

Oath to an Orc (Man to Busty Orc Bride TFTG)

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A Commission for 9630aq

Sir Connor is a paladin of the holy kingdom of Elir. A slayer of evil, his powers come from his oath. But when he attacks the orc Bruvar based on prejudice, assuming him to be evil, he finds not only his powers stripped from him, but that the orc is a magic user too, one who has defensively placed a spell that will slowly turn Sir Connor into the kind of woman that Bruvar is very attracted to . . .

Oath to an Orc

Part 1: The Misunderstanding

Sir Connor Ironheart surveyed the town of Hadelwood before him. It was on the outskirts of the Kingdom of Morvent, bordering clusters of dark forests and looming mountainscapes. It was a verdant little space, and likely couldn't be home to any more than two thousand townsmen at best. And yet, even from the edge of the hill that sloped into the town, he could see that Hadelwood was thriving. A town in expansion. There were several bakeries and butchers, two competing fletchers with their signage, and what looked to be a couple of apothecary shops and potion stores; evidence of an abundance of magical and powerful herbs and ingredients in the nearby woods. The town hall was larger than ordinary, a preparation for future expansion, and the roads had been built wide. Evidently, the administrators of Hadelwood counted on becoming a small city in the decades to come, provided their nearby silver mines were as successful as hoped. Yes, it was a beautiful little place, with plentiful farmland surrounding its immediate environs, and with plenty of wood and stone to draw from the nearby wilds.

And yet, he knew it to hold a dark evil.

He knew this because Sir Connor was no ordinary knight, but a Paladin, who had given a sacred oath to protect the innocent and vanquish evil. Such oaths, when spoken the right way and in the right place and with the right preceding rituals, had a tremendous power. The result was that Sir Connor held the power to smite his enemies, heal the sick and ailed, and even restore slain allies to life, provided they had only just recently passed. It was a great honour, and a great responsibility. And it was one he took very seriously in service to his kingdom, having battled demons and foul forces even at his youthful age of twenty seven.

That youth and vigour was evident in his appearance. Connor was a half-elf from his mother's side, his father having been an ordinary hunter who fell in love with a wood elf in the forest. As such, the paladin had the slightly pointed ears of an elf, as well as an impressive 6'4 height, but in all other ways he was recognisably human. He had short blonde hair and a full blonde beard, and wore heavy plate armour when adventuring, and leather armour while travelling. His body was manly, with a great deal of muscle not only from wielding his plate armour and large warhammer, but from his regular exercises and efforts in fighting evil. In short, he was a very handsome man, and one whose company many women fancied, though he only allowed himself the occasional bedding with a fine lass. His oath did not prevent it, but it was important to him to avoid the complications of too much of an ongoing relationship. The only exception had been Laridia, the gorgeous elven brunette ranger he had occasional flings with on their adventures together.

"I wish you were here now, Laridia," he said to himself as he continued on towards Hadelwood. "I can't imagine this quest will be too interesting, and I could use the joy of your company."

How wrong he was. This would be the most interesting 'quest' he ever experienced.

The paladin certainly attracted attention as he moved through the streets of Hadelwood. Various townsmen looked his way, and several women giggled and gossiped as he passed, particularly ones around his age. He gave them a smile and a wave, and a resolute nod to the guards. They all recognised a paladin of the realm, and so let Connor pass through with his weapons and armour upon him. He reached his destination, a tavern called *The Three Ladies*, and entered. A tavern was a source of information better than any sheriff's office or guard barracks.

He entered, letting the tavern hush at his powerful, tall presence. One of the barmaids, a pretty thing with red hair, nearly tripped over at the sight of him. He caught her, quite used to the reaction, and she giggled a little, apologising as she moved on to serve her table. He proceeded to the bar, where the bar man was polishing a glass. He was a gruff man.

"Not from round here, are you?" he said.

"No, I'm from Gellis."

The man raised an eyebrow. "The capital? What's a paladin from the heart of the kingdom doing in our back woods?"

"I'm looking for an orc," Connor said.

The man narrowed his eyes. "What for? We don't want big problems in our little growing town."

"Let's just say I have questions for him. I've been sent on behalf of the kingdom. You know our history with orc raiders and warbands. It's not a kind history, so I'm investigating on their behalf."

The bar man sighed. "Well, in that case I can tell you. Bruvar is right up against the forest line in the north of the town. The physician's hut, but in that weird circular orcish style. You can't miss it. Just be good with him."

Sir Connor smiled at the man's ignorance. "I will do as my duties require, and follow my oath. But yes, I will be 'good with him' if he treats me well also."

"That he will, don't worry. He's not a threat. He heals us."

Sir Connor smiled, tipped the barman and left. He'd heard such words before. Orcs were not just a rampaging menace who raided and killed, but also had many dark sorcerers and beguilers among their ranks, which was lesser known. As he left, he eavesdropped on some of the gossip already stirring about him, and it was fascinating to hear concern for this so-called 'Bruvar' and his trade. An orc physician? He'd never heard of such a thing. It was practically impossible. The entire history of Morvent was plagued by orc violence from the outlands. Violence . . . and the occasional dark being of their kind who swayed the local populace. He checked his weapon as he left the bar and exited out onto the street, making sure to keep his obvious preparations for battle away from the sight of several dwarvish women passing by on the way to the mines.

"An orc physician? We'll see about that."

The barman had spoken true, the orc's residence was not a subtle or stealthily hidden one. It was a somewhat larger homestead, but built in the round fashion of the orcs with heaped stone and slates of wood, and with a central chimney from which rose plumes of smoke. It would likely only have a couple of rooms. Orcs tended to favour larger open spaces, even for their bedding. It was simply their weapons and dark trinkets they kept separate, in a space reserved for battle preparations. It was not unusual for this to be the largest room in the house. Connor looked around: the homestead was several hundred feet away from the rest of town, up a slight incline with its own path. Unusually, a garden of various herbs and plants grew in the backyard, but he ignored that for now.

"Very well, orc physician, let us see how you react to a paladin in your home."

Orcs weren't ones for subtlety, and therefore, in this moment, neither was he. He kicked the door open with a mighty, magically-empowered kick. It burst from its hinges, flying

back to crash against the curving stone wall. He wasted no time, launching into the room, his warhammer already drawn and glowing.

“Come out, Orc! I know you’re here!” he cried. “You have questions to answer from the Kingdom of Morvent!”

He whirred about, and his suspicions of the orc’s true nature was confirmed. Numerous strange plants and herbs lined the walls, hanging from them, as well as animal skins, talismans, bones and powders, some collected in pewters. Along the furthest rounded edge of the wall, on the other side of the room, and just before the doorway to the bedroom, was a collection of strange weapons. Sharp implements, some small, some large, some sawed along the edges. They looked like torturer’s implements, and it made Sir Connor all the angrier. The barman’s casual compassion for this orc was either misplaced or magically induced, because this was a den of nightmares.

The door to the bedroom slammed open, and out stepped a large green-skinned orc. He was huge, easily eight feet in height, and with an enormous amount of bulk and muscle that Connor’s own half-elf frame could never possibly achieve. He had tusks jutting from his lower jaw over his upper lip, and his nose was flatter, with large nostrils like that of a boar’s. A southern orc, to look at him, with black hair that was pulled back into a tribal braid down his back.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?” he raged. “THIS IS MY HOME!”

But Connor was already moving, launching at the orc. The smell of dried blood was in the air - what horrors had this orc wrecked in the privacy of this dark space? He hefted his weapon, infusing it with the holy energies of his Oath of Protection, and slammed it against the orc. The one called Bruvar barely managed to deflect it, and his body smashed against the wall, causing numerous implements to fall to the ground.

“You foul beast!” Connor cried. “You orcs are all the same, slayers of men to the last! I see the tortures you have inflicted here!”

The orc’s thick eyebrows shot up in confusion. “What in the Nine Hells are you talking about, you idiot! This is - UGGHH!!”

But Connor had no time to listen. The orc was drawing forth a small knife. Small, yes, but even a little weapon could be deadly in the hands of a cruel orc. He batted it aside even as the orc spoke.

“That wasn’t a weapon, I was showing you - AGGGHH!!”

“Die beast, or surrender to your fate! I have sworn a magic oath to protect the innocent and slay the wicked, and I can smell the wickedness in this room, *orc!*”

The orc managed to bat aside another blow, but took a heavy one to the leg, causing him to howl in pain. Connor grinned, impressed at the large orc’s ability to fight within the space, and even unarmed as he was. But he could give no quarter to evil. He summoned

holy energies into his warhammer, causing it to glow brightly, a searing heat that made the bloodthirsty Bruvar step back in shock.

“So, you mean to kill me in your IGNORANCE!?” the creature roared, clenching his fists and breathing heavily as he wiped the blood from his side.

Connor chuckled, even as the beast parried his next attack, battered at Connor’s shield. “An orc calling *me* ignorant? Now I truly have heard everything. This kingdom was raided by orcs for most of its history, I will not allow that time to come again!”

He raised his warhammer, and it glowed even more brilliantly, like a lightning strike was about to erupt from its head. The orc’s eyes went wide, and Connor saw fear in them. Good. He smashed the hammer down, using his greatest smite to eliminate this torturer, this enchanter of men’s minds who clearly held the town captive.

Except his arm froze, followed by the rest of him. He was stuck in mid-strike, his muscles tense and seized, and only his eyes able to move. The orc lowered his hands, and to Connor’s terror, he realised that in his act of smiting the creature had managed to summon a powerful spell to entrap him. But that made no sense! No dark spell from an evil soul could be wielded when a great smite was within five feet!

The orc lowered his hands. “You forced my hand, foolish knight. What in the Underworld and Abyss were you thinking? You call me some torturer? You try to kill me on sight?”

Connor realised something was wrong. His body was frozen, but this wasn’t a freezing spell or an incapacitation spell. The runes that floated in the air were all wrong. His heart beat heavily in his chest as he realised the truth: it was a *transformation spell*. A powerful one too, if it required his body to remain still while it worked. Already he could feel muscles tensing and changing, his nipples distending and expanding, his buttocks rounding out slightly. He grunted, realised he could still make some crude movement of his mouth, as he felt hair extend down his scalp, his face rearrange slightly. The bones of his body shifted, and his vertebrae snapped and compacted, shortening inch by terrible inch.

“You. Are. An. Orc,” he managed to say.

“Yes, I am an orc,” Bruvar said, grabbing some bandages for his wounds and beginning to work on them with a practised ease that astonished the paladin. “I am also a doctor, you hot-blooded assassin. I work to heal the sick in the village, and they agree to let me live in peace here with little interference. My clan was wiped out due to warring, and this was my spot of peace I found. I am educated. A number of orc tribes have very capable physicians. We use magic and herbs you humans and elves and the like discard as ‘mere orc trinkets.’ But these townspeople have been much more accepting, and my life has been one without violence. That is, until *you* came along and tried to kill me just now.”

Connor groaned, huffing in uneven breaths as the changes continued. It didn't make sense - there weren't any orc doctors! Not even apothecaries! He bit his lip as it became slightly fuller, and yelped a little as his legs reduced in muscle. His plate armour was still upon him, but it was rapidly becoming far too large and weighty. He couldn't see most of his changes.

But he needed to.

"*Avant'e!*" she managed to half-shout. With the magic word, his armour was doffed, piling perfectly next to him as it plied itself off his form, leaving his tunic and breeches remaining. He gasped as he saw his body: already it was so lithe to what it should have been. The muscle was dissipating, and to his dread, some of it was melting and redistributing to his chest region. He looked up at the orc, even as his hair extended over his eyes a little.

"B-but the weapons. The smell of dried b-blood! Nghh!!"

The orc rolled his eyes, and began picking up the weapons that had fallen to the ground, fussing over each one. "A needle of dwarvish make, for injecting important healing essences right to the bone." He picked another, showing it. "A scalpel, necessary for surgery." He held up a terrible saw. "For bone. I thankfully have not had to perform many amputations."

Connor exhaled, not liking how strangely soft his skin was becoming, or the sound of his breaths either. His chest continued to push out a little, and he was starting to get an idea of what he might be becoming, especially since his manhood was starting to experience a foreign tugging sensation.

"B-but that device there!"

The orc looked over his massively muscled green shoulder.

"Oh, that? By the Gods, you think *that* is an instrument of torture? Do you not know that some women labor for days in birth, while their infant suffers? That device allows for easing the burden of birth by widening the space for the child to enter, and for me to rotate breach births."

Connor felt the jolt of realisation. The device did indeed look *somewhat* familiar. And the smell of the blood? Oh Gods, it was surgery, wasn't it? He winced at the realisation, and then again in response to the pressure in his hips. They expanded wider and wider, his pelvis stretching, the bones changing shape.

"By the G-Gods! What - what are you d-doing to m-me!?"

The orc smirked condescendingly as he continually tidied the mess of the house. There were large dents in the wall, and his stone window had become a much larger window. Several pieces of furniture were destroyed.

“You know exactly what I’ve done. It was the only spell I could think of in the moment, since I’m not good at incapacitation spells. But it’s done the work. I’m turning you into a woman, you fool.”

“My n-name is Sir C-Connor Ironheart! A knight of - ahhh! - of the realm! A P-paladin!” He focused his arcane energies, squeezing his eyes shut. “And I can p-purify myself of your curse, foul orc!”

“Ah, and a rather racist knight as well,” the orc said mildly, as if it were no surprise.

Even as his hair extended, and his manhood tugged further into his body, Connor focused on the power he drew from his Oath. Normally, it was a veritable wellspring of energy, but for reasons that escaped him, it was draining away. He grunted, regaining motion in his hands just for a moment to try to summon a restoration spell. He drew the signals in the air, and the orc did nothing to stop him.

And then the spell fizzled.

“What? No! That’s impossi-ooohhhh! NNGGHHHH!!!”

He seized up again, but this time the changes came *even more* rapidly. Breasts sprout from his chest, small and lithe but most certainly female. He felt his nipples swell again, until they dented against the fabric of his tunic quite clearly. He moaned slightly at the strangely pleasurable sensation of their expansion, and the sprouting into existence of a set of areolas around them that he could not see but could certainly feel the sensitivity of.

“P-please! Undo this!” he cried. “I refuse to be unmanned!”

The orc scoffed, curling his lip around his tusks. “You try to kill me, Sir Connor, like a thief in the night - well, mid-morn. And now you beg?”

“What have you - ooohhhh - done to my magic?”

“Nothing. It is *you* who has cast it aside. You are a paladin, are you not? Was your oath not to protect the innocent? Did you not just try to *murder* an INNOCENT!”

The roar frightened Connor, nearly as much as his flowering womanhood. His muscled form continued to shrink, and his hips expanded just a little further, but the final and last change was the one that was most important. Connor had never been an immense womaniser, and indeed had been quite the gentleman, at least he thought, in his off and on again relationship with the gorgeous Laridia. But he had always taken a manly pride in his member, its size and girth, and the way in which it did please the occasional pretty tavern maiden or gorgeous forest maiden.

And now it was pulling back inside his body, and his testicles with them. He tried to will his body to move, for his magic to obey, but he had no connection to his magic any more. The orc was right: he had betrayed his oath, and now he was bereft of it entirely.

Just as in mere moments, he was about to be bereft of his cock.

“I’m s-sorry!” he groaned. “I was wrong! But you must set me free, orc!”

The orc just crossed his arms. "I have a name, *Connor*. It is Bruvar. And now, consider this your punishment."

Connor opened his mouth to say something, to say *anything*, but it was too late. He squealed in his newly feminised voice, a husky tone befitting a woman adventurer, as his dick sucked up inside his body. His balls stopped at the tunnel that had been created, and he grunted twice as they plopped up into him. He shivered, the experience reluctantly pleasurable, and that made him all the more shamed. He could not move to check beneath his breeches, but as the skin rearranged and his lower lips formed, it was clear that he was now a woman in full now.

"Oh Gods!" *she* cried.

And with that, the magic had finished its work. She fell to the ground panting, feeling her breasts dangle a little beneath her shirt. It was an alien sensation, as was the feeling of long hair hanging from her head. She continued to breathe slowly, her mind racing at a mile a minute. It was all too much to take in. She was now a woman. She knew she was a man, but it was impossible to deny that her body was female. She clenched her eyes shut again, focused on her mental training. No! She *was* a *he*. And *he* wouldn't stand for this! He could reverse it, once his magic returned somehow! But for now, he needed to inspect the damage.

"M-mirror," he stuttered, unused to his female voice. It was, at least, quite low in tone, with a slight rasp. "Need to see myself in a mirror."

The orc moved silently as Connor slowly shifted up, raising himself. As far as he could tell, he was still quite muscled, thank the Gods. After a minute or so, the orc returned with a large mirror, slightly cracked from the fight.

"I used this in my treatments sometimes. Important for surgery. You can see your new self, Connor."

Connor looked up, stood fully up, and gasped. The woman in the mirror was a lithe, muscled half-elf woman with blonde hair that went down to chin-length. She had strong, handsome features - handsome, not 'pretty' or 'beautiful' - and was very well muscled for a woman, though not nearly to the extent he had been as a man. She possessed a strong yet pleasing jawline, sharp blue eyes, and slightly longer ears, and while her body was not immensely shapely, the slight contours of a woman's curves were clearly evident.

And this woman was *him*.

He pulled the tunic tighter, and saw the outline of the small yet present mounds up on his chest. He made one last attempt at restoration magic, only for it to fizzle once more completely.

"I'm stuck like this, aren't I?" he asked, bewildered.

“Yes, you are. A fitting punishment, for all the manly bravado with which you attacked me.”

Connor fainted. His softer, more shapely legs collapsed beneath him, and the ground rose up to greet his vision. The last thing he felt before darkness came over the formerly male knight was a pair of strong green hands catch him with surprising gentleness, and then lower him to the ground . . .

Part 2: The Deal

Connor woke, and it took only seconds to realise that the transformation to his body had not been a bad dream. He really was a woman, though thankfully not in mind. Only the darkest of spells could do that, and it seemed he was embarrassingly mistaken about the nature of this particular orc. He'd had so many violent experiences with their kind that he had just assumed . . .

“Stupid, stupid,” he said to himself. “Ah, damned strange to hear this voice through my windpipe.”

He sat up, and a bed sheet pulled away from him. He was still in his now poorly-fitting tunic and breeches, which were a little tighter around the hips and chest but looser everywhere else. He was upon a bed, with an oddly comfortable pillow as well. It took him a moment to realise it was not the orc's bed, but that of a recovering *patient's*. He was in the other room, which to his surprise did not follow the usual orcish custom. Instead of having a 'battle' room and a bedding room, there appeared to be a further segmentation: Connor was currently where a patient would sleep after surgery, judging from his surroundings. There was a door to what would have to be a much smaller room where Bruvar slept.

“He has to turn me back,” the former male said. “I'll demand it.”

It was then that he heard whispering out the door. He moved, still getting used to his altered height and changed centre of gravity, and listened through the keyhole. It was a young girl. Still cautious about the character of this orc, especially after the violation of his body's proper form, he burst open the door.

“What are you doing now!?” he declared.

The orc looked over. As did a young farm girl.

“Who's that, Bruvar?”

“That is a foolish patient who should be on bed rest,” the large orc said.

It was a strange sight. The orc was at least three times the little girl's size, if not greater, and yet she was handing him fruits and herbs and supplies as if he were just any person.

"Oh, okay. Well, this is also from Mama as thanks for the ointment. And Papa insisted on herbs to replace what you had to use for my lip."

The orc took them graciously, then lowered his hand to her head. For a moment Connor's senses jolted in fear, but he simply patted her softly.

"Thank you, dear little Maria. Run along now back to your parents, and thank them dearly for me. And make sure to avoid playing in areas with such nasty trips in the future, okay?"

"Yes, Bruvar!" she said. She beamed at Connor, before racing off, shutting the door as she skipped out of the orc's front garden.

"A lovely girl, that one, though far too prone to injury. Not a bad thing - an orc is meant to injure himself over and over again to toughen the body - but humans are a weaker sort, in many ways. Though of course, you are a half-elf, my dear."

Connor brought himself up to his full height . . . of 5'8. A great reduction from his staggering 6'4. Now the orc loomed much taller than him, quite forebodingly so.

"A half-elf *man*," Connor corrected. "And you're not going to call me 'my dear' ever again. You've had your fun, and now I demand you change me back?"

The orc stepped closer menacingly, and to his own surprise, Connor stepped back. He was used to being the largest individual in the room, but this Bruvar was mighty, and now the knight was quite small in comparison. Small and female, and with a lot of unfamiliar feelings running through him, enough so that he was feeling like he was on the verge of crying.

"Look, I'm - I'm sorry about what happened. It was wrong. But no one was hurt, and-"

"YES, PEOPLE WERE HURT!" the orc raged, gesturing to his home. "Many people in this village! You have damaged vital equipment, destroyed vials of crucial herbs, and crushed under foot my best equipment! People *are* going to hurt, a lot, all because of your rash prejudice! So no, I won't turn you back."

The orc paused, seemed to consider something.

"Unless, of course, we can come to a deal."

Connor furrowed his brow. He'd already been caught in one humiliating trap, and didn't want to fall in another. He needed to get his full paladin power back, to have any hope of returning his true form. And yet . . . he'd been wrong about the orc. And the orc surely held a quicker path to restoring his vanquished manhood.

"What kind of deal?" the new woman said.

The orc looked over the knight's altered body, and it made Connor uncomfortable. Lithe as they were, he was very aware that he now had a set of breasts, and his hips showed a little too well against his clothing.

"What deal?" Connor repeated, trying to sound intimidating, and only half-succeeding. At least it was a small consolation that he'd been turned into quite a strong, heroic-looking woman. Like his female twin.

"If you agree to forsake any violence against me, and instead help me carry out my duties until all my equipment is repaired, then I might consider turning you back," Bruvar said.

"I would have to help you?"

"Yes. You could, I believe from what I know of paladins, slowly rebuild the power of your broken oath by helping heal the sick, using your holy magic to mend wounds and broken limbs and make up for the equipment you have destroyed. I would also need you to test various potions I will be making, as well. And keep my residence clean and maintained, and help with meals from time to time."

Connor folded his arms, annoyed at their softness, and how much smaller they are.

"It sounds like you're making me your personal maid, orc. Bruvar. Or some kind of housewife."

The orc shrugged his massive shoulders, and it made something in Connor tingle a little. Something he couldn't quite describe.

"Perhaps I want to embarrass you a little further, for nearly killing me. That takes a lot to forgive, after all. But do you agree? These are my terms."

"How long?"

"Shall we say . . . five months?"

"Five MONTHS!?"

"You and I both know that a paladin's broken oath would take more than a year to repair fully, if the forgiveness of the one who was wronged by its breaking is not granted."

Connor sighed. He had no other choice. The orc extended a hand and he shook it, his smaller half-elf hand eclipsed by that of the green orc's.

"If it means getting my magic back, then deal," he said.

The orc grinned, and that too made Connor's body tingle in a strangely warm way. It was going to be a long, long five months.

Over the next week, Connor discovered just how long it was going to be, particularly once all of Bruvar's conditions were made clear. There were quite a few, and they made the knight

almost as discomfited as the fact that he now had a vagina instead of his manhood, and female breasts instead of his stunning pecs. For one, the orc demanded that Connor live in the same house as him.

“To keep a close eye on you,” Bruvar said on that first day, “and to stop you from running off. Besides, it means you’ll have to live *with* an orc, ha!”

And because of the setup of the orc’s house, it meant that he was sleeping in the same *room* as the great orc, and having to put up with his interminable snoring. It was worsened by the fact that the room was not particularly large. Big enough for two beds, certainly, and cupboard space around them, but still far too close for Connor’s comfort, especially since he often saw Bruvar in a state of undress as he changed for the morning. He had seen plenty of naked men, serving alongside them when he had been on the march in the army. That was an ordinary sight. But to see an orc fully naked, particularly one as strong and . . . well-endowed, as Bruvar, was another thing entirely. It was difficult *not* to notice his incredible muscles and large manhood.

Which tied into another condition of Bruvar’s, which was the state of their living together. Connor was expected, given his being a woman, to start dressing as one. The temporarily-suspended paladin got the very real sense that this was intended as further humiliation, but there was a sick sort of sense to it. After all, while Hadelwood was accepting of orcs, clearly, they were still a traditionalist town on the edge of Morvent’s borders. And that usually meant they lacked the more progressive view of women that cities held. They weren’t backwards, of course: from what he’d seen so far, there were female blacksmiths, a huntress, even one female guard, but the base expectation was there. And so Bruvar had clearly relished providing Connor with a trunk full of dresses, shifts, undergarments, and various other forms of women’s wear.

“Absolutely not,” Connor had said, after Bruvar showed him the trunk on the second day. “I won’t be able to stand for that. There are clothes that can fit me without being so . . .”

“Womanly?” Bruvar said with a smile. “Ah, but you are a woman living with an orc, and you should know that a male orc has a domineering view towards the homestead, right?”

He couldn’t tell if Bruvar was serious or just leaning into a stereotype to mock him. In the end, after some desperate negotiating, Bruvar agreed to shelve the dresses, demanding them only for ‘special occasions.’ Instead, Connor was ‘allowed’ - how he *hated* that particular way of putting it - to wear feminine clothing that nevertheless still presented an adventurer’s poise and power, courtesy of the Bruvar’s huntress friend Tymori herself. And yet even in that garb, she still had a leather half skirt and leggings that were most certainly feminine in nature, and her sleeves were far too short, revealing her muscled yet lithe limbs.

“I still look like such a damned woman,” he complained, viewing himself in the mirror. “I can only be thankful you didn’t give me some ridiculous figure with melons for breasts and beer kegs for my backside! Not that I’m giving you any ideas.”

But the orc was simply silent on that.

Other conditions were more obvious. While his magic was gone, Connor had to help in any way he could with the physician orc’s daily ministrations of his patients. Connor was not the fool Bruvar took him to be: no paladin worth his salt came to be a holy warrior *and* healer by accident. He knew battlefield medical care, and had a strong understanding not just of ailments but of the human body. And the elven. And the dwarven. And, to Bruvar’s surprise, even the orc as well.

“I’ve, um, well, I’ve had more than a few chances to see what’s inside making them tick,” Connor said a bit sheepishly.

Bruvar just looked at him with disgust. “My kind can indeed be violent, but you also do them a disservice, paladin.”

“Well, I know that a bit more now.”

“Hmpph. Hopefully over the next five months, you can know that a *lot* more. Come, we have much work to do. And I suppose, at some point, I should tell you what I know about feminine hygiene. As a physician, of course.”

“Oh, of course,” Connor muttered miserably.

And so their days began in Hadelwood. For that first week, Connor simply settled into his new, duller life as a woman. There was no surgery or great threats to life that week, except for a little check up of one poor Mrs Horace, who was slowly dying of the Grey Dust, though she had been afflicted with it for many moons and was nearing her eightieth year of life.

“Is this your new wife?” the amusing old woman said as Bruvar checked her over. “About time a nice strapping boy like you settled down with a woman. Though I thought orcs hated elves? Oh, but I can barely keep up with it anymore.”

Bruvar just treated her condition gently, helping her apply a particular paste to the greying parts of her flesh, and talking her through the process of re-application.

“No, not my wife, Mrs Horace. Simply my new . . . assistant. Isn’t that right, Cornelia?”

He gave the orc a glare. “Cornelia?”

“Oh, that’s right. She likes Connie for short.”

“I always loved the name Cornelia,” Mrs Horace said, patting Connor on her muscular yet smooth hand. “You should be proud of working for this man. He’s a good one, though some don’t see that, unfortunately.”

At that, the orc and half-elf exchanged a knowing glance, one that was quite accusatory from Bruvar's side.

"Um, yes. I'm sure that's the case," Connor said weakly.

"But who knows! He's a special man, and you should always keep your options open, even if he has quite green skin! Why, if I was forty years younger . . ."

"And I think that's enough for today, Mrs Horace," Bruvar said with a little humour and frustration in his voice. "Rest assured my assistance will be with me for some months, and is going to be a very helpful woman for my practice."

She was not the first to hint at a possible relationship between the two, a fact that embarrassed Connor and clearly made Bruvar quite amused, and surprisingly a little domineering in his tone to her afterwards. Worse, any mention of being with the half orc made the paladin's body light up in strange ways. His nipples tensed, and he felt a warmness in the pit of his belly that seemed to radiate like a heat outwards.

He buried that away, hating the feeling.

Connor also had to perform services around the house, ostensibly to make up for the repairs that would be needed to the walls, flooring, and even a small section of the ceiling of the homestead. Connor actually did indeed feel bad about that, but he hated the fact that he now had to sweep the floors, water the herbal gardens, and even prepare some dishes for Bruvar. There were even some orc dishes, relying heavily on meats and strong spices and sauces, that he was demanded to learn, which he did only begrudgingly.

"Just remember I have my damned dignity," Connor said once as he served out the food, including a huge portion to the burly orc. "I'm not some damned maid, or worse, a wife."

The orc just chuckled. "Indeed not, with the way you carry yourself. Though I have noticed a slight womanly sway to your hips."

She grunted in annoyance. "That's not intentional. It's the wider pelvis. I can't help but walk that way."

"Let's just hope the boys in town don't take a liking to you."

Connor should have been concerned, but instead she just grinned and flexed her arm. "I may be weaker than I was, Bruvar, but I'm still stronger than just about any man, save one with orc in his blood. I'd like to see them try and make a comment about my body. I'll sock them one right in the mouth."

At that, the orc cackled in a big belly laugh. "Ha! Are you sure *you* don't have orc blood in your veins, Connor? Because that is a wonderfully typical orcish maiden's response!"

Connor grinned a little, surprisingly amused by the compliment. Once more that tingling overcame him, and he found himself staring at the orc a little longer than intended,

particularly at those shoulders. It was just because he was jealous, he was sure. Yes, that was it. He was bitter and envious over the fact that he didn't have his broad shoulders anymore, and he was wistfully thinking of them while looking at Bruver.

At least, this is what he told himself. It was the only explanation that made any sense. And any other explanation had to be rooted in the fact that he was suddenly female, with a different body and different emotional responses. In fact, being a woman in general was bizarre. While he was still thankfully wearing breeches and leather jackets courtesy of kind Tymori.

"Strong thing like you should be out hunting with me," the perky hunter exclaimed upon meeting her. "I don't know if you were a lumberjack before becoming a physician's assistant, but you've certainly got a tough vibe about you. That'll do you plenty of good dealing with Bruvar here!"

The orc laughed heartily, but Connor just shook his head.

"Believe me, it really won't. But I appreciate the clothing nonetheless."

"Yeah, shame about that nasty paladin," Tymori said. "Terrible thing to attack a physician's residence."

Connor would have happily let that explanation sit, but then Bruvar smiled, and the paladin realised with horror what was coming. He gave a pleading expression, but it was too late to stop him.

"Actually, you'd be surprised to learn our paladin is still here in this very room," he said. "Isn't that right, Sir Connor Ironheart?"

Connor had just about exploded in rage and embarrassment that day, but had to bite his tongue and accept it. He knew not to piss off the mighty orc, and the truth was he felt genuinely ashamed and guilty for what he'd done. But he knew that soon it would be the talk of the town. Tymori may have been a silent stealthy hunter by trade, but in the taverns she was as gossipy as a serving wench.

"Thanks for that," the grumbled to the orc after Tymori had left with her bandage applied and her stomach full of the orc's trademark spiced lamb stew. "I'll never fucking live this down!"

The orc put a coarse hand on Connor's slight shoulder. "That's the point," he said. "Think of it as a little bit of ribbing revenge on my part. And besides, you are a paladin - lies do not become you, yes?"

Connor nodded sadly. "By all the Gods, you're right. But damn!"

Bruvar laughed, and to Connor's surprise, he did indeed laugh too.

Of course, there was one other part of the deal that Bruvar had set, which was the testing of potions. Connor had yet to take one - apparently Bruvar was putting particular work into one quite carefully that the knight would drink soon - but it meant that there were times when he could simply go relax and try to meditate on his arcane powers and regain them, if only to heal some of the townspeople. During those times, he morosely looked over his new female body.

But he also began to feel over it too.

Connor was no lech, but he had been a red-blooded male, and elves were not known for their light libidos, of which he'd inherited at least half of a wood elf's randiness. As such, suddenly having a female form meant that he was now fit to explore what it was like to be female, in all sorts of ways. Especially the pleasurable ones.

It had started out small around the third day. He'd resisted until then, but when Bruvar went to town to pick up supplies (he was allowing Connor a week before having to make public appearances with him), the opportunity was too great. He took the full length mirror the orc owned and studied his naked form in it, brushing his fingers over his sensitive nipples and feeling the warmth that grew between his thighs.

"Oohhhh . . . that - that f-feels good," he moaned, as he began rubbing his increasingly wet womanhood. "And the teats too, mmhmm. S-sensitive. I see why women - ahh - like it there!"

It was a wonderful feeling, not dissimilar to a man's pleasure, but slower to build, and yet expanding across his whole body. The addition of a woman's sensual breasts, even if they were quite slim, made the build all the better. He soon found himself groping and squeezing his chest and even his ass as he imagined bedding a wench with his proportions. But then even those thoughts began to shift and change. His arousal dropped as he thought of beautiful women, even busty tavern wenches or needy wood nymphs in romantic glades. All the usual pictures in his head failed to bring him to greater arousal.

That was, until he accidentally began picturing muscled *men* in their place, and then suddenly the notion of big muscles, wide shoulders, and large, thick manhoods began to drive her body wild. No, *his* body!

"Oh G-Gods!" he cried, rubbing his wet slit even more furiously, rolling his eyes into the back of his head as he imagined it. It sent him straight over the edge, and he was left panting and writhing on his bed in response to the sheer, overwhelming pleasure that was the female orgasm.

"Ngghhh!! OOhhhhhh that's t-too m-much!"

It took *minutes* to come down from that high, by which time the image of dancing busty women with wonderful curves had returned to his mind. And yet, the thought that his

new female body had actually been attracted to men was a worrying concern. It seemed that more had changed than just his flesh.

“Thank the Gods above that I don’t think of muscular orcs the same way,” he whispered to himself, shivering.

At least, he *hoped* he didn’t. He refused to think further on it.

Part 3: Old Flame

Connor was nervous. The first week was up, and he was being introduced to the town informally, by going to the one place of social occasion: the *Three Ladies* tavern. He had tried to get out of it, even if he was going a bit mad just helping mend sore feet. He had only regained a small portion of his magic, able to zap away blisters and open sores, and while it was a small victory, it made him hope that he could get out of the deal sooner than later.

Unfortunately, not soon enough, it seemed.

Bruvar had been most insistent, and while Connor had tried to resist, the orc’s dominant tone had brooked no argument. The paladin had always been a proud individual, how else could he become a fighter after all? And yet there was something in the other man’s tone, in the way his strong, tusk-toothed face insisted upon travelling into town together, that made Connor simply give in. It was strange, but it was easier to simply submit to the demand, even if he hated the fact that he was now a beautiful, if still muscled, woman. He hated it even more as he walked by Bruvar’s side to the tavern in a light yet modest green and white dress, his longer blonde hair tied back in feminine fashion after much irritable practice.

“I look ridiculous,” he muttered.

“You look like a beautiful young woman, one who is hale and healthy,” Bruvar said, giving a kind smile. Once again, that warmth settled over Connor. Damned female mood swings or something! He hiked the dress as he stepped around a puddle from the previous night’s rains.

“Well, that may be, but I *feel* like a man in a dress.”

“Believe me, those men there would not be as stunned by your looks if you did.”

He rolled his eyes. “They’re just marvelling at the paladin who was humiliated by becoming a woman.”

“Well, there is that too. Not an undeserved punishment, though.”

He scoffed, though he knew it was true. The fact that he'd nearly claimed an innocent life still haunted him. He took a great breath, mindful of his light bosom outlined in the dress, and allowed Bruvar to open the door for him.

"What a gentleman," he said sarcastically as he entered.

Still, it was a rather nice gesture. Bruvar really could be kind, when he wasn't so damned in control.

After half an hour of hearing the same jokes, Connor was already ordering another beer. A stronger one. Now in female form, he was beginning to see why some old girlfriends didn't view the tavern as eagerly as he did. It seemed to several of the river fishermen, the fact that he was supposed to be a man, and had been one until just over a week ago, was only a piece of interesting trivia to them, instead of a deal breaker.

"Ah, 'tis only important what you got between yer legs," one particularly sozzled individual said, "everything else is just - hic! - country matters, ha!"

That one got a laugh, much to Connor's humiliation. To his surprise, it was Bruvar that stepped in, his enormous height and weight overshadowing the drunk individual with ease. "With respect, friend, even an orc would not treat a lady that way. Nor a guest."

The man shirked back. "Oh, Bruvar! I - well, I meant no offence!"

"And yet you gave it. I would say an apology is in order for my woman."

Something about the way he said '*my woman*' made Connor shudder a little bit, even as that little tingle of warmth returned. The man profusely apologised in full, even tipping his hat to "the lady," which was embarrassing in an altogether different way, before he exited the tavern entirely. Still, the air shifted a little bit, and while some of the jokes continued to flow, they were the more kind-hearted ones from Tymori and the other women, as well as earnest questions about how to help 'her' new life.

"Have you had your monthly bleeding yet?" Tymori asked.

"Yes, we'd like to help with that," said a woman named Hazel. "Even if you're just a woman for five months, the sisterhood of grown ladies everywhere is in effect. We can't let a new member of our ranks suffer without aid."

Connor blushed terribly. "I - I haven't even thought about it, to be honest."

"Ah, that will be all the worse then!" an older woman named Helen said with a dark chuckle. "We wouldn't want that wonderful orc of yours to catch sight of a red stain. Men can hardly stand such a thing, and they call us the weak ones! Come, we'll tell you everything we can, and get you some more flattering dresses too."

"Uh, this one isn't? It feels far too . . . showy, already."

The women laughed together. "Ah, if only more men could experience a woman's side! The world would be a better place!"

They looked to Bruvar, imploring for him to allow them to take Connor to their own corner of the tavern, away from men's business. To his own surprise, Connor gave him a pleading look too, as if asking for permission. He couldn't believe it, but it came as a palpable relief when it was given, and he could slip away with their group.

"What is wrong with me?" he mumbled to himself.

It was then that half an hour of gossip, introductions, and various topics of womanhood followed. Connor learned more about feminine hygiene and care than he'd ever heard in his life, and even more than the orc physician likely did. It was like being bowled right over! Still, if he was going to be a beautiful maid for five months, all the better.

"And keep a ladle on hand at all times, girl."

"A - a ladle?"

"For batting away the boys, of course! I saw you come into town and thought you a handsome thing, but as a woman you're something else entirely! At least you know good Bruvar here won't be showing a - ahem - *personal* interest in you."

"Why not?" Connor asked, though the women were already called him 'Cornelia' and 'Connie.'

"Because orcs like them plump and voluptuous. Fine breeder women, apparently, those female orcs, not that I've seen too many of them. But they are thicker about the waist, with heavy bosoms and wide hips for birthing those huge babies of theirs."

It made Connor a bit relieved, if only for a moment. Because then he looked up, and to his horror, Laridia was standing in the doorway, talking to some locals.

"Shit!" she said, alarmed. "That's my old girlfriend. A fellow adventurer! I've got to hide! It's embarrassing!"

"I'll help you!" Tymori declared with a grin, but it turned out her form of 'help' was ripping off the bandaid by inviting Tymori over. She was as beautiful as Connor had last seen her, with curly tresses of brunette hair tied loosely back. Her eyes were a light blue, and her features sharp. Her ears, as a full elf, were longer than his own, and she had a grace and poise even in her leather ranger's garb, which was dyed a forest green.

"Hello," she said. "I'm looking for a friend. More than a friend, really, at times at least. His name is Connor Ironheart. He's a paladin of the kingdom, sent on a mission to intercept a dangerous orc, apparently, but he's not been heard from, so I thought I'd come see how he is."

Connor blushed a deep crimson, and the women tittered.

"Oh, we don't know a *Connor* Ironheart, lass, but we certainly know a *Connie* Ironheart, and she's right here. You know this woman, Connie?"

Connor raised her gaze to look at Laridia. “H-hey, Lari,” he said awkwardly. “Some stuff has gone down.”

Laridia’s eyes widened.

“Connor?”

And then she had the reaction he *knew* she was going to have. She burst out laughing.

The story was long in the telling, and required at least two more beers to tell it all without exploding from humiliation. Laridia, fitting given her elvish impishness and endless source of humour, found the entire thing hilarious from start to finish. The only part she halted her amusement for was Connor’s attempted slaying of Bruvar, which made her gasp and hit him on the head several times, proclaiming, “you idiot! What were you thinking! I may find orcs damned troublesome, and they have poor relationships with us elves, but to attack him on sight when all the clues were right there? What were you thinking!?”

Connor took the light blows, which were more like condescending bonks on the head, making excuses but ultimately owning up to it. At some point, Bruvar came over, intrigued by the conversation. Connor had no more blush in his quite-rosy cheeks left, and could only endure the story being told over a second go, this time by the orc as Laridia was enraptured by the sheer insanity of it all.

“Oh, surely he didn’t think a bonesaw was some kind of orcish tribal axe? Connor, have you been smoking halfling pipereed again?”

“That was one time, and you said you wouldn’t mention that!”

“Well, you once bragged that you were the manliest man around, Connor - *Cornelia* - and I can already see that’s not the truth. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t laugh, but this is just ridiculous! You! A woman! For five months!”

“I am *well* aware.”

She placed her hand on his shoulder. “Still, it’s a valuable lesson. I know your kingdom’s history, but your grudge against the orc’s was always too zealous and ill-founded, even for my own tastes. And I’m an elf! Maybe this will be a nice, harsh lesson.” She leaned closer to his ear, keeping an eye on Bruvar. “And once you’re back, maybe we could go back to the Everglade Grove like we did that one time, and you can show me how much better you know how to treat a woman’s form, hmm?”

It was enough to get an earnest grin from Connor. “Well, now that you say *that*, it makes it all worthwhile, Laridia.”

“Just so,” she said, grinning also and kissing him lightly on the cheek. “Just avoid jumping that big tall green drink of water’s bones and you’ll be right.”

Connor just about spit his drink about. He already felt a little woozy: his damned female body couldn’t hold as much, clearly.

“I don’t think *that* will be a problem,” he said. And yet still, he couldn’t help but look a second time at Bruvar’s wide, green shoulders, and their impressive muscle mass. His exposed forearms too. The tusked doctor gave a knowing smile that Connor couldn’t interpret.

“Well, we best be off, Connie,” he said, a little amused. “Lots of work to prepare for with the sneezing season coming up. And I’ve got some potion-making to do.”

Laridia bid him farewell, still giggling but wishing him the best.

“Oh, and by the way, Connie,” she said, giggling, “you do look very, very beautiful as a half-elf *woman*. I kind of wish you had bigger tits though. Find out how the rest of us have to deal with that nuisance!”

Connor just groaned, before hugging his friend goodbye. He didn’t want to muse on the fact that though sex with her sounded enticing, in her presence he didn’t feel an ounce of attraction.

Not one iota.

Part 4: The Potion

A month in, and the potion Bruvar had been working on in fits and spurts over all that time was finally ready. During that time, Connor had increasingly found his paladin magic returning, though nothing in the area of combat or strict protection yet, sadly. Still, even in his weaker female form he was able to summon stronger healing magics, and with greater ease than he was used to. He’d always been proficient in combat healing, of course, but that was different from treating skin conditions, sores, ulcerated mouths, and stomach conditions. Even pregnant women, of which there were several in town. It all added to a much greater breadth of understanding of the art of healing, from which he was learning much from Bruvar. Even under the orc’s thumb, and subject to his somewhat alpha male orcish personality, it made Connor respect him more. Maybe even like aspects of him. After all, he was indeed quite a dedicated figure.

The potion itself was a bit of a mystery to Connor. When he asked, the orc only gave vague answers about it being an “old orc shaman potion” that supposedly “gave a healthier figure for good prospects.” Connor suggested it to be the orc equivalent of a health potion.

“Something like that, but still quite different,” Bruvar had said. “Don’t worry, it will be safe. But you will need to test its effects.”

Connor had simply shrugged, and continued to sweep the floors. He didn’t like doing it, but it offered something to do while the orc worked his shamanistic magic. He was getting better at playing the role of the woman in the household at least, though he was certainly not wearing dresses when not out on ‘special occasions,’ and he adamantly refused to wear makeup or make more meals or do more cleaning and maintenance than was strictly necessary. And in private, he still practiced with his warhammer. It was heavier, not just from his lack of magic but also his weakened female form. But he was still fit and athletic, and it let him burn off some steam.

“Thank the Gods I didn’t end up as some busty weak little wench,” he mused to himself. Mind, he’d had the occasional dream where he had a bigger, more alluring bust. Those were good dreams . . . at least at the time.

Still, the deal with Bruvar was working. His magic was slowly returning, mainly in a healing capacity, but it was returning nonetheless. For a paladin that had broken his oath, a deal like that carried its own special magic, built into the fabric of the universe. It was indeed working, and was making being a woman worthwhile. And as such, it made him not question Bruvar when the potion was set before him around midday.

“So it will make me more healthy?” he asked.

“In a sense,” the orc said. “But you must drink it, as I have asked.”

Connor gave him the side-eye. “No need to act like some sort of an alpha male husband. Just because we sleep in the same room doesn’t mean you can boss me like a wife you know. But fine, I’ll drink.”

The concoction was green, and bubbly, and smelled a little like cabbages. He lifted it up to his lips and drank it. It was sludgier than he would have liked, but surprisingly sweet, as if heavily sugared. He downed it in one go, licked the rest off his lips, then took the water that Bruvar had offered to wash away the taste.

“So how long does it take to kick in?”

The orc smiled, looking down at him from his eight feet of height.

“Immediately.”

It was then that Connor felt his gut twist, his spine tingle, his muscles begin to overheat. His scalp itched as his hair seemed to push out more, and to his surprise he realised it actually was pushing out more. It was really growing! Connor gasped, his body becoming warmer, taking on a kind of sensual heat as more changes occurred. His blonde hair fell in waves down to reach his shoulders, becoming softer and silkier. He felt his cheeks become a little more prominent, and his height reduced inch by inch.

“Nngghh!! Oh Gods, what are you d-doing to m-me!”

“Making you perfect, Cornelia. As a punishment. And also because I like you this way.”

The enormous orc loomed near him, and even as his changes continued, Connor couldn't help but stare at his thick muscle, at his burly gut and strong, tusked face. It made the heat in his body flourish, and his loins become wet.

“Oh G-Gods! By the heavens! Why am I g-getting so f-fucking aroused! OOhh!”

Bruvar chuckled. “Because you recognise your alpha, Cornelia. And you'll recognise him even more when the changes are finished.”

“You basard! You - ahhh! Damn s-sexy bastard!”

The word had jumped out, and it was too late to bite it back down. Connor's height reduced to a mere 5'4, and his muscles wasted away, leaving him with a body that was now dainty and thin and soft, and entirely without an adventurer's hardness. At the same time, the pleasure reached its peak, and he was unable to stop himself from groping his own small tits, almost urging them to grow, which sadly they did not. He placed his fingers between his thighs, rubbing sensually, and with a momentary groan he came, falling backwards onto his bed and shaking.

“Oh Gods! Oh heavens! What h-have you d-done to mmmmmeeeeee!!!”

It took him more than a few minutes to calm down, take stock of his changes, and look up at the orc. He looked more attractive than ever, and that terrified Connor. He needed to get out of there . . . but something prevented him. Something magnetic about the man's raw musculature and burly strength, about his manly smell and bestial face. He felt, and this was a revelation, *submissive* to him.

“The potion was always f-for me, wasn't it?”

“Yes, Cornelia. It was. Consider it a boon for all your help.”

“I didn't want this!”

“You'll learn to love it. But if not, consider it instead a punishment. It is the first of several potions. You will still be turned back at the end.”

Connor folded his arms over his chest, humiliated that he'd climaxed in front of the orc. He realised too, that Bruvar had a raging erection in his pants.

“I'll give you some time to get used to your changes, and then we have work.”

The paladin bit his lip.

That big, thick cock straining at the orc's pants looked far too enticing.

Connor continued to work for Bruvar, even as humiliated and angry as he was. The man was less of a man than ever, now that he had a distinct lack of muscle mass and was quite short,

even for a woman. Bruvar loomed two and a half feet above him, and something about that size difference made him weirdly giddy. But he was bound by the deal, and so had to continue working the household chores, washing their shared clothes, keeping the homestead tidy and neat, and helping heal the sick. Only now he had to do it with the entire townspeople knowing he'd been further changed.

"This is ridiculous!" he barked in his lighter voice the day after being changed. "I demand you change me back! I am willing to accept my first punishment for those five months, but to become this tiny little thing with no muscles to me? I can barely reach the top draws in our own home now, or pick up the logs for our fire."

Bruvar's big lips twisted into an amused smirk. "*Our* home? *Our* fire, you say?"

Connor blushed, hating how easily rose red his cheeks became now that he was a woman. "You know what I mean! I'm bloody angry, and I'm feeling sick and exhausted today, which means your potion is probably a bust anyway! If you don't turn me back I'll walk and get powers back in my own time."

Bruvar stood, causing Connor to gulp at his impressive size as he did so. It was hard not to stare at his green chest, which was currently bare. Even his gut, which was not rippling abs but instead a semi-large gut, spoke more to a burly brawler's nature: all muscle and strength instead of being fat. That same shiver went over the paladin, that warmth at seeing this proud orc in all his intelligence, but also his dominant presence.

"You won't walk," he said. "You will stay, and serve me here, Cornelia."

"That's not my name."

"Yes, it is, at least while you look like this. I may call you Connie in time, but for now, you will take this name and use it when speaking to me. Just as you will stay here and work for me. I will not hear another argument about this, my Cornelia."

Connor wanted to run. To get out of there. Who was this vile orc to dictate his future? But as before - in fact, far more powerfully since taking the potion - he felt a strong submissiveness to this alpha male. His musk was positively manly, intoxicating to breathe in, and to look upon him made the knight exhale a little oddly. He couldn't deny that it was turning him on, and not a little either. He attributed it to the curse, and refused to acknowledge those feelings. Even if he had admitted the orc as 'sexy' during his last change.

"As for your discomforted state of being," Bruvar continued. "You have been extra emotional even before you drank the potion. And you have complained of exhaustion, and stomach pain. I have something to prescribe for that."

"Really?" Connor asked. He had been feeling miserable, and his boobs were aching too.

“Yes, it is an old invention. Your friend Laridia could tell you much, no doubt. But here.”

He handed the transformed former male what appeared to be a thick white bandage in a rectangular shape.

“What is it?”

“It’s for your monthly bleeding. I’d put it in sooner than later.”

Connor just about cried when he realised. Then he did anyway. After all, he’d heard it said that women are a lot more emotional on their days of bleeding, and he felt that now.

Connor *hated* his bleeding. It was even worse having a bunch of sympathetic women in town checking in on him when he went to fetch supplies for Bruvar, and when he wanted to have a drink to relax in the evening. Tymori had appointed herself as ‘Cornelia’s’ new best friend, and did her best to walk her through it, but the whole female community seemed to have some unspoken sisterhood on this topic, and he was positively barraged by it.

“Make sure not to over-exert yourself!”

“Poor thing, finally finding out how much tougher women are, are we?”

“Don’t be mean with her. She’s one of us, and that means she can stick her feet in a warm footbath and drink the best tea in the house. Trust me Connie, it’ll settle that belly. Just remember to swap out your lining!”

“Don’t you be letting that orc make you do anything during these days, okay? A woman has a lot to suffer in life, and the least he could do is be a gentleman!”

The last was Tymori, looking out for Connor. She’d also done a great deal in acquiring new clothes for the knight’s much shorter stature. As per Bruvar’s request, he was wearing more feminine outfits now, though still keeping away from dresses as much as he could. It was simply easier to go along with, particularly in town among the other women, and besides, he had a weird desire to make the orc happy. He had such a powerful hold over the household, and there was something . . . enticing about that.

“But at least even on your period, you still look beautiful. I know you’re still coming to terms with it, Connie, but I must say you look cute as a button, albeit with a very beautiful face.”

“I’m tiny,” he said flatly, gesturing to his form in the green pants that had to be rolled up at the ankle. “I feel as far from a paladin as I can get.”

Nesta, the woman at the bar, simply laughed. She was an older woman with five children, and she gestured to her bosom, which was fairly immense.

“Trust me, ‘mister’, things could be a lot more pronounced! Be thankful you’ve got small teats!”

“I never heard you complain about them before, Nesta!” Tymori joked.

The women laughed, and strangely, Connor found himself laughing with them. Despite the misery of his womanly affliction, he felt well cared for. And Tymori’s concerns about Bruvar were not well founded: the man in fact was the perfect gentleman. He took over some of the household duties when Connor felt quite sore and aching, and when the bleeding started he matter of factly walked the knight through the necessary process, before referring him to the women at the tavern for further aid. He discussed ways to avoid infection, and even made some wonderful soothing soup that took away the ache for hours at a time, much to his delight.

It only made Connor’s feelings towards the orc become further mixed. He hated the beast of a man, partly because he was an orc, and his bigotry was taking some time to overcome. And there was the large issue of being turned into a bloody woman, as well. And then for changing him to be even *more* womanly, complete with longer hair, lither frame, and shorter height. And yet . . . he was a good man to his community, and cared for each patient they saw to. He was a healer, a field Connor had neglected in his own paladin duties. And he was dominant, powerful, manly in ways that made his female body go weak at the knees. The dreams of being ravished by strong, muscled men had shifted since Connor changed a second time: for the last three nights it had very clearly been Bruvar in his dreams, his massive green cock thrusting deep into his wet cunt.

The next morning he groaned and moaned, finally free of his period once more, and free to slowly rub his aching clitoris, and imagine that green, hair cock right in his face. This time, in that dream-like, heavily aroused state, Connor imagined something entirely new.

“Oohhhhh . . . want to - ahhh - to s-suck it!”

He imagined it hard, enormous, and throbbing heavily. And for reasons that disgusted him, and yet only brought him to further heights of pleasure, he then imagined what it would be like to place it in his *mouth* and suck it. To rub its long shaft. To look up into Bruvar’s dark, dominating eyes and stare longingly as the orc erupted, shooting streams of his seed down Connor’s throat.

“Yes! Yesssss! Oh Gods, I want that so badly! NGNGGGHHH!!”

His body lit up like a great spell had been cast upon it, and he barely managed to contain a cry of pure ecstasy as he squirmed and writhed in bed. Afterwards, he cursed himself, unable to believe what he had just pleased himself to.

And yet craving it all the more.

It was a week later that things came to a head. Quite literally, in fact. Connor's magical healing increased in power and potency, though there were no signs of any combat ability manifesting. They saw several patients, including little Lance Hawthor, who had busted his leg hopping over a fence with his mates. To Bruvar's delight, which of course enhanced his own, Connor had been able to cast a spell of restoration.

'Seema occura splintis erend nir!'

The words had flowed for his feminine lips quite sweetly, despite the fact that he had never managed to cast such a high-level healing spell before. And yet, to his astonishment and even the orcs, it had worked, and the leg was healed, just requiring some slaves and bindings to secure it while the healing set.

Not long after, a thunderstorm came through as the town had been expecting for some days. Connor and Bruvar closed up shop, saw to the garden with a covering and secure tarp, and ensured everything of value was stored away from the wind. They closed the windows, lit the fire, and Connor got to work on a warm elk stew to soothe their appetites and warm them through the terrible rainstorm that was about to begin. Bruvar lit the candles, and as the rain began to descend, the world became them. Only them. It gave the homestead a surprisingly intimate feeling, one that the paladin could not ignore. His heart beat in his little chest as he began the stew, but even the meat he was pulling apart made him become aroused. After all, it was Bruvar who had gone hunting of the large elk, his appetite being fierce. Connor had woken up that very morning to see Bruvar walking out from the woods, an enormous elk slung over his shoulders, his torso bare and rippling with savage muscle. It had made his nipples tense and throb with need.

Now, he was not saying a word as Bruvar shuffled around behind him.

"It was a good day's work, Cornelia," the man said behind him. "You've proven yourself a capable healer. I like you much better this way, than as a killer of orcs."

"It's . . . it's not bad, no," Connor replied, still facing the kitchen as he set the stew to boil. He was all finished for a while, but pretended to be busy, scared to face the orc. But even his musk was present, overpowering the scent of the stew.

"Well, you have a talent for it. And for cooking and cleaning. I'll make a regular orc's wife of you yet."

A pause.

"I am joking, of course. Unless . . . with some months remaining, would you not enjoy it? I saw the way you looked at me this morning."

"Wh-what way was that?"

She could practically see him smiling behind her, grinning with pride. "In a way that a woman looks at a man, when she is in her heat. I have seen it on does in the wild, in orc

women at the sight of their chieftains. I have seen it in *your* eyes, my Cornelia, and heard it on your lips in the morning, when you think I cannot hear you from outside.”

She froze. Her face turned bright red. She wanted to scream in outrage, hit him with her hand. But her pussy was moist, and her nipples demanded attention, and somehow being put in her place made her feel all the more sexy. All the more *submissive*.

Connor shook his head as he realised he was thinking of himself as a ‘her’ just then.

“I - I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said. Gods, it was hard to ignore how moist his slit currently was, and how much it burned with a need to be touched.

“I think you do,” the orc’s voice resounded. The rain began to fall, splattering against the windows, the wind pressing against the house. The candle light illuminated the orc’s face in the reflection just enough for Connor to exhale deeply. “I think you want something. I think you want *me*. I am available, Cornelia. I am here, if you want me. When my tribe was living, I was among the strongest of all orcs in it. I offer you my strength as comfort now.”

His voice was so damn low it made her squeak a little in arousal. She squeaked again as he reached out a muscular green hand and placed it on her shoulder. *His* shoulder. He was a *he*, godsdamnit! But then another green hand landed upon his hip, resting in the feminine curve there, and he felt like putty in the orc’s hands. He trembled, trying so desperately to fight his need. But that image from the morning, of his lips wrapped around Bruvar’s immense member, continued to rise in his mind.

He turned, and found that orc already bare chested and slowly removing his belt. His enormous cock was clearly erect in his breeches, struggling to be contained by the material. It made Connor’s mouth water. He couldn’t believe he was thinking this way, but the orc’s magic must have given him unnatural lusts, ones that he couldn’t fight, and no longer wanted to in this very moment.

“I’m not going to have sex with you,” Connor said, unable to take his eyes off the orc’s cock. “That’s not going to happen.”

Bruvar nodded, remaining somewhat of a gentleman. “I understand. But something is going to happen, I can smell your heat. You know it too.”

“Oh Gods, it is. Fuck.”

“Perhaps . . . there are other ways to please your man.”

He lowered his breeches, setting free his massive member. It barely shifted, so hard was it, and it was clear that he was just as turned on as her, perhaps even as much a victim of arousal as her. *Him*, dammit! But at least his arousal wasn’t caused by magic. It made Connor angry, but even the anger channelled into desire.

“Do you like it?” Bruvar said. “Much greater than a human’s specimen, don’t you think? You can touch it, if you like. It won’t bite, I promise.”

Wordlessly, Connor reached out with his dainty hands and began to rub the head of Bruvar's cock. The orc grunted a little, clearly enjoying it. Connor did too. He reached out further, lowered himself a bit to get closer to it. It was huge, looking like it was over eleven inches in length, and immensely thick too! Could a human woman even take it? Ahh, but a mouth could. He pursed his lips, opening them slightly, drawing closer . . .

And pressed his face against Bruvar's waiting hand.

"Wait."

"But - but I can't! This stupid female body you've given me is so damn horny! I feel like a boy's idea of a tavern wench! I need this, don't deny what you made me into!"

Bruvar nodded. He cupped Connor's face, smiling in a sympathetic way.

"If I allow you to do this, then you must agree to another potion afterwards. This one will . . . help matters, for when you become this aroused again. You cannot take me anyway but with your mouth. I have ways of fixing this, if you accept."

Connor knew he should say no. He knew it would have been safer to run out into the storm. But the orc's great penis was right in his face, and the smell of the orc radiated manliness. Radiating *dominance*.

"I agree already! Just let me suck your cock, for all the Gods' sakes!"

The orc withdrew his hand. "Your wish is my command, Cornelia. My *mate*."

The word 'mate' sent a shiver up Connor's spine. He opened his mouth wide, accepting the head of Bruvar's cock into his mouth. It was warm, and meaty, and tasted of a hard day's sweat in all the right ways. He rubbed the shaft feverishly, adoring its thickness, the veins that played over its surface. And the green of it . . . it gave his manhood such a wonderfully exotic feel. How had he never noticed how unbelievably sexy orcs were? If he were still a strapping paladin, he would go in search of a well-muscled, heavily bosomed orc wife and make love to her as soon as she claimed him for a mate.

But for now, there was Bruvar. And in the rain and thunder and the privacy of their homestead, Connor wanted to please him. Please the figure he was starting to think of, at least in the most hidden recesses of his own mind, as master.

"Mhmmhmm," he moaned as he began to bob his head upon the cock. He took it further into his mouth, and began stroking the shaft more firmly. Bruvar responded by grunting again, this time a little more loudly, and placing a hand on the kitchen table to brace himself, and the other upon the back of Connor's head, keeping him there. It was as if Connor was supplicating himself before his master, and that made it all the more erotic. He began to not only suck but to lick the orc's member as well, and rub the shaft faster. Soon he was allowing Bruvar to rub his bare chest: in the midst of it all he had worked with the orc to remove his top, allowing his slight breasts to go free. The feeling of Bruvar's coarse hands

upon his sensitive nipples was staggering, and only made him all the more determined to make his lover cum.

"That's right, my mate. Pleasure my manhood. I can - ahh! - I can feel myself getting closer. I want you to swallow my issue, Cornelia. I want you to take it inside you, just as soon I shall take *you*."

It was wrong. Gods, it was wrong. Wrong and fucking beatific. Connor mumbled, trying to curse the orc and bless him with magical virility at the same time. Perhaps it had some effect, because as Connor's bliss began to peak, so did Bruvar's. Suddenly, with just a brief grunt and throbbing of his cock, the tall orc came.

"AAAGGGHHHHH YESSSSS!!!" he boomed as his semen shot from his manhood and down Connor's throat. "YESSS!! I'VE HAD - AAHH! - NO BETTER!"

Connor was overwhelmed, it felt like gallons of warm, sticky cum was being streamed like a gushing river into his mouth. He swallowed, swallowed again and then again. It was salty, so very salty, and like a man thirsty for water he kept on swallowing more, becoming hopelessly addicted to the substance.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned. She sucked him dry, taking in every drop of his manly nectar, ingesting it down into her belly. Finally, when he was done, and no more spurts of his delicious cum short forth, she held onto the shaft as she licked him dry. Cleaning him. Polishing him.

And then, still shivering from the orgasm she had experienced just from the taste of orcish issue, she stood on wobbling legs and managed to sit back on one of the dining table chairs.

"By the Gods," she said. It was impossible to think of herself as a male now. She had just taken a manhood - and a very impressive one at that - into her mouth, and *enjoyed* it. Relished it. Moaned deliriously in a high, womanly voice at the feel of it. All while having her orc lover feel up her tits.

"By the Black Mountain," she groaned, placing her head in her hands, "I'm a godsdamned woman."

Bruvar pulled up his breeches, still panting in utter satisfaction. "Are you just now realising this, my mate?"

Connor gave him a glare.

"You know what I mean. I - I didn't mean to do that. It wasn't my intention to-"

"But you enjoyed it, Cornelia. Didn't you?"

He turned away, but the answer was obvious.

"I thought as much. Have you not noticed that your magic returns ever more strongly as you follow my demands? Think of how much more powerful your paladin powers will be once you take that next potion, as we agreed."

Connor gritted her teeth. She could imagine it. More than that, the idea of appeasing Bruvar was like an addiction: even knowing it was a terrible decision she found it near-impossible to fight against. To not want it.

“Yes, I guess I did agree. But just because I did what I just did, doesn’t mean I’ll do it again. It was a moment of weakness, orc. A weakness I do not intend to repeat, no matter how . . . enticing you may make it.”

The orc gave a fist bump against his chest in a move the paladin recognised as a solemn oath. “I would never force a maiden, whether once a man or not, to do any such act that she did not desire.”

He gave meaningful emphasis to that last word. Connor thought about it for a long time as he tried to sleep amid the rain later that night.

Desire.

Part 5: The Second Potion

Connor was no fool. She knew the second potion that Bruvar had been working away at over the following week was likely to change her yet further. She had no idea of the orc’s preferences, but had made it very clear that she was a half-elf through and through, like the great hero Dartanus. Or, given that she had finally started thinking of herself by the ‘correct’ gender while in this form, perhaps his twin sister Dartalia instead. She was, at least, still a mighty hero in her own right. She had no desire to be turned into an actual orc woman. She knew such magics existed, and perhaps Bruvar was even capable of such feats, but if he was, he didn’t let her know, only made a vow with his fist to his chest that he would not do that.

“I am rather fond of your pointed ears, after all,” he said, gesturing to his far stubbier ones. “And while I like a good set of tusks on a woman, on you I don’t think they would suit. Besides, if I turned you into a half-orc, you’d be like to start attacking your own reflection unprovoked, Cornelia.”

Connor shot him a look. “Very funny. You know, I’ve made strides on that. I only *half* want to kill you now. And while I may be stuck as a woman, and accept that now, I’m still going by Connor, thank you very much.”

The orc erupted into belly laughter, and Connor surprisingly joined him.

“Oh, that is good, Connie.”

“Connor.”

“Well, we’ll see. Perhaps just ‘Con’ for now.”

Connor rolled her eyes. “Fine. *Con* it is, though it still sounds much too feminine for my liking. What’s the list of chores today, oh mighty orc master?”

Another chuckle. “Orc master, hmm? I could get used to that. No, nothing major today. No, in fact I felt it would be best to test this second potion. I finished it last night.”

Connor took a heavy breath. She’d been anticipating this, but she still feared it. However, a deal was a deal, and her paladin powers were only becoming better since that last potion change: not only the healing of the boy’s leg, but her divine sense was returning: her innate ability to sense fey, fiendish, or even undead influence. She had realised just the other day that minor pixies must be in the forest as her senses returned, and with greater range than she had ever experienced.

“Fine, let’s get this over with,” she said.

This time, the potion was administered in the backyard, where the vegetables grew, along with numerous medicinal herbs. Bruvar was quite animated for once, instead of possessing his usual restrained bullishness. He was clearly excited, and that made Connor all the more cautious, particularly since she’d already experienced so many changes. And such humiliating *desires* too. But a deal was a deal, and she felt a strong need to follow up on his requests. As she continued to be a housecleaner and helper in his healing, she was starting to feel less like a paladin and more like a healing priestess. Worst of all, something about that felt *right*.

“Remember to drink it all,” Bruvar said. “The changes should be fairly quick, just as they were for the last one.”

“And what changes are those, Bruvar?” she asked.

He chuckled. “You’ll have to drink and see. I promise you, they will be most helpful for our future.” He held out the potion, which was purple this time, and seemed quite warm, like mulled wine.

“The next few months that remain of it,” she reminded him, but she took the potion anyway. “Okay then, here goes.”

She raised it to her lips and swallowed every last drop. It tasted sour, with a terribly bitter aftertaste.

“Eueewww!” she proclaimed, smacking her lips. “Pass me that water quickly, before I hurl it all back up!”

Bruvar did so, and she watered it down quickly. But by that point she could already feel the first ripples of change. An energy settled in her core, nestled within her hips. She even felt her ass become strangely sensitive and warm, a pressure building into it.

“Is it working? Bruvar asked, clearly impatient. She looked up to him with a glare, still annoyed at how ridiculously shorter she was than him now.

“I can f-feel s-something, alright! Ahhh! It’s like - mmhph! - it’s like there’s this p-pressure in my bones. P-pushing them. F-flesh too. Like something’s f-filling me up! Oh Gods, this is w-weird! And f-fucking arousing too!”

She didn’t care that she was saying it loudly, the truth was obvious: her nipples were outlined against her top prominently, erect with arousal at the energy sweeping through her. It reminded her of her morning self-pleasure sensations, and it made her close her eyes and exhale in bliss for a moment.

“Ahhhhh . . . it’s h-happening!”

The changes began in full. She groaned as her hips cracked wider. They sort of ‘popped’ out, feeling like they were dislocating, before connecting back into a widening pelvis. They repeated this motion several times, allowing her hips to expand several times. At the same time, her ass expanded considerably. She clutched her cheeks, uncaring of how ridiculous she looked, simply trying to take in the massive alteration to her lower half.

“F-fuck! Oh Gods! By the Black Mountain what have you done to my aaarrhhhh!!”

“I have improved it considerably,” Bruvar said, staring in awe at her still-swelling backside. “We orcs favour women with prodigious rears. A sign of fertility, just like the hips you are now growing also.”

“F-fertile!?” Connor breathed.

“If you choose to stay this way. It’s always a choice. After all, after the loss of my family, and seeing so many other happy families in this town, I have always desired a proper mate. You could be this.”

“N-no! That’s t-too much, I - Ohhhhhh!!”

Her hips cracked yet wider, the bones reconnecting once more. The material of her pants shredded, seams giving way. The changes were dramatic enough as to be *audible*. And as dramatic as they were, it would be a lie if she claimed they were not strangely pleasurable. Her ass was even more so, becoming not only bigger and rounder and softer but also more sensitive. She had to pull away her hands from its growing fat because it was making her moan incoherently. Her thighs plumpened, becoming thick and womanly, and her waist became a little thinner.

Finally, after several final agonised and blissful alterations, she was left with a dramatically altered lower half. Where before she had a lithe, gentle shape to her, especially since the loss of her muscles, now her hips were incredibly pronounced, more so than most women. Her enlarged rear, she realised to her embarrassment, was sticking out through a fresh hole in the backside of her breeches, revealing to the world her undergarments. The sides of her pants had split too, exposing her perfect white skin: she hadn’t even realised it

glowed a little more impressively now, with less blemishes than had been before. Her womanhood ached, wet from the experience, but she held off on any feelings was giving her. All that talk of mating, of becoming Bruvar's partner in more ways than one, it sent a shiver of terror down her spine. She hated how much her body betrayed her in this: it was clearly horny from the mere thought of it.

"By all the Gods, look at what you've made me!?" she exclaimed. "I've got a backside like a cow!"

"Mhmm, and a rather lovely backside it is too."

"And these hips! Gods, the last ones swayed too much already!"

Bruvar stepped forward and placed his hands upon her hips, making her bite her lips a little in anticipation. "Yes, these are excellent hips. What we would call in the clan: "the natural hips of a mother." Child bearing hips."

The thought of bearing children had been a reality in her mind ever since she had seen Grace Murray in town and saw how heavily laden with child she had become in just the last month and a half. The knowledge that she could create life was yet another reminder of how much of a woman she was now.

"I have *no* intention of bearing any children, thank you very much! I'd rather get turned into some fucking worm than make a child in my belly, and then give birth to it! I can't imagine anything more embarrassing, particularly if Laridia saw me."

"Con, as I said, I would not force a thing. But know that you carry the power of life within you. And that orcs are very virile . . . and they worship and please their pregnant mates more than any other species in this world."

A brief image of Connor as Connie, round and full with child, slightly larger breasts, being waited on hand and foot by her orc lover. It was sensual to say the least. She cast it from her mind and hoped he hadn't seen the small smile.

"Well, let's just stop talking about it, okay? I have to head into town and buy some supplies for supper as well as more cloths, particularly since Grace Murray is ready to pop any time soon. I imagine *that* will make me thinking of anything *but* child rearing when it comes to these hips."

"But first, my friend, we will put you in a dress."

Con looked up the orc, ready to fight him on this. But it seemed to not come from a place of teasing or flirting, but practical sense.

"I'm - I'm sure these hips can still fit in *something!*"

Bruvar smiled.

It turns out her hips really, really couldn't. Even a set of large male breeches would have had trouble continuing her very fertile-looking lower figure. The townspeople noticed as she walked through the main street. Well, she wanted to walk. In truth, thanks to her widened hips which were impossible now *not* to sashay suggestively, it was now more accurate to say she 'swayed' into town.

"I hate this," she grumbled, as a boy on the cusp of manhood gave a wolf whistle as she passed.

"Nice buns, miss!"

"Shut it, you fucker! Come here and I'll show you what a paladin can do!"

"A paladin without magic! You look more like a housewife"

"I won't fix your next broken arm!" she yelled. "I'll just sit there and grin!"

It was enough to spook him down the next corner. She rolled her eyes and continued on her way. Still, she couldn't deny his words hurt. She was more a housewife now, in appearance and behaviour, even if she'd just had sex with Bruvar the one regrettable, yet wonderful time. She was now having to wear dresses, apparently, and likely would continue to do so until she finally was allowed to change back. Which would still not be for months.

And so she was having to put up with the attention of now possessing impressively curvy hips and an even more impressive backside. It wobbled as she walked in a way that she was certainly not used to. Where once it was a muscled thing, a result of constant running and training, now it was a sight to be seen, like two soft melons swaying and shifting with each step. The townspeople were certainly having a look, and much to Connor/Con's embarrassment, one of the wives slapped her husband upside the head for his blank-eyed stare at her ass.

The weird part was, it actually filled her with a hint of pride. Without even thinking, she smirked a little, letting it shake a little more as she walked down the street to the store. There was an odd confidence that came from knowing how certain people viewed you with last. That, at least, buoyed her.

Until she entered the baker's and ran straight into Laridia.

"Woah, hey lady, sorry about that!"

"Um, hey Laridia."

The beautiful brunette elf ranger stopped for a moment and looked over Connor, clearly not recognising him. That was, until her eyes went wide.

"By the glade and grove, Connor? My Connor? Dear Gods, what's happened to you?"

She blushed all over, and found it hard to meet her friend's eyes. "I've, uh, changed. Again. Several times, in fact."

“I’ll say! You look like a new woman! Where’s your muscle? And look at those hips! And that backside? You look like you’ve dropped a child or too!”

“Please don’t talk about babies,” Connor said meekly. She felt like she was going to melt into the floor. “Can we talk about this privately? In the tavern, perhaps?”

“Oh, we are *definitely* talking about this. How could I resist?”

Connor sighed. If only Laridia wasn’t so much of a teasing elf. They parted ways briefly so that Connor could grab her supplies. But even Hazel and her husband Horace, both of whom ran the bakery together, had in on the fun.

“My word, more and more the woman, are we?” Horace said. “Further punishment for trying to kill our doctor?”

“You could say that.”

“Ha! I never knew the orc liked his woman so . . . fertile.”

“Oh, stop it Horace,” Hazel added. “She’s becoming exactly what she should be. No doubt she and Bruvar have a good deal going, since they’re doing so splendid together. And a full-figured woman is a healthy woman, right?”

Horace grinned, placing a hand around his wife’s waist.

“Enjoy the backside!” he jested, “at least it’s not on your belly!”

He patted his own beer gut, and the weird part was how much it reminded her of Bruvar’s impressive stomach, though that was all muscle.

“Yeah, there’s that at least.”

The two chuckled, but teased no more as the transaction began.

Connor filled in Laridia on everything except for the strange feelings she had for Bruvar lately, and certainly excising the blowjob. She was already embarrassed by how much it felt like she was sitting on two pillows, and how her lower figure strained against the fabric, outlining her rear. Already, some of the regular patrons were checking her out, and Laridia could obviously see them, because she was grinning from ear to ear.

“Well, it sounds like Bruvar has you over a barrel. Not in a sexy way, I mean, though mind, you’ve got a pair of barrels back there.”

“Oh, shut it. Please!”

“I’m sorry, it’s just so impressive! I thought you liked lithe, twiggy women like me, but now you’ve got curves that would put Queen Jaceryn to shame, and she’s literally a legend for this stuff!”

“Don’t remind me.”

“Are you going to change further while ‘serving your time?’

“You’re enjoying this far too much.”

Laridia gave that cute giggle of hers that Connor remembered all too well. “Of course I am! It’s not every day that that macho bravado on-again off-again boyfriend you have gets to experience life from the other side! It’s hilarious, but also instructive! I wish every male had to experience some months as a woman, especially the monthly period.”

“Let’s not talk about that. Thank the Gods Bruvar and the women helped me through it.”

“He sounds like quite a catch.”

“He truly isn’t. He’s the one that gave me these big hips.”

“As if you don’t enjoy them a little. I know I would. Or are you hanging out for a nice big pair of teats, Connor?”

He blushed again, took a sip of his drink. “Gods, please no. These little ones are big enough already. I’d hate to have yet *another* part of me constantly wobbling about.”

Laridia laughed, and raised her glass. “To Cornelia, the new wench in town! May her parts not wobble any more than they have to!”

Someone in the corner concurred. “Hear, hear!”

“No you idiot,” another man whispered loudly, “we want more! Let’s hope Bruvar’s got another potion up his sleeve.”

Laridia winked at Connor, who just sighed. “I have little doubt that he does. But I’m not taking another. I’m having to wear dresses, act as some sort of healing priestess, and deal with monthly blood. Not to mention half the town is looking at my ass right now. I’ll stay like this until the end, but no further.”

Her former elven girlfriend nodded. “Well, so long as you stand your ground against that big, muscly orc, Connor. I’m starting to see why some of the elven girls go in for that sort of thing. But for now, I must be off.”

“Please don’t tell me *you* have an adventure.”

“Oh yeah. Big one. I and a few others heroes will be exploring the Vine Necromancer’s old plantmatter tunnels on the other side of the kingdom. I’ll probably see you in a month or two. Don’t worry, I’ll check on in. Let’s hope you haven’t changed too much by then, eg?”

Connor just gave a bitter frown, but the two parted on good terms, briefly hugging.

“And still not attracted to her,” Connor mumbled as the elf swayed her hips suggestively while leaving. “At least my ass looks nicer.”

She moaned a little, imagining Bruvar’s hard cock nestled between her cheeks.

Gods, she wanted him so badly.

Part 6: The Third Potion

By the end of the following week, Connor could stand it no more. The dreams had not stopped, and Bruvar was now entirely at the centre of them. Now that she'd seen his thick green member, tasted its salty issue, it was impossible to get out of her mind. No doubt the second potion had always increased her new fixation upon the orc, because his casual looks at her backside, his comments about appreciating her expanded hips, even just the knowledge that orc mates needed to have quite womanly figures, all made her flush with that same desperate heat.

She'd tried to fight it. Tried to summon her paladin courage. But she was feeling increasingly like a priestess of healing now, her oath more devoted to protection via compassionate ministrations rather than combat. Her powers were heading down a different path, not simply returning. She could barely summon a spectral axe or warhammer, but now she could knit tissue back together, put a patient into a painless stupor for operation, and calm pain entirely in a particular area of the body while they explained what their symptoms were. It was astonishing, and it was surprisingly just as fulfilling as the power of combat, perhaps even more so.

Yet through it all it meant that she was taking on an increasingly feminine manner. Within one week, wearing dresses was the norm, and though they still felt odd to her, she was becoming talented at putting them on and wearing them well on her figure. She even found herself fussing over her appearance, and sometimes wished she had makeup to make her face more gorgeous.

"Stupid feminine habits," she'd say to herself, only to imagine it anyway. "But a faint burgundy like Jaleera wears would look quite good."

Part of it was a result of Bruvar's endless compliments. He was a complicated man, or orc. On one hand, he clearly enjoyed dominating her, making her do the housework, keep the vegetable patch going, cutting up the herbs, and fetching items from town. He was increasingly also enjoying showing her off at the tavern and during the minor celebrations of Hadelwood too. But he had a sensitivity that made him rather endearing. He helped her when she needed to reach something, complimented her on her looks and dress sense, and was fiercely protective of her: something in her heart had melted when a stray dog frothing at the mouth happened upon the town square, and he threw himself in front of her and tackled it to the ground rather than let it harm her. And the way he looked at her . . .

It hit a breaking point when he offered a third potion.

"It would be the final one, of course," he said. "But I will not make it part of the contract, or force the issue. You are already a beautiful woman, but this, in my mind, would complete you."

“Complete me how? Oh, I know,” she said, looking down at herself, “it would give me a set of udders on my chest, wouldn’t it?”

He smiled. “I did say that orcs like their women full-figured. That means everywhere.”

Connor scoffed. “I think I’ll say no. This is already embarrassing enough, especially after . . .”

They both knew she was referring to when she went down on him. It was a good memory for them both, much as she didn’t want to admit it. Bruvar just shrugged, sat down opposite her at the table. It was late at night, and both should have been in bed, but she was restless with arousal, and he too, judging from the tent in his pants, was as well. It was getting harder and harder to sleep in the same room. She said as much to him.

“Hmm, you are not wrong. I will not lie, Con, my body does yearn for you. After you placed your mouth upon me, ever since I have been unable to think of anything else. And now, with those hips, we could go a step further.”

She rolled her eyes, putting on a front. “Please, it’s not like I could fit that giant thing between my legs anyway.”

“Ahh, but that’s where you underestimate the shaman magic of orcs, half-elf. You see, the second potion did not just give you the child-bearing hips and backside of a proper orc mate, but it also allowed your . . . womanhood, to be able to easily stretch to accommodate me. It also made your response to such an act more deeply pleasurable.”

She moaned a little at the image. “I can’t believe this. Fuck, why am I finding that so appealing? Did you bewitch me with your magic? The old me never would be having these damned thoughts.”

He placed his hands over hers upon the table. “I do not bewitch. My magic and potions simply caused you to become . . . more receptive, to me. You became attracted to men as a woman, and with your other changes you found yourself in a state of aroused heat. But the choices you make are not ones of addiction, or forced by compulsion. They are all yours.”

She breathed heavily. “And what choice do I have now?”

“To go to bed,” he said in that wonderful low voice. “Alone. Or with me.”

Her pussy moistened. She needed something within it. She needed Bruvar. The orc she had once hated was now an object of need, and the truth was, she was flattered by his words.

“You like me like this, don’t you?”

“Have I made a secret of it, Con?”

“No, I mean you *like* me. I think - I think you love me, in your own orc way. You need to be all dominant and have me submissive, but you actually *love* me.”

He was silent for long seconds. Finally he stood, extended his hand.

"I didn't intend for things to go this far. What was a punishment has become something very different for me. But yes, my Con. I do believe I love you. I want you as my mate. Come to bed with me. If I can make you moan in ecstasy before I climax, then your debt will be paid and your transformation over. But if you come first . . . the potion."

It was a deal too good to pass up, and yet . . .

"Love doesn't give deals," she said.

"You are right. How about as a challenge between equals? A contest between mates? And win or lose, you can choose the option you wish."

She licked her lips, considering it. Her nipples were hard, aching for his touch. Would they be even more sensitive if her breasts were bigger?

"I accept," she said.

She took his hand, and he led her to the bedroom. The two of them were breathing quickly in excitement, and she gave herself over to him submissively. She wanted to feel his weight and strength upon her.

This time, Connor kissed Bruvar on the lips. It only felt right given what they were about to do, but the feel of his tusks on her face only made it all the better. His lips were thick and powerful, and his breath was surprisingly sweet. He had to hold her up in his arms just so she could reach them.

"Did you - ahhh - did you freshen your breath?"

He grinned a little sheepishly, caught off guard for once. "I felt . . . you would like it."

She pressed her body against him further. "I do. It makes it easier. It's still awkward."

"It will be less awkward soon, my mate," he replied, lowering her back down. He removed his belt before her, a vision of masculine power, and she found her breath becoming heavy. "Don't remove your clothing. In orcish culture, it is the male who does so."

"O-okay," Connor breathed.

He lowered his breeches, hurled them away to the other side of the room. He kept his necklace with its bony teeth upon it, but otherwise was completely naked. She took in every muscle, every contour of his massive frame: his wide shoulders, his burly stomach, his muscled pecs. He adjusted his black hair out of the way, and spread his legs wide, arms too.

"Are you impressed?"

She nodded wordlessly. What was there to say that wouldn't shame her? Her body was dying for his touch, yet a small part of her male pride remained. She needed him to take initiative. Like a good little wife.

“Then I am ready,” he said, obviously satisfied. “Now it is time to make you ready, my mate.”

“Mhmm, mate. You keep saying that.”

“And keep not denying it. Your silence tells all.”

He reached out with his hands and she did not fight him, simply leaned back cautiously. His strong grip enclosed around her dress, and then he ripped it from her form, tearing the fabric asunder. It should have angered her, but it was the most deeply arousing thing a partner had ever done in front of her, even more than the elvish stomach trick Laridia enjoyed doing.

“Oh Gods.”

“You’ll say that more soon, my mate,” he said.

He lowered himself upon her, and she gave herself over to him. He was careful not to crush her beneath his greater weight, holding himself against the powerful bed frame. They kissed deeply, again and again, but his hands scurried and caressed over her form, feeling particularly her hips and ass. The last he groped, sinking his fingers into the flesh and eliciting long moans from her.

“OOhhhh just g-get in me already. I’ll out - ahh - outlast you! I’ll w-win!”

“A challenge, then,” he said, gripping her hips.

She reached out with *both* hands to clutch his throbbing cock, and place it between her legs. She spread her legs, intimidated by its sheer size, but as he pressed forward, she somehow managed to take him in. She gasped, shocked at the new feelings she was experiencing. His enormous penishead parted her wet lips, and then she felt like she was being filled entirely. His enormous manhood stretched the walls of her pussy, and her pussy in turn gripped him, maximising their pleasure.

“Ohhhhh this f-feels soooo w-weird! Don’t stop, though!”

“I had no intention of such,” the orc said, grunting as he began to thrust in full.

He rubbed her nipples as he pumped inside her. It was heaven, it was the nine hells, it was everything in between. She felt like a complete woman, and in that moment she wasn’t Connor anymore.

“C-call me Cornelia!” she cried. “Call me Connie!”

“Connie,” he grunted. “My mate! You are the f-first woman in some time! I fear you will win this - ahh - this bet!”

She grinned, and began to buck her hips in response, causing him to clench his eyes shut. She felt wonderfully submissive to him, and yet in some way, she held a lot of power in that submission. She could drive her ‘mate’ wild with it. She curled her legs around his waist - a hard effort, given his broadness - and so allowing his cock even deeper entrance towards her waiting womb. It was immense, stretching her wide, and yet he had spoken true: her

vagina was easily capable of stretching to accommodate him. His penis head almost pressed against her cervix, but he held back enough to not cause her pain, an act which only enhanced the deep care she was developing for him. It was like slipping into a willing thralldom, becoming submissive to the ultimate alpha. She ran her slight fingers across the rippling muscles of his arms, gripping them as he pounded her, and moaning desperately at how much closer it brought her to coming. She wailed.

“OOhhhhhh Gods! This is even b-better! Go f-faster! Go harder! I want - no! - I *need* you to cum in me, my mate! I need your orc seed inside me!”

“I’m c-close, my love!” he responded. He licked her nipples, sending shocks of pleasure down to her core. “I can’t h-hold off. You are too much a beauty for me! Ahhh! You will w-win, my mate.”

She should have relished that, but in that very moment the concept of winning sounds all wrong. She wanted to lose. She wanted to remain his mate for the entire five months. A voice in her screamed to remain even longer, perhaps forever. She gave into that voice, bucked her hips again and again so that his cock entered even deeper. She imagined him cumming into her, and her sucking him off each morning, being his perfect wife. Yes, his *wife!* Healing him, caring for him, getting *fucked* by him. It accelerated her pleasure threefold, bringing her to greater heights.

She managed to scream in glorious climax mere seconds, if that, before her lover climaxed too. He shuddered, and she felt his heavy cock *throb* and *pulse* within her. And then the warm rush of his semen flooded her, gushing in what felt like gallons of excess up into her waiting room.

“Yes! Yes, I came first! You heard me, I lost! I - OOHHHHHHH!!!”

More orgasms followed, enough to render her speechless. It was only after every single drop of his seed had spilled inside her, and a lot of it seeping out from between her legs, that he pulled out, causing her to groan again in residual bliss. She giggled a little, feeling a bit silly.

“I need to, uh, clean up a bit, I guess. Don’t worry, Tymori told me all about this.”

She slipped away, leaving the orc astonished. He’d clearly expected to lose once they got started. Had he known she had lost willingly?

Had she really known what she was doing?

She was shaking not just from the sex, but the revelation of what she’d just done. But she couldn’t bring herself to regret it. She cleaned herself out, shivering a little at the thought of all that sperm still inside her, racing for her womb. Surely she couldn’t be pregnant, right? Could half-elves bare orc children? She felt it was possible, if rare. Certainly, the thought was a scary one, and not something she was capable of even entertaining just yet. After all, she’d willingly had sex with an orc just now, and that alone was a lot to take in.

But she smiled anyway. It had felt very, very good to be someone's mate, after all.

Connie didn't approach the final potion with the same hesitation as she did the others. She accepted her womanhood, and had even accepted her new name. It had sounded so right during sex, and afterwards, given their desire to keep having sex, it felt only right to be called Connie and Cornelia outside of it as well.

"Well, someone's taking to be a woman," Tymori had said the day before the third potion was to be tried, which was by that point a bit past the three month mark of being a woman. "You've got a new spring in your step, and it gives quite the view these days, not that the boys are complaining."

Connie just sighed, looking back at her *rondure* rear. "Yeah, that's still taking getting used to. I swear, I have tried to walk like a man a number of times, and my pelvis just won't listen to me!"

"It's true, we've got a lot more sway in our step. You thought that was just for showing off to the men, did you?"

Connie laughed. "Well, I guess I did! Now I can't *not* give a show, sadly!"

"Yes, but I bet Bruvar isn't complaining. I have to ask, are you two . . . ?"

She let the question hang in the air. Connie tried not to give the game away, but her smile told it all anyway.

"No! Really?"

"Maybe. I don't know. Everything's crazy. I'm meant to be a warrior paladin."

Tymori hugged her round the side. She was taller than Connie now. Most people were, in fact. "Well, let me tell you this. I didn't ever know this Connor Ironheart, none of us in Hadelwood ever truly did. But we know Connie. And we really like her. She's a wonderful woman, even if she's super fun to tease."

Connie blushed. "Thanks, Ty. That actually means a lot. I just don't know how I'll explain any of this to Laridia. At least without her laughing up a storm, the damned elven giggler."

"Maybe you can at least save face with that slight chest of yours."

At that, Connie just cracked up laughing.

"What? What is it?"

"Oh, let me just say I suspect you'll have reason to laugh tomorrow."

Of course, technically Bruvar hadn't said anything. As far as he was concerned, he had kept a tight lip on it all. For all she really knew, the next potion would turn her skin green, give her tusks, or just make her ass even more delectable to his eyes. But she wasn't stupid.

A bit pig-headed at times, particularly when she'd been a man, but never stupid. She recognised the pattern and where it was leading, and Bruvar himself had said that orcs liked 'full-figured women.' Well, she was full in all but one place. Two, really. And by this point, she was getting quite excited at the notion of a bigger bust. Though part of her railed against it, fearing this final loss to her feminine side.

"You can still choose not to drink it," her mate said as he handed her the pink potion, which bubbled ominously. "We made a deal, but I won't hold it to you. Though you know I want you to."

"I am nervous. By the Gods, this is a foolish thing to do," she said. "Just a few months ago, the idea of having tits - let alone bigger ones - was terrifying. But now . . . it's like I want to please you. I want to please you as your mate. Gods, my head's full of new experiences. But it's not just you, Bruvar. It's this life of healing. And yes, even cleaning, much as it embarrasses me from time to time. And our garden, and our herbs, and the townspeople. If this is what it takes . . . even if I'm remaining just a few more months . . . then why not?"

"Why not indeed?" he said, man of few words as he often was. "You are far from the fool I first met. I am glad you did not kill me that day."

"Or you me."

"Indeed. Now drink, my mate. I promise to show you such wonders once you are fully changed. It is the last potion. The final alteration."

"Then I'll take it," she said.

As before, she was outside, only this time in a grove in the forest, beneath the sun to give them both the best view. And also because as an orc, Bruvar loved the outside, and the idea of becoming his perfect woman in the wild made her *feel wild*. She drank it down, not even caring how sweet and syrupy the drink was. She didn't even wash it down. She didn't want it diluted.

"So eager!" he exclaimed.

She grinned sheepishly. "I guess I'm still a paladin at heart - always jumping into things!"

He laughed, and it was a bit, beautiful belly laugh that melted her feminine heart. She laughed with him too. Until moments later, the changes began.

"Ahhhhh . . . p-pressure! I think it's s-starting, Bruvar!"

The pressure intensified, shifting upwards to her chest. She felt it extend to her hair and face as well, her lips in particular. She laughed, overwhelmed and immediately regretted her error in taking the drink, though not in any outright frustrated way. Just in a resigned fashion, due to the nature of the twin pressures mounting on her chest.

“Oh, by the Black Mountain - Nghhh! I *knew* it w-would be my chest that would blossom! And with this p-pressure, if f-feels like they’re - aahhh! - going to be m-much bigger than even I expected! NGHH!”

“Oh yes,” Bruvar said. “A full chest is a sign of a healthy mate. A very healthy one.”

“Except, shit! I have to be the one c-carrying them - what was I th-thinking!”

But the astonishment was papered over by pleasure as her breasts expanded. They poured forth, surging outwards and becoming heavier and heavier, larger and larger in Cornelia’s hands. She couldn’t believe how fast they were growing, and soon they were a delicious pair of orbs that easily rivalled the pleasure girls of Laress.

“H-how much bigger!?” she exclaimed, as they began to fill her palms.

Her orc mate smiled, looking down on them, practically *drooling* at the sight of their steady expansion. “Hmm, I’d say you’re nearly halfway there now.

“N-nearly halfway th-AAHH! NNGHH! MMHhhhmmhm . . .”

She thrust out her chest automatically, giving into the changes. She couldn’t fight them, no matter how much she wanted to restrict her bosom size to something more sane. It was too late for serious regrets now: she’d drunk the whole potion and even chosen not to dilute it. The continued to grow like loaves of bread from dough, rising steadily and beginning to strain the confines of her dress, just as her hips had. She tried to pull her dress down, preferring to expose them rather than end up ripping yet another dress, but she was momentarily distracted by another change.

Her hair grew down further past her shoulders and down to the small of her back, becoming even more golden, full, and luscious. Her lips changed too, puffing up further. Not to a ridiculous extent thankfully, but enough so that she began even more womanly, and more traditionally so too. She also felt her eyelashes extend, and her shoulders slim yet further, her neck smoothening until not a trace of manliness remained about it.

“Oh Gods! My voice again?”

“We do like a lower tone, a sensual one, we orcs.”

And indeed it was lower, but in a sexy contralto way that somehow only enhanced her femininity further, making her sound like an attractive yet wise woman.

“Ahhhh . . . ohhhh, that’ll take s-some getting used to-OOHHH!!!”

As if encouraged by the other changes, her boobs expanded with renewed vigour. They were no longer flat, lithe little pancakes, but instead increasingly full globes. They filled the space in her dress, pressing up against one another, and soon they had no other place to go but up, up, and up! They rose, forming an increasingly cavernous cleavage, coming up almost level to her collar bone.

“Ohhh b-big! And heavy! They’re f-fucking - ahh! - heavy!”

His heart fluttered, beating extremely rapidly. He'd never seen a woman with a bosom his own size, at least not one that wasn't an old matron that had tits sagging to her knees. But these were full boulders, almost the size of her own head each, and they had the weight as evidence! Her nipples grew in relation to them, and as they pressed against her dress painfully, the flesh spilling over, they also rubbed in a manner that caused her to salivate in arousal.

"AAah - AAH - AAAAAHHHHH!!!"

The seams of the dress could contain her fertile bust no longer, and they split apart, finally releasing her wobbling bosom to the world. And they wobble, heavily so in fact. They had finally stopped growing, but their weight was incredible, as was their sensitivity. She clutched them in her hands, but they easily overflowed them. She gazed down into the shallow pool beside them, and gasped.

"Black Mountain and all its curses! They're huge!"

"They're perfect," her orc mate said. "Don't you realise that? Such a full bosom, and yet they sit upon your chest pert and high."

"No, they're lower, see?"

She let them go, winced a little at the unexpected bouncing and jiggling and jostling. It had the unintended yet foreseeable result of making Bruvar's member hard, which she could easily see within his breeches. He approached, and placed his hands on them before she could stop him.

"Don't! They're senis - ohhhhh . . ."

"A good kind of sensitive, from the sound of it. And yes, they sit lower, but anyone bosom of such size would. But to still be such shapely teardrops . . . the potion is perfect. *You are perfect, my Cornelia.*"

She didn't quite feel it, not yet. In fact, given the strain that was presently on her shoulders, she was beginning to think she should have refused. What would Tymori say? The men of the town? The ones in the tavern? Worse, what would *Laridia* think? Gods, she'd never live it down. Connie could already imagine having to tell everyone boy and his dad that 'my eyes are up here' - a phrase Connor had been told several times! Not to mention their endless movement, having to use support, the list of humiliations were endless!

But then Bruvar started kneading the tender flesh of her bosom, and all those worries began to melt away beneath the pleasure of his ministrations. Her fat nipples poked out once more, and she moaned in ecstasy at how wonderfully sensitive they were. Sensitive, and a lot more surface area to *be* sensitive. It was already making her delirious, and to know that even *his* hands weren't big enough to cup all of their immensity . . .

"K-keep going."

“I will. You are perfect now, Connie, as I said. I know it will take time to be used to it, but this is the form of my mate. And orcs . . . we mate in the wild as readily as in our homes. I would bring you to your full right here in this grove.”

She groaned, imagining it: his face pressed into her bosom.

“Do it!” she called, and it was practically an act of begging.

Once more, the heavy man was upon her. Except this time he lifted Connie’s much smaller body up, tearing off her clothing (thankfully without ripping it this time, she only needed the bust in the dress let out, after all), and then lying on his back with her on top of him. Connie instinctively knew what to do. She’d performed this position many times with a gorgeous tavern wench, and many more times with Laridia. It was a personal favourite of hers as a man, but she had found that women often enjoyed it even more.

It was time to see if that was true.

Bruvar steadied her over his throbbing cock, holding her aloft easily. She spread her legs to take him in, and then for the second time he entered her, with great eagerness.

“Ohhhhh, God, yes! I needed this!”

“With each potion, you grow more lusty, Connie. But you have chosen this, don’t forget it. You asked for this.”

“I kn-know! Just f-fuck me Bruvar!”

“Only if you beg.”

“F-fuck you! But please, yes!”

“And if you call me my mate.”

“You are my mate, just don’t s-stop - oohhhh!”

His great hands reached up as she rode his cock, and they palmed her big tits. He began to massage them, rubbing her large nipples between his fingers. It was pure ecstasy, and it wasn’t long before they were fucking far faster, she bouncing on his cock and luxuriating in her enormous boobs, which wobbled with each of those bounces.

“You love them now, then?”

“They f-feel good, yes! Yes, I love them! I love having b-big tits for you! Suck on them!”

She leaned forward, allowing them to dangle, and he did as she begged, taking one nipple then the other into his mouth. She gripped his shoulders, still sliding up and down on his enormous member, and as he sucked on her left nipple it all became too much. She climaxed, shuddering, overwhelmed by sensation.

Bruvar came not long after, and as before, he ejaculated what felt like gallons of his orc semen into her. She lay on him for some time panting, before she finally resting her head off his chest.

“Mhmm, maybe I could get used to this.”

“Good,” he said, smiling through his tusks as he cradled her face.

“And in half an hour, perhaps we could do it again. But this time, I want your cock between my tits, while I suck you off.”

“Mhmmh, my mate, you know me so well already.”

It was unbelievably bold to suggest, but she craved his seed in her mouth, in her throat and stomach again. And she was beginning to realise how wonderful big boobs could be already

It was only twenty minutes later that she did exactly as she had suggested.

Part 7: Unexpected Developments

Life with much, *much* larger breasts made quite a change to Connie's life. Initially, she stayed hidden at Bruvar's homestead, wanting a couple of days to get used to her new ample bosom before revealing her completed body to the town.

“Just a couple of days before I have to go through the embarrassment,” she explained. “For the third or fourth time, at that.”

“Of course, my mate,” Bruvar said. “You will have all the time you need, and you know I will be here for you.”

“This must be very amusing to you,” Cornelia said, gesturing to the way her bust now stretched the seams of her remaining dresses, requiring them to let quite loose, and therefore making her look quite the ‘available’ woman.

“On the contrary,” he said, kneeling down beside her. “This is very meaningful for me. When my clan went to war and tore itself asunder due to petty tribal conflict, I lost the only family that I had. Just being with you, especially now that you have the body of a proper orc's mate, does a lot to alleviate that pain.”

Connie felt that now-familiar warmth in her belly, that feeling of love that extended out to this strong, manly orc spilling out his emotions.

“I know what you mean, sort of. I feel . . . similarly. Huh. Who would have thought your mate would have been a half-elf paladin, huh?”

He shook his head. “No, you are not my paladin, Cornelia. You are a priestess. And I worship at the foot of your temple.”

They were sincerely said words, and stirring enough that whatever problems she was having with her dress were soon sold: after all, he had her out of it in short order. She moaned in passion as he took her from behind against the kitchen table, her large boobs pressing against its surface.

They continued to do this for some time, not just having rampant sex - though there was that - but also enjoying each other's bodies and company. Yes, the orc was a healer, and so occasionally had to usher Connie into the backroom so that he could deal with a minor injury, but he respected her desire for privacy in the meantime. He wasn't complaining at all, in fact: he had unfettered access to her wide, heavenly hips and her large, soft breasts. He enjoyed grabbing her ass as she passed, and Connie found herself actually giggling in delight at the feel of it, like she was already his submissive little orc wife. A number of the townspeople asked about her and how she was faring, and he made dry little jokes she overheard and giggled at.

"She is very bountiful, no need to worry."

"She's dealing with a couple of new burdens, she'll be used to them in time."

And so on.

The two had sex repeatedly, and the combination of her needy body and his incredibly stamina meant that there was nary a nook of the homestead they hadn't fucked in, and in a variety of positions to boot. Orcs having a very short refractory period also made things even better for Connie, who was not only addicted to her female orgasms, but to her mate's seed as well. She loved to taste it, swallow it, but also to have it shoot inside her, straight to her waiting womb. She longed to be *filled*, and when that occurred, it gave her the greatest pleasure to feel like she was *his*. To *know* that she was his.

But all good things have to come to an end eventually. Or at least a more regular, less frantic rhythm. As much as those two days of frequent fucking brought the newly finished woman to utter bliss, the truth was she *needed* to go the village. Not only was Bruvar missing her cooking, and she required more cleaning oils, but the truth was her bosom was becoming unmanageable. She had grown to be quite proud of them, but even then they were overwhelming and occasionally embarrassing to deal with. More than once she knocked something off a counter in the kitchen while preparing food, and combined with her prodigious rear it was causing her dresses to be almost impossible to wear. Their endless wobble and weight were not supported properly by her clothing.

"I refuse to wear some sort of garment for these," she said to Bruvar, holding her breasts. "I'll just have to get used to the weight. I'm not dealing with a chest wrap, or girdle, or one of those fancy new bras from the kingdom's capital. I may have boobs and wear a dress, but that just makes it all too . . . real!"

Bruvar just chuckled, kneading her tits and lifting them in his hands.

"If you say so, my mate. But even full-figured orc women need support."

He was right, of course, and it was proved over those two days when Connie was driven nearly mad by the strain on her back and shoulders, and the bouncing of her chest. She needed support. Nine hells, what had she been thinking, of course she did! Laridia needed support, and her chest was probably five or more times smaller than her own!

And so a trip to town was a necessity, wearing the dress that still fit her best (even if she did 'muffin top' out over the cups of the dress, as she had once heard Tymori put it). As with each other change, the townspeople were astonished and quickly gossiping as she entered town. This time Bruvar was with her, to glare down any male that stared a little creepily, or made any comments that were beyond the pale. It provided a lot of help, because a number of the men on their porches were clearly quiet, if a bit bug-eyed.

"Yes, yes, I know!" she called aloud, as more townspeople gathered. "I am very, *very* aware, thank you. I know my hair is longer."

There was a pause, and then laughter, particularly from Tymori and Hazel. Alfred the butcher cackled, and the new Mayor, an older man by the name of Ostich, simply gave an amused smile and went on his way.

"The things that happen in a growing town!" he exclaimed.

"That's not all that's growing," Tymori chuckled.

"Oh, stop!"

"No, seriously, I'm glad you have something to counter-balance that rear of yours, now. Let's have a drink Connie, and you can tell us all about this latest change."

"That's *if* we even notice her mouth moving!" Hazel added.

Connie blushed bright red as she looked up at Bruvar. "You owe me for all this."

He grabbed her ass stealthily, causing her to squeak.

"I promise I will. Several times in fact."

She blushed further, this time with a little tingle of warmth in her loins. Still, she did the requisite re-introduction to everyone, with the thankful assurance that this would be the last bodily change she would experience until she turned back. She spoke of that change as if it were some far off, distant event, though now she only really had two months remaining of her time. The thought made her queasy: could she ever go back to being a man again? What would happen between her and Bruvar? The orc talked as if they would stay together, her as his mate, and every mention of her eventual return to a male paladin's powerful body seemed to make him wince in pain.

Thankfully, she was pulled from these thoughts by Grace Murray. The young mother was nursing her child beneath a nursing cover, but it was clear that her chest had enlarged following childbirth. It had been a memorable experience, one fraught with obvious pain as Bruvar and Connie helped deliver her son, and yet joy at the end. But even now it was clear

that her expanded bustline was still no match for Connie's new chest, and the young woman gave a sympathetic look in response.

"Oh my, I thought my own chest would cause me issues," she murmured to Connie privately by the baker's stall. "But you must be suffering, dear Connie!"

Connie looked down. Gods, she couldn't even see her feet now. Not even her toes!

"They are . . . troublesome, yes. Heavy."

"That's because you need support, ma'am. If you wish I can give some recommendations. I got, well, I got a lot bigger when my milk came in. I can only imagine how big yours would get in that situation."

"I try not to think about it, to be honest."

"Understandable! But if you want, I can call upon my seamstress skills to help with your dresses. Free of charge: your healing work did much after Reggie was born, and my husband appreciates your efforts too."

She gave a knowing wink to Connie. Evidently, the paladin-turned-priestess of healing had done very good work making the new mother's womanhood heal right back to perfection.

"I can't thank you enough, Grace," she said. "Anything to contain these - these monsters!"

By the next week, Cornelia Ironheart was much, much happier. Not only was all the fuss and staring over - well, not the staring, *that* would probably never end until she changed back - but she also had a modified wardrobe that finally fitted her short, curvaceous body. In fact, while her voluptuous features were indeed quite ample, her clothing did well to make her appear at least a little more modest and professional, even if nothing could hide her beauty. It made her feel a lot more confident in her finalised form, and it made it all the better when she and Bruvar made love, because the feeling of her bosom being freed was so much more dramatic. Housework and cleaning and cooking were far more manageable also, and while *nothing* could stop her ass and tits from jiggling, at least they weren't flopping about all over the place. Indeed, she even had fun with her outfits with Bruvar, wearing slightly more revealing ones, or covering up after a teasing comment he made, or simply pulling her skirt tighter to show off her rear, and so on.

It very much drove him wild, and soon they were back to fucking like rabbits. The feeling of his massive cock ramming into her, especially while she rode him so he could grope her tits, or while she bounced on his lap facing him, was better than any other feeling she could imagine. And increasingly she wasn't just having sex, but engaging in longer, even

more romantic foreplay. Afterwards, their cuddling and kissing went beyond the period of post-coital bliss, and into the realm of a loving couple's embrace. His strength against hers was powerful and dominating, and she felt protected and safe within it.

Neither talked about the future anymore, though it was clear Bruvar was hoping, perhaps even *expecting*, her to stay in her current form. She tried not to think about it. Life was too good, and the people of Hadelwood were kind, if a bit willing to give her a ribbing over her womanly lot in life. But could she give up being a man forever? It was hard to imagine having a penis between her legs, or a lack of wiggle to her walk, or even hair upon her face. The only thing she very clearly missed was a taller height: she was keenly able to remember what it was like to reach the top cupboard shelves with ease, something which Bruvar described as "adorable." It was one of the phrases that should have rankled her, but increasingly didn't.

The two spent another two weeks together, continuing to heal, even partaking in the annual Pumpkin Fest, of which she was jokingly awarded the prize for the 'biggest pumpkins', much to the crowd's titters. She just laughed with them, even if it was embarrassing. Especially when Bruvar shouted: "I can attest they are indeed quite healthy too!"

But it was a good life, and Connie was getting used to her body, and even enjoying the fruits that came with such a well-endowed chest and rear. She found she could boss Bruvar around at times, or at least use her feminine wiles to convince him to buy her a nice lunch in town, or get her a new dress. In exchange, she was wonderfully submissive in all other ways, just as a good orc mate should be. She was happy, and increasingly able to accept her life, perhaps even thinking about extending her stay in it, though obviously not outright committing to it forever, however tempting that might be.

That was, until she began feeling nauseous.

It began one morning before she could serve breakfast up. She wanted to give Bruvar breakfast in bed, as she often did now, when suddenly she was overcome with nausea and had to run outside to the privy. She made it as far as the garden before falling to her knees and throwing up. She felt lightheaded and sore, but took it to be a result of minor food poisoning. She cast her magic upon herself, taking away the feeling, and felt a strange little light within herself she couldn't identify. She hadn't used her own magic on herself, so she assumed it was a residual part of Bruvar's seed still in her, and thought nothing more on it.

But then the next day she felt sick again, around the same time. And two days after that. And then the following day too. She didn't always vomit, but she felt that strange nausea, and that light within her, and it was matched by other strange feelings. Her boobs felt slightly bigger, and tender too, and her gut was sore. Bruvar's last potion had thickened

her up a little. She wasn't fat, far from it, but her waist matched her curves so she didn't have a waspish look to her. She wondered if that was part of it, but then she realised.

It must be her period.

She complained as much to Bruvar, who listened patiently. His expression was strange though, and he asked her to keep an eye on it.

"Perhaps talk to Hazel and Grace, and Tymori, and some of the other women. They may have some knowledge on why this is different."

"Do you have any ideas?"

"Some, but in women's matters, only the basics. I feel this would be better discussed with those who know more. I don't . . . I don't want to think too deeply on it."

She shrugged. "Fair enough. I just feel so tired recently. Last night was fantastic, but my nipples were too sore."

"We shall hold off tonight."

"Oh no, you turned me into this absolute needy wench of a woman, Bruvar. I'm going to get my pleasure from you one way or another."

"Mhmm, just as an orc mate should demand of her alpha. And he shall provide."

And that he did, but it did not stop the feelings. So she went to the women's group, each of whom listened to her account of the period that had yet to arrive but was clearly threatening to.

"And you're saying you're getting sick in the morning?" Tymori asked.

"And your breasts are bigger, and a bit sore?" Grace pitched in.

"And you're feeling bloated, down in the pit of your belly?" Hazel said.

"Yes, all three. And I have no energy. I swear this must be a heavy flow coming on, if I'm using that term right?"

The other three women all looked at each other, nodding in some secret women's code that made Connie feel a little out of place among the members of her new gender.

"Has to be," Grace whispered.

"Absolutely."

"What?" Connie asked. "What is it?"

The three women regarded each other and her, as if trying to figure out who should break a difficult piece of news.

"Connie," Tymori finally said. "You haven't been using protection with Bruvar, have you? I mean, you *are* lying with him, yes?"

Connie spluttered, unsure of what to say. "I, well, I mean, I don't think of it that way, but, um . . . no. I mean, yes! I have, but no, I haven't used, as you say, strictly speaking that is, protection. In the lying sense. Um."

There was a cautious sense about the other women that made her nervous.

“Why? Did I . . .”

And then a realisation, slow as a wave of molasses yet as unstoppable as an earthquake. The other women must have seen that flash of understanding, because each put out a hand to her: shoulder, thigh, side. It was Grace who spoke, for she had the most recent experience of just exactly what Connie was fearing.

“My dear, we think you’re probably pregnant. You’re going to be a mother.”

Connie almost fainted.

“Oh Gods. Oh Gods, no! It can’t be! I’m a half-elf!”

Tymori shrugged. “Half-elves exist for a reason, Connie. And so do, I’m afraid to say, half-orcs.”

It was impossible, and yet it made all too much sense. Connie groaned, placing her hands on her forehead. “By the Black Mountain, I have to tell Bruvar. And then . . . fuck. I’m pregnant. What do I even do?”

Tymori placed her hand on Connie’s. “We’ll be there to help guide you’re through it, Con, don’t worry. It’s just what every woman goes through. And, apparently, some ex-men too.”

Connie placed her hand on her waist and summoned her powers, and felt the little light that was nestled and growing in her womb. She could sense it. Had she been in denial all along?

“I’m pregnant,” she marvelled. “Oh Gods, I thought the changes were finished!”

“I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT, MY MATE, BUT I DIDN’T DARE GIVE INTO HOPE UNTIL YOU KNEW FOR CERTAIN!!!”

Bruvar lifted up his mate and danced her round the room, his eight feet of height lifting her three feet off of the floor. The man was ecstatic, his tusks looked like they were about to be ripped from his jaw from the terrific grin he had plastered to his face.

“Please put me down! Oh Gods, put me down!”

He did so immediately, settling her.

“I’m sorry, my mate. I didn’t wish to harm you. How foolish I am, now. Of course you are feeling sick, and now here I am shaking you about like a kite in the sky.”

“Something like that,” she said, clutching her stomach a little dramatically before finding a seat, “but that’s not it. It’s just . . . I’m pregnant! I’m not meant to be pregnant, Bruvar. This - this wasn’t planned!”

“Few pregnancies truly are,” the orc said, rushing to her side. His manly musk soothed her a little, as did his close presence in general. “But that does not mean they are not a thing of beauty. Nor are they unwanted. Is this unwanted, Cornelia?”

She couldn't look at him. She could only focus on that little divine light in her womb, her priestess powers able to sense it now that it was obvious. It was so small and fragile, and yet she could *feel* its continual development. Already, that old oath of Connor's to protect was fusing with Cornelia's oath to heal and grow.

“Yes,” she admitted, “it is very much wanted. So very much so, Bruvar. I just - I didn't expect it!”

“We should have, after all the relations we've had. You begged for many of them, as I recall, my mate.”

She blushed. “Yes, I did that indeed. I guess I still held out some sense of male pride, some small hope of turning back. But I suppose I can once I give birth right?”

Bruvar frowned. “The child will need to nurse, my mate.”

“Yes, okay, there is that. But after that?”

“It could be arranged. You could turn back earlier, but it would end the child's existence in your belly.”

She had considered it. Oh by the Gods she had considered it. But it was far too wrong. It would be a betrayal of two oaths, her own conscience, her care for Bruvar and his child within her, and her own excitement. The last she had tried to deny, but it existed all the same.

“No, I don't want that,” she admitted. “This whole thing is humiliating, unbelievable, degrading and unmanly, but I want to keep this child. Your child.”

The words she had been fighting against for so long finally bubbled to the surface.

“I love you Bruvar.”

He circled his powerful arms around her.

“I love you, my Connie. My mate. And my child within you.”

They stayed like that for some minutes, feeling for perhaps the first time like a family.

Laridia was flabbergasted, to say the least.

“I can't believe it, Connor. I just can't believe it. You're pregnant, and practically glowing! Nine hells, when you use your magic, you probably *do* glow!”

The pregnant woman blushed, cradling her bulging belly. She had just exited her first trimester, and was utterly grateful that her morning sickness had ended and her exhaustion with it. In fact, her libido had already returned with a vengeance, and she had relished being

fucked all over again by her lover, particularly since pregnancy had made her even more receptive to his strong touch.

“Well, I sort of do, actually,” Connie replied. “And I go by Cornelia now. Connie for short.”

The elf ranger chuckled in astonishment. “I just . . . I can’t believe it. You were six foot three tall! You had muscles on your muscles! And not to remind you too much of what you’ve lost, but you had a very impressive member between your legs, as you recall. Now, I guess you’ve *had* an impressive member between your legs, to get the way you are.”

Connie laughed awkwardly, rubbing her belly. She’d been doing that a lot more lately, now that it had a distinct firmness to it.

“I can certainly attest to that, yes.”

“And you’re sure it’s not a magical compulsion, yes? Not some orc shaman witchcraft? You aren’t being forced into this?”

She shook her head. Even her hair was more lustrous, and she had started wearing it in a braided style. She even wore makeup now, increasing her radiant beauty.

“I’m not forced, don’t worry Lari. I’m . . . happy, in fact. Very happy. Awkward, still quite strange on the whole thing, and certainly dealing with a lot of change -”

“Yes, we’re definitely going to talk about those huge boobs in a moment.”

“-but I truly want this. I can’t describe it, but I’ve completely changed for the better. I’ve gone from wanting to fight and vanquish to wanting to protect and nurture. From hating orcs to loving one. From moving from place to place with no true close friends and community to finding exactly that right here. And now I have a little baby on the way.”

Laridia bounced in her seat in excitement. “And I bet he or she will be very, very cute! I have already decided I am godmother.”

“Fine, fine,” Connie laughed.

“To think, the great Connor Ironheart, knight of the realm, is going to be spreading her legs and pushing a baby from her womb in six months.”

“Ughh, don’t remind me of *that*. I’m not completely accepting of everything, you know. My chest still gives me some trouble.”

“I’ll bet. You look like you’re smuggling mangoes! Or pumpkins! But I’m happy for you, Connor. Connie. Really, I am. I have to go plunder a ruin in a few days, but we can spend some time together, and talk about everything, including how crazy this pregnancy is. And how amazing.”

Connie smiled. “I’d really like that. I do love him, you know.”

“You would have to, to go this far for him.”

The words made Cornelia beam. She really had come quite far. But then her stomach growled, and she needed to eat. After all, she was eating for two now, and there were still changes to come.

Part 8: Growth

Cornelia winced as Bruvar prepared the implements. They were taking a day of rest together now that she was crossing through her fourth month, and would only take emergencies. Already their half-orc child was growing steadily and strongly within her. She looked almost six months along, and that was simply because orc babies were so darn big! She certainly felt it too: her hips had spread further, and her bust expanded yet again, but it would not be long before her belly dominated with a big orc child.

“Are you sure we need to put a tattoo on me?”

Bruvar nodded, patting her thigh lovingly. “I’m sorry, my mate, but we do. It is a *Salahk* in the tongue of my people. It loosely translates to ‘Stretching Mark.’ Ironically, it will prevent what you call stretch marks in your Common tongue. Orc children are too big and powerful for the womb of non-orc women, so we have long used shamanistic rites such as this to give fertile properties to a non-orcish womb and belly. This mark will allow your stomach to stretch with greater ease to contain an orc child, and prevent any injury when it thrashes. Moreover, it will erase potential birth complications and stretch marks.”

Connie nodded, understanding the necessity of it. After all, she was already feeling overburdened, and the new female pride in her wanted to remain pretty and desirable to her alpha male lover. She had actually feared that he would find her unattractive when her body began to change in full. It had made her dread it, beyond just the concerns over having a burdensome belly in the way. Instead, she’d been surprised by just the opposite: as her breasts had swelled up yet further, as her thighs thickened, as her hips widened a little more, her ass rounded out, and her belly began to expand, Bruvar had only come to admire her body all the more. She felt inundated with further curves, but somehow it only made her form more desirable.

“You are so magnificent in pregnancy, my mate,” he said one night as he ravished her, planting kisses on her belly before nuzzling at her breasts. “We orcs do not view pregnancy as you non-orcs do, a cumbersome thing that is unattractive and hidden away. Orc women bare their bellies with pride, and revel in the signs of fertility. A mate whose curves increase greatly in pregnancy is the most desired of women. And right now, you possess all the desirable traits I can imagine.”

It wasn't just a kind statement either, she could truly tell her expectant body was even more alluring to him. It made her feel less ridiculously curvy, given the gradual expansion of several of her prodigious mounds.

"Thank you, my love," she said. "I just hope I don't look *too* big by the end. Or feel it!"
Bruvar just laughed, patted her lightly on the belly."

"Oh my mate, you may be in for an unfortunate surprise. As I said, orc young are quite large. You will be quite swollen by the end, and all the more beautiful and desirable for it!"

Connie sighed. "Wonderful. I wished to be big again, but not like this! Fine, get this tattoo on me. I'll use my magic to enhance it alongside yours."

The shaman agreed.

The ink was hot upon her skin. She winced and grit her teeth as it not only seared the left side of her belly, but also burned with the coursing of magic through it. She used her own magic to dull the pain as best she could, and Bruvar worked quickly to make the experience as short as possible.

"There, there," he continually said, "there, there."

"J-just get it f-finished."

"I am. It is finished, my mate."

She panted, still feeling the magic of the tattoo feeding into her womb. She looked at it in the mirror. The skin was still red and sore, but the craftsmanship of it was impeccable. Three little tusks, big to small, in a splayed out pattern as if growing from a single point.

"Well, I like it. Couldn't fit an elf ear on there?"

"I felt it more appropriate for you to take the symbol of my tribe," Bruvar said.

For the first time since, she saw faint tears in his eyes.

She kissed him deeply. "We are a tribe now."

Connie was being a bit morose after yet another godsdamned mood swing. She had actually argued with Bruvar for the first time in quite a while, cursing him for getting her pregnant. Her belly was sore, and despite gaining renewed energy in her second trimester, it occasionally evaporated, especially after her tumultuous appetite led her feeling utterly overstuffed, and somehow still hungry. She had eaten more than even the orc for lunch, and had been forced to wince and grit her teeth, clenching her eyes shut as her belly expanded slowly, her breaths labored.

"This - is - all - your - FAULT!"

“It takes two to make the mating dance, dear Connie. You begged for my touch, after all. And you want this child.”

“B-but not all this f-fucking hunger! All these b-bloated mounds! My b-boobs - they’re ridiculous! Gods, why did I ever listen to you?”

Bruvar had taken her words well, but she had still hurled them with fierce anger, and afterwards retreated into the forest grove to be alone. He seemed to understand her need for privacy. She had chosen to carry this orc child, and part of her was sure she loved it - after all, she could sense its light of life within her. And while it was wonderful that Bruvar liked her changes, particularly her expanding belly, she wasn’t on board yet. With so much soreness, so much hunger and expansion and glowing and compliments and stares and glares and questions and queries and so on and so forth, it was all becoming too much as of late. Even after managing to bring back Mr Geltwit from the brink of death, removing the poison of the purplehat mushrooms from his system just the other morn, the main topic of discussion the next day inn town had not been the use of her increasingly miraculous powers, but instead whether she was having a boy or a girl. Even Bruvar was a little taken aback.

“My mate has also done great work with Mr Geltwit,” he said, awkwardly steering the conversation.

“That’s why I’m saying it’ll be a girl!” cried Hazel, “more powerful healing magic - that’s got to be an association with the female side.”

And so forth. She needed time to just be alone with her body and try to be comfortable with it. The former male felt terrible about insulting her mate - for he truly was her mate - but so much of the pregnancy was utterly burdensome, even more than a usual pregnancy given that her body was growing a half-orc child. She sighed as she reached the grove, and found a nice matt of grass to lower herself down next to by the peaceful pond. She stared into it, taking in her new looks.

“I look like I was *made* for pregnancy,” she mumbled in frustration, running her hands over her sorely enlarged breasts and over her expanding belly, which was still dwarfed by them. “Seriously, a bit more in the hips and I’d be a match for the fertility goddess the people Gazengi worship in the far east.” The thought made her chuckle. “Though I guess I am worshipped, even if it is a congregation of one. I just wished I wasn’t getting so damned big! I can barely bend over already! What’s it going to be like when I’m on the cusp of birth.”

She winced at the thought of *that* particular experience. More than anything, it was that she dreaded. She had accepted she was a woman, accepted she was Connie, that she was even pregnant, something that would have been anathema to her once! But to lie on her back, or squat, and have to cry out in pain and her womanhood slowly dilated, suffering through contractions and eventually pushing and pushing and pushing a crying back out of her tunnel and into the world . . . Gods. It terrified her. It was the ultimate emasculation, even

more than sucking on Bruvar's deliciously large cock or letting him ram it into her from behind. There was nothing more feminine than the act of birth, and she felt she had good reason to fear it.

"Not to mention I'll probably be making milk by the gallons," she mused with a sigh. "Buvar tells me that you'll be very hungry, little one."

She traced her finger over her belly lightly, trying to ignore the heaviness in her breasts, or the way her nipples and areolas had swollen and darkened.

But then she felt something.

A stirring.

A ripple of little movement.

A prod in her belly.

Connie's eyes widened. Her heart fluttered, falling out of step with its own rhythm for a moment. It couldn't be, could it? But then, she'd been waiting for this moment. Had tried imagining what it would feel like, but been unable to do so. She pressed her hand against her belly, close to where she'd felt that strange little movement.

And felt it flutter within her again.

"It *is* you, isn't it? That's *you*, in there."

Her divine senses confirmed it. A little piece of light within her, still forming, still incomplete, but able to feel and move and make itself known.

Connie began to cry, small tears pooling in her eyes and trickling down her cheeks. It was life. Real life growing within her. It was the first time it actually felt *real*. Tangible. And beautiful. She cradled her belly in her hands, feeling a few more stirs. She laughed, still crying tears of joy.

"Oh Gods, and now you won't stop!"

She continued to hold her belly, unbelieving the love that had instantly come over her for this child. All the exhaustion and sickness and growing now felt worth it. She knew in that moment she would do anything to protect her baby, even suffer the humiliation and agony of birth to bring it into the world for her and her mate.

"Why don't we go tell your daddy what you've done, hmm?"

When she returned to Bruvar, smiling and giggling and barely able to spit it out, the orc was understandably confused. So instead she simply grabbed her hand with the surprising strength of a mother, and simply said, "feel."

He waited, and waited, and then it came. That little stirring.

His grin could have enveloped the world entire.

Connie entered her seventh month, and by that point she was truly understanding exactly what Bruvar meant by becoming 'quite swollen.' She looked well overdue, her rounded dome of a belly sticking out far from her short figure. It was quite heavy, and her child was constantly shifting and kicking and moving within her.

Laridia had stopped in to Hadelwood from time to time, continually astonished by the formerly male paladin's growth, and increasingly entranced by the life within. She was in town now, and the two were sharing a drink at the tavern, though to her dismay Cornelia's had to be non-alcoholic.

"Another thing I miss!" she whined, before halting mid-sentence. "Oof! He's kicking."

"Can I feel?"

Connie nodded. She shifted awkwardly at her tavern seat, allowing her former girlfriend to feel her burgeoning belly, and the elven ranger grinned at the movement within. Indeed, there was a flourish of powerful kicks that made Connie groan.

"He's a fighter, alright!" she said.

"Ugh, I am certainly aware. Especially when I'm trying to sleep on my side, since I can't sleep on my back anymore."

Laridia chuckled. "The burdens of creating new life, I guess. I don't imagine I'll do it just yet, though I admit I wouldn't mind a slightly more blossomed chest."

"You can have some of mine, they've gone up again!"

"So I noticed, my formerly male friend. Still, at least they can rest on your belly now, and what a belly it is!"

Connie blushed, feeling quite aware of just how overly pregnant she looked. She had mused once about looking like a fertility idol. Now she was reasonably sure she had outcompeted any such ideal. Her hips had widened further in preparation for birth, and her ass was huge, like two overdeveloped melons on her backside. She was quite conscious of them, and Bruvar had to continually assure her they were very attractive still, especially to an orc. Her waist had obviously thickened, but then she welcomed that a little. But now her belly and breasts absolutely dominated, weighing her figure forwards and making her centre of gravity entirely different. She looked almost due with twins, and in fact had been told by Bruvar that it would not be surprising if she looked due with triplets by the time her waters broke. She communicated all this to Laridia, who gave her a few small teases about it before being a big more comforting.

"Just think, in a couple of months after a bit of pain and pushing you'll be able to hold your own baby in your arms and nurse him or her. How wonderful will that be?"

Connie smiled, imagining it. "It will be. Scary. Strange. Totally odd given who I was just less than a year ago, but amazing nonetheless. Not looking forward to birth though."

"Who would look forward to that?"

Connie chuckled. “Good point. Maybe these mood swings will go away too. I cry for the smallest reasons.”

“Plus, after some healing, you’ll be able to, ahem, enjoy your orc mate again, if you know what I mean.”

The former male stared back at Laridia, but said nothing. The brunette elf took a moment, then her eyebrows shot up.

“What? Really? When you’re this big? No! I don’t believe it.”

Connie took a smug sip of her drink. “What can I say, he’s very strong, and can lift me in ways to make it happen.”

“But you’d be so tired.”

“Never for that, it seems. This body, I can’t describe it Laridia. It’s very needy. Even more so with each passing day while pregnant. And Bruvar, well, he likes it.”

“I’ve heard that about orcs and their pregnant mates, but never knew it for truth. Wow. I’m between boyfriends right now, so is it weird I’m jealous of the woman who used to be my boyfriend?”

Connie laughed, and saw that Tymori and Grace had entered as well. The two of them, along with Hazel who sadly had to work that day, quite enjoyed Laridia’s visits. Connie half-suspected Laridia liked getting the gossip about all of Connie’s humiliations from them, just for fun.

“Hello ladies!” she called. “Over here in the corner!”

“Please,” Tymori said, “we can spot you a mile off with that belly.”

Laridia exhaled in astonishment as they sat down to join them. “I just - I just can’t believe it. Still going at it with Bruvar in your condition.”

“Oh yes, we heard the moans echoing down from the grove sometimes,” Tymori said. “Really kills the ambience when hunting.”

But Connie just held her enormous belly, grunting a little as her child shifted within her. “You’re all just jealous. Try getting an orc mate.”

“I might well do, if that’s the truth!” Laridia said, still astonished.

Cornelia’s waters finally broke when she was tending to the herb and vegetable garden. She was a week overdue by her own best estimates, though Bruvar’s own shamanistic orc magic also concurred with that assessment. The final month of pregnancy had been by far the most trying, and even her insatiable horniness dipped a little, though only to the rate of ‘lusty tavern wench’ in place of ‘horny forest nymph.’ The positions they used during sex were increasingly difficult to maintain. In fact, to Connie’s embarrassment, simply getting on all

fours on the bed while Bruvar thrust into her from behind was no longer tenable. She needed to lean up against something, because her belly was now so round it pressed against the bed, even lower than her knees!

Still, they found ways. Bruvar loved to lay on his back while she rode him, and sometimes as he curled against her she could feel his throbbing hardness between the cheeks of her ass. He would then lift her leg, and together they would guide his cock into her waiting depths. It was quite wonderful, particularly the way he clutched her belly for support while he did so.

She was immensely thankful for the tattoo of the three tusks upon the side of her belly. She could feel its magic upon her womb and skin. Her dome was perfect, without blemish or stretch, and while she certainly felt overly full with child and fluid, she didn't feel pained except by the occasional kick, which was completely normal, of course. She told Bruvar as much, and it made her orc mate beam to know she had gone from fearing his orc magic from when they first met, to now being truly thankful for its effects.

Still, it couldn't stop discomfort, or increasing mood swings. She had developed the nesting instinct that all mothers got, and increasingly preferred to stay in their homestead and have friends visit her. Hazel and Grace did well to help sew dresses that could fit her, but even then she looked a little ridiculous, oversized almost by her belly. Her breasts too had surged forth, and to her irritation had started leaking early. Thankfully, Bruvar was more than happy to suckle at her tits and drink deep, an act that was as relieving as it was deeply sensual.

But it was still a waiting game, one she didn't want to keep playing. She found herself crying for no reason at little things, and missing Bruvar when he made home visits to the sick. Her own priestess powers had nearly reached their peak, but she didn't use them as much lately due to the stress on her body they caused. She was an orc mate in full, and had accepted her bond with him, and so her entire being was devoted to making this child for him. There was no formal marriage bond that existed in orc tribes, no real concept of wife and husband, simply 'mate,' and that was an oath for life. She had made that oath every time she told him she loved him, and so without even realising it, she had stopped thinking of herself as Cornelia Ironheart. Instead, in her mind, she was Cornelia of the Three Tusks.

She just couldn't wait for the third tusk to finally arrive.

And yet it was still a surprise in the garden when a brief tension seemed to pull in her loins, and then suddenly water trickled between her thighs. She thought she had peed herself for a moment - that had embarrassingly happened earlier, though Grace assured her that it was perfectly normal after a big kick. But then it was immediately followed by a deep pang within her stomach.

"Nnghhhhh . . . ohhhhh . . . f-fuck!"

She clutched her belly, her hands no longer able to reach all the way to her belly button. She looked and felt overdue with triplets by this point.

“Was that - oh Gods! Was that - AAHHhhhhhh . . . Oohh!!”

As quickly as they had come, the contractions dissipated, but still a tension in her belly remained. Her heart beat quickly, and she briefly panicked, before remembering the advice of Bruvar, and what the women had told her. Birth was a slow, agonising process. She simply needed to wait it out. Her mate was visiting sickly old Mrs Langstoff, but she had ways of signalling him.

“I’ll w-wait a bit f-first,” she said, caressing her stomach. Her baby kicked within. She smiled, despite the pain and fear. “Don’t - aahh - worry little one. Mommy can’t wait to m-meet you. Even if I have to go through birth to do it.”

She waddled slowly and carefully back into the homestead, stripped off her wet garments, and rested in just her underwear and nursing wrap upon a pile of prepared pillows, as if she were an orc broodmother. She had to listen to her body, and so she called upon her powers to do so, tracking the positioning of her baby and beginning her breathing exercises.

Another contraction came ten minutes later.

“You can do this, my mate! It is not long now! You have come so far, and now you must call upon your old warrior’s spirit to finish the job!”

“I c-can’t! It’s t-too painful! It’s too m-much!”

Bruvar held her hand in his, allowing her grip it with an obscene strength that thankfully did not hurt him.

“You CAN!” he roared. “I KNOW YOU CAN! You nearly bested me when you invaded my home, and yet you tamed my heart in the months to come. You have the strength of the greatest paladin, and the healing powers of the mightiest of priestesses, but more than that, my half-elf mate, you have the constitution and determination of an orc mate, and that is what you can use right now!”

They were in the grove, the place where they had made love, professed love, and where she had felt the first stirrings of life within her. It was tradition for mates pregnant with orc or half-orc children to go into nature to give birth, and to do so naturally, with minimal aid but what was necessary to bring about safe birth for mother and child. Still, Bruvar was not a barbarian: he had given salves to her skin to ease the agony, just as she had applied her own magic to dull the pain some. Still, it could not dull the pain completely, and there was an agony to it now.

Cornelia writhed against her mate. She was resting against him, holding her belly and spreading her legs wide. Her contractions were so close together now, after eight hours of labor since the the breaking of her water early in the morning. She couldn't imagine how women were able to go through a day's worth of labor, or more. But Bruvar had determined she was ready to push, and her instincts told her the same now.

“Oh G-G-GOOOOOODSSSSS!!!”

She spread her legs wider, pushing with all her might. The child within her pressed further downwards, making progress. She sensed with her magic that all was proceeding properly, but it still hurt so fucking much. Her eyes filled with tears, and Bruvar helped wipe them.

“You are my mate. You are fulfilling your purpose Connie. We are bonded. You can do this.”

His words were a salve to the pain, and so she bore down again when the need to push came. She was completely naked, as was orc tradition. Despite her worries, it had felt right to embrace the norms of the culture she had 'mated' into. And it felt right as a mother-to-be as well. Her large breasts were so ripe and full that they throbbled in minor agony. They were churning with milk, and droplets of it seeped from the pores of her nipples, gushing down over her belly in small rivulets. She almost couldn't wait to have a child to suckle upon them and provide relief.

Another contraction. Another push. Another agonised wailing. Bruvar held her, serving as her anchor while she moaned. Eventually he helped position her against the soothing cool grass of a bank, and moved so he could aid the birth itself. She no longer cared about being manly, she didn't even feel embarrassed as she thought she would. Everything was focused on the birth of the strapping orc child within her, and so she pushed again, letting him help her spread her legs further. She felt her pussy stretch, feeling like a ring of fire as something began to pass through it.

“AAAAGGGGHH!! NNGGGGHHH!! IT H-HURTS!”

“I can see the head, Connie. I have done this many times before, just not with my own child. You are crowning. This is one of the hardest parts. Embrace motherhood, my mate, embrace it! You can do this!”

“I CAN!” she screamed, pushing again. “I C-CAN!”

She bore down, giving it her all. Her hips widened slightly as an entire living being, an entire child, slid through her canal. There was a burst of pain, and then an astonishing relief as she felt the head finally pass through, followed by the shoulders. Bruvar helped adjust the babe as it left her, and she gave a ragged gasp as it did so. She heard a series of cries, a squall of a newborn. Finally, with one last push, the boy and legs were out, and instantly her

body was flooded with a soothing feeling. The aches and pains remained, but she had done it.

She broke into astonished tears, and overwhelming concern for her child.

“Is he okay? Is he safe? Is it a he at all?”

“It is,” Bruvar said, circling around to her side. “Congratulations, my mate. You have birthed me a son.”

With more care and elegance than she had ever seen from him, he placed a slightly purple newborn child upon her chest. She trembled at his touch, holding him against her breast. Her little boy. Despite the much of birth, the film upon his skin, and the bruises that would last for several days following the trauma of birth, her child was somehow the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. It was indeed a little boy, and he clearly had green skin, lighter than his father’s. He had no tusks, though the shape of his lips suggested two might grow in. His hair was already present, full and dark and wet. Interestingly, his ears were elongated, pointed like those of an elf. It made Connie smile to know a piece of her own self was in there.

“He’s beautiful,” she whispered.

“He is the most beautiful thing in the world, alongside you,” Bruvar replied, holding upright a little. “I think he wants to feed.”

“But the afterbirth. And the cord-”

“They can wait. I have attended many births. You will find a need to push it out soon, and I shall cut the cord in time. For now, he wants to feed from his mother.”

She nodded. He was indeed already squirming and crying, and each sound of the newborn’s confusion and desperate made her heart seize in sympathy. She moved him against her milky breast, and after several seconds of shifting, of lolling his little head about, he finally latched.

And instantly began suckling from her.

“Mmhhmm,” she moaned, feeling more of the residual pain dissipate. “Ohhhhh Gods, that feels better. I was too full.”

“Hmm,” Bruvar grunted, still captivated by their boy. “Orc children are indeed hungry. You will be thankful for so much milk soon.”

“He’s so little! But, by the gods, he’s also so big! Much bigger than any human or elven baby.”

Bruvar grinned. “Big even for a normal half-orc child. We have produced a healthy one. You have much to be proud of, my mate.”

She teared up a little. Connie rested against her half-orc mate, unbelieving how far her life had come, and how much her life had changed. She was a ‘wife’, of sorts, a mother, certainly, and a priestess healer. She had found peace where there was once conflict, and

life where once she brought death, however just it had been. And cradling her young boy now, she knew that she could never be the person she was ever again. She didn't want to be. She was Cornelia of the Three Tusks, and would remain so for the rest of her life, just as she would remain Bruvar's for life. And she would give him more children, in time, and be his forever.

She cupped her mate's chin with her free hand, admiring the strength of his manly jawline, and staring into his kind, dominant eyes.

"I'm staying," she admitted. "I'm yours."

"I know," he said, looking lovingly back to her and their child. "Do you intend to tell the town?"

"Eventually. And Laridia too, even if she'll find enough to laugh about it. But for now, let's just stay in the grove with our son. We can sort the rest out later."

And so they stayed, their little tribe of three.

The End