

Erutell, Game of Change, Part 3: Players & Passions

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.

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The others instantly noticed the change in Matthew. Not only had Katy/Kade's angry neighbour become a gorgeous elven maiden, but now she had become a parodic porn star version: a moon elf whose alignment with the lunar body amplified her symbolic fertility into actual fertility. The newly changed woman, now thinking of herself as Muriella, glanced from figure to figure, becoming impossibly aroused. She admired Jarron's manly muscles and barbarian physique, imagining him overpowered her, spanking her like the naughty girl that Erutell was making her. She considered Nate's centaur form, and all the taboo thinks she could do with that lower half. Kade, the mighty knight, no doubt also had a mighty member. It disgusted her how much she wanted to strip off his codpiece and *taste* it. And, of course, even Queen Gwynn's fertile, rounded form was alluring, in its own way. A reminder of how *she* could end up, if she gave in to her lusty ambitions.

"F-fuck," she repeated.

"Holy shit," Nate said, still overwhelmed by her centaur form, "look at him. Her. She's become a total bimbo!"

"It serves thee right," Gwynn added. The raven-haired queen rubbed her stomach as she struggled to stand. Kade helped her.

"How do you feel, Mr Harwick?" Kade asked. "You're looking like quite the lusty wench, but I thought you hated those?"

Muriella didn't know what to say. She felt so embarrassed, and her costume showed off so much of her now: her breasts were pressed up to create highly alluring cleavage, and

her hips and long legs were revealed easily by two slits in her outfit, though even that was short enough to suggest the hungry pussy between her legs.

“Oh God,” she groaned, “you’re all so - so . . .”

“So?” Nate asked, placing her hands on her horse hips.

“So damn hot!” she yelled. “You have to turn me back! I’ve got a damn p-pussy, and I can’t stop thinking about what it w-would feel like to - to . . .”

“It feels nice, at least,” Gwynn admitted, before blushing deeply on her pale cheeks. Kade grinned, remembering to how it had felt not only from the woman’s side, but now as the man’s. Jarron, meanwhile, just placed his large hands over his crotch.

“Can we all stop talking about sex right now?” the former female said. “This big . . . thing is doing its thing.”

Matthew looked at the incredibly erect cock straining the barbarian’s loincloth, and she hungered for it. It was so wrong, and yet she wanted it more than anything. Wanted it *inside of her*. Jill - now Jarron - for her part felt similarly; she was entertaining thoughts of ploughing the fertile fields of that gorgeous elven slut, and it made her blush deeply. Especially since she had only recently confessed feelings for Nate.

But that had been when he was a barbarian princess, not a prince.

“S-someone roll! Whoever’s turn it is!” he yelled.

“It is Matthew’s,” Gwynn said, pointing at the former cranky old man in an appropriately imperious fashion.

The elven bimbo took a moment to realise what was said.

“But - but I just changed?”

“Because you forced Nate’s roll! It is your turn again!”

She nodded eagerly and grabbed the dice, rolling them across the floor.

“Yes! Two sixes!” she declared, whooping and cheering with a wild abandon that was a little uncharacteristic of her. Her large breasts bounced in her tight elven dress, and she had to grab the top of her dress to ensure it stayed up, much to her embarrassment.

The others all looked at each other, nervous. There was an unspoken meaning that passed between them: *‘Mr Hardwick said he’d win and we laughed, and now he’s rolling gold, and gets another roll after this!’*

Sure enough, the little elven figurine rolled over the board, coming to a stop *just* before Nate’s, and two places before Kade’s. A card popped out.

A setting card.

“Shit,” Jarron said, pressing his strong fists together.

Kade sighed. “Okay, she’s not in the goblin forest at least.”

Muriella plucked the card out and read aloud, her voice a little ditzy.

*'These changes have made your new selves quite horny,
Why don't you enjoy your bedrooms time till morning'*

"Huh," she said, her highly aroused mind unable to process it all. "I hope I end up with Jarron. He's so fucking hot. I want his big hard cock in me so bad, even though I know it's totally immoral."

She rolled a second time, the first change yet to come into effect. The others groaned. She had rolled nine: a five and a four. Once again above average. Her figure slid forth into the valley of Infernus, ahead of the rest of the group, past Jarron and Gwynn who were in the lead, beating them by two places.

"Yes! I'm, like, sooooo winning!" the elf said. "By the moon goddess, it's making me so fucking hot. God, having a wet pussy feels super weird. And being a moon elf is making my skin feel really mystical. Like, the sexual act is sort of holy to me now."

Jarron coughed loudly, completely unable to conceal the raging erection he had. Nate elbowed him, the centauress woman wishing she could be attracted to the elven bimbo in front of her, but her brain also lingering on Jarron's form.

An event card popped up this time, and Muriella plucked it.

"Kade, do something! She's in the lead!" whined Gwynn. Her new queenly bearing made the idea of simple fighting impossible to even consider, despite her proud gym muscle past as a man.

"I can't dear, if I try to take the dice from Matthew, bad things happen, remember?"

"I'm Muriella now," the moon elf said idly, rubbing her breast with one hand as she read the new card.

*'Fun will be had this night, a time of sensual parry
But at least one will have a new fruit of the womb to carry.'*

Gwynn gave a haughty noblewoman's laugh, rubbing her distended pregnant belly.

"Well, at least I know I'm not in danger of that! Finally, someone else can feel the embarrassment and discomfort I've been feeling the last five hours!"

Jarron and Nate went to say something, when suddenly the game of Erutell glowed. Each person in the room looked to one another, startled, as suddenly the light expanded, encompassing each of them, and flinging the transformees to locations far away.

Kade and Gwynn landed in an expansive bedroom, one far greater than even the lush location they'd last made love in. It possessed a large ceiling, numerous well-furnished drawers, mirrors, and comforting ornamentation. On the walls hung several paintings, each of them depicted the Queen Consort with her raven-black hair and piercing blue eyes and suggestion of her large bosom. Some of them had Lord Kade at her side, her noble knight, lover, and husband. One of the paintings even had her posed to the side, cradling her swollen belly, a soft smile upon her lips.

They were both lying back in the luxurious Queen's bed. Literally, a bed for a queen. Gwynn was no longer wearing her royal dress but instead a nightshift that dress tight around her bustline and belly. Kade was similarly dressed, though in night trousers and shirt.

"Oh my God, not again," Gwynn groaned. She struggled to roll to the side, placing her belly against the bed so she could face her new husband.

"We might not have sex," Kade said, though his member was already getting hard.

"We will," she grumbled. "What the game says happens, happens love. I can't even stop treating you like my husband now."

At that, she placed a slender hand upon hers. Kade looked at her, entranced by her beauty. While her appearance as a busty tavern wench was downright sexy, she was even more astounding as a queen, her dark hair contrasting with her blue eyes, her body fertile with an heir to the throne of the land. He reached out and caressed her belly.

"Mhmm," she moaned, "that actually feels n-nice."

"Is he awake?"

She shook her head. "*She* isn't."

"How can you tell?"

"I guess a mother knows, my love. And yes, I am aware how insane that sounds."

Kade chuckled, before taking a heavy breath. Just as the card said, he was starting to feel hornier and hornier. Her fertile curves were right in front of him, and no matter how much he tried to ignore them, not even her loose shift could disguise them. The fact that she was full and round and fertile with his child somehow only made her more attractive to him, and his knightly, noble mindset continued to be aroused at the notion of creating little heirs to the kingdom with her. He tried to look elsewhere, and spied the game on the side of the bed.

"There it is! I'll quickly roll!"

He did so, getting a two and a five. It put him just ahead of Muriella by four places. A blue card emerged. An Event card. He took it and red, trying to ignore his raging need to plough Gwynn's already fertile fields.

*"A tether has formed between you both, the stuff of destined fate,
Never shall you leave the side of your loving mate."*

"That's . . . not too bad, right?" Gwynn said in her fine accent.

Kade smiled. "I think - I think it's saying we're going to be together, from now on. In whatever form"

Gwynn breathed, clutching her stomach. It sounded more than a little romantic, in fact.

"Good," she finally said. "I never should have allowed our relationship to fall apart, back when I was a man."

"Me either, from the other side."

They kept eye contact a little longer. Slowly, Kade rose his hand up from her taut dome to her round breast, rubbing his fingers over her large nipples. She gasped.

"Oohhhhh, I t-told you," she said. "We're going to m-make love."

"Did you want to fight it?"

He continued to rub her nipple, drawing closer to slip his hand down her top so he could touch it directly. Her flesh was wonderfully plump and soft, her bosom ripe.

"N-nooo," she gasped, yielding to his ministrations. "I d-dont want to. And besides, I - ahhh - I want this to be done, so we can finish the game."

She didn't tell him that was partly a lie. She was becoming incredibly aroused, needy for her King-Consort. Alien thoughts entered her mind, feeling turned on by the knowledge that she was bearing the fruit of his seed in her womb. She wanted him.

"Very well, my love," Kade said. "I look forward to making you moan. I remember you were very feminine last night."

"Please, shut up and fuck me already. Don't remind me who I used to be, just get it done.

He began to work on exactly that. He helped her remove her shift, a struggle given her rounded form and lack of stomach muscles. He too took off his clothing, and for a moment the two took in each other's gorgeous forms, the very height of femininity and masculinity - well, except for perhaps Jill-Jarron in the latter category. Nevertheless, Kade was very well-endowed, and Gwynn could only bite her lip in anticipation.

"How - how shall we do this?" she asked.

"Stay on your side. Lift your leg. I'll take you from behind."

"G-god, I imagined us doing this from the other side, once."

Kade positioned himself, groping his new royal wife's wonderful tits as his hard cock pressed against her pussy. She whimpered as his tip rubbed against her moist slit, and then he entered her. She gasped, quivering as he inserted himself inside her, and soon the two were bucking. She held her belly, rubbing it, and occasionally tweaking her nipple. Her rubbed her breasts and belly, thrusting from behind her into her waiting depths.

“OOOoHhhhhhhhh,” she groaned. “So-so weird, but s-so good!”

He grunted in turn, too aroused by his wife’s fertile form to say anything. He wanted to cum inside her, to make her his woman, to please his Queen. It was like she was reading his thoughts, because moments later she said exactly that.

“I want your seed inside me, my love! I want you to please your Queen!”

Gwynn couldn’t believe she had said it, the words had leapt out of her, but she meant in that moment every damn word.

The two reached greater and greater heights until neither could take any more. Kade gripped her large breast, squeezing as he ejaculated deep into her already-full womb, and she moaned several times over as more and more orgasms rolled through her.

“Yes. Yes. Yes! Yes! YEESSSS!!!”

She shook, trembled, and he with her. It took over ten seconds for his penis to stop spurting cum into her, and she whimpered at its wonderful warmth within her.

And then she trembled.

“M-my love?” she stammered.

“What is it?”

“S-something - uuurgghh - something’s happening! N-no! It can’t be! Oh, this isn’t f-fair!”

Kade pulled back, eliciting a gasp as his cock slid out of her. Cum leaked from her womanly opening, but not as much as there should have been. Instead, Kade watched, riveted, as she clutched her belly, moaning and groaning without end.

“Are you okay? Gwynn, what’s happening?”

A flurry of kicks impacted across her womb, and a new pressure grew there. Her breasts ached, and they visibly expanded slightly, her nipples burning as the first of her milk came in.

“You idiot, you got m-me - ooohhh - pregnant!”

“I know Gwynn, but right now -”

She spun her head, glaring at him as she held her belly, a belly that was expanding further, the skin tightening unbearably. “Nn-nnnoo, you g-got me p-pregnant again!”

Kade gasped as he watched his former on-and-off again boyfriend’s belly expand. It rose, becoming larger and rounder and even more taut, its belly button popping out further. Gwynn writhed, overcome by the pressure, and it took several minutes for it to end. By that time she was obviously much more pregnant than before, evidenced by the increased activity in her womb.

“Nnhhghhnn . . .”

“Twins!” Kade gasped, marvelling. “Amazing!”

She glared. “Why d-don’t you c-carry them, my love. Ohhh, everything’s bigger, even my tits! My belly is twice as big now. So f-fucking pregnant. Get me the dice!”

Kade was confused for a moment, until he realised what she meant. Anything to change and continue the game after all. He looked around the room and quickly found the board game. The dice were there with it, and he passed them to her. She rolled a two and a four, putting her just behind Muriella, but only barely. A blue card emerged, and she gestured for Kade to grab it for her.

“Too fucking pregnant t-to move,” she complained, rubbing her naked belly, within which her babies continued to squirm. Her nipples leaked little trails of milk onto the bed.

“It’s a Setting card,” he said, worried. She took it, and he then took to rubbing her belly, calming their twins within. It helped calm her too as she read.

*‘Erutell draws closer and closer upon your distant land,
You have lost five hours to escape with your merry band.’*

“Shit! Shit!” she said. “We just lost a heap of time. We need to warn the others.”

But even though both wanted to leave the room, neither could quite remove themselves from the bed. Muriella’s previous cards were still affecting them, rooting them to the spot and making them horny once more. Despite being overwhelmed at becoming heavily pregnant with twins, Gwynn found herself staring at Kade’s large cock again, particularly as it slowly but surely become hard and erect once more.

“Oh G-god. We have all n-night, don’t we?” she said.

Kade nodded. “I think . . . I think we’re going to have a lot of sex before we fall asleep, my love.”

She shifted over, and he helped her up so that she was upon him. She was heavy, but able to straddle his hips. They held each other’s hands for support, and she lowered herself onto his hard member, sighing gently as it entered her.

“F-fuck, I can’t f-fight this, my love.”

“Then let’s not try. We’ll meet the others in the m-morning, and do our best.”

They ended up fucking three more times before they fell asleep together, as royal husband and wife. To her great embarrassment and reluctant joy, Gwynn had even tasted Kade’s throbbing cock to arouse him back for round four.

Jarron leapt to his mighty feet. The powerful barbarian looked around. He was in a forest glen, somewhere. The air was tranquil, the smell of the earth sweet. In the distance, he could hear halflings frolicking and dancing and drinking, and a parade of cheers as well.

And moans. Very, very feminine moans.

"Nate!" he declared. He worried for the man he cared about - even if she was a centaress now - and raced out of the peaceful glen and into the halfling village. It was night still, but a tavern built into the slope of a hill was clearly open. The entrance was short, and Jarron had to duck his large barbarian body to fit through, but he managed. There was a collective gasp as he entered.

"Worry not!" he declared, amused at his own medieval-style declaration. I'm not here to - UGH!"

He hit his head on a wooden board railing above, and clutched his temple as he knelt further down.

"I'm not here to fight!" he repeated. "I'm here for my, uh, friend. He - *she* - is a centaur. A beautiful centaur with full breast and hazelnut hair. Have you seen her?"

Again, there was that loud series of moans, sounding somewhere between pain and pleasure. It made Jarron's heart race with worry.

"Please, you must tell me!"

One of the halflings stepped forward, the bartender. He was a short little fellow with bright orange hair.

"Sorry, sir, we ain't seen no centaurs round these parts. Just that excited elf maiden that suddenly dropped out of the blue and who has started, well, started making things a bit more lively round here."

Jarron's eyes widened. So *that's* who the moaning was coming from.

"Where?" he demanded.

"Back of the tavern, outside near the fire pit, by the river. She was a bit too tall for this establishment, but she took a drink with her."

Jarron gave his thanks and thundered out of the tavern, squeezing awkwardly out through the small rounded doorway. The moans got louder, and were accompanied by several loud male grunts. Jarron sped past a little halfling dome house to see a sight unlike any other.

"MMMhhmmpphh! MMHpph!!!"

"By the Gods," he said.

There, near the warm fire pit, upon the lush comforting grass, Muriella was completely anked and being spit-roasted by two muscular halflings. One was taking her from behind, hoving his cock deep into her ass. He held her wide hips securely, and her rounded rear wobbled with every thrust. On the other side was a slightly older halfling who was

groping her large blue-skinned breasts. She had her pouty bimbo lips around his dicks, and was taking his member deep down her throat. Her eyes were rolled back into her head, overcome with pleasure. They briefly focused on Jarron, and suddenly they went wide with alarm and embarrassment, but then the halflings continued to thrust, and she was lost in pleasure once more.

“Wait yer turn!” a halfling shouted as Jarron stepped forward.

“MMHHMPPHHMPH!!!”

Muriella writhed as both men came at once. She fell to the ground as they pulled away, still shaking, licking the excess droplets of cum on her puffy lips, and rubbing her sore ass. It was wrong, it was immoral and sinful to partake in such an action. And yet . . . she had loved it sooooo much. And she needed more.

She spied Jarron again, and licked her lips.

She needed him.

It took a moment to stand on her trembling legs, the last of her orgasms still fading from her system. She felt so utterly sexual. Various halflings moved to try to grab her ass and tits, but she shifted past them. She wanted more than they could offer now. She caressed Jarron’s muscular, mostly naked chest.

“Muriella, what are you doing?”

“I c-can’t help myself,” she said. “You morons did this to me. Made me into, like, this total elven ditz. I can’t help but want to suck your big, hard cock and taste your cum. Please, if you can’t turn me back you’ve got to come in meeeeeee!”

Jarron was rock hard. He wanted to pull away. He’d just confessed he truly liked Nate not longer ago. He wanted to be with Nate, even if he was now a female centaress. But Muriella’s cards were in effect still, and he felt an irresistible urge to fuck this busty, sexy, insatiably horny moon elf.

“Oh, shit,” he said, running a hand through his plaited blond hair. “I don’t think I can fight this.”

“Me either!” the bimbo complained. “I want to! It’s immoral and sickening and perverted. It’s unforgivable.” Her voice suddenly turned erotic as she narrowed her eyes in a sexy manner, focusing on his muscular features. “But I can’t stop.”

Neither could Jarron. He grabbed the moon elf and pressed her lips against his. They kissed deeply, savouring each other - his musky scent for her, her honeyed elven taste for him. Her large breasts squashed against his chest, dark blue nipples rubbing against him. It made them hard, erect in their own right, and she shuddered in pleasure.

“MMmhhmm, big strong man. How do you want to f-fuck me?” she said.

“I want you to do what you did to that other elf and swallow my seed,” he said. He couldn’t believe he was saying such things - he was meant to be a nerdy girl, not a buff and

tough-talking alpha male! And yet, it felt so good to say. Besides, he had already figured out that they should try to avoid getting her pregnant: after all, the previous cards had stated that was a dreadful possibility, and he didn't want to be stuck supporting an elven babymama.

Or did he?"

He forced her down to her knees before he could reconsider that sexually-charged option. Muriella ripped his loincloth from him, and began to lick the shaft of his penis, working his way up to the head. He grunted in approval. God, was this how men felt when they received a blowjob? She always thought they were gross as a woman - she'd never given one as Jill - but as Jarron he relished the submissiveness of a woman pleasuring his manhood.

"It's soooo immoral," she moaned, before taking him fully into her mouth. She continued to suck away for some time, and the feelings were intense on both sides. He grabbed her head, forcing her to take his cock deeper down her throat, and despite hating every moment of it, Muriella couldn't help but love it at the same time.

"Mmhhpphhh," she moaned, mouth full. She had no gag reflex, able to fully take him in.

It didn't take long for Jarron's balls to tense.

"GRRRRRARRGGGGHHHH!!"

He roared like a lion, like a barbarian upon the mountain about to surge into battle. He came in one great wave, every ounce of semen pouring down Muriella's throat. She moaned with him, sucking every last drop and imbibing it, leaving not to fall to the ground. The halflings around them cheered at the display as he beat his chest, and both partners suddenly remembered they were being watched.

It was then, even in the last throes of orgasm, that Jarron noticed the board. Erutell was on the ground near him, and his figure was glowing slightly. The game was telling him something.

He pushed Muriella off her cock. Somehow she had even orgasmed just from giving him head. He was jealous - maybe he would have considered the act as Jill if that was true of human women. Instead he grabbed the dice and rolled them, trying to ignore how the cranky neighbour-turned-bimbo was currently in the lead. A nine; Jarron was now in the lead. They were all so close! Except for Nate, who was far behind. He took the green Change card and read it as Muriella clutched his leg, begging for more attention.

*"A so-called righteous man's acts have been the true moral tell,
Come morn, such a figure deserves a form more befitting Hell."*

A flash of red energy shot from the game to envelop Muriella's form. The bimbo still clutched onto Jarron's leg, refusing to let go. Nothing seemed to change: both were still insatiably horny, and to Jarron's surprise, he could practically feel his balls begin to fill up with semen already, and his cock hardened, desiring once more to enter the elf's blue depths. It didn't matter that she had been the nosy, irritated, older figure Matthew, all that mattered was that she was a curvaceous, busty blue moon elf who was practically begging to be impregnated.

At least, that's how he thought of her in that moment.

"Mmhmhm," she moaned, seeing his cock harden. "That's so - it's so big! I just swallowed so much of your cum already! I, like, can't take any more."

She rubbed her long ears as if they were erogenous zones, before moving down to stroke her dark blue areola, causing her nipples to stiffen.

"What does the card mean? I feel, like, not nearly as smart as I was!"

"I have no idea," Jarron said, trying to think about Nate and focus on not 'cheating' any further, even if they had not truly begun dating yet - how could they in this insanity?

But Muriella was already beginning to stroke his cock. The halflings cheers, several of them exchanging bets and gathering drinks for the show.

"Go on mate, fill 'er up!"

"C'mon tallie! Fuck her good! The gods all know we have!"

"Keep her busy so she stops stealing our husbands now!"

The jeers and cheers continued, all encouraging in their own right. Muriella herself was overcome. She knew that as a moon elf, she was a creature of fertility and night-time rights. Most moon elves were intelligent, but her rashness had reduced her to a bimbo. But even if she hadn't ended up like this, she would have felt some aching need for sex: it was the way of her new people. The Matthew part of her brain railed against this, screaming for it to end. It was unChristian! It was unholy! It was purile heathen nonsense, and disgusting to consummate a relationship before marriage, let alone have sex purely for enjoyment!

And yet he still desired to be filled anyway, his mind at war with *her* female form. She fell back to the ground, sighing as she spread out on her stomach upon the soft grass. It was luxurious, and her sensitive tits and belly were gently caressed by the unnaturally soft green. She raised her rounded blue ass into the air, raising herself on all fours. She wiggled her behind, and Jarron was overcome by the delightfully sweet smell of her hungry pussy.

"This is already hell," she groaned, "but I need you to fuck me from behind so totally bad!"

To the cheer of the halflings around them, and even Muriella herself, Jarron stepped forward, knelt on the grass, and slid his cock deep inside her. Her wet tunnel was tight

upon him, and yet perfectly slick, as if it were made for his incredibly large member. She groaned as it went in.

“Sooooooo b-biiiiig!” she wailed, and soon they were thrusting in perfect rhythm, insatiable thanks to the powers of the card.

The Erutell board game vanished off to its next location, but by that point the two of them were too lost in lust to notice or even care.

Like Gwynn and Kade, they went a number of rounds before retiring: six to the other couple’s four.

By the time Jarron fell asleep, there was a strange, slightly red hue to Muriella’s skin, and strange little bumps forming a little painfully on her forehead. She fell asleep over an hour later, after servicing every remaining male halfling that lusted after her, often two at a time.

By that point, something strange was growing out her backside, and two little lumps upon her shoulder blades. But she was too delirious with pleasure and tiredness to care.

Nate was alone on a wide plain. The sky above night, but he recognised none of the strange constellations, despite being an amateur stargazer. He - well, she hadn’t been a *he* for several hours now - called out for Jarron, but he didn’t appear. Nate cursed, a little surprised by the hoarseness of her new voice.

“Heh, ‘hoarseness’, now that’s a good one.”

She looked around, trotting forth on her four legs with a little uncertainty. She was not used to being so tall after being stuck as a little female goblin, nor being so muscly, even as a man. She had a robust figure, and not just for her large horse half: she had actual defined abs and clearly muscled arms. And while her tits were even a little bit bigger, her body had lost the overall cute pudgy she’d had as a goblin.

“Is it weird I like this more, even though I’m stuck with extra limbs and boobs that wobble like crazy when I trot around?”

She shrugged, and called out for the others again. She didn’t even recognise the area. There was a forest in the distance, and a watering hole also, where several ordinary horses were gathered, but otherwise she was alone. Another turn - she was getting used to her larger body now, even if her hooves lacked the sensitive feeling of human feet - and she saw a set of lights.

“That’s Kade’s place. Well, Kade’s ‘castle’ now. Though I guess it’s Gwynn’s now that she’s a queen. Damn if this isn’t embarrassing.”

But it was likely Jarron was there, and so that's where she began to move. Her horse half had an odd motion to it; she was able to rely on a sort of muscle memory - one she'd not truly developed - but she was continually surprised by how her tail whipped about to scratch an itchy flank or swat at an insect.

Still, it was kind of cool, even if she was still a *she*, much to her own annoyance. It had certainly been more than a little embarrassing to have required Jill-turned-Jarron to pleasure her horsey back half, rubbing her bestial vaginal in order to make her cum. It had been even weird to imagine being penetrated by a big stallion cock and filled entirely. The game was doing weird things to their brains, though at least it was never overriding them; even when Muriella became a bimbo before they'd separated it was clear that Kade's former neighbour was humiliated and angry about the situation. She was just also dumber and clearly aroused.

Nate raised herself over a small hill on the way to Kade's castle. She wasn't too far from the forest line by that point, but still had a ways to go. She was impressed with how much energy her body had at least; she raced in several bursts, and only had to hold her large breasts to stop them from flopping all about. If she had decent support, as women called it, then she could actually get used to it. There was an energy to it that was exhilarating.

Eventually though, she became quite thirsty. She waded carefully on all fours into a nearby lake, down enough so that her human waist was cooled by the wonderful water, and close enough to cup and drink.

"Jesus, I'm huge," she said. She turned her spine, surprised at how flexible her upper body was, and patted herself on her horsey back. "And what an ass. Seriously, huge. To think Jill often complained about not having a bigger butt. And I wished she had one! Now I'm really eating my words."

"There is nothing wrong with a good ass on a filly," a male voice sounded.

"Who is that? Who's there?"

"Another of your kind, beautiful filly. Can you not smell me?"

She sniffed the air, and suddenly everything changed about her body. It was as if someone had flipped a switch from 'intrigued' to 'fucking turned on' in a straight second. Her equine vagina became wet with need, and suddenly the brass baritone of the male's voice sounded devastatingly sexy. Out of the shadows of the nearby forest line came a male centaur. She could tell not just from his humanoid half, which was still a little hairy, and wonderfully well-muscled, but also because the biggest cock she had ever seen was hardening between his hind legs.

A true stallion cock.

"I c-can smell you," she mumbled, staring wide-eyed at the enormous member. Dear God, it was *massive!* How did he even walk? But then she knew it was normally in a sort of furry sheath. It only came out when - Oh.

Oh shit.

Her tunnel became that bit more moist, her nipples that little bit harder.

"Damn it!" she said in her sexy rasp of a voice, "it's the card that Muriella pulled! It's making me horny!"

The centaur smirked. "I don't know what 'card' you are referring to, filly. I am Nahako of the Turning River Tribe. I am the chief stallion's son. I would know the name of a beautiful filly such as yourself?"

She fidgeted nervously. Why wasn't she running? It was like he had a magnetic presence. It was the cock. The cock was magnetic. Damn fucking game making her horny for big centaur men, was this all karma for stealing the game in the first place?

"Fuuuuuuck," she moaned, covering her bare breasts with her forearms, and failing to entirely cover their ample size.

"Your name is fuck?" Nahako said, drawing closer. He had wonderfully tan skin, and long dark hair. It was driving Nate's centaur body wild.

"No, no! I'm, um, I'm Nate," she said, a little weakly. His musk was powerful. Bestial and animalistic. Of the earth. The stallion drew closer, rubbing his flank against hers as he circled around. It was humiliating to be so obviously turned around: he even sniffed the air as he passed her backside, and was smiling as he came around her other side. Automatically, the urge to piss came over her. She remembered that was something horses often did to entice a male. Gross.

"Nate," Nahako said, "an interesting name. Not one I associate with a centaur. From which tribe do you hail?"

"Um, the Tribe of Haverton?" she suggested.

The centaur seemed amused.

"You don't sound so sure, beautiful filly."

"Can - can you stop calling me that? Please?"

Again, that dashing smile. He rounded her a second time, sniffing their air. This time, her tail lifted automatically, and to her great embarrassment, she pissed a stream of hot urine on the ground. The stallion chuckled.

"Hmm, and yet it seems you like the words I say, *filly*."

She shivered, her heavy body shaking. She didn't mean to, but she automatically widened her stance.

"Ah, and you seem to be in want of a mate."

He ran a hand along her powerful flanks, and she in turn couldn't help but admire his own. His hand passed over her human skin, and she lowered her arms in shock, only for him to grope her breasts, squeezing it, allowing her hard nipples to become even harder. He chuckled again.

"Yes, I can tell you want this, filly. You want to be mounted."

"N-no, I - Oh fuck."

Nahako laughed. "Nate is too strange a name for a centaur. You are an interesting one. The name for a beauty such as yourself in my tribe would be Natora. May I call you Natora?"

Again, that moistness, that wetness in her gaping slit. She needed him, and his big stallion cock. It was insanity, and made her regret more than ever stealing that board game. The name Natora sounded so perfect, and without even thinking she found herself adopting it. It was appropriate, it was right. It was the name of a centaress in need of a stallion.

"Yessss," she moaned, "Natora is g-good."

"Very well, Natora, would you like me to mount you?"

She wanted to say no. She wanted to say 'Jill or Jarron, whatever she or he goes by, is my perfect mate. That is the person I want. But at that very moment, the stallion's scent overwhelmed her. She grasped her wonderful tits, feeling their softness, their sensitivity.

"Yes."

"That is not good enough, I want you to beg me, beautiful Natora, my filly. I want you to beg your stallion to be your master."

The Nate part of her recoiled at this. Sure, he had masturbated to stuff like this, but to be part of it was something else! And yet . . .

"I - I beg you. Please mount me. Fuck me with your big stallion cock."

"You are most submissive, filly. I will please you several times over, and make you my first among concubines."

"Your first among WHAT!? I'm not going to - NNGGHHH!!!"

He leapt up from behind, pressing his girth upon her strong back, and she was shocked that she could hold him. She barely managed to get another word out when suddenly his immense stallion cock rammed against her seeping womanhood, spreading her wide. She howled in her raspy feminine voice, loud and astonished and yet so clearly overcome with pleasure. The stallion bucked, and his enormous horse cock penetrated right to her centre, sliding in and out of her massive tunnel, stretching her walls. It was like nothing else she had ever felt. Natora stuttered, unable to form proper words, and fell to playing with her own nipples, kneading her sensitive boobs as the stallion continued to buck like the wild animal he partly was.

“S-s-s-s-soooooo b-b-b-big,” she said, her voice like that of someone on a rollercoaster ride. In many ways, she was: she was getting ‘ridden’ in a way only a horse could.

“You are a tight filly,” Nahako exclaimed, continuing to ram his meaty member deep into her, “you will bring me great respect and honour! I claim you, as I claim all my concubines! You will bear my foals!”

“F-f-fuuuck,” she groaned, unable and unwilling to stop the continual bliss, the endless ecstasy of the animal act. And yet the thought of becoming pregnant with foals was terrifying - wasn’t this what the card threatened to occur?

But it was too late: the pleasure and bliss built until she could bear it no longer, and she let out an uncharacteristic cry of delight, loud and clear and echoing into the forest. Nahako roared with her, and suddenly his cock twitched inside her depths and unleashed a torrent of cum that felt like it distended her belly. He stayed in her until so many gallons of it had poured into her, and only then did he slide heavily off her, much of his seed spilling out and yet more remaining within.

“Holy fuck, I just got fucked by a centaur,” she said, unbelieving what had happened. She looked around, weak upon her equine legs, and in the corner of her eye spotted something miraculous and terrifying. Erutell, the board game.

She stumbled towards it, still leaking horse semen out her backside, still awash in the delirium of being fucked so hard she could barely walk. The centaur male chuckled, clearly proud of himself and the effect he’d had upon her.

“Where are you going, sweet filly? I feel surprisingly virile tonight, as if I could go right again.”

That, she knew, was a result of the cards. She lowered herself, still panting in residual pleasure, and struggled to reach the dice with her unwieldy form. It took several attempts, but in the end she got it. She rolled: a three and a five. Eight in total. She was last except for Kade, and was surprised to see Muriella in the lead. Not good. A green card emerged from the slot, and she took it.

*“You are set to slumber and rest your horsey tail,
But you shall arise a winged thing of breath and scale.”*

“No way,” she said, “there’s no way, surely? That can’t be referring to - NNGHH!”

She looked back in shock: Nahako had mounted Natora instantly, and was pressing his cock against her still-wet vagina already.

“C-can’t you l-leave me alone!?” she pleaded, desperate to avoid having sex, and yet helpless in her libido for it.

“Only once you are filled to the brim, and pregnant with my foal,” he said.

And with that, he slid into her, and once again the former Nate was fucked like the mare she was, and flooded with horse semen. By the time they were done, after two more ‘bucking sessions’, she could barely walk at all, and she fell asleep against her new mate, the centaur that claimed her.

She could only hope she wasn’t already carrying his foals. Things were weird and confusing enough without that scaring Jarron off. She just hoped the board game was making its way back to him: it had disappeared as Nahako had pulled out of her the second time, his excess semen spilling down her left hind leg.

Morning came, and each member of the continuing insanity awoke. To their collective horror, they woke *late*. The sun was already fairly high in the sky.

Gwynn and Kade only noticed as they got dressed and exited the Queen’s Chamber. They were visited by several servants who helped them dress, uncaring of their nakedness, apparently this was to be expected. Nevertheless, Gwynn found herself overwhelmed by her massive twin pregnancy, her belly ballooned outwards and her bladder crushed; she needed to pee immediately, and her waddle was exaggerated, causing her large breasts to wobble in her elaborate dress.

“S-so embarrassing,” she muttered, clinging to Kade’s arm. She found her stalwart night very handsome, but couldn’t but worry as they exited onto the balcony and saw that the sun was high in the sky. “Damn!”

“I know,” said Kade, holding her tight. “We don’t have very much time. We need to find Erutell, or else we’re going to be stuck like this forever.”

“As husband and wife, my love,” she said in her queenly voice, staring at him with her piercing eyes. “And with twins on the way.”

She rubbed her belly, unsure of what to think. Part of her was growing fond of them.

But the game needed to end.

Gwynn turned to her guards. If she was going to be stuck as a damned pregnant queen - pregnant with twins at that now! - then she might as well take advantage of it.

“Screw this,” she said. “Guards, ready me a coach! We’re going searching for my allies.”

A guard nodded, and ran away.

“Kade, my love,” she said, “I need you to help me downstairs. We’re going to find our friends and finish this game, even if I have to be a pregnant squid.”

“Yes, my Queen,” he said, oddly turned on by the fact that his old boyfriend’s confidence was back, now re-gearred towards a woman leader’s ambitions.

As they turned to set off, there was something unusual far in the distance. A solitary figure, red-skinned it seemed, was flying down into a clearing.

“That direction,” Kade said.

“Are you sure, my love?”

“I have a knight’s instincts, just as you have a queen’s now. Something is wrong that way, and I think our friends are caught up in it.”

Jarron also woke late. He had an arm around a naked halfling woman, and he pulled from her in surprise. She was beautiful, if utterly tiny. Had they . . . ? But surely he wouldn’t fit? Not unless? He tried not to think of it: he had a massive headache from the wine the night before, and if that was the case for a barbarian, he must have drunk a lot. But he remembered having sex with Muriella, the moon elf even partaking in pleasure long after he had finished with her.

He felt guilty, betraying Nate like that. They wanted each other, they liked each other! As Jill, he had wanted Nate to confess his feelings for a long time, and now that everything was changing, it had finally happened. And they had an interesting sort of sex.

“But where is she now? Where is that beautiful centaress?”

He looked around the halfling village, many of the citizens were already moving to work in their fields and bakeries, some looking at Jarron and his lovers from the previous night a little admonishingly. Others were clearly a little amused.

“And where is Muriella?” he asked.

“Are you asking after me, foolish boy?”

He looked around, trying to find the source of the sensual yet dark sounding voice.

“Up here, Jarron. Above you.”

Several halflings gasped. Others fled in terror. Jarron’s jaw fell.

There, red wings outstretched, talons extended, was Muriella, but not as she had been the night before. Her skin was no longer blue but crimson in colour, and her eyes yellow and slitted. Bony white horns extended from her forehead, and her feet were claws, with white talons to match those on her leathery wings. She wore a dominatrix-like costume of black leather, more akin to a push up bra and miniskirt with straps than a medieval outfit. She looked positively domineering and sexy, her boobs even bigger than they had been, her belly slightly distended. She rubbed it sensually.

“Oh, this?” she said, grinning with sharp teeth. “This is the consequence of our little fun last night? Or perhaps one of the halflings. Or perhaps both? Evidently, I was quite fertile as a moon elf. But now, as a succubus, I have my intelligence back, *and* the greater advantage.”

She lowered herself a little, and showed the board to Jarron. Her figurine glowed, waiting to be rolled.

“Muriella? What happened to you?”

She gave a cackle. “What happened? My dear former neighbour-turned-barbarian, I have been *remade*. I was once a humble old man, sick of his annoying young neighbours, righteously furious but without power. And then that same neighbour victimised me, made me into a lusty stupid cock-hungry bimbo. Well, now *I’m* taking my power back. The card was right, I now feel like a creature from *Hell*, and imagine my surprise that I *love it!*”

Jarron wasn’t surprised at all, in fact. Matthew Hardwick had always been a callous, petty, and vain man: the notion that he would go mad with power, especially when suffused with a succubus’ instincts and wants, was sadly pretty predictable. Nevertheless, it worried the barbarian.

“Muriella, it’s your turn to roll. Whatever you’ve turned into, you might end up changing again! We need to finish the game! It has to be done tonight!”

Again that witch-like cackle. Muriella was clearly amused. She ran a long-nailed finger down her breast, teasing at her cleavage. Despite the fear of the situation, Jarron was a little turned on.

“Oh, I don’t think so. You see, I rather find this form addicting. I’ve had the most wild night of passionate sex, and all these sleeping halflings around you - the ones that didn’t wake up - are not just hungover, but lacking in life force. I drained it from them: several years of each of their lives. And I think I’m only going to become more powerful. All my life people have looked down on me, and now with these wings, and these curves, and these powers, I’m going to toy with them. And I’ll have my revenge on you, *neighbour*, because I’ll be leaving with this board game where you’ll never find me! That’s right, *Jill*, I’m running out your clock!”

Jarron launched at her, and the succubus shrieked; she hadn’t anticipated he could leap so far. He nearly grabbed her, but she shut the game case and soared up in the sky. With a shriek of a cackle, she flew over the forest clearing.

“Fuck, this is bad,” the barbarian said.

He began to run after her, unknowing exactly where she had gone, but powered by a barbarian’s fury.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Natora muttered. She had pulled away from the still-sleeping Nahako, and was finding it extra difficult.

This was on account of the extra weight in her equine belly.

“Ffffuck, I’m pregnant. I’m pregnant with his foal. Why are we all getting pregnant! Stupid Muriella with her cards!”

But in truth, Natora blamed herself. It was she, as Nate, who had stolen Erutell despite being warned. It was she who insisted on playing it. And now she was only paying as much price as the rest of her friends. But it was still horrifying! She couldn’t be too far along - certainly not as far as Gwynn was. Pretty unfortunate for the former gym jock. But there was no doubt in her mind she was at least in the equivalent of the start of the second trimester: there was a defined weight to her equine belly and a tiny stirring within.

“Am I going to have to give birth?” she rasped. “God, what will it feel like pushing out a whole horse? Well, it’ll be a centaur, won’t it? What the hell do centaur babies even look like?”

There was a tingling in her udder, and that too worried her. At first she thought it was going to be the development of milk, but then the tingling spread over and over her body.

“Ummm, what the HEEEELLLLL!”

She grabbed her throat, shocked at the enormous bellow that had emanated from her. It woke Nahako instantly, and the stallion leapt up, grabbing a spear from his side to leap to their defence.

“Ah, my mate,” he said, regaining his cool. “You startled me. My fertile mare Natora, clearly we are meant to be, for you to bulge with life so soon. It is a sign from the gods that you will produce many fine foals for me.”

Thankfully the arousing effect had ended, for while she still found him oddly attractive, she no longer wanted to jump his equine bones. Besides, she had other problems: the tingling was spreading, and with it, her muscles were building and rearranging, a pressure building in her tail and neck and arms.

“NNNGGH!!!” she groaned, “I d-doubt that’ll be the c-case, Nahako! I th-think last n-night was our only t-time together!”

“I have claimed you,” he said, as if it were a simple fact.

She eyed him, and he seemed already smaller. His face fell, becoming confused and then frightened as her body continued to swell and alter. Her hair was replaced by the emergence of green scaled that shimmered brightly. Her face pushed outwards, the alien sensation of her skull reforming to become huge and elongated. Teeth sharpened, her tail thickened and grew out, and her horse body doubled and then tripled in size as it developed more and more muscle. She felt the life within her still, and was uncertain if it had become

an egg or remained centaur-like, or what indeed it was. But it was clear the rest of her was changing. Her human arms extended, flattening out and becoming a large pair of wings. She roared in ecstasy as her body was flooded with power, a dragon's might and confidence surging within her.

"You're becoming - you're turning into-"

"A DRAGONNNNNN!!!" she roared, even as the transformation swelled her yet larger, spread the scales across her flesh like a coat of the most defensive armour. Her tail was whip-like, long and dangerous. Her hooves became front and back paws with long, sharp talons. Her hair fell away, replaced by a fine crest of bone and frill, and along her back a series of spikes jutted from her spine. She roared in approval, adoring this latest change. She may have still been female, even a pregnant female, but what boy hadn't wanted to be a dragon?

She loomed over the narcissistic stallion, her neck stretching outwards, tissue and bone and muscle forming as it grew, and she smiled with her toothy maw.

"ONLY ONE CAN CLAIM ME," she bellowed, "AND YOU ARE NOT HE!"

She stretched her wings out, unbelievably excited by what she was about to do. Instinct was raging within her to fly, and she had no intentions of fighting that particular desire. They extended like great fans, and with three muscular beats they lifted her up. She felt a raw power of fire in her belly, and with another great roar she shot flame far over the stallions head, above the treeline. She laughed in a deep, thunderous voice.

"AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!"

It almost made stealing the board game worth it.

The sky opened up to her, the whole of creation as she rose. To her shock, she could see all of Haverton below, down in the valley. As Kade/Katy's large house was located far on the edge over the lip of the valley, no one had yet noticed that a large forest, small mountain, and various glens and fields and valleys had come into existence, or even the large castle that was Gwynn's new residence. But they might notice a dragon.

She lowered herself, flying down and relishing every beat of her mighty wings, every ounce of power in her being. The forest roof flew past her, and even the fullness of her belly could not stop her. She sniffed the air, and instantly caught Jarron's scent. He was several miles away, but she could reach him easily. Gwynn and Kade were just leaving the castle, and at impressive speed. Their smell was intermingled with horses, but their smell didn't concern her, only Jarron's. There was also something infernal in the air, but she ignored that too. She wanted Jarron.

She flew as fast as she could to him, and numerous elves, dwarves, centaurs, and other creatures looked up and pointed from clearings.

“THIS IS THE STUFF OF MAGIC!” she roared to herself, even as she sped towards the barbarian she desired.

It almost made her wish she could stay in Erutell.

But at least they had until that night, she was certain. They could figure out how to save themselves. There was always a loophole or other victory condition in games like these. Besides, it wasn't like they were in much danger just yet, right? They were still all on the same team.

The infernal scent disappeared off her register, and she continued flying.

To Be Concluded . . .