

LARP Couples (Young Men to Fantasy Couples TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Matt

Harry and Lucas are nerdy friends on their way to a fantasy LARP when suddenly they are bullied by Kade and Rowan, their two regular tormentors. But when a witch overhears this bullying, she decides to take matters into her own hands and give the nerds everything they wanted. Soon the four are transported into a fantasy land that runs on LARP rules, where the nerds are the macho heroes and the bullies are now their submissive fantasy girlfriends!

LARP Couples

Part 1: Inciting Incident

The pair were pretty proud of their costumes. Harry had dressed up as the classical hero knight in shining armour. He'd ordered the kit ages ago, and as the weeks had passed he'd grown increasingly nervous that it wouldn't arrive in time for the Medieval LARP Fantasy Festival that was coming to town. It only came every two years, so it had been quite the nailbiter for a while, his excitement budding for the event but his own nervousness rising at the prospect of his costume ending up at the post office well after the event was over.

Thankfully, he needn't have worried: it arrived with days to spare, and it fit him perfectly. With some adjustments (the addition of a regal blue cape and a few feathers in the cap, as well as a tabard that displayed his made-up house crest), he was ready to go. The shining nature of the armour did make it gleam a little too much under the direct sunlight, making him wish he'd gone with his original plan to spray paint it black and instead go as a dark paladin of some description. Lucas had convinced him otherwise; Harry's sandy blonde hair and bright eyes worked better in the 'shining knight' mode.

"I just wish the armour wasn't so heavy," he complained as he walked to the event.

Lucas just laughed. "That's what you get for not working out enough."

"Please, like *you* work out. You literally *painted* on your muscles."

Lucas smirked, looking down at himself. He had wild black hair and a slightly tubby figure, though at least he wasn't scrawny like his best friend. To that end, he'd decided to dress up as a fantasy orc for this celebration. The kind from *Battle Hunters*, not the Tolkien ones who were all kinds of ugly. He'd sprayed his skin a vibrant forest green and worked hard to stitch together a sort of barbarian battle shorts with a fake skirt of fur over the top. A couple of belts strapped over his shoulders, the only thing he was wearing on his torso, and

from them his fake axes were positioned across his back. A fake hunting bird rested on his shoulder, looking a bit ridiculous. Of course, not being the tallest or toughest guy, Harry resisted the urge to call his friend an 'accidental goblin.' The belts were well made, at least, even if the rest wasn't as convincing. The important thing was that Lucas was proud of his work, and therefore Harry was too.

The pair were absolute nerds, all things considered. They had grown up together, going through elementary school and then high school and now finally into the last of their college years, and all the while they had remained the best of friends and the geekiest of individuals. They absorbed fantasy, practically *consumed* it, having played Dungeons and Dragons many a time together, watched the extended editions of Lord of the Rings over and over on the same couch, and finally gotten into medieval LARPing when the festival began visiting their city several years ago. There was something about the call to adventure and the escape to fantastical worlds free of modern technology yet brimming with arcane magic that just engrossed them, though not always for the same reasons. Harry, for instance, loved the classic Tolkien-esque and Arthurian tales, albeit with modern twists; stories of brave knights rescuing equally brave princesses, the pairs travelling on adventures together. Sometimes he enjoyed tales of black knights instead; those more antiheroic and mysterious adventurers, wandering servants of justice with no lord to speak of, whose hearts could be captured by a suitable warrioress worthy of standing alongside him. Yes, it was fair to say he was a bit of a romantic in that regard.

Lucas, on the other hand, enjoyed the far more pulpy side of fantasy. Perhaps it was because he was less of an anxious individual than his friend, or simply because he'd managed to have even less success in dating (often because of his failed bravado and inability to hide his nerdiness), or some other reason, but his tastes in fantasy favoured musclebound orcs and scantily clad women, particularly of the non-human variety. He didn't exactly shout it to the rooftops, but one could easily tell there were some fetishistic elements to it; he had posters of sexy elven women and orc-girls in his room, alongside other 'fantasy babes.' Which wasn't to say he didn't like stories of good triumphing over evil, but he liked it when it was antiheroic and, well, more than a little sexy. High fantasy involving tons of different races and crazy adventure with an adventuring party were his favourite, and he had gotten Harry into playing many online games and tabletop campaigns as a result. He didn't regret it one bit, and frankly neither did Harry, who simply found his friend's eccentricities amusing.

It was with these attitudes that their costumes had been fashioned - one the stalwart knight, the other the barbarian orc - and for all that Harry felt a little nervous about being seen in his outfit and looking ridiculous, his friend's easy swagger and obviously fake muscles made it easier to stomach. The LARP festival had just come into view, situated on

the forest edge of town, the clearing having been hired by the organisers. It was far more bustling than last year, and already many others could be seen moving about in costume, setting up stalls, readying rides, attending to actual horses and displays and roleplay events. The day was set to be quite fun, and both young men had the schedules; they were particularly excited about the grand fantasy adventure promised by the organisers, with professional actors even hired for segments of it.

Well, they were excited, until they noticed the pair of obstacles blocking the path that led to the gate entrance.

“Oh shit,” Harry said. “It’s Kade and Rowan.”

“Ignore them,” Lucas said, though he was nervous, and suddenly was trying to make his slightly tubby figure look even smaller.

“You know that never works.”

“Well, they’re in the way and they’ve spotted us, do you have a better idea, huh?”

He didn’t. Neither of them did, and they were only getting closer to the brawly pair who were awaiting them.

Kade and Rowan were the worst of the worst; high school bullies who had never grown out of their behaviour, even as they had entered their early twenties. They were a match made in hell; Kade was tall, athletic and handsome, with black hair and an impressively square jaw. He had a gleaming intelligence to the way he set about tormenting those around him who were weaker, especially people like Harry, who he never called by his name, only by the insult ‘Twig.’ He had bullied the pair for quite some time, and never for any particular reason, and while they were more free of him after their high school years, whenever they encountered him on campus he was sure to make some snide comment, to undermine them in front of any women, and generally share anecdotes of all the embarrassments he’d put them through.

Rowan, on the other hand, was more of a bully for Lucas specifically. It was an understandable pairing. Whereas Kade was the brains of the outfit, the greater academic achiever with the privileged family and the ability to get out of any trouble, Rowan was the bruiser of the two. The lunkhead. The base bully who attached himself like a limpet to Kade’s side and followed his orders. It was a warped mirroring of the dynamic between Harry and Lucas: Harry was the high-achiever of the two, the one with greater prospects and better health, even if he was quite thin. And just like Lucas, who was a bit tubbier than his best friend, Rowan was a wide, broad, bull of a young man. Much of it was muscle, but one could tell that his future would include a large beer belly one day, and there was little doubt he would become a bouncer or security guard or something. That was especially evident from the way he liked pushing people around, shoving them out of the way, and generally hurling

insults and getting up in their faces until they had no choice to fight back. That was when he beat them down. Lucas knew this from experience.

"I swear if he tries to throw hands I'm going to run," Lucas said.

"He won't try to throw hands. This isn't high school anymore."

"Yeah? Have you heard the stories coming out of bars and stuff? The guy is a maniac."

"Kade will keep him in line," Harry said, but when he turned back to look at Kade, he practically *gulped*. The tall, popular athlete had that gleam in his eye, the satisfied look of a bully who had just caught his target in the perfect crossfire.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the Twig," he said aloud, half-chukling. Rowan chuckled with him. "Off to the nerd festival, I see, *Twig*?"

Harry decided not to ignore him. He knew from experience that this only made matters worse.

"It's just a LARP festival, Kade," he said, trying not to meet his eyes.

"A what? We just came out here to see the freaks! Isn't that right, Rowan?"

"Sure is," the other man said, giggling. "And what a pair of freaks I see. What are you supposed to be, Lucas, some kind of, like, fat goblin or something?"

Lucas would have blushed with embarrassment were he not wearing so much green skin paint. Well, he did blush, but it was less obvious.

"I'm an orc warrior," he said, but even just saying it aloud made him realise it was the dumbest possible thing he could have said, because the pair of bullies exchanged a look of amusement between them. With a tilt of the head from Kade, Rowan gained permission to approach Rowan, circling him like a shark. The pair of nerds were getting nervous - the festival was literally within sight, and these bullies were ruining the experience for them.

"You don't look like much of a warrior, ha!" Rowan exclaimed, shoving Lucas slightly to the side. He nearly toppled over. "Looks like a shit-green paintjob, in fact!"

"The armour's better," Kade said, and Harry was very wary of the compliment. "Looks a bit gay though, don't you think? The feather, the shining armour. That rumour I spread about you two back in high school might end up going strong again if you parade around like a loser geek in a mardi gras dress, you know."

Harry bit his lip. He'd *hated* those rumours. He just wanted to enjoy his fantasy roleplay. It would be starting soon, but the two tormentors were ruining it for him.

"Look Kade, we just want to go to the festival. Can you just let us pass by?"

Kade laughed. He practically cackled. "Not exactly the words of a brave knight, *Twig*. But then, you're way too much of a pathetic *twig* to actually be a knight. No wonder you're always off in these lame fantasies. No wonder the pair of you are still total *virgins*."

"Virgins! Ha, still a pack of lame virgins!" Rowan added, unimaginative as always.

Lucas ground his teeth. He didn't dare say anything. He was feeling totally humiliated, and knew that Rowan would bruise his arm if he tried to argue back. Both of them were trying to fight back tears at this point and feeling all the more pathetic for it. They *were* virgins, though Harry at least had *some* experience with a former girlfriend who had let him touch her boobs, but that's as far as it had gotten. The truth was, whatever chances they'd ever had of meeting a pair of girls and having a good relationship had been destroyed by Kade and Rowan, who delighted in such mischief. Part of the reason to even go to the festival was knowing that there would be women with interests like them that they could meet. Well, that was the case for Harry. Lucas would probably ogle a bit too much, hopeless as he was.

It was at this point that Kade finally strode forward, looming over Harry, making him feel small in more ways than one. He didn't employ violence - usually - but his presence always threatened it. He extended a single finger outwards and jabbed him in the chest. It ordinarily would have hurt, if not for the armour, but somehow that just made it feel more silly and childish.

"Hey, *Twig*, I just called you a virgin. Are you going to be the brave white knight who sticks up for yourself, or are you just gonna take it?"

Harry's cheeks *burned* with anger and embarrassment. The same was true of Lucas, who indeed was looking like a sad, fat goblin at that point. But he could do nothing, he knew that.

"N-no, Kade, I'll just take it, I guess," he said.

"What about you, lard boy?" Rowan teased, despite being quite the bigger man himself. "Admit you're a total virgin."

Lucas was silent for a moment. He wanted to be literally anywhere else. "I'm . . . I'm a virgin," he said, and it took every effort not to start crying then and there.

The two bigger men laughed and laughed, even sharing a high-five as they soaked in the humiliating scene they'd created.

"Can we go now?" Harry asked, daring to look up at Kade.

"Yeah, sure," Kade said, sneering. "Go have your loser fun. Too bad you weren't a tougher knight who could grow some balls. Think on that while you're acting like a pair of fairies down there."

Rowan giggled. "Good one, Kade!"

The two nerds went to move, but it was at this point that a fifth voice spoke up, a figure no one had known was there the whole time.

"No, I don't think they should be going just yet, and neither should you two disgraces. Not until we've cleared something up."

“What the-!?” Kade exclaimed, looking off the path and into the nearby bushes. Emerging from them was a woman in her mid-to-late twenties, wearing a dress that appeared medieval, with all sorts of trinkets and bones and leaves and twigs threaded throughout it, so that she looked like some ancient witch or druid. Around her head she wore a sort of tiara made of woven roots and reeds, with various flowers tied within it. Her features were almost fae-like, thin and striking and beautiful, and her hair was wreathed with plants and vines and even more flowers.

Kade laughed, and then, having gotten permission to do so from his master, so did Rowan.

“Whoa, check out the crazy vegan chick. Were you perving on us the whole time, huh?”

“Not perving,” she said without a trace of humour. She stepped forward on beer, dirt-crusted feet. “I was simply drawn to this place. I enjoy these medieval festivals!”

“Sure, like there are actually girls at these things.”

“Women, thank you,” she replied, placing her hands on her hips. “And there are. Many of them, in fact, including those who dress up such as me. And we approach them with the same fun and enthusiasm I see in these men here with their wonderful costumes.”

Lucas awkwardly waved to her but Harry slapped his hand down. This was not the moment to try flirting with someone, especially when she was defending them instead of vice-versa.

“Wonderful?” Rowan asked. “Have you seen what this fat dork looks like? Do you need glasses?”

“I used to, but I solved that problem with a little magic. Easily so. It will take considerably more to fix *your* situation. Such horrid barbs and taunts you give, and for no cause. It is unforgivable.”

There was a brief pause. Something about this woman felt off, almost otherworldly. Beyond her ethereal beauty and immaculate costume, she seemed to radiate a certain . . . power. As if she were difficult to ignore, like something was redirecting them all to be unable to look away.

“Um, Kade, I don’t think you should push this lady,” Harry said.

“Shut up, *Twig*.”

“No, I think he’s right,” Lucas said, managing to show a bit more courage. “Um, I hope we didn’t offend you or anything, my lady.”

Even Harry had to raise an eyebrow about that. “My lady? Seriously? C’mon man,” he whispered. “You don’t have a chance.”

“Shut up,” Lucas whispered back, and the pair quickly lapsed back into silence as she regarded them.

“No offence taken,” she said casually. “In truth, I’m glad to see a shining knight and a barbarian orcs. Classic tropes in my opinion!”

“Yeah well, we don’t give two shits about crazy bitches from the forest who belong to the nerd crowd,” Kade said. “Even if you are pretty hot.”

“Hot but crazy, like a wild bitch,” Rowan added.

At this point the strange woman stepped closer. Her face did not pinch in anger as Harry and Lucas expected. Instead, she simply looked up at the men with curiosity, regarding them as if they were alien creatures. Even Kade and Rowan recoiled a bit at this; there was indeed something *off* about this woman in a way that neither - especially dull Rowan - could quite quantify, and to their shared surprise they actually backed up a step.

“Hey, get away,” Kade said, trying to recover. “I don’t want to catch whatever weird freaky disease you probably contracted with all that forest shit on you.”

The woman actually smirked, though it was a faint expression. “Neither of you feel particularly bad at all for behaving this way, do you? Not one bit? Not even a little?”

The pair shared a look, then a laugh. The woman nodded as if that was an answer enough.

“And you two, Harry and Lucas, yes? They have been your tormentors for some time? Making fun of your LARP? Your fantasy interests? Your nerdery?”

“H-how did you know our names?” Harry said.

“The same way I know that this pair are Kade and Rowan . . . for now. The same way I am going to change your lives, and grant you a boon that will give you everything you ever wanted. And the same way I shall bane these two in turn, cursing them to adopt new forms and roles that will be much more pleasing to you. You see, I am a witch. My name is Saoirse, and I hate, hate, hate seeing bullying, especially when it overlaps with interests of mine like this.”

Kade scoffed. “Okay, this is weird shit. You three nerd virgins enjoy your -”

Saoirse clicked a finger, and suddenly Kade was silenced. Rowan gaped, went to move and shout something in turn, but another click saw him frozen to the spot, unable to move or talk. Only breathe and listen. It was a great improvement.

“Holy shit,” Lucas stammered. “You really are a witch, aren’t you?”

She smiled. “Oh, I very much am, even if your friend still doubts a little. Don’t worry Harry, I won’t take any offence. You see, I’m going to make your lives much, much better, all while making these two oafs regret their actions. You call these two nerds, huh? Well, Kade and Rowan, you better get used to joining the club, because you’re about to be these two nerds’ *dates*.”

The two frozen men managed to raise their eyebrows just a little. It was clear they were panicking, and maybe even starting to believe that magic was actually real. Saoirse

waved her hand and there was a little pink flourish of arcane energy, and suddenly the bullying pair could speak again.

“Hey, what the fuck!? Let us go, you bitch!”

“Yeah, let us go!” Rowan said, before adding a simpering, “please!”

“Oh, I’ll let you go alright,” Saoirse said, turning to wink at a confused but fascinated Harry and Lucas. “Right after I get this transformation going. Trust me, you guys are going to *love* this LARP now, especially when you have two new hot dates on your arms! And fantasy-themed dates to boot! Let’s get this party started!”

She began waving her arms in a dancer-like fashion, speaking in an arcane tongue that none of them could decipher. Kade looked to be getting scared, and Rowan was absolutely terrified, now pleading helplessly for her to let them go, even throwing out apologies to Harry and Lucas.

“Too late!” the witch said, before returning to her arcane ritual chant. Harry briefly considered running away at this point, but Lucas was transfixed and refusing to budge, and if his usually-more anxious friend was sticking around, then so was he. Saoirse seemed to notice their decision not to run, and she gave them an encouraging smile, one that actually seemed to buoy the pair’s confidence.

“Don’t worry guys,” she said. “Trust me, you’re going to love this.”

And then, with Kade and Rowan still hurling a mix of obscenities, demands, and insults in the background, the witch drew a bubble of bubbling green light between her hands and expanded it. Like an atom bomb, it seared with energy before expanding rapidly. Harry and Rowan threw up their hands but were helpless before the magic. It quickly encased them all.

And that’s when the transformations began.

Part 2: Transformation

The forest was gone, and all four men were suddenly in a white expanse. Not white as in snow, but rather purely white, as if God had yet to declare anything beyond ‘let there be light’ and even sky and space were as-yet uninvented. It was impossible to even see the floor they were standing on, only feel the slightly cool flatness of it. Kade and Rowan looked around in shock.

“What the hell?” the leader said. “What did you two dweebs do? Where the fuck are we?”

“Yeah! Answer him, you fucking dorks! Or I’ll smash your freaking faces in!”

Harry looked to Lucas, who simply looked back and shrugged. They were still in their costumes, still feeling a bit ridiculous.

“Um, I gotta be honest,” Harry said. “I really do think she was a witch. I have no idea what she was hoping to do by sending us here though, because - nghh!!”

Suddenly, Harry doubled over. For a second he thought that Rowan had punched him, but he hadn't moved any closer at all and he would have seen movement anyway. Instead, it was like something had punched him from the *inside*.

“Dude, are you okay?” Lucas asked.

“What is he doing now?” Kade demanded. “Don't tell me that-”

He trailed off the next insult as Harry stood back up. Something was happening, and it took Harry a moment to realise what: he'd always been short, not as much as Lucas but still only five-foot-six, but when he stood back up, he'd easily grown several inches, somehow. He was *taller*, and the armour had impossibly grown with him.

“That can't be,” he whispered, looking at the lessened height difference between him and Kade. “How could - ahh! Ohhhhh!”

More lurching, more stretching of tendons. Right before the group's eyes, Harry was getting even taller. His spine cracked audibly, new vertebrae forming and extending to make him ever higher. He raced past the five-foot-seven mark, then five-foot-eight, then five-foot-nine, until he was easily six feet and still growing!

“No way,” Kade managed, looking at this unfolding transformation. “No fucking way.”

Harry was speechless, but Lucas was already cheering. “Yes fucking way! She told us she'd give us a boon! You're becoming a powerful knight, dude!”

Harry's swallowed, realising the meaning of Lucas' words even as his height topped out at a very impressive and manly six-foot-two. He now looked quite spindly, even more than usual, but that was soon corrected by a strange rippling through his muscles. Harry managed to avoid lurching again, though he did nearly stumble as muscles developed along his calves and thighs. His entire body was developing a deeply impressive musculature, the kind that would indeed belong to the idealised form of a shining knight. But a shining knight was not what he was becoming, because his ordered armour began to change as well. It had been expensive, but one could still tell it wasn't a true set of armour.

That was not the case in the moments that followed, because now that Harry had developed an impressive (and still growing) strength to fill out his body, his armour now gained a much more definable metal weight, becoming the real deal. A far more impressive style was engraved upon the cuirass, and the pauldrons grew in size to match his now massive shoulders. The helmet - easily the weakest bit of the costume - thickened and became stylised, the faceplate jutting forward and gaining a grill. Two metal wings like those of a dragon flaired out backwards from the hinges, and this pattern held true elsewhere - not

just the image on the cuirass but the tabard and sword-hilt as well, which was now a true sword of shining metal. The metal darkened, turning almost coal-black, with a red trim that would have looked villainous were it not for the valiance of the man within the armour. Harry grunted as his jaw cracked, becoming even more square than Kade's. His blonde hair grew longer, his eyes more sparkling, and everything about him became more handsome. For the first time since he was a kid, he felt a surge of physical energy and a need to release it. He flexed his fists, tested his new limbs. The changes came to a slow end, but still he gazed down at his body, lifting the faceplate backwards in order to better see.

"Oh my God," he said, unable to stop himself from smiling despite the insanity of what had just occurred. Even his voice was lower, a handsome and charismatic baritone. "I've become a black knight! Look Lucas, I seriously could belong in on the cover of one of our old *Battle Mages* magazines!"

"That's - that's not possible!" Kade exclaimed.

"Yeah, he's meant to be a dweeb."

But Lucas was grinning from ear to ear just from looking at his friend. "Yeah, a dweeb with proper armour and swords and muscles who can now kick both your asses at the same time, losers!"

Rowan grew red in the face. "Oh yeah? She may have changed him, but you're still a - still a - oh shit."

He stopped right there, because the next set of changes were clearly happening to Lucas at that very moment. He didn't lurch or double over as Harry did now that he had advanced warning. Instead, as he felt the pressure and thrum of magic enter his core, he closed his eyes and fully embraced it, excited to see what he would become. He wasn't about to be disappointed.

"NGHHH! Harry, I can f-feel it! The power, so much p-power!"

His voice lowered as he spoke, to the point where Harry's own brass baritone was positively tenor in comparison. It sounded alarming and strange coming from his small, pudgy body, but said body quickly caught up. The paint evaporated from his form, leaving his skin pale and pink, though only for a few moments. It then began to darken again, even as muscles began to positively ripple across his form.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Rowan exclaimed, watching his favourite subject of mockery grow and swell, becoming taller and taller just as Harry had. But whereas Harry had remained human, Lucas' changes were altogether more fantastic, a face that pleased the hell out of him.

"Yesss! YES! Ohhhhh, it f-feels so s-strange, but good!"

"Yeah," Harry said, mindboggled by this latest development. "But Lucas, I - your skin! Look at your skin! It's turning green - and not from paint!"

“Ahhhh! Ahhhh, it is! Mhmmm - but the power!”

His voice lowered again, becoming guttural and almost animalistic. Lucas outstripped his clothing quickly, his homemade fake barbarian furs shredding apart from the rapid expansion of his height and breadth. Thankfully, before anything too bare - or green - could be shown, his clothing reformed, becoming genuine leathers and furs, the straps extending to accommodate his swelling shoulders. His thin hair thickened, becoming wild like that of a proper barbarian's, and his jawline became far more pronounced. His teeth, previously messy and with gaps, closed ranks, with two mighty lower jaw tusks rising from behind his bottom lip to position themselves in front of his top one.

“GrrrrrrRRRRAAGGGHH!!!” he roared, stretching out his now-massive arms. The colouration of his skin continued to change, becoming a forest green that was as vibrant as it was inhuman. His pecs were massive, his abs a powerful eight pack, but it was the sheer breadth and size of his shoulders that seemed most captivating of all. He was taller than Harry by several inches, easily clearing six-foot-four, but his width gave him the appearance that Rowan once commanded in any room: that wall of muscle and power that loomed, threatening violence.

The last of Lucas' changes finished up: his face thickened a bit, and his fingernails sharpened, becoming coarser. His costume now revealed much of his new orcish musculature, and two very genuine axes were now upon his back, weighty but not easily carried by his new form. They were the real deal, too: he took one from his back and tested it in his hands, and was impressed by the make of the steel.

“This is fucking *rad*,” the new orc man bellowed, before laughing heartily. “Not so much of a big man *now*, are you Rowan?”

Rowan stuttered, stammered, and gulped. There was nothing he could think of to say, especially when looking up at a wild orc barbarian, particularly one that had a longer black man now.

“She really was a witch,” Kade said.

“What gave that away, Kade?” Harry taunted. “Looks like from now on you'll be looking *up* at me while talking to me. And given I'm now a black knight rather than a shining knight, maybe it won't take too long for me to not only *not* be a virgin anymore, but to have more notches on the bed than you?”

“Ha! And I'm a goddamn orc!” Lucas cheered, though he stopped for a moment. “Wait, how is this going to work once the LARP is over? Umm . . .”

His initial excitement was starting to give way to an understandable fear: what if this was permanent? What were the limits? Would other people realise he was an actual, factual orc? How could he explain this to his parents now?

He was given brief respite from these worries, but only because at that point Kade began to wince, his hands running over his form as a new series of tensions and pressures hit him now too.

“F-fuuuuuuck,” he groaned, gritting his teeth. “You’ve got to b-be fucking k-kidding me. I didn’t ask for a change. At least I’ll be able to stop you from being so f-fucking smug when I get as b-big as - ughhh!!”

“Hell yeah!” Rowan cheered. “You think you two look big, wait till you see - what the hell is your body doing, Kade?”

“I - don’t - ugh - *know!*”

There was a gasp from his brutish friend as Kade’s voice went up a notch, sounding almost female in its register. This occurred at the same time as a general thinning along his face and body. Within moments, his clothing was obviously far too baggy for his figure, and too tall too: he had to grab his trousers to stop them from falling to his ankles, but his feet were covered by the hem.

“What the hell? I’m shrinking! Stop this - where is that b-bitch? NGHH!!

Again, his voice rose, to the point where it no longer sounded male at all. This was accompanied by a change in colour to his hair: it rippled and shined, shifting from its tousled black to a bright, borderline platinum blonde. He shrieked as it grew out, extending out over his face. When he parted the curtain of ever-growing hair to see the two nerds gaped: in mere moments, Kade’s facial features had become positively womanly. His lips had swollen and now appeared to have pale lipstick upon them, and his cheekbones were smooth. His handsome scruff was gone, leaving a face that was perfectly smooth. His eyes were bright blue, his eyelashes obvious. His jaw was far too wide, but the bully grunted and groaned as it too reshaped, becoming softer and giving his face a perfect heart shape.

“Dude, you’re turning into a woman!” Lucas said, trying not to bellow out a loud orcish laugh.

Harry watched in fascination. “She’s beautiful,” he said, not meaning to say it out loud.

Kade’s cheeks burned with the humiliation of what was occurring to him. “Shut up!” he squealed in his increasingly soprano-like voice. “Shut up! Reverse this! You did this somehow! You - Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhh f-fuck!”

Just like with Harry and Lucas, there was no denying the pleasure that began to flow through Kade’s form. He tried to fight it, and said fight was obvious from the clenching of his soft jaw and squeezing shut of his eyes, but he lost out, descending into borderline orgiastic moans as his figure readjusted. His clothing shrank, altering in fabric and colour until it was a pale pink with golden and white trim, like that of a princess. But rather than becoming a

dress it split into two; one half a short skirt with white fur hem and the top half gathering beneath what could only be a pair of growing breasts.

“No! No! Not f-fucking breasts! Mmhmmm! Not - ahhh! Ohhhhh!”

His nipples pushed out, becoming a brighter pink to match his new feminine style, then expanding to form wider areolas, and then surging forth as breast tissue accumulated behind them. Kade grabbed his growing boobs, trying to force them back in. But even then his strength waned: his hands shrunk down to become far more dainty, and his arms lost a lot of their muscle mass. Interestingly, they didn't lose *all* of their impressive muscles. In fact, he still looked rather fit; his fancy crop top-styled upper garment revealed his arms. They were more lithe now, bereft of any body hair, and most certainly the arms of a woman, but they were the arms of an athletic woman at least. The same was true for his legs; even as he shrunk in height down to a far less impressive five-foot-seven, his legs maintained a certain strength, particularly in the thighs.

Of course, all of this escaped Kaden's notice. He was chiefly concerned with the way his breasts were continuing to blossom, with his manly shoulders were shrinking, and how his hips were spreading wider even as his waist narrowed rather wonderfully.

“Holy shit, Kade is becoming a total hottie!” Lucas exclaimed.

“Shut up! Fuck you!” Kade cried, his voice now a sweet soprano.

“But it's true, dude! You look like a battle princess or something! Nice abs, too. Shame she isn't a sexy elven ranger or something.”

“Dude, be quiet! This is crazy,” Harry said, though in his mind he couldn't stop looking at Kade's evolution. His own member was hardening despite the chaos of all that was happening: his bully was turning out just that beautiful!

“Nhhnnn, I don't want this! F-fuck! Ohhhhh!”

The ecstasy was building, causing the feminising man ever more shame. His breasts enlarged yet again, now easily nice, firm C-cups. Still they grew, expanding to sizeable D's, then Double-D's before stopping, easily a handful each. They provided a firm profile against his feminine top, and when he squeezed them by accident he almost drooled from the unwanted pleasure that flowed. It was enough to speed up the changes between his legs: before he could even fling a hand down to arrest the withdrawal of his cock, it scuppered back up inside his body with an audible slurp. His testes followed, one plopping back inside him, followed by another. Both caused him to groan in his high voice. Moments later, his new vulva formed, labia and clitoris and tunnel and all. It was too much for Kade, even as a pair of fancy sandals appeared up his, or rather *her*, feet. A minimalist golden tiara sparkled into existence on her forehead, and her hair weaved itself into a fine plait.

Suddenly, standing before them was no longer Kade the tall jock of a bully, but instead an incredibly beautiful and refined-looking woman who nevertheless looked to be

able to hold her own in combat; the bow and arrow on her back and dagger on her hip made that much obvious. She did indeed appear to be a battle princess.

“Like a mix between Princess Peach and Xena the Warrior Princess,” Harry remarked under his breath.

“What? What *in Tartarus* did you just say?” Kade snapped before clutching her pretty mouth. “Why did I just speak like that?”

“Damn, she’s got nice abs,” Lucas remarked.

“Hey, that’s my friend!” Rowan said. “You turn him back! Even if he is, like, really fucking hot right now.”

“*Knave!*” she cried without meaning to. “How can you say that?”

“Sorry, but it’s true. Seriously, you look *fresh*, man.”

Kade was furious, but due to his new womanliness she also felt a well of emotion building inside her. It was too much to deal with, and as such her eyes began to blink with tears, further increasing her shame. She looked down at her breasts - her outfit allowed for a tantalising peak at her impressive cleavage - and barely managed to hold back from collapsing on the spot.

“It’s not f-fair! I don’t deserve this!”

Harry felt he damn well did, but kicking a woman like Kade now was while she was down felt . . . unknighly, even if he was a black knight. Instead, he turned his gaze upon the last remaining unchanged member of their group. So did Lucas, who grinned madly, baring his enormous lower tusks.

“What?” Rowan asked. “Why are you staring at m - oh. Oh no. No, no, no, no, no, no! No, I was just following what Kade said. It was all her! I mean him! Whatever!”

“You *simpleton!*” she replied haughtily. “I turn into a goddamn girl and you start blaming me. At least I won’t be alone; looks like you’re already changing!”

Rowan screeched, jumping backwards as if to escape the magic infection. Instead, he only focused more attention on himself as the change began to hit him. The larger man grunted, scratching all over his skin as it became warm and flushed. Slowly at first and then much more rapidly as it spread, his skin began to turn an impossible golden chestnut brown, the kind that seemed to have almost a copper hint to it that would be impossible on any human.

“What the fuck? Am I even gonna be human?”

The answer to that was a resounding no. As if to emphasise that fact, the man suddenly cringed as his ears extended, sweeping back at the top to form long elven points at least two extra inches long, the same copper colour as the rest of his skin.

“Oh my God, I bet he’s becoming a sexy elf!” Lucas shouted, pointing with obvious excitement.

“A what!?” Rowan exclaimed. “No! You’re lying! This is just some mindtrick!”

“Don’t be a *foolish knave*, Rowan,” Kade said in her rather haughty, princess voice. “You’re changing like me. This is our damn punishment!”

“Punishment for, like, what?” the increasingly thin Rowan stammered, voice getting ever higher. “What did we do?”

“What *didn’t* you do?” Harry muttered, taking off his helmet to better watch the proceedings unfold. Lucas was practically glued to the sight of Rowan’s changes, taking in the sight with a lot of glee but also increasing arousal. Rowan’s face thinned, features becoming fey-like. His lips became fuller, though not as much as Kade’s now were. But his cheekbones became much more pronounced, almost ethereally so, matching his thinner face and twilight eyes. In fact, even his pupils changed, becoming the shape of half-crescent moons over lilac-purple irises. Rowan tried to pathetically force his hair back into his scalp as it flowed outwards. It became a fiery red, flecked with streaks of gold, far more vibrant than the hair of any actual elf.

“C’mon! Wake up, wake up!”

He pinched himself, trying to figure out what was going wrong, why he wasn’t waking. But instead he was hit by another flurry of changes that put him into the ‘definitely becoming female’ category: his hips widened slightly, and his figure transformed as dramatically as Lucas’ had, albeit in reverse: where he had become broad and muscular, Rowan’s figure became lithe and thin. He remained somewhat taller at least - perhaps about five-foot-nine - which was in keeping with his new elven nature, but his limbs were thin and almost willowy, his legs made for gentle, elegant striding. While Kade had gained impressively voluptuous curves, Rowan had a fragile beauty to him now. His breasts grew forth, nipples expanding, chest pooling with fat. It wasn’t nearly as dramatic as Kade’s large, cleavage-filled bust, but the resulting C-cups were by no means small, producing an impressive amount of cleavage of their own, even if not quite to his friend’s own cavernous crevasse.

“Nghhhh! T-tits! F-fucking ti-ohhh! No! Not my fucking d-diiiiiiii!!!”

His voice shot up in octaves, and ended up becoming a gorgeous mezzo-soprano that seemed tinged with an almost musical quality, fitting for a magical elf woman. This was caused by his penis withdrawing back into his body, his testicles as well. The squirming elf’s hips widened in response, and this was the one area the new woman *did* have on Kade other than height: the new battle princess might have had the bust, but Rowan had the childbearing hips. The new woman’s clothing rearranged, becoming a skin-tight leather outfit with fur padding for the skirt and shoulders. Her hair gained a number of complex weaves as well as flowers and small vines running through it, all somehow enhancing the style and natural beauty of her. Her body was more covered than Kade’s, and yet the skin-tight nature of the leather outfit made her form just as outlined.

“This is so completely fucked!” Rowan declared, patting her copper-coloured hands over her form.

“Yeah, *fucking* gorgeous,” Lucas said, before being reminded of his tusks. He was caught halfway between increasing concern about the nature of his new orc form and delight at Rowan’s new one. Much like Harry’s attention towards the feminised Kade, he too was feeling a stirring in his loins, and his new loins were *mighty*.

“Gross! Are you getting a fucking erection you dweeb!?” Rowan shrieked, stepping back. She hadn’t even noticed that she now had a bow and arrow with quiver slung along your back.

“It’s not my fault you’re a sexy elf girl!”

“Yes it is!” Kade added, joining the argument. “The same reason I look like this! We’ve turned into your fantasies! That’s our *godsdamned* punishment, you villains!”

‘Finally, someone understands the full picture,’ echoed the voice of Saoirse. Everyone went silent, looking about through the white space to see where she was.

‘The new woman is right, of course. Meet your new characters for the LARP, all of you. It’s going to be an incredible amount of fun, especially for you, Harry and Lucas. You two deserve some hot dates for this adventure, and now Kade and Rowan will play that role, not that their names will stay the same. And just for fun, I’ve magically enhanced the LARP too. It’s going to be an incredible fantasy experience, and one that will let you, let’s just say ‘fully enjoy’ your new partners, ha! Don’t worry, I’ll make a few mental adjustments to your character sheets. You’ll understand what that all means soon. For now, let’s get you back to your material plane and ready to start the LARP. Time to begin!’

Kade shouted. “Wait, you have to turn me-”

But before another word could be said from anyone, there was that brilliant flash of green light again.

The adventure was about to begin, whatever it was.

Part 3: New Character Sheets

The four of them were suddenly elsewhere, in the middle of the hustle and bustle of the Medieval LARP Festival. For a moment it was almost like the changes that had happened to them were a dream, until each realised that they were indeed still in their massively altered bodies; particularly the new women. But their bodies weren’t the only things that had changed either: Harry and Lucas in particular looked around themselves, the knight and orc astonished at how the festival had unnaturally expanded in size, scale, and verisimilitude.

Instead of a number of cheap, decorated stalls, there now appeared to be full medieval *buildings* in the wide field, including a tavern calling itself the *Blue Barrel* on its hanging wooden sign. There were wagons going back and forth, drawn by horses, as well as defence towers, a tanning shop, a place to buy scrolls, a full on apothecary, a dragon's skeletons that had been converted into a central tent, and many other fantastical locations that were well outside the budget of what this fair could ever hope to put on.

"Um, are we sure we're back in Kansas?" Harry asked the group, looking around. He'd expected to gain a lot more attention from the crowd, but as his eyes left the buildings, he noticed also that the people themselves looked a lot more changed as well.

"This is starting to freak me out," Lucas said. "Is that a succubus there?"

A pink-skinned woman with horns and a spaded tail rolled her eyes as she passed him. "Hey, orc! Eyes are up here, thanks!"

He didn't consider it entirely his fault for peeking; she did have the kind of generously revealing leather body armour that would have been right at home on the cards of his magic trading game. But then she was just one of many denizens whose costumes seemed to go beyond the ordinary and into the genuinely fantastical.

"This is so fucked up," Kade whined, her voice regal and soft. "Is that a freaking horse person?"

"A centaur of the forest," Rowan corrected in her sylvan voice. "Wait, how do I know that?"

It was indeed. He was mostly naked and moved among the crowd, chatting with two friends who consisted of a cute little gnomish woman and what looked to be a burly orc woman. She actually waved a shy hello to Lucas, and the muscly orc was struck, not knowing what to do: since when did women do that to *him*?

It was Rowan that slapped him on the side - not punched like she would have once done, but *slapped* - and grabbed his attention.

"Hey, big orc dude! Stop looking at green ladies and, like, focus here, okay? I've turned into an elf girl and you need to turn me back, pronto!"

Lucas grunted in annoyance, looking at Harry. "Do you know what's going on here? Why do people see us as normal?"

Harry looked at the crowd. There were humans and other races, including some dragon-kin from what he could see. They were acting like townspeople, but among them were others who appeared more like them: adventurers with weapons and materials. Listening to a nearby conversation between two elves, he could make out some of the situation.

"The treasure will be mine! Once we defeat the dragon, we'll be not only rich, but famous!"

“Ours, brother. Our treasure. The lady of the tavern is the quest giver, so I hear, so let’s not tarry. We’ll see her straight away.”

They moved, and it made Harry realise what was going on. The tall knight - he was still getting used to being so tall and strong, and weirdly confident as well - turned back to the group.

“Um, so I think the witch wasn’t lying when she said she’s spice up the LARP.”

“What in the *nine hells* even is a LARP?” Kade demanded.

“Well, it’s a, think of it as acting like a certain *character* where you-”

But at the mere mention of the word ‘character’ something very strange happened to the already confused quartet of nudes and bullies. In front of their eyes a large set of scrolls, hovering in the air, appeared from nothing and unrolled before them. Each had their name listed, as well as a variety of features, statistics, numbers, descriptions, abilities, and lists of equipment.

“What the -!?” Kade said, blinking at hers. She had been trying to ignore her bountiful bosom, but she shot back a step in surprise at the appearance of this floating scroll and it caused her chest to bounce quite noticeably (in fact, Harry noticed quite a lot, though she had yet to notice him noticing). “What is this? Why is it following me?”

She stepped back again but it remained in her field of vision. The same was true of Rowan, who appeared even more alarmed. When the elf jumped back it was a much further distance into the middle of the road, a borderline impossible feat for any human, but one that looked elegant and natural for an elf like her. Still the scroll followed, and she ran back to the group on her light feet, annoyed at how her hips moved from side to side so noticeably.

“Ahgh! Keep it away! You nerds have to stop this already! Change us back!”

“Ugh, you’re like a broken record,” Lucas said in his booming voice. “Don’t you recognise a character sheet?”

“A what?”

“A character sheet is what your character has in a tabletop RPG,” Harry said. “A role playing game. You wouldn’t have them in an actual LARP, but I guess the witch has given us full characters. This sheet outlines our talents, personalities, abilities, and connections to others. Also our equipment and stats. Look, it says I’ve got eighteen strength and twenty charisma.”

“Twenty strength and high wisdom!” Lucas declared, grinning through his tusks.

“Twenty dexterity?” Rowan asked. “Wait, is that like being agile and stuff? Ugh, how come I know these dumb words.”

“Cause you’re smarter now. Look, it says you’ve got sixteen intelligence. That’s quite good.”

Rowan blinked, touching her head briefly.

“And I’ve got eighteen intelligence, no wonder my vocabulary has become so ridiculous!” the battle princess added. “And high dexterity as well. Wait, this isn’t me! It doesn’t say ‘Kade’ at all. It’s given me some stupid woman’s name - Kaylin. Has this thing changed my name?”

“My name isn’t Rowan either!” the elf declared. “It’s Raven. That’s . . . sort of a pretty name. I mean, stop it! Ugh, something’s happening to my b-brain!”

Indeed it was, and to all four of them, though far more to the women of the group. Lucas couldn’t help but notice that his character sheet, among the skills and talents the barbarian now possessed, also noted *‘high attraction to elves, advantage on interaction with female elves’* on it. He had already found Rowan/Raven attractive, but now staring at her copper-skin and gorgeous skin-tight outfit, her wild flame hair . . . it took his breath away.

But the character sheets weren’t done with them. In fact, as they looked over said sheets, each member could hear a scribbling sound as yet more information was added. Raven gasped in horror as her character sheet now stated *‘has a kink for rough barbarian orcs’*, while Lucas’ own now also said *‘desires the honour of battle, wants many strapping children.’* Harry’s scroll gained *‘honourable and gentlemanly to all women,’* whereas Kade/Kaylin’s now said *‘Hopelessly in love with Sir Harry, happy to order him around for pleasure.’* She squeaked at this, looking over at the stalwart knight and feeling a warmth and attraction that disgusted her as much as it reluctantly excited her. He in turn caught her gaze even as another scribble was added to his sheet: *‘In love with Princess Kaylin, willing to follow her royal orders in service to good.’*

Other small aspects changed. Lucas’ name also shifted to become more orc-like: he was now *Lukarg*, and the name felt appropriate to his new form. Harry’s voice became more sophisticated and knightly, while Raven gained a sort of affinity for the forest; even looking at it on the edge of the medieval village gave her a longing, and she could somehow detect the creatures far away within it, including their dispositions.

“This is crazy,” Harry said. “It’s a full on LARP. And our characters are, uh, a pair of battle couples, I guess?”

“Seems like,” Lucas/Lukarg replied. “Um, it says here I have advantage on matters with female elves, and Raven’s-”

“Rowan’s!” the elf insisted, though the name sounded a little wrong now.

“Um, Rowan’s character sheet says she’s attracted to big barbarian orcs like me.”

“I freakin’ am not! It’s just this stupid magic making me l-look at you!”

“Same for me with Sir Harry! I mean, the *Twig!*” Kaylin said, though just calling the stalwart knight a ‘twig’ felt all kinds of wrong. He was far too handsome, far too strong and impressive. Just being near him suddenly felt a lot safer, well, safer that was until she

realised it was the magic affecting her and she stomped backwards, causing her cleavage to wobble in her tight pastel pink battle top.

“Gross! I demand you stop looking at me like I’m a piece of meat at once!”

Harry was about to argue that it was *her* fault they were in this situation, until he realised he’d been given an order. Automatically, he turned on the spot, following the directions of his character sheet.

“Of course, my Princess,” he said without meaning to. “I apologise for my ungentlemanly behaviour. Your beauty should not be stared at so brutishly.”

Her mouth hung open, shocked by the power of her orders as well as the strange lingering guilt for making him *not* appreciate her. She swallowed.

“We have to fight this.”

“Yeah, we have to fight it,” Lukarg mumbled, though he *was* looking at Raven like she was a piece of meat, and she in turn was experiencing a strange warmth in her chest and between her copper-coloured thighs as she felt the large looming orc stare at her.

“Wh-what are you looking at?” she asked, her wonderfully musical voice catching for a moment, her flame-red hair shifting on its own.

“You were looking at me first, Raven,” he said.

She knew it was the wrong name, but this time she didn’t correct him. She was still too busy staring at his large green muscles. For a fraction of a second she lifted a hand, almost about to reach out and touch them . . .

“Hey! Everyone focus! Princess talking here!”

Kaylin had stood on a crate for emphasis - it certainly emphasised her lovely legs, Harry thought. She had her impressive chest thrust out, and several others were noticing until she shooed them off.

“I have *no* desire to be stuck falling in love with a damn dweeb!” she declared - her cheeks blushed just a little as she cast her eyes in Sir Harry’s direction. “So we need to sort out what’s happening! I am *ordering* us all to get to that tavern and figure out what we need to do. Or else when this is over and I will totally beat you up, do you hear me?”

“Beat me up, huh?” Harry said, folding his arms in amusement. “Do you want to try now, princess?”

But no, that was all wrong too. His behaviour should be gentlemanly. The scrolls had furred back up and disappeared the moment their attention was off them, but Harry still felt that compulsion to follow his character. He could resist it, but it was difficult and taxing. So before the red-cheeked princess could blow up, he put up his hands in a placating manner.

“I apologise for my manner, Princess Kaylin. I would never wish to fight someone of your royal lineage, intelligence, kindness, and - and *beauty*.”

He'd nearly avoided saying the last bit, but the truth was he *wanted* to say it. Kaylin managed to turn, somehow, even more red. She gulped, feeling that same warm attraction as Raven currently was. The orc and elf were busy trying not to look at each other, but thanks to their character sheets both of them were stealing glances, much to the elf's embarrassment in particular.

"Let's just get to the tavern," Kaylin finally said. "Rise knight, and lead the way."

Harry did so, moving towards the *Blue Barrel* with the hope that this strange situation could be resolved, and soon. He didn't realise that Kaylin was following quite closely behind him, her gaze falling upon his strong shoulders. Raven and Lukarg walked beside one another as they moved, both silent, both quietly attracted to the other.

"Look who's finally come to join the adventure!"

"Oh, this explains *everything*," the princess sighed as they stepped into the tavern. It was full of life and good smelling food and drink, but the thing that captured their attention the most was the witch Saoirse behind the counter, her outfit modified a little to make her look like a kind of magical barkeep or tavern woman. She beamed at their entrance, taking in their forms.

"I don't think I've done better work!" she announced proudly. "Especially on our new girls. Enjoying your sexy fantasy dates, boys?"

An urge came over Harry. He stepped forward, feeling a strange anger. "I appreciate much of what you have done, Saoirse, but I ask you keep a civil tongue about the Princess."

Kaylin had to suppress a wide smile of thankfulness for his words. The witch just cackled.

"Well, it looks like the character scrolls are working! All the better to participate in the LARP, right? Don't worry, I won't make fun of your princess too much, Sir Harry. I made her for you, after all, though I'm sure she's not too happy about it. Don't worry, she'll get happier about it."

"I will not!" she declared. "I've got - I've got tits! Big ones! You stole my - my *manhood!*"

"Harry is your manhood now, princess," Saoirse said casually. "And trust me, he's packing."

The princess stammered, not knowing what to say. She was *imagining* it now, Harry naked, and it was . . . not an unwelcome image either. In fact, Raven was doing the same with her new orc kink just by association, her eyes wandering down to Lukarg's fur covering around his waist. The orc smirked, confidence swelling in him as it never had before. He

simply gave an authoritative nod to confirm that yes, he was packing too, and more so. He was an orc barbarian, after all. Raven immediately began playing with her hair as a distraction, which only made her more cute in his eyes.

The witch grinned at these awkward interactions. “Well, it seems my work has been very successful! You’re well on your way to acting fully in character and having a wonderful set of new adventures together.”

“But you’re compelling us!” Harry said, gesturing to the group. “I thought you were just, um, going to make them our attractive and beautiful dates for the day. Not that we asked for that, but, er . . .”

But he wasn’t *unhappy* with seeing Kaylin’s gorgeous feminine abs on display, was what he truly meant.

Saorise nodded. She took a beer from the counter and handed it to a patron, clearly anticipating his desire. “True, true! But I *am* a witch, so I like to have a bit of fun with it. Besides, we witches can also anticipate things, and see into the true character of people and the paths they can take. Let’s just say I’ve got a doozy lined up for you guys - and girls - if you’re willing to take it. By now you’re already feeling the compulsions to act in character, and it’s a LARP festival - a juiced up one, thanks to my magic! - so why not embrace it? I’m sure you’ll have a lot of fun.”

“Do we turn back at the end?” Raven asked. “Please tell me we change back at the end. I know that I’m smarter now, and that’s actually rather nice, but this isn’t me! I’m not meant to be an elf who is constantly thinking about how hot and muscly this ridiculous orc is! He’s meant to be a pudgy nobody I beat up and now my brain is all . . . mhmmmm!”

She shivered, biting her lip in a cute manner. Just to make her more of a puddle, Lukarg had a bit of fun flexing his strong green arm, letting his powerful bicep show. It forced the elf to take a deep breath, her own impressive breasts rising and falling quite pleasantly.

Saorise chuckled again. “See, follow Lukarg’s example and you’ll be alright! I’ll put it this way then: this entire ramped up medieval LARP town and all its changed denizens don’t realise how much they’ve been changed. They’ll play along with this adventure - only you four know what’s happened. They and this festival will all change back by the end of the LARP, but you four have to win to earn that privilege. You have to find the treasure and defeat the dragon at the end! Very exciting!”

“And if we don’t?” said Harry, who saw Kaylin’s concern and wanted to advocate for the person he was already thinking of as ‘his’ princess.

Soairse waggled her eyebrows. “Well, then you get to enjoy your new forms and relations a while longer. Trust me, you boys still win out, as you deserve to. And maybe these two as well, if they accept how wonderful it is to be a woman with a strong man. But even if you do win, you can choose not to change back.”

“Please, as if I would ever do that!” Kaylin said, her haughtiness now utterly natural to her voice. He patted the dagger on her side, indicated the bow and arrow on her back. “I’m still Kade in here! I can still beat all three of you. I’m a champion athlete, damn it all!”

“Well, try to rely on your dexterity more often,” Saoirse said, “that’s your stronger stat now, honey. And besides, you might want to remember you have magic too.”

“M-magic?”

“And Raven even more so. You can heal, and she can enchant her arrows. Keep that in mind for the challenges to come. You might even realise how fun a LARP can be, and why so many girls find strong knights attractive, hmm?”

“As if!” she said, pointedly *not* looking at Sir Harry in a manner that was obvious.

“Yeah, I highly doubt that,” Raven said, before sighing. “I already miss having a dumb brain. I’m not meant to say shit like ‘I highly doubt that.’”

“I think it’s cute,” Lukarg said, which set her all aflutter.

“Well, as I said, off to a fine start,” Saoirse pitched in, “but you’re already behind other adventuring groups with all these meaningful glances and accidental flirting. So as the official quest giver of this magical LARP, let me tell you how this will go: you must go deep into the forest and find the red dragon Krall’s lair, do battle with it, and gain his treasure. On the way you will find challenges and difficulties, but in overcoming them your party will be strengthened in their . . . bonds.”

At this, she smirked a little bit meaningfully at Kaylin and Harry, who had been glancing at each other’s overdeveloped features once more. They looked away, brushing their own arms awkwardly.

“The first clue I can give you is that you must head north to the Evermarshes. There the goblin hordes will try to stop you from entering their territory, but worry not, for your battleskills will be able to overcome them. Their battleforts will hold clues over where to go next. That’s it! It’s not super complicated, just a classic LARP albeit with *actual* stakes now. Have fun!”

“Wait, that’s it?” Kaylin said. “We just have to fight through stuff? I can do that!”

“Just like the old Kade,” Saoirse said, “albeit far, far prettier, I dare say.”

Kaylin frowned, but said nothing.

“We should go then,” Raven said. “I don’t want to be stuck as a stupid weak elf girl. I should have Lukarg’s sexy muscles - I mean muscles! - not him! It’s not fair!”

“Sexy huh?” he said, walking for the door.

“Shut up, you bag of former pudge.”

“Talk like that and I might sabotage the group,” he said with a tusk-filled smirk.

“Maybe we can all stay as we are, and you and I can make some half-orc, half-elf babies?”

Raven swallowed, just imagining it. She didn't want to admit it, but the thought turned her the hell on. Instead she moved past him and out of the tavern.

"Hurry up, please! Princess Kaylin - Kade - order them to go!"

"I will! I order you to move, Sir Harry, and get us changed back!"

"As you command, my lovely princess."

And so it was that they set out, moving from the medieval village with haste, heading north to the Evermarshes that apparently existed there now. The elf and princess moved with their swaying hips and bobbing breasts, the men with their broad shoulders and swinging arms, and each tried to fight their increasingly comfortable compulsions.

It was going to be a long and difficult day.

And perhaps a pleasant one, if they didn't control themselves.

Part 4: Adventures

It didn't take long to come across the goblins: they had a rather impressive wall made of heaped stone and brick, as well as numerous felled logs and sharp stakes. Kaylin actually gasped like a disgusted princess (there was a scribbling on her scroll that added '*dislikes mess and especially messy goblins*' on it, much to her annoyance) and almost hid behind Harry.

"Can we just kill them?" she asked.

"Wait, I'll see if I can talk to them. Twenty charisma, remember?"

He gave a wide, encouraging smile, and it actually made Kaylin give a relieved one in turn. She didn't even try to hide it. Acting by instinct, Raven hid back in the woods, using her natural camouflage to ready a shot up. She had always been a brawler, but something about the use of a bow still spoke to her, allowing her to bridge the gap between lunkhead brute and elegant elf in her mind. A magical sense trickled over her, and her scroll also adjusted: '*knows how to grow thorns from her arrow shots.*'

"Okay, that's fucking awesome," she said to herself, beginning to enchant her arrows.

Meanwhile, Lukarg, took out his axes, eyeing a weakpoint in the fortifications. He grunted, relishing the idea of battle. His scroll also adjusted: '*Follows Harry as team leader, but dislikes peaceful resolutions against villains when battle could do.*'

The enormous orc grunted. "Huh, I really want to fight these fuckers."

"You were never the fighting type. The magic?"

"The magic. Ugh, but I really want to use these axes. It's kind of . . . awesome."

“Well, just hold on. GOBLINS! DO YOU HEAR ME! WE COME IN PEACE AND ASK ONLY FOR PASSAGE!”

A small, ugly green figure appeared at the top of the battlements.

“Wretched shits! This is our turf, bugger off, or we’ll skin you alive and fed you to the young’uns in our soup! Heehee!”

Others laughed behind the fort structure.

“We need not fight! We are looking for Krall’s lair. If you aid us, we can even share some of the booty. What say you?”

There was a squabbling behind the fort wall. Despite the tension, and the fact that Harry wanted to keep Kaylin safe (he wasn’t worried about his battle-ready best friend), he actually felt a surge of excitement. Despite the weirdness, this was the best LARP he’d ever been on. It was the real deal. After a minute or so, a goblin returned - a new one.

“The only booty we want is the big rear on your princess there! Hand her over and let us fuck her raw and we’ll help you, if’n she’s good enough to get big in the belly with some goblin litters, hee!”

There was a pause. Kaylin’s jaw fell, her princess-manner repulsed by these creatures.

“H-how dare you!?” she started, but Harry was already bellowing also.

“HOW DARE YOU INSULT MY PRINCESS THAT WAY. LAST CHANCE.”

“Bring it, fucker!”

Harry curled his hand around his sword-hilt. “Lukarg. It’s time for the axes to come out.”

Lukarg grinned, enjoying the way it displayed his tusks. He looked back to the hidden form of Raven - he alone could smell her location thanks to his extra senses - and actually winked. She almost dropped her bow. It was a damn attractive sight from her eyes. And then the great orc raged, screaming to the sky before launching forward. The goblins screeched in turn, and even Kaylin roared in her voice, ordering Sir Harry forth.

And now the battle had begun.

Lukarg launched forth like a titan of a man - or orc, in this case - his muscles tensing, his biceps flexing, his axes in both hands. He tore at the battlements, ripping them apart so that the logs split apart as if he were carving mere butter.

“Holy shit, that’s so - so fucking *hot*,” Raven stammered. She collected herself in time to see an opening in the wall, several goblins appearing with axes of their own. She let loose a shot with perfect precision, a skill she’d never demonstrated before up until this point. Her enchanted arrows bloomed with thorns that wrapped around the enemies, binding them nonlethally but more than a little painfully.

“Holy shit, that was so fucking hot,” Lukarg growled, looking back at the gorgeous elf maiden. She grinned despite herself, amused by how well he’d mirrored her own whispered statement.

The orc then launched through the hole in the wall and began sweeping aside goblins left and right. By his side was Sir Harry, who fought with far less ferocity but far more finesse. He jabbed forward with his sword, thrusting through the weak points in the goblin armour, batting aside their weapons, tripping them with expertly-lined attacks. Every movement on his part was done with dashing elegance, and just like how the orc and the elf kept their eyes upon one another, so was it true of the princess and the knight. She stood behind him, flinging the occasional dagger and making a defensive sweep with her shortsword. To her own surprise, Kaylin found her legs were among her best weapons: her short battle skirt meant that she could kick outwards to knock out a goblin, or drop down low and sweep their legs, tripping off three or even four of them at once.

“Nicely done, princess!” Harry announced.

“Thanks!” she said, and really meant it, no sarcasm whatsoever. “You are doing well, good knight! Now take out that big brutish one!”

“As my princess commands. Er, sorry. That’s the magic.”

“Just do it!”

He followed her orders, and she in turn stayed close, healing him with her magic incantations whenever a blow came through. She performed the same service to Lukarg, who needed it more than anyone: true to his new class, one he was LARPing exceptionally well at that moment, he was all attack and basically no defence. Cuts and wounds streaked his body as he swept through the goblins, but he paid very little heed, barely noticing the pain among the joy of battle and rage.

“HA!” he roared. “The princess aids me! But it is the ELF whose work I truly admire! Keep it coming, beautiful maiden of the forest!”

“Ugh, so fucking stupid,” Raven muttered, hearing his words even from her safe distance. “So easy to let him get killed. Except I *don’t want to*. Damn this curse. Damn those amazing tusks of his. Ugh, he’s even hotter when he fights. Stupid female body!”

She landed shot after shot, restricting the movements of the goblins with her magic and taking their own archers out of action.

In the end, the battle only took about five minutes, but when they were finished, the goblins were in full retreat. The heroes had won the day, and Raven ran out to celebrate. Without even thinking she launched into Lukarg’s arms.

“We did it! We did it!”

He caught her, holding her with ease against his green muscles, of which only a tiny bit of blood now remained upon, thanks to the princess’ magic. That battle princess had put

away her dagger, and now that the bloody work of battle was done she collapsed against Harry, clinging to his armour as if for continued protection.

“We actually did it, we won the day,” she said.

“We did indeed, Kaylin. We fought well together. That thing you did with your legs . . . much more impressive than any of your athletic feats as a man.”

She giggled, though she could have taken it as an insult. “You’re right! That was . . . maybe this nerdy stuff isn’t so bad, at least like this. Too bad I’m a woman with these big-”

She realised then that her face was very close to Harry’s, and that her prominent breasts were squashed right up against his cuirass, making them even more prominent from his perspective. They both glanced down at them, then at each other.

Then back down.

Then at each other.

It happened all at once, without a moment’s thought on either party’s behalf. The pair kissed. Her full lips met his, and she smelled like fresh flowers, tasted like a sweet meal. He in turn was wonderfully manly, his own scent fine and noble.

Raven swallowed to see this. She was still being held by Lukarg. She knew, intellectually (especially now that she was more intellectual), that she hated Lucas. Considered him weak and fat and annoying, and that she herself was meant to be an alpha-male who wrecked anyone who tried to say otherwise. She knew this. She did. She was certain of it. But at that moment, such factual knowledge meant jack all: here was a rough, tough orc man who was not only battle-hardened and attractive, but so much bigger than her, and likely big *down there*, too. And she was an elegant, copper-skinned elf maiden with gorgeous hips and a face that would captivate any man.

It was captivating *this* orc man at that moment, and this just made the feel of his hands on her wide hips and cupping around her rear all the better.

“Raven . . .” Lukarg started to say.

“Lukarg . . .” she said back, suddenly feeling a lot more demure than she’d ever been in her life. Demure, and *desired*.

She kissed him too, savouring the feel of his tusks upon her smooth face. She placed her arms around his thick, trunk-like neck, and even wrapped her legs around his bare muscled waste. Her shiny, copper-coloured skin formed a magnificent contrast to his forest green, and the two made out for some time.

That was, until Kaylin moaned a little *too* loudly. Her bright blue eyes suddenly went a lot wider as she realised what she was doing.

“Oh my God! Oh, *by the Gods!* Get off me, you - you *oaf!*”

She scrambled away from Harry, prying herself off of his sleek black armour, and spat on the ground dramatically, as if she were truly disgusted by the taste of the man's lips (she wasn't, and was doing a bad job of hiding it anyway).

"Don't pretend you didn't want that," Harry said. "You came and kissed me, *my lady*."

"Don't call me that, even if it is . . . appropriate. I'm no one's damn lady! I'm meant to be Kade, not Kaylin! Ugh, this is insufferable! I can't even swear, and calling you *Twig* just seems wrong now that you're all . . . dreamy. I mean, handsome. Eugh! I mean - you know what I mean!"

Harry rubbed his chin. The kiss had been fantastic, and it had been so easy to forget that Kaylin was really Kade, the man who had tormented him for literally years. Made him feel like shit. The princess tossed her carefully done hair behind her head and folded her arms underneath her magnificent breasts, accidentally emphasising them further. They'd certainly been quite noticeably, even borderline distracting, during the battle. She gave a haughty 'harrumph' and looked away.

"Um, put me down," Raven said, matching her best friend's horror. "Now. Now. Now!"

Lukarg indeed put the elf down, and he did so with a surprising gentleness that she too noticed. She blushed, shifted backwards, and looked away also.

"That was just the stupid fucking curse, okay?"

"How come she can still swear?" the princess exclaimed.

"She's an elf," Lukarg said, smirking. "That means she's wild and free."

"Thank you, sexy," Raven said, before halting. "That was the fucking magic, alright? That godsdamned witch! It's affecting my mind more and more."

"It's affecting all of us," Harry said, putting away his sword. "We're all slipping more into our roles, and, well, into each other."

He eyed the princess, who looked away again. She didn't want to appreciate his tall stature and attractive face at that moment.

"It's made me gay," Raven said. "Kaylin too."

"Well, not really gay," Lukarg said. "Still straight, but as you're a beautiful elf maiden, now you're into guys. Orc guys, specifically."

And didn't she know it. Her loins were still on fire, that dampness between her thighs both alien and yet wanting. Yearning. *Aching*. It was the same for Kaylin, though she was doing a better job of hiding it.

"Let's just find this ridiculous clue already! We need to get to the dragon and stop it and then turn back. And that part will be fun, at least, I'll admit you nerds were right about that much. But absolutely no more kissing, and no more looking at my royal breasts, Sir Harry!"

Harry looked away this time. "Yes, my lady."

“Damn right!” she replied, stepping away, her hips swaying gently with each step. Harry didn’t mind watching her go; it was a good view.

“At least I’ll always have that over her,” he mused.

The clue to their next location was in the main tent of the goblin warchief, the one who had bravely fled as soon as the battle had started getting real. They procured a number of coins, even a few health potions, but the real prize was the map. It had clearly been stolen by the goblins, for it was written in an elvish script.

“How do we know it’s elven?” Raven had asked. “I can’t read it, and I’m the freakin’ elf!”

Except then the sound of scribbling could be heard, and her character sheet suddenly had a new language proficiency: elvish.

“Oh, never mind. Okay, let me work this out then.”

Using her own ranger senses, she was able to deduce where they currently were on the map, and where they needed to go - north west - to reach a hidden path after a river that would lead them on to Krall’s lair.

The adventure continued, and the goblins were just the first of several challenges to come. Not soon after they left they came across a pack of angry bears surrounding a treasure chest. The group managed to fight them off without violence: Harry protected Kaylin from their initial attacks, and a well-placed roar from Lukarg ensured they were suitably cowed enough for Raven to use her elven magic to actually *talk* to the beasts, even befriending them. She actually felt quite amazed at herself, truly appreciating her elven nature for the first time, particularly when the bears offered advice for how to cross the chasm to come.

Said chasm was over half an hour’s march away, and when they reached it, the couples had to cling to one another to cross it on the vine rope by the shattered bridge. Well, they probably didn’t *have* to, but it was getting harder to fight their magical compulsions, or perhaps it was just getting *easier* to lapse into the comfort of them. Regardless of what it was, Princess Kaylin put aside her moodiness long enough to cling to Harry like the classical damsel in distress, holding him while he swung the pair across. Lukarg was even more daring: he cradled the beautiful elf Raven against his bare torso like he was the protagonist and she the love interest in an old timey serial pulp, and when he reached the other side she took longer than expected to climb down from him. She couldn’t help herself: she gave him a thankful peck on the cheek.

“Don’t expect any more than that, you dweeb!” she announced.

“Expect? No. Want? I wouldn’t mind.”

The elf maiden pretended not to hear. The princess pretended not to be jealous that she hadn’t thought of such an act first. But it wasn’t the last of the events where the couples had to work together. The challenges continued to mount, with them battling another party of adventurers who were on the track to the treasure. Once more their elven ranger positioned herself at the rear, firing arrow after arrow towards the gnomish artificer whose own cannon range was impressive. But given that the enemy could fire back this time, it fell to Lukarg to protect her, and he did valiantly, roaring as he weathered blow after blow from the cannon, as well as the painful fire spells flung by the elvish sorcerer on the other team. That individual was countered by Princess Kaylin, who dance-battled against the enemy, flinging kicks and spells alike at him, protected at every stage by Harry, who was there with sword and shield now (he’d picked one off the dwarven fighter they’d just bested at the start of that battle). Together, the couples worked in impressive sync, a parry and thrust, a bow shot aiding an axe-laden carnage. Despite the bloodrush of battle and the accompanying fear of failure, both couples couldn’t help but smile and even occasionally laugh. Part of it was the sheer adrenaline, but it also couldn’t be denied how well they were working together, their moves in perfect concert. It also led to some flirting without thinking, their minds falling to the compulsions more readily under the heat of battle.

“Keep at it, Harry! You’re finally proving yourself a decent athlete! Took you long enough!”

“Ha! And you are much finer to look at how, my princess! Keep those fine legs kicking!”

Every compliment only enhanced Kaylin’s performance, and she didn’t bother to try to hide her chest anymore, letting it thrust out dramatically with each casting of a healing spell or counterspell of an enemy. Not to be outdone, Lukarg grew increasingly bold in his own statements towards Raven. She had kissed him more than once now, and he had held her, feeling the warmth of her body and her delightful fey curves.

“I wish you were up here, fighting alongside me, Raven!” he bellowed. “I miss that fine copper skin! Not to mention those perfect breasts of yours, fire hair!”

She scoffed, even though his comments made her blush and smile. “You’ll have to earn the sight of them, my orc! Show us those big green muscles in action, would you?”

“HA! I’ll show you alright! And I’ll show these so-called adventurers all the more! SEE!? I TOLD YOU I’D HAVE A SEXY ELF ADMIRE ME SOMEDAY, HARRY!!!”

He launched, laughing, at the enemy, swinging his axes about in a maddened flurry. The elf ranger did indeed admire his prowess, and once again that kink rose within her. She imagined him naked, burly, sweaty. She imagined his hard green cock, and her own thighs spread to receive him. She imagined his tusks against her belly as he kissed it, and that in

turn made her think about her own femaleness. Rowan couldn't stand kids, thought they were stupid. But now the notion of growing little orc babies in her belly was almost . . . hot. No, it was hot.

"N-not thinking about that!" she cried, focusing on her next arrow shot. "Definitely not thinking about that!"

"Thinking about what?" Princess Kaylin asked, kicking aside a foe and flinging forth a dagger. She had retreated back to her friend, allowing the two macho men to get to work. It felt all wrong and all right at the same time.

"N-nothing, Kaylin!" Raven replied. "Certainly not orc babies!"

"What!? Ew! What is wrong with you!? We are *not* getting knocked up by our knights and bearing royal babies. This is just the stupid, stupid magic that's making that sound . . ."

"Really fucking hot," Raven said, wincing and firing off another arrow.

It was practically a relief that the battle rose with the entrance of another figure, a dark paladin crackling with energy, intent on getting to the treasure first. It allowed for the women to stop thinking about their men, though the intense scribbling continued for the pair of them.

Kaylin is easily aroused by Sir Harry's appearance and manner, and her lust for him takes several rounds to sate.

Raven adores making love in the forest beneath the open stars. She is practiced in tempting her orc love Lukarg to follow her into the woods for that purpose.

There was also one other change to the character sheets, not that either noticed.

Kaylin is intent on bearing royal children to continue her line. Twins are destined by prophecy for her.

Raven is the polar opposite to most elves; she is incredibly fertile, and her body can carry many babies.

They would have caught on to these changes, but the heat of battle made it all but impossible. When the rival adventuring party fled into the forest, having been soundly defeated, the four of them let up a valiant cheer. Once more, Harry and Kaylin embraced, and the same was true of the orc and the elf. A quick kiss followed, followed by a longer drawn out one. It was by pure magical instinct, and neither couple wanted to be the one to end it. Lukarg, naturally, was the least regretful of the four, but Kaylin was still trying to fight her compulsions and establish herself as an alpha male deep down. She pulled away from Harry the moment she slipped her tongue into his mouth.

"Ew! Oh, by the Gods! Stars! I can't even swear! This is f-f-freaking ridiculous!"

"Um, yeah," Raven said, pulling away and wiping her red hair behind her ear, clearly embarrassed. "That was awful. Just terrible."

The latter wasn't convincing anybody; hell, she was trying not to smile. But Kaylin wasn't giving in. "Harry, I order you never to do that to me again, ever? Do you understand? *Not unless I ask you to. Which I won't!*"

Harry rubbed his mouth a little. The Princess had tasted divine. It left an odd impression on him; on one hand, he knew that this person was really the man that had tormented him for so long. But on the other hand, *she* was currently folding her arms beneath her breasts and showing off her lovely cleavage quite nicely, pouting while looking away in a look of strangely petulant beauty. It made him feel a warmth in his heart, especially since she caught him looking and glared.

"What in the nine hells are you smiling at?"

"Just you. You look . . . you look very lovely, Kaylin. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I actually like you like this. Not as a punishment. I just meant that I . . . like you."

Her cheeks flushed red, and for a moment she didn't know what to say.

"Let's make camp," Harry said, blushing himself. "We need some downtime. It's getting late. We might have to finish this adventure at night. Or in the morning."

"But didn't the witch say we only had today?" Raven said, holding her arm.

"If no one else has found the treasure," Lukarg said with a shrug, "then I don't see how it couldn't last longer than a day."

"Did she even actually specify twenty four hours?" Kaylin asked. "Not that I *want* to be stuck with these perfectly ginormous breasts for any longer . . . but a rest would come nicely."

"Very princess-like of you," Harry jested.

"Oh, be silent knight. In fact, I order you to set up my camp. If I am going to be stuck in this girly body then at least I can tell the handsome - er, the dashing knight to do the work for me."

It was as close to a taunt as the former alpha male jock jerk could get, but even the sting didn't feel satisfying, particularly since Harry just shrugged and got to work clearing a space and unpacking his backpack - the backpack that had come from nowhere. They all had them, in fact, complete with their camping gear. Evidently, this was part of the LARP: the 'hammer space' that Lukarg began to explain to Raven. The elf would have normally punched the former pudgy nerd, but instead something about his voice was just entrancing, and so he regaled her while setting up his own orcish tent, and she giggled at his words while preparing to sleep under the stars in her elven way.

Just half an hour later and they were set to camp. It was a good thing too, as the sky was getting dark, the stars coming out. Once again the magic of Saoirse was clear in her effect upon the environment: their city wasn't far away from the LARP festival sight, and yet there was zero light pollution. Literally zero: the constellations were bright and beautiful, and

even Kaylin kept looking up at them and sighing, her new appreciation for beauty snagging her attention. Harry had worked hard to set up her monstrously large tent, one befitting a royal. It had its own thick bedding, lit braziers, maps and ornaments and outfits galore - unfortunately all of them were either slinky princess dresses or two-piece battle woman outfits. But still, it did her heart good to know she would sleep well tonight.

Except . . .

Except Harry had a meagre tent. It was functional and small, barely containing him. It felt cruel to let him stay out there in the cold, especially after he had worked without complaint. It was the curse, she knew, but still . . .

“Perhaps I could invite him in, just for a sip of wine,” she muttered to herself.

Meanwhile, Lukarg was thinking of Raven and failing to avoid his own arousal. The orc’s desire to fill her with his seed would have been immense even without any compulsions and new instincts: Lucas had always found elves the sexiest fictional species in fantasy, but now as Lukarg he also had a powerful desire to mate her. To breed her. To fill her with his strapping orc sons and daughters.

“N-never even wanted k-kids,” he grunted to himself, slowly stroking his enormous green manhood. “But right now it s-sounds amazing.”

He kept stroking himself, but it wasn’t enough. He wanted the real deal. He wanted to at least see her. He’d hated Rowan, but Raven was like a different person, with all of Rowan’s qualities inverted to become his ideal fantasy woman. Literally. He had no idea that Raven was confronting the same thoughts as him, just outside his tent.

The tension in the group had never been higher, and any second now it was going to snap. The burning arousal was only getting more powerful, and the compulsions all the stronger.

Eventually, someone made the first move.

Part 5: Camp Pleasures

It was Raven of all people that acted. It was appropriate, really. Lukarg still had a small part of him that remained the nervous nerd, while Harry was far too gallant to openly woo his princess love. Kaylin in turn had done her most to resist the potency of the curse. But Raven, the former Rowan, had always been one to act without thinking. That quality of her personality still remained in spades; it was why she often spoke without realising what she was saying, admitting attraction where Kaylin was better at hiding it. She had begun to touch herself earlier in the day when no one was looking, exploring her womanly folds, shivering at

the touch. At first it was just for base pleasure; the Rowan part of her enjoying having a pussy to play with.

Now, it was with strong, green-muscled orcs in her mind, urging her to come for them. To ride them. To let them penetrate her. And eventually those orcs coalesced into the figure of the man she had once despised and mocked, but now literally looked up to.

“Lukarg,” she whimpered, touching herself. “Damn it. Fucking need you. Need that b-big cock. Don’t even care about anything else. Need it!”

She rose from her bedroll and moved towards his tent, and before she could stop herself - not that she wanted to, apart from a small streaming part of her male pride - she flicked aside the tent flap and strode in, placing her hands on her hips.

“Lukarg,” she whispered to the orc in the darkness, hoping against hope that he was awake. “There’s something in the forest I need to show you. Come quickly. Are you awake?”

“I am,” he said, breathing surprisingly quickly. “Let’s go right away.”

She could have danced on the spot, but instead she simply reached out a hand. With her elven vision, she could see him take hers, his strong hand enveloping her own easily. It was exhilarating.

“Don’t be nervous, I won’t act like you did,” Lukarg said. It should have been an insult, but instead the surprising softness of his voice sounded like a promise. He could crush her now, she knew that. Instead, his presence made her feel safe.

It also helped confirm the decision she’d so readily jumped into.

“Come with me,” she whispered. “Quickly.”

He followed her with a stealthiness that was at odds with his form. Lukarg’s own heart pounded with nervousness, the huge battle orc’s confidence now reduced to his pre-orc self. It didn’t matter that this was actually Rowan leading him out of the campsite. All that mattered was that a beautiful elven woman with breedable hips, a honeyed and musical voice, and beauty beyond compare was calling him out to nature. He sniffed the air, and in turn could make out the woman’s arousal. It was good that it wasn’t just him, because all sorts of perverted fantasies were rising up in his mind.

They passed through the darkness of the forest until they reached a clearing that was not only tranquil, but borderline serene. A small pond lay further away, the pool reflecting the light of the full moon, while the grass had beds of multicoloured wildflowers around them. The grass itself was lush and comforting, like a natural bedding. It was that last point that was particularly relevant, because Raven suddenly lost all nerve, caught on the precipice of attraction and horror at what she was considering. Her hair glowed slightly beneath the moon, and she placed her hands behind her back, shifting her hips to one side as she tried to think of what to do next.

“Um, what do you think?”

“How do you know about this place?” the orc bellowed.

There was scribbling on her character sheet, and it fell in front of her eyes to tell them both: *Can always retreat to her forest demiplane. Can take a lover too.*

“Oh, shit,” she said. “That’s how I knew! By the ancient ones of the forest, we should stop. I - I shouldn’t have brought you here. Shit, I wish I was a dumb lug again: I could just say something angry or beat something up!”

Lukarg stomped forward, smiling, tusks fully on display as a symbol of his manhood. Where the elf’s confidence waned, his was sparking once more. She was transcendent in the moonlight, and his rippling muscles also on display. Her skin-tight outfit did little to hide how utterly womanly his former bully now was, and somehow that made the prospect of bedding this elf all the hotter.

“It’s alright,” he said, drawing close and reaching out a hand to caress her cheek. “I’ll be barbarian for both of us, Raven. I know you know what should happen next, but you’re too nervous. So I’ll be the one to do it. An orc takes what he wants, right? And we both want this.”

“I - what do you mean?”

His hands lowered to her outfit, and he easily pried apart the connections, untethering the leathers so that they began to fall away.

“I mean that you mocked me for being a virgin before. Now it’s time to correct that, and I want you to be the one I bed first, Raven. The only one, in fact.”

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, biting her lip to stop herself. Her clothing fell away, revealing her naked form beneath the stars. Her prominent C-cup breasts were full, pert, and pleasingly shaped. He touched one, caressed it, and Raven let out a soft moan.

“Yesssss,” she stammered. “I want it. Please t-take me. F-fuck me. Make me yours.”

Lukarg didn’t need any more permission than that. He was finally going to lose his virginity, and he would do so as the true alpha male to his newly submissive elven mate. He took her, gripping her and turning her around. It was animalistic and feral and bestial and *perfect*: he would take her from behind. He would achieve his dominance over her.

Raven had always been pigheaded before, but now a natural submissiveness had come in. She was still spontaneous and prone to action, but that action was quite literally beneath an orc right now. She placed her hips up in the air as she got on all fours, and with her skintight leather costume removed she looked back at him and moaned in desire.

“Hurry up! I want your big orc babies inside me!”

“I’ll put something else inside you first, you sexy elf maiden. And I’ll make sure you aren’t a ‘maiden’ anymore too, HA!”

She laughed joyously, but that laugh was cut short as he placed his enormous cock against her entrance and pushed within her. There was a moment's resistance, but then he slid inside, stretching her elven pussy to its limits.

"Ohhhhh! F-FUCK! So b-BIG!"

He was. Almost too big. But only almost. There was a brief pain as she lost her elven virginity, but the bliss soon flooded over that, extinguishing most of the discomfort. But even the discomfort was wonderful; it was part of being dominated. Part of belonging to a rough, barbarian orc. He was taking what belonged to him, and thanks to the magic, she was increasingly seeing it that way.

"I'm - UEGH! - yours! I'm all - AHH! - yours! F-FUCK ME!"

"I AM! AND I'LL BREED YOU TOO, ELF! You are too beautiful, and this is literally a dream come true for me! You should stay like this, Raven!"

"I w-will if you g-get me pregnant! Ohhhh, I have such a fucking kink for that right n-nooow! It's magic, but I don't f-fucking care! Thrust as hard as you w-want!"

He did, readily so. With his enormous reach he leaned forward and gripped her breasts, which were wobbling and jiggling without their restraints, hanging towards the lush grass. As he thumbed her nipples and pinched them, the elf squealed in ecstasy.

"Mhmmm! Ohhh!"

While she was overcome, Lukarg's mind was surprisingly clear. His barbarian blood was up, yes, but in truth this was exactly what he as Lucas had dreamed about since he was a young teen: a hot elf girlfriend who was entirely his. It was obvious from the sexy posters in his bedroom that this was a private fantasy of his, and so both parts of the man could relish the experience, though only now did he have the confidence and manliness to 'earn' it. He fucked her, thrusting deep into her wet warmth, feeling her tightness against him. His balls strained, yearning to deposit their load, but he held off as long as he could, wanting to cum as large and long as possible. All the better to make orc babies, which the magic made him desire.

Finally, it was too much. She was too hot, her hair too delightful in its fiery pigmentation, her gorgeous moans simply too much like pretty music.

"I'm going to c-cum!" he declared. "I'm going to CUM INSIDE YOU!"

"Do it!" she cried, looking back and smiling, her lips full and eyes full of desire. "I want you to! I'll cum with you!"

"Yes! YES! GRAARGGGH!!!"

His roar shook the treetops, and swarms of birds ascended into the sky out of fear. His balls emptied their contents into the elf, stream after stream of his warm seed shooting deep inside her. Raven *howled* in delirious excitement, shaking and quaking and nearly stumbling to the ground were it not for his hold upon her. The orgasms came one after

another, again and again. Raven could never claim to have felt anything like them, but some part of her new mind recognised that this was another elven ability on display: the members of the fey were . . . *uniquely* gifted when it came to experiencing orgasmic pleasure. It connected them to their lovers most intimately, allowing a sharing of insight and understanding, as well as raising each others' pleasure beyond what most mortals could dare hope to experience.

"Yesssssssss," she groaned, her voice turning extra musical. "I never w-want this feeling to end . . . mhmmmmm . . ."

Neither did Lukarg. He didn't care that this woman had once been his bully. He just wanted her with him forever.

And maybe a dozen or two half-orc babies along the way.

Back at the campsite, Princess Kaylin was ignorant to all of this. She was frustrated though. Frustrated at the situation. Frustrated at being a woman. Frustrated at how damn needy her damn libidinous female body was. Frustrated at how big her breasts were. But most of all, she was frustrated and vexed by how bad she felt for Sir Harry, how much she wanted him, and how much those feelings were starting to feel less like just magically enforced attraction and more like some kind of love. His smile radiated in her mind, his gentlemanly manner also. But it was the kernels of Harry's true, original personality that made her heart throb and her loins go moist; his enthusiasm for all these fantastical events, his sheer nerdery, his lack of need to follow what was popular and instead do what was right.

It was, appropriately enough, rather noble.

"To hell with it! I'll invite him in for just a little bit!"

She stomped out and tapped on the side of his tent, and soon he emerged. Harry was no longer wearing his dark armour, and was instead in his sleeping clothes. His muscles bulged against them, and for a moment Kaylin lost her words yet again. She had been comfortable against his armoured form, but without it she could just imagine the feel of his muscles against hers.

"My princess," Harry felt compelled to say. "What can I do for you? You're not here to order me about and try to be your old self I hope . . . princess."

"N-not at all!" she said, a little flustered. "I just . . . wanted to ask if you'd prefer to be in my tent. For comfort, I mean."

"That would be most appreciated," he said with a grin. "Mine is rather small. But are you sure?"

“My tent is spacious, good knight. It has warm bedding. By the Gods, this is weird to say. The magic is . . . look, do you want to come over or not?”

He did, and so he rose to the occasion. He couldn't help but look at the gentle curve of her breasts over the top of her nightgown's low dip, and they swelled with each breath. They stepped into her tent, the tension in the air rising ever further.

“This really is a lovely tent,” he said. “Warm too.”

“Mhmm,” she said, unsure of what to do or say next. “Would you like some wine?”

“Sure. I mean, thank you, my princess.”

His words made her blush, and she quickly poured it. The wine truly was delicious, but the company was even better: they sat on her thick bed mattress, the one that had magically unrolled from her backpack, and slowly the gap between them closed.

“This is crazy,” she said. “Just f-freaking crazy.”

“Yeah. Pretty exciting though, isn't it, my lady?”

“I wish you wouldn't call me that.”

“Sorry, it's the curse. The magic.”

“I know. But it feels . . . good. I hate that it does. But I look at you, at your eyes and your jaw and your handsome features, and I know it's the magic, and yet . . .”

She looked at him, realising how close she was. He in turn looked at her. There was a long pause as neither made a move. Kaylin realised in that moment - as did Harry - that *she* would have to be the one to make a move. She was the one that was in the technical position of power, of a sorts. After all, she was a princess, and he her protector knight. It was the ultimate humiliation, but in that moment it was nearly impossible to care. Her nipples were firm and in need of a man's touch, and her new feminine flower was slick with desire. She took a heavy breath, letting her large breasts rise and fall.

And then she flung herself at him.

Harry nearly fell backwards, but thanks to his muscles he was able to catch her and pull her against him. His lust was also rising, his manhood clearly throbbing and full with erection in his breeches. They worked quickly to get him out of them.

“I can't fight it!” she cried, desperate and hungry. “I want this too badly. I want my dark knight within me! Please make me a woman already!”

“I will, my love!” he declared, and they were no empty words. The magic was blooming love between them, igniting something beyond passion. Kaylin and Harry didn't just want each other's bodies, they wanted each other, souls intertwined and all. Harry practically *ripped* off his shirt, and she spent a moment admiring his muscles, playing over his pectorals with her soft hands. He slid his hands over her gown and unthreaded it from her shoulders until it fell off entirely. Her large, perfectly-shaped teardrop breasts were revealed.

“Wow,” Harry said. “Holy Gods.”

“You’re telling me! I’m the one who got stuck with them! They’re huge!”

“They are. By the Gods. But perfect.”

“Just - please be gentle, I don’t know how they’ll f-feeoohhhh!!”

She was in ecstasy as he fondled them, groping and squeezing and caressing them. They overflowed his palms, wobbling and jiggling with his ministrations and causing jolts of pleasure to cascade through her form. She in turn couldn’t stop what happened next, and in truth the former bully no longer wanted to. Kade would have thrown up in disgust at Kaylin’s actions, but Kade was forgotten in this moment, and as such she was able to unbuckle Harry’s breeches and begin rubbing his cock, stroking it. She nearly salivated at the sight of it; it was far bigger than hers had ever been, and it made her all the wetter.

“On the bed!” she cried. “It’s an order! I want you to take me there!”

Harry made no protest: “As my lady commands, I shall do.”

It was, somehow, the sexiest thing she’d ever heard. He hoisted her with ease - also sexy - and placed her on her back, pulling off the rest of her clothing. She spread her legs per her next instincts, and he in turn felt more confident in what he was doing.

“Time to lose both our virginities,” the nerdy knight said.

“I’m not a v-virgin!”

“As a woman you are,” he said. “I think we’ll both enjoy this.”

He could barely believe what he was doing. He was finally having sex with a woman, and one who was sexier than any he’d ever known. He licked and sucked on her divine pink nipples for a moment, causing her to cry out in ecstasy, and then when she began to cry out in pleasure, he finally entered her.

Kaylin wailed with the best of them as she was taken, gripping him with her powerful thighs and not letting go. Her eyes went wide with realisation: she was being fucked. She was being *penetrated*. She was taking a man’s big, hard dick inside of her, her ever vaginal nerve being tingled and rubbed and teased by his entrance, driving her to fits of ecstasy.

And she was *fucking loving it*.

“Yesssss! S-sooooo big! Don’t s-stop, my knight! I want to b-be your princess! I want to b-be yours f-for life!”

“Oh Gods, I want that too! This is the best thing that ever happened, Kaylin! I w-want you to - ahhh - stay like this for good!”

“Mmhm, keep going! Make m-me a woman!”

He did so, thrusting faster and faster, stretching her womanly walls and causing her to groan in desperation. Her large breasts wobbled immensely, and he took the time to continue massaging them, though he also kissed her, his tongue intertwining with hers in her mouth. It made her all the more turned on, all the more ready to climax.

“Will you stay a princess?” Sir Harry asked. “If we do this, you might not want to go back.”

“I - ahhh! - don’t care right now! I don’t care about anything but having you as m-my knight! It feels t-too right, doesn’t it?”

“It does. Can we move past what we were?”

She shook her head, annoyed for a brief moment. “Who cares about what we were? Right now I’m the beautiful princess with the big, sensitive tits, and you’re my dashing knight with a cock that is - Ohhhhhhh! - so f-fucking wonderful inside me! And - ahhh! - I can finally s-swear while we’re f-fucking! How appropriate! Mmhmm!”

Harry dropped all concerns. He wouldn’t have been a gentlemanly knight if he hadn’t raised them, but he had been made slightly more antiheroic by the magic, as evidenced by his darker armour. As such, he didn’t complain *too* loudly or longly. He gripped the woman tight, pressing his face into her breasts, allowing himself to be suffocated in their pillowy expanse for a moment. It made Kaylin shake with delight; the feeling of her man indulging in her large chest filled her with a smug pride at how voluptuous she was.

“Mhmmm, my knight! Fill me up! Fill me with your n-noble seed!”

He thrust again and again, gripping her wide hips, but there was little time remaining. She was too attractive, he was too ready to cum inside her. And besides, he was technically a virgin. After a magnificent performance that had left her on the cliff edge of orgasm for so long, she was finally sent over the edge with a large thrust.

“Yes! Ohhhhh, yes, my knight! Fuck me! FUCK ME! MHHHMM!!!”

He came mere moments later, partway through her orgasm. The feeling of her vaginal walls clamping down on his girth and milking him dry was all too much, and it meant he expended an enormous reverse inside her. It filled the princess with a sticky wet warmth, his seed flooding her womb just as her subconscious mind desired. She trembled, clinging to him and raking her nails over his back. He didn’t care. He had finally slept with a woman, and a woman more perfect than he could ever have imagined.

His orgasm lasted a long time, and hers came again and again until both of them lay breathing naked together, utterly exhausted.

Part 6: The Treasure at the End

When both couples woke in the morning, it was with lust still rising and burning within them. Raven had dreamed of her orc mate, his powerful green flesh enveloping hers, and it had made her body ready and willing the moment she woke. She was on top of him, her

nakedness against his, the morning sun rising upon their forms. She raised her head to examine the sleeping man, his impressive tusks, his broad jaw, his powerful forehead and brown. It was the kind of look she had possessed once - at least a human variant - but she had no jealousy of it now. There was only lust. And, daringly, she knew exactly where to start. During the night she had half-heard a scribble adding to her character sheet. She saw it now as it unfurled for several seconds before her.

As an elf, Raven possesses many ways of pleasing a sexual partner, including using the arts of tongue and mouth.

Her mouth watered at the prospect, and so she lowered her face down to her orc master's member, and slowly back to lick and stroke the shaft.

Lukarg awoke to this sensation a couple of minutes later, having had a sudden delightful dream that mingled with reality. His cock was long and thick and hard as hell, and at the end of it was Raven, sucking away dutifully, giving him the best blowjob of his life. Well, it was the *first* blowjob of his life, but from an elf, it was practically magical.

"Aghhh, you truly are p-perfect now, Raven! Much better than you were! Ahhh, don't take your mouth off, I'm nearly ready. I want you to s-swallow it all! UGHH!!"

She did swallow it all. He blasted his load down her throat, and thanks to her fantastical aspect, she was able to avoid gagging. It tasted salty and sweet at the same time, and she squirmed in a little private orgasm just at the knowledge that she had devoured her man and master's cum.

"Morning, my mate," she whispered, withdrawing from his cock after licking it clean. She pressed her breasts against him. "Give me a few minutes of orc warmth, and I'll be ready to let you take me from behind again."

He squeezed her ass, felt her hips, and smiled, tusks long and proud. "No, this time I want you on my lap."

She giggled, no longer caring about any humiliation. The feelings were simply too good.

Far back at the campsite, Harry was also being serviced by his own 'mate.' The Princess had woken up highly aroused again, and was briefly annoyed to see that her character sheet noted this explicitly:

Kaylin's libido has levelled up: she now has additional sexual prowess but feels a deep need to be pleased at least three times a day.

It hadn't taken much time for her to literally *smack* her lover awake, throw herself on him, and once Harry had lost his wakeful grogginess, stroke his manhood into hardness and

place it inside her. She rode him, pressing her chest against his, kissing him passionately, feeling his cock slide in and out of her. It was an easy, comfortable position, and even better for being able to feel in control in some way. The former jock had always loved feeling powerful and dominating, and now the only way to achieve that in her new form as Kaylin was to order Harry to please her sexually.

And please her he did: He gripped her hips firmly yet with a simultaneously gentlemanlike manner, and when he raised his arms to hold her as climax approached, the look in his eyes was one of awe and devotion. Something in the former bully just *melted* at that look. She gasped with every thrust, every rub of her nipples against his chest, but that blooming love was something altogether more.

“I - I love you!” she admitted. “I don’t care if it’s the magic, I love you, Harry!”

“I love you too, my princess! I love - mmmh!”

She kissed him, expressing that love purely even as their shared climax hit. The two moaned into each other’s mouths, overcome with it all. It took a long time for them to get past their post-coital bliss, and when they finally did, they went another round anyway. Off in the distance, they could hear an orc and an elf roar and call out in joy too. It seems they weren’t alone in forming their own LARP couple.

Things were a little bit embarrassing as they set out on the final leg of their journey. They had packed up their camp over two hours after they had intended to, all because the two couples couldn’t keep their hands off of each other. Kaylin and Raven kept glancing at one another, blushing at their present state but unable to stop hanging off their respective mates’ arms. Lukarg and Harry, naturally, exchanged some amused grins and thumbs up when the ladies weren’t looking.

“Did you . . . ?”

“Of course. And you?”

“Yes!”

“And it was-”

“Incredible. Kaylin, man. She’s . . . perfect.”

“And Raven is perfect for me. I - I almost don’t want to fight the dragon, even though all my new orc instincts are telling me to leap into battle. I don’t want it to end. And I don’t think she does either.”

Harry nodded. “The same for Kaylin. I - I think I love her. I know I love her. And she loves me. It sounds stupid, and Saorise is behind it, but neither of us care.”

The orc grunted. "I wouldn't give it up. Even being a powerful orc. But at least there's one last battle to -"

He paused. They all did. After a few hours trekking, during which a number of kisses and flirty comments were exchanged, the two couples had expected to find a dark cave brimming with danger, a single dragon within ready to be taken down. Krall, the Dark Thunder. Krall the Destroyer. Krall the Undefeated.

Except Krall was defeated. His body lay dead at the cave entrance, slumped over with several swords in his softer underbelly, the life in his eyes gone out. Several gold coins lay littered about, but there was no sign of his treasure. Harry and Lukarg and Kaylin and Raven all exchanged glances, then ran forwards into the cave entrance. They desperately looked about but there was nothing more. Nothing but the huge dragon carcass and drag marks indicating that large chests had been taken away.

"What in the nine hells!?" Kaylin gasped. "Where is it? I thought - I thought we were going to fight the dragon and win and change back."

Though just the suggestion of that outcome was sour in her heart, and she regretted even saying it.

"I think - I think someone got here first," Harry answered.

"But who?" Raven asked. Secretly, she wasn't upset at all, and was already clinging to her orc mate lovingly, as if this were a minor problem only.

"Another adventuring party, of course," came the answer of the witch Saoirse from outside the cave. The group ran back outside and found her standing there, still in her costume, still looking amused with herself. "It seems you all overslept. And then spend a little *too* much time enjoying your relations with one another. Mighty fine work on my part, I'll say."

Lukarg shifted uneasily. "Um, I guess we did. But you made us!"

"I only added the compulsions and magical touch to the instincts, but I didn't control you. This was your doing. Not that I'm unhappy with the result: I wanted to give you wonderful nerdy body a good result, and isn't this it?"

"So, we're stuck like this?" Harry asked. "Another group beat us to the dragon, so we lose, right?"

He glanced to Kaylin, and Lukarg did the same to Raven. Both men were looking at the girls, waiting to see their reaction. Saoirse seemed to sense this, because she allowed the moment to drag out. Kaylin swallowed, thrust out her chest a little defiantly. She knew it was a good chest. Raven put her hands on her bare elven hips.

"Just tell us already!" they said at the same time, the former bullies still clearly sharing a connection.

Saoirse sighed. "Very well. Yes, you are stuck like this. For life, in fact. I was actually going to give you the option to remain as such, I didn't think you'd really lose. Seriously, maybe I overdid it on those libidos. You guys fucked for *hours*, my God! Still, rules are rules."

"But, I'm an orc!"

"And I'm an elf. What will we do?"

The witch walked up and rubbed Raven's stomach. "Make lots of wonderful orc babies of course. You do realise you're already pregnant, right?"

Raven squeaked. Kaylin looked to the witch also, her blue eyes wide, searching. The witch just gave a playful nod in her direction, confirming the same was true of her as well.

"Oh Gods," she muttered. "Why - why am I getting butterflies in my chest? I shouldn't be so damn . . . happy about this!"

But she was, and so she clung to Harry, trying not to beam too brightly. Raven simply laughed.

"This is insane!" she declared. "I can't believe I want so many orc babies!"

Saoirse clapped her hands together. "Well, it looks like my work is done. What a fantastical LARP this has been. But given how well you've taken to it, perhaps I can do you all a solid, and help our orc and elf and knight and battle princess all fit in, in a manner of speaking. Care to hear my proposal?"

It was Harry and Lukarg who decided. They'd had the time of their lives, and their women were now utterly devoted to them. The pair of nerds grinned at each other and nodded as one.

"Let's hear it," Harry said.

Life was good for the LARP couples. It had been years since that day, and they showed no signs of stopping their many adventures. Thanks to Saoirse the witch's magic, their lives now consisted of medieval fantasies played out in an infinite set of varieties. They travelled like an actual adventuring party from a tabletop RPG, moving from one places to the next, always finding new challenges, new enemies, new treasure and outfits (very form fitting ones for Kaylin and Raven of course), and new experiences.

Saoirse's proposal had been simple: "Help me spice up medievalLARPs wherever they appear across the nation. You travel, and my magic will direct you to where they come to towns all over. And when you arrive, the magic will truly start. You'll have brilliant adventures that I can enjoy writing and watching. Think of me as your dungeon master and you as the players. It'll be terrific fun, and this way you'll always be around other fantastical

people, even if their time as a magical species or class is temporary. It beats your regular lives, and you won't be considered weird-looking or odd!"

It had been an easy choice for Harry and especially Lukarg: it was embracing the fantasy nerdery they'd always loved dearly. And now that Kaylin and Raven were on board, they not only had friendship, but romance as well. And sex. A lot of sex, really. So much sex that they often joked about the failed dragon incident years onward in order to remind themselves to get their hands off each other and get marching, or else they'd repeat the embarrassment.

Raven had her orc babies, of course. Quite a few of them. Seven in total, though who knew how many lay in the future. She was just too addicted to bearing her orc mate's half-elf, half-orc children, and the way he treated her while she was full with his children was nothing short of divine. Plus, the sex remained very, very good. Something about being so fertile was a real turn on for her, and Saoirse was helpful once more, ensuring that on their adventures she could take their oldest children occasionally, while the youngest ones were held in a magical daycare back at the LARP villages.

Kaylin bore Harry a royal pair of twins. She was less enamoured with being pregnant, and hadn't born him any more children, though they loved their son and daughter dearly. Occasionally she thought about giving him more, but given that the magic had de-aged her back to twenty years of age as she originally found out, she figured that at twenty seven she still had some years to go before deciding. For now, she relished wearing sexy outfits that showed off her figure, and always letting her knight please her when she demanded it.

It was a wonderful life for the couples, particularly given how half of them had hated the other half and vice versa for so long. But now they were on a shared adventure, and one they never wanted to end. In some ways, that was the real treasure.

Still, they made sure never to miss a dragon again.

The End