

OverWARKwed

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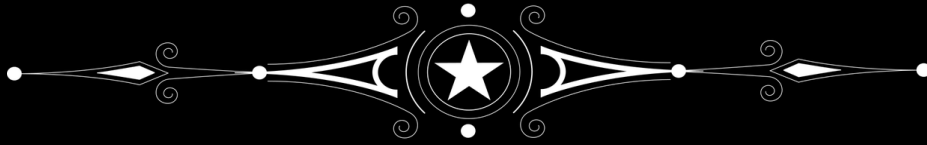
A crowdfunded story

By

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The following contains: Humanoids into feral chocobo TFs, weight gain, minor macro

Read at your own discretion.



"Why are you tall people out here?" it screeched in that chittering voice common among beast men. "And...where be your clothes?"

The mention of lacking cover made Tatanu flinch. She had to catch her yellow hand from vanishing behind her back, taking the magical spell tome with it. These would be bandits were probably getting a good view of her every bizarre mutation in the fading light. Judging her like some otherworldly monster.

"Those are both really good questions that we don't feel like answering!" Lynda boldly declared, knocking Tatanu out of her dark musing before it took deep roots. "Now if you intend to keep hurting this poor chocobo, we might have something to say about that."

The big Roegadyn's words had the unfortunate side effect of knocking the two other rat creatures out of their bickering. Now three rifles set their sights on Lynda's upper body. Being over twice an opponents size had a way of putting them on edge from the initiative.

Something that made Tatanu cherish her short stature as she edged away on light footsteps.

"What we plan to do out here ain't none of anyone's business," sneered the one that'd initially threatened Lynda. They all generally looked the same with such similar clothing, the eorzeans could only assume they were the leader. "Now if you really want to fight over something as worthless as a stupid bird, we got no problem...hey! I see you there!"

The portly rodent man whirled on his paws, following the glittering trail of carbuncles tail right to Tatanu's attempt at getting into a flanking position. A second later his two cohorts changed the aim of their rifles as well. After which they had to adjust position so they weren't aiming at the back of their companions head.

"Don't even think of trying anything you..." the leader's thoughts trailed off for a second. In the dim light Tatanu could see his beady red eyes drifting down to the enormous swells of flesh stretching her cotton top, traveling slowly upwards to take in the feathery long ears and golden horns. "You weird milky cow thing! We'll peg your soft, weird round flesh with plenty of holes."

"Yeesh." Tatanu laughed despite the numerous guns pointing at her heart. "I've been called a lot of things in the first after this accident, but 'cow' somehow comes across as the most offensive. You sure a short stack like me is the one you need to worry about?"

"Wha..."

A common misconception with the larger folk of Eorzea is that their size makes them much slower. Given the extra beef defining Lynda's long legs, she was behind the leading rat before he had a chance to utter the first word of his next question. The flat end of her great axe came around in a low arching swing, slapping into him in a way that picked his whole body up in the motion. Her attack ended with a hard push that sent the rat sailing several yards until one of the many large trees caught them in the face.

"And you thought changing my class would be a waste," she beamed over at the stunned lalafell like a school girl.

Tatanu gave a sharp whistle after watching the screeching rat go on its short flight. "Nice swing you got there. Been practicing?"

"Its a trick I picked up on vacation at the Gold Saucer," Lynda said, resting the axe handle across her broad shoulders. "They're trying to invent a new game around hitting balls with clubs or something."

"Heh. Weird."

Tatanu looked ready to comment further, until something behind Lynda made her monster ears perk. The spell book shot up with a flurry of gestures from her free hand. Ether flew off the open pages into her tiny palm, which she tossed like a ball straight at her relaxed friend. At the last second, the energy split into two separate attacks that sailed past Lynda only a fingers length away from her hips.

The Roegadyn didn't even flinch as two small explosions occurred directly behind her. Warm air caressed her naked back in a way tat felt soothing with the pained squeaks ripping through their campsite.

"Nice shooting," she said in a slow turn to face the remaining pair of Qiqirn. Smoke oozed off the singed whiskers and fur of their faces where the spell had struck true. A quick swing of her axe ripped the rifles from their dazed paws, nearly breaking their gangly fingers in the process.

"What can I say? I've learned a few tricks too." Tatanu slapped her book shut, letting pride warm her smile for a moment. She'd missed this sense of fun adventure for so long.

Before she could direct carbuncle to deliver a finishing blow, a glow caught her eye. The book wasn't supposed to still be emitting ether once its pathway had been shut. Holding it up for a closer look found its light coming from a nub of silver poking out from between the pages. She'd all but forgotten about that stupid feather from the vendor this morning. Apparently that gibberish about magical properties wasn't sales gibberish.

A loud crack spooked the lalafell into the battle currently taking place. The rat leader had gotten over his introduction to a sturdy tree trunk and brought his gun around for a cheap shot at Lynda's exposed side. Luckily for her changing classes to a warrior, it took the mere instinctive reaction of activating one of her specialty defense skills. While the projectile struck true against the woman's abdomen, the force had been mitigated to the point of opening a small hole that blood quickly sealed up.

The grimace Lynda made from such a wound, however, told that it still hurt like hell.

"Bastard!" she growled in a low tone.

Tatanu couldn't suppress a giggle watching the rat's ears drop with his weapon. Full realization at how deep he'd stepped in it seemed to dawn on his sap-covered face just as Lynda stepped into action. In one fluid motion the Roegadyn took a long step forward, bending down to grab their cooking pot still stained with leftover rations, and flung it at the end of her stride. The loud gong that sounded when it impacted on the qiqirn's head could have probably been heard across the forest. He rattled in place, teetering a few steps back and forth, finally collapsing onto his side in a state of pure unconsciousness.

"Anyone else wanna shoot my ass?" she asked the other two poachers.

Their bruised hands shot in the air among panicked squeaks of surrender.

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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