

Slime Knight's Plight

By Victor Waite

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A Patreon Vignette for Lore

Seychore belongs to Lore

Seychore delves deep into a dungeon in search of riches, but finds little more than scraps left by previous adventurers. Will she find anything of worth in those dank tunnels, or will she discover why no one goes down there anymore?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Slime, a Knightly Quest for Coin, Cartoon Physics, Squishing, Slime Inflation, Room-Filling Proportions

Faint and far-off drips of water echoed through the stone passages, offering a classic ambiance to the underground dungeon. Moss bloomed from between cracks in the ancient stonework and broke up drab grays and browns, and glowing mushrooms shed their neon light between pillars and torch-holes. The only other light in the dank and humid hall radiated from Seychore's lantern, banishing the shadows and filling gaps in her perception. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, her light revealed little extra. The dungeon's claustrophobic rooms had been sacked several times over, leaving little to nothing to justify her journey. The purple slime knight sighed to herself as the pattern held true room after room, searching for anything to make her journey worth the effort. The occasional gold coin and tattered scroll teased her with the promise of more, though in the back of her mind, she couldn't shake the feeling they were simply leftovers dropped by previous adventures. Still, she pressed on. Sunken costs were a powerful motivator, and if she managed to find the gear of some ill-fated party, it would cover her expenses. Her thoughts returned to her surroundings when she reached a fork in her path, a room with more than two entrances or exits. Seychore perused what appeared to be long-abandoned sleeping quarters, grazing for anything worth its weight, until empty shadows convinced her it was time to move on. She eyed her possible routes with appraisal and stretched her perceptions for information, striving to determine if one path bore a higher chance of treasure than the other. When her analysis returned nothing conclusive, she let chance make the choice for her.

The slime knight fished one of her few collected coins from a pouch on her armor, then pinched it between her gloved fingers. It glinted in the light of her torch for a brief instant before she tossed it into the air, letting it arc toward the ceiling and fall before snatching it to safety. A metallic clap echoed through the crumbling ruins when she slapped it to the top of her gauntlet, then unveiled its face. Seychore shrugged at the results, then set down her selected path with the rhythmic jingling of her armor. Her sword bounced at her hip with each step, glinting and ready for use, but enjoying its break. The slime knight found herself enjoying the lack of action as well, and her guard gradually lowered as she passed pillar after pillar. Her mind wandered back to her camp, until the soft grinding of stone rushed her back to reality. Adrenaline surged through her translucent figure as unseen mechanisms shuddered to life, tugging her senses in several directions until the walls trembled with impending motion. She leapt from the pressure plate with all the speed she could muster, but the ancient trap still proved several times faster. An earth-shaking boom reverberated through the dungeon as stone panels slammed together, leaving only a hair's width between them. The pistons sluggishly retracted a few seconds later, revealing a flattened knight and hopelessly crushed armor. The slime oozed from the wreckage of her gear, exposed and thoroughly pancaked, but otherwise fine. She squeezed her eyes shut and shrugged off the ringing in her ears, slowly reclaiming her senses to salvage her armor. Though reduced to scrap, it was nothing an experienced smith couldn't fix with enough time.

Despite the Seychore's fluid stature, she couldn't gather the coordination to restore her figure. Her puddle never rose more than a few inches tall, and after a few moments of fruitless, wobbling effort, she simply accepted her temporary height. The left her crushed

armor behind and made a mental note to retrieve it on her way out, vowing to turn back after checking the end of the hall. Shedding her solid clothing worked in her favor and spared her yet more humiliating traps as she slipped below trip wires and oozed around pressure plates, and she made it to the end of the stone passage without further issue. A modest chamber opened up before her as she crossed its threshold, devoid of the rotted furniture that populated its counterparts. Splinters and rubble piled along the walls, raising her suspicions and interest alike. She had little doubt the room was trapped, which meant there was possibly something worth protecting nearby. The slime knight maintained a low profile and gingerly inched across the ground and searched for fate or fortune. Her guard relaxed when she made it to the opposite wall without incurring the dungeon architect's wrath, and she exchanged meticulousness for speed on her following passes. Her guard was nonexistent by the time she found the chamber's only feature, a hose that silently dropped from the ceiling and watched her like a serpent. Runes scrawled across its surface glowed with arcane intent as it scanned her figure and locked onto her mouth, and it earned a muffled grunt of shock when it struck and found its mark. Seychore relaxed once the surprise of its appearance wore off, and she rolled her eyes in annoyance and backed away. Static arced across her lips as the nozzle followed and remained firmly wedged between her lips however, resisting her efforts to flow around or away from it.

Her concern advanced to panic when the hose trembled with approaching flow, sagging and tugging at her mouth until a rush of fluid flooded her cheeks. Green slime mixed into Seychore's purple form and dispersed through her figure, rounding her flattened form. Mixed emotions ran through her mind as the disk of her body inflated into a sphere, then returned to a more familiar shape as her limbs recovered. Her breasts and belly swelled and sagged over her reforming legs, stretching beyond her knees as she rose to a sitting position. The slime's increasingly bulky arms wobbled and shimmered in the low light as she lunged and grabbed at the tube, determined to pull it free sooner rather than later. It's magical seal zapped her fingers and numbed her arms with every tug however, sapping her coordination until her anatomy began to work against her. Rolls swaddled her limbs and compromised her mobility as her chest and middle defined her figure, growing and overwhelming everything else. Her rear was the only other part of her that could compete, spilling across the ground and counterbalancing her front. Such an arrangement couldn't last forever, however, and the tight curve of her belly outpaced her ass and shoved her onto her back. A moist slap echoed through the dungeon and she wobbled to rest, pinned under the weight of her inflating curves. Internal pressure kept them perfectly formed until they met the walls of the chamber, and a twinge of fear surged through her as she squished against stony constraints.

For a brief moment, she wondered if she'd grow large enough to collapse the room, but the hose mercifully ended the worst of her worries before they became reality. It parted from her lips and retreated as quickly as it descended, leaving her to ponder the finer points of her predicament. A tentative plan formed as her adrenaline rush faded, and with a deep sigh, she accepted her fate. Once she acclimated to her size, she could probably ooze her way to the exit and pick up anything interesting along the way.