

Party Wipe

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A *Low Level* Size Story By Vivid Lucidity Commissioned By PITA

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role reversal, shrinking, F/F vore, F/M vore, food transformation, stomping, digestion, weight gain, asset gain, unwilling prey, cruel pred, goblin pred, unaware nasal vore

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Chapter One: Knock Knock

Sometimes, it's the most unlikely of enemies that defeat the heroes. But for most of the time, the status quo reigns supreme. In the side of a rocky cliff face was a cave, with a rough floor and winding walls that snaked deep underground. Flickering torches cast dancing shadows and pools of light. Light that illuminated small, ragged creatures scurrying away from the entrance and its light: goblins. They were similar to humans, yet half their size, with dark green skin and pointed ears. Their rags flapped as their spindly limbs carried them in a desperate retreat, with five of them heading down the cave. Yet their escape was stopped dead by a bolt of magic. Only a wisp of ash fluttered down to the ground.

For stepping through the cave's entrance was a band of heroes, forcing their way into the dungeon and dealing with the enemies as they came. Silhouetted against the sunlight streaming through the entrance, they looked simply heroic, although their deeds were less palatable to say the least. A few goblins charged their position, yet it was a token resistance at best, with most stumbling over themselves to flee.

There were six heroes in total. With glittering blonde hair was a human fighter, his short sword glistening as he cut down the puny foes. A female wood elf druid with black hair and a flowing, living dress of vines and bark strangled those who opposed her with summoned vines. Incinerating the puny insects with a wave of her fingers was a female high elf wizard, with crystal white hair and a witch's hat. Matching the goblin in stature yet outstripping in lethality was a male, dwarven barbarian with a menacing steel battle axe. Near the back with a glowing golden sceptre was a fair, honourable and beautiful female cleric, who looked pure and innocent despite being a tiefling. She was easily the fairest, and most beautiful, of them all with her golden blonde hair. And finally, at the very back, was someone who didn't belong. It was a lone, male, half-elven bard who just tried not to get in anyone's way. It was an average, stereotypical party.

Their personalities were much the same too. The fighter was aggressive, the druid was snide, the wizard snooty, the barbarian primal, the cleric soft spoken, and the bard a loner. He was definitely alone in his opinions at least, shying away and flinching with every goblin cut down. All the murder wasn't even fazing the rest of his group.

"Uhhh ... do we really have to cut them down when they're fleeing?" He asked, taking a step back as the wizard incinerated a pack of ten trying to get away.

"Yes." The wizard spat. "They're vile and terrible creatures and are nothing in comparison to the grandeur of elves!"

“Hey!” The fighter yelled as he arced a sword overhead and down into a goblin’s skull, before freeing it with a boot to the chest.

“Humans too, yes.”

“Why do you care?” The druid muttered, tripping another group of fleeing goblins with a vine so the barbarian could finish them off. “They’ve been ambushing caravans, killing innocents, this is what they deserve.”

“Oh ... okay...” The bard slinked back.

The inner sanctum of the cave could be glimpsed up ahead. A large passageway cut off with a heavy wooden door. The inner sanctum: the final chamber of the dungeon. Reaching their gear, they prepared themselves for a fight.

Chapter Two: Bottom of The Chain

But inside the inner sanctum, it was a completely different world, isolated from the horrors that took place just outside the door. They were all blissfully oblivious. A spherical chamber illuminated with magical lamps, it had a smooth stone floor and wooden tables around the edges overflowing with treasure. It was their loot from all the caravans they raided.

At the far end was a wooden throne adorned with stolen jewels, and kneeling at its base was a small, female goblin: Thith. She begrudgingly pleased the haughty goblin ruler who sat upon the throne, her lips sliding over his shaft. She hated doing such lowly work, but what could she do? She was the very bottom of the goblin pack, the runt of the tribe, the weakest of them all. Whatever they wanted her to do, she did.

She was small and scrawny, even for a goblin, barely coming up to the waist of any normal human. She was just over a metre (three feet) tall. Her pale green skin was coated in dirt, grime and scars from a hard life. Under no definition could she be seen as beautiful, with blemishes all across her cheeks, and rough, uneven skin. Her fiery red hair clung in tangled clumps to her scalp and was coated in dirt. She wore nothing more than a set of dirty brown rags that barely covered her flat chest and small lower lips.

In comparison to the other goblins she was a weakling, especially to the goblin ruler she served. He merely sat in the throne like a king and paid no heed to the lowly servant beneath his gaze. His eyes were more focused on the smooth orb he tossed between his hands, feeling it roll across his fingers. It was a glass orb the size of a small peach and filled with a swirling purple haze. He played with it absent-mindedly. He had no idea what it was, he just grabbed it from the last caravan they raided. But as a goblin he knew that shiny smooth things were valuable, and this very much fit the bill.

Thith looked up longingly as she sucked his member. Her head bobbed up and down across his smooth, erect shaft, her lips moving up to the engorged head before sliding down to the base. It dripped with her saliva. She had been sucking him for most of the day after all. Her hands ran over his small ballsac, kneading and massaging them, helping stimulate them. She could feel the thin sheen of sweat and musk beneath her fingers, mixed in with the saliva from a previous session of ball-worship. She always hated having to lick down there.

But not as much as swallowing, a fact she was painfully reminded of as he came, splattering the inside of her mouth with white cream. After letting him burst his load, she gulped it down with a shiver and panted for fresh air. Taking a sip from a nearby flask she washed it all down, clearing her mouth of the unpleasant taste.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He suddenly muttered, not even looking down. Rolling her eyes and groaning in disgust, she tentatively stuck out her tongue and took it back into her mouth again. It never ended, much to her disgust. All she wished for in the world was for something, *anything*, to come along and stop her from sucking his cock...

Unfortunately, she got her wish when a panting, heaving gobbling burst through the door before slamming it shut again.

“We’re under attack!” He screamed.

The goblin ruler looked up with a start and leapt onto the floor, orb in hand. Thith slinked to the side. “What?! How many? Where your brethren?”

“Six. We all dead! Can’t fight back!”

It took the goblin ruler one moment to make up his mind: run. Dashing over to the table, he began to scoop up as much loot as he could into his bag. The goblin messenger had already fled out the secret exit tunnel. Thith just watched on as he grabbed the loot.

“Should ... should Thith go with you?” She asked as he crammed a golden crown into his bag.

“No!” He yelled. “You stay, you hold them back!” Stuffing the bag to bursting point, he slung it over his shoulder, with the other hand holding the orb.

“Oh ... okay...” Thith muttered, taking a step back and holding her head low. She knew she didn’t have a chance against them, but she was so meek, afraid and weak, she couldn’t dream of saying no. Seeing that she had agreed, the ruler grinned and bolted out the escape tunnel without another word. Without a care or thought, he left her behind.

Thith listened to the fading echo of his pattering feet as he ran away. But in just a few seconds, it was cut off by a sudden scream. Thith gasped and took a step back. The scream died as quickly as it started, leaving the room filled with an eerie silence. And then, the orb bounced back through the doorway, and rolled to a stop at her feet.

Entranced by the smoothness and shininess of the orb, she picked it up and looked it over. It felt so smooth in her hands, perfectly smooth, with not a chip or crack from its bouncing roll. The purple haze inside swirled and twisted like a witch’s cauldron. As she stared inside the deep haze ... she felt as if she was staring into a deep, dark pit. Mysterious, pretty and powerful, it was no wonder she was entranced with it. But her gawking was stopped dead when she realised she wasn’t alone.

Looking up, she saw the party of six, standing in front of the main entrance. Thith froze and took a step back. Just one looked more powerful than her, and there was six before her! They were at the far end of the room in front of the entrance, with Thith at the back near the throne.

They stared at each other in shock, until a flicker of movement from the right side stole her attention. Sauntering through the escape tunnel, twirling daggers flecked with goblin blood, was a female halfling rouge. Dressed in a black robe, she sauntered on her raised heels with flair as she joined the group, leering down at Thith the whole way.

Seven heroes. Seven people Thith had no hope of defeating even alone. Yelping in shock, Thith staggered back and scooped up a discarded copper short sword from the floor. She held it up to the group in her right hand, the left gripping the orb tight to her chest. The tip wavered and bounced from her shaking group.

“Stay ... stay back!” She screamed with all of the might she could muster to intimidate them yet could barely keep herself from crying. “Thith hurt you if you come close! Thith strong! Thith strongest one of them all! Me no want to hurt you!”

And they merely laughed. The whole group laughed, a rolling chuckle that even the bard shared. Thith went slack and the first set of tears began to flow from her cheeks. When they began to step towards her, she wiped the tears away and kept the sword up.

“Stay back!” she squealed.

“Hey, maybe we should let her go?” The bard began. “She’s just harmless, really... come on, lets just let her go.”

“No.” The cleric interjected. “The world will be better off without ugly little monsters like these.”

“Besides,” the rogue said, “she’s got a brain the size of a pea anyway.” She stalked towards Thith at the front of the pack, daggers raised. “That goblin boss squealed real funny ... I want to see what a runt squeals like...”

Welling all of her strength, Thith threw the sword at the group! It merely clattered and bounced to a stop to their feet. The group laughed again. Thith took another step back but found herself up against the wall. She stared up with teary eyes at the monsters approaching towards her.

“I’m going to enjoy this...” The wizard said. At the front of the group, she sauntered towards Thith, hands glowing with magical power. She began to raise them...

And out of pure desperation, Thith threw the orb at them. It sailed through the air ... and shattered at their feet.

And a pink mist enveloped them in a flash.

The whole group gasped as they were enveloped in an instant; no matter where they looked they saw thick, swirling fog. They couldn’t glimpse the outside world, and even the rest of the group were just barely glimpsed outlines. Already the swirling mix dove into their lungs. It didn’t poisonous or rank, but instead sweet, like crystallised sugar. A strange tingle began to seep through their bodies, while everything began to feel lighter...

“What’s going on? Is it poisonous?!” The fighter roared, twisting and turning in shock, much like the rest of the group.

“It isn’t ... it’s something else...” The wizard replied, the fear creeping into her voice.

As fast as it came, the mist left. They readied their gear ready to leap out into battle, only to stop and stare when they realised the world looked different. They were now in a massive coliseum, the walls seemingly miles away, while the roof was much the same. Strange objects unlike anything they had ever seen before hung at the edge of their view, blurred from distance. The smooth stone floor had become rough and twisted, with cracks going up to their ankles running across the stone. They stood in the same rough circle as they marvelled at the world around them.

It hit the wizard first. “We’ve been shrunken!” She yelled, making the rest of the group slink back in fear. They were now just four inches (10 centimetres) tall.

“What?!” The fighter roared.

“It’s true!”

“Wait, so then where is the gob...”

SLAM SLAM

Two earth shaking pounds that sent them tumbling to the ground in a heap. They had never heard such a loud sound in their life, it was as if a meteor had landed right at their feet. Dazed and concussed, they slowly peeled themselves off the ground. But when they did, and looked at the world around them, they flinched back at what they saw.

For just in front of them were two thick, green pillars, with ten segments at the front. They had no idea what it was. Their eyes drifted skywards, and their mouths opened wider and wider, while the disbelief merely grew. The strange pillars thinned out, became two green spires, that then fused into one solid mass. And above that, looking down at them with a shock equal to their own ... was a face. A goblin’s face.

It was Thith, peering in shock at the seven tiny people at her feet. For her, the party simply disappeared in the mist. She didn’t see them until she came close and spotted the tiny people just in front of her feet. They now both stared at each other in stunned silence, not quite believing the impossible sight their eyes laid upon.

There was no sugar-coating it, she was massive. She loomed high above them not like a castle’s tower, but a castle itself, she was that broad and tall. For them, she looked as if she was three stories tall. What struck them was just how *tall* she was, not stretching up and away like a mountain, but straight up, like a cliff of green. Ragged grey cloth the size of galleon’s masts loosely clung to her form like great streams from a cliff-side village. She just looked so *different*, and while she had not changed an iota, a shift in perspective can be all it takes. What was once scrawny and weak limbs were now thicker than a castle tower. What was once a scrawny clump of hair was now a sea of motion, every hair, every fibre swaying as if there was a breeze. And what were two small, watery eyes were now colossal spheres staring down in shock equal to their own. They never noticed that her eyes were blue before.

Mouths agape, they simply stared at each other for what felt like eons.

Until Thith began to grin.

Chapter Three: Brain Food

It all clicked, the heroes that tried to kill her were now just the size of mice. They were helpless, and Thith could do whatever she wanted to them. She could finally get the domination and control she had craved for her entire life. For as long as she could remember people had bossed her around, looked down at her with disgust, and now the tables had turned. Her mind raced with wicked possibilities for revenge. Her grin grew wider and wider, which made the party take a few steps back in fear. She giggled at the sight.

“Heehee, you all afraid of just a little goblin!”

Her high-pitched voice was anything but for the tiny group, her voice a low, rumbling growl deeper than any beast they had fought before. Specks of dust the size of their fists trembled around their ankles, before bouncing into the air as she walked. Slowly and with her hands on her hips she sauntered around the terrified group, leering down at them. She delighted in the fact that as she walked, all eyes remained locked on her. She’d never felt that before.

“You size of rats! And Thith like to stomp on dirty rats!”

With that, they peered down at her boulder sized feet. With every step they would slam into the ground, pressing into it and spreading out slightly from the pressure. Up close to the colossal feet, they could spy the dirt and muck caking the heel. Practically rolling out from the feet were waves of musk and heat, raising the surrounding temperature and making them sweat. Near the small toe on the left foot was a tiny splatter of insect ichor, no doubt from an ant crushed unaware. It was tiny and insignificant, even to them, yet it still made them shiver like no beast ever could.

“Didn’t you say you would make Thith squeal? Well now Thith wonder what you squeal like, haha!”

Every taunt, every tease, every insult made them shrink back from the giant that loomed over them. Their bodies began to quiver slightly, with even the mighty barbarian quaking in his boots.

“You, angry lady!” Thith interjected, pointing at the rogue with her index finger, which made her take a few steps back. “You said Thith have brain size of pea. Well now you have brain size of pea, haha!”

“What ... what do we do?” The fighter yelled, his sword trembling as he looked up at the circling, leering goblin. They knew that she’d run out of insults eventually, and they didn’t dream to think of what she’d move onto next. And they knew they had no hope of running away from a creature as large as her. A hundred frantic steps could be matched with just one from her.

“Don’t worry! I can undo the spell, so just hang on!” The wizard yelled with a trembling voice as she held her hands high. She closed her eyes and a light shone from the tip, before clouds of purple, magical energy swirled around her like a whirlpool. The light seemed to darken.

“GODS OF ANCIENTS...” She roared. “HEAR MY PLEAS AND BEND TO MY WILL...aieeee!”

Only for her defiant roar to become a high-pitched squeal as Thith’s fingers closed around her and effortlessly ripped her off the ground. She disappeared in the blink of an eye. For the group, she was there one moment and gone the next. Just one quick little motion of Thith’s hands and she was gone. They watched in horror as she squirmed and squealed the whole way. Her struggles did nothing, she was but a doll in her grasp. They watched on with horror ... only to scream as Thith opened her mouth wide and shoved her in. She was gone. Frantic screaming became eerie silence as Thith shoved the tiny girl inside. They couldn’t believe it; they couldn’t believe that a living, breathing person could be eaten just like a snack.

But as horrific as it was for them to watch, it was immeasurably worse to experience it.

When the wizard saw the giant’s mouth stretch open, her screams reached a new, feverous pitch as a primal fear took control of her body. She bucked and thrashed as if she was alight, yet it did nothing to stop her ascent towards the red, dripping cave. A wave of hot and stale air washed over her as soon as those crooked teeth parted. But she was too afraid to think about such things now. Thith had tilted her head low and she was heading directly into it.

It was a small space, barely big enough to fit her, which made all the horrific details more apparent. It was a red cavern with every surface covered in a thick coat of saliva. On either side was jagged, uneven teeth stained a dull grey. And in the centre was a pink tongue, swaying from side to side as if it was inviting her in.

The wizard held up her hands to ward it off yet did nothing to slow it as she was shoved inside. She shuddered as the tongue dragged across her face, forcing thick, foul saliva up her nose and mouth. It tasted and smelt terrible! But it was the least of her worries as she was thrust inside, body barely fitting on the sinewy tongue. She looked over her shoulder to see the mouth closing and screamed one last time before they sealed shut.

“NO!”

And then there was darkness. As soon as the teeth snapped shut the tongue surged to life, pinning her to the ceiling and forcing the air from her lungs. A tidal wave of saliva rolled around the mouth with the simple press of her tongue, soaking every inch of her formerly beautiful body. She pushed and kicked yet did nothing to slow the mighty tongue she rested upon, its strength far out matching her own. Every tastebud dragged over her and smeared more slimy saliva over her body.

Hot breath washed over her body, while the distant pound of Thith’s heart rattled through her like a drumbeat. A moment of relative peace, struggling and squirming pinned to the roof of her maw, before the tongue started to swish her around. Every lick made a wet slurping noise that filled her ears. Thith was tasting her, rolling her from side to side in her mouth. The wizard struggled, pushing and kicking against the thick tongue, yet it merely rolled her

around like a mere lolly. Her strength was nothing in comparison to her, she was completely at her mercy.

It made her heart pound and her breath race as she reached out for grip Her clean, beautiful robe was soaked with disgusting saliva, while her fair hair was matted to her scalp. Unfortunately, she got her wish. After twisting and rolling disorientation in the maw, the tongue bucked her forwards while the head tilted back. The tastebuds became thicker, rougher; she knew what was happening, and screamed while reaching out to stop herself. But it was for naut. Her body slid into the pocket of slick, smooth flesh of her throat, which yawned wide before clamping down on her hard. Her torso was pinned in crushing pressure, while her legs wiggled free in the maw.

And then Thith gulped. A deafening, rolling swallow that washed over her like a tsunami and made her lurch forwards slightly. She was a big meal that wouldn't go down with a fight. She kicked and pushed, even inching back slightly, but Thith just swallowed again. She kept gulping and before long, the wizard was just a screaming, thrashing bulge slowly dragging down her throat.

The mouth was nothing in comparison to the heat and pressure of the throat. The oesophagus pinned her tight on all sides and made her unable to even wriggle. It was as hot and humid as a sauna. She screamed but couldn't even hear herself over the slow drumbeat of her heart or the gush of her colossal lungs. Her tiny heart slamming against her ribcage, the wizard finally realised what it meant to be food.

The tight, muscular ring of Thith's sphincter slithered over her body, dousing her in a fresh wave of disgust, stench, and humidity. A wave of hot and acidic blasted into her face and made her gag as she was forced into the stomach. With a final squeeze she sloshed inside. It was a tiny, circular organ barely big enough to lie in. The slimy walls, folded and dripping with mucus, slithered over her bare skin. A sea of white cum and sizzling acids sloshed around her body, smearing over her and coating her in the disgusting mire.

It was simply horrific. Floundering in the darkness, she pushed herself against the wall and pounded against it.

“ANYONE! PLEASE, ANYONE, SAVE ME!”

But she only got a gurgle in response. The acids began to rise, and an intense tingling broke out across her skin. Slamming her fists in the wall one last time, she slumped down, never to rise again.

She was gone. Frantic screaming had become eerie silence as Thith shoved the tiny inside. She swished her from side to side, squinting as if to figure out if she tasted good or not ... and swallowed. Scrunching her eyes and tilting her head back, she forced the large squirming bulge that was their wizard down into her throat. The entire group screamed and stepped back again, with the bard on the verge on passing out. The wizard, a friend, an ally for so long ... was now just a bulge moving down the goblin's neck.

Sighing and panting a few times for having worked her down, Thith smacked her lips before letting out a wet belch.

BURRRRRRRP

And a saliva-soaked witch's hat splattered in the middle of the group. The only thing left they had of their dear wizard. They stared at it for a few seconds in horror, before looking back up to Thith who merely shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly.

“Sorry. Thith hungry, and Thith like you better as tiny pests. And magic lady was mean, tasted horrible, bleh!”

The team was gobsmacked. They stared in silence up at her, before it was shattered by a long, loud *growl*. But it wasn't any deep, terrible beast, but something far worse: her stomach. It churned and sloshed noisily and surprised even Thith with its volume. But then, it began to glow. A golden glow that shone from her stomach as if she swallowed a star, before it suddenly diffused into her skin and disappeared away.

And then the changes began.

Her breasts were the first area to be affected, swelling and growing with a golden aura. They plumped out slightly, not massive by any measure, but visible at least, pressing through her dangling rags. The rest of her body swelled out as well, with the malnutrition and deficient curves removed. She looked healthier and thicker overall. Height was the final thing she gained, another inch that lurched her up slightly and made her all the taller for the tiny, petrified heroes.

“Haha, wow, I'm bigger now!” She squealed, only to stop herself. She stared blankly in shock. “Wait ... what? What did I just say? That ... that doesn't sound like me at all! Oh ... oh my...”

It then hit her. The wizard, she didn't just gain her curves and body, but her intelligence as well. She was smarter already. At first it was daunting, millions upon millions of fresh neurons opening up for her. It was so vast, she didn't quite know what to do. Yet after the first rush everything settled into place and her thoughts became organised. It gave her a moment to realise just how intelligent she now was. Advanced concepts, complex theories, before they had stumped her for days on end, yet could now be resolved in the blink of an eye. The world felt so less confusing and scary, but rather clear. It felt good.

Reaching out with her scrawny fingers, she stretched them wide and a ball of fire sparked to life between her fingertips. It was a swirling sphere the size of an orange. The heroes backed up, the mere orb looked like it could incinerate them all, but Thith didn't notice. She just stood amazed, swirling it around before vanishing it with a clench of her fingertips. The magical realm, with all of its mystique and power was now freely accessible to her.

With a wicked grin, she looked back down at the tiny heroes before her. Even if they were at regular size, she could incinerate them with a sweep of her fingertips.

“It's no wonder what that orb was for, little *pests*. No doubt it was produced to shrink people down to an easily digested size, turning them into snacks. Snacks that contained not only

nutrients ... but the essence of one's self as well. Your strengths, your qualities ... all absorbed into a superior form."

She licked her lips.

"I wonder what I'll get from each of you..."

Chapter Four: Muscle Food

For the barbarian, this was too much. Mind snapped in a mix of fury, desperation and fear he couldn't admit, he charged forth with a roaring cry. No care, no thought, he just sprinted towards her, screaming. Thith just watched with amusement as the rat that was him scurried towards her foot.

Reaching the base of her body, he swung wildly, slamming his mighty battle-axe into the flesh of her toes. He swung overhead, chopped from side to side, roaring and screaming in primal rage with every thrust. Pure adrenaline fuelled him, and he swung with a strength never before seen.

Meanwhile, Thith just watched with an amused smirk as the tiny rat that was him scratched at her toes, not even breaking the skin. It felt like a little insect gnawing away at her, slightly unpleasant, yet nothing of heed. If anything, all he seemed to be doing was just scratching her itch. It was simply hilarious, and a little bit cute about how his best efforts couldn't even nick her toe.

She giggled, before lightly flexing her toes. For him, the barrel sized toes slammed into his chest and sent him flying back. A little press of his foot was all it took to send him flying. He skidded across the ground before sliding to a stop in a dishevelled heap. Welling his strength, he leapt back to his feet and readied himself to charge again ... only for Thith to lean over and *pluck* him off the ground. He simply grabbed him by the cuff of his shirt and picked him up, like a cat picking up a kitten.

He simply roared louder, swinging and twisting from side to side. He didn't think of what would happen if he got his wish and fell to the floor below. Higher and higher Thith pulled him up until she dangled him right in front of her face. She had to squint slightly to see his pained expression of pure fury. Even now he fought, hacking away at her fingers, giving her nothing more than a light scratch.

"Cute, but not very effective, little pest~" She giggled, before reaching up with her right index finger and flicking it away. Just one little flick and the axe flew away, leaving him dangling and defenceless. It took him a few seconds to realise what happened. When he did, he looked ahead to see a goblin face taking up all he could see. She peered close, with her two massive eyes focused entirely on him. In a moment his will was broken, and he began to furiously struggle to try and get out. Thith just cooed at the sight.

"Awwwh, who's an adorable widdle barbarian that thinks they can escape, huh?"

She then reached up and poked him, her fingers barrelling into his body. For her, it was a light tap, for him it knocked the wind from his lungs and sent him reeling. Thith giggled and poked him again.

“Battered by a finger, really? Aren’t you barbarians supposed to be tough?”

He didn’t respond, merely screaming as her finger battered into him again. Every slam wore him down further and further, till he could barely raise his arms to fight her off anymore. He hung limp, swaying with every battering blow.

“Bleh, you’re no fun~” She pouted before dropping him like a broken toy. He screamed as he fell, arms pinwheeling as the ground rushed towards him unnaturally fast, before he slammed down onto the hard stone. It hit him hard, leaving him winded, but his tiny stature saved him and left him unhurt. He was face down and winded. He tried to lay still and get his breath back, only for a shadow to fall across his form. Looking up, he saw the green sky of her sole loom above him and got once chance to scream before it came down.

Thith lightly pressed her left foot onto him, squeezing and pinning him to the floor.

“Hehe, you’re not even a good footrest!” She laughed.

Darkness and pressure enveloped him and made it impossible to breathe anything but the musky, stale air that clung to her sole. It reeked of sweat and filth. Clumps of dirt and rivulets of sweat smeared across his body as she rubbed her foot from side to side. He fought, oh did he fight to escape, but all of his strength was nothing in comparison to her foot. He screamed, but not a scrap of his voice escaped the hot, fleshy confines of her foot. Everything he did merely served to make Thith happier and relish in the power she exerted over the formerly mighty foes.

After half a minute of squeezing, pressing and rolling, she lifted her foot to reveal a sweaty and broken husk of a man. His clothes were simply soaked in sweat while he could barely move a muscle.

“Awwh, what’s wrong?” She teased as he picked him up. “Sad that you’re finally underfoot for a change?~”

He couldn’t reply. He merely hung limp as she lifted him higher and higher until he was dangling above her head. She looked up at him with a sparkle in her eyes, forcing a shiver down his spine. A shiver that turned to a scream as she opened her mouth wide. Slowly, she began to lower him in.

“Now say sorry~” She teased, reaching up to lick at his feet with the tip of her tongue.

“I’m ... I’m ... I’m sorry! I’m sorry for trying to kill you!” He wailed. He might’ve been a proud warrior, but against her, it all evaporated.

She stopped.

“See, now was that so hard?” She teased, and he let out a sigh of relief. “Thank you, *snack*.”

And before he could scream, she let go. He fell the short distance before slamming into her tongue and sliding down towards her open throat. Looking over his shoulder he reached out to the sky and screamed...

SNAP!

She snapped her jaws shut.

GULP

And gulped him down.

Drool seeped from the corner of her mouth as she traced the squirming bulge down her neck before it disappeared into her body. It was easier to swallow him, and not just because he was a *smaller* meal. He sloshed into her gut and already tried to break free, giving her delightful butterflies in the stomach. And in no time at all, her stomach glowed, and the changes began once more.

Her breasts swelled out again, now reaching moderate sizes, while her body grew thicker, more curvaceous, and slightly taller as well. The grey rags clinging to her body started to get rather tight. But the most drastic change was to her skin, with the glow seeping out all across her body and purifying her form. She was gaining the barbarian's constitution. Her skin quickly became flawless and smooth, all the scars fading away in an instant. Her crooked nose became straight, the freckles and blemishes across her cheeks disappeared, and even the mud and filth fell away. Her tangled hair straightened and smoothed out to a long, flowing mane of glowing red. A strange squeezing and tugging manifested in her mouth so she opened her jaws wide. Her teeth were straightening out, chips disappearing, while the off coloured grey became a pearly white.

A lifetime of hardship and injury disappeared in mere moments. She had never felt healthier in her life. She was beautiful and clean. Everything felt *perfect*, as if she could run a marathon without breaking a sweat.

Just five heroes left to go ... and Thith couldn't wait to figure out what attribute they would each give her.

Chapter Five: Sugary Food

Her hungry gaze was like a guillotine for the remaining heroes, all backing away nervously in fear of being picked next. They knew that with each consumption she would grow stronger and stronger, further cementing her absolute domination and power over them. If they had any desperate moves, they needed to do it now.

"This ... this is looking serious..." The druid muttered, fear beginning to creep into her voice. She realised that as much as she didn't want to do it ... she didn't have a choice.

"Get ... get back!" She yelled to the party. "You ... you don't want to be around for this!" They backed away uneasily, their gaze split between her and approaching Thith.

"Awwwh, they've all abandoned you! All alone and helpless ... I wonder what you'll taste like..." Thith teased, reaching out with a hand...

Only for the druid to look up to her with a mix of fear, determination ... and glowing orange eyes. Thith stopped in shock.

“I promised I wouldn’t use this power, but you’ve left me **no choice!**” She roared, putting even Thith’s voice to shame.

And then she began to change.

From the stone floor tendrils of brown energy leapt upwards before diving into her body. With a flicker of light and ear-splitting roar her body twisted. Her body grew, her skin darkened, her entire form changed. Larger and larger she grew and twisted, rocketing past her original size and continuing to grow. All eyes were upon her and everyone backed away in fear.

Until, with a final flash of light, the transformation ended.

And there was no more druid, but a large, ravenous *Tyrannosaurus Rex*. A massive, bipedal dinosaur with dark green and brown scales. It stood at its full height with its head just brushing against the ceiling. It was three times the height of any human, and four times the height of poor Thith. Its glowing orange reptilian eyes pierced into the goblin, while drool ran from its jagged teeth.

“Oh crap...” Thith muttered. Looking up in shock, she took a step back, only for the druid to stomp forwards in turn.

“***What was that you said about me being helpless, you little runt?!***” The druid growled, her voice a low rumble that rattled the cavern. Stone dust fell from the ceiling with every syllable. She took another step forward, saliva now dribbling at Thith’s feet...

“I wish you had turned into something sweeter...” Thith muttered.

ZAP!

And then the beast disappeared in the blink of an eye. No smoke, no tricks, she was just *gone*. And bouncing to a stop on the floor where the beast once stood ... was just a tiny little *cupcake*. Thith blinked in shock, staring at it in disbelief.

The cupcake looked like any other, a small pastry but without a paper cover on it. It was made from a minty chocolatey dough that matched the druid’s dark skin. Her curled red hair was now nothing more than some stringy red dressing on the very top in a floral pattern. It looked simply delicious, with a fresh, crisp look and faint reflective glaze. Thith had never even dreamed of such a scrumptious little treat! Thith licked her lips...

For the druid however, the experience was much more shocking. One moment she was standing there, ready to snap the goblin up, and the next, she wasn’t there at all. She couldn’t feel anything. She watched the world sail by as she fell through the air before hitting the ground. But it didn’t hurt. Immediately, she was confused, and tried to call out ... only to find she didn’t have a voice. She couldn’t scream, she couldn’t move, she couldn’t even look around, all she could see was Thith’s feet ... and her own, transformed body.

“No no no no no ... what’s happened to me?!” she thought, terrified at what she had become.

Being a cupcake was unsurprisingly a strange experience. She had no presence of self besides an amorphous mass around her ‘core’, whatever that may be. She could feel her doughy body, everything seeming stiff and slightly soft. The cool breeze wafting against her sides felt odd, gushing through the holes of her not quite solid body. She could still see, hear and feel, but not taste or smell. Which was probably for the best as it stopped her from realising how appetising of a meal she really was...

But her realisation of her new form was cut short as two fingers squeezed her body and ripped her off the ground. She could feel her entire body dimple beneath the pressure. Yet such sensations quickly fell to the wayside when she saw she was in front of Thith’s grinning face. Thith licked her lips.

If she had it, the druid’s blood would’ve gone cold. Her mind simply stopped as she felt a terror she hadn’t considered possible before. In all creatures, there’s a deep, primal instinct: don’t get eaten. And to be in front of a giant, now nothing more than a delectable sweet, it felt wrong and terrifying in ways beyond compare.

But she couldn’t flail, she couldn’t scream, and couldn’t even whimper as Thith opened her mouth wide. All she could do was watch as she was devoured alive.

“NO NO NO! I’M A WARRIOR OF THE FOREST ... I CAN’T GO LIKE THIS!” She screamed in mind-breaking terror as Thith brought her towards her glistening teeth, but nobody could hear her. Thith just brought her closer into her maw. As the first of her body slipped between the threshold of her mouth, she felt the heat and humidity rush over her. She could feel every drip of saliva from the upper palate hit her frosting and melt the sugary mixture.

And then Thith bit down.

CHOMP!

With the slice of incisors and slam of molars, Thith effortlessly bit off half of her body. The druid was struck with a sudden sense of being ... distant. A painless cut and then a feeling that her new, tiny body wasn’t all quite there anymore. Tiny strings of saliva trailed between her and the teeth as she was pulled away before breaking. As Thith pulled the cupcake away, the druid felt like she was being stretched apart. It was unlike anything she had ever felt before, and utterly terrifying.

But it only got worse when Thith started to *chew*. Her cheeks moved up and down as she mulched the doughy mass, chewing it up without any effort. The druid felt it all come apart, dissolving into an amorphous mess. She could feel Thith’s tongue slice through the mire and drink up the flavour. She mentally screamed at the mind-breaking horror. Thith meanwhile moaned as drool seeped from the corner of her lips, she tasted so good!

She then tilted her head back and gulped it down. The druid felt her body slide away from her, compacted on all sides by her throat before splashing into the stomach. Already she could feel it start to dissolve away.

Thith opened her mouth wide, showing off her spit and pastry covered mouth to the druid. The druid could feel those chunks, the last few remnants of her splattered across her teeth and slowly dissolving away from the saliva.

“Down the hatch you go!~” Thith teased before plopping the last of the cupcake inside and starting to chew. The druid could feel every crush of the teeth, every brush of the tongue as she was messily chewed alive. It felt like being melted into goo as the saliva soaked into her. And all she could see was darkness, and all she could hear was the very sound of her being broken down. And her own desperate, silent screaming.

After what felt like eons of being chewed alive, Thith granted her mercy by finally swallowing her down. Mind broken, she could barely think as the slimy walls of her throat squeezed her tight. She was spread out like a tube of toothpaste as she slithered down the throat. When she finally sloshed into the stomach and began to dissolve, she could not think, she could not scream.

She could only wordlessly feel the acids claim her alive.

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Chapter Six: Fatty Food

“Mmmmh, she tasted much better than the other two!” Thith exclaimed, patting her tummy and licking her lips of the last few scraps of the cupcake.

The party merely watched on in horror, with not a single member able to keep their mouth closed. To be swallowed whole was horrific beyond belief, but to be loudly and messily chewed bit by bit? They couldn't believe it.

But Thith didn't see or care, too busy focusing on her own body for the inevitable improvements. It didn't take long. The druid went straight to her hips and butt, plumping them both out to almost obscene levels. Her butt was almost bigger than her head at this point. A quick slap across the surface confirmed its jiggle and softness, making Thith giggle. She was now the size of a normal human girl.

But the main gain was wisdom. While the wizard might've given her intelligence and enough knowledge about magic to use it, the druid gave her a full encyclopedia of knowledge. History, natural sciences and so much more. Thith was instantly turned into a scholar. Not as dramatic as constitution or magic, but still impressive. An entire library of information at her very fingertips. In that moment, she suddenly became fluent in several languages. A lifetime of knowledge to enjoy at her leisure ... but for now, she had four people to enjoy instead.

After the failed attempt by the rogue the party was split into two groups: the bard and rogue, and the cleric and fighter. Thith stalked towards the latter.

“What was that you said about me before?” She asked, jabbing a finger at the cleric who backed away. “That the world would be better off without ‘ugly little monsters’ like me scurrying around?” Her feet slammed down just in front of them. They backed away, too terrified to even scream.

“Well you're about to look really ugly turned into paste beneath my feet!”

Thith raised her right foot ready to stomp. A shadow fell over the cleric as dirt rained down all around her. All she could see was the dark green sole of her foot coated in dirt. Screaming, the cleric sprinted away...

And then the foot came crashing down.

SLAM!

squish

A heavy, body shaking pound. The wet splat of something bursting under pressure. And the cleric opened her eyes. Looking around, she saw herself not as a smear across the ground, but alive and well just next to the foot. A foot with a tiny river of red running beneath it, and the fighter's sword just beside it.

At the last moment the fighter dove to push her out of the way yet didn't manage to escape the foot himself.

"No ... no ... no!" The cleric stammered as she got to her shaking feet. Thith, the rest of the world meant nothing to her as she stared in shock at the last few traces of her dear friend. Grabbing her staff, she said a quick incantation and the staff glowed bright. And then, in a flash of light she reformed him, standing weary eyed right beside her.

He had no idea what had happened, but she knew didn't have the time to tell him, so she grabbed his hand and ran. But she barely took five steps before two big, green hands reached down and snatched them up. By the time her eyes cleared she was being squeezed tight in Thith's left hand before her face, with the fighter in her right. He struggled like the hero he was but couldn't budge an inch.

"Awwwh, have we got two cute little lovebirds here?" Thith mocked, squeezing them tight just to watch them squirm. Already she could see them looking to each other, reaching out for each other. They were thinking of each other even as they were held in a giantess's grip. It was honestly adorable. But for Thith, who had never had a second of love in her life, it just annoyed her further with jealousy.

"Why would you love him anyway? His cock is so tiny, it's the size of a nail, ha!" The cleric grinded her teeth in rage, yet still tried to reach out for him.

"And you ... her breasts her so tiny ... why even bother? Mine are *soo* much bigger anyway~" She bounced her breasts up and down, shaking the pair. They couldn't think, they couldn't act, they could only reach out for each other in the desperate moment. Like they were two dolls, she brought them close for a 'kiss'. Closer and closer they came, and their fingers almost touched ... before Thith yanked the cleric away. Screaming.

"Well you already got to watch him go." She began as she brought the screaming cleric up to her mouth. "So it's only fair he gets to watch you get done in!" She opened her mouth wide, revealing the dripping cavern inside. The cleric's screams reached a new feverous pitch, while the fighter wailed in anguish. He couldn't believe it; this couldn't be real!

He screamed and held out his hand as he watched her go towards the open mouth. Slowly, Thith pushed her inside, slipping her between her lips headfirst. It wasn't a quick gulp like the rest, with the goblin taking her time and maximising the pain. And all the while, she looked down at the helpless fighter with a wicked grin.

Shoving the last of her feet in, Thith snapped her teeth shut and began to swish her around her wet mouth. He flailed with a strength like never before but didn't even budge a finger. All he could do was watch as his dear love was devoured whole and alive. He could still hear her desperate pleas as she battled with her foul tongue and lost. Her voice was choked with spit but he could still hear every syllable, every beg for freedom. He yelled back.

“LET HER GO, PLEASE! EAT ME, NOT HER!” he wailed.

Thith stopped. She stopped swishing the cleric around her mouth. Pursing her lips, she pushed her out so her upper torso was between her lips. The fighter gasped as she saw her, panting and sodden as she tried to wipe the spit from her face. Seeing him, she reached out with a hand and began to crawl...

Only for Thith to rip her head back and swallow her down in a single gulp.

GULP!

The cleric didn't even get time to scream. One moment she was outside her lips, the next, she was being dragged down her throat as a wriggling bulge. And the fighter watched the entire thing. Everything felt cold, numb and distant as he watched his dear love slip away. He couldn't believe.

“No...” he muttered as the last of her body disappeared into Thith's body, never to be seen again. His dear love, the light of his life ... devoured as casually as a snack. He was beyond words, merely muttering and shaking his head in denial.

“No no no no no!” he wailed. Looking up, eyes caked with tears, he met Thith's wicked grin.

“Now here comes the fun part~” She teased, before with a glow, her body shifted once more. With shock and horror, he watched as her body expanded. She grew taller by a few inches, while her face softened. Her eyes became soft, glittering pearls, her lips grew thick and plump, while her hair became silky smooth and golden blonde. Just like his dear love. He couldn't tear his eyes away as she watched the body of his girlfriend add to the fiend that devoured her. A fiend that grinned and cooed as she felt her body swell.

“I'm going to be so much prettier than her anyway~” She teased, blowing him a kiss. The fighter just shuddered and looked away.

Yet the most drastic improvement was to her chest. With a swelling growth that surprised even Thith, they grew and grew, unlike ever before. They stretched out her rags with a groan before they ripped apart into a pile of shreds. Leaving Thith with a massive set of breasts dangling from her front. They were twice the size of any normal human girl's and were about as big as Thith's head! And of course, she loved it. Her gain from the cleric had been charisma. Giving her bottom a quick smack, she jiggled and swayed them from side to side. He swore he could hear them slosh from side to side.

“Wow, your girlfriend looks *great* on my tits, don’t you agree?” She giggled as her breasts finally came to rest. The fighter meanwhile looked away and hid his growing blush. His body ... it was reacting primarily to hers, as much as he hated it. “Don’t pretend you’re not having fun ... I can feel the bulge in your pants~”

He blushed harder, half in the arousal he didn’t want to admit, and half in shame. Here he was, gazing over the monster that ate his girlfriend, digested her body to add to her own, and he was getting aroused? He had never felt more ashamed, or embarrassed, in his whole life. He began squirming just to get away from the awkward situation.

“Squirm all you like, little guy, but I’ve suddenly got this insatiable craving for dick ... now off with those pants~”

With a deft flick of her fingers, he was left dangling by the shoulder blades. Two fingers propped him up by the shoulders and gripped him on either side. He squirmed to try and escape ... but stopped when he saw the tip of her fingernail brush past.

“Now stay still~”

Quick as a flash, the finger sliced across his body, and his clothes fell away with a massive gash down the middle. Shirt, pants and undergarments, all falling away in the breeze with not a scratch on his body. And with it came his cock, flopping up horizontally and fully erect. It was a large member that would put any man to shame ... if he was at normal size of course. He winced and looked away as he felt his shaft sway in the air.

“Hehe, cute~ Lets see if I can make it any bigger~”

Thith threw him, tossing him away like a piece of trash. Everything tumbled for him end over end before he slammed into the ground. He winced as his body exploded with pain, before he realised something wasn’t right. Looking around, he realised that he had been regrown up to normal size! Immediately he tried to flee, but didn’t move a muscle before golden, magical restraints clamped around his limbs. Two on his arms and two on his legs to spread him out wide with his shaft pointing straight up.

And sauntering towards his legs, with an evil glint in her eye, was Thith. He loomed over him before, but even at the current size she was tall and imposing from his current perspective. She looked about as big as him now and had large breasts and hips to match.

“Hang on ... let me change into something more comfortable...” she moaned, before with a flash of light, summoned a set of clothes onto her body. Her breasts were now barely constrained with an open-top bra, while her lower lips were hidden with a simple, seductive thong. It was all made from a shimmering purple fabric.

“What’s wrong? Can’t break free?” She teased as he flexed against the restraints again. “Maybe you want to stay there, let me fuck you like she never could...”

He thrashed like a man possessed but didn’t even scare her, with Thith grinning wickedly.

“Awwwh, it’s cute how you think you can break free like that~” She teased, sauntering around his body. His eyes followed her as she walked, being drawn towards her bouncing bottom and swaying breasts. He scrunched his eyes and looked away, no, he couldn’t let himself be corrupted like this! This was wrong, she was wrong, and he knew it! But he couldn’t tear his eyes away for long. Everything was a mess of arousal, shame and fear as she leisurely sauntered around him.

“Don’t deny it little human, you’re *horny*, you want to fuck my cute little goblin ass, don’t ya?” Now in front of his head, she stopped and wiggled his booty just above him. He watched her cheeks sway to and fro. Tiny glimpses of her pucker could be seen between the cliff faces of her ass. With a final shake she went back to sauntering around him before stepping over his thigh and standing in front of his crotch. She licked her lips as she stared at his throbbing member, still erect from the sight of her body.

“Don’t you worry about a thing though ... I’ll take care of everything when I blow you silly. All you need to worry about is giving me a good time. And if you don’t? Well ... I guess we’ll find out what part of my body you’ll add to~”

With a flick of her fingers, a glowing, magical condom appeared in her hands. It was a large, open tube that was made from an ethereal form of solidified magic, fabric made of glass almost. He looked on confusion with no idea what it could be for, what she had in mind. As she slipped it over his length, he felt just how smooth and soft it was. While he might’ve been fully erect already, she still managed to easily slip it on. But it was only a small comfort for him as he watched her dress him up against his will.

Leaning low, she looked at him sultrily before bobbing her head down low and taking his shaft into her mouth. As soon as her lips touched, he moaned and arched his back against the restraints. He moaned deeper as she slipped lower and lower, never looking away from him with those seductive eyes. As much as he hated to say it, as much as he wished it wasn’t true, it felt amazing. She slipped down his shaft with ease, tonguing and moaning with every inch before pressing down at the bottom without a gag. She then quickly worked up into a bobbing rhythm, every lick, every slurp just as good as the first. It seemed that out of all the wisdom she gained from the druid, some of it was *carnal* in nature. He had never felt such finesse or poise before, but he didn’t want to admit it. He just gritted his teeth and put up a token struggle as she continued to suck him off.

“Mmmh~” She moaned as she pushed down deep, uvula brushing against the tip of his cock. After bobbing her head for a few seconds she pulled up and let her mouth off the tip with a ‘pop’. A stream of saliva slid out.

“I can tell just how much you’re enjoying this, human~ Getting aroused by the girl that ate your love ... tsk tsk ... I didn’t expect you to get over her that quickly~”

A flash of guilt shot across his face. He mumbled out an apology before it was cut off with a moan as she resumed sucking. The room was filled with the wet, lewd noises of her sucking, and his pained moans as he struggled. He didn’t want to feel on the edge of release, he didn’t want the arousal coursing through his body. But it felt so good...

Thith meanwhile sucked with poise, enjoying the size and smoothness of his cock. It was much better than the goblin ruler’s, that was for sure. And to know that a few strokes of her

tongue was all it took to make a human warrior a quivering wreck, that was sublime. The power, the strength, it was what she craved for so long. She picked up the pace, sucking harder, faster, yet never gagging or breaking stride.

He couldn't take it anymore. His entire body poured sweat while he tossed his head from side to side. With a final shudder and pant, he came. Thith merely smirked as she pulled away and watched him fill up the condom. And all the while, the fighter's body burned in embarrassment and shame as he had the most intense orgasm of his life. He couldn't move a muscle, his body ached and was caked in sweat, while Thith just had the same evil smirk. She hadn't even broken a sweat.

As the last few drops filled up the condom, she pinched it around the base and slid it off. Holding it up, she swayed it from side to side while looking at the sizeable amount of cum inside.

"My my ... how impressive... do you always cum this much?" She teased.

"Just ... just let me go. You had your way with me ... let me go..." He panted. Thith just rolled her eyes.

"Where's your warrior spirit? Aren't you supposed to be fighting to the end? And don't you want another go...?"

"Mercy ... please ... no more ... no more ... please..."

"Pah, you're no fun then. One cum and you're out for the count. Don't worry ... I've got my own plans for you~"

Suddenly, he realised the restraints had disappeared. He wasn't being held down anymore. With a surge of strength he tried to get up and run...

Before everything devolved into chaos. Swirling, twisting chaos that made his gut lurch and body tingle all over. By the time his vision settled, he found himself upside down in her grip, at tiny scales once more. Held by the leg he dangled in front of her face, now even smaller at just one centimetre (one fifth of an inch) tall. Already he struggled and thrashed in vain defiance.

"Awwwh, you're smaller than your own dick at this point, how adorable!" She cooed, her voice slamming through him.

"Heh ... you're smaller than your cum at this point too~" She smirked, before her eyes drifted to the side. His gaze followed hers, only for his body to freeze at what he saw. The condom, now as big as a tower relative to him, and filled with a sea of cum.

"*No ... she wouldn't dare?!*" he thought. But she did. With a lurch of her fingers, she brought him till he was dangling high above the white, creamy mire. He could hear it slosh and churn from the faint wiggles of her finger. It was felt like he was dangling above a pit of acid. The hot, heady scent of musk and cum wafted up and dominated his body, making him sweat even more. He gagged on the powerful smell, it might've been his, but it was at a scale, a strength never before imagined.

“NO, PLEASE NO! I DON’T DESERVE THIS!” he screamed.

“What are you complaining about?” She sweetly moaned. “It’s just a little bit of your own cum~”

She let go. He screamed the whole way down as he plummeted, the heat and musk rising as he fell past the condom’s entrance. He then slammed into the churning sea in less than the blink of an eye. White. Everything suddenly became white as he plunged beneath the thick, gooey surface before he breached it again, spluttering and coughing.

It felt like no water, instead a thick, swirling ooze that threatened to drag him under in any moment. It clung to his skin in large clumps, sticking to his hair and making it almost impossible to see. Not that there was much to see anyway. The surface constantly ebbed and flowed, swirling from side to side and hiding the world beneath rising waves. A world of Thith’s large, grinning face peering at him through the golden haze of the condom.

“HELP ...ghhhh ... gah ... HELP!” he screamed in instinct between mouthfuls of his own seed. It tasted rank, powerful and disgusting, working up his nose and down his throat. And the heat ... it felt strong enough to cook him alive. Desperately floundering through the disgusting mass, he slammed against the slimy wall and tried to scale it. But it was too slippery, and his hands were covered in an inescapable slick mess. Much to Thith’s amusement, he kept trying.

“Awwwh, can’t handle the heat? Well it’s about to get a lot hotter...”

Thith licked her lips. The fighter screamed and tried to scramble up the wall. She opened her mouth wide, revealing the slick cavern beneath him as she held the condom overhead. And then she let go. The world dropped out from beneath him and his gut lurched out of his body as she dropped the condom into her mouth. As it slammed into her tongue he was flung to the opposite wall with a splash. Everything shot past the golden walls, spit was flying, it was heading straight for her throat...

GULP!

And then she swallowed. The fleshy red walls came closing in and squeezed it all tight, covering his entire body in the white sludge. He couldn’t see anything, he couldn’t feel anything, everything was just the white swirling around in the condom. He floundered to try and reach the surface but couldn’t even see which way was up anymore. All he could do was scream into the musk and hear her heart hammer through his body.

After what felt like an eternity a muscular ring slithered over his body and he fell into the stomach in a shower of seed. Breaching the surface of the foul chyme he gasped and looked around. There was no condom, having been disappeared as quickly as it appeared, there was just seed and acids. Body already tingling, he quickly slipped beneath the mire, never to rise again.

‘At least ... I’ll be with her once more...’ he thought, before passing out.

Chapter Seven: The Final Survivor

With a quick gulp, Thith sent the fighter and his cum sloshing down into his stomach. The little bit of seed that leaked out of the condom tasted quite nice, much better than the ruler, that was for sure. She couldn't wait to try such a *delicacy* again.

But such thoughts quickly fell to the wayside as she felt her body swell and expand once again. Another inch of height was added, as well as a little bit extra to her massive bust, but the biggest growth was to her thighs. She felt them widen and strengthen along with all the muscles on her body. She was gaining his strength. After a few seconds of growth, it stopped, leaving her strong and muscular. Giggling slightly, she hopped on one foot, relishing in just how easily her now body moved with all of its weight. While she didn't have anyone to compare it to, she was easily much stronger than any member of the party.

But her euphoria was short lived when she realised that the last two, the bard and rogue, had gone missing! A quick glance to the doors showed they were still shut, and there was no way they'd be able to reach the doorhandle. There didn't seem to be any room underneath them to shimmy out either. They had to be somewhere in the room...

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Side by side, huddled together, the bard and rogue hoped that they wouldn't be found. They were crammed up against each other behind the leg of one of the tables at the corner of the room. Their bodies barely squeezed behind it, but they managed to hold in place. They had snuck away while Thith *dealt* with the cleric and fighter, and unable to escape the room, decided to hide. Hide ... and watch as the cleric and fighter, two dear friends, were devoured alive. In grim curiosity they couldn't tear their eyes away.

"Crap crap crap, what are we going to do?!" The bard whispered, with his entire body trembling in fear. "I don't want to end up like either of them! Or ... or worse..."

"Would you shut up already?" The rogue hissed back with more poise and control. "She ... she won't find us, I'm sure!"

"Now where did you two little mice go, hmm?" A low voice trembled through the world and stopped their bickering dead. They couldn't even dare to poke their head around the corner to peek.

"I'm going to find you, you know~ Your druid friend knew quite a bit about hunting pests, mice ... and now I know it all too~"

A distant drumbeat of her feet came closer, every step bringing a fresh tremor through their bodies.

"Maybe I'll eat you ... see what I get ... maybe I'll step on you, see what pretty colours you make..."

A shadow fell over the pair as the temperature rose. Their bodies froze in complete terror, with even their hearts slowing down. Thith's voice was very close and loud now.

"Stop hiding, it's not like you can defeat me, little rats..."

And while they couldn't see it, on the opposite side of the table-leg they hid behind, was Thith's massive, beady eye. Now on her knees she peered beneath the table. She went right past them ... before pulling away and searching behind another table. The pair let out a heaving breath, their bodies shaking once more.

"What are we going to do? There's no way we can get away from her!" The bard hissed. But the rogue merely grinned slyly.

"You're right... there's no way *we* will get away...~"

By the time he realised what she meant, it was too late. With a sudden push he was sent sprawling out into the open on his back, watching as the rogue sprinted in the opposite direction.

"Aha, found you little bug!" Thith quipped. The pound of her feet rapidly approached. He got up just in time to see her stomp towards him and snatch him off the ground in his right hand. His heart slumped as he found himself held before her grinning face; escape was impossible now.

"Not so clever now, are you, huh?~ What does it feel like being the small one for a change, huh?"

But then, like a cat, her eyes darted off to the side. Off towards where he knew the rogue was running. As soon as she saw the rogue darting away in the shadow of the table, she grinned.

"Ahahah~" she tutted. "Little rats don't get to run away from Thith!"

Quick as a flash, Thith lurched over and snatched her up, screaming and hollering. She couldn't believe that her plan had failed, that a mere goblin had caught her! The pair were soon brought before her grinning face. The rogue struggled and gasped in a desperate attempt to escape, while the bard lay motionless.

"Two little rats thought they could sneak away from Thith, huh? Well you can't escape me now, since I can merely *outwalk* you. How does that feel?"

Neither replied. Thith merely stared at the rogue in her grip.

"And *you* ... I knew you were selfish and malicious, but betraying one of your own? That's cold, even by my standards. I've got my own plans for you, but first..." She glanced back at the bard. "...lets get you somewhere more comfortable~"

Before he had time to scream, she shoved him forwards and mashed him into her breasts. The massive, pillowy spheres dimpled from his weight and stretched out as he was pushed inside. While she tried to be gentle as she fed him in feet first, it was anything but for the tiny bard. But the soft surface prevented any injury. He just laid still as she shoved him in up his chest, legs pinned, and arms laying on top. Already he tried to struggle but it was just too big and weighty.

It felt like being trapped in quicksand yet a lot more pleasurable. Massive sphere the size of small homes stretched out far around him, with him nestled in the crevasse between them against her torso. Relentless gravity pulled and tugged, threatening to vanish him between the massive orbs, yet he held on. It felt warm, very warm, and not all of it was from the breasts surrounding him. Blushing, and trying not to make a mess, he held on and hoped she would be kind with him.

After giving him a quick wink, she focused onto the rogue once more. She opened up her palm and let her stand upon it, any attempts to escape halted with pokes and prods from her right index finger.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to hear me squeal, huh?” She muttered, giving a strong jab to the chest that almost knocked her off her perch. “Well haha, you squeal pretty funny too!”

The fate of the bard was the last thing on her mind as she staggered and screamed. She couldn’t fend off the attack from her massive fingers, they just came from everywhere, she couldn’t react! The bard watched on with grim curiosity and conflict. He didn’t want to see her be eaten, yet she did sacrifice him to save her own hide...

“You wanna be sneaky huh?” Thith teased as she pulled her fingers away. “Well, how about I help you with that!”

There was a sudden flash, and the bard gasped as he saw the rogue start to shrink! She screamed as she saw herself shrink away before sprinting towards the edge of the palm. But for the bard, she shrunk so fast, she never made it. In just a few seconds she shrunk out of view. It was like she never existed in the first place.

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But for the rogue, she very much *did* exist as she sprinted and screamed, watching herself disappear away. Cresting the small bump at the base of the digit, she reached the index finger at just one centimetre tall. She didn’t know where she was going as the massive world became unrecognisable. She just knew she had to run.

Thith’s hand was now big enough to lie down on. Thith herself loomed tall to her side, like a hill overlooking the puny ant that was the rogue. She knew she was staring down at her, leering, grinning as she shrunk away, but she couldn’t dare to think about it.

“**Bye bye little bug!**” Thith teased, her voice knocking the rogue off her feet and making her slam down on her back. She looked up to see Thith’s face taking up the sky, each eye several times bigger than her, with her features blurred slightly from distance. She loomed high above like a deity. Screaming and scrambling in primal fear she got back up and kept running. The creases and whorls of her fingerprint were deep enough to step into and she could see the flakes of skin. Flakes that got bigger with every second.

Before long she was leaping over the crevasses of Thith’s fingerprint in her desperate attempt to flee. She couldn’t even see the ground anymore, it was just the rocky terrain of Thith’s finger, with all of its rises and falls. She leapt over a whorl, only to fall directly into another one. She was now up to her waist and she wasted precious seconds getting out. She was miniscule, and only getting smaller.

“NO!” she cried, yet not a single being heard her.

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“Good riddance,” Thith muttered as she watched the last of the rogue shrink away into nothingness. “I didn’t even need you power anyway, *speck*.”

There was now just one person left, and Thith yanked him out of her breasts with her right hand. Like all the others before him she held him up in front of her face.

“You’re the last one, little human.” She teased, licking her lips. It was completely casual to her now with her left hand resting by her side. The bard however squirmed in token resistance. “I wonder how you’ll taste~”

“Now now ... there’s no need to be hasty...”

“Food doesn’t speak~ I wonder what you’re gonna fill out? My tits? My ass? My thighs? Can’t wait~”

With a final lick of her lips, she opened her mouth wide and rolled out her tongue. Saliva dripped down onto her breasts, but she didn’t care. She brought the wriggling bard towards her mouth...

“Wait wait!” He stammered. “You don’t need me to fill out your body!”

“Oh yeah?~” She muttered, not even looking down at him. Her lips smacked together with every word and showered him in saliva and her breath. She kept bringing him closer...

“Yes, because you’re already beautiful!”

Thith stopped. Her entire body stopped. Like a machine being powered down, the bard lurched to a stand-still as Thith stood still. Slowly, her mouth closed, and she looked down at him, now with confusion.

“Wha ... what?” she stammered.

“It’s true! Your smooth skin, your luxurious hair, your plump lips, you’re one of the fairest maidens I’ve ever had the honour of laying my eyes upon!”

Thith blushed and looked to the side, eyes darting like a nervous schoolgirl.

“No...nobody’s ever called me pretty before...” she muttered. The bard thought he could see a tear on one of her eyes.

“That’s because they were all too shallow, they just thought you were a dirty old goblin! But I always knew there was some beauty inside of you, you ... you just needed some magic to bring it out!” The bard, now bartering for his life, spoke with a frantic coolness and poise.

“Really? You think so?” Muttered Thith, looking back at him with wide eyes.

“Yes! I think you’re beautiful, I really do! Oh, how I’ve longed to see eyes deeper and larger than the deep blue ocean. Oh, how I’ve longed to see skin that makes the softest silk feel like gravel. Oh, how I’ve longed to hear a voice that puts songbirds to shame. If I had my lute right now, I’d strum you a ballad to profess my love~”

It was now Thith who trembled, body wracking with emotions she didn’t know how to handle. And the bard was now looking up with a sweet smile. Did he believe all of his words? No, he didn’t believe a single one. He knew she was dangerous and wanted nothing more in his life than to never see her again. But he was willing to do anything to avoid becoming a part of a goblin’s breast.

Although, Thith didn’t believe a second of it. She knew that he was just talking to save his life ... but couldn’t help but find his compliments nice to listen to. Maybe he didn’t need to be eaten after all?

She sauntered over to the ruler’s chair with a spring in her step. Upon sitting down, she laid her left hand over the armrest and held the bard in front of her face. She sighed, for to finally sit in the ruler’s chair felt good. She had dreamed for so long of sitting upon the throne, and now, she was.

After wriggling her butt for a few seconds to get comfortable, she looked back down at the bard, now with a smirk.

“You really know how to talk, don’t you lover boy?” She said. The bard vigorously nodded.

“Well ... seeing as you know how to make me feel nice ... and you did try and tell the others to let me go ... I’m going to show you a little mercy~”

The bard looked on in confusion, before his gut suddenly lurched out of his body. She was bringing him lower, and everything was getting hotter. He looked down just in time to see his feet approaching her thong.

“Just make me scream, lover boy~”

And she then shoved him inside before he had a chance to scream. His legs slid into the slight gap between the fabric and her skin and the rest of her body followed. Soft silk dragged over the back of his calves while even softer skin glided over his front, skin that quickly became hot and moist. A thick, heady scent wafted up from the pocket and made his head spin. He could feel it press down onto his body as his waist disappeared inside.

And with one final push, he was shoved in, now completely trapped within her thong.

And what a sight he laid his eyes upon, for looming just in front of him was her lower lips. His back against the fabric, her lower lips loomed in front of him like a cliff face mere millimetres away from his body. The two pink folds were about half his height and as wide as him, with a thick liquid dribbling down between them. Light peeked through the thong and illuminated it all in a lurid, purple light.

The heat was intense, it radiated out like a sauna and made him sweat. The scent was overpowering as well, being purified, liquid arousal.

And the bard had to pleasure the tall, imposing beast.

Looking it over and gulping deeply, he got to work. He gingerly gripped the upper folds, feeling them squish between his fingers and ooze more of that thick, liquid desire. The cavern reverberated as Thith took a deep breath, tingles running up her spine. It felt wrong, so wrong, but he didn't have a choice. Grabbing tight and taking a deep breath, he then braced himself against the fabric and pushed his feet inside.

The world trembled. The entire cavern shook as Thith quivered and took a deep breath, arcing her back and panting like a dog in heat. She had never felt anything like it before.

“More ... more~” she panted.

“As ... as you wish...” he muttered, before beginning to slide his legs in and out. It was cramped and tight, but he moved his legs as much as he could, dragging them over her slick inner walls. He was now up to his waist. Not a drop of her arousal leaked past her thong. It was filling up fast, now a swampy mess at the bottom that he laid in. Everything smelt like her, his body was covered in sweat and it was just so hot, but he didn't give up. Every thrust brought another tremor through the body that pinned him tight.

Thith meanwhile panted and moaned as he kept going, kept thrusting, pleasing her in the ways she never thought possible. Biting her lip, she thrust into every shove from her tiny partner as if to deepen his advances. She couldn't take it for long. After less than a minute of thrusting she arched her back and came.

The walls squeezed down on him tight as a tidal wave of arousal shot out and splashed across his face. He couldn't move, he couldn't breathe, he could only hold on as she unleashed all her arousal onto him. Somewhere in there, he came himself, but it was but a drop in the sticky lake. Higher and higher the nectar climbed in the pocket of air and his legs began to turn numb until finally, she relented. The walls softened, her heartrate slowed, and he could take a breath. He was now up to his waist in her nectar now and it was getting hard to breathe.

After panting for a few seconds, she reached down and fished him out of his thong. She held him up in front of her face, watching as all of her sticky nectar dripped from his tired body. He could barely move. It was almost adorable to her.

“Thank ... thank you for that honey~ You know how to make me feel good~”

“Least I can do ... do ... do sweetheart...” He muttered back.

“Awwwh, even now you're still speaking nice to me~ It's cute how you're still talking nice to save your skin~”

Before he could protest the point he knew was true, she shifted back slightly to make more space. She then put him down on her right thigh. Sitting awkwardly on his knees and trying not to smear too much on her skin, he looked up at her in fear.

“I ... I don’t know what you’re talking about! M-m-my love is p-p-pure, really!” He desperately stammered.

“Sure it is...~” Absentmindedly, she reached to pick her nose with her left hand...

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For the rogue, she had no idea what had been happening, but she couldn’t care. After all, she had all bigger worries on her mind, namely clinging for dear life on the tip of Thith’s index finger. She clung to a few loose scales on the very tip of her index finger. She was dangling above a drop that that looked like several dozen kilometres to her.

She was now just 0.05 millimetres tall, a five hundredth of an inch tall. Thith was now larger than any mountain she had seen before, being over fifty kilometres, 30 miles relative to her. She was beyond compare. A cliff face that stretched higher than anything should dare to stretch. The rogue was lucky she could only see her legs from her perch on the end of her dangling index finger. If she saw anything more, she felt like her mind might snap.

Everything Thith did was just deep, trembling vibrations for her, , with every beat of her heart threatening to rip her away from her desperate grip. She couldn’t dare to think about what might happen to her down there. At her current size, *bacteria* was probably a threat to her. She figured the process had to reverse eventually, so if she just hung on, maybe she could get somewhere safe...

Everything moved. For her, everything changed without warning as Thith moved her finger, travelling what felt like kilometres in the blink of an eye. Holding on was impossible with such accelerations. But, the eddy of the air currents left in her wake sucked her in and plastered her against one of the fingerprint’s whorls. She was now face up, pinned in a trench of Thith’s finger as deep as she was tall. Roaring winds and forces washed over her body and made it impossible to hear herself think.

Or scream. But she screamed regardless, shredding her lungs in pure, desperate terror when she saw what she was coming towards. Her left nostril. The dark pit grew larger and larger, it rocketed towards her...

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Pushing her index finger in, Thith scratched a tiny itch in her nose before pulling it out again. It was such a simple action she herself barely felt it as she listened to the bard.

“But it is! Your skin is fa-fai-faiir, your skin is smooth, you’re beautiful, that much is true!

“Heh, always laying on with the compliments, aren’t you lover boy? Trying to suck up to me, aren’t ya?”

“Am I sucking up to you if what I’m saying is true?~”

“You and I both know it isn’t, loverboy~” A flash of fear shot across his face and he looked longingly for the door. “But don’t sweat your little head about it. I’m going to keep ya around, and not as a part of my body.”

The Bard let out a shaking sigh of relief and defeat. He didn’t want to stay with her for another day, yet, he didn’t seem to have a choice. It was better than being eaten though.

Epilogue:

Resting on the throne with one leg over the other, sipping wine from a golden goblet, Thith looked over all she owned and felt content. She wore the same seductive outfit from three days ago when her whole life changed. When she went from Thith, the weak and helpless, to Thith, the strong and seductive lord of the cave. No other goblins were there to share her wealth, having all been killed in the attack, so she was free to hoard it for herself.

The cavern was filled with riches, golden loot, bags of fabrics, and furniture made from the finest of lumber. She had a proper bed, adorned with purple covers, and several dressers overflowing with clothes fitting someone of her stature. All the filth from the previous owners had been cleaned up, leaving it feeling like a proper home.

She didn’t have to worry for her life, she didn’t have to serve or grovel, she was safe. She smiled, as it just felt good.

“I’m home!” her smile only widened as she heard a familiar voice, before the door creaked open. Walking through was the bard, unshrunk, in his clothes, and hauling a chest overflowing with goods. Food, wines, and best of all, more clothes. He had just returned from the nearby village, trading some of the stolen riches for goods and luxuries. He had become Thith’s “agent” of sorts, buying her goods from the nearby town. It was a sweet moment spent away from her, but he didn’t dare to dally too long. A girl of her power ... he didn’t dare to betray her. In fear stricken obedience he had come home every time with a pained smile.

“Ahh, good to see you’re home! Just set it down wherever you’re able sweetie~” She said with a smirk. Weakly nodding, he hefted it over and set it down next to the dresser. He could unpack it all later. He then grabbed *something* from it and held it behind his back, hiding it away from Thith as he stepped closer with darting eyes. Thith didn’t notice though.

“How was your trip, loverboy?” she asked.

“It ... it was okay....” He replied. Thith hopped off the throne onto the floor, standing slightly taller than him. Every time he saw that, it made him flinch just a bit. Taking a few final steps up close, he shut his eyes and pulled the hidden object out from behind his back. Holding it out with shaking hands and clenched tight eyes was ... a bouquet of roses.

Thith smirked at the sight. “Awwh, well aren’t you a nice little loverboy?”

“Yeah ... when I saw them at the stall ... I thought you might like them...” he muttered. He hoped it would make her like him more and go easier on him.

“I like it how you’re trying to bribe me into being nicer. But it worked though~” She muttered, before leaning forwards to give it a sniff...

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Meanwhile, deep within Thith's body, a hooded figure trekked through the deep, foreboding cavern of her nostril. It was the rogue, struggling to stay upright as she walked across the ever-shifting ground.

She looked simply haggard, with the strong and triumphant warrior now a shadow of her former self. Her robe was covered in sweat and ooze, rips and tears dotted across her surface. Her bare feet slapped against the moist ground since her heels had disappeared far back in the mire. She couldn't find them, and besides, they were almost worn away with walking anyway. Her defiant smirk was replaced with a weary stare as she put all of her effort into putting one foot in front of the other. A tiny magical gem hung from her shoulder on a piece of torn cloth. It was her only light in this cruel and unforgiving world.

And what a world it did illuminate. The weak light barely reached the upper limit of the nostril, casting the tunnel in a moody, dark glow. It was a tunnel around three hundred metres wide relative to her, almost a thousand feet, stretching high above her. It was wider than any tunnel or cave she had ever laid her eyes upon. When she first pulled herself from the muck upon entering the strange realm, it took her breath away.

A muck she had walked and trudged through for the whole time she spent trekking towards the exit. It was a mix of mucus, sweat and things she didn't want to think about. The depth differed, sometimes it went up to her ankles, other times, it went over her head. In such cases she either went around it or took a deep as a breath she could and swam *through* it. She was thankful that such moments were few and far between.

Beneath the muck was the fleshy red walls of her body. Walls that flexed and dimpled with every step, feeling like stretched rubber almost. She could glimpse it on the upper walls where it was cleaner, with only sweat dripping from the sides.

She walked through the nostril alone, in the shadow of a forest of nasal hairs. Tall digits like stripped bare trees that towered many times over her body. It was like a silent and eerie forest, all the leafless trees swaying in the same breeze back and forth, back and forth.

At least, it would be silent, if it was not for the deafening cacophony that defined every second of her existence. A deep and roaring wind that rushed high overhead, going in and out at an almost perfect pace. It rushed past overhead at a speed that would put any tornado to shame. She was just grateful it was overhead. She didn't dare to think about what would happen to her if she could caught up in the stream. She also didn't dare to think about what would happen if Thith *sneezed*.

Luck was on her side though, as she managed to get through the days without incident. Ever since she landed, she began walking to escape it. Finding which way was out so deep in her body was difficult, but she was somewhat confident. She figured that the hot air comes from inside the body and the cool air from out, so she followed the coolness. She didn't dare to imagine what it would be like if she got it wrong.

Her days were filled with nothing more than walking. Slow, painful walking through the bumpy terrain and twisting mire. The ground was anything but flat, rolling rises and bumpy grounds that were just painful to walk across. And the motions of Thith's body ... they ruled her world. Every step, every toss, every twist and turn threw the rogue like the tiny insect she was. Hours of walking could be erased with just a toss of her head. When Thith went to sleep

the tunnels turned vertical, forcing her to cling on lest she be sucked down into the lungs. In those times she made a hovel for herself in the walls and tried to sleep through all the noise.

She was hot, tired, exhausted, smelly, hungry and thirsty, but she kept going. She had nothing to do but keep going.

After cresting another rise like she had done a thousand times before, she stopped. She stopped and stared at something up ahead that she couldn't believe the sight of. She rubbed her eyes, blinked, but it was still there. It was light. A faint tinkle of light from just around the next bend.

She was near the end.

"Yes ... yes!" she exclaimed as she sprinted towards the end. The noise, the exhaustion, the thought of what to do next, all ignored as she ran towards the light. She wove through the forest of hairs, careful not to bump any, in fear of triggering a cataclysmic sneeze. The light grew stronger. She saw the rays poke over the next rise. On all fours she scrambled up the lip; she was so close.

And then she crested it and gazed at the world outside. It was all blurred and strange, but she didn't care. She had found the exit; she was almost free. She took a deep breath and sighed.

Only to freeze. Her face went blank.

For just outside ... was a massive bouquet of roses, heading straight towards her. She screamed and dove back down, taking cover...

But it was too late. A massive amount of air was caught up in her sniff in an instant, and tornado like gales ripped her away. The light disappeared in an instant as she was dragged into twisting, chaotic darkness. She couldn't see, she couldn't think, she could only scream as the gales flung her what felt like kilometres in the blink of an eye.

SQUISH!

Only for it all to stop dead with a thick, wet squish. Everything stopped twisting. The gales disappeared in an instant. Everything below her waist was covered in a thick, slimy ooze. She opened her eyes to find herself trapped in a pale, green mass that stretched far into the distance. She was still in the same massive cavern, but everything to her right was blocked up with the ooze. Only one exit could be seen in the tunnel.

And she could feel herself slowly start to slip downwards. It slammed into her like a brick.

"NO NO, PLEASE NO!" She screamed, clawing herself out like mad. "I CAN'T GO LIKE THIS!"

GULP!

And with a thick gulp that echoed all around her, the world simply fell away. Like she had been simply dropped, she watched as the upper wall of the tunnel rocketed away as she fell downwards, screaming her heart out. Fleishy walls then squeezed the ooze tight and sucked

her down into the mire. She couldn't see. All she could do was flounder and feel the deafening pound of Thith's heart grow louder and louder as she was squeezed down the throat. The scales were so immense it didn't even feel like being swallow, it just felt like something else entirely.

She couldn't see, she couldn't perceive, there was only chaos. After a few seconds a spike of pressure washed over her, then an acid stench, and then freefall. A roaring world of groans, churns and gurgles washed over her as she fell. It was then silenced with a deafening splash as it slammed into the chyme.

A wave of acid foulness washed through in an instant, and the next thing she knew, she was floating on the surface in the stomach. A red, fleshy prison that stretched out greater than any hall, any valley, any mountain, trapping her entirely. Folds larger than small cities stretched all around her. Chunks of half-digested, chewed up food floated like islands in the twisting storm. She floundered and tried to swim, but the surface was broken up with churning waves of acid the size of tsunamis.

She was dunked underwater before she could even scream and left floundering, deep, deep below the surface. Everything tingled, everything hurt, it was unbearable. Floundering one last time in the churning mass, she shut her eyes, never to open them again.

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...and sighed as she felt it fill her body. The roses smelt lovely and Thith adored it. Taking a deep breath, she filled her body with the delightful smell.

"They smell nice, thank you~" She moaned, kissing him on the cheek before swallowing a tiny lump of mucus at the back of her throat without a thought. The bard flinched slightly from the kiss. She then hopped back onto her throne, bouquet in hand, and put it beside her.

"I liked that, thank you~ You're a better slave than I hoped." She said.

"Thank you ... I guess..." he bashfully replied.

"You're welcome" She bashfully replied, giving a wave of her hand as she blushed. But then, a strange, familiar sensation filled her body, and she gasped as she watched herself grow. Her thighs suddenly swelled out, her breasts became larger, and her feet became even bigger. They became big, soft and plush, with a delightful bit of padding on them.

Thith watched on in shock, while the bard looked on in fear. After few seconds she stopped growing and took a moment to take in her new form.

"Huh! I must've eaten the rogue somehow, I forgot about her!" She said, wriggling her new toes. Already, she felt more agile. "I'm honestly quite surprised!"

She looked down to the bard.

"You~ How about you rub my big, new feet for me, hmm?~" She asked, wriggling her new toes.

“Oh ... okay...” he muttered begrudgingly. Getting on his hands and knees, he crawled up to the throne and began to rub and knead the feet. Thith giggled as she relished in the new feeling.

It was one she could definitely get used to, that was for sure.

The End.