

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.



From the Lalafells perspective she had teleported across the world in the blink of an eye. Where one second, she was staring into the dense trees around Gridania, her eyes opened to suddenly be standing on a blue stone pathway of a different aetheryte plaza. The surrounding buildings were not built in or around trees anymore, but stone structures stretching just as high as the eldest oaks. Most buildings jutted out in acute triangle roofs while the streets were lined with marble pillars and the occasional goblin camp. Being they were no on top of mountains even the air had gained a cold dry sharpness to it.

Tatanu actually liked visiting Idyllshire. For being built literally into ancient ruins, it still served as a major hub for experienced adventuring parties, and held a lot of history she found intriguing. Not to mention they had some of the most amazing foods for savoring. This time she had no qualms breaking into a run for the nearest street cart with Carbuncle popping in to gallop after. A few sticks of meat were exactly what the tired summoner needed to forget her troubles.

Ten minutes later Tatanu was waddling around the northern city with a fuller belly and a lighter coin pouch. A wide smile and a small burp from her puffy lips subtly affirmed how spectacularly the afternoon snack satisfied her taste buds. Now she just needed to find a waste bin for disposing of her twenty thin sticks. That'd be a hell of a bad example if the busty lalafell that helped liberate this nation from an oppressive empire was caught littering in it.

“Do my eyes deceive me, or is that my favorite short stack bouncing by!?”

Heels ground into the stone pathway hard enough to dig small holes in their wake. Yet it was still too abrupt for Tatanu's leisurely pace. She teetered forward with a worried yelp, tiny arms frantically waving to fight against gravity's aggressive pull on her hefty front weight. After a few seconds of uncertainty, she was relieved the effort paid off and allowed her balance to reset without a disgraceful face plant.

Despite being surprised by another spontaneous voice, this one's deep, powerful, yet mistakenly feminine pitch filled Tatanu's stacked body with shaking elation. She pivoted in place, fanning arms open with a wide smile.

“It can't be! My best meat shield is trouncing around here too!? It's gotta be months since I last saw those abs.”

The towering Roegadyn thumping towards her returned their greeting with a chipper wave. Her race was the exact opposite of Tatanu's; giants reaching nine feet tall on a good day, heavily muscular, and often very well curved to compliment everything. At least they had the advantage of being proportionately fitting for their size.

Although, it was surprising this larger woman's pale skinned muscle definition lay concealed by a long crimson coat and pants. A tri-tipped hat helped hold back her strawberry blond hair.

"It's been two weeks at most, you derp," Lynda countered with another laugh. The reminder of what time distortion between traveling realms can do to one's perspective made Tatanu flinch, but her adventuring friend didn't seem to notice. She was busy doing a slow spin in place clearly wanting to show off her attire. The blade of a narrow rapier sword on her hip caught in the passing sunlight. "I thought I'd give this red mage class a try and I gotta say stabbing and blasting is pretty fun. Do you like the suit?"

Tatanu recovered her wits with a dismissive shrug. "Meh! I thought you looked cooler flexing that giant ax everywhere, though the armor sure was gaudy."

"Pfft! That's what you liked about my job and we know it." Lynda gave a hard flex, her mighty muscled passed down through a long line of sea-conquering folk bulged through even the fancy jacket. Yeah. Having a towering juggernaut for a friend was one of Tatanu's favorite parts of adventuring. "Besides, you calling me gaudy when you randomly put on headgear this demonic?"

Tatanu was too busy swooning over feminine muscles to realize what her friend was getting at until their hand was already reaching out. She couldn't get a word out as fingers curled around the tip of her horn and gave it a sharp yank. No doubt Lynda had merely planned on dislocating it with a mild case of hair ruffling. Instead, the lalafell gave a pained cry feeling her head nearly get yanked off its partnered neck. Little arms shot out in frantic flails while short feet staggered against each other desperately trying to keep balance.

An awkward silence fell around the pair so dense it almost muted the market's ambience. The playful grin never left Lynda's face, but her eyes gained a vacant stare trying to process the thick chunk of bone she was holding. When Tatanu regained enough composure to raise a finger, mouth opening to request her immediate release, the confused Roegadyn interrupted her with another firm, yet gentler, shake, followed by another.

"C-could you p-please stop tha-ha-haaat!?" Tatanu whined. The world began to spin with her eyes rolling inside her jostling skull.

"By the rage of primals!" Lynda recoiled, releasing Tatanu's horn like it was scorching hot. Not the reaction Tatanu would have preferred, although it gave her noggin a chance to settle her brain back in its proper position. "Are those real? Why do you have horns!? I want horns!"

"Trust me, it's a very long story, and there's not enough time left in the day for me to drink through it." One final stretch of the neck and Tatanu was glad her eyes didn't stay lopsided after her friend's mishandling.

“Oh, I’ll buy you a keg to hear this adventure I’ve apparently missed out on. Can all Lala grow horns or is it like developing your...” Lynda made a gesture over the front of her pronounced chest a naive person might describe as trying to caress a pair of huge spheres.

“Of course not, you goof!” Bringing up that annoying subject again made Tatanu’s childish face twist into a pout that was impossible for anyone not to find adorable. It was a lot easier to explain being unnaturally blessed in biology than a byproduct of divine possession. The fact one was going to start drawing attention anyway from the other was a mixed blessing. “It was a rather traumatizing ordeal that just happened recently. Honestly, I was hoping to get my mind off it for a little while.”

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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SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

Our thanks to the people who have crowdfunded this story so far:

Starlight Twist

Meepes

Running56

And a special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon:

takenizzy

Tieran Vlietstra

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