

The Epic of Zeela

or

The Trials of Lunk

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Forward

The Epic of Zeela is a contested collection of work and the only known writings that address the Icosahedron of fate. It's not the fact that the majority of its material centers on the lost continent of Lowball—which barely has any evidence for existing outside the epic—that makes it suspect, but rather how it chronicles seemingly multiple realities and fates for its main characters. Die-hard believers say it's evidence of the power of the Icosahedron's time-bending ability. Still, since none of Lowball has been found in any of its possible fated conditions, it remains in the realm of speculative treasure hunting and pure blind faith.

Its other suspicious aspect is that all later translations point to Zeela as the hero, a fated princess that pushed back evil repeatedly, while older works refer to a lowly knight named Lunk as the savior. It has become so convoluted that some texts will say, "And so Zeela saved Zeela and her kingdom. Zeela was eternally grateful to Zeela, and they all—" yaddy yaddy yadda... Were they both named Zeela, are the cursed minds of troll towns claiming that Lunk was replaced as a conspiracy? We tend to refer to the pages that address it internally, with characters actually confusing Lunk with Zeela, to Lunk's dismay.

It is in that vein that we hope to compile the entire Epic of Zeela and the Adventures of Lunk from the era of translations where Lunk, to his own dismay, is referenced by the princess's name.

EOZ Tome Z6-001:MamaJama's Mask

The pointy eared hero staggered back, holding his head. How did he get here? There was some ancient evil, and the end of the world... or... end of sale? Did he need to buy a thing to trade for something else to unlock a- a uh- his entire adventure was a mess of memories and events? *DONG! DONG!* Chimed the giant bell tower. The memory of his predicament came rushing back like a tidal wave. He was up against an assailant who had beaten him many times, and many times Lunk had had to use his magic stone, the Icosahedron of time to reset everything. Now he was back, with another chance, and at his feet, a bag of magical masks.

Lunk struggled with the bag he had stolen from the Grumpy Guise Trader. It wasn't very heroic of him, but when the world is ending in three days, sometimes ethics slip through the cracks. It didn't help that ever since Lunk had discovered he could reset the three days with the Icosahedron of Fate, he had felt less bad about certain decisions knowing they would be undone easily with the casting of his relic.

“Just need to find the right... mask” Lunk needed something powerful if he was to defeat the dark magic that was Mammaora; there had to be something- OFF!

“Watch where you're going bozo!” called a street urchin from the local gang, ignorant to the fact that Lunk had been standing still AND that the poor elfish hero dressed in green had been knocked into the bag full of masks.

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Lunk's face settled into a magic mask, but he was unsure which one. It felt slick and a bit rubbery, suction his face deeper and deeper into its features. His muffled cries were replaced by gurgles as the piece enveloped his entire head. He struggled to free himself, but it was just too slippery to get a grip on. Pulling himself out of the bag, he cringed as he felt his nose lengthen, and his teeth became sharp. He waited until his eyes felt ready to pop, finally springing forward larger than ever. The adventurer's sight was restored, and he was able to see himself in the nearby stream. It was him, but not. His face was a blend of himself and a very familiar fishy princess. “Why do I look like a woman?” He squealed, cupping his throat. “Why do I sound like a woman?! No no I gotta get this thing off!” The man hunted for the seam of the mask but only found blue flesh all around his neck. It was creeping down his body, turning his skin into a blue goo before it solidified in that shark-like skin of the, what were they called? Zoba's. As the morphing goo of the mask met his clothing, rather than seep under it to reshape him, it climbed over his shirt and tunic, sucking them under till naked blue pectorals sat where his green armor should be.

“Hey, My armor!” Lunk groped at his chest, trying to pull off the Zola suit and reveal his clothes. His hands sank in deep, tugging at the spreading costume with all his might, but all he caused was a sharp pain in his pecs. “W-wha-” His feminine eyes widened as the bulges in his hands swelled larger and larger, pushing his fingers wide apart. He was growing breasts. Bright blue, slick as a stingray, more than a handful, and growing breasts.”What?! No no! I have to remove this before I'm turned into a busty fish girl!” The hero pawed at the mask seem as it descended over his ribs and down his abs. For a brief moment, he felt he had hooked the edge, until a sensation at the back of his head threw off his focus. The ever more fish-like hero felt the back of his skull stretch and pull into his hat. A confusing array of sensations bombarded him as his nerves and muscles and bone formed and swelled like a living ponytail. Lunk's eyes drifted back to the stream, eyes widening as he took in the furthering changes. His long green cap has been now an extension of his skull. Fins sprouted from it's tip, giving it the appearance of a blueish green fishtail. When he reached to touch it, it jerked and flopped reflexively, sending him teetering into the water with a splash.

He felt dizzy, off. The sway of his still swelling breasts, feeling their hand from his rib cage and just out into the cool air of the field was flustering enough, but this damn head tail was unnerving. If it wasn't for the strange soothing touch of the water against his skin, he'd probably faint then and there.

Forget the mask, this was too intense. Too insane! There was only one thing to do. The thing he always did when he was about to die, or fail, or get arrested for breaking the townspeople's pots. He would role the Icosahedron of Time, and go back to befor this all happened. His hand bolted for his item pouch and slapped nothing but slick, blue, Zola hip. The suit, or costume-mask curse... whatever it was, had covered up his item pouch and sucked into his soft womanly hip! Oh no. Lunk gingerly cupped his bosom and parted them so he could get a better look at the damage. The mask never stopped. It had slid over the bulge in his pants, sucking tight over his groin and balls. His legs were also blue now, thighs swelling and rounding even as his hips popped out and bloated to keep up. Beneath him, he felt his ass round and swell in the cool watter, pressing against the smooth river rock and it became plump and wide. It was too late. He could feel it, this suit wasn't just covering him, it was becoming him. The damp Zola skin, the muscular but curvy womanly flesh, pushing into his own, becoming one with him. He let out an eep as the his boots were swallowed by the blue goo, and within a second, replaced by blue, flipper shaped feet. His flippers.

Lunk tried to lift himself out of the water, trying to ignore the sea of sensations crawling over his shark-like skin. But one last set of changes apparently has waited till the very end. He felt it deep in his pelvis, what he could only assume were he cock and balls, being yanked upward into his belly. As with the rest of the transformation. It didn't hurt. It was actually pleasurable in the most erotic and terrifying way. Like something large and thick pressing deep inside of him. Opening him up, spreading him wider. The adventurer clutched his pale blue abs, willing it to stop, begging for it to continue. His body creaked and wobbled as more growth and shape bloomed to make room for what he could only guess was a growing womb. His fin-like ears were filled with womanly squeals and moans that he was vaguely aware were coming from him. Lunk quivered, now up on his flippered feet, overwhelmed and shaking he had nothing to hand onto but his breast and he did. He squeezed them as if he was in a trance. The sensations too overpowering, making his thighs clap together and his eyes role. It was building. He was going to climax and scream like a woman, naked in the middle of the river, and there was nothing he could do about it. "Ahhh Ahhh no. It's too good. It feels toooo damn GOOD!" AAAEEEEEEEEEE!" With one final burst, he climaxed. Fins sprouted from his body. A feminine slit puffed open where his manhood used to be. But it didn't matter. He could barely think. He could barely breathe. All the female Zola could do, was fall face-first into the river. Her gills would stop her from drowning in the stream but could do nothing to stop her from drowning in pleasure.