

Quest Failed

A calm mist flowed around the camp as the sun rose in the horizon. The flaps of the orange tent flew open as a young man in light green scaled armour burst forth to greet the new day. Emien smiled confidently, taking in the fresh mountain air deeply, the veteran hunter ready to take on the quest he accepted back in Moga Village. The young hunter came out to the Misty Peaks in search for a wyvern called an azure rathalos, a highly aggressive subspecies of male raths, that had been attacking merchant caravans passing through the region. It was unusual to see such a monster this far inland. The rathalos also seemed to be acting far more aggressive than normal for the subspecies, seemingly attacking both people and other monsters without being provoked. But for the Hunter's Guild it was just another job which Emien gladly took, feeling confident that he could bring the beast down with no troubles at all.

Emien cooked some meat over the fire, cooking it till it was a golden brown, then scarfing it down greedily. He'll need the energy for this hunt as azure rathalos are far from easy prey. He gathered up his bow, arrows, and various items, potions and arrow coatings he would need to either capture or kill the large wyvern. His bow was made from the scales and bones of a lagiacris, a deadly electrical sea serpent, and thus his bow was imbued with the power of electricity, perfect for taking down a rath wyvern. His armour was also well suited for this hunt being made from the scales of a rathian, green wyverns and females of the rath species, such armour sporting good fire resistance which will come in handy for enduring his target's fireball attacks. Once he made sure everything was set he put out the remnants of the fire he made and set off in search for the creature.

Emien travelled cautiously along the forested mountainside, the hunter having come alone on this mission. There was a nagging feeling he should have come with a companion should he make a mistake but he shook such thoughts away. He came out on his own this time to prove himself to the other hunters that he could complete a hunt solo. Also coming alone would make sneaking up on the target easier as he wouldn't have to worry about a partner rushing forth and blowing his cover. Emien kept his eyes to the skies as he ventured about the region, keeping watch for the blue scaled wyvern, glancing at the ground occasionally to check for the telltale shadow of a large monster flying overhead. Eventually he came to a clearing sparsely covered with thin trees. And sure enough the creature he was hunting was there, walking around slowly on its powerful legs, sharp claws digging into the earth, craning its neck around and slowly scanning the area with cold blue eyes as if searching for something.

Emien quickly and stealthy moved behind a rather large tree stump for cover, hiding from the terrifying creature as he placed the paint coating into his bow to make it easier to track the rathalos should it fly away. He peaked out from behind his hiding place and drew his bow back, preparing to take the shot. However, he took one second too long as the wyvern turned and spotted him, the creature's gaze causing Emien to briefly freeze in place in fear. The azure rathalos then spread its wings and let loose a deafening roar, causing the young hunter to cover his ears. The beast then charged at Emien, the hunter recovering from the roar and dodging out of the way just in time. He fired an arrow on the beast, the oversized arrow sticking into the creature's hide and splattering paint over its side. The monster spun around, swinging its large spiked tail around. Emien tried to dodge again but was too slow this time, knocked back by the monster's tail swing. He recovered quickly from the blow, though, and quickly swapped coatings with a paralysis coating, hoping to paralyse the wyvern just long enough to deal significant damage to it.

As he fired volleys of arrows at the rathalos it spread its wings and leaped into the air, hovering on the spot, the powerful beating of its wings forcing Emien to brace himself against the strong gusts. He didn't have enough time to recover his aim as it shot a large fireball from its maw, the explosion sending Emien flying backwards, the hunter crying out in pain as his armour caught on fire. The moment he got back onto his feet he started rolling around to put out the flames. This was all the azure rathalos needed as it swooped down and glided low to the ground, ramming the panicking hunter and sending him flying once again. Emien hit the ground hard, banging his head against a rock, and blacked out, the hunter falling unconscious.

Emien woke up a few minutes later, spitting dirt from his mouth as he found himself laying face first on the ground in front of his tent, getting back up and wiping the dirt off his armour. He looked over himself to find all his wounds were healed up and his armour fixed. He knew it was the work of felines, small anthropomorphic cat-like creatures, that always seem to appear after a hunter is knocked out, somehow fixing them up with surprising speed as they brought them back to camp on a flat stretcher cart and then dumping them there. Of course for their services that no one asks for they always took a third of the reward for the quest the hunter was on so Emien knew at this point he will be getting less for his quarry once he brought it down. His ego bruised more than his body, he set off again on his hunt, tracking the rathalos down to a large stream thanks to the paint trail it was leaving from the paint arrow. Emien didn't bother with stealth this time, immediately firing his arrows at the wyvern. This battle didn't go so well either for the hunter as this time he was tail smacked into a moss coated cliff face while trying to drink a healing potion and once again fell unconscious.

The hunter was furious when he found himself at camp again, knowing full well that one more screw up would mean no reward and being dragged back to the village

with nothing but shame to show his fellow hunters. He wasn't ready to call it quits and loose to this beast. He chased the rathalos down to a plateau where remnants of an old village stood, the wooden huts rotting away as time caused them to slowly crumble to dust. Emien glared at the rathalos and it glared back at him in almost a showdown like fashion. Only one was gonna remain standing in the end and both were determined to be the victor. They both cried out their battle cries and their final battle began. Mighty blows were traded as Emien was burnt and clawed at, the rathalos perceived heavily and shocked by the hunter's arrows. Time passed and it was beginning to look like Emien was gonna be victorious thanks to his skill and resources. However, the hunter let his guard down when the rathalos flew up high, assuming it was flying away only to find it swooping down from high above and raking his left arm with poison coated claws. With the poison weakening his body Emien stood no chance as the wyvern performed a mid-air somersault and smack his face with the flat of its tail, the mighty blow knocking Emien out cold. The azure rathalos landed and knocked the remaining arrows in its hide off before roaring in triumph on top of its prey.

From out of nowhere a group of felines rushed out into the area pulling a stretcher behind them. They ran towards the fallen hunter, ready to bring him back home all healed up... for a small fee, of course. They knew the monster was still there but they were so insignificant that monsters ignored them while they did their job. This time was different though, as they found that the rathalos wasn't gonna let his catch escape. It let out a roar and angrily chased the felines away, the small cat creatures running away for their lives. Once it was sure that the pests were gone it turned back towards its prize and stood there, watching the unconscious hunter as if waiting for something to happen. It didn't have to wait long as Emien's body started to heal, the cuts on his arm sealing up and pink scales sprouting from the wounds. The poison flowing through his body was something unnatural as instead of killing him slowly it flowed through his blood stream and started to slowly alter his body wherever it seeped in. Even now the effects of its work were showing more and more as his left arm was soon fully covered in scales, the other arm following suite. The rathalos almost looked like it was grinning as it watched the changes unfold, its tail swishing about excitedly.

Emien groaned in his unconscious state as bones began to creak and snap, his hands twisting and warping in shape as his fingers lengthened, his gloves tearing apart as his fingers grew longer and bonier save for his thumbs which grew thicker as they lengthened. Parts of his armour tore apart as his arms grew thicker with bone and muscle, a thin scaly membrane spreading across his new wing-like arms, talon-like spikes forming along the outer edge of his transformed limbs. Pink scales spread further along his body, coating his chest and travelling up his neck, scales becoming thicker on his back to form into armour-like plating. The hunter still remained unconscious even as the changes spread across his face, only occasionally groaning in pain as his jaw bones and nose pulled out from the rest of his face, forming into a draconic muzzle. His hair

began to fall off his head and scales fully covered his scalp to form thick plates on top of his head with small horns breaching in-between. Emien's ears stretched and grew, folding inwards slightly as they began to resemble the ears on the head of the wyvern that defeated him.

The pace of the transformation was starting to increase as the hunter was looking less human with each passing moment. A bulge formed in the seat of his pants and kept growing and growing till a new appendage tore free from its confines and stretched outwards from the base of his spine, more scales covering his new tail and spikes forming on the swelling tip. The shock from sprouting a tail plus the increasing pressure coming from his boots was enough to bring Emien back to consciousness, his larger eyes blinking open as he began to sit up, his vision still blurred and slowly re-focusing. His boots finally tore apart to reveal flexible three-toed wyvern paws that were once human feet, a smaller dew-claw on each paw. Emien's vision soon cleared and he glanced around, noticing he was still in the misty peaks. He tried to get up but was confused by how weird his body felt, arms feeling heavy and awkward, feet feeling bigger like they were swollen, and feeling like there was something wiggling around his butt. He glanced over himself and his eyes grew wide in disbelief as he saw what has happened to his body, brain trying to process the sight and sensations.

“W-whrrat's ha-happening?” Emien cried out in confusion and fear, his voice sounding rough and growls escaping his snout as he was finding it difficult to speak normally with his altered jaws. As he spoke his flat human teeth fell out from his maw, quickly replaced by sharper fangs meant for tearing apart meat and flesh.

“Why didn't I get brrrrought back to town?! Why d-do I look Grrr...rrrr...LIKE THIS?!?”

Emien struggled to get himself back onto his feet, finding it difficult with his wing arms, kicking his comically sized draconic feet about, his new tail twitching and wiggling on its own accord. His armour was growing increasingly uncomfortable as he felt his body swell, pants tearing around his legs as they grew thicker and stronger. He had yet to notice that the rathalos that had he had been hunting was still looming close by, gazing at him with a seemingly loving look in his reptilian eyes.

“Rrrr...whrrry am I all scaley and pink? My arms....my arrrms are wings and...rrrr...I got a tail...I'm loorrrking like...like...” It then dawned on the hunter what he was becoming. “Oh gods...I'm becoming a pink rrrraaaAAAAWWRRR!” His words were cut short by a roar of pain as his head swelled and his vocal cords felt like they were burning, no longer capable of human speech. He was indeed becoming a pink rathian as he was attempting to say, a subspecies of the female rath species, leaving the transforming hunter with the knowledge that he not only was losing his humanity but

was going to lose his masculinity as well. He didn't have to wait long for the latter as he cried out in agony again as he felt a painful tugging between his legs, his genitals receding into his body, his penis and balls soon completely inside leaving behind the slit of a female reptilian creature, brand new reproductive organs forming inside his transforming body. "She" finally managed to roll onto her large paws just as her pants finally tore apart, her legs finished reshaping into the powerful legs of a rathian. Her chest armour was the next to go, straining against her swelling chest, back bursting as scale plates broke free along her now naturally armoured back. Her long and thick tail thrashed about behind her, kicking up dust and dirt, fully formed with spikes dripping poison from the tips. The new rathian roared as the changes finally ceased, nothing human remaining about her save for her mind and the remnants of her armour as well as her destroyed equipment.

Emien moved around slowly, still feeling awkward in this alien body that belonged to her. She felt powerful in this new form but she also felt scared. She couldn't return back to Moga village like this as they'd only see her as the monster she had become, and she doubt it would be long before hunters came after her seeking rewards and to craft new weapons and armour from her remains once they defeat her. She didn't even know if she'd last that long as she didn't know how to fly or survive as a rathian. She was so lost in thought about what to do that she almost leaped out of her newly formed scales when she heard a soft growl come from behind her. She spun around and found herself face to face with the rathalos that started this whole mess in the first place, its muzzle close enough to her hers that their chin horns were almost touching.

The transformed wyverness was startled at first but then grew angry. He had caused this somehow. It was the only explanation of how she could have gone from being a hunter to being the very thing she once hunted. She was getting ready to bite him or at least give him a piece of her mind when he suddenly licked her snout and began to brush his snout against hers, crooning to her softly. This show of affection confused her greatly, having only seen him act aggressively and it was unheard of for a rathalos to be so tender, even around females of their kind. She was about to pull herself away but the males croonings and rumblings as he rubbed his head along hers felt oddly comforting, so much so that she found herself rumbling softly too, lightly closing her eyes and returning the affection given to her. It felt nice to be close to him. She felt relaxed in his presence. And his scent made her body feel warm, especially between her legs. The heat steadily increased, a feeling of emptiness welling up inside her. She breathed in the males scent again and shivered slightly, feeling a dampness between her powerful draconic thighs. He was strong and healthy male, a good mate to...wait what?! Her eyes opened wide and stopped her show of affection as she realized what she was thinking. A sense of dread started to fill her mind as she came to the conclusion that her transformation was now affecting her mind as well as her body. In fact she now noticed she was thinking of the rathalos as a "he" instead of an "it". But now that she noticed

she can fight it, right? Yes, she can fight these thoughts and urges till she can find a way to change herself ba-

A wave of pleasure shooting through her body interrupted her line of thinking as she felt something press under her tail and along her new female opening, causing her to growl with pleasure. She quickly turned her head and spotted the blue wyvern sticking his head under her tail, nuzzling at her moist nethers some more and giving them a lick, causing her to growl with pleasure again. The male had taken notice of her change in scent while she was struggling with new instincts and urges and had sneaked around her while she was too focused on clearing her head to have noticed. Emien shuddered as he kept licking at her wet slit, her body growing further aroused and, to Emien's dismay, so was he as she watched wide eyed as she saw a large, thick, ribbed purple spire peek out between the male's legs, a sign of what was to come once he was finished tasting her. Her mind was screaming at her to get away but...gods did his tongue feel good licking along her hot and sensitive nether lips. And that heat burning between her legs made it hard to think straight... wait... heat? Oh gods no! She was in heat! And that meant if he managed to mate with her she could easily end up pregnant. Her panic had reached its peak and she was about to flee, but she suddenly found her rear end being hoisted up as the male moved himself further under her and started pushing up from underneath, crying out in surprise as she was forced to tumble head first onto her back, squawking a little as her back hit the ground with a heavy thud.

Emien flailed about as she tried to get back into her feet but quickly found herself unable to as the azure rathalos climbed on top of her, pinning her under him with his weight. She shrieked and tried to push him off her but then her eyes went wide and she let out a shrill cry as the male unceremoniously pushed his big draconic cock into her wet scaled slit and proceeded to mate with her. The feeling of his maleness inside her, thrusting in and out of her female orifice was more intense than she could have possibly imagined as a human much less a male. She found herself gripping at it each time he plunged into her, bucking her hips into his thrusts. All thoughts of escape left her pleasure and lust addled mind as she gave into the primal need to relieve her heat, her thoughts starting to simplify as the rathalos pounded her female virginity away. His pace grew faster and faster, his thrusts shaking the ground, their combined growls of pleasure scaring away other critters and smaller monsters in the area as they echoed across the plateau. The male leaned his head in and clamped his jaws firmly around his female, letting her know she belonged to him now. The pink rathian fully submitted herself to her mate as she felt she was nearing her breaking point. Soon the rathalos thrust down hard one last time into his mate and pressed firmly against her as his shaft twitched and began pumping his cum into the female's awaiting womb, his sperm searching for eggs to fertilize. They both roared out in ecstasy as they rode out their joint climaxes, the rathian underneath soaking their joined crotches with her juices and clenching onto his shaft tightly to milk him for every last drop of seed to insure she would become gravid

with his clutch. Any remnants of Emien were now fully blown away in those moments of orgasm, the pink rathian growling softly as her mate rested on top of her and lapped affectionately along her neck. The two wyverns rested for a while, rumbling happily to each other, before eventually flying away from that spot in search of a safe place to nest for the rathian to care for her future eggs, leaving behind forgotten remnants of a foolish hunters armour to be buried under dirt and break down in the passing of time.

About 4 months had past when the guild posted a new hunting quest in all the guild halls to tackle a threat once again terrorizing travellers and locals of the misty peaks region. The quest was to kill or capture a possibly mated pair of rath wyverns, one pink rathian and one azure rathalos, that were both reported nesting in the region. They had been killing local livestock and had been harassing villagers and caravans for months, their attacks along the roads making communication and travel very difficult. A second quest was posted shortly after, this one a gathering quest for wyvern eggs, also taking place in the misty peaks. Lastly a memorial was posted for a hunter who had gone missing within those very mountains about 4 months ago while on a hunting quest for an azure rathalos, presumably wasn't fully informed that it was mating season for the rath wyverns and was ambushed by the mated pair that now plague the region. It served as a warning to all other hunters to be prepared for the unexpected. Though truly none could have been prepared for the fate that had befallen Emien, a fate that could perhaps be a happy one as the hunter was now a proud mother of a future generation of rathians and rathalos, carrying for her eggs even after her capture and relocation until her eventual passing.