If You Can’t Beat Them

As the sun began to set behind the mountains the gold dragonborn that stood on top of one of the ridges found himself eyeing up his destination, an old stone archway that led into one of the stony hills. Aleo was surprised that it even existed; most of the time when he followed leads like the small scrap of map scribbled on by a mad alchemist that he had dispatched it led to nothing, or potentially just another mad alchemist. This time it seemed that the trove that the man prattled on about had some basis in reality, which hopefully meant that the treasure it talked about was in there too. As he looked down at the map piece he also had the only other thing that seemed attached to it, a clay jar filled with mysterious liquid that several herbalists and sane alchemists couldn’t gather on what it did… other than the fact that it was quite unstable.

Though part of him wanted to set up camp and wait for the morning he didn’t want to stick around if he couldn’t help it as those red eyes scanned the horizon. This far out into the wilds and unsavory things lurked about, monsters and demons and other such creatures that found it fit to call this place his home. “Besides, faster I find this thing the faster I can bring it home and sell it,” Aleo said to himself as he carefully climbed down the ridge. “But if this turns out to be nothing then I’m going to learn necromancy just to raise that alchemist and kill him again.”

The dragonborn quickly got to the entrance and peered inside. The stone work looked finished but old, potentially some sort of ancient mine lost to time. He quickly lit a torch and hoped that it didn’t go back too deep as the last thing he wanted was to get lost in some pit, or to come back out in the dead of night and have to camp out anyway. As he walked in he also found the air to be a bit musty and wet, perhaps there was an underwater river or something that was nearby.

As he got twenty minutes in with sword in one hand and torch in the other he found that this was, in fact, something bigger than just a mine. While some of it collapsed as he went into the main antechamber he let out a gasp as he found that the ceilings were quite high and vaulted. So, not a mine, but more like some sort of temple or perhaps an old dwarven foundry. Either way if this was a proper dungeon he was going to have to be more careful as bigger sprawls mean homes for monsters and other such things.

Aleo found an alcove that seemed rather secure to set up camp and as he did he found that he hadn’t been the only one that had deemed the place defensible. There tatters of a bedroll and even an old sword, though when he tapped it against the wall it crumbled to pieces with a clang. There were also broken glass bottles scattered about that made him wonder if this was the insane alchemist’s things that were there. If that was the case, then was this where he had been driven mad?

Though the dragonborn liked to think he was made of sterner stuff there were sometimes untold horrors that lurked in these places. Or perhaps he was just crazy already and ran into her, either way he probably wouldn’t want to sleep here if possible. The trip there had made him hungry and after getting a small fire started began to eat his rations he had brought with. So far the place looked abandoned at least, remnants aside whatever the alchemist deemed so valuable as to warrant a planned return trip was likely still down here at least if no one had stolen it yet.

After taking a few minutes he finished eating and stamped out the fire before continuing on. As his gold scales glinted in the light of his refreshed torch he had hoped during his sojourn that he could glean more information from the map piece, but the mad alchemist’s information ended there with no further clues. As he went into an old spillway he tried to see if perhaps there were other cyphers or markings that would indicate where he had gone, only to feel his foot sink down as he stepped on the stone. Suddenly Aleo had to brace himself as the entire area rumbled, feeling something cause enough reverberation that it was shaking the place.

Seconds later it stopped and as he looked around ready for anything the dragonborn found nothing around, prompting him to straighten up and recompose himself. “Looks like they don’t make ancient traps like they used to,” Aleo scoffed, only to hear something else coming from higher up the incline that he had just come from. “Or… might have spoken too soon.”

Aleo attempted to try and climb up the walls to let whatever was rushing towards him pass underneath, but the walls were too smooth to get any purchase. All he could do was turn and watch as his torch briefly shined on the bright green liquid that barreled down the spillway. The next second he was knocked off his feet and pushed by the gelatinous substance as he could already feel the tingling sensation. This wasn’t just fetid water or sewer drainage, Aleo quickly realized as he eventually reached the end of the slide and found himself completely surrounded by the strange ooze, this was a monster of gelatinous mass!

And he was stuck in the middle of it!

As Aleo held his breathe he already found that the monster was starting to digest his latest meal, though fortunately his scales were rather tough his clothing and the leather straps of his armor weren’t so lucky. As he could feel them slowly migrating away form his body he found that in the low light of this new cave he could see that his sword was just a foot above him. Trying to get through the substance was like moving through actual mud though and any time he tried to jump to get at the dissolving hilt he ended up just sinking right back down. The dragonborn realized even if he did get it he wouldn’t be able to do anything with it, and as his gear was being broken down he found if he didn’t do something soon he would run out of air and then be in real trouble.

When he felt something bump against his side he managed to turn his head and see that it was the clay jug that was somehow still intact. It was the only item of his surviving the slime and with the tingling growing stronger around his naked body it was the only thing he had that might do something. Even though he had no idea what it would do he hoped that perhaps the mad alchemist had encountered this before and thought of a defense. Heck, even if he exploded at this point it would be a better fate than what was in store for him.

With all his effort Aleo reached down through the ooze and managed to wrap his clawed fingers around it, and with nothing to break it against he just took his hand and crushed the somewhat fragile container in his hand. Almost immediately the contents of it spread through the ooze, bubbles forming in it as it spread all through out. As they enveloped his body the tingling on his scales ceased and as the goo melted all around him he felt his sword fall down to his side. It worked… that crazy bastard actually was creating something to get down into this section of the cave!

As the green ooze sloughed off into a pile around him Aleo suddenly realized that while he was fine there was a casualty in all this in the form of his gear. He sighed as he looked down while holding onto his dripping limbs as he saw that while the substance saved him it wasn’t the same for his stuff that continued to dissolve away. While he was grateful that his own life was spared he didn’t like the idea of having to march back to town while completely naked. At least he still had clothing that was back at the little camp he made and resolved to come back here once he had acquired more gear to keep delving into this dungeon.

As he started to walk back towards the spillway to see if he could climb up it he found himself pausing as he felt… strange. It wasn’t from the goo that was still dripping down his scales, as he tried to take another step forward he found that his foot didn’t quite hit the ground right. At first he thought it was residual slippage from the ooze but when he looked around he found there was surprisingly little of it that survived whatever that potent chemical cocktail was. When that wasn’t the clear cause he watched himself as he brought up his foot at noticed that it looked quite… droopy, like his muscles weren’t tensing at all as he brought it back down.

In fact it was starting to get hard to move in general, especially as he began to feel the odd sensation that was up in his feet starting to spread through his form. Was the ooze somehow still dissolving him? No… that was impossible, he had dealt with such things before and getting a layer of it on one’s skin wasn’t enough for that to happen. One had to be fully immersed, and even though he had been for more time than he cared to think of it shouldn’t be affecting him this badly. Perhaps he just needed to wash off, especially as he brought his hand to his face and found that there was still rivulets of the bright green gel running of his scales and pooling around his feet…

…his feet that were bright green.

Aleo gasped but his breath caught in his throat as he had glanced down just to see how much was dripping from his form to find that while they were still relatively draconic he could see right through his feet! He couldn’t even lift them up anymore and when they did they stretched so much that they still remained on the floor. That damned alchemist… whatever he had done to him might have saved his life, but there was something else going on here as he tried to stand up straight only to remain hunched. It was so hard to keep upright, like gravity was working against him double time as he could feel his tail sagging against his wobbling legs.

The dragonborn couldn’t even believe what he was seeing as he turned back and found his tail partially fused to his backside and his thighs. This definitely wasn’t the normal encounter with a goo monster… if anything this was far more bizarre than anything he had ever heard of in his entire life. As he tried to step forwards again his feet actually seemed to sink into the growing puddle of transparent green gel, causing him to fall forward with a wet splat. This wasn’t some sort of dissolving by the goo… as he brought up his hands and saw the golden coloration being lost to the green gel it was almost like he was fusing with the goo monster.

Becoming the goo monster.

“What the hell kind of potion is that?!” Aleo shouted into the darkness, though he was finding it hard to make words as he tried to get up on his hands and knees only to no longer feel either. “No wonder… they… paid me…” Aleo found himself swallowing more and more as he slowly shifted his form so that he was lying on his back, his tail and most of his legs already melted into the puddle. At least it wasn’t an unpleasant sensation, Aleo thought to himself with a sigh as the fusion between dragonborn and goo monster continued, in fact it was almost a pleasant sensation as he stared down at his chest and saw that it was losing his shape.

What would a hybrid between goo monster and dragonborn look like… it didn’t look like he was going to find out, not at the rate he was melting. His legs had lost all definition and were just lumps that he could kind of move, but it was like trying to swim underwater with weights on. All the while as he tried to move about he could feel this body sloshing about, slipping and sliding over itself in a strangely pleasurable sensation that made him want to do it even more. As he felt his horns starting to melt down into his neck he tried to raise his arms to check them, only to find them impossible to move.

Everything suddenly became tinted with a green hue and he realized he was still dripping waves of goo down his body, or was that just his form being liquidated? Was this what it’s like to be a slime, feeling himself spreading out and sinking down like he was tied to a weight and thrown into the ocean. As the transformation progressed he couldn’t even open his mouth anymore, though strangely his tongue still worked as it pushed out before merging back into the gelatinous mass his muzzle had become. Curious… though he found himself with more pressing matters as the last of his form was becoming one with the puddle.

Strangely it reminded him of encounters that he had with slimes in the past, Aleo musing as the last of his dragonborn features were smoothed over until he became a featureless blob. Perhaps one day someone will find him in this state and he’d rise up to attack them with the relentless tenacity that they exhibited. He didn’t feel like he would though, in fact his mind was quite sharp even as he found himself floating there with no means to get out. Perhaps he would greet them instead, though as he wondered how he would do that he wondered how that would be possible as that swimming sensation persisted.

The goo creatures would rise up when around others…

Perhaps he just needed to rise to, to surface from this pool that he had found himself a part of…

Though he didn’t have the limbs anymore to make the motions he tried to imagine himself doing exactly that, swimming up to the surface of this strange pool that he found himself in the middle of. At first nothing happened but as he started to move he could feel something rising in him, swelling upwards much like those slimes that he previously encountered. Was it working? All he could focus on was getting up and out of this place so that he could finally move again!

For a while the green puddle of gel didn’t even ripple, but after a bit a swell rose up in the center of it that slowly began to rise up. At first it was just a blob like most other oozes but as Aleo surfaced from inside the ooze the gel began to take shape. The upper portion thinned out a bit and ran down into the shoulders that were forming, growing more defined by the second as suddenly the dragonborn could see again. Once again everything was tinted green but he realized that it wasn’t because his eyes were covered, he actually didn’t have any as he slowly continued to materialize. He actually didn’t have any organs at all… though that didn’t seem to bother him any as he felt his muzzle split while stretching out to become draconic once more.

This was definitely something that a normal ooze didn’t do and as he looked around he found that the area he had landed in had a few pieces of furniture in it including a large mirror. While the fact someone had moved into this place was rather disturbing it was nothing compared to the sight that he saw in the reflection, watching in shock as his featureless head grew a pair of horns and reshaped to look just like he had before. He was… back again, except that he could literally see through his own head as he experimentally opened his mouth. When he didn’t concentrate on it he found his lower jaw melting back into his reforming neck he quickly regained his mental acuity to get himself looking back to normal.

Once it had finished he was definitely looking at his own head again, though the rest of his body was still mostly a blob that had rose up from the floor he at least had that part of his identity again. He found he could didn’t quite have directional line of sight anymore but was gaining a sense of his surroundings through his entire form, though when he tried to utilize it more his head nearly sank back into the forming upper torso of his new body. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before and when he tried to take a step froward he found himself sliding along it instead. The sudden momentum had him looking down at the thick column of goo that was his lower body and he found that he was more of a goo draconaga than a dragonborn in that regard, though with enough concentration he found that he could get his legs to split slightly and start to reform.

But what he really wanted was a set of arms, Aleo squeezing his eyes shut and letting out a silent groan as he found himself trying to sculpted them out of his body. Finally he could feel his fingers forming, then arms, then finally rounding out his shoulders as his chest and stomach became more defined. It was a bit of exertion but with enough concentration he could get his body back to the way it was before. When he had finished and looked at the mirror though he found that while it was the body of a dragon born there was a slight different from his previous one…

…as what was reflected was the gooey body of a well-muscled dragon hunk.

Aleo had taken himself by surprise at the upgrade and suddenly the fact that he had been turned into a sentient goo monster had been pushed to the backburner as he found himself stretching his form. While the life of an adventurer had always kept him in shape this was something far beyond that, and as he twisted his body around he found that he could almost do a complete three-sixty as he saw that his rippling back muscles as well. It was not what he expected, but as he flexed in the mirror and watched the thick arm ripple and move in a manner similar to someone that actually had such definition he found his transformation to be… not as bad as he had thought. Though when he focused on one thing it caused the rest of his body to turn gooey and melt he found that with a little practice he could reform things back to that well-muscled state, finding himself actually smiling as he turned back around and got his tail to slither its way out from his well-defined backside as well.

Though he still looked like a goo monster he found himself to be one of the most handsome ones he had ever come across, even when his form sloughed and stretched he was gaining a fluid motion to it that made it look almost intention. With his tail whipping around behind him he found that the appendage had grown just like the rest of his body, which as he ran a clawed hand down the shiny patch just below his abdomen he wondered if everything had grown as much as he did. It was rather easy to imagine himself naked and when he did he let out an actual, audible groan as his draconic member began to push out… and out… and out…

While Aleo didn’t consider himself small by any means he found his new maleness to have grown as big as the rest of his body, causing the dragonborn to let out a gasp of pleasure as he stroked along the emerging length. While the transformation of his body had been pleasant this was something else entirely, this was something carnal and lustful. He found his tongue stretching out past his lips as he started to stroke the length and found that like the rest of his body it was rather prehensile while he ran his fingers over the glistening shaft. When he looked at the mirror and saw the dragonborn goo creature stroking himself off it was the hottest thing he had ever seen before and found his hips practically thrusting up into his hand.

The fact that he had lost all his gear and turned into a monster was lost on Aleo as all he could think of was getting more pleasure out of this shaft, using both hands while he began to let out soft wet gurgles of euphoria. Since he had no vocal cords he thought he wouldn’t be able to speak, but that was quickly changing as he was utilizing the vibrations in the goo to make the noise. Soon he had something that mimicked it but the only thing he did was moan as his head began to become melted and misshapen. His body was starting to flow into itself as all he could do was continue to stroke, to feed this body with this new pleasure even as he became goopier and drippier.

As his goo cock grew bigger and his upper body began to droop he found himself angling the head of it into his mouth, which while it was still somewhat draconic shaped it had become featureless once more. For the moment Aleo didn’t care how his form looked as he began to suck on his own maleness, feeling the exhileration of the goo shaft inside himself while his beefy body continued to remain huge. This was better than anything he had ever experienced in his life, but as his head sank down and began to merge with his own maleness he found himself sinking back down into the growing puddle of goo that had formed around him. Though his ecstasy was pushing him to continue on Aleo finally pulled back and with a loud growl that rippled through his body he managed to reform himself back to the well-muscled goo dragonborn that he had become earlier.

It took more than a few seconds to regain his composure and when he did he found that his huge goo cock was still sticking out and ready to be pleasured. There was no loss of stamina and with how flexible his incredibly arousing body was he could do whatever he wanted with himself as he ran his hand across his thick chest and washboard abs. This body was amazing… and with all his stuff melted away no one would know that it was him as his goo form was quite a bit different than his old body. As he continued to flex and pose his gelatinous form in the mirror he saw something as when he had moved closer to it.

It looked like some sort of journal that had been left down there a while, though the hard leather cover had kept the inner pages from deteriorating too much. Since his fingers couldn’t touch it he had to find a piece of metal from his broken sword and use that instead. “Wait a second…” Aleo said as he began to see depictions of formulas as well as diagrams of the goo monster he had just merged with. “I know this handwriting… it belonged to that alchemist!”

Aleo found himself slightly shocked at how strange his voice sounded; while it was a bit wet it was also deeper and more masculine. While that was an intentional part of the potion or not he could see that the mad man had devised a way to make his way through the dungeon to some treasure that was within. He had already known about the goo monster trap and would spring it with the special concoction that he had developed before the dragonborn had dispatched him, then as a goo monster he would make his way past the other creatures that dwelled within this place and use his new body to bring the treasure out.

It was actually not a bad idea, Aleo thought to himself as he continued to flip through the pages that dictated how the transformation was going to work, and there were worse ways to go through a dungeon then a goo monster. The thing was how he was going to get that treasure back and spend the coin when Aleo got to the end and let out a gasp. There was a way to reverse the process… its what the alchemist had been here working on along with the actual potion. As he read it he found that the only way to make it was once he had become a goo monster to begin with as the details started on the next page.

As he was about to turn it however Aleo found himself pausing, the metal sizzling in his fingers as he slowly reformed his upper body once more and looked at himself in the mirror. This body was something that he had just stumbled into, and as he patted his pectorals and stretched out his body like a snake he found himself incredibly enticed by it. That was just his form too, to say nothing of that thick cock that he found himself slowly stroking once more. He could try and find a way to make this recipe himself or risk venturing out like this in order to find someone he could, or…

He could make sure no one could ever turn him back ever again and he could keep being this gooey monster forever.

There was little hesitation as he took the book and tossed it into his mouth, mimicking the swallowing motions as he could feel the pages and leather already starting to dissolve inside him. It was a bubbling sensation that actually tickled his gooey insides as the secret to his gooey state would remain that forever. Once he was sure that the evidence was completely dissolved inside of him the gooey creature once more admired himself in the mirror, licking his jobs and letting his tongue hang down to his pectorals before slurping it back up.

As he started to stroke himself off he remembered there was one thing he needed to deal with, slithering over towards the spillway before shoving his eight foot body up into it with a loud splat…

About twenty minutes later the camp that Aleo had set up previously was completely destroyed, most of his stuff going the way of the book as he made sure to leave no trace of his former life. He was a monster of this place now, a dweller of the dungeon that perhaps others would encounter. Mmmm… perhaps with enough practice he could figure out what happened to him and visit it upon another, creating a gooey, slimy dungeon area that would attract those to try and delve into it for this treasure like he did. For him the treasure was this new form and once he had finished everything off he leaned back his huge form and once more went to work on his new shaft, letting out a loud gurgling of contentment as he stroked himself while his legs melted into a puddle…

Some time later, though for Aleo it didn’t matter, his senses were alerted to the presence of another. He had been resting in his puddle to recharge and with the potential threat of an attack he quickly swam up to reform himself once more. Already he could hear a voice as his gooey form surged upwards, his head morphing back to its dragonborn state as it stretched out in an impossibly wide yawn. His heavily muscled torso followed soon after and once he had mostly reconstituted himself he looked to see what had disturbed him from his rest. To his surprise he found it was not one of the other dungeon monsters that it usually was but an elf standing there, a torch in one hand and his drawn sword in the other.

“What manner of slime is this?” the elf said in confusion as he took a step back, the light from his torch glinting off the green semi-translucent gel of the gooey dragonborn that was still swirling about.

“A slime that does not appreciate you interrupting his nap,” Aleo replied, getting his hands ready to engulf this creature like he had done before to others that attempted to attack him. Unlike the rest this one actually took a second to talk to him before seeing his hulking ten foot form and immediately unleashing sword and spell.

“It can talk!”

“I can do a lot of things,” Aleo said with a grin as he shifted forward, his goo swelling around him as he gave the clearly confused elf a smirk. “If you want we can fight, or you can just submit and we can try something that I’ve been wanting to do for quite some time.”

Before the elf could respond he leaned back and flexed his powerful muscles while growing out his cock and letting it flop there in front of the adventurer. The confusion quickly turned to interest and as he swallowed hard Aleo bet he would have another slime to guard this place soon. After all if you can’t beat them, join them…

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