and oh-so-very wrong, but she couldn't help but cry out again in pleasure, lost in the fog's new embrace.

"Ohhhhh! What n-nowwww!?! Mhmm!"

She got her answer very quickly, as her belly began to expand. A heaviness settled in it, and then it started to grow, lowering and filling out and widening all at the same time. It was a slow process, but the tightening of her skin there, the pressure between her two sets of legs, it made her twist her upper half and literally see the growth.

"Why am I? Oh f-fuck! There's no way! Why won't this end!?"

She began to trot forward, getting more used to her centaress movement. She passed through another tunnel of branches, trying to find an exit, more determined than ever, even as she felt herself literally filling with life. Soon she was running - no, *galloping* - through the woods, pushing through branches and uncaring how much they scraped her skin; her body was tougher now, and this was in many ways the scariest change yet. Still her belly expanded, her lower form growing fatter and rounder. Dastin whimpered; had that been movement inside of her? Gods, were there actually centaur babies or something in her? The idea of becoming a mother - a *centaress* mother at that - was terrifying to her, and so she picked up speed again.

But the faster she ran, the faster the transformation occurred. It accelerated with her speed, her already heavy body only getting weightier, but without the muscle to truly sustain it. The centaress grunted and neighed, struggling to keep up her pace. Her belly felt like it was halfway to the ground by that point, though it wasn't that far just yet. Her breasts, on the

other hand, had swelled up again, now looking like a pair of ripe, bouncy cantaloupes ready to feed a whole horde of children.

“Nghh!” she grunted. “S-stop it! Let me out! I’m s-sorry for doubting you, forest! I was wrong! I was - ahhh!”

Her belly went through yet another growth spurt. Something was kicking inside of her, squirming around her insides. It was by far the most alien sensation Dastin had ever experienced, terrible and wondrous and *weird* all at once. She had no doubt at all now that she was truly pregnant, now just possessing the appearance and weight of pregnancy. She was *actually* expecting.

Which gave her the determination to push through the awkwardness of her overburdened body and continue sprinting, her four legs now working in perfect concert. She gasped, trying to keep her breath under control, trying to see something - *anything* - that would help her. Thankfully, her increased olfactory sense allowed her to catch the scent of something - beer! Pies! Bread! The morning village smell of the markets starting up.

She changed direction, heading for a break in the fog she never would have noticed otherwise. The increasingly swollen mother-to-be crashed through several more branches, fighting against the fog in her mind. A dullness was creeping in, a kind of hazy memory. Hadn’t she always been a centaress? Wasn’t this normal? She’d been pregnant for months, right? Ever since . . .

No!

“Not listening!” she screamed. “It’s just another part of the curse! I won’t let you win!”

She pushed ahead again, ignoring the mental effects as long as she could, moving as fast as her pregnant form would allow. Dastin growled, refusing to give up. She’d just passed the red flag! She was close! Suddenly the fog was gone - lifted! - and she was racing down the bank and out of the treeline, having to quickly reduce her speed not just because of her awkward momentum but also because with her swollen pregnancy, she desperately had to take smaller steps on her hooves.

“Oh Gods, thank the Gods!” she announced, seeing the sunrise. “It’s me! I’m back! Someone, help me! The forest changed me! The curse is real!”

She managed to pull to a stop right at the very spot she had first entered the forest. To the new centaur woman’s complete surprise, her drinking buddies were right there, and Matilda with them now as well. They rushed to her, no longer looking drunk. It must have been weeks at least since she left, not that they’d recognise her. At least, that’s what she thought. Instead, and perhaps for the worse, they *did*.

“Dastin!” Leo roared, running to her so fast that he actually slipped over on the grass before righting himself. “Dastin, what were you thinking!? Are you okay?”

Dastin gestured to her furry centauress body, to her utterly naked form and her very pregnant lower belly. "Does it look like I'm okay!?"

Leo reached her, as did Matilda, with the shorter Cliven not far behind. Her handsome friend - and he was strangely handsome to her eyes - took her hand and squeezed it somewhat intimately, then stroked her side, feeling her pregnant belly with a surprising closeness that made her shiver.

"You seem okay," he said. "By the Gods, how can you be so stupid? You're heavily pregnant with our babies and you run off into the woods? It was just a tavern joke, Dastin! You weren't even drunk, for obvious reasons."

"Aye lassie, that was a wee strange thing ya did," Cliven said.

"Clearly someone has the pregnancy mood swings!" Matilda said, the grey-furred catfolk putting a paw on her hip. "My mother tells me that she liked to climb up trees when she was having me. I guess centaurs like to run into the woods, eh?"

Dastin gaped, her jaw hanging as she took in what they were saying - and what they were *not* saying. Her large breasts, naked to the world, rose and fell with each breath, and her tail shook. She actually let out a little *neigh* of shock.

"Why are you acting like this is normal?" she asked, gesturing again to herself and turning in profile so they could see all of her. Leo's hand remained on her side, stroking her flank in a way that made her all warm inside.

"Did something happen in there?" Leo asked.

"Yes! I turned into a centauress, you fool! Don't you have eyes?"

The three all exchanged glances, and it was Cliven who spoke. "Well, lassie, that's because you've always been a centaur."

"No, I haven't! I'm meant to be a human! A human *man*! And certainly not pregnant with-

She halted, looking at Leo, who was still stroking her side but looked greatly concerned. He was also still holding her hand affectionately.

"Honey, are you okay?"

"Did - did you say I was pregnant with *your* babies?"

He smiled. "Of course. My love, are you alright? I think the fog has affected your mind."

She clutched her head, her ears flickering in frustration. "I think - oh Gods, something has happened. I don't . . . I think I need to lie down."

"Let's get her back home," Matilda said. "The cursed fog might have some effect on her."

"Will it be permanent?" Leo asked, concerned.

"I don't think so. She was only in there for ten minutes or so."

Dastin nearly collapsed, even as they led her - rather like an actual horse - back to her home, which turned out to be Leo's home. Ten minutes? How could she be gone for ten minutes? She was gone for days!

But she wasn't the only thing that had changed. Leo's house was larger, the door bigger, and a stable entrance beside it. It was, in essence, a home built for human and centauress cohabitation. Matilda and Leo helped guide her into 'her and Leo's' home, where a large bedding on the floor supported her comfortably. She flopped to the side, aided by her friends, with Leo most gentle of all. Still faint, she found it hard not to look at him and appreciate his muscles. She tried to look away, only to notice many trinkets and wares that she usually sold that were in this house, as if her business was now *their* business. There was even a portrait of the pair of them, a priest joining their hands, her body shrouded in a white dress of sorts . . .

"Leo . . . are we married?" she asked in a stuttering voice.

"Of course, honey. Technically, by centaur tradition, we are mated souls. It must be coming back to you. You just rest up."

"H-how pregnant am I?"

He knelt down and rubbed her stomach, which was occasionally shifting with movements. "Five months along, my love. Just five to go for that centaur ten. I still can't believe we're having triplets. The herds of your kind must think we're so blessed."

She gulped. "T-triplets? By the gods . . ."

And then, finally, realising that not only had she changed but her entire reality as well, she finally fell asleep, too overwhelmed to take it all in. Her friends - and her husband - discussed matters as she slept, planning to take care of her.

But she dreamt only of Leo, her muscular friend removing his clothing and positioning himself behind her.

Mounting her.

It was, somehow, a very, *very* lovely dream.

Everything had changed. Dastin discovered that in the morning when she woke and realised her bloated, pregnant, centauress form was not the result of some dream, but a genuine transformation from the forest of fog. Worse, somehow it had changed the very nature of reality and history and memory. Everyone in Far Edge believed her to have always been a centauress. There were pictures. There were little kids that raced after her when she trotted out into the village, begging for "another ride." There were even special clothes for her; top half only, of course, and quite showy, which was the style of the centaur kind. One man, old

man Jax, even called out to her: "Love me those furry tits, Dastin! Best sight every morning to see your horsey ass trotting past!"

She wanted to scream, to tell everyone that they were crazy, but she knew the magic had changed everything. Dastin refused to believe she was crazy; the forest had altered her entire world. It had made her a 'mated pair' with Leo, her best friend, and now she was bearing his babies. Or his calves? His foals? The terminology was unclear in her mind, and no one else could help her, because to the people of Far Edge she was now quite the memorable character: the only one of her kind for seemingly over a hundred or more miles.

"It doesn't matter if there were a full herd, though," Leo told her after she returned from her walk on that first day and found that he'd made up some salad bowls for her. "Because you'd still be the most beautiful woman around."

His words made her feel warm and gooey, and she hated herself for that. Everything was just too . . . too alien! Her body was so big, her ass was all the way back there, and the same was true of her female genitalia as well. She had a freakin' tail, a heavy pregnant belly on her lower half, and all of her was covered in fur! That wasn't even getting into her remarkable hearing, the fact that she neighed when she was overexcited, or that simply manoeuvring her form around made her such a damn klutz.

"S-sorry!" she exclaimed for seemingly the umpteenth time when she moved her back half while trying to find some magical items in the nearby stores that could restore her. She knocked over some shelves due to her equine rear, and had to step outside. And that was a building large enough to actually accommodate her! Most of the time, she had to wait outside and plead for Leo to get her something, or Matilda to look into tomes on transformation, or to have Cliven ply the local tavern with questions about curses and how to remove them.

"I can't believe this!" she groaned on her third day of being a centaress - at least, her third day outside of the forest after that strange, time-bending experience. "There has to be a way back to my male human self! There has to be! There has to - nghh!"

She grunted as a sudden movement in her overwhelmed womb caused her to briefly lose her breath. Gods, she was so full of life. Triplets. Triplet *foals*, the terminology apparently was, courtesy of a statement from Matilda. An event so rare for centaur kind that they literally had nomadic religious festivals around it. She *certainly* didn't want that, though she'd have to actually *birth* the foals first, which was *not* what she intended to do. Not at all. The very *thought* of having to spread her back legs and go through contractions, to actually scream and groan and cry out like a woman until, finally, the moment came to actually bear down and *push* her foals out into the world . . . it was the most emasculating thing she could think of, even more than being turned into a pregnant woman in the first place. Gods, to actually give *birth* to her best friend's children. It was . . . insane.

At that very embarrassing thought, all three of her babies kicked again, reminding her that they were *her* babies now, five months along and five yet to go.

"By the Black Mountain, how big will I even get?" she gasped, reached back to feel the small part of her stomach she could actually reach. Her tail flicked automatically in agitation, whipping at her side and at least dealing with an itch back there. But another one was growing, a slight pressure that made her wince from time to time. Like two points getting fuller. Firmer. Expanding slowly.

"Fuck," she grunted. "I'll ask Leo to help me. The least he can do is deal with it."

He was operating the shop, organising some sales to various would-be adventurers. A couple of them - a half-orc male and an elf - regarded her with interest.

"Don't see many centauresses around these parts," the former said.

"Especially not such beautiful ones," the elf added. "Not to mention fertile. Lucky man, your husband."

"I'm not a centauress," she snapped, to their confusion. When they left, Leo sighed.

"Honey, I know it's hard to accept, but you *are* a centauress. The fog in the forest has mixed up your memories."

She wanted to argue, but what was the point? She'd rather turn back than make a debate of it. "I've got an itch," she said. "Near my rear legs. Can you please see to it . . . sweetie."

The word was meant to convince him, but it rolled far more naturally off of her tongue than she would have imagined. In fact, she even smiled a little without meaning to. Leo, appropriately, gave a cheeky grin. "Back there, huh? Did you want me to take care of that 'itch' in the house? Or in the stable where we can get all bestial?"

"Ew! Not, I mean - here! Back there!"

She leaned forward as much as she could using her upper half and gestured to between her back legs. Her bloated womb was in the way, ripples of movement obvious enough to make her grunt again.

"Oh, of course. Your udder. I'll give it a massage for you."

Dastin let loose a small neigh through her miniature snout. "My - my udder? Did you just say - mmmhm!"

Leo was already back there, massaging a sac that was indeed just in front of her rear legs and positioned just before her belly began to hang low and full. Sure enough, the two points she had been feeling were teats, and they throbbed and distended - as did the large dark nipples on her chest - as he massaged and scratched her udder. The itchiness disappeared, and soon she was in heaven. Despite herself, she couldn't help but neigh and moan further, spreading her legs wider to allow him access. Instinctively, her tail rose, providing Leo access to her most feminine parts. Gods, the bliss of his touch was wonderful.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like to go further, my love?” he teased. “I know you like a good dare, or bet. Well, I bet I can make you climax six times in a row. Our previous record was five, but with you so sensitive and pregnant, I know we can beat it.”

She gasped, whimpering, her entire equine form trembling at his magnificent touch.

“I - ahh - I - I’ve got to g-go! Sorry! Gotta talk to Matilda about l-lady business!”

She took off at a low and waddling trot, getting away from her mate as quickly as possible. Her body was intensely aroused, her tunnel wet - so strange to have an aroused reaction so far behind her. Leo was left looking confused and disappointed.

The worst part was, Dastin was disappointed as well. That night, she furiously tried to contort her body as she lay on her side, struggling and failing to reach her vagina so she could get herself off. It had been so easy as a man, but now she *needed* a man.

Why did Leo’s touch have to be so good?

And why did he have to be so bloody handsome?

Dastin had been forced to live as a female centaur for a month to the day when her luck finally turned. Across that month, she had adjusted further to her form, even getting used to the feel of her very large, bouncy, yet firmly ripe breasts upon her chest, not to mention the larger bulk of her body. Never giving up her determination to be male again, the former human still understood her need to keep up appearances and engage in society. She hadn’t lost her merchant skill, and with Leo at her side combining his old shop with hers, they continued to trade with adventurers and make decent coin, enough to get her some very lovely vegetarian feed. And with the weather getting warmer, Mallard’s Inn was setting up tables and lamps outside now, which meant she could actually participate in the tavern culture with her friends once more, swapping crude jokes with Cliven, enjoying Matilda’s cheery and much more sensible present, and being companionably close to Leo, who always sat beside her while she slumped a little to the side to be even with them at the table.

“Looks like you’re coming back to yourself,” Matilda noted as they drank together. “You haven’t even asked for an ale tonight, Dastin.”

She smiled sheepishly, a little embarrassed. “Well, I can’t risk my babies.” She rubbed part of her belly for emphasis, not that she could reach much of it.

“I still can’t believe the craze of ya, lassie!” Cliven declared. “Runnin’ into the foggy forest. You were on a mad hoof, you were!”

“You have no idea,” she said, a little despondently.

At this point, Leo stroked her back - her humanoid back, and kissed her gently on the cheek. She’d resisted so many of his advances, including all sexual ones, but found her

resistance slowly crumbling to little affectionate gestures like this; little kisses, pats, udder massages, belly rubs, and - of course - when he pinched her equine ass, which sent her into all sorts of sexy dreams that night.

"She's getting her memory back," Leo said. "And a good thing too! I went to a lot of trouble with all those house renovations, so she owes me a little interest by paying me back as a loyal wife!"

"Boo!" Matilda said, throwing a tomato his way. Cliven joined him, and even Dastin smacked him on the shoulder playfully. "You fool!" she said, getting up on all four legs and looming over him.

"Kidding, my love, kidding!" he said, and gave such a rascal smile that she couldn't help but grin back. Why did he have to be so handsome? Why did he have to treat her so well? It would be easier to hate her new situation if he was some doting husband, but he still had the silly jokes and teases, the bets and tall tales, the ribbing and stirring that made their dynamic. Only now, just like the way he gazed up at her and then lowered his gaze lovingly to her rounded stomach, there was something *more* to their relationship as well. It was enough for her to almost imagine staying like this, just for one, fleeting, perfect little moment.

And that was when she caught sight of *the wizard*.

Specifically, a wizard from the Academy of Transmutation, judging from his green robes and square hat. She'd been reading about them sporadically across the last month, trying to find a way to turn back. And now there was one sitting inside, talking to other adventurers, drinking from his flagon happily.

"I'll be back," she said, trotting over to the entrance to the inn. She wasn't meant to go inside, but this was an emergency, so she ducked and pressed her way in regardless, making sure not to let her tall ears touch the hanging braziers.

"Excuse me," she said to the wizard, who turned around to look at her along with his friends. His expression was astonished, as were several others who hadn't spied the beautiful and very pregnant centauress of Far Edge yet.

"You're a wizard of transmutation, aren't you? I hope you are, because I really need your help."

It took some convincing for the wizard, whose name was Mondeus, to believe Dastin. She met him the following day in the woods - *not* the cursed woods, of course - to explain herself further. He was a gruff man in his mid-forties with a finely grown beard, but his clear interest was simply in meeting, in his words, "such a remarkable creature, and so blessedly gravid at that!"

She hadn't appreciated that, of course. Being reminded of her beauty was bad enough - especially since it made her feel funny things in Leo's presence, let alone Modeus' - but being so pregnant? That was worse."

"Look, my story was true. All of reality changed."

"That would be a frightfully powerful magic, child."

"I'm not a child, I'm carrying a child! Three of them! That I shouldn't even be able to grow! I can feel - ngnh - them kicking their little hooves inside me right now, so please, just use your magic to verify that I'm telling you the truth already! I'm already skipping out on my best friend here, who is suddenly my husband. I'm trying to get him not to mount me and this stupid body is desperate for him. You've got to help me!"

Sighing, Modeus subjected her to a number of tests, most of which involved looking at her through various stones and crystals and noting results. Initially he was aloof, but the more he gazed over her, the more interested he became. Soon he was asking her to wander closer to the cursed wood so he could check for 'arcane reactions,' and evidently he spotted some, because his expression became positively *fascinated*.

"My apologies, good lady - or good sir," he said. "I discounted you, but clearly you *were* changed. There is a deeply powerful magic upon you."

"The important thing is, can it be fixed?"

He winced a little. "It can be. Perhaps it can, yes. We'll need some blue holly from the forest. Some of its native berries as well; doesn't matter what kinds. There should be a thin reed in that forest of fog as well. It's a sort of dark orange colour at the root. It's called firelily, but neither name is applicable. We'll need that, along with various dirt samples. This is nature magic, you understand, so natural substances are necessary. You'll need to make some carvings at particular sites in the forest as well, of course."

Dastin waved her hands, causing her furry breasts to jostle in the chest wrap that still left much of her cleavage and all of her midriff and furry arms exposed. "Wait, wait, wait! Are you telling me that I'll need to *go back into the damn forest*?"

Modeus gave a wan smile. "I'm sorry, my dear. But if you wish to be a human man again, it's the only way. And you'll have to make very short trips."

At this, she sagged her shoulders. "Or what? I'll change even more?"

"Perhaps. Or that belly of yours might keep on getting bigger. Short trips, Dastin, with breaks of at least five days between them."

She went weak at the knees hearing this. All *four* knees.

It took Dastin three damn attempts just to get some of the blue holly from the forest of fog. Each time, the fog encircled her once more and she became lost, having to rely on her sense of smell to lead her way back, and even that wasn't entirely reliable. The strange circular clearings, the rivers that went uphill, the glowing lights in the distance, they all returned and distorted the centaress' sense of time.

"Have to get the blue holly," she repeated to herself. "Get it and get back before Leo realises. Don't want to make him worried. Ugh! Yes, I know! Not worried about you three either! Stop reminding me!"

But it was more than just a reminder; every moment she stayed in the forest, she could feel its magic infecting her once again, strengthening the curse upon her body. She had to stop more than once to catch her breath, struggling with the burden of her pregnant form. It was growing at an accelerated pace, swelling further thanks to the mists.

"S-stop making me m-more pregnant!" she demanded, but the forest didn't listen to her. It only made her continue to develop further, reaching her third trimester by her second trip into the forest, her stomach expanding outwards in order to accommodate her three foals. They were getting so big, making her wince and whimper, forcing her to stop more often. They weren't the only changes either: her breasts were also expanding, as were her udder. A soreness was settling in them, and she didn't like what that foretold.

"I am n-not going to m-make milk! I'm not - *neigh!* - making milk! Gods, Leo would have a field day. He'd love to suck on these furry tits and my udder no doubt, just like he always does."

Like he always does.

It was a false memory, an implant from the forest that was alien to her actual lived experience. It was also the final warning for her to begin to flee back to Far Edge no matter how close she was to her goal, because this was around the time that her mind started playing tricks on her, reminding her of the day she and Leo became a mated pair, or when he mounted her for the first time, or when she first galloped into Far Edge and settled down, sparking wonder from the locals. More and more of her sense of self began to trickle away. Had she even been interested in Matilda? Why would she like a catfolk female, when she needed a virile male like Leo to keep her fertile body satisfied?

"I'm a centaress! No, I'm a human! I'm a centaress! NO! I WON'T GIVE IN!"

And each time she burst from the treeline, having to slow down immediately due to her bulk and gravid form, but grateful to be out in the clear, her mind restored, her memories returned.

And Mondeus was right, she really *did* need the downtime after each exploration of the forest. Not only was it a wearying and troubling thing to go through, but her pregnancy really *was* advancing, and reality was being rewritten by the cursed fog so that everyone felt

she was just that bit further along. In fact, just getting the blue holly, not to mention making some druidic markings on some large trees and circular clearings, had advanced her pregnancy by two whole *months*. Her belly felt like it was scraping along the floor now, though it wasn't that truly that bad. Yet. It did mean her body was much more tired, the movement from her foals all the more powerful, and her udder and breasts that much sorer. And that wasn't even getting into how godsdamn *horny* her body was getting. She tried to satisfy herself by thinking about Matilda, but there was no attraction to women now, and Cliven wasn't helping when he came to visit on Leo's request to ask if everything was alright.

"That lad really loves ya, ya know?"

"I know," she said, drinking warm chocolate under the stars. "I'm just . . . the fog."

"Aye, aye. And we're all patient. Just remember to throw him a little love back though, okay? You'll never know what will bloom again for the pair of ya."

It was actually sound advice. Leo was running the shop more and more, making her salads, massaging her belly and udder, and still taking time to make music for her and bring her good cheer. She wanted to hide away from her own attraction to him; she only had that last firelily ingredient to get, but it wounded her heart to see him growing more despondent when she refused his affection. She hadn't even been sleeping in the same house as him, preferring the stable, though it wounded her at times, and made her heart grow desperate for his presence.

"Hey," she told him one night, trotting into the house on her loud hooves, easing her belly through the wide doorspace. "Maybe . . . I could sleep in here tonight? With you?"

Leo's smile made her heart almost melt. "I'd love nothing more. Gods, you are so beautiful, Dastin."

"Thanks. But I don't feel beautiful. I feel like a whale."

"Whales are beautiful. You're a gorgeous whale, my love."

At this, she rolled her eyes. "You haven't changed all that much from how you were."

"I like to think you matured me, just a little. Though don't expect me to go easy on the jokes. I'm going to be a dad soon, after all. I need all the bad jokes I can get."

She lowered herself to the expansive floor bedding they had, and sighed as she nestled her massive belly against some pillows. Leo helped her, piling more against her to help ease the strain of her stomach.

"Ahhh," she sighed. "You're still the best, man. Even as my husband."

"Are you hinting at something?" he said, stroking her side suggestively.

But she shook her head. "No. Not that. I'm . . . the curse is still hard. The fog's effects, I mean. Just give me time."

She'd meant to say something like 'no way in a million years.' Instead, she couldn't resist leaving the opportunity at least a little open. She could barely believe it, but she didn't

even try to take the words back. When Leo fell asleep against her, his face practically in her furry breasts, his arms around her, Dastin struggled not to feel the most wonderful comfort she'd ever imagined.

"I need to get that firelily," she whispered to herself. "Before I go completely native."

Mondeus was clear, despite Dastin's pleas for another ingredient.

"I'm sorry, but you *must* find the firelily. It is essential to the counterspell to lift the curse. And you must find it soon. I leave in a week's time."

Dastin groaned, kicking up some dirt with her rear right hoof out of frustration. "But I'm already eight months pregnant! My breasts and udder have started leaking milk! I'm having to beg my best friend-turned-husband to milk me! If I keep going in, I might burst at this rate!"

"I'm sorry," the gruff wizard said. "There's no other choice if you wish to turn back. And you *do* wish to turn back, don't you?"

At this, she bit her lip, looking away from the wizard. "Of course I do," she said. "Why do you think I risk losing my memories each time I go in there?"

But it was clear that this was not the whole truth. In the last week and half, she'd taken to sleeping with Leo, even playfully flirting with him. Her foals kicked more and more, and he laughed and delighted in their movements, so keen to meet his children and find out if he had sons or daughters or both. His enthusiasm swept her right up into it, and sometimes she rested on her side, admiring the way her enormous stomach shifted, hanging just a foot off of the ground and forcing her to trot so very slowly. Galloping was impossible now, and yet Leo looked at her as if she was only getting lovelier, despite each trip into the forest of fog making her far, *far* more gravid. Her breasts were the size of her own damn head, and her udder was a bulge now, her two large teats needing massaging, which made her desperate for more.

She swallowed, forcing away these memories. "I'll get the firelily tomorrow," she said. "You can count on it. I *have* to get it."

And yet, part of her knew she would miss her present state. Over the last weeks - months? Time was hard to track thanks to the forest - she had grown more accustomed to the feeling of swelling up with life. Being a *mother*. Matilda was her best friend now, even more than Cliven, and they had a sisterly bond that she would never get again as a man. The catfolk always snuck her fruity non-alcoholic drinks from the tavern supplies, and got her the best radishes. And Leo! Gods, he was so handsome, and his touch so divine. She'd seen a sweeter, less rascally side of him, and it had made her appreciate him all the more.

Her body radiated attraction to the man, and the idea that she would lose that attraction stung a little. Hell, even losing her tail, which she'd grown fond of, and her remarkable form. There was, perhaps, a little bit of smug pride in being the only centauress in town. In being a remarkable figure that everyone knew and treated with kindness and interest.

Those thoughts were in mind as she tried to sleep that night, Leo against her, the two of them breathing steadily. His hand rubbed her stomach, but the pressure was still in her chest, and the need in her loins. It was the final night, she knew. She *had* to find the firelily the next day, or die trying, or . . . or something! So this would be her last night with Leo . . . in this way.

And so she woke him.

"My breasts are aching," she whispered.

"Would you like me to help milk them?" he asked.

"Mmh, yes."

He moved up to cup her breasts as she lay with her heavy body on its side, but she shook her head. "Not like that," she cooed. "With your mouth. I - I want you, Leo. I'm finally ready, and Gods, my body needs you."

Leo's smile was just discernible in the darkness, and soon he was upon her, suckling her breasts and massaging their most sensitive spots. He kissed her little snout, stroking her mane and running his fingers through her fur. It made her giddy, and in moments her heat was too much.

"Please, m-mount me!" she begged, standing up carefully on all fours. "I need you in me!"

He followed through on her request. His huge, hard member pushed into her equine pussy, and she nearly kicked back with her hooves to buck him off, so strange was the sensation. But Gods, was it *good*.

"Ohhh, yes!" she moaned as he gripped her rear flanks, thrusting into her again. "I m-missed this! I mean, I wanted this! I didn't - ah, nevermind! Just d-don't stop! *Neigh!*"

"I wasn't - nghh - planning to, my love! I never get tired of how tight and wet you feel! I love how passionate my centauress gets!"

He slapped her horse ass, and it only turned her on all the more. She was being mounted, penetrated, her best friend's enormous dick ramming into her most sensitive places, and she was loving it. By the Black Mountain, it was greater than any pleasure she'd ever felt. Dustin started fondling and squeezing her own big tits, letting the milk flow, and her udder tingled as well. Leo reached around to squeeze said mammary, and her teats leaked as well. Even as big and pregnant as she was, she felt truly alive and full of energy.

"I'm close!" she gasped. "I'm s-so close! I'm sooo - AAAAIIIEEE!"

Her scream could have woken the dead. No doubt poor Cliven was hearing it from his own hovel across the main thoroughfare of the town. Leo hadn't lied. Something about being a centaress made her experience even more climaxes than a very experienced human woman. She slept wonderfully in the aftermath, holding Leo against her, her forehooves, on either side of him so she could hold with him as many limbs as possible.

Thankfully, Leo had rolled away from her in the night, allowing her to slip away silently. Otherwise she might not have had the willpower to leave. She had to swallow down her emotions, but tears leaked down her face anyway. Gods, it hurt to leave her lover behind, knowing that she was setting out to get her final ingredient. The beautiful centaress moved at a slow trot, her belly heaving, her breasts straining at her top, her udder aching. When she entered the fog, her entire body shivered, despite the fact that she was covered in fur. She held herself, tail swaying nervously from side to side, and her own foals shifting about around inside of her, causing her to wince and grunt occasionally.

"I know," she said, wiping more tears. "It's just . . . I have to, right? I'm so sorry."

She moved through the fog, her own sense of guilt rising. She had come to love the little ones in her belly. Even their kicks, though they kept her awake sometimes. What would happen to them? What would happen to the woman that she had become? It wasn't even the fog affecting her mind. She knew that; she always got out before it had time to rewrite *that* particular part of her. No, this was all her. Her thoughts, her attachments, and her . . . desires. God, they were strong.

She tried to keep her mind occupied, but she couldn't; it kept going back to Leo, the father of her foals. To her new life. To the joys she had come to learn. Even as she wandered down new paths of the forest, following her keener senses, she couldn't stop thinking about the life she had gained. Her foals squirmed even more, but she followed her nose, which was even more sensitive now that she was further pregnant.

"I can smell you," she said. "I can *smell* you."

It was there. A new plant. Something sweet and orange-flavoured, almost, just like Mondeus had told her. She followed it, gaining speed, despite how difficult her damn swollen womb was making it. She could feel it growing; it was swelling, expanding, gaining heft and weight, but she *had* to get the firelily. She smashed through some more branches, uncaring if they grazed her or cut her skin, so long as her womb was safe. It was almost touching the ground by this point, expanding to scratch against the weeds and bushes.

"Nearly . . . there!"

She burst into a small moonlit clearing, free of the fog for once. The firelily was there in clusters, the orange roots digging into the ground just as Mondeus had said. The centauress struggled for some embarrassing minutes to pull out the plant, but eventually managed it.

"Finally," she said, though there wasn't a sense of victory at all, not like she'd hoped. Instead, she turned around and entered the mist. She could feel her pregnancy accelerating, her movements getting sluggish. The fog was attacking her mind even quicker this time, taking advantage of her gravid state. The pregnant centaur moved as quickly as she could, but she had to keep her mental state focused, pushing away the fake memories of this other life, remembering the person she was meant to be. She screamed, roaring like a barbarian princess, and her babies kicked inside of her, giving her more awareness and strength.

"I know who I am!" she cried.

She burst once more through the treeline, away from the fog. Her body was exhausted. She had no idea how long she'd been moving at her brisk pace to get out, but it was morning once more at Far Edge. Mondeus would only be available for a little longer, she knew. She had all the ingredients from the foggy forest. She could become a human man again.

"I can go back," she whispered to herself.

But a kick made ripples in her stomach. Her foals were there, so close to being born. How could she deprive Leo of that? How could she deprive herself of the motherhood she had been given? Was it even a curse?

The memories of the pleasures of last night came flooding through her mind, the intimacy she had shared with Leo so . . . vital. So meaningful. After so long trying to change back, so long fighting off a fake life and fake memories, she had fallen in love with it anyway.

Dastin chuckled, running her hands through her hair.

"Well, I'll be," the centauress said.

She dropped the firelily to the ground, then scraped her hoof over it for extra measure. The centauress trotted back to her home, her swollen form eager to be with her mate again. To feel his touch and his life, and to celebrate her changed existence with all her friends. She made it just in time to the house to see Leo exiting the front door. He waved to her.

"Up early this morning, love?" he declared. "Poor sleep?"

She shook her head, beaming. "No, just . . . figuring some things out. Remembering who I'm supposed to be."

"And who is that?"

She moved towards him, then lowered herself to kiss him passionately, pressing her full chest against his muscular one.

“Your mate and your love, and the mother of our foals,” she declared.

Leo smiled from ear to ear. “You have no idea how happy that makes me,” he said.

“I’ve decided this is what I want to be,” she said. “And - UGHH!!”

Suddenly, a gush of liquid poured from her vagina, splashing loudly onto the ground. For a moment, the pair of them froze, and then a tense pain coursed through her body, making Dastin groan in her high, feminine voice.

“Ohhhhhhhh . . . I g-guess it’s a good thing I’m feeling up for th-this life,” she said.

“B-because it looks like I’m in l-labor now, darling! NGHH!!”

The End