

Holy Tights  
By Princess\_Lil  
[Audio Here](#)

Marrita played by [Amelia VA](#)

“You, pretty pink-haired lovely, you look like you could make use of some of my wares.”

Grace looked to the saleswoman leaning against a stall with an eclectic arrangement of items. A mace, a bow, some elven leafweave armor, some potions, some panties...? And – wait, were those tights? Okay. This was a weird stall. Grace turned to leave.

“Hey now! Come back, at least listen to my pitch!”

The pink-haired priestess let out a little sigh. It was rude to not listen. With so many stalls and people barking to come to theirs, she couldn’t just listen to everyone. She took another step forward.

“Please, beautiful priestess, have some pity on a lowly shopkeeper and listen to her pitch? At least that much? I’ll make sure to give an extra prayer to the Mother Goddess if you do.”

“If you promise, then I guess it couldn’t hurt.” Grace turned on her heel and marched right back to the stall. She looked over the merchant – a tall woman in her forties, brown hair, freckled, and a slight bit on the chubby side, almost matronly so. The look on her face was one of sheer joy. It was almost creepy.

“Welcome, welcome to Marrita’s Wondrous Item Emporium! We have all the finest potions to partake in, wares to wear, and weapons to whack your enemies with! A priestess like yourself, so delicate and cute, must have some way to defend yourself, but I don’t see a weapon hiding in those white robes of yours, so why don’t you take a peek at this mace?” Marrita lifted the mace and tossed it from hand to hand. “Here, touch it and see how light it is!”

“I have a rod back at the inn.”

“A-ah! So I see, no weapon for you then. Ah, but what if you’re apprehended by a thug on the way back? Perhaps you should give it a second thought?”

Grace raised an eyebrow. “I’d rather scream for help. Few people would leave a priestess to fend for herself...”

“True! Yes, very true! You’re right. Completely right. I’ll think of something else—hm! Yes! Right, if you—Certainly you could use some range, I have a bow and some arrows—”

“My friend is an archer. I’m happy to support her with miracles.”

Marrita grimaced. "Ah... so you must be. Yes. Quite the—I see! Then certainly you must need a little armor? I have some—"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I really don't need armor."

"--then how about some healing potions...?"

"I'm a priestess. But I keep a supply of them already in case I become exhausted."

"Well! Look at you! So prepared!" Marrita scoffed. "Just—right, just one second. Uh..." Marrita's eyes lingered on the panties in her stall. She looked back toward the priestess. Grace's expression almost daring the merchant.

Marrita gulped down her failure. "So, this last thing I want to offer you is quite the item! Magical, blessed even, to make anyone who wears it happier!"

"...I'm quite happy. I have good traveling companions and am free to help people wherever I go."

"R-right! You didn't let me finish. They not only – not only I say! – help the wearer relax. Not just with their silky comfortable softness, but with a magical enchantment that can make everything from those tense shoulders of yours but even that little frown you have going on relax. It'll give you a whole new outlook on life! You'll feel great, bubbly, and like you could walk on air!" Marrita lifted up the silken tights and pushed them at Grace.

The tights brushed up against Grace's hands. She hesitated, but took them to feel the material. They were just black tights. They didn't seem special in the least beyond being extremely soft.

"Spidersilk. Straight from a master seamstress drider! Certainly *these* have to interest you."

Grace rubbed her hands against them. It would help at keeping her warm. Sometimes the wind managed to cause a bit of a draft in her robes. She sighed, almost not wanting to give the pushy merchant any money. "How much?"

"Just ten gold pieces for the fabulous tights!" Marrita grinned. This was her first sale today!

"And they're blessed?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"Fine. I'll take them, but if they aren't blessed, I'll be back."

"Trust your good friend Marrita! You'll be very happy with your purchase."

—

Grace sat on her bed in the inn room, robes pulled up, the shorts she wore under her robes pulled off and tossed on the bed beside her. She wiggled her toes in her boot socks before leaning down to pull them off and free her digits.

She stretched the fabric of the tights. They seemed durable enough, and hopefully they had the support needed for her to march around in her boots. “She said they’re magical, but they feel pretty... well, soft, but normal.” She shook her head. “Ten gold... Hopefully she’s still there when I try to get my money back. These aren’t worth more than a few silver.”

She stretched the opening of the tights and dipped her toes in, pushing them all the way to the feet of the tights. She bunched the tights up and slowly pulled them up her legs. She stood up and stretched them over the rest of her legs.

“...They don’t feel any different. Just soft.” She idly rubbed her thigh with her hand. “Very soft... Maybe these are worth at least a gold. I don’t think I’ve ever worn something like this. From my toes to my thighs, these feel really soft...”

Grace didn’t notice the pink glyph over her crotch, and by then, it was too late to stop the magic of the tights from working!

“Oooh!” Grace let out a startled moan. Warmth rushed down her hips and thighs. She could feel the legwear suddenly tighten against her skin, followed by a strange vibration that massaged her entire lower body. She let out a little squeak as she felt the tights become uncomfortably tight before finally she heard the distinct sound of a rip!

She gasped and looked down. Her brand new tights were ripping – barely able to keep the... plush skin of her thighs in, not to mention how big her hips felt! She could even feel a little bit of tearing behind, and quickly made a fool of herself trying to look at her own ass.

“W-what!? What’s happening? Why is my ass so big!?” she squeaked. “What’s going on with my hips—are these cursed?” Not that there was anything she could do about it now. The magic was already active!

She gasped in pleasure. She could feel butterflies in her stomach. She pressed her thighs together to try to get some control over herself, but the warmth spread up her hips and thighs to her stomach. She could feel her waist cinching in, leaving her breathless.

Why did it have to feel good?

She fell back onto the bed and almost toppled all the way over. The warmth kept spreading, slowly rising up her stomach to her chest and finally across her breasts. “H-hey...! Don’t you dare...!” she tried to argue with the magic. She could already feel the vibrations across her breasts.

Grace was – was – a modest woman both physically and mentally. The curse wanted to make sure neither of those were true by the end. Grace was left moaning through her teeth as the warmth focused on her breasts, making them grow larger and larger. She felt them flush against her robes, straining the cloth across her chest before... *rip~!*

“Nnngh...” she let out a cute little moan. The warmth stayed in her chest for a few moments, letting her recover. “That was... This was my favorite robe. Now the chest is all ripped, too...” she pouted. The camisole she wore under her robe was completely ripped too, she’d need to find new underwear.

“Mmmph... my lips... my face...?” she could feel the warmth across her entire face. The vibrations making what felt like subtle changes – the magic doing things she wouldn’t even notice until she looked in a mirror; pink lipstick, eyeshadow, blush, all now stained on her face. What she did notice was the swelling of her lips beyond something kissable into something that almost demanded to be fucked.

“Hff...” she gasped. She could feel the warmth in her brain now. The slow vibrations making it harder to think. “W-wait... stop...!” she squeaked. She struggled to fight back against the strange sense of pleasure that was surging through her once more, but this one targeted the deepest parts of her mind. So hard to think...! So hard to fight it!

Aah... she needed to play with herself! She needed to find someone to play with her! She was so damn horny suddenly! And everything felt weirdly foggy. So confused... Her mind was just going slower. And gosh it was so hard not to think about someone else fucking her!

She tossed off her robe and rummaged through her things to find another, struggling to fit it over her new curves. Her thoughts were elsewhere, like downstairs where there was certainly a group of adventurer’s partying and in need of a happy priestess. To her party members that were going to be so happy to see her.

She stumbled toward the door of her room. She could go find someone in the tavern – someone was bound to be into her if she went out like this, right? She was so sexy now! Her party was going to love her! Especially that cute, fit half-elf! Rooooowr~! She could hardly wait!

Wait, what was she...?

Grace tried to fight the confusion, but the thought of a bunch of tavern patrons drooling all over her gave her butterflies in her tummy. Yeah! She’d just go enjoy that for a while. She’d figure out what was going on later, or have one of her smarter party members do that~

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In the main room of the inn, several adventurers sat drinking to decompress. The small hotspot for adventurers was cozy with a warm fire in the hearth, good, warm food to eat, and ale actually worth a second cup just for the taste.

The normal boisterous talk and laughter fell uncharacteristically silent as Grace pranced down the stairs. Men and women alike stared at the formerly so chaste priestess that looked like a mockery of herself. Her robes barely fit around her massive breasts and wide hips. The dumb, ditzzy smile on her face didn't have even an echo of her former wisdom.

But she looked so happy. And so attractive. Most of the men couldn't take their eyes off her. The silence was only broken by Grace "Are you all staring at me? Wow, thanks!" She even gave a little pose.

"Hey, we should keep her company until her party returns, what do you say?" a young man with a big grin said. "You can come here and sit on my lap, I'll take care of you," he grinned.

Grace giggled. "Okay!"

Unfortunately, it might be a few days before her party returned. Certainly everyone would take good care of the bubbly priestess.