

Darrah plants her head in her folded arms on top of the cafeteria table. “Ugh... I can't believe this! Since when did Ms. Serane become such a slave driver?” The rebellious, blonde elf girl asks out loud. She is surrounded by Ardenne and Vizya, two girls from her class. They each exchange a glance, then stare down at Darrah. “Since when do we associate?” Vizya asks harshly, in a way that causes the far more easy-going Ardenne to cringe.

Darrah looks up and stares down her blunt classmate, but quickly gives up the staring contest as she realizes she is looking at a brick wall. Vizya is short, with short lime-green hair. She has a very straight, flat figure and is constantly wearing a disinterested expression. Ardenne, the more traditionally attractive of the duo is quite curvy with dark hair and glasses. 'These two are obviously my ticket to getting the teacher off my back. I just need to convince them we're friends so they will help me out.' She quickly changes her tune. “Come on! I've always liked you guys, we just don't talk much because... Uh.”

Vizya buries her nose in a book. “You can't even lie very well. What are you actually good at?”

“That's a little harsh.” Ardenne offers in Darrah's defense. She regards the blond elf with a caring look. “You need help on the material we are currently looking at, right?” Darrah's expression brightens as it seems like at least one smart girl is going to help her out. She nods excitedly. “Right. Okay. Essence and Magic?”

“I get them mixed up.” Darrah says awkwardly. Vizya let's out a short laugh at that behind her book, but Darrah simply ignores her, only offering a brief, warning glance to the spine of the book that is covering the girls face.

“That's... Not very good.” Ardenne says, scratching her chin in thought. “I mean, that much is easy to explain, since it's such basic information. The main issue is... I have no idea how you're even at this school if you don't know that much.”

“Eh?” Darrah suddenly notices a smirk spread across Ardenne's lips.

“Right?” The dark-haired girl looks to Vizya who gives a short nod. “You need a lot of help, but what is in it for either of us?” Darrah frowns. 'Shit! Who knew these two front-of-the-room bitches would be such ball-breakers!? I thought I'd be able to pick them up easily with just an offer to hang out.'

“My family is pretty wealthy.” Darrah admits.

“Oh! That's good. So we can work out payment, right?” Ardenne asks cheerily. The blonde nods reluctantly. 'It's not ideal, but a deal is a deal.' Ardenne rests her elbows on the table and leans forward, folding her hands comfortably under her chin. “This can be a freebie. Essence represents your Soul and Magic represents your body. Our bodies are all innately magical and it is what we harness naturally to cast spells. You can obviously work your magic like any other muscle, but your essence will always stay the same. Is that clear?”

“That is actually really clear. I don't know why they didn't just explain that right away.” Darrah comments.

“Oh, the teacher does all the time and it's at the front of the textbook.” Ardenne says, now taking on a similarly harsh tone to Vizya.

Vizya chimes in with words that stab at Darrah sharply. “If you paid attention, or listened, or had a brain for something other than posting on Instacram...”

“You might have absorbed a little bit of information.” Ardenne finishes what the girl was saying before she trailed off. She holds up a finger, perking up quite a bit. “From now on, we'll just call you 'Paycheck,' alright?”

Darrah shrugs. “Sure. You gals are my lifeline. Just help me get through the semester.”

Ardenne hums happily as she rummages through her locker. “I'm gonna head home.” Vizya states. “Want to walk together?”

Ardenne shakes her head. “No, I need to hit the library and gather some materials.”

“For 'paycheck?' You're pretty serious about making money.” Vizya marvels.

“People like us don't get a break in school or out of it unless we have money.” She says matter-of-factly.

Vizya shrugs. “I guess. See you tomorrow.” The girl waves and leaves. Ardenne lingers for a bit, just waiting. After a few minutes she closes her locker and heads towards the deserted library. As soon as she enters she is confronted by an older man. She looks up at him sternly for a moment, then immediately changes her expression when a wad of bills is wagged under her nose. “Greetings, sir!” She opens her mouth wide and bites down as the bills are pushed into her mouth.

“There's my favorite doggy!” He chuckles. “Had me worried for a second.” He pulls her out of the way, off into a dark corner. She leans forward over one of the desks and lets him grope her all over. “Girls that will do anything for money can make it pretty far in this day and age.” With his hand working into her round behind he brings it back and smacks it a few times. “What are you thinking for today? Asshole or-”

'You are definitely an asshole.' She thinks to herself, despite being fairly satisfied with the arrangement. 'Just another person I classify as 'paycheck.' Barely humanoid. She waits patiently for him to finish. After a few seconds she rolls her eyes and pulls the wad of bills from her mouth. “Finish what you're saying, daddy. Come on! Don't tease-” She turns around and looks down, eyes widening as she sees him laid out on the ground, blood dripping from his skull. “Me...” She quickly searches the vicinity for a sign of who did it to no avail. Only when she turns around does she yelp. Standing on the table is a little, hunched over green figure grinning at her. “G-Goblin!” She shouts.

“The area is silenced.” Ardenne quickly raises her hands. 'Dispel mag-' The goblin raises his hand. “Counterspell.” Thinking of another way, she lunges forward.. 'I am still bigger than it!' The goblin clicks his tongue and holds up something in his other hand that stops her in her tracks. 'Is that...' He holds a single gold coin, but it is enough to make her salivate. “Old world currency.” He drops it, then

lets several more fall out of his palm in a stream onto the table. "You want these?"

Ardenne considers her actions. Treachery, for sure, but a rich goblin is different from just any goblin. She nods resolutely. "Yes."

The shaman smiles widely. "What would you do for them?"

"Anything." She adds quickly.

"Oho. So you're like a vending machine, then?" He asks fairly cryptically.

"Yeah, whatever you want. I guess... I'll be your vending machine or piggy bank or whatever." Ardenne responds hesitantly. "Just feed me coins and I'll do whatever."

"What I wanted to hear~" He snaps his fingers. Ardenne gets a strange feeling, like her insides from her neck right down to her stomach are turning.

"What is... Happening?" She groans, pulling her long dark hair off to one side to reveal the back of her neck. She feels an odd slot near where her head gives way to her neck at the back. "What is this?"

"Relax, my magic vending machine." He pats her shoulder and abruptly drops a coin into the slot. Ardenne feels a sudden rush of energy flow into her as something falls into her stomach. "Good. Seems to be working, you greedy, greedy girl." He chuckles, dropping in more coins one at a time.

"W-what seems to be working?" She asks nervously, thinking the situation is incredibly strange, to say the least.

"Turning you into a Piggy Bank." As another coin drops inside her she quickly gets up and tries to break away. 'I don't want any part in that! I wasn't being literal!' She realizes too late. She is stopped, almost frozen by his words. "Banks aren't allowed to run off with their customers money. Not in my world, anyway." He laughs at his own joke. "Sit nicely." Ardenne gulps and can not help but sit neatly on the ground with her hands resting on her knees.

All she can do is talk, so she asks. "What happens now?" He rounds her and continues dropping coins into the slot until there are none left.

"Well, congrats. You are rich. Unfortunately, it is all mine. It converts to magic inside of you and I can withdraw it whenever I want." He holds out a hand, rounding so that he is in front of her. "Pet, coin." He smiles as the process of withdrawal begins.

"Coin? How am I supposed to-" She instinctively gags a little, then holds out her tongue. A gold coin materializes on it, which he takes only to place back into the slot at the back of her neck. "Hey! How is this a good deal for me!?"

"You can no longer utilize magic, as doing so would be spending MY money. Though I guess you feel pretty powerful. I can transform all of your magic into coins, if need be." He explains.

"That does not explain why this is a good deal for-"

“Pet, withdraw all.” Ardenne's eyes widen as she begins spitting out coins in a torrent, far more than she ever took in. Far more jarring is the fact that from her perspective she appears to be shrinking. Before she can fully comprehend what happened, she is laying face first in a bed of large gold coins. Enough to quit and start a life of luxury. She notices she can not move. “This isn't too bad, either. Blame yourself for being so greedy.” She feels him pick her up, but it feels like his hand is fitting around her entire body. He squishes her, causing her to come to terms with the fact that her body is soft and malleable and a fraction of it's original size. The Goblin holds her up to a reflective surface, allowing her to see what happened.

'F-fuck! I lost all my magic!?' In the reflection she sees a soft, small pink mockery of herself. A small latex toy with no arms or legs that is vaguely in the shape of her. 'I-I'm a fleshlight...' It is just what happens to a person who's magic is fully depleted. Their body loses mass and substance and becomes a soft, silicon-like material that still contains the persons essence. She looks down in horror as the goblin man pulls his cock free from beneath his loin-cloth and starts stroking it until it becomes hard. Once it has he slowly lowers her, squeezing his cock inside with ease. The member stretches her entire 'body' and almost even escapes out the other side, through her mouth. 'My insides are one straight line...' The worst part, or perhaps a silver lining, depending on the way she wants to look at it, is that the act of being fucked like this feels amazing, like her whole body is getting close to cumming constantly. The unfortunate thing is that she is only ever getting 'close'. “So tight...” The goblin groans, cumming inside abruptly. It is not a romantic act, just one of need and release, like anyone would do in privacy to let off steam. The semen blows her stretchy body up like a balloon briefly. “Eh, that's not flattering.” He squeezes her, causing the trapped seed to eject out her mouth. “Don't worry, I take care of my toys. At least until they are fully spent...” He thinks for a moment, looking down at her. “Unless...”

'I don't want to be a toy! I'll do anything! Gah! I can't speak...!' He smiles, nodding as though he can hear her. “Unless you want to give in and become my obedient piggy bank.” She jumps at the opportunity. 'I said anything! Please hear me...!' For a minute there is no sign that he can hear her, but after a long, nerve-wracking wait she feels a coin push into the slot she still has in her back. Then another and another. It is not too long before she is full-sized once more.

She fully prostrated herself before him, revealing her neck slot. “P-please fill this piggy bank full of coins! O-oink oink...” She feels him pat her gently on the back of her head, then slowly continue filling her with coins until she is once again full of mana. 'I must be as powerful as an Archmage with all this, but... I can't use any of it without permission.'

“Any complaints?” The goblin asks sharply.

“N-no sir! None!”