

Getting Cocky

For Ema Nymton

By TheSpiralledEye

A cocky female hunter decides to hunt a magical creature in a forbidden forest only to find herself transformed into a centaur at the creature's behest.

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As the sun began to set, Anres made her way towards the edge of the Duskwood forest. She knew it was a dangerous place and that many would think her a fool for venturing in alone. However, her desire to be accepted into the Hunters Guild outweighed any fear she had. Normally, dusk was the time to cease hunting but she knew from all the research she had done that the creature she sought was only ever seen on the darkest of nights. A night such as this one, where the moon was completely in shadow.

She had a quiver of arrows at her hip, a bow draped over her shoulder, and was wearing her typical hunting garb of a leather vest and boots. So many had laughed when she first stepped into the Hunter's Guild hall and asked for entry; she needed the money, a life of hunting for food alone was no life worth living. Yet the alternative, allowing her family to marry her off to be a housewife was unthinkable.

Andres was determined to live life by her own rules. She had been preparing for this moment for months, studying maps and talking to others who had been brave or stupid enough to venture into the Duskwood themselves. Trying to gather any information she could about the magical creature she sought. They say it could change shape, but when killed, reverted to its true form. If she brought such a creature to the guild they would have to accept her, woman or no. Then she would be free to take boundaries, sell pelts and skins and live life on her own terms without need of any man.

As she entered the forest, Anres became acutely aware of the silence around her. There were no birds singing or animals rustling in the undergrowth, not even the quiet sound of owl wings as they took off for the night. It was as if the forest was holding its breath, waiting to see what she would do; what would become of her. The Duskwood was a place few ventured, one of the few true magical forests left in the world. It was said the trees could move and that magical creatures, everything from small pixies to giant dragons, hide within its vastness.

Anres moved stealthily through the undergrowth while keeping an eye out for any activity in the trees. She was aware that finding the creature would require all of her abilities due to its rarity and elusiveness. She was sure it must have a thousand tricks up its sleeve, all magical beasts did. Her bright golden hair was slung in a long braid down her back and she could feel it slowly swaying in the breeze, yet she could feel no wind on her cheeks. It made her shiver; there was something distinctly wrong about this place.

As she moved deeper into the forest, the trees grew taller and thicker, and the light grew dimmer. It was hard to keep track of how many hours were passing, the treetops were so thick she could barely see the sky. Normally she tracked her position via the stars but now she was forced to nick trees with a spare arrow head to ensure she did not get lost. Anres pulled out a small torch from her pack and lit it, casting an eerie glow on the surrounding trees.

She continued to move slowly and quietly, her eyes and ears straining for any sign of movement. She had been moving for hours and yet she hadn't even spotted a bird yet. If she didn't know better, she would think the woods completely abandoned.

Suddenly, she heard rustling in the bushes ahead of her. She drew her bow and nocked an arrow, her heart pounding in her chest. As she cautiously approached the source of the noise, she saw movement in the shadows.

The silhouette of a great deer, twice the size of normal. It turned to regard her, its eyes bright pink and glowing, it opened its mouth and laughed. A human laugh, high and feminine; to hear it coming from the mouth of a deer was most disturbing but Anres didn't let it distract her; this had to be the creature she sought.

She let her arrow fly and watched in amazement and horror as the form of the deer seemed to become like liquid, morphing and twisting around the arrow so that it stuck harmlessly into a tree.

Those pink eyes seemed to float in the air and a mouth, split into a wide grin, smiled down at her.

“Well, well, what do we have here?”

The voice was melodic, almost hypnotic but Anres forced her mind to stay clear. She knew many magical beasts were capable of human speech. Some were even known to charm humans but she was more strong willed. She knocked another arrow and fired it at the floating face but it turned to smoke before reforming, this time in the shape of a woman.

“Now, that was just rude.” She chuckled, “Do you really think you can beat me with those oversized toothpicks, dearie?”

"I can and I will." She hissed, "I will slay you and see your true form and then I'll be a hunter in true."

The creature laughed, shifting once more to than of a cat, bounding effortlessly from branch to branch, evading each and every arrow Anres fired. She grit her teeth as frustration took hold, the creature once again formed the shape of a woman but still smokey and indistinct. Anres grabbed for another arrow only to grasp at air, look down and find her quiver empty.

"You really think you're some great hunter, don't you?" The creature cooed, her womanly form becoming more solid, taking on the appearance of a dark skinned woman in a midnight black dress. She would almost look human were it not for those glowing pink eyes.

"I am a great hunter." Anres said, jutting out her chin, her heart was racing and a cold sweat was beading on the back of her neck but she refused to let this monster see how frightened she was.

"Cocky, aren't we?" The woman smiled before her eyes widened and her grin went wide. "Yes, cocky, that's just the word for you. I do like a nice poetic punishment."

"P-punishment?" Andres couldn't keep the tremble out of her voice.

"This is my forest, not only have you trespassed but you tried to kill me! Very rude if I do say so." The woman pouted, "Yes, a punishment is in order."

Anres was no fool, she was not about to stand here and let this creature kill her, she turned, fleeing back into the trees only to be encompassed by a black fog. A moment later she stepped out of it only to find herself back before the woman as she waved a finger in her face.

"Naughty, naughty." She chastised, "I am a Wisp and this is my forest, it does as I command, as do the creatures who live here. And in just a moment you will be one of them."

"No! Anres tried to escape but no matter where she turned, that fog would blanket her and she would be before the wisp once more.

“I am not cruel, you will like it here, I promise.” She smiled, stepping forward to cup Anres’ cheek, “I am going to make you into something incredible.”

Though she tried not to, Anres looked deep into those glowing eyes and felt her body freeze in place. A ripple of something, air but more solids, seemed to pass through her very being and then suddenly she was being pushed back. She stumbled, feeling suddenly off balance and ended up on her hands and knees. She felt sick, a low moan rose up in her throat but the sound had a rougher edge than she expected. It sounded almost animalistic like that of a ...horse?

All at once her muscles started to burn, she could feel them stretching and swelling against her will. Anres tried to stand but only managed to fall backwards. She looked down at her boots; her toes were burning so much she couldn’t tell where one ended and the next began. She could feel the leather of her boots tightening around them until a moment later they burst open. Revealing not feet but powerful hooves.

Her legs elongated, becoming powerful and tall as her torso followed suit. A moment later she felt her bones shifting, something new forming as she continued to stretch, splayed out across the ground, still moaning.

It wasn’t just that her ass was growing, her whole body seemed to be doubling, no tripling in size, yet she wasn’t getting fat. It was only when she felt an extra pair of limbs, tipped with hooves, growing out of her that she realised what was happening. Her lower half was turning into a horse!

The muscles on her arms bulged, her leather armour not standing a chance as it ripped at the seams, leaving her now totally naked as all her clothing turned to shreds around her. Her horse body now fully formed and coated in a layer of glossy fur, she managed to manoeuvre herself to her feet.

Her chest was heaving and yet she couldn’t help but look down and notice it was getting smaller. She had never been the most busty woman but now what little breast she had was disappearing, being replaced with smooth, hard muscles.

Her long hair grew backwards, shooting back into her skull until it barely brushed her ears and her hands went to her skull in shock. Her long, dexterous fingers felt wrong against her face and as her palms moved over her cheeks she felt the distinct scratchiness of stubble.

Her hooves stamped in shock, kicking up dirt with each powerful strike; the horse on the bottom, the man on the top; she was becoming a centaur! A male centaur! And if she was male there was one very important change yet to come. Just as the thought occurred to her, she felt it. A pressure between her legs. Well, her new hind legs.

She felt compelled to bare down, to push the solid feeling length out of her. She groaned and gave a wild sounding whiny as her muscles tensed. She could feel her new manhood sliding out of her, getting bigger with each push.

It felt so...good. So powerful. Her mind instantly filled with images of her new muscular horse body mounting another centaur woman and plunging into her. Her balls swelled, filling with seed that would need to be emptied soon lest they burst. The need took care of itself as the Wisp smiled at her, floating behind her to cup the hot balls in her smokey fingers. She was so over sensitive that touch was all she needed and Anres groaned, cumming hard. Her new balls tightened and hot seed was pumped out the hard tip of her cock and onto the grass. It felt so good, but she couldn't help but wonder how much better it would be to cum inside somebody as they were willingly pinned beneath her new equine form.

She gasped, taking a few awkward steps forward trying to come to grips with what had just happened. The wisp simply clapped.

"Oh wonderful, truly great work on my part." She sighed happily, "You will make a wonderful forest guardian."

With a flick of her fingers Anres' bow was returned to her, as well as a quiver full of arrows that looked as though they were somehow made from hardened ivy.

"Why would I help you?" Anres whispered, still slightly coming down from the high of her orgasm. "After what you've turned me into?"

"Why, I granted your wish. Now you are a better hunter than any human, so good you can live here and never need to worry about human guilds again!" The wisp laughed. "Not to mention, if you don't make me happy, I won't make you a centaur mate and we both know that will result in you being very uncomfortable. You can't reach your own cock anymore after all."

Anres swallowed; already she could feel her balls swelling with seed once more, the need to fuck was so strong it was almost an animal instinct. Indeed, with her human half so far from her hind legs the only way she could ever get off would be sex or somebody touching her willingly. She had no choice but to make the Wisp happy or she would never be satisfied again.

Anres thought for a moment; she could try and attack the Wisp again, she was much stronger now, faster too. But the memory of that orgasm stopped her; never in her life had

she felt such pleasure and this body felt good. She was powerful and strong, a life as a centaur wasn't what she imagined but it could certainly have been worse.

She nodded, an odd sense of Loyalty to the Wisp who had given her so much power and ecstasy forming in her mind. Who cared about human society, where all she could be was a bride? Now she was a powerful hunter and magical to boot! She drew her bow, ready to go out in defence of the forest and earn herself a mate.