



Legends of ZAR
- A Horny Fantasy Adventure -
= Part 1, The Gender-Bending Orb of ZAR =
by Razmagurk

The explosions tore at the dark-skinned elf's soul. The cascading washes of silver-pink light shook even the liminal space of this magical realm. They ripped at Vuhadris's body, they shredded his senses. The blasts were so powerful they sent him doubling over as he stumbled back.

And then, suddenly, *nothing*.

Vuhadris opened an eye. Something was wrong.

All around him the stars still shone, the fake stars of this fake universe. A universe that seemed to consist of nothing but those stars, three glowing steps, a grand altar, and the mirror-wall that was the gateway back to the temple, all floating free in the nothing. It seemed like an awful lot of work for a place no one was ever supposed to go.

The orb was intact. So was he. Had that been a trap he had missed? Some warding aura hiding in the orb's bright light? For all its bluster it hadn't done anything, had it?

He took a step forward, instantly noticing that his weight felt off. He took a moment to consider the situation. When you were in a place like this it always paid to be careful. Slowly, the realization dawned on his face.

He had breasts.

"But I didn't even touch it!" he cried out, his voice soft and breathy. "That isn't fair!" He'd gone to all that effort! Undone all the magic circles and bypassed the stupid little riddle on the box. He'd put the bag over the stone without actually touching it! He was wearing gloves and everything. He had heeded every warning!

And still it had done... *this*.

He had... yes these were definitely breasts, and curves that spoke of much more beside. Maybe it was a trap. Some kind of illusion? Hallucinogenic poison gas?

He took in all the details, looking down past the now-glowing, bulging sack he'd placed the orb in.

His clothing had changed with him. His tight leather armour had shifted to accentuate his new figure. It now seemed to feature an abundance of cleavage and was tight in all the right places. It was unabashedly sexy, seductive even. Not appropriate for his kind of work.

Not that there weren't some in the business who'd disagree. He'd travelled with one of the stripper-nuns of the Steamy Lady for a time, and this would be downright modest on her. She had spoken of half-naked warriors in the mountains, and servants of the holy twins who were so close to nature, they eschewed clothing altogether. Frankly it all sounded ridiculous to Vuhadris. What if they stubbed a toe? Or got sprayed with acid? What if they got cold?

He pressed a hand against his tight, athletic core. He still seemed mostly the same; the same rough shape. He wasn't a toad or anything, just... a girl. He could feel something deep inside him, though. Something twinging just above his loins. He felt... *fertile*. The word pushed itself to the forefront of his mind. As though it was a good thing.

Fertile certainly seemed apt. He looked like an ancient elven fertility doll. With a body so exaggeratedly curvaceous, he might as well be human.

Experimentally, he reached a hand up to his overflowing chest, twisting his hand to get it past his now highly-curved breastplate. He could feel the heat and heft of the rising mounds with his hands, but he could also feel the soft touch of his now-delicate hands against them. They felt real. They were squishy, soft, *sensitive*. His blood started to pound, his nipples stiffening at his explorations. He let out a sigh. Did all breasts feel so... good? The twinging in his loins was growing.

No, he told himself, it had to be a trick. He prodded and shook the errant breasts, willing himself to believe against the evidence of his eyes and hands and heart, to find fault in this illusion. He slapped at the exposed cleavage again and again, but all he ended up with was sore tits and an even larger throbbing between his legs .

Magic then. Transformative. Powerful. There had been no gradual shift just a flash of swirling light from the orb. He hadn't even touched it! He had just lowered a bag on it. Was the stupid thing really so eager to pop off?

Of course it had been. He suppressed a sigh. Look at the place. A floating staircase of glowing light amidst a starry void? The setup was too damn dramatic. A treasure like that was sure to whine and cheat if it didn't get its way. He briefly wondered if, given what he'd seen of the temple so far, it didn't have some thousand-year case of blue balls.

He tried to focus, to see the magic, but there was too much of its presence here though, tainting this place. It felt... *minty*?

He couldn't say he hadn't been warned. There had been all the silver trimmed frescoes depicted exactly like this. People touching the orb and being... *changed*. He'd headed those warnings though. No one fell for such obvious set-ups. This was downright embarrassing.

Experimentally, he put the orb back down in its place on the altar. It could turn him back, right?

He waited. Nothing happened. He took off his glove and gave it a poke. Still nothing. Great, it had blown its load all over him and now it had gone to bed? He sighed and put the orb back into the bag. This time however, he wasn't quite so cautious.

Click.

The lockpick he'd jammed into the edges of the altar to keep it from sinking or rising when weight was added, gave way. With the rumble of stone on stone, the altar began to sink into the ground.

Vuhadris sighed. That had been his favorite lockpick too.

The softly glowing ground shook beneath his feat. This was not turning out to be his day.

He clutched the bag holding the orb to his newly heavy chest. He looked back towards the entrance, the wall-length mirror that had been a portal to the temple proper. On the other side, dust was showering from the ceiling. It wasn't just this little realm that was shaking. He had to be fast, there was no telling what would happen if the mirror cracked.

He ran. His feet were swift beneath him even with the inch-high wedge now featured prominently in his boots. Step after ghostly step he went, then he dived out of the mirror room into the temple's main chamber.

There was some part of Vuhadris that was holding out hope that this girl's body was just some side effect of the realm behind the mirror. That once he'd gotten through he'd be himself again. Now he saw that wasn't the case. Was he was going to be stuck like this? Was *she* was going to be stuck like this?

She didn't have time to dwell on the riddle long, however. She saw why the temple was shaking.

The statue was moving. The enormous statue of the intensely pregnant fey, left half male, right half female, had shed its stony exterior to reveal flesh. At least, it certainly seemed alive enough, Its heavy breast swung and bounced, and the dick and balls beneath the pregnant swell slapped around as it moved. Vuhadris had to resist the urge to look away for modesty's sake. It had bad enough when it was stone.

It wan't stone anymore though. It didn't move like stone, though from the way it shook the ground with each step it was heavy enough to be.

Perhaps of more immediate concern was the way it had wrapped itself around one of the pillars - one of the massive brass dicks keeping the roof up - and was trying to wrench it free from the ground.

Had it noticed her? Vuhadris slipped behind one of the other penile pillars to consider. Could she fight this? Her hand went to the knives in her belt. Would they be up to the job? It looked fleshy, which probably meant it had anatomy, right? She could hear the ground shaking with each of its steps though, it was too heavy to be real. She took another peek and frowned as she got a prime view of its naked butt.

No, she didn't want to fight it, it was naked and weird. This whole place was like that. She was going to have to charge Princess Antonella that much more. If she had a group of mooks to hide behind or to act as a distraction, sure, but solo?

It finally tore the pillar from the ground. Now it was storming around the room with a kind of impatience, smacking the giant brass dick-pillar against the floor and walls. Vuhadris found herself biting her lip despite herself. Her womb twitched at the sight of that monstrous dick. She found her gaze drifting down to the creature's angry turgid junk. It was so big and powerful. Something about the sight of it was doing something to her she didn't like one bit.

As if on cue, as if it could smell her arousal, the beast turned towards her.

Shit. She stepped out from behind the pillar to see it storming towards her, raising the pillar like a giant club. Just her luck, it was between her and the exits. There was no way out but through.

She ran towards the living statue. It swung its pillar at her, but she was ready. These big assholes were always slow like that. She leaned back to let the club pass harmlessly over her, but she had made one key mistake. A blow that she should have cleared by inches instead caught her in the boobs.

“Ah!” She winced. It was a glancing blow, but the force of it sheered across the ridiculous leather cleavage, ripping it away and exposing her newfound breasts to the stale air beyond. She was sent tumbling away. Panic flooded through her.

This was bad. She sucked in a breath and tried to reorient herself. The hit had sent her to the wrong side of the room. If she couldn’t trust that she could get past it, she’d have to use one of the other exits. She had to make a choice. The passage with the croaking, or the petitioner’s entrance?

She had come through neither, herself. Her exploration of the grounds atop the hill had discovered another entrance at the bottom of the old well. She’d just had to get around the tree that was growing in it, turgid with those strange glowing fruits. Those turgid, glowing, dick shaped fruits. She had thought them rather distasteful at the time but now they didn’t seem so bad. Probably so ripe and full and *juicy*.

This place was starting to get to her. She forced herself to focus. She knew the main hall was full of traps, she’d seen them from the front entrance. But on the other hand, no good ever came from croaking. It meant water and probably some kind of frog monster? Vuhadris hated getting wet. d Better not risk it.

In the womb-shaped layout of this place, this door to the petitioner’s hall would be the cervix, with this chamber she was in being the uterus. Vuhadris knew a lot about anatomy. Just her luck, the door was human scale. The statue was not. Even better, despite the complexity of this lock, the shaking masonry had exposed the mechanisms for the door.

She bolted for it. As she ran, she was painfully aware of how her naked breasts bounced this way and that. They were so heavy and ample. She crossed her arms over her chest to try to restrain them. As soon as it recovered from the room-shaking swing of its club, the creature stomped after her. Every step caused dust to fall from the ceiling.

For a brief moment she thought she’d made the wrong choice, that the reduced speed of her fertile new form would be too slow. She paused before the door, twisting at the exposed locking mechanism. The guardian raised its phallic club as she spun the dial. Come on... come on...

Click. Slam!

She fell forward, the door gave way just as the massive phallus clubbed into the floor where she had been just a moment before, shaking the whole temple.

Vuhadris turned, panting for breath and in fear, the stone guardian’s eyes wide in rage, its pregnant form rearing to leap after her.

Vuhadris scrambled forward into the room and desperately turned to slam the door shut behind her.

WHAM!

The door held. Vuhadris’s heart pounded. She slid its locking mechanism back into place. That would show it! She let out a sigh of relief. Now she just had to hope that horrible creature was too dumb to work a lock.

As she caught her breath, she could hear it walking away. She’d won!

But her celebration was premature. She heard its feet rapidly charging towards the door.

SLAM! Dust jumped in the room.

Step step step. SLAM! Step step step. SLAM!

Great. It was too dumb to work a lock but too dumb to know to give up. With each passing blow, Vuhadris became less confident in the door. These ruins were thousands of years old. It was time to get out of here.

But where had she ended up? If the temple was a womb, this was what? The cervical canal? It was a round thin hall, about one man wide, slightly wider at the far end from where she stood. The tiles on the floor featured pictures of writhing orgies and lewdly presented, pornographic proportioned people.

There was no light, but the soft glow from the orb seemed to illuminate the room even through the bag on her belt. It was more than enough for her keen eyes. The light pooled and glinted along the black stone walls where diamonds were inset, like a night sky's worth of constellations. It reminded her of the strange pocket universe the orb had been in.

In the back of her mind Vuhadris was cursing herself for not coming this way to begin with. Some of these gems might be valuable. Maybe she had time to -

SLAM. Creak. This time she could hear the door buckle behind her.

Okay, time to go.

She took a step forward, then stopped. She had been so distracted by the sky of diamonds that she'd almost missed something so obvious. She took a rock that had fallen from the ceiling and tossed it in front of her. Where it landed, the floor clicked and shifted.

Whoosh! A hot blast of steam lashed out from the wall overhead. The spout had been hidden to look like one of the many stars in the sky. Not just any steam, she noticed. It glowed with the same sort of turgid power the well water had been glowing, that those fruits had been glowing. Was this that same water? Some holy fountain beneath the temple? The mist of it made her skin tingle, her heart race. Her nipples grew suddenly aching stiff, her pussy frustratingly wet.

Horny holy water? This fucking temple. She bit her lip. Did her breasts seem bigger? Fuller? Better not take a full blast of that, there was no telling what could happen. She'd have to be careful. Maybe she could use her knives to pry up the floor tiles long enough for her to -

SLAM! Creak!

Okay, no time for subtlety. The tiles were flush with each other, no room to step around them. Where did that leave her? Climbing along the wall? How much rope did she have left?

SLAM! CRACK!

Too late.

The force of the thing's bulk smashing through the doorway sent the elf flying forward. She windmilled her arms back, trying to regain her balance, but the weight of her large breasts was one straw too many. They sent her falling forward, unable to stop herself.

Crash. Click. Whoosh!

Vuhadris tried to save herself, tried to roll with it. The steam, at least, shot over her head. She didn't have time to be careful about the rest of these. Keeping low she tried to crawl forward. She could hear the guardian slamming into the wall, trying to squeeze itself into this chamber.

She glanced back just long enough to see it crawling after her, reaching for her with the brass pillar, slamming it between the walls of the cervical passage. She winced. She didn't have a lot of time for finesse. She was avoiding the worst of it, but flecks of water were getting all over her exposed breasts. By the time she got to the far end the pounding of the brass dick was sending the walls crumbling. It must have damaged the mechanisms because the last few spouts were just pouring water instead, spraying out to soak her.

Vuhadris hated getting wet.

"Ah~!" She let out a carnal cry as she cleared the door to the vaginal cavity. There was no time to close the door this time. Water gushed out behind her in a wave. Her body seemed to drink every drop up. It seemed to pool upon her like oil, making her glisten and shine. If the mist had turned on the faucet of her pussy, this was a dam bursting.

Her whole body was tingling and swelling and throbbing. Her boobs were definitely bigger.

What was in this fucking water? She grabbed at her body, now overflowing, bursting with arousal, with heat. Her breasts swelling, her hips widening. It felt like years of the temple's backed up magic, gushing out and flooding into her.

Slam! Slam! Slam!

She didn't have time to question it. Run! Panic! Even if every brush of her thighs was a carnal nightmare. This thing was right behind her.

She dared another glance back over her shoulder. The beast was scraping itself on the diamond stars, water pouring on it, flooding around it, rushing out towards her. The water seemed to be doing a number on the statue as well. Its heavy breast was expanding, nipples erect, and beneath its pregnant belly, the rigid cock and heavy turgid balls were growing larger and larger.

She didn't have much time to contemplate how that made her feel. Run run run!

She reached in the main entrance hall. Little alcoves and cloisters everywhere, the perfect size for couples to copulate. The walls were adorned with pornographic silvery frescoes of them doing just that, though sometimes with their gender inverted – males with vaginas, females with dicks. Not helping, temple. Before her she could see the main gate, still open from when she'd explored this way earlier.

She'd taken one look at the bodies of previous tomb robbers here and had decided to take a different path.

Now she didn't have the luxury of choice, chased by a giant pregnant horny satyr swinging at her with a big thick dick. Mm, well she could think of exactly where it could shove it!

Her eyes darted around, trying to take it all in as she fled. There had to be a safe way through. But there was no time. A hand reached out to grab her. The thing had already squeezed its way through the tight passage. She had to act now.

Vuhadris ran as fast as her aching body could carry her. The floor tiles clicked below her feet, blades swung, arrows fired, blasts of fire and holy force surging out as the temple trying to protect itself from the intruders it thought were besieging it.

But Vuhadris wasn't going *into* the temple, oh no. The traps weren't aimed in the direction she was going. They were aiming in the direction she'd come, to catch groups walking in, not out.

To catch where the guardian was.

Blades tore into its stony flesh, blasts of magic scorched its flesh black, and still it stormed after her. Arrows broke upon it. Nothing seemed to work. Vuhadris could feel the ground beneath her feet giving way. She leapt.

In a brief terrified moment before her feet touched the ground, she even prayed.

Vuhadris shot out through the main gate, into the open air beyond. The guardian crashed down into a pit behind her, catching the edge and scrambling to pull itself up. But the damage to it was too severe. The brass pillar leaning on the ledge fell into the darkness, taking one of the statue's hands with it, and when the rushing water still flooding out from the cervical passage pounded down upon it, its grip was too weak. It was washed down into the darkness below and that was the last Vuhadris saw of it.

If anyone asked, she was going to tell them that had been her plan all along.

Vuhadris let out a sigh of relief. She fell to the grassy ground in the shadow of the swollen hills that the ancient temple was built under. They looked for all the world like a flaccid dick and balls. She laughed in victory, but the flood of water was evidently not done, crashing into her back, her prodigious posterior swelling, hips widening. She was tingly, yearning to be touched, yearning for release. Where the water met the tall grass it flowered and bloomed.

Vuhadris looked around, taking in a deep lungful of fresh spring air. There was still the minty tinge of magic here, but everything else seemed normal, natural. The earthy smell of grass and petrichor, the singing of birds in the tall pine forest. It was all so real, so good. No strange magics here, no perverse tricks. Though she'd seen some odd things in the forest nearby.

It was almost enough to make her forget about what had happened. Almost enough to sooth the raging flames within her loins. Her feminine, fertile loins. She gazed down at her body. Her female body. Her horny female body.

Now there was nothing stopping her, was there? The Zarite patrol wouldn't be here until sundown. She had time to work off some of the tension, right?

She pulled off the tatters of her leather top, it slopped to the grass, sopping wet. Everything about Vuhadris was sopping wet. She wiggled herself out of her leggings and the delicate underwear she now found she was somehow wearing. Her curious hand didn't even wait for her to kick her leggings off all the way to finally get a feel of what lay beneath.

A touch. A soft Touch. A warm touch. A wet touch.

"Oh fuck."

Her other hand joined the first. Time for a fresh anatomy lesson.

That's when she heard giggling.

"Oh my god," came a voice. "What are you doing?"

Vuhadris tried to leap back. The position of her hands and the leather leggings still tight around her ankles made it difficult. Tripping backwards she fell on her newly enhanced butt.

"Who's there?" she tried to cover her crotch with her hands.

The air nearby shimmered and a trio of figures appeared, stepping out as though throwing off a great cloak.

Magic. Vuhadris chastised herself. How did she miss that? The ground around their feet was disturbed and freshly trodden. They must have been there for a while. How could she have been so distracted as to miss such an obvious sign?

Standing before her was a trio of beautiful human women. Too beautiful. Their skin was soft and flawless, not a blemish or stain upon them. Their lips were soft and sensual, red and shining with either makeup or magic. They all had long blonde hair waving down to their backs and cascading erotically before their face. Each had a streak of pink in their hair.

That same colour was prominent in the garments they wore, almost oppressively so, though Vuhadris's eyes were spared by the scandalous lack of clothing. They wore tight leather skirts and satin tops that seemed only there to lift and present and accentuate their frankly ridiculous breasts. Most humans had ridiculous breasts, but these were exceptional examples, even for them.

They were wearing tall thigh-high boots with five inch heels or more, stiletto pointed, garishly pink. How was someone supposed to walk on grass in those that?

Everything about them oozed sex, if you were into girls who looked like they only thing they were good for was looking pretty and warming beds. They had no business being in a place like this. Not that Vuhadris's achingly horny body wasn't in the same state, after what all that water had done.

Frankly Vuhadris doubted what he was seeing. There was no way these creatures were real. They looked for all the world like some horny teenage wizard practising his first illusion magics. For all his attempts to focus through the phantasm though, he could not.

They didn't look like a threat, at least. They weren't Zarites.

"What exactly do you think you're doing?" the central one said, her voice high and fluty, drawn out strangely, like some petulant teenage girl. She was the tallest of the group and seemed their leader.

Vuhadris realized how her being naked and masturbating must look. She pulled her hands away, but that just called more attention to her nudity.

"It's magical," she whimpered, her face red in shame. As she tried to gesture down at the horny water still drenching her body. "I'm so wet." She winced at how that must have sounded.

"Yeah," the girl on the left said. Her voice was high and bubbly, like she was ready to break into laughter at a moment's notice. "We can see that. "

"Oooh," said the girl on her right, her voice was deeper, fiery and hitched. She licked her lips as her eyes marched over Vuhadris's still-dripping pussy. "She looks *fuun*."

"Later, Pepper," said the middle one. "Tie her up."

The two other girls advanced on Vuhadris, moving quicker than she'd have given them credit for based on their dress. She certainly wouldn't have been able to move in heels like that.

"Who are you?" Vuhadris put up only a token resistance as they tied her hands behind her back and removed her knives. She avoided the urge to glance at the bag containing the still-glowing orb, still in her hastily discarded pile of clothing. She didn't want to call any attention to it. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same of you." The leader stepped forward to get a better look at Vuhadris. With every step the girl's great big creamy orbs seemed to bounce and jiggle tantalizingly. Breasts didn't normally jiggle that way. Was this some kind of succubus? A fey trick? A shapeshifter who had only ever seen a woman in a porno drawings?

"You aren't a Zarite?" The leader poked her with her staff.

Vuhadris scoffed. "Have you seen the Zarites? They're all androgynous. Even the ones who I think are supposed to be men cross the feminine line all the time. They certainly don't have curves like me. I'm just a passing opportunist." Vuhadris tugged dramatically at her bonds. "Couldn't help but notice this little place. Thought I'd check it out."

"In the middle of nowhere like this?" the leader put her staff on Vuhadris's chin and tilted it up to get a better look at her. Her gaze was smouldering and intelligent despite the smokey 'fuck me' makeup she wore.

"I can be very subtle when I choose to be." Vuhadris smiled. "And who are you? What are you doing at the temple of ZAR?"

“Subtle?” the bubbly one cocked an eyebrow. “Is that why you’re lying naked in a field?”

“Is that why you were mewling and moaning?” the fiery one added.

The two of them were circling her, eyeing her up from all angles. They walked with a grinding strut that called attention to their wide hips and the seductive sway of their posteriors. Somehow, the grass didn’t seem to slow them down at all. What kind of magic was that?

“Like I said, when I choose to be.” Vuhadris shrugged, an act that sent her chest bouncing. The girls seemed to be enjoying the sight of it. They turned to look at their leader, as if asking permission. She let out a honey sweet sigh.

“You can call me Valahandra. This is Brandy and Pepper. We are looking for something. As, I expect, are you. A magical orb.”

A horrified realization crossed Vuhadris’ mind.

“You’re men?” he speculated.

“What?”

“You’re men.” Vuhadris improvised, “You’ve been turned into girls against your will, now you want to use the orb to turn back?”

Brandy and Pepper exchanged a look, then fell to the ground laughing.

“Do we look like men to you?”

“Girls, please.” Valahandra rubbed at her perfect temple. She took a step towards Vuhadris, kneeling next to her. “Have you ever heard of the bulldog bandits?”

Princess Antonella *had* mentioned them as a possible lead, if the orb turned out to be a bust.

“We were raiders out by Sixpine. There’s a bunch of us. The fiercest bitches the region has ever seen.”

“Bandits? You?” Vuhadris couldn’t hide the incredulity in her voice.

“We didn’t look like this!” Valahandra huffed. “We were normal women then, not these ridiculous caricatures. We dressed as men. It was the only way to be taken seriously. Then one day we ran into this... priestess. I don’t know how else to describe her. She spoke reverently, lovingly about someone called the Master. She had this glowing pink stone. We tried to relieve her of it. It ended... badly.”

There was a heaviness in her tone. Brandy and Pepper pouted at the memory.

“With that stone she put a curse on us. It changed us.’ Her fist tightened. “Made us into drooling, giggling, vapid *whores*.” She spat the words out. “She warped our bodies to be more boobs than brains,

turned us into some stupid adolescent's fantasy! Some of us resisted better than others, mentally at least, but most ended up like, well..." She looked meaningfully at Brandy and Pepper.

"I've spent every waking hour since, researching and experimenting, trying to find a way to undo it, to find some magic strong enough. But for all my arcane talent, it's not enough. I was desperate enough to seek out the aid of the wizard Xyr, in his tower of living ropes."

"Xyr of the stonebridge?" Vuhadris raised an eyebrow. "Xyr the hard?" If rumors were to be believed he was as perverse as he was powerful.

"Not even he could undo what had been done. The glowing pink stone was an artifact of ZAR, he explained, and so only ZAR's magic could undo it. He spoke of another supposed artifact, in a distant temple sacred for its fertility rituals, one that could reverse the sex of those who touched it, impart virility and fertility."

Fertility. The word hit Vuhadris right in the womb. A reminder of his continued femininity. The arousal coursing through his stupid body. Well, the legends were wrong. He hadn't touched the stupid orb!

"You need the artifact to help your friends?" She glanced at the Pepper and Brandy. A divine curse? That certainly explained a thing or two. "Well I'm sorry, but my employer won't be happy with any delays, nor, I suspect, with me stopping to aid bandits."

"Employer?" Valahandra narrowed her smoky gaze. "I thought you said you were just a passing opportunist?"

"What can I say?" Vuhadris stood, her bindings falling away. "I'm full of surprises." This wasn't even a show of great skill, the girls had done a terrible job.

"Get her!" Valahandra cried.

The blondes rushed over to tackle Vuhadris again, but this time she wasn't going to get tripped up by any half-donned pants. Indeed, she didn't have any pants on at all. She jumped and twirled, careful of her body's new weights. The two girls crashed into each other instead of her, almost bouncing off each other's massive mounds.

Vuhadris ran for all she was worth, long legs pumping, towards the temple entrance, the grass beneath her feet as soft as her body. Pepper and Brandy giggled as they gave chase, as though this was all some kind of flirty game.

Vuhadris stopped at the entrance. Water still poured out, soaking into the grass, making it flower. Her feet tingled pleasantly underfoot. Good. The water was still powerfully potent. She had to time this just right. She turned to face her pursuers.

The bouncy busty bodies of the blondes made them slow, but their breasts and their wide buttocks were still a hypnotic sight as they charged towards Vuhadris. She'd use that uncanny weight against them.

They held their arms out for a tackle, to try to grab her. She dropped. The girls couldn't react fast enough. Vuhadris pushed into their legs. They tumbled over, their momentum carrying them into the temple room beyond with a loud splash.

"Oooh!" there was a groan of surprise. Several more groans followed, each more sexual, more primal and carnal than the last. "This feels..."

"Fun!" Brandy finished. She splashed at Pepper. Their already tenuous clothing was clinging diaphanously to their slowly expanding curves. Their already incredible breasts swelling with the water's power, their hips widening even further. Vuhadris's womb tingled in sympathy. They looked so... *fertile*. Just like her.

The two giggled, splashing back and forth playfully, lost in their revelry. Brandy rose to her knees and pounced on Pepper, hands pulling her in close. The giggling gave way to moaning as Pepper's soft tongue pressed past Brandy's lips.

Vuhadris's heart pounded jealously as the two fell to the ground, rolling around in the horny water, swollen breasts and bodies as wet and sloppy as their kissing. This wasn't fair. She was horny too! Why couldn't she be the one sloppily making out?

And in that distracted moment, Valahandra struck.

Even invisible, Vuhadris should have heard her approach. She knew full well the extent of her power, should have been expecting it. For as easy as her comrades had been to outsmart, Valahandra was having none of it.

The bandit leader was chaging, ready to push her into the water too. She must have realized the effect it was having. Vuhadris reacted just in time to catch the girl's soft hands in his own.

"Look, we don't want any trouble," the bandit beauty bellowed. "Just give us the orb."

Vuhadris pushed back. The two grappled, struggling for advantage. She was surprised they were so evenly matched. Another example of his weak, female body coming up short. Still, she couldn't afford to lose this.

Then Vuhadris' hand began to tingle. Everywhere she was touching the girl seemed vibrant and aflame, but it was not a pain that burned. It reminded her of the tingle in the water, it got her heart pounding. It got her pussy wet. She looked to see silver light working its way down her hands, starting at her fingers. In its wake, things were different. Her skin was now as flawless as the girl she was wrestling, and her nails were becoming just as long and as agonizingly glitter-pink. As it started spreading up her arms, Vuhadris started finding it harder to think.

"What trick is this?" It wasn't like any spell she'd seen before. How could the girl focus on such magics while fighting for her life?

"No!" The bandit girl's eyes widened as she saw it. "Not again." Red flushed through her face. Rather than pressing the advantage, she stopped fighting, stepping back and pulling out of the grapple. She grasped at her hands, as though they were on fire.

“What was what?” Vuhadris shook her hand, restoring feeling to it. She looked down at her long, pink, glittering nails. Whatever it had been, it had left its mark.

“Please.” Valahandra’s tone was low and serious despite her voice. “You see why this is so important? My attempts to undo the curse have resulted in me just spreading it further. I don’t want to turn you into this. I don’t want to hurt anyone else. I have to fix things.”

“It’s contagious?” Vuhadris stepped back, trying to get as much space between them as she could.

“Just me. Everything I touch turns into a pink slutty mess. This is my last hope. Please. It’s bad enough I was born a girl. That was girly enough. I can’t live like this and I can’t live knowing everybody I get close to is going to end up as a...” She looked towards the other girls. They had shed their clothing and were rolling about in lusty abandon.

“What do you mean it was bad enough you were born a girl?”

“Exactly what I say! She stomped a foot. I hate being like this! I always have. Joining the bandits wasn’t some game of disguises for me, it was a real attempt to get away from my family and truly assert who I am. You’re a man too, aren’t you? You have to understand!”

“What makes you think that?” She thought she’d been doing a better job of hiding it.

“Oh please, you act like you’ve never seen tits before.”

Vuhadris failed to suppress a flush.

Something about the girl’s story was getting to him. Maybe it was her new womanly body betraying him, her now girlish heart. She wasn’t usually such a soft touch. She could see the look on Valahandra’s face though, the need, the desperation.

The girl was right. They were basically in the same situation. Hadn’t she also been turned into something different? Her still throbbing pussy was reminder enough of that.

“Look.” Vuhadris held up a hand in surrender. “I can’t let you take the orb with you. But I can let you use it here and now to put an end to your curse before it spreads any farther.”

She brought Valahandra over to the still-glowing bag, half buried in Vuhadris’s still-wet leathers, a further reminder of her abject nudity.

The silver-pink light of the orb poured out as Vuhadris opened her sack. It took on an eager blue tinge as Valahandra approached, awestruck. “Let me warn you. The magics of the place don’t play fair. Here they were worshipped ZAR as a fertility god, but across much of the world they are known as a trickster.”

“It’s my only hope.”

As the girl approached, Vuhadris made sure her footing was secure, ready to run or to attack if the girl pulled any more tricks.

"We'll do it together then." Vuhadris said. "Then we do your sisters over there and go our separate ways. You never saw me."

"By the protector's crown." Valahandra held up a hand as she swore the oath. She was serious, genuine, but as soon as she got closer to the orb, a great big grin broke out on her face. Vuhadris had never seen a girl so happy.

Frankly Vuhadris was glad for the opportunity to change back as well. She had been a girl too long.

They peered closer into the bag. Their eyes glinted with the arcane light of the orb. Together their pink-tipped fingers reached down to the round glowing chunk of divine will.

There was a series of explosions, cascading washes of light and noise that dominated all perception, blasts of silver-blue that sent them both tumbling back. The sack with the orb dropped to the soft ground.

"Was it supposed to do that?" It was Valahandra's voice, but deeper. It sounded like marble rolling in a quarry, and for good reason. The throat that had made those sounds was not some flighty wench's, no. Gone was that girl. Standing in her place was masculinity given form. A body of power and confidence.

A body, a man's body, a real man's body. Valahandra grinned so wide it hurt his face. He reached up to touch his chest. No more pretending. No more fake beards and bound chests. And he felt... good. Healthy. *Virile*.

The effect was ruined somewhat by the ridiculous little leather pink skirt and skin tight satin white top he still wore.

"No, it wasn't!" came Vuhadris's reply. Still the same as it had been minutes before. No change had befallen the elf. She was the same buxom and fertile beauty the stone had turned her into the first time.

She ran up and kicked at the bag. This wasn't fair at all! She fell to her knees and furiously slapped at it, again and again. The swirling light within coursed at her touch but did not rise up and envelop her.

Vuhadris unleashed a torrent of profanity. Her carefully curated cool demeanor melting in the raging fury of her wrath. After everything that had gone wrong today, this was too much, too cruel.

"What does this mean?" Valahandra put a broad arm around her shoulder. "It won't turn you back?"

"So it would seem." Vuhadris gazed into the orb's energies trying to work out its magics. The force within was so strong it was impossible to miss. And if Valahandra was having so much trouble undoing ZAR's magic, what hope did Vuhadris have?

"You're trapped this way?"

"So it would appear." Vuhadris said again, slower this time. Realizing the death sentence it meant. Her soul grew cold. She wiped away a tear.

"Hey, listen to me." The former girl turned her to face her. He cupped Vuhadris's chin and tilted it up so she could look into his impossibly handsome face. Her heart pounded. "I know what it's like to lose hope about this."

"What do you know of anything?" Vuhadris pulled away, flushed of face.

"I know what the wizard Xyr said." Valahandra said. "Only an artifact of ZAR can counter an artifact of ZAR."

"There are other artifacts?"

"Exactly."

"Other temples?"

"Probably."

More weirdness, Vuhadris was sure, but that meant there was a chance one of them could turn her back. She wouldn't have these ridiculous breasts, this weak, supple body.

Vuhadris' dark skin went pale. She'd have to... what? Journey to the four corners of the realm in the hope that one day she'd regain her masculinity? Surely there had to be someone who could help, some curse breaker or witch doctor?

"Oh no." Valahandra pulled away, awkwardly.

"What?"

"I can still feel it."

"Feel what?"

He put one of his firm fingers to Vuhadris' lips. There was a familiar tingling. Vuhadris pulled away. Her lips were plumper, fuller. Glistening.

The two exchanged a terrified look.

"I'm sorry. I had to know. The curse isn't broken? I'm still contagious?"

Before they could consider the full ramifications of that possibility, the other girls emerged from the temple, giggling mischievously.

"Lady's steam!" Brandy exclaimed. "That was so good! Wait." She froze. "Vally-girl? Is that you? Did it work?"

"I told you not to call me that." Valahandra's voice had a dark tone to it, desperate. "And I - I don't know. It worked on me but..." He pointed for his bag. "Give me that wine."

"Looks like it worked!" Pepper ran up with a cheer and threw him in a hug. She was so small compared to him, she could dangle from where she'd wrapped her arms around him. "And you're so... *wow*." She put a hand on Valahandra's chest, rubbing her hand sensually over it. "Big and strong."

Vuhadris gulped. The sight of the two naked girls rubbing up against the virile hunk was doing things to her she didn't want to think about.

Brandy pulled a dull bottle of wine from her hands and handed it to Valahandra. In his hands it went from a dull red to a vibrant bubbly white champagne. He threw it down in disgust. He pulled off his bag and dug around, pulling out a tunic. In his hands it turned into a skimpy pink and white lacy number.

Valahandra screamed and threw the garment to the ground. In his fury he tore off his pink skirt and satin top, revealing a significant male member. That made Vuhadris's breath catch.

"It didn't work?" Brandy looked perplexed between her hyper-masculine friend and the transformed clothing, then down at his dick.

"Not entirely. But..." He took a deep breath and let out a calm sigh. "That doesn't mean it won't for you. Look, we won't be able to take this thing home, we won't be able to fix all of us with this orb, but by the crown, I swear I'll never stop until we find a way to break the curse upon our sisters."

Brandy and Pepper exchanged a look, then turned back to him.

"What?"

"It's just..." Brandy furrowed her brow, trying to think of the best way to phrase it. "The rest of the bulldogs are super happy with the arrangement."

"Dressing like a guy was always really important to you, don't get us wrong," Pepper added, "but for the rest of us it was just a job, some sisterhood, and agency and some money. We still have all of that. More so, in fact. We're way better off this way."

"But.. look at you!"

"Yeah, look at me. I was 46. Now I look like I'm in my 20s again! That's like..." she counted on her fingers. "20 years younger! And it's even better than that because I'm skinny and beautiful and I've got these great big titties now!" She giggled and grabbed her boobs for emphasis. "And, most importantly, I have lots and lots of people to share that with, to be tender with."

"So why did you come? We risked so much."

"For you, dummy." Brandy tutted.

"Aw, girls." They pulled in for a hug. A very horny hug. Brandy and Pepper very obviously appreciating Valahandra's big naked body. Valahandra's *virile* dick twitched as they rubbed against him. He seemed to be enjoying it too.

Vuhadris fumed. They were just going to hug it out? Treat it like a happy ending? Her heart pounded. The sheer horror of the situation was driving her mad. She was stuck like this! Stuck like some horrid horny tart! Some over-fertile wench good only for bending over and breeding.

The thought sent a flutter through her stomach, and her pussy.

She was so tired.

“So, are we celebrating or what?” Brandy bubbled. “Come on, Valval, you’ve got to try this water.”

“It’s cursed!” Vuhadris raged.

“It’s yummy!” Pepper giggled. “You helped us. Let us help you. Let’s turn that frown upside down and have some fun! Come on girl, I saw the way you were eyeing us up earlier. Why not have a taste?”

Vuhadris tugged free. She didn’t appreciate being called girl. She tried to speak, but all that came out was a frustrated sigh.

The softness of the girl’s hands on her arm was too much though. How could she resist this? Hadn’t she fought enough? She wasn’t in any danger. Surely she could relax for a moment. Even if it was in a body like this.

“Yeah, we gotta celebrate!” Brandy giggled. She popped the bottle of champagne and the girls and former-girl passed it around. Vuhadris declined on principle.

Led by Pepper, the three stepped into the ankle-deep waters. Vuhadris watched as they lavished attention on Valahandra’s dick. The sight of it seemed to evoke an impossible lust inside of her. It was Virile. She was Fertile. It was only natural that she should want it.

But that was the water talking. She wasn’t into guys. The notion disgusted her, didn’t it? Even if it would fit so good in her impossibly hungry pussy.

The three began to play in the warm fertile waters of the temple, their bodies imbuing and swelling with fertile energies. Vuhadris watched, unable to look away.

They rolled in the fertile waters still draining from the temple, warm sapphic soporific water that made them swell. Valahandra’s muscles seemed to strengthen, his dick growing larger, his balls heavier. The girls were the same, even their hyper exaggerated forms growing all the more perfect.

It was clearly not the first time the three had been together, but it was certainly the first time Valahandra had a dick. It was a challenge the girls seemed more than up for.

“Come on, you too.” Pepper grabbed Vuhadris. “Let us thank you.”

“Thank me?” Vuhadris was incredulous. She was rarely thanked.

“Let us make you feel *good*.”

And gods, what could she do but relent? She was rarely the sort to start things. Rarely the one to get caught up in sexual allure that all the others seemed to, but at this point she couldn't resist any longer. Vuhadris hated getting wet... but in this case she'd make an exception.

The water's energy flooded through her. She was gushing. She fell down into the holy font and let it flow over her, to infuse her like a baptism. She came up her body tingling and glistening. Brandy and Pepper were running their arms along her. They knew how to make a girl feel good, their thick-lipped smiles coy and exquisite. The two of them took the initiative to show her every detail of her new body, her *fertile* new body.

There were so many wonders to discover, so much female pleasure to learn. Lesbian sex? She was having lesbian sex. She tried to ignore the yearning for Valahandra's dick, the jealousy she got when she saw him driving it tight into the quivering cunts of the girls.

He offered, and she fervently declined with the last ounces of her sense. That was a mental battle to lose another day.

Lips and hips. Thighs and tits. Kisses and coupling, buckling and rutting.

It was only a matter of time before Vuhadris got something else up there instead. A tongue, probing gently at his vaginal folds in fact, licking along his lips, swirling around that little bud of pleasure she was learning was oh-so important. Then Brandy's finger was *inside* her, and she could feel every little inch. She had a delicate touch, but knew exactly where to aim her ministrations, all a girl's little weak points.

It seemed Vuhadris wasn't the only one good at anatomy.

Vuhadris cried out, again and again, her soft slick body finally buckling in released horny desires. It was a thousand times greater than anything she'd ever known, and there didn't seem to be any end to it, just one impossibly higher height after another.

Maybe that was the real trap of this place, cursing them into an eternal orgy they'd starve to death in?

Maybe it wasn't so bad being trapped like this. If the sex was this good? If that was the price of being a girl? Of being *Fertile*? Was that the magic of this place corrupting her thoughts and desires? Or maybe that was just a natural reaction to having a beautiful girl's fingers knuckle deep in your pussy as another sucked on your tits.

She never wanted this to end.

But then came the sound of distant crashing wood, over the splashing. Vuhadris crawled her way to the door, Brandy's lips still glued to her cunt and slurping.

Vuhadris struggled to focus her eyes. To pay attention to what she was hearing over Brandy's ministrations. In the distance, there was a snapping of branches. A force in the forest that shouldn't have been there. She couldn't get a feel for the numbers.

She watched quietly as they made their way to the forest's edge. Knights. Horses. Based on the banners they were the Prince's men. How had they found this place? Vuhadris heard a murmur on the hill above

them. Footsteps up there as well? An unsettling chitter. The Zarites. Had the patrol returned when they were inside fucking? Had the patrol not checked the temple? Even after all the noise they'd been making?

"Quick, quiet." Vuhadris grabbed the girl's hands and pulled her deeper inside the temple, trying to avoid any traps that might still be active, closing as best he could the door behind him.

"What is it?" asked Valahandra, who was balls deep in Pepper.

"Zarites. And soldiers."

Everybody froze. My blood ran so cold that it cut through even the supernatural arousal I was experiencing.

Valahandra and Vuhadris looked out. The knights were crossing the clearing. They weren't even trying to hide. With each moment things grew tenser and tenser. Then the fight began. Zarites had no real gender, some amalgamation of masculine and fem traits. Vuhadris always thought they looked like pretty boys in skirts. They were weak, but they were immortal and there were a lot of them. They rose from their hiding spots upon the hill to reveal the scuttling beasts they rode upon. The knights charged to meet them, and a violent clash ensued.

More kept pouring over the hill overtop the temple. How many could there be?

One way or another, they had to get out of there. Vuhadris tugged on Brandy's shoulder, pulling her towards the cervix door and the still wrecked passage to the womb. With the Zarites distracted maybe they could go up the Fallopian tube to where the old well bottomed out? They could climb up Vuhadris's rope or the tree, and get far enough away that no one would see them.

After that, they'd be even. Vuhadris would return to Princess Antonella, his obligations fulfilled. Then he could see about finding a way to turn back. Maybe he'd meet back up with Valahandra, see what she'd discovered. Together they could set off to find a way to end this. No matter how long it took.

But that was a tale for another time. Her adventure was only just beginning...

To Be Continued?