With the ogre defeated, and a mutual appreciation of each other’s skills, the newly formed party of adventurers decide that this could be a permanent thing. Our three adventurers were making their way after their dwarve compatriot “processed” the ogre thoroughly into more manageable girth. Eventually a heavy downpour forced them to take shelter in a small village’s inn close to the main road. They entered the inn and were greeted by a kind old woman who showed them to their rooms. The old woman remarked how their inn was no stranger to the occasional party of adventurers and wished them each a good nights rest before returning to her post. Gilglia immediately ducked into her single room without so much as a word. She was tired from carrying a few extra hundred pounds around the past few days, so the boys figured she just wanted to sleep early. After changing into more comfortable attire Paxus made his was to the inn’s tavern, and Badal hung out in the common area playing a lute he found lying about. Two hotel maids were entranced by the siren song of a bard and his instrument, and gathered around Badal to watch him play. The bard eventually began making up songs about the girls and showered them with flattery. He had them eating out the palm of his hands, and suggested they make their little party more private by moving things back to his room. The silver haired bard pulls the door a pen, and their eyes instantly water. Piles....no, mountains of dark brown shit had been spewed all over his room. The bed was nearly buried in the stuff and not much floor could be seen under the ropes of waste.

“Badaaaaal you silly elf. How many times do we have to tell you? Do your business in a latrine!” Gilglia showed up out of nowhere and chastised the dumbfounded half elf. She crossed her arms over her more than ample chest and shook her head in disappointment. The dwarf was wearing a low cut shirt that exposed generous amounts of cleavage and low cut pants that left her crack exposed any time she bent the tiniest bit over.

“Sorry about that ladies. One too many battles have left him a bit empty in the attic. Thank you for walking him to his room!” The two house keepers practically ran down the hall away from the smell of the mountains of refuse. Badal watched them hurry down the hall to safety and sighed in disappointment. He had a feeling it was going too well.

“Well I guess I need to inform the staff I need a new room.” Badal said more to himself than the smug dwarf standing next to him.

“Nonsense I refuse to pay for another room just because you can’t contain yourself elf. I will allow you to bed with me.” Gilglia chided. She stepped in front of Badal effectively blocking him with her heavy hips that had quickly expanded beyond the dimensions of her current outfit.

“Actually I was the one that pai- Ow!” Badal was yanked violently towards the ground by the offending dwarf. A sharp pain afflicted him so great that even the mightiest of dragons would of been brought to their knees. Gilglia was pulling Badal by his little elf in the direction of her room. Badal can see from his vantage point the noticeable brown streaks of a poorly wiped movement from between her bubbling ass cleavage. The brute didn’t even have the forethought to get rid of the evidence.

“Unhand me you vile obtuse createn!!!” The bard tried prying the chubby fingers that chained him to his tormentor, but the she beast squeezed his sausage with an intensity that made all strength leave his body.

“Stop whining I need someone to wipe me. Your delicate feminine fingers are perfect.” The wicked dwarf giggled as she told her prisoner the plans she had in store. Badal clawed at the wooden floor in vain, searching for any pay dirt that would filibuster his torture.

“Paxus!!!” He screamed in the hopes of his savior hearing his pleads.

On the other side of the inn Paxus sat at the tavern enjoying a nice ale.

“You’re a pretty good drinker for someone so young.” The bartender was a fetching young woman with fair skin and a main of wild black hair. Her amber eyes seemed to glow unnaturally in the dimly lit room.

“I’m older than I look.” The youthful monster slasher responded back without looking up from his drink. He was use to it at this point. He was never offended when people mistake him for a much younger man due to his condition, and he liked to use it as a focal point when flirting with women.

“Oh yeah? An experienced lad are ye?” The bartender puts down the glass to give this little upstart her undivided attention. Wasn’t often she’s seen one so small yet exude an aura of danger.

“I’ve seen a thing or two.” Paxus slyly shot back at her.

The two’s back and forth went on for a few hours. They spoke about the local going ons of the little town, and how Paxus and company had just finished a monster slaying quest. When he went more in depth about the numerous beasties he’s slain in his time the bartender seemed to shrink back slightly as if the wind in her sails were momentarily knocked out. Paxus figured the shop talk might be too much for the average person and offered to treat her to a drink in his room. The bartender agrees enthusiastically. Before they even cross the threshold of the room she was upon him. The slightly taller woman hungrily sought his lips with her own while disrobing the experienced man with her graceful fingers. Before Paxus knew it he was inside of her watching her sloping breasts bounce on her fit frame. His bed creaking in rhythm to her down ward thrusts. With a especially heavy bounce Paxus’s throwing knife belt slips off the corner of his bed frame and falls onto the girls lap. The spot where the silver edged blades made contact with her flesh instantly began to sizzle and burn causing the girl to shriek in pain. The girl flings herself off the bed and Paxus saw her....... melt? Her supple pink skin sagged and jiggled as it was being shaken off her body.

“Don’t look at me! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Don’t kill me!” Her voice was now gargled but carried the same feminine quality. The once beautiful woman was now a misshapen blob of a monster.

“So you’re a changeling?” Paxus asked with little surprise. He was once again calm after realizing what was happening.

“Yes. You aren’t going to um kill me?” The little grey monster shrunk into the he corner of the dark room unsure of her fate in the presence of this monster hunter.

“As long as you aren’t trying to rob me I don’t see a reason to do so? You seem too nice to do something like that.” Paxus offered her a hand up off the floor. She hesitantly took it and is pulled into his lap as he cradled her grey formless body.

“I’m sorry that I’m a monster.” The grey fleshy humanoid sniffled and tears ran down the flaps covering what should be her eyes.

“We’re all monsters. Some of us more than others. Right now I’m not looking at a monster. All I see is a beautiful girl.” Paxus cupped her chin flap and planted a kiss on her lipless mouth. Suddenly there’s a sharp knock at the door.

“Paxus!!!! We heard the screams of fear and dissatisfaction either you’re with a woman or being attacked by a monster!” The loud voice of his admittedly obnoxious best friend came from behind the door.

The woman’s grey and fleshy folds that made her look as if she was melting quickly shifted into her previous appearance of a beautiful bar maid. Not soon after a mighty warhammer shattered the room’s door into splinters flooding the budding couple in candlelight from the hallway.

“Nobody eats that twerp but me.” The pint sized trouble maker had her warhammer at the ready to provide “emotional” support for her new party member.

“It’s alright guys. We’re just getting a little hot and heavy is all. Isn’t that right?” Paxus reassured his friends that he had the situation under control.

“Y-yes I’m sorry for causing trouble.” The girl sheepishly played along with Paxus. She didn’t know who these people were, but they must of cared an awful lot about the muscled hunk she was in bed with.

“It’s alright miss. Such a beautiful girl would feel unsafe with a brute like him. If you would like I coul-Ow!!! Badal found himself once again being dragged along the floor by his magical wand.

“Let’s leave these love birds with some privacy. You have a long night ahead of you elf.” Gilglia graciously closed the door behind her and her prey. Paxus spent the night snuggling and pleasuring his changling lover in her many different forms.