

Monster Huntress (Knight to Huntress TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Pikaweed

Sir Robert enters a dungeon, ready to defeat a grotesque monster. But not known to Robert, a witch has placed a curse on him. If he defeats the monster, he will still be 'unmanned' in his own way . . .

Monster Huntress

Sir Robert dismounted from his faithful steed and stared up at the great Cave of Terrors. It was appropriately named; few who entered here had ever survived, and those that did reported many great monsters within. In truth, even he did not truly want to be here. He was the very image of a dashing knight: tall with an athletic build, shining armour, short golden-blond hair and square-jawed handsome features. And yet despite all the foes he had conquered and cruel monsters he had slain in his career as a great hero, even he feared the Cave of Terrors. The horrid witch Methelia had created it, or so it was rumoured. She had placed curses and traps throughout its chambers, and it was also said that the worst ones were for men like Robert most of all; specimens of peak manhood that she despised for how they had mistreated her earlier in life. On that basis alone, he had to be careful. But he also *had* to be here.

There was a creature known as the Gorgoth. It was immense in size, shaped like a gorilla but with misshapen scales instead of fur. It possessed three bulging horns from its head, jutting out from above a single red eye. It had slain hundreds of cattle and sheep and laid waste to outlying villages, and its hunger was only growing. Soon it would turn to man. Thus, Robert had been sent, and thus he would pursue the creature back to its lair and slay it for good. And here it's lair was.

"May this hunter find his quarry," he recited, "and perish it with honour. May my manhood remain true."

He entered into the dark tunnels.

Methelia waited in the darkness. The witch was ancient and so very, very patient. She had hoped to draw a knight here. From her silent perch deep in the dark tunnels she saw him pass through. He must have been in her Cave of Terrors for hours upon hours now, but showed no signs of turning back. He was a brave one.

Good.

Whispering quietly to herself, she weaved an incantation upon the knight, cursing him. The spell clung to him, invisible to the knight but obvious to her. If he failed to kill the beast, he would twist and transform and become its mate. But if he succeeded, then he would still not be leaving the same shape he entered. He was a stalwart figure of a man, and she despised him for it.

"I will take that from you one way or another," she said, smiling thinly.

Robert paused as he entered a grand chamber. He had followed the monster's tracks and other signs, but here there was something different; a powerful stench that he recognised from the sites of the massacres. He readied his sword and shield, stepping forward quietly into the darkness. A deep breath resounded, bellowing through the outlying passages. The beast was here in the shadows, Robert knew, though it could be any-

THERE!

He jumped aside as an enormous taloned fist smashed into the ground, reducing a section of it to rubble. Robert just managed to hold up his shield to absorb a second blow, though it pushed him backwards and tumbled him over. Another roar, and the creature *exploded* from its hiding place, thundering as it travelled on all fours like a great ape towards him. He barely managed to get his sword back in time before he sliced to one side, scoring a deep wound on the creature. It seemed to matter little though, because its horns connected to his shield anyway, shattering it to pieces. Robert barely managed to duck away yet again.

The beast collided with the cave wall and was only briefly stuck. Robert pressed his advantage, running at full speed towards it. The creature had certainly grown; its outer flesh was tender, showing it to have shed yet another layer of skin as it expanded. It was now twice the height of a man, and far, far stronger. Worse, its reflexes were sharper too, because his sword had barely entered its back when it flung an arm around and snatched him up, gripping him with the other once the beast extracted itself from the wall.

"I kill you nowwww!" it bellowed, its breath like acid upon his flesh.

"Perhaps soon, but not just yet!" he replied. He managed to grasp his shortsword from its sheath, his backup weapon neatly slicing into the wrists of the creature again and again before it could bite down upon his head. He dropped, made another slice - this time into its ankles, then rolled as the creature tried to literally sit down upon him. It barrelled forward, but Robert was getting a sense of the creature's actions now, and was able to fake out which way he was going. The beast tumbled over and he scored yet another hit, followed by another.

That was how the beast ultimately died; not to a single crushing wound but dozens of small ones. It was not a good death, but the creature protected its single eye too keenly, and its strong body was too difficult to penetrate to its most important organs. Instead, he simply had to slug it out. Robert took some harsh blows, but in the end, the creature fell.

“*M-mercy,*” it pleaded, lying on its back in a pool of its blood, suddenly pathetic.

For a moment, unknown to the knight, Methelia the witch widened her eyes, astonished that the knight may well avoid her curse altogether by leaving the creature without killing it.

But Sir Robert was a monster hunter, and he always saw a job through. He raised his sword, angled it downwards to the dread beast, and thrust it down into an already existing wound, burying the blade deep in the creature’s heart.

“Upon my word as a man of the realm, there is to be no mercy for a monster such as yourself,” he proclaimed.

The creature stared for just a moment, reaching out as if to try and land one last blow. And then it sighed, relaxed, and was dead. Victory had been achieved.

Robert sagged a little, regaining his breath after such a mighty deed. The beast was dead, and now all he had to do was take a souvenir as proof. But as he drew his tagger to slice off one of the creature’s horns, he noticed that a set of magical runes were upon his hands. They glowed with arcane symbols, and then rapidly spread across his body, illuminating his armour until he was practically *glowing*.

“What is this? What sorcery is - NGH!”

Robert doubled over, confused as a series of ethereal purple hands rose from the sigils and began to massage his body and armour. Wherever they roamed they placed pressure on him, like a clay potter’s hands sculpting his works.

“Stop this! Now! It must be one of Methelia’s traps, the foul witch! It’ll take more than this to - UGH!”

Again his sentence was interrupted as more and more glowing, translucent hands travelled over his body, applying strangely sensual pressure. The stalwart knight grunted and groaned as his hair was pulled, and to his astonishment it grew longer, falling to his shoulders though thankfully no further. A curtain of it fell over his eyes and he had to fling aside his helmet just to get it out of the way. But to his astonishment, the colour had changed!

“Red hair?” he said, astonished and horrified. And it really was *red*. Not ginger, but a dark, rich red, the kind that would be on a nobleman’s garb. It was also feathery and full, with slight curls within it. “What kind of spell changes a man’s hair colour?”

But it wasn’t just his hair colour, as he soon found out, because his armour began to crumple and change at the same time as his body did. The good knight let out an almighty

groan, followed by a series of pained grunts. This was in response to the many hands gripping his arms and preventing him from landing any blow, then applying pressure to his midsection. For a moment, he thought the red hair was simply him being marked for death, because his waist suddenly crumpled in, thinning impressively.

“Ngh! No!”

But it did not kill him. In fact, there was only the strange squirming sensation of his organs shifting about as something new bloomed within him, below his stomach. Robert panted, dropping his sword but still trying to beat back the hands. Instead, he felt his own change; each digit grabbed by the purple magic and adjusted, his gauntlets coming off to reveal dainty woman’s fingers, followed by a woman’s palm.

“I-Impossible!” he stammered, but then he was unable to talk at all, because the hands were massaging his throat, making it slender and pretty. The same was true of his face: they teased at his lips, making them fuller and even applying lipstick, all while softening his jaw with several cracking sounds. His broad nose thinned, taking on a dignified aquiline shape, and any facial hair he possessed was pulled away by the hands; thankfully not too painfully.

“No, it can’t b-be!” he cried as soon as his voice returned to him. His voice was getting lighter, softer, higher. *Feminine*. “Come out, witch! You dare make me a woman!”

The witch emerged from the darkness, clapping her weathered hands. She was a deformed, decrepit creature dressed in rags and reeking of filth. She cackled at his misfortune.

“Indeed, I dare, Sir Robert. You will become exactly the kind of woman a stalwart hero like yourself fancies. I wonder what it shall be, hmm? A lusty tavern wench? A big-titted whore? A submissive, docile princess? Your kind are all the same; as we shall we!”

Robert bit his lip, whining in an increasingly womanly manner as his face finished resculpting. The witch held up a mirror, conjured from thin air, just so he could see more of the changes, and to his horror he could see that he was indeed very beautiful already, and becoming more and more beautiful and his hips spread wider, armour thinner and changing to accommodate him, forming a kind of dress skirt that left much of his thighs bare. Those thighs swelled, and his legs were stripped of all clothing but for armoured shoes and dark stockings, which only emphasised their new loveliness. It was humiliating for Sir Robert, but not as humiliating as the changes yet to come, because soon the purple hands were massaging his chest and crotch, stirring unwanted pleasures from him. He collapsed to his knees, trying to get to Methelia but unable to.

“Ohhhhh, m-make it s-stop! I c-command you, fell w-woman! MHMM!!!”

His chest *bloomed*. It surged forward, taking on the distinct shape of two lovely breasts, ones that were gaining more and more weight by the second. Robert couldn’t help

but moan in a strange ecstasy as his nipples swelled. They rubbed against the soft inner lining of his suit, which changed shape along with its exterior to accommodate his swelling bust. More and more they grew, similar to his hips, which were positively *breedable* in their width, the kind of hips Robert loved to see on his kind of woman.

“Ohhhhhh by the Black Mountain. By the G-Gods! It f-feels so . . .”

“Good?” the witch asked, still cackling at his despair. “Then that is good, too. Take in the humiliation and shame, young man. Take in the lowly status you deserve!”

Indeed, he was humiliated, blushing rather beautifully as his breasts became immense in size, like two large melons affixed to his chest, sensitive and round and somehow utterly pert. His armour cradled around them, lifting them, and soon the upper section of his breastplate melted away, revealing a tantalising cleavage. His arms were likewise bare, now slim and gorgeous, though surprisingly athletic. Indeed, the armour he now wore was like that of an enticing valkyrie’s, and the steel itself became a bronze and golden colour, contrasting his fiery hair. The purple hands weaved all of this, following the directive of his subconscious mind.

The witch frowned. Something was off, but she wasn’t sure what yet. Why was he simply getting more revealing armour and not a tavern maiden’s skirts? It made no sense! Robert paid no mind to this, though. He was simply groaning in continuing ecstasy as his manhood retreated, his dick pulling up inside him, followed by his balls, followed by the opening of a new tunnel that flowered into femininity. The last details were sculpted with extra care by the purple hands.

“Ohhhhhh - nnghhh - mhmmm - by the GODSSSSS!!”

The new woman clutched the section between her legs, her battle skirt flaring outwards as she crouched. Her first female orgasm rolled through her, and as it did so, two mighty pauldrons shaped themselves into being on her shoulders. An enormous glaive, practically impossible for *anyone* to carry, let alone the incredibly voluptuous and curvaceous female knight, appeared in her hand, and somehow she *carried it anyway*.

A great lightning crackle filled the air, dismissing the purple hands and leaving the sigils on the knight’s form to fade away. Moments later, the new *Roberta* stood, shorter than she had been before, and certainly far, *far* curvier, but still a proud knight. She swallowed, looked over her revealing armour, her large bustline, her widened hips, and tried to get used to her new centre of gravity. She managed that rather quickly, and soon she realised why, levelling the glaive at the witch.

Methelia’s ugly jaw fell. “I - I don’t understand! You should have become your fantasy woman! A submissive cock-obsessed whore!”

Roberta bit her lip, blushing a little. She *was* thinking of attractive knights to bed already, much to her embarrassment.

“Well, you only got part of that right, fell Methelia. I don’t exactly tell others this, but *my* fantasy woman would be a powerful valkyrie, a warrior goddess, a woman who looks beautiful and exotic in armour, and yet knows the way of the blade. A true desirable *huntress*.”

The witch gaped. Before she could even say another word, perhaps a plea for mercy or a regret over how she had planted the wish, Roberta swung her glaive with expert precision, and cut the demoness’ head clean off her shoulders. It landed with an unimpressive thud.

Roberta sighed. There were no further magical castings or trickery. She really had killed the infamous witch of ancient power, and all it had taken was becoming the kind of large-busted, wide-hipped, half-armoured dame he’d always dreamed of fighting and then bedding.

“I suppose . . . it’s not the worst fate?” she said aloud, gathering the witch’s head and the Gorgoth’s talon. “The King will still reward me, once I prove I’m . . . *me*. And I’m sure the other knights will be keen to see the new me.”

The new woman licked her lips, beginning to strut out of the cave, her hips sashaying sensually from side to side, armour clinking as she went. She was indeed a warrior goddess now, and that had . . . opportunities.

“Yes, I imagine the knights and I will get along famously still. Better, even. Much, much better.”

The End