

Building a Better World - Part 2/5

“Is it done?” came Scatagast’s wooden flute of a voice. “I don’t sense them.”

“What, you want us to put them all here?” said Dia, waving her arm around vaguely. Beneath them, the Dark Tower shook as Mt. Hotshit’s endless eruption continued with a flatulent trumpet sound.

Scatagast made a ‘harumph’ sound. “Very well. What next? If no-one else has any suggestions, I have another idea I’d like to propose.”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself,” said Dia, flashing him a glare. “I’m in charge here, remember? It’s someone else’s turn.”

No-one else had a suggestion, so she went back to Scatagast.

“*Elves*,” said the Archdruid, groping the air lecherously

Dia’s eye twitch. She opened her mouth to reprimand the old lecher... and stopped as she realized it wasn’t all that bad an idea. The elves had been all but wiped out by the Demon King’s horde of virile nobgoblins. It certainly wouldn’t hurt to make some more. Besides, they needed someone to live in all the trees they’d just made.

“Okay,” she said with a shrug. “Let’s make some elves.”

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The convention center bustled. Fans flitted from stall to stall, while cosplayers stood and posed for photos.

From the seat of one stall in particular, Gareth smirked as he looked up at the cosplayer. “Wow, nice costume,” he said, scribbling his signature on the comic book. “Really brings out your chest, you know?”

“Th-thanks,” said the young woman, who looked suddenly rather embarrassed by her chainmail bikini and false ears. Snatching her copy of *Elf War #1* out of his hands, she scurried away with only a single hurried glance back.

Gareth watched her asscheeks bobbing as she retreated. Fuck, he was glad he’d picked the skimpier choice for his characters’ outfits. It had gotten him a few weird looks at the publisher, but it was more than worth it for events like these.

Settling back in his chair, he sighed at the stack of unsold copies lying on his desk. Shame he didn’t get more customers, of course. And that most of them were men. He wondered why there weren’t more women in his audience.

As he ruminated on this fact, his eyes settled on the chest of a passing Hinata cosplayer. She wasn't approaching, but perhaps could go over to her instead—

In a flash of blue light, the cosplayer vanished.

Gareth blinked. He pinched his forearm just in case, but no, the cosplayer remained notably absent. Had he imagined her, or had—?

Nearby, a young man dressed as Luffy vanished in an identical flash.

Gareth leaped to his feet, almost knocking over his table. He hadn't imagined it—people were actually disappearing.

No sooner had he realized this than a third person vanished. Then a fourth. Then a fifth. Then—

Heart pounding, Gareth turned to run. He didn't know what was happening, but he didn't care to take part in it.

Cosplayers and stalls alike flew past him as he ran, feet slamming into the floor with all the force he could muster. Every second or two, he saw another person vanish—the sight made him run faster. Soon, the exit was within meters.

Just as he was about to reach it, however, the door—and the rest of the convention center—disappeared as swiftly and as totally as his ex...

He dropped.

With a scream, Gareth tumbled through an abyss of blue and pink ribbons. He flailed as they coiled and whipped past him, desperately trying to grab onto them for support.

Through his tear blurred vision, he made out several others falling: the Hinata cosplayer. The Luffy. The others he'd seen. A second later, the winds flipped him over and he saw tens more appearing in little blue flashes above him. Eyes wide, he gaped.

Now the winds flipped him back over again, and a fresh one, a sharper one, struck his form and made him squeal. He cried out as it tore away his clothes, ripping through his anime shirt and jeans and scattering the scraps to the sky. Left naked, he could only cover his cock and whimper.

As he struggled to hide his nudity, another wind caught him. Where the previous had been sharp and cool and blue, this was soft and pink and cuddly. It wrapped his form like a feather boa, making him feel all warm and safe and pleased.

Absently, his fingers wrapped around his cock. As he stroked it, he found it shrinking away, shriveling as surely as if someone had kicked him in the balls. Snatching his hand away, he watched with a gasp as the tingling rod sank inside him, leaving only a smooth expanse of

flesh. A second later, it parted, exposing the slick pink interior of something he'd never seen in the flesh: a vagina.

Gareth screamed. In panic, he grabbed his new sex—and screamed again as a hot knife of pleasure stabbed into his brain. *Fuck*, it felt so good. Why did it feel so *good*?

As he struggled to regain his breath, the pink wind whipped through him again, sending a shiver of energy coursing through his body. He gasped afresh as his beard flew away, stripped from his chin by an invisible razor. On his arms and legs, his other hair did the same, leaving his skin smooth and supple.

Another blast of wind slapped him in the face, and all of a sudden his whole head was tingling. Instinctively, he let go of his pussy and flailed at his face, feeling his features as they shifted and remolded. First his nose shrank, then his lips plumped. Moments later his hair grew out, falling all the way to his waist.

Finally, his ears tingled too, and Gareth grabbed them to find them stretching to a point. He squeaked.

Heart pounding, chest rising and falling, Gareth could only watch as what little muscle he possessed faded, melting away into nonexistence and leaving only the fat that had always outweighed it. Now the bloated balloon of his stomach *pulsed* like the skin of a drum and squeezed inward in the middle, forming two fat tyres of flesh. One flowed downward to settle about his hips, thickening his thighs and pumping up his asscheeks. The other rolled upward—Gareth could only squeal with a strangely high-pitched voice as the two lumps of fat on his chest bounced and jiggled. Instinctively, he went to grab them. It felt almost as good as touching his pussy.

Struggling to peel his fingers away from his nipples, Gareth looked into the swirling depths of the abyss and found the cosplayers gone, replaced by a pair of curvaceous elves, both groping their swollen assets. Eyes trembling in their sockets, he looked around and was just in time to catch another male cosplayer changing, his cock shrinking away and fat breasts sprouting from his chest even as his ears stretched and sharpened.

Feebly, Gareth whimpered. *We're turning into elf chicks?!*

The swirl of blue and pink beneath her changed, replaced by a wash of green and brown. Before Gareth knew it, he'd landed. It happened so fast she should have splattered, but instead all the impact seemed to go straight to her brain, jumbling all her thoughts and leaving her wobbling. It took her several seconds to regain her balance.

Looking around, sweat dripping from her pristine skin, Gareth found herself in a stock fantasy wood... only, instead of normal trees they were shaped like men and women. One pair was even intertwined like a pair of lovers.

Something rustled in the bushes of the treeline. Gareth yelped and dropped to the ground, scrabbling for something she could use as a weapon.

Before she had a chance to grab one, something flew out of the bush and wrapped around her wrists. A second later, something else caught her ankles. She squealed and toppled over, landing on her mercifully plump butt. A pair of bolas bound her limbs tight—no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't break free of them.

Thrashing and whimpering, Gareth heard another rustle from the bush and froze as something—or someone—emerged.

The creature was short and green-skinned, with pointed ears and a bulbous nose.

As it approached her, a giant bulge rose beneath its loincloth.