

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH3: (UNFORTUNATE) MIMICRY

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“Ugh, how did all of our stuff end up tossed down here? Don’t tell me some monsters moved it...”

When everyone else in Laios’ party had split up that morning to prepare for their trip back to the surface, Chilchuck had opted for what he assumed would be the *easiest* task to complete. Fighting the red dragon the day before, followed by Falin’s resurrection, had left their supplies scattered because the dragon had destroyed part of the building that they’d been using at the time. It had made sense that the bags that housed their spare clothes and tools would then be nearby that building, so he figured he could just run down the street and grab them.

Unfortunately for the half-foot, that hadn’t been the case. Nothing had been at the scene of the ‘crime’, but wolf tracks had been present. He’d managed to track them all the way into an alleyway where there weren’t any signs of any wolves. But his party’s bags were all in the very back of the alley... in front of a *treasure chest*. **“Tsk. Of all the things...”**

To the uninformed? A treasure chest was just that: a treasure chest. But Chilchuck was seasoned enough when it came to the dungeon that he could consider another possibility. **“Is there a damned mimic in there?”** A crab-like monster that preyed on adventurers who dare draw close. The short man had something of a *history* with mimics to the point where he had trauma.

It was all just a little too perfect. He hadn’t seen any chests on this floor, yet here rested one behind the bags he’d been looking for? He didn’t trust it all. But he also recognized that he didn’t have any choice but to

approach. “**I guess so long as I don’t disturb it, it’ll probably be fine. I should stay light on my feet to make certain.**”



He heaved an incredibly deep sigh before he began to tiptoe down the alleyway. There weren’t many *traps* on this floor, but he was being a little cautious of the ground. A nearby tree had blown leaves all over it, so before each step he kicked some away to make sure the cobblestone underneath was still present without any signs of a trap. This went smoothly, and before long he was within arms reach of the bags.

But that was when his problems began. His fear of the treasure chest provoked him into stepping forward too hastily without checking the leaves, which led to— “**CRAP!?**” Leaves were tossed into the air as the floor rose up around him. No, that wasn’t quite the case? Four short walls had closed around his legs, no taller than his waist. “**Wait, is this a... chest?**” From the outside it was hard to tell, but by leaning over to see, the casing did resemble the chest at the alley’s back.

The obvious response to this ‘trap’ was to just step out of it, but the impossibility of this act was immediately relayed to him. He couldn’t lift his feet at all; something was holding them down. “**What the—!?** **Eugh!**” He looked straight down to find what looked like slimy, red *tentacles* grabbing his ankles. They were excreting some sort of sticky liquid that was burning away his boots. “**Let go of me!**” They looked like they were coming *out* of the chest he was standing in. No, the whole bottom of the chest was growing red and... grossly warm.

Making matters worse? The half-foot himself had yet to realize, but his now bare feet had *bonded* to this warm, red bottom. Before long, they would be *consumed* by it up to his ankles. He couldn’t seem to shake his feet at all in the meantime and began to look for *other* ways to try and escape the chest. But just as he was about to grab the nearest edge of the box? He managed to hesitate just in time. “**EH!?**”

Had he been able to, he definitely would have jumped backward in that moment. A sound not all that dissimilar to a spike trap activating rung out, and alongside the edges of the chest? Numerous *teeth* stuck out, at least six inches long and even lining the lid behind him. “**What kind of trap is this thing!?**” Considering the mimics of the dungeon were crabs, it hadn’t even struck him that a mimic could still be the answer. They typically had ways to lure victims in, and well...

That ‘tool’ had yet to be created, but the process had begun. It was just difficult to proceed, seeing as that ‘tool’ was clad from head to ankle in

adventuring clothes. Still, it could be seen in Chilchuck's face, as well as the exposed skin around his wrists. The pigmentation of his skin was changing, and any unnecessary hair was falling out of its follicles as it did so. For a brief moment? It almost appeared that he was taking on a bronze tan, but... No, it was way too *orange*. Closer to an actual copper than anything else, while the hue of his brown hair reddened a touch.

His eyes even began to *literally* glow a bright green.

“No, this isn't a trap. It's a...” But as panicked as he had been at *first*, a strange calm set over him as he observed the teeth again. They weren't there to *hurt* him, right. They were there to *protect* him. “...*Home*.” A word he muttered prior to a big yawn. One that was the first of many as a great fatigue appeared to settle into his face's expression. Mind you, this wasn't the only thing that ended up settling into that face.

As a half-foot, Chilchuck had always had something of a babyface. It was just an irrefutable fact of life for him, but he had always counted his blessings that his masculinity was still obvious. And that was where the problems began as far as his face was concerned, because an obvious tilt of femininity was applied, softening those features so that he came to resemble a young woman more than a man. Plump, kissable lips between round cheeks and big eyes also made him appear *older*. Even though his approximate age remained the same.

Similarly, the length and style of the man's reddish brown mane were altered to better match this new face of his. His short cut grew out quickly and abundantly, spilling well over his shoulders and down his back, turning thick and curly in the process. Contrastingly, however? The pubes around his dick were ultimately erased, leaving him utterly bald within his pants.

“What was I...?” His feet now one with the slimy red base of the chest, he wobbled back and forth as the tentacles attached to that base grew and multiplied around him. But he seemed to be in some kind of *trance*, no longer concerned about his position – or what was even happening to his body for that matter. If he *was* concerned, he likely would have noticed how he was growing.

His meager (yet normal for a half-foot) height of 3'7" was rapidly shooting upwards, clothing tightening around his form as sticky tentacles occasionally grabbed on to tear it off and expose more and more of his copper skin. He shot up all the way to 5'3", filling out much more of the base of the chest than he had previously. But with his body mostly naked aside from some tatters now?

The sight of his remaining masculinity becoming *obsolete* was plain to see. Perhaps the transformation thus far had been subconsciously stimulating, because at first his bald dick had stood at full mast. Yet that mast rapidly shrunk, its girth becoming inconsequential until it finally pushed in *against her* pelvis and inversed into a moist and needy pussy.

At that moment, something akin to an *instinct* woke within her. One that desired to fill that new hole for *sustenance's* sake. Still in a daze, the woman looked around the alley with confusion. Was there anything around to *eat*? It didn't look like it, and so she just let out another yawn. Some food probably would have put some spring in her step! ...If she'd still had feet, anyways.

But Chilchuck *did* still have legs. Legs that were longer, but also legs that were becoming much, *much* thicker. The woman's thighs bloated nicely in particular, tightening hairless, orange skin around them as they pushed her hips wider in tandem with an ass that filled to the utmost limit. Both cheeks burgeoned out with a seductive sway that would hardly get much use... seeing as she was bound to a box and all.

“*Hmm...*” Glowing, green eyes that were still droopy with fatigue looked down at herself. Her body was sticky and naked from the tentacles lashing against it, but she was momentarily fixated on the state of her chest, giving her head a tilt. What had once been flat *wasn't* any longer. Small breasts had emerged with full, perky nipples, and they only jiggled more as that weight swelled out into a pair of perky *D-cups* that soon found themselves massaged by one of *her* tentacles. Just as one was squeezing a thigh, and another was slithering between the cheeks of her ass.

It was all quite indecent, which made it somewhat humorous that two tentacles had reached out to explore the alley for *clothing*. One grabbed an old, tattered white crop top that was slid over the *monster's* head and arms, while another found a pair of broken, circular glasses to push onto her nose. It made no sense for her to wear anything at a glance, but if it was to make her seem more *human*, then...

All part of a trap.

There was no longer any motivation to escape the chest on the part of the attractive, bespectacled *mimic* woman, but this was largely because she didn't see the chest as something *to* escape. From its walls to its lid, to the razor sharp teeth that lined its edges; it was all part of her body and could be counted as her home. Why would she desire to leave? “**Rather – YAWN – I'm quite sleepy.**”

After stretching upwards, lifting the raggedy cloth that covered her tits high enough that you could see her nipples, her body began to fold downward so that she was lowered into the base of the chest and the lid that was affixed to her head slowly came down as well. She didn't quite understand why she was in this alley, but she didn't care either. Mimics were simple creatures that only sought to survive, and she could live a long time without nourishment.



Of course, this mimic wasn't a conventional mimic for the dungeon. She didn't look like a crab at all, and what she fed on? Well, it was the life force of adventurers. Men, women, it didn't matter. She would pull them into her chest and copulate with them until they were drained. That's why all the tentacles that poured out around her existed. To restrain anyone she was lucky enough to catch.

But that was neither here nor there anymore. She let loose another big yawn while the lid was close to closing. Still, within the little crack that remained you could still make out her glowing, green eyes. **"I wonder how long it will take for more food? It doesn't matter... I'm ready for a long nap."** Maybe she'd tease her own flesh with her tentacles for a bit first though.

Was that why the closed chest began to shake!?