

OverWARKwed

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A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



“You must have had one heck of an adventure to get all jumpy like that.”

“Like you wouldn’t believe.”

“Was it the nest of termites again? A lot of adventurers think it’s easy until those bugs start eating your pants.”

“Not... exactly. No.” Tatanu couldn’t help giggling at that particular dungeon raid from a long-ago memory. Those had been an exceptionally fancy pair of pants too...

For the briefest moments she considered blurting out that fighting corrupted beings of pure light was far worse, but thought better of ruining this attempt at friendly banter. Instead, the summoner strode over with a more genuine smile making a show of eyeing the merchandise. The hand painted signs were so illegible it was impossible to make out any kind of themes or labels. Tatanu quickly settled on a polite plan of feigning mild interest, maybe buying a little gift for her fellow lalafell back at the Sions headquarters, and inventing an excuse to leave.

“What IS all this stuff!?”

For running a stand built by drunken goblins, the wares on display captivated Tatanu within seconds. She identified tomes looking like they were from era’s predating several calamities, materia of various odd colors, glass sculptures of wild monsters, and plenty of things that looked like they belonged attached to something else.

The fruity colored miqo’te shrugged. “Ancient relics, family heirlooms, something I found after tripping into a river one bad day. I’m just a take and sell anything kind of girl. Keep in mind I don’t sell refunds on cursed objects.”

Tatanu’s petite hand recoiled from grabbing at a particularly shinny cup. “Is any of this cursed?”

“Of course not!” The shopkeeper laughed in a manner that wasn’t reassuring. “I mean, it’s not like good luck charms have ever killed anyone or something.”

“Uh huh?” Years of extensive battles to the death had worn Tatanu enough that maintaining a friendly face was easy. Meanwhile, her thoughts were a storm of conflict between polite manners and booking like hell out of this market. The former almost won right before a particular sparkle of snowy metal caught her eye. “Hey. What’s this thing?”

“Hm?” The bubbly miqo’te seemed to have been lost in her own thoughts when she glanced back at Tatanu. Her feline tail raised in renewed flicks watching the lalafell

pluck a bundle of long avian feathers out of the sea of items. Strands of leather and colored beads bound the clump together around a hair clip. “Those are some silver chocobo feathers. Yanked them off the bird myself.”

“You pulled the feathers off a chocobo?”

“Yeah! She kicked me real hard for it too, the grump.” The shopkeeper ran a hand over one side of her head, helping Tatanu notice several faded scars on her almost perfect skin. “I mean, how often do you see a squawker that rare wandering around the open fields? They say silver and gold ones are legendary creatures made from their own special kind of magic.”

“Really?” Tatanu flicked the feathers about studying the trinket closer. It was more likely this cat girl had simply applied some metal paint to the large plums so they reflected off the light. Although she had to admit the way it almost seemed to glow with ether looked pretty. “And who says that?”

“Eh! Some drunk guy that tried to grope me at a bar in Tailfeather last week.” The miqo'te remained all smiles when Tatanu slowly glanced at them with wide eyes. “I'm sure he's happy squawking it up at the stables to work off his bar tab now. All these upcoming adventurers can always use freshly raised mounts, am I right?”

“Sure...” Tatanu no longer understood what their conversation was about and at this point exhausted all her efforts for a polite front. Especially with the maniacal way this woman laughed like she'd made a joke. “How much for the bird charm?”

“Three hundred gil, I'd say.”

The lalafell would say that's a ridiculous mark up for a cheap leather binding, but she shoved a handful of coins into the proprietor's eager palms regardless. It quickly found a home nestled between random pages of Tatanu's grimoire, making the unorthodox combat weapon look more stylish in her opinion.

Behind her, the miniature carbuncle suddenly shivered like it'd just been touched by an ice cube. Its eyes went wide as it gave off an involuntary, barely audible, “Wa...wark...?”

The odd bird noises coming from her celestial avatar were lost on Tatanu. There was the usual parting conclusion of ‘have a nice day’ of something, but she refused to pay the shop any more attention. Soon as their transaction was complete, she fled further down the market plaza at the fastest speed her tiny legs dared to go without it looking like a desperate run. Maybe she'd been fighting eccentric villains too long. There was something about that neon cat's grin triggering all her warrior of light red flags.

By the time she was breaking out into the open city Tatanu was giggling to herself at the ridiculousness of such gut feelings. Someone set on bringing doom and mayhem to the realm didn't just set up a junk shop in the back corner of a typical city.

All the more evidence that an early retirement might be preferable to whatever true threat came next.

Now that it had been brought up, the region of Dravania sure sounded like a better place to spend some time off. Tatanu remembered fondly they had a forest full of wild chocobo's and amazing lush foliage never seen even around Gridania. Heck, working a farm rustling up the giant bird steeds would even be more fun, and less perilous.

"Aw, screw it!" Tatanu wrestled around the pocket stretched over her melon-sized right breast. With a little struggling, she activated the tiny aetheryte crystal within. Almost immediately she felt magic energy swirl around her short body until it was gently lifting her up into the air. Her snow-white hair fluttered to unseen winds against the hard bone of her monstrous horns. The magic gathered strength around her for several seconds until reaching an apex that popped her physical being out of existence in an instant.

TO BE CONTINUED...

This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.

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Afterward

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