

‘What the hell was that!’ The first words out of Emily’s voice filled the air to such a that some birds and animals began to chirp or howl or squeak in distress. Emily raised both arms upwards as if to ward off an invisible assailant. It did nothing seeing as she was back in the normal world. Emily realized this swiftly; the smell and the feeling of soft dirt on her feet calmed Emily. That was until she realized that she was feeling soft dirt.

It was quite obvious that the attic didn’t have dirt in it. Her toes began to knead the ground. Where was she? How did she get here? Why was everything drafty? She looked down and found three interesting facts. One, she had gained the ability to see in the dark, which helped her learn about the second fact. That being she was clearly naked as the day she was born. Now the third fact was that Emily knew she didn’t possess a body like the one she was staring at right now.

It was skinny, a bit too skinny if she could ask anyone, yet possessed a form-fitting pair of tits and hips. Which curved in a way that made them noticeable delights to any connoisseurs of the womanly physique. Her hands grasped her tits. Firm, larger than her own pair, but not too large. It was astounding until she realized how much she had changed. Realizing this, Emily went off to search for a surface to look at herself. A small pound, illuminated by the moon, beckoned for her to come closer. Slowly, each step led her to this shining pool and Emily looked down.

“Holy shit. I’m right out of a fantasy pin-up.” Emily’s eyes, which were shaped more like almonds than spherical, peered at her body. Not only that, pointing right from her head were two ears, pointed and familiar. Combined with the wild white hair that reached a bit past her shoulders and Emily knew one thing.

“I’m a drow. A goddamn dark elf!” Oddly, what should’ve been terror was replaced by an alluring fascination at this moment.

The drow’s eyes scanned her bare skin and assets. Just as she had confirmed while looking down, Emily could now see that she was a genuine knockout. Still, she made an observation that her tits and ass—she turned around to get a better look at them—were a bit large even on her frame. A frame, which she noted, to be over six feet in height.

“I think I’m taller than Trent! I wished I had a ruler on me right now, or some measuring tape. Wait, what if I’m dreaming?” Emily bit her finger, a common thing she liked to get out of a rough dream.

She grunted in pain. Next up, she grabbed a bit of grass and dabbed her tongue, taste was another feature that dreams didn't allow for. She audibly gagged, that wasn't it either. So, either Emily was in a deep coma or this wasn't a dream. Most likely it was the latter.

"What the hell happened to me? I can't be an elf; I'm human." Emily paced around in the open grassland. The chirps of crickets and the buzz of fireflies were her only company. "Fuck, c'mon there has to be a way to change this."

Emily shook her hands then jumped back in shock, a 'plop' filled her ears.. Her eyes turned to her side and there, about a foot away from her, was an airy green chart with her name on it.

"Emily Cariden: Level 1" The dark elf spoke aloud. Her fingers hesitantly touched the chart. Another 'plop' and she watched in awe as it expanded downwards. It listed her height, her weight, her age, and her race. Her eyes though were drawn to a quite familiar statistic.

Stats:

STR 13 (+1)

DEX 16 (+2)

CON 13 (+1)

INT 13 (+1)

CHAR 14 (+1)

WIS 13 (+1)

"Oh my god, I'm not just a dark elf. I'm a DnD character." Emily's mouth was open in shock. She shook her head. Her fingers traced the almost transparent chart before her. In the corner was a small 'X' that she quickly pressed. The chart collapsed without much fanfare, Emily stood still, the revelation she had undergone worming its way into her. It was interrupted by the faint blow of spring air dancing its way across her body. She yelped. It tingled her bare skin.

"New plan, get back home first then freak-out about turning into an elf. Being naked isn't helping me think right now."

Emily looked around. Her newly given vision allowed her to see through the darkness of the overgrown forest. In the distance she could see the bright lights of her town, hopefully her town anyways. Another glance helped ease her fear that she was somewhere else. A couple of familiar landmarks helped make Emily realize this was Aubrey Park. With the fear of being trapped elsewhere gone, Emily began to walk.

The closer she got to the distant lights, the faster she got. She knew where she was now. It was about a mile, maybe two, away from home! Surprised at this, Emily almost ran right into the open sidewalk, until she realized how exposed she was. That, and the fact she was still a fantasy elf. She leaned up against the side of a house for cover.

“How do I do this?” Emily thought. Her eyes darted around, taking everything in, and a path formed in her mind. The houses were packed close together, but there were a few open spaces between houses.

All she had to do was zig-zag through the alleyways of houses. Even getting over a fence with her body was easy, elven dexterity and a nimble jump. Soon enough, she managed to get past everything and arrived back home. The outside was dim, which was fine by Emily seeing as she didn’t want to be illuminated. Emily kept herself as quiet as possible, her hands began to search her front porch for her second key. She knew that was a bit unsafe, but she always had a slight fear she’d be caught outside her home one of these days. And that fear proved right, who would’ve thought?

Every moment she wasn’t in her house, the more chance that she’d be spotted. Fingers gripped a familiar piece of iron. A deep laugh escaped her throat.

“Found you; come on, go into the keyhole and let me in.” Emily pushed her way inside before quickly locking the door. A hallway greeted her, on the walls were a variety of pictures. All of them depicted her family. The dark elf woman soon passed through the hallway and into her living room. It was connected to the kitchen, to the north was the bathroom and a single bedroom, to the east was a closet and doorway into a small garage.

“I need a clearer picture of what I look like right now. Think the bathroom mirror’s going to be much better than a pond. ”

Emily stalked towards her bathroom. Automatically she touched where she thought the light switch was but she realized just how tall she had become. She looked up and gasped at how close the roof was to her. About two feet of clearance.

“Holy shit!” She basked in her tallness, right before she regained her senses. She already experienced her new height a bit back in the forest. It was just...woah. The newly transformed woman gathered her wits.

“Alright, Emily calm yourself. Let’s see what I look like in the bathroom.” Her hand traveled the length of the wall before the familiar plastic flicker greeted her hand. “Presto and...gaw!”

Emily reeled back, the light stunned her. She rapidly blinked the spots out of her eyes. Her hand shot to her face, trying to rub away something that wasn’t even there. Finally, her head leaned back, the stunned elf opened her mouth to let out a groan.

“Should’ve edged myself into the light; too bright, too bright. Okay, don’t blind my eyeballs.” Emily slowly opened one of her eyelids. The light still stung but it was getting to a sensation she could agree with. The second eyelid opened.

“That’s what I look like?” Emily was stunned, a firmer reflection could be seen in the mirror. She was shocked at her current self. Nearly a foot, maybe foot and some inches, taller than her original height, Emily had to bend a bit to fit herself into the bathroom. Her hand cupped her narrower chin, sharp yet pleasant enough that it helped give an exotic look to her features. Not to mention her almond shaped, slightly slanted, eyes. Her eye color was a hot pink, and looked almost gem-like. They were haunting, eye-catching, and radiated a sense of alluring beauty.

Staring at her lips, Emily could see that they were large enough that any man would die for a kiss from them, yet thin enough that they could give a siren’s smile. Both bimbo puckers and an enchantress’ leer. Opening her mouth, Emily saw how viscous her canines had become. All four of them, two on top and two at the bottom. Her eyes widened in surprise while her tongue, longer than before, twisted with flexibility she didn’t know possible.

“I cun du an ahego” She joked at her own expense. Her face, her new face, pouted in the mirror.

Her fingers danced upwards towards her ears; not too long or extreme as some elves she’d seen in fiction, but they were slightly pointed away from her head. She could also feel muscles in them that she didn’t have before, she concentrated on feeling them and was surprised to see the twitch like dog ears. They also delivered a bit of a naughty sensation the longer she rubbed them.

Her eyes wandered down and her skin turned a faint purple around the cheeks. Her nipples, lips, and their lower cousin all shared her eyes' hot pink. Against her gray colored skin they were surprisingly neon. They'd bright up a dimly lit room with how much they shined. Still blushing, Emily went over her assets once again. Her tits were the same, but turning around with a non-moving reflection, Emily noticed just how bubbly her bottom was.

One hand confirmed they were much firmer than before, with muscles in her glutes. Yet, unlike how dumpy her bottom was when she was human, a fact that Emily could own up to, these babies had a roundness that could bounce a quarter off of. Emily blushed, these would make a guy's jaw drop.

"These things are ridiculous." She wiggled her bottom just to see them move. They could be worse, large just as she noted before, but at least proportional to her body. Not like someone implanted them into her tuchus. Finished, Emily walked out to head into her bedroom. Near the back of the room was her clock, her better vision told her it was around twelve midnight. In the back of her head she realized it must've been four hours since she was at her uncle's home.

Meekly she walked over to her bed and plopped herself down. Her transformation took a lot of her. Wonder and worry filled her head, how was she ever going to change back, what was the purpose of this transformation. All this and more flurried inside of Emily until she closed her eyes and let her dreams take her away.