

Jason Anybody had been chosen to receive the Tabula Prodigium, the magical remote that controlled all monsters allied with the forces of light. Ever since the pink-haired vampire princess Contessa had delivered it to the fated wielder of its power, she had learned to regret it. What should have been an easy battle with her corrupted ogre companion was turned into a humiliating strip show whenever she was forced to obey Jason's commands. The battle had ruined her lacey and regal garments, leaving her to wear the common clothes of her new master.

"Can't thank you enough, Vog my man. You're a whizz with those hands of yours," Jason praised him.

"Yym rahk vurrqa," Vog grunted through a mouthful of fangs and tusks, shrugging his broad shoulders.

The huge green creature had torn up the house during his brainwashed rampage, but it was almost impossible to tell now that he was through with it. On top of being a big bruiser, ogres were apparently natural experts at crafting and fixing things. He had simply shoved things back into place and given them a few thumps with his club or squeezed with his fist, forcing them back into one piece. He couldn't speak English for whatever reason, but that wasn't the biggest leap in logic Jason had to get over between being the chosen one of all monsters.

"I think you're underplaying the role I had in all this," Contessa added indignantly.

She puffed up her plump chest, tossing her long hair back over her shoulders. She was left wearing some shorts and a t-shirt that Jason had tossed at her after the ruinous battle, and it was clear that she was too big for them. The shirt hugged her tits like a sports bra and her thick thighs and bottom filled out the shorts, making the princess of all vampires look a lot more trashy than she had ever wished to be.

"What are you talking about? I said you gave great head," Jason insisted with a grin.

"I MEANT IN THE BATTLE!" Contessa raved.

Jason grinned and snickered. He was loving taking her down a peg whenever he could. The pretentious princess was more than capable in a fight, so he had plenty of fun messing with her knowing she'd pull through in the end.

"I know, I know. We're all really impressed," Jason assured her half-heartedly.

"I don't believe you do! If you knew the trouble we went-"

Jason tapped mute on his controller without even looking up. He let her ramble on as he looked over the room to make sure they'd fixed everything. He lucked out, as a few minutes later he heard the door unlocking out front.

“Oh crap! What the hell am I gonna do with you two?! Do I just tell them I’m king of the monsters or whatever?”

“Grun va geesh,” his ogre underling nodded.

“Appreciate the craftsmanship, but advice is not your strong suit, Vog.”

Jason tapped his remote again to unmute his vampire.

“Of all the indignities, you could... did you just MUTE me!?”

“Long story short? Yes.”

“HOW is that a long story?!”

“Doesn’t matter. Parents are home and what am I going to do with you two?”

“Janga.”

Vog pointed to a nearby closet. Contessa nodded.

“Agreed. To the shadows, Vog. We are not yet prepared to explain this properly when the master is so poorly trained.”

“It’s been an hour,” Jason reminded her.

The two of them still hurried over to the coat closet. Vog opened it for the vampiress to slip inside and he stooped in a moment later. Jason winced, waiting for his huge figure to crack the doorframe or prove too big to fit inside, but he slipped in as smoothly and easily as a housecat. Jason stared blankly as the door slammed shut just before his parents entered.

“Hey there, sweetie. Been doing much with your day?” his mom asked sweetly.

The mature, curly-haired and short black woman stepped in with her purse on one arm. His dad, a broad-shouldered man with a thin red beard, followed with an umbrella over his arm.

“Not a lot. Just... watching tv.”

Jason waved the magic remote lazily before sticking it into his pocket.

“Well it’s a nice day out. You should go enjoy it while you can. We’re lucky we beat the storm,” his dad encouraged.

He opened the door to the coat closet and Jason flinched, ready to spit out any distraction or excuse he could think of. Instead, his dad didn't even bat an eye. There was nothing to be seen as he stuck the umbrella and his windbreaker inside. Jason stared anxiously after it, just to see the key; the monsters had shrunk.

There was something about a battle between light and dark going on, and that those of either side were bigger and stronger in their respective realm. Vog had been a cute little monkey of a guy when he first attacked, but getting out of the sunlight had turned him into his hulking beast mode. With them both sworn to the side of light and hiding in a closet, they had shrunk down to 2-foot tall chibi versions of themselves. Contessa herself was a big-eyed shortstack with pink hair down to her ankles, making Jason's clothes fit even worse than before as her squashed down curves stretched them out. Contessa put a shushing finger to her lips as she scowled at the human boy.

"You know... maybe you're right," Jason ventured.

"I should probably head out. Meet some friends, spend some time at the mall... don't need to wait up for me if you guys were doing something for dinner. I can eat while I'm out."

His father scratched at his chin. "You know, I did get that promotion. We haven't had a proper night out in a while, and there's that nice Italian place."

Jason let out a breath of relief. Getting them back out of the house sounded like the best move he could hope for right now. Thankfully, they were happy to comply.

"That sounds great! Let's get cleaned up and head out in a bit. Enjoy hanging out with your friends, sweetie!" his mom chimed as she trotted off towards the showers, an eager smile on her face.

"Yea! You guys have fun. Don't worry about me," Jason called back.

He cracked open the closet and grabbed his light jacket, just to throw it over the monsters' heads. The shade proved to be enough as he picked them both up and hurried outside.

"Okayloveyoubye," he spat out as he hurried out the door.

He raced down the street before he opened up his arms. It dropped the monsters onto the sidewalk, where one of Vog's huge arms suddenly grew out to its full size. The rest of him remained its tiny self under the coat while Contessa gasped. The sun only seemed to catch her bulging chest, making it blow up to its original size. It was bigger than her entire torso and arms put together in her shrunken state.

"What the...!?! Get this thing off!"

The vampiress thrashed around until she threw the whole thing off. The both of them were exposed to the sunlight and turned back into their fully grown forms.

“Smuggled around like some secret household pet. How insulting,” Contessa huffed.

“You literally shipped yourself to me in a tv box,” Jason reminded her.

“That was to avoid ambushes from opposing monsters by nightfall! What if the werewolf spotted me? Or the mummy? To say nothing of if The Boogie caught wind of my travels...”

“You have to realize how goofball you sound when you say shit like that,” Jason said.

Vog chuckled quietly.

“See? Vog’s got my back. Besides, if you want clothes that actually fit, you want the mall.”

Contessa seemed to soften a little at the suggestion.

“Really? Then this mall is some kind of human armory, is it?”

“I uh... I think there’s a guy who sells katanas there. So let’s go with that. Yea.”

Tabula Prodigium. The Monster Slate.

Contessa, Jason Anybody, Vog the ogre

Mistress Magara, the Mummy queen