

[@Hoppingmadking](#) - Basil, Domestication

He waited nervously by the door. He wasn't sure why he got nervous these days – he was just waiting for that silly half-elf! Everything felt so much better when she was around. Ugh, he couldn't think about that now. He primped his overly big hair, only reflecting for a moment that it was a bit alien, wasn't it?

It didn't matter! He looked over his dress and made sure everything was nice and smooth. The bunny boy looked like he came right out of the 50s with his garish clothing, hair, makeup, and crimson painted nails. But as much as part of him wanted to explore why things just felt... *off* the other part was distracted by the sounds of footsteps nearing the door.

Basil tried his best to look like he wasn't waiting. He backed away from the door and leaned against the sofa with one arm. He flipped one last hair in the way back and stared at the door in anticipation.

"Hi!" Basil's wife chirped far too happily. There was a strange familiarity that Basil had with the half-elf. She was cute, athletic, a good money maker, and intoxicatingly sweet, but there was something more to Lilah than that. Something he couldn't quite put his finger on...

Not that he'd want to. He practically skipped across the room. "How was your day?" she asked, taking a grocery bag from Lilah. "You even bought groceries~! How do you find the time?" Why did such a simple thing excite him. No, something was wrong. Something was very wron–

Lilah leaned in and wrapped an arm around Basil. She looked right into Basil's eyes with a quiet intensity. Her usual cheerful demeanor entirely absent.

...until a smile cracked and she giggled. "I can always find the time for you," she said in her best attempt at a seductive voice.

Basil melted on the spot. He leaned in closer and kissed Lilah right on the lips! "Oooh, you~! Let me put these groceries down. I've got dinner all ready to go, and after that, I wanted to treat you to something special – I know you work awfully hard, so I figured I could give you a fancy massage–"

"Oh! Really? That's great!" Lilah's eyes widened. "And I know exactly what we can do after all that!"

Basil shuddered. The eagerness in her eyes, the bravado! Basil knew exactly what Lilah wanted. Already Basil could picture him pressed against the bed, Lilah on top, the two of them holding hands while Lilah did all the work and left Basil feeling so vulnerable. W-wait... no... none of this is right. None of this–What was she? How was she–? Who was to blame!? This was...!

“Everything okay?” Lilah asked with those big blue eyes.

Basil’s heart melted. What was he thinking about again? Oh well. Better to just forget about it and dote on his beautiful wife.

[@TentacleGoblin](#) - Hexy, Latex

Foraging for ingredients was one of the most annoying things a witch had to do. Familiars worked sometimes, but they were a little too untrustworthy. For getting rare ingredients, Hexy hired someone! A cute green-haired half-elf that seemed pretty good in the forest, though not quite as good in the swamp. Still, she was nice enough for a half-elf, and she didn’t seem to harbor any ill-will toward the goblin – quite the rare feature in an elf or human, not to mention one who was half of each.

“I’m back!” Lilah called from outside Hexy’s lair. The goblin peered out to make sure Lilah was alone before she scampered about on her short legs to get to the door. She threw it wide and waltzed on out with an entirely different posture – one meant to impress. ...she really couldn’t risk Lilah’s confidence in her. She needed to act commanding and powerful, like a proper witch! One much more powerful than she was in reality.

“Good, and you got everything?” Hexy asked, peering to the small pouch Lilah had on her. She could tell just by the way it was bulging that Lilah had gotten more than was asked for – again. “I see you have, good!” Hexy walked with that nice sway to her hips, happy to see Lilah’s eyes dip down and watch for just a split second. “Give them here,” she snapped her fingers.

Lilah pulled the pouch from her belt and popped it open. “Uh, let’s see... I got your petal of a black rose, frog tongue, thornwort, and that strange pink glossy flower you wanted to experiment on.” Lilah handed the pouch over with a big grin. “But you really shouldn’t--”

Hexy held up a hand to silence the half-elf. ...it was like casting a spell without casting one! She enjoyed the obedient half-elf, but now wasn’t the time to listen to her but to inspect the goods. The goblin rummaged around in the pouch before she saw the glossy pink flower. It shined as she moved it. It was so pretty... she brought it up closer to her face.

“Hey don’t–!” Lilah called out, but it was too late. The flower splurged nectar, saved up for this moment, right onto Hexy’s face. The goblin witch squeaked and flailed, but the latex only started spreading more and more. The more she wiggled, the more she was wrapped in a strange, rubbery, pink cocoon! The goblin thrashed before falling over right into Lilah’s hands. Unfair! The flower’s strange nectar didn’t stick to her, so why was it doing *this* to Hexy?

“I tried to warn you... I dunno how you’re going to get it off either, it looks really tough, and it’s skin tight! Might just have to take you into the city. Even if people see you, you’ll get over your embarrassment, right?”

Nerati - Purification

The black haired huntress stared a hole in the back of Grace’s head. The priestess, conscious of Nerati’s annoyance, just struggled to walk the rocky path ahead of them. She had to pull her skirt up slightly, immediately receiving a teasing comment from the huntress, “Oh wow, ankles. Isn’t that too immodest?”

Grace sighed and tried her best to ignore the bully. This entire quest, she’d been at Grace’s back hounding her and bullying her. Just the other night, Nerati put her in a headlock just to, supposedly, get a bug out of her hair. Before that, it was a pinch on her ass to make sure she wasn’t sleeping! And before that... Grace tried not to let her thoughts get the best of her.

Nerati sped up and walked right alongside the priestess. “You know, I’m surprised I didn’t hear you masturbating back at camp after we ran into that lady knight. Your face was so flushed – what would you goddess think?”

Grace stopped. She put her staff aside and looked at Nerati with the barest hint of contempt. She knew better though, she couldn’t argue. No. She knew exactly what she had to do. She lowered herself to her knees, clasped her hands together with her fingers interlaced, and chanted. “O’ Mother Goddess, please, I beseech you, purify the soul in front of me with your divine light, show her how best to live with others, and bestow upon her your divine guidance!”

“...” Nerati looked down at Grace with a wry smile. She was almost offended. “You can barely use a miracle, what makes you think–” A pillar of light shot down from the sky, surrounding the huntress. “What!?” she squeaked in surprise. Golden cuffs appeared around her wrists and ankles. “Hey! What did you do?”

Grace just smiled. “I think you heard my prayer.”

Nerati’s eyes widened, she thrashed in the strange bondage of light, but it didn’t matter. The light started to focus itself, thinning and narrowing into a small beam from the heavens focused right on Nerati’s forehead. “What are these...” The brilliance brought Nerati to tears. Even her emotional walls couldn’t stand against the embrace of the Mother Goddess. “...your champion...?” Nerati’s mouth fell open. The sensation of being wrapped in a warm hug from all sides made her feel comfortable, nostalgic. “...yes,” Nerati murmured.

Another beam of divine light engulfed Nerati. Her clothes and leather armor were disintegrated, but quickly replaced by armor with a modest battle habit around it, the symbol of the Mother

Goddess prominent on the armor and the habit. A golden light stayed in Nerati's eyes even as the holy light faded away.

Nerati reached down, offering a hand to Grace. "My sister in righteousness, forgive me for my past transgressions, allow me to protect you from this day forward."

Grace couldn't help but blush. Just a little.

[@ErikaLanLatex](#) - Erika - Latex, footworship

"Erika~!" Lilah called out from Erika's front room. After meeting a few weeks ago at a *specialty* store, Lilah and Erika became fast friends. Lilah's upbeat personality really brought some extra joy in Erika's life, helping with a bit of daily stress. "Come here, I wanted to show you what I got!"

Of course Erika wasn't going to leave Lilah unattended, but she had a few things she wanted to put on – a few purchases Lilah hadn't seen. The smell of lube was pretty obvious in her room, but it was necessary to put latex on. The sounds of it stretching and snapping into place was almost enough for Erika, but it was even better seeing her skin slowly coated by the material. After getting her gloves on, she ran her hands down her body. She bit her lip, wondering just how good she looked in the black material. She knew Lilah was waiting, but she couldn't help but look into the mirror with a satisfied smile.

"I'm coming!" Erika called back. Though the latex covered each toe individually, she didn't want to risk actually walking on it and made sure to complete the outfit with some boots. "You're gonna love this," she called out. She walked down the hallway, the thud of her boots on the ground feeling particularly mighty. She felt so powerful in the catsuit! So confident! Hmm, maybe she'd see if Lilah wanted to get *kinkier*.

Erika stepped into the front room and grinned. "What do you think?" though she hardly had to wait for a reaction. Lilah's jaw dropped, and she openly stared. The excitement in her eyes was more than visible. She clapped several times and whistled, leaving Erika with a slight blush on her cheeks. "I guess that's a sign of approval." She ran her hands down her body. "God, it makes me feel so sexy, and look how it sort of makes my curves look better." She bit her lip before she went too far. "So, what did you want to show me."

"Oh! I'm a little embarrassed now," Lilah giggled. She lifted a leg and showed off a thigh high latex stocking, also with individual toes! She wiggled them a few times before she waved her leg in vaguely a circle. "Mm?" Lilah tilted her head. She didn't stop circling with her foot. The athletic girl could keep it up, and weirdly Erika's eyes just seemed stuck, staring. All the confidence of wearing latex seeped away by... Lilah's toes? How strange! Maybe Erika was just in a mood, but Lilah wasn't going to let it pass.

“Keep looking at my toe. Watch as it spirals and spirals~ Just keep looking, so shiny! So inky black! Watch it spiral and relax. Shoulders slack. Let your mouth open, let yourself drool. Doesn't it look so good? Isn't it so shiny? Walk over here... crawl over here.” Lilah had to stop herself from giggling as Erika knelt down in front of her.

“This'll be fun,” Lilah licked her lips like a predator. She plopped one latex covered foot on Erika's face. “Breathe in the scent of latex. You're already an addict, so give into it. Nuzzle against my foot. Worship my toes.” She wiggled her toes right in Erika's face. The latex addict couldn't stop herself, she wrapped her lips around the offered toe, her mind completely muddled by even the simplest of hypnosis. “Go get your hood,” Lilah giggled. “We'll make sure your a slave to some latex soles by the end of the night. <3”

[@VanessaDementa](#) Vanessa - Absorption

Lilah hummed to herself as she walked up the sidewalk to the – slightly strange – house for her delivery. The package in her hand wasn't anything all that special – some lingerie from an upscale store – but the buyer needed it fast, and Lilah was happy to act as a courier. It wasn't until the door started to open that she stopped humming. “Hi!” she said in her far too cheerful voice. “I'm here from Dalmatica to deliver—uhm, you know! Stuff!” she beamed. She was about as subtle as a semi, but that didn't matter all that much to Vanessa.

“Oh, you made it here pretty quickly. Why don't you come in?” Vanessa smirked. The comparatively mature goth woman looked over her treat. The cute half-elf had no idea what she was in for, but Vanessa was going to make sure it was fun. “Let me just take those, and you can come in and sit down. I'll put them away real quick, then I'd love it if you had some tea with me.”

Every red flag that should've popped up in Lilah's brain simply didn't. The half-elf was a bit too oblivious to recognize the strange invitation. Instead, her mind was occupied by the thought of tea! Where came tea also came sweets! “Sure!” she blurted out, already imagining some tasty tarts or tea cookies that must've been waiting for her. She stepped on into the house, guided by Vanessa, and sat on a couch with a small coffee table in front of it.

“And I'll just take this,” Vanessa said. “I'll be right back, so don't you go anywhere.” Vanessa sauntered off to her bedroom to change. Even the half-elf must've realized what was going on – no one could be that oblivious. And the eyes Vanessa felt on her backside was proof enough. She was going to be easy to seduce and even easier to absorb. Vanessa patted her tits – yes, that cutie was going to make her even better.

Vanessa walked back into the front room after changing and grinned. Lilah's eyes were set on Vanessa, a slight flush on her cheeks. All those daydreams about sweets suddenly vanished. She could do without those if she was about to be able to *play*. “Come here, I'm sure you want

to touch them. They're very soft," Vanessa purred as she patted the top of her heaving breasts. The lingerie supported them to make them look even bigger than normal.

Lilah hopped up off the couch without a complaint. "Okay!" she chirped, walked right to Vanessa. The goth sprung like a trap, grabbing Lilah by the back of her head and around her waist before pulling her against her breasts. Lilah's face was first to merge, silencing any whining. And then it was too late for Lilah~ She was doomed to become just some breast flesh. Or maybe some ass fat. Vanessa was sure to put her to use as the girl slowly disappeared into her breasts.

A spark of *something* rushed to Vanessa's head. Joy? Unbridled happiness suddenly filled her. Her eyes rolled as strange memories started filling her mind. They were so loud, so dominating! No, the girl's personality was too extreme! Vanessa couldn't stop it! Her body started transforming, shrinking down, hair turning green. Her mind couldn't resist it either as Lilah's personality and consciousness took over.

A rather stacked Lilah looked around the house, completely confused. "...huh? Why am I wearing lingerie?"

[@notsafeforin](#) Agnès - Asset Swap

Agnès held up an ornate mirror from among the loot the goblins hid in their den. "Remarkable," she said as she inspected it for damage. "It's completely unscuffed. No scratches or bite marks, and it seems to have remained clean," Agnès smiled. She knew what that meant. This mirror was magical. She could only guess what it could do, but there were ways of finding out.

"Oh! Pretty!" Lilah invaded Agnès's personal space to look at herself in the mirror. It was at that moment that the mirror shined with a bright light. Agnès and Lilah stumbled back – Agnès hung onto the mirror to make sure it didn't get damaged. It was definitely magical!

"Ow..." Lilah whined, having tripped and fell onto her backside. "Why do I feel weird?" she looked down at her stomach and gasped. "What's with this pudgel!?" She looked over to Agnès and stared. "Your ears are changing... The scales are vanishing!"

"My scales?" Agnès reached up and ran a finger across her ears. She felt a sudden tightening in her stomach and doubled over, more surprised than in pain. She reached for her stomach to find a certain firmness that definitely wasn't there before. She looked over to Lilah and noted a few scales growing on her forearm that the half-elf seemed entirely clueless about. It didn't take much to put together what happened. "Our traits are being swapped. We have to find some way to stop this, no offense, but I really don't want to be a half-elf." Even as Agnès spoke, she continued to change. Her horns shrank inch by inch back into her head.

Lilah watched in amazement as scales grew down each of her arms. Her fingers reshaped into something more akin to claws, and she started to feel a new power that she didn't quite understand radiating through her. A power that, unfortunately, Agnès felt diminishing moment by moment. While Lilah's arms grew scaly, Agnès's became smooth, soft skin. At least she had long nails to make up for her lack of claws. Along with her skin becoming smoother, she felt a strange tautness across her body. The explosive power of a dragon might be gone, but she was experiencing the perks of a truly athletic body.

"Unngh!" Lilah gasped as she struggled with her top and boots. She managed to kick them off before they were destroyed by the quickly growing claws on her feet. Her top wasn't so lucky, definitely becoming stretched as Lilah's breasts expanded and Agnès's shrunk.

But finally, the changes stopped. The two looked at each other with a bit of surprise. Their faces, height, hair, and minds were spared from any change. Agnès curves were now Lilah's, and Lilah's muscles were now Agnès's. The elven ears Agnès now sported flicked.

"We've got to find a way to fix this," Agnès said with a frown.

"Uhuh," Lilah nodded quickly. She wiggled her claws. "Til then, I guess you'll be doing my exercise routine!"

[@nilly_fox](#) Kris – footplay, hypno, goo

Kris panted desperately. It was supposed to be an easy job, a pile of jewelry from a dumb elven stash out in the forest – just a small cave. He figured there would be some defense, but he never figured on some large green slime monster. As many spells as he cast, the slime just seemed to absorb them, every cut from his knife was just a risk of him losing it inside the blob! He had to think of something or else this *thing* might very well eat him!

"Oh Gloomp!~" a far too chipper voice sang from behind Kris. He turned to look, just a moment's distraction, but that's all it took. The slime hurled parts of itself at him, laying him out and gluing his hands and feet to the floor of the cave. He struggled as best he could as the large slime slowly approached, looming over him. Oh man, this was the end, wasn't it?

"Oh, you found someone!" the same voice said. A woman walked between Kris and the slime – a half-elf with long green hair in a loose braid. She gently patted the slime, which seemed entirely tame in her presence. "A thief? Why are you here?" she asked Kris.

It wasn't like he could tell the truth. She might be a half-elf, but this was still very close to an elven village, there was no way she would betray them. Then again, it wasn't like he could really lie. She had a kind face – if a bit clueless – and the thief knew how to play into that. "I was out

wandering the woods, trying to find some treasure. I slipped into this cave because my roguish senses could tell something was here. This slime attacked me, but you seem to have it under control. If you release me, I can treat you to some sweets I have as a thank you.” He didn’t have any, but once he was free, he was totally ditching.

“Oh.” The woman looked over Kris before smiling. “I see, okay. That explains a lot.” She walked over to Kris before sitting down on his stomach, legs in front of her and almost tucked beneath his arms. She was light, thankfully, but Kris couldn’t help but squirm under her. Way too close to a strange lady, and what was she even doing? He wasn’t a seat!

“Are you going to...?” he trailed off, his hope slowly vanishing. The half-elf on top of him didn’t even seem to register what he said. Instead, she tended to her boots. First she slipped one off, then the other. She peeled her stockings off and giggled as she tossed one onto Kris’s face. “Hey! What’s the idea!” he protested and shook his head. The stocking smelled surprisingly like wildflowers. He’d never really *smelled* a half-elf before, and even if it was kinda pleasant, he didn’t want to again.

“Gloomp, do you mind helping?” the half-elf asked. The slime wriggled right next to Kris and her before she unceremoniously dipped her feet into the slime. The slime gurgled before she pulled them out, now coated in the sticky, slimy, and pink substance. She giggled and wiggled her toes. “Good Gloomp!” she patted the slime which practically danced in place.

“Now for you,” she said as she lowered a foot toward Kris’s face. As much as he struggled, it didn’t matter. He was stuck and had to endure the feeling of that slimy foot along his face. But instead of cringing, he found himself utterly compelled. His body heated up, his eyes swirled. Y-yes! He wanted more. The second foot splatted against his face, making him look a bit ridiculous as he started rubbing his face against the half-elf’s foot. “Hee! We’ll have fun like this for a day or two. Until your brain is good and broke! Then maybe I’ll let you go~”

He couldn’t understand what he was doing. Something about those gel coated feet was driving him crazy! He could feel his body throbbing, his member starting to swell and press against the half-elf’s backside. Was this why she was sitting on him? To torment him? Guh, if only he could think, but the toes that wiggled in front of his eyes were too much. He pressed his nose into them and took a deep breath. The surprising sweetness of the slime plus the wildflower smell of the half-elf’s sweat stained his nose.

He struggled to think. Everything seemed so cloud. Feet...! Beautiful, pretty, half-elf feet! He needed to lick them, needed to taste them! He opened his mouth wide and drooled before he started licking. The half-elf giggled atop him but made sure to move the soles of her feet so Kris could have his little buffet. The poor thief was completely unaware that he was just making himself more and more of an addict as he licked. His mind burned with possibilities. He wanted to stuff his nose against her soles – wanted to stick his face in her boots, be gagged on her socks, he wanted to worship her feet! And the more slime that disappeared the more skin he

had offered to him. It was divine to finally taste her sole – like a hint of nectar and salt. The taste just drove him further.

“Please... please smother me...” he begged. He was barely aware of what he was even doing. He couldn’t bring himself to focus his eyes. Not that he wanted to see anything but the soles that threatened to block his vision.

The half-elf giggled all too happily. “Good footslave~ You’ll get plenty of worship time in soon!”