

Alchemist, I Require Your Most Powerful Potions

A Mundus After Dark (I/O)
Commission for Renee Bianca

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

Note: This is non-canonical fanwork! It was a commission for a friend, and done in the world of I/O! If you want to know more - either about my commissions or this world - please feel free to contact me!

Deedee Yeowoo looked both ways before darting across the street, entering a building, and slamming the door shut behind her.

Standing within the establishment, hands splayed against the door, back shoved against it as a countermeasure against further intruders, Deedee took just a moment to catch her breath.

She'd chosen this place specifically because it didn't have a lot of customers going in and out. It was also a small distance off Deedee's normal beaten track, in an area of Viacruz she wasn't known to frequent, far from the Adventurer's haunts at the shopping square, Cauldron Hex. Considering she was also wearing a cloak - which, by the way, felt seriously weird over, well, felt fox ears - she was pretty sure that no one was ever going to find out what she'd been up to today.

Despite that, she moved with utmost caution up to the counter, to where a light skinned Ibn'bastim was manning the counter.

"Alchemist," Deedee announced, doing her best to lower her voice in disguise. "I require your most powerful..." her eyes, and ears, swept the room - her furred feet literally becoming cold. "Or maybe most moderate-to-low powered? ...No, if I'm going to do this I'm going to do this right, so. Uh. Your strongest! ...Sweet Strawberry Minotaur Milk Phanta? Please?" She put on a big smile.

It was kind of hard to tell with the Ibn'bastim's muzzle, but she *thought* the other woman was smiling back? Her tail was swishing lightly back and forth, in what Deedee was pretty convinced was amusement.

Deedee's own tails were twitching behind her, nervous excitement running through her body as the shopkeep reached under the counter and pulled out a bottle of pink, strawberry milk.

“That'll be 5 Sovereigns... or a single Starjewel.”

Deedee nodded, nervously pulling a few coins out from beneath her cloak, and tossing them to the woman before grabbing hold of the bottle.

“Thank you!” she chirped, before darting back to the door, cracking it open just enough to peer out, and then - once she was convinced no one was watching - darting across the street.

In contrast to the roundabout route she'd used to get to the potion shop, Deedee ran straight home the moment she had the potion. She was more concerned about being seen with it at all than anything, after all.

Despite her worries, however, she managed to find her way home without a single one of her friends noticing.

Slamming the door behind her, still holding the cold glass bottle of phanta in one hand, Deedee locked the door behind her and moved over to her bed, with its rumpled gray blanket and linen sheets.

Sitting down on the firm mattress, and looking around one more time, she lifted the glass bottle of pink liquid up to eye level. It was a simple, squarish container, with a narrow neck and a cork. The glass was surprisingly clear, showing good craftsmanship, and the liquid inside it was bright pink.

None of this was particularly noteworthy. It was, however, much easier to focus on minutiae than it was to actually take the dive and drink this potion.

The phanta would only last a small amount of time, considering how much she paid for it. An hour? Two? She should have asked how strong it was while still in the shop, but she'd been too embarrassed... Now, she didn't even know what *flavor* of minotaur she'd end up as! She could have a muzzle, and fur, or just horns and big boobs - well, bigger boobs - but... She wasn't going to find out anything without either going back, or trying the potion for herself.

She wasn't going back, so...

Taking a deep breath, Deedee pulled the cork from the bottle, and lifted the container to her lips. Letting the sweet strawberry milk slide down her throat, Deedee squeezed her eyes shut and waited for the transformation to wash over her.

A moment passed without anything changing, and Deedee cautiously opened an eye, uncertain what was happening. Then she opened both eyes and frowned. Had she just paid five crowns for some rather refreshing, but otherwise ordinary, strawberry milk?

Deedee felt her stomach rumble, and a sudden tingling shot up her tailbone. Two of her three tails, which had been laying back against the bed, were now shrinking, retracting into her body. The final tail was getting thinner, losing its fur. Soon there was nothing left of her tails but a single red cord, with a bit of fuzz at the end. A minotaur's tail?

The next thing to change was her ears - her red ears lost some of their fur, growing larger and floppier as they did so, until she had two red cow ears.

That was followed by a sudden pressure on her head. Realizing what was about to happen, Deedee quickly grabbed hold of her cloak, and the top underneath, pulling both over her head.

She got herself through the neck hole just before two horns sprouted from the sides of her skull.

“That was close... I did not want to have to explain to my friends how I ruined my shirt, just trying to get it over my head...” Deedee muttered to herself, crossing arms beneath her breasts. Her sizable chest was still constrained by a tight

black band, and her lower body was still covered by her skirts. All in all, she was still in a fairly modest state.

That was about to change.

She felt it as a pressure in her chest, a sudden warmth in her breasts.

Suddenly, the band that held her breasts in place was feeling tight. She pulled at the fabric, even as it dug into her flesh, forcing it off herself.

Deedee's newly freed breasts *bounced*, almost doubling in size by the time they'd stopped jiggling about.

"I'm bigger than *Ace*," Deedee whispered, not entirely displeased by the thought of temporarily outpacing her friend.

Hesitantly, she poked her nipple. Then pinched it lightly between her forefinger and thumb. A squirt of milk shot out from between her fingers, striking the bed in front of her.

"No way..." Deedee whispered, hardly able to contain the sudden glee she felt at having lactating breasts. Something unimaginable before she came here, and now only a simple drink away.

Pinching one nipple, letting the milk dribble down her breast, Deedee used her other hand to slip out of her remaining clothes. Her bottom felt bigger, jigglier than before, though with a firm layer of muscle beneath.

Deedee couldn't resist smacking her own ass, causing a loud enough clap that she jumped in surprise, and worried for a moment that someone might have heard.

When no one came knocking at her door, Deedee sighed in relief, and laid herself back down on the bed.

With her tits so huge, and her lying down, she couldn't really see past her hills to anything else. Letting her fingers travel across her thighs, though, she found that her landing strip had become an overgrown tangle. Likely the same color as her red hair, though Deedee couldn't see it.

Deedee's stomach, meanwhile, was flat, and muscled, as ever. Which was good, since she'd need a good core just to carry her rack about, until whenever this ended.

Deedee hoped it wouldn't end for a while yet.

Reaching up to her breasts, gently teasing her nipple, she let a bead of liquid slip across her thumb, and roll across her breasts to splash against her stomach. Teasing the sensitive, enhanced flesh, she surprised herself with a soft "Moo," of pleasure, followed by a moan of need.

Playing with her breasts was fun. All she had to do was run her thumb across her nipple, or run her finger in small circles about the areola to stiffen her peaks, and the pleasure would follow.

It wasn't enough, though. Deedee wanted something more. Something she'd been eager to experience, for some time.

This wasn't the first time that Deedee's fingers had ever slid up her thighs. Not the first time before awakening in Mundus, and certainly not the first time since.

That said, it had been a while since she'd been able to shove her anxieties aside enough to cum. Laying here, now, as an entire new species - as an unrecognizable being - it was so much easier to pretend that the problems of this world didn't bother her. That was she wasn't weighed down by anxieties of how to go forward, or fears of being judged for touching herself in the midst of tribulations and trials. Such worries and concerns were Deedee's.

This minotaur, who was laying in Deedee's bed, and spilling milk upon her blankets? She was someone else. Someone who'd be gone in just a few hours. Someone who's only concern was how quickly she could cum.

Running her fingers through the red fuzz above her sex, Deedee slid a finger down between her thighs and ever so gently began to tease at her folds. Another

soft “ooo” of pleasure slipped from her lips, as her thumb brushed across her opening.

She was wet. Dripping. Full of need, and wanton desire.

Slipping a finger inside her channel, letting her muscles tighten about her digit, Deedee let her thumb brush across the clitoral hood, and began to tease the button from its hiding spot.

At the same time, she began to pinch and pull at her nipple, roughly playing with her swollen breasts. Every squeeze to her flesh felt so good. Every push of a finger inside of her made her feel warm, and wet, and wonderful.

She slid a second finger inside. She pinched her nipple harder, causing milk to dribble down the side of her breasts, a constant stream of white pleasure dribbling from her teat.

Her thumb brushed against her clit, and another “moo” tumbled out of her lips, as her other thumb brushed past the clit.

Distantly, Deedee was aware of time passing, as her fingers pushed as deep inside as they could reach. Vaguely, she was aware that she was on a time limit - but such things felt far away, and unimportant.

What was important was the fingers on and in her flesh. The touch of her thumb on her nipples and clit, and the way her tongue lolled out her mouth as she played with her flesh.

Not to mention the rising heat in her core. She was getting close. She was getting so close, with every thrust of fingers inside herself taking her closer to the edge.

She was so close.

She slipped a third finger into the too tight space between her thighs. It was tight, almost painful. It was hard to move her fingers, harder to thrust them inside. Yet with every inch she succeeded in, with every motion she managed, she was getting closer to the edge.

She pinched her nipple again. Bit her lip. Tilted her head back.

“Mooooooooooooo!”

It washed over Deedee like a crescendo, pleasure and need. Like liquid fire coursing through her veins, pouring from her nipples and jetting from her pussy. She felt the pleasure wash over her entire body, leaving her feeling refreshed and alive. Making her feel like herself.

Like this really was her body. Like this really was her.

Like Deedee really was a girl.

She knew that, of course, but it never hurt to be reminded. It never hurt to know that she was, in fact, Deedee Yeowoo - even when she was trying to be someone else.

Smiling to herself, Deedee sat up in bed, stretched, and then frowned. All in all, this had only taken twenty minutes. For what she'd paid, the phanta would last at least an hour.

She didn't want to go outside looking like this, and have to explain it to all her friends...

She supposed that made the answer pretty simple.

Laying back down in her bed, she prepared to start all over again.