



King's Quest

Unexpectedly. That would be the fitting word to describe how the story of his reign started. He wasn't born for that nor have the bloodline to claim the throne, he was just a 16-year-old boy when he pulled the sword from the stone fulfilling this way a prophecy he wasn't aware of. Now 5 years later he was developing the greatest task he could ever imagine. Gone were his ambitions to become a simple armor bearer, his role in history was greater whether he was ready for it or not. The first two years for his relieve he had his mentor and friend, Merlin, to his side, and although he had learned so much from him, the kindness and justice from his heart truly defined his worth as the king of Camelot.

But the wizard disappeared long ago without leaving a trace. The years passed and Arthur assumed that his friend just thought that he had already taught everything he had to teach and his role in this story had come to an end, however, the King still missed his loyal friend, and he would give anything he had to still hearing his advice. Some nights Arthur secretly would go out of the castle under the disguise of a beggar, staying in pubs and lost dark alleys in the kingdom, trying to listen to conversations, any rumors or indications of the use of magic or unusual things happening. He had no luck, just a couple of words in a conversation about an old man with a peculiar beard reached to his ears, nothing about locations, places or supernatural events, however there was a detail that caught his attention, a conversation between two peasants who spoke with horror about people disappearing in the depths of the black forest the same place where an old witch lived. The image of a duel came to his memory, although the details started to become blurry with the time. He thought he might find answers reaching that place.

He took courage and after two days he left the castle again in his peculiar disguise as there weren't any official reasons for the King to explore those lands. The entrance was just as he remembered. Brown and leafy thick trees delimited the terrains in contrast with the vegetation inside, black crooked trees and roots and trunks building a natural labyrinthine path that could lead anyone to lose inside if it wasn't for the peculiar black color of the trees and soil that leads to the center of the maze, where, the rumors said, a dragon burnt all around petrifying everything several years before.

Under that velvet light Arthur saw some skeletons half buried on the ground, some of them dried for being there for so long, but a couple more (the closest to him), with fresh remains of flesh. He wondered the reasons a sorceress would have to commit such atrocities when a grunt behind him made him jump. He drawn Excalibur by mere reflex, a skinny, malnourished wolf roared at him menacingly with its muzzle stained in blood. Justice was a quality for which he was well known, not only with his people, but with nature. He understood that these corpses had nothing to do with any sorceress and that he was invading ground that no longer belonged to humans. He used his sword just to scare the animal and went away deeper into the forest. It didn't took so long to find an

abandoned cabin all in ruins, and although he had given up all hopes to find any clue regarding his quest he already was too deep in the forest to get out without a little visit to the building.

Dust, damp, mold, grime... There was an unwanted collection of disorder and elements, accompanied by a disgusting stench. The place must have been abandoned for years, as a table dumped on the ground, a broken bed and a rusty cauldron (apparently the source of that smell) testified. Ever since he was young he had the habit of getting into trouble thanks to his curiosity, so he couldn't resist the temptation of approaching to the cauldron to watch what was surely the last signs of witchcraft made in that house.

A gray substance, with the looks of the stone settled at the bottom of the cauldron, whatever it was being "cooked" there apparently was already solidified by the time. The king was so into his business that he didn't realized that the wolf followed him into the cabin with his pack, again it was its grunt what brought him out of his thoughts to found himself surrounded by five starving animals. Furious, but not really coordinated due to their lack of nourishment the leader jumped over the man who instinctively took the cauldron to defend himself and landed a blow against his predator. A loud sound of copper and a howl of pain, mixed with the stench emanating of the container was enough to scare the animals again and they fled hopeless. The substance that Arthur had taken for stone was actually a liquid that now was dripping down from his body, the smell and the feeling disgusted him so much that he almost puke.

He left the cabin desperate to breathe fresh air, an abundant amount of cold sweat began to emanate from his body giving him a strange sensation, as if he was melting or something very close to, while the remains of the liquid were absorbed by his body. His bones began to ache and he watched with terror how his skin started to change of color.

From a young age, people recognized him immediately by his clumsiness and for a certain beauty that stood out mainly for his delicate features. When he became king that clumsiness was urged to fade due to the needing of him to take the fate of Camelot in his hands, with his emotional maturity also came the physical, but nature made him kept that fine face even as an adult, becoming a very beautiful man: his skin, despite certain battle scars remained soft and pink; just few hairs covered his smooth body and face in contrast to the magnificent golden mane on his head. The body that was skinny in his youth now as an adult was athletic, yes, he was thin, but with his muscles toned by the most serious training so no one could have imagined nor described the changes he would go through in the next few hours.

Arthur could feel what was happening to his body but wasn't able to see it fully and that scared him, he would need a mirror in front of him to see with horror the appearance he was acquiring. It began with a terrible pain growing from his bones that were getting bigger making his torso start to gain volume and muscle mass while his abdomen, previously firm and defined by a fair amount of exercise began to swell with fat and muscle, turning into a round gray and hairy belly. A thick layer of white hair began to cover his body, specially on the chest and face while he was losing a considerable amount of that on the forehead, the hairline become really notorious as a couple of horns began to grow above his eyebrows and the golden scalp on his head was losing its color being slowly replaced by the gray proper of an elder man.

Suddenly the pain went higher, above the limits he could bare as the bones of his legs started to change its form and a few more started to grow forcing his skin to stretch taking an odd shape, something similar to the ones of a goat; his toes stretched as well, not taking the shape of hooves but claws. His hands went through a similar process thickening and growing into claws cold as ice. In his back the pain he felt was caused when more bones and cartilage began to grow near his shoulder blade. Despite the disturbing of the scene we couldn't use another word than magnificent to describe the pair of huge bat wings that now fell onto his body.

He wanted to shout but he couldn't find his voice, yet he could manage to open the mouth locking his jaw as a couple of sharp fangs grew out of his teeth. His clothes were reduced to rags that barely could cover him now, the pain was fading away as a grayish-green hue covered his nude body completely.

By this moment he didn't recognize the flesh he inhabited now, feeling like in a dream (or maybe a nightmare) the first thing he could watch were his now thick and strong hands, hands that he started to run through his new body, feeling and exploring it. His arms were already hard from the training but now they also seemed three times as wide, he noticed how the skin had a rough, hard touch. Then he stroked his once soft and hairless chest and found it covered in curly white hair to notice it wasn't hard and muscled anymore, in fact it was hanging due to the new layers of fat. Somehow this new found contrast made him tickle inside, and more when he discovered the huge but firm belly below the chest, he didn't expect the boner that was growing.

He was pleasantly surprised to discover that his cock was at least twice the size (and maybe the girth) and also crowned with a fuzzy white bush. And although the shock was still present, a strange arousal began to invade his body and ran through his spine so weird that it almost felt external. He examined his dick, which reacted to the touch by releasing a few drops of precum, all the skin had turned greenish but the glans remained delicately pink. He began to caress himself as he wanted to know better this new physique. One hand running over the chest with all that fur, the belly, the new beard, and oh, touching gently the rock-hard nipples; the other one was busy stroking his dong.

Physically nothing was left of his old self, he spread his wings with a roar of pleasure as a hot shot of cum fell on the black ground.

It would be impossible for him to return to the castle in that state, he gathered up the rags that had been his clothes and improvised a loincloth, if what he knew about gargoyles was true he had to find a place to take cover during the day. He was about to leave when a curious hooting caught his attention. A few branches away a brown pygmy owl with yellow eyeballs and orange beak and legs turned its head towards, gazing the gargoyle with grace and curiosity. Then he just took fly and was lost in the dead of night.