

Tags' Class Upgrade

By Dragonien

Clank clank.

The sound of metal on metal rattled through the cavern, echoing off of the stone walls.

Clank clank.

The air was thick with an oppressive heat and scent of fresh sweat.

Clank clank.

Low, growling grunts of effort accentuated each clatter of metallic sound to help in painting a picture of the exertion that the source of the noise was going through.

Tags struggled to lift the bar for her last rep; her whole body seeming to shudder under the effort of lifting the immensely loaded bar of metal. On each end were a half dozen rounded rings of cast iron, each one probably weighing a hundred pounds or more. There was over half a ton of weight on the bar draped across her broad shoulders not even counting the bar itself and she was just finishing her twentieth squat with that much weight! Thick, rippling cords of muscle crisscrossed her back like a road map of sinew that strained against the thick linen bandages wrapped tightly around her upper torso. Her thighs were like tree trunks and flared out so impossibly thick at the lowest point of her squat that they looked like they would shred apart the simple woolen shorts she wore at any moment. Her thick brown-and-tan, spotted pent was matted down head to toe in a thick sheen of sweat from the effort of her workout which only helped to accentuate the powerful musculature normally partially hidden beneath her pelt.

She wasn't quite at hulk-like proportions; her body still holding unmistakable feminine curves especially around the hips and stomach but she certainly looked like she could emasculate any man she came across through sheer brute strength and size. Her biceps were thicker around than most men's legs were and even without her impressive bust her pectorals beneath them would have jutted out nearly as far as her elongated muzzle's chin did! Nearly every muscle group was hard and defined enough to press out against the skin covering it as if her own skin were struggling to contain her mass just as much as her clothes were. As if it weren't intimidating enough that she was built like some kind of powerlifting Greek goddess or that she was currently doing reps squatting more weight than the modern world's world record for most weight squatted at once but on top of all that this beastly titan of monstrous strength wasn't even six feet tall. She was built muscular enough to make The Terminator feel inadequate and could probably lift twice as much as him and she was a good half foot shorter than he was at only five foot eight inches tall.

When she finished the last rep she casually dropped the weights off of her back and let them crash down to the ground. The Cast iron slammed into the rocky floor of the cavern with enough force to crack it apart and leave two craters where either end of the bar had landed. The impact also sent a shudder through the entire cave, making the lanterns hanging along the walls rattle in their settings. Taking a moment to catch her breath, Tags' tongue hung out of her muzzle in a very dog-like fashion as she panted. Despite the exhaustive strain on her body and the painful burn of over-taxed muscles her lips were still twisted into a wide, contented grin. Her body may have hurt but it was that good, pleasant burn that you knew was going to lead to bigger, stronger muscles once your body had recovered. It was that satisfying ache of a job well done that had forced you to your physical limits. More importantly to the gnoll, though, from the little box that appeared in the H.U.D. of her peripheral vision telling her that her strength had increased by one point it meant she had finally earned enough upgrade points that she could finally get her next racial evolution.

As she cooled off she decided to scroll through her status sheet to make sure she hadn't missed something. At her mental command of *Open Status* a small box appeared in front of her that only she could see. Listed upon it was a

collection of information and statistics identical to what you might see in some RPG telling you everything from her name and race to a numerical representation of everything from her strength and intelligence to her manual dexterity and luck. With a mental flick she scrolled to the second tab of her sheet and looked through her racial upgrade options.

Name: Gnoll Shaman

Description: A gnoll that has tapped into the fundamental, primal magics of the world around them and learned to manipulate them at will. Gnoll shamans typically become the spiritual or religious leaders of gnoll packs serving either alongside or just below a gnoll alpha.

Rank: 4

Upgrades: Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma, unlocks shamanistic magic and Far Sight

Requirements:

Strength 12 – met

Dexterity 14- met

Constitution 14- met

Intelligence 18 – unmet

Wisdom 16 – unmet

Charisma 14 – met

*Upgrade? **Yes/No***

Name: Gnoll Assassin

Description: Forcing past their baser urges and instincts, the gnoll assassin trains itself to fight with skill and cunning rather than brute and overwhelming force. Though lacking in the raw power necessary to assert dominance amongst their brethren, gnoll assassins are lethal if crossed and often times are used as bodyguards by shamans or alphas.

Upgrades: Dexterity, Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma. Unlocks Uncanny Dodge and Subtlety Skill Tree.

Requirements:

Strength 12 – met

Dexterity 18- unmet

Constitution 14- met

Intelligence 14 – unmet

Wisdom 16 – unmet

Charisma 16 – unmet

*Upgrade? **Yes/No***

Name: Gnoll Alpha

Description: Gnoll's only follow one thing: Power. A gnoll alpha is the apex of their species in raw brute force and strength. Taller, stronger, tougher than any of their brethren a gnoll alpha's power rivals that of the entire pack itself. Their raw strength mixed with their uncanny ability to regenerate in a matter of seconds makes them a deadly opponent to anyone that dares cross into their territory.

Rank: 5

Upgrades: Strength, Dexterity, Constitution. Unlocks Ferocity Skill Tree and Unnatural Regeneration

Requirements:

Strength 20 – met

Dexterity 16- met

Constitution 20- met

Intelligence 10 – met

Wisdom 12 – met
Charisma 12 – met
*Upgrade? **Yes/No***

The gnoll giggled giddily as she read through the menu and confirmed what she had believed. That last point of strength she had earned was all she needed to finally upgrade to the evolution she had been looking for! The other two evolutionary options had their 'Yes' options crossed out and unavailable as she didn't meet the base statistic requirements. Who needed magic or to be sneaky or clever or anything like that? Any problem worth solving is a problem worth SMASHING.

She didn't even take the time to clean up or leave the side cavern she had made into her makeshift gym. Tags waved her arms a bit as if to loosen them up, doing the same with a shake of her legs to either side of her, before turning back to her menu and jamming the confirmation button for her Gnoll Alpha evolution.

Almost instantly Tags felt her body convulse as the overwhelming sensation of mutation began to overtake her. It was like suddenly growing up and aging years in a matter of moments like one of those fast-forwarded lifespan of a flower videos. Her arms bulged and lengthened outwards as the muscles across them tightened and bulged. Her thighs ballooned into pillars of muscle even as they elongated like a tree sprouting up ten years in a manner of seconds. The once tight fabric of her shorts was ripped to shreds beneath the onslaught of enlarging hips, ass and thighs while the linen bandages around her bosom burst apart like a series of guitar strings snapping in rapid succession from the combination of her widening back and her breasts nearly doubling in size relative to her in a matter of seconds. The transforming gnoll stumbled a half step to the side as the sudden wave of vertigo from her rapidly increasing vantage point disoriented her and the impacting footstep slammed to the cave floor with a ground shaking THUMP. The sheer weight she felt from that impact made her giddy all over again even still in the middle of her transformation. She could feel her body growing larger, her limbs growing heavier. Then, just as suddenly as it started, the changes stopped. A second later her interface flooded with a torrent of new messages that momentarily blinded her as they filled her vision.

Strength +1!

Strength +1!

Strength +1!

Strength +1!

Strength +1!

Strength +1!

Dexterity +1!

Dexterity +1!

Constitution +1!

Constitution +1!

Constitution +1!

Constitution +1!

New skill: Unnatural Regeneration

New Skill Tree Unlocked: Ferocity!

You have successfully upgraded to 'Gnoll Alpha'! May your enemies tremble in fear at your presence and your allies look upon you as the pinnacle of what they could become!

You have gained the unique skill: Leader of the Pack!

Quickly waving away the notifications so she could focus on her new body She twisted herself slightly, trying to get a look over her shoulder at her back and tail. Just that casual gesture nearly had her spinning in place from the

unexpected additional mass that swung around from her arm's movements. Every movement she made now felt like it had additional mass, additional momentum that she had to take into account even with simple actions like shifting her arms. When she shifted her feet to widen her stance, she could feel the ground tremble slightly beneath her weight; unable to suppress a giddy giggle at feeling what had to be hundreds of new pounds of her literally shaking the ground with her movements.

Her body had grown more muscular as well as larger as if she hadn't already been beastly enough before. Whereas before she had looked like a well-muscled woman the additional muscle seemed to have overwhelmed that feminine proportion slightly. She still had the definite female curves around her waist, hips and chest to be sure but her middle had thickened up slightly and her shoulders had broadened to be less slender and curvy to the eye. Those lost curves had been replaced with raw, rippling muscle hard as steel to the touch yet shifting like liquid metal beneath her skin at her slightest movement. Even if she had lost some of her curves there was still no chance anyone would mistake her for anything other than a female considering the massive breasts proudly bouncing in front of her. Even considering her huge proportions each one was easily larger than her own head. If her body hadn't been so solidly built and well-muscled, she might have needed to worry about back pains carrying around such massive tits. Instead, she found herself giggling madly as she wrapped her arms (barely) around them and hugged her newly enlarged breasts against herself. Happy with her new changes she straightened her back and stood up straight to take stock of her new, full height.

And immediately slammed her head against the ceiling.

Looking up she found that she was now too tall for the eight-foot ceilings of the side cavern, forcing her to hunch down several inches to keep from banging her head again. That meant she was well over eight feet tall, possibly as tall as nine feet! She'd practically doubled in size!

Lips pulled back to show off a wicked grin full of sharp, predatory fangs as she turned to make her way out of the cave. She definitely needed to go out and take this new body for a test run. It was when she got to the entrance to the side cavern that she ran into a problem, though. Before she'd been able to walk into the cave normally but with her new size the cavern entrance suddenly looked puny and small. She was forced to get down on all fours and crawl through it to fit underneath the archway height wise. The problem came when she got about halfway through and she felt something wedge into the narrow entrance. She had grown so large the sheer width of her hips and thighs was now wider than the cavern entrance. Sitting there on all fours struggling to pull her oversized ass through the gap she found that she couldn't quite force her way through. Just as she was getting ready to try to brute force it anyway, hoping that the cavern didn't simply collapse if she ripped through the stone wall, she heard the sound of familiar footsteps approaching from further down the tunnel.

When a party of adventurers came into view, torch light flickering in the otherwise dark tunnel they abruptly found themselves face to face with a prone Gnoll nearly twice any of their sizes. Unable to keep the growl out of her voice as her concern for her situation warred with a sudden ravenous hunger forcing a gurgling growl of gluttony to roll up from her stomach, Tags spoke in her new deep, resonant voice.

"Hey there! Uh... Little help?"