

DANGEROUS STEREOTYPES II.

COMMISSION STORY

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From Lae'zel's point of view it had been a *very* eventful night.

That wasn't to say that it wasn't *usually* a very eventful night at the Tav's camp. Ever since she had been infected with a *literal* brainworm and had more or less been forced to join up with that motley crew from all over the place, she had been exposed to a number of unusual happenings that were both dangerous and silly. At first, she had found it extremely grating, and to say she didn't *still* find it that way on some level would have been an outright lie. But she was getting used to it. She was getting used to the people that she was traveling with, too.

But that didn't mean that they never had any arguments. Of everyone in the camp, the githyanki had things she didn't like about *all* of them still. She was also very vocal with her opinions and feelings *if* they were negative, and so it was easy to get a sense of which of her traveling companions that she butted heads with more than others. Lae'zel and Shadowheart were *notorious* for it, and that night had just seemed like another petty argument over essentially nothing.

The half-elf had stormed off, leaving the githyanki to her own devices for a short while. She also preferred to pitch her personal tent farther away from the fire than most, which made sense when you considered how easy she was to tick off. She had dressed down into her underclothing with the intention of finally turning in, not seeing much use in staying awake any longer with the moon so high in the sky.

“LAE’ZEEEEEL!”

Lae’zel shot up and drew a knife at the sound of an unfamiliar voice calling out to her. Her guard only *increased* as she found the source to be an unfamiliar face. An elf with dark skin, running at her in such a way that even the proud warrior couldn’t avoid being a little shy about. The elf was wearing so little, and her figure was so... *much*. She also seemed to be carrying something in her right hand. Was it a weapon? **“Don’t I look really *hot*? It’s me, y’know? Shadowheart! But I go by Rhinola now and stuff, I guess! Wanna fuck?”**



The elf had clearly *noticed* the knife, because she had stopped outside of any range that Lae’zel could strike her with without warning. But the words she had spoken didn’t make much sense. **“You *say* you were *Shadowheart*? And you expect me to *believe* you? Leave this camp now, *slut*, before I throw out your corpse instead!”** She had never been once to mince words *nor* shy away from issuing threats, *especially* when it came to strangers of unknown origin.

Inviting her to have *sex* certainly won her any trust points, either. She was seldom intimate with anyone, and she absolutely would not throw herself at a woman with unknown origins and motives. To even suggest that she had *been* Shadowheart felt insulting to the half-elf. Not only was such a thing *highly* improbable, but she had enough faith in the half-elf to believe that she wouldn’t fall for whatever might have turned her into a woman like this in the first place.

In her mind it was *far* more likely a trick. She wasn’t even acting the same way.

“Aww, don’t be like that!” Rhinola *thought* to see if she could slide in and give her ‘old friend’ a hug but abandoned the thought after watching the githyanki’s fingers twitch in response to even her slightest movements. It wasn’t an empty threat. If the dark moved closer, she *would* get stabbed. **“I guess some people *are* into knife play, but I’m not really one of ‘em! Soooo...”** She swayed back and forth for a moment, her breasts swinging along with her.

Lae'zel watched carefully. She didn't know where the stranger was going with this, or what her plan was. Why build an elaborate lie that was so *stupid*? She *really* didn't understand at all. But she *could* tell that this 'Rhinola' character was planning something with whatever was in her right hand. Now that she was closer, she could at least identify *what* it was. It looked like a pocket mirror of some kind. The githyanki glared at it. **"Oh~? Are you interested in this? Why don't you take a look then? I have a feeling you'll start seeing things my way!"**

The dark elf had noticed Lae'zel's gaze and took advantage of it, gently tossing the item to the green-skinned woman who caught it instinctively with the mirror open. She only glanced at it for a second, but ended up redirecting her attention to it fully once she realized something in its reflection had appeared *odd*. It hadn't been her own face she had seen, but the porcelain face of a beautiful, blonde elven woman. **"What is—!?"** While in the process of *hissing* her complaints, a beam of light shot from the mirror and into the body of the woman holding it.

It had been surprising enough that she'd dropped the magical item, which on impact with the ground? *Shattered*. This removed Shadowheart's only means of returning to normal... and her own.

Lae'zel glared down at the broken mirror and then back at the dark elf, suspicion ever present on her face as she hissed again. **"What did you just do?"** Because the githyanki felt *odd*. She felt *warm*. And there were visual signs of why this was that were *quite* dramatic. Her skin felt like it was *crawling*, yet she didn't immediately look down out of concern that the other woman would take advantage of the opening. But she really would have better understood things *had* she looked downwards. Not that it would have eased her concerns any.

But Rhinola *could* see, and she was smirking. **"I didn't do anything, but the mirror did! Why'd you have to go and break it though, baaaaka?"** Her words were playful, which pissed the victim off even more. But the elf wasn't even looking at her *face*. She was looking elsewhere at the githyanki's exposed skin. There was a reason why her body felt so much warmer.

That skin had been *changing*, and in a substantial way. Githyanki skin was typically a yellowish green and had a leathery texture compared to the softer skin of most other races. But it was easy enough to observe how that skin's color was changing, with the yellowish color paling to a pink. No darker spots remained with this skin tone evening out, and its texture softened so that there wasn't a single quality of it that could be described as 'leathery' at all. Even her nipples and pussy pinkened.

By the time *all* of her skin had undergone this change, though? Her body just looked *wrong*. A githyanki with the skin of a human or elf seemed to be *very* uncanny with a githyanki's other unique physical features... which was *exactly* why those features were addressed next. The most obvious one, at least initially, was Lae'zel's *nose*. Githyanki had noses that were traditionally flat or *concave*. But hers?

"...Hm?" It was *growing*. Pushing out in a way that Lae'zel couldn't ignore. Its emergence forced the woman to go cross-eyed in an attempt to try and figure out just what was happening to her, and when she reached a hand up to *check*. ***"WHAT!?"*** A pale-pink hand, decorated with pink nails that were only an inch past her fingertips now, took her by surprise. A similar change had affected her feet while also thinning her toes. *Rage* seized her. ***"Was that some manner of transmogrification item!? Just what are you doing to me!?"*** She was checking out her arms, her stomach, and eventually felt her face. It felt *fuller* and rounder, and a nose that poked out just felt *weird* to fondle.

Mind you, she hadn't quite been able to notice how her black eyes had become *lighter*. Not only did her sclera whiten, but her irises chose to shine with a far brighter blue instead. Something that Rhinola noticed. ***"What!? I didn't do it to you! You did it to yourself! But if it's any consolation, I think you're looking great! More and more like an elf, but it's a shame you aren't becoming a dark elf like me. Oh well~!"***

She wasn't even *wrong*. Lae'zel's raised, pointed ears ended up sagging in the end. Their rigid ends had smoothed out when they had paled, and now they dipped gently down on the sides with cartilage that had much more in common with the shapes of an *elf's* ears. ***"An elf!? Why in the world would you turn me into a *super sexy* elf!?"*** It felt natural that she would pause there, her words *far* too out of character to let slide. ***"Why did I say that!? I can be such a *dummy*~!?"***

Almost as if it was trying to make a point that the woman's intelligence was more at risk than she realized? The coloring of her hair lightened while the texture straightened and smoothed. The platinum blonde that arose in its place matched her pale skin and bright blue eyes *much* better. But the color and texture changes aside, it also *grew* a substantial amount. All of the way down to her ankles, in fact. She *did* notice, but... ***"My, this hair is so beautiful~! O-Or, no it isn't! Ack!? Even my voice...?"***

Lae'zel seemed powerless to resist the mental changes that she was undergoing at this juncture, with her voice sounding sweeter and *older* somehow. It wasn't just a trick of this voice, though. You could *see* it in

the woman's face. Her softer skin had aged a little, the weight and wear of an advanced age present but not disturbing just how *beautiful* she'd become. Of course, because she was an *elf* now her actual age was much different from how old she looked. She was actually much, much older.

And it was time for more concrete signs of this to finally take root. After all, aside from the changing of her skin, everything below the neck hadn't changed *that* much up until this point. And even then? She didn't really grow shorter nor taller by the end. But this didn't mean that she wouldn't grow in *any* capacity and, in fact? In the ways she *did* grow were *extremely* significant. Because rather than grow *up*? She grew *out*.

"Oh!?" It would have been extremely difficult *not* to notice in the end, so it was good that Lae'zel immediately recognized it. Her camp clothing was beginning to feel tight all over and her muscles had softened away, but she didn't seem to be very *concerned*? Especially not compared to how she had been acting prior. It was like there was some sort of strange *calming* effect... but it was more like her new personality was much more willing to go with the flow than anything.

Which kind of worked out, because there was a *lot* flowing. Fat, in fact, to *most* aspects of her body. Initially, her attention was drawn down to her tummy. Her fingers pressed into it, feeling the flesh rise into a less than subtle belly bump over the course of just a few moments, but while it became thick it didn't become *too* thick. It looked more like the effects of an older age catching up with her than anything.

But in *other* areas this wasn't the whole truth of the story. **"I believe this is what they say 'more cushion for the pushing', isn't it?"** The mirror's effects on Lae'zel's personality were becoming plainer, as the same hentai game-like quirks were bleeding in. That *was* a saying, but not one you'd ever hear within 50000000 miles of Baldur's Gate. It was a saying from another world, and one she was directing *specifically* at her ass.

Because the (ex) githyanki had twisted her back a little in response to the sensation of her pants growing fuller. It wasn't a trend that just happened in slight, either. It didn't take long at *all* for her cheeks to *blow through* the black leather, tatters falling to the ground while bouncing, hefty, pale cheeked bounced bare. She gave her own excessive rump a playful slap with one hand, while the other grabbed onto a thigh that *readily* jumped past even her thickened waistline in size. Each step would see her thighs and cheeks jiggle.

Which you could easily see along with her big bush of blonde pubes now that her pants had practically been *obliterated*.

“Mmn... I’m feeling really...” Like Rhinola’s offer was beginning to sound *very* enticing. Arousal built now that her pussy was exposed to the cool, night air, and her nipples ached with a needy sensitive that wasn’t *entirely* natural. Rather? Beneath her top? Those nipples had been *growing*. Her dark areola had spread to cover almost the *entirety* of the fronts of her breasts, which would have been *very* weird if they’d been left that way. But they absolutely were *not*.

Lae’zel’s paltry, bikini-like top already offered so little coverage that it didn’t take much at all to push them *off* of her tits. Her breasts had begun to splurge forward, and it only took *two* cup sizes before they slid right off. **“They should be bigger, right? A lot bigger? Hehe... It’s kind of funny that I know this~!”** It really *was*, but it was because new memories were obviously being implanted, just as had been the case with the dark elf.

Speak of Rhinola? She was biting her lower lip with anticipation while watching the new elf’s bosom swell. Her body was becoming more and more MILF-y in the best possible way, with tits now *already* as big as her head. Those huge areolae were so *enticing*, and the nipples suited the mounds that they were mounted upon. They jiggled and bounced (sometimes with the help of Lae’zel’s own, curious hands), and even as they sagged down by the time they were *triple* the size of her head. They were *unrealistically* big.

Thankfully her back muscles had adjusted to accommodate them!

“Oh, just like that! Hehehe~!” The elf gave those tits another shake, this time while maintaining *direct* eye contact with Rhinola as if to work her up. Once she let go, though? New clothing found her form. Ornate, white leggings with golden trim that matched a robe that hugged her shoulders made up the bulk of it. She was a translucent, white dress that hung over her huge tits and traveled between her loins, but... It was so translucent that you could see her big nipples and pink pussy regardless. Otherwise? A number of golden ornaments found her head, ears, and arms.

“My, my~! Why was I even fighting this? I feel so amazing!” The blonde high elf bounced with excitement once her transformation had completed, and in doing so caused her absolutely *gargantuan* bosom to bounce the best that it could despite its immense size. Those tits weren’t *normal* by any means, and it was clear that Rhinola was thirstily staring at them while licking her lips. Even though her clothing was translucent, and her huge, dark nipples were visible? *Aerathla* didn’t feel ashamed. She *liked* the way she was being ogled.

She beckoned to the dark elf with her hand. **“Come here, sweetie...”** Aerathla *sounded* every part the demure elven MILF that she appeared, speaking to Rhinola in a way akin to a mother speaking with their child even though no such relationship between the two existed. The dark elf licked her lips again and stepped forward. She could tell that the high elf was horny *and* willing, and with a body like *that* how could she not be?



“I knew you’d see it my way eventually, mommy~!” There was a forcefulness to her words that implied she was just playing up the bit as she approached, and Rhinola reached in to give the blonde’s big nipples a sensual twerk. She intended on taking the lead in this sexual encounter, but... **“OW!?”** It seemed that Aerathla had other plans. She slapped the dark elf’s hand away before she could touch her, but simultaneously grabbed Rhinola’s other arm with her free hand so that she could pull her in close.

So close that Rhinola was pulled in *between* her tits, in fact. Their warmth was both warm and comforting, but she could deny she was getting pretty horny with such bizarre manner of foreplay – only made possible because of how ample the high elf’s body was. They *both* were. **“Did you think I was going to let you take the lead, sweetie? With my age and experience, I believe I’ll be the one doing so. Heehee!”**

The next morning was definitely an *awkward* one. The two had fucked all night, and when the sun came up the others had *naturally* been confused about where the two sexy elves came from. They explained their circumstances to the rest of the group while Gale investigated the pocket mirror that started everything. Not that he was certain that he could figure it out, much less return the two to normal. Not that they seemed to *want* to. They seemed quite happy kissing beside the campfire as everyone packed up.

Oh gods, they were doing *more* than that!