

OverWARKwed

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A crowdfunded story

By

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

Read at your own discretion.



“Oh! Why didn’t you say so?” Lynda gave a hearty laugh, patting the Lalafell’s hair between the horns. “ My offer for the keg is still open when you feel up to it. So, what logic brought you through Doma as a means of relaxing?”

“Lunch,” the lalafell replied bluntly before her cheeks bulged in a failed attempt to hold back another burp. They shared a giggle over it, making Tatanu glad for her friend's patience. “Otherwise just chilling. How about you?”

“Just signed off a new job at Tailfeather.” Lynda puffed out her chest in that show of excited pride like she’d just accomplished something grand. It was really just casual mercenary work, but Tatanu recognized a good fight was still a good way to spend the day. “There’s word of poachers terrorizing the wild chocobo, so I thought it’d be my duty to help protect the noble birds. An easy milk run, for sure. You wanna come with me?”

“Oh!” Tatanu blinked. “Yeah... sure. Oddly enough I was considering going out there anyway.”

“Got a sudden interest in chocobo or something?”

“Possibly!” Tatanu patted herself down, checked a few pockets and frowned. Figures she’d forgotten her best earrings. “Let me just duck into my storage for a moment and grab better gear. I’ll meet you at the aetheryte.”

“Don’t get too excited now!” Lynda called after her friend as they sprinted off. “With the two of us out there, those poachers will be rounded up and jailed before dinner.”

* * *

Thirty-seven hours had passed since the duo had left Tailfeather. It only took five before Tatanu was ready to head back home and hide under her bed for a month. Lynda’s over eagerness might have been the only thing that pushed the lalafell out into the forest at all. Seriously, who knew a Roegadyn could bounce so much?

After seemingly endless time playing ‘bap the carbuncle’ with a random stick, her big friend secured a few days of supplies for them to set out into chocobo forest. Just being here brought back some unexpected nostalgia trips. Tatanu never knew the giant bird creatures as anything other than the plentiful transportation commodity they’d been domesticated into. Expecting any kind of passive attitude from their wild bred kin proved to be one of her most amateur mistakes. Those huge three-toed feet can hurt like a bull charge. The pink feathered birds were especially temperamental towards anything not bird shaped.

"Knowing our luck, someone caught the poachers yesterday." The Lalafell tossed a fresh hunk of wood onto their campfire. It was eerie to hear that dang bird chirping somewhere in the trees. She wanted as much fire light as safely possible. "If we don't find anything by noon tomorrow, I'm calling this a wash."

"That's fair." Lynda sat propped against a tree, managing to read a book by firelight. Tonight was warm and cloudless, so neither saw a point wasting energy setting up anything beyond sleeping bags. She'd already shed off her red mage coat and trousers for the evening. Exposed limbs showed off their rigid strength with wild highlights from the dancing flames. "Still, it's nice to get out and do something more normal. I never got to go camping when I was little."

Tatanu scoffed softly, giving her distracted friend a smirking look. She recognized the cover of Lynda's book as one popular fantasy serial they both enjoyed in their pre-adventuring days. Boy. Life was so carefree back then. Before...

The short Lalafell clamped her right hand in an attempt to stop its shaking. That still couldn't stop fingers from tensing inside their gloved confines. A desire to feed on the light of other creatures still bore fresh in Tatanu's mind, though her friends in the Sions assured that was simply psychological and can fade over time.

Lynda remained oblivious of anything amiss as she put her book away and moved to lay inside her nap sack. Just totally ignorant her friend a few yalms away could be a dormant threat. Maybe just a slight aether imbalance away from devouring everything in this forest in a frenzy.

Coming out in public again this soon after the First was a huge mistake.

"Hey! Short stack? You going to bed or stare off into the void all night?"

"Uh..." Tatanu was rather impressed that her face had remained stoic while the memories fell back into her subconscious once more. A lifetime worth of horror seemed to have passed by in the span of a minute at most. Enough that the Roegadyn to be a little concerned. She decided it best to get the inevitable over with and began removing her own summoners attire.

"Whoa!"

The surprised exclamation had not been unexpected when Tatanu removed her gloves, though it didn't carry that tone of fear she dreaded. If anything, Lynda sounded fascinated and was crawling back out of her bag over for a better look at her friend. While the Lalafell's left arm still had her normally smooth, light brown skin, the right looked more like it belonged on a monster. Its hand shimmered in the dying fire light thanks to a coating of golden yellow, each of its five fingers tipped in nails significantly longer than its sister extremity. In a way it, resembled a bird's. From the wrist it destabilized into a snowy white skin up the rest of her short arm.

"There's more," Tatanu said while removing her coat. Not only did it allow her compressed bosom to fall out in all its ample splendor, but the undergarment allowed Lynda to see the white encased the right mound as well as her shoulder.

And yet still the Roegadyn continued getting closer, now raked with concern amidst the curiosity. Tatanu was almost grateful they didn't start running away on the spot, or worse, go for their sword by the tree. It gave her the courage to remove her boots and trousers, revealing her right foot and left hip sported the same white and gold stripped blotches. Along with many scars from battles hard fought in the past two years.

"What the hell happened to you?"

TO BE CONTINUED...

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

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Afterward

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