

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 4:Winners & Losers

By FoxFaceStories

Nate is an intelligent college student in his early twenties who has an affinity for board games. One day, while exploring the back of a dusty bookstore, he discovers an ancient-looking board game called 'Erutell.' Intrigued, he steals this forbidden tome, wanting to play it with his three other friends at their weekly game night. But little do they know that for each card drawn, changes both mental and physical will alter their destinies, and it will be a race to the finish line to see who, if anyone, will be able to win the right to turn back.

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 4: Winners & Losers

Muriella cackled as she flew. She felt so free, so powerful, so *devilish!* She ran her taloned fingers over her red-skinned form. Somehow, being stuck in a very voluptuous woman's body no longer bothered her. Her mind has escaped her previous bimbo punishment, her intelligence regained, her old hatreds regained. Logically, she should be railing against her fate, she knew. To be stuck as an incredibly busty, highly aroused demoness seductress, a succubi with scanty clothing and a spaded tail and forked tongue and leathery wings, it was anathema to everything she had believed in as a cranky old male religious fanatic. She should have been aghast, furious. Incandescent with righteous religious rage.

But now she knew better.

She had never been truly pious. She had never truly loved her neighbour. She had hated Katy, and her friends. For their age, for their romance, for their choices, for their friendships and connections. She had jealously coveted their youth in particular, their freedom to defy social norms she had always been trapped in. Religion had simply given her - *him* at the time - a cover to be cruel and envious.

But now *she* had been transformed. No longer a ridiculous busty elf but an imperious succubi. A creature of wanton lust and control, of dominance and youth, of raw sexuality and *power*. She could feel herself just becoming aroused at the notion of her new future: her ability to twist men (and women's) minds with just the allure of her form alone. To feed off of sex - by the dark powers, she had been unwillingly celibate far too long as a man. And now she carried progeny within her slightly distended belly, no doubt a future demonic creature for dear devilish mama to rear and raise. Her own kids no longer talked to her, so why not

have more that she could raise and control? And even better to prevent herself changing any more.

“I’m not giving up this form!” she cried to the air as she soared across it. In the distance, red mountains and volcanoes loomed. A perfect lair for a red-skinned succubus to make home. To make her *lair*. She clutched the boardgame *Erutell* to her chest, careful not to drop it. If she damaged it, it might punish her, transform her further in ways she did not want. It had unwittingly given her a perfect body - if she had been the villain to Katy’s group as a man, why not continue the role now? Why not force them all to stay in *Erutell*, and be her playthings?

She let out a cackle at the thought, her voice low and sultry.

“Ah, it felt *good* to be bad!”

Jarron ran through the forest at a pace that could barely be matched by even the fastest of leopards. It was one excellent thing about being a manly barbarian: he now had speed and stamina to spare, and his powerfully muscled body could cope with feats of endurance that his old rakish, nerdy girl body could hardly imagine. But despite the thrill of his new form, and even the still-present post-coital pleasure of the night with the halflings, he was far more concerned with the tragedy that was looming. He needed to catch Muriella, or else if the twenty four hours elapsed they would be doomed! It was already heading towards late morning, and they had started the game before six at night. All that blasted succubus Muriella had to do was wait out the timer and they’d all be stuck.

“Damn it Kade, what did you do to piss this old-timer off?” he asked himself aloud.

He leapt, his mostly-bare form crossing an immense chasm that any ordinary human would be filled with fear at the idea of even attempting. Halfway through his arc he grabbed a hanging vine and swung upon it. He couldn’t resist what came next.

“Aah-eeh-ah-eeh-aaaaah-eeh-ah-eeh-aaaaah!”

The Tarzan yell resounded through the forest, causing great flocks of birds to burst up into the sky. He briefly grinned, savouring his own power before returning to the task ahead. She’d been heading West, he was certain, but with the constant treeline and the mountainous terrain, she could easily outstrip him in distance. The damned succubi had the advantage, and none of his new innate tracking skills could aid him. He tugged idly on his blonde braid, the first true change he’d experienced. It seemed like a lifetime ago: since then he’d confessed his crush for Nate, pleased that crush while she became a female centaur, seen the rest of his friends transformed and altered in gender and form, and had sex with a village of halflings! All he wanted was to be back to normal, before *Erutell* had happened.

Well, there was a not-inconsiderable part of him that still wanted to be this strong male barbarian. Or even a barbarian princess warrior, as he had been. It *had* been nice to have larger breasts after all, though he had begun to appreciate what it was like to be intoxicated by a rush of testosterone in his system.

“Have to save the others first!” he declared.

He leapt past a giant poisonous snake, cleaving its head off even as it reared at him. A large monstrous goblin creature launched from the dark of the woods, and he ran it through. The fighting instinct came easy, and it felt good to wet his greatsword with blood.

“Ha! A barbarian true!” he laughed.

But then something else much louder resounded from the forest. No, from a wide path that ran through the forest. Jarron drew his sword, prepared for any eventuality. An evil knight? A pack of brigands? A band of goblins? The land of Erutell had many surprises. He could hear a thundering approach of hooves and a great carriage, and soon it loomed into view, its colours resplendent, its guards heavily armed. They pointed at him and shouted, and several archers drew their bows.

“COME GET ME! SEE IF YOU CAN KILL ME!” Jarron roared, the barbarian rage taking over.

The archers drew their bows back even as the carriage pulled to a stop along the road, and prepared to let loose.

“Wait! I order you to stand down! Your Queen orders you to stand down!”

Jarron almost dropped his sword, astonished. He recognised that voice.

“Someone help me out of this damned carriage! Your Queen demands it!”

A confused soldier looked at Jarron for an awkward moment before leaping off the carriage and opening the door. He extended a hand, and a lithe, pale one took it in turn. A very pregnant queen, resplendent in a purple royal travelling dress, a golden crown upon her head, managed to exit the carriage, clutching her rounded belly. She looked positively frustrated at the load she was having to carry, and moments later her new lordly husband exited, wearing a regal tunic and jacket, and finely sewn trousers.

“Gwynn!?” Jarron declared, sheathing his sword.

The former male-turned-expectant monarch raised a fine eyebrow.

“That’s *Queen Gwynnefer* to you, Jarron,” she said in her fine, imperious accent.

Jarron gave a slightly amused bow, one that made Kade chuckle.

“My apologies, your majesty.”

Gwynn rolled her eyes, feeling utterly ridiculous. Not only were her two unborn babies kicking heavily in her womb, but she already felt quite puffed just from getting out of the carriage. Still, that sense of urgency hadn’t gone away.

“Jarron, I sensed something was wrong in my kingdom. I mean, in the forest. Whatever. Something took the sky earlier; something red with wings. It looked like a fell omen!”

She blushed a little at the ridiculous old timey language she was being compelled to use. She lowered a hand to rub the underside of her belly.

“You sensed right, Gwynn,” Jarrons said. “Muriella - she’s become some sort of demon after breaking the rules and rolling. She’s pregnant -”

“By the Gods, who *isn’t* at this point?” Kade said.

Gwynn silence him with a clear before trudging closer to Jarron, her bosom wobbling in her fine clothing.

“She’s pregnant and *what?*”

“Well, it might be my baby. Or a half dozen halfling’s, it’s hard to tell. But she became a demoness with red skin and leathery wings. Horns and tail and all - and she’s taken Erutell!”

Gwynn gasped. Kade furrowed his brow.

“That absolute bastard. Bitch now, I suppose. You know, when she was cranky old Mr Harwick she was always throwing out self-righteous declarations, complaining about everything, telling us how sinful we are - me most of all. Just because I was a competitive girl who played sports, didn’t act too ladylike, and yes, liked sex. And now he’d a pregnant, literally horny devil woman. The absolute irony!”

The irony wasn’t lost on anyone else either, nor the urgency.

“Where has she taken the game, and why?” Gwynn asked.

Jarron sighed. “She says she wants to stay like this, and I think she wants to punish us. She’s playing for time so she doesn’t get transformed again and we all end up in Erutell for good.”

“F-f-f-ffff. Not good,” Gwynn finished weakly. Clearly, being a queen meant that speaking in curses was not always easy for her. “I don’t want to be trapped as a woman, not to mention one who is currently *pregnant with twins!* Even if they are little royals!”

She caressed her belly, her young shifting about in her full womb as if reacting to her words.

“Settle, little ones. I’m not saying I dislike you, but I’m not cut out for this! I’m meant to be a ‘gym bro’, not the Queen of the Realm.”

Kade raised an eyebrow. For all that his former boyfriend had changed utterly, she was oddly quite motherly to her unborn young already. Kade himself felt quite protective towards them too. But still, his own lordly and knightly sensibilities came to the fore.

“We need to move with haste then. The changes have left me with a solid understanding of the region, I think. It sort of comes in drips and drabs, but if she went West

as you say, there are roads wide enough for our royal carriage to travel, until we reach the Hinterlands. If she is holed up there, we may have a chance to reach her before nightfall. Before . . . before we're stuck like this for good."

The three of them exchanged glances. None of them wanted to remain in their current forms, but Kade got the distinct sense that Jill-turned-Jarron didn't entirely mind her new one, just as he, formerly Katy, had actually come to enjoy the male role. Particularly, of course, when it came to being able to have sex with Gwynn.

He pulled himself from those thoughts as his new wife huffed.

"I don't care how much power and beauty this body commands, I refuse to stay trapped as a Queen, or give birth!"

"And the Gods know what's happened to poor Nate," Jarron said. "If Muriella has him in her claws as well by now - and she well could - then we need to protect him. Her. / need to protect her."

The married couple nodded, and Jarron couldn't help but notice that the two drew a little closer, Kade placing his arm around Gwynn's waist, and she nestling against him slightly. Even pregnant as she was, her beauty was immeasurable: her hair raven black and silky, her eyes a piercing blue. They had a determination there that Jarron's new barbarian warrior instincts respect.

"Then let us be off in my carriage," she declared. "And at great speed!"

She ordered the reluctant guards to accommodate Jarron, and a number of them looked at the mighty barbarian with awe. A few were clearly pleased simply not to be fighting him. They got in, though Jarron stayed atop the carriage, and took off as fast as the horses could pull them.

They could only hope that Nate was alright.

Natora smelled the air, finding her lover's scent. She could still barely believe it: she was no longer a paltry little goblin, or a demure centaur to be mounted. Now she was a full-blooded, full-grown, fully airborne *dragon*. Her green scales shimmered in the sunlight as she soared in the air. She could see the buildings of Haverton below, the town she had grown up in as Nate. The place where she had met her three best friends, played their tabletop games, and - of course - eventually and foolishly stolen the boardgame Erutell. These thoughts should have despaired her - after all, she was currently a mythical being, a pregnant female one at that - but at that moment, far above everything, she could only feel elation.

"I'M A DRAGON!" she roared in triumph, twirling a little in the air.

The musky scent of Jarron was not too far away now. It mingled with several other scents also, and Natora recognised them well. She could make out the stalwart, clean, yet virile scent of Lord Kade, owner of the castle, as well as the feminine scent so full of life that bespoke of Gwynn. All three of her friends together in one place, and moving at a surprisingly rapid pace.

Natora smiled, her green maw curling back into something approaching a grin. She flapped her enormous, muscled wings, taking pleasure in the power of her new body. What kid hadn't wanted to be a dragon? She'd always been quite the nerd. Hell, as Nate, she'd been the one that got her friends into boardgaming. It was fair to say that dragons were her favourite creature growing up as a result, and she'd had dreams of becoming one, and feeling the freedom and magic of such a form.

The reality blew every expectation away. She whipped her tail through the air, motioned with her four legs in the direction she desired, twisted her body like an immense mythical serpent, allowing the rest to follow. She breathed in, and let loose an enormous geyser of flame, laughing even as she did so, the great spurts of flame streaking back over her snout and body harmlessly.

"I COULD GET USED TO THIS!" she bellowed.

Even the fact that she was still female did little to diminish her joy. Not the fact that inside her slightly swollen belly was a draconic womb filled with . . . something. She suspected it could have been transformed into an egg, though it could equally end up being some sort of dragon-centaur, courtesy of the stallion centaur Nahako. She rubbed her stomach with her forepaws, her talons raking over hard plates of green scales. It was not too prominent on her, thankfully, and in the air it all meant little, but it was still strange to imagine. Part of her wished that it had been Jarron that did the deed.

"Still, it may not matter, once we finish the game," she muttered to herself, albeit still quite loudly.

The scent grew stronger as she approached the edge of a forest that led to a set of mountains in the distance. From the treeline burst a resplendent looking carriage, and it was from their that the scent was currently emanating from.

"FOUND YOU, MY MATE!" she roared.

She descended down at a rapid pace to meet Jarron.

Chaos erupted in the carriage.

“DRAGON!” several guards yelled, putting the fear into Gwynn. She held herself against Kade, hating her own emotional response, and placed an arm protectively over her belly.

“Lord husband, protect your babies!”

He nodded, feeling a deep need to do so as well. He kissed Gwynn quickly and leapt from the now-stopped carriage, where Jarron was already standing with his greatsword at the ready.

“Get it away from the carriage!” he yelled, “get it back to the forest!”

The driver at the top of the carriage nodded, thankful for the order, and began the process of turning the horses around. The two men looked up at the great green dragon hurtling in from the horizon. It was enormous, and powerful, and awe-inspiring.

And terrifying.

“Well, time to find out which one of us is the best warrior,” Kade said with a smirk.

Jarron chuckled. “Still the same old Katy. Competitive to the end.”

“What? Can’t a couple of girls-turned-guys just face off one another instead of getting the guys to do it for them?”

“All our guys got turned into girls.”

“Sad for them. How the hell do we kill a dragon anyway?”

Jarron took a steadied breath, and raised his sword. “At a distance. You distract it, and I’m going to throw this at great force right into its heart, the Hobbit style.”

“Is that how the movie went?”

“The book at least.”

Kade shrugged. “Good enough. Best of luck! If we do get out of this, I propose we become gym buddies, even if we go back to being girls. Having muscles is just too good.”

Jarron nodded in agreement, but it was too late for any further banter - the carriage was fleeing back to the forest line, and they needed to protect it as long as possible. Funny, really, to think that Gary would become the damsel in distress.

But not so funny they couldn’t take this moment seriously: the dragon loomed as it grew closer and closer. Their hearts beat rapidly as it descended, its size immense, its jaw open. It roared, and an enormous plume of smoke erupted like a geyser from its mouth.

“Shit,” Jarron said. “This is serious.”

Kade nodded, clutching his sword and feeling awkwardly not up to the task for once in his life. “Maybe we can reason with it?”

“JARRROOOON!!!”

The dragon’s voice was immense and low, yet distinctly feminine.

“Do you know this creature?”

Jarron shrugged as the dragon beat its wings at the last moment, landing on the ground with ease. He threw his sword with all his might.

"Aaaarrggghh!" he screamed as it careened through the air. It bounced uselessly off the dragon's stomach. There was a pause as the dragon regarded this with shock.

"What the hell, Jarron? I'm pregnant!"

Jarron's jaw dropped. "*Nate!?*"

The dragon raised itself up. "It's Natora now. I got the best roll of the dice ever, huh?"

"I'll say!"

Kade looked in awe. "We'll, I'm glad we don't have to fight you."

"Me too," she boomed. I've got strong instincts to protect my mate Jarron. I might have roasted you by accident."

"Aww," Jarron said. "That's sorta sweet." The barbarian mindset returned. Nate - I mean, Natora - can you help us? Muriella has stolen the game?"

"WHAT?"

They were nearly knocked over by the gust of her breath.

"Sorry."

Jarron began explaining the situation with Muriella while Kade ran to retrieve his pregnant wife and carriage, nestled away in the forest. It took some convincing, but eventually the carriage returned, and Gwynn looked up at Natora with shock and jealousy.

"Not fair at all," she said. "I got stuck as a d-d-darn pregnant woman."

"Technically, I'm pregnant too."

"Yes, but I don't think it gives you the same trouble."

The green dragon grinned.

"We need to get moving," Jarron reminded. "Muriella could be in the Hinterlands or beyond right now."

"No," Natora said, looking down on them all, "she'll be in the molten region beyond them. She's a devil woman now, it'd make sense right?"

The others considered this, and Kade and Gwynn's faces fell.

"We'll never make it in time," Kade said, clutching his wife's form. "She has a few hours' headstart and we're past midday now. We started the game around six: there's no way to get the carriage there in time."

The guards on the carriage seemed relieved by this, but Jarron and Natora just exchanged a cheeky sideeye, man to dragoness.

"There is one way," Jarron suggested. "We go by air."

Natora raised herself to her full height and power. One of the carriage archers fainted.

Gwynn stared in astonishment. "No! No, no, no! That's too crazy!"

"Crazier than staying as a royal queen pregnant with twins?"

Gwynn was silent for a moment. She turned to her carriage staff.

"Right, all of you out. Your Queen thanks you. Find your way back to the castle and inform my steward."

"B-but your majesty-"

"Hurry up before I regret it. Kade, help this ridiculous pregnant body back into the carriage. And . . . hold us while we're in the air."

Kade smiled and got to work settling his ex-boyfriend and now current wife in. Natora drew her large head down towards Jarron, nuzzling him slightly. Jarron returned it by stroking her magnificent scales.

"You should get in too," Natora said.

But Jarron gave a wild grin. "No way would I miss this. I'm riding on top."

Gwynn had her eyes shut. The view outside the carriage door was too terrifying.

"Stupid female emotions!" she cried. She was grateful Kade was with her, and said as much.

"It's okay, my love," he said. We'll get through this. "I'll save the day. I promise."

"You just want to compete with a dragon."

A sheepish grin. "Well, yes. But a man can do two things, my Queen. And I do want to keep you safe. I do . . . want you. In any form."

Gwynn's pale cheeks reddened.

"And I, you," she replied, trying not to look him in the eyes. She took his hand and rested it on her belly, where their babies were slowly stirring. "It's weird, but I hope *they* turn out okay as well."

Kade nodded, though he was uncertain. Hopefully, it would all be sorted.

The carriage was held aloft by Natora's four great dragon claws. She sped through the wind and air, trying to regain Muriella's scent. For all her worries, she couldn't help but find being a dragon exhilarating still. Jarron felt similarly.

"WOOOOOOO HOOOOOO!!!" he cried, much to Natora's amusement.

He was perched between her shoulder blades, gripping the spikes there for makeshift handholds. He was also having the time of his life.

"This is amazing!"

"Isn't it just, my mate? I feel so free, so powerful. I want to do loop de loops, but I won't do it obviously."

"How does it feel to breathe fire?"

"Absolutely mythical, my mate."

Jarron stroked his dragon mate's shiny scales, feeling a little jealous.

"I feel like I've missed out. You get all these amazing fantasy creatures!"

"It was pretty cool being a centaur, up until I was mounted."

"Still, it almost makes me wish I'd been turned into something more fantastical."

The dragon grinned, and shot faster through the air, over the Hinterlands. She sniffed the air, and once again caught that infernal scent.

"I was right. She's deep in the molten lands."

"Then hurry Natora, we're running out of time!"

Muriella cackled as she watched the sun upon the horizon. She had no exact way of telling the time yet, but it was clear that evening was coming. She had found her perfect lair: a cave in the rock face of a great volcano. True to the fantasy nature of the place, it was wonderfully hot, with rivers of liquid magma and geysers of steam. She wasn't immune to their heat, as far as she could tell, but was at least more resistant than a human would be. She flew back and forth in her cave, planning for what it would eventually become.

"Ahhhh, the bedchamber here, very large for all my future . . . companions. And over here I shall place the lounge area, for fun and games of all kinds of devilish desire. The entrance shall be grand, all the better to look over that pathetic distance castle owned by Kade. Ha! To think, they will soon be trapped, while *we*," she rubbed her slightly domed belly, stroking it with her taloned fingers, "*we* will just be getting started. The progeny of a lusty halfling, or better yet the wonderfully muscular Jarron, and a succubus! You will have a very interesting future here, dear. Don't worry, I shall lavish you with all that a devil woman needs. We're going to have a hell of a time visiting punishments on others, and indulging in all our darkest whims!"

She regarded herself in an obsidian mirror. To think that she had found such freedom in her form! She would have found it evil, repulsive before. But now, as a demoness, she could appreciate her beauty. Her large, supple breasts, her perfect hourglass figure, her long tantalising thighs, her prominent cheekbones. Somehow, the scantily-clad costume of black leather only enhanced her dark allure, the white bony horns upon her head and red leathery wings even more so. She made a few poses, allowing her spade-ended tail to flicker suggestively.

"Oh, I'm going to have so much *fun*. And all the better to trap the rest of them with me! Good luck finding me with little more than an hour's time remaining, kids! Mama is going to enjoy getting her devil on, now that her inner darkness has been unleashed!"

“That’s what you think!” came a loud and authoritative voice.

Muriella turned, aghast. She recognised that voice, and the defiant edge to it that remained even after it had become masculine. There, standing at the wide cave entrance, his face reddened in response to the heat. He looked every part the impressive knight, even adorned in shining armour. In his hand was a long sword. The other had a shield.

“Lord Kade,” she said with a sharp-toothed grin. “How did you get here so fast?”

He raised an eyebrow, a half-smirk on his features.

“Is that really the question you wish to ask, *Matthew?*”

An anger boiled deep inside her, red hot.

“That’s not my name anymore!” she snapped, flapping her leathery wings and gesturing to her supple, voluptuous form. “I’m Muriella! It was *you* and your ridiculous young friends that sucked me into this fantasy game of yours. Turned me into a demure elf, and then into a stupid, lusty bimbo one! Well, I’m an evil succubus now, *Katy*, and I’m staying like this! I refuse to go back to being old and angry and not having the power. Now I have all the power in the world!”

She raked her fingers across the obsidian wall for emphasis, sending sparks flying. She hissed, flapping her wings again and taking to the air inside the cabin, floating roughly thirty feet up, easily out of his reach.

“You always were a total jerk, Muriella, but this is a new low! Before, you were just an uptight cranky old man for a neighbour. Why steal Erutell?”

She laughed. “Because I don’t want to roll again. I want to keep this form! And more than that, I want to punish the four of you for all the insults you put my way!”

“You always insulted us first!”

She shrugged. “Po-tae-toh, po-tah-toh. It’s all the same. And frankly, I’d rather stay a busty, sexy demoness than go back to that life. Here, at least, I have years and years of life left to me.”

“You do realise you’re pregnant right!?”

She smiled as Jarron entered. The barbarian looked almost unaffected by the heat, but then that was a very Conan-like type, wasn’t it? Barely clad in furs, and yet living in wintry mountains? It made no difference to her calculations. She could easily keep out of reach of both of them, fly away if she had to.

“Ahhhhh, my lovely Jarron. Of course I realise I’m pregnant. After all, there’s a good chance it was *you* that put the child there, if you remember?”

The man blushed, and Muriella could recognise some of the old Jill there.

“Yes, I see you, *Jill*. For all your muscles and strength and swagger, you’re still the same too-shy, nerdy girl, trying to present yourself as strong even as a host of insecurities undoes you. Where is Nate, Jill?”

A smirk. "Close enough."

It was the kind of comment that made her briefly glance around, wondering if there was a trick. But there wasn't. There was no one else here.

"And poor Gwynn, where is she? Still stuck as expectant royalty? I'm barely a couple of months along, I wonder how it feels to be pregnant with twins at the start of her third trimester? Ahhhh, I look forward to hearing the royal announcement in three months' time. How splendid, the arrival of royal babies is. I might even introduce them to my little one in time: see which infant is stronger."

"You really have gone around the bend, you monster."

She giggled, rubbing her hands over her thighs. She knew she was giving the two girls-turned-guys a show, and it amused her to see that they were obviously a little aroused, particularly Jarron. The fur underwear he wore didn't exactly conceal much.

"Oh, well maybe I've always been a monster, Jarron. I always complained, whined about others. Did my best to ruin them. I *thought* it was because they weren't righteous enough, not proper enough. Young and foolish. But the truth was, I was always bad. I resented others because they had power, and I didn't. Well, now I have power over two wonderfully hunky men. I'd almost let you do all sorts of things to my wonderfully sexy body, but then I think it'd be best to wait another hour first, right?"

The two exchanged a glance, nodded, and stepped forward.

"We're finishing the game, Muriella. Hand it over."

"Not a chance! I'm revelling in my form - why should I risk losing it to another ridiculous shape, or worse - going back to who I was!? There can only be one true loser, correct? Well, let's all be losers - even if it makes me the winner!"

Kade took another step, looked into the demoness' yellow eyes.

"Matthew, we were neighbours. We didn't like one another, but we could be neighbourly from time to time. Please, we'll do all we can to help you stay here. But give us the game. Please."

For just a moment they could see her expression change. Uncertainty, sympathy, guilt passed over it. And then suspicion returned.

"No! This is a trick of some sort! A piece of guile. Ah, but I'm the devil now, and this devil will happily keep you at arms reach. And I'd like to see what army could stop me."

Jarron shrugged. "Fine, so bet it. NATORA, MY MATE! TIME TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY!"

He shouted it as loud as he could, and for a moment there was just a pause in the air, an uncertainty as Muriella tried to see where this 'Natora' was - obviously it was Nate, but how could he or she possibly help them?

And then the cavern wall to her left collapsed, sending her flying.

The demoness shrieked as she sailed through the air, dodging and weaving away from boulders before crashing to the ground beside a molten river. There was a second crash, an even more dynamic one than the first, and suddenly a gargantuan green-scaled dragon was looming over her, its head easily the size of her whole body, its wings spanning out of the hole it had just created. Its maw was great and terrible, and licks of powerful flame rippled out the corners of its reptilian lips.

“GIVE UP!” it boomed in a low, feminine voice.

She squealed, gripping the boardgame.

“You - you wouldn’t kill me!”

“OH YES I WOULD, TO PROTECT MY MATE. YOU MAY BE A DEMON, BUT A DRAGON’S FIRE CAN KILL YOU. WE WILL PLAY THE GAME, MURIELLA!”

She whimpered, barely able to view it in the eyes. It seemed that becoming a succubus hadn’t done anything for her inherent cowardice, or her intense desire to live. She tried to outthink the situation, tried to bargain, but those immense eyes stared down upon her, and she was unable to meet their gaze. There was no way out.

“Fuck!” she yelled. “Fine! You can have your stupid game.”

“AND YOU WILL ROLL WHEN REQUIRED.”

“Yes, fucking fine! Dammit, if there’s a chance I can stay like this -”

“I DO NOT CARE, SO LONG AS WE ARE SAFE.”

She huffed, her large red breasts wobbling in her tight, revealing black leather top. Her tail writhed in irritation.

“Where are we going, *Natora*?”

“DO NOT MOCK ME! I AM A DRAGON.”

Jarron chuckled, oddly proud of Nate/Natora’s new confidence.

“We’re going,” he explained, “a little lower in altitude. Your *Queen* is waiting, Muriella. And you’re going to roll your dice before her judgement.”

Muriella felt defeated, but a glimmer of dark hope remained. “Well, look at that sun. So close. You don’t have much time! You may still be trapped.”

The dragon whirred about, frightening her back again.

“IF WE ARE, I’LL MAKE YOU MY FIRST HUMANOID MEAL. I’VE DEVoured THREE CATTLE ALREADY, AND I’M FEELING HUNGRY FOR BURNT DEVIL.”

Muriella gulped, before joining the others on Natora’s back.

Gwynn gave an awkward, pregnant run to Kade when he returned, gripping him intensely.

“My love! You’re okay!”

“Of course I am,” he joked. “I had a dragon and a barbarian at my side. It was a cakewalk.”

“But we may have less than half an hour! We need to get rolling!”

Muriella nodded sourly and unfolded the board, receiving glares from the group and Gwynn in particular, though Kade also kept an eye on her.

“Fine, fine, you do-gooders. I’ll roll.”

She did so, gaining a four and a six.

“Great, now I’m winning. I hope you’re happy.”

The deviless took a green card hesitantly, and read it.

*“The devil is in the mind as much as the details,
Time for you to grow a conscience and all that it entails.”*

“What does that - Oohhhhhh!”

She clutched her horned head, feeling strange new emotions wash over her. Feelings of guilt, remorse, terror. An utmost empathy for the others around her swept over her being, as well as horror at how she’d acted and treated them, even as a human man. She still had the lust for power and sex, but it was redirected in a compassionate, loving way. A desire to use that power to entice and please others, to heighten the pleasure of those around her.

“Oh Gods!” she cried. “I’ve been so terrible! I feel awful. The things I’ve done to each of you - I’m so sorry!”

Tears formed in her eyes.

“I think she means it,” Gwynn said, a little startled.

“Could be crocodile tears,” Kade said, suspicious.

“No!” Muriella declared, falling to her knees before them. “I really am sorry. The game has changed me! I can feel how I’ve hurt you, and it feels terrible! I wish I’d never acted this way and -”

Jarron coughed. “This is all a wonderful redemption arc, but maybe we can roll the next dice?”

Muriella was left to weep and beg for forgiveness, even offering makeup sex to each of them, as they turned to Kade. He rolled the dice, and there was a gasp as he managed to score an twelve - two sixes.

“So close!” he declared. “Just three spaces more and I’ve finished!”

A green card also emerged, and he took it.

‘A male monarch is a feudal tradition,

Let your queen serve you in submission.'

"What in the Gods does that mean!?" Gwynn whined. "I'm the Queen! At least let me keep that if I have to be all big-boobed and beautiful and pregnant!"

But it was too late. There was a glow as Kade's uniform became even more resplendent, his armour gaining a kindly cape, and a golden crown appearing upon his head. Instantly, he felt even more regal, more commanding, and a new mentality of wisdom overcame him.

"Woah, okay. I hope I still have my competitive kick at least."

Gwynn looked at her husband with mixed envy and awe. She felt strangely submissive to him, just like the card had said. It was wrong, it was unfair, but he was no longer the Queen Consort but the one true king, which meant . . .

"Damn! I'm the King's Consort now," she whined. "And now I've got all these feelings, like I need to serve you. Give you heirs, your majesty."

She rubbed her already fertile belly, blushing heavily at the notion of giving him yet more heirs in the future.

"Gods, to be stuck as royal breeding stock. How did actual medieval women stand this?"

Kade placed an arm around his pregnant wife. "I'm sorry dear. Maybe our luck will change."

He rolled again, his victory assured. A three and a four. His figure slid to the end of the board, and magically dissipated as it reached the city of Erutell.

"HURRAH!" he shouted, in a distinctly kingly fashion.

The others breathed a sigh of relief, and Muriella sobbed in happiness. One of them, at least, had made it out.

"What happens now?"

A golden card ejected out of the Weaving Wood on the board. After a moment's hesitation, the new king took it.

*'A mighty boon is granted to the one first out of the fire,
A wish to be granted whenever you want, from your heart's desire.'*

"Holy fuck," Jarron said, "that's amazing!"

"IT IS!" Natora added, looming over the proceedings. They had chosen a wider plain just to fit them all in, due to her size. "WHAT WILL YOU WISH FOR!?"

Kade pocketed the card. "I'll wait and see how the rest of the cards fall." He glanced up at the setting sun. Natora had lit a small fire from her breath as they rolled, in order to allow them to see. Their time was nearly over.

"Gwynn, you're up."

The new King Consort sighed, her large bosom looking perfect on her figure. She drew closer and rolled the dice.

"Please be a man again, please be a man again."

She managed, frustratingly, to roll an eight from a five and three, exactly one short the number she needed to reach the end.

"Damn the Gods," she whispered to herself. "Bring it on then."

A green card escaped the Weaving Woods slot. She snapped it up greedily, pressing it briefly against her impressive chest before raising it up.

*'The birth of royal twins is a time of great cheer,
But the birth of royal triplets happens once in a thousand years!'*

A brief silence followed, followed by a loud gurgling in Gwynn's belly.

"Oh, you have *got* to be kidding me. I will *not* have *this!*"

But it was too late. Her belly ballooned further as yet another child conceived of her and her kingly husband was fashioned into being within her womb. She held her dress, shocked as seams began to give, though thankfully the magic quickly weaved through them as well, giving her some leeway as the dress became larger. Her skin glowed even further as she became even further pregnant, and her hair extended down to the small of her back, weaving and plaiting to be elaborate and gorgeous. Her young features were delicate, even in shock, and her breasts expanded just slightly enough to make her look even more delightfully gorgeous.

"F-f-for goodness sake!" she exclaimed in her royal voice. "A th-third! How many babies can a woman have!?"

Kade tried to conceal his chuckling, and instead helped her sit back down. Her belly was immense, particularly on her otherwise petite and pretty figure - petite, that was, except for her bountiful breast.

"It never ends," she complained. "At least Natora gets to be a dragon while pregnant!"

"IT IS EASIER."

"I hope you get wings like I do!" Muriella exclaimed.

"Oh, be silent. Who's next on rolling?"

Another glance to the sun. It was so low it might as well be night. There was tension and worry in the air.

“And be quick about it!”

It was Jarron. He rolled the dice quickly and confidently. They struck the board a little *too* hard, bouncing off.

“Dammit! Find them quickly!”

They scurried through the grass to find that the barbarian had made it to the end. To their collective surprise, even as his figure disappeared into the portal of the city of Erutell displayed on the board, a green card shot from the slot. He took it, reading aloud as they all did, and his eyes went wide with astonishment.

“Oh damn, this will be a change alright!”

*‘For braving the labyrinth, well you should fare,
For you are the Medusa, queen of your lair!’*

He looked up at Natora, the great dragon who had once been ordinary Nate, and gave her a sheepish grin.

“Well, I guess we’ll both have scaled, love, when I’m - Euruugh!”

His body shifted and tensed, rearranged and twisted. The non-dragon members of the party pulled back, horrified, though Muriella stayed close, unafraid and now deeply empathetic to each of the members.

“OOhhh, f-feels like I’m being stretched like t-taffy!” he cried. Indeed, his body stretched rapidly out. He hurriedly tore free of his scant clothing, hurling it aside as his skin itched terribly. His legs combined into one, and his manhood - massive as it was - pulled back into his body with a loud *SLURP*.

“Oh G-God! So d-damn itchy!”

He scratched over his muscled form, even as many of the muscles deflated. His arms became lithe and feminine, albeit still very muscular for a woman, and to his joy his abs remained largely strong and impressive, even as his waist contracted. A feminine slit formed in place, and *she* was now officially a woman again.

“I don’t know how - Ngh! - to feel about that!” she cried, her voice becoming that of her old one, albeit with a serpentine susurration to it. She writhed as an incredibly long and powerful snake tail formed her lower half, dark green scales covering its length. It coiled around itself automatically and she panicked in an attempt to control it before managing to right herself.

And that was when her hair changed.

It began as a tingle, but then Gwynn gasped and stepped back further.

“Jarron - Jill! Your hair!”

She felt at it, shocked as her blonde hair fell away, replaced by growing bumps. They poured out of her head, becoming fleshy tendrils, alien and strange upon her scalp. And heavy. Soon they shifted and moved and writhed all on their own, and then she felt them *come alive*, developing snake’s heads and mouths and even their own little independent hungers.

“Holy sssshit!” she gasped, as two powerful fangs grew in her mouth. Her eyes went liquid black, increasing her sight. Her skin paled, becoming a pale green against her dark green scales. To her shock, she felt a tug beneath her arms, and then another pair pushed out of her being.

“By the Gods!” exclaimed Kade.

“Trust me, having extra limbs isn’t too bad!” Muriella said, before being silenced by a group glare.

“I’ve already l-l-lost one!” she replied, gesturing with all four green arms to her long medusa tail. Her ‘hair’ extended, coiling down over to end at her shoulder blades, alive and constantly moving. To her absolute relief, her breasts grew back in and then some, becoming as large and proud as her former barbarian princess self, if not bigger.

“Thanksssss for that, at leasssst!”

They were wonderfully supple and soft and unscaled, and were quickly covered over by a bronze plate bikini armour that had - thankfully - a soft satin inside to its cups. Similar gold and brass and silver adornments appears in the form of bracers on her wrists, a fine necklace, even a fine red skirt held up by a silver brace around her waist, that thankfully hid her feminine opening.

“IT’S OKAY, MY LOVE! IT’S OKAY!” Natora roared.

She coiled the green dragon’s body as she became used to her form, the final changes settling in. She realised she was staring at the others, and for a moment she was terrified she was going to turn them to stone, but she felt no innate power like that within her.

“Thank goodnesssss,” she hissed, her long tail wrapped around Natora’s midsection.

Her changes finished, leaving her as a deeply sexy medusa. Her upper body was a perfect womanly hourglass, with full breasts and a muscled set of abs that nevertheless did not appear too much. Her snake hair, while strangely alive, gave her an exotic quality, and her face was just like Jill’s, albeit a little more full in the lips and prominent in the cheekbones. Her four arms clung to her dragon mate with uncertainty.

“IT’S OKAY,” Natora repeated, pressed her head against the new medusa’s carefully.

“I know. I know. It’ssss jusst sso weird. And it’s hard to not hisssss.”

“No desire to turn us to stone?” Kade asked.

“None, thankfully!” she called back. “It’s good to be a woman again, but really weird to have a sssnake tail! Good thing I don’t have long to get used to thissss.”

The others nodded. As strange and exotic - and frankly sexy - as her latest change was, they needed to Natora to take her turn. Jill did her best to untangle her incredibly long tail and slither over to the dice, before lifting them up to Natora’s fore left talon.

“Best of luck, my love,” she said. She kissed the dragon on her ‘lip’, eliciting a grin.

“Thank you, Jill. Glad to see you a woman again.”

“Still, it was fun, wasn’t it?”

“The best,” the dragon whispered.

“Hurry up already!” Gwynn demanded, cradling her heavy belly as Kade fanned her. “I’m carrying triplets here!”

The dragon clumsily dropped the dice, allowing them to roll. The warm light of the fire revealed that she too had made it to the end by two places. Her figure slid into the portal on the board and disappeared.

“GOOD,” she declared, though inwardly she would miss her draconic form.

Still, a green card appeared.

“SOMEONE READ IT FOR ME!”

It was Jill, taking it for her crush, the man-turned-woman-turned-dragon that she cared for. She slithered down, getting used to the bulk and strength of her tail, and read it aloud.

*‘Untold fear is what a dragon’s form shall send,
An optional humanoid form will allow you to blend.’*

There was a cascade of green magic, and suddenly Natora was no longer present as a great and mighty dragon. Now, before the group, was a very tall, busty, slightly pregnant woman. She had short green hair, and her eyes were an almost unnatural shade of emerald green. She was easily 6’3 tall, looming over even Kade’s impressive height, and there were small glittery remains of makeup on her face that looked strangely like miniature scales. She looked down over herself and gasped.

“OH MY GOD - I mean, oh my God! I’m human again! And I’m a woman!”

“And a tall one at that,” Gwynn said, eyebrow raised. “Though not as pregnant as me. You barely look out of your first trimester. Lucky.”

“Not the thing to focus on, my love,” Kade replied. He turned, looking up at Natora with astonishment. His face was level with her bust, which was certainly prodigious. As a former woman, he could see they were easily F-cups in size, though on her figure they didn’t

look ridiculously huge. She was well-muscled, and her garb was that of a green shirt and dark green pants.

“Well, you’re certainly human.”

“I don’t feel it,” she said, marvelling over herself, feeling her breasts and stomach.

Jill didn’t say anything, but her sultry medusa form felt more than a little aroused at the sight.

“What do you mean?” the snake woman asked.

“I mean . . . it feels like I’m wearing the wrong skin. Like this is . . . oh shit! Let me try something! Everyone stand back!”

They did so, moving back to Gwynn. Natora closed her eyes and focused, and then another roar of emerald magic occurred, blasting wind in their faces.

Natora the green dragon was before them again.

“SOME DRAGON’S CAN HAVE A HUMAN FORM!” she declared.

She closed her great eyes, focused a second time. This time the group was more prepared for the magical cascade.

Human Natora was before them again, hands on her impressive hips. She curled back a length of long green hair, marvelling.

“Well, this is fucking *awesome*,” she declared, even if I am still a girl. And a little pregnant.”

She poked her belly, which was only slightly domed beneath her green shirt.

“Too bad it’s only come at the end,” Muriella said.

“Yeah. Look, at least you’re not a villain anymore either. But maybe that would be easier. Because now it comes down to you or Gwynn.”

The Queen and the former villain looked at each other.

“She doesn’t deserve it!” Gwynn exclaimed.

The rest were silent, but it was a silent agreement. All eyes fell on the sexy red-skinned succubus. She looked at them, feeling no longer evil, just mischievous at best. And then an idea came over her.

“I’ve only got three places to go,” she said, taking the dice. “It’s impossible for me to lose.”

Gwynn gasped, cradling her heavy triplet-filled belly as it hit her.

“Because double ones will give you another role - oh, this is just awful!”

Jill slithered down to give her a hug. Natora came over and placed a hand on her friend’s lap. Kade kept close by, his eyes upon Muriella, imploring her to do something.

The sun fell out of sight. It was not long, they knew. Time was a little different in this sort of half-dimension they’d created, but they could all feel it getting closer.

The pull towards Erutell.

“Give me the dice,” Muriella said, standing back to her full succubus glory. “Trust me.”

“Why should we?” Kade said.

“Yeah!” Jill added.

Natora nodded, as did Gwynn, who was stuck in despair.

“Trust me,” the she-devil repeated, drawing closer. She flapped her wings. She was trying not to be suggestive in her movements, but she was still a succubi to her core, even if she was no longer a bad one. Her hips swung, her breasts bounced, her perfect midriff curved slightly with each step.

“Please,” she said demurely. “I know I’ve been a bad man and a worse succubus. But the card has given me empathy. It hasn’t changed my mind too much, it’s just . . . given me perspective. An understanding of myself and the harm I’ve done. The cowardice I’ve displayed. Please, I know a way to help.”

Kade looked to his old neighbour, sighed, and passed her the dice.

“I’m choosing to trust you,” he said.

She smiled a slightly cheeky grin, one that radiated passion, and it took Gwynn nudging him in the ribs to get him to step back and attend to her. Muriella took the dice, examined them her hands, and rotated them.

And then she placed them face down. Double ones.

“That’s cheating!” Gwynn declared.

“That’s the point. I lose.”

A purple card emerged from the slot, and she took it quickly. She sighed a little.

*‘No chance of changing back for you,
If at the end you choose to lose.’*

Muriella sighed. “I’m the dumbest devil ever. I could have gotten what I wanted without being evil.”

Gwynn stood - with difficulty - and waddled over to Muriella. Her belly dominated her otherwise lithe figure, though her chest remained impressive.

“Thank you,” she said, tears in her eyes.

The succubus thanked her back, wiping tears of her own.

“I’ve been a cruel, ignorant, stupid person. I’m sorry to you all.”

She held up the dice. “Your turn Gwynn.”

Gwynn reached to take them, and then everything happened at once.

The sky tore in half, like paper shredding.

A second moon appeared in the sky.

The land shifted and rippled, the mountains and hills and valleys separating from the normal earth they had grafted to. An enormous vortex swirled into existence, raging and purple, lightning cascaded through its eye.

The group screamed in terror, Gwynn loudest of all as it began to pull her into the air. "What's happening!?" she shrieked. "What's happening!? KADE, SAVE US!!!"

She rose further and further, pulled into the vortex. The great mountains and molten landscape they had just come from also rose. Goblin armies and centaurs rose. Battlements and elven glades and halfling villages erupted into the air. It was all rising into the swirling tear between realms.

"We've gone over time!" Natora yelled over the sound of dimensions rending. "It's been over twenty four hours!"

Jill acted quickly. She uncurled her tail to try and grab Gwynn, pull her back to earth. But it was no use, the heavily pregnant queen was too out of reach. Natora concentrated, tried to enter her draconic form, but it fizzled in a burst of magic. She looked over, and saw Kade's chest shrinking, his shape becoming more feminine.

"We're turning back to normal!" she declared.

Muriella shrieked as she aged, her skin becoming more pinkish already.

"She's right!" the demoness declared. "We've won, and only Gwynn is staying - she's going to Erutell permanently!"

Her wings evaporated, as if proving a point.

"Shit!" Kade said. He/she looked in horror as his/her love screamed, rising higher and higher into the tear between realms. They had dated and broken up, dated and broken up, but now he or she or whatever Kade/Katy was never wanted to let Gwynn go, whether she was his consort or his boyfriend.

"We have to do something!" Jill yelled.

Gwynn was almost at the vast purple voice over a hundred feet up.

"Think of something!" she screamed. "Save me and my babies!"

It was the first time the jock-turned-expectant queen realised she cared for them totally.

Kade had only moments. He drew the golden card out, the boon he'd been given, and held it in the air before the voice.

"I WISH WE COULD ALL STAY IN OUR OWN REALM!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

The card flashed, and from all their perspectives, everything went white. The last thing they heard was a loud, booming voice, male and female at once, that could only be the voice of the game itself.

*'A WISH GRANTED THAT SHALL SEND YOU BACK HOME,
BUT SUCH A BOON WILL SET YOUR FORMS IN STONE.'*

Gwynn woke as the rays of morning sun poured in through the window. She grunted, feeling the kicking of three little lives within her, each vying for space within her bloated womb. She opened her eyes and groaned in realisation.

“Oh God, I’m trapped in Erutell. I’m trapped.”

But it was then that she heard a masculine grunt next to her. She shifted - awkwardly, given her heavily distended belly - and saw Kade was sleeping beside her. He was still manly, still kingly, and in that moment she realised they were in her house - albeit one that was still quite the impressive castle.

“Kade! Kade, wake up!”

He grunted awake, looked to her, and before she could say another word he clutched her, hugged her deeply, and kissed her just as passionately.

“Gwynn, my love! You’re okay!”

“I’m still a pregnant woman!” she declared, looking down at her large bosom in her nightie.

“But you’re okay! We’re both okay!”

She sighed heavily, quite short of breath thanks to her condition. “What even happened? Are we stuck in Erutell?”

“Let’s find out, shall we?”

He leapt out of bed, making her jealous of his movement. She stood a little uncertainly, placed both her hands on her back, and waddled after him as he exited their master bedroom. The grand halls of her transformed home were still fantastical in nature.

“Gods, we must still be in Erutell,” she said.

“No,” Kade replied, pulling her forward slowly and taking them to the balcony. “Look!”

There, down in the valley, was Haverton, their small town, untouched. Cars travelled on streets, and various businesses were opening up already. The horizon had no molten mountains or fantasy forests, just the regular fields and treelines beyond the valley.

“I - I don’t understand,” Gwynn said. She looked down over her fertile form, feeling embarrassed but oddly joyful that her babies were still with her. “I thought I was done for.”

“I wished on the boon card that we could all remain in our realm . . . but I think we might be stuck as we are now,” Kade said. He gave her a sorry look.

“He’s right,” came a female voice.

“Absolutely right, damn him!”

The two of them turned, and saw that Natora and Jill were just walking up the stairs to their balcony entrance. Well, Natora was walking - she was still the tall, muscular 6'3 woman with the rocking bod and green hair, and the faint green scales at the corners of her emerald eyes. She looked a little red in the cheeks as she stepped forward, having come to the realisation that she too was stuck like this.

Jill, on the other hand, was not really walking so much as slithering. She was still, after all, a medusa, complete with green skin, a large scaled snake tail, writhing snake hair, and void-black eyes. She tried to cover her form, still feeling a little embarrassed over how much she was showing, since she no longer possessed a barbarian's confidence. Instead, she was unintentionally swaying a little sensually, enough that Natora was having a hard time looking away.

"Oh my Gods," Gwynn said. "You two are both . . . both . . ."

"A medusa and a dragon," Natora said. She held out her hands. "I can still feel the magic. I can change to my true form, I know it."

"And in the meantime I'm stuck with a long tail and four arms. Great abs, at least."

The joke broke the tension a little.

"And we're still married," Kade said.

Gwynn nodded, pulling a little closer to him, finding comfort in her husband. "Yes, my King. And I still have this darn submissiveness to you. Gods, are we really all stuck like this."

"Just ask Muriella," Jill sighed.

She pointed up with all four arms at a red-skinned succubus in the sky. The demoness flew through the air, cackling, though at least no longer in an evil way.

"GOOD MORNING!" she yelled, running her hands over her form. "HOW WONDERFUL IS THIS!?"

Jill folded both pairs of arms. So did Gwynn. Natora too felt odd, despite having the power of a dragon still. Even Kade had expected to become a woman again.

"Just wonderful," Gwynn said. "I'm giving birth in three months."

"Most of us are stuck with babies, in fact," Natora sighed. "I don't even know what mine is."

"Me either!" Muriella said, drawing a little closer and rubbing her sensual stomach. "But all I know is that Kade's wish worked."

"Not well," the King said. "What the hell is Haverton - the world - going to make of us! Hell, my parents are coming home eventually, what will they say when they find out their daughter is a king?"

"Who cares!" Muriella declared, flapping her wings above them, "for now, let's just have fun! I'm going to find a cute guy to give me a good time!"

Jill startled, her snake hair going rigid. "Wait! Wait! That's not a good idea! I want time to figure out how to even break it to my parents that I'm a green medusa!"

"And that I'm f-f-freakin' pregnant!" Gwynn declared.

"Or that I can turn into a full dragon," Natora said. "Though at least they'll be happy to know I'm dating."

Jill smirked, and held Natora's hand with two of her own, blushing.

"That too."

Muriella grinned. "Nonsense! It will all be fun! Besides, I'm still a demoness, even if I'm nice now! The least a good neighbour can do is break the ice for you! Besides, I'm really, *really* horny! Sorry!"

The succubus took off into the sky and over the town, leaving the rest of them shocked.

"We need to stop her," Gwynn declared, hand on stomach.

"Working on it!" Natora said. "But I can't exactly turn right now. People will see!"

"Well, you might as well!" Kade said, feeling a little bolder. "At least go big if we're to put a pin in this!"

"That's a stupid idea Kade."

He shrugged. "They're going to find out sooner or later - would you prefer to be the one to usher in this new strangeness, or let Muriella do it?"

Jill sighed, understanding his point. "Oh Gods, let's just do this. Gwynn and Kade, you stay in the castle. We'll catch Muriella! Oh, and I guess we'll show Haverton that it's home to a dragon, a medusa, and a succubus now."

Gwynn went wide-eyed. "No, no, I order your to stop! This is a really bad idea!"

"Happy hunting," Kade said with a smirk, despite his new wife's protestations.

Natora grinned, first at him and then at Jill.

"Hop on. Or coil on, or whatever," she said.

She closed her eyes and concentrated.

"One dragon coming up!"

The End