

The Guardian Ranger

“B-b-but you can’t! The entirety of Drachenholz depends on you! The evil humans from the Krisan Kingdom will destroy us all without you! They’ll bring in their torches and their gasses and destroy everything the druidi-draconids have spent eons building! A home for all of those affected by human expansion and devastation! You can’t say no!”

“...what?”

Daniel was a park ranger. An esteemed member of his nation’s National Park Service that made sure every federal plot of land with diverse ecosystems and gloriously wooded areas were safe, and protected. He loved nature ever since he was young. He saved animals, busted bad guys, and was known often as Guardian of the Month. Black hair, blue eyes, and his outfit completely khaki, as if he were being sponsored by the color.

When he heard the words of pitiful begging from a small, buzzing creature, his mind absentmindedly said no, not even understanding exactly what was being asked. The entity looked like a tiny, blue kobold so miniscule he could hold it in its palm. It had the design of one exactly, the kobold appearing just as if it flew right out of his table-top roleplaying book. Well, if someone had also stuck translucent pixy wings on its back too.



“I just explained it all to you!” Its voice was so high, but somehow it didn’t hurt the park ranger’s ears to listen to it. “Oh gosh, I think I’m getting too ahead of everything! You’re Daniel! I’ve been watching you for weeks now!”

“What... what in the world even are you?” The human’s voice had been stamped with the tone of heroism. On his left arm was a ticking, golden watch upwards in the thousands of dollars. A gift from his boss on a fine decade of work. He planned on selling it and donating the funds to charity. He was... *that* kind of guy.

The pocket-sized kobold shook their head, extending out a scaled paw that inflated instantly to the size of a hand that could easily be grasped and shaken. “I’m Ginkocedarflame! Though I ask everyone call me Ginko! But everyone usually just calls me Gin. I’m the Multidimensional Emissary for Mother Chrysanthessayrth, the Queen of Druidi-draconids!”

The thing was still flying even with a hand it could now *literally* crush their own body with. But Daniel was never the one to be rude, pressing his palm into theirs, giving a firm handshake. “You have to understand-”

“Yes-yes! I know I know! It’s very sudden! But you have to accept, you have to!”



Daniel's lips curved into a reserved smile, his hand reaching out to allow the small creature full of heart to land and rest his wings. He understood this pixy-like being a bit more, rationalizing it as an excitable fellow that just needed a bit of grounding every now and then. "I know you've already explained, uh, 'things,' and... you have to understand little guy, but I've never seen your type around here."

The blue-scaled fairy placed a clawed finger into their snout. "Am I? There was another human from this land who said he'd put me into one of his projects! Make me more well-known and all. Oh well, I guess that makes sense then why you're so surprised!"

More than surprised, Daniel thought. "So there's some bad men, and they're hurting your home right?"

"A-huh!" Ginko nodded his small head rapidly, the park ranger fearing that it could pop off and fly in whatever direction it wished.

"And your home is a lot like this forest? Right?"

"A-huh!!!" The winged kobold upshifted in gear, his nods all the more faster.



The human no longer felt as if he were talking to someone of the same mental capacity as his own. In a way, this would be a new discovery that might grant him international fame, allowing him to spread his message further. This individual could be some kind of alien, or however that was stuck on Earth, and was now viewing objects like tractors and logging machines as an 'evil' human empire coming in to claim his home. Although... the fact this kobold could make his hand as huge as it became during their handshake unsettled him into another state of mind. Either way, it sounded like a lumber company was performing illegal actions on land he was responsible for.

"Alright. You sure have a very vivid imagination Ginko. Take me to where these bad people are and I'll help you in the best way I can."

"Yay! Just be still Mr. Daniel! You could feel a bit dizzy after this."

The man tilted his head. "Dizz-"

The world became a flash of swirling purple, bright lights all around as Daniel's mouth lowered in a robotic fashion, his mind and soul and body all going to another land, in another time. He was frozen within, unable to move anything at all as everything shifted in dimensions and concepts that were incompatible with higher human thought. The lines of the shapes were nonsensical, appearing to move towards him and miles away at the same time. The park ranger was still comprehending it all, still coherent



even in his locked condition. It had felt like it'd been so long since he last took a breath, but as the oxygen pushed into his lungs, his eyes saw recognizable features.

With air in him now, his fingers were awake, his feet moving, and his whole body tumbling to the ground as he sucked in breath after breath. Leaves in the design of a million different shapes were his cushion. Golden branches above in a circle around him, the trees perfectly aligned as their bark from the smallest root, to stump, to the highest wooden limb were all bathed in a color of sunny, gilded vermouth.

“Mr. Daniel? Are you okay?”

The human was laying on his back, trying to figure out when Earth's sun had changed so dramatically. A symbol reminiscent of a yin-yang emblem but in the colors of red and gold. “G-Ginko?” he stammered out, heart pumping at what felt like a million beats per second. “Where am... where are we?”

“Drachenholz! Our woodland under assault from the Kingdom of-”

“This isn't Earth!”

The kobold pixy fluttered around his head like a dragonfly, landing on his shoulder with concern. “Um, yeah? I told you! I'm the Multidimensional Emissary from-”



Daniel picked himself up, looking around himself as every tree in this forest was both out of place yet... oddly harmonious. The colors did not match, like someone with a lack of intellect dressing themselves. However, it was all pleasing still, no matter where the man looked. Ginko had stopped speaking, allowing the human to take in his surroundings.

"Gin...ko? How do you expect me to help you if I'm..." he looked down to himself, feeling the toes in his boots tingle as he flexed them. "If I'm human... well why in the world would you choose me compared to so many others?!" It was beginning to be difficult to not raise his voice as a weird aura was shimmering around his head, digging deep into his brain. As if it wanted to make all of this feel normal.

The speedy kobold pixy flew through the air, landing atop of the man's shoulder. "Well... not all humans are bad. I've seen several good ones like you when I soar through the cosmos! It's just the ones here are... well they hurt us."

His brain still hurt from the... what he could only surmise as teleportation. Daniel felt like he was in a movie, the barriers of what was known and the unknown breaking down as he felt as if he were some chosen special one. "So, does everyone know I'm a good one then?"



of the top of his head. They grew like the stems of plants in real time, cracking and splitting into twos, threes, fours, until the horns became like the branches of trees. Those oddly familiar to the ones around him.

Daniel could get quick glances from the chaos happening within his body, seeing the scaled pixy flying left and right, a concerned expression on their face. Nothing was painful, just that overwhelming pressure from within. A part of it even felt pleasurable, especially around the crotch which tinged with a smooth numbness. He wouldn't know it then, but the numbness was a godsend as his dick grew and grew. Forward it went, the zipper of his trousers unzipping all by themselves as the clothing all around his body morphed with his frame.

The man could feel many things, all at once, everywhere and anywhere he had nerves. Like walking on stilts, his height multiplied against his will, everything below the waist losing all human consistency. His legs beefed outward into strong chunks, full of muscles that flexed from their constant barrage of twitching. Daniel's ass pushed out, going further and further, beyond his comprehension as a green laurel sash followed the sides of his meaty flanks, curving under a thick nub of a tail, right above an exposed asshole.

Brown fur was spreading along all parts of the human. Where there was skin, fur was there to meet it, greet it, envelop and replace it. The roars and groans that came



from his mouth, a mouth several inches in front of his face thanks to his forming muzzle, were all animalistic and hoarse. Bellowing churns of baying that started low and slow before rising in pitch and intensity as all animals across the entire domain could hear their newest protector.

Across a chiseled chest of power and brawn were green leafs and ethical leather stitched into a tunic of raw masculinity, showing off his flat gut, his belly button, and leading the lines of his frame downward. He was walking now on four legs, yet still possessing two arms that all bodybuilders would swoon over if witnessed in a gym. A godlike physique the Spartans would worship, the gods of Strength all coming together into an alliance simply to see if this being of mighty vigor could overthrow them. Moving an arm, or a leg would cause a noise to be emitted, the natural machinery inside Daniel working to produce the energy of a limb that could hold the largest Redwood ever produced over a single shoulder, and not break a *single* sweat.

He didn't know when he had suddenly become a four-legged animal. His moose-like body stumbling from side to side as Ginko inflated their limbs and body parts to make sure the changed man wouldn't tumble over. From the expanse of antlers to the hooves of many toes, the moosetaur could not be considered human anymore. The forest was satisfied, but not... Daniel. Not in a certain way.



Under his body, around his new belly, was a three foot tapered rod, pink and pulsing with enough pints of blood to deliver several transfusions. It clouded the transformed man's mind as his former human clothing finished their shifting. A perfect attire for the individual he was now. A quiver of arrows between the curve of his back and the beginning of his cervine lower body. A bow with its string hugging his tight chest as the wood caressed the other side. But none of that mattered in his mind. He *needed* relief.

"F-f-fuck. Gi-Ginko, are you s-still there?" Saliva leaked from his mouth, small beads of mucus matting the fur around his nose. "I gotta, I gotta do something..." not even his rational mind knew what, only with his instincts guiding his upper, humanoid half of his body down and below.

"Oh... uh... I'm going to close my eyes now. If you feel like you need to do something, you should probably do it."

The scaled pixy was ignored, as within milliseconds of their words the moosetaur thrust his cervine hips as his fat nosed snout opened wide. The syringe-like cock plugging his maw, tickling his throat as his tongue wrapped around the dick like bacon to a sausage, tugging it up and down. The sour taste was tangy in a good way, similar to a barbecue sauce. Lathering his spit all over the cockflesh made his mouth a glorified tube-shaped tunnel that best replicated the pussies his pointed penis would push into.



And even though it does narrow down towards the end does mean its girth should be understated. Thicker than a soda can closest to the base with its tip large and bulbous enough towards the end to rip a human female's goods, and not in a *pleasurable* way.

His mouth was the perfect hole, the perfect slot. He moaned as sheer instinct claimed him. A body that combined the best of nature, for what humanity could provide and what the animalisms of life gave. The behavior within could not be denied, and he imagined himself mounting a top of a female moose, unable to control himself as it did actions for him. Daniel kept thrusting, trying to shove his dick as far as he could inside himself, the angle unfortunately not within his favor as his penis was too straight, too rigid to slide deeper into his gullet. Thanks to his sight being upside down, he could see his ginormous balls, the testes swaying and bobbing. A single testicle larger than a human's head.

All these thoughts and emotions manifested further arousal within him. The human horniness coalesced with the savagery of prime nature, his mouth making the most unholy of noises, each one thick with gurgles and gags. His throat bulged, and his moans skyrocketed. Faster and faster he went until finally...

It all came. A splash of yellow-white smacking against his gums, his blunted teeth, roaring in tandem with his muffled voice, plugged by the very same shaft delivering his seeded pleasure. Daniel's eyes shot open, chugging down his own spunk



with reckless glee. Down his chin a dribble of sperm matted and dripped to the ground, connected like a web until the distance broke the strain.

The moosetaur brought his upper body back to normal, flopping his rear onto the ground like a lopsided pyramid of muscle and fat. He gave a small burp, shaking his head left and right. "Ginko?" Daniel somehow sounded even more assertive than his previous self. A deep tone which echoed and muddled the pixy's head from the reverberations. "Ginko?"

The flying kobold approached, landing on the forest creature's shoulder. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah." The new creature examined his arms, his rear, the entirety of his body that was insane to look at. Yet... everything was more familiar now. His previous body, the name he'd had for his entire life. It all seemed so distant, so foreign to him.

Within a single second, a splurge, a reserved energy kicked in as his eyebrows narrowed and looked into the distance with smoke on the horizon. A lover of nature he always was, and while his job was nothing without its moments, he could do far more here in this land than anywhere else. The magics in his brain told him that, convinced him within seconds of popping into his thoughts. It was not a convulsion or hypnotism,



but a reasonable suggestion that, once applied to his morals, was the only conclusion that could be made.

“Bring me to the others, Ginko.” The ranger was here, and here to stay. “We have work to do.” No finer words had ever been said.

Flinging themselves into the wilds, the moosetaur trotted after the scaled pixy. Wherever danger would rise in conflict with the woods, the Guardian would be there. As long as... there were no females in the area to cloud his judgment.

They would win, and they would fight, even if it meant all laying down their lives in the justice that needed to be brought upon the evildoers.

