

A Simple Misadventure

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Commission for Dakota

By

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The following contains: Feminine male to female TG, human to succubus TF, masturbation, acts of violence against giant bugs

Read at your own discretion.



"Excuse me, miss? I was told I could find Dakota in this place."

The raven-haired man that'd been sitting at the bar slowly lowered his mug with a long sigh. He couldn't get upset at this point. Years of having to adjust to it left Dakota fully aware of what he looked like, especially from behind. Wearing a full body spandex with armor covering his right leg and left arm was a necessity for his brand of mercenary work. It also did nothing to hide the wide span of his hips, supporting a plump butt. Both of which only moderately drew less attention than the pair of bouncing grapefruits stretching out the material on his chest.

Two months had passed since his slime grafts had gorged on their kin until his feminine attributes were inflated to inhuman proportions. Thankfully those empty calories worked their way out of his system enough to allow normal mobility in time. Yet Dakota still found himself more endowed than the wenches serving people in this roadside inn. A fact some of them expressed jealousy for when he was served.

This had somehow become his routine now. What really annoyed the young man was that his favorite form-hiding cloak needed repairs after some haphazard fire trap work from last week.

"You found him." he turned to face the visitor with his friendliest tone. The masculine pitch immediately dispelled whatever womanly appearance his figure projected. "I'm guessing you are in need of a merc?"

"Y-yes. That is correct." A dirty looking dwarf had the advantage of hiding his gawking surprise behind bushy eyebrows and a denser beard. Dakota could still see their eyes instinctively drop to their breasts while questioning reality. Regular as clockwork reaction. "My team has uncovered a lost tomb during some mining excursions and your name came well recommended for scouting tight places."

Dakota's smile grew genuine, thankful for the few times someone didn't question the long story behind his appearance. "That's one of my specialties. What can you tell me about the place?"

The dwarf hoisted himself onto the stool beside him. Getting straight to business was a real welcome change of pace. "Not much, I'm afraid. We uncovered a cavern that looks like it's been sealed off for a century or two. The architecture from the outside suggests it might have been demonic in nature. Scouts couldn't really get too deep but we guess there's at least three chambers besides its main hall."

Dakota nodded along, already guessing where this was going. "Sounds like we got some undead to deal with?"

“Nah! At least, none that my friends spotted. But it is infested heavily with vermin. The main hall is packed with slugs, and a side tunnel seems to connect to an ant colony. Also, the far chamber was blocked off by webs.”

“Hmm!” The man’s delicate face hardened. “That’s a lot of trouble for one person. What do you need from me?”

“Well, not to single handedly wipe out the entire nests.” The dwarf gave a soft chuckle. “If your sneaking skills are what people say this’ll be an easy job. We need someone to check out the chambers for anything worth actually going after first. Taking on possibly dozens of giant ants isn’t my idea of a good time.”

“Heh. Nor mine. So, I just go in, look for lost treasure and get out?”

“We won’t complain if you feel like taking out some slugs or any spiders lurking about, of course. Your stealth assassin skills proceed you.”

Dakota scoffed at such flattery. At least his little slime condition hadn’t hurt his work. “And what’s the pay?”

“Twenty gold up front. Three silvers for every pest you exterminate. If you feel like bringing back treasure you find, the bosses can negotiate a finder’s fee.”

"Heh. That's it? Diving into unknown arcane places should run at least forty."

The dwarf’s beard twisted with the knowing smirk underneath. “It’s standard fare for a scouting job. We ain’t asking you to exterminate the whole ant nest or battle a demon lord. Also, the job board at town square looks a bit empty these days. Thought someone of your reputation could use a bit of sport.”

That’d hit a bullseye. Dakota kept a straight face against his mental grimace knowing full well his finances weren’t well enough to be picky. Not after the bill for his cloak repairs.

“Right then. I’ll take that advance now, stuff my belly, and get on that pest control for you.”

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Those damn miners had failed to mention the centipedes. Everything else had been a pretty spot-on assessment. The cavern had been a mess of rocky formations after not seeing humanoid interference for some time. Dakota had no problem moving among those to the temple carved from the rock itself. It was definitely decorated in worship of something monstrous.

Things started to go slightly sideways when he scouted the main chamber. Only a few slugs still slithered about on the walls and ceiling. Apparently at some point between the survey and now, a gang of centipedes had moved in to feast on the fat, gross occupants. That made the complement of salt bombs a useless waste of his advanced pay.

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If it came down to poison management, Dakota only brought a couple antidotes for the potential spider deeper in. Although, if these skittering arthropods took care of the other problems in this place he wouldn't complain too much.

The man fumbled for a hip pouch, trying not to wince at accidentally squeezing his soft curves in the process. After a quick chug of a potion, his eyes adjusted to the point being in near total darkness was as easy to see as daytime. Two of the giant bugs were busy tearing apart a slug for their meal while a third had made a nest out of rubble that might have once been a statue.

Since his position at the entrance was elevated by stairs, this worked perfectly for Dakota. His silky hands moved in near silence, notching an arrow and pulled back to line his shot. The string had an annoying habit of pushing into his breasts with them being three times larger than he was used to. A soft exhale helped fight past this and steady his hands enough for a confident shot.

He waited for an especially loud squelching from the slug carcass to let his arrow fly. The soft whistle it made sailing through the air went unnoticed in the pairs feast, striking the resting third in the back of its head with a soft crunch of exoskeleton. Its death was instant, the body only managing a reflexive spasm before rolling out limp. That was still enough to disturb its rocky bed enough to get its friends' attention.

A second arrow took out another centipede before it could comprehend what had happened. Followed by a third finishing off the group entirely. Dakota remained poised hidden inside the entrance archway just in case a few more lingered by. After a few minutes some of the surviving slugs were making the way over to begin a little feast of their own on the fresh corpses. That was enough for him to begin a proper investigation.

Popping into the closest chamber confirmed what Dakota had been hoping for. It looked like it might have been a library at some point, though only stone shelves remained. Anything furniture or book related had long since molded into mush. Littering the floor, however, were lots of giant red ant body parts. This had either been the sight of a war or had become a place to store excess food.

He was about to turn and leave when his magical night vision caught an odd aura among the dead insects. Kicking aside a chunk of shell uncovered some golden bracers. It was hard to discern the runes carved into them through the mess of bug meat and goddess knows what else they were resting in. However, they still gleamed as if freshly polished. A sign of strong magic if nature couldn't afflict the metal.

They were also too big to fit in any of the pouches he'd brought. Leaving them in the muck of rotting carcasses might have been the better idea. However, Dakota's mind couldn't get over the promised finder's fee for loot. He could lie about killing the ants for some paltry silver. Anything else probably went by the rules of finders keepers.

At least the magic keeping them pristine made it easy to wipe off the insect gunk. He slapped them into each forearm with surprisingly little issue. Must have been some

enchantment to adjust sizes to the wearer or something. Whatever they were supposed to do, he doubted it would hinder the rest of his mission. That was the important part.

That was proven dead wrong when he'd made it back into the entrance hall a moment later. Pain struck at the back of Dakota's neck, crashing down the entire length of his spine to its base. The man couldn't hold back his pained cry as he staggered and collapsed onto hands and knees amongst the moldy stone floor.

"What the hell?" Dakota seethed through the fire searing his lower back. The very bones of his spine twitched under the skin before pushing outward. A trembling hand reached back to discover a nub sprouting from just above his rounded buttock, pressing into the tough material of his body suit with its rapid growth.

"Gyaaaah!" That turned out to be just one of the man's problems. Just as Dakota was starting to comprehend the growth slinking between his cheeks and down one pant leg, the mother of all migraines sent him flopping helplessly on the temple floor.

All he could do was grasp his temples confused and horrified at the sensation of his head getting ready to explode. While there were a lot of loud tears and bone cracking noises assaulting his ears, his brains, thankfully, remained safe behind his skull.

What did erupt out of his head were two bony protrusions. Pressure alleviated itself with their rapid growth, pushing his hands aside with their girth. He didn't have a mirror but Dakota had fought enough creatures to recognize the miniature spires jutting out of his hair.

"Horns!?! What the actual hell?!" He rolled back onto his feet only to be reminded of the searing pain of his spine scrunched up inside the pant leg of his suit.

Much as Dakota hated for even more of his limited clothes to be damaged, the suit wasn't made to accommodate such anatomy. A few quick cuts with a utility knife opened enough of a space around his butt that he was able to fish the offending mass out. The purple skinned tail that wiggled free was hardly that much of a surprise after the horns. It was rather rOPY in design, ending with a large diamond spade that sliced through the air with every casual wag.

"Fantastic!" the man huffed, raising his arms to glare at the golden accessories on them. Of course, the damn things would be cursed. Both these growths were the signature traits of a demon. Probably an imp with his luck. That begged the question what the hell was this temple even for.

Oh well. Dakota was happy at least his mind wasn't under some sort of evil corruption. At least, not that he could tell right after these new changes. Some of the giant slugs were making their way over to see what his pained yelling had been about, so gathered up his bow and gave them a wide berth heading on into the next adjoining chamber.

This one had most likely been the residents' living quarters. Not that he had much to go on. The walls had a few grooves carved into them that were filled with various statues of hellish creatures. What really made Dakota weary was the large section of floor that'd been dug away. Its tunnel plummeted deeper into the earth far beyond the sight of his night vision potion. Looked like he'd found the ants way in.

Much as he didn't want to linger around something so dangerous, that same aura of magic was itching at his enhanced sight again. Resting around the neck of one of the busts was a silver necklace supporting a large emerald pendant. The marble itself had been corroded away, but seemed to have been of a youthful female humanoid. Her long jutting horns bore a scary resemblance to the fresh ones Dakota now sported.

"What the!?" Trying to pinpoint what kind of hell spawn that might have been worshiped here had taken up so much of his mind, Dakota didn't notice his hands seize the necklace until it'd fallen around his shoulders. "Oh no..."

The effects came on faster, yet with less pain. Every last inch of Dakota's skin itched under his tight suit. He could definitely tell something was changing but there was little of him visible to see what. Sharp pangs in his ears caused him to grab them just in time to notice the lobes stretching into sharp points. Teeth ached inside his gums and a pass of the tongue found them all sharpening into lethal fangs.

Whatever curse these artifacts were working passed quickly enough. Dakota braced against the wall panting. The suit remained uncomfortable with sweat pouring out of his well worked skin. It took all his will power not to just tear it off. Some dank, cold cave air would have been a nice relief. He shook his head, groaning when that jostled a ton more hair than his standard tomboy cut. Locks swished low enough they were tickling the exposed crack of his backside and tail.

"You have got to be kidding," he said, and then blinked. That had not been the voice of a man. More like the sultry tone of a maiden ready to seduce some rich suckers. Dakota felt along his neck unable to find the bump of his Adams apple anymore.

Something else caught his attention in the process. Against better judgment, Dakota yanked off the armored glove part of his left arms casing. Underneath was still the slime graft he'd volunteered to undertake after losing the limb. Now it was much different. The hand it was shaped to resemble looked thinner, with manicured style nails suggesting a regale touch. More alarming was the fact instead of the usual green, the gel like material was now a crimson red.

A quick check under his right leg armor confirmed that slime had also been altered. Being a seasoned mercenary didn't stop pain from gripping the back of Dakota's mind. He loosened up the suits zipper enough to glance inside. Sure enough, all visible skin had been altered as well. Blemishes and scars vanished under a dark violet pigment. Far as he could tell in the limited vision, every last inch of him had been recolored. Plus, his body seemed to have a lot more femininity to it. Subtle ways; like his shoulders slimming, or his waist curving deeper inwards to exaggerate his hips. At

least he still had his manhood, though that seemed to be getting excited despite his feelings and location.

Sounds of rapidly approaching clicks made Dakota zip back up with a curse. He'd been an idiot to take stock of his situation right in front of a potential threat and now a couple worker ants were making their way up in search of tonight's next meal.

They weren't going to get the chance to arrive. Dakota was quick to toss two smoke bombs at the entrance and dashed out the room before it became flooded with a dusty yellow smoke. A simple pesticide, yet effective even on giant crawlers. That should keep them at bay long enough for him for a timely escape.

There was a fourth centipede.

Dakota would have really liked to have known there would be centipedes on this job. He spent so much time looking back to make sure the ants weren't following he had almost run straight into its jaws. Luckily, it'd been too busy devouring the carcass of its slain sisters for an attack. Just enough time for a quick pivot in the opposite direction.

Unfortunately, that damn bug was between Dakota and the only safe way out. Approaching the third chamber at the back end he saw that the entrance was lined with lots of thick webbing. Not for catching prey, but for accommodations. That really didn't sit well with him, though with the sound of rapid tiny footsteps following close behind, there weren't many other options.

For all the years he'd been doing this gig, these were the moments he hated the most. So many times, an adventuring person runs into a 'do or die' case and only have a very stupid plan to stand any chance of seeing tomorrow. Seconds before he was to dive through the webbing, Dakota fished out an emergency flare from one belt case. It lit up the temple with a loud hissing of flames before he tossed it into what looked like the thickest part of bedding and kept running.

The fire that resulted spread fast and furiously, devouring all the spider silk in its path. Dakota wasn't as scared of that as the piercing shriek that emanated from deeper inside the chamber. Something huge dropped to the floor with a resounding thud making a panicked charge towards the curvaceous adventurer. He cursed the stupidity of this plan once again, trying to duck and avoid the carriage sized tarantula.

It continued on a straight path for the exit with little care for the purple invader that'd destroyed its home. That didn't stop Dakota from taking a sideswipe from one of its massive legs in his botched evasion roll. All the air got knocked out of him. The single kick possessed enough power to send his curvy body flying clear across the chamber with only the wall to stop him.

Less easy to knock out was the centipede crashing through the flames in search of some fresh humanoid meat. At least that part of the plan worked when it met a giant spider in a head on collision. The pair of monster bugs went into a tumble against each other. Panic set in for them both as they struggled, becoming more frenzied the longer surrounding fire burned their hides.

Dakota slumped to the sticky webbed floor amazed none of his ribs were broken. He would have taken the battle going on at the entrance as time to catch his breath. However, fate decided to interrupt that with flopping a crown atop his head. Its golden base tinged against his horns before settling into a slanted position between his pointed ears. The wall he'd been flung against happened to have knocked over another impish bust adorned in fine jewelry.

"What the?!" Dakota moved to grab at the crown, stopping halfway there thanks to an overwhelming warmth filling his breasts. "Oh gods! Not again!"

He fell back against the wall with a groan that teetered on arousal. His breast grew flushed with the magic curse, driving nipples to tent the body suit fabric as they stiffened. Elbows pressed in against his sides fighting the urge to grasp the tickling mounds. It was already too late to stop their rapid expansion.

Dakota gawked at her mammaries stretching out his suit's spandex for all it was worth. Their shape became rounder, more defined as they surpassed conventional measurements in seconds, looking like inflating black balloons. The constant grind of tight material on nipples that were growing along with them soon had the helpless man heaving in arousal. Things were getting tight down in his crotch as well. A stiffening dick fought hard against material that lacked the space for a full mast.

A series of tears brought his shaking hands back around to his tail base. Tits weren't the only thing filling out, much to Dakota's horny dismay. The hole he'd ripped open for his new tail was rent wider and wider with the fat piling into his ass. He could actually feel himself getting a bit more rise where he sat with it puffing into an impressive hump. Tears only continued to get worse with the harsh widening of his hips. Pelvic bones snapped and rearranged, forcing his knees to bend inwards and completely altering his way of walking.

More mass trickled down into his thighs, rending the suit along the way for juicy purple flesh to bulge through. Not that he could see much of it past the massive shelf his breasts were jutting into. Being hard squeezed by the black material did nothing to hinder their progress. Just when Dakota worried his ribs would get crushed after all, there came the loudest tear yet. The entire front of his chest exploded open, setting free breasts slightly larger than his head.

Their weight sent him hunching forward with a startled grunt. The massive pliable flesh smacked against each other in such a deep hang it almost smothered Dakota's boner. He was just glad whatever force filling out his feminine figure was also giving him the strength to support it. When he straightened back up it was almost like he didn't have two cannonballs dangling off him. Not that it stopped them from getting in the way of his vision and movements.

The armor that'd been covering Dakota's slime limbs broke off their straps in the process. Those had not been spared some extra mass as well. Very little of Dakota's suit remained intact. A few light pulls were all it took until his hourglass expanded figure bare in all its purple and red glory.

This would have upset him, except for the throbbing need between his hammed-up thighs. Both hands shot under his breasts eager to meet the demands of his manhood. The idea that it was significantly smaller than a minute ago probably registered somewhere in the former human's mind, and he was not in a mental state to care. One hand was eagerly working its diminishing shaft while the other groped a tightening sac at its base.

Dakota lost all sense of awareness as the need to jerk off took control. Four fingers desperately stroked around his member, reducing to three, and then two. Soon he was fingering little more than a nub while his balls pressed tighter and tighter against the bottom of his hip bone.

"Kyeaaaaahhhh!!" His girlish squeal couldn't be contained. Thick hips bucked into the air with his wild cries. For being little more than a marble the last remnants of his dick ejected the largest load of his life. Wave after wave of gushing milky fluid fired into the air in a sticky rain across his generous tits and stomach. Some even dropped across his face and hair.

No sooner had the climax eased up than a sharp jolt from his shoulders sent Dakota over the edge again. Two bat-like wings ruptured out of his back in a flourish like bed sheets against the floor. Much like the tail, all sorts of fresh muscle and nerves sent his lustful mind into a deeper spiral. His new appendages flapped independently of each other in the throes of a second orgasm, breaking out chunks of dirty webbing.

When there was nothing left for his balls to empty, they slipped from his delicate female palms inside the deep curves of his hips. Dakota slumped back against the wall still fingering at his dick, trying to prolong his orgasm even as it finished shrinking down into a clit. The opening of a new vagina sent his whole body quivering, inner muscles flexing with a desire to be filled by a studly behemoth.

When Dakota's senses had returned in a post-orgasmic state, it was to the realization she was in a room on fire. The now succubus jumped to her feet in a panic frantically trying to stay away from the flame engulfing her exorbitant curves. At least until she realized her skin didn't even feel hot, much less showed signs of burning. It was kind of a relief to realize that she must have fully become a demon, since such creatures were usually immune to fire.

The same could not be said for Dakota's remaining scraps of suit, armor, and pouches full of equipment. She shrugged off a scorching quiver of arrows with a dejected sigh and began a casual strut out the chamber entrance. The recent reconfiguring of her hips caused them to shake in a hard back and forth motion to her steps that was very irritating.

The centipede that'd chased her now laid across the floor in four pieces. She casually stepped over them with no sign of the tarantula. With the air tight temple filling out with smoke, it most likely had evacuated in search of a new home. Dakota continued her walk of shame. There was little point in saving her gear. Most of it was burned beyond practical use and was falling off her in ashes as she went. By the time

she was exiting out of the cave back into warm sunlight the only things left on her violet demonic curves were the golden trinkets that'd changed it to begin with.

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Needless to say, the gang of dwarf miners were tripping over themselves in a panic when a naked succubus had stormed into the bar. The staff were too dumbstruck by such an arrival to do more than gawk at the harsh sloshing of her boulder breasts in her march straight for the group. Some had thought to reach for weapons but the demon was already upon them, sapphire eyes glowing unearthly presences in the dim torchlight.

Their panic turned to confusion when there was a heavy thunking atop the table that separated her from them. Bushy eyebrows rose trying to make sense of the golden bracers, necklace, and crown placed before them.

"Temple has jack all inside it, though I did clear out the insects in the process," Dakota said, focusing her gaze intently on the dwarf that'd hired her. "There's likely a few bits and oddities still inside, though I should warn you it's probably cursed."

The dwarf blinked, unsure why this ridiculously stacked demon was hoisting up their tits at the mention of curses. Somehow the black hair and blue eyes were enough to generate some spark of recognition. Dakota liked to think her face hadn't changed that much.

"Is that seriously you, lad?! Goddess below! What happened!?"

"I just said; this junk is cursed." She huffed, placing hands on either side of her hips in a pout. Dakota tried to hide how her thighs kept rubbing together in her feminine stance. Juices were still dampening her crotch, filling the whole bar with a subtle musk that was shifting everyone's mood to a more suggestively pleased state of mind. An unfortunate side effect of being a succubus. "Can we discuss that finder's fee real quick? This damn form makes me horny as hell and I'ma need new clothes before I find a way to get this fixed."

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Afterward

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