

Fire-Scale Brew

By: Firingwall

“Why the long face ma’am?” asked the large bartender curiously. A young woman with frilly, red hair and in a very gorgeous, but expensive red dress was sitting alone at the bar. She had her head on her arms as she sat there, a foul expression plastered across her face.

“This is the worst, most repugnant thing that’s ever happened to me,” she muttered angrily.

“Whatever is the matter?” he asked.

“I’ve been forced to vacation in a place that’s... that’s just repulsive!” She snapped, lifting her head up to look at the bartender, “I mean... just look at the place!” The bartender gave her a puzzled look and glanced around them.

They were in the bar and dining area of a large hotel and many of its guests were busying eating dinner with one another or chatting away very loudly. That may have been a normal occurrence for the hotel, but for the only human there, it wasn’t. Everyone but the young woman was a mythical, fantasy creature or monster. Vampires, goblins, ogres, werewolves, demons, slime people, centaurs, and more were all about and having a good time.

The bartender, a minotaur in particular, turned back to the woman and asked, “You have something against monsters or beings like myself?”

“Of course not,” the woman huffed, “I have no problem with these people nor am I bothered that they’re monsters and not humans like myself. However, I was frankly tricked into booking a room here and this is not the type of people I would prefer to socialize with.”

“I see,” the bartender commented, cleaning a glass as he listened. There was a sort of twinge of annoyance in his mostly neutral face, but he said nothing as he listened.

“But anyway,” she grumbled, “I can’t leave since the staff refuses to refund me. How rude of them! ...since I’m stuck here, give me your best drink bartender! I want to drink away my sorrows right now!”

The bartender set the glass down and stared at her strangely, but only for a moment. A smile crossed his muzzle and he spoke pleasantly, “but of course Miss. Only the best for you.”

With that, he pulled out a large, wooden goblet and set it before her. He then pulled off a very large glass bottle with reddish brown liquid from the very top shelf and poured it into the cup. “There you are,” he stated, pushing the pint towards the woman and putting the bottle back, “Our very best drink: Fire-Scale Brew.”

“Never heard of it,” she remarked, “but alright. I guess I’ll try it.” She simply assumed it was some kind of monster liquor, so she carefully took a small sip of it.

A few seconds later, her belly rumbled and gurgled. The young lady clenched her stomach and groaned. “That,” she remarked, “that was... that was some... some...”

Her eyes grew large as her stomach growled loudly. Suddenly, she opened her mouth as something came bursting out from within. At first, she assumed it was going to be a burp or that maybe she’d just vomit up her drink. Instead, it was a large burst of red fire that lit up the room.

The burst of flames lasted all but a few seconds before the flames died down. She clamped her hands over her mouth as she looked at the bartender horrified. He, however, remained calm, merely blocking the flames with a shield he grabbed from underneath the bar. Putting the metal disk away, he asked her nonchalantly, “how is the drink?”

“I just breathed fi... EEP!” the woman exclaimed, but quickly shutting her mouth. A small bit of fire seeped out of her maw when she just talked.

“Hmm,” the minotaur commented, stroking the tip of his muzzle, “that is a problem... better drink something quickly to put that fire out in you.” She nodded and guzzled down more of the Fire-Brew. Almost immediately upon doing so, she realized she had been tricked as the large, furry bartender started grinning and chuckling.

Still, she kept her mouth shut to avoid breathing any more fire. At least, she tried to until smoke started pouring out of her nostrils... irritating their insides. Her nose twitched and her eyes began watering as the smoke intensified. Then, with a long and loud buildup, she sneezed and fire blasted out of her nose.

However, that wasn’t the only thing that blasted out. Her large sun hat popped off and her lovely, styled red hair fell out as four large horns grew from the back of her head rapidly. Two of them were very long and wavy, going straight back. The other two, much wider horns grew along the top sides of her head and curled almost like ram horns.

As the horns sprouted, red scales erupted out from around her nose. The smooth scales spread out from there until they covered every inch of her face, her eyebrows and eyelashes falling out. Her ears and nose shrank back into her head, leaving her with tiny holes for hearing and two small slits for smelling. Lastly, her face stretched out into a soft, stout, reptilian muzzle, her teeth sharpening into fangs to boot.

“Oooooo,” she moaned, her body starting to sway and her eyes groggy-looking, “Wha... what the... my head... the whole room is swinging...”

“I see,” agreed the minotaur, “You know what might help? Having another drink from that cup of yours.”

“G-go-good idea,” she hiccupped. She licked her chops, a long serpent like tongue sliding across her sharp teeth and lips, and chugged down more of the drink. Her eyes immediately lit up and turned bright yellow, her pupils turning to fierce slits.

Her body shivered and twitched, veins pressing against her skin and her hands and toes clenching and unclenching repeatedly. She began panting, her finger- and toenails growing longer, thicker, and sharper. As the nails started encompassing the entirety of their tips, her digits themselves expanded and grew longer alongside her hands and feet. They grew until they were five times their original size, ripping off her sandals as red scales appeared on them as well.

“Damn that drink is good,” she chuckled, the glossiness vanishing from her eyes, “Sooooo good! I love this Fire-Scale Brew shit!” She immediately began to chug the rest of the alcohol as quickly as possible, her body shivering and twitching even more.

Red scales grew across her arms, causing her limbs to bulge and lengthen considerably until they were almost as long as her entire body. The muscles within grew to massive proportions until her arms matched with her hands, a sense of power and strength burning within her like never before. Her legs and torso grew almost as much, her legs bulking up greatly as her poor lovely sundress was torn apart.

“Fuckin’ A is this time damn good beer!” the woman chuckled, finishing the rest of her drink. Her panties snapped off as her hips and ass expanded several times over, the scales finally covering the rest of her body. Her bra popped off as well as her breasts swelled to beach ball proportions and her nipples became erect, her chest far more suited for her growing body as it pushed her up a full sixteen feet.

“I take it the lady is satisfied with her beverage?” the minotaur called to her, looking upwards at the large, reptilian woman.

“Hell yeah I am!” laughed the woman, slamming the cup on the bar, smashing it to pieces and cracking the wooden frame of the bar at the same time. A thick, strong eight-pack appeared on her toned, fit stomach, completing her muscled-up physique. With that, her bar stool broke and she fell to the ground with a loud thump, rattling every chair, table, and patron in the room.

“Care for another?” the bartender asked with a sly smile, dumping the remains of the cup into the trash behind the cracked bar.

“Oh yeah!” the woman chuckled, pulling her wallet out from the tattered remains of her dress. She pulled out all of her money and slammed it onto the bar, making another crack in it as a long, powerful tail burst out from her back. She yelled out, “And also, a round for everyone here! It’s on me!”

The entire room, who had been watching with great interest, cheered excitedly, raising their glasses or mugs up to her in celebration. The new dragon woman grinned excitedly, looking at all of happy people, as she thought, *you know, these monsters look fucking awesome now that I look at them. I wonder if any of them be up for a little fun and excitement?*

“Your beer ma’am,” the minotaur huffed, heaving a large mug, at least ten times larger than the pint he earlier gave her, onto the bar next to her.

She smirked and snatched the drink, gulping down almost half in one go. She slammed the mug back on the bar, causing even more damage, as a pair of gigantic wings burst from her back and flapped about triumphantly. Her neck grew a couple of inches longer and smoke drifted out of her nostrils all natural-like. She was now a full-fledged dragon woman.

“Alright boys and girls,” she declared to the crowded bar area with a large chuckle, “anybody man enough for a little arm wrestling? Winner gets to take me to their room for the best night of their lives!” She gave the crowd a wink and flexed her arm, her muscles bulging and almost looking like they burst out of her scaly skin. Win or lose, the new dragon was ready for some action.

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