



Epsi @EpsiMoo · 11h

adventurer gets caught in a dungeon trap, can't move/escape, only source of food is a dripping liquid from the floor above - turns out it's slimes, and they slowly are transforming into a mother slime

Contains: Slime TF, hyper expansion, breast expansion, lactation, limb loss, unwilling TF, identity death, pregg, oviposition

Was it an actual trap, a spell or is there any lifeform close?

Riley should be able to tell, it's not the first time she's fell for a trap, but she always gets out! However none of her tricks are doing it right now. She has tried everything, but no matter what she can't move her limbs.

The trap clasped her from both ceiling and floor, aiming directly and perfectly locking her hands and feet ending up in a X position blocking the passage. Normally this would be no problem for such a skilled adventurer, and yet... She refuses to accept she's out of her depth.

The light coming from the small dungeon windows lets her know the sun is quickly setting. The corridor is apparently empty and cold. Her arms and legs are getting tired of being in the same position for so long. She's also tired of trying to get out. Will this really be the end...?

Dungeons ARE dangerous, especially alone, but at the very least SOMEONE is bound to find her soon enough, right? She just has to endure for a while.

The next morning— well, she couldn't tell the second she fell asleep, and what wakes her up is a heavy drop falling right on her nose. It was so like a raindrop she felt like this dungeon fiasco was a dream, but no— As she opens her eyes, she's stuck in the same corridor and same trap.

After so many hours in the same uncomfortable position, she can't really feel her toes and hands anymore. It wasn't ever possible to wriggle them inside the trap, it's like they were cast inside concrete, and after the pain from discomfort became a tingle, it turned into numbness.

Groggy and all, she takes a while to realize the drop wasn't regular water. No, it's a more viscous liquid, it hangs from her nose almost like snot before dropping to the ground.

That's where Riley can see its color as she looks down... A translucent green, shining a bit thanks to the sunrise light.

It wouldn't be that much of a big deal if another drop didn't fall on top of her head now. It's cold and startling. It sticks to her hair and gets lost inside it.

"Great, just great, like I wasn't uncomfortable enough already." She musters sarcastically, trying to make sense of what's going on.

She can tell it's a creature looming over her— Something at the very least alive, and even if it's hostile, it's better than nothing!

Is she confident she can fight a hostile monster while completely immobile and exhausted? Well, she has to be. She quiets out her own fear, she knows some foes smell and revel on it.

However the dripping doesn't stop. She can hear some movement around and she doesn't realize it's truly making her nervous. She pants in uncertainty, looking at all possible sides around, yet still feeling the drops on her hair, forehead and nose.

After an hour or so, she feels partially wet. She can't see herself but her hair is damp and her face is splattered with goo.

It must be a full 24 hours since she got herself in the trap and the only thing that can be heard in the passageway is the drops, her panting and most of all her stomach growling. She's starving, scared and defenseless.

The worst part is that, with her mouth as dry as it inevitably got after so long without a drink, the goo is starting to look tempting. Gulping, Riley had already spent the best part of the past hour resisting the temptation to open her mouth as the next drop comes in.

It was so, so hard to resist and soon enough, she caved in.

The second the goo touches her tongue, a ripple of pleasure travels through her enough to make her moan loudly, arch her back and gulp, gulp, gulp desperately— Not only is it the liquid her body was yearning for, what she previously thought was a disgusting toxic sludge from the ceiling now proves to be sweet syrupy goodness!

Her tongue dances around inside her mouth happily as her eyes roll back and she tastes the incredibly tasty and stimulating food. Once she runs out of it inside, her tongue searches for all the trails of it around her mouth and once she runs out of that too, she pants again, "Mmhh, please... Give me more, I need more!"

The frequency of the drops stays the same even after her pleas, she eagerly waits for the next delicious, slippery, nourishing, arousing, wonderful big drop of goo. Her mouth is open, her tongue is so eager to taste it that she could swear it's even longer now to reach further parts of her face and neck. She drinks every single drop that comes after, completely obsessed with it, making as many embarrassing sounds and faces as she wants— She quickly forgets the situation she's in, since her only hope is for other adventurers to find her and help her out, there's truly nothing else to do about it.

She loses track of time— Or maybe she stops caring, stops being able to comprehend it, because she can still see and feel the outside light, it's just so unimportant! All she needs is nourishment now, her body hungers for it.

Drop by drop after many hours, maybe days, Riley should technically be fully hydrated and even full, considering the nutrients in the goo. Thanks to the pleasure from the goo she's very aware of her torso, her head— Especially erogenous zones, she can tell her groin is completely soaked, her nipples have been hard enough that feeling her own clothes against them was deliciously painful, and her long tongue and lips feel so sensitive, completely activated by the goo.

Other than being fed, she's dying to have someone or something touch her. But since she can only focus on drinking, she's at the mercy of anything else happening in or to her body— Which quickly proves to be very unsettling— Maybe it's been happening for a while now, but she's suddenly able to feel her belly so filled up it's struggling to stay inside her clothes, and her breasts also so much bigger that her leather armor is being pushed out, a bit more everytime she swallows a drop.

It's unnerving, she doesn't like it, but she can't stop drinking. She's caught every single drop since the first one she tried and she feels something similar to a full body sweat, but even beyond that... Well, if there was any bystander they would be able to see how Riley's body is sweating thick goo, her skin turning green.

Meanwhile she's still busy with her engorging body parts— "Ah, ah, it's— GULP— it's ripping a-apaaart!" She says wishing finally for release of her huge belly, now extremely tense and bubbling under her shirt. "C-come ooon, ahhh, AAHH!"

With a loud RRRRIP!! both her shirt and armor snapped out of her body, flying over her line of sight and freeing her torso, showing impossibly giant tits, both of which start immediately lactating, spraying the same goo she's been drinking all along, in the relief of being free.

Even her now thick nipples are so sensitive that the liquid coming out of her is incredibly pleasurable as well. Riley squirms as the vibrations from her lactating tits feel even more stimulating than a pair of lips sucking on them.

Her growing belly quickly steals the spotlight as its size multiplies, green skin expanding to the point where Riley's entire body wobbles like a water bed, noise included, goo sweat dripping so often now it sounds like it's raining in the passageway.

Riley feels like a giant water balloon, an aroused, hypnotized, immobilized giant water balloon. This should make her feel horrified enough to kill any arousal but it's impossible, she gets pleasure unlike anything else when she drinks a drop, and now even with all the goo in her system she doesn't need to drink it to feel that level of ecstasy. It is even so good to wiggle around and feel that wobble, it makes her huge tits spray goo-milk like crazy.

Something in the back of her mind makes her know these changes are not for nothing, but as soon as she fully realizes it, a new part of her takes control in her mind.

She hadn't thought about her limbs in a good while now, and she won't need to ever again. One last drop down her throat and she feels something shift, her weight dragging her body down, her arms giving in and turning to elastic goo that fails to support her upright. She melts down, arms and legs reabsorbed into her quasi-liquid body as it falls to the ground.

With a splatter her huge, round fat voluptuous body, belly and breasts hit the ground leaving enormous amounts of goo everywhere, on the walls and flooring, as her landing directly on her pussy drives her over the orgasm she was being teased towards.

"AAAAHHH I'M CUMMING SO HARDDDDD YESSSS!!!" she yells at full force, shamelessly in such contrast for a woman that just lost all her extremities.

Well, she's no longer a human woman, and those are likely her very last words, because her next sounds are just— "G-gloop!"

She gloops many more times as she shifts her increasingly shapeless body. She still is vaguely humanoid— Her tits and belly are unmistakably so— but her skin is getting lost in the sweat, her mouth is closing and reopening as if it had to make itself everytime she gasps or tries to speak, or still tries to drink the goo, only being able to bob her long green tongue around like a proboscis.

At some point it's not even herself who's controlling the movement, the ripples and wobbling inside her. Her belly is so big it makes her take up almost the entire hallway, it feels warm and crowded inside. She could technically move and leave the dungeon like this, but why would she?

Her head slowly caves in joining in with the blob that her body has become, leaving only a pair of big eyes and the one inconsistent mouth shape she struggles to keep open with her tongue.

Few seconds pass as another orgasm she's unable to voice or yell about comes in as her pussy spreads open, at this point the pressure inside is so intense her vagina immediately pushes out a huge egg. The pushing while spasming is not easy and not even under her control, she's tired and her boobs spray jets and jets of goo while she gives birth as a new Slime Broodmother.

She can hear the egg roll around a bit in the pool of slime around her, but she doesn't have any time to rest when the second one comes in. It's as intense as the first time! It's bigger than even a baby's head— It should be impossible for any human to push that out, but yeah, Riley's no longer human, maybe not even there anymore.

Whoever it is there now, it's having waves after waves of mind-blowing pleasure, the reward for giving in and drinking the transforming goo, for laying all those eggs and soon enough feeding her new slime babies.

The Slime Broodmother makes this passage her new nest, providing nourishing goo for her babies, perpetually pregnant with eggs, a huge monster who's permanently lost in her own pleasure.

At some point even the trap that started all of this just... Disappears and relocates somewhere else in the dungeon, waiting for another adventurer.