

## Erutell, Game of Change, Part 2: Fantasy Realm

### 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.*

## Erutell, Game of Change, Part 2: Fantasy Realm

The group gazed at the tavern wench with her bulging pregnant belly. Her clothes - thankfully - had altered to accommodate her swollen stomach, which was undeniably on the verge of the third trimester. Just a couple of hours ago, Gwynn the tavern maid had been Gary the gym bro, but now the busty woman was contending with the fact that her occasional girlfriend-turned-handsome knight Katy/Kade had knocked her up, all thanks to the nature of Erutell. And because she'd tried to destroy the game.

"Holy shit, you've been knocked up the duff," Nate said. He - or rather, *she* - was still a shortstack little goblin woman with a figure that was a little too curvy for her small size. Due to her short stature, she had the closest view of her friend's pregnant belly, and to her, it looked:

*"Fucking enormous!"*

"I'm not that big!" she spat back. She tried to lift herself, only to fall back on the hay. A sudden lurch in her stomach - her *womb* - confirmed its contents once again. A flurry of kicks impacted against her belly, and she groaned.

"Woah, okay, that's a real baby in there," Jill said.

"You think!?" Gwynn said. She cradled her bump, still unbelieving that she was not only a *she* but a *pregnant* she at that. Her baby settled a little, its kicked diminishing. "By all the Gods above, I've got no core muscles anymore!"

"Typical Gary alright," Kade said with a hearty masculine laugh, "turned into a knocked up wench and all she can think about is how it has impacted her workout routine."

"You're the one who knocked me up! It's *your* baby in me!"

That took Kade back. His eyes widened. Factually, he knew it to be true, but he hadn't fully grasped it just yet. They had indeed just had sex, and he'd learned just how wonderful it felt from a male perspective, but to realise that he had indeed gotten his former boyfriend with child, and moreover quite far along, was something else altogether.

"How do you feel?" Jill asked.

Gwynn groaned. "Feel? How do ya think I feel? I got a baby in me belly, a womanly flower 'tween my legs, and I can't stop speaking all peasant-like!"

Kade extended a powerful arm and helped the poor former male up. She thanked him, still blushing and trying to ignore the fact that they'd just engaged in passionate sex, their usual roles reversed. Gwynn straightened her back, trying to get used to the heavy roundness of her altered form, her crushed bladder, the way her breasts had ballooned even larger, and now felt oddly full. She stroked her fertile roundness without thinking, and placed her other hand on the small of her back to help herself adjust.

"Blimey, okay, that's gonna take a while ta get used to," she said. "My God, who would willingly put themselves through this? I feel as big as a cow!"

"Look like one too," Nate said. He grit his sharp goblin teeth. "Sorry, it's this whole fucking goblin shtick. I can't help but be all crass and shit."

"Well, shut up shorty, you probably look more ridiculous than I do!"

Nate felt an impulse of anger, one that she could not help but give into: she *needed* to bite Gwynn on the leg for that 'short' insult, bring her down a peg! She leapt forward, teeth bared, and it was only Jill's timely intervention as she grasped the goblin in her strong barbarian arms that prevented further violence from ensuing.

"GRAAAGHH! LEMME AT HER!"

"Jesus Nate, calm down you little murder hobo! Remember, you're not really a goblin!"

Nate breathed, and managed to swallow the anger. It had felt so real.

"Aww, fuck, I'm sorry Gwynn. I just - fuck, this day!"

The others all nodded.

"I mean, turned into a goblin!"

"Turned into a man," Kade added.

"Turned into a tavern wench who's expecting," Gwynn moaned.

They looked to Jill, who towered over even Kade's head. She shrugged, flexing her powerful muscles and allowing her large breasts to rise and fall like miniature suns.

"Don't look at me. I *like* my changes."

Gwynn raised an eyebrow, still caressing her heavy stomach without even realising she was doing it.

“Lucky you then,” she said. The formerly muscled man took Kade’s arm as if she were a medieval woman waited on by her chivalrous knight, and he helped her to a better chair to accommodate her . . . condition. “Ugh, let’s just keep playing. I don’t want ta think about the fact that I got an actual wee one squirming around inside me right now.”

She also didn’t mention the strange maternal affection she was also experiencing, that let her to keep rubbing her stomach.

“A good idea,” Kade said. He nestled against Gwynn, keeping some space between them. After the game made them have sex, things were bound to be awkward for a while, but he too felt a draw to her now that she carried his child. It was those darned knightly, chivalrous thoughts again.

“Okay, who the fuck is up then?” Nate said, clambering up onto the sofa. As a little shortstack of a goblin, she was already getting irritated at her state, wanting a change. And also anything to fix her damned huge arousing. No wonder goblins came in such big numbers, she thought.

“It’s mine,” said Jill. The gorgeous barbarian princess took the dice, examining the board. “Gary is twenty three spots along. Kade is nineteen. I’m fifteen. And Nate is fourteen.”

“Fucking fuck,” she goblin said, crossing her arms and trying to ignore the big green globes on her chest.

“Let’s hope we can pull ahead then. You all realise that if things go badly for the loser, these changes could be permanent? The game said ‘the last behind will suffer their fate.’”

“It also said if we do not complete the game within a day’s span - twenty four hours - that we will be trapped in Erutell forever,” added Kade.

A silence echoed outwards through the group, each looking to the other. Each was weighing up who they would have to beat, and how they would feel about that, given each other’s changes. It gave a palpable tension to the air. It was, naturally, Gwynn who broke it. She waved a large wooden serving spoon in the air.

“Oi, let’s get a move on then! Or we’ll all be trapped like this!”

Jill took the dice in her hands, and pressed them against her chest as she often did for luck. Of course, there was a lot more chest than before. Nate whistled appreciatively.

“Oh, Nate, if only you were this bold before you were a little green woman.”

“The shit does that mean?”

She rolled her eyes, then rolled the dice. A five and a six.

“Hell yes! That’s eleven spaces!”

As it had for every other roll, her little piece - which now resembled a barbarian warrior (complete with skimpy clothing and impressive figure - moved on its own eleven spaces ahead. It landed, appropriately enough given who was next, in Goblin Valley. A blue card, just as appropriate, appeared in the slot. A setting card. Jill took it and read aloud.

*'Goblin Valley is wide and dark, so do not get lost,  
But you are ambushed, prepare to pay the cost.'*

"Huh," said Nate, "so what does that mean?"

"I've no idea," Jill replied.

And then the world exploded.

\*\*\*

Matthew Hardwick was minding his own business, enjoying the setting sun on his deck. He was in his mid sixties, and already entering that stage of his life where the very sight of youth, and certainly evidence of change, annoyed him deeply. Some considered him a crusty old man; certainly, there were more than a few in town that gave him a sore eye as he passed, and the kids stayed clear of him. That was alright by his estimation; children these days were a revolting, insubordinate lot. Not like they were back in his day. They were meant to be seen, and not heard. Not like that Katy whatever-her-last-name-was that lived in that gaudy mini-mansion on the next block. Sure, they were separated by over a hundred feet of pleasant hill land, but he still got headaches from when she had her parties going. It infuriated him.

Which was why, when there was a great groaning and what sounded like a demolition derby at her place, he assumed she was having another one of those ridiculous parties. He briefly considered making a noise complaint to the police, but they largely ignored him now.

"Never too late to make a neighbour feel unwanted," he said. He grabbed his cane, and stood on his deck. Perhaps it was his failing eyesight, or simply that he must have missed the latest extension being added to that garish home, but it looked bigger, somehow. Did it always have a turret?

"Ridiculous looking homestead," he muttered.

There was a crash, a loud cry, and voices carrying on that managed to travel even across the distance.

"That tears it. I'm going to make them know I won't be putting up with this."

He made it halfway across the distance when the earth shuddered, and the ordinary grassland burst into life. He staggered, barely able to stand. It sounded like the Rapture had come, but instead of being lifted up, he was suddenly dwarfed by swelling trees and shifting landscape.

"My God, what's happening! What's happening!?"

More trees, more shifting landscape. It was an earthquake, but one that somehow brought life instead of destruction. In moments, he was surrounded by a great woodland forest, with babbling streams and dark echoes in the woods. And he was very, very frightened.

“I bet this is that young Katy’s doing!” he said, gritting his teeth.

He shuffled forward, still clutching his cane, and trying to ignore what sounded like high-pitched laughter in the dark of the forest around him.

\*\*\*

The Goblin Valley had come to them, it seemed. The shifting landscape had torn into the side of Katy’s parent’s house, and in the ensuing chaos the group had been separated: Kade and Nate had run from the expanding trunks with their sharp branches by leaping outside, while Gwynn was too overcome with her pregnant belly, and was reliant on Kade to pull her to safety by retreating upstairs, where they had just recently consummate their new relationship. The Erutell board and all its pieces had been expertly plucked by Jill, who carried it in one muscled arm as she held the small squirming form of green-skinned Nate in the other.

“This is certainly not how I imagined today would go!” cried the braided barbarian princess as she vaulted out into the expanding wilderness.

“Me fucking either!” the goblin girl replied. She clutched tighter against Jill, trying to ignore how the large woman’s huge tits were making her own feminine parts grow moist. The forest continued to expand around them, bushes and trees and rocks and little gulleys expanding or carving into being.

“I hope poor Gwynn is okay!” she said.

“Yeah, hopefully there’s no early labour. That’d be shit as!”

The thought of their friend, who often bragged about being a manly man, having to spread *her* legs and go through the ultimate womanly act, was so absurd as to be almost amusing. That was, it would be amusing, were they not all facing death and danger and possibly being stuck like this.

“Watch out, tree!” Nate called, and Jill dodged it expertly.

“Keep calling them out for me Nate!” she said.

The new goblin took her advice. She was overcome with fear, and while Nate had never been the bravest sort, she had the distinct sense that this was the result of her goblin nature; they were not known to be brave creatures. Still, she was able to weaponise that fear, and use it to predict the expansion of the wild forest, which they plunged deeper into in order to escape.

Finally, after what felt like minutes of running, Goblin Valley had manifested fully, and the two were alone. In the dark.

“Okay, this is really fucking creepy.”

“Yeah,” Jill said. “I wish I had a sword of some kind.”

“Uh, you do, moron. It’s at your hip, remember?”

Jill flushed a little. “Oh yeah, whoops. And c’mon Nate, don’t call me, moron. What’s gotten into you?”

A strong feeling of guilt overcame Nate, and her little green body flushed red with embarrassment. “Oh shit, I’m so sorry Jill! I swear, it’s the transformation. It’s got me wound up real tight. I feel so fucking guilty that’d I’ve done this to everyone. I was the one who bought the game. And I didn’t even buy it! I - I *stole* it, like a common thief! It’s a good thing I’ve become a common goblin, because that’s how I’ve behaved! I’m - I’m so fucking sorry!”

Jill placed a firm hand on her little shoulder, and gave a comforting smile.

“Hey, Nate, it’s okay. We’ll work it out. I’m just glad you told me.”

The goblin woman collapsed against a tree. “I just feel like a fucking idiot. The old man warned me and everything. And now Gwynn is fucking knocked up and I’m a shortstack goblin chick!”

“Hey, at least I got muscles and boobs,” Jill joked.

Nate’s yellow eyes traced over her crush’s voluptuous form.

“Yeah, you sure damn do. I’m just glad you came out of this okay, so far at least. I couldn’t - look, I couldn’t forgive myself if anything happened to you, Jill.”

“Because you have a crush on me, right?”

Another deep blush.

“Yeah, yeah I do.”

“But you’ve always been afraid to make a move, haven’t you?”

Nate grit her sharpened teeth. She was distinctly aware that, sitting before Jill’s Amazonian body, she was fast becoming a strange mix of angered, embarrassed, joyful and really fucking aroused. Seriously, she was lucky the game wasn’t making her hot for a dude, or else she’d be ending up in the family way much as Gwynn had already.

“Yeah, I have. I’m a fucking idiot. You’re just, like, so smart and shit. I know I’m a real nerd too, but I feel like you’re on another level with the way you’re headed.”

She placed her hand on that same green shoulder.

“I like you too, Nate. I was just waiting for you to make the right move. And me too, I suppose. I’ve always been a bundle of nerves. It’s only since I got upgraded to ‘busty barbarian warrior princess’ that I’ve started to feel comfortable even talking about this.”

She chuckled, and Nate gave a husky goblinoid cackle with her.

“Fuck, took a game for us to confess our feelings, huh?”

"I suppose it did. Maybe Erutell won't be so bad so long as . . ."

Nate sat up. "So long as?"

"Shhh." Jill pulled her large sword from her hip, and flourished it expertly. "I can sense trouble. I think . . . I think we're being watched."

Nervously, Nate grabbed her own daggers from her hip. Thankfully, the game had already made her fairly proficient in weapons. She twirled them, and clacked her fangs. She felt a need to bite something. With her improved senses, she sniffed the air.

"Huh, weird. Smells like me."

Suddenly there was a great roar.

"Oh, shit."

Dozens of goblins erupted from the trees, each of them small and green and carrying spears and weapons. With their yellow slitted eyes and dark camouflage they had the appearance of cats, and like cats they growled, raising their talons to the air.

"Stay back Nate, I'll protect you!" Jill declared. She brandished her sword, swinging around in a flurry as numerous goblins attacked in disorganised waves. Her barbarian's blood was up, but she wasn't aiming to kill; simply to smack them with the flat of her blade, cut their weapons down to size, or inflict non-fatal cuts to ward them off.

"KILL ZEM!" cried one of the goblins, though only Nate could understand them. She realised that they were speaking goblinoid, and she could too.

"WAIT!" she cried, stepping forward to slap aside a goblin male heading towards Jill's back. "I'm one of you, you fucking morons! I'm on your side!"

"JOIN US! KILL ZE FUCKING HUMAN!" another declared, before being kicked into a tree by Jill's powerful footwork.

"She's a fucking friend, you shits!"

They growled, not knowing what to make of this situation. But more and more goblins were arriving, and others were recovering from their injuries. They seemed to turn towards a goblin with a slightly more elaborate set of dress. He bared his canines and sighed.

"WHO GIVES A SHIT!? KILL NOW, SORT LATER!"

"Damn, there's a lot," Jill said. She twirled her blade expertly, cleaning it of blood against her thigh. It was one of the sexiest things Nate had seen, and she got the sense that she'd feel the same even if she were still human.

"I got your freakin' back!" Nate declared.

More of the goblins came, attacking waves that were only slightly more organised than the ones before. They screamed and cried, threw spears and chucked stones, they even bit and gnashed their teeth. They were easily beaten back one on one, but were increasingly forming an unbreakable tide.

“I think - I think we better get the fuck out of here!” goblin Nate cried. She was mainly surviving just by the use of her daggers, and the fact that most of the goblins were too stupid or distracted to focus on her as an enemy.

“It’s too late!” Jill cried, throwing a goblin off her bag that had clawed some flesh out of her shoulder blade. “I can’t see a way out!”

Nate closed her eyes, only briefly, trying to think of an option, but her greedy goblin mind could only think about how to get out, how to escape. And that’s when she realised.

“The dice! It’s my damned fucking turn! I might be able to change things!”

“Get it! Quick!”

Jill pointed to a crafty goblin already escaping with the board. Nate scurried after him, grabbing its edge.

“NO! MINE!” he screeched.

“Oh, for fuck’s suck!” she cried. She tried to grab it again but he was just as strong (or weak) as her. “Oh damn, fine, have a look at these instead!”

Goblins were horny pricks, so she took that moment to rip open the buckle keeping her goblinoid top upon her chest. Her big, green breasts with their dark ivy nipples were fully on display, and it was obvious from how distended they were that she was deeply aroused from the fighting, the stealing, and the presence of Jill and her busty body. The goblin stared as if starstruck, and was distracted enough that she easily took the game from his hands. It was very heavy for her stubby little muscles.

“WE FUCK NOW?” the goblin asked. He actually looked a little cute. Did goblins have big dicks despite their size? She briefly considered it before realising it was her crazy monster hormones. She slapped him upside the head instead.

“IS THAT MAYBE?”

She ran back to Jill’s side and opened the board, grabbing the dice.

“Any time now, Nate!” Jill cried. She had sustained several more wounds, though none looked anything approaching serious just yet.

“Gotcha freakin’ back!” Nate declared, and rolled the dice. They bounced out of the board and across the forest floor, were kicked by a random goblin, batted by a random sword, before landing off into darkness where someone male gasped in surprise. Nate had know way of knowing which way her dice landed, but the inference with the role thankfully mustn’t have counted, because her little goblinoid figure began to slide forward. It landed in the Goblin Valley also, just three spaces behind Jill. She must have rolled a nine.

“Not fucking bad,” she whispered, dodging an attack.

A card spat from its slot and she picked it up in her nimble green hands faster than she could have believed. It was red. An event card.

“Please please please please help us!”



She read it, and her thick black eyebrows raised in confusion.

*'Goblins' love of battle goes right down to their foundations,  
But peace may reign if you foster very close relations.'*

"Uhh," she said, not sure what to make out. She looked to Jill, who was in the middle of battling a goblin, holding it easily in her hands and about to throw it into the crowd like a bowling ball, when suddenly she stopped.

Jill felt a flush. A heat. A need. An undeniable arousal that settled immediately and powerful between her thighs and expanded throughout her core. Her nipples became quickly erect, hardening against the fabric of her revealing top, and her breath came even heavier than it had moments before in the heat of battle.

"N-Nate . . . that card, I think I know what - OOhhhhh - it means by *relations!*"

Nate was feeling it too. Well, even more than previously. Her female goblin parts felt like they were on fire, and weirdly, her pointy ears as well. She guessed they must be a bit of an erogenous zone for her new kind.

"How the fuck is this gonna help us!?" she whined, but before she'd even finished the sentence, she saw exactly how.

The entire goblin army had likewise stopped fighting, and many of them appeared to be in the early stages of growing arousal as well.

*'THE GREAT GROZ'TAL HAS BEGUN!'* the one that was apparently their chieftain declared. A great cry of joy went up among the goblins, and they jumped up and down and waved their spears.

"Uh, what does the Groz'Tal mean?" Jill asked. She was barely managing to avoid groping her own large breasts. It was like there was something in the air, fanning the flames of passion.

"It, oh fuck I'm turned on, it's the big mating festival," Nate said awkwardly, the goblin knowledge implanted firmly in her head through the magic of the game.

"Is that why I feel so . . . ?"

"Uh-huh. M-me too."

"Fuck."

"Yeah, fuck."

All around them, various goblins began to pair up, or in threesomes or even foursomes, stripping each other of their clothes and beginning to rub and caress each other's flesh. It was a shocking sight, but with the shared pheromones in the air, it only made Jill and Nate more turned on. They looked at each other.

"Fuck," Jill said again, panting, her large boobs rising to form a perfect cleavage with each breath.

"Fuck," Nate agreed. "Let's - let's fuck."

“Yeah. Oh my God, I never expected it like this Nate, but I need it so bad, and I want it to be you!”

It was an agreement born of exasperation. She picked up the small goblin woman that had been her human friend and pressed her face against her breasts. Nate couldn't help herself; she tore at the thin fur material, pulling it down so she could access her friend-turned-lover's breasts immediately. They were so huge and supple, like enormous soft pillows.

“Fuck, you're fucking stacked!”

“Just feel them already!” Jill begged. She fell to her knees, letting Nate rest on her powerful thighs as the goblin woman kneaded and sucked her breasts. Her nipples were damn sensitive, and every ministrations brought her closer to a powerful orgasm. She returned the favour by pulling away Nate's minuscule clothing. The goblin woman was wet between her thighs, aroused beyond belief. Jill chuckled.

“Do you want me to-”

“Fuck yes! I want to *fee*/ you Jill! I always have!”

It was the most unexpected consummation of their feelings towards one another, a scenario neither of them could have guessed. They were surrounded by the sounds of goblin passion, a cacophony of moans, dirty talk, and ecstatic thrusting. And in the middle of it all were Jill and Nate, the latter's tiny body against the former's large one. Jill pressed her fingers against Nate's crotch, and the goblin shuddered.

“OOoohhhhh f-f-f-fuck, that f-feels goooood!”

She continued, thrusting her fingers inside the woman, expertly teasing out her pleasure using her own womanly knowledge. Nate, for her part, was forced to remain focused on the woman's breasts, unable to reach her lover's vulva. Instead, Jill used her remaining hand to masturbate, rubbing her throbbing clit in time to their motions and Nate's tongue upon her right tit. The two groaned, bodies overcome with sweat from the heat of the ecstasy they were both enthralled in. Even the battle-scar and light scratches on their bodies was not enough to bring down the mood. In fact, for Nate and Jill both, it only enhanced it.

Finally, the pleasure built and built and built and built until it was too much to ignore, and they were both sent completely over the edge.

“Oh - Oh - OHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

They climaxed together, and Jill nearly crushed Nate against her, pressing the goblin's face right into her massive rack. It only caused Nate to orgasm harder, smothered in the wonderful boobflesh of her lover, one she'd had a crush on for years. The sounds of goblin love fervour continued around them for some time, until they were finally able to part.

“Well, that's one way to avoid goblin violence,” Jill breathed.

“Yeah. The best way, I'd say,” Nate said.

The two of them laughed. All around them, the orgy continued, and so they stealthily redressed, picked up the board, and began to wander away in the direction of the dice.

"You know, I rather like you as a sexy little shortstack goblin," Jill remarked. She patted Nate's mane of dark hair, causing the goblin to grimace.

"Well, I rather like you as this big giant of a woman with the huge fucking boobs," she said back, pouting and sticking out her tongue.

"I know you're trying to rib me right back, but I actually *love* being like this. I kind of hope I can stay like it, crazy as it sounds."

"Well, I know I want to fucking turn back."

Another ruffle of the hair. "Awww, but you're so cute!"

Nate gave a little smile. "Well, at least all this insanity brought us together."

"Katy and Gary too. Or Kade and Gwynn. Whatever."

"Somehow, I don't think Gwynn appreciates her changes as much as you do yours."

They both cringed a little at the mental image of Gwynn with her rounded pregnant belly. Both were inwardly curious if she'd actually have to birth it, and what would that even mean. Maybe the cards would reverse it, but that also felt kind of . . . wrong. They left the topic unspoken as they searched the dark forest floor for the dice. The game needed to be continued, obviously.

"Where are they?"

"I don't know, shouldn't they be returning to the board or some shit?"

Nate sniffed, her greater senses helping her track the dice. She moved forward, Jill following her, but both stopped short at the sight before them.

"What the hell are you? What is this?"

The voice belonged to an old man with a cane walking through the forest. He had grey hair and a bald spot on his head, and an expression that was the textbook definition of 'cranky.'

"Oh shit, that's Mr Hardwicke."

"Who?"

"Katy's crusty old neighbour, remember? The one that called the police because we were - gasp! - having a party on Halloween."

"Oh, it is. He used to talk down to me. Oh, I think I'm going to enjoy this," Jill said. She stepped forward powerfully, looming over the decrepit figure of Mr Hardwick.

"What? Who are you?" the man repeated. He took a step back. "And what have you done to my lovely backyard?"

"*Your* backyard?" Jill said, amused. She placed her hands on her broad hips and leaned over, letting the man nearly have a heart attack from the scandalous display of flesh

she was showing. Nate scampered between her legs, baring teeth. "I think you'll find this is *Erutell* you've wandered into, Mr Hardwick."

The man looked frightened. "Eru . . . tell?"

"Oh yes, and this is my goblin friend Nate. You *do* remember Nate, right? He - or rather *she* now - has changed since last you saw her."

Matthew Hardwick's jaw dropped. It was impossible. The rakish boy couldn't have turned into a little female monster, surely? But then, forests didn't grow up in seconds either.

"I don't - who are you then?"

"Me? You might remember me as Jill. We've only met a couple of times, but I'm Jill, Katy's best friend, and the one you called a 'nosy little Nancy.' Well, not so *little* now, am I?"

The man trembled, obviously intimidated by her size. "This - this is impossible."

"Not impossible, just shit weird," Nate added. "So you better stay out of it, or I'll bite ya, got it?"

Matthew Hardwicke gasped, afraid of the violent little woman with green skin and sharp teeth. He stumbled backwards, only to suddenly trip by accident.

Right over a pair of dice.

It happened in slow motion. Both Nate and Jill saw the dice roll, and they both went rigid at the sight of them. Automatically, the board game fell from the barbarian princess' hand, snapping open on the ground. The old man fell on his back with an 'OOF!', but the dice were already coming to a stop.

A six and a four. Ten spaces.

For a moment, no one said anything but for Mr Hardwick, who struggled to sit up, complaining of the damage done to him, and still trying to scramble away from the strange transformations all around him. But what he didn't see, and what Jill and Nate's eyes were locked onto, was that a new figure rose from the figurines of the board, in the shape of an aging wizard, and began at the starting line of the board.

It shifted slowly forward ten spaces, and a Green card appeared in the slot.

"That's a change card. Holy shit, Mr Hardwicke just accidentally joined the game."

"I did *what?*" the old man said, still moving backwards. He was becoming increasingly terrified and confused, and worse, a strange thrumming sensation had begun to settle over his skin. The large woman claiming to be Jill moved towards him, holding a large board game that looked ancient even to his eyes.

"Mr Hardwicke, I'm sorry for intimidating you," she said, in a voice that sounded much more like the annoying smart alec he'd once chastised. "But you've accidentally joined the game. You need to take this card and read it."

"I don't need to do anything!" he said, stepping backwards again. Good lord, she was huge to his eyes. And those breasts! It was scandalous! "Just stay away from me!"

“The changes to ‘your’ backyard, what happened to Nate and I, it’s a result of the game. Even Katy and Gary have changed. I mean, there’s a pregnancy and everything.”

Even to his panicked mind, he found a kernel of information to enjoy. “Ha, I always knew she’d end up knocked up early,” he said.

The goblin and barbarian exchanged looks.

“Well, not exactly *her*,” the goblin said. “Look, just read the fucking card, okay. You’re part of the game now, and something tells me you sure as shit aren’t getting out of her until you help us finish the game. You’re not in fucking Kansas anymore.”

Matthew Hardwick pressed back against a large tree. Somewhere deep in the forest, something monstrous growled. It caused him to shiver. Maybe if he followed this insanity along, it would return to normal as they said?

“Fine,” he said, snatching the card out. “But then you two young freaks need to explain just what the hell is going on. I don’t deserve this!”

They both nodded, eager for him to read. And like all the rest, he felt compelled to say the words aloud.

*‘In the land of Erutell, it is easy to doubt yourselves  
But never so for the matriarch of attractive elves.’*

Hardwick looked up from the card, confused. “So what the hell does that mean then?”

Nate and Jill already had a strong idea. “Um, you might want to prepare yourself. Things are about to change.”

“What the hell are you on abo-OOHH!!”

Hardwick’s body tensed, and the old man began to writhe as changes rippled quickly through his body. He grunted as his limbs became slender, his frame more healthy, his back less bowed. There was a crack as his spine corrected, and he gasped in response to his finger bones losing their arthritis and becoming renewed, and oddly slender.

“What - the hell - is happening!?”

“You’re becoming a fucking elf!” Nate said, amazing. As horrified as she was over what she’d unleashed with the board game, she couldn’t deny she was ecstatic to see every male nerd’s dream; a beautiful real life elf!

“That’s - that’s impossible!”

“I feel like this conversation is going round in circles,” Jill said, as she watched Hardwick’s skin change to an ethereal purple.

The cranky neighbour saw his skin change with astonishment, his arms taking on a violet colouration even as they became longer and more slender. He cried out as his spine

elongated, stretching so that he had gone from below-average height to easily 6'2, and again when his pelvis widened slightly. Years of poor dieting thinned away, leaving body slender, and he felt the remaining fat distribute elsewhere.

"No, no, not some lady!"

"You'll get used to it," Nate said, chuckling at the sight. She'd never liked Hardwick, who'd been a bully as long as Katy's family had known him for a neighbour, which was years now. The man gave a startled squeak as small breasts formed on his figure, lithe like an elf's, but still wonderfully shapely, perhaps a standard B-cup. They became topped with dark purple nipples, which felt strangely sensitive, growing hard against the fabric of his top. The top itself changed, along with his trousers, merging fabrics to become a fine blue elven dress, with a sash in the middle that sat around his narrowing waist and over his widened hips.

"But I don't want to be an elf!" the man protested, even as his legs lengthened, losing their grey hairs and becoming smooth and poised.

"Well, I didn't want to be a fucking goblin," Nate laughed.

"Who knows, next roll you might get exactly what you want!"

"N-next roll?" the man managed to stammer. He could feel his manhood - one he'd been proud of in his youth - beginning to slide back into his body. It felt like his own organs were reeling it back in, and despite his horror, it felt strangely sensual. He couldn't help but groan as his cock receded, his balls tensing in an explosive orgasm. He thrust his hips, ashamed to be doing so but unable to help himself, but the cum dissipated into thin air, vanishing much like his manhood. Hair exploded out from his scalp, particularly from his bald spot. It was a dark purple, and it spiralled out over his eyes to briefly disrupt his view. He parted it like a curtain, and squeaked again; his fingers were so dainty now! The nails were the same dark purple as his hair, which only stopped around his ankles, it was that long.

"Heavy," he stammered, feeling the large heft of it. It was silky. Shiny. Smooth. But it was the least of his changes, really, because at that very moment his penis finally receded fully into his body, only the head remaining, which shrunk to a sensitive purple clit beneath his dress. In that moment, as Hardwick crossed the boundary from *he* to *she*, another orgasm rocked through *her* body, causing her to shudder. As if given permission, the last of her changes occurred: her ears stretched to long points, half a foot in length, and her eyes turned a cosmic blue, devoid of any pupil or whites. Her lips become full, slightly pinker than the rest of her violet skin, and her cheekbones become high and prominent.

Hardwick breathed, her poise oddly elegant, appropriate given her new elven form. She was entrancingly beautiful, possessing a mythical quality that was impossible to articulate. She was tender and fragile, otherworldly and wise. That was, until she opened her mouth.

“I’ve turned into a fucking woman!” she yelled. She grabbed her meagre breasts, outlined against her dress, and hopped on her feet comically, as if the ground beneath her was lava. “Turn me back! I don’t want to be an elf! Or a woman! Why am I fucking purple? You kids did this to me, you’ll pay for this, I tell you! I knew that Katy had a hand in something foul but this must be the work of Satan, I say. Change me back and turn this forest back or I swear I’ll-”

Jill grabbed the lithe woman and pressed her coarse hand against her mouth.

“Shut. Up,” she said, but Hardwick continued to muffle and moan. But the main sound had stopped.

Something monstrous was nearby, and the goblin love-making had ended.

“You hear that?” she said, still keeping her hand over Hardwick’s soft mouth.

The new elven woman nodded, looking furious. It was not a look really suited to one so ethereal as a purple-skinned elf in queenly attire.

“Good, because that’s the sound of something *not* good. Nate will explain everything to you, but for now we have to get back to the house and meet up with the others.”

She began to move, Nate alongside her on stubby little legs, and Matthew Hardwick, the most beautiful new elven woman in the land, squirming to break free of the barbarian’s hold.

\*\*\*

“Ahhhh - don’t s-stop! R-right there! F-fuck your manhood is firm, m’lord!”

Gwynn whimpered as Kade thrust into her again. She held her firm belly in her hands as she lay on her back. It was an impressive weight, but all worth it to feel his large manhood slide deep into her pussy. At least, that’s what her body felt like, her mind had other opinions. She felt utterly ridiculous, stuck as an overly-voluptuous tavern wench rounded out with child, and currently getting her brains fucked out by the man who was *meant* to be her girlfriend! Instead, Erutell had ensured she was now stuck as a pregnant peasant while *he* got to lord it as a chivalric knight. She wanted to complain, to whine, to keep the game going, but she hadn’t realised that when the card she’d played earlier made her and Kade incredibly aroused for one another, that it wasn’t just a one time thing. Neither had he, but the new knight had taken it much better. It was easier, after all, when you weren’t the one carrying the other’s baby.

“You are doing very well, wench, given your condition!” Kade said, as he thrust into her again. He’d raised her skirts to gain access, and her slim white legs were positioned over his shoulders. He knew he shouldn’t be enjoying himself so much, but she was too damn

perfect, and the way her large chest wobbled back and forth with each thrust only turned him on all the more, particularly as she was at that moment squeezing and groping said giant tits.

“My c-condition is y-your f-fault - NGGGHHH!”

She trembled, groping her breast with one hand and rubbing her taut dome of a belly in the other. She couldn't believe how heavy her body was, or how weak she felt, but most of all how submissive she was to it all, like a good tavern wench.

“I know, I'm sorry Gwynn! But that darn game makes me so attracted to your beautiful body, especially now that it's f-full with my child!”

Another thrust, and he could feel his new balls tensing, ready to release again.

“It just feels t-too good - Ngh!”

“For m-me too milord! I'm so close!”

It only took several more thrusts, and the pair, still fresh to their genders and new roles, shuddered in orgasm. Gwynn's voice was high and feminine, her moan almost animalistic and needy. Kade, on the other hand, gave a manly grunt as he shot his seed inside her, his cock throbbing several times. Gwynn was overcome with feminine pleasure. She tried to hold in how womanly her cries were, but it was impossible.

“Gawd, that's so good milord!” she shouted.

It took a few moments for them to settle down. Once he pulled out, Gwynn flopped to her side, rubbing her belly, trying to soothe the child within that she was unexpectedly carrying.

“Ohhh, calm little one, calm.”

Again, those maternal feelings rose to the surface, and she blushed, trying to push them back down and failing miserably. She felt the need to cook something, make up a nice drink for Kade after they had cleaned each other up. The role of tavern wench was getting to her mind, especially now that pregnancy hormones were added to the mix.

“Okay, so we did it again,” Kade finally said, joining her on the bed and staring into her beautiful blue eyes.

“Fuckin' hell, we're like rabbits,” she complained.

Kade rubbed her belly, and while she was a little galled by it, it felt nice enough that she didn't stop him.

“I tried to fight it, I swear. Your beautiful visage was simply too much. I'm like a knight addicted to his tavern wench.

“That's exactly what you are, you nimrod,” she said. “And I got this damn peasant accent likes I got no learning!”

Kade pressed himself against her, still cradling her belly. Despite how mortified she was, Gwynn also pressed closer, her body savouring the way he rubbed her skin. She felt so



full, the skin of her massive mound so tight. God, it was like she was covered in hills along her front!

Neither could believe how fast they had come around to sex again. After the forest outside had erupted into being, the Kade had suddenly lifted her pregnant form up in his muscled arms and leapt up the stairs, escaping ahead of the massive trunk that grew up through his family's house. What they found upstairs was not what Katy's house had been: instead of a rather lavish but still modern set of bedrooms, *Lord* Kade now had a princely bedroom, dominating by a large bed with numerous cushions and amenities fitting for a medieval fantasy realm. There was even a large portrait of him.

It was in that bedroom that they hid, waiting for Jill and Nate to return with the board game. During the following hour of waiting, Kade bolted into action. Gwynn felt useful in her fragile state while he repelled several attacks by goblin raiders, even skewering two of them with his mighty sword. His *other* mighty sword; she was well-acquainted with his impressive natural one. After they fled, he bolted the door, barricaded it, and immediately went to her side. And to her undying humiliation, she began to cry. It had all been too much, and her new female hormones were only amplified by her pregnancy hormones, and her utter uselessness made it even worse. His comforting presence led her to kissing him. To needing him.

And then the arousal rose in both of them, and the rest was history.

"We need ta get going. We're busy fucking like rabbits when our friends are in danger, yeah?"

Kade sighed. "You're not wrong, my dear. They can take care of themselves, but it has been too long. I just wanted to make sure you were safe."

She blushed, fixing her skirts automatically. She extended a hand demurely, and he took it, helping her up.

"What a gentleman," she said. The tone was sarcastic, but it was mainly to cover up that she'd genuinely needed help getting up, and also appreciated it.

"C'mon, let's get going,"

They exited carefully out into the main hall. The tree trunk of Goblin Valley still dominated, but the goblins were seemingly all gone, though the place stank of pheromones for some reason. Gwynn found herself walking behind Kade, keeping close to him but letting him take the lead. It was against all her instinct, but her desire to be the alpha male contradicted her tavern wench compulsions, and the maternal sense to protect the child developing within her that was currently asleep.

"Maybe they did find themselves in nick of trouble," she suggested in her twangy peasant's voice.

It was that very moment that trouble found *them*. A large roar, and an immense grey troll burst out from the stockroom. It was a snarling horrific beast, and its sudden appearance made Gwynn scream, partly out of fear, partly out of shock that *her stockroom* was imperiled.

“Gawd, it’s one them trolls!” she screeched.

“Never fear, dear woman!” Kade replied, before cringing a little. The knightly dialogue was becoming a bit much. He bolted forth, sword drawn, to slay the creature, which ran at him in thunderous steps. The creature roared, and took a great swing at him, but thanks to the transformation, he was endowed with a knight’s reaction, speed, and combat prowess. He ducked beneath the blow, and ran through the creature with his sword.

The beast howled, trying to bite him, but he pulled back, dodging another blow. A swing of the sword, and its hand flung clean off. The troll cried out, and managed to take Kade by surprise, knocking him across the room with a swing of its remaining arm. His sword clattered nearby, but not close enough. The beast, lurched forward, and out of the corner of his eye Kade saw Gwynn grabbing a rolling pin from her outfit, ready to charge the beast.

“Gwynn, no!”

But before she could even attempt to attack it, there was a war cry from behind the troll. The monster lurched around, only to be sprung upon by three warriors, each with a feminine warcry. The muscled barbarian princess Jill cleaved its remaining arm with a sword, while Nate bit and stabbed at its leg. And farther off, to the astonishment of Kade and Gwynn and even the figure herself, a purple-skinned elven archer fired a bevy of arrows into the troll. The creature collapsed with one last mighty groan, shattering the floor of the entrance hall.

“Mum and Dad are going to kill me,” Kade said. “I’m so glad the rest of you are alright!”

He ran in his suit of armour to embrace Jill, and pick up Nate before realising how annoyed it made his friend. But then he turned to the figure who stepped forth, her gorgeous features twisted into an expression of anger.

“And who are you?” he said.

The elf slapped him, causing him to step backwards.

“Oi! Don’t you dare take a lord like that!” Gwynn called, waddling forward.

“This is no lord, and you all know it. These two explained everything to me. I always knew you’d be a troublemaker Katy, and now I have proof. You’re meddling with forced God never intended for us, just like all your parties, and the drugs, and the drinking, and the juvenile delinquency.”

Kade raised his eyebrows. “By the heavens, *Mr Hardwick?*”

“The one and the same,” she said. She brushed a curtain of her incredibly long hair to one side. “And now I’m stuck as a bloody female elf until *you* fix this. This insanity has got to stop, and I’ll be the one to do it.”

Gwynn chuckled at the newcomer’s presence.

“Don’t you say a word, Gary! Yes, I know that’s you. I may be trapped as some harlot elf but at least I’m not pregnant out of wedlock. The sheer immorality in this room disgusts me, especially the dress of these two.” She waved a violet hand at Nate and Jill. “Now open up that bloody board so I can win and turn all this nonsense back to normal, and hopefully send the lot of you with it!”

There was a moment of silence.

“What do you mean, *you’ll* win?” Kade asked. His eyes narrowed. He may have been turned into a chivalrous knight, but he still had the competitive spirit of Katy, and currently it was focused like a spear against his elven neighbour, who he’d hated all his life.

“It’s only natural. Besides, the game wouldn’t have turned me into an elf if I wasn’t going to win. I’ve read my Tolkien, I know they are the most noble of the fantasy species. Not like the rest of you.”

Her haughtiness rankled the group. Jill went to say something diplomatic, and Nate went to say something crass, but Kade silenced them both with a gesture.

“Very well, you’re on. After all, there has to be a loser, right?”

He said it meaningfully, before taking the board from Jill’s large hands. “Let’s retire to a different area of the house, and continue playing. I believe it’s my turn.”

\*\*\*

They gathered in the upstairs reading room. It was a medieval study, created from one of the earlier roles, and it was big enough to accommodate all of them. Hardwick sat away from them, which was a very elven thing to do. She occasionally brushed at her long strands of perfect hair idly, without meaning too. She was impatient, complaining that Kade hadn’t rolled yet.

“I just want us all to be clear on a plan,” he said. “If trouble strikes, we all protect Gwynn. She’s the most helpless.”

“I ain’t helpless.”

“You know what I mean, dear.”

Gwynn rolled her eyes. “Fine, just make the roll before this little bub wakes me up in fits all over again.”

Kade breathed, and rolled the dice. “Darn, only a two and three.”

The figure moved five spaces ahead, and he took the blue setting card.

*'A chamber vast and full of treasure,  
Arcanums, guards, and forbidden pleasures.'*

A great groaning of walls rumbled far below them, followed by the sounds of bricks, mortar, steel, and stone manifesting. It lasted roughly thirty seconds before ending.

"Well, I guess we have a dungeon now," he said. "And a staff, if 'guards' means anything."

He ducked outside momentarily, shifting down the steps and past the half-destroyed entrance hall. He returned just as quickly.

"We got a dungeon or what?" Gwynn asked.

He nodded, beaming. Nate instantly felt a need to steal from it, and had to suppress her goblinoid urges.

"At least that was quickly sorted," Jill said. "It seems you and I are the lucky ones so far, Kade."

"I better have my lucky go now then," Gwynn said. "Someone help me up."

Jill lent her strength for the task, and the newly pregnant former male waddled to the board. Kade handed her the dice so as to save her the trouble, and she mumbled a red-faced thanks.

"Okay, the faster we roll, the quicker the game is over. So let's just all circle through this, right?"

"Agreed," Hardwick said, while examining her bow. "I want this pagan nonsense over with, and everything back to how it was, without all the juvenile partying."

"Fuck off with that shit," Nate spat, sticking out her tongue at the elf.

Hardwick sneered, and it took Jill stepping between them to stop a fight breaking out between the tall and the short, the elegant and the . . . not elegant.

"Calm down, you two. Let's just work together, even if we don't all have to like each other."

Hardwick scoffed, and once again, it seemed like the old man was perfectly suited to play the snooty, haughty elf maiden. She brushed her hair to one side like she was a queen bee cheerleader, crossed her arms, and waited.

"Gimme something good, I want ta go up in the world already!" Gwynn said. The dice left her hand, and landed on the board. Only a two and four. "Damn, just six."

The figure slid forth, landing next to a major city on the map labelled Erlington. A green card emerged from the slot, and everyone sucked in their breath.

"Please be a man again, I miss my cock and I *certainly* don't wanna give birth."

She plucked it from the slot, and read aloud.

*'Now that an heir to a lord you're carrying,  
It's time you gain a more queenly bearing.'*

"Oi, the fuck does that mean?" she said.

"I think it means you're going up in the world alright," Jill said, having figured it out first. She gestured to Gwynn's hand, where a set of golden rings had already appeared.

"What the hell?" the tavern wench said, but already the changes were altering her dress and body. Her dirty barmaid outfit altered, becoming longer until it trailed against the floor. Her dirty shoes were replaced with expensive noblewoman's boots, even as the material of her dress also took on a rich blue and purple pattern, with numerous rose patterns painstakingly stitched along the sides and back. Her wild mane rearranged itself, becoming a complicated series of plaits and braids that formed a royal bun. The hair became pitch black in colour, and her eyes a piercing light blue. Her cheekbones became a little more prominent, though not as much as Hardwick's elven pair. Tasteful makeup befitting a royal also appeared upon her face. Her lips became ruby red, her eyelashes darkened, and her cheeks given a foundational blush. Her large bust was pushed up by the impressive dress, forming a tantalising look at her massive bust, and the dress configured around her bump. It was incapable of hiding it, but it made her figure seem more refined and slim. More jewellery appeared around her neck, including an expensive diamond pendant upon a necklace that rested between her two breasts, drawing the eye there.

"My God, I've become a queen," she said, in a voice and accent that was now dripping with refinement and class. "And my voice, it has changed also. It's so fffffffoolishly strange. Darn, I can't even swear now!"

"Join the club," Kade said, chuckling. "Are you alright, my love?"

She looked to him with shock. "Yes, my love, I am fine. Though it appears I cannot stop calling you my love."

"Or I you,"

"Those expensive fucking rings that match might explain that," goblin Nate added in.

The two nobles looked in astonishment at their hands, and noticed that each now had a silver ring to match the other.

"Are we - are we married as well now?" Queen Gwynn said.

"It appears we are, my love," Kade said, "and I suppose that makes me King Consort."

"Well, at least I'm in charge again . . . sort of. But I'm still stuck as a woman, still *expecting*. Gosh, I feel like I'm getting further away from this. Where's my muscle? Where's my manhood? And where's my ability to speak like an ordinary ffff - an ordinary person."

She gave a heavy sigh, and everyone in the room appreciated the way her new costume let her bosom rise and fall. She had a queen's disposition now, and while Gary was still inside her, still railing to get out, the magical compulsions ensured she even moved like a noblewoman, taking careful steps and maintaining an elegance and authority that bordered on the haughty.

"Can we stop the game for a moment, that I may be get used to this ridiculous speech and dress?"

"No way in hell!" spat Hardwick. "We keep going!"

"Fine," said Jill. "I'm next again anyway." She stomped forward, giving time for the overwhelmed Gwynn to be helped back to her seat. Already she was acting the part of queen, complaining about the lack of comfort on the seating, and keeping her King Consort close. She and the rest watched with baited breath as Jill took the dice and rolled them, getting a total of three off a two and a one.

"Damn! I should be in the lead. Now I'm tied with Gwynn."

Another green card shot up, and she took it straight away, uncaring that it meant another change, simply accepting what might come next.

*'When too many maids in one place are stood,  
Erutell has a way of manifesting manhood.'*

Jill sighed. "Stand back everyone, either there's gonna be a lot of men in the room with us, or my voice is going to be a lot deeper in a moment."

It was the latter, which became immediately evident as her muscles bulged even further. She groaned and grunted voice deepening, trying to ignore the strange sensation in her pussy, where a different kind of growth was taking place. Nate went to her side, the small goblin grasping her leg.

"Jill, are you okay?"

"F-fine!" she stuttered. Her breasts began to deflate back into her chest, becoming muscled pectoral instead. "Oohh, damn it! No, not f-fine! All good things come to an end. Well, at least we're sort of compatible again, in a girl-guy way, huh?"

"Yeah," Nate said, staring as a massive cock began to emerge from between her crush's legs. It was massive, and felt even bigger to Jill, who had never imagined she would have a manly member swinging from her body. It was huge, the biggest dick she had ever seen, and it was hers. Even as her loincloth altered to contain her impressive package, it was still outlined prominently for several long seconds. Gwynn covered her eyes, somehow unable to bear such an 'uncivilised' sight. Hardwick likewise looked away, irritated. Nate

stared, feeling suddenly hungry. And as for Kade, there was, surprisingly for the former woman, a strong sensation of jealousy.

Jill's muscles bulged, and the new man roared as they inflated further, body hair springing up to form a manly 'matt.' The change was oddly exhilarating, causing the new *him* to pose dramatically as the last of his masculinity settled in. His hair remained in the same blonde braid, but his jaw was now square, his features more rugged. He needed a new name, and his mind searched for one. Out of the blue, possibly a result of the surrounding magic, it felt right to take on the name 'Jarron.'

"Jill, holy shit, you're fucking ripped! And you've got a massive cock!"

"Jarron," he said, turning to face them. He was shirtless but for the pelt over his shoulders. His voice boomed. "My name is Jarron now. I think the game has made it so."

"Next, next!" Hardwick demanded. "Hurry up for my turn!"

"Just a moment, fuckface," Nate snapped. She jumped up on the table, causing Gwynn to pull away from her sharp sense. The new queen had developed a sensitive palate for such things. "Jill, are there any other changes? Are you still you?"

"As much as I can be," the new male said, only to start blushing as he looked down the goblin's top. Followed by Gwynn's. Followed by Hardwick's. "Only, oh damn, this is embarrassing. It seems I'm getting a first hand experience of what many men have to go through."

For a moment, no one knew what the barbarian was referring to, until the large snake between Jarron's legs began to strain at his loincloth. Nate tried to avoid staring at it, but it was like the sun. She reached out, still driven by goblin horniness, and stroked it with a green finger. Jarron pulled back.

"Woah, easy Nate! I'm not used to this yet. Damn, that felt good though."

"Sorry, it was just there. I can - well, I can stroke it again, can't I?"

But the elf in the corner was already moving ahead. She grabbed the dice from the ground, her expression still full of frustration, and she pressed them into Nate's little hand.

"Enough of this bloody nonsense. I'm sick of all of you, and this ridiculous waiting game. I don't care how you end up, I want to be out of this game. So ROLL!"

Jarron moved to stop Hardwick before she did something she'd regret, but it was too late. She had grabbed Nate's surprised hands and hurled them to one side, forcing the dice to launch from both their hands. They flew across the room, bouncing above Gwynn's head, and it was only Kade's quick acting that got her out of the way before they stuck in her cleavage.

"Hey, stop that! I'm your Queen! At least I think I'm your queen."

"You're nobody's queen!" snapped the purple elf. "This is all heretic filth. I told you I want out. There has to be one adult willing to be reasonable and in charge in the room."

“And that’s you is it, shithead?”

“Yes,” she said to the little goblin, “I rather say it is. Elves are long lived, so it’s appropriate that I am one - a senior citizen who knows a thing or two.”

“Do you know about cheating?” Kade said. The knight was grinning. He may have been forced into a chivalrous role that his competitive Katy spirit didn’t like so much, but he could certainly relish an opponent’s mistake.

“What do you mean, you silly child?”

“I mean that you made Nate roll a nine. But two cards came out. One is *purple*. The cheater’s card. And I think that’s for you.”

Hardwick tensed. Everyone did. Nate moved forward and snatched her card eagerly.

“Green card! I’ve landed in the Great Plains. Let’s hope I get out of this body and into something a bit more human.”

She read the card out as Hardwick nervously shifted towards her own.

*‘Across the Great Plains these noble archers move,  
With powerful human torsos, and mighty feet of hooves.’*

“Centaur!” called Kade, predicting what was to come.

“Rats,” the goblin woman said, but the change was already occurring. “At least I’ll be fucking big again, and not so bloody horny, I hope.”

Her body swelled, growing in height even as a set of additional legs extended. Her skin tone altered, not becoming white again but instead a rich brown olive. Hair grew from her pelvis and legs, and a tail erupted from above her ass. Her cheeks swelled, pushing backwards, causing Gwynn and Kade to move aside.

“Watch out, there’s gonna be a horse here!” Jarron said.

“OOoohhhh . . . s-so m-much g-growth!” Nate whined. She gripped her pelvis as it widened yet further, and felt the alien sensation of new legs hitting the ground. Her feet contracted, forming into hard hooves, while her hair became more tangled and wild, though less messy than that of her goblinoid self. Her canines retracted, teeth becoming flat, perfect for chewing plants. Her breasts grew a little, matching her torso, but to her delight there was also a growth of muscle, most prominently in her abs.

“Hell yeah, at least I got some muscle back - NNGGGH!”

She bit her lips as her vagina shifted backwards, sliding between her rear legs, which were almost fully developed now.

“OOhhhhh . . . MMHHMMM!! That’s - ahhhh - sensitive!”

Her voice altered to become more powerful, like that of a female warrior’s. It lost its huskiness, but made her sound all the sweeter as she was overcome by the pleasurable



changes. Her loins tingled far behind her, and her soft arms could not reach them. Instead she backed up, rubbing her equine behind against a post, flicking her fully developed tail out of the way.

“What the hell are you doing?” Hardwick gasped.

“Don’t I look at me! This stupid body is so turned on, *still!* Just read your damned note!”

Jarron’s cock hardened at the sight of the beautiful, busty centauress Nate had become. The barbarian moved to her side, and after a moment’s pleading from her friend’s eyes, shifted again to her behind. With his hand, he began to tease at her equine folds, causing her to moan.

“Oooohh, don’t stop! Yes, right there! Th-thank youuuuu!”

She kicked the back wall in a sudden movement as she orgasmed, the second time in just over an hour, and in a totally different form.

“This had become a madhouse,” Gwynn said. “At least I didn’t become a horse.”

“And - ammhmmh - at least I’m not pregnant, Gwynn!”

The queen gave a ruffled look, and turned to Kade for back up. But the latter’s eyes were locked purely on Hardwick, who was reaching a trembling hand to her purple card. The one giving out for interference and cheating.

“Someone’s about to pay the piper,” he said. “This should be fun.”

Another orgasm, and Nate’s body finally settled. She didn’t feel the need for a new name, just yet, seemingly spared from the same compulsion as the others. But it would only be a matter of time and change. She gave thanks to Jarron, who patted her hairy flank, which had turned out to be a hazelnut colour.

“Thanks Jill. Jarron, I mean. This is so weird.”

“I think it’s about to get weirder,” he said, gesturing to Hardwick, who now had the card in her hand, eyes wide with fear. Nate still had enough goblin in her to give a nasty smile. The only one relishing it more was Kade, as it was read out.

*‘Forcing a throw from a fellow player shows a lack of thought,  
So be cursed to follow your bodily desire, your willpower reduced to nought.’*

Instantly, Hardwick felt a change come over her. Tendrils of magic reached into her mind, reducing her inhibitions to near zero. She felt a switch turn on in her brain, making her attracted to everyone of age around her. Her body was flooded with desire, her elegance bent towards the giving and receiving of pleasure, no matter the situation. To her horror, she felt her years of knowledge and intelligence reduced, a new bimbo-like state overriding her mind. Matthew Hardwick remained, his personality still there, but it was becoming enslaved

to bodily needs. She felt her pussy tingle, her nipples tense with arousal. Everything about her body now felt so obviously soft and needy, like her glorious elven form was designed to be appreciated and used, to bring happiness and joy to all.

As if to give evidence to this personality change, her breasts inflated to sizable D-cups, and her hips widened a little more. Her face became a bit more ditzy; rounded with cute cheeks and wider eyes. And she became programmed with more sensual movements, a sexiness creeping into her elegance. Her classy dress drew tighter around her form, exposing more cleavage, and rising so that the hem reached only part way down her thighs.

Kade cackled with each alteration, loving how his old cranky neighbour's form was twisted to become a sexy elven bimbo. The rest looked on in a mix of shock, amusement, and more than a little arousal.

Matthew's changes finished, and she knew instantly that her name was meant to be Muriella. She was a moon elf, and like the moon, she had become a symbol of fertility, femininity, change, and the passion of night. She looked to each other resident in the room: the well-hung Jarron, the fertile Queen Gwynn, the manly knight Kade, and the beautiful centaress Nate.

And she felt a deep, deep, *deep* need to fuck every single one of them.

"Oh, crap," she gulped.

**To Be Continued . . .**