

A Different Kind of Party (Multi Fantasy TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Four friends are playing a variant game of Dungeons and Dragons using a fascinating spell book that one of them found in a dusty corner of the library. But when the book begins to exude a magic force, all of them find themselves not only transported into a fantasy world, but becoming a new character. Unfortunately, the player races and genders are rather randomised!

A Different Kind of Party

“So what makes this different from *Dungeons and Dragons*?” Alex asked.

Harry turned to his athletic friend as he set up the game on the living room table. “It’s more randomised. You don’t pick your character so much as have them chosen for you. Race, gender, class, even your alignment are all up to the dice, and it allows for more changes as you play too.”

“I like it!” Linda said. “I always just end up playing a cool gnome inventor even when I swear I’m going to be something different, so this could be good for me.”

“Of course you play a cool gnome inventor,” Jada teased her friend. “You’re a pint-sized gnome yourself. And a total nerd.”

Linda stuck out her tongue. “Says the fashion expert who loves playing a pretty elven bard.”

“That’s *beautiful* elven bard to you.”

Harry seized on this opportunity to sell the game to his friends. “That’s exactly it! We’re all a bit set in our ways. No offence, Alex, but you always play a strongman barbarian with low intelligence.”

“Hey man, I like to feel tough in the game.”

“And I always end up playing a wizard of some kind, usually a human. This divergent game will let us get outside our comfort zone and try something new.”

The others nodded at this. Indeed, their characters did often mirror their real selves. Alex was a tall, handsome and athletic man with a hidden nerdy side. He was one of those outdoorsy types who loved going on walks, though his pale Caucasian skin often got burnt because of his refusal to wear sunscreen. He was sometimes in a relationship with Jada, sometimes not. She loved fashion and colour and vibrancy, and loved choosing outfits that complimented her dark skin and loose afro. Being an high elf of the woodlands was often her preference, and she enjoyed describing her character’s outfits. Linda on the other hand was

a short nerd with thick glasses, wiry hair, and thin features. She was sort of cute in a geeky way, and despite her little body she radiated enthusiasm. She embraced gnomes and halfling characters to empower her own shortness. Last of all was Harry himself, who often DM'd the games. He would often have what was called a 'DMNPC' in the game - a character who he played alongside the party to partake in the fun. As a slightly pudgy fellow who was a bit short himself, along with having asthma, he enjoyed playing hyper intelligent wizards with tall statures. He prized intelligence, so that was a big boon for him.

"So where did this game even come from?" Linda asked him. "It's not technically *D&D*, and I don't recognise it from anywhere either."

"It looks old," Jada said, arcing an eyebrow. "Decades old, even."

Harry grinned. "That's because it is. I managed to find this at that weird antique store, you know the one, on Madeline Street."

"Ugh, I went there once," Jada said. "I was looking for fabrics for making dresses. The owner was . . . weird. Gave me the creeps."

"Me too," Harry continued. "But I got this at a steal. The old man said it was the most immersive tabletop experience of all time."

"Big claim," Alex said, rubbing his hands together. "Why don't we test him on that and get it all set up?"

The players sat down and continued chatting as Harry put all the pieces in play. The board gave a map of the world, apparently called *Erutell*, in which numerous great adventures and dangers lurked. Each person had a character sheet, ready to fill out as they made their characters. When Harry was finally ready, the documents all before him, he looked up at the players from behind his Game Master screen.

"Okay then," he said, a mischievous grin on his pudgy features, "are we ready to begin and find out who our characters are?"

"You betcha!" Jada said enthusiastically.

"Let's do this," Linda said.

"Please no elf, please no elf, please no elf," Alex muttered, before getting the side eye from Jada. "What? I just . . . think they're girly. Besides, you play it so well, Jada, I don't want to step on your toes."

"Uh-huh. What do we roll, Harry?"

He checked the character creation rules. "You'll need a ten-sided dice for each of these rolls, and I'll tell you what race, class and gender you get."

Alex paused. "Wait, we don't even get to choose gender?"

Harry grinned. "Nope! All random. One to five will be male, and six to ten will be female. But first up, time to roll for what fantasy race, or species if you prefer, you end up with. Time to roll, people!"

"You too, Harry!" Linda said. "You're not missing out on this."

"Wouldn't for the world," he said, excitedly grabbing his own dice. "Okay, *now* we roll."

They all did, and none ended up with the same number. Harry informed them what their characters had ended up as, and it was quite the commotion.

"A demon?" Alex said. "Fuck yeah. I'll take that. Badass with red-skin and wings and sharp teeth."

"You just like being sexy," Jada said. "At least you won't have to worry about sun burns anymore with scorched red skin. I ended up as a muscled half-orc."

"That's cool!" Linda said. "Orcs are very powerful."

Jada shrugged. "Not my usual, but I'll roll with it, I guess."

"I got dragon-soul, myself. I guess that's the same as a dragonborn?"

Harry indicated it was so. "Yeah, except they're like over six feet tall and have tails."

Linda frowned. "Hmm, this is a violation of my short person pride, but I'll accept it.

What did you get Harry?"

He held up the character creation screen. "Elf," he said. "Took one for the team for you, Alex."

"Thanks man. Now what's next?"

Next up was gender. Alex rolled and became immediately disappointed that he was now a female character, much to Linda and Jada's amusement.

"That technically means you're a succubi now," Harry said, piling on the embarrassment. "Sorry man, it's just part of the rules."

"Wait, I'm stuck as a sexy demoness who hungers for sex?"

"Life force, technically. Doesn't have to be sex. But . . . if you want to play it that way--"

"Nope!"

Alex at least got a laugh when Jada ended up with a powerful half-orc *male*.

"Big green cock!" he declared.

She rolled her eyes at him. "How did I ever date you? Are you male as well, Linda."

"Yeah. Could be cool. Different, as Harry said."

"I'm also a different gender," he said. "Elf maiden."

Alex chuckled. "So we all swapped genders, huh? That's pretty funny. Can I talk in a high silly voice while playing?"

"NO!" shouted everyone at once, leaving him to grumble.

Last up was rolling for character class, which again left them with roles they were not used to. Alex was once again annoyed, ending up as a female succubi *bard* performer.

"Great, so I'm a stripper, right? I'm definitely a stripper."

Jada threw a die in his direction. "I'm a barbarian. That all fits, at least. Strongwoman."

"Strong man," Linda corrected. "I'm a sorcerer. Could be cool. I can throw flame *and* breathe it!"

"Druid myself," Harry said.

"Haha, elf maiden druid," Alex teased Harry, who obviously was hoping for something a bit cooler. "You'll be a total flower power chick in the game."

"I think it's cool," Linda said.

"Says the one person who got the coolest result. Well, Jada did too, just not for her."

"Just for that," Jada said, "I'm going to embrace my new orc muscles. Just you watch. Are you ready to begin the adventure, Harry? I've written down most of my stats and abilities. Wish my intelligence was higher but I'll take that impressive constitution score."

Harry indicated that he was ready to begin as soon as Alex had stopped whining. The latter just chuckled and allowed the Game Master to begin the introduction to what would certainly be one of the more interesting and varied games of their shared friendship.

"Okay," he said. "I'll start by reading our introduction." He cleared his throat before beginning. "*The land of Erutell is one of ancient secrets and grand mysteries. It is a vast territory, stretching all the way from the Frosted Fingers to the heat-filled shores of the Molten Bay. Civilisations rise and fall in Erutell, and magic abounds. It is a place with great cities and empires, but beyond their conflicts lie grand wildernesses; caves and dungeons, mountains and forests, jungles and seas, all of which contain treasure, villains, monsters, and most of all, the promise of adventure. Do you consent to join this adventure in Erutell, and inhabit the character you have been given? If so, simply say 'Aye' before we begin.*"

He halted for a moment, raised his head from the text, and grinned.

"I certainly say 'Aye!'" he happily proclaimed.

"Aye, me too!" Linda cheered.

"Aye as well," Jada said. "Maybe muscles will be fun."

"Well, I suppose I'll say 'Aye' as well," Alex added. "Even if I *have* to apparently be a damn succubus lady who *sings* and performs."

"*Then all have consented!*" Harry declared, reading from the script. "*Which means you have accepted the change, and your true adventure will now begin. Place the figurines on the beginning of the starter forest dungeon board and be prepared for battle!*"

To their collective shock, when Harry retrieved the figurines from the adjacent box, the four within perfectly matched their characters.

"That's impossible," Alex said, observing a sexy red-skinned succubus with purple hair and a tight dress of the same colour.

“Yeah, this is uncanny,” Jada added, withdrawing a powerful male half-orc, shirtless and with a large hammer weapon. “This is kind of exactly how I pictured my character.”

“Oh my God, me too,” Linda said, taking out a brass metallic dragonsoul figurine who was wearing a regal-looking blue robe.

“Me as well,” Harry said, taking out the elven figure who wore a ranger’s outfit and had a bow stretched and ready to fire. She looked very pretty, like a figure from the woods.

“You’re playing a prank on us,” Alex said. “We rolled but you already knew what we’d be.”

But Harry passed over the sheet to show them that the rolls had been true.

“Besides, my ranger even has small antlers, and that was a flavour thing I was thinking of!”

Linda pitched in. “That’s right! My dragonsoul is even brass-skinned, and I didn’t tell anyone that! That was just in my head! Harry couldn’t have planned for that.”

Jada looked at the board. “This is all too weird. I mean . . . wow. What do we do?”

It was Alex that grinned. “We play, of course. This just got interesting. And creepy. A good find in that weird antique shop, Harry. Maybe the game is magic!”

He laughed, but the others didn’t.

“C’mon, guys. It’s a freaky coincidence. You really think magic is real? C’mon, let’s play. I want to fight some evil goblins and ogres or whatever.”

In fact, that was *exactly* what they were fighting. Harry read out another dramatic introduction, this one much more typical for an adventure RPG tabletop game: the four adventures had stumbled separately upon a lost temple in the deep Nestwood Forest, and in doing so disturbed a group of goblin raiders and their ogre thralls. Now banded together by coincidence, they could fight together and get to know each other’s characters.

“Which means it’s time to roll initiative and fight!” Harry declared, placing the goblins on the board with the forest temple ruins.

Each member placed their figurine down where instructed, and a familiar battle began. Alex was up first with his higher dexterity rating. He cast a spell that put a number of goblins to sleep, using his performance skill to boost its effects.

“Yeah, singing sexily!” he declared, amused at his own antics.

Several goblins fired back, but he was able to deflect them with a defensive song spell, much to his delight.

Jade attacked next, sending her orc warrior forward with his great hammer and smashing to goblins to pieces . . . figuratively speaking. She didn’t destroy the figurines on the board.

“Fuck yeah!” she said. “Maybe having muscles is cool. I’m not used to fighting up close.”

Linda followed, using a cold spell followed by a flame breath to first freeze, then shatter an ogre. The remaining ogre attacked her male dragonsoul character, but thankfully the attack missed.

“Yes!” she declared.

Harry was last. His druid elf maiden summoned thorny plants to ensnare and constrict the remaining enemies.

“Okay, so that’s pretty cool wilderness magic,” he admitted.

In fact, all of them felt oddly attuned to what their characters were doing. In the next round, another wave of enemies flooded in, and they continued to work as a team, dispatching them and functioning as a cohesive unit, using their new abilities and racial feats without fear of failure or even confusion, despite how new some of it was. It was odd, and only getting odder. With each attack blow or landing of a spell, a warmth settled into the room, a kind of pulse that was only getting more powerful. Alex began to sweat. Jada’s muscles tensed. Linda scratched her skin, which had become itchy. And Harry found his voice cracking as he tried to keep the narration going. Finally, it all reached a pitch on the third round, when few enemies remained left to dispatch.

“Um, does anyone else feel kind of . . . weird?” asked Alex.

The others turned to him, and their eyes flung wide open. Jada erupted out of her chair and pointed. “Alex! Your skin is turning red!”

“What? Oh, shit!”

It was true. A crimson red patch, blemish free and smooth, was spreading across his arms, across his feet, and across his face as well. Two painful pressures made themselves known upon his scalp, and before the group’s very eyes, two dark red horns literally *pushed* out from the skin, curving backwards like ram’s horns until they were easily ten or more inches across.

“What the fuck!?” Jada cried. “He’s becoming - NGHH! Oh GOD!”

Linda squealed, moving away from her friend as Jada’s skin began to change, turning to a dark green in patches just like Alex’s. Her muscles bulged even as Alex’s fell away, and while she groaned her spine and limbs extended, the woman gaining height rapidly before them.

“What’s h-happening to m-meeee!?” she exclaimed, voice deepening dramatically.

“I don’t know!” Linda cried. “But it’s happening to all of us. I’m growing scales, see?”

Alex managed to look up. His features were softening, his muscled body shrinking and gaining curves. His lips became fuller, his eyes more demure, and his hair was turning purple even as it began to extend and frame his face. But despite all of this - and the weird pressures in his shoulders and tailbone - he was still shocked at the sight of Linda.

“Y-you’re becoming your character!” he shouted in a voice that was far more feminine than before. “Look, your s-scaled are brass! And your face!”

Linda grunted, clutching her mouth as it began to change shape, her entire *jaw* changing shape, in fact. It pushed outwards, extending more and more, teeth becoming sharper. Her eyes shifted, still thankfully facing forwards, but now possessing a large dragon-like snout before them. This was accompanied by impressive growth, even if not as impressive Jada’s, who was still getting taller and wider and musclier. Linda rocketed upwards, no longer a short woman but a tall, potentially soon-to-be *male* dragonsoul. A pressure made itself known in her hips and legs, and there was a sickening though not painful *crunch* as they changed shape, taking on a digitigrade stance.

“Oh God, I’m becoming a dragon person! Harry, you’ve got to stop this!”

“YETH! STOP THITH HARRY!”

The second sentence came from Jada, who was struggling to adapt to speaking as two lower tusks like those of a boar’s grew up, making her jaw more square. Her breasts - a lovely pair she was quite proud of - flattened away, leaving her with powerful pectoral muscles instead. An incredible eight pack was visible also, mostly because by this point she had literally *torn* out of her clothing. Her muscles bulged, biceps filling in to be enough to challenge Arnie at his prime, and with every passing second her features became less womanly and more manly. Hyper-manly, even, right down to the strange sensation between her thighs that signalled another major change to come.

“I - I don’t know what to do!” Harry said, panicking. He clutched his head, only for his hair to spill out, longer and longer, full of curls and with numerous flowers and plants growing within it. His skin was becoming more olive, but not because he was changing race - at least in a human sense - but because his skin was literally becoming oak-like, much like a wood elf. His breathing became even faster as two breasts began to expand upon his chest, and his pudginess melted to reveal a slim and pretty figure. His face, much like Alex’s, feminised, but the eruption of two deer-like antlers from his head made him groan in a voice that was almost song-like.

“Ohhhhh!” he exclaimed. “The instructions! Maybe the instructions can do something!”

“Be quick about it then, damn you!” Alex snapped, voice now that of a sultry femme fatale’s, each word dripping with sex despite his clear intentions otherwise. “I’m g-growing wings and damn t-tail here. OHHH!!!”

The tail erupted outwards, long and thin and spaded at the end, like that of a classical devil or demoness. It flickered behind him, having pushed out over his trousers, but much of his clothing was beginning to change anyway; it was shifting to a singular purple

material and reconfiguring into an open-back dress, all the better to fit the wings that were slowly unfolding out.

“Ohhhh, mmhmm - why does it feels so good? Goddamnit, it's s-so weird! Ahhh!!”

Her voice was almost orgasmic as her hair finished and her face became that of a mischievous beauty. *Her* was the correct wording too, because in that climax-like sensation Alex's member had withdrawn back into his body, along with his testes, leaving a rather hungry womanhood in its wake. The new succubus moaned, running her hands over her figure even as her breasts began to emerge.

“N-nooooo! Ohhhh, s-so big!”

Big was right. They were getting quite ample, and heavy, and very displayed by the low neckline of her purple dress. This would no longer be a problem for Linda and Jada though; both had lose their breasts entirely by this point, their figures becoming ever more masculine. Jada grunted as her cock emerged, the new male orc shuddering in strange arousal as an enormous member grew out.

“Yesssss! YESSS! I mean, NOOOOO! OOhhhhh, stop it! AGGHH!!”

His clothing ripped again, but his lower half gained a pair of cut breeches that were effectively little more than a barbarian's fur shorts, while some furskins were upon the new male's shoulders, braced by a series of belts that contained throwing axes. His skin was now entirely dark green, his hair now short though still possessing tight black curls, and overall the new orc radiated physical power, standing at over seven feet in height.

Linda looked at her friend with shock for a few moments, but her own concerns returned to herself. Within her lower abdomen a series of sweeping changes were taking place, many of which made her roar - literally. Her snout opened up, and small goutts of flame erupted into the air over the table, scaring Harry back.

“S-sorry!” she declared in a raspy, guttural voice that was a perfect match for her new draconic nature. “It's just that I can f-feel something growing inside me. It's - oh G-God, it's - ahh! Oh, I can b-barely believe it! MMH!”

“What is it?” Jada asked, accidentally braking part of the table as he clenched it with his strong fist.

Linda clenched her slitted blue eyes shut. “It's - ahh, ooof! - it's a male r-reproductive organ! B-but it's - ahhh, mmhm - inside m-me!”

It was true. She was a lizard-like person now, evidenced by the thick brass tail extending out her backside and ripping open her already changing trousers. And as a lizard *male*, her genitals were enfolded safely within her - or him - for now. Thankfully, any group curiosity was ended by the extension of her clothing into a fine blue robe that wrapped around Linda's scaled form. The new male dragonsoul's scales glimmered with a brassy shine. Small whispers hung from his snout, and his fingers and feet now had sharp talons;

he didn't even have shoes on anymore. He panted, causing small jets of flame to erupt yet again.

Harrys' changes were a little behind the rest, which only caused embarrassment as they all turned their attention to him and him alone. His breasts grew a little further, and like Alex he was rapidly gaining an hourglass shape. His face was nearly finished, appearing wild and free and female, with a daring pair of eyes and gorgeous eyebrows. His hips expanded, and his thighs thickened with muscle, appropriate for a druid of the wilds. Like the rest, he grunted and groaned as his genitals changed. For Harry, this made him blush furiously, panting as cock was pulled back into his body.

"I'm b-becoming a woman!" he declared. "It's actually - actually happening! Aiiiee!"

It was an embarrassingly high squeal, and it was accompanied by further change, both to his outfit and figure, and even to the further growth of his cute antlers. Even as his new vagina flowered into being, his casual t-shirt and shorts burst into new colours, transforming into a druid's outfit composed of numerous interwoven leaves, vines, patches of leather and furs, with various flowers forming gorgeous patterns along its length. The new elf maiden was nothing if not colourful, and her druidic nature was obvious from the nature-based theme of her outfit. Her olive thighs were left bare, as was a noticeable amount of her ample cleavage (though not nearly so ample as poor Alex, who was looking down at his crimson bust with embarrassment while she searched for any sign of her toes).

"Oh my God," she said in a breathless, sweet voice. "I'm an elf lady. I can feel the plants. I can sense nature's power."

Her words seemed to trigger a realisation across the entire group. Alex felt a burning desire fill her new nubile body, an arousal and warmth that was slowly growing within her, a need to fill it rising just as fast. It had a sexual tint to it, but also a performative aspect. She held her hands out almost instinctively, and squealed as a lute was summoned into her hands.

"Holy shit, I can do magic!" she exclaimed. "And - and I know how to play this! What the hell?"

The infernal pun escaped her attention, as it did everyone else's. Linda was too concerned with her own thrum of power. A staff shimmered into existence in one hand, made of metal and twisted wood and appearing agent. Her power flowed into it, and without even thinking she uttered one word.

'Silence.'

The entire party tried to speak, but nothing occurred. No sound occurred, in fact. Blinking, the new dragonsoul sorcerer tapped the staff on the ground.

'Um, end spell!'

Sound returned, most of all from Jada, who had broken half the table in accidental confusion.

“What the fuck was that, Linda?” the new male orc warrior roared. “You just made everything silent!”

“I - I think I really am a sorcerer,” the dragonborn rasped in his new male voice.

“This is too crazy!” the orc roared. “It’s too much. Harry, you did this to us. I’m a huge fucking orc! I’ve got a goddamned cock now! It’s making me - it’s making me RAGE! RRARRGGGH!!”

Even Alex looked up from her lute to see the spectacle of the half-orc who used to be her occasional girlfriend. Jada was literally *growing* even further, jumping up another foot in height as his muscles bulged beyond belief. He balled his fists and smashed them down on the game of Erutell in anger, blowing the table to absolute smithereens and causing a dramatic sonic boom from the sheer force of her newly unleashed barbarian rage.

The whole thing seemed to happen in slow motion. Linda cast a defensive spell that blew away the debris from her direction, while his flaming roar burned anything else that could have hurt him to a crip. Alex bounced back, wings activating immediately and carrying her up to the tall ceiling without a thought. At the same time she strummed her lute, and she actually *sang*.

‘No more danger, keep me from harm, it’s time we all experience some CALM!’

A ripple of energy shot from her lute, going straight into Jada. The half-orc felt an urge to resist but failed, and in seconds he felt a strange serenity come over him. He unballied his fists, took a deep breath, and exhaled slowly. His height reduced, muscles shrinking down to still-massive, but not ludicrous size.

“What - what just came over me?” he asked.

“I think you activated a rage ability,” Harry said in her songbird elven voice. The others looked to the gorgeous elf with her waist-length hair and green costume, and their jaws fell. No one had been paying attention, but she had instinctively summoned vines from under the house to protect herself from the table debris. Now, numerous vines that had ripped open floorboards unfurled, dropping chunks of the table to the ground and releasing Harry from their protective, flower petal-like encirclement.

“Woah, dude,” Alex said, working her new wings to lower her to the ground. “That was amazing. How did you do that?”

“I - I cast Control Plants,” Harry answered. She looked down at her female form, and then took in the rest of the group. “I think we’ve not just turned into our characters, but we have their abilities as well.”

“We have to change back!” Linda said. “I mean, casting spells is cool, but I don’t want to be a lizard dude. They’ll chuck me in a freak show. Or experiment on me!”

“What do we do?” Alex asked. “Jada already destroyed half the game.”

“Sorry,” he muttered, feeling a bit stupid. In fact, he did feel a little dumber, like his impulses were driving him more than before. “Maybe if I press the bits all together . . . that won’t work, will it?”

But Harry was already reaching down to grab one glowing strip of paper that had survived. It was calling her, somehow, as if begging to be read.

“This could be the thing that turns us back,” the new elf maiden whispered. The others all bunched in close, though they also couldn’t stop looking at each other. Jada in particular kept glancing at Alex and her fertile-looking succubus form.

“Read it out loud!” Linda begged.

Harry did so. *“Congratulations on consenting to your character changes. Now it is time to welcome you to your new lives in Erutell. From this day till the end of your days, you shall be great adventurers in this land, braving danger and mystery and fighting together! Enjoy your new destinies as they await you!”*

Alex frowned. Her tail flickered impatiently behind her, and she flapped her wings in frustration. “What does that mean? Do we -”

And then, with a flash, everything around them changed.

Each of the members of the transformed adventuring party had to blink a few times to take in their altered surroundings. They were no longer indoors, nor were they any place they knew. They were in a forest, the midday sun shining upon them despite the fact that they had been playing at night. In the distance, looming above the treeline, was an enormous mountain. Above the mountain were several other, small mountains. *Floating* mountains. Like islands in the sky.

“What the hell?” Alex said, standing up off of the grassy ground. She rubbed her red behind through her purple dress, stretching out her wings. “Where are we? What just happened?”

It was Linda that figured it out. She pointed to a series of ruined walls and fortifications further away, just before the forest closed in again.

“That ruin! It’s the same one as on the map!”

Harry gasped. She had been distracted by the sensations of the natural world all around her, her connection to the plants and trees and wind and earth. “Are you saying we’re actually in the land of Erutell?”

“I am,” Linda replied. “I can read that ancient writing, somehow. It’s draconic!”

“Oh shit, this is bad,” Jada said. “We’re not even on Earth anymore!”

They fell into an awkward silence as they took all of this in. They were now all fantasy races. They were all different genders. They were in a fantasy land, seemingly for good if the message Harry read was to be believed. And, perhaps even more strangely, some of the

group were struggling not to look at one another. That warmth and needing Alex's voluptuous body hadn't gone away, and she kept looking at Jada awkwardly, admiring her muscles, her strength, her *manliness*. He in turn was finding it hard not to stare at Alex's divine (or rather, infernal) breasts, or her svelte body. The other two were also exchanging views. Linda found himself suddenly curious about the nature of elves, particularly as Harry's movements were so serene and elegant, so beautiful to match her druidic appearance. And Harry was also looking back at Linda. There was something wild and impressive about the dragonsoul warrior that was making her elven brain go a little bit loopy.

This was only making things awkward, particularly as they tried to figure out what the heck to do next. Therefore, it was probably a good thing when the part was distracted by an enormous warcry rising from behind the ruins, a flurry of arrows showering from overhead. Alex summoned musical thunder to shatter them in midair, while Linda shielded the others with a reactive spell. Legions of goblins and several ogres poured from the battlements, surging forth to battle the heroes.

"Holy crap!" Alex said. "We're still in the battle! This was how it was before - they were calling reinforcements!"

"Then I guess we better finish this!" Jada cried. "Because I'm fucking furious right now, and need to RAAAAAAAAGE!"

His muscles bulged as he leapt forth, and with a sort of accepting shrug, Harry and Linda also launched into battle, sending vines and spells forth to aid their friend while the succubi flew into the air and began to charm goblins against each other. The battle was joined, and their class abilities came naturally to them, even though their actual bodies were quite alien.

Still, it was a start to an adventure, all right. One that would be lifelong. The four friends had become a different kind of party than what they had ever envisioned, and though this battle would be short, there would be many other great adventures and campaigns ahead of them. And perhaps, given some of their altered interests and libidos, a little bit of romance too.

The End