

Going Mythic - A Going Green Epilogue (Man & Woman to Fantasy Races TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A magical board game sent the nerdy Gale into the world of Erutell, transforming him into an amazonian Half-Orc. But when, just days later, his friends Mereen and Ian find Gale in this magical world, years have passed and she is now a happy half-orc mother! Shocked but intrigued, the pair make the decision to return themselves . . . and perhaps enjoy a new transformed existence in a fantasy setting.

Going Mythic - A Going Green Epilogue

"I can't believe we're actually doing this," Mereen said as she looked down at the board game.

"You can't believe?" Ian replied. "You're the one who suggested it!"

"Yes, but . . . you're the bold one, Ian! The decision maker, the tough guy!"

Ian chuckled warmly. "I think Gale - well, *Umar* - is the tough guy now."

"Hardly a guy, now that she's a she-orc."

Ian blinked. "I still can't believe how many children she'd had. God, the orcs must really go at it, huh?"

Mereen giggled. "Thinking of becoming a she-orc lass yourself, huh?"

"Nope, no way. I'll stay male, thank you very much, if I can help it. But . . . I can't deny that I'd do a lot to get back to Erutell. It's a true fantasy world to escape to."

They both looked at the board game before them. *Erutell*, it was called. A strange game whose seller didn't even know he had it. It looked ancient, and promised to be a 'portal to another world.' Well, it had been, because when they began their RPG adventure as a trio, a curse card had transformed their scrawny friend Gale's paladin character into a amply-blessed half-orc barbarian female. He'd complained, at which point the *game itself* had answered, declaring that if he did not like his new form, it could go to a more appropriate venue. Right before their eyes he had transformed into a seven foot tall green half-orc, large bust and all, and then been sent into the game. They had only figured out how to get into the game days later, by which it turned out years had passed in this other world, and Gale had long since settled into female orhood, taking the name 'Umar.' She'd even become a mother to four or five children, with another one on the way in her growing belly. The pair had been astounded; their rescue mission was unnecessary, but their imagination had been captured. If Gale could find powerful power and purpose in the kind of fantasy world all three of them had always imagined visiting, then . . . why not them as well?

"If we do this," Ian said, "it's going to be permanent. We're not coming back."

"And it's not entirely guaranteed we'll end up how we wish," Mereen replied.

Ian gazed down at his body. He was a geek, yes, but not in the classic sense. He was, in fact, quite tall and fit and pretty lucky with the ladies. He loved going to the gym, but his passion for fantasy had existed since he was a boy. Tales of dragons and knights were amazing to him, and while he was happy in his own life, the promise of true adventure called to him; he'd often felt like he'd been born into the wrong age, in that sense.

Mereen, on the other hand, had far more reason to take on a life in Erutell. She missed Gale terribly, much as Ian did, but she was not exactly happy with her own body. She was a short, mousey woman with (appropriately) also mouse-brown hair and thick glasses. She was short and generally easily pushed around, and when it came to speaking, often preferred Ian or Gale to do it for her, if they were present.

"We can rig the game, though," Ian said. "Just like we rigged the cards to find Gale."

"Umar," Mereen reminded him.

"Still getting used to that. I can't believe *Gale* is getting more sex than I am."

Mereen rolled her eyes. "Boys."

"I'm not blaming him or judging! If I ended up with a rack like that, I'd probably use them. Is that an upgrade you're hoping for?"

The woman blushed. "Stop teasing! I just want be . . . prettier. More danging. Maybe even dangerous. What about you?"

Ian thought about it. "I'd like to be swift and fast, perhaps a magic caster of some variety. And darkvision, that would be useful. And, I'm not going to lie, I'd like to still look pretty damn good to the other sex too."

"Boys," she repeated sarcastically.

"But more than that, I just want excitement, new experiences. Hell, the power of flight, wouldn't that be amazing?"

"And all sorts of weirdness and strange new sights."

"Exactly!" Ian said. "Okay, I'm convinced. Let's do this. We can visit Umar too, and let him - her - see the new us. Besides, we should do this quickly; it's been an hour since we arrived back in our reality and that's got to mean a few months in hers, no doubt."

Mereen nodded. If Ian was in, so was she. "Let's get the game started," she said.

It was Ian's idea to rig it; he grabbed the curse cards and spell cards and sifted through them, passing half to her to look over. There were many kinds of curses and blessings, but it really did seem like the game had a transformation focus. It made sense, given what had happened to Umar.

"Ah, got it!" Ian said, holding up a card. "Damn perfect, wouldn't you say?"

It was a lovingly crafted card, its art more classical in style. It depicted what appeared to be a handsome dark elf looking tall and brooding, his white hair long and his eyes a stunning red, waving his hands as magic cascaded out from them in a radiant green burst. He had handsome cheekbones, a tall figure, and while he was slim in the elvish fashion, Mereen couldn't deny that it was right up her alley in terms of fantasy boyfriends. Her, and just about every girl that had seen Orlando Bloom as Legolas. This guy just had the extra enticement of his dark blue skin and red eyes, which only added to the bad boy appeal.

"I can see from your stunned gaze I've made the right choice," Ian bragged.

"Oh, shush," Mereen said.

"I like the card description: *You have become a dark elf. Handsome, agile, dangerous. You belong to the shadows, but fight for the light.*' Badass."

She blushed a bit, holding two cards she'd chosen, unable to decide between them.

"Go on then, show me," Ian coaxed.

"Just don't make fun, okay?" she said.

"I promise not to."

She held up the cards before him. One was a mermaid with a vibrant blue-scaled tale, her chest covered only by a seaweed wrap bra. She was lying on a rock, her tail splashing in the water, and a powerful trident was in her other hand, glowing with powerful magic. Her long blue hair also mingled with the lapping water, and her stomach was trim and perfect.

'You are a mermaid of the Reefridden Coast,' the card read. *'Your form is beautiful and your voice a permanent song, but you must defend your home against less joyful invaders.'*

"Wow, didn't peg you for a mermaid!" Ian said. "What's this other one, though?"

She blushed again, withdrawing the mermaid card to reveal the other fully. This card was even more daring than the mermaid's attractive display. The art depicted a demonic succubi with crimson red skin. She wore a corset with the stays partially undone at the front, allowing one to see an impressive amount of cleavage, her breasts also pushed up enticingly above. She wore tight black breeches, and a red tail flickered out from behind her. Her face was gorgeous, with full lips and perfect eyebrows. Her eyes were golden, her hair long and black, but her smiling mouth had two obvious fangs at the top. A pair of red wings were expanding from behind her, the membranes of which were a darker shade of red.

'You are a gorgeous demoness,' the card read. *'You are irresistible to all and empowered by the fires of hell, but you strive to make the world a better place, even if that means having a little fun along the way.'*

Ian's face went utterly blank. Way too blank.

Mereen slammed the card down, her face now red as a raspberry. "It's too much, isn't it? Oh God, it's way too much. Even the mermai—"

"Hey, hey, don't worry about what I think, Mereen. Look, to be honest, I just think they're hot, so obviously my opinion is trash anyway. But what do you want? I mean, you want to fly, right? And have powers? And be a bit dangerous?"

She nodded slowly. "And I won't lie, I do want to look sexy. Don't make fun."

"Please, of course I won't. Gale is now Umar, a she-orc with boobs bigger than her own head. And while that demoness is quite . . . busty, I can't fault a woman for wanting to look good. I mean, I think I look good and I still want to be a cool brooding dark elf, right?"

Mereen smiled, feeling much better. "Okay, then I want to be the demoness. Let's do this, before I get nervous and back out."

Ian agreed, and quickly 'shuffled' the cards in so they were conveniently on the top deck. Then, they began to run the adventure. It was pretty simple, basically quickly written up on a single A4 between the two of them so they could get it done quickly and avoid too much time passing in the world of Erutell.

"Behold!" Ian declared. "A new adventure awaits. There is a dread necromancer scouring the lands with his undead, and you need to heed the call to adventure and blah, blah, roll for initiative because he sent goblins at you or something. There are four *cursed* chests in this area, so if you *happen* to pick one up, you'll be forced to have the *curse*." With that, he gave an obvious wink to Mereen, who giggled. She was already getting excited. Sure, she would probably wear something more conservative as a demoness, and she was hoping she wouldn't be a technical sex-addicted succubi or something, but she kept those worries close to her chest. Hell, soon she'd actually *have* a chest, if it all went right!

She rolled for initiative. They played two rounds of combat just to get things moving and seem 'real,' then both of their characters moved on the board to grab the cursed chests.

"Oh no!" Ian declared. "I have become a sexy drow! How disappointing, right?"

"Alas, I have become a gorgeous demoness, complete with wings," Mereen said, placing her arm on her forehead dramatically. "I don't want to be this!"

There was a pause.

"I said, I don't want to be a demoness!"

"And I can't stand being a tall, dark, and handsome dark elf!" Ian declared.

This time, the game began to glow. The familiar ancient voice spoke, full of kingly authority, but as it did, the two began to grow nervous.

'If thou attempts to rig the game of Erutell, then Erutell will decide thy fate. Your enthusiasm is most pleasing, as is your desire to explore this fantasy land, so you shall not be denied your portal to another realm, nor your transformation. But they shall not be the

transformation thou expects. Indeed, a card taken deliberately will find its opposing play, instead.'

The cards they had drawn leapt into the air, glowing, and then swapped to the other player just as the board game had just said. Mereen squeaked as the dark elf card landed in her hand, and Ian's jaw fell as the demoness landed in his. He tried to remove it, but it stayed there.

'Now transform, o adventurers, for the land of Erutell awaits!'

"M-Mereen!" Ian declared. "I feel kind of weird!"

"M-me too!" she squeaked back.

"No, I mean, my chest, it feels -"

He suddenly leaned back, groaning as two distinct mounds suddenly pushed out from his chest, becoming round and full and straining his shirt. Mereen squealed in shock as two very obvious breasts expanded from Ian, looking entirely unsuited to his figure even as they grew and grew and continued to grow in size.

"Ian, you're growing boobs!"

"I know!" he said. "Make it stop or else!"

"Even your voice is changing! It's higher!"

"And yours is lower, I think we're getting each other's transformmmmmh!!!"

He was unable to finish his sentence, because his nipples expanded, already stiff and throbbing with an arousal. He pinched them despite himself, his shirt popping several buttons from the strain of a heaving chest. His boobs were not on Umar's level, but they were certainly riper than almost any woman's own fruit, being the size of full-grown cantaloupes. He cupped them, trying to futilely push them back in, only for his hands and forearms to shrink, becoming daintier and feminine. His chest hair wilted away, and his shoulders soon contracted.

Mereen watched this with a dread fascination, and she almost didn't notice her own transformation taking place. Her breasts, flat as they were, receded still further into her chest, but soon that area too burned with change. It wasn't the fat and tissue of boob flesh that sprung up, though, but instead hard, practised muscle. Her own shirt began to tear, the sweater pulling apart as more muscle flowed into her. She gritted her teeth, grunting as her very bones began to expand. She had always been a short girl, but now her body began to spring up as if reaching a distinctly male puberty in rapid motion.

"Ian!" she said, voice going lower even as his went higher. "I'm changing too! Look!"

"Gnnh! I'm a l-little b-busy here!" he replied, eyes clenched shut. His lips began to fill up, his waist contracting. He scratched at his skin as talons began to push out from his fingers, dark red in colour. When he opened his eyes they were now a golden colour.

"Mereen!" he managed. "Your skin is changing!"

“Yours too!”

It itched terribly: Ian was turning red in pigmentation, while Mereen was turning a dark desaturated blue. It was just like the cards, and confirmed that they were becoming each other’s fantasy change.

“Shit!” Ian declared, boobs growing just a little further. “I don’t want to b-be a woman! Just because G-Gale is! Doesn’t mean I want it - oh God, it’s happening! Mereen, I can feel my NGGHHH!!!”

She cried out at the same time, clutching her crotch with embarrassment even as her clothing tore. She was gaining entire feet in height, and her arms and legs now lithe and athletic. But the big change between her thighs was all too much; the itchiness and discomfort gave way to an unseemly bliss as her tunnel was filled in reverse: an impressively long member and pair of testicles pushed out of her tunnel, collapsing the space behind it. She gripped her new genitalia - her pants had torn open at the front already - and groaned from the strange relief it brought her. It was dark blue just like the rest of her now; her face was finally overtaken by the itchiness until she was entirely a new colouring.

“I’ve g-got a penis!” she declared. “Holy shit, I’ve got a penis!”

“I’m m-meant to have that! Instead of - ahhhh! - thisssss!”

This was clearly a vulva and vaginal passage, including a fully functioning uterus, because it wasn’t just that Ian’s member and testes were shrinking back inside of him with a surprising amount of bliss, but that his lower belly was rumbling. It had become flat and hairless now, his shirt loose around the middle even as it was very tight around his big chest. But within, a new womb was forming along with ovary sacs, further confirming his femininity. This was accompanied by a rapid softening of everything: his shoulders shrunk, his legs became shapely and hairless, and his hips began to expand right and left.

“Ugghhh,” he groaned, now sounding like a woman from a porno. “I knew we shouldn’t have ch-cheated.”

“It was your idea!” Mereen complained. Her ears were beginning to elongate, and her hearing and all her other senses were sharpening. Her eyes changed, becoming red just as Ian’s were golden, not that she could appreciate that just yet. But she *did* notice the colour change of her hair; it turned pale snow white and straightened, turning silky as it poured out from her head to become much longer. “I knew we should have just asked the game first!”

“God, Mereen, you don’t even sound like you! Your voice is baritone!”

“And you sound like you’re a femme fatale, Ian!”

“I know, it’s damn embarrassing! Mhmm, oh shit, here comes the tail and w-wings!”

They pushed out from his form, bursting away the remainder of his clothing so that his red curves were entirely on display. His wings unfurled at a rapid pace, and his tail seemed to positively *explode* out of his backside, already full of feeling and sensation,

shifting back and forth like a coiled snake to match his confused emotions. His wings fluttered about a bit before folding behind his back.

“Damn it all, too many limbs! Ohhhh, my face!”

“Mine t-too!” Mereen cried.

Her buttocks had hardened, her abs sprung up to become tough and masculine, without being like that of a jacked bodybuilder. She shuddered as her cheekbones rose to prominence, and again as her jaw reshaped, cracking a little as it took on a squared shape. She rose even further in height, gasping from the sheer change in perspective.

Ian, on the other hand, shrank a little further. He wasn't tiny, but it was clear all the spare matter was going to his tail, his butt, his boobs, and his hips. His proportions continued to be quite literally out of this world, but he clutched at his face the most, feeling it bubble and shift. His hair turned black and cascaded down his shoulders, while his lips grew further, looking utterly kissable. His cheekbones were similarly refined like Mereen's, but when his jaw cracked, it was to make his face fully feminine. His eyebrows were thick yet well-arched, and he had a smoky, sensual quality to his features when they were done. He clutched his sore scalp one last time, and then two dark red horns pushed through, short but still about two inches long each, and unable to be easily hidden.

The pair breathed quickly and heavily, trying to hide their mostly-naked bodies and overcome with embarrassment.

“This is crazy!” Ian said. “We didn't want it like this!”

‘Do not worry, thou shall be given clothing to match thy new dispositions.’

The magic flared, and suddenly new outfits expanded from nowhere to cover their changed forms. Furthering the humiliation, Ian was now wearing a sexy black corset that only emphasised his very full chest, and his lower half was barely covered in a very short dark purple skirt, with black lingerie beneath. His feet were left bare.

Mereen, on the other hand, was more fully clad, though not in her usual dress sense. A black mage's battle robe adorned her, and it was cut in such a way that left her muscled arms entirely bare, and a hanging section that allowed for a female gaze at her collarbone and upper pecs. Black boots wrapped around her feet, and a black staff appeared in her hand.

“I - this feels weird,” she said.

“You feel weird!” Ian complained, his tone sounding more like an invitation to come to bed rather than an actual frustration. “Look at me! I'm showing everything off here! There's even a hole for this tail, and my wings!”

“I think the corset goes under the wings, actually.”

“God, I'm wearing a corset. Um, Erutell? I don't surprise there's an apology that can this right, huh? Maybe make me a male demon, at least?”

Mereen held her breath, waiting. It was already so strange to be so tall, and to feel so strong. Strangely, she could feel the power of magic thrumming through her core too. Ian also felt something, though he didn't like the sensation of it; a kind of charming power, a performative power, a *lust-driven power*. He gulped. He really, really hoped 'demoness' didn't mean 'succubi.'

"Um, Erutell? Hello, board game?"

'Thine changes are complete, and shall not be exchanged. It is punishment for cheating, and blessing for enthusiasm. You will both find excitement and escape, passion and power, within the world of Erutell. Your adventure begins . . . now!'

The familiar lightshow began, the light glowing and twisting and pulling like a great whirlpool from ancient legend. Mereen and Ian exchanged a glance, the new voluptuous demoness and the tall, handsome dark elf realising that this was it.

"I guess we really did end up sort of in Gale's situation!" Mereen called.

Ian actually laughed, despite covering himself with his new wings and trying not to be even redder than he already was thanks to his embarrassment.

"Let's just hope we find a way to change again when we get there!" he replied, voice still sensual. "Because I certainly can't see myself embracing it like Umar did!"

The magic glowed brighter, and they were suddenly pulled forward, disappearing into the game and falling down into the world of Erutell.

Their adventure had indeed begun, though there would be a hell of a lot of adjustment.

"Okay, so let's be honest, we totally nailed that."

Mereen looked at her succubi friend as they headed back out of the ruling town hall.

"You're not wrong, Ian. I'm sorry I was so slow with the casting."

Ian shrugged, her wings flapping a little automatically. "It's not like I can complain. I still can't believe I banged my head on that stalagmite."

"Stalactite."

"Huh?"

"Stalactite, hang on *tight*. That's how you remember the difference."

The demoness chuckled. "Well, either way, it damn well hurt. I can't believe I'm actually thankful for these horns; they managed to stop it from being a proper bonking."

"At least you're able to fly, right?"

Ian rolled his golden eyes. "I mean, you're going to fly. You just need to learn the right spells and level up, or whatever."

“But the wings *are* cool.”

“I literally keep knocking things over them when we go into taverns. I had to pay for seven ales when I pushed that wench’s plate aside.”

Mereen snorted, remembering that particular incident. “I think that was your tail, actually.”

“Oh, yeah. Well, I don’t actually mind the tail all that much.” She gave it a flicker. “It’s fairly prehensile. Just wish kids would stop trying to pull on it, or creeps trying to rub it.” She shivered at that; she hated that it felt *good* when people rubbed it.

Mereen put a hand around her succubus friend’s shoulder. “Well, you’ve gotten us plenty of other free drinks, don’t forget.”

Ian looked down at his prominent red cleavage, not to mention his mostly-bare red legs. “Don’t remind me,” he said. “I’m very, very aware of how many men and women want to buy me drinks. Seriously, is this whole world bisexual?”

“I think so, given how many men and women come after me.”

The two shared a moment of understanding, then Ian counted the coins in their bag of loot. They had just completed their first Wanted: Dead or Alive adventure, and had indeed not only defeated the goblin band they had been sent to stop, but captured their ogre leader alive. It had almost taken every ounce of Mereen’s magic - an art she was still getting used to - to drag him all the way back and claim their prize. Thankfully he was deposited now, but it made her really want to learn a good banishment spell so she could store future wanted persons in a crystal or a jar or something.

The pair had been in their new bodies for a little over two weeks now. They were still learning all the fascinating aspects of the world of Erutell, including the town of Orsmyth they had found themselves on the outskirts of when they had first ‘landed,’ so to speak. The original plan had been to beeline straight to Umar and talk to her, but it seemed they had basically been dumped on the other side of the whole damn continent! As such, they’d need sufficient funds and a good amount of ‘levelling up’ in order to reach their friend. And for now, that meant taking on adventures, raising money, and more than anything just plain getting used to their new selves, and genders.

“Stop fiddling with your boobs,” Mereen said as they approached the *Outside Inn*, the playfully named tavern they had rented a room for upstairs with their meagre means.

“I can’t help it,” Ian said. “They keep wobbling!”

“That’s because your corset is too loose, here.” Mereen helped lace it tighter, but this had the effect of making the succubi’s chest even more prominent.

“Great, now my big red cans are even more on display,” Ian said. He was still trying to cover as much of his body as possible. Not that it stopped his hips from sashaying automatically, nor his tail sliding against several gentlemen that they passed.

“Please, I’d kill for a chest like that. And those hips.”

“Yeah, and a bunch of people here would kill to feel a chest like this. God, everyone’s staring.”

“I mean, they would stare anyway, but I think you’ve left your power ‘on,’ Ian.”

The ‘power’ of Ian’s new form, it turns out, was in charm, seduction, and deception. On the few adventures they’d had so far, mostly to keep paying their board, Ian had not exactly been the most physically capable combatant. Instead, he was able to blow charming kiss to make an enemy become hypnotised, or convince a foe that he was on their evil side, only to know them out. In many ways, he was like a sort of femme fatale rogue-class, able to get in sneak attacks from hiding as well as use conversation and his frankly amazing demoness body to disarm a foe, often literally. Of course, this had the side effect of being extremely embarrassing for him, and all the more because it came just so damn *naturally* thanks to his succubus instincts. The fact that his body could produce a sort of magical ‘aura’ that lit up the attention of anyone that found him attractive, only made matters worse.

“Damn it,” he said, folding his arms across his chest and letting his tail snap like a whip behind him. “It’s ‘on’ by default. I have to focus to keep it off.”

“Let me,” Mereen said. She spoke a spell that gave a dampening field, and then with a gesture from her staff a bunch of men were no longer joking about the “hot as hell demoness” but instead minding their own damn business.

They entered the tavern, and while eyes still turned to them it wasn’t as much as usual. A wood elf tavern wench named Sabrissa looked Mereen’s way.

“Hello, Merellen,” she said sweetly.

“Hey, Sabrissa. Two ales, thanks, our regular.”

“Coming right up. You know, my shift finishes soon.”

“That’s . . . that’s really good, Sabrissa.”

The elven woman was briefly disappointed, but then went to get their drinks.

“Damn, I want her,” Ian said.

“Is that an Ian thing, or a succubi thing?”

“Both, I think,” she said, licking her lips as she watched the tavern wench go. “I’m trying to put off my, er, *needs* for at least a night or two.”

“Won’t that suck your power away?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll get my fill before the next adventure. Still getting used to the whole ‘needing to have sex often’ thing.”

“In the meantime, I’ll give you an energy boost.”

They sat down, and Mereen cast an aiding spell before setting her staff to one side.

“Wow, it’s weird to cast magic.”

“Thanks,” Ian said, “Must be pretty cool to cast magic. Way cooler than being a succubi.”

“To be honest, I’m still a bit jealous. I was nervous to tell you when we had the cards in front of us, but I’ve always wanted to look like a hot girl that people pay attention to, instead of a mousey little nobody.”

“Well, you’re pretty commanding now. You’ve got that brooding elf body.”

She grinned. “It’s not too bad. I mean, obviously I wish I was a woman, but magic is hella cool. As is being tall. And fit! I feel so powerful now.”

Ian placed his head on the table in a dramatic fashion, flapping his wings in irritation. His tail snaked behind him, further emphasising his mood.

“Don’t remind me. You definitely got the better end of the deal.”

“We’ll adjust,” Mereen said. “With this much coin, we’ll finally have enough to get separate rooms upstairs. No more you getting all flustered and stuff. And I can properly, er, get used to being a man.”

Ian lifted his head, curious. “Was that a masturbation reference?”

“Well, er, I mean, my body has needs too, Ian.”

The succubus swallowed, examining Mereen. The dark elf got the distinct sense that the demoness was blushing, his tone disguised by his already-red skin.

“Same,” he simply said. “More than you know.”

“What does that mean?”

“Nothing!” he said, voice going high. “Look, here’s our ale, already!”

They took them, and Sabrissa winked at Mereen/Merellen.

“Enjoy as well, Imelda,” the elf said to Ian. The succubi gave a soft half-hearted smile. “It seems our dark elf is taken, alas! I concede defeat.”

Ian swallowed, downing more of his drink. Mereen chuckled. “I guess she thinks we’re a couple. Makes sense, she’s not the first. Should I tell her otherwise?”

The demoness pointedly ignored her, and instead put up his tail like a hand in the air. “Another drink, please!”

“Seriously? It’s midafternoon!”

Ian just scoffed. “I’m dealing with some stuff right now. Succubi things that a dude drow like you wouldn’t understand. So, if you don’t mind me, I want to be burping fire from my hellish, beer-filled stomach tonight!”

Another two weeks, another pair of adventures, this time taking down a young dragonling alongside a male paladin. He was a vision to watch in action, but Imelda, as Ian was now

fully going by, hadn't exactly enjoyed fighting alongside him. For one, he was clearly way, way too interested in succubi for a man who claimed to be a Paladin of Light. And worse, her own damn succubi instincts were really revving her engines at the sight of him, and other men, more and more with each passing day.

"Now that we've vanquished our draconic foe," the paladin Jarneth said in his booming voice, "perhaps we can get to know each other more on the way back, Imelda. I must admit, I never expected to be on the same side as a demoness, let alone one so . . . enthralling."

Imelda just screwed up her face. Her succubi needs were coming to the fore once more, and it was annoying to think that *this* was the guy who was getting them going. Poor Merreen had to go on long night walks quite often because Imelda's demoness body really needed to get some life energy through fucking. So far, it had just been women, including a particularly attractive half-elf who worked as a baker. But more and more, her body was almost literally on fire for men. She *dreamed* of their hard members thrusting into her, or her riding them, her wings unfurled in shuddering orgasm, her tail flickering back and forth with each bounce upon a very masculine lap.

"Dude, no way," she managed to say through her gritted, fanged teeth. "Not interested!"

"But you're a succubi! All my research has indicated that-"

"I told you I'm not into it, and that's that. I don't care how much this demon body wants you bad, I am not giving it, got it?"

But the Paladin clearly thought he had a chance, because he touched her arm and pulled her in for a kiss. At least it *would* have been a kiss, had Imelda not headbutted him painfully with her horns, then pushed him back with her leathery wings. Jarneth growled, but a wind spell quickly pushed him over again, separated them by over fifteen feet and sending him tumbling. Merellen stood there under the light of the moon, having come back from the forest surroundings with firewood, but the dark elf mage now had his grip upon his staff, and its power was focused upon the paladin.

"Leave her alone," Merellen said, "and get out of here. Now."

The paladin had complained, he was entitled to some treasure. Merellen threw him some of the hoard and repeated his statement, readying another gust of wind. When Imelda took to the skies, her wings outlined against the enormous full moon, her talons out and ready to strike, Jarneth finally gave up.

"Fine! Clearly, I misread things, or perhaps Imelda is like all succubi after all; a sinful temptation to lead good men astray."

Imelda landed back on the ground once he was out of sight and moving further down the road. She fluttered her wings, stroking them as if to clean the influence of the paladin away.

"Thanks," she said. "He was a damn creep. I guess I know how girls feel about this sort of thing from the front row seat, huh?"

"And then some," Merellen replied, looking her over. "I'm sorry I left you. I didn't realise he was such a pig."

The succubi sighed. "He was, but he's not entirely wrong. I literally can't talk as if I'm not trying to get a man into my damn pants, and the way I move, it's so frustrating!"

"Don't say that. You can be as, uh, sexy as you want, it doesn't mean you're to blame for anything. It's just your succubi instincts."

Imelda considered this for a moment. "Perhaps. Not exactly what I imagined my fantasy self would be. Still, you haven't cracked onto me yet, right? Must have nerves of steel, eh? Eh?"

She ribbed her friend, but Merellen was just silent, his face carefully concealed.

"Wait . . . really? You - you find me attractive!?"

The dark elf groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Of course I do, Imelda! We ended up in each other's fantasy bodies, that means I've definitely switched my sexuality up!"

"But - but you never said anything!"

"Of course I didn't! How could I? You're stuck as a woman, one who literally can't *not* act sexy. You get your life force from having sex with people. I wasn't going to take advantage of that! How could I?"

"So when you kept turning down Sabrissa?"

Merellen bit his lip. He placed his staff against a tree stump and began putting wood on the fire to heat it.

"Look, I've been struggling too, okay? It's not all flowers and roses just because I've had magic. When you prance around our little let room with just your underthings on . . . your tail even slides against my legs and I don't think you even realise. And I wanted that bust for myself! But now I can't stop looking at it!"

Imelda could barely believe it. She used her darkvision to ensure the paladin wasn't in sight, but he was long gone by this point. Merellen checked for the same, his heightened dark elf senses aiding him. But when Imelda turned back, she immediately noticed Merellen looking. She covered up her chest as best as she could.

"You're looking right now!"

"Well, I've finally admitted it, so I don't need to hide it anymore, right?"

“But - but to put it lightly, I can literally *sense* attraction. It makes me light up, remember? I have the damn *aura* and everything.”

Merellen gave a sort of shake of his head, causing his white hair to shake loosely across his shoulders. Imelda’s heart seemed to catch for a moment, as did her breath.

“I *may* have used calming spells on myself. Frequently. And some wards that block even a succubus from reading my thoughts and feelings. And I used the old fashioned techniques, too.”

“Old-fashioned?”

“Well, I *was* burying my face quite deeply in those books, wasn’t I? Academia does wonders for flattening one’s arousal, I guess. And other times, on those walks, I’d hole up in a demiplane somewhere and, well, take care of myself.”

Imelda almost coughed. “I can’t believe all of this! And here I thought you were one of the good ones, or something.”

“Hey, this isn’t my fault, or yours. Look, I’m sorry Imelda. As I said, I’m trying to keep it under control. It’s just . . . very, very difficult now that I’m damn well attracted to women. You most of all. And we’ve been through so much together. I don’t expect you to look at me the same way.”

This time, it was Imelda that gave an awkward pause, one that was interrupted only by the crackling of the fire. It roared further to life as a piece of kindling set alight, and that seemed almost to mirror her very obvious feelings that were now coming to light.

“What!?” Merellen said. “You too!?”

Imelda flapped her wings dramatically, her tail going ramrod straight from sheepish embarrassment. “Oh, come one! Look at me, I’m a succubus. You yourself said it was kinda good you never ended up like this, or you’d be having sex with everyone all the time!”

“But you *do*. You’ve been sleeping with those busty tavern wenches and-”

“Not nearly as often as I want to or *need* to. I’m far less useful in fights than you because my power is *never* really full, especially since you’re my travelling companion out into the sticks and we’re in different tents. A new succubus girl can only take care of herself so many times. Of course I’m into you, Merellen. I mean, we’ve been best friends for ages and now we’re in these hot bodies, and even if they’re different genders the spark of attraction is clearly there, and my own nature just makes it that much more irresistible. For God’s sake, you’ve got the dark skin and those mysterious red eyes, and you have such a deep, sonorous voice and - fuck! I’m getting carried away with it all and now I’m getting horny as hell all over again!”

Merellen rubbed the side of his head. He was gazing at Imelda’s frustrated form, particularly as the red deviless began to cup her breasts and moan a little, clearly embarrassed at the show she was putting on.

“Damn it all, I need to take care of myself, not that it does any good. Sorry for all of this, it just makes it way more awkward. I’ll be in the forest for a few minutes, just plug your ears if I’m too loud.”

She went to move away, wings already flapping to take her to the ear, but Merellen reached out and grabbed her arm, his masculine grip firm and inviting to her needs. She paused and looked back at him.

“Don’t go,” Merellen said. “Stay.”

“Look, trust me, I know this is weird, but I really do need to go. It’s a succubus thing. I’ll go fucking mad if I don’t masturbate, and it still won’t be the same as actually getting some sexual life force.”

But again, Merellen maintained his grip. The dark elf was looking at Imelda in a new way, his handsome features focused entirely on the smaller succubus.

“What if you got it from me?” he asked.

“Got wh - you can’t be serious?”

But the elf just nodded, his face framed by the moonlight and all the more handsome for it. “I am,” he said. “Look, we just admitted we’re attracted to each other, and have been for some time. And . . . I like you, Imelda. I always have. Not always in that way, but I’ve always loved your company. And now we’re on this grand adventure together. I’m offering this. In fact, I . . . as crazy as it sounds, I actually *want* this. I’m going to be a man for life, and I want to embrace being a man. And what man could resist someone as amazing as you?”

Imelda shivered a little. Her aura was on once more, heightening the tension in the air, and she couldn’t bring herself to shut it off. Her nipples were stiffening, her pussy already becoming wet with juices. Her body needed comfort, it needed life energy, and *she* needed some release. And here was a handsome drow elf - the one she was supposed to be - standing tall and muscular before her, his robe slipping in the middle to reveal his strong, hairless chest. She gulped.

“I - are you sure? I won’t be able to stop if I get started. Well, I mean I *can*, but God it will be miserable. And I become pretty . . . female, during. Like, I cry out a lot. It’s fucking embarrassing.”

Merellen just pulled Imelda slowly closer to himself. His own member was hard, rigid with want. His own senses were heightened as well, and while he hadn’t committed them all to memory yet, he recalled a number of spells from his studies that were meant to heighten the ‘experience’, so to speak.

“It’s not embarrassing at all,” he said. “All my life I’ve been a shy little girl and then a shy little woman. I’ve wanted to be bolder. I didn’t expect to become a man any more than you expected to be a woman, but I’m here, and I feel like I’m still living in a fantasy, even if it

takes some adjusting. I know you have it harder, but you can still fly, still use magic, still fight villains and be a hero. Maybe we deserve to give in and have a little fun, *together*.”

He cupped her chin, holding it up so that her golden eyes were locked upon his reddened ones. Imelda managed just a half second of resistance, lost in those lovely elven eyes, and then she made her decision.

“Fuck it,” she declared, and kissed him passionately, tongue snaking into his mouth for a moment. She began ripping at her bodice. “I want you! Let’s do this! God, let’s do this, mhmmm!”

They kissed again, and this time the passion rose. A lot of passion, in fact. A metric *fuckton* of passion, to use Imelda’s own improvised system of measurement. The feelings that had been kept under wraps between the two transformed and gender swapped individuals now flared as brightly as fires of hell Imelda’s body had been formed from. She flung aside her meagre clothing to the forest floor, unleashing her body in all its sumptuous sensuality. So too did she rip and shred away her lover’s clothing.

“Oh, shit, sorry!” she said, having torn it to bits.

“It’s okay, I’m getting good at mending spells!”

She grinned, lowering herself down to kiss and lick his chest. It was far more muscular than she expected, and it was making her hungry pussy wet. They lowered themselves down to the comfortable grassy floor of their little clearing, but while Merellen was initially on top of her, grasping and squeezing her magnificent breasts, she quickly shifted, propping herself up using her wings and pushing him down.

“No! I want to ride you! I want you to see *all* of me!”

She expanded her wings out just like in her dreams, curling her tail against his cock and stroking it, teasing him. Merellen grunted.

“Oh I d-didn’t expect anything like th-this. You’re v-very good at that, Ian.”

“Imelda. I’m Imelda now, and you’re Merellen, right?”

The dark elf smiled, his breath quickening with every stroke of the tail around his member. He’d never expected to be a man in such a position, but for now at least, he was damn glad he was. He reached out with his hands and grabbed Imelda’s hips, easily positioning her up and over his erect penis. She licked her lips, cooing as he lowered her, releasing her tail’s hold only at the last second.

And then he was inside her, and she was enveloping him. The pair gasped and groaned. The succubus had never been properly penetrated by another, and Merellen had certainly never entered a woman, though he’d been increasingly desiring this act. But the real act was beyond simple imagination, especially as all of Imelda’s internal muscles gripped onto the dark blue cock inside of her, milking it for all it was worth. She began to

“Holy fuck,” she managed. “I feel powerful now. I think I was basically running off of fumes before. I feel . . . incredible.”

“M-me too,” Merellen managed.

They stared up at the stars together. It was, all things considered, an incredibly romantic sight. He still had his arm out, wrapped partly around her, and without thinking Imelda shifted closer into it, leaning against him. The submission felt . . . appropriate, somehow. She rested her head against the drow’s, her horns touching his white hair.

“That was really good,” she said.

“It was more than good,” Merellen said. “What . . . what now?”

Imelda giggled. She played with his chest, running her fingers over it. “It’s funny, you’re such a dashing dark rogue, and then the old Mereen comes out in shy little moments like this.”

Merellen blushed, just a little. “Well, you can make a girl a handsome dark elf, but he’ll never forget who he was, I suppose.”

“Same for the succubus. But maybe we’ve just . . . evolved, I guess. Maybe it was just the fact that you gave me eight orgasms.”

“Eight? Jesus, now I’m thinking I really missed out. Mind you, you nearly knocked me out from all the pleasure. Literally.”

She giggled cheekily. “Sorry,” she said, using her tail to slide across his upper thigh and towards his member. “I think I went a bit overboard.”

“You think? Still, that really was something. I think I’ve lost all feeling down there.”

“Are you sure?”

She teased him further, but Merellen just laughed.

“I can’t believe it. You’re up for another round already?”

“I’m a succubus, remember? Why, aren’t you ready?”

Merellen looked at the gorgeous succubus. It was hard to recognise Ian in there, but he did. There was still the same brash confidence finally returning, the desire to be the leader, even if it was more in matter sexual. Oh, and there was the healthy desire for sex too, even if it extended from a womanly role now. And just like his old self, Merellen was happy to let Imelda lead the way, and even apply some of his own smarts to the situation.

“Well, I do recall a particular spell that can get me ready and willing again, and it even recommends the presence of a succubus.”

“Mhm, how convenient. Any other spells that can help?”

At this, the dark rose to a seated position, smiling as he looked up at the stars.

“Remember when you said I’ll fly one day?”

“Have you learnt the spell?”

“I believe I have. And given that you can fly, and there’s no one around for miles, except for a loser paladin making his way home, we could always try something a bit more . . . experimental.”

Imelda licked her lips, her needs already rising, her desire for more sexual life force like a fire within her.

“Mid-air sex? Now *that’s* a fantasy.”

Imelda and Merellen landed at the outskirts of a rather familiar orcish village, complete with its own fortifications and warchief bulwark. Imelda released Merellen, having used her own ability to fly and her own developing magic to keep him aloft with her. Of course, Merellen was able to fly himself for short distances, but for longer ones, it was easier for her to do it. Besides, she *liked* carrying her lover.

“Thanks for the ride as always, sweetie,” he said, kissing her on the cheek. Then the neck. Then the lips.

“Mhmm, don’t go too far!” she said, giggling. “You gave me a lot this morning in our tent, but a succubus gal can always use a top up, and I’d rather not put on a show for our orc friends.”

“Oh, right, of course. Jeez, I can’t believe we’re finally here. It only took three whole months.”

She rocked her hips against his playfully, placing a wing against him in a strange sort of hug. “And what a good three months it’s been. Well, *two* months, I suppose. I can’t believe we put off our feelings for so long.”

“I’d say we more than made up for it. I was actually a virgin before all this, you know.”

Imelda cracked up at this. “It’s probably a good thing I became the sexy succubus, then. At least with my former experience, I could probably have a bit of restraint!”

Merellen gazed out at the orc village. No doubt their scouts had already spotted them, and would be informing the chief that a dark elf and succubus, both of whom looked like a pair of powerful individuals, were closing in. They’d had a lot of adventure spanning their continent-long trip, and across that time they’d developed their own prowess further. No longer was Imelda ashamed of her enticing body. Well, she was still a bit embarrassed at times, much to Merellen’s amusement, but she certainly had come to master the art of seducing an enemy only to knock him out, or serving as a playful distraction, or even literally hypnotising an enemy to their side through a well-placed charm-laden kiss. Her ability to fly and her own razor-sharp claws made her a quick and agile fighter, but she had also upgraded: she now carried an everburning blade to match her nature, and wore a rather

gorgeous purple dress that allowed her to form up to three illusory copies of herself. Naturally, it was quite the tight, body hugging dress, one that left little of her figure to the imagination and certainly showed off her heaving teardrop breasts. She wasn't a fan of *that* part, but when Merellen showed appreciation for it, all her complaints disappeared.

The dark elf, too, had changed. He had exchanged his robe for a black one with silver buttons and runic lining, and it aided his spellcasting even further, confusing enemies and scattering them with blasts of arcane energy. He also had a small circlet upon his head, also silver, that could summon a mystic steed for them to ride together. And, much to Imelda's delight, his robe had a v-neck, showing off part of his pecs and making it very easy for her to cop a feel or a look, just as he often did with her.

But that wasn't all that had changed, either. The two linked hands warmly as they began to walk steadily towards the orc village, taking comfort in one another. After that first night of passion many, many more had followed. At first it had been the pleasures of companionship and sex, but soon it became something more. A lot more, in fact. They slept under the stars together, battled together, laughed and drank together, and warded off other suitors together, always coming in to save the other from unwanted attention or insults. With a chemistry like that, how could they not begin to fall into a romance, particularly when so much sex was in the mix? Now, they were lovers in full, and recently started openly calling each other boyfriend and girlfriend. With their own comfort in one another, it felt even deeper than that already.

"Do you think she'll recognise us?" Merellen said, as the gates opened up and orcs with weapons at the ready began to flow out.

"Please, look at us! We're not even the right sex anymore. Besides, I've got the wings and tail. Not exactly dead giveaways, not that I'd trade them."

"You do like that tail."

"And you like what I *do* with that tail," she said, flicking its spaded end against Merellen's backside.

"Calm down, you. They're watching."

"Want me to do the talking?"

Merellen nodded sheepishly. He may be the man now, and certainly enjoyed his new life now, but he still had his shy side, one that suited his academic mage self. And Imelda had changed in many ways, but she was still quite the take-charge sort, inside and outside the sheets.

"Hey there!" she called to the orcs as they assembled, spreading out her hands and wings. "We're not here to fight!"

A few male orcs laughed, making comments to themselves. Merellen heard them with his elven ears. They weren't exactly *polite* comments about the succubus.

“And what are you here for, then?” one growled. “We’ve got a few ideas ourselves!”

Imelda put her hands on her red hips, which were both exposed due to the fantastically high slits on her tight purple dress. “Please, like you could have a woman like me!”

A few of his buddies laughed at his expense.

“We’re here to see Umar! Umar, the chieftain’s wife? If we can’t come in, someone can fetch her. We’re old friends, here to pay a visit!”

A series of orcish statements flowed around the assembled crowd, but it was cut short by a powerful female voice.

“Move to the side, chieftain’s wife coming through! Get out of the way or I’ll barge you right over with this big belly of mine!”

Moving and shoving her way through the crowd came a very welcome, very large sight. Umar, formerly the third member of their trio, *Gale*, marched into view. She was still the amazonian half-orc they had seen the last time they were here, months ago in the world of Erutell. Her skin was a gorgeous forest green, her hair a thick black mane, tangled and wild, and her muscles bulged, particularly around her exposed thighs and upper arms. Two impressive tusks jutted out from her lower jaw, but despite or perhaps because of this she looked incredibly attractive in a rugged, powerful female way. She had a huge pregnant belly, clearly she was almost ready to pop, and it was exposed completely between her furskin bra - which was itself barely containing some boulder-sized breasts - and her furskin warrior’s skirt. Imelda squeezed Merellen’s hand a bit tighter.

“Okay, this is just my succubus instincts going off like fireworks again, I promise, but she is seriously fucking hot, even if she’s pregnant.”

“Trust me, I’m seeing it too.”

The half-orc thundered down towards them, easily heads and shoulders higher even with Merellen’s extended height. She placed one hand on her hip, the other cupping her huge belly, which squirmed a little from the movement of her little one, or ones.

“And who should you . . . be?”

Something in her expression changed, from intimidation to disbelief.

“No . . . no way. It can’t be. Mereen? Ian?”

“In the rather exposed flesh,” Imelda said, grinning awkwardly.

“And not exactly looking how we expected to be, Umar,” Merellen added. “It’s me, Mereen, though I go by Merellen. And Ian here is Imelda.”

Umar’s jaw fell, and a series of whispers and amused grunts passed through the orcish crowd. Her gaze swept over them, taking in her friend’s new bodies, and seeing evidence of the adventures they’d had. Then, after coming to terms with this, she burst out laughing. It was a deep, hearty laugh, one that set her immense bosom wobbling, and it

extended to the entire tribe. When her husband the chief arrived, she spoke to him of this in orcish, and soon he was cackling too.

“Yeah, yeah, lap it up,” Imelda said, crossing her arms beneath her ripe bosom. “I’m well aware of how much you all want me, you know, and you can’t.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Umar said. “I shouldn’t laugh. It’s just so . . . so much like what I went through. Here’s how I really feel about it.”

She stomped forward, picked the pair of them up with ease in each up, and hugged them right up against her chest, nearly suffocating the pair.

“I’ve missed you both so, so much,” she said, shedding a few tears. Imelda found herself doing the same.

“We missed you too, you big lug of a nerd,” she said.

“And now you’re here! And you’re adventurers! And . . .”

Umar’s grin grew wider as she put them down. The pair were still holding hands.

“And you’re together!”

Merellen clutched Imelda’s hand a little tighter. “It’s a recent thing, but . . . it’s serious. I think.”

“It is,” Imelda confirmed, kissing her lover on the cheek. “Look, it’s a whole story, Umar. I’d say you wouldn’t believe it, but you’ve lived it, and I see a whole group of your kids up on the hill trying to see us that shows you’ve gone a lot more native than we have.”

Umar laughed at this. She yelled out something in orcish, and a great cheer leapt up from the crowd.

“That’s me declaring a great feast for our guests,” Umar said. “C’mon, you are now our honoured guests, of myself and my mate. We’ve got food and drink a plenty for you to enjoy, and trust me, you’ll be staying a while. I want to hear the whole story. Every last detail!”

Even as the cheer of the crowd swept them up towards the entrance gate, Imelda and Merellen had to exchange an amused look.

“The whole story?” Imelda hissed, remembering the antics that morning after the goblin ambush.

“Every last detail?” Merellen replied, recalling the splashing fun in the Lysi Baths.

The succubus giggled as she was practically carried up alongside her elvish boyfriend.

“I think we might leave a few details out.”

The End