

Chapter 6: Call me Big Sis!

Spritz~!

The familiar smell of Dama's perfume tickled Jack's nose. His eyes shot open. "Huh!?" He was napping so peacefully being snuggled by a dragon-girl, why did he have to wake up?

He slowly got a hold of his surroundings. He wasn't pressed against the heated pillow of dragon girl bosom, but instead found his head resting on Lilah's lap. "Sorry! You were totally out of it," Lilah giggled. "It's been a few hours. I figured the perfume needed re-applied," she whispered.

"...I'm so glad you have my back," Jack said before nuzzling into Lilah's lap for a second. He paused after he realized what was doing. "Eh!?" he squeaked as he jolted upward. "Uhm! Oh, s-sorry, I didn't mean to--"

Lilah just giggled.

"Quiet, peasant," Diagora ordered from across the room. She was looking over a piece of paper while perched on her golden throne. "Hrmp. That capricious fey wants me to do free work for her. How predictable of her." Diagora lifted an amulet up and looked over it. The inlaid gemstone was bright white and almost seemed to be glowing. She sniffed it a few times. "A simple enough charm. If Kera was here, I could have the gemstone spared, it might prove useful."

The dragon girl stood up and held the gem in one hand before closing her fingers around it.

"Is this some spell? Are you going to disenchant it?" Jack had to ask.

"Why bother wasting time?" Diagora glanced at him. "Whatever is in this binding spell, your fairy wants. Stay there until I free it, and hopefully nothing too nasty will be freed."

Lilah grabbed Jack's hand and tugged on him. "Hey, get behind me," she beamed.

"What? No, if there's danger then--"

Lilah rolled her eyes and tugged him hard enough that he fell over. "You don't have magic, silly! So stay behind me!"

Jack winced and felt a little hit to his pride, but he couldn't really argue. All he could do was watch from behind Lilah. And pout. Especially pout.

"If you're done quarreling," Diagora grunted as she squeezed the gemstone in her palm. "This will be just a moment!"

“Wait, is she really just crushing it?” Jack had to ask.

“Yeah! She’s strong!” Lilah giggled.

Jack watched in utter amazement at the ridiculously short dragon-girl squeezing the gem. She wasn’t even muscular. She wasn’t really flabby either, but still. As her body tensed, he could feel a certain weight and heaviness. Then, with one loud crack, he knew the gemstone was broken.

It exploded in Diagora’s hands, but she hardly even seemed to notice. She just opened her palm as a wisp of light swirled around the crushed fragments of the gemstone.

The light grew brighter and brighter before it flashed, dazing Jack.

“Oh! Finally~!” a new voice called out. “Thank you! You’ve freed me! I was getting so awfully bored in there!”

Jack rubbed his eyes and squinted. He tried to adjust his vision, but damn, that light had really hurt. As he finally managed to see what was going on, there was definitely someone new in the room. Compared to the dragon-girl, she might as well have been a giant. Hell, she was as tall as him, at least!

Two big, beautiful white wings fluttered. “I thought I would be stuck there forever. Thank you, my adorable, little hero!” the woman practically sang. Her arms were wrapped around Diagora’s head and burying the dragon girl right into her rather large tits. Between the wings, the voice, the gorgeous skin, and the slight glow she had around her, Jack was pretty sure he was looking at an angel. An *actual* angel. A very, very naked one. Not a scrap of clothing on her, and no hint of modesty.

“Oh my gosh! No way!” Lilah squealed before jumping off the bed. “Parisa! I thought, like, you got captured by some monsters!” Lilah skipped over and pushed herself into the hug, blatantly nuzzling right into the angel’s chest.

“Lilah~!” Parisa gasped, squishing Lilah into the hug. “Ah! So you helped save me, too! You were always so dependable and kind and sweet! I’ll have to make sure to reward you. Maybe I’ll brush your hair or give your ears a little massage? Oh. Maybe you need a snack? I’m sure I can find some treat for you.” As Parisa cuddled the two -- Lilah seemingly quite willingly with Diagora sort of just standing there, unmoving -- she looked over to spot Jack.

“Oh! A new rookie! How wonderful, I suppose I have you to thank too, yes? Why don’t you come over here?” she smiled. The serene glow of her eyes felt a bit invasive. “Oh. I see, you’re shy. Your soul is so pretty, though! It’s fine if you come here. All little cuties deserve rewards.”

Jack's face slowly heated up. "No. I'm good," he said as he shimmied off the bed, trying his best not to spread his legs. "So, you know Lilah? Are you a--"

"Enough!" Diagora huffed and broke out of the forced hug before storming toward Jack. "You're to take her back to your fairy, though I can't imagine she'll be happy." She grabbed Jack and started pushing him forward toward Parisa. "This one is responsible for your freedom. Her lack of magic allowed her to deliver your prison to me."

Jack glared at Diagora's betrayal. How could she do this to him!?

Parisa beamed. "Oh! Then you most definitely deserve a reward!" she reached out, but Jack just ducked under her arm and awkwardly walked forward. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

Jack turned completely away from her. "You're... uhm... you know."

"It's okay. You can tell me anything! Any secret, any trouble, any worry, just let your new big sis handle them all."

Jack froze. What? "Uh... big sis--" he tried to ask.

"Yes?" she immediately interrupted.

"That's not--I--You're not wearing clothes!" Jack stamped his foot. "And I don't need a big sister, I'm an adult! I'm in my twenties!" he groaned. "Why is everyone in this realm so weird!"

"Heeey," Lilah pulled her head from Parisa's breasts for long enough to chide Jack. "Don't be rude! She just wants to say thank you. Parisa's super great! She makes me call her big sis, too. It's just how she is! You'll get used to it, and really, there's no one better!"

"Oh you're just the cutest!" Parisa squealed as she squished Lilah between both arms, squeezing the poor half-elf probably a bit *too* tight. "But yes. We can take it slow. Don't worry, I'll be the best big sister you could ever hope for. Why don't you just head to the end of the cave, and I'll get dressed, my little cutie?"

"Not your..." Jack's face could not be more red. This was useless, wasn't it? "Y-you don't even know my name!"

"Oh, you're right! I'm sorry, I'm just so excited. My name is Parisa, but as I said, you can call me big sis. Or sis. Or maybe even mommy," she giggled.

"That's not--I'm--I--" Jack stammered uselessly. He just turned and trudged from the cave. He didn't need anyone to notice he was getting hard. He wasn't sure the panties Lilah was making him wear could take it.

“Oh, you didn’t give me your name, though!” the angel cooed.

“It’s... It’s uhm... Cecelia,” Jack muttered, barely able to bring himself to say it as he walked far too awkwardly. Every step, he could feel panties rubbing against his dick. Fuck. This realm was out to get him. This realm was going to destroy him. There was no way he was going to make it.

“I’ll see you in just a minute, Cecelia.~ Now Lilah--Oh. Oh dear. Lilah? Are you okay? Oh my. I must have squeezed you too hard. Poor thing, always so fragile!” Parisa’s voice slowly faded out as Jack focused on taking just one step at a time.

This was all so... so strange. His heart was beating so fast. His cheeks were on fire. Why did part of him really like the idea of Parisa thinking of him as her little sister? His vision shook. He had to put a hand on the wall of the cave just to keep his balance.

The clacking of the heels. The way the stockings collected just a touch of pudge of his thighs. The way the stupid bra felt against his chest. The stiffness of the light layer of makeup on his face. The tightness of the panties.

He wasn’t a crossdresser. He didn’t look at that sort of porn! He didn’t understand. Sure, he had read some story of a guy turning into a girl a few times in passing, seen a few comics, maybe fantasized about it, but that was all just fantasy!

Lilah protecting him like *he* was delicate. Diagora picking him up in a bridal carry. Snuggling. Lucia wanting to play dolls. Lilah wanting to help him get dressed.

His heart beat faster and faster. His ears rang. It was hard to breathe. He was having a panic attack! He needed to calm down, he needed to--”I was hoping it would be one of the other goorls, but you are cute~”

Jack immediately looked up. A bright, pink mass of goo shaped like a girl clung to the ceiling above him. As he started to panic and react, she let go of the ceiling and splashed right onto him.

Immediately, he was covered. He flailed with the goo, trying to claw it off him. The warm, gelatinous, squirming creature quickly invaded his clothes, filled his mouth, and coated his body. His arms were squeezed against his torso, and he fell to his knees.

“What’s this?” the goo teased as she reformed her face right in front of Jack’s. Jack could feel the goo slipping into his panties, working his dick, slowly freeing it. “Oh! How lucky! You want to be a goorl! I can help you~!” the goo girl pushed deeper into his mouth. He could feel more of her starting to move around his body, some of it going lower. “Where should I start? I wanted one of the goo-rls, so maybe I should give you breasts!”

Jack gagged on the goo in his mouth. It tasted sweet, like melon, really, but having to practically *breathe* it wasn't exactly a fun thing. As he thought he was going to pass out, the goo gave him just enough air to breathe. He fell onto his back, locked up and squeezed by the pink goo girl.

"You're gooing to be so tasty! I'm gooing to drain you dry after helping you be a goo-d goor!" the goo girl kept teasing. She focused her attention on his chest, slipping under his bra and massaging, buzzing.

He couldn't call for help. She was going to drag him away, and then use him!

The tickly, buzzing massage against his chest only grew more and more intense. A strange heat radiated from it. He could feel the pink goo girl teasing at his nipples, playing with them, and then ever so slowly, he could feel a pressure at them. His eyes went cross at the unusual feeling of the slippery substance slowly filling his breasts.

"That's right, goo-et nice and hard~! I'll save you as a treat, and have a goo-d cum snack later~" she swirled around his dick, but she didn't bother vibrating or teasing there, instead she just covered it, squished it, squeezed it, made him feel more vulnerable by the second.

"Ggrrgghh...!" His nipples ached. He never considered that something he would ever feel before, but that actually *ached*. He tried, once more, to call for help, but with the pink goo coating his throat, he couldn't manage to make anything but a quiet, whispering gibberish.

"Here we goo~ Look at your new tits, aren't you happy?" the pink goo girl forced Jack to look down at his own chest, and sure enough, he had tits. They weren't big, not across his frame, but they definitely stood out. They were obvious, and... and...

His heart. It was beating so fast. It felt so strange, it felt so... so...

"Oh! You goo have magic! It was just sleeping~!" the pink goo squealed.

Something bubbled inside Jack. On instinct, he could feel it rising and bubbling before it burst in every direction. He saw a flash of pink light. The goo in his mouth and throat was immediately forced out. The goo all around him splattered against the cave walls. He was on his back, still in some of the goo, but freed.

And *exhausted*.

"Ow ow ow ow~! No fair! I was having a goo-d time~!" the goo around him bubbled and slowly started to collect.

"Nn... help..." Jack squeaked.

“Oh, goo-d grief!” the pink goo wrapped around his leg and started dragging Jack through the cave. “Now I have to take you home and share you with my sisters. I wanted to have fun all by myself!”

Not that she'd get a chance.

A ray of golden light passed right over Jack and hit the goo girl. Instead of being splattered, she shook and shivered. “Nooooo! You're going to make me cry you bullies!” the pink goo girl whined before finally letting go of Jack and slurping away as quick as she could.

“My poor Cecelia!” Jack was tugged up and felt the back of his head press against something extremely soft. And warm. A beautiful, though worried, face looked down at him. Beautiful wings quickly wrapped around him. “Don't worry! Your big sis is here! I chased the monster away! But it looks like she ruined all your clothes! You poor thing...”

Clothes. His clothes. Oh god. He had to hide himself. She was going to find out. But his body wouldn't move. He couldn't even talk.

“Those slimes are so mean. She must've gotten the drop on you. Don't worry, I'll remove the poison from your body. You'll feel better in a moment.”

The poison...? The slimes were poisonous? How was she going to remove it? How did she not notice already?

Soft fingers teased at his nipples, tweaking them a few times before slowly pinching them. A little squirt of pink slime shot out from each of his nipples. He was immediately mortified. W-what the fuck!?

“She really went overboard. I've never seen a slime do anything like this,” Parisa cooed. “Don't worry. I'll have it all drained out of your breasts as quick as I can, sweetie. Big sis has you.”

It didn't help that each tweak felt good. Really good. He never had sensitive nipples before, but whatever that goo girl did to him, they had practically become pleasure buzzers. Each tweak and squeeze that rid him of the goo also made him gasp in pitiful pleasure. Stuck, effectively, on Parisa's lap as she milked him didn't make matters any better. He didn't even know this lady, and she was seeing him the most vulnerable he'd ever been in his life.

The sound of more footsteps, running, echoed through the cave. “Parisa! Cecelia!” Lilah called out.

“Oh, Lilah, stay back, will you? Cecelia was attacked by a slime, and she needs a moment to right herself. She's been stripped of all her clothes,” Parisa cooed out.

Wait. Was she trying to...?

Lilah's footsteps became faster. She full on sprinted, right past Parisa and Jack and slid to a stop between them and the cave exit. "Oh! I can explain *everything!*" Lilah squeaked. "Cecelia is just--uhm--she's...cursed!"

Parisa tweaked Jack's nipple, this time Jack couldn't prevent the moan that pushed past his lips.

"No! Say it isn't so!" Parisa pouted.

"Yes! It is! Isn't that right, Cecelia!" Lilah made sure to make eye-contact with Jack to help him understand. Too bad the wink was about as obvious as it got.

"Is that true?" Parisa asked as she looked at Jack. Another tweak sent another pathetic moan from Jack's mouth.

"Yeah... cursed..." Jack managed to squeak out, face turning red. Lilah was still trying her best to protect him. He couldn't think of someone who had ever been that sweet to him before. But he couldn't let her put herself in danger! Not for his sake! This wasn't fair to her!

Parisa's worried expression vanished in an instant. She looked at Jack first, then Lilah, stern, disappointed. They could see it in her eyes. Lilah just giggled, but Jack could feel the pressure behind the gaze.

"Well then," Parisa said, trailing off. She tweaked Jack's nipples again. Another splurt of slime, but his...his *breasts* finally didn't feel full anymore. "I will have to punish both of you."

"What? Why?" Lilah pouted. "I-it's true! She really is cursed!" Lilah lied.

"Lilah," Parisa said without her normal doting warmness. "Do not lie to me."

"Hee... sorry," Lilah's ears dipped. She gave an overly exaggerated pout for just a moment before she was immediately all smiles again.

"And you," Parisa gently rubbed the palm of her hand over Jack's nipples and new breasts. "You are very lucky! The slime would have done horrible things to you because she thought you were male."

Thought?

"B-but I am a guy--" Jack tried to say, but Parisa just shook her head.

"Many of the monsters here will be very cruel to you in their mistaken belief. Running off on your own is dangerous! You have to promise you'll be good from now and do as you're told when I'm serious," she nodded.

Jack felt something strange in the air. It kind of tingled. He wasn't sure what it was, though.

"Hey, Parisa...?" Lilah asked

"I'll get to you in a second, Lilah," the angel said.

"But...!"

"In. A. Second," Parisa huffed. "I can tell you're stubborn and prideful, so you need to swear to me that you will do as you're told when I'm serious."

The tingling intensified. He could feel it... inside his body. It was like discovering a sense he'd never had before. "You'll keep my secret if I do...?"

"You're my little sis! I'll do anything to protect you, but you need to swear that you'll do as you're told."

"Okay, then. I will," Jack winced.

"Swear it," Parisa repeated.

The tingling was getting more distracting. He couldn't explain what'd happened with the goo girl either. She said he had magic? Was that why she splattered? Was that what he was feeling right now? "I swear--" the tingling surged. He could feel something locking inside him. His mouth moved without his control. "--I'll be a good girl for you, big sis!" his voice echoed out excitedly.

"I'm so happy to hear that!" Parisa squeezed Jack. "And I've cast a spell to make sure you *will* do as I say. It's your punishment for lying to me."

"A spell? But, big sis--" Jack froze. What just slipped out from his mouth.

"...and maybe another spell. For me," Parisa winked.

"Meeeeeeaaan!" Lilah giggled. "But that probably is a good idea, Jac--"

"Cecelia," Parisa immediately corrected.

"Uhm, right!" Even Lilah's happy natured personality took a second to adjust to that. "Cece hasn't ever fought a monster before, and now that she has magic, she's gonna be expected to!"

Parisa nodded. "But don't worry. I'll make sure you're good and trained. Doesn't that sound fun?"

Jack sat up and crossed his legs. His cheeks burned about as bright as they could.

"Let me help you get dressed, we should hurry back before it gets too late," Parisa hummed.

"Yes big sis," Jack nodded, wincing as the "big sis" slipped out on its own. Could this get any worse?

"Ohmygosh!" Lilah suddenly squealed. "Cece! You have boobs now! Like, real ones!" Lilah crouched down right in front of Jack and put her hands on his chest. "Yay! This is gonna be so helpful!"

"N-no way," Jack stared at his own chest. Lilah was right. They weren't as big as when they were stuffed with slime, but he clearly had tits now. His heart started throbbing once more. "I...uhm...t-there has to be a way to get rid of them...! R-right?"

"You are not allowed to get rid of them," Parisa ordered.

"W-what? But I'm--I'm a gu--"

"Cecelia," Parisa interrupted.

"J-just... I'm not supposed to have breasts...?" Jack squeaked.

Parisa smiled. "It's perfectly natural to have breasts! Girls do, little sis. I know you're scared, but you'll get used to them!"

Jack squirmed for a second between the two girls before she reached for the bra and hurriedly tried to put it on, slipping it over his arms and feeling it -- though still a little slick with goo -- press against his new tits. He fumbled with the hooks at the back until soft hands took care of it for him.

"Come on, let's get you dressed. Lilah, why don't you go check and see if there are more monsters around."

"Aye-aye!" Lilah chirped before turning on her heel and walking out of the cave.

Parisa hummed, far too happily, as she grabbed Jack's blouse and slipped it over his head. "There we go. I'm so proud of you."

“Do you have to speak to me like that?” Jack managed to say, feeling further humiliated each passing second. “I’m not a child, you know! I’m--”

“Of course you’re not a child! But you’re my little sis, so I’m going to dote on you!”

“I’m not even yo--aa..aaack...!” Jack couldn’t finish his sentence. His throat locked up, and he found himself coughing. “But I’m... I’m not...! Aaa...aaack...!”

“I’ll take very good care of you and protect you and make sure you’re nice and happy. Don’t worry! I love doting on all my little sisters! Why, at one time, I had sixteen of them! But I can focus on you and Lilah for now. But you’re going to have to recognize you’re a girl.”

“But I’m not!” Jack managed to say.

“Oh?” Parisa smiled. “If you insist, little sister.”

“...there’s no getting through to you, is there?” Jack huffed.

“Nope. Now legs up!”

“I can put on my own panties!” Jack snapped and snatched the underwear from Parisa before slowly sliding it up his legs. He had to stand up and rummage about for a few moments, feeling a bit weird doing it right in front of Parisa, but he didn’t have much of an option. She wasn’t turning away, and... for some reason he knew he shouldn’t be embarrassed. It was only natural that his big sis was here to--“What did you do to my mind!?”

Parisa giggled. “Let’s straighten that skirt out!”

“Don’t ignore me!” Jack grumped even as Parisa adjusted his skirt.

“Come on, let’s get back to Dollihome! It’s been so long, I bet Ezala is going to be so surprised when she sees me!” Parisa walked to the mouth of the cave.

“Are you really not going to answer!?” Jack protested.

“Nope!~”