

Beth and the Cottage of the Goblin Sisters

Beth felt absolutely ridiculous. Standing naked in front of a wooden door inside one of the Shapeshifter Society's green rooms wasn't exactly what she had in mind when she signed up for a roleplay session. She was still relatively new to the society, keeping her modifications to her modestly shaped body and long black hair to a minimum save for extraordinary circumstances. However, that was about to change as she went over what she was about to do in her head multiple times over. A momentary pause for thought came that perhaps it wasn't too late to back out.

Beth jumped as she felt a pair of hands on her shoulder. Turning around she stared at the freckles and excited smile of Edith, the woman who had talked her into this session. Her wavy red hair was cast aside to leave her bosom on full display as she walked around the room to put together the final touches for their evening plans.

"Thanks again for volunteering," Edith commented as she pulled out a chest given to her by the Society. "Not often we can get people to participate in these. I've been waiting so long for someone to join in on this I thought it'd never happen."

"Thank you for having me," Beth replied, still unsure of how or why she had agreed to do this in the first place.

"You read over guidelines we gave you, right?" Edith asked as she pulled out a pair of small, leather outfits that looked straight from the renaissance fair.

"It's...a little overwhelming to be honest. I'm not sure if I can even do most of the things you have planned."

“Should be easy enough once we chug these down,” Edith answered, gesturing towards a pair of bottles filled with a bubbling, dark green liquid. “Anything else I’m sure you can adapt to with your powers.”

Beth clenched her fingers. “I...still don’t have full control of my abilities yet. That’s why I asked you to prepare me a transformation potion.”

“That’s okay,” Edith said, walking up and handing Beth her bottle. “I’m not even a shapeshifter, but that doesn’t stop me.” She turned on her heels and waltzed around the room. “I still remember the first night Trent showed me his powers. He was so worried about what I would think of him, so sure I would call him a freak and run out the door.” Turning back, she shot Beth a grin. “You should have seen his face when I asked if he could turn into lizard man. Knocked away all of his fears as soon as I got a chance to ride on his scaley, girthy-“

A series of knocks in the distance saved Beth from hearing the vivid details.

“That’s our signal that Trent is ready,” Edith announced. “Are you ready?”

“A little nervous to be honest.”

“Then how about this?” Edith said raising her potion. “On three we drink it at the same time. You ready? One...”

Beth’s felt her last chance to cancel the session slipping out of her fingers.

“Two...”

For lack of a better plan, she uncorked her bottle and brought it to her lips.

“Three!”

Closing her eyes, Beth chugged down the drink. The potion had the taste of a cheap beer one would find dyed green in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. A slightly sweet aftertaste helped to overcome some of the bitterness while leaving the fizz to pop along her tongue. Drinking it down until she emptied the bottle, she placed the emptied container on a table and finally opened her eyes to see Edith smiling with her potion still untouched.

"Why would you do that?" Beth asked, pointing a rightfully deserved accusatory finger towards Edith.

"Sorry, I couldn't really think of a better way to get you to go ahead with it," Edith replied, nursing her potion in small doses. "That and I kind of wanted to see how your changes went first. Might give me more time to plan ahead."

"I still don't see that as a good reason to trick me into--"

Beth's vision went blurry as her legs began to feel like jelly. Clutching her forehead, she tried to concentrate on keeping her mind steady. Her eyesight managed to stop spinning just as she saw a tint of dark green spread across her fingertips and creep up her arms.

Holding her hand above her head to take in the sight of her greened skin allowed her to watch her nails extend out and turn a shade of dingy black. The quick manicure makeover made her take a moment to realize that the ceiling was looking higher and higher by the second. Recalling what she was supposed to be changing into, she turned her gaze downwards to see her arms and legs shorten in size to go with her meager, three foot height.

Just as she was beginning to wonder where all of her mass was going, she got her answer by the presence of added heft being padded onto her bosom. Grasping the green globes let her feel every inch added to her bust size. Moving her thumb along her plump, dark green nipples

forced out a soft moan from her mouth to pass by her added fangs. Releasing her still swelling breasts before she got caught up in the added sensitivity, she tried to focus on her nose extending out to a point to keep herself calm.

Beth's interest in her extended schnozz lasted until she felt something behind her trying to pull her diminutive form down. Whipping about the strands of hair that reached past her knees and surrounded her pointy ears, she ogled the set of ass cheeks that were now her own. The bubble butt was nearly as wide as she was tall, a feat only matched by her bosom. Sinking her fingers into her ass cheeks elicited a spark of pleasure the sent shivers across her skin.

"Don't get started now," Edith said, casually strolling towards Beth as she shrunk down to match her stature. Too busy looking over Beth's features, she barely flinched as her more monstrous ears, nose, and teeth came about. She managed to get within a few inches of Beth mere moments before her bosom surged forward to press against Beth's equally massive mammaries.

"Huh, I may have overdone it on the size enhancements," Edith commented as she looked between her and Beth's behemoth backsides. "I don't think we can do the 'ripping our clothes out of lust' scene if we can't fit into them in the first place. Ah well, less clean up I guess." Hooking her arm around Beth's she began leading her towards the door.

"Do you remember the safe word?" Edith asked.

"Um, warp drive, right?" Beth replied.

"That's the one," she confirmed, showing off a toothy grin. "Just keep that in mind if you ever want to stop. We may look like monsters, but we still have some standards. That being said..."

Edith closed her eyes and took a deep breath. As she exhaled, she opened her pupils again to show off a look filled with mischievous intent. Adopting a wide smile, she tapped her fingers across her breasts as she wiggled her ears.

“Are you ready, my dear sister?” Edith asked, having slipped into her role like a second skin.

Copying Edith’s preparatory breathing technique, Beth tried to adopt a similar demeanor. “Yes...sweet sister. Let us...violate the adventurer.”

Edith scratched her chin. “A good attempt. You’ll get more into character once we start.”

Pushing onto the door revealed a mockup of a cabin one would find hidden amongst the trees of a remote forest. There were obvious signs that it was fake, from the flickering image of the fireplace displayed on the nearby TV to the painted on image of a star-filled, night sky on the window. However, Beth had to commend the society for the carpentry on the miniscule dining table and chairs in the center. Momentarily passing her gaze over the bed that had been left low enough for their small bodies to reach, she jumped as she heard someone knock on the door on the opposite side of the room.

“Who is-“

Edith silenced Beth by placing her hand along her mouth. Taking her by the hand, Edith dragged her over to the bed to hide out of sight of the entrance. Following Edith’s lead, Beth carefully peeked her head out to see the door open up to allow the third member of their session to step in.

Trent stood at a modest six feet in height, but the contrast between him and the girls was felt as he stomped his leather boots across the floor. He effortlessly closed the door behind him with a bump of his broad shoulders, taking a moment to adjust the belts keeping his black, leather armor secured against his body. On first reaction, Beth recoiled at the sight of the two-handed claymore attached to his back. She managed to recall that it was just a prop only once she witnessed Edith fearlessly step out.

“My, my, what do we have here?” Edith said, sauntering up to Trent.

In turn, Trent brushed back his head of short, brown hair. “I should be asking the same question,” he replied, running a gloved hand across the stubble on his chin. “It’s not every day that I run into a goblin that is capable of common tongue.”

Edith let out a chuckle. “Oh, I’m capable of a lot of things,” she said, sliding her fingers down her expansive cleavage. “Sister, come on out. You must see this human. He has...potential.”

Hearing her signal, Beth attempted to follow the same motions as Edith. However, her rising anxiousness offset her attempt at a sexy stride as she shivered with each step. “Y-yes, sister he does look...interesting,” she managed to blurt out.

“Forgive my sister,” Edith spoke up, holding onto Beth’s shoulder in an attempt to calm her nerves. “She’s a little shy around strangers. Especially ones as attractive as yourself. So, what brings you here, human?”

“I am an adventurer,” Trent stated.

“Oh, an adventurer,” Edith said, clapping her hands together. “Does that mean you’re here to slay us? A pair of perfectly innocent goblins?” she asked, the toothy grin on her face looking anything, but innocent.

Trent shook his head. “I have no quarrel with you. I merely seek a resting place for the night after my weary travels.”

“Hmmm, well that does sound like quite the problem,” Edith said, pacing back and forth to allow Trent to get a good view of her plump posterior. “Although I see a bit of an issue with that idea. Isn’t that right, sister?”

“Y-yeah,” Beth said, having forgotten her exact lines.

“You seem to be a civilized human,” Edith continued, “so you should know that nothing in this world is free.”

“I am willing to pay for my room and board,” Trent replied. “Name your price. I can pay in gold.”

Edith waved off his offer. “We’re not interested in your meager coin. However, there may be something else you can use to pay for sharing our bed.”

Grasping Beth’s hand, Edith pulled her over to the intrepid adventurer. Leading Beth’s palm, she placed it against Trent’s groin and pressed down. Upon feeling the sizable bulge inside, Beth’s eyes went wide with a combination of awe and fear at what it meant for her.

“I-it’s a big one,” Beth blurted out, still holding onto Trent’s crotch even as Edith let go.

“What a wonderful discovery, my dear sister,” Edith announced, sliding Beth’s fingers aside to get her own turn at groping Trent’s manhood. “I think we’ve found the perfect trade for a night’s stay.”

Trent took a step back to escape the goblin girls’ grasp. “What are you proposing?”

Edith let out a giggle. “I’ll make it easy for you to understand. You get to stay here in exchange for fucking us raw. Sounds like a pretty good agreement, doesn’t it sister?”

“Y-yeah,” Beth replied, trying to figure out if her shrunken form could even handle the fake adventurer’s size.

Trent let out a sigh before letting his claymore drop to the ground. “Very well,” he said, following Edith over to the bed. Sitting on the edge of the mattress, he removed his belt and began pulling down his pants. “How would you like me to begin?”

Shooting Beth a wicked smile, Edith gave a wink to signal the time had come. Summoning up her courage, Beth nodded in agreement. On Edith’s mark the pair of them leapt at Trent to send him toppling onto the bed.

“Hmm, where to start, where to start?” Edith asked, sliding her nails across Trent’s chest. “I suppose we should first get rid of these pesky clothes so we can size you up. Sister, would you do the honors?”

“Er, yes sister,” Beth replied, following Edith’s outstretched finger towards Trent’s groin.

Grasping the edges of Trent’s pants, Beth tugged them down. She recoiled as her pulling revealed a sizable manhood that reached a more than impressive eight inches in length. Looking

over the girthy member and wondering how it would even fit, she felt a tiny hand grasp her shoulder

“You take his top,” Edith said, gently nudging Beth aside. “I’ll be the one to give him a taste test.”

Shuffling over to Trent’s chest, Beth watched as Edith dragged her tongue along the length of his shaft. The motion brought him to full rigidity, his girth making Beth all the more incredulous of how their session was going to play out. Brushing back her red hair, Edith grinned at her partners as she wrapped her lips around his tip. Clutching onto his thighs, she effortlessly slid her head down to swallow up his member.

Pulling her head back, Edith smacked her lips at the taste of Trent’s pre-cum. Turning her head towards Beth, a giggle parted her lips as she saw the expression of awe on her face. “Yes, he’s a good one,” Edith said, stroking Trent’s cock with her tiny fingers to keep him stimulated. “Whilst I get a taste of his seed, why don’t you put that mouth of his to good use?”

“R-right,” Beth said, keeping an eye on Edith as she shuffled backwards.

In the process of getting into the right position, Beth inadvertently smothered Trent’s face between her plump butt cheeks. Nervous that she might suffocate him with her ass, she hurried along to have her womanhood placed directly atop his lips. “Now...get to work!” she half-heartedly commanded.

Beth’s uncertainty about the situation shot out of the room after the first drag of Trent’s tongue across her labia. Shivering from the initial stimulation kept her shapely assets shaking as Trent continued eating her out. Clenching her fingers together, Beth let out a soft moan as she felt her desires overflow at the sensation of Trent sucking on her clit.

“Is he any good?” Edith asked.

“He’s excellent, dear sister,” Beth replied, gritting her teeth to suppress a moan.

“Then I guess he’s earned the privilege of getting his own release,” Edith replied, swallowing up his cock once more.

Edith’s blowjob sent tremors through Trent’s body that threatened to knock Beth off of her perch. Feeling Trent’s mouth drift further and further from her needy womanhood, her fall was stopped as he reached up to sink his fingers into her ample rear. At first she thought it was to keep her balanced, but she changed her assumptions as his hands proceeded to grope her ample ass cheeks.

Beth was thrown into a cascade of arousal as Trent continued to squeeze and lick. Edith was quick to reward his efforts with equal attention brought to his member. Every lick and suck on Beth’s womanhood was returned by Edith’s skillful tongue techniques. Moments before Beth hit her climax, she watched as Edith’s cheeks began to swell up. Pulling her head away, Edith showed little restraint as she swallowed the mouthful of cum. Mesmerized by the way Edith licked up the leftover drops from Trent’s tip, Beth was left completely unprepared for her own release.

The euphoric shivers of her climax had Beth once more slowly drifting off of the bed. Edith came to her rescues this time, pulling her off of Trent’s head to meet her face to face. The anxiety that was once upon Beth’s face was washed over with a toothy smile as she basked in her tiny body’s pleasure.

“I think he’s an excellent human,” Edith began. “I’ve never felt one with such potential. It’s almost unnatural.”

“Yes, it’s like he’s a rabid beast,” Beth’s lust-addled mind proving strangely effective in getting her into character.

“Let’s do some further testing,” Edith said as she crawled across Trent’s chest. “I’ll take a ride on the human’s pretty face. I’ll let you have the honors of truly testing his weapon.”

Beth’s eager grin faltered for a moment as she once more glanced at Trent’s member. “Er, sister, is that a wise decision?”

Edith turned back around and leaned towards Beth’s ear. “It’ll be fine,” she said in a hushed whisper. “Some additives were put into our potions to give us plenty of stretching room for stuff like this. We could take something even double his size and still be fine.”

Giving Beth a pat on the back for encouragement, Edith crawled her way over to Trent’s face and plopped her rear down. Urged forward by a wave of Edith’s hands, Beth approached the sizable member. Squatting over the tip of the dick, she tried to hype herself up for what she was about to do.

Taking a deep breath, she slowly lowered herself down. She clenched her fingers as the member slid into her womanhood, letting her feel every inch. The sensations of her groin pressing up against Trent’s brought with it a feeling of pleasure mixed with pride. Looking over her shoulder towards Edith, she shared with her an eager smile before moving onto the next step.

Hoisting herself up, Beth came slamming back down. Over the sound of her bountiful ass flesh slapping against Trent’s stomach was the distinct noise of a moan parting Beth’s lips. The single thrust had been enough to leave her body shivering from both the impact and sensation of the girthy member shoved deep inside of her. Grinning from ear to ear, Beth raised herself back up to repeat the motion.

Each slam of Beth's hips became harder and faster, feeding into her growing desires. Peeking over her shoulder, she could see Edith having a similar sensation of pleasure as she shoved Trent's hungry tongue against her womanhood. Sharing a playful giggle with her fake sister, Beth kept up her motions as her hands reached out to grope her own breasts. Enjoying the meaty flesh of her mammaries egged her onto slapping her ass down several more times to ensure every inch of her small body could relish in the moment.

One last thrust had Beth crying out in ecstasy as Trent's seed filled her womanhood. Slouching forward onto the bed, Beth let herself bask in her leftover euphoria. Head still swirling from her session with Trent, it took her a moment to notice his feet turn a shade of green darker than her own. Beth's mind fully recovered by the time she felt something big slide between her butt cheeks.

Looking behind her, Beth stared with her mouth wide open as she beheld the already sizable Trent begin to grow. Muscles bulging with extra girth ripped apart his outfit to show off every inch of his toned, green skin. While Beth was busy looking over his well-cut six pack abs and bulging biceps, she found herself getting pushed further away from his bulky legs. Glancing over her ass cheeks let her behold a girthy, foot long cock rise up to cast a shadow across her small form.

Left in stunned silence by Trent's shapeshifting abilities, Beth was pushed aside as he swung his legs out from beneath her. Planting his feet on the ground, Trent easily lifted Edith off of his head and held her up with one hand. Letting out a gruff snort, he turned towards Beth to show off the pair of savage fangs jutting from his mouth.

“Y-you’re an orc,” Beth said, her finger trembling as she pointed towards the monstrous figure.

“Is that a problem?” Trent asked in a much deeper, gravelly voice, his figure looming over the diminutive Beth.

“N-no,” she replied, looking back and forth between his terrifying visage and sizable features.

“I knew something was special about this human,” Edith commented, her eager demeanor unhindered by the fact she was being held up by the terrifying orc. “Must have hidden his true form to avoid being attacked.” Swinging about her assets, she managed to free herself from Trent’s grasp. Clinging onto his waist, she climbed up to have her head level with his groin. “No need to worry. Us fellow monsters know how to take care of one another. Allow me to demonstrate.”

Edith nearly unhinged her jaw as she took on the arduous task of swallowing Trent’s cock. Her best efforts only managed to cover two thirds of his shaft, leaving a good portion of his member bare. Rather than be discouraged, Edith strengthened the grip of her legs around Trent’s waist to leave her arms free. Grasping her bosom, she made up for the uncovered space by sandwiching his cock between her breasts.

Once in position, Edith put her entire being into pleasuring his cock. Bobbing her head back and forth, she ensured every inch of his shaft she could reach was treated to equal attention with her tongue. Her tiny hands smooched and rubbed up against the base, the pillowy embrace of her tits looking just as pleasurable as her mouth.

Amidst her frantic movements, Beth watched as Edith began to slip down. Fortunately for the eager goblin, her monstrous partner was happy to take up the slack by holding onto her meaty rear. Sinking his fingers into her ass flesh, he pushed her back into position to allow her to continue her work.

Edith's efforts bore fruit as Trent let out a guttural grunt. The diminutive goblin girl's cheeks swelled up as she attempted to swallow his load. Hard as she might try, she was still forced to pull away as a glob of semen spilled from her mouth. To make up for her mess, she eagerly dragged her tongue across his member to make sure she cleaned up every missed drop.

"Such a big boy," Edith said between sucking off cum from his testicles. "I don't know if my little pussy can handle such a thing. However, it is part of the deal that--"

"Sister, wait!" Beth spoke up, something possessing her to step forward. "You've had your fun, but I want a turn with him," she said, her hands sliding across her assets in an effort to contain her desire.

Edith put on a smirk as she allowed Trent to place her on the ground. "What gives you first go with him? He's OUR guest, remember?"

"You said it yourself," Beth replied, confidently striding forward and placing her hand around his shaft, "you're not sure if you can even take him. Myself on the other hand..." she trailed off, keeping her mouth busy by licking up a stray drop of cum from Trent's cock.

"Hmmm," Edith said, tilting her head back and forth in thought. "Alright, I'll let you have first go," she said, leaping up to plop her backside on the bed. "However, the moment you fail, he's all mine."

“I assure you,” Beth said, showing Trent a wide grin as she looked him over like a piece of meat, “that won’t be needed.”

Riding high on her lust-fueled bravado, Beth showed no remorse in turning herself around. Pressing her rear up against Trent’s cock, she grabbed hold of her butt cheeks and spread them out. In an effort to further tease him, she attempted to lift her hindquarters up to allow his tip to slide across her womanhood. The act of seduction turned into one of frustration as Beth realized that she was a few inches of short. She let out a series of low growls at her inability to tease her partner. As she pondered how she could even get in the right position, Trent took the initiative and picked her up by the waist.

Hoisted up by the orc man, Beth was left to dangle with her curves swaying back and forth. Momentarily risen back to her original height, she was left unprepared for the moment that Trent slammed her womanhood down onto his cock. She let out a cry of pain and pleasure as her butt cheeks pressed against his waist.

Not entirely overcome by desire, Trent gave her more than enough time to acquaint to the sensation of his girthy member sunk deep inside of her. Running a trembling hand against her lower body, she could feel a bump around her tummy that made her momentarily reconsider what she was about to do. Looking over her shoulder, she could see a genuine look of concern behind the orc’s fearsome fangs. Gritting her teeth and clenching her small fingers, Beth spoke, “What are you waiting for? Fuck me like the beast that you are!”

Beth held onto her sense of daring even as Trent tightened his grip on her. Without a hint of gentleness, he began vigorously thrusting back and forth. Each impact was accompanied by the sound of Beth’s breasts and ass cheeks slapping together. Rather than a partner, she was

being treated as a living sex toy meant to take in all of the orc's sexual lust. It was just what she wanted.

Every thrust, every inch of his cock diving deep inside of her body overcame her with orgasmic shivers. She freely let out one moan after another, expressing to the others her overwhelming feelings of pleasure. Under the influence of her wobbling assets and Trent's girthy member, she felt her mind go blank from the overwhelming ecstasy. Riding out the rest of her climax, her body went limp even as her partner gave a few more thrusts to fill her with his seed.

Exhausted from her efforts, Beth could feel herself beginning to slip off of Trent's manhood. Moments before she went plummeting to the ground, he reached out to carefully grab her by the waist and placed her on the bed. Getting down on his knees, Trent brushed aside strands of hair in her face.

"You alright?" he asked, his sentiment coming through despite his guttural tone.

"Y-yeah," Beth replied, her stamina drained from their session. "Just...give me a few moments to rest."

"Bed's all yours," Edith said. "We got a few positions we can do without it. You okay with watching the rest?"

"That's fine with me," Beth said, laying down and resting her chin upon her bosom, both to regain her strength and get a front row seat to the incredible endurance of her partners.

Back to her old body and wrapped in a comfortable bath robe, Beth took small sips of her mug of ale. Settling into a comfortable position in the makeshift cabin's dining table, she could

still detect the lingering smell of their debauchery. Taking a deep breath to savor the memory, she looked up to gaze at the recently changed back Edith and Trent.

“Are your roleplay session always like that?” Beth asked.

“More or less,” Trent replied, his calm demeanor as he nursed his ale a far cry from the brutish attitude in his previous form.

“All depends on how wild the sessions and our imagination get,” Edith was quick to answer, refreshing her tongue with a swig of her drink. “You should have seen us last month when the beautiful princess was ravaged by the fearsome dragon.”

Trent shuddered. “Don’t remind me. My bottom hasn’t fully recovered from that one yet.”

“Aww come on, you know you liked it.”

“I’m not saying it wasn’t pleasurable,” he replied, taking a big gulp of ale, “just that maybe we use a little more lube next time. On a related note, Beth are you feeling alright?”

“I’m just fine,” she answered, placing her hand against her mid-section as she recalled the sizable bump that had inhabited it. “I needed a little rest, that’s all.”

“Did you like it?” Edith asked, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Rather than answer immediately, Beth scratched her chin. Going over the mental and physical delights given to her by the strange encounter, she gave a gentle nod. “It was definitely different, but I enjoyed myself.”

“Great!” Edith announced, nearly making the others choke on their drinks. “Wait right here.”

Without skipping a beat, Edith got up from the table and ran over to the supplies chest. Sifting through back up transformation bottles and a variety of sex toys, she yanked out an overstuffed binder. Returning to the table, she opened up the binder to reveal hundreds of pages of detailed roleplay sessions.

“How long have you been making these?” Beth asked, a skim through the pages making her head spin at some of the scenarios.

“She does it a lot during our roleplay sessions. The non-perverted ones to clarify,” Trent replied. “While I’m busy setting up games, she makes it her mission to draw inspiration from them for our more...eccentric evenings.”

“And I don’t see myself stopping anytime soon,” Edith said with a devilish grin. “That being said, Trent and I would appreciate some help going through these. Interested?”

Beth stopped looking through the binder to cast a glance at her partners. Influenced by the hope to find similar chances to flex her transformation skills and experience otherworldly pleasure, she nodded her head.

“Yes!” Edith said, raising up her arms as she stood up once more. “Then I propose a toast.”

Raising up her glass, Edith motioned for the others to copy her. “To new experiences with a new friend,” Edith proclaimed.

Without a second thought, Beth clinked her mug with Edith and Trent’s. Putting her drink up to her lips, she chugged down what was left. Slamming the mug onto the table, she shared an

eager grin with the others, cementing their relationship as people in pursuit of fantastical pleasure.