

“Oh you did not just do that. Come on! That trap was obvious! The pressure plate is raised and everything! That floor tile isn't even the same color as the others, Jarl!”

The warrior winced and scowled, turning to the rogue and holding up a mailed finger.

“Lars, I *swear to..* Just.. don't crawl up my ass about- a..about.. my ass, uh-”

It occurred to both adventurers they might have been well served by ducking, running, or in some other way trying to evacuate the general area after triggering the trap sometime *after* they heard the mechanism in the walls activate and found themselves bathed in a vibrant green mist from number of holes in the walls.

“Dammit! Goblin traps.. almost as bad as k- *cough*- kobold ones! Probably poison, I.. I certainly feel weird, Jarl do you have the anti-toxins..? Gods, I'm getting *warm.. I-*”

Lars shuddered as he started to fumble with his armor, undoing the straps on the leather and shrugging it off before starting to work sluggishly on his belt. The rogue was finding it difficult at best to concentrate as a tingling crawled through his skin and seemed to be lingering suspiciously in a few key spots. It was at its worst right below his waist.

“I have them here somewhere, I.. Lars, what are you- w.. why am -I- feeling so warm? Dammit, this is.. probably bad.”

The rogue didn't stop with just belt and armor, as soon as he had those off Lars got to work peeling the rest of his clothing off in a haze while the odd tingling inside grew more intense, and curiously pleasant. The panic didn't properly resume until they spotted the patches of green blossoming on their skin and realized, as they were stripping, that their clothing was starting to feel far too big – except their pants. By the time the rogue was down to just his trousers those were *tight* on account of the rampant swelling his ass was going through.

“Oh what the *heck!* Jarl! I'm.. am I.. w-what- this is your fault dammit! Fix this!”

It took a second for the demand to even penetrate the fighter's head as they realized they were shrinking right out of their armor – mostly. The chain shirt they got off without much trouble but and their pants had fallen right off their body as the same euphoric strangeness flooded their flesh as what was warping its way through their partner. What delayed the answer Lars had demanded was how the fighter's undershirt had gotten stuck. On their tits.

“HOW?! Do I look like a mage, alchemist, or.. or.. smart person? Jarl FIGHTS things! A-and how can Jarl even do that like this? Why is Jarl's voice so soft and squeaky..”

A tearing sound followed that, from both of them. Those last two garments, shirt and trousers, had finally given up in unison. The pair let out simultaneous shrieks of disbelief as the former rogue who was rapidly dwindling into an obviously feminine body complete with clearly goblin-green skin found themselves with a catastrophe of an ass on their backside. The thing was so heavy it was forcing her to lean forward lest it drag her to the floor. As she reached down to brace her hands on her hips with all this happening she managed to *just barely* do so fast enough to feel her dick dwindling into nothing and opening up a fresh, thirsty cleft between her thighs.

“Oh.. oh *no*.. No no Booti doesn't want to be a girl! She.. w-wait.. that's not, right..”

Watching his partner fall apart in front of him was a terrifying thing, mostly because the warrior could already tell it was happening to them and wasn't wasting any time about it. It just wasn't hitting quite the same places – their ass wasn't ballooning out into an unmanageable mountain of plump, pillowy flab..

Their tits were.

“Dammit, stop! Stop growing – and.. a-and leave my dick alone! I-”

With less luck than their partner at staying on their feet, the former warrior backed right into the wall and slid down it as a pair of nice gropeable green breasts blossomed out of their body.. and then just *kept going*. Well past head sized, and then getting so out of hand that it didn't even register for the new goblin when she lost her manhood. She was far too entranced by the debilitatingly massive tits she was sporting, it took both of her arms just to lift one of them off the ground. When she tried standing up they were like anchors.

“Mmmnnoooo.. not like this! Boobi doesn't want it to end like this! She.. she's not.. Boobi isn't- oh *fuck* why does Boobi keep saying that?! What did Booti get us into?!”

Booti was still fighting with gravity, growing more visibly fatigued as she leaned on a wall and her ass just.. kept growing. The goblin had enough spare energy and focus to throw a bit of their destroyed clothing at her partner though, even if the effort left her body jiggling and quivering and the whole thing left the goblin panting harder than she already had been.

“Nothing! Boobi's the dumbass, not me! Booti is.. best.. goblin. No, she was.. uh, w-well..”

For a good two seconds there's quiet as Booti tries to make her brain work, to solve this with words, something she feels *should* be easy.. and yet the more she tried to think-

“...Booti is a *really* sexy goblin, though? Need.. Need male to appreciate this-”

The impulse to reach back and slap her ass took hold and Booti failed to control it. She gave the thing a firm whack and set it into a wild storm of jiggling flesh and finally lost her battle with gravity. Hauled mercilessly down onto some very soft padding, Booti landed and promptly started rubbing at her newly minted cunt.

Boobi wasn't faring much better.

“Boobi is sexier, though! Tits are better, and.. a-and.. we need.. help?”

A firm squint followed. Boobi was so close to something crucial. She felt it right on the edge of her mind, begging for her to notice it and comprehend it, and yet when she reached-

“W.. we need help breeding! No more dicks.. so.. can't do it ourselves!”

Both of the goblins startled when they heard a third voice. It had the raspy, nasal tone one *expected* of goblin men. It wasn't just a yammering minion though, this one was wearing well cured leather with intricate patterning on it and carrying a long, gnarled staff with a number of charms and corked bottles dangling off of it. When he'd shown up neither of the two new goblins knew.

“Too right, girls. That's what *I'm* here for. Now.. Hmm, you look like you might be having a little trouble there. Don't worry – you've got a *brand new family* to help!”

The chuckle from the goblin wasn't reassuring, and yet Boobi and Booti couldn't really bring themselves to dwell on it. Not with the sight of the shaman's cock springing up and swelling from under his robes. Boobi and Booti could not stop staring at it, both of their mouths were hanging open and they'd started drooling a little, spreading their legs, whimpering.

“And *look* at that, dumb as rocks and you still got the idea. Don't worry girls, as soon as we get back to the village we'll get started on breeding you two sluts even stupider than you already are.”

A rough, jolting thrill ran through both girls as Booti found her ass slapped and Boobi her tits grabbed at by their new Master. What he said wasn't even registering, they just *needed him*, and for him to make good on that promise that they'd get to spend the rest of their lives pregnant. Which, given the approaching sound of goblins cheering, seemed like a safe bet.