

Monster Girl Prank (Heroes to Monster Girls TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

The adventuring group known as the Spears of Pash are celebrating their latest success against a horde of monsters. As an amusing prank, their gnomish alchemist Wilbar decides to unleash a magical item that will alter them into humanoid versions of monsters they'd just faced. Little does he realise that he too will be affected, or that the device is keyed to female essences, or worst of all, that the changes might well be permanent!

Monster Girl Prank

Darius raised a golden goblet to the starry sky above his adventuring group's campfire.

"To the Spears of Pash!" he declared victoriously.

"Hear hear!" his companions shouted, each of them playfully adorned in golden trinkets and jewels. Jana had even strewn them through her luscious hair and was doing a jig before the fire, her elven movements elegant and joyful, with just a little bit of tipsiness thrown in due to all the drinking. She was a beautiful adventurer, her outfit the classic green and brown of an accomplished elven archer.

"We're going to be rich and powerful as kings!" she sang, dancing over the fire. She grabbed Darius by the hand and forced him along in the dance, which amused the black-haired and roguish human greatly. He was the leader of the Spears of Pash, a group which originated from their home town of the same name. He was a solidly built man with an impressive musculature and handsome scars, and his sword play and fighting strategies were second to none.

"Damn right we are!" he said, drinking from his golden cup as he danced with his partner. "Isn't that so, Malaar?"

The more quiet and unassuming sorcerer raised his own goblet with a sly smile.

"I believe my share of the treasure will largely be relegated to crafting more magical scrolls and purchasing more arcane devices."

He had ebony-black skin and was totally bald, and he had intricate tattoos down his arms that helped with his magic casting. He wore a dark purple sleeveless robe, though he was currently wiping crumbs off of it after the group's celebratory feast.

At this, a short gnomish man with bright red hair and a thick leather cloak with numerous potions clipped to it suddenly broke into a loud guffaw.

"Please, like any of us are gonna settle down anyway! Darius, you're an adventurer for life, mate, and you know it!"

"You're not wrong, Wilbur," their leader said to their gnomish alchemist. "But with such magnificent treasures such as these, we can certainly upgrade our equipment. You've no idea how long I've waited to get a Flametongue Spear. They're pricey as the Seven Hells, but with *this* great treasure, I can finally get one!"

He gestured to the literal dragon's hoard they were camping beside. It was an impressive mound, one that would take seven wagons just to fill, though Malazar was working on a size reduction spell to aid with the transfer, and just needed a couple of days. That was fine for the Spears of Pash; they'd just had a mighty series of fights to reach this location. It was - had been - the lair of the great dragon Taurath, a mighty red-scaled beast whose very flames could melt steel. Many adventurers had tried an assault from above the enormous caldera-shaped lair of Taurath, and all had met a terrible end, but black-haired Darius had led them through a secret passage his investigations had uncovered. They'd fought a number of monsters on the way through, including a vicious drake pet of the dragon, a horrific transparent ooze that nearly devoured them, and even a dread *observer*, a floating aberration with numerous eye stalks and a single cavernous mouth. They'd never been killed before reaching the dragon, and might have been, were it not for their excellent teamwork. And so it was that they reached the red dragon and launched a surprise attack on the fell beast which had set aflame so many innocent towns across the ages. And while it had been a hard battle, one with more than a few bad burns and near misses, they had eventually prevailed.

Now they camped by the side of the dragon's body, looking up at the stars which once belonged to the beast, the relics of his treasure as well as the useful parts of the slain monsters stuffing their packs. Jana was particularly excited: the elven woman may have been an excellent ranger, but she'd always dreamed of becoming a veritable princess in the city, a woman of pure refinement. Malazar, the dark-skinned sorcerer, simply wanted to further his own knowledge of magic. Darius, of course, wanted to be the greatest adventurer the world had ever seen. And Wilbur the ginger-haired gnome? Well, he simply wanted to have *fun*. He grinned as he looked over what they had accomplished, the excitement of the battle still in his veins.

"You know," he said. "I just realised what an auspicious day this is."

"Oh?" Jana said, folding her arms. "Please don't tell me it's another day of your practical joking."

"Indeed it is, my elven friend!" he declared, holding up a finger excitedly. "It is the gnomish Day of the Gaffe! A day when the world is turned upside down, when the king becomes a pauper and the pauper a king. When heroes turn to villains, where monsters are beautiful. Amusing, no?"

Darius chuckled. "You gnomes, I swear . . ."

"I'm not falling for it!" Jana declared. "Malazar, this is horse manure, isn't it? Tell me this is horse manure? I am *not* letting this little man change my hair colour again without my consent, especially after what a great victory we've just achieved!"

Malazar sighed, and the runes on his arms glowed purple for a moment, as did his eyes. "He's telling the truth, alas," the bald man said. "It is indeed the greatest day of pranks for gnomish kind. And as it is past midnight, we still have nearly twenty four hours of possible interference from Wilbur."

"Too right you do!" Wilbur announced. "No wonder the dragon fell around midnight; he was a king tyrant brought down to the level of a little lizard."

"Tell that to the burns on my arms," Jana said, applying some elven ointment to them. "I better not scar! I wish to look perfect for when I get my own manor. Ooh, or two manors! Or three!"

"No pranking just yet," Darius cautioned his friend. "We've got a lot to secure for tomorrow, buddy. You'll just have to wait. And I wouldn't go taking any treasure while we're not looking either, or even moving it. The Spears of Pash stand together, remember?"

At this, Wilbur just laughed. "Oh, I've got you all on edge now! Well, good! But worry not, I'll wait till morn for a bit of fun!"

That should have settled that. The group made camp in the dormant caldera, the treasure nearby and Taurath's body too. They'd also dragged up the body of the observer, the naga, and the living ooze for Malazar and Wilbur to go over for magical or alchemical supplies. Thankfully, such bodies were kept further away and downwind. The party went to their tents drunk and in a good mood. So good, in fact, that some moans could be heard from Darius' tent not long after, with the female partner sounding very much like a tipsy and aroused Jana. Eventually, however, even those sounds died down, and soon Malazar was snoring loudly, an impressive contrast to his usual academic and reserved self.

And it was then that Wilbur put his grand prank into action. The gnome was a genius despite his larrikin nature, and while he chiefly focused on alchemy, he was also an expert when it came to mechanical artefacts, as were practically all gnomes thanks to their love of clockwork and cogwork. Such skills had allowed him to recognise one of the items nestled within the red dragon's treasure pile, a brass cube-like artefact etched with professional golden runes, as well as a port within which to pour an alchemical concoction. It was a Polymorph Cube, an ultra-rare device that was practically priceless! It possessed the power to change the matter and form of an individual, giving them the essence of another humanoid, creature, or even monster.

"What better prank," Wilbur said to himself as he retrieved the artefact quietly away from the camp, "than to let my monster-loving friends get turned into monstrous versions of themselves for twenty four hours? Ha!"

It was too good of a prank to resist. Everything had been so dire and serious, he knew they'd understand once some good laughs were had. Best of all, the situation was clearly divinely ordained by the gnomish god Larakian the Laugher; why else would the Polymorph Cube be here? Not to mention that there were four of them present, including him, and four monsters slain.

"Oh, this is going to be good!" he whispered with glee. Quietly, he crept from tent to tent, taking a small clipping of hair from each individual; or in Malazar's case, a nail clipping thanks to his baldness. Jana and Darius were sleeping against one another, which softened Wilbur's heart. He also took their weapons away, just in case they woke up to see each other as a monster and overreacted. This was meant to be a silly amusing prank, after all, not something that could seriously harm someone.

Next up was getting the parts from the creatures. An eyestalk from the observer. A scale from the lizard-like drake they'd fought. A vial of ooze from the, well, ooze. And lastly, a tooth from the maw of Taurath himself. He placed these before the Polymorph Cube and then took the carefully arranged hair clippings and placed them before the appropriate monster part.

"Hmmm, Jana is all about her looks and beauty. It would be the best prank to make her like an aberrant observer! Ah, and Malazar was so disgusted by the ravenous drake, why not let him get a little scaly? That would leave Darius. It would be tempting to give him an ooze form, tough man like him, but he wants a draconic weapon so bad, so let's make his body the weapon! Hee hee! And I suppose that leaves the ooze as a spare, just in case I decide to prank someone a second time, ha!"

He began the process, which involved playing with the hair of the person he wanted changed, followed by the monster part. After that, he had to read the runic inscription, a process which took a great deal of translation. Malazar could have done it immediately, but Wilbur didn't want him to be in the know. As such, Wilbur repeated the eldritch words of the ancient makers, followed by the simple command phrase at the end..

'I hereby activate the polymorphic process within!' he declared, while holding in the appropriate buttons on the device. Sure enough, it glowed, and when he opened the port again, both the monster part and the hair clipping had been consumed. The mischievous gnome looked up at Jana's tent and smiled, but saw no change there.

"Perhaps it takes some time," he told himself. "Okay, next one!"

He repeated the process two more times. Again, the Polymorph Cube glowed, but nothing proceeded to happen. For a few minutes, Wilbur tried to work out what was wrong. There were more runes that served as instructions, and he was starting to wonder if he perhaps should have read them all. But then suddenly a loud sound erupted from Jana and Darius' tent.

With a grin, Wilbur raced to see his friends. The ten fell to one side, and suddenly a great big red dragon wing, though not nearly as large as the *real* dragon's wing, erupted under the tent and lifted up a whole section of it. Wilbur had to contain a cackle as he saw Darius' skin change, growing red scales along his back and sides and golden ones upon his stomach.

"It's working!" he announced, and he saw that this was the case for Jana as well, whose skin was becoming smooth like a snake's, turning a vivid purple. Her eyes merged together to form one large cyclopean orb, which blinked several times. The woman yawned, the ten now torn completely off of them, but still she did not wake, not even as her teeth became sharper and, weirdest of all, a bunch of thick eyestalks grew like tentacles from her back, each one topped by a large golden eye with a vertical slit. She started floating up and hovering as if by some sleeping instinct, but Darius held on to her, his own form continuing to change. His clothing warped and changed to accommodate a long red tail, not to mention the wings already jutting from his shoulder blades. He developed claws and talons on his feet, and his face pushed forwards into a surprisingly cute snout that had some interestingly feminine features, so much so that his black hair grew out long and luscious.

"Wait," Wilbur said, even as the sleeping pair continued to transform. "What are those?"

He was talking about two bumps growing on Darius' chest. They grew and grew, getting larger and larger until it was undeniable that they were a pair of ripe and scaly breasts. The man's hips were also widening, his waist thinning, and his leather armour likewise altered to contain a much more female form. Wilbur was fascinated as he watched his friend, the leader of the Spears of Pash, turn into a female dragon-woman, one with startlingly beautiful features and an obviously muscular figure, but a female nonetheless.

"Wait, did the instructions mention this?" he asked, looking over the cube. There were definitely parts he hadn't thought needed translating, but now his friend and leader was becoming female, and Jana's body was . . . widening. The slim and beautiful elf was now gaining a pair of wide maternal hips and the kind of large breasts you'd want to see on a tavern maiden. Her clothes were changing to look more like some kind of eldritch dress, one with a bony outer corset and dark fabric that pushed up her chest dramatically. Her lovely golden hair was now shock white, and seemed to float as if underwater.

"Oh dear," Wilbur said. "This might be going further than I th-"

Suddenly a loud *crash* could be heard from across the clearing. Wilbur ran to Malazar's tent, only to see that the tent had practically been torn to shreds, and numerous magical items were sprawled across the ground. The talented mage's lithe form was expanding dramatically, but only below the waist. To Wilbur's astonishment, the man who had detested the drake was now gaining an entire lower half much like a drake's own body,

with his waist connecting to the point where its head should have been. But his hips had also widened, melding into the green-scaled form of the drake's quadrupedal form. He even had the draconic spikes running down her back, which continued along the drake half's spine, ending in a powerful tail that swayed and thumped loudly against the ground. His elaborate dark cloak shifted, turning to a simple purple chest wrap that hoisted up a pair of breasts that he most definitely had not possessed earlier that night. This was accompanied by a slimness to his form, even more than before, which left his arms dainty and his waist trim.

"Oh dear," Wilbur stammered beneath his breath. "It's making them all women!"

Indeed, Malazar's face was now looking supremely beautiful, with thick lips and tantalising eyes, not to mention perfect cheekbones. His bald head suddenly erupted with hair, long black curls that fell over his green spine spikes and parted between them. Two golden bands appeared upon the new woman's wrists, but still he - she, really - did not wake. Instead, she kicked out with her back feet as if sleeping irritably, then rolled heavily to her side like some kind of reptilian centaur. Malazar continued to snore as if her species and gender had not changed.

"Okay, it's just a bigger adjustment than expected, Wilbur!" the gnomish alchemist said to himself. "Don't go worrying now. In fact, this just makes the prank *even* better. Hell, Darius will be an attractive dragongirl, and Jana will have a laugh about being a thick-figured observer lass, ha! And Malazar doesn't even have a sense of humour, but who couldn't find the sight of him as a reptilian centaur just a *little* funny, hmm? Yes, yes, I'm sure it'll be a total laugh! They'll understand. Larakian the Laughter would approve of such a prank on his most holiest day, hee hee!"

Wilbur hoped, at least, that his words were true. He certainly wasn't sure he believed them, which is why he kept repeating them to himself, over and over again until he was finally tucked into his bedroll and falling fast asleep in his tent, which was the only undisturbed one in their entire camp.

Wilbur woke to find himself beneath the open sky, tied up, and surrounded by terrifying monsters. No, not monsters. Monster *girls*.

"Wha-? AGGH! What's happening!"

Eight golden eyes with vertical black slits suddenly surged forth to stare him right in the face. "What happened!?" came Jana's voice from behind them, as each eye suddenly creased in such a way to indicate anger. "*What happened!?* You turned us into monsters, you sick freak!"

The eyes pulled back, and Wilbur instantly remembered the events of the previous night. Sure enough, Jana was now a deeply strange being: a floating woman with a wonderfully voluptuous figure, bright purple skin, and a large cyclopean eye. She had no nose - just diagonal breathing slits - and her teeth were sharp. But extending from her back were eight tentacular eyestalks, each with an observer's eye. As she snarled at him, they appeared to change colours - one red, one blue, one green, and so forth.

"What in the Black Mountain have you done to us!?"

"I'd like some damn answers on that myself!" roared a female voice that Wilbur immediately knew to be Darius's. Wincing, the gnome shifted to the side to examine his friend, who was now a towering, buff, tough, but clearly very *female* anthro-dragon, complete with armour that outlined her obvious scaly breasts, not to mention a pair of hips that very much looked sculpted for breeding. Her new combat outfit functioned like an armoured leotard, revealing his thick red-scaled thighs, which led down to three-taloned feet which rested naturally upon the toes. Said armour made it very obvious that Darius now had nothing between her thighs, except, of course, a functioning female genitalia, one had to imagine. Her red tail shifted behind her menacingly, and she picked at her sharp crest in irritation, clearly not used to its existence. Her snout wasn't particularly long, which made her face still appear quite feminine and sleek, not at all like the captain of the Spears of Pash was supposed to be.

"Er, hello Darius!" the nervous gnome announced, giving a sheepish grin. "I like the new look!"

The dragon-woman growled, and fire literally leaped from her mouth, dispersing just before Wilbur's face but singeing his eyebrows a little.

"Please, it's just a prank!"

"We are well aware!" Jana announced. "You think this is funny? I'm dealing with ten eyes here - oh Gods, no - *nine* eyes, because I've only got one on my face! And they keep shooting stuff when I - Agh!"

One of her eyestalks twitched, the eye at the end turning red. It shot a beam of crimson light across the caldera and caused a vast explosion far away, one that left the woman floating backwards, turning head over heel and clutching her tight dress as she tried to control her movements.

"And I can't. Stop. FLOATING!" she screamed as she finally righted herself, just barely managing to avoid a wardrobe accident.

"And I'm spitting fire here," Darius reminded Wilbur. "So I'd like an answer to just how on Earth you managed this and why I'm currently *lacking between my legs* right now, and that's not even getting into the fact that I've got a pair of scaly red *tits* either!"

“At least they’re a lovely pair?” Wilbur joked, only to immediately be clipped upside the ear by Darius’ tail. “Owie! Okay, okay! I’ll tell you! The prank might have gone a little too far!”

“You think!?” Jana announced, gesturing to herself. One of her eyes shot forward on her stalk and shot a beam of blue energy at Wilbur, an action that clearly shocked the observer-woman as much as it did the gnome. Suddenly, he found himself floating in the air as well, under the effect of a levitation-based magical effect.

“I - oh wow. That was pretty cool,” Jana said. “But hey! I’m still angry at you!”

“We all are!” Darius announced.

It was only then that Malazar coughed from behind Wilbur. A pair of dark arms adjusted the gnome, turning him around to face the greatly changed individual. Indeed, she was still female and incredibly beautiful, her curled hair long, her face mesmerising, with only a chest wrap containing her bosom as her sole article of clothing, unless one counted the golden bracelets on her wrists. But her lower half was that of a green-scaled drake, a quadrupedal draconic creature with sharp but retractable spines and impressively tough claws. And yet . . . her tail was wagging almost excitedly.

“Not all of us are angry, Darius,” the woman said in a crisp and almost sultry voice. She shifted on her haunches, then stepped around Wilbur, moving as if she were totally used to her centaur-like body already. “In fact, I’m very impressed, Wilbur! I had considered such blending of artificery, alchemy, and old-fashioned magic beyond you, and yet you managed to use a *Polymorph Cube*! What’s more, upon waking to this form, I found myself not afraid at all! Indeed, I feel quite strong, though I must admit that becoming female is rather unexpected. There’s jiggling in some unreasonable places, so we must reverse that. Still, you must tell me how you accomplished such a change!”

“And how to reverse it!” Jana screeched, her eyestalks clutching her own body in a comforting hug to help calm herself. She took a deep breath, and her very enlarged bosom rose and fell dramatically. Wilbur found himself oddly entranced by the sight of the former elf. She was one of a kind, that was for certain, and she definitely had an alien appeal to her . . . not to mention those new curves.

“Sorry, what were you saying?” he said, looking around.

“How do we reverse it?” Darius roared, more fire erupting up into the air. She beat her wings, causing a thunderous gust to send Wilbur flying into Malazar’s arms. The new drake-centaur woman caught him with ease, however, demonstrating a surprising new strength.

“And pray tell,” Malazar said. “Where did half the treasure go?”

“Half the . . . what now?”

She rotated Wilbur to witness the huge treasure hoard of the red dragon, but it now looked quite diminished. It appeared to glow faintly.

“Oh shit! Lemme down! Jana, lemme down!” he screeched. Somehow, her blue eye managed to dissipate the levitation effect, and he fell upon his rump. The gnomish man scrambled towards the bank where he’d secretly left the Polymorph Cube, the same one that Malazar had correctly determined was the cause behind their changes. Sure enough, it was still glowing beneath the foliage he’d hidden it within, only it was glowing even *brighter* than it had the previous night.

“Shit! Barrows filled in by moles! Timber and tits!”

He grabbed the cube and began reciting the words on it, even pressed its buttons, but nothing stopped its mechanisms. It was at that point that Jana hovered closer, her eyes looking about everywhere in an accusatory fashion, her motion a little bit more refined than it had been.

“What is it? What’s the problem, gnome!?”

Malazar scrambled over the hill, easily adapting to her new form, though Wilbur couldn’t help but notice that her breasts were bouncing noticeably in her top.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t read all the instructions?” she announced, scratching at the ground with her drake half’s talons.

Darius landed. Or, more accurately, she *crashed*. In a desire to follow Wilbur quickly, she’d taken to the air, her large red wings unfolding fully. But she clearly had not adjusted to the requirements of flight just yet, or at least landings, and so she kicked up a lot of dust when she came down, turning head over tail and getting dirt all over her horns and crest.

“Stupid, stupid! Damn it, falling on these tits hurts! You couldn’t make them any smaller, Wilbur?”

But Wilbur was frantic by this point, already trying to figure out how to put an end to the cube’s magic. He was turning the cube over in his hands, knowing that *every second* it was still activated, it was eating more and more of their treasure.

“Um, we’ve got a problem here!” he exclaimed. “I don’t know how to turn it off! I didn’t translate all of the text!”

“You idiot!” Malazar said. “Jana, pass it here!”

Jana fired off another eye beam, squeaking in surprise as she did so. It caused the cube to disappear and then teleport to Darius’ bustline instead. The dragongirl snarled, then quickly pulled the cube from between her breasts and passed it on to Malazar.

“Seriously?”

“I wasn’t trying to do that! You try having nine eyes! My vision is all over the place now, literally! Oh Gods, I won’t fit into *any* of my dresses like this! Turn us back, Malazar!”

But the magical prodigy was too busy studying the runic inscriptions upon the cube. Her claws dug into the ground, and her tail thwacked loudly against the dirt in irritation.

"You fool!" she declared, finally firing up, perhaps a side effect of her new drake influence. "You didn't read the full sequence?"

"I'm not the fastest translator of ancient!"

She stomped upon the ground, now almost roaring with anger until she calmed herself. "By the Gods, man, you've given me a drake's rage now. This Polymorph Cube is intended for *female* creation, which is why two of us are now women."

"You idiot!" Darius announced. The dragon woman slapped her forehead, then took a deep, fiery breath. "Oh, who am I kidding. It's not the worst prank. Making me a dragon because I want a draconic weapon. I get it now. Just like Jana's irony over there, and Malazar's too. At least we can turn back, though all the treasure lost comes out of *your* share, *and* you owe us."

But Malazar had now composed herself once more, and held up a finger. "Done! The cube's effects have ended."

Wilbur's jaw had dropped. The sorcerer-turned-draketaur-sorceress was even better than he'd imagined. "Th-thank you," he said. "Look, it was just meant to be a prank. I didn't mean to consume the treasure, I swear! But as soon as you turn back-"

"That is the other fine point in need of discussion," Malazar said calmly, though her drake half looked more tense and ready to strike. "We shall not, in fact, be turning back. At all. Not unless we are very, very lucky."

Jana's eyes - all nine of them including her larger cyclopean eye - all went wide. She floated up a little, and folded her arms beneath her large purple breasts, lifting them higher. "Wait, *what!?* You can't expect me to stay like this! I'm not - I'm not some freaky observer woman!"

"And I fight dragons, I certainly don't become them," Darius complained. "And I definitely want my damn dick back!"

"Yeah, give him his dick back!" Jana added.

Wilbur looked hopelessly to Malazar, who had gritted her teeth. She gestured with a forepaw towards him in a half-threatening gesture. "The magic has been continually running for hours now. It is *locked*. This is ancient magic. It could take us years and years of searching to find another cube of its like to change us back. And this one's charge is practically finished. It has only enough charge for a polymorph left, but not enough for a reversal. And when ancient artefacts are spent, they are *spent*. This transformation is academically fascinating, Wilbur, but I will not lie: I want to rake you apart with my claws, right now."

"I - I thought you didn't mind it!"

"I don't," she said. "But they do. And besides, experiments are supposed to *end*."

Wilbur looked to his friends. Darius, now a gorgeous and powerful dragongirl with very breedable dimensions. Jana, formerly a waifish elf but was now a voluptuous aberration with tentacular eyes springing from her. And Malazar, a thin and elegant sorcerer, had been turned into a mighty-looking draketaur, with an upper half that was staggeringly beautiful. Wilbur gave an awkward laugh, extending his hands out in a gesture of embarrassment.

"I guess, uh, an apology won't be enough, right?"

Darius spouted a small geyser of flame. "I can think of *one* thing that might make it up to us."

"Anything!"

All of Jana's eyes narrowed. "Are you all thinking what I'm thinking?"

Malazar nodded. "I'll fetch the ooze sample. Someone get a clipping of his hair."

"What!?" Wilbur exclaimed. "Don't tell me you're planning to -"

Each of them looked at him accusingly; Malazar in a more placid fashion, but Darius and especially Jana more outraged. He shrunk before their gazes.

"Oh, who am I kidding?" Wilbur said, chuckling at the tragic comedy of it. "I bloody well deserve it, don't I?"

The Spears of Pash entered the Walk-In Tavern on the outskirts of the Perelith Badlands, and the interior immediately went silent. Who could blame them? Striding into their space at the edge of civilisation was a group which had become one of the most famous adventuring groups in all the land, and not just for their incredible feats these past few years. No one knew the full story, but it was common knowledge that this group had once consisted of two human men, an elven woman, and a gnomish male. But some great calamity - likely a dramatic fight against an evil wizard or somesuch - had transformed them into a group of imposing yet oddly captivating monster women.

Daria was first to enter, flapping her leathery wings to fling off the rain droplets that had fallen upon them. She blew out a flame into her hands, burning them clean of water, and then placed her hands on her hips.

"Right, where's the bartender? I need a goddamn drink after dealing with that creepy evil knight and his brigand band. I'm so glad I set half of them on fire."

"You only thought he was a creep because he was all over you!" Jana stated as she floated in. Her appearance received some gasps from the patrons, who stared at the very full-figured and voluptuous purple-skinned woman, who had eight tentacle-stalked extending

from her back and around her sides to face in front of her. They darted about, taking everything in. "Oh good, they have my favourite wine."

"Of course I thought he was creepy. He was coming on to me, Jana. That's the definition of creepy!"

"Please, I used to get that all the time. Now only the weird ones, like the liches, come on to me."

"Like you have any trouble finding a partner. I bet those eyes are already scouting out some right now."

"Guilty, but can you blame a girl? These eyes know how to *do* things . . ."

The fourth figure entered, but only just; her drake body had to squeeze through the door, even though it was quite wide. She stood above the rest, her dark-skinned upper half that of an utter beauty, her lower half ready to rip anyone to shreds if needs be.

"Please, avoid the unnecessary sex talk," Mazarla stated matter-of-factly. "It is utterly distracting."

"You need to find a mate at every tavern we stop at!" Daria exclaimed, her tail slapping lightly against her friend's side.

"That's just this body's biological needs, nothing more," Mazarla said with some embarrassment. "You can thank Wilma for that."

It was at this point that Wilma walked in. Well, *slide-walked* in might be more accurate. She had to disgorge some of the water her body had absorbed, but soon she took a more familiar shape; that of a rather cute-looking gnomish woman, albeit one comprised entirely of pink-coloured goo.

"Hey, how many times do I have to apologise for that?" the slime woman said, gesturing to herself. "I got turned into a goo lady, didn't I? I'd say that's bloody well enough!"

A few people murmured in the tavern, but she just extended her middle finger until it was a foot long and pointed in their direction.

"Hey! No making fun unless you want me to dissolve you. Where's this bartender? I wanna make sure that at least half of my matter is an alcoholic ooze, thank you very much!"

The bartender rose up from behind the bar, the man looked rather nervous.

"S-sorry! I didn't recognise you at first. You're the Monster Girls of Pash, aren't you?"

Daria sighed, and Jana's many eyes creased in disappointment.

"The Spears of Pash," Mazarla corrected. "No matter what others choose to call us."

"Well, er, the first round is on the house for the heroes!" the bartender announced. He readied to grab some ale, but suddenly a gooey hand extended out over twelve feet and snatched a bottle from the shelf. Wilma reeled her hand back in and then immediately placed the entire bottle inside her chest, sinking through her impressively large, if gooey, breasts, where it began to float and slowly dissolved.

“Correct,” she said with a wink, placing her hands on her wide feminine hips, where the goo hand and goo hip immediately began to meld together. “Drinks are *in* me!”

At this, the entire party and half the bar groaned.

“Oh, what, so I can’t even do a *regular* joke anymore?”

The End