

The Party Girls smelled of smoke and blood. It was unavoidable after that kind of a battle, even at their skill level. It was one thing to take out a dragon that was wrecking up the mountains, but nobody had told them there was a second. Still, despite their scrapes and burns, the three of them walked back to town with Boona dragging their prize behind them.

"I still say that's gross," Tombei repeated, the slim elf looking past the husky fighter's shoulders.

"Well I took it off, so I'm keeping it," Boona insisted. She tugged on the dragon's horn. Its decapitated head was bigger than she was as it dragged behind her. "And they can make good stuff out of dragon horns. I might get me a new axe with that!"

"We have plenty of dragon meat in the Dimension Hole," Bitsy insisted, waving her short staff towards the open air between them and the town. "I'm starting to think you're going to do something... unsavory with it."

"If anyone's doing anything unsavory with dragon guts, it's going to be you, you little perv." Tombei walked past the magical halfling and gave her a little kick to the shin.

Bitsy just grinned back at her rather than deny it.

"I do hear that dragon tendons can make the absolute comfiest underwear. Mmmm... throwing lightning bolts is one thing, but nothing makes you feel as powerful as dragon panties."

"Dragon Panties," Boona giggled. "I read those books. Good stuff."

Like most adventurers, The Party Girls (Bitsy's idea) were a varied and interracial bunch. Boona was their tank, passing for a human in most respects. She was a big girl for sure, making her perfect for getting in the way and causing distractions. She had huge round breasts crammed into a cleavage-bearing armored bodice that ended in a skirt of thick, red metal plates that ended just above her knees. She had enough of a belly that she needed specially made armor to fit into, but she had plenty of other reasons to cause that. Wide hips, a thick body that was 7 feet tall, her overstuffed belly and tits near the size of Bitsy, and big bushy red hair made her easy to spot in any crowd. She had a round and pretty face, lugging a huge battle axe and shield on her back. Her bulk could pass for human, if an especially strange one, until you really went poking around and found the short horns beneath her hair and the furry tail she kept tied down underneath her armor. There was a lot of understanding "Ohhhhhhhs" when she explained to the party that she was half minotaur. She was a happy soul, always up for adventures and way to prove her strength just to go back home and eat and drink a place of business out of house and home.

Tombei Iceshatter was very much her opposite. She was the practical thinker and the thinning built of the party, at least when you kept their halfling's proportions in mind. She was fairly average height, but her long and straight ears were shown off by her short and trim blonde hair. She wore some magically-enhanced leather armor that held tight to her body, the party's rogue

more concerning with being quick and quiet than protected (though that was where the magic came in). A long and thin sword was on her hip with a compact crossbow and number of daggers hidden around her body. Her clothing hugged tight to her body, but despite lacking the raw power of a beast like Boona, Tombei was absolutely ripped. A flat and toned chest lead into her tightly bulging arms and legs.

Bitsy Backbite was a short and sweet thing at a glance. She was a halfling with the standard fuzz-topped feet, though few people took notice of them with one of her various cleavage-bearing dresses on. She had big brown eyes and a big smile with long brown curls going down her similarly bared back. She only carried around a purse and a simple walking stick, often discussing the importance of "feeling free" when she was wielding her sorcery. When Tombei's businesslike demeanor failed them, Bitsy was always there with sly charms. Worst case, she was always willing to "take one for the team" and come back with a smile on her face and good news for the team. They'd be worried about her if it weren't that she was so adorably mad with control, be it magical or social.

A covered wagon went rolling past the girls kicking up some dust in its wake. Tombei coughed and waved it away with a scowl. "Watch it, you ~`_^!" she shouted, shaking her fist. She was tired and gross, and the rest of the Party Girls could always tell when she broke into those high-pitched, musical elvish curses. She kicked at a stray piece of paper that had fallen out the back amidst some bounty posters, handkerchiefs, and other improperly secured bits of debris. "And clean up your junk, you *+>ing amateurs!"

The paper she kicked caught a breeze and slapped itself in between Boona's cleavage. The chubby warrior picked it up and looked at it before her eyes went wide. "Ooh! Ooh! Guys! Look!" She passed it off to Tombei who read it over.

"Well, ladies, I think we have our next stop," Tombei grinned as she held it out the flier to Bitsy.

"Whoaaaaa," the halfling gushed, double checking the paper. "This is free!? This is literally one man's trash becoming another bitch's treasure!" Bitsy slapped a hand on it. "Look at that design art! A staff full of tall and foxy ladies! We can't lose!"

"I meant the giant hot springs and spa, you walking lady-boner," Tombei scolded as she snatched it back. "We just killed two dragons. I could go for a massage, a long bath, and whatever 'hot stone treatment' is. And did you stop staring at the tits long enough to see? Women stay free!"

"You guys didn't even get to the best part!" Boona gushed, hopping back and forth between her beefy legs. "Bottomless buffet with sixty kinds of meat! I didn't know we had that many meats! And their own coliseum! When was the last time we fought in a coliseum, guys?"

"We just got done fighting, beefy," Bitsy giggled, rubbing her chin as her imagination clearly went wild behind her shiny green eyes. "That's exactly what I'm done doing. I'm just looking forward to all I can eat, drink and grope for the next WEEK!"

"So it's settled, right?" Tombei said as she looked between the party.

"What about my dragon head?!"

"Okay, fine... we drop off the dragon bits, we claim the bounty," Tombei said, counting off on her fingers. "Then we're on our way to the nearest port. Bikini Island, here we come!"

The place turned out to all it was advertising. Bikini Island was a short way off the shore, just an hour or two of sailing off from the coast. It sported a towering mountainside in the middle and small enough that you could sail around its entire length in another hour, but the one side had multiple modern wooden structures that made up the resort. Bitsy squealed when she found them greeted at the docks by a bunch of girls waiting for them. They wore simple white cloth for their clothes, essentially plain towels wrapped around their chests and a front and back loincloth.

"It makes them look like slaves," Tombei noted when they weren't quite in earshot of the staff.

"I know! Isn't it hot?" Bitsy beamed. "Look at that one! She's got jugs nearly as big as Boona's! Please tell me I get to keep her as a bedwarmer! I can rest easy with big pillows like that~!"

"She's got that look already," Tombei observed. "You still onboard for this, big girl?"

Boona licked her lips as she leaned over the trade ship's railing. "I can smell the cooking from here," she sighed dreamily as she drooled over her cleavage. "I smell Gurian barbecue sauce. I haven't had Gurian sauce in years, Tommy."

"The place does seem a little too good to be true," she admitted with a smirk. But she had looked the place over on the way in, and it was hard to see anything wrong. Her senses as both an elf and a thief saw nothing especially wrong here. A casino, sure, and a bunch of holy symbols here and there, but no sign of traps or magic at work. Visitors wandered through the streets and beaches, and even the attendants were all unarmed.

Tombei looked back at Bitsy and Boona, who stared at her with puppy dog eyes (high and low) as they docked. "Okay, go ahead. Enjoy yourselves. Let's meet up at the beach after dinner, okay? We'll check in with each other and swap intel. Make sure nothing fishy's going on."

"Yayyyy!" Bitsy hurried between some passengers' legs to be the first one off, skipping towards the hostesses while Tombei moved to follow close behind. Bitsy rolled her shoulders, making her hearty halfling bosom bounce as she smiled sweetly at the dark-skinned half-elf she had been oggling before.

"My, but you're a cute one," the simply-dressed greeter said with a smile. "Welcome to Bikini Island. My name is Ren. How can I serve you, miss?"

"Welllll," Bitsy grinned. "What do I need to do to get you to myself and a big comfy bed? Also, preferably three or so other girls... all over 5 feet tall. There's a lot of Bitsy to go around in such a small package."

Ren giggled as Tombei caught up. "Sorry. She has a thing for tall girls. We were given this flier." She flashed the sheet of paper, and Ren skimmed it briefly before nodding.

"Ohhh, of course! That offer is still active, so you can help yourselves. Just check in with any of the Sisters of Maratiki wherever you go. The gift shops and the casinos only accept cash, but you're free to visit all of our other services absolutely free of charge!"

"Even the food, right?" Boona asked as she caught up to the others, blocking the other passengers' line of sight down the dock as a few of the hostesses stared up at the half-cow.

"Of course. The restaurants, the spas, the hot springs, the inns... we only ask that you submit to our dress code policy."

"Dress code?" Tombei asked with a wary frown.

"Why yes. We have to maintain a comfortable and secure environment, so weapons, armor, and any other large or concealing clothing must be submitted at the check-in station ahead. You'll be given temporary clothes until you choose to leave."

Tombei looked between her girls, and Boona thought for a moment before she sighed. "Yea, okay. You can have my armor. Just be careful with it, okay? And my axe gets lonely, so make sure she gets polished every other night."

The cowgirl reached behind herself to start unbuckling straps, her hefty breasts spilling out of her top and her tail poking out of the flap in the back. Tombei grabbed her wrists to stop her from going any further. "In the changing room, dummy! Not here."

"Don't listen to her, moomoo!" Bitsy cheered her on while a few of the other passengers joined in with whistles of encouragement.

When the trio came back out of the changing area, they were wearing similar simple clothes to the girls the attendants that lived there. Tombei was wearing a loose, dull green robe, flipping through a pamphlet in the waiting area. Everyone else wore similar outfits, the colored outfits marking the guests while the hostesses wore white. The pamphlet explained them as the Sisters of Maratiki, followers of the lesser god of fire and comfort. Their temples apparently raised money out throughout the kingdoms, shipping their profits back here as what was essentially part tourist trap, part charity. There wasn't much more explained about why apart from women being treasured and held sacred by their religion.

The other girls came back out with their holding their gear in one of the sealed bags they were given. Boona and Bitsy had both gone for the more risqué outfits, which Tombei assumed was because of their much bigger boobs than hers. Boona had claimed a bikini-like two piece linked with a brass ring in the front of her chest. Bitsy had taken her creativity to the clothing and managed to create her own thong sling bikini out of a few quickly bound together tops. They each wore a pair of sturdy leather sandals to complete the look.

"Do you guys think it's weird that we're not allowed to wear underwear?" Tombei asked as she gestured for Bitsy.

"I think it's hot," she halfing admitted as she reached into her cleavage. Her hand literally vanished right between her boobs as she probed around in her magical Dimensional Hole before tossing Tombei the pouch with their gold. The elf sorted through it before handing Bitsy the claim tickets for the gear. You couldn't lose something when it was inside an interdimensional hole.

"Maybe it's dumb religion stuff," Boona said with a shrug. Minotaurs weren't big on religion, and their bastard halfbreed daughters were similarly indifferent. "It's just part of their rules. If that's all they do, that's a lot better than that cult we found that was sacrificing people."

"Yea... I guess whatever." Tombei pulled three smaller pouches out of their purse and tossed one to each of the group. "Here. I'll be raiding that casino for everything it's got. You two, everything should be free, but in case you girls want anything special. Just keep it close to your heart, right?"

Boona nodded and pushed it deep inside her cleavage. "You got it, Tommy."

"Really though, ears, this place is full of submissive, half-naked religious nuts. You should make sure you have a LITTLE fun," Bitsy said, hugging her around the thigh. "You can't be all business all the time."

"You're right," Tombei smiled, conceding as she rubbed Bitsy's curly hair. "Because I don't have to babysit you two here. Just keep your eyes peeled. I'm sure there's some idiots out there that would take advantage of outsiders."

"Speaking of taking advantage~!" Bitsy skipped in place before she hurried off. "My lovely Ren is waiting with a couple of friends! Don't wait up!"

Tombei did as she promised and went to the casino. It didn't seem especially crooked, having been to far seedier places on their travels. It was always fun to cheat a cheater, but about as many people seemed to be winning as they were losing. There wasn't any kind of luck magic going on or anything, so the odds were always just slightly in the house's favor. The house wasn't used to someone like Tombei Iceshatter, as the rogue was quickly cleaning out dealers and fellow gamblers alike. She had fast hands and sharp senses that could read someone like nobody else, and if the stakes were high enough she'd slip a card or two around. She had quadrupled her funds while barely even trying, taking on free drink after free drink. Between her elven resistance and handling poisons for so long, she had just acquired a taste for the stuff.

"You look like a woman who can handle herself and her liquor," purred a tall and dark woman as she stepped up to a freshly victorious Tombei's table. She wore a pink bikini and some fine jewelry that caught Tombei's eye. It marked her as both rich and a visitor to the island rather than one of the clerics. She was a tall and busty dark elf, carrying herself with the elegance that suggested she was one of the infamous matrons of their underground kingdom. They were often compared to spiders: fond of the dark, cruel, cunning, secretive, and unusually narrow and wide depending on what part of the body you were looking at.

"I've gotten good at handling," Tombei grinned as she leaned back in her seat. "I've got two of em after all."

"And so charming for a surface dweller!" the black woman laughed. "I am Lady Meryx, of the Under-Den kingdom. I like to stop by here on my vacations."

"So a repeat customer, eh?" Tombei pried as she casually rolled a coin in her fingers.

"Oh yes. I purchased a summer home here during my last visit. The place is run by amateurs, frankly, but they mean well enough. So tell me... were you looking for a real challenge rather than these worshipers posing as gamblers?" She grinned and her red eyes seemed to gleam as she sat across from Tombei.

"Sure. I'm on a hot streak. What did you have in mind?"

"Would you be interested in a strip game of Six-Scepters? Winner gets whatever money the other has?"

Tombei sized her up quietly. "Toss in the shiney necklace and I'm in."

Meanwhile, Bitsy was in ecstasy. "Ohhhh, Ilsa. You are soooo good with those fingers. Wherever did you pick up such a naughty trick?"

"Masseuse school. They teach us all about back massage there." The half-orc continued to work over the prone halfling's back while Ren rubbed her broad little feet.

"Well they must have given you an A plus, because this tight little body hasn't felt this relieved in ages." It was no secret to her teammates that Bitsy adored control and power. She was the first to call dibs on magical relics and always pursuing mystical power, but this was what she really craved. Bigger, beautiful women bending to her whim and waiting on her hand and foot (especially foot; all halflings had a thing for feet). "Don't you stop. Even if Tombei comes back, make her pull you off of me before you stop."

"Another steamed dumpling?" Chai offered, the pale human woman scooping one of the hot bits of dough out of the pot.

"Oooh, yes please! One of the shrimp ones." Bitsy opened her cute little mouth, but chewed and gulped it down with no trouble.

"You have quite the appetite for such a little lady," Chai giggled.

"Oh, it comes with being a halfling. We have deep throats and strong tongues, so we can eat all kinds of things." She winked at the cook and serving girl who giggled again. "It helps that you make such tasty dumplings, my sweet dumpling Chai."

"Oh, it's an old local recipe. Shrimp from the sea, and heated by the island's rocks themselves."

"Like the hot spring?" Bitsy asked. She shut her eyes and shuddered at the mixed sensation of Ilsa's strong hands going down to her buttocks and Ren's oiled fingers going between her toes. She opened her mouth expectantly and raised her eyebrows at Chai who readied another dumpling.

"Like that, yes. There is a deep pocket of magma that we harvest periodically. Its stones burn long and hot, so it cooks our food and heats our homes."

"Nature does work in interesting ways, doesn't it?" Bitsy purred. A mature elven woman stepped in between bites with some fine combs, brushes and bottles as she started to tend to the halflings curls. "It's why I always find it best to give in to your instincts once in awhile..." She allowed them to pamper her naked body as she cooed and moaned until Ilsa asked her to turn over.

"I'll need to get your front, Miss Backbite."

"Oh you most certainly do!" she chimed, rolling onto her back and spreading her plump little thighs with an impish grin.

Boona had a dozen emptied plates beside her as she licked some sauce from her lips. The flimsily dressed half-minotaur polished off another slice of cake with one huge bite before shoveling down a bowl of stew used to busy her until they delivered her next cockatrice steak. She had been given a seat a few rows up from the fight pit in the casino's restaurant where more of the lovely Sisters ran back and forth to deliver her next course.

Boona watched the arena as a woman that looked like a bipedal tiger took down another opponent, wrestling a female dwarf to the ground and grinding her face into the sand of the pit. A goblin Sister walked by with a plate full of drumsticks balanced on her head, nearly tripping but Boona quickly grabbed her by the shoulder and caught her.

"Hey, greeny," Boona greeted as she lifted the goblinette off the ground by the shoulder. "I like that one."

"Oh..." the green girl muttered. "Well this was for table 7..."

"Oh, no. I meant the cat woman. I'll have a piece of her next!" The boastful bovinian woman set the goblin back down and started towards the ring... but turned and took one of the turkey legs anyway. "I'll finish it on the way, thanks."

The catfolk with the dirty red robes pumped her fists in the air in triumph as Boona hopped the railing. She sucked the last of the meat off her bone before tossing it over her shoulder and gulping it down. "I'ma fight you! Let's do this!" she declared jovially.

The catfolk looked at her quizzically as one of the Sisters ran after Boona. "Ma'am! Please! We need to register you for the fights to be properly insured and-"

The tiger woman waved a hand assuringly at the attendant. "It's alright. I won't hurt her terribly," she said with a fanged grin. "So long as my friend here doesn't mind taking the risks upon herself."

Boona laughed and cracking her neck. "Sure! I'll be fine! You should see the last guy I got my hands on! He doesn't have his head anymore. And was a dragon."

The tigress laughed and flexed her hands until her claws slid out from her thick-furred fingers. "I appreciate an opponent who can joke. I hope you keep such humor when you're being humiliated."

"Two stacks," Lady Meryx said confidently, setting down her cards in two neat little piles.

"Sixth coin," Tombei replied quickly, throwing her hand face up onto the table. The busty drow stared at the card table as the rogue shrugged. "Shouldn't have tapped it earlier. I would have gotten stuck without that Moon I needed."

The flush of red went across her chesty opponent's black cheeks, making her coloration resemble a black widow. "Are you cheating?" she demanded.

"I don't see that top coming off," Tombei reminded her. The drow growled and reached back to unbuckle the top, letting it drop. She added it to the pile of jewelry and her sandals beside her where their chips would have gone. All she had left was the skirt that covered her full and dark hips. Meryx pushed back her shoulders to thrust out her chest, but Tombei looked non-plussed as she went back to shuffling. When you worked next to Boona for this long, you got used to seeing big boobs. Ignoring Meryx's embarrassing nudity only seemed to get her angrier.

"ARE you cheating?" Lady Meryx demanded again.

"Only as much as you are," Tombei replied as she cut the deck. "Rather, same amount as you are. Better, but the same amount of moves. It's just polite." The drow fumed as she drew her cards. They made their switches and draws before Meryx proudly dropped her hand.

"The Full Crown. Read them and strip," she chortled. Tombei looked at the cards and reached back, undoing the hair tie from behind her head. Meryx smirked when Tombei looked up at her like she had forgotten she was there.

"Sorry, I wasn't surrendering. It's just getting hot in here. Anyway, Kingslayer." She tossed out the one Assassin card in the deck, voiding her opponent's hand. "And a pair of Sticks. Off with your pants, m'lady."

"Why you surface-dwelling slut!" Meryx erupted, standing up and shoving the card table aside. Even half naked, she lunged for the elven rogue with her pale nails outstretched.

Tombei gave a token "Guards, help," before swatting her hands aside and palm-thrusting her in the tiny amount of space between her massive boobs. Meryx gasped as Tombei sprang to her feet, hands up in a purposeful stance. "Do reconsider," the rogue said with a smirk, hoping that she wouldn't. "You're losing those panties whether you take them off or I do."

The drow ignored her and grabbed Tombei by the shoulders, bringing them crashing to the floor with the curvier elf on top. Tombei swiftly countered with a punch across her mouth, throwing her balance off enough that she could shove her back. Meryx was still on top in a kneeling position instead of a full body pin, but it was enough for Tombei to ram a knee up in between her legs. The regal black-skinned woman let out a pained howl and clutched her snatch as Tombei slid nimbly out from under her, planting her elbows to the floor and throwing a double kick into her face. Myrex went down groaning, plenty stunned for Tombei to come after her and grab her by the hair, throwing her belly-first into their card table so that her big dark orbs flopped over the top.

"Don't mind if I just collect my earnings," Tombei chimed casually as she yanked off the drow's panties, leaving her a sloppy, naked mess on the card table. "And as a little bonus for your cheating..." Tombei smacked her on the ass a few times, waking the drow to her senses as she shrieked and kicked her feet helplessly to the degrading spanking in front of the gathered crowd. Some of the Sisters stepped in at last, gathering up Myrex's clothes and offering to take her away.

"Just a second." Tombei reached out and plucked up both her and Myrex's sack of coins and the gold jewelry she'd asked for. "I've also got a few questions for her. After that, you can do whatever you ladies want with her." The guards were quite cooperative with that, understanding how lewd bets could arise in such a place. Tombei nodded and dragged the naked drow off by one arm, pulling her out behind the casino. "Alright, spill it. Everything you know about this place. Why am I winning all this loot and it STILL rubs me the wrong way?"

Boona was well-renowned for her physical strength. One didn't get to be anywhere near the size of a female minotaur and not have a lot of muscle just from carrying that much weight around. Tress from the catfolk was clearly famous for her claws and speed, making her a dangerous foe from her experience and skill. She just hadn't been counting on the big and chubby Boona being as skilled as she was strong a warrior.

Tress came out with a flurry of jabs and kicks, which Boona quite calmly blocked and dodged. Tress upped her game as she flipped backward and threw a bicycle kick at her chin, but Boona just grabbed it halfway to her chest and lifted her off the ground. She swung her like a piece of wet laundry to smack the tigress into the ground, kicking up a short cloud of dust as the crowd cheered wildly. Tress had been stacking up win after win here in the arena, so they were enjoying seeing her get what was coming to her. The feline fighter threw her other leg as a kick into Boona's round belly, landing the hit just before the half-taur grabbed the other leg.

"Ooh, not a smart move," she scolded before splitting the legs apart by pushing hard in either direction. Flexible as she was, the tigress still shrieked in pain and grabbed at her crotch. Boona eased up the pressure, only to step between her legs and stomp a big heavy foot onto the

tigress' belly, leaving her curled up and gagging as she held onto her stomach. Boona threw up her fists with a proud smile, giving a hearty "MOOOO!" for the crowd. It just sort of came out when she was feeding that minotaur bloodlust.

It gave Tress some time to start breathing again, but she could see the way the tide was going. She was losing hard. Even her speed and claws weren't enough to take out the surprising bovine. "I'll have to resort to my secret technique..." she thought as she moved to all fours, quickly sizing up Boona as she turned to face her again. With a quick pounce, Tress let out her claws to their full length at curved six inches blades. Boona shifted to protect herself, but Tress intentionally came up short and slashed her claws down her chest. Boona's top instantly popped open, the already overworking garment letting her massive breasts bounce into view. The crowd themselves were speechless at the sight of the bigger udders they'd seen, even on an island of women that serviced primarily women. Even Tress might have paused if she had not known this was her only chance to follow up on her setup. "How do you like that, you cow?!"

...if only Boona had been embarrassed. The half-taur hardly seemed to notice that her breasts were exposed, so when Tress leapt in for another strike of her claws, Boona grabbed her by both wrists. "Thanks. My girls like to breathe a little," she grinned and used the pounce's momentum to headbutt Tress right in the snout. Tress wobbled in her grip briefly (or maybe that was from behind propped against Boona's chest) and hung limply in her grasp. Boona lifted her up and tossed her over the edge of the fighting pit, letting the KOed catfolk tumble at the feet of the fans that burst into cheers.

"I'd swear this was staged," one of the men in attendance laughed. "Cuz that was perfectly epic." The Sisters came to pick up the beaten Tress and drag her off. Boona walked over and leaned over the edge of the pit (again missing the fact that her jugs were out as they spilled out over the arena) to check on her opponent, catching a few words from the escorting guards.

"Strip her down," a stocky human woman said. "We'll need to prepare for the sacrifice soon."

Boona's brow furrowed as she did the fairly rare act of thinking for herself. She gave a hasty knot across her top, making her boobs squish up even higher until the goblin waitress came by offering her a robe. "Oh. Perfect. Thanks," she said, hastily rolling it up and tying it around her chest like a bikini top rather than a robe. The strange thing was how well it fit like that at her size. "Were you looking to finish your meal? Maybe some more beer or dessert?" she offered helpfully.

Boona winced as if it pained her to say. "I'll have to come back. I've got to check in with the others first. Promise I'll be back, though! Keep a few plates waiting for me!" she called as she hurried off.

"Yes! YES! Ohhh, you can't teach that in masseuse school!" Bitsy had to keep her eyes open as she was worshipped by her attendants. Ren had ceased kissing her to move next to the half-orc attendant, the two of them each suckling and fondling one of the little halfling's impressive breasts. She was sitting on her human aid, Chiai wetly pressing her tongue and lips in between her juicy cheeks. The mature elf Vesk was kneeling at the foot of her bed, moaning as she subserviently ate the halfling's tender pussy.

"That's Bitsy's good girls," the halfling moaned lowly. "You girls know how to treat mommy right! Go in deeper, Vesk. You'll know it when you FOUND IT! That's the fucking spot!" Bitsy pulled at the elf's hair with one hand like she was spurring on a horse while the other stroked her slender ears. Her hips pumped to grind against both of her lower attendants, and that just made her breast bounce against Ren and Ilsa's faces. Bitsy's eyelids fluttered as her thrusts became more intense, loving how the bouncing made her hard nipples pop in and out of the top two girls' lips. Ilsa's dark hair tickled her belly while Ren's skilled hands stroked Bitsy's face, slipping a thumb between her lips. Bitsy sucked on it passionately for a few seconds before she bit down lightly, making Ren gasp in such a cute little way that the halfling came on the spot. She parted her lips from Ren's hand to let out a cry that was part passionate shout and the other childish glee. The halfling was in her element, being orally pleased by four tall women doing her bidding, so she couldn't remember the last time she'd had such an enormous orgasm.

The ladies remained diligent in eating and kissing her until she rode out her orgasm, her toes curling as her little feet pushed against the elf and half-elf's big breasts like they were footrests with nipples. Bitsy finally flopped onto her back, still glistening with body oil as she writhed and giggled with sheer delight.

"Ohhh, whatever god you girls worship, I bet this was better than his heaven," Bitsy almost sang with glee. She rolled off of Chiai at last, stroking her face with a giggling grin while stroking her tiny foot over Ren's face. "Oh, give me a moment to rest up. Can I have some more wine, please? And any of those dumpling left? Yes, I'll take both, please. Wonderful, girls. Just wonderful. Best afternoon I've had in ages."

Ilsa filled up a glass and handed it off to the halfling, who had moved on shaky legs to a big cushy chair in front of the window. She took it and gulped it with an approving nod. "Now this might be the afterglow talking... or the wine. Or the massage (thank you again, Ilsa). But... I've been picking up on some pretty intense magical energies on this island. Nothing harmful yet, but concentrated stuff. Kind of like, say, maybe a god." The girls stopped giggling as Bitsy helped herself to another glass of wine. "Not just regular gods either. The old and simple ones. Not like love or justice, but fire or sex. The kind of gods that do the old ways... no commandments or codes, but sacrifice and servitude and all that. Would either of you ladies be able to tell me about that?"

The girls shuffled awkwardly but Ren spoke up. "... can. But we were going to stop by the wet tabard contest by the pool first. I could fill you in after the show!"

Bitsy's eyes lit up, opening her mouth excitedly before biting her lip. "Oh, Ren, sweetie... I love you and you are GORGEOUS, but I really should check in with the alpha first." She hopped up and tugged her purple loincloth bottoms and tugged on a loose robe before she shimmied up onto the windowsill. "Still, if one of you could take pictures of that tabard contest though, I'd owe you big time!" she chimed before she whispered a quick spell and took off flying.

She touched down on the beach, seeing the unmistakably tall and jiggling shape of Boona jogging along the sands. She whistled quickly, which got Tombei's attention nearby so they could regroup, their usual "if you get lost" strategy.

"Girls, we need to talk," Tombei said seriously.

"I know! They're gonna sacrifice somebody!" Boona blurted out. There wasn't anyone especially close, but Tombei shushed her and urged them closer to a solitary cliffside.

"I was about to say I just had a five-way, but your story sounds more urgent," Bitsy admitted. "Seriously, though, FOUR girls..."

"No they're not, Boona. That's not what they're into here," Tombei pressed. "I shook down a regular customer and they deal in something else."

"No, I heard them!" Boona insisted. "So I headbutted this tiger..."

"Told it was going to be a good story," Bitsy muttered.

"And I won at the arena, and they said they had to strip her for the sacrifice!"

"Right," Tombei said with a nod. "She's going to be fine, though. They're going to give her new clothes. They don't sacrifice humans here." Bitsy raised her eyebrow while Boona seemed to calm down. "They sacrifice women's clothes."

Boona frowned while Bitsy's eyes widened. "The drow I found said that they worship the volcano god that lives under the island. He's an old and ancient being that used to take virgin sacrifices before they realized it was all an act of the god of fire and perversion. Maratiki just wanted to perv out on girls, not melt them, so they reached an agreement generations back that they would sacrifice girl's panties, bras, swimsuits... it's where the name Bikini Island came from. Not because they wore them, but the sacrifices. They kept up the sacrifices until they didn't have any more to give to the god, and so they opened the resort to con people out of their underwear." Tombei tugged on her simple green robe. "That's why women stay for free, and why we're wearing this stuff like the locals. They lose a portion of all the underwear they get in here. With how much they blow on food and services, they can afford to pay to replace some underwear."

Bitsy let out a little whining noise. "Tommyyyy! I gave them my undies! Those were my Gulian cotton favorites! When was the last time we went to Gulia!? And I'd just worn them down so they were perfectly comfy!"

"It's worse than that. We don't know what of our gear they're going to throw in with it," Tombei added, glancing up at Boona. "Even if he's not into barbarian women and spares your axe, do you think a pervert god wouldn't want the top of the bustiest cowgirl in the realms?"

Boona gave a little gasp. "No! It takes forever to get anything done in my size!"

"And poor Tombei!" Bitsy added. "You don't wear any underwear when you're working! Your entire set of armor could be-"

"Yes. Thanks, Bits," Tombei sighed, rolling her eyes. "Well it's not worth a day at the spa to lose the gear we worked our hands to the bone to get. Bitsy, bring out your hole."

"You know all the best dirty talk, Tommy," Bitsy giggled, but she gestured and opened up her Dimension Hole. She reached inside and pulled out a polished brass staff, sticking it into the ground before reaching back in. They had turned in their main gear, but with Tombei well aware of how easy it could be to lose loot in the heat of battle, they always kept their backup gear and equipment in her Dimension Hole spell. The wizard waved her staff to put up a quick cloaking spell around them before dealing out the rest of the girls' backup armor.

"I think I put on some weight since last season," Boona grunted as she tugged at the chain of her armor. It had massive half-skulls over her breasts and buckle of the loincloth, something she'd swiped off an ogre mage. "Do you think troll meat keeps growing inside you if you eat some?"

"No, the acid would take care of that. I think that's from the stop at Gempport," Tombei corrected. Boona furrowed her brow as the rogue tugged on her tough leather shorts and fishnets under her matching shirt. She had gone through a phase in her late 200's, but she left out the black hair dye this time. "The one where you emptied two bottomless buffets in one night."

"Ohh yea. Buffet City," she chuckled.

Bitsy pulled on some fingerless gloves and a snug little leather vest that exposed some midriff over a short skirt. "I missed the old skull and crossboobs look," she said with a smile up at Boona.

"I like your 'halfling next door' look too," the half-taur said with a smile.

"I know. I thought I'd give them a little..." Bitsy struck a pose with a hand on her hip and the other in her hair. "I'm sweet but don't cross me' look. I did just have my own little harem of the ladies. It'd be rude to blow them all up after I sexed up so many of them and drank all their wine."

"That's what they'll want you to think," Tombei warned. "That doesn't give them the right to lie to us and steal our stuff just to burn it for a giant lava perv."

"Speaking of," Bitsy said, her eyes flickering a brief purple light before it faded between blinks. "All the magical currents lead to that peak over there. If they're doing any kind of rituals, they're definitely over there."

"Copy that," Tombei said as she stuffed a pair of daggers into her belt and double-checked her crossbow. Bitsy gave a testing tap of her brass staff against the sand, making it spit up a few mystical sparks while Boona hefted a huge stone and steel warhammer. "Stick together now. Standard formations. It's just like that demon we killed that one time, but lots bigger."

"And made of lava," Boona added.

"We don't know that," Bitsy piped up. "But yea, probably. Volcano god and all... come on! Before I talk myself out of this!" She snapped her fingers, the veil gone as she dashed for the path leading up to the mountain. They ignored the occasional polite Sister until a couple of larger ones wielding brooms stepped into the middle of the path.

"You're not permitted any further," said a more rugged-looking dwarven girl than the rest of the bunch.

"Not your call anymore," Boona grunted as she took one big swing of her hammer. It splintered their weapons into bits and sent them tumbling the short distance down the mountainside and onto the beach. An archer drew to fire from the roof of one of the spas, but Tombei turned and launched a bolt that smashed the top half of her bow to bits.

"I forgot why I put this thing away," Tombei hooted, shaking out a hand as Boona charged through a few. "The kickback's like Bitsy's hips when she's in heat."

"I never did pay for that broken bed back in Innshire," the halfling cackled as she floated into the air behind Boona to let Tombei fire another shot that pinned an orcish Sister's loincloth to the ground, making her stumble and crash into the bushes. A couple of flaming logs came tumbling down the hill, Boona smashing the first two aside while Bitsy waved a hand, an invisible wave of force blowing the others over the mountain's side. She heard some war cries from below, floating around to find some of the attendants taking up arms with whatever branches and equipment they had lying around.

"Oh, you poor babies," Bitsy cooed. "Don't make mommy be rough with you." Her eyes glowed black as she cast a quick Terror spell on them. To the pursuing ladies, a towering illusion of the little mage stomped into their way on the path wielding a flaming whip and wearing a spiked leather corset.

"WHICH OF YOU CULTIST FUCKS HAS BEEN NAUGHTY!?" the phantasmal Bitsy boomed, sending the ladies fleeing and tripping over each other.

"Nearly there," Tombei reported, glancing up the road. There weren't any guards between them and the simple stone walls around the top, but they were still moving to shut the iron gates. Boona wound up and hurled the hammer at it, failing to smash the metal door, but she got it wedged into the narrow crack to leave it stuck open. They could see a pair of the plain-dressed cultists trying to shove it back out of the tight spot.

"Nice save, big buddy," Tombei praised before she sprinted ahead of the rest. Even with Bitsy unbound by gravity and Boona's longer legs, she was easily the fastest in the bunch. She shifted her shoulders at the last second to slid between the crack and elbow the first cultist in the face. She hit the switch on her crossbow to retract the bow itself, thumbing the butt of it into the other's chest. They gave way while Tombei whirled and popped her crossbow back open, firing one bolt and then quickly reloading and firing another to wedge the shots in between the spokes of the carriage. The iron arrows held firm to stop the cart full of swimsuits, panties and such a good hundred yards or so from the bubbling pool of lava in the center. She spun around and dodged a swinging axe from an ogress guard, socking her once in the eyes with her fist before slinging the bow across her back and pulling her chin down into a knee to the jaw. The ogress stumbled into the inside of the gate, just for Tombei to kick the lever that let loose the chain and sent her tumbling out of the gate and down the mountain's path as Boona stepped aside.

"Aww man. They had a big one too?" Boona groaned as she shoved the gate the rest of the way open.

"Worth it," Bitsy said as she floated over the gates. "I love it when she does those noisy stealth jobs. Just gone for a second, then BIFF BAM POW! You can just hear the pain. You're worth more than any big-titted girl, Tommy. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise." A pair of archers aimed at the chatty mage, but she blew them a kiss while she thrust out her staff. The two puffs of smokes left a rabbit and a frog in their place for the next couple of hours.

"Wait!" The woman who had been manning the carriage and its horses stepped off with her hands up. She was a human in her middle age, with curly brown hair and a few thin colored stripes on her pale robe to show her status. She looked shocked and flustered, but resolute. "You have to stop! The time is nigh!"

"See, I've heard that phrase a few times before," Tombei said, aiming her crossbow at her. "It's never a fun phrase. Nab the cart, Boon." The half-aur grabbed the back of the cart and gave it a yank, ripping the main body of it off the wheels. She dumped its contents onto the ground well away from the lava, grabbing a tarp from inside of it and starting to wrap them up into one big bundle. "Bitsy, see if you can do anything about this guy." Bitsy let out a whistling breath but walked over to the lava

"Please, you must listen! Maratiki needs this sacrifice or else-"

"You can shut up unless you have something to tell me that you aren't going to burn my underwear for a pervert lava god."

"...well shit." The head cultist slumped to the ground miserably as Bitsy called back to the rest.

"This thing's definitely building up. Magic, not lava. He's gonna bust if he doesn't get what he wants."

"Can you fix it?"

"I'm dumping every Antimagic spell I've got in there and it's the only reason I've stalled this long."

Tombei grabbed the high cultist by the arm and shoved her back towards the remains of the original cart. "You're just interested in the underwear, right?" she demanded, and the woman nodded as she eyed up the big sack of bras. "Then get on the horses and go warn everybody. Get them out to sea before shit gets real. We'll deal with this."

The woman hesitated, going wide-eyed before running off and mounting the closest horse, sending them both down the mountain's path shouting to the others. "Are gods bigger than dragons?" Boona asked as she picked up her hammer again.

"A bit," Tombei advised as the lava bubbled. A burst of it shot out of the volcano, towering over them at several stories high of a crude humanoid lump. A dark maw yawned while three eyes looking somehow even hotter than the molten lava dotted its face. "Quite a bit," Tombei corrected.

"Oh. Good," Boona grinned, shifting her grip on her hammer.

The lava blob's too many eyes scanned over them, frowning as it looked around. It gurgled something, drooling fresh and smoking lava down its front. It didn't sound happy, whatever it was babbling.

"What's it saying?" Tombei asked, weapon at the ready.

Bitsy's eyes glowed a bright shade of blue. "It's ancient celestial. He wants to know where the sacrifice went."

"You're not getting it!" Boona called up to him, which the creature's weird molten features melted lower into an angry frown. It gargled something else.

"He wants to know if we're all legal," Bitsy translated, clearly biting back a snicker.

"Okay! @>'~+ this!" Tombei snapped. "Aim high and keep your distance, girls! We're hunting god!" She pumped an extra pair of bolts into her crossbow and launched all three at once into its face. The lava god seemed disoriented by it at last as some of its scorching goo flew out of the back of its head. With a roar, it swung a hand that toppled over a few trees and chunks of the wall. One of its molten arms reached for Boona and her pack of panties, but she moved too quickly. The half-auran ran over and leapt onto one of the falling trees, kicking off and flying up to smash one of its incoming arms. A huge blob of it fell off on one side, cooling off rapidly into a massive black puddle of coal.

"Not so hot now, are ya? Zing!" Boona laughed as she grabbed one of the throwing axes at her hip. She whipped it up into Maratiki's chest. It vanished with a dull plop just before there was a booming explosion that sprayed its mass everywhere, leaving a gaping hole in its middle. Boona laughed at the successful hit with her thunder axes, tossing up her shield to catch a few stray globs.

Bitsy laughed as she floated around the pervert god's head, blasting it with whatever energy beams and blasts she could. "I do like 'em big! Too bad for you I'm not into guys. Or gods. I AM into perverts, though, if you happen to find a lava goddess." Maratiki turned and roared at her, swiping a paw at her before she teleported higher up and zapped a burst of cold into his face. That seemed to sting as the lava god recoiled and howled in some ancient godly curse. Tombei ran by beneath Bitsy and slashed out some ropes attached to a lookout tower, sending it toppled into the primal god's face and sending frozen chunks of lava bouncing away.

"Huh. I guess that works," Tombei noted.

"Definitely lost some magic on that one!" Bitsy called down to her.

"And some body. Keep up the ice and we'll keep smashing it off!" Maratiki slammed a burning hand where she had been standing a split second before, but Tombei bolted right back in its direction and sliced it off at the wrist. She had to toss the sword away with its ruined blade, but a quick beam of ice from Bitsy frosted over the end of the arm to keep from regrowing.

The girls kept up the freeze, hit and run until even its godly heat was starting to die down and its form starting to shrink as chunks kept falling off.

“Don’t worry, big guy! A little shrinkage is natural when it’s this cold!” Bitsy cackled. “I love this! I get to have a fivesome and now I’m trash talking a god!”

Maratiki (for lack of a better term) erupted with rage, suddenly bursting back to his full size with a roar. Bitsy went tumbling head over heel through the air while Boona dug her heels into the dirt, digging up the rock behind her and coming up just short of the pooling lava. Tombei stumbled a step or two before she reclaimed her footing, riding the momentum in several brisk backpedaling steps before she hopped and kicked off one of the less burned boulders to snatch Bitsy out of the air. She cradled the halfling in one arm as she raised her crossbow again.

“Bits! More ice!” Tombei ordered. Bitsy summoned another bright blue beam, the elf shooting through the stream as the triple blast of frozen bolts struck it in the eyes. It roared and recoiled as it clutched its steaming eyes, Boona running by to smash off the freshly frozen piece.

“I thought it was getting weaker!” the half-aur blurted.

“It was,” Bitsy confirmed as she stepped back on the safe ground. “He’s burning himself out. It’s his last PUSSY GOD TANTRUM!” she shouted through her cupped hands at him.

“So what do we do?” Tombei asked. “Wait him out?”

“He’s going big enough that he’ll probably swallow up the island before that happened,” Bitsy reported. “Our best shot is I freeze over a patch and hit him hard enough that he explodes all at once.”

“Okay.” Boona nodded and picked up Bitsy by her collar, reaching for Tombei but the elf ducked aside.

“Whoa, what’s this?” Tombei demanded.

“Bitsy freezes the important bit, I throw you two away and take the last shot. I’m the tank. I can do it.”

“What? No!” Bitsy insisted. “You’re holding the sacrifices, and I’m the magic one. I freeze it, I thunderbolt it, and you two are gone while I throw up a magic bubble. I can solo stomp this god’s magma nuts.”

“With a shield that can take a raging god’s fire?” Tombei said with folded arms. Bitsy shrugged. “So Bitsy, you freeze. Boona, you grab her and jump for it so she can levitate you to safety. I give it a jab with the ol’ mythrill knife and we’re done.”

“WE’RE not done! You’re done!” Bitsy insisted. “You don’t even have underwear on let alone the kind of armor or magic we do!”

“Thanks for the reminder, Bits. I’m a badass immortal elf. We defy death every century or so,” the rogue said as she drew one of her unbreakable knives. The lava god loomed over them as it smeared the ice from its eyes and replaced them with new ones.

“I ain’t leaving,” Boona growled, raising her hammer.

“I’ve already been part of a fivesome. I’m not leaving this threesome,” Bitsy said as she readied her staff.

“You just wanted another reason to brag, you little half shit,” Tombei scoffed. “Alright! All in, bitches! Give em the one-two-three!”

Bitsy mustered up a blizzard in a 5-foot wide blast, spreading the chill across its middle. Boona swept her hammer to splatter both of its incoming lava mitts, finally melting off the front half of her hammer before she dropped it and grabbed Tombei by the belt. She hurled her into the air, letting the elf flip through the air and stab her mythrill knives into the center of the frozen surface. The belly rumbled as she dug her knives clean through the ice until she felt her fingertips burn and twisted her knives. “They call me Tombei Iceshatter, motha *(,]~-a! So shatter your bitch ass!”

The god exploded, flinging three bodies away as people saw specks of magma and three smoking figures fly from the top of the mountain. Of the ships that had escaped, a few waited long enough to sail closer and investigate. They heard voices before they saw any signs of life, then laughter as the three women, covered in soot and nothing else as their bodies had been singed here and there, but their clothes were completely obliterated.

“Called it!” Boona blurted. “Headbutted a tiger and KILLED a god!” She had one hand linked with Tombei’s, helping her limp along before tossing her onto her beach. Bitsy was clinging to the half-taur’s tits, whether for funsies or being too exhausted to swim/walk any further than to cling to her floatation devices.

“What’s that old saying? We came, we saw, we ripped it’s lava nuts off?” Tombei panted as she smiled up at the sky, grabbing her crotch and making a rude gesture at the dead black mountain. The beach was warm and black with ash, but they were alive.

“I know! God, sex and murder all day long. It’s my own little heaven. I might get a real sick complex out of all this,” Bitsy giggled.

“You already do, you little fuck-nugget,” Tombei snorted.

“Well at least you came out looking pretty cool,” Bitsy smirked as she hopped onto the sand off of Boona’s chest, just to stumble and go to all fours. “You’ve got a sweet-looking scar coming in on that eye.” Tombei froze and felt at her face, not finding anything. “HA! Dumbass. Who gets thrown clear from an exploding volcano god and comes out with a tiny-ass eye scar? That’d be like Boona coming out of it and catching a cooked hog in midair.”

“Oh, don’t remind me,” Boona sighed. “That buffet is probably buried under lava somewhere, huh?” She looked over and grunted as even she was exhausted, but she dragged in the wet sack of women’s clothing and sorted through until she started pulling out their stuff.

“Yea, I think we’ve literally put these cultists out of business,” Tombei sighed. “No island, no resort, no god... so no reason to steal and burn shit anymore.”

“Yea, what’s he gonna do?” Boona chuckled. “Blow up and burn up their island?”

“On the plus side,” Bitsy added. “I do hear that charcoal and ash can be very good for the skin. They could probably pick up and start again, minus the fire sex cult.” She snapped her fingers in realization. “Oh! Which reminds me! Did anyone see if Ren made it off in one piece?”

“What, the black half-elf you were eye-fucking before?”

“And regular fucking, yes.”

“I don’t see why not. It looked like everyone got out while he stalled Tiki-whatever.”

“Perfect! I have to go see if she wants to still be my harem girl. We were really hitting it off back there, and I bet she’s in a real vulnerable place after YOU stabbed her god to death. I’m sure she’d want to be close to someone special right now. Maybe start wearing a collar...”

“Bitsy, you know she was a hired whore, right? A bunch of crazy locals trying to feed and fuck us so that we didn’t suspect what was going on?”

“Listen, hired or not, if she keeps doing that thing with her tongue, who am I to judge her motives?”

“You are disgusting you know that?” Tombei snorted before letting herself flop back naked in the sand. It did feel surprisingly relaxing. “Never fucking change.”

“Excuse me?!” the halfling gasped in mock-offense. “I dare you to find ONE point in my life where I said I was a good person, let alone a hero!” Bitsy grinned and reached over to punch her teammate’s butt. “Relax. You know you’ll always be my favorite ho.”

“Hey! No fair!” Boona came over, dropping their wet armor and weapons nearby so she could scoop up her naked teammates and bearhug them.

“Ah! Okay! Fine! You too, biggie,” Tombei laughed, pushing some of her long wet hair from her face. “You flew out of a volcano like the rest of us. You get to be a ho too.”

“Nice! Ho is short for ‘hero,’ right?”