

# Best In Life

By Abe E Seedy

Kaylee sighed. "No, you can't *both* be Conan."

"Wait, why not?", Millie shot back. "What's the point of playing the Conan game if you can't be Conan?"

"The *point*, Millie, is that you can be any one of these other exciting characters from the rich world of the Conan stories. Characters like..." She flicked hurriedly through the RPG sourcebook. "...Big Boob Woman. Or Knife Guy. Or... Big Boob Woman With A Whip."

"Oh shit, a *whip*? Damn, that's a capital-C character right there."

Leaning over the table, Imogen inspected the cover of the book. "Please", she said dryly, "I don't think any of these women is anything less than a double-D."

Letting Imogen take the book from her, Kaylee laid her palms flat on the table. "Look, was it a good setting when it was first made? No. Is it a good setting now? No, probably not. Does it do anything that a dozen other game settings don't do better? I doubt it."

"Wow, great pitch", Millie mumbled.

"*But*", Kaylee continued pointedly, "here's the thing - *who gives a shit*. So it's a dumb fantasy from like, 1900. Well, let's take that and make it ours instead. Not by being the amazing Conan and his best friend Who Is Also Conan, fuck that, that's colouring inside their lines. Instead, let's have a story of fucking Boobgirl and her partner Girlboob as they kick ass and eat pussy around the world."

There was a pause, as Millie and Imogen shared a look. "And, you're sure *this* is what you want to spend your 'we will play an erotic roleplaying game with you' voucher on?", Imogen said eventually.

"Yep", Kaylee nodded.

Millie shrugged. "Well then fuck it, I guess sign us up for the adventures of the Boob Squad."

"Aww, I appreciate your reluctant enthusiasm", Kaylee said with a grin, snatching the rulebook back up and opening it at the beginning. "Okay so, we're going to skip the majority of character creation. Stats and shit aren't really important for what we're doing. We'll figure anything like that

out as we go, but there's only one big question I want to ask both of you, and we can build everything out from there."

She paused, making eye contact with each of the other women at the table in turn.

"What is best in life?"

Millie opened her mouth to respond, but Imogen stopped her with a hand on her arm. "Don't just complete the quote", she warned.

"I wasn't going to", Millie pouted. "I can't remember the quote. Something about the laminations of their women?"

"Lamentation", Imogen corrected her.

Kaylee raised a finger. "No, nope, you said it, it's about that now. The lamination of their women. That's what this is now."

"You... do remember this is supposed to be erotic, right?", Millie asked. "Are you going to try and turn us on with office supply equipment just to spite us for not being into your game idea?"

Kaylee shrugged. "Honestly, yes. But also, I like a challenge. So buckle up."

Over the course of the next 2 hours, the mighty heroes Magella Wyvernjack and Irienys Swordhand tracked down the Reluctant Waystones, opened the Forbidden Gate, and fought their way up the Stormstruck Tower. Finally they burst open the final door, confronting the Sorcerer King Zalathris in his inner sanctum.

"We have come!", Magella boomed, brushing the splinters that used to be the door off of her mighty, bared shoulders. "The reign of the Mad King ends tonight!"

Kaylee cut her off and pulled out of the game for a moment. "No casual insults around mental illness, you take 5 damage."

"Ah, shit", Magella continued to boom. "Well, we disagree with your policies and are here to end them. With violence!"

The king responded with a deafening cackle, his laughter seeming to emanate unnaturally from all corners of the room at once. "You're too late *heroes*", he spat. "My final triumph is at hand! With this one last spell, I will turn all the denizens of this land into my eternal servants! Take that!"

His hand stretched outwards, pointing towards the small pedestal behind the heroes, upon which sat the Orb of Eternity. A seething vortex of purple energy collected itself at his gesture, then speared outwards in a flash of utter darkness.

Time slowed down. Everything hung in the balance, but the spell had already been cast, and the heroes had only a convenient, six-second window in which to act against it. A six seconds that somehow contained a small argument, a coin flip, and quick break for snacks, but still, just time for one last, desperate action.

"Fine", Irienys sighed, twisting to the side and diving in the path of the spell. "Eaaaat shiiiiiii-oof!" she cried, all the air rushing out of her lungs as the raw magic hit her square in the chest. She collapsed in a heap, the sweat glistening on her improbably stacked body as she panted for breath.

Zalathris was speechless. Briefly.

"What have you done? You fool, you can't possibly kn-"

Magella barely seemed to move. In an instant she was right in front of the Sorcerer King, burying her sword deep into his chest. "Go back to speechless", she snarled, staring down her arch-nemesis as his eyes rolled back in his head. Then, with a simple push of her free hand, she slid Zatharis off the end of her blade, sending him tottering unsteadily backwards. For a second he seemed to catch himself, flailing his arms at the empty air and gasping wordlessly, but then his knees buckled and his footing slipped, sending him pitching backwards off the side of the tower to his death.

Leaning out over the edge to confirm that this was indeed a final death, and not just one of those recoverable ones, Magella waited until she saw him impact definitively with the ground below. "And justice is- shit!", she said. "Checkmate! I shoulda said checkmate! Fuck. That would have been way better. Ah well, fuck it."

A dramatic cough from behind caught her attention. Turning around, she saw Irienys still lying on the ground, her body wracked with dark magic. "Oh right, that."

She hurried over, cradling Irienys in her arms as they shared a meaningful look. "Uh, you know, dying tragically isn't exactly horny", Magella said to no one in particular.

But she wasn't dying tragically, it soon became clear.

"You could have fooled me", Irienys muttered. "You said I had zero hitpoints."

When they both finally stopped interrupting, it did indeed become apparent that something else was happening. The energy was sinking into Irienys' body, and in its wake a weird sheen was spreading out over her skin.

Magella looked down over all this, a confused expression on her face. "Huh. How does it feel?"

Before Irienys could speak, Magella's fingers provided an answer. The texture had made its way far enough out over her chest to meet where Magella was holding her, and they both felt her grip shift. Her skin was... they had no word to meet the sensation. It felt smooth and supple, but unnaturally so, the tips of Magella's fingers making notable impressions as they slid slowly across the surface.

"I, huh", Irienys said slowly. "I think I just failed a Will save."

Indeed, her head was starting to spin. She felt herself melting into her partner's touch - not just physically, with the way her skin seemed increasingly pliable, but mentally too. There was a relaxation to it, as though she was slipping into a nice, warm bath. But there was something else beneath that too. A bath was to indulge yourself, but this felt somehow more purposeful. Then the sheen swept down over her crotch, and her eyes flicked open as the purpose revealed itself.

"Oh", Irienys said flatly. "Oh my."

Her armour and equipment fell away, her fumbling hands sending the last of it to the floor. With it gone her lower body was exposed, revealing to Magella what Irienys already knew. Her body was changed. It went beyond the sheen, that smooth, mystery texture that was still sweeping down her thighs. No, what they both found themselves focussing on was how dramatically her pussy had been changed in its wake.

It wasn't just that it was smooth, or that it looked invitingly pliable. More and more of her body looked like that. It looked *simple*. Instead of the complicated configuration of human anatomy, there was just an opening that looked much more purpose-built; a small, puffy ridge surrounding an already-wet slit.

"Fuck me...", Irienys whimpered.

And that was it. Increasingly, that was all she could focus on. The absolute, driving urge that she felt, the heat that seemed to pour from her, the way her hand couldn't help but slide down her body and line itself up in anticipation. It wasn't enough, it couldn't be enough, but she had to have *something*, and in an instant she felt herself pressing inside. She'd meant to just use a single finger, but it somehow felt so much larger than she was expecting. Eventually she managed to answer that small question when she focussed her bleary eyes on her hands and saw that the sheen had coated them too, washing over her fingers and wiping away their

separation. Now her hands were much more simple, unable to operate equipment or wield a weapon, but perfect for sliding inside herself, or directing others to that same goal.

Irienys was panting openly now. "Wow. That, uh, that's... not bad..."

The sheen finally made its way up her neck, drifting almost casually over her face. Her mouth fell open, her lips plumping up slightly to provide a more pleasurable experience for anyone that wanted to enjoy her. All the while the sensations of bliss, obedience and fulfillment bubbled endlessly through her head, making her eyes roll backwards even before the sheen overtook them too.

And through it all, Magella looked on. Whatever this change that was overtaking her companion was, its progress was intoxicating. It wasn't simply the visuals, as unique and arresting as they were. It was the way that she was reacting to it all that was the most remarkable part. Her quiet moans as the sheen first drew a flush from her cheeks then stamped it permanently into place, the subtle squeaking of her altered flesh sliding over itself, the unmistakable slick sounds as her hands pressed frantically into her dripping wet pussy. In one last moment the sheen closed its final circle over the top of her head, and Irienys couldn't help but cry out in bliss as she came without reservation.

There was a sudden snap as Kaylee closed the notebook she had been reading from, startling both the other women from their intense focus. "So", she said with a smirk, "was that, indeed, the best thing? Hearing the lamination of their women?"

Imogen simply nodded, but Millie couldn't resist. "Uh, well, *technically*, that was only the lamination of their *woman*, singular. So, y'know..." She wagged her hand palm down in the air. "Not the *best* thing..."

"Oh?", Kaylee answered, eyebrow arched. She stood up, making her way around the table and put a single hand on the top of Mille's head. "So you want to go for plural then?"

Millie swallowed. "I think I just failed a Will save..."

"Damn right."