

Slime Steps
By Princess_Lil
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Squelch. Schtlick.

Nerati wiped her boots off on the grass. All that remained of the slime was a gross spot on the ground with her boot indent in the center. Better to stomp them than waste actual effort.

With a smug little laugh, Nerati turned around to head back to her campsite. Her companion, Lilah, was waiting for her there. Hopefully with food done.

She took a step and felt her body... slosh. Like she didn't have the right consistency, almost as if she was jiggling!

Uhoh.

She examined herself, patting here and there before she winced. She was sweating – a lot. Her clothes were becoming damp. She looked back to the slime, then down to her boots. What was left of the slime on the sole of her boots had crawled upward, coating most of her boots and starting to coat her skin. A horrifying revelation sank in. *Slime Sickness*.

"Fuck," Nerati groaned. She needed to get back to camp as soon as possible. This sickness was progressing at an alarming rate, and if she didn't get a cure she would end up as some pathetic slime! Lilah might not even find her after that, and Nerati would be left alone in a forest without any way to communicate.

She ran. Well, at least she ran as long as she could. After about twenty paces, she sort of *splatted* against the ground when her legs gave way. She still had some consistency left, but her legs were no good anymore – just a pile of black slime that escaped from her clothes.

Disgusting.

But she didn't have a choice. She had to keep moving. She oozed forward as best she could as some sort of half-woman-half-slime monstrosity. She could feel more of her body becoming slime. As she wiggled forward at a slow speed, she felt one of her arms fall off into a mass of black gelatinous *whatever* slime were made of with a solid *plop*.

She looked back in horror, but the mess of her former arm joined her main body, and she started moving again. When her other arm joined her more amorphous form, all she had left was a torso and her head peeking out.

But the camp wasn't that far. As long as she got there in time, Lilah would see what was going on and be able to help. As much of a ditz as that half-elf was, she at least was useful sometimes.

Nerati made it to the clearing with the camp and her eyes widened. Where the hell was Lilah? Shit, all she had was her head left, and it was rapidly sinking down to join the rest of her ooze. Nerati opened her mouth to scream, but all that came out were gurgles until Nerati was left as a living bit of black slime.

It was... hard to think as a slime. Everything had a strange, slippery layer to it. It was hard to think like a human. Maybe Nerati should think like a slime. That'd be easier. Even if slime's didn't have many thoughts. So hard to concentrate. With the little burbles that Nerati could make, she couldn't even communicate anymore. There was no way Lilah would think that Nerati wasn't just some random slime.

Probably best to just give in. There wasn't a thing she could do!

"Oooh, hi there little guy~" Lilah walked from the forest with a big smile on her face. She crouched down next to the slime. "You shouldn't be here – Nerati will probably squish you if she sees you."

Ugh! Why couldn't this dummy recognize Nerati was the slime. She jiggled this way and that, leaving a gross wet trail wherever she went, but she didn't leave the camp. "Nerati" wasn't coming back, and Lilah would have to realize that eventually!

"Speaking of, I wonder where she is. She said she'd stay at camp. I wonder if she ditched me again."

What! Nerati only ditched Lilah a handful of times. She shouldn't be thinking like that right now!

"Guess I can wait til the morning, then I can probably find her in town. We aren't too far. Maybe she just got carried away."

No, you stupid green-haired bimbo! Nerati was right there! The black slime jiggled with pure rage, but there was little it could do. Ugh. Probably best to accept all those dumb slimy thoughts. This was clearly a dead end. And she was depending on Lilah to save her, too! Guess you can't trust a dumb half-elf.

"You're still here?" Lilah looked toward the slime. "You better not eat anything."

Eat anything... that gave Nerati an idea. If she played with Lilah in an intelligent manner, then maybe Lilah would piece things together! Yeah! Nerati squelched up to Lilah. The confusion on the half-elf's face was palpable.

Nerati rushed Lilah, squelching against her boots and trying to solidify around them. “Hey! What are you doing silly? Do I have to take you off into the forest?” Lilah giggled.

Thank god she was dumb enough to try to befriend monsters.

Nerati bubbled and gurgled as she ate through Lilah’s boots in record time.

“Hey! What are you doing?” Lilah squeaked. She tried to shake the slime off. “Don’t eat those! Those are really expensive!” Lilah kept trying her best to kick the slime off, but it was a tenacious little slime!

Stupid elf boots. Ugh, they tasted like Lilah too. Kinda sweet... kinda hard to ignore. But with her boots out of the way, phase two could commence. Nerati started to tickle at the bottom of Lilah’s feet, squirming what little mass she could between the half-elf’s toes.

“Wha-haahhaah! You’re friendly! You’re way too friendly! Stop that!” Lilah fell onto her rear and kept trying to shake the slime off. “Get off me!” she laughed.

No, Nerati wouldn’t! She started to encase Lilah’s legs separately, trying her best to form a pair of boots or shoes or *anything*. If she could stick around Lilah for a bit, she’d have to notice Nerati was intelligent! ...at least for now. Those slimy thoughts were starting to swell again. Lilah’s toes were so tasty. So sweet. Maybe she should just give up and surround Lilah’s toes forever~ Yeah. That sounded nice. To just be some weird slimy equipment for a bubbly half-el–no! No, no, no! She couldn’t give in!

Nerati focused with all her might. She knew slimes could compress and could change. They were natural shapeshifters, and black slimes were great at disguising themselves as other things. Maybe she got lucky with the type of slime she turned into.

“Stahahap! That really tickles! I’m going to have to force you off if you keep going!” Lilah giggled before reaching for a knife.

Nope, Nerati needed to focus faster. She compressed herself, slipping down Lilah’s legs and focusing on her two pretty soles.

“Wait... are you doing what I think you are? Do you want to become some of my equipment? Wow!” Lilah grinned. “I’ve never had slime equipment before, but I’ve heard of it!”

This wouldn’t be equipment like Lilah ever experienced. Nerati was better than just some dumb run-of-the-mill slime! She focused on hardening. She wrapped around the top of Lilah’s toes, letting them be free to wiggle. She solidified into a sole of a high-heel, something oppressive that would keep Lilah on her toes until she couldn’t stand it anymore!

But maybe it was Nerati's pervy desires, maybe it was just that Lilah's soles tasted so sweet and it made Nerati nostalgic – not that she ever, ever, ever licked Lilah's feet before, definitely not! – but the soles were only half-formed in the center, leaving Lilah's arch exposed.

Nerati could feel something else solidify from her form. Two tongues that lurked at the bottom of Lilah's heels, occasionally flicking out to lick at Lilah's arch.

What a perverse design. How could Nerati have fallen into this. How could she willingly become perverted high-heels for a half-elf! How pathetic!

“Uh... hey. These are a little... these aren't very good as equipmen–hey! Don't lick! That tickles! And... ew, why does it feel like my toes are trapped over a tongue! Aaah, you're still sticky! Get off, silly slime!” Lilah tried to kick the slime off again. With that clearly not working, she leaned down and tried to tug the strange high-heels off her feet, but she had no luck. Nerati was on too tight.

All those slippery, slimy thoughts were returning. Easier to stay like this. To be a slime. Glorp. Hide as a pair of high heels and lick half-elf feet every day. Gloop. So much easier. So easy to fall into it. Such tasty soles. Such pretty toes stepping on her all the time. Burble. So much easier to just stop thinking all that hard... so hard to keep thinking, just shoes. Way easier to be shoes. Just to be shoes...

“Uh... you... seem happy down there. I guess... I guess I can wear you for now.” Not that Lilah had much of a choice.

Hopefully when she tried to get them uncursed, the cleric would notice Nerati wasn't a normal slime!

Not that Nerati cared anymore with all those goopy bubbly thoughts focused on loving Lilah's feet.