

# FANTASY STORY

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Aafje was a pretty elf. Even by the elven standards of beauty she was considered exceptionally pretty. Long blonde hair, a pretty face and a lithe body, she had the whole package. On top of that, she was an heir of The noble House of Rehli. Despite being small, her House was politically connected to the right people and was always close to the king's and queen's circle of influence.

To any outsiders, her House was a pure and noble sort. However, after a first viewing and hearing, the hushed whispers of her home showed that beyond her pretty face was a cutthroat in silk. Her craving for power was unsatisfiable.

She also had very radical thoughts. Too long had lesser races like humans and half elves lived in the kingdom, she thought. Too long had they tainted the elven lands. But that was not quite a generally accepted sentiment to have, so she bit her tongue and stayed silent, waiting for her chance to rise and do whatever she wanted to.

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One day as she was wandering the woods while plotting and scheming along, her ears picked up the sound of flapping wings. They were local pixie dragons fae-like creatures that inhabited the woods: far smaller than the larger kin found in the mountains and natural inhabitants of the fae wilds. They were known to be tricksters when bored, however for every time a pixie dragon played its fae tricks, was another time it gave an important advice not to be ignored, and generally speaking, it was always easier to deal with the aftermath of a joke rather than the disaster at not waiting. They announced to her that a distant relative, a powerful old elf, was about to pass away. Aafje realised this could be a great opportunity to further improve her social status. Not only would she be the prettiest elf in the realm, she could also be one of the wealthiest ones! That would make her quite the sight to the other prestigious Houses. She would certainly be able to marry prince Ethan, The king's eldest son and the heir to the throne. He was a soft hearted weakling going on about nobility and virtue in service to the people, but with her at his side, her power would be limitless as her influence on her lover would make him obey her in any circumstance. She decided it was of the utmost importance to be the first one to reach the dying relative, so she didn't alert any of her siblings and left immediately on her quest.

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On her way she encountered a strange sight, an orc girl wrapped in hides and furs walking along the wooded paths plucking herbs and plants that sprouted in the woods. She was simply minding her own business. The orc woman seemed very ugly to Aafje, who recalled all the rumours she had heard from other elves about these infernal creatures. They were infesting the realm, with some of them escaping the badlands and fleeing north and living in the woods some houses where even welcoming the green beasts as "refugees". It was the first time she saw one of them as they usually were not allowed in the elf city.

Aafje couldn't resist speaking her mind loud: "How dare you cross my road, you inferior being? Do you know who am I? Soon, when I'll be a powerful princess you scum will stop bothering us!"

"Hey, mind your language pretty girl, I'm just going my way. This is no man's land so nobody is better than nobody else here!"

"In your dreams! I'm a superior elf, and one of the most infernal creatures in existence!"

The orc woman, usually a pacific creature, felt very offended by what the elf told her and as she believed that even a humble orc deserved some respect, she demanded retribution. Guessing how inexperienced the young elf was when it came to fights, she challenged her.

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Aafje was prepared to defend herself, or at least so she thought. Surely a noble lady should not ever need a blade but Aafje was not unfamiliar with the act of brandishing a knife and intimidating those who crossed her, so she did exactly that, she brandished her weapons with a pose that would make the uninformed and marginally proficient intimidated but didn't impress the orc lady one bit. Instead, she simply raised an eyebrow in confusion. She had seen true conflict in the past and could tell that this was more of a dance than a fighting technique. Raising her arms to the elf, she quickly disarmed her with two strokes to her wrists and placing her head into the middle of the prongs of her armour. Then she summoned her magical powers and released a simple spell on her, sending the elf sprawling to the hard ground.

"You dirty orc!" - the angry elf said - "How did you manage to do that, I'm a capable fighter, you know? You simply caught me off guard but now I'll show you who's truly superior!"

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"You're very pretty, I will give you that milady!" - the orc said with fake respect "But I could tell you have never seriously trained in your entire life physically or magically. Let's try some simple spells on you!" As the orc woman spoke, Aafje was no longer in control of her body, her frame lifting itself from the ground as she was pushed deeper and deeper into the woods, not even moving her arms to brush the dirt and grime starting to gather onto her pale flesh and shining armor. Soon she was brought at a humble camp. A pot was placed over a fire and the orc began to work tossing in various elements into the green stew that smelled vaguely of mushrooms.

"Why don't you drink some of this potion?" - she asked as if it was a friendly suggestion rather than a command. "I'd never... Wait, STOP!" Without being able to do differently, Aafje bent down and unwillingly drank a few sips of the disgusting potion the orc lady had conveniently poured in a small cauldron. "Don't be shy, have some more!" - said the orc lady with a smirk as she pushed the elf's head down into the into the murky green depths of the cauldron. "Nice! This will teach you some humility..."

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Aafje passed out as soon as the potion kicked in, her vision turning and whirling like the running waters of a rapid stream. The orc woman stripped her fancy armour away, smiling while looking at the moon silver armour. She was planning to sell it at the market and she would have more than enough to buy her tribe land in this kingdom. She would have some time now as the elf would not be going anyway for at least a day, so she got this prissy dressed up with some more fitting rags. As she returned she continued to ponder on what to do next: leaving her to her fate maybe? - but then changed her mind, seeing the poor girl's transformation and reaction was going to be priceless. Some time later, Aafje regained conscience and was about to fight with the orc woman again, her brow furrowing into a scowl as she saw the beastly creature. However, she was still paralysed by a spell by the orc. "Just sit there and be quiet girl! I'll sit here with you for a while to enjoy the show!" "Show? What show? What are going to do to me?" - asked the elf, for the first time in her life she was seriously scared, not only by the orc's powers, but also by the perspective of facing true consequences to her actions for the first time. "Just wait and see... Oh, I think it's starting to show now! It looks like your pale elfish skin is the first thing to go! Too bad, it was really pretty!".

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As she was speaking, Aafje's skin darkened to a monstrous swampy dark green, as dark brown hair spread from her roots and quickly replaced her blonde mane. "My skin! It's so dark! What have you done to me, you monster? No elf has a skin like that, how can I go back to my home now? What will people say?" She had many enemies and she knew that her new skin would be the talk of the town before she could get a single word out. The type of rumors they would make up about such a condition filled her mind. Half bloods, disease, a curse by the mighty Gods, dark magic, to name a few! "This is just the beginning, girly! You're right though, no elf could have a skin like this, but other creatures do!" - she said with a wicked grin. Aafje's figure began to shrink, crushing her figure further and further down before she was not much taller than the hip of a human! Her weight had to go somewhere and it seemed to find itself right at home in her breasts and rump! Her hips swelling as well. Her gracious elfin ears morphed into giant goblin ears, which looked even bigger on such a short body. Her face lost its soft facial features and became uglier, with a bulbous nose and pronounced features.

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She finally lost all the remaining elven features and the lithe body she was so proud of and in turn gained a goblin-like appearance.

"What's happening to my body, I feel like I'm shrinking too now! My voice? Why do I sound so ridiculous?" - she said as her voice gained a nasal tone. It was still a rather feminine voice but not the silky smooth voice she had used to sow so many lies into so many ears. She also felt with her tongue that her once sooth perfect teeth were being turned into to the sharp points of a goblins scavenger teeth. In her own mind her smile was becoming more feral than any civilised creature's smile. "I'm afraid you're not the pretty elf girl anymore... Life is going to be a lot tougher now, but you know what, many creatures here are just like you, I'm sure you'll do just fine!" - the orc woman said chuckling as she watched the former elf panic, her hyperventilation making her chest wiggle and wobble.

"You infernal creature! - said the former elf, now unrecognisable - How dare you? Turn me back now! For the Gods, why am I still frozen?" - she said, trying in vain to raise from the humiliating pose she had been forced to assume since the transformation began.

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The orc woman smiled like a predator seeing a injured rabbit. She put on a voice of faux kindness as if she was on a theater stage. "You know what, before I let you free, let me give you a proper look, I can't leave you like this!" She said digging into her bag of goodies she got from selling the elf's items. The transformed elf screamed for a moment as she felt the rags torn away from her body. She was suddenly wrapped a flashy cheap red outfit, the simple died wool highlighting her new curves, her feet where incased into with high heel pumps that were a size too small and gave her just enough height to force her to sway as she walked. To complete the look was a full set of cheap copper and tin earrings and nose and navel piercings. She had worn earrings before but only those with the light elfish design of having them hang around her ear and not pierce her! She looked like the very "gutter trash" she used to mock and compare her rivals to! "Hmm, who would have told, you make a pretty sexy goblin girl! I'm sure you'll be pretty popular in the right places!" - said the orc giving her a wink, before leaving. The poor girl raised a hand and looked at it in horror. The skin was of an orcish dark green, the size of the hand disproportioned to her short arms. Her legs seemed incredibly short too.

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Standing up only confirmed her first impressions, she had lost most of her height and was now the size barely larger than a child, with the addition of her large booty and breasts that made her frame look even more out of proportions. Looking at her reflection in a nearby pond revealed the rest of her newly acquired features. "Aargh! This is outrageous! I'm not one of you inferior creatures! Turn me back to normal!" she screamed to the orc who was quickly running away. She tried to run towards her as much as her heels would allow to get close enough to strike but her short legs didn't allow for such a speed so she quickly fell behind the orc. Dazed and confused Aafje tried to scream something to her: "What did you do to me? I look like some low life adventurer's pin up! How dare you? Don't you know who I am I'm Aafj..." she spoke but it felt like the air was leaving her lungs as she said the words "Aa..." she tried again not even getting the breath "I mean, I'm a goblin girl! No, I'm a stupid goblin girl named Gryh! No!" she screamed as the orc walked away again laughing. Aafje gave up on her and began reflecting on her condition.

"Shit, I can't even say who I am now... I can't go back like this!"

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While the poor transformed elf was cursing her destiny the orc girl was observing her from nearby, wondering what her future would look like. As she pondered she turned and saw a pack of pixie dragons, friends of hers in this forest, so she welcomed them. They were good judges of character if you knew how to befriend them. She explained them what had happened to the arrogant elf and asked them how did they envision her future. Each of them spoke to her about what they could see happening.

"I could see her ending up as a goblin harlot" - said one of them, excitedly landing on the orc woman's head, giggling at the prospect of the noble woman's fall - "After all she's pretty attractive for goblin standards and surely she would eventually resort to prostitution to feed herself once her pride had vanished and hunger started to be felt." The orc pondered this option and concluded that she could see it happen as it happened to many other goblins and creatures of similar races in such positions. There was a rather large town in that area where a good number of goblins and similar creatures lived. She would be just another face in the crowd.

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"I could also see her being hired in a tavern." - piped up another dragon sitting on her shoulder snickering - "With the proper attire, she would make a pretty attractive goblin tavern girl!" she thought about it and she could see something like that happening too. At first she would beg for some food in a tavern and she would eventually be offered free room and board in exchange for working there.

With her posh attitude, however, the orc lady was sure that it would not be long before the tavern owner would have to work on "correcting her behavior". After all, tavern girls were expected to respond to comments on their appearance with a smile and even to accept some groping here and there as their ultimate goal was to satisfy customers. The transformed elf would initially find these conditions unacceptable, then she would slowly accept them as she wouldn't have much of a choice.

It would be a humbling experience for sure, but she could see the former elf learning to live as a tavern girl. It wasn't the worst of all the outcomes reserved for her.

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The third and final one perched itself on the orc's gears, its wings up in excitement. "OHH OHH I know what's going to happen to her! The more she tries to reaffirm herself as an elf the more likely she is to further push the curse on her! And seeing as she has many enemies, anyone who would actually believe her would not speak to help her! In fact, I can actually see one of her many enemies enslaving her for good! She would make a lovely court fool to entertain the guests at elven banquets!"

The orc woman shuddered at the thought of someone being enslaved but considering the story behind it, she found it a fitting punishment for the once arrogant elf girl who wanted to get rid of all inferior creatures in her realm. Her eyes beamed at the perspective of the prissy brat forced to perform in a ridiculous outfit in front of an audience laughing about her short size and funny features! What would be her future, indeed? The orc lady hadn't taught much about it before the curse but now was genuinely interested in her victim's fate. It would be fun to follow her from some distance to see what would become of her and the pixie dragons would definitely help her out in collecting information, given how interested they seemed to be in the whole story...

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Some time later, the transformed elf was beginning to feel the first hunger pangs. A caravan eventually passed by, interrupting the monotonous sound of the wind. After waving them down as best she could as some of the various beings quite literally overlooked her due to height, she managed to talk to them. Various other humanoids such as humans, cat and lizard folk and even a few burly looking orcs were looking down at transformed goblin. Deciding not to let the group think of her as some crazed goblin, she simply explained she was looking for work in the next city and was going to look for a job there but needed a ride. The creatures looked at her with some suspicion and, after having chatted a bit to each other, proposed her the following deal: they would feed her and carry her with them to the next village in exchange for her clothes. They were indeed surprised to see such a miserable little goblin dressed up like that, with what seemed to be a gem embedded in the top.

Gryh was reluctant to give up on her clothes, the most precious belonging left to her now, and was worried she'd have to remain naked afterwards, but they reassured her that they would provide adequate replacement clothes for her so she accepted.

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Gryh began undressing herself behind a tree and, without ceremony, they handed her a simple set of rag clothes barely covering her intimate parts as a replacement.

The poor goblin girl couldn't believe how exposed she felt! Barely cloths and more like a brothel advertisement. She also noted with disdain that she looked even more naked in the green than her previous outfit. But grinning and bearing it she thanked the orc for his... kindness and headed into the nearby city. As soon as they passed the gates she was promptly hosted off without much of a goodbye. The deal was for her to get to the city and the job was done.

Now she was alone in a large city filled with so many people, could one of them be a mage or some sort of scholar that could help her?

Then she heard a soft cough from a man. A half orc by the looks of it. Who had a charming smile on his lips as he bent down and talked directly to her, as if she was a person. "Looking lost, young lady?" he asked smoothly "If you are willing I would be happy to host a beautiful creature such as yourself. Get some hot food in you too while we are at it."

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It was just then she felt herself pulled into a whirlwind. A warm hearth and tasty food, combined with a good drink. She felt herself pulled into a whirlwind of dizzying speed and charm. As her drunken vision spun she found herself agreeing to stay with the orc in exchange with her services. She carefully signed her new name on a parchment, prostitution was apparently legal in the kingdom for some reason.

When she woke up, she heard a voice talking to her "You're awake!" - the crackling voice said - "Thorgrin told me he got a new girl and that my magic was needed..." he said pinching her cheeks and as he pressed a bottle against her lips and tilted the glass upwards to allow a sloshing liquid into her mouth "This will help with the hangover." the alchemist half-lied as he emptied the bottle. Her world spun as her face morphed into prettier goblin features, regaining some softness and charm. Her bust and butt gaining even more curves and her eyes became a lighter shade of brown. She felt dizzy and confused as a group of girls called by the alchemist began restyling her hair into ponytails as one of the girls giggled to her "You'll thank us later for these handles for grabbing onto!".

The poor girl realised that something had happened to her features and thought that she has regained some lost elfin features in the process "My elf blood should have been able to work together with this potion!"

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However, to her disappointment she realised she still looked like a goblin girl. Her goblin nature was too deeply rooted in her so that even a beauty potion would not be able to make her elfin features re-emerge.

Meanwhile, the last remaining effects of the beautifying potion were taking place. Her ears, not more visible due to the different hairstyle, slowly retracted into themselves until they reached a more elegant length, still a far cry from her elven ears however. They felt at least a little more familiar to her, even the way she perceived sounds became more similar compared to her old hearing, though it still paled in comparison. Finally, her lips and nails became coated in a natural, permanent black glossy color. No matter what she tried to do to them, her nails would grow shiny black and her lips also became naturally black. Few people would doubt that body was designed for anything else than sex.

"Wow, you turned out to be quite a beauty!" - her new pimp shouted, followed by a loud laughter - "Too bad I must keep my hands away from the meat haha!"

"What... What will happen to me now?"

"You signed a contract, remember girl?" - he replied with a grin.

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Some of the other girls helped her into her new "uniform", an even more revealing outfit, and pushed her outdoors, confirming her worse fears. The former elf was just beginning her new, demeaning life as a goblin harlot. "Come on, show me your charm" - told her the pimp.

She spotted a very distinguished male elf, probably in town just for business. "Hey there! - she told him with a shy, cute smile - Wanna have some fun with me?" The elf seemed tempted but then turned away and continued on his way.

"You need to flirt more aggressively, Gryh!" - said the pimp, who was observing the newcomer - "Come on, try harder! Look, I got a meeting set up for you right now: Ungrak!" he called out as she laid her eyes on a huge fat orc. She smelled him before she even saw him. And the way he smiled and leered at her made her tremble. "Smile, girl." her pimp warned "Ungrak is a regular, it's best to keep him happy. Why don't you introduce yourself to him?" He said with a slap on her rear, sending her forward.

The former elf swallowed her pride and moved on to flirt and show her boobs to a fat, smelly orc who was observing her from some distance. "Hey there, big boy! Wanna fuck? We goblins are the best in bed, you know? We're half as tall but twice as fun as other girls!"

Her new life had just begun.