

Hefty Slimes

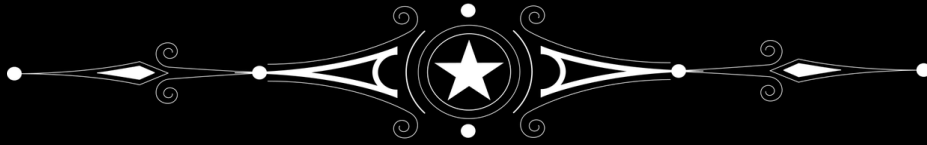
Commission for Dakota

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male feminization, hyper curve expansion, slime inflation.

Read at your own discretion.



Dakota's metal boot tapped the floor while he weighed his options. Unfortunately for the young merc, the bounty board was looking as depressing as the bar it was hung in. It was the usual fare of jobs; a bunch of escorts, some monster hunts, and a few couriers. Simple jobs easily doable for someone of his skillset. Yet something about the wordings felt off about a lot of them.

It was much like how the Vomiting Rat was supposed to be a place of hospitality for the locals and travelers alike. Instead, half the place had been left unattended with dirty dishes stacking on tables and the less said about the floor messes the better. Judging by the mold, some spots might have been left as an unspoken forbidden zone at this point. Those tables that actually accommodated people were either too drunk to care about a fresh face in their presence, or were eying him like wolves gagging potential prey.

The bartender was a surprisingly skinny half-orc that only spared Dakota a glance long enough to confirm they weren't interested in refreshment service. Frankly, the young man wasn't tempted to try whatever passed for food in this place. Their only barmaid in view, a rather portly older vixen anthro, had her hands full outright snogging one of the only other decent looking people in a corner booth. Whatever it took to earn some bread. Dakota wasn't one to judge people trying to get by.

What he could judge was the dubious nature of these jobs. They sounded too perfect compared to other posts he'd seen over his career. Way too legible to be written by anyone looking for workers in this dump anyway. No one comes around wanting someone to find their lost cat, or clear out a warehouse of rats. Something told him most of this was some kind of code for a less reputable line of work. Not exactly something Dakota was in the mood to be getting mixed up in. If only the uptown inn's board had better options, and food.

In the end he decided to go with his gut instincts like a professional. The front of Dakota's cloak opened with a left arm fully covered in shining steel plates reaching out to pluck his chosen ad. There was just enough space between his protective covers that when he flexed something green and translucent could be seen underneath.

Dakota wasn't about to wait to see if anyone had actually seen that. His hand vanished back under the complete cover of his cloak while he turned in a quick stride towards the door. The loud rhythmic clanking from his metal shoes followed like a parting announcement for everyone's attention.

It wasn't until three blocks later when Dakota was back in a less derelict part of town that he examined the ad. A long pause and careful study were needed to make out

the atrocious instructions. Someone must have tried writing with two busted hands to make such pen scrites. Still, a request made in such an amateur manner had a better chance of being genuine than the stuff printed in fine craftsmanship.

“E-excuse me!” Dakota spotted a few farmhands unloading their cart of goods for a mouse merchant. The crack in his voice trying to get their attention made him blush. Having several pairs of eyes turned to stare with curious, although friendly, expressions made his effort for social interaction all the more daunting. “Can anyone tell me where to find this place?”

The three workers leaned in when Dakota held out the paper with his left hand only covered in a full sleeve of latex. After a second of studying it, he watched the smiles on their faces drop. The way they turned to stare at him like an escaped mental patient in perfect unison was certainly discouraging.

“What’d she do this time!?” the mouse demanded.

“Trust me. Much older people than you have tried doing her in.” One of the humans put a hand on Dakota’s shoulder looking very concerned. “You’d best stick to small-time jobs while you’re young.”

Dakota was so flabbergasted by such responses he couldn’t stop from instinctively flinching away from the man’s touch. Not that he had the focus to worry about manners. “I. What? N-no! I AM looking to do a small job for this client. S-should I not deal with him?”

The townsfolk relaxed, even if their expressions remained deeply glum.

“It’s your funeral,” the other worker said. They pointed down a street listing off turns and landmarks to look for.

Turned out the address led Dakota just outside the fenced borders of the settlement. The old farmland was, for lack of a better analogy, looking worse than the Vomiting Rat. He had very little reason to believe anyone would be living in a house with its second story collapsing and overrun with vegetation. Well, maybe not someone capable of paying the money offered.

And yet, here he was thunking metal boots on its porch steps towards the door. After coming all this way there wasn’t anything left to lose. His armored hand rapped on the moldy door, flaking off old paint in the process.

What that triggered next, he felt better off never finding out. A series of crashes from somewhere inside the old house were punctuated with painted yelps. Each one drew louder as the source approached. Dakota’s armored hand rested instinctively on the hilt of his dagger just as the clicking of locks sounded behind the door.

“What?!” The kobold that flung open the door greeted Dakota with snarls and hisses. None of which he found all that intimidating from the three-foot lizard creature. She, he guessed by the modest swell pushing out their leather vest, looked like a wreck.

Black soot covered much of their copper scales and half a horn looked like it'd been violently broken off. Upon realizing they were gawking at the cloaked area of Dakota's thick hips; her head directed its snarl upwards. Their snout scrunched in disgust as it made several loud snorts. "Who are you? You reek of slime. What are you bothering me for?"

"Um..." This was already promising to be a fun business venture, Dakota could tell. He had enough problems trying to interact with casual people.irate ones were a landmine for his shell-shocked mind. Instead of a response, he settled on parting his cloak to present the kobold with their own job posting. In doing so, he hoped to advertise by openly displaying his full body latex suit with armored right leg and left arm. The assortment of adventuring gear strapped to his lithe, yet effeminate body always set a good resume for his skill set. "I'm a sell sword passing through town. You posted an aa-AH!?"

Turned out the only features of Dakota the little scaled gremlin cared about was his armored limbs. He was nearly pulled off his feet when she reached with both plump little hands past the paper to yank the young man in for a closer look by the wrist. Claws scrapped at the metal plates as her face got in uncomfortably close to examine the green material filling the inside.

"This isn't a normal arm! What is this? Slime? You're a weird one. Are you a monster?"

"What? No!" Dakota had to grip the door frame with his gloved, human hand to keep from tripping on top of the invasive creature. It took a lot of his iron nerves not to outright recoil from the kobolds lack of personal space. However, a lot of squirming eventually got her to release the anchoring grip. "I had an accident a few years back. The grafts were a voluntary experiment with healing enhanced slime. None of which has anything to do with the fact you posted a job, ma'am!"

"The what?" All sense of anger at whatever Dakota had interrupted inside the house seemed to have evaporated. Now she was grinning up at him with a thick lizard tail wagging in child-like curiosity. When the messily written paper got shoved into her nose as response, their slit eyes went cross for a second before she broke into an energetic yip. "Oh! Yes! You came to get my treasures back? That's wonderful! Thank you, half-slime."

"I'm not a... actually, forget it. Tell me about the job."

She let out a squeak that Dakota hoped signaled joy and nearly knocked the man over again pushing past his shins. The kobold's bare paws patterned across the porch so she could point a chipped claw at the woods a few miles beyond the town's borders.

"I lost my treasure at an ancient ruin that way. Is about a day and a half walk. Bring back my pink bag and I pay fifty gold as advertised."

Dakota straightened with a sigh of relief. So far everything sounded simple and straight as he'd hoped. This could be done in two days if he moved at a fast pace and

gave more than enough cash for his journey to a major city next. He decided it best to brush aside the other townspeople's reaction to the mere mention of this kobold, as he wouldn't hang around long enough for them to become his problem.

"Any monsters to worry about?"

"Meeeh?" she teetered her hands dismissively in the air. "Mostly grumpy animals. A big boar drove me off before I could search a lot, so it might still live there. It's also slime season, but they might like you more."

"I doubt that," Dakota said with an amused scoff. "Alright then. I'll get your bag and be back then."

"Aah! One second!" she grabbed Dakota's human arm as he walked past, thankfully a bit gentler this time. Without offering explanation she turned with surprising speed back into the crumbling house. After another series of crashes and an explosion that sent a plume of black smoke out the chimney, she returned to the porch with tiny body exuding wisps of steam. Two glass bottles were thrust against Dakota's pelvis making him gasp. The liquid inside had a syrup consistency coupled with orange coloration. "For the weird smell, ya loony."

"T-thanks?" Dakota couldn't completely hide his flustered mannerisms taking what he hoped were potions, maybe alchemical oils. Even if he didn't trust a strange gremlin offering free stuff, outright refusal felt too rude. They got slipped into a side pack with the intention of selling off later. "I'll be going then?"

"Yee! Get lost!" The kobold gave him a parting sneer before slamming the door behind her.

Many doubts continued to linger in Dakota's mind while he stood on the moldy porch. Unfortunately, verbal agreement meant he was already knee deep in this. He took a moment to collect himself for a long journey and took off across the unkept fields towards the woods.

* * *

The ruins in question turned out to be a couple stone houses less than a few hours away at a brisk jog. Dakota supposed the distance did seem longer to someone half his height. More than likely this was some old hang out for loggers or fishers before the town developed better trade routes. A nearby river cut through the Forest from the mountains, giving the young man a bit of gentle ambience while surveying the area from a high tree branch.

Even an inexperienced person could tell something large was roaming around. Hoofed tracks sunk deep into the ground going around the river area and houses. The air was blanketed with a heavy musk that made Dakota apprehensive about his assigned search. He'd prefer to get back to town without needing a hot bath.

At least the kobold had been legit on their end. Just as the sun neared the horizon, the damn beast finally emerged. It wasn't the biggest boar Dakota had ever hunted, but it certainly looked fat enough to intimidate a kobold. While it thumped around munching on vegetation, he got a good view of many scars decorating its coarse fur. The big guy was no stranger to a good throw down.

All the more reason Dakota unslung his bow while remaining on his high ground. Silent ambush strikes were his preferred way of dealing with problems, regardless of the target. Besides, his lithe, curvy body wasn't a much better match for a head on fight than a short lizard's. The thing he hated was having to notch a blackwood platinum arrow. Only three of them were left in his quiver due to how expensive they were, but that hide looked tough.

Soon as the boar ideally turned towards his direction, Dakota released his grip. The missile whistled as it flew from the tree line, alerting its target a second too late. Its sharpened head pierced right into the boar's eye, sending it stumbling to the ground in a flailing fit. Within seconds, Dakota had dropped down and was on the animal, plunging his dagger into its heart for a quick end to its suffering.

Well, now he had dinner and leftovers for a few extra coins. Dakota managed to retrieve his arrow without breaking it before setting about his job. Thankfully the bag in question wasn't hard to find. A bright pink pouch still rested on a broken windowsill to one house completely undisturbed. He didn't bother checking the contents as a professional courtesy, although a lot of little objects clicked together when he moved it. Maybe the kobold had a thing for jewels.

His relief to have such an easy job made him almost embarrassed about all the doubts from this morning. Getting free pork out of the deal wasn't anything to complain about either. Before long he had a fire going inside the house with a bit of roofing still on it, and his kill properly cleaned. A process that left him fairly messy despite his best efforts. While a chunk of ribs roasted on a spit, he reluctantly stripped off the full body suit and made for the river.

A simple undershirt and shorts didn't make for much cover in the early night air. Dakota hugged himself trying to ignore the pressing against his chest mounds while rubbing his skin for warmth. The tightness of his suit helped squish the breasts down enough to be barely noticeable, but it was impossible to hide the swell of his hips and perky backside. An unexpected side effect of the experimental slime grafts had molded his body into an attractive womanly shape over the years. As if social activity wasn't awkward enough for the young man.

The river was still warm by contrast. Dakota was quick to wash his suit and then himself trying to rid both of blood. He'd almost forgotten about the kobolds potions until one had fallen out of his hip bag. When he removed the stopper to give it a sniff his mind went dizzy for a second taking in the aroma of six flowers at once. The client had commented they were for his smell. Even his slime arm and leg tingled in a pleasant way as he applied the thick substance over his skin like lotion. This was definitely going

to make him smell fresh for days. He could already feel some of the fatigue from running across the woods fading.

Dakota returned with a clean suit and armor and enjoyed a tender rack of ribs with the seasoning salts in his mesh kit. By the time he was ready for bed he allowed himself to lay back and relax in his sleeping bag. If only every job came with its own food and camping comforts. That certainly made taking orders from a grumpy kobold worth it.

* * *

Dakota awoke with only the stars for light. He had no idea how long he'd been out, but was immediately on high alert. The only reason someone in his line of work snapped out of sleep like this was when their danger instincts were triggered.

But as he laid there trying to listen with a steady breath even his sharp ears couldn't pick up much. The woods were still plenty alive with the sounds of small critters. No telltale signs of a sneaking threat far as he could tell. Still, he knew better than to doubt his own instincts. Better to just grab his knife and take a quick look around before going back to bed.

And that was when Dakota realized he couldn't move.

"The fuck!?"

He craned his neck struggling to see over the swell of his modest chest. Even his arms were pinned to the ground by some warm, hefty weights. Through the dark light his eyes could still make out the glistening surface of several viscous masses enveloping his body better than a blanket.

Slimes!

Dakota uttered another curse now fully awake. Try as he might, however, the combined weight of five giant blobs was too much for his strength. Out the edge of his vision there were two more going to town on the boar carcass a few yards away. He silently cursed again for not factoring fresh meat into his camp preparations. The combined smells with his lotion probably attracted everything within a mile. Being dissolved into indiscriminate ooze was not his idea of ending an adventuring career.

Come to think of it, why wasn't this herd of slimes digesting him? Dakota took a deep breath trying to calm his nerves. Focusing inward it was confusing to find that despite being in a perfect hold these monsters weren't hurting him. If anything, their bodies quivered in short pulses that seemed to gently massaged his smooth, hairless skin. They seemed to be trying to...nurse from him?

"I'm going to kick that kobold," he mused, letting his head thunk against his pillow. Of course, the damn things were attracted to the lotion's smell. The gods only know what type of reagents had been used to brew the damn thing. Now Dakota could

only hope the slimes would move on once they'd had their fill of whatever they thought he was providing.

No such luck. After a few minutes of this motionless torture the slimes holding Dakota suddenly shifted focus towards his artificial limbs. Their contact alone sent a pulse of ice cold running through his body, expelling the air from his lungs. Two encased around his leg while three meshed into each other forming a large cast around his arm. Despite the rest of his body becoming free there was little he could do with so much collective weight having him in a tight hold. Attempts to wrench them off were futile. His fingers passed through the cold ooze like it was river water.

"Ahaa!" Another hard pulse sent Dakota's hips undulating from the chilling sensation on his nervous system. The assault only continued one after another with only seconds of respite for his reeling mind. These wild slimes were interacting with the unique healing mixture of his limbs in a way he'd never expected before. To what end only the gods could probably know at this point. It was all he could do not to pass out with his groin pitching a very tight tent in his undergarments.

He must have passed out at some point because next thing he knew, dawn was creeping over the tree lines to greet him. A surprisingly peaceful scene considering what had been going on. Still, the sensual slime assault had stopped. No point looking a gift horse in the mouth. Dakota was all too happy to pack up camp and get his payment now.

Until it dawned on the poor guy that his slime grafts were still keeping him pinned to the ground.

"What the actual hell!?"

Dakota sat up the best he could with his normal arm gazing at his artificial limbs with eyes wide enough to swallow his forehead. They were still generally shaped as an arm and leg despite shedding their armor supports in the night. What kept him weighed to the ground was the fact both were individually swollen larger than the rest of the man's body combined. They could be easily compared to a giant's arm and leg without all the dirty hair. Hell. The hand and foot on the ends could still be moved like normal. The man's slim muscles just lacked any hope of lifting the rest.

He let himself fall onto his back again giving a soft string of curses. It took a bit of silent fuming to piece together what must have happened. Those blasted slimes weren't trying to eat him. They must have mistaken the healing properties of his altered state and felt compelled to merge with it. The strong aroma of the kobolds lotion probably didn't help either. Dakota considered himself lucky it hadn't brought a wild bear in his sleep.

Not to say this wasn't going to be a problem. Seven slimes worth of nutrients was going to take ages for his system to work off, especially if he couldn't move. While the sun continued steadily rising into the sky, Dakota laid on his sleeping bag first fuming,

and then slowly contemplating what anti-slime measures he should start caring for the future.

“Oh. Hang on!” Dakota’s head shot back up in an epiphany. There might not have been any slime warning items in his bag, but there were some physical enhancing potions. A very common side effect of downing one was a boosting metabolism. Almost all of them came with the warning to eat a big meal after usage. With any luck he might get strong enough to start crawling back to town.

Assuming Dakota could actually get to his bag. The dang thing was only five feet away, yet no matter how much he leaned his human hand into it, his fingers couldn’t stretch close. It might as well have been locked in a safe. He pounded the dirt in frustration, wiggling his giant film shin in the process, and yelped when it unexpectedly dragged him several inches off the sleeping bag.

In a way, he was glad to have been stuck in isolation for this part. The possibility of someone watching a curvy half-naked man drag himself through dirt by his oversized hand and foot might have been too much to stay a merc. It took a good ten minutes of awkward squirming before Dakota eventually closed the distance to his pack straps. By some luck he had a whopping three booster potions waiting inside the medicine compartment. All three of which he tore the stopper out with his teeth and downed. Drinking multiples of the same potion didn’t increase its overall effect. Such an overdrive to his blood flow might have been stupidly reckless. Although, it was going to maximize the duration and Dakota needed that just to make sure it dealt with his excess slime problem.

In fact, he wasn’t waiting long before a chill ran his blood cold, followed by the world coming in sharper through all five senses. The usual symbiotic relation with his grafts kicked into high gear, processing the nutrients throughout his body several times faster than a normal person. Under normal circumstances this provided the benefit of increased physical capabilities.

At least it was also having the desired, unintended by the makers, effect. Before his eyes the copious amounts of light green slime quivered and began to collapse in on itself. The shrinking was a bit slow, but Dakota allowed himself to relax on the old ground with eyes closed and normal hand resting on his chest. Nothing that could be done at that point except wait for the nightmare to end.

Poor guy wasn’t able to relax for long. Within minutes, an odd shifting in his breasts jolted Dakota’s thoughts back into focus a second before the soft flesh pushed against his palm.

“Oh no!”

He bolted upright thanks to the potion’s increase to his strength, though was still unable to stand with the hefty amounts of slime left to deal with. And boy, was his body dealing with it fast. The undershirt he normally wore was steadily stretching forward in perfect tandem with his shrinking left arm. Creases smoothed out while the cotton

material lost room to rapidly filling breasts. His hand still clutching at one through the fabric was finding it harder to keep a firm grip as it pushed into a new measurement size with every minute. Already their weight was straining a lot harder on his scrawny back, only getting worse with each breath he took.

Things only got worse when a jostling further south made his hips squirm. It was like the ground was moving beneath him, slowly hoisting him where he sat. Unfortunately, Dakota had an idea what was really going on before moving his human hand from a growing breast to his backside. He could only give an irritated groan to feel his petite, plump glutes inflated out the back of his underpants. They greedily took all the room the garment had to offer and then spilled the excess over its taut waistband, showing off an impressive crack. Hips soon joined in along with his fleshy human leg. Soft fatty curves oozed across the forest dirt digging a groove with their mass. More and more he was looking like a young mother that'd gone through an incredible number of children.

In hindsight, the young mercenary should have thought his plans through a bit longer. Since the slime grafts were what'd been feminizing his body over the years it only made sense having his body process this much of them would speed that up too. He was going to be lucky if anything still fit with his body resembling an hourglass.

As if on cue, his shirt buckled under the pressure of relentlessly swelling mammaries. A loud tear echoed through the surrounding trees as it was cleaved down the center from hem nearly to the collar. Creamy globes eagerly escaped into their new freedom, causing Dakota to grunt from gravity's hard pull on his pectorals. They were easily bigger than any woman he'd ever seen in his lifetime. Areolas stretched wider than his fists, resting puffy and super sensitive to the chilled air on the boob's fronts.

Almost an hour passed with Dakota helpless to do anything besides watch his ridiculous figure fill out. Even then it took a few minutes for him to realize the growth had stopped. All the soft flesh jiggling was just a natural reaction to his breathing now. Those accursed tits were bloated into hefty watermelons at that point, hanging impressively far down his ribcage with their girth.

He was just glad to have his slime limbs reduced back to a human size. Although his leg remained extra plumped to be symmetrical with his human one of its own accords. Luckily the effects of his potion still lingered. It made clambering onto his feet a lot easier to manage with his movements causing so much additional weight to slosh violently.

Strings of incoherent grumbles escaped Dakota's scowling face while he alternated feeling the spherical mass of his chest and his lower half. Somehow his underwear had remained on, albeit pinching his member tight. The combination of his expanded hips and ass bulged over the waistband and through the leggings making it look more like an undersized thong.

The man's fuming eventually settled down. The fact there wasn't anything left in his bag to immediately deal with this new problem also helped move Dakota along. With

any luck all this fat could be burned off with a bit of exercise and dieting. A routine that could probably take months if he was lucky.

He pushed those thoughts aside for now and focused on just getting this job finished. After taking time to reapply the armor supports for his slime limbs, Dakota moved to fish a large wool shirt from his pack. It was a cheap, effective, purchase for the occasional trips far north or during heavy winters. Now? The thing was about all he had in terms of covering his massive chest shelf. Even then the usually baggy cover barely draped around his belly button. His cloak couldn't close all the way anymore either, making it impossible to hide such an augmented womanly figure. There wasn't a point trying on any spare pants. He just made due waddling through the forest with an open breeze caressing his rear.

By the time he'd gotten back to the abandoned farm it was midday, though he'd relatively adapted to walking again. Three sharp knocks with his slime arms metal knuckles helped amplify their impacts. Dakota's own subtle way of venting at least a little irritation.

It wasn't a long wait before his kobold client flung open the door in an equally irate mood. Perhaps it was just their default emotion, Dakota wondered bitterly. Whatever gremlin insults she'd planned to spit fell off their dangling tongue, however. They needed almost a full minute to comprehend why their view up at the human's face was obscured by such pronounced chest mounds.

"What you want, bimbo?" she snapped once coherent thought returned to their serpentine eyes. "This isn't some poor house."

Dakota took a long, deep sigh, hating how he bumped a breast when raising a hand to his temple. His other thrust the bright pink pouch at the kobold without bothering to look down at them. He was really missing seeing the ground. "I got your damned treasure. May I be paid, please?"

The kobold took the sack with both scaly hands, still gawking at the person before them. Dakota could see the gears working painfully slow to make the connections. When she finally took note of his unorthodox limbs, he almost regretted seeing her face light up with recognition.

"Weird boy!? What in the goddess grace happened to you? Were you hiding being a dairy cow this whole time?"

"Hey!" Before Dakota could recover from his blushing hesitation, the little lizard had lunged forward to grope an overinflated boob. The clawed reptilian fingers' contact elicited a more girlish squeal than he would've cared for. He tried to swat them away, however they'd already ducked under his cloak to steal a hard squeeze on his butt. At which point he back hopped off the porch with hand at his knife's hilt trying to get some distance in his flustered state. "Damn it all. D-don't you have any sense of personal space!?"

The kobold rested her hands on their own broad hips smirking. "What? I thought humans liked looking cute and soft."

"My money! Now!" Dakota's face was burning so red it might have been a tomato. Trying to come up with a witty retort was beyond his embarrassed state, barely managing to bark out words that could hopefully end this encounter.

"Yeesh! Okay." She rolled her eyes and vanished behind the doorway. A short while later a bundle of coins held together by fishing net flew from the house landing a few feet from Dakota. The kobold's head poked out right after, shooting the young man a wet raspberry. "Weird slime boy should consider seeing the town tailor before you travel on. Unless, of course, your big caboose is looking for a different kind of ride."

"You're welcome!" The door slammed shut before Dakota could think of a proper retort. Worse was how true the kobold's words rang when he bent down to retrieve his pay, feeling his curves pinch and stretch what meager clothing he had.

Hopefully the tailor could make an extra-large pair of pants on the cheap. This fifty gold was supposed to last him for the next month.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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