

Chapter 4: Half-Elf, Entirely Cute

“We’ll be bunking together since we’re partners, ‘kay?” Lilah chirped as she tugged on Jack’s hand and pulled him through the threshold into her -- or their, apparently -- bedroom. One side was decorated with flowers and cute little knickknacks, had a slightly messy bed, and definitely carried a lived in vibe, where the other was plain and boring like a hotel room. An inoffensive purple quilt, some soft looking pillows, creases in the blankets that showed they probably hadn’t been used in weeks at least.

At least there was a window that the strange daylight -- that Jack still hadn’t found the source of -- could happily shine through, even if it was a bit red and looking closer to dusk. Whatever that meant without a sun.

“This is my side!” Lilah chirped, clearly happy to show off her personal space. “If you need anything, I have you covered, okie? I’ll make sure to grab you one of the starter outfits too! I mean, I can kind of guess your size looking at you. It might not fit well, but the only other option would be to play dolly for Lucia and...”

Jack snapped to. “Nope. I can’t--n-no.”

“Yeah! I can tell! Don’t worry, I mean, you’ll have to eventually! But I’ll help you open up! It’s really super fun! Well. I think it is,” Lilah stuck her tongue out.

The air had a certain sweetness to it. Not baked goods or syrup sweet, more like fruit or honeysuckles. Jack walked over to the bed and sat down on it. Even if the day was ending, he wasn’t sure how he felt about it. Any of it.

“Mm! It’s been a super long time since I’ve had someone wanting to partner up with me! This is going to be so fun! I’ll try to make sure the monsters only chase after me, so you don’t have to worry about that!”

Right. The monsters. Jack had nearly forgotten. He and Dama had been lucky enough to avoid any of them on their way here, but if he was going out, he might not be so lucky!

“A lot of people don’t really wanna work with me because I don’t have, like, any offensive spells at all! I can’t even, like, shoot a fireball or a spark or one of those pretty glitter beams!”

“Uh... wait. Wait. Back up.”

Lilah took a few steps back.

“N-no! I mean--looks, I’m just learning about this place, and I don’t understand. What sort of monsters are these? Like, werewolves? I know you have a dragon, apparently, but am I going to get eaten by some abomination?”

“Mmmm...! Oh! Yeah! I guess you wouldn’t know! The monsters here aren’t really dangerous. They’re pretty big perverts! Mostly, they just grab you and try to do lewd things to you and flood your brain with pleasure and stuff until you lose control of your magic! Then they suck it all dry!” she chirped far, far too happily. “Though, they also like to capture and corrupt girls too. Sometimes, when we lose someone, we later find them as some monster girl. Like, there was this one girl who I later found as a googirl. She was super, super girl crazy before, so, like, she was pretty dangerous! Like, some sort of ultra pervert!”

“Oh.” Jack said about as flatly as he could. Of course. Yes. That was normal. Monsters were perverts. That just made sense.

“W-wh-wh-what!?” Jack stood up. “You mean I have to fight monsters to do this!? I can’t fight! I’ve never fought! I don’t know how to fight! I-I-I don’t even like fighting! I felt uncomfortable about signing the draft letter and! This isn’t...! How am I...!? Why didn’t I see any earlier!?”

Lilah just giggled. “I told you! I’ll just take care of that, ‘kay? You just have to sit back and look pretty! I’m not good with any, like, offensive magic, but I’m super good at leading monsters away and getting them all confused!”

Jack wasn’t sure he was very good at that, either. He still couldn’t believe this perfume was working as well as it was. This girl was staring him right in the face with his short hair and his makeup that wasn’t going to last and--oh.

Oh shit. How was he going to--he didn’t have a razor. How was he going to stay disguised if he didn’t have a razor or more foundation or...?

He could feel his heart in his throat. Maybe he should tell Lilah? She seemed nice enough. But maybe she would blab. She already admitted she was bad with secrets.

“Are you okay?” she asked. Not that Jack actually heard her. He was too busy panicking already. He could feel sweat beading and rolling down his forehead. He wasn’t going to have to worry about monsters, he would have to worry about staying in disguise. Dama mentioned that if he was too blatant, even the perfume couldn’t help!

Oh. Shit. Without Dama, he didn’t have any clean underwear either. And what about showers? Or just going to the bathroom? W-what was he going to do? There were so many possibilities for him to get caught. This was hopeless, there was no way he was going to make it!

A soft flick to his forehead made him return to reality. Lilah looked down at him with that ever present smile still on her face. "You're probably scared and confused and lonely, right?" she said before pushing Jack back onto his bed.

He tensed up as his back hit the bed. He started to get up, but Lilah climbed on top of him and straddled his stomach. "Hey, uhm..." he squeaked.

"It's okay to be scared! Listen. I can hug you and snuggle you until you feel better! It's one of my specialties! No one can resist my hugs!" Lilah lowered herself and pressed her cheek right against Jack's.

Jack cringed as he heard the friction of his facial hair against her cheek.

"Mm...?"

Oh shit. There was no way she didn't notice.

"Hey, Cece..." Lilah lifted her head up and looked at Jack. *Really* looked at him. He could see it in her eyes.

Shit. How long had it been since he applied the perfume. Shit. Shit. Shit. He could see the recognition in her eyes.

Lilah raised a hand and put it right on Jack's "breast" and squeezed. Of course, all she got was padding from his bra.

"Ooooooooooooooh," Lilah's lips parted into an adorable "O" as she must have realized exactly what was going on. "Wooooow!"

"W-wait, please don't--"

"Heeee! Don't worry!" Lilah chirped. "We're, like, partners now, so I'll totally help you out! I don't want Gatekeeper to bully you!" she beamed.

A wave of relief washed over Jack. All the tension left his body, and he felt like he was going to pass out.

"But you have to tell me everything," she nodded.

Jack couldn't remember the last time he'd talked to someone so long. Or been so open with them. He was a nervous wreck, of course, practically blubbering half the time, but Lilah just sat

next to him, one hand on his, smiling and nodding, taking everything in with patience that Jack really didn't understand.

"And that's why I'm--I can't ever leave this room. I'm just going to go hide under the bed."

Lilah giggled and patted Jack's hand. "Well! I can help out!" she chirped. "I have some magic, you know! Almost every girl here knows a few cosmetic spells! I can get rid of your facial hair! Well. Sort of."

Jack winced. "Sort of?"

"Mhmm! I mean, I only bothered learning the spell I wanted, which just, you know, gets rid of all your body hair! Like. Forever!"

Jack winced. That would mean even his... "But what if I want to grow a beard when I get back home?"

"Mm, sorry! You'll have to ask someone else. Maybe that Dama lady can help you! She can create stuff out of nothing, so she's probably really, really, really powerful!"

Jack looked toward the window. The sun -- or whatever source of light was causing the daylight -- had completely vanished. Only the glow of the aurora was left to cast light across this strange world.

"Okay. Alright. Well. How do you do the spell?"

"Oh that's easy!" Lilah said. "But, uhm, you're gonna have to be naked to do it. Normally it's best to do it in the bathroom, but we can just use a sheet to collect all the hair, I guess."

Jack's heart sank. He was going to have to get naked in front of another girl. Great. Just great.

"I can help you with your makeup in the morning, and I can make sure to get your outfit, and I can make sure the shower is all clear for you!" Lilah giggled. "Hee! It'll be like playing a game of hide and seek! It'll be lotsa fun!"

"If I get found out, that gatekeeper is going to squash me with a hammer!" Jack complained.

"Huh? What? No she won't?"

Jack blinked. "...Wait, she won't?"

"No! She'd never do something that violent. That's silly!" Lilah giggled.

“Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait. So if she found out, she’d just kick me out of here or something?” Jack asked.

“Oh. No way,” Lilah giggled. “You’d probably be turned into one of the maids or given to the monstergirls to keep them satisfied, or maybe you’d wind up being sold to another realm, or maybe she’d just lock you in eternal chastity and gift you to some succubus or--”

“E-enough!” Jack flailed. “I don’t want any of those things! None of them!” he whined.

“Oh, yeah! Definitely not!” Lilah nodded. “Like, the last man I remember who found his way here, Lucia got to him first! She enthralled him and made him into the cutest butler doll ever. He walked through the manor complimenting all the girls and stuff! Was so cute! But Gatekeeper found him, and she was really upset, so she turned him back to normal and tossed him to one of the tentacle witches! I’m pretty sure they sucked him dry or something!”

Jack’s heart thudded in his chest once again. Oh god. He wasn’t just going to die. He was going to be sucked dry. Whatever the hell that even meant.

“Sometimes she just turns them into animals, too. She likes turning them into pigs for some reason!” Lilah giggled. “Quite a few of the girls became vegetarians since coming here, but others seem to really like the idea!”

“Lilah!” Jack pouted. “You’re really not helping!”

“Oh! Sorry!” Lilah giggled. “I’ll go get a spare sheet, and we’ll take care of all your body hair and stuff, okie? I wish I could do more, but unlike some of the other girls, I’m really happy with my body, so I didn’t bother learning much!”

Jack groaned. “I don’t... want more help. I don’t want to be a girl,” he huffed.

“Yeahuh, if you say so!” Lilah chirped before leaving the room.

Jack was left with his thoughts for a few moments, but he knew if he dwelled on them, Lilah would be back, and he’d have to strip in front of her. That was already awkward enough with Dama, he didn’t want to think of doing it with that smiling face just looking at him completely obliviously.

He sighed and started removing his clothes as quickly as he could. He grabbed the blanket and covered himself up as he waited for Lilah. He was going to have to start wearing women’s clothes now too. He looked to his t-shirt and his jeans. He wished he had his hoodie. Dammit, why did he leave it behind today of all days!

His sneakers weren't in good condition either. And those socks. Ugh. Was he going to have to wear stockings? And panties? And different bras? And...

"Mm..." he grunted slightly. Shit. He had been surrounded by nothing but women almost all day. Pulling on him, yanking on him, being commanding. Or cute. Or nice. His face turned red as he looked toward his crotch. Though covered by the quilt, he could still see the obvious bulge. Fuck. He normally could resist masturbating, but he could remember Dama's thighs around his head. Breathing in her scent. Being patted on the head like a pet. Being threatened to have to play dressup with Lucia.

Why was all of this turning him on? Why was his heart pounding? What was wrong with him? Was he some sort of sicko? Did he want to crossdress!? Or was it just because he didn't have any experience.

Dammit, being a virgin and ending up in some women's only realm...! This was worse than most hentai plots!

"Okie! Back!" Lilah announced herself at the absolute worst time.

Jack squeaked and put his hands over his crotch and tried to will his dick soft. Of course, the fabric rubbing against the head of his dick just made him squirm.

"Are you okay?" Lilah asked. She laid out the sheet in the middle of the floor and gestured over to Jack. "Cece--uhm. Jack, right?"

"Right!" Jack nodded furiously.

"Okie, Jack! You look a little flushed! Is it too hot in here? I can open a window if you like..." Lilah walked over to the window near Jack and leaned forward to push it open and out. Half bent-over, her skirt was barely long enough to cover her ass, and Jack got a good sight of her panties hugging her ass.

"Fuck..." Jack felt himself leaking. Fuck. Why was he so aroused! This was nothing! Normally he had to work for a while to orgasm! But... A-ah. He was in a girl's room. All he could smell was the sweet scent of elf. And her backside. It looked so soft. So warm. Uungh. And Dama's... Dama's thighs. They were so good. He was so worried at the time, but he remembered how nice it felt being used practically as a chair. She smelled so good. So hot. So primal. So...

"Nnnmmfff...haaaaa~!"

"Mm?" Lilah turned around just in time to see Jack's face twisted into a desperate expression of arousal and to see the wet spot slowly forming through the blanket he used to cover himself.

"Oh! You could've said you needed a moment to yourself, silly!" Lilah giggled.

She walked over to her side of the room before tossing one of her socks at Jack. "I don't really have any tissues back here, but I heard guys use socks to clean themselves up, right?"

Jack was completely silent. Absolutely mortified. The sock rested on the bed next to him. "S-sorry," he muttered, feeling deeply ashamed as he took the sock and started cleaning himself off beneath the blanket.

So soft... He could feel how soft it was... Lilah had been wearing this. She'd been wearing this, and now he was rubbing it against himself like he was some filthy pervert. Nn...

Jack shook his head and pushed the sock away. "C-can we do this and, uhm, maybe you could help me hop into a shower and, you know, get some clothes for me?"

"Mm! No problem!" Lilah pointed to the sheet on the floor. "Just stand on the sheet, 'kay?"

Jack took a deep breath before he stood up and walked over. He could feel his member dangling at half-mast pathetically out in the open. He couldn't bring himself to make eye contact with Lilah. His face was so red. He just wanted to disappear. Maybe being turned into a pig was what he deserved.

"Hmm..." Lilah blatantly stared at his crotch.

"What? Hmm what?" Jack spit out, his insecurity rising.

"Oh! Just thinking of what material would be best for hiding it!" Lilah giggled before clapping her hands together. She took a deep breath. "This is gonna feel weird, okay? It's a little bit painful, but it's really not that bad!"

"Painful...?" Jack squeaked.

"Yeahuh!" Lilah affirmed before she waved a hand in front of Jack. A yellow light followed after her hand and slowly circled around Jack. It expanded up and down all around Jack's body quite slowly, leaving the poor guy standing awkwardly for Lilah to gawk at.

"Aaaand... go!" Lilah chirped.

The light rushed into Jack, surrounding him, making his skin glow. He felt just a tiny bit of heat and sighed in relief. Maybe heat just hurt half-elves more.

The sudden feeling of hair being plucked from his chest woke him up to the fact that this was just starting.

“It’s just a minute or so. Well. For me it was about a minute. You have a lot more hair, so... maybe ten or fifteen minutes? Hee! Just wait here, I’ll go get you some new clothes and some PJs, okie? We have a really long day ahead of us tomorrow!”

“W-wait!” Jack whined as Lilah left him to his fate of feeling hairs being plucked from his body. Little squeaks and yelps were all he managed as he could feel it plucking hair from his face, plucking his pubes, and even plucking in places he didn’t realize he had hair!

“Ten or fifteen minutes...” he squeaked before closing his eyes and trying to brace himself.

Beauty hurt.