

THE SLIME'S TREASURE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm~! So, this is where those humans are gathering?”

It had been a long journey, but the treasure slime that had once been known as the merchant, Anna, had finally made it to what appeared to be a human camp. Even after being transported into a mere treasure-absorbing monster deep in those ruins, the creature’s fundamental personality hadn’t really changed all that much. She was still just as fixated on making a profit as ever. The conclusion that she had come to after making that trip was just that she had far too much ground to cover for a single slime, though.

The continent was *large*, and there were business opportunities waiting for her all over. She may have been a slime whose lifespan significantly dwarfed the lifespan of any mortal, but it was still exhausting to go from place to place. Why not ‘hire’ helpers, then? If she had more individuals working under her, then they could all explore different corners of the world! That was how humans operated, no?

Of course, the issue was finding compatible humans. From the slime’s understanding, they would usually serve those that compensated them properly. That was no issue, but humans wouldn’t typically serve monsters – which was a much more dramatic hurdle to overcome. There was also the matter of finding the right people *to* help. She had been sneaking around the camp as a puddle of golden slime to stay out of sight, but no one had really stuck out to her. Not to mention they kept moving in *groups*.

But then she found someone. The *perfect* potential ‘employee’. The creature had found a beautiful human woman dancing. There was a

confidence *to* that dance. She was clearly skilled at her craft and have every right to be proud. But whenever she stopped to take a break? Her demeanor crumbled and she became outwardly nervous, muttering to herself to chastise her own routine. It was a shame, because the slime could see it. If she just channeled that confidence she showed while dancing, she would be the *perfect* underling—Erm, *employee*.

Since there were no other humans around, however, she could likely make do with this. Quietly, she reformed the gold that made up her body into the same gorgeous, humanoid form she'd possessed after waking from her 'slumber' within the treasure chest. And then, she spoke. **"Hello there, gorgeous~!"** The slime's words were both playful and confident.

But to the pink-haired dancer that believed she had been alone, Olivia, she had been taken off guard. **"H-Hm!?"** The woman's anxiety *certainly* wasn't alleviated when she turned towards the source of the voice only to find a woman that *definitely* wasn't human. Her body glistened with gold and jiggled with even slightest of movements. That wasn't flesh and blood, it was more akin to... **"A slime!?"**

Olivia had never seen one before. They were a species of monster so rare within Ylisse that there were only ever spoken of in legends. They were malleable creatures that could mimic the shapes of humans, but according to those stories they also weren't very intelligent. Had she misheard, then? There was no way a creature like that could speak in the human tongue, right?



"Oh, don't give me that look! I'm a monster, sure, but I don't want to hurt you~! I'd just like to help with your little confidence issue! I have a secret weapon if you'd like to give it a try!" She wanted to help her with her 'confidence issue'? How long had she been observing her to realize that she had a problem like that? Or maybe it had just been *that* obvious in the first place? Regardless, the

human didn't know how a slime could help with something like that!

Unfortunately, Olivia's lack of confidence extended to her social skills. **"I-I mean, if you wanted to... I don't know how you could help..."** She probably shouldn't have entertained a monster like that, but because of her anxiety, she had a bad habit of saying the things she believed people wanted to hear. Apparently, that extended to the things *golden slimes* wanted to hear as well.

The slime smiled. **"Fufu! Perfect!"** She raised one of her palms, and a physical object manifested on top of it. Slime that hardened into a golden coin, as if born from the monster's own body. **"Catch~!"** It tossed the coin in Olivia's direction, and Olivia reflexively caught it between both of her hands as if she was clapping. She hadn't been sure if she should expect a coin made from slime to feel hard or sticky, but ultimately?

It had been the latter. When she opened her hands once more, cold, golden slime was stuck to both palms and she had to separate them. She didn't want to sound rude by saying that it was *gross*, but it definitely wasn't a pleasant feeling. She ultimately stared down at the golden splotches on her hand. **"I don't understand... How is this supposed to... H-Hey!?"** But when Olivia looked back up at where the slime had been, it was gone!? **"What...?"**

The treasure slime wasn't *actually* gone, though. It had just reduced itself into a hard-to-spot puddle. It wanted to observe without having to do the back and forth any longer. Its idea of finding employees wasn't a matter of just hiring humans, no. It would be easier if those employees became a *part* of her as well. That way she could *always* keep an eye on them!

Olivia was given no choice but to turn her attention back to the goop on her palms, which she quickly realized had... spread? Not only had it covered her palms, but it had slithered around her fingers and swallowed her fingernails while she'd searched for the slime. **"Wh-Why is it spreading!?"** Common sense suggested trying to wipe it off even though both hands were covered, but when she tried to do as much? There was the uncanny sight and sensation of her hands *merging together*. **"EH!?"**

She'd assumed that the shimmering, golden goop had just been *stuck* to her hands, but as they'd merged into a dripping blob, she couldn't feel any bones or flesh, and when she pulled them back in a panic? They reformed into their original shapes. **"Wh-What's happening to meeee!?"** She had to find that slime woman! The slime had begun to creep up her arms, and now that she was aware of it? She could *feel* her flesh, blood, and bones melting to become one with it.

And yet? Olivia's arms began to move to an unheard rhythm as if she was dancing, only hastening the spread up to her shoulders. Why was she doing that? She hadn't *intended* on doing that! But she also couldn't stop! **"Why are my arms...? S-Stop, please!"** The motion aside, she didn't like how it *felt*. Her arms were moving like they were still flesh and blood, but they weren't. They didn't exactly hold their shapes like normal limbs did, and their semi-solid, gelatine-like forms jiggled oddly with every swaying motion as the decorations on her arms sunk *into* them.

But it also tied up the dancer's hands so that she couldn't properly address that spread of gold from her shoulders into her torso. Not that there was anything she *could* reasonably do. If touching her hands together had led to them merging, would touching parts of her body that had remained uncovered lead to them getting slimed as well? Would it have just made things worse? Was she just supposed to sit there and *suffer* through it?

"I need to go get help, n-not dance!" Alas, Olivia's feet weren't being anymore cooperative. They hadn't been affected by the slime, at least not yet, but they felt *paralyzed*. And so, she could do nothing but stare down as the gold dripped over her chest and down her back. The feeling of it seeping into her breasts beneath her white dancer cloth was *strange*, but what was even stranger was the sight of that golden ooze beginning to seep *through* the cloth. **"H-Huh!?"**

No! It wasn't like her breasts had become wet and so the fabric was sticking to them. The sizes of her softened breasts were *growing* as if more slime had been gathering there now that they were completely covered. Rather than push her top away, this new size grew *around* the cloth, and her top began to sink *into* her body from both the front and the back while her heart rate slowed to a standstill – namely because her heart had become little more than a slime's core beneath a pair of *G-cup* tits that remained their shapes despite their increased size and altered texture.

"My *tits* are so *huge*!" For the first time since her body had begun to change, not only did Olivia *not* stutter but she even threw in some choice words that she *definitely* wouldn't have used prior. Referring to any element of her body in such a crude way would never have crossed her mind before, and yet not only had it slipped out... but the woman herself hadn't even thought that it was all that strange. She was distracted by other things, like the golden jello tits upon her chest that jiggled wildly with every waving of her arms, and the clothing her slime torso had absorbed that had almost entirely been absorbed within her.

What remained of what cloth pulled the rest into her increasingly slime-dominated body by the time it coated and transformed her tummy. Even though her new breasts were strangely left *without* nipples, the indentation of her bellybutton remained while the goop wrapped around her hips, pelvis, and ass. “**Hey!?**” The once meek woman cried out *angrily* when those hips were forced to widen a number of inches, but at the same time they no longer contained bones that might have made the process uncomfortable.

On the other hand, any hair above her pubes was erased from her pelvis and her pussy eventually became sealed by golden slime so that she was *completely* smooth down there. That said, much like her nipples, she could make it reappear if she concentrated – she just didn’t have any knowledge about how to control her body’s shape just yet. Behind her, the golden goo ended up coating her ass crack too, but as her cheeks ballooned with added weight, the deepened indentation of that crack still remained. It was just sealed *within*. The clothing around this area met the same fate as everything else, swallowed by her golden body.

Despite Olivia’s legs not moving *at all* when she had wanted to, she found herself *incapable* of keeping them still the moment the slime dribbled down her thighs to begin painting her legs in gold. “**Now my feet as well? Hah!**” Was this something to laugh about? Probably not, but she couldn’t seem to stop herself while her thighs jiggled until they were several inches thicker to coincide with the new heft of her ass. She was shaking her increasingly wobbly legs, spinning around to play into the dance she was putting on even after her feet digested her sandals and she was left moving on golden slime feet that left vague residue on any blades of grass she stepped upon.

The woman no longer moved with uncertainty as her predominantly golden body, now effectively naked with her clothing consumed by the substance she was composed, jiggled with every movement of her dance. The old Olivia would have been far too scared to show off that much of her body, but she didn’t appear to really care any longer. That said, slime that had stopped at the base of her neck before finally climbed up her neck before spreading across her face and hair. “**COUGH! COUGH!**”

It was only natural that she’d gag and cough as it forced its way into her mouth and nostrils while the mold of her face was altered to become *sexier*. She was left with full lips, round cheeks, and a small nose, and before long her entire face seemed set on highlighting her femininity with an enhanced focus on sex appeal. Her eyes even glazed over with cold, distorting her vision for a moment before the slime that replaced her eyebrows replicated their shapes and functionality. Of course, her hair wasn’t at all spared from this and merged into goopy tendrils that

only resembled hair, reaching the center of her back while some drooped over her shoulders.

Perhaps it was because she was technically a monster now, but her slime-based ears passively shaped themselves into long, elven points too.

“Wait. Why am I even naked?” Olivia’s dance had yet to stop, but her motions did slow. Was she confirmed about being unclothed all of a sudden? Yes, but not because she had any *shame*. Instead, she was more concerned about appearing *off-putting* to the humans. All it took was a little bit of focus on her part to harden some of the slime around her limbs and collarbone to turn them into black, leather gloves and boots that covered her arms and legs in their entirety. She even conjured a pair of bunny ears and a red rose upon her collar! But wasn’t leaving her torso and crotch completely bare a little counterintuitive?

As the woman’s dance came to an end and her jiggling, golden limbs finally stilled, she felt a little *confused*. **“Why was I lacking in confidence before? I’m so talented! I’m so thankful that master was able to show me the light!”** Like when Anna had become the Treasure Slime, the new *Golden Bunny Slime* was equally as lost when it came to what her life had been before. Olivia’s passion for dancing had carried over, but that was just about it, really.



Of course, it helped that she was *connected* to her ‘master’. Who was, in practice, also her ‘client’ at this moment. **“You were looking for my services, weren’t you? You want to test me to see if I can help accumulate our wealth further?”** It almost seemed like the Golden Bunny was talking to thin air, but because she was technically ‘part’ of her, she could sense the presence of the Treasure Slime nearby.

And that slime reformed before long. **“Oh~? Is *that* the kind of ‘dancer’ you’ve become?”** When transforming humans into golden slime kin, there was only so much control she had over how they ultimately turned out. It seemed the Golden Bunny Slime, while sharing her love for money and treasure, saw her dancing as a tool to *earn* it through physical gratification. Both visually and... *physically*. Not that she minded at all. **“Well then, I’d *very* much like to put that to the test!”**

Even monsters had needs, after all.

The bunny girl licked her lips as the Treasure slime summoned a tall block of gold on top of her palm. But she then placed her other palm on top and pressed down, reforming the shape of the block into a *very* long and *very* thick dildo, just as rubbery as the real deal. All she had to do was dismiss her slime-based clothes and stick this dildo onto her pelvis, where it would function as a proper cock until she saw fit to remove it.

Destined to receive it, the Golden Bunny Slime could only gulp needily.

“It seems we’ll be having a very long and eventful night...”

And she was about to enjoy *every* moment of it!

“We’re both the kinds of slime that love to get our money’s worth, after all~!”