

Mini-Story: Monster U (Men to Monster Girls TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Gerald, David and Taryn have all been accepted into a strange university. But when they discover that it is a university for monsters, they quickly find reality rewriting to make them just as monstrous as their surrounding peers!

Monster U

There was something off about the university as soon as they arrived. Gerald, David and Taryn were all good friends and had been excited to go to the same establishment of higher education together, but the only avenue to do so was at the mysterious *Moreau University*, which none of them had ever heard of. Still, it beat being split up into different schools across the state or even country, so they chose to accept their place after some cursory research. The building looked a bit more foreboding than other universities; older somehow, with an almost gothic construction, but still they headed to their rooms; Gerald and David to their shared dorm, and Taryn to hers.

That's when the first clues that something was up began to show. For one, while they were early arrivals, some of the other students who turned up seemed to have a variety of odd skin conditions, or hide parts of themselves beneath thick cloaks or hoodies, even in the warm weather. Taryn was shocked when she discovered that her female roommate Celia literally had scaled skin, but she chose not to comment on it, thinking this would be rude. Gerald and David were a bit overwhelmed by a looming individual who was rooming next door to them; he was hidden beneath a trenchcoat, but his slurry speech was kind of off, his figure almost too large to be believably human. They discussed this when they got together.

"I don't know, it just feels a bit weird," Taryn said. "I mean, the classes look great, and the facilities are amazing. The cafeteria has the craziest menu too. But some of the female students are weird. There's one that's really hairy. Seriously, like a wolf level of hairy. It has to be a costume, right?"

Gerald bit his lip. "There's a few really hairy guys, actually."

"Yeah, and the dude with one eye!" David cut in, his usual excitable self. "It's in the centre of his forehead. I asked him about it and he just looked at me funny. He's the one with the weird condition!"

They all shook their heads over it, feeling vaguely like they were missing out on something. They didn't have to wonder long though, because when classes started the next day and far more students were present, their first shared lecture revealed all. The history professor stepped forward and gave permission for all students to "remove their disguises,

as they are no longer needed! We are safe here now, and can continue our nonhuman studies in peace!”

At that, the entire congregation of students seemed to stand and remove their hoodies, cloaks, coverings, scarves, and so on, revealing them all to be - impossibly - *monsters*. Taryn, Gerald, and David all looked around, gaping in horror as their fellow students were shown to a variety of cyclopes, mermaids, medusa, golems, werewolves, vampires, trolls, goblins, imps, gremlins (stacked in coats), and other supernatural beings. There was even a wrapped mummy in the corner, albeit one wearing a nerdy pair of glasses.

“Holy shit,” Gerald whispered, “this is crazy. They’re actually monsters. How did we get invited?”

“Some kind of bureaucratic mixup, maybe?” Taryn suggested, trying not to freak out. “We have to get out of here.”

“Are you kidding? They’ll notice we’re human!” David protested.

“Let’s just pretend to be one of them,” Gerald said.

“How?”

“I don’t know! Act . . . monster-y. Hide parts of yourself.”

They did so, trying to avoid the gazes of their fellow students. The lecture began, and it took all their effort to take notes and avoid being gazed upon. It was important to fit in, after all. They just needed to get through to the end of the day and then they could scam out of there without being accosted or questioned or - God forbid - eaten.

But as the lecturer rambled on, starting with vampiric history, a topic none of them thought to ever hear about - something strange began to happen. Taryn’s skin began to itch, and she started to idly scratch it, trying to take notes and fit in. But this was only the beginning, because soon dark brown hairs were pushing through the skin of her forearms and spreading, with new patches starting on her legs. She just managed to suppress a scream as she noticed this, and pointed it out to her friends, her eyes wide in shock. Gerald and David gaped as they saw their friend literally grow fur, but hers were not the only changes. Gerald managed to suppress a grunt as own skin began to warp and change, altering in pigmentation in some places while becoming smoother in others. His chest began to push out while his waist thinned, but while his body began to take on a more feminine shape, that was not his chief concern: he was growing stitches. Actual stitches and scars between different parts of his skin where the odd pigments and textures met.

“Oh God, I look like Frankenstein’s monster,” he said in a high, almost feminine voice. “What’s happening to us?”

Taryn shook her head, fearful as her hands and feet developed claws, as her musculature swelled. Her clothes were changing also, becoming something like a cheerleader’s outfit ready for practice after the lecture was done. It exposed her hairy midriff,

and soon a tail was pushing out from her behind, bushy and long and wagging in confusion, all while her face developed a snout.

“What the f-fuck?” David stammered quietly, even as someone shushed him. “You guys are turning - oh God, it’s happening to m-me too!”

His changes were not so dramatic, but after his experience with the cyclops the previous day, perhaps they were quite karmic. David’s skull was hit with a series of headaches as his eyes fused together to form one larger cyclopean eye. Like with Gerald, his form began to take on a more feminine shape, especially around the hips and chest, but unlike his friend, he wasn’t becoming more diminutive in size. While Gerald at this point looked like a lithe, strangely beautiful Frankenstein’s monster girl, complete with half-brown and half-red hair and mismatched eyes, David was actually getting bigger, musclier. His outfit changed so that he was wearing a feminine sweater and pleated skirt, a contrast to his friend’s oddly stylish dress with its own mismatched design. The two males tried to fight the changes as much as Taryn fought her own, but it was impossible; their bodies - and in the case of the boys, their *genders* - were soon utterly transformed right down to the genitalia. In mere minutes, the terrified humans had become just another trio of monsters among many. Taryn was the attractive wolfgirl cheerleader, Denise the stylish flesh golem, and Gerald a large, busty, but obviously nerdy cyclops, complete with a specially fitted pair of glasses over her one big eye. Well, it wasn’t exactly a ‘pair’ when it came to a cyclops.

“How did that happen?” Gerald asked, *her* voice now high and sweet, though with an undercurrent of contralto from - she presumed - another body part that went into ‘making’ her in this new reality.

“I don’t know but I’m so freaking’ hairy,” Taryn said. She was grabbing her snout, unbelieving she was now a cheerleading werewolf girl.

“And I’m huge, look at my boobs!” David said. “God, I’m a big, busty cyclops. This is so fucking humiliating!”

“Shhh!” a medusa cautioned.

“We’re trying to listen!” said another vampire.

“Yeah, can you calm down Taryn?” her werewolf roommate asked, acting as if they’d always been a matching species.

“Gisele, do you mind ducking a bit?” a goblin asked behind Gerald. “I can’t quite see.”

“Looking good, Denise,” a mermaid commented to David.

They were all shushed again, but not before the revelation was had by the trio: reality had changed, and these people *knew* them.

“Um, guys,” *Denise* whispered to her friends, tapping them with mismatched hands. “I don’t think we’re in Kansas anymore. And wherever we are, I think we’re here, like this, to stay.”

It was going to be a long year at Monster U, but not as long as their lives as new Monster Girls. Of course, they would be the only ones to know how 'new' they really were.

The End