

Clad in shining armor and bearing a noble heart, Sir Algar stood outside a dark cavern. The indomitable paladin did not fear the challenges ahead. After all, the villagers who had asked for his help had said the cavern contained kobolds, nothing more. Their challenge rating of one didn't even compare to his four levels in the paladin class or his level appropriate gear. It was unfortunate that the experience he would no doubt accrue from the kobolds' deaths today would count for very little for his progression, and the loot would no doubt be meager. However, he was not embarking on his adventure for mere material gain or to increase his expertise in his abilities. Nay, he was doing it because it was required of him by the oath of honor he had taken those weeks ago in order to become a paladin. Those were the days—first level, goblins, and only a few spells to remember a day. Now, he had gained dozen of class features, including a celestial charger that he nearly always forgot about. Hell, he walked from the village to the cavern when he could have just ridden.

Sir Algar shrugged his massive shoulders as he pushed these thoughts out of his mind. He wouldn't need any to recall any of those complexities this adventure, a solo adventure and one he was severely overleveled for. While the rest of the party got drunk and gambled at the tavern, he would be doing his god's work.

The paladin took his first step into the cavern. He wondered what the kobolds had in store of him. From what his untrained knowledge skill told him, kobolds were sneaky. Others might have taken this to mean they should keep their eyes open. Algar, on the other hand, was a firm believer that no evil could escape a paladin's sight.

So it was that Algar traversed the cavern with no knowledge of the kobold propensity of ambushes or mastery of crafts. Thus it was no surprise when he clumsily set

off a tripwire, causing a nearly gaseous liquid to pour from the ceiling and enshroud his form. The paladin coughed and choked as the strange liquid made it difficult for him to breathe and see while also causing his body to tingle all over. By the time he cleared his vision, he noticed some things were awry. First, his vision was lower and his armor felt ill-fitting. Next, the world seemed to be growing large. Lastly, his skin no longer tingled, but itched horribly. Unsure what to do, the paladin took a step back in boots that were now far too big. He tripped and fell onto his back just as he shrunk so that his forehead was under the lip of armor's neck. Soon after, Algar disappeared out of sight into his armored shell.

It was only a few moments later that Algar crawled out of his armor, though none of his friends would have recognized him. Indeed, they would have seen a small and naked kobold emerge from the now too big vestments, looking around for a moment before standing to its impressive full height of two feet. Said observer would then notice something else: that the kobold was a female and indeed at the moment Algar was. Before, the paladin had put his high charisma to use with a winning smile, golden hair, and sky-blue eyes. Now, Algar's charisma as a female kobold manifested itself with azure scales, scaled breasts that were quite a generous size than for a little creature such as she, and wide hips that would make nearly any male kobold mad as they tried to estimate just how many eggs she could bear. The glistening and inviting lips of a female sex were just a bonus.

Algar herself took her new form in stride.

“They think this will stop justice?” the paladin asked in her new high-pitched voice, raising a clawed fist to the air. “I can still fight like this. And after justice is served, I’ll have a wizard Dispel Magic. Or is this is a curse? And would I need a cleric for that?”

Algar shrugged and turned back to her armor. She tugged at her sword in its sheath. Though she got it out, she could only carry it for a moment before it fell to the floor with a clang. She folded her arms across her breasts and shook her head.

“Stupid strength penalty,” she muttered. “And size limitations!”

Algar had a much easier time remembering the rules when they were against her. The paladin dug through her equipment and procured a magic dagger she had forgotten to give back to the party thief, though she was glad she had not done so now. She armed herself with this and crafted a makeshift loincloth out of bandages to hide her nethers and breasts. Now more adequately prepared, the female kobold continued her journey through the cavern.

Though the paladin had learned her lesson the first time, her Wisdom score was not high enough for her untrained eye to notice another trap ahead. This time the liquid that fell upon her had a consistency more akin to water yet smelled like honey. It soaked through the bandages, causing her nethers to feel warm and flush. Algar wiped her eyes and snarled, looking up in the bucket that had contained the liquid.

“Come on!” she shrieked. “Shouldn’t I be getting at least a racial bonus to this now?”

“Maybe you forgot to apply it,” a voice answered her.

Algar glanced around the cavern until her eyes fell upon a kobold resting on a ledge near her. The unarmed kobold jumped down and approached the paladin.

“Evildoer!” Algar crowed, pointing her dagger at the kobold. “Blackguard! Take one more step and you shall—eep!”

The kobold suddenly lunged forward. Instead of striking Algar, however, it did something the paladin would never expect—it reached its hand out and groped her left breast. Normally this would have only delayed the paladin a moment before she skewered the kobold, but the sweet-smelling liquid from before had made Algar’s flesh, especially erogenous areas, hypersensitive. Even through the soaked bandages, the touch of the kobold’s clawed hand on her breast actually stunned with pleasure and raised her arousal to unprecedented levels. Soon enough, the bandages covering the paladin’s nethers were soaked with more than the sweet-smelling liquid.

Still in a daze, Algar dropped her dagger and took a step backwards. The kobold, seeking to take advantage, stepped up to Algar and quickly removed the female’s makeshift clothing. The naked paladin’s nipples were erect and the outer lips of her sex were slick and ready. The sight was enough for the kobold to become likewise aroused, which he showed by having his member slip out of his genital slit. Upon sight of the kobold cock, Algar’s mind snapped back to reality.

“No!” she shrieked, scrambling for her dagger. Yet...she could not tear away from the kobold’s member. It was what she wanted, right?

“No!” she repeated, putting both of her hands to her head. What was going on in her mind? One of the tenets of her god was chastity. Yes, a voice in her mind whispered, but that was when she was a human. She could let the kobold have his way with her now and when she got her form returned later, she could say with a straight face that she had

never had sex as a human. That's how it worked right? Algar shook her head and looked at the kobold just in time to watch him leap at her.

The kobold fell upon her, knocking her to the ground. They tussled for a moment and then the male was on top. Algar didn't have another second to struggle before the male pierced her virgin slit. The male pulled out and then the paladin squealed in delight as he thrust into her again. She shivered into pleasure as the two went at it quickly as kobolds were ought to do. After all, there was no telling when there was going to be another band of adventurers in their lair. However, the male could have taken all the time if he wanted to—no one else was around to rescue Algar and the paladin, overwhelmed by sexual pleasure, had long since given up struggle. Rather, she gave in.

Both participants finished at once when the male came inside the paladin, filling her new womb. A crack of thunder followed Algar's orgasm, a sign of disapproval from her god. Her blue scales darkened to gray, marking her as fallen, though it was the last thing on her mind at the moment. More pressing was the results of what had just occurred. Since Algar had unusually high constitution for a kobold, she gained a bonus to her Fertility check as the seed rushed for their opposites, ensuring that she would soon be carrying two eggs and sealing her current form.

While Algar basked in the afterglow of sex, the male kobold removed his member and then procured a potion from a pouch at his side. It was easy enough to get the unresisting paladin to drink and swallow its contents. Algar shivered and winced at the terrible aftertaste. She looked around and began to think. What had been so important before? What had troubled her so greatly? She was just a simple kobold, after all. Then she caught sight of the male kobold, whose back was now turned to her.

“Are we done?” she asked.

The male smirked. Three more kobolds emerged from the shadows, ready to take their turn with her. There were always more kobolds.