

# 2B SOME LEGGINGS

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Perhaps it was something a little silly for a pair of adult women to participate in, but it really had not stopped the adventurer pair. Limsa Lominsa had come alive with activity that day for a yearly festival held in celebration of pirates of all things, for treaties had been drafted and agreed to in recent years that had turned the practice of pirating from an existential threat to the community to one that everyone could benefit from.

Besides, with how the world had been trending recently, there was no harm in having some more festivities afoot, was there? It was a small little event centered around, fittingly, a treasure hunt. A plethora of toy chests had been scattered about the city, each containing a unique treasure that would fall under the ownership of whomever found it. Considering those prizes ranged from Gil to clothing and weapons, you could only imagine it drew in more than children.

Dreah, the Au Ra Dragoon, was just one of the pair consisting of herself and a Miqu'te thief named S'aiya that had signed up together. While she had no doubt that her friend was seeking to sell literally anything she could get her hands on, Dreah herself was more interested in the adventure of the hunt. Based on stories she'd heard from the year before, no shortage of imaginative and fun places throughout Limsa had been utilized as hiding spots, and if this wasn't a good opportunity to test the instincts she'd honed through experience, then what *would* be?

**“We’ve been at it for twenty minutes and we still haven’t found a single one? So much for my adventuring senses...”** Evidently, things weren't going *that* well. The first eighteen minutes had gone so poorly that her partner had proposed they temporarily split up to cover

more ground, and even in the two minutes of running down streets and peering into alleys that had followed, the Au Ra hadn't exactly had the best of luck. Anxious as she was, she couldn't help but think S'aiya had probably found several in her absence, blaming herself and her 'bad luck' for why nothing could be found.

S'aiya's luck, in the meantime, had been just as poor.



But just when things had seemed to be the bleakest, a beacon of hope appeared. **“Oh! Is that?”** After ducking into a *very* dark alleyway that was quite a ways off the main street, she stumbled upon a steel chest in the very back. It was bright blue with gold trim, and she wasted no time in opening it because it could *only* be one of the chests for the festival!

Once opened, though, it didn't really feel like she'd been rewarded. A flash of bright, white light had shone from within, piercing his skin and sending a vibration through her body – something that *should* have been cause for concern. That is, if her mind had actually *registered* it. Instead, she was left confused by the absence of any goods within the chest. **“Huh? Wh-What was that light then? Something must have created it...”**

That something being an object within the chest, right? Light didn't just appear out of nowhere? At least not in a *normal* chest, but this *wasn't* a normal chest. It was a special type of Mimic that preyed upon the life essence of others, in turn transforming them into an item that would continue to exist as its contents. A flash of light was how it got *that* done, but Dreah was so far ignorant to its influence.

Even though there were signs forming as she displayed her confusion at the chest's lack of contents. She could hardly be faulted for not noticing though – the process itself was developed in a way to prevent the victim from noticing before it was too late, so that the Mimic's effects would not lead to alerting anyone of its presence before it was too late.

It was an unconventional space that was affected first anyways. Useful as they were, the horns of an Au Ra weren't exactly traits that they could *feel* unless explicitly touched because they were well, horns. Hollowed as they were, they were essentially the ears of the race – their presence unsuspecting unless given a reason to think of them.

And so, subtle and slow as it crept in, she really *didn't* think anything about them. Not as the horns darkened to black beyond her notice, and certainly not as they, even stranger still, began to *sag* on the sides of her head. In a way they looked like balloons deflating, ultimately dangling down to touch her shoulders. Not only loose, but incredibly soft, almost like they were made of cloth or even latex.

**“I feel a little weak... That’s strange?”** ‘A little’ was something of an understatement though, because she’d stumbled off to the side and was holding herself upright through the grace of her hand on the wall beside her alone. Considering her Dragoon job pursuit, she was a very fit and powerful young woman. But it felt like all of that strength had just been sapped out of her flesh, leaving her a husk that had trouble even standing.

She shook her head and noted internally that she felt lightheaded. Little did she know that the sense of it was more *literal* than she had intended. In fact, the black, silken glow from her sagging horns had bled into her hair, corruption each strand and weaving them both together and against her scalp, so that ultimately she appeared *bald*. Bald, with a head of black nylon – face notwithstanding.

Had she an audience, they undoubtedly would have been freaked out by Dreah’s current state. But whatever it was that was plaguing her flesh and blood, it wasn’t satiated settling on her head alone. Whether it was the tips of her fingers or the tips of her toes, the same look, color, and texture began to creep inward towards the center of her body, in turn rapturing her clothes and blending them into her very being at the exact same time.

The gaps between fingers and toes were bridges by more nylon, and yet despite how plush they all looked, her ability to stand nor support her weight against the wall were not yet compromised, not even as it crept into her legs and arms. That was because what lurked below the layer of skin was still flesh and blood *for the time being*. The phenomenon soon traveled into her chest and loins though, and once it did her breaths grew raspy. **“This...? Something... is... wrong...?”** She just felt so compromised physically. Was she sick? Slowly, her head began to tilt downwards.

As the nylon ran through her pelvic area, the lips of her pussy found themselves bound together and her pubes assimilated into black – while in the rear her ass suffered a similar binding. They remained obscured briefly, but before long her short, white skirt was suctioned in against it and became one with the ‘flesh’, making it seem like her body was naked from the waist down. It technically *was*, but *wasn't* at the exact same time.

## Are clothes *technically* naked?

Not that her torso fared any better. As her top tightened against her frame just as every other garment had, it became easy to see the state of her once pronounced features. Her belly button had been erased for one, but her breasts? While remaining their perky selves for the time being, nipples had been erased so that their fronts were completely bare. In fact, nylon breasts were the first thing her eyes noticed once her head finally, weakly pointed down.

**“What the—MMPH!? MMPH! MMMMM—!?”** Dreah’s heart felt as if it had skipped a million beats, but she was powerless to vocalize her distress despite now having realized what had happened. She couldn’t make *sense* of it, but she could at least *see* it. From head to toe, she looked like a woman made of clothing – and that had finally spread into her face.

A chemically taste had filled her mouth, and no sooner than it had her tongue had frozen up and the back of her mouth was filled with something soft. Lips sealed not long after, leaving her incapable of opening her mouth whatsoever. It plagued her eyes and nose too, and briefly Dreah found herself unable to see *or* breathe. All she could sense was the beating of her heart, and even that was slowing... and slowing... until it came to a *complete* halt.

She would have had plenty of reason to assume she had just died if not for the fact that her vision had returned, and with an unthinkable abundance. Her range of sight had amplified exponentially, so much that it was disorienting at first. It took her a moment to figure it out, but she was eventually able to piece together an assumption: *I can see throughout all of my body!?* That seemed to be the case, because she could even see the brick wall she was propped up against through her hand. This allowed her to explore the transformed state of her body from every angle.

It also made the fact that she was falling all the more terrifying. The hand that had been holding her against the wall suddenly let go, and her body began to tilt forward towards the open chest that had presumably caused this all in the first place. But her hand? It hadn’t let go voluntarily. *Both* of her arms were sagging vacantly at her sides, at least until her torso absorbed them so that she was entirely armless.

The answer to the question ‘*Can I still feel pain like this?*’ came swiftly, for her head crunched against the inside of the chest, bending her neck in a way that would have probably snapped it under normal circumstances. But these *weren’t* normal circumstances, and her head

was in fact going the way of her arms. All of its contents, being bones or otherwise, softened into obscurity, leaving the loose nylon of both her head and horns to be absorbed into her torso.

And little by little, this continued to trend downwards – or perhaps *upwards* since her feet were high in the air. From an observer’s point of view, it almost looked like the plush torso was being vored by the chest as she fell deeper and deeper into its maw. In the end, the only thing that existed of Dreah was her legs; everything from the tops of her thighs right down to the merged tips of her torso.

Both legs fit neatly in the chest, and despite being separated from each other, the Au Ra could still see and feel through both areas at once. *I don’t want this! I don’t... I don’t...* Her thoughts seemed to reverberate between the two of them though. Like everything else they emptied, growing entirely hollow from one end to the next as a leather trim rounded out their peaks, and ultimately rested flat on the chest’s bottom as the door closed on top of her.

Left alone in the darkness, Dreah didn’t know how much time had passed. She just knew that she had been reduced into a pair of leggings, and she had absolutely no idea how it had happened or *how* to reverse it. Just when she thought all hope had been lost though, the chest opened once more, and a pair of slitted eyes peered down at her. While she had no face to express it with, for the first time in what felt like forever she washed over with relief.

The one peering down at her was S’aiya after all! There was hope that she might— **“A pair of leggings? Kinda a weird thing to include. I wonder if they fit?”** All of her hope was dashed away the moment the thief had opened her mouth and stepped away. She could hear the sound of her companion pulling off her boots and pants from beyond the chest’s confines. Was she really stripping down in *public*?

But no, this boded *very* poorly for her! Not only did S’aiya not realize that she was Dreah, but she was going to *put her on*!? Lo and behold, a hand reached down and grabbed both ‘parts’ of her – and it was in that moment that the leggings realized something. Her nylon body



was so incredibly sensitive, enough that even being held made her shudder conceptually. *Oh no... this is bad.*

Pleasures built as S'aiya's calloused fingers pulled her body between them, stretching them so that they could fit around her feet. She could only put on one legging at a time of course, and the right one was pulled up high past her knees, leather bands ultimately slapping against tanned thighs and making them ripple.

Not only did it feel *good* to be wrapped around a leg, to be stretched so thing, but sensually it was a more encompassing scenario than she had expected it to be. She couldn't *smell*, per se, but she could *taste*. The flavor of her companion's skin, the taste of the beads of sweat, the flavor of her shampoo. It all blended in a way that added to the experience. And when the Miqo'te took a step forwards to apply the other leg? The jiggling movement of the leg she was already bound to served to bring her close to a conceptual orgasm.

**“Wow, they actually fit perfectly. Still a strange thing to put in a chest in a competition where so many kids are participating, though.”**

The band slapped against the flesh of her second thing, leaving DreaH to bask in several bursts of bliss when she next walked over to her discarded clothes and bent forward to pick them up off the alley path. At this very moment DreaH began to feel warm. Very, very warm. And the flesh she was wrapped around? Why, it almost felt more ample than it had been a second before.



It was. Not only had S'aiya's thighs thickened, but the ass above had pushed out to be nice and round, like a big bubble that protruded with ridiculous abundance. Almost like it belonged to a different woman altogether, especially with tanned cheeks lightening to a pale white... almost like the android these leggings once belonged to. But as the pair would find?

*It would be more than just the ass that became like that android's before all was said and done.*