

“Hey! Put that down!” Darrah snaps at a few rowdy party-goers that are lifting her mother's vintage phylactery. The sound of the music almost drowns out her voice, but the two boys put down the valuable item, regardless, and disappear into the crowd of costumed individuals while laughing and joking at each other. “Jeeze.” The bell rings again. “Haaaay!” She says cheerily as she swings the door open. Standing just outside are Vizya and Ardenne. “Oh hi. I didn't think you two liked parties.” She is not going to outright say what she is thinking, as they are her lifeline, but the elf genuinely did not believe they would come when she halfheartedly invited them. “What great costumes!” She does her best to keep her cheery demeanor intact.

“Thanks.” Vizya, dressed as a stereotypical witch, brushes her way past Darrah and carves a direct path through the jostling bodies towards the kitchen.

Darrah eye's Ardenne, who is looking for more subdued than when they last spoke. “Nice... Smartphone costume?” The girl is wearing something like a sandwich board, with various items on display.

“Vending machine.” Ardenne says awkwardly, as though she is not proud of admitting what her costume is at all.

“Cute.” Darrah lies, stepping aside so the girl in the bulky costume can slip by. “Enjoy the party. Oh!” She lifts a finger. “If you get a chance, check out Miss Serane's succubus costume. It's actually SCANDALOUS.” She starts giggling before she can finish her last few words. She watches as Ardenne also starts making her way towards the kitchen with far more difficulty than her friend. “Don't touch anything!” Darrah yells after her, closing the door. It stops. “Huh?” The door is pushed open. She turns around, wearing her most welcoming expression until she sees who is standing in the door.

“Yo!” Alf, one of the school's most prominent elven men is standing in the door with two of his friends.

“Uhm.” Darrah is a bit speechless after seeing what he is wearing. “That is quite the costume.” She comments carefully, noting the blushing faces of Alf's two human friends that are both dressed in a silly dragon and griffon costume, respectively.

“Isn't it HILARIOUS?” Alf asks, unable to stop himself from cracking up. “I saw it done before when I was a junior, so I thought I'd have a laugh and go as a chick, too, this year!” Standing between the two larger males, Alf is a head smaller and compared to the other boy's footballer frames, his stands out as petite. He is wearing a fairly standard girls uniform with a skirt, stockings and a vest/blouse combo. Trailing her gaze down to the shoes, she notices he went with the showy three-inch heels, rather than the comfortable running shoes most girls at their school wear. Darrah sighs, blushing a bit as she finishes inspecting her male kinsman. 'I am fretting for my race right now...' Alf's hair is cherry, tied back in a neat ponytail. His face is dotted with a line of freckles that runs horizontally over both cheeks and his nose. “Don't I look craazy? Hehe.” The elf seemingly can not get over just how funny and original his costume idea is.

“Y-yeah. So random. Enjoy the party... Guys.” Darrah steps aside, watching as Alf does a confident strut into her home and immediately begins mingling. The two friends each bow their head in apology, hands over their groins as if they are standing in line for a penalty goal. They enter after Alf quickly. She manages to fully close the door this time. Out of the corner of her eye one of the party-goers wearing a sports uniform approaches her.

“Yo! Some girl in a witch costume ate all the chips.” He states. She smirks, noticing that his football outfit is bloody, and he is holding a severed head instead of an actual football.

“I’ll take some more down in a minute.”

“Cool! More of the all-dressed ones, if possible.” He looks around with a wide, drugged up smile. “Hey, this party is great!”

Darrah grins proudly at the compliment. “Thanks!”

“Also, I don’t know who’s little brother it is in there, but their goblin costume is fucking killer!” The guy dances off into the crowded living room after imparting that information. She watches with interest as he approaches Alf with intent, only to be intercepted by the elf’s two friends who are tirelessly running defense for the unsuspecting boy who is attracting all the wrong attention from the rest of the men at the party.

“Poor guys.” Her shoulders slump and she groans, dwelling on part of what the guy said. “Who brings their little brother to a party? Ugh, whatever... Hosting is hard.” She leaves the entryway to re-fill chips.

Alf unintentionally slips free of his two escorts and wanders into the large houses dining room. While he wishes to show his hilarious costume to as many friends as possible, his two companions only seem to want to keep them away for some reason he can’t understand. ‘Frustrating.’ He huffs. The elf’s face lights up as he sees his teacher in an amazing costume. Blood runs to his already rose-dotted cheeks as Alf decides that he just has to show her his outrageous costume right away. “Hey, Miss Serane!” He waves. Alf giggles a bit as he explains. “Get it? I’m a girl! Isn’t it priceless?”

Miss Serane turns away from the flock of guys she had been entertaining to regard the unfortunately dressed elf. “Oh my! You sure are, Alf.” She smiles widely and adds with subtle sarcasm. “It is so funny.”

“Thank you!” His giggling fades into a nervous chuckle as he realizes he has planted himself in front of an extremely powerful and attractive Archmage in an impressively skimpy costume. Much of the woman’s pale skin is on display. Her large breasts are held within two black cloth lingerie cups that must be hanging on and keeping her cleavage perky through magic alone. She is wearing a thong that is covered by a thin black loincloth. Two dark stockings run up her legs from within six-inch heels. Most impressive, however, are her fake wings that are in resting position and hang around her in the rough shape of a cloak. He is intent on staring at every inch of her in the short pause in conversation, so he also notices her swinging, pointed tail and curved, pitch-black horns. The confident Alf suddenly feels a bit overwhelmed with his teacher’s appearance. “You’re a s-s-suck-”

“Suck?” She smiles innocently, leaning forward slightly so that she can meet the short elf’s gaze a little closer to eye-level. ‘Was Serane always so... Tall?’ He wonders. She always struck an impressive silhouette, but he could swear she gained more than a few inches somehow.

“Succubus!” He manages to get out what he was trying to say. 'Keep it together, Alfinnu...'

“Thank you for noticing.” She leans back, touching her face lightly as she tilts her head to one side. “I was worried it would be too obvious or riske. But... You think I look good?”

Alf nods ecstatically. “Yes! Absolutely! No problems whatsoever!” He feels like he is in a trance. 'I can't stop staring... I hope she doesn't mind.' Rather than minding his obvious gaze, she basks in it.

“Do you want to go upstairs, Alfie?” Serane asks in a tone that touches him on every level.

“Yes.” The elf utters definitively. While his two friends enter the dining room looking for him, Serane slips through another entryway leading out into the crowded party while dragging Alf behind her. 'Tight.' Is all he can think in reference to her grip. Where she was attracting a crowd effortlessly before, now it seems as though she has slipped from from existence all together. She does not turn a single head from the dining room, up the two sets of stairs, all the way to the second story.

The second floor of the house is still populated, but far more sparsely than the downstairs. Other than a line of people waiting for the bathroom, there is no sign that the party has traveled into any of the many rooms. “Miss... What are we doing?” Alfie's heart is thumping. They are both basically adults, but she is a teacher and he is a student. 'This is obviously not allowed, but...!' He gulps, watching her plump butt rise and fall as he is dragged behind her. 'It's just so-'

“I have someone that would love your costume, Alfie.” Serane comments with a giggle. That statement snaps him out of the fantasy he was rapidly assembling of his hot teacher pulling him upstairs for a quickie.

“Oh. Okay?” Serane pulls him to one room in particular, opens the door and pushes him inside. As the door quickly closes he hears the telltale sign of a magical lock clicking into place. “Hey!” He shouts through the door. “Aren't you...” He stops, looking around the dark room. It is hard to see. “Coming?” Serane doesn't answer, which worries him. As he fumbles for the light switch, he dispels his own worries. 'Wait! They're pranking me.' Alf smirks. 'It's the only thing that could be happening right now. Darrah and them set this up to get me back for the wheelbarrow prank.' He chuckles at the thought. “Guys, you can come out now.” He stops trying to fumble for the switch. “I know what you're doing and it's not gonna work.” Alf announces confidently. “You can't prank a prankster.”

“What a shame.” He hears a strange voice that he does not recognize coming from somewhere within the dark room. “I was definitely hoping to 'get you' ever since I heard of you.”

Alf shrugs, looking around to try and get his sharp eyes to adjust to the darkness. He begins to make out vague shapes. “Well, you can't.”

“Oh, I don't know about that. The combination of cluelessness and blind confidence makes you the perfect imp candidate.”

“Imp?” Alf begins groping around the dark room impatiently, gradually taking small steps towards the center. “Isn't that, like, one of those extinct types of demons?” He smirks. “This is a stupid way to try and scare me, by the way.”

“They went extinct long ago because they can not reproduce on their own and they require a very

particular type of candidate to become one.” The voice explains.

Alf shrugs, following the sound. He feels his legs bump into the bed and can swear he sees a shape in front of him. “Gotcha!” He swings his arms in front of him, wrapping them around what feels like a very small figure. As he leans in to grapple whoever it is, he feels something long, hard and warm press up against his face. He inhales and gets a whiff of something extremely powerful. It makes him cough. “What the-” He croaks out between light coughs. Alf hears a clap above his head and is blinded momentarily as the room fills with bright light. When his eyes adjust he is first faced with what is pressing up against his cheek. His eyes slowly pan up it in shock, trailing from the large green balls, up the oddly-shaped shaft to the large, flared head of an unbelievably large dick. Far bigger than his. Far bigger than any he's witnessed in porn. “W-what?” He tries to recoil back but finds that he is unable to move. Chains of light bind his legs to the floor and wrap up his midsection and around his chest to keep his back straight. 'This looks like Miss Serane's magic...' He notes that the room itself is not lit; there is simply a circle of light around him, emanating from a seal painted into the hardwood.

“It's okay, my imp. Relax.” Alf is finally able to take in the figure that the strange voice belongs to now that the room is better lit. He furrows his brow. “What the hell are you?” As he is struggling, he finds that he can move his arms just fine, but that his magic is sealed.

The Goblin shaman clicks his tongue. “You don't even know what I am? What are they teaching students of magic these days?”

“I don't care! Let me go and get your gross dick out of my face you weird skin-condition midget!” Alf orders. “Did Darrah put you up to this?”

The goblin wags his finger at him and pats playfully on the top of the cute elf's cherry-colored head. “Now now, my imp. There's no reason to be impatient or ask unimportant questions. There is a procedure to be followed.”

“Fuck procedure.” He is still larger than the goblin, so Alf decides that he should be able to push the little man around. As his hands collide with the small body, however, it is completely immovable. “What the- Why are you so heavy!?” Alf pushes and grabs and pulls to no avail. He even, after exhausting all options, grabs the goblin's dick and finds that he is able to affect that just fine, but quickly lets go once he realizes what he is doing. 'Gross!'

“First, a choice.” The goblin announces, ignoring Alf's struggles. “If you choose to die here, your essence will pass on. I will not be able to do anything to it. That is all there is to it. If you value your soul, die quietly and pass on.”

“D-die!? What!?” Alf panics. He has never been particularly religious, but he knows death is not the end of his essence. That being said, he also knows it is still a functional end to him as he is right now. “No way!”

The goblin smirks. “You refuse to save your soul?”

“Obviously I would rather NOT die, you prick...” Alf utters indignantly. 'Is this freak actually planning to do something, or is this still part of the prank? It feels really real...'

The goblin claps his hands together and begins rubbing them. “Good, then we can begin the second

stage.”

“Stage of w-” Alf convulses as an extremely hot feeling assaults his lower belly, followed by an electric feeling that fills his entire body before quickly fading. Panting, Alf lifts his blouse and sees a prominent rune just above his pubic area.

“Don't fret, my imp. Your gods are still with you, for now. All you need to do is avoid cumming.” The man looks down cockily. “Consider it a bet between you, myself and them.”

Alf looks at the man like he is crazy. “Don't 'cum?' Or what? Yeah, I don't get it. This is a dumb joke.”

The shaman grins. “Goodness, you really are perfect.” He licks his lips, lathering saliva over the dried strips. “Never thinking, never reasoning, just saying or doing whatever comes to mind with such unwarranted pride in all that you do.” Excitedly, the shaman grips Alf's head with both hands and rubs his cock in the elf's face. “You were born to be an imp! Just start stroking that little prick and get it over with.” The goblin chuckles gleefully.

“Ughh..” Alf begins to feel dizzy as the goblin's mind-bending scent continues to seep into his nostrils. It is a smell so potent that he thinks he can taste it. 'Embrace it.' He hears a voice speaking to him in a sultry tone. “Huh?” It is familiar to him, but he can not quite place it. 'It'll be sooo funny!' Alf cracks a small smile. “Yeah...” His hand moves down to his small prick in a daze. It is already quite hard, surprisingly. 'Wouldn't it just, like, feel sooo good to stroke off right now?' Alf nods and begins slowly jerking himself. He stops. “Wait... Who's talking?” He slurs out in a daze. His mind comes back to him gradually, but he looks down in a panic to see his prick is leaking pre. “S-stop!” He squeezes his member to stop the trickle, but can already feel something trying to press out from the skin in his back and on his forehead. Alf grits his teeth. “Who... The hell... Is that?”

“It's you, obviously.” Alf's eyes widen. He looks up at the goblin and sees his hefty dick looming over his face.

'That looks-' The voice is soft, unmasculine, but very familiar. “-tasty?” Alf finishes breathlessly, his voice taking on the same sultry tone to finish the sentence. He covers his mouth in a panic. 'Stop it!' He thinks in his usual voice. 'Stop what?' The alternate voice asks innocently. Alf's lips curl into a little smile and feels compelled to uncover his mouth and let out a little, air-headed giggle.

“You're leaking, my dear imp.” The goblin points out. Alf gasps, looking down to see more clear pre leaking from his throbbing member.

“Dammit...” Even though he lets that word out in frustration, he can not help but follow it up with a tiny laugh. He grips his member tightly again to stop the flow. “This... Isn't... Funny.” He tries to hold it in but now, along with the pressure on his back and forehead, he feels a pushing from the inside of his chest. “This... Isn't-” He bites his lip to suppress his growing smile. 'Just a bit more, then I can stop. Some cute imp tits and horns would make this costume sooo rich.' Alf gasps, loosening the grip he has slightly, allowing a trickle over his hand. 'So long as I don't cum I don't lose.' He watches curiously as more leaks. It is more than he's ever seen come from his tiny prick and balls. there is a tightening in his throat and an expanding in his chest. He realizes what he is doing and tries to snap himself out of it. “Not me... Not my thoug-” Alf feels his throat. His voice is now softer. Not quite a girls, but it is as if the masculinity has been drained from it. He tries to squeeze his member again to stop it, but feels a pang of pleasure. The elf quickly releases it, knowing that his hand around his cock now only serves as

a liability, He keeps his hands clear and looks down pitifully at his uncontrollably leaking, throbbing member. “Is that... my essence?”

“That's right, imp.” The goblin says gently.

Alf groans. “Stop, like, calling me an imp!” The femboy complains in a completely air-headed cadence. As he looks up to glare at the goblin, he gulps, catching a glimpse of the goblin's powerful member. It makes his comparatively small prick throb to see it. His heart begins to thump similarly to when he was looking at Serane. His mouth hangs open and he begins to salivate quite intensely.

The goblin speaks down to him in a soft, but authoritative tone. “What's wrong with being an imp, pet?”

Alf has to admit that he does not actually know anything about being one. “Uhm... They're, like, bad demons and stuff?” He feels himself becoming a bit more comfortable with the goblin. The elf leans forward to sniff the member. It makes him shudder. 'I wanna kiss it.' He looks up with his brow furrowed. 'But I don't want him to see and get the wrong idea...' He smiles and lets out a little giggle. 'I'll wait till he's distracted.'

Alf watches for the goblin to begin talking. “No no. Imps are mischievous spirits. Not bad at all.” The shaman pretends to not be paying attention. 'There!' Alf leans in and presses his lips to the goblin's bulbous crown. 'Mwah!' Alf giggles mischievously. 'Gottem!' Alf feels the man's hand slide down to rub the side of his head, next to his cute little little horns. He looks down. 'Ah... I'm still leaking all my silly essence... Doesn't matter. I won't cum if I don't touch it.' He giggles. 'I'm so smart.' His little wings flap happily behind him and his tail bursts from his lower back, wagging dexterously. “Such a talented imp.” The goblin compliments, triggering Alf to puff his chest out. He is wearing a wide smile. Alf's eyes widen as, on his puffed out chest, he notices a pair of small, perky tits beneath his blouse. 'T-tits! Ah, these aren't important right now.' He thinks, cleverly turning his attention back up to the goblin.

“You can't get me, because I'm not gonna touch it. Doesn't matter how much I change.” He leans in and begins nuzzling against the goblin's cock affectionately. Alf lets his elongated tongue fall out. It is dripping with saliva. He drags it excitedly up the goblin's member, bragging. “I can do whatever I want...” His cock is throbbing, but he knows where his hands are. 'Wrapped around this delicious dick!' The airhead giggles at his own deviousness. As he sloppily sucks the goblin's thick dick between his lips, he muses. 'It's a good thing I know where my hands are. I really wanna cum.' He moans, feeling his pleasure begin to overflow as he sucks. 'Right?' Feeling an unusually soft, comfortable pulling, Alf looks, seeing one hand wrapped around the goblin's cock and the other cupping the goblin's balls. He shrugs at the strange, building feeling and keeps sucking obliviously. 'This thing is a fucking delicacy.' He thinks, sloppily filling his mouth with the whole smelly member. His throat offers no resistance, surprisingly. 'So good.' He thinks gleefully.

“Good imp.” The goblin rubs Alf's head affectionately. “Good Afix.”

“Wazzat?” Afix asks, drawing back from the goblin's dripping member. His mouth is a mess of slick saliva.

“Your true name.” The goblin points down. Afix covers his mouth, stifling a deep moan. The former elf's eye roll back as a powerful orgasm rocks his whole body. He looks down to see his dexterous black tail wrapped around his spent little member. It is leaking out a hefty load. The biggest he has ever

seen himself produce. It is thick and white.

Afix can't help it any more. He uncovers his mouth and laughs. "That must be my whole essence!" He looks up in admiration, feeling positively giddy and euphoric "You got me good, master!" Afix immediately goes back to affectionately stroking and sucking his master off while his mortal soul is scooped up by Serane's magic and poured into a container. The goblin has to pull the affectionate imp off of his dick. "Huh?" Afix looks up to see Serane standing over him, holding the container. "Oh, hi."

"That is an elf soul." The goblin explains.

Afix licks his lips and stares hungrily at the essence. "Oooh." Afix gulps, watching his master take the container and shake it a little until what is inside turns green. He gets a strange pulling feeling at the center of his chest as the goblin knocks back the entire container. "What'd you do?"

"I ate it." He says frankly. "I pulled a little prank on the god that created your essence." Afix giggles at the mention of a prank. "It is funny, isn't it. In a realm of finite essence, there is no one less soul."

"You got them good." Afix says happily, triggering the goblin to give him an affectionate pat on his cherry-colored head.