

SHORT ‘N’ HORNY

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



‘Did I take a wrong turn? This doesn’t look like the right way...’

Mute as she was, Sona Buvelle didn’t have the means to vocally express her confusion after walking a way down an unfamiliar street before coming to the realization that, just maybe, she had made a wrong turn. She’d had a late show that night and was staying at a nearby inn, but this city was large and unfamiliar to her. Perhaps she should have taken the staff escort she’d been offered, but she also didn’t want to bother the busy crew too much. If attacked she could fend for herself, but she hadn’t considered the fact she might lose her way.

It was a cool, autumn eve and there didn’t seem to be many people about now that the hoards of people that attended her concert had finally gone home, which meant there wasn’t anyone she could really ask via note either. This was... a problem.

“You poor thing. Are you looking for your way home? Come here then, and I can give you some direction!”

A voice cooed to the musician not from the shadows, but from a lit entranceway to a small shack. She couldn’t see who was speaking to her, but with no one else to rely on she figured it *might* be worth the risk. She just remained guarded; in case it really *was* a trap.

Unable to call out to confirm her presence upon entry, Sona shuffled in and looked around. It was a small room that seemingly connected to a much larger room. Oddly enough, this tiny room had a bed in it? She’d never seen a house with a bed in the entranceway before. For what reason would one put one—

“...!?” Before Sona could even finish that thought, something swooped down from the ceiling behind her. Small in size, but wielding great strength, she was pushed across the room and against the bed, where she felt a weight press down on her from behind. Something dripped against the back of her neck with her breasts pressed against the sheets. Drool? It was possible, since she could feel something’s hot breath breathing against her flesh. Was it a monster of some sort!? She had to get it off!

In the end she didn’t act fast enough, and the feeling of fangs sinking into her neck could be felt – along with *something* being injected into the wound. Poison!? Was it trying to kill her!? Or so that had been her thought, but once she felt the fangs pull out of her flesh, the creature’s wings flapped to life and it lifted from her body, allowing Sona to spin around in a panic while pressing her back to the wall defensively. She managed to just barely catch sight of her assailant, who flew into the adjoined room. It hadn’t been human, but it didn’t look like a monster either.

A woman of extremely short stature, with bat wings, horns, hooves, and a tail. At most she’d only been three feet tall, but from the quick glimpse she’d gotten, her curves had more than made up for her height. Some kind of demon? Was this, then, her den? Hands reached back up to where she’d been bitten, but it didn’t hurt anymore. Much to her surprise? There wasn’t even a wound now. How? *Why?* What had she been injected with?

She couldn’t deny that her vision was growing blurrier and blurrier with the passage of time, and so she imagined her best chance of survival were this actually poison would be to flee and find someone to help her. The issue? The effects of the injection had become extremely disorienting. It had taken Sona all of her energy to stand upright off the bed, and somehow the door looked much farther away than it actually was in her current state.

Even so, she shambled towards it. It felt like a matter of life or death! She couldn’t exactly give up without even trying, she’d be resigning to that possibility. Under no circumstance was the musician someone that would give up without a fight, voice or no. She just had to keep one foot in front of the other. She just had to make sure she didn’t fall over. In many ways, how she felt bore resemblance to how she felt after having a little too much to drink!

But eventually she brought her steps to a halt and tilted her head to the side as confusion settled in. Sona was certain she had taken five or six steps, and yet somehow the exit looked even farther away than it had

before she'd begun. Distance aside, had it always been so gigantic? And why had she been tripping over her own dress? Because she'd been in motion and was plenty disoriented it hadn't been plain enough to her at first, but now that she was immobile – *it hit her*.

'I'm shrinking!?' That realization explained so much. She felt like she hadn't gotten anywhere because she hadn't *really* gone anywhere comparatively. Each of those steps had amounted to less and less distance covered and based on how she was already swimming in her dress, Sona could only imagine she'd lost a total of almost two feet already. In fact, after wobbling slightly from side to side, the loosened cloth had slid downward, and her entire body was left naked with the giant dress pooled all around her.

The woman was roughly three feet tall by this point – *the exact same height as the creature that had bitten her*.

Distraught, and strangely a little angry, a *low growl* had begun to sound from the back of Sona's throat. At least until she caught herself. *'Why am I making a sound like that? I didn't even know I could!'* She'd sounded like some kind of beast instead of the human she was – or at least was supposed to be. Most humans didn't get shrunken down to such a meager size.

Still dizzied, she pressed on. It didn't matter if she was tiny or not! That door was still her only hope of saving herself! The sound of every footstep was hefty, and it absolutely took a lot of energy to move herself as the woman's body temperature rose. Somehow each step became harder and harder, like she was carrying more and more weight with each and every movement; until she finally stopped of exhaustion and *whimpered*. *'Why do I feel so heav—WHAT!?'*

Looking down at her own naked form, there was a noticeably clear answer to her question. Her breasts were only part of it, but they were a fairly substantial part. Sona's already impressive bust size? Not only was it bigger than she remembered, but it was still growing. The fingers of both hands plunged into this soft, hot flesh as if she were trying to somehow halt the expansion, but not only were they met with resistance as tits continued to swell regardless, but she found herself beginning to fondle them willingly.

She *purred*. They just felt so damn good!

Even after doubling in size it didn't appear that they'd slow down, each tit surpassing the size of her head with a fullness that felt sublime both to fondle and have fondled – each nipple rivaling a cow's teat in size.

She could *absolutely* get hooked on this sensation, and it was only a single part of her growth.

For her lower section was expanding similarly. Sona's thighs rubbed together, flesh expanding within them and increasingly the friction while their new girth made it easier for their flesh to tease her pussy; a pussy that was bloating in size so that it could better accommodate larger *packages*. Although, really, those packages would be regular sized. It was just that she was so small now that there was no way copulating with a fully grown man could be possible without these accommodations.

Sona's bloated thighs pushed the width of her hips wider, waist nonetheless pinching in to give the woman an overly exaggerated hourglass figure which, when paired with her tiny height, made her look like an almost comically designed short-stack. Throw in an ass with a volume increased dramatically with each passing second until either cheek was almost as full as one of her big tits, and you had a recipe for a rather sexual designed looking being.

And Sona herself didn't disappoint, as the transformation sent her libido into overdrive. A *schlicking* noise filled the air, as did moans and growls alike that gargled from the back of the tiny woman's throat as something plunged itself in and out of her pussy in rapid succession. It took the musician far too long to realize that it wasn't her own fingers working her gaping pussy, but instead it was her... *tail?*

She stumbled backwards in shock. '*Since when did I grow a tail!? Did it happen when I was becoming so damn sexy?*' The level of forcefulness with which she presented her thoughts had become much higher, a self-confidence that had been mixed with her newly discovered pursuit of lust driving her to a point where she'd outright show aggression to anyone that deigned even look at her the wrong way.

But she wasn't wrong. A hot pink, furred tail had juttred out from just above her ass and had slid beneath her cheeks so that it could access her pussy to help her masturbate. Even now it continued to pump, a weakness of her knees growing to the point that she anticipated she'd fall to the ground to finish the job any time now. Just before they were about to give way though, a growing pressure at a pair of points on her back suddenly exploded and pair of black bat wings, wet from their eruption, sprawled out and began to flap according to Sona's will. She lifted off the ground, otherwise averting her collapse as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Then again, much of what she had begun to do just felt instinctual. Not a lot of thought was being put behind her actions now. This pursuit of

sexual pleasure, the control over appendages that had only just appeared on her person – it didn't feel foreign even though it *absolutely* should have. That was because the 'venom' was corrupting her brain just as it had her body, bestowing upon her the mannerisms and desires of what she was becoming: a member of a clan of unique offspring born from a fae father and a succubus mother.

For all intents and purposes, she was becoming a succubus, but the fairy blood provided the shorter stature and a growing hunger for mischief that mingled with her sexual appetite to bring her the preferences of a dominatrix-type.

Demonic traits continued to pile on without room to breathe, not that Sona was really doing much of that. She was panting as her tail continued to probe her pussy while her hands both worked her gigantic tits and smacked her sweltering ass, so she didn't really pay much attention even as her toes hardened into goat-like hooves, or as pink fur spread shaggily up to her plump thighs where it dispersed.

Sona's eyes soon glowed the same *pink* that was otherwise reflected elsewhere on her succubus traits, such as with the curled horns that painlessly erupted from her skull. Her senses soon sharpened as well, and not only could she smell her own sensual juices, but she could also hear the flapping of wings not unlike her own from within the depths of the building... all thanks to the woman's ears, drawn and pointed as they'd become.

'My sisters are waiting for me...'

Her sisters were warm and soft. They would give her a home. They would embrace her. That was what her instincts told her. They would hunt together, fuck together, dominate together. There would be no stopping them once they increased their numbers a little more. That was the plan. They needed to grow. She was born for that purpose.

Accepting this new role, the faeccubus' skin and hair alike began to pale until they were almost ghost white. Not a shred of humanity was left in the woman, from a spot of decency to even recollections of her own identity. She just wanted to feed on the sexual energy of humans, to bite women and corrupt them into members of their coven, and to sleep away the days otherwise.

Sensing their newest sister's transformation was complete, a swarm of twenty to thirty of the faeccubi erupted from the hut's inner darkness, tackle-glomping Sona with their sexy, supple bodies while growling like beasts. Never in her life had the musician ever felt so at peace, like she'd

found a home. But then again, *she couldn't remember her past life anyways.*