

“Attack!” The knight yelled, with a fake bravado that made Melissa shudder internally. Normally, she didn’t mind it when the guests got into it. It was the point, after all. But today, she wasn’t in the mood. After two weeks of the same shit, she knew what was going to go down.

Still, it was part of her role to engage the guests and indulge in their fantasies however they led the show. She was just the mount, after all. She had no say over what the guests had her do. It was simply her job to get them from point A to point B, maybe fight a little if the guests requested them to. Not that she minded being a horse or a mule. But she couldn’t really *do* anything but walk forward, or stand there tied to a tree flicking flies with her tail.

At least this time, Melissa had been changed into a griffon, while Susan was a majestic pegasus. It was very rare that Melissa got to be something more exotic, and she had to admit, she enjoyed the change. Being able to fly, though something she had done several times before, was always exhilarating. But, like idiots, the guests were afraid of flying, and they were forced to walk all the way to the cave where the hydra had been waiting. What was the damn point of giving them both wings!

Melissa and Susan worked as an NPC at a LARP theme park that employed the use of nanite technology to change the guests into whatever adventure role play characters they wanted. Patrons could take on accurate representations of elves, giants, orcs, dwarves, or a variety of other creatures and races for their day of adventure. Then, they would partake a fantasy-based quest and try to win the scenario. The course that Melissa worked on was one where the guests visited a town and was tasked to hunt down a monster and slay it on behalf of the townsfolk. The adventurers would then fight, and either win or ‘die’ at the end to the beast.

Some people preferred to take things to the next level by actually allowing themselves to be devoured if they failed. It was harmless, of course. The nanite programs allowed a body to begin digestion before reconstituting the subject back to the perfect form the nanites had recorded. There was zero chance of anything going wrong with all the backups in place. Many guests seemed to prefer the chance to ‘die’ valiantly as an adventurer for the town. It made the entire experience more exciting to not know the outcome!

Yet, to Melissa’s disdain, that fate had befallen all the adventurers over the past few weeks. She had no say in the final outcome, of course. She and her coworkers were to follow their instructions to the letter as part of the job. But seeing the same events over and over, knowing that *any* strategy other than charging in blindly would win the day, was getting frustrating. Even worse was having the adventurers bitch afterwards over a loss that was clearly their fault!

Within minutes, the moron charging in was knocked off her back, writhing on the floor as the hydra down gazed down hungrily with one of its heads. Another head was already in the

process of devouring the fool that had ridden in on Susan. Melissa sighed, somehow still able, even in her griffon form. It would have been easy if the adventurers had come up with any sort of plan. But nope. The first had dismounted, charging in to be devoured before the other had a chance to react. Melissa and Susan were thus stuck watching the whole damn process of their charges being eaten.

Finally, the human bodies of the former half-orc and elf began to reconstitute in front of the hydra, a sign their session was up. Both bitched loudly, causing Melissa to groan again internally. The one guy even had the audacity to blame Melissa for not charging in to help. Like it was *her* fault he chose to run in and die right after his buddy! She wanted to claw him up for that comment, if it wouldn't get her fired by management!

Both Susan and Melissa had to wait to change back after the guests had signed back out of the park. At least now, they could talk, though it was focused on complaining about their current state of affairs.

“Ugh, that was the worst! Fucking dumbass had the gall to blame *me* for losing!” Melissa whined, the sounds coming from her griffon beak exasperated.

“I’m so sorry you had to deal with that asshole! Fuck, its been like this all week!” Susan complained with an annoyed whicker through her horsey lips.

“I’m getting a bit tired of being some idiot’s pack-mule!” Melissa replied, irritation clearly heard in the voice the nanites projected.

“Hey, you guys should try switching it up a bit. I hear my department’s hiring!” Said the hydra, startling both girls for a moment. The voice seemed to be coming from each of the heads at once, though both girls knew better. The nanites allowed a loudspeaker function for forms otherwise unable to speak, which was often the case in their department.

“I’m Linda, I don’t think we’ve met,” said the hydra. This wasn’t a surprise. The park employed hundreds of staff. And, without seeing each other’s real bodies, it was sometimes hard to tell who was who.

“Oh?” Melissa asked, excitement in her voice.

Taking a closer look at the hydra, Melissa found herself curious what it would be like to try a different form. Being an equine felt wonderful, but her days were boring. There were a myriad of other forms that the employees could potentially undertake. She was excited as to what the hydra, Linda, had to say.

“Yea, I love the monster gig!” Linda said, rearing up to show off the full range of her powerful body. “It’s fun not knowing what you’re going to be changing into! Some of the player characters pick really unique things to fight. I imagine it’s a lot more varied than being mounts. Plus, you get to kill stuff! Bonus!”

Both girls looked at each other at that. Waiting in the dungeon would be a little boring, certainly. But they’d been the mounts long enough to have seen every scenario. It would be an entirely different setting if they were the pair that would do the terrorizing! The gig was starting to sound better and better!

“Of course, it’s not all it’s cracked up to be. You still ‘die’ more often than not. But, that’s not so bad. You know what I mean. You guys have been eaten, I’m sure. Hey, I was a black dragon on this run a few weeks back. Ate some donkeys. Was that you guys?” She asked, a giggle in her voice.

Neither girl could quite suppress their groans of realization. The dragon, that time, had gone a little too far with the role play, at least in their opinion. Both donkeys had been tied up and helpless while the one remaining player watched in terror. Both donkeys had to let themselves be ‘killed’ and ‘eaten’, one after the other. It was what a dragon would do, after all. And with the player character still alive, it made sense to act out the fantasy the way it would.

Still, it had been so humiliating to feel their heads being ripped off, bodies falling to the ground before being digested. Losing all their senses of the outside world sucked! Melissa hated the sensation of still being able to feel part of her severed body but having no real control over it as the rest was digested. Sarah, meanwhile, hated seeing her friend being eaten, knowing that it would be her turn next. The wait was almost as bad!

Each girl would, thankfully, be reconstituted outside the game immediately after being eaten, so as not to wait until the game was over before they had any feeling again. None of it hurt, of course. It was still incredibly unnerving feeling their bodies separate and dissolve. And the scents of blood and sounds of chewing and tearing before they lost those senses were disturbing in their own right. It was one of the main reasons they hated when adventurers chose the more realistic scenarios, because it applied to them, as well. Fucking sadists, that’s what they were!

“Oh, sorry about that! Well, you tasted really good raw, at least!” Linda said with a chuckle.

That did it for both girls. They were done being pack mules and dragon dinners. If there was a chance they could fight back and ‘kill’ the adventurers, learning new bodies each time and having fun being the villain, they were all in.

“Yeah, I think we’re in. Sarah”? Melissa asked, knowing the answer.

“Soon as possible, if you can?” Sarah responded, not able to hide the excitement in her voice.

“Yeah, I’ll check with my manager after the shift!” Linda stated. “But, do remember, the adventurers are ‘supposed’ to be the ones killing you. Just because these ones suck doesn’t mean you’re not going to die more often than not. That’s the only downside I’ve experienced. Dying, well, sucks. Eating player characters? Priceless!”

Both girls were excited at the prospect of transferring positions as soon as possible. Yet, Susan did have an odd thought. Something about Linda's words seemed off.

“It’s so nice of you to offer! Do you get a hiring bonus for bringing over new staff?” Susan asked, politely, in the likely event she was being paranoid.

“No, I just like to help!” Linda responded, a juicy tone to her voice that made both girls nervous. It almost sounded like she was up to something...

Before either girl could question things further, Linda had moved towards them, looking down with her five heads. Forked tongues ran rapidly over lizard lips, as if in anticipation. By the time both saw the drooling maws and realized the beast’s predatory stance, it was too late. They had been backed into a corner, their guard down from the casual chatting. The way the hydra looked, she seemed intent on taking down the swift beasts. But there was no way she intended to harm them, was there?

“Sorry, but the taste of that donkey flesh is too fresh in my mind. I had to distract you a bit to prevent you from running away. Hunting would have been fun and all, but we’re all going to change back soon. I have to work with what I get. And I’m still sooo hungry...”

Neither animal had time to move before a hydra head had descended upon them. The sensation of being bitten in half, though not unfamiliar, was still annoying as the two girls felt their bodies being burned with acidic saliva. Though it was little more than an inconvenience, both girls were pissed as they felt their massive bodies being digested by the harsh chemicals in the hydra’s stomach!

Soon, the girls felt their formless bodies start to regenerate back in the main chamber. It was a relief to be able to see, hear, and feel once more, even though it had only been seconds since they'd lost those abilities. Though it was a potential outcome of the scenario, it was not

something they wished to experience often. It was a dirty trick from a girl who carried a sadistic streak!

To their surprise, Linda texted them later that night to tell them to come in to try the position tomorrow if they wanted. There was a booking for a three-monsters dungeon, and her department was short-staffed. If they liked the position, there were several opportunities for growth (pun not intended) within the department. Yet, both were more than suspect of the girl's motives, even though she assured them her stunt was all in jest.

The next morning, the two girls met Linda to get signed up for what they coined 'monster duty'. They were still a bit peeved that they'd been eaten by the girl, but they figured they would get over it. The sign-up didn't take long; there was a booking later that day for a party of three adventures with a difficulty rating of four. The manager was thrilled to have such eager volunteers without having to recruit from other departments!

Both Melissa and Susan found themselves wondering if it was indeed 'too good to be true'. After all, Linda had hyped it up so well. Was she just trying to get them alone to eat them again, as part of a prank? But then, why were the positions so readily available? Lots of people were fine turning into horses and other such animals. What was it about this department and the transformations people had to undergo that turned the employees off so much?!

Melissa shuttered as she looked at the species assignment given to her. From what she understood, the newer staff had to take whatever assignment was given to them. That hadn't been so bad until she realized the full range of the catalog of monsters that the player characters could choose from to fight!

Still, they were determined to see it through, and were given their monster assignments. Linda, to her delight, was to turn back into her now-preferred hydra form. Melissa was not so lucky. Due to a particular fear of one of the players, she was to turn into a giant spider for the rest of the day!

Yet, her horror of being an arachnid paled in comparison with the form that Susan was to take on. That had been the winning form from the coin flip. The loser, Susan, was to become not just a leech, but a whole *swarm* of them. Susan hadn't even known that was possible, having never encountered one in her time at the park. Still, a part of her recalled some recent horror movie where the protagonist had used nanite technology to become a swarm of killer insects. Maybe it was a similar program? Flying bugs were more preferable to the hell that being a leech would be. She didn't even want to be a giant one, let alone what counted as millions all at once!

Linda, much to their chagrin, was to change first. She promised in her sweetest voice that she would be a good hydra and not eat the girls this time. Neither believed her, of course. Though, it was the one advantage Susan could come up with about being a swarm. There was no way that Linda could eat all of them, after all!

Neither Susan nor Melissa were prepared for the sight of the diminutive girl's smile as it spread to the edges of her face before forcing outward towards a muzzle. Green scales peppered her features as fangs erupted from her maw and gobs of viscous saliva dripped onto the floor. Her massive tongue started lashing outward of her still-relatively human head, its contours too large and looking like something akin to a nightmare.

Yet, it was obvious from the waning human expressions that Linda enjoyed the transition. She had said it was a change she often underwent, loving the sensation of having five heads. When asked prior about what it was like, Linda simply said that each head was controlled by her central head. They felt like extensions of her own. It seemed impossible that she could fully utilize all five separate sets of senses at once. Yet, the nanites provided her the needed mental capacity. The level she could see within the form was almost beyond her ability to describe!

A wet *crack* echoed in the space as her skull pushed out, level with her muzzle as it continued to lengthen. The lobes of her ears split into three, stretching from the fragments as they adorned the elongated head she now possessed. Human hair retreated into her skin, the nanites covering the flesh with green scales as her wide-mouthed smile became a fearsome grin.

Stranger still were the alterations to her eyes. They started to expand in their sockets, brilliant blue orbs as they lost any trace of pupils. They stared, soulless and angry as a pimple popped out behind each eye and formed a second, smaller orb. Linda maintained a truly menacing visage!

Yet it was a drop in the bucket to the terror of the changes to her neck and shoulders. Muscles started rapidly pulsating under the skin, tearing and reforming and pushing at flesh that was rapidly growing scaled. The process took milliseconds to turn the diminutive girl into a hulking beast, providing space for the next aspect of the change to come.

“This is my favorite part!” Linda’s voice echoed as her shoulders writhed and four separate lumps started to form from the expanse of space.

Soon, four pillars of flesh ripped from the skin, growing upward along with her neck as it, too, started to expand. Atop each new neck, molding flesh started to stretch into four perfect facsimiles of the center head. Red smiles erupted from the tips of each as they spread into wide-toothed grins, complete with dripping fangs and long, forked tongues. Two sets of eyes popped out like zits as fan-like ears rose from the sides and backs of her narrow skulls.

Melissa and Susan were awed by the sight of the beast. It was a creature out of nightmares, who could kill them without a second thought. In fact, she had, twice now! Though the use of nanite technology made it safe, it was impossible not to feel a sense of trepidation from being in her presence.

“Don’t be scared now!” Linda said. Her effect on the girls was not lost as she continued to grow and change. “I won’t eat you. Well, this time, anyway!” She said with a laugh that made both girls angry once more.

Linda got down on all fours as her body continued to grow to support the five, massive heads that she possessed. Thick scales ran down her chest, forming a series of flattened plates. The nanites dissolved her clothes in just the right places to preserve her modesty, of course. Nothing could be seen between her legs, though there was likely a slit somewhere in the gleaming scales for her nethers.

Her chest continued to barrel out, stomach cracking as her skeleton reconfigured towards the dragon-like being she was becoming. Her hands clenched the ground for a moment as they started to spasm, nails bursting painlessly forth as their tips expanded to match her massive, meaty fingers. The digits continued to fatten even as they shrank relative to her widening palms. They seemed to sink into the dirty floor, as they expanded to support her new weight.

Her feet, now hind legs, followed suit, the heels stretching as her spine wetly cracked with its growth. A protrusion from her backside started to wriggle as it widened to the circumference of her trunk. It hit the back of the room as she stepped forward to accommodate her new tail.

Linda continued to swell, taking up much of the space as she became a massive, dangerous hydra. It seemed as though she was even larger than she had been the day before, though it might have appeared that way to Melissa and Susan, who were not human the last time they had seen her. Still, the imposing beast in all her glory was a sight to behold!

“Welp, who’s next?” Linda said, grinning down at the still-human girls with what could almost be called an expression of interest on her reptilian features.

Melissa shivered as she realized it was her turn. Gulping, she pressed a button on her suit that activated the nanites pre-programmed for her day’s role. The nanites entered her system painlessly, with only a slight tingle to indicate the beginning of her transformation.

Much like Linda’s own, the tingling started on her face as her mouth opened up without her prompting. To Melissa’s horror, her lips started to split down the center, extended outward so that

she could see them in front of her eyes. They started to fatten with tissue and meat, weighty on her face as they were peppered with hundreds of minute hairs, almost like a beard.

The arachnoid chelicerae erupted with dozens of sharp, pointed teeth, forced open by still-widening lips. Melissa couldn't close her mouth now! They were soon almost as large as her head, growing to their final size before the rest of her transformed!

“Ewww!” Susan exclaimed, looking a little shocked at the sight. Melissa would have screamed if she could have, but only a chittering escaped her lips as her vocal cords shifted. She hadn't activated the nanite's thought-to-speech function yet!

All at once, her head started to balloon out with growth, her jaw pulling the rest of her skull with it. She could feel the squelching of all of her bones dissolving, her epidermis hardening into chiton to hold her organs in place. Nothing remained of her nasal opening. Her eyes went dark for a moment, before reopening to a world that was split into millions of screens and colors from different ends of the spectrum. Several dots popped open behind them, each sensitive to different spectrums of heat and light.

“Holy shit!” Melissa exclaimed, finally able to talk. She took a few moments to adjust her vision to take in the world around her. It was impossible to distinguish things in human terms, but her developing arachnoid senses were sufficient for the task, in tandem with the nanites' abilities.

By now, her fattening neck had merged with her head, pulling her thickening body into it. Her head was swept back into an oval shape, with her eyes angled upward. Her human hair was gone, of course, head peppered with millions of tiny, sensitive hairs. The hydra's deep breaths made each twitch in turn. She knew exactly how the hydra was moving without even having to look in Linda's direction. Melissa found herself wondering if that would be enough of an advantage to take her down in a fight!

Melissa was distracted from playful, vengeful thoughts by a wriggling from under the skin of her former chin. Popping open like zits, the twin growths swelled outward, snapping in several places as it formed her pedipalps. Moving them in tandem was a unique experience!

Her shoulders compressed into her sides as the spreading chitinous material hardened over her former torso. The material continued to run down her arms as the space between her upper and lower arms snapped into articulating joints. The middle finger on each hand hardened and stretched into sturdy points the rest of her fingers dissolved. Her wrists and palms comprised the remaining lower joints of new, arachnoid-limbs.



Two sets of similar appendages burst forth from just below the first pair, squirming out of the skin. They emerged fully formed and twitching of their own accord. Melissa wanted to vomit at how disconcerting it was to have two extra pairs of legs writhing from below her former arms! She was thankful that she'd never hated spiders. Becoming one would have been a much too daunting experience otherwise!

Getting down on her new limbs before she fell flat, Melissa could feel the same changes overtaking her legs. Her hips melted, a few cracks signaling their rotation to match the dimensions of the other limbs. The same fate as her fingers befell her toes, leaving sturdy points to support her stance. Their separation from her hip bones and subsequent dissolution was disturbing, though not entirely uncomfortable as the partition between her new limbs and former legs decreased. The chitinous armor allowed just enough room for a ball-and-socket type relationship between her trunk and the limbs, allowing them to move independently, at a level far beyond her human body had allowed.

Melissa knew that her internal organs were changing, dissolving to make room for the simpler form of a giant spider. Yet, all she could feel was a weird squelching as her new, liquid organs started pumping clear lymph fluids. Naturally, the nanites kept her alive, allowing her to transition to an impossible form, and play out the fantasy for the coming adventurers!

To her distaste, her ass started pinching from her abdomen and swelling with meat and muscles to form the section section of her arachnoid body. Her anus and sex moved together towards the rear, becoming pointed as they did so. A strange, new gland started to form at the base of the opening. When Melissa squeezed it, she felt a sticky strand of something fluid rush out, before coagulating and sticking to the end of the room. She could produce spider's webbing!

The intense tingling of thousands of the hairs erupted over her body, the last change as she completed her monstrous form. Melissa stood there, feeling the vibrations of everything around her, trying to get used to her new world. To her delight, the nanites allowed her mind to make sense of it all without her human mind being overwhelmed.

At last, she stood there, a fully formed giant spider. Not needing to look up at Linda, she knew the hydra was staring at her with obvious interest. She wanted to display to the beast, to try and intimidate her as Melissa had been. But, unsure how to proceed, she only managed to quiver the hairs on her body in a gesture that seemed more one of fear than intimidation.

"You can do better than that! Give it another shot! You have to be scary for those adventurers!" Linda suggested, teasingly. It was as though she was goading Melissa, or rather, reading her thoughts!

Melissa felt she was plenty scary, especially with how much Susan seemed to be shaking. But, she wanted to show up the girl for having taken advantage of her power in the last few encounters. Still quivering, she rose as much as her legs would allow and opened the chelicerae that stretched the width of her head. Saliva dripped from the edges of the fangs as she bared them all. The hiss from before that escaped her lips was the icing on the cake!

“Not bad, not bad!” Linda commented, almost making Melissa proud of the display.

Melissa could feel the minute vibrations of Susan shivering, telling her all she needed to know that her friend was terrified as well. “Yup, impressive!” She stated, obviously uncomfortable in the presence of the giant arachnid, even though it was perfectly safe.

At last, it was Susan’s turn. She had been dreading it the entire time, trying not to think about what it would be like to actually transform into that nightmarish form. Yet, there was no time for her to second guess if she wanted her paycheck for the day. She pressed the button without thinking, allowing the process to begin.

The familiar tingling spread through her form as it prepared to convert. Instead of the usual sensations of changes, however, Linda could feel a bit of skin peeling from her arm, sticky and wet as it plopped off and fell to the floor. Yet, feeling from the flesh did not abate. Rather, she could feel it as a separate part of herself, writhing as it began to take shape.

She gasped audibly as a mouth opened at one end of the skin, cursing as the tip became lined with hundreds of tiny, pointed teeth. They would be used for sucking at flesh, drawing out blood from the tiny opening they would leave. It continued to open, forming a hollow tube all the way to the other end. The flesh rippled, forming distinct segments to the end as the entire length pulsed. Each segment formed the same brain, nervous, circulatory, and digestive sections as all the rest.

It was strange; she was as much in the wriggling, leech creature as she was in her human body. Yet, it was frightening in the same tones, as though a preview of what was to come.

Susan screamed as her fingers suddenly started to pinch off from the joints, falling harmlessly to the floor with a wet *splat*. She could still move them, even as the bone within dissolved to make the basis for a leech’s internal organs. A mouth opened up at the ends of each digit as they separated into wriggling segments that began crawling towards the first leech.

She did her best to stifle the moans of panic as the bloodless stumps of her hands started to separate, falling to pile. They started to darken and segment and form themselves into separate leeches. She could feel the ground under each individual leech as they seemed compelled to

move towards each other. She was simultaneously herself and several other leeches now as more of her body fell away. It was powerfully disconcerting!

Instinctively, she reached up with the stubs of her elbows as bits of her hair started to entwine together and plopped to the ground to turn into leeches. They left with a slimy sensation, taking bits of her scalp along with them. She would have wretched if she could! It was far more horrific than any other nanite change she had ever undergone.

As more segments of her legs started to fall away, Susan felt herself fall over, several splats hitting the ground as sections turned into leeches. The fall triggered the nanite-based change to accelerate, many hundreds of segments crawling away from the mass as more bits continued to slough off and change!

Susan screamed again, still able to be heard with her human mouth as her eyes popped out, stretching into leeches. The scream was momentarily stifled as her tongue broke off from the base and started wriggling out of her mouth as it turned into a fat leech itself. Her teeth crawled from their sockets, her gums separated and continued to squirm as only a hollow hole was left where once sat her mouth and nose.

“That’s disgusting! Who designed this!?” Linda questioned, having to take in the horrific sight with all of her combined senses.

Melissa was thankful her vision was not the greatest in her giant spider form. Yet worse, perhaps, was the sensations she got from each one of her hairs, triggered by the minute vibrations as of each leech in turn! It was akin to having them cover her body as more and more were added to the pile.

Now every inch of Susan’s skin was part of the mass of wriggling leeches, leaving her internal organs in stasis until it was their turn. Her bones, muscles, and internal organs all sloughed away to form the newest leeches to join the pile. Even parts of her brain crawled away until there was little left of her humanity other than the swarm that was starting to coalesce.

The more of her body was lost, the more she allowed herself to experience the world from the perspective of her individual pieces. She could no longer see or hear. Much of her experience was based on the vibrations of each of the fellows in relation to each other. That formed a kind of picture that she could use to base her location. Beyond that, however, little remained of her senses.

Instinctively, the swarm of writhing masses started to pile on itself. A mental image formed in her mind as she knew what she was supposed to look like. Yet, with her inexperience, it was

barely possible to form an anthropomorphic shape. In her attempts, some of her leeches fell towards the other girls, squirming as they slowly tried to crawl back to the main mass.

“Yuck!” Linda exclaimed, pulling back from the swarm. In her attempt, she felt several of the tiny bodies squish under her massive feet. Most were able to crawl away, but Linda couldn’t help but be disgusted by what was mashed against her bulk!

“Hey, it’s not my fault I’m stuck like this!” Susan yelled through the nanites. She could feel the small parts of her body being squished by the hydra’s massive frame. There was no pain, of course; it was similar to being eaten, as she had before, but on a much smaller scale. It was easier for her to view her leech as just a bit of extra skin or hair that was unneeded for the swarm.

The more she attempted, the larger the leech pile became, as the slimy bodies crawled in on each other. It took some time; her only reference was the vibrations of the individual leeches. She couldn’t see, hear, or smell in these bodies. The reality of sensory blackout was nearly nightmarish!

Thankfully, the nanites gave her mind enough of a blueprint that she was able to take the shape the monster was supposed to be. Her individual, slimy bodies stuck together sufficiently that they could form the beginnings of a humanoid shape. Two piles of leeches made up pillar-like limbs for the rest to conjugate. Two more fell from the sides of the mass to make upper limbs that swung lazily from the force of millions of undulating bodies. In vain, she tried to raise more upward to make a humanoid head. But, any leeches that reached above the top of the arms were flung to the floor, left to crawl towards the lower limbs to integrate their mass once more. Besides, she figured there was no use making a head for her current body.

The changes finally over, Susan could hardly imagine how she was controlling the body she now possessed. Had it not been for the nanites, she would have been lost in the sea of writhing bodies that now comprised her. But, somehow, they allowed each unit to move independently. However, her perception was limited to the vibrations of her selves, and the presence of something beyond that she knew was blood.

There were far more leeches than her body should have been able to form with its current mass. She knew they had to have replicated somehow, new leeches oozing from the others to make a mass that could intimidate even the most intrepid of travelers. Could she regenerate, then, even without the help of the nanites?

“O-Ok guys! Let’s get to places! Good luck!” Linda said as she started down the back hallway that would lead to the dungeon.

Melissa went to move as well, skittering on all eight legs to leave. She expected to feel the millions of vibrations of the leeches squelching after her. But, even as she went to the exit, Susan didn't follow. Could she not move at all with her new body?

"Hey, I'm kind of stuck here, guys. Where am I going?" Susan asked, stumped. Without a warm body to follow, she wasn't likely to get very far!

"Shit! Ok, follow me, I'll get you there!" Melissa said, unsure of herself. She figured it would be hard enough with her own senses to find her exit, let alone find Susan's! Linda was long gone, naturally. Melissa, too, used vibration to seek targets rather than sight. But at least she possessed eyes!

It took longer than it should have been to find their respective areas, but they managed. Upon finding her place, Melissa allowed her spinnerets to relax and shot stream after stream of webbing all over the cavern. She knew it would give away her presence once the adventurers got here. Webbing was the signature of a spider, after all. But, she knew it was the needed ambiance for her 'boss battle'. Besides, what fun would it be if the adventurers weren't expecting a giant spider before she swept down to attack them?

Susan, meanwhile, went down the narrow passageway where she would set up her encounter. The floor was wet, with a few deep puddles here and there. She then allowed her entire form to break down, crawling into every crack and crevice she could find. She was getting faster at moving the pieces of her body, though leeches couldn't move very fast, to begin with.

Melissa hung from the ceiling, glaring down hungrily while waiting for her 'prey' to fall into her trap. She didn't want to actually 'eat' any adventurers that came along. But, it was her job to attack then, and avoid being 'killed' herself for as long as possible. She had to admit, the idea of action was becoming more and more appealing!

She could not see when they entered her chamber, not from her home on the ceiling. Yet, the vibrations from her web told her all she needed to know. It was time to strike!

The fire from a torch lit up the web in flames, licking up to where Melissa lay in wait, but it was far too late for the party. The monstrous spider fell upon one of the adventurers, biting into her flanks with those massive chelicerae. The venom, in tandem with the saliva, was too much damage for even her armor, and the woman fell, slowly being dissolved by the juices.

Her entire body shivered in delight at the horror she was clearly causing her assailants. Their cries of terror rang through her body, creating waves of excitement. It was far better than being a simple pack mule could ever be!

Melissa knew she had to get away from the soon-to-be corpse and attack the others assaulting her. But, some curiosity from Linda's words played over her mind. Linda had been obsessed with the idea of devouring both adventurers and beasts alike. How was that so appealing? The only way to know would be to experience it herself. Besides, the adventurers were supposed to kill the monster anyway, right? She didn't need to fight the other two with one already in her jaws. Why not take the opportunity to try it, just this once?

Leaving her guard wide open, Melissa bit into the meat, savoring the flavors of blood and flesh that her greedy mouths took in. Unlike a true spider, Melida needed to eat with the rows of needle teeth, rather than suck her prey dry of its juices externally. The bits of flesh she 'devoured' would be devoid of their fluids, to be spat out putrid later. Though, from the size of the swords she sensed swinging through the air, she wouldn't have time to fully enjoy the sensation!

There was no pain as her limbs were sliced in two, and Melissa fell to the ground in a helpless pile. As the blades sank into her head, she decided only to focus on the flavors in her maw, disgusted by the notion she was 'eating' another person, but curious all the same. Some of the tastes remained on her tongue as her body dissolved into the nanites before she would be carried back into the changing room and reconstituted into her human form.

Susan, meanwhile, was only aware of her assailants when her limited senses detected three sources of blood entering the waters where she waited. One of the foolish adventurers had their foot in a puddle where many of her selves were ready to strike. Needing to use her numbers to her advantage, she rose from the depths, covering the poor fool's legs with her selves before more fell from the walls and ceiling.

Several dozen or even hundreds of leeches would not be enough to down an armored warrior, like the one she was on. But she was legion. She was many more than that. Thousands descended upon the poor soul, each looking for flesh that they could sink their circular jaws into. Each body could only take in a few drops of blood at a time. But numbering in the thousands, even millions, it did not take long for the adventurer to feel weakened from blood loss. For every leech he pulled painfully from his form, thousands more took its place. Soon, his body fell into the water, where even more leeches found places to grip and draw blood from his soon-to-be lifeless body.

Feeling emboldened, Susan gathered the masses of herself that were not currently swollen up from feeding. Rapidly, she built the bipedal form she had now practiced in making. Soon, her leech mass nearly touched the ceiling, ready to walk into the remaining adventurers and engulf them into her waiting maws!

It was then that Susan realized her mistake. Her massive body, while imposing and immune to physical attacks, was a perfect target for magic. One of the party members was obviously a caster. Instead of attacking all three at once with the swarm, she had focused on only one. That gave the others plenty of time to prepare their spells!

Soon, she felt her leech mass being blasted with fireballs, each killing hundreds of her selves as more and more fire was added to the pile. Her small, wriggling bodies were quickly dehydrated and burned up, leaving nothing more than a smoldering ruin where once the leech mass sat.

Even that blast was not enough to 'kill' Susan's leech form outright. Though most of her selves were incinerated in the blast, hundreds remained in the water, on the walls, and even tucked away at the man's corpse. And she could multiply her body, regenerate the lost pieces. But, even at her current rate, that would take hours. It was no trouble for the two remaining to walk past, struggling only with the odd body part that she managed to cling to them.

At least, the other sources of blood were long gone, too fast for Melissa to keep up, even if she had enough leeches to reconstitute her more menacing form. The worst part was if she wasn't killed in her entirety, she needed to wait until the dungeon had been cleared before she could change back. With nothing to do until then, she simply allowed her body parts to swell with blood and pop with the birth of new leeches, wondering how long it would take to gain enough to be a threat once more.

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"So, how was it?" Linda asked over supper after work. They were at one of the establishment's taverns with staff-discounted meals, celebrating the successful day.

Both girls took a moment to think about the answer. "Not a fan of eating people. No offense," Melissa said, giving Linda a stare of false disapproval. It would have been much more fun to jump around, trying to spray with rest with saliva or webbing. True, it would have been likely that all three of the party would survive. But, still, it would have been more enjoyable than only experiencing the metallic taste of blood entering her gullet before she died!

"Yeah... no. Same here," Susan interjected. Though her leech bodies had loved sucking the blood of her victims, the human part of her had been disgusted. Killing her prey was one thing, but the leeches had to eat to kill! Not to mention being all but senseless, save the desire to find blood! And it was so alien to be millions of creatures at once!

“Shame. You guys not gonna join the monster department, then?” Linda asked, a little sad. She was the only woman who worked in the department, after all. She had figured the company would be nice! But, it wasn’t for everyone, after all...

An unspoken glance went between the two girls. As gross as it had been to become those creatures, and as creepy as their experiences had been, it had been fun! The notion of killing adventurers was far more pleasant than being their stupid mounts, who were often killed or sacrificed anyways. And, besides, there were plenty of other more preferable monsters in the catalog...

“Next time, I get to play the hydra!” Susan said, and all three girls laughed. It seemed like playing the monsters would put some more fun in their jobs, after all!