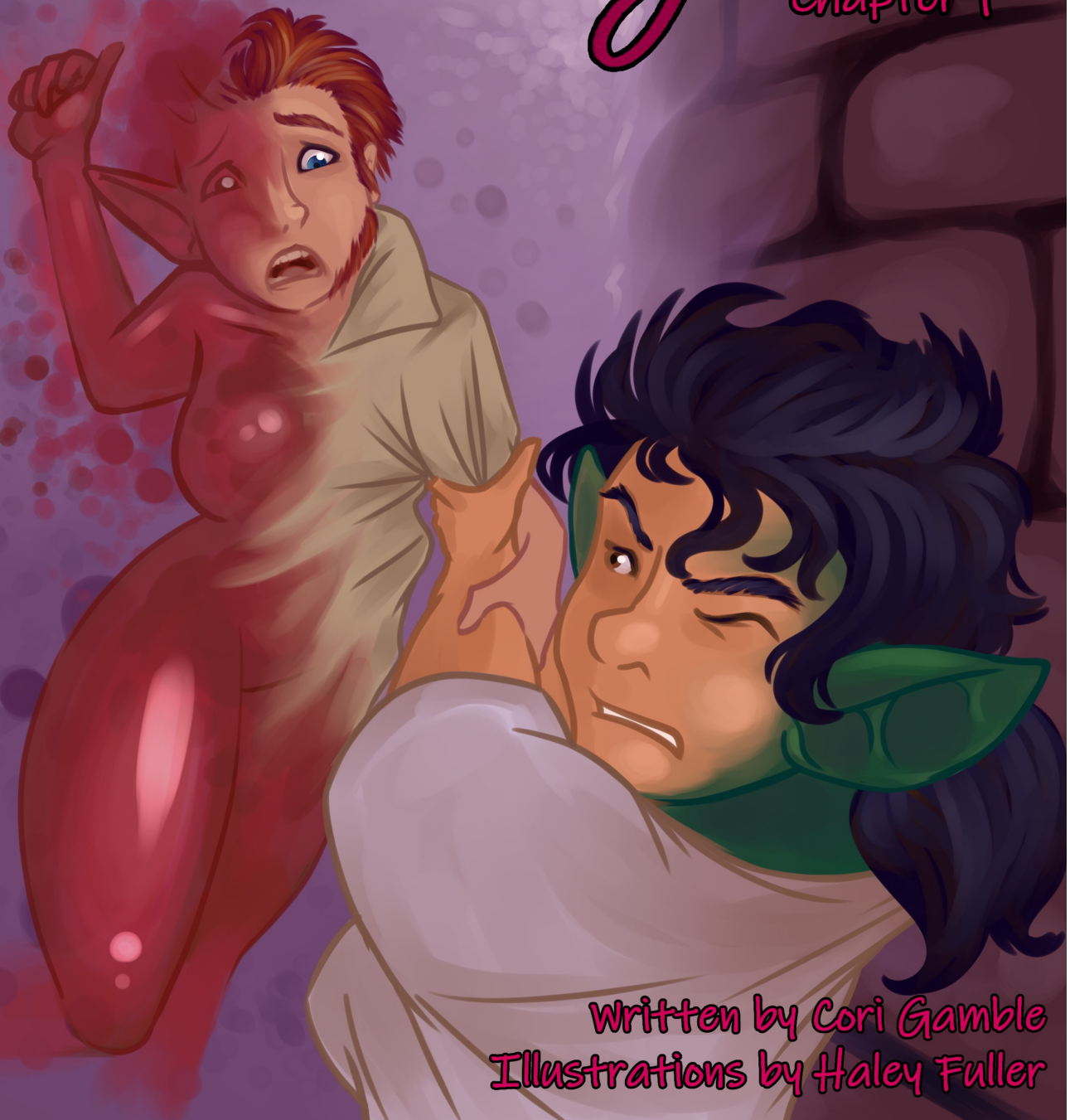


Catacombs & Catgirls

Chapter 1



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It was the biggest score of his life, and it couldn't be going any worse. Jamie's normally-dexterous fingers seemed to have transformed into limp noodles, flopping uselessly against the lock he was attempting to pick. Sweat trickled down his face, dripping from his red hair and sliding down to join its perspiration brothers in his soaked face mask. The stubborn chest was giving no quarter to the young man, experienced thief or not.

A crash and a thump tried to distract him from his work, the noises emanating from the room just outside of the bedroom he was currently crouching in. The lock clicked tantalizingly with each twist and turn of his picks, the thief making slow progress. Another thump and this time the door creaked open a hair, causing Jamie to pause and turn his head toward it. Another man, this one with tousled brown hair almost to his shoulders, was peeking his head in.

“How much longer, Jay? I've had to bop one guard and I can hear more downstairs. Did the lord of the manor not skimp on lock quality like we hoped?” The newcomer spoke in a semi-hushed tone, trying to keep some modicum of stealth regardless of the noises he had made.

Jamie shook his head and turned back to the lock, once more twisting his picks up, down, left and right, “Not as such, Finn. Just give me more time.” With that, he fell silent again, redoubling his efforts on the chest.

Finn hesitated a moment before letting out an obnoxious, frustrated grunt, “Well, fine then. Don't be mad at me when we're swimming in guards, yeah?” He closed the door and things fell silent once more.

The new silence was almost suspiciously thick, and every click sounded as if it was echoing through the room. Jamie didn't have the time to focus on how things had fallen quiet, because he could feel his picks sliding in further. It couldn't be much further now, regardless of how fancy the lock was.



A series of shouts shattered the silence and caused the thief to look toward the closed door, recognizing one of the voices to be that of his compatriot. He could only imagine what was happening out in the other room, trying to form a mental video from the various thumps, crashes and yells.

“That's the way, Finn, just keep them busy...” He turns his head back to his work, willing his fingers to obey him just a little longer. The goods in this chest had to be worth it, and hopefully it would mean a break from his life as a lowly thief. A string of petty thefts had kept him and his friend afloat, sure, but he was tired of creeping through crawlspaces and scampering across rooftops.

Another bead of sweat trickled down his face as he felt the lock finally give, his pick twisting up with such suddenness that he froze for a moment. A smile crossed his face, hidden by his mask, and with one swift, practiced motion, he pulled the pick out and gathered the rest of his tools into his pouch. It had fallen once more quiet, causing him to guiltily look toward the door.

I really should check on him... but, loot first.

He nodded to himself and pulled the chest's lid open, eager eyes searching for signs of valuables. He scarcely had a moment to register a small canister within, the canister's lid pulled open by the chest's opening, before the door behind him slammed open. Jamie spun around in place, already reaching for a knife that felt all too pathetic. Finn was tossed in by a rather large, imposing silhouette, the brown-haired rogue clearly unconscious and landing limply in front of Jamie.

Breasts?! Was that a woman?! Gods, she was huge!



A hissing sound from the chest made him turn his head back toward it, the sight of gas spewing forth from the container causing him to immediately roll away. The figure filling up the doorway let out a deep, but unmistakably feminine chuckle and slammed the door shut. Jamie was fast, always had been, but even he couldn't get to the door in time. He pushed at it futilely, realizing once more that Finn had always been the muscle in their duo.

Maybe my mask will be enough? Finn's got nothing, though...

The gas was swiftly filling up the room, incredibly thick and dark blue in colour. Jamie briefly wondered why the trap gas needed to be coloured, perhaps it was an intimidation thing. Most importantly, however, the gas was between him and the window, and there wasn't going to be any clear room left soon. He braced himself, placing his hands over his mask and found himself praying to whatever one of the gods might be listening that it was rated for trap gas.

His prayers went unheeded, however, and he found the room starting to spin as the gas engulfed him. His vision began to darken, and the thief found that he was moving, but he appeared to be walking sideways. Wait, was he standing up? He felt like he was floating through water, and couldn't find which way was the surface. He wobbled in place and fell forward, the spinning room going completely dark before he hit the floor.

His eyes jerked open and he immediately regretted it, a thick pain pulsing through his head and forcing him to close them again. A moment later and he decided to risk opening one eye, peeking up at what appeared to be a torch set into a stone wall above him. Judging by the hard feeling below him, the floor was also stone and he was sprawled out on his back. Slowly, he sat up and put a hand to his head, gingerly surveying the stone room he was in.

Shit, a jail cell?

There wasn't a door in the doorway, however, and there didn't seem to be anything blocking him from leaving the room. Finn was slumped nearby, snoring loudly. It almost looked like he had fallen asleep against the wall; it certainly sounded like it, at least. Jamie decided to leave him for now and wobbled his way over to the doorway, peering out with a cautious eye.

The hallway was long, also made of stone, and seemed to branch off into different intersections not much further down. Scattered torches provided a moderate amount of light, though the whole area just looked incredibly bleak. It suddenly began to dawn on Jamie just what their predicament was.

“No... the DUNGEON?!” His protest echoed down the hallway, bouncing off of the walls and coming back to him in a mocking chorus. Finn stirred at the noise and blearily opened his eyes, looking up at Jamie in an offended manner.

“Mate, why are you yellin'? I got a hell of a hangover here...” His complaints trailed off as he let his gaze pan over his new environs, blinking his groggy eyes slowly. He was slow; it took him a few moments to realize that this wasn't where he remembered being, “Jay. Where are we?”

Jamie didn't answer, instead opting to venture further out into the hallway. His friend would catch up once he picked himself off of the floor, he mused to himself while leaning into one of the other doorways. It appeared to lead into another square room like the one they had

woken up in. There were a few more of these rooms before the intersection further down.

Finn joined him just as Jamie got to the intersection and was looking left and right down the split. The brown-haired man brushed stone dust off of his pants with one hand as the other rubbed at his tousled hair. Jamie sighed to himself as he noticed that the new hallways all resembled the first: stone walls, stone floor, and flickering torches placed within sconces on the walls.

“Yes, definitely the Dungeon, Jamie. You got caught in your big score and now you're in the Dungeon, Jamie.” He muttered to himself, as if trying to assure him that he was awake and not dreaming. The pain in his head made it quite clear that he was very awake, however.

“Why are you talking to yourself, mate? I'm right here. Did you say 'the Dungeon'? As in, the King's Dungeon?” Finn leaned against one of the walls, a frown crossing his youthful features. He had always considered himself a good-looking man, a 'virile, young, specimen of athletic manliness', if you were any of the women who asked him about himself. He shook his head slowly, “Why wouldn't they throw us in jail? What kind of lord were we rippin' off?”

Jamie closed his eyes for a moment, reaching up to squeeze the bridge of his nose between his finger and thumb. It was an odd tick he did whenever he was trying to calm himself down and think clearly. His blue eyes flashed when he opened them once more, and he focused on his partner, “Well, evidently the lord was deep in the King's pockets. The best plan for us now is to try and find a way out. This could be beneficial; his Highness has a standing decree that anyone who makes it out of his Dungeon is pardoned.”

Finn's frown quickly flipped itself into a smile, “A pardon, you say? Brilliant! We get outta here and we'll find ourselves a new town with new people to rob!”

His sudden exuberance was almost too much for Jamie, causing him to hold his tongue and not continue his thoughts aloud. The thief couldn't recall having ever heard of anyone escaping the Dungeon, but it was more advantageous to keep his headstrong friend in an

upbeat mood.

Who knows; maybe he'll even find us a way out...

A sharp clap of hands pulled Jamie out of his thoughts and back to the situation at hand, the sound echoing off the walls in a series of fading cracks. Finn was now grinning at his friend, hands clasped together as he nodded his head toward one of the hallways, "Let's go, chum! I say we go this way, yeah?"

Without waiting for an answer, the rogue was off leaving his partner to follow or not. Jamie didn't see any reason to not go that way, unable to see any real difference between any of the hallways. He shrugged his shoulders and followed after his friend, keeping his eyes sharp and clear for any sign of, well, anything other than stone and torches.

Finn kept up a constant conversation, babbling on about what they could do in another town, where they could go, and how silly this whole Dungeon business was if they would just let people go if they got out. Jamie nodded gamely at any appropriate pause, but his focus was on the hallway and not his friend. Neither of them could tell how long they had been unconscious, but it certainly felt like their current trek was taking awhile.

There wasn't much to see on their adventure, the gray stone of the walls blending in with the gray stone of the floor. The most interesting things so far had been scuffs on the ground, possibly from a previous unfortunate that had gotten themselves tossed in here, and the occasional scrawled word chiseled into the wall. There wasn't anything that read longer than "Death" or "No escape", and none of it did any to raise the thief's morale.

He was looking ahead, noticing that some of the torches seemed to be dim, for lack of a better word. A better descriptor would be that the light they cast was oddly pink. The weirdness caught his attention, distracting him from realizing that Finn had stopped and was examining something he had plucked off of the ground.

The light was entrancing, and as Jamie got closer, he found that he could hear a

rhythmic thumping sound. It almost sounded like a heartbeat, but wetter, soft squishing sounds accompanying it. He could see that the pink section of the hallway seemed to be hazy, and he was almost right on top of it when he heard Finn call out from a surprising distance behind him. He turned his head to listen to his partner, while his feet and legs continued to move him forward

“Oy, Jamie, I found somethin'! It looks like treas-...!” Finn's voice was suddenly muffled as the thief found himself colliding with something wet and soft. It resisted for just a moment, long enough for Jamie to turn his head back around to see that he had made contact with some sort of wobbly, semi-transparent, pink wall. Then it was pulling him in, forcing the air out of him as the ooze enveloped him.

It was pleasantly warm and would almost be nice if he was able to breathe or move his arms and legs. He tried hard, managing small, futile movements that did little to stop the wall of ooze from pulling him further in. As it became apparent that he wasn't going to get himself out of this, the thief found himself reflecting back on his life, at all of the petty little thief jobs he did to provide for himself.

It was all crap! All of it, and I never stole anything worth anything and now I die, enveloped in some pungent, pink, pulsing wall! Damnit, Finn, get yourself out of here and punch the King in the face for me...

Jamie closed his eyes and relaxed his tired limbs, aching from the strain of trying to free himself, and began to give himself to his fate. It was almost serene as he started to calm and relax; maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. It was painless, at least.



The trapped man's eyes jerked open as he felt something gripping at his legs, and with a lot of effort, managed to turn his head just enough to see that Finn had shoved his arms into the wall of slime. He was gripping Jamie's ankles and bracing himself, pulling hard on his enveloped friend. To Jamie's surprise, he felt himself moving backward, away from the core of the wall and back toward the safety of the hallway.

Yes, Finn, yes! I love you, you meathead! I can't ever tell you this, but I'm so glad you're here!

The hallway felt cold as Jamie was birthed out of the slime, both him and Finn falling back onto the floor. Finn tugged off his ooze-covered shirt and threw it against the wall, where it splatted and stuck in place. There wasn't much Jamie could do for himself, however, the man fully covered in the pink goo. It tingled as it clung to him, and resisted his efforts at brushing it off.

“Jay! You walked straight into that cube! Why didn't you stop when I called ya?” Finn was admonishing him and the thief made no move to stop him, feeling that he earned any insult he might get from here on out. He instead focused on stripping off as much of the slimed clothing he could, which, unfortunately, was most of what he had been wearing. His tool pouch and undershirt were surprisingly dry, but his pants were absolutely soaked.

He noticed his arms seemed to have taken on a sunburnt colour where the slime had coated them, poking at himself and noting he didn't feel any pain. Perhaps it was just a side effect from having been in the pink goo, and would wash off if he could find some sort of water. He looked over at Finn and surveyed him with a curious eye, noting his friend had managed to not get any on himself aside from his coat.

“Finn, man, stop talking. I really have to thank you for keeping an eye out for me, you know?” Jamie managed an awkward smile, which only served to make Finn feel incredibly uncomfortable.

Finn returned it with one of his own smiles, wide and full of teeth, flexing one of his arms in a mocking, show-off fashion, “Oh man, don't hug me until you've had a bath! You're damn lucky you've got these looking out for you, eh?” He flexed again, and Jamie found himself contemplating possibly throwing himself into the wall again to escape this moment. Some small part of him knew he'd never live this down; and as he and Finn stood back up, he rubbed at his arms as they continued to tingle.

The pair set off again, away from the goo wall, leaving their soaked equipment behind. Jamie still had his tools and undershirt, while Finn had only sacrificed his coat in his rescue. Their backtracking was mostly done in awkward silence, the partners keeping their eyes open for any further traps. Jamie found it harder and harder to ignore the tingling sensations going through his body, or the growing warmth within his torso.

It did not take them terribly long to get back to where the hallway had split from where their cell was, the pair continuing past to venture down the unexplored path. Every so often, Jamie would feel something heavy drip onto his shoulder and he would brush it off, assuming that it had been left over slime caught in his hair. It kept happening at an increasing rate, and his brushes were done with more and more annoyance.

Before he had a chance to reach up and investigate, intending to rake his fingers through his red hair and get as much goop out as he could, he noticed Finn had paused in front of an opening in the hallway wall. The rogue had taken the lead, uncharacteristically quiet, though now he sported one of his wide smiles, “Jay, look! Treasure!”

“T-treasure? Didn't you say something about treasure before? I don't think we should trust Dungeon treasure...” Suspicious, Jamie stood in the doorway and watched as Finn ventured into the small room. There was indeed a chest sitting in the middle of the room, several shiny things scattered on the floor around it. A hammer rested against the chest, similar to a blacksmith's hammer in appearance, though a little oversized in comparison.

“Oh yeah, I forgot when you were sucked up by that wall! I found a coin on the ground.”

Finn didn't turn around, already reaching out and wrapping his bare fingers around the hammer. Jamie could have sworn he saw the hammer glow as his friend took ahold of it, but the light came and went so quick, he wasn't certain it was not just a trick of the flickering torches. Finn held the hammer up as he looked over it, “It's not much, but maybe it'll help against any other uh... creatures. I'm not sure how alone we are in here, mate.”

Jamie nodded and then immediately regretted the action, it felt like a weight on his head shifted back and forth in time with his movements. His hands flew up to the top of his head, where they found themselves sinking into something warm and gooey. His eyes widened and he bit back some undignified noise of surprise that threatened to escape him, “F-finn, is there something on my head?”

Finn turned away from the chest, where he had been poking at it with his new hammer, “Damn, it's locked. Do ya still got your picks... on... you...” He trailed off as he stared at his thief friend, his eyes growing wide as well, “Uh... did you do something to your hair...?”

“My hair? How would I have done anything with my hair down here?” As he felt along the gooey mass adorning his head, he noted that it certainly felt like his hair, even though it was clearly a semi-solid mass of something warm. It drooped all the way down to his shoulders, in a mockery of long hair. He pulled a hand off of the mass and looked it over, expecting to see some sort of goop stuck to it.

Jamie was instead shocked by the sight of his hand, for it had turned red and he realized he could see through it. Moving his other hand next to it, he could see they were both exact matches of each other, and the red texture went all the way up his arms and under his shirt, “What the hell?!” Along with the red texture and the semi-solid state of his arms, something else seemed off about the shape of his hands. It took him a moment before he realized it: they were smaller, more dainty! They looked like the hands of a young woman.

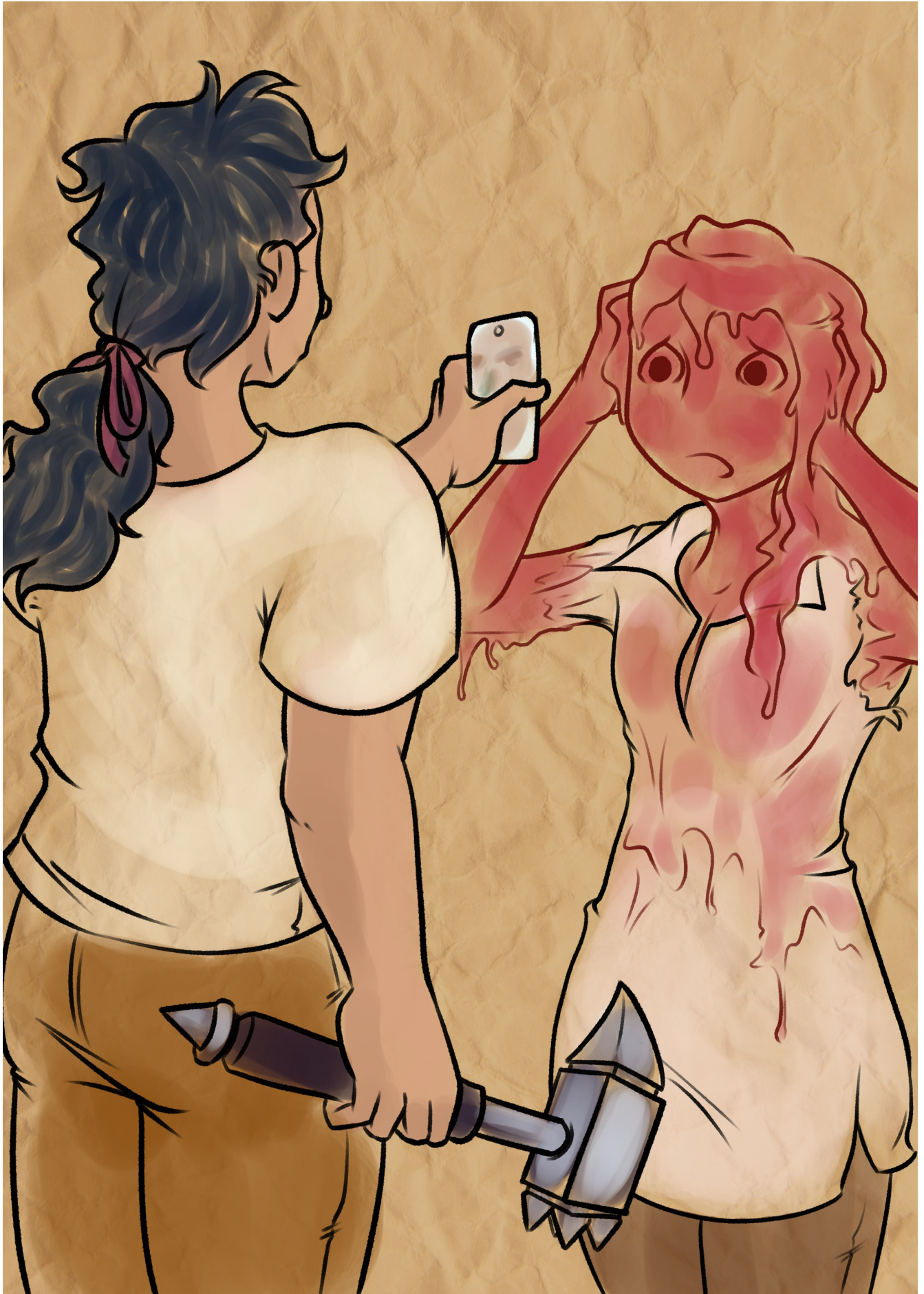
Finn had moved closer while Jamie had been staring at his changed hands and arms, and before the thief had a chance to react, Finn had used the hammer head to nudge him out into the better light of the hallway. The rogue stared at Jamie's face, with such intensity that he found himself starting to feel self-conscious and shy, "Jay... you look like a woman. Your face, at any rate. Like... like a woman made of slime!"

"A woman made of slime? What does that mean?" Jamie felt his voice crack as he spoke, noting that his words came out at a higher tone. Finn stepped back, giving his changing friend some room to breathe, and dug in his pouch. He produced a small metal mirror, the one he frequently used in taverns to make sure his hair was just the right amount of messy for the ladies, and held it up to Jamie's face.

He was almost too afraid to lean closer and look at his reflection, but he had to know what the heck was going on with his body. This time, he couldn't bite back the surprised squeak that escaped him as he stared at the face reflected back at him. It was undoubtedly female, all round and soft, and sporting long hair made of dripping slime, with pointed, elven ears sticking out of it. It seemed to lack a nose and the eyes were a solid red, just like the rest of his face, but it only added to the round cuteness of the face. He was embarrassed that "cuteness" had been the first word to jump to his mind as he looked over the odd head that sat on top of his, presumably, still human body.

"Oh gods above, what the hell did that ooze do to me?! We have to get out of here now, Finn, and find some sort of reversal spell for this." Finn nodded in agreement, and with one last long stare at his friend's changed head, he turned and pointed down the hallway with his hammer.

"A-alright, mate, let's continue forward." Finn tried to put some of his usual optimism and confidence into his voice, but he found that he just couldn't do it; this was just too weird and to top it off, his arm felt tingly as he gripped the hammer.



They continued at a faster pace than before, Jamie's body feeling increasingly weird and just plain wrong as they moved along. His shirt had started to feel tight across his chest, and his pants were becoming snug across his hips. The thief had a sinking feeling that he knew why his clothes weren't fitting correctly anymore, but he wasn't ready to admit it to himself just yet.

Jamie found that he didn't feel as fatigued as he kept moving, outpacing his friend and taking the lead as moving began to feel effortless. It was almost pleasant, if it wasn't due to his body changing radically. He didn't even notice that he had long since stopped breathing, no longer needing to. He swayed his hips as his gait became more confident and less tired, his big steps feeling better after a weight was suddenly freed from his feet.

“J-jamie, wait, you're leavin' me-... unf!” The changing thief spun around as he heard his friend thud to the ground behind him, ready for any sign of danger. Though as Finn sat up and rubbed at his head, it became clear he had simply tripped over something. That something became apparent as he held up one of Jamie's boots, causing Jamie to look down and let out a moan of despair: at the end of his clearly feminine legs were a pair of dainty feet, made of slime like the rest of him.

His boots had slid off, and as he began to worry, his pants started to do the same. It was a particularly weird sensation, the feeling of his pants not simply sliding off, but sliding through his legs. They fell to the floor in a slime-covered pile and left Jamie desperately trying to concentrate on leaving his shirt on. His (*Her? Am I a her now?*) body was clearly made of red slime now, all semi-solid and semi-translucent, and definitely sporting the curves of a lovely young maiden.

He became acutely aware of his friend staring up at him, “W-what are you staring at, Finn?” The voice that came out of his puffy lips was most certainly that of a woman's, though if one were to listen to it, they could hear Jamie's intonations.

“Mate, you're uh... you're a lady. Made of goo, yeah, but definitely a pretty lady.” Was all Finn could respond with as he picked himself off of the floor, leaning over to brush himself off. As he stood up, it was Jamie's turn to gape at his friend, noticing that he had lost a couple of feet in height while he had been distracted with his own changes.

As he stared down at his smaller friend, Finn stood straight and blinked up at him, “What? Don't tell me you think I'm handsome now or somethin'?” He managed a weak, clearly nervous smile, and Jamie was able to watch as a pair of large, green ears unfurled out from under his brown hair.

Jamie could only shake his head in response, forcing a smile of his own that was weirdly alien to Finn, but undeniably cute nonetheless, “N-nothing at all, Finn, old buddy... let us get moving. Maybe there is something up ahead that will help us.” With some dismay, he found himself thinking of himself more and more as female; though, with her friend changing into something as well, she made a note to keep her changes hidden for as long as she could. She was actually comfortable with the idea, but If Finn got distracted by Jamie turning into some weird creature, they might never make it out of here.

Finn looked his friend's changed body over while standing still, having to look up at her and assuming that was because she had grown or something, “You're right, missy. We gotta get out of here so we can turn you back!” His big, green ears wiggled earnestly in time with his statement and he took off ahead of Jamie. She looked down at her boots and pants and sighed to herself, opting to leave them behind; it was taking a good chunk of her concentration just to keep her shirt from falling through herself.



The hallway started to twist and turn, slowing their progress significantly as the Dungeon began to live up to its name. Numerous rooms were empty, and some had suspicious switches that neither adventurer felt brave enough to try; they even came across another hallway blocked off with a blue slime wall. Jamie found herself flushing with warmth as they stood near it, feeling oddly connected to the other slime. She quickly ushered her friend back the way they had come.

It was awhile before they found themselves in another long, straight hallway, and it was here that Finn finally attempted conversation again: “Hey Jamie. D'you remember back at the manor, right before we were knocked out?” His voice sounded odd, definitely higher in octave, and yet somehow rough.

“Hmm? Yeah, you were fighting with someone, were you not?” She thought back to just before the gas rendered her unconscious, recalling the large, female figure that had tossed Finn like a scarecrow.

“Yeah, yeah, it was a woman! A huge woman, mate, and that wasn't even the weirdest part. She had a horn! A horn and pointed ears. She was unbelievably strong, friend, I couldn't believe it.” As Finn continued to babble on about the inhuman woman and her generous strength and assets, Jamie found herself thinking about it and her current appearance.

She looked Finn over as he walked in front of her, now under four feet of height and sporting dark green skin that matched the skin of his huge ears. She started to formulate a theory as she walked.

Perhaps... perhaps prisoners here get turned into monsters... and get put to work for the King? That's dirty, if that's what he's doing! What a filthy tyrant!

She was pulled from her thoughts as she plowed into Finn, who had stopped when his pants fell. Her body threatened to splash over and engulf him and she quickly pulled herself back before she could do any harm. She fell guiltily silent as she watched her friend look

himself over.

“Oh man, it's happening to me, too?! I'm all green!” Finn was holding his large green hands up, the digits thick and surprisingly large compared to the rest of his diminutive body and arms. His messy hair had grown a little longer and turned purple, an odd colour for hair to be in this day and age.

It was his turn to moan in despair as he stepped out of his too-long pants and shoes, rubbing his hands across his wide hips. They were almost too wide for his short figure, and he made the worst discovery as he patted nervously at his groin. His large ears drooped emphasizing his current sad state as he blinked up at his slime friend, “I'm a woman, too... and tiny! Why am I so tiny!”

Finn gasped and clutched at his chest as it blossomed under his shirt, making his leather armour quite uncomfortable as it felt like a binder. He grunted, setting his hammer down and tugging at his armour, large fingers fumbling as they worked to free himself from his trapping clothes. He left his undershirt on much like Jamie had, though in his case, it was stretched across an ample bust for his small stature.

Jamie stared down at his now-green friend, noticing his eyes had turned red and as he grunted and talked, he could see his wide mouth was full of sharp teeth, “Finn, I think you're a... a goblin woman. Girl? I mean, it is hard to tell when you are so small...”

Finn pouted up at his gooey partner and reached out to grab his hammer, which was taller than he was at this point. He hefted it easily, letting it rest on one of his shoulders as he looked up at Jamie, “Shuddap, goo-brain.” He turned with a huff and started down the hallway, apparently unwilling to carry anything other than his shirt and hammer.

The slime paused a moment and shrugged her gooey shoulders in a tick that was undeniably Jamie, but still felt odd with her changed body. She hustled to catch up, ignoring the soft splat sounds her feet made against the stones. Finn's little legs must've been strong,

for he was moving forward at a rapid pace!

Awkward time passed, the pair unwilling to start a conversation now that they were both monsters, neither of them quite sure what to say. They were both caught up in the strange sensations coming from their gender-bent bodies, parts jiggling and swaying that didn't do such before. Jamie's entire body jiggled with his movements, while Finn's large hips caused her to sway them with each step.

Jamie felt it first: a cool breeze against the warm slime that composed her being. Her head snapped up, pulled away from the experiments she had been doing with her body while walking, and her sharp eyes caught the flames of the torches to be swaying away from the direction they were heading. A draft meant outside, and that meant that the exit had to be up ahead!

“Finn, I feel a breeze! Look at the torches, we have to be heading toward some form of exit!” Jamie squealed excitedly, flushing warmly at the excited tone of her girly voice. Even Finn was staring up at her with concern. She shook her head and averted her eyes shyly, “J-just go, Finn.”

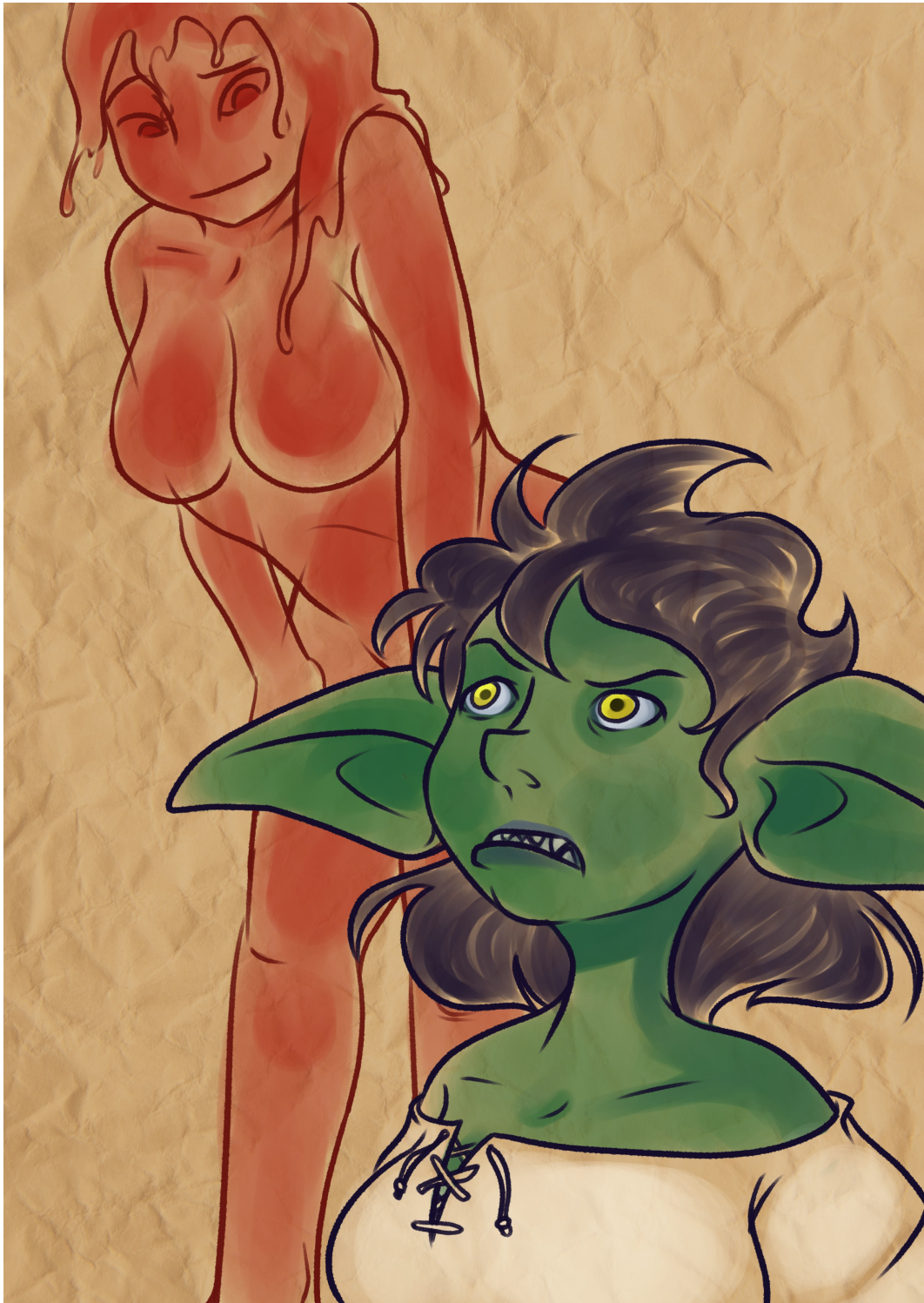
Finn didn't argue, little legs working themselves up to a jog as he lead the way. Tense moments passed, each one making the pair more anxious that a door out would be waiting just around the next corner. It was almost a rollercoaster of emotions for the two, with anticipation building before each turn only to be dashed by the sight of more hallway.

Finally, they were rewarded as they passed one final corner and found themselves face to face with a large, wooden door. Finn had reached it first and was oddly just staring up at the iron door handle. Jamie paused beside her small friend and looked down at him with concern, “Why are you not opening it, Finn?”

The green girl looked up at her slime friend with a pout and then looked away, suddenly interested in a nearby torch. He mumbled something and Jamie had to lean down to

hear, “What was that, Finn? I can't hear you when you mumble.”

“I c-can't reach it...” Came the embarrassed reply, and Jamie had to suppress a giggle fit that threatened to explode out of her. She was so happy about finding a door, she had almost forgotten that they had been so radically changed.



She reached out and laid an awkward hand on Finn's purple hair, "I got it, partner." She wrapped her gooey digits around the handle and pulled, feeling the knob sinking into her hand as she did so. It took way more effort than it would have had she had normal hands, but she was able to pull the heavy door open just enough for the pair to slide through. She tried not to think about the slime she had left on the handle as she ushered Finn through.

They found themselves in what appeared to be a reception area of sorts, wood floors and walls, with a desk in the middle of the room. There were stairs up just past the desk, but the figure sitting on the desk is what grabbed the pair's full attention. Jamie recognized the figure while Finn felt his little knees grow weak at the size of the woman.

The woman was tall, quite tall, sporting muscular arms and a curvy figure. She was red and had red eyes, her messy blonde hair pulled back in a long ponytail. A black horn jutted out of her forehead, and she was grinning as she stared down at the thieving duo, "Oh goodie, you two runts finally made it out! I took the longest nap while you were down there."

She reached out and roughly patted Jamie's head, causing her slime to squish and splat, droplets falling all around her, while also reaching out to poke at one of Finn's ears, "And lookit you both, all nice and ready for the King's work! A gobbie and a gooey!" The huge woman let out a booming set of laughter that caused Jamie's body to ripple gently. She claps her hands together and grinned even wider down at the pair, "Talk about yer rehabilitation programs, eh?"

Finn and Jamie gaped up at the woman, and then at each other, Finn unable to come up with a retort. This left Jamie to speak, and she was feeling oddly shy as she did so, possibly due to being intimidated by such a large presence, "Rehabilitation? The King throws people into his Dungeon to... to be turned into monsters? And then what?"

The tall woman reached up to scratch at the base of her horn as she eyed Jamie's body, "Yer the brains here, eh? Well, yer right, the King takes us ne'er-do-wells and has us

rehabilitated into more useful bodies! He puts to work, and we even get paid for it. It's genius, it is!" She laughed again, and once more Jamie felt her body rippling in time with it, "I'm sure you two'll be great fer somethin'!"

