

Good Bad End

By Abe E Seedy, illustrations by Dabunnox

With an echoing "pok!", a bleached white skull flew backwards through the doorway, shattering noisily on the opposite stone wall. A small collection of bones collapsed in afterwards, followed a moment later by Sabrith, casually spinning her battleaxe around to once again present the sharp side.

"So, anyway", the red-headed catgirl said casually over her shoulder, "I still don't get what you were trying for with that potion."

Shaking her head, Tayelle stepped into the room behind her. Being shorter than Sabrith she didn't have to duck to get through the surprisingly low doorway, although even so her bright pink feline ears still brushed up against the stone. "I told you at the time, 'amplify stamina'. How was I supposed to know that language used the same word for 'stamina' as they did for 'virility'?"

"Sure", Sabrith answered, batting her playfully with her slim red tail. "I'm sure that was totally innocent. I was walking funny for a week. And that's *after* I got used to the whole 'four legs' thing."

Before Tayelle could respond, there was a sudden 'woosh'. Flaming torches roared into life all the way along the walls, revealing the room to be much larger and grander than it had originally appeared. Instead of merely standing in some forgotten antechamber, it quickly became clear that the two of them had instead reached the very heart of this dungeon. The giant obsidian throne at the other end of the room certainly gave that impression, as did the very large creature that was just beginning to rise from it.

It was a minotaur. In fact, given the size and heft of him, he could very credibly make a claim at being *The Minotaur*, at least under any criteria worth caring about. He picked his own axe up off the floor, the haft alone being almost as tall as Tayelle was. Shaking his shaggy head, he pointed his weapon at the intruders and boomed, "so, you dare breach my home. I-"

"Oh shit, are we here?", Sabrith interrupted, turning to Tayelle with a confused expression. "I thought we were just getting started."

Tayelle shrugged. "Unless you think we got lost and stumbled into some other monster's lair."

Back at the other end of the room, the minotaur narrowed his red eyes. "You are confused", he growled. "Allow me to-"

"It's just, who uses skeletons as the final guardians?", Sabrith continued. "It's like, couldn't you at least make a bit more of an effort?"

"Well, you know." Tayelle gave a sort of sympathetic shrug. "It must be hard out there, right? All the *good* servants are probably hard to find, but skeletons are everywhere."

The minotaur stamped heavily, the impact of his hoof ringing out across the room. "*I am right here!*" His nostrils flared as he took several snorted breaths, and he slammed his axe into the stone floor as he began to walk forwards. "I don't think you realise the danger you are in!"

For the first time, Sabrith gave him her full attention. "You're absolutely right. Tay?"

Her companion nodded, then, with a complicated series of hand gestures, released the power of the spell she'd been holding onto since they entered the dungeon. A whirlwind of light flowed from her outstretched palm, anchoring itself to each side of the room and solidifying into a dazzling wall of force.

As this was happening the minotaur had picked up his pace, and by the time the spell was in place he'd lowered his head into a full charge. That made him all the more surprised when he ran full-tilt into the barrier, bouncing off with an audible 'boing!' and landing sprawled on his back.

Noting that result with approval, Sabrith turned back to Tayelle. "Okay then, are we all ready?"

"We're ready", Tayelle answered, flicking through her spellbook one last time for confirmation. "The return spell I've got bound is triggered on a simple hand gesture. I just need to grab either wrist with my other hand, and give two quick pulls."

Sabrith mimed the gesture, keeping her hand a few inches above her wrist and leaving her fingers slightly open. "Like that?"

Behind both of them there was a 'k-thong!' noise as the minotaur once again bounced off the barrier.

"That's it", Tayelle confirmed, unconcerned. "But don't worry, it only works when I do it. The moment I do though, it'll send us both back to the circle I prepared in our house."

"Thanks babe", Sabrith said, leaning forward to give her wife a kiss on the top of her head. She ruffled her pink hair a little for good measure, enjoying the way it made her ears flatten and flick slightly. After that she turned back towards the minotaur, watching as he swung his axe again and again at the magical barrier, each time the rebound knocking him back so hard he almost fell over.

"And... you're sure about your part of this?", Tayelle asked gingerly. "Him?"

Sabrieth breathed out slowly, but eventually nodded. "I've heard from three separate, reputable sources that this guy here is, and I quote, 'a one-minotaur sex whirlwind'."

A particularly heavy blow lead to the minotaur pirouetting backwards, his big bull nostrils snorting as he tumbled gracelessly to the ground.

"Really", Tay said flatly.

Sabrieth took her tail in one hand, fidgeting with it absently as she grimaced. "I... don't think we're seeing him at his best", she granted. "But how would *you* feel if two wildly overpowered adventurers walked right into your home and then completely ignored you?"

"Okay, sure", Tayelle allowed. She paused, looking back towards the minotaur as his hoof feet struggled to pick his bulk back off the ground, skating awkwardly for a few moments across the smooth stone floor.

"But... sexy?", she finished.

Sabrieth sighed. "I understand your concern", she said slowly. "But trust me. This guy absolutely has a pattern. Plus he's like, cursed, or something? Or he has some sort of magic going on, at least. Anyway, you'll love it, I promise. Just go with it."

Looking up at her wife as she eyed the flailing minotaur with determination - and, not inconspicuously, the occasional prolonged glance at the hefty shape barely hidden behind his loincloth - Tayelle couldn't help but appreciate just exactly who she had chosen to live her life with.

"Alright then", she said with a smile. "Happy anniversary."

Sabrieth ran her hand quickly along the small of her back, giving Tayelle's fluffy tail a playful tug on the way. "Happy anniversary babe", she answered. "Now lower the barrier and let's get this started."

Turning back towards the barrier, Tayelle got into a dramatic pose, hands raised and arms outstretched, as though she was holding up the magic through sheer physical effort. "I... don't think I can hold it much longer!", she yelled. Then, the next time the minotaur swung his axe, she gave a subtle gesture to break the spell, before throwing herself backwards in a heap.

After a quick backwards glance to confirm that Tay hadn't actually hurt herself, Sabrieth lifted her own weapon with one hand and pointed dramatically. "You fiendish... fiend!", she cried. "You'll pay for that!"

She sprang towards him, her spine bending backwards fluidly as she slid on her knees under the swipe of his axe. By the time he spun around to face her she was already back on her feet, catching his next swing by hooking the haft of her battleaxe beneath his blade, effortlessly redirecting his momentum and sending both of their weapons sailing off to the far side of the room.

"Oh no!", she said, a little too loudly. "There's no possible way either of us could retrieve our weapons from all the way over *there*! We'll have to finish this fight without them, clearly!"

The minotaur's only response was a dispassionate grunt, followed quickly by a wild haymaker punch. Sabrith's body simply refused to be put in the path of a fist almost the size of her head, and her elbow shot out reflexively into his upper arm, deflecting the trajectory of his attack. Instead of catching her full in the face she felt it sail just past her, his thick knuckles brushing past the base of her ear.

A half-second after it passed her by, Sabrith's conscious reaction kicked into gear. She spun on her feet, throwing herself in a backwards spiral down to the ground.

"Ah!", she gasped, making a big show of trying to prop herself up on her elbows before collapsing. "You got me good..."

She tried to get up one more time, but only succeeded in raising her rear. Her armour just *happened* to include absolutely no protection there, and she'd mysteriously managed to fall in such a way that even her undergarments had been pulled aside, leaving just a hint of her sex easily visible.

The minotaur stopped. His big bull head turned slowly from one adventurer to another, taking in how both of them were now laying on the ground with an air of exaggerated helplessness, although Sabrith was now going further than even that, actively wagging her tail enticingly in his direction.

There was a pause, and for a moment Tayelle almost expected to see steam coming out of his ears as he struggled to understand all this. Before she had to break the roleplay by clueing him in though, he lowered his fists, regarding both of them with surprising detachment.

"That was a nice barrier spell you had up", he said calmly, nodding his head slightly in a gesture of genuine respect. "A pity you didn't think to block sound with it too."

He raised his hands, pointing one finger at each of them and making a quick series of arcane gestures. Just as what that meant was starting to occur to Tayelle, he spoke again.

"I meant what I said before about you not knowing the danger you were in, by the way. But hey, you live and learn."

He clicked his fingers, and both Sabrith and Tayelle slumped completely to the floor, unconscious.

Tayelle felt herself moving before she woke up. She drifted, her exact position in space impossible to put together beyond the vague knowledge that she was in some way shifting through it. What she did feel was the sudden tug as she was locked into place, and that was enough to pull her blearily back into consciousness.

Even before she opened her eyes, she could tell she was tied up, forced into a sitting position with her arms above her head. Her wrists rubbed together as she instinctively tried to pull at her hands, a heavy rope keeping them securely in place. She tested the give in that knot before anything else, finding with relief that she still had freedom enough to position the fingers of one hand over her other wrist. Her escape route confirmed, she relaxed enough that she could establish the rest of her situation without panicking. Somewhere in front of her there was a familiar, repeated sound which, if not exactly adding urgency, did at least seem to suggest things had gone about as expected. So, when Tayelle finally did open her eyes and saw Sabrith bent forwards, the minotaur plowing into her again and again from behind, she was not exactly surprised. What was surprising was that she seemed somehow larger, her body built to almost the same scale as the creature behind her. On reflection, that was probably for the best, but still, it meant something more was going on.

"You doing okay Sab?"

Her partner was too distracted to register her voice at first, but the minotaur looked up as she spoke.

"Ah, the wizard awakens!", he said, managing the impressive trick of effecting a mocking tone while simultaneously maintaining his forceful rhythm. "Do not spend all your concern on your ally, when you should be pondering your own fate!"

His grandiose phrasing earned him an arched eyebrow, but Tayelle refrained from replying directly. "Sabrith?", she repeated.

"Once again, you underestimate your own peril", the minotaur snorted. Beneath him Sabrith looked up, locking eyes with Tayelle and flashing her a quick thumbs up. Completely failing to notice this, the minotaur continued his monologue. "I would have hope you would have learned not to do so by now."

With Sabrith's continued enthusiasm confirmed, Tayelle let herself settle into her role. She looked up at the minotaur properly for the first time since she'd woken up, making a show of struggling at the rope that kept her restrained. "You fiend!", she cried. "What have you done to her?"

This time it was the minotaur's turn to arch an eyebrow. "Oh, would you like to see?", he teased. "But of course."

He waved a hand absently, and the flames on the nearest torches rose dramatically, giving Tayelle a much clearer view of the scene. Suddenly she realised that not only was Sabrith's body larger, but it had begun to change. What Tay had assumed to be her leggings were actually black fur that ran all the way from her waist to her feet, which were themselves just finishing changing into hooves, resulting in a few faltering steps as her balance shifted.

"Okay, so, this minotaur has some serious fucking magic", Tayelle mumbled to herself. "Uh, literally, I guess."

Any further comment was cut off as Sabrith suddenly tensed, the changes wracking her body seeming to increase. She let out a long, low moan as her mouth fell open, her tongue stretching from her mouth as Tayelle could see her hips pushing back against the minotaur's cock with ever-increasing fervor. Soon there was another response, a shape starting to emerge from just above her pussy, stretching outwards with every thrust. In moments her hand fell upon it, wrapping around the growing shaft eagerly, stroking up and down as it was quickly coated with a dripping slickness.

Tayelle was transfixed, her own thighs rubbing together awkwardly to compensate as best she could for her captive hands. She barely even noticed as the minotaur leaned forward, but both women jumped as his hand landed on Sabrith's head, pointing her back in Tayelle's direction.

"I want you to look at your partner in crime", he said, his voice a low, commanding tone that they both almost felt rather than heard. "Because you came to me willingly, I am going to give you the honor of deciding how she will change."

Sabrith's moan picked up in intensity, but suddenly his other hand was on her new cock, clamping down heavily and stopping her frantic motion.

"But", he continued, "you have to tell me what it will be before you can cum. I want to see what you impose upon her when you are at your absolute limit. Oh, and one last thing..."

His head dipped low, his muzzle all but pressing into Sabrith's pointed ear. Whatever it was he whispered Tayelle couldn't hear it, but Sabrith seemed to understand, nodding vigorously as he pulled backwards.

"So with that in mind", he finished, "what do you suggest?"

It took Sabrith a few moments to find her voice. Even then she started with a simple, low moan, sinking back into the warmth of his powerful body as she slid her pussy back over his cock. Eventually she managed to progress to words, albeit ones that Tayelle had to struggle to hear.

"I want... I want to make her a pet...", she panted. "My cock feels so good, I want to have her on all fours, so she can be at just the right height for it. I want to bend her down to the ground, to watch as her hands change into paws and she can't get back up on two legs even if she wanted to..."

Tayelle's mouth was dry, even as her thighs were by now damp with her growing heat. She was hanging on Sabrith's every word, spinning each of her ideas out into a dozen new fantasies that she could be pulled through.

For her part, Sabrith turned to look back up at the minotaur before she continued, her captive hand twitching and writhing against her cock.

"Can we... I want your cock in me, and my cock in her - please, tell me that feels as good as I think it does..."

The minotaur grinned. He pulled himself slowly backwards, savoring the long shudder that provoked in Sabrith. "I'd say your pussy feels quite good, yes. But please, continue. What else do you want for her? For both of you?"

Before she could answer there was another quick movement from his hand, and a sharp intake of breath from Sabrith signalled that some new change was being made. There was a shift beneath his palm, and then two small orbs descended from her body, her new balls settling quickly into place beneath her cock.

Sabrith's eyes were increasingly unfocused, her words slurring as she slipped further and further into fantasy. "She should be a pet, addicted to my cock, to your cock, to her own cock, everything, all of it, just wrapped up in lust and desperate, always ready to be used and fucked and pleasured just like I need to be, just like I am, just like how it feels so good, my cock feels so good..."

The more she spoke the more her balls filled, and soon even the minotaur's firm hand wasn't enough to entirely contain her throbbing need, an increasing stream of thick fluid dripping along her shaft and down to the ground beneath her.

Suddenly there was another low moan, and it took a few moments for Tayelle to realise that it had come from her. Sabrith and the minotaur both noticed it though, and each of their faces turned back towards her. The intensity of both of their stares, and especially the look on

Sabrit's face as she was so swept up in sensations that she was barely being held back from sharing - it was enough to make Tay shudder, pressing her pussy instinctively against the ground and leaving a small trail of slickness behind.

"So then", the minotaur growled, "what's keeping you?"

He closed his eyes, and Tayelle saw his hand on Sab's crotch start to glow, before with a short, pointed gesture that energy flowed through his fingers and into her. Then he let go, and she stumbled forward, bent forwards as she breathed in the lingering smell of sex. Her head drifted upwards as the scent of it filled her nostrils, and then her eyes locked onto Tayelle's own, her cock now surrounded by a dull haze of arcane energy.

"Oh fuck yeah", Tayelle mumbled, shifting aside her robe as best as she could and opening her legs. "Fuck me with that magic cock."

As it turned out, her clothing wasn't much of an obstacle, because Sabrit tore it aside in moments, leaving Tayelle just as naked as she was. The rope fell from her wrist right afterwards, and neither of them was paying enough attention to tell if the knot had just come loose or if it had somehow been magically commanded to let her go by the minotaur as he watched patiently. What was important was that Tayelle was free to be properly repositioned, and it was something the two of them eagerly took advantage of. With a few quick movements Tay found herself on her hands and knees, Sabrit almost drooling with enthusiasm as she lined herself up behind her.

"Happy annivers- uhhh, fffffuck yeah!", Tayelle gasped, her words trailing off as Sabrit pressed into her powerfully, both of them already so desperately slick that they felt like they could slide entirely into one another. In moments Sab had settled into a rhythm, rocking Tay forwards on her hands with each of her dramatic thrusts. As she did so she leaned forwards, and soon Tayelle could feel her hot breath on the back of her neck as she panted heavily.

Hissing through clenched teeth, Sabrit once again took a few moments to re-find her voice. When she did it came out steady and low, not only in counterpoint to her frenzied, rhythmic thrusts, but surprisingly similar to the tone that the minotaur had used not long before. "Are you ready dear?", she said slowly. "Are you ready to become my - our - nice little pet?"

Tayelle had to remember to move her head far enough away from her partner's voice to convey a nod. "Yes", she whispered.

"Good", Sabrit answered simply. Then there was a pressure, and Tayelle felt an extra weight fall heavily on her back. Her spine stiffened reflexively to adjust, but it was clear that Sabrit had just shifted herself around significantly. Her hands were now pushing down against her firmly, in a way that shouldn't have given her the right angle to continue fucking her so forcefully, and yet somehow, did.

"You belong beneath me", Sabrith continued. "So I'm going to make that easier for both of us."

She was still changing. That thought made it to Tayelle's mind far later than it should have, arriving just after Sabrith's hands stepped off of her shoulders and fell to the floor. Except they weren't hands anymore. They were legs, strong, hooved legs that hit the ground on either side of her heavily, bracing Sabrith even further into the position she'd adopted. Curving herself around as best she could, Tay looked up at her partner, seeing a commanding smile on her lips as she looked down at her from above her newly reconfigured torso.

Of course she'd gone this way. That whole deer incident had been on her mind when they walked in, hadn't it? Even despite everything else that was going on, Tay had to smile. Sometimes being with someone meant getting some good natured payback for your mistakes. And sometimes being with Sabrith *specifically* meant that payback came in the form of being fucked into the ground by a big-dicked centaur.

Except, even from her awkward position, she could tell that Sab wasn't quite what she would have expected from a centaur. The coloration was odd - blank and white dappled fur, and her breasts were even larger than before...

She was a cow, wasn't she? Some sort of minotaur...taur? Of course.

Tayelle would have groaned, but it was hard to focus on that too much given the situation. By now Sab had stabilised in her new body, kneading her breasts in her hands as her lower body focussed on fucking Tay mercilessly. A few moments later and two small horns curled up through her hair, working with her larger, floppy ears to accentuate her new bovine look. But if there were any other visible changes that Sabrith went through, Tayelle missed them, because suddenly her cock dramatically increased in size and girth, growing to suit her new, larger lower body. She could feel it sliding back and forth slowly, the tip flaring outwards in a motion that made her eyes bulge, leaving it rubbing all sides of her pussy at once.

As Tayelle gasped and sputtered, Sabrith bent her knees and leaned closer. "Your turn honey", she said simply.

There was a spark. It felt like a jolt of energy travelled between the two of them, starting from, of course, her cock. That proved enough of a push to make Sabrith tense, all four of her legs shaking as she pressed down into Tay and *came*. By now Tayelle could feel her balls brushing up against her body with every stroke Sabrith gave, and as she climaxed she could have sworn she heard them shudder, pumping a thick stream of cum directly into her.

All the rational thoughts, the comparisons with previous situations surprisingly like this, or nagging little questions like 'if she's turned into a cow why does she clearly have a horse cock' - all of that fell away. It was hard to focus on things like that when her partner was fucking her so

absolutely, filling her so full of dripping hot slickness that it all but surged through her entire body. She saw sparks, and she genuinely didn't know if that was the magic or if it was just her brain fizzing in the overwhelming sensation. Her wife was right above her; heavy, powerful, potent, and still lazily thrusting back and forth as her cock shot out the last of her load. And then, as her eyes rolled back in her head, there was the other part that made this all so hot. Because, just like she'd said, now it was her turn.

It started with her hands. That gave her a start, and when her fingers began to slide together there was a moment when she started fumbling to fit them around her wrist while she still could. It was reflexive, an instinct to maintain control, and return to the safety of their home before it was too late. But she was broken out of it when Sabrith's hoofed foot stamped down next to her, forcefully claiming her attention.

"Stay", she whispered. "After all, you not being able to do that anymore was the one thing I promised to our minotaur." She was looking down with an expression somewhere between calm control and utter abandon, licking her lips and continuing to play with her tits even as the fire in her eyes speared Tay right into the ground. Her smile widened as Tayelle settled back into position, adding simply, "good girl."

She... was a good girl, wasn't she? Her hands relaxed, moving away from each other just as they finished their transition into big, furry paws. That same dark brown fur began to spread upwards, washing over her arms and reshaping them into something closer to legs. She shifted position with a grunt, settling properly into a four-legged stance rather than continuing to twist herself to look upwards at Sabrith. She didn't need to stare at her anymore. Instead she could just relax and let herself be led, let her new muzzle push outwards with every thrust that Sabrith gave, her partner somehow already reinvigorated after her earlier dramatic climax. Her tongue fell from her mouth, growing long and thick as she panted at the air, the fur wrapping up her head and leaving her with an entirely canine aspect. Soon even her ears had changed color, poking up through her bright pink hair that somehow still remained. But that, of course, wasn't the end of it.

Tayelle raised her hindquarters and wagged her tail, luxuriating as that too became long and dark, with a delicate spade tip. The next part was coming, she could feel it, there was no way Sabrith could resist it - how could she be a good pet, always desperately needy and eager, without this last piece? When the pressure finally came she almost cried out with relief, a slow, throbbing pulse building unstoppably at her crotch. Sabrith leaned into it, pistonning into her energetically once again, somehow seeming to direct the free-flowing cum that poured out of her into the exact right spot. Tay's paws flexed and clenched against the ground, her teeth gritting in her new jaw as the cavalcade of sensation overwhelmed her. It felt good, it felt *heavy*, this aching length straining so slowly out of her body. She could feel it throb, her snout was full of its scent as it dripped, her hips shifted to accommodate the weight of her balls as they fell into place behind it. And then, finally, *finally*, she came, her new cock erupting gloriously beneath

her, a triumphant howl echoing around the room while Sabrith grunted through her own release in mutual satisfaction.

They fucked. Even as the energy of their transformation ebbed away and their unquenchable lust subsided, they simply transitioned naturally into petting and cuddling, finally curling up together in a somewhat sticky pile. Eventually they were interrupted from their rest as the minotaur stepped close, twisting a leash around his hands suggestively.

"You were right before by the way, when you mentioned that it's hard to get good help out here. So, consider yourselves recruited..."

Sab and Tay both look up at him, each of them wagging their tails happily as he attached the leash to the collar that appeared around Tay's neck. This was going to be fun.

Some time later, Sabrith put her head in her hands, fighting back the urge to spin around and kick over the whole table she was standing at. "I just...!", she spluttered.

Tayelle's sympathetic voice rose up from under the table. "What is it dear?"

"I was expecting to do guard duty. I can *do* guard duty!" She gestured back at the piles of notes and parchments on the table. "What kind of a minotaur needs an accountant!"

"Aww, I'm sure it's not so bad", Tayelle answered, padding over and rubbing her face against Sab's flank.

Sabrith snorted. "You're only saying that because you don't have hands, so you don't have to do it."

"And whose fault is that?"

There was a few moments of silence, as Sabrith stewed wordlessly. Eventually it was broken by the sound of Tayelle sidling up to Sabrith's cock, nuzzling at it insistently.

"Hmph", Sabrith huffed, even as she shifted her stance to allow Tayelle to envelop her in her waiting muzzle. "Next year, I'm just getting you jewelry."