

The Marina was bustling with activity as hunters from all around talked shop with local merchants, ate hearty meals, arm wrestled with each other and shared stories about past hunts while sharing tips and hunting strategies. This time of the year always seemed to be the busiest for the Hunters Guild as monster activity increased. Of course it was also the most dangerous especially with many species of monster entering their annual mating season. But to most veteran hunters that just made the quests they took on that much more thrilling. Jobs were swiftly taken from the quest board as every hunter competed for the ones with the best rewards. Eventually the board was picked clean of all quests... all except one. The last remaining quest on the board was to capture or kill both an azure rathalos and a pink rathian, both subspecies of rath wyverns that were male and female respectively. It was a quest no hunter dared to touch due to rumours that it was a cursed hunt. Ever since the rathalos first appeared in the Misty Peaks region followed shortly by his mate every hunter that had tried to capture or kill the beasts never returned to tell the tale. Some believed that the lost hunters were eaten whole by either of the pair while more were starting to believe that the two were demonic entities that would place a curse on those who hunted them to become the very things they hunted as more monsters always seemed to appear within the region following the disappearance of the hunter that last took the quest. Stories even started to spring up about the pink rathian herself as the wyverness only appeared after the disappearance of another hunter that had attempted to bring down the rathalos she was mated to alone. It had been three months since the last disappearance and now one seemed keen to try again.

The headmaster of the Marina guild hall was just beginning to remove the quest from the board entirely, feeling it to be a lost cause, when a hunter wearing jet black naracuga amour stepped up to the quest board. Ark Noir, a hunter from a distant land, took off his helmet to reveal a grey furred head underneath and grabbed the quest paper off the board to better examine it. The pointed ears of the grey and white sergal seemed to go up in interest and the hunter turned towards the short old man with a confident grin on his snout. "I accept this quest!"

The headmaster's eyes went wide and he sputtered, "B-but no hunter has ever come back from that quest! S-s-surely you don't want to risk your life over a lost cause, no matter how great the reward."

The sergal hunter stopped gazing at the brawny hunters that walked by to bring his gaze upon the short old man and smirked, showing an air of confidence that bordered on cocky. "Challenge accepted, my good sir." He said and walked off after filling out the proper forms and having the quest sheet given a stamp of approval despite the headmaster's feeble protests. He then grabbed his sword and shield along with his other gear and set off by way of caravan towards the misty peaks.

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Ark patted his belly and sighed happily after eating a good hearty meal. He had arrived at the Misty peaks in only two short days and was already set up at the camp the felyne (a race of small anthropomorphic cats) members of the guild build and keep maintained in every region the Hunter's Guild had the rights to hunt within. After being fully rested and fed the sergal felt it was about time to start the hunt as he grabbed his bag and went through its contents once more. Though he felt he was prepared for this hunt equipment wise with all his potions, traps, and bombs a part of him wished he had a fellow hunter or two to fight alongside him as taking on two rath wyverns alone was no small task. It didn't help much that underneath his bulky armour he was rather on the scrawny and lithe side. In his previous hunts he relied solely on the the deadliness of his weapon as well as a potion called "demon drug" which granted him increased strength during battle. It was still only a minor increase and he sadly couldn't afford the more potent variety of the drug nor did he have the materials to make one for himself. Still he wasn't gonna back down now with his credibility on the line. He also made a bet with a fairly handsome anthro fox before he left who said if Ark could complete the quest and make it back in one piece then he'd congratulate the sergal in a "personal" way. And of course if Ark lost then the sergal would have to be his personal slave for 3 months... assuming Ark didn't end up MIA like the other hunters that took the quest before him. The threat of servitude should he back out now was enough to give him motivation to continue forward as he snapped his item pouch around his waist and set off to begin the hunt.

Ark pulled out his map as he traversed the plateaus of the region. He had been to this area before during a past hunt but it never hurt to remind one's self of their surroundings. As he looked at the map he figured the past place to find at least one of his targets was the large cave in the mountains and that the fastest way there was to take the bridge past the melyn timer shrine. He followed the path shown on his map and soon enough he was at the bridge. It was a fairly old rope bridge that had seen better years but it was still sturdy enough to hold while an entire group of four heavily packed hunters to cross at once thanks to the felynes maintaining it. He gulped a little as he knew that once he crossed he'll likely have to deal with one or both of the ferocious wyverns that have been terrorizing the countryside. Still, he had come this far and he wasn't about to back down now. Gathering up his courage he took his first step onto the bridge.

"hello there, hunter. Here to challenge the beasts of this land?"

Ark nearly jumped out of his armour and spun around with sword and shield drawn. He soon lowered his guard, however, as he saw that what startled him was only a veggie elder, an odd little hermit of the long eared partially reptilian wyverian race. Such hermits were found living in a few regions across the country. They were often a boon for hunters as they would accept assorted items in trade for very useful items in return.

They also tend to give gifts to hunters they feel could use the aid.

“Hehe, sorry for startling you there. I didn't mean to scare you like that.” The old man smiled and hobbled forward a little with the assistance of his cane. “I just felt I should warn you that other hunters have taken on the pair and never returned. I wouldn't blame you if you turned back now.”

“Thanks for the warning, elder, but I know the tales already and I'm not gonna back down now. There is too much at stake for me to return empty handed.” Ark replied, thinking once again about his bet with that anthro fox hunter back at the Marina.

The hermit sighed and scratched his chin a little. “Well, I'm not gonna try to stop you on your foolhardy quest. But it wouldn't be fair of me not to try to help you survive at least.” Upon saying that the old wyverian opened up his pouch and rummaged through it before pulling out a vial of some sort of thick dark red liquid. “Take this! You'll need all the help you can get.”

“What is that?” Ark asked, looking at the vial more closely.

“Why it is a very special brand of Demon Drug. One that is far more potent than any variety as it is made using dragon toadstool and a bit of blood from a zinogre. One drop of this and you'll have the strength of the mighty behemoths at your disposal for a time.”

Ark stood there in awe as he gazed at the potion. Zinogres were terrifying beasts whose strength was feared by even lesser monsters. If what the elder said was true such strength would make Ark more than a match for the two rath wyverns. With a confident smile he snatched the vial from the hermit's hands. “Thank you very much, elder. I'll make sure your gift doesn't go to waste.” Putting the potion in his own pouch Ark set off again after waving goodbye to the veggie elder and made his way across the bridge.

Once across the bridge he saw the cave entrance marked on his map. It was a very large gaping hole in the mountainside with a lot of space to land in front of or to even fly straight inside. If Ark was correct this would be the perfect place for the two monsters to nest and thus the best place to start searching for them. Perhaps the best spot to set up a trap as well if they were away hunting for food. He checked his gear and took another look at the elixir he was given. He was about to take a swig of the vial's contents when he heard a terrifying screech from above, putting the potion away just as a pink rathian swooped down and landed in front of him. It would seem one of his targets had spotted his approach and was not looking to happy to find someone trespassing upon her nesting grounds. She spread her wings wide and let loose a tremendous roar, forcing Ark to cover his sensitive long ears. He barely had time to draw his sword and shield when she

came charging at him with fangs bared. He raised his shield just in the nick of time as she bashed into him, the force of the blow pushing him back a fair bit. He recovered quickly but didn't have a chance to catch his breath before she charged at him again. This time he dodged out of the way as she ran past him.

Ark was beginning to feel that it would be best to retreat and better prepare himself as the female wyvern's attacks were relentless. His shield arm was beginning to wear down from having to block her heavy tail swipes and dodging fireballs was starting to take its toll on him. If he had time to drink his demon drug he would have more strength to fight back against this beast. To make matters worse another terrible cry came from the cave as the male flew out to join his mate and defend their home. Ark turned to face the new opponent but realized too late that doing so was a mistake as the rathian he was already engaged with took another swipe at him with her tail, sending him flying as she struck his mid-section and sending him tumbling across the ground. Ark quickly got back up onto his feet and found both wyverns were charging straight at him. Knowing that battling both creatures at the same time would be a losing battle he put away his weapons and fled the scene, escaping the angry rath wyverns through a narrow passageway between two tall cliff faces. The mated pair growled and snarled as they were furious that their prey escaped. Snapping at each other a few times the male returned to the nest to guard their eggs as it was his turn to protect the nest while the female took flight and resumed her hunt for food.

Meanwhile, Ark sat by a waterfall stream with his helmet off and panted heavily. He was lucky to have escaped with his life from that encounter. Chugging down a healing potion he hoped that he would be ready next time he fought them and prayed he'd only need to fight them one at a time in order to complete this quest. He was about to get up when he noticed a red liquid leaking down from his waist. At first he thought he was badly wounded when he soon realized the pouch holding the elixir the elder had given him was punctured. He quickly withdrew the bottle and saw the hole created by one of the rathian's poison tipped tail spikes with already a quarter of the potion remaining. Fearing to lose all the potion before he had a chance to safely try it he popped open the cork and downed the remaining contents, gulping it all down. He coughed and gagged a little as he finished the bottle as the contents had a very potent taste and felt like it was burning on the way down his throat.

"Jeeze this shit takes terrible! It better be as good as the old man said as I don't think my throat could handle another bottle." Ark said to himself, scooping up some water from the stream to soothe his burning throat. Soon his entire body started to feel warm as he felt the potion work its way through his bloodstream. His arm and leg muscles began to throb he swore he could feel them swelling. It was an uncomfortable feeling at first but after a few moments it began to feel invigorating and almost pleasurable as he started to feel stronger. He was certainly believing what the elder said

was true as his muscles bulged significantly more compared to other brands of demon drug. He flexed and his armour strained a little to contain his bulging biceps.

“Holy crap! This shit is amazing! I feel like I could pick up a boulder and smash it over a monster's skull!” He grinned and continued to flex, admiring his empowered muscles. His entire body felt stronger as muscles grew all over. However, that wasn't the only thing that was happening to his body as some of the rathian's poison had gotten into the elixer Ark drank and it was far from ordinary poison. It flowed throughout his body and began to alter him as bones started to grow thicker alongside his muscles. Ark was also starting to grow taller as well as more beefy though he didn't seem to notice or care as he was too busy admiring his physique. He was starting to notice his armour was becoming uncomfortable however so he quickly stripped off his naracuga attire till he was in nothing more then his boxers. It was then he noticed how aroused he was as his boxers were tented up by a hidden erection. Deciding this was a nice quiet spot to seek relief he dropped his underwear and took a seat against the rocky wall behind him as he began to fondle himself. He purred with pleasure as he felt up his shaft and testicles, noticing that they had grown in size as well as his balls were now the size of grapefruits and his shaft was about as long as a nine inch sub and certainly as thick as one. He started to give his man-meat a few more strokes before he began to masturbate, not noticing some of his fur falling out in spots to reveal grey-black scales underneath and his remaining fur becoming much thicker and longer.

Ark began to growl as he jerked himself off, remaining oblivious to his transforming body as thick spines began to form along his muscled up back. His hands started becoming thicker and scaly with his small claws growing much longer and sharper as he pumped his continuously growing shaft, his feet following in pursuit. He closed his eyes and panted heavily, his visage becoming more fierce and monstrous as his teeth grow longer and sharper while a pair of thick horns grow straight from above his brow. The fur from the top of his head down towards the base of his tail grew thicker and turned white to form into a thick mane while his tail grew longer and thicker with it becoming more flat towards the tip. The transforming sergal was now standing tall at 10 feet in height from his previous 6 feet while he continued to pump his ever growing shaft, his balls now hanging down to his kneecaps. Black energy started to swirl around his massively ripped body as he brought himself closer and closer to the edge. His cock throbbed and drooled heavy amounts of pre which pooled around his monstrous feet. Soon his massive shaft twitched and he let out a roar that made the earth tremble as he climaxed, his cock shooting out torrents of cum and black lightning firing from the spines on his back. Ark was no longer the scrawny sergal he once was at the start of his quest for now he stood proud and tall as a hulking anthro stygian zinogre, his drooling hyper shaft beginning to go limp and return to its sheath.

Ark got up and began to admire his new body. It didn't seem to bother him that he

was more of a beast than a man now as the strength of this new form was more than enough to deal with anyone and anything who dared to challenge him. He couldn't wait to test his new found strength against a monster or two... or ten. He didn't have to wait long as the flapping of wings could be heard overhead and the pink rathian from before landed before him having followed her prey's scent here. She turned to face her prey only to growl in confusion upon seeing the creature before her which had the scent of the hunter she was following but also looked like the species that even full growl rathalos and rathians like herself tried to avoid. The anthro zinogre grinned and pounded his fist into his other palm.

“Something tells me I have you to thank for my transformation. I do admit I love the new body... but I still gotta pay you back for that sound thrashing you gave me earlier.” Ark said with a growl of confidence, cracking his knuckles. With nothing more needing to be said he charged at the pink rathian with a mighty battle roar and began attacking with nothing more than his bare fists.

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Everyone in the guild hall cheered upon hearing the good news that the two rath wyverns that had caused so much trouble over the past few months were finally defeated by the hands of the sergal hunter who they all thought would perish like the others. There were a few hunters who questioned the logic of capturing and relocating the pair rather than bringing in their heads as trophies but once they saw the new Ark Noir they decided to keep such opinions to themselves. Indeed he had thought about putting both of the two monsters down for the honour of the hunters they had defeated but when he found out the two were expecting parents he couldn't help but feel bad if the future hatchlings were to grow up alone in such an unforgiving world. So he sent a request to the guild to relocate his captured quarry and their eggs to the volcano region where they'd be less likely to cause trouble. And now he was back at the Marina with his reward in hand. There was still one loose end to tie up, though, as he spied the anthro fox sitting at the cantina. He grinned and walked up behind the hunter who turned around just in time to see the hulking behemoth loom over him.

“Hello, friend. I believe I won our little wager. So, about that “personal” congratulations you owe me...” Ark trailed off, letting the fox take in the sight of his massive bulge covered only by the makeshift loincloth he made from his old armour which no longer fit him. The fox hunter gazed at what the anthro zinogre was packing with wide eyes before falling off his stool as he fainted. Ark laughed heartily and picked the fox up, lifting him over his shoulders and carrying him off. Tonight was gonna be a fun night indeed.