

A Transformative Random Encounter

Some bandits stop the wrong adventurer. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

“Hey! Hold it right there, buddy!”

The anthro goat spun her head from side to side, surveying the scrubland to either side of the well worn dirt road for the source of the voice from her mounted perch. As she did, a single figure in ragged leather armor stepped out of a particularly thick bush holding a loaded crossbow, pointed directly at her.

“Yeah, you. Who else would I be talkin’ to?”

Gwendolyn could feel the caribou tense up through her saddle as the figure stepped closer, waiting for her to give direction as the lone highwayman advanced across the strip of grass between the road and the brush. With a subtle tug of the reigns she signaled for her to stop.

“I’m a paladin in the service of the Goddess of Love, riding for the village of Griffin’s Rest to meet some old friends. I think you have me mistaken for-”

“I don’t care if you’re the goddamn king himself;” The highwayman cut her off, jostling the rough, weathered crossbow in some sort of attempt to emphasize his seriousness. “Anyone passing through here has gotta pay a fee for... Safe passage.”

Gwendolyn snorted and rolled her eyes. “I think I’m quite capable of protecting myself.”

“Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way, wize guy. You’ve got a fancy exotic steed, I’m sure you’ve got plenty of coin...”

With a heavy thud Gwendolyn slid out of the saddle and landed on the ground next to her faithful caribou, shield already in hand. Seeing the goat standing significantly taller than him on level ground the highwayman hastily retreated a couple paces.

“Is it the pink hooves? I said I was a paladin of the Goddess of Love, I’m not going to be shaken down by a common-”

The bandit suddenly let go of the trigger and raised his hand to his mouth, using it to let loose a sharp whistle that punctured the quiet. Pausing, Gwendolyn looked around as the bushes all around rustled, and several more figures emerged from the brush, all holding heavy looking crossbows that were pointed directly at her.

"If I saw a goat your size in armor I might be worried, but that loincloth sure ain't gonna stop you from gettin' turned into a pincushion by my pals if you try something. Now empty out your pack!"

Gwendolyn looked around at the gang of bandits, then at her concerned looking steed, then back to the leader. Slowly she reached for a small satchel on her belt, fingering a pink gemstone heart inside it, and feeling the fur on her hand tingle from the magic contained within. The Goddess had said it was for emergencies, "when things were at their darkest and love was nowhere to be found", and... well... it was looking like a use it or lose it situation.

"Are you sure you want to do this...?" She asked calmly, running her hoof-thumb over the magic jewel. "Robbing those who act on behalf of deities can provoke a... divine retribution."

"Stop stalling and spill the loot!" The leader yelled, raising his crossbow back to his shoulder. "Last chance before we shoot you and just take it!"

"Fine..." Gwendolyn replied, her muzzle breaking into a sly smile as she pulled the pink gemstone from the pouch. "Catch!"

The highwayman froze for a second as she threw the gem towards him, first trying to process what it was the large goat-anthro was doing, then momentarily stunned by the sheer size and sparkle of the gem she was tossing to him. His jaw dropped in wonder at the sight of a jewel big enough to fill his palm, before realizing that it was going to fall short. Dropping his crossbow to his side he dove forwards to catch it, not wanting it to shatter into less valuable pieces.

His reflexes weren't *quite* fast enough.

The gemstone hit the ground hard and split in half, and before anyone could reach for a weapon, the world went pink.

Gwendolyn blinked several times in an attempt to clear her vision, stumbling backwards towards her caribou as she did. Feeling her back bump against the soft neck floof that adorned the doe's shoulders, she raised her shield to protect the both of them as best she could from any blindly fired bolt sent their way.

...which never came, thankfully.

As her vision returned the goat lowered her shield and reached for her sword, only to freeze in shocked surprise as she saw the scene in front of her. Where the lead highwayman had been lunging now laid a marble statue of a woman lying on her chest with her arms outstretched... her quite voluptuous ass raised suggestively in the air, and a pair of flawless stone breasts of a size only heard of in the tales told in taverns fully exposed below an expression of surprise and pleasure frozen in stone. Slowly, her eyes drifted to the torn bits of leather in the grass around

the statue, then to the crossbow sling tangled in her dainty, outstretched arms, confirming what she suspected.

“Oh. That was *not* what I expected would...” She trailed off, raising her shield as she saw movement in her periphery.

Peering over the top of her shield, what stood before her was something she didn’t expect either.

Where the highwayman’s crew of bandits had been dispersed on the edge of the brush now stood a band of fair looking women in white robes dyed with diffuse bands of black, creating a similar pattern to the marble statue next to her. All of which were pointing lightly finished ash crossbows with rose gold fittings at her, weapons that looked as deadly as they did elegant.

“Oh! It’s Lady Gwendolyn!” One of them cried out, lowering her crossbow. “Stand down girls! I think there’s been a dreadful misunderstanding.”

Confused, but relieved that they meant her no harm, Gwendolyn lowered her shield and let go of the hilt of her sword, letting it drop back into the sheath she had only just started to draw it from.

“I... Um...” She stammered, trying to think of if she knew these girls from somewhere. “I see that you know of me, but I’m afraid I don’t know who you are?”

“Oh gosh, of course,” She replied, stepping closer. “You’re the personal champion of the Goddess of Love! Her pink-hooved right hand on the mortal plane! You’ve got bigger concerns than a local temple focused on one type of love that can look after itself.”

“Well... usually we can take care of ourselves.” She continued, turning from Gwendolyn to look at the marble statue lying on the ground in front of her. “I’m not really sure how Our Lady of Pleasure ended up here. She’s a terribly heavy relic to try and run off with, and I’m not really sure what whoever was responsible was planning to do with her if they got away.”

“I’m not really sure either...” Gwendolyn trailed off, looking around. “Suppose you’ll need a hand getting her back to your temple?”

“Oh gosh, if you wouldn’t mind we’d certainly appreciate it!” She said, clasping her hands together excitedly. “I’d be honored to give you a tour, and I’m sure the sisters would love for you to join us in the sacred sharing of honey and cream.”

“The sacred sharing of honey and cream?” Gwendolyn asked, tilting her head.

“Mmhmm! I’m sure the sisters will all be *quite* excited to try some divine goat cream...” The priestess trailed off, giving Gwendolyn’s loincloth a pat as she did. “And of course, afterwards you’re welcome to sleep in my... personal chambers. For as long as you wish to stay~.”

“And so yeah...” The goat said, trailing off as she took a sip from the flagon of mead in front of her. “That was the time I ended the bandit shakedowns on the eastern road by accidentally creating a sex cult.”