

DND Creature Crawl Fair

The night sky was illuminated by the various bulbs spread across the fairground located a few miles outside of the nearby city. From a glance, the artificial lights were the only sign of technology amidst the Middle Ages styled tents and booths. The people themselves were going about in the usual attire that would fit a renaissance, such as suits of armor, peasant robes, and princess dresses. However, the period era clothing that was merely a small portion of what the celebration of all things dungeons and dragons offered. What Christine was most interested in were the wild creatures that were scattered amongst the other guests.

Paying the entry free and walking through the front gates, Christine reached out to fix her ponytail of brunette hair to make sure she was presentable. Taking another glance at the appearances of those around her, she realized that she didn't have to worry much about the way she looked. Even if there was a lingering stain on her blue top and black skirt, she doubted anyone would notice it considering what she was walking into. Having been interested in the table top game herself, her green eyes glittered at the sight of non-humans that ranged in appearance from elves to dwarves, to even goblins. While all of these figures were impressive to stare at, there were two things that made them lesser in her eyes. One was the knowledge that they all came from the transformation devices that had surged in popularity for these kinds of events. Second was her desire to see the more "unique" states available through the creature crawl section of the fair.

Christine's desire to see more eccentric monsters was fulfilled almost immediately as she nearly ran into a floating Beholder. While the voice the beast telepathically communicated to her was gravely and deep, the creature used it to apologize for the accidental collision. After Christine accepted the apology, the floating monster gave her a quick nod with its many eye

stalks before flying off to join a panther-like displacer beast in roaming amongst the grounds. Avoiding all types of claws and tails of similarly mutated guests, Christine kept her eyes peeled to see if there were any forms she would want to try out for herself.

Christine's search came to a halt as she spotted a fearsome creature slowly approaching her. It glared at her with the head of a lion, its mane of white hair parted by a pair of curved, goat horns on its scalp. The same mismatch of parts could be seen via the beast's front paws clashing with the hooves on its hind legs. Seeing the way the creature shook around its scaly, green reptilian tail as it approached, Christine remained still even as the chimera came within inches of her. Rather than run away, she smiled as she reached down to run her fingers through the beast's fur.

"Wow Elaine, I barely even recognize you," Christine said, continuing to scratch as the beast let out a purr.

"How did you know it was me?" the chimera replied, not with words, but with its thoughts being transmitted telepathically.

"Sister's intuition," Christine answered as she slid her palm along the surface of the horns to admire them. "Where's mom?"

"Right over here."

Looking past her sister's monstrous form, Christine spotted her mother, Susan still clad in her work uniform of a set of blue scrubs. Though she was a woman in her late 40s, she certainly didn't show it with the radiant smile on her face or the way her long, black hair bounced with each step. It was because of this woman that Christine and her sister had gained an appreciation for tabletop games. Susan had been their dungeon master from a young age and still played with

them from time to time. As for the more eccentric interests, there was always the unasked question of whether that was also a gift from their mother.

“Good to see you again, sweetie,” Susan said as she pulled Christine in for a hug. “I hope the drive from your university wasn’t too bad.”

“Nah, I’ve gotten used to it,” Christine answered. “Should be easy enough even for Elaine when she goes next year.”

Elaine replied with a low growl tinted with the usual playfulness that comes from a sibling rivalry.

“Why are you still in your work uniform?” Christine asked her mother. “Did they call you in to take out the tooth of a dragon or something?”

“No, nothing like that. God forbid I try to figure out how much a dentist could make working on some of these choppers. I just had to rush over here after closing the office early to try and avoid the crowd.” Susan stepped to the side as Elaine nudged her hip. “Oh, and your sister wanted to make sure she was first in line for the chimera booth. She’s been talking about trying it out all week.”

“I’d say it was worth it,” Christine commented. “It’s really impressive. Very terrifying.”

“You haven’t even seen the best part,” Elaine spoke up.

To demonstrate her point, Elaine opened up her mouth as wide as possible. From the depths of her maw emerged a fully formed, crimson goat head complete with a tuft of red fur hanging from its chin. The secondary head tilted itself to make sure she saw it roll one of its eyes in an attempt to wink at her. While it was an amazing trick, Elaine wasn’t quite finished.

Opening up her secondary mouth allowed her “tongue” to stretch out and reveal itself as a twin-

headed, green snake that matched up with her tail. Letting out a set of hisses to sell their bizarre nature, the scaly heads reached out to lap their forked tongues against Christine's chin.

"That's amazing," Christine commented, allowing the tongue snakes to slither across her palms. "What's it like having so many heads?"

"While it is a little bizarre looking out of so many different sets of eyes, the other heads are only awake when I open my mouth like this." Leaving her sister with another set of kisses with her snake tongue, Elaine receded her multiple heads back inside of her lion mouth. "When they're stored away, it feels pretty normal. Well, as normal as you can be when you're a chimera."

"They really went all out this year," Christine said as she wiped the leftover spit from her chin.

"This is just the start of it," Elaine spoke up. "We've only been here for an hour, and you wouldn't believe the different kinds of beasts they have available. Have you decided on which one you're going to change into, sis?"

"Not really," Christine said, scratching the back of her head. "I was actually planning to just roam around like am now and observe."

Elaine let out another growl. "You come all the way here and you're not going to at least try it out?"

"Yeah, I'm not sure if I can handle being something this strange," Christine answered. "I'm a little worried what it would do to me."

"It's not that scary," Susan commented. "You told me yourself that you've used a transformation booth before."

“Yeah, but it was only the one time and even then it was just a horse. I’m not sure how comfortable it would be to change into something like that.”

“IT’S AWESOME!” Elaine proclaimed. “The process itself is quick and you come out with a sense of power and confidence you can’t replicate anywhere else.”

“I’m still not sure,” Christine replied.

“Come on now,” Susan said, putting her arm around her daughter’s shoulders. “What’s the harm in trying one out for just a little bit? Nothing ventured, nothing gained.”

“Hmm, alright,” Christine eventually relented. “But, if I’m going to do this, I want something big. Something terrifying.”

“Something with multiple heads?” Elaine suggested.

Christine pondered for a moment, still feeling the lingering tingling sensation her sister’s snake tongues had left on her chin. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to try.”

“Oh, then I know just the thing for you. Follow me,” Elaine said, gesturing for her mother and sister to follow with a wave of her tail.

The group’s progress was slow, a side effect of Elaine having to wind her quadrupedal form through the crowd in-between pausing for the occasional picture. The trio finally managed to find what they were looking for in the form of a collection of tents of various sizes that obscured the transformation booths within. Though each one was a marvel of technology, it was part of the fair’s theming that the cast tried to play off the various body changes as works of magic. The tents were attended by men and women dressed in different spellcasting attire that ranged from wicked witches with green skin, wizards with long, grey beards, and cultists that chanted ominous, indecipherable words towards a made up god. Singling out a single man with a typical, pointed hat with a star pattern on it, Elaine called out for the others to approach.

“Greetings fair maidens,” the wizard spoke as he tipped his hat towards them. “I see that your companion here has already gone through quite the extraordinary transformation spell.”

“Thank you,” Elaine said, showing how pleased she was by opening her mouths to let her snake tongues hiss in delight.

“I see that Carl, er, I mean Cosmolo the Creature Maker is still an expert in his field,” the wizard replied. “Would either of you like to experience a similar work of magic?”

“Kind of,” Christine spoke up. “I don’t want to be a chimera specifically, but I was hoping to have something similar to it.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“I’m not entirely sure,” Christine said, scratching the back of her head.

“That’s quite alright. A lot of folks have a hard time deciding on what they want to be. Tell you what, describe to me some features and I’ll see if I can match you up with something that fits your needs.”

“Let me think,” Christine said, tapping her foot against the ground. “I think I want something in the same family as a chimera. Definitely a kind of creature that walk on all fours and has a kind of tail.” Still trying to think, she looked back to see Elaine yawn and reveal her unique collection of extra mouths. “I also want to have multiple heads,” Christine added.

The wizard scratched his chin in thought for a moment. “I think I have two ideas in mind. Tell me, do you prefer cats or dogs?”

“I guess I’m more of a cat person.”

“Well, that throws the Cerberus transformation out the window. That leaves us with one other option.” With a wave of his hand, the wizard gestured for the girls to follow him. Making

their way over to one of the larger transformation tents, they paused to allow him to open up a book and show off the creature he had in mind. “Will this do?”

“Yes, this will be excellent,” Christine replied, a nervous smile on her face as she looked over the image. “I do have a question though. For each of the heads, will it be a different version of me?”

“No, no, nothing like that,” the wizard replied. “Each of the heads will be you and you’ll have full control. It’ll just feel like you have extra sets of multiple things.”

“Oh, that sounds interesting,” Susan commented “When can she start?”

“Right now, if she so chooses,” the wizard said, stepping to the side to open up the tent flap. “All that she has to do is summon the courage to step into the tent so I may cast the spell.”

Christine’s excitement hit a snag as she stared into the dark booth in front of her. Her entire body tensed up as she realized what she was about to do. Turning around with the subconscious thought of running away, she spotted her mother and sister waiting behind her. Each of them kept her motivated with wide grins and looks in their eyes that made it clear that they were just as excited as she was to see what she would look like. Using their presence and her own curiosity to push her forward, Christine gave a nod towards the wizard and entered the booth.

As the wizard closed up the tent, he made his way over to the control panel on the side of it. “Here me, oh magic weave!” he announced, his theatrics making it easier to ignore the act of him pressing various buttons and knobs on the device in front of him. “I call upon thee to change this maiden into a foul beast that can take down even the king’s most valiant knight. Zim! Zam! ZOOM!”

The man's fake magic words preceded him pressing the big, red button on the top of the panel. A whirring noise emanated from the tent to match the flashing lights that peeked out from within. Unable to see what was going on inside, all Elaine and Susan could do was to watch and wait for the results. Eventually the machine powered itself down, allowing the thing that used to be Christine to step out. On reaction, Susan and Elaine flinched upon seeing Christine's new form. Still disoriented from the modification process, Christine had to wait for the wizard to roll over a large mirror to fully take in what she had become.

Christine was more than impressed by the make of her new body. In a matter of seconds, she had become a quadrupedal creature covered in blonde hair with red scales going down the back. While each of her pawed feet played hosts to fearsome claws, her forelegs were equipped with leathery, black wings that were large enough to carry her bed-sized form. Though she was excited by the sight of her long, scorpion-like tail, she was careful where she moved it for fear of jabbing someone with its stinger. The brunt of her attention was focused on her transfigured head, which resembled a lion with a set of large fangs jutting from her mouth and the pointed horns atop her scalp. If the fearsome visage wasn't intimidating enough, the two, identical heads that flanked it were more than enough to earn her the fearful looks one should have in the presence of a manticore.

"Sis, you look amazing!" Elaine shouted out. "How does it feel?"

"Amazing," Christine telepathically replied, moving her heads around to get used to her three pairs of eyes. "I've never felt so powerful before."

"Before you get ahead of yourself," Susan said, her history with her daughters making it clear that the pun was no accident, "how about we get a photograph?"

"I can assist you if you wish to take it together," the wizard offered.

“Thank you very much,” Susan replied, handing her phone over to the man to fearlessly stand between the two beasts. “Make sure to smile, girls. I want to hang these up back in my office.”

Heeding their mother’s request, Elaine and Christine opened up their maws. After the wizard took their photo and handed back the phone, they all gathered together to get a closer look. While the sight of their monstrous forms was impressive, Christine couldn’t help feeling like she was just dipping her toes into what this fair had to offer.

“We look awesome!” Elaine exclaimed, letting out a roar consisting of her various animal parts to punctuate her point. “Come on, let’s go wander through the fair to show off for a bit.” Before either Susan or Christine could agree or deny, she ran off to weave her way between the crowds.

“Glad to see that my sister hasn’t changed much mentally,” Christine said as her mother climbed atop her back.

“At least this way it will be easier to find her,” Susan commented. “Off we go.”

Acting as a very bizarre steed for her mother, Christine began to follow after her sister. Though she tried to keep her three heads focused on locating Elaine, she couldn’t stop them from meandering about to stare and gawk at the various creatures she passed. Likewise, her appearance caused a good number of people to turn their attention to her monstrous figure. Though she was sure she must have looked quite the sight with her mother riding upon her bestial form, her attention was drawn once more to the other creatures roaming the grounds.

Having left the more common place transformation booths behind, Christine allowed herself to pause and look at what else there was to offer. This was helped by her multiple heads giving her three, distinct points of view to make sure she didn’t miss anything. For those afraid

of becoming something too strange, there were a number of tents that offered the ability to transform into dire wolves, dire bears, and other, much larger versions of regular animals. On the opposite side, there were setups for those that wished to stay humanoid, but would prefer something more exotic, ranging from slender elves to portly dwarves, and even a few bulky orcs with green skin and jutting tusks. There were a number of tanks that at first she assumed were for dunking booths, but soon realized were intended to house aquatic creatures such as elegant mermaids to more terrifying beasts such as Aboleths with multiple tentacles and Chuuls' with their large, crustacean-like appearances.

Christine's curiosity got the better of her once she stepped into the aberration area. Any attempts to find Ellaine came to a screeching halt as she beheld the unfathomable mix of body parts that made up the various creatures roaming between the tents. Between all of the strange beasts, her three heads came together to solely focus on a being that was relatively normal and quite familiar.

Standing in front of a tent being worked by a woman in a necromancer outfit, was a young woman around Christine's age with her blonde hair tied up in a ponytail. She wore a pink top and white skirt to match the group of girls accompanying her. Without even having to ask, Christine was able to identify the woman as Sadie, the head cheerleader from her college. Though usually the girl was the epitome of high energy and pep, there was an obvious look of hesitation on her face as her friends continued to nudge her towards one of the booths.

"I'm still not sure about this," Sadie said, looking between the necromancer working the tent and her group of friends.

"Come on, it'll be fun," one spoke up.

"Yeah, aren't you curious what it'll be like to be a hideous monster?" another added.

Sadie dragged her foot across the ground. “Still... does it have to be this one? Can't we try something more majestic like a unicorn or a fairy? Or at the very least, something with legs?”

“Have you lost your spine or something?” a third girl asked.

“No, but if I go in there I will,” Sadie rebutted.

“You have nothing to worry about,” the fourth and final member of the group stated.

“The effects are temporary, and we'll be right outside to help you if you need it.”

“Well... I guess it wouldn't hurt to try it out for a little bit,” Sadie said, entering the tent as her friends cheered her on.

With the cheerleader inside, the necromancer woman held her hands above the control panel. “I call upon the forces of the undead to heed my call,” she spoke in a deep, booming voice. “Create for me a foul beast that will aid me in my dark rituals so that my evil god...” Pausing for a moment, she reached into the pocket of her blood red robe to peek at a scrap of paper. “Er, my evil goddess, Necrolatia's desires shall be fulfilled. I invoke thee to create a sinister minion to be servant for my dark deeds!”

As the necromancer finished her imaginary chant, she pressed the button to activate the booth. Christine watched with anticipation as the tent began to make the same sounds she had heard herself when she had gone through the transformation process. Judging by the way Sadie's friends looked on, she had to assume that they carried with them the same type of strange fascination. This anticipation came to an inevitable conclusion as the machine whirred down and something slithered out of the tent.

At first glance, the creature resembled a very large, banana yellow worm. However, the longer Christine stared, the more she spotted the irregular features of the beast. Its squirming movements along the ground were aided by the numerous tentacles attached to its lower half.

Each of the tendrils was capped off by an eye stalk that made up for the lack of any pupils around her head's fearsome mandibles. Further up Sadie's body was a collection of orange tinted slits. As one of the girls reached out to inspect the orifices, she let out a yelp and stepped back as collections of spiked, chitinous limbs emerged. Mesmerized by the slimy, terrifying makeover of the former cheerleader, Christine looked back towards the booth to find the name "Avolakia" written on it.

Seeing the scared expressions on her friends' faces, Sadie used her tentacle eyes to survey her form. "Woah, I look really freaky," she telepathically announced to the group as she focused her eye stalks on her insect-like arms.

"Does it hurt?" one girl asked.

"No," Sadie replied, making her limbs twitch. "It is weird moving around without actual legs, but at the same time it feels kind of natural. Like it's just something I've been doing since the day I was born."

While the rest of the group was understandably weirded out, one of the girls stepped forward with her phone in hand. "Let's get a picture together. It would be great for the school paper."

Sadie scratched the lower part of her maw with one of her claws. "Hmm, that sounds like a good idea. Who's going to take it though?"

"I can help you with that," Susan volunteered as she leapt off of Christine's back.

"That would be great, thank you," Sadie said as her friend handed off her phone.

Though the intent was to get a group photo in, there was obvious hesitation on some of the cheerleaders' faces. Eager to make her friends deal with the consequences of their actions, Sadie pulled them in close with the use of her tentacles. The cheerleaders let out shrieks of terror

as they were pressed up against the Avolakia's slimy form, but their screams soon shifted into childish giggling as they were tickled by the tendrils. Waiting until the group managed to calm down enough to stay still, Susan snapped the picture and handed it back over to the girls to allow them to admire the strange scene.

Watching as Sadie further teased her companions by tickling them with her feelers and wrapping her tentacles around their legs, Christine recognized a familiar face walking towards them. Having recently changed back from her monstrous figure, Elaine seemed as energetic as ever with her pixie cut, red dyed hair and glittering ear studs. In spite of her recent appearance change, she looked relatively normal walking around with a pair of blue jeans and black boots. Save for the images of various monsters printed on her graphic t-shirt, there didn't seem to be any trace of her chimera form.

"Doesn't the slime bother you?" Elaine asked Sadie.

The Avolakia slid a tendril down her back. "Not really. If anything, I think it helps with moving me around."

"Aren't you worried that it would leave a trail across the ground? Last thing you would want is for someone to slip and... oh! Hey mom! Hey Sis!"

"We've been looking all over for you," Christine said as she walked towards her sister, one head looking towards her family while the other two continued to watch the Avolakia pose with her friends. "Where have you been?"

"Changing back, duh," Elaine said, holding out her arms to show off her remarkably ordinary body. "I got a little tired of heaving that hulking figure around everywhere. Plus, it didn't feel great making a bunch of kids cry when I opened up my mouths."

“But, you looked so excited,” Christine said. “I thought you wanted to be a monstrous creature.”

Elaine waved her finger. “I wanted to be monstrous CREATURES, with an S. You’ve got multiple eyes so you can understand what I’m talking about. There are so many options here that you can’t expect me to stick to just one. Just in the past five minutes I’ve seen over a dozen different forms I want to try out.”

“Like what?” Susan asked, rejoining her daughter while the cheerleaders ran off to get more pictures with Sadie.

“I could tell you the names, but they wouldn’t mean much,” Elaine replied. “Most of the booths here change you into creatures that don’t come with easy labels such as chimeras and manticores. For some of these you’ll just have to see, or experience firsthand, for yourself.”

“That sounds delightful,” Susan spoke up. “Wouldn’t you agree, Christine?”

“I’ve been kind of enjoying this body,” Christine replied, all three of her heads lowering themselves in thought. Out of the corner of her left head’s eyes, she spotted a group of different types of mimics, ranging from the classic chest to a full wagon pass by. Watching the unusual group bare their teeth and wave their tongues around for a photo was enough to convince her. “I guess I wouldn’t mind giving something else a try.”

“That’s the spirit,” Elaine said, lunging forward to hug one of her sister’s heads. “Let’s get you changed back to your boring self-“

“HEY!” Christine said with a growl.

“Er, boring in terms of the fair anyway, and then get you something good.”

Taking the lead once more, Elaine graciously slowed her pace long enough for her sister and mother to follow along. Their trek led them to a brightly marked, white tent that looked like

a makeshift church. The male worker at the front was dressed in priestly garments and greeted the monstrous Christine with a warm smile.

“Hello, my child,” the priest said with a bow. “Have you come to purify your body of the curse brought upon by your sins?”

“I guess?” Christine replied.

“Ah, most excellent,” the man said, grabbing the flap of the tent entrance and holding it open for her. “Please step inside. I will perform an exorcism to cleanse you of your corruption.”

Shuddering at how closely the fair worker resembled the missionaries that occasionally flooded her college campus, Christine regardless stepped inside. With the tent closed up behind the man, the priest approached the console. Pressing his hands together, he closed his eyes and bowed his head.

“Oh merciful lord,” the priest began, slightly breaking the façade as he opened up an eye to look over the settings on the control panel, “another sinner has come seeking the salvation of your light. Forgive them for their transgressions and make them pure once more. AMEN!”

“AMEN!” Elaine and Susan repeated.

Another press of a button and the transformation booth activated. Once the usual sounds of the machine went through the standard cycle, Christine emerged from the tent back in her original body. Tilting herself back and forth to get used to having only a single head again, she walked over to join her sister and mother.

“Tell me child,” the priest began, “now that you have been given a chance to live a righteous life, what are you going to do first?”

“I’m going to see what horrible, disgusting monster I can change into next,” Christine answered.

“Most excellent,” the priest said with a light chuckle. “I will be here when you’re finished. May the divine guide your path.”

“Thank you!” Elaine called back to him as their group continued walking forward.

Meandering amongst the aberration tents, Christine found herself spoiled for choice when it came to picking out just one. There were goofy options such as a Flumph with their jellyfish-like bodies, googly eyes, and wide grin. More sinister and intimidating features such as the tentacled faces of the humanoid Mind Flayers. Even the outright strange like the various types of brain creatures from the four-legged Intellect Devourers to the many tendrils flailing around the Elder Brains. Noticing the same look of indecisiveness on her mother’s face, Christine decided to turn to Elaine for an answer.

“Elaine, why don’t you pick something for us?” Christine suggested.

The question made Elaine stop to turn on her heels and show off a mischievous grin. “You really want me to choose?”

“I believe you’ve proven that you know your way around these sorts of things,” Susan replied. “Seems like as good of a reason as any to let you decide the perfect forms for us.”

“Let me be clear,” Elaine began, “I get pick what you change into? No arguments?”

“Within reason, of course,” Christine pointed out. “We’re putting our trust in you.”

Elaine made a mock salute. “You can count on me. I know just the place to do this.”

A mad dash to keep up with Elaine brought Christine and Susan to a tent that stood out from the rest. In comparison to the more mundane appearance of the others, this booth was adorned with fabric covered in splotches of various colors. To go along with the more extravagant tent, there was a woman at the entrance wearing a set of robes that were made up of a similar mismatch of different hues thanks to its patchwork texture. Upon seeing the group of

women arrive, the worker flourished her multi-colored hair as she showed them the gold and silver teeth making up her mouth.

“Why hello there,” the worker said, waving at the group with her ringed fingers. “I am known as Madame Metamorpho. I am a master spellcaster when it comes to transformation.”

“What makes you a master?” Susan asked.

“While most of my comrades are limited to one or two forms of body alteration, I have a variety at my disposal.” Reaching into her pocket, the woman pulled out a small booklet and held it out. “I would tell you the names of the various beasts, but I’ve learned that pictures make the process of describing them much easier. Have a look for yourself.”

“Thank you very much,” Elaine said, helping herself to the booklet.

Watching her sister skim through the pages at a breakneck pace, Christine wasn’t sure if Elaine was actually reading anything. However, the constant giggling that left the energetic woman’s lips proved otherwise. Forced to merely watch as her sister made marks on three separate pages, Christine braced herself for whatever came as Elaine handed the book back to Madame Metamorpho.

“Hmm,” the spellcaster said, looking over Elaine’s choice. “Interesting. Very interesting. Who would like to go first?”

“I will,” Elaine replied with a raised hand. “It’ll give my mom and sis a taste of what I have prepared for them.”

“Very well then, step inside,” Madame Metamorpho said as she held open the tent flap.

With Elaine inside of the transformation booth, the worker pulled out a sizable spell book. While the tome looked old and ancient, in reality it was purposefully weathered to hide the operation manual inside. Peeking over Madame Metamorpho’s shoulder revealed to Christine the

numerous different, horrifying beasts the device could create. As to be expected, to get Elaine's specification creature, the worker had to tweak and adjust the knobs to very precise positions.

Double checking to make sure everything was in place, Madame Metamorpho raised her hand above the big, red button on the panel. "TRANSFORM!" she shouted out before bringing her palm down to activate the machine.

While the worker's magic words had been simple, the various sounds of machinery moving around inside the booth were anything but. The edges of the tent ruffled as the device set to work changing Elaine's body. Waiting on bated breath, Susan and Christine kept their eyes focused on the entrance up until the machine came to a stop and something creeped out.

The first thing to emerge was a large, black tentacle that shimmered under the fair's lights. More of the tendrils were put on display as Elaine crawled out to show off her new form. Susan couldn't help herself from letting out a cry of terror as she spotted the numerous mouths around the base of Elaine's tree-like body. The so-called branches of the beast carried multiple bulbous, yellow eyes that acted as the abominable plant's fruit. Looking closely at the tip of Elaine's pointy figure, Christine tried to figure out what exactly she was staring at.

"Well, do you like it?" Elaine asked, her multiple sets of teeth chattering together as she telepathically sent out her message.

"I've never seen anything like this before," Christine commented, watching her sister's tree limbs twitch. "What are you supposed to be?"

"She has been transformed into an Overseer," Madame Metamorpho answered. "It's one of the rarer monsters. Not many have chosen it before for obvious reasons."

“Their loss,” Elaine commented, wriggling around her tentacles to get a feel for them. “This feels wonderfully bizarre. I wonder what it would feel like to eat different things from each of the mouths at once.”

“There is a food area not far from here,” Madame Metamorpho spoke up. “I would recommend going to the ice cream booth first to give each of your tongues a different flavor. However, I believe you should hold off on running over there until your companions have had their chance to experience my powers. So, who wants to go next?”

“I think I’ll take my turn,” Susan volunteered. “I’m the only one who hasn’t done it yet. So, what are you changing me into?”

“This one right here,” Elaine replied, holding the book up to her mother’s face. While her malformed body shook with child-like glee, Susan’s face showed an obvious feeling of regret for letting Elaine go wild with her choices.

“Sweetie, are you being serious?” Susan asked.

“Absolutely,” Elaine said. “You said you wanted to experience what it’s like to be a horrifying monster. I figured that the best way to do that was to toss you into the metaphorical deep end.”

The usual confidence Susan embodied wavered the longer she stared at the image on the page. Looking over her mother’s shoulder and seeing what her intended form was, Christine could understand the hesitation. Recognizing the same type of fear on her mother’s face as the terror she had experienced during her first time transforming, Christine placed her hand on Susan’s shoulder.

“It’ll be okay,” Christine said, trying to remain strong for Susan’s sake. “We’ll be right outside, waiting for you.”

Allowing herself to smile again, Susan clasped her daughter's hand. "Thank you."
Turning back towards Madame Metamorpho, she stepped towards the entrance to the booth.

"Okay, I'm ready."

"Very well then," the worker replied. "Step in and I shall cast the spell."

"Then let's do this," Susan said, taking one last, deep breath before walking through the tent flap.

Once more, Madame Metamorpho tweaked the settings on the panel, called out her simple magic word, and pressed the button to start up the booth. Though the tent went through a variety of colors during the transformation process, it eventually settled on a hue of deep purple that permeated through the fabric. The purple aura persisted even as the machine began to power down, the reason being made quite clear as Susan emerged.

A massive, worm-like creature squirmed its way past the entrance to fully reveal itself. Considering the creature's massive size, it was remarkable to think that it had been able to fit inside of the relatively small tent. As its body coiled around itself, it was careful not to let the barbed spikes along its length prick any of its flesh as it loomed over her daughters.

The bizarre nature of Susan's worm-like body paled in comparison to her mutated facial features. Though she lacked any form of eyes, the way she moved her head around made it seem like she could sense each and everything around her. Recognizing where Christine and Elaine were standing, she leaned her head in close to be within inches of their faces. Opening up her four mouth flaps revealed a circular hole surrounded with fangs that came in varying degrees of sharpness and terror. Before either Christine or Elaine could get a closer look, they were pushed back as a number of white, barbed tendrils emerged from the orifice to harmlessly tickle their bodies.

“H-how do you feel?” Elaine asked, visibly disturbed by the monster she had had a hand in creating.

“It’s a little weird not being able to see or grab anything,” Susan answered as she swerved her body back and forth, “but it feels strangely good. That being said, I’m kind of glad I don’t have any eyes. I must look absolutely terrifying. This is a Neolithid, correct?”

“Indeed,” Madame Metamorpho answered. “While typically they’re described as being gargantuan creatures, I had to size you down a bit to avoid causing any issues. We learned our lesson long ago when we tried to turn someone into a full-sized Tarrasque. I think we’re still paying off the damages we made to that skyscraper.”

“Regardless, I think you did an excellent job,” Susan remarked as she continued to flail her mouth tentacles through the air. “It’s just as intimidating as a boss monster like this should be.” Lowering herself down to be level with Christine, she stretched out the tendrils to squeeze and poke at her daughter’s body.

“Mom, stop it!” Christine shouted out.

“Sorry dear,” Susan replied, pulling back, and receding her tenacles inside of her mouth. “I’m just so eager to explore what this body can do. It feels like there’s muscles in my mouth designed specifically to move my fangs around.”

“Correct,” Madame Metamorpho answered. “Neolithids are terrifying, but they are also quite unique when it comes to the anatomy of their teeth.”

“You don’t say?” Susan commented, opening up her mouth once more to let her tentacles slide across her teeth. Lowering herself back down, she slowly approached Christine. “Sorry to be a bother, but could you get your phone out and film my mouth? I want to see what my teeth

look like once I change back to normal. Maybe I'll share it with rest of coworkers back at the office."

"Um, sure," Christine replied, hesitantly taking out her phone and beginning to record. While she tried to remain still, it was hard to just stand there as her mother's mouth continued to pulsate and throb. Just as Madame Metamorpho had described, the muscles in her mother's mouth let her fangs shift back and forth, as if they were trying to shove a hunk of meat down her throat. On occasion, one of the tendrils would slide across Christine's wrist, making her shudder at the slimy residue left behind. Even with the knowledge that the creature in front of her was her own mother, Christine still felt as if at any moment the massive worm creature would lurch forward to swallow her whole.

"O-okay, I think I got enough," Christine announced, backing away just as the video reached the two minute mark.

"Aww, but I was hoping to get some shots of my mouth's interior too," Susan lamented.

"There'll be time for that later," Elaine spoke up. "Now I want to see the ugly monster my dear sister will become."

Christine turned towards her monstrous sibling. "What did you want to change me into?"

Elaine's various mouths twisted into malicious grins as her eyes focused on Christine. "Now, where would the fun be in telling you beforehand? It'll be a lot more entertaining for all of us if I leave it as a surprise."

"You can turn back if you like," Susan spoke up, trying to be as supportive as possible, but ending up adding more fear onto Christine's thoughts as she slapped her mouth tentacles together. "It's not likely that you'll change into anything worse than me."

“Not necessarily,” Madame Metamorpho spoke up. “There was this one time where a couple changed into a pair of Slaads without knowing that they reproduce by-“

“That’s besides the point,” Elaine interrupted. “Trust me that it’s going to be great, okay?”

Just like her mother beforehand, Christine took a deep breath to steel her nerves. “Okay, let’s do this,” she said as she stepped inside of the booth.

While Susan and Elaine waited in anticipation, Madame Metamorpho added to the suspense by taking a long time to put in the settings. For how proficient she claimed to be with the transformation booth, she appeared to need a lot of references to come up with Christine’s form. Nodding her head as she finally nailed down the right settings, Madame Metamorpho slammed the button to let the machine go to work.

Anticipation for Elaine and Susan was at an all-time high as they waited for the machine to rev up and then power down. When the tent flap finally opened up, it was to reveal a creature that even a veteran tabletop player like Susan couldn’t quite identify. Even if the Neolithid couldn’t see what her daughter had become, she could certainly sense its odd shape. As for Elaine, her multitude of eyes staring at her sister’s form emerge from the tent made childish laughter emit from her various mouths.

The creature appeared less like it came from a world of fantasy and more from the darkest reaches of space, spawned as the main threat in a sci-fi horror movie. Christine’s overall shape resembled that of a giant, grey-colored scorpion that just barely fit through the tent flaps. While a scorpion only had eight legs, this beast treaded along on ten limbs that each ended in sharp, shimmering blue spikes. Where her claws would be were instead a set of crooked limbs

that had the same, fearsome claws as her feet, but was connected by a purple membrane along the inner joint.

Just like her mother, her face was devoid of any eyes. However, Elaine could tell that Christine was very much aware of her surrounding thanks to the purple tendrils hanging out of her mouth that flailed around to slide their sticky residue along her chitinous form and sense things moving around her. Too busy staring at her sister's presumed head, Elaine was caught off guard as the tail lowered itself down to her level. She couldn't stop herself from letting out a shriek as she saw that, instead of a scorpion's stinger, the tail opened up at the end to reveal a maw of fangs that rivaled Susan's own in its ferocious appearance.

"Woah, this is weird," Christine commented, her words seemingly coming from her tail mouth as she experimentally moved around its mouth flaps. "What is this? I've never seen it before in any monster guide."

"I'm at a loss as well," Susan chimed in.

"You are a beast known as a Stonesinger," Madame Metamorpho explained. "It's quite the rare, and obscure creature that was created back in the 3rd edition. That being said, it is an excellent choice for if you really want to experience being a truly fearsome monster."

"Agreed," Susan said, leaning in close to let her tendrils get a good sense of her daughter's exoskeleton. "How does it feel?"

Christine paused for a moment. Tapping her legs across the ground a few times seemed natural enough to her. Even without the use of working eyes, everything seemed so clear to her thanks to the various sensory organs spread across her form. "It feels like, I've had this body my entire life," she finally replied, flexing her hooked arms with surprising expertise. "I don't know

how else to describe it other than comfortable. Even without the eyes, it feels like this was the form I was always meant to take.”

“That sounds absolutely wonderful,” Susan commented. “Elaine, be a dear and get a picture of your sister’s mouths. I’m sure it’s just as, if not more, interesting than my-“

Susan was interrupted as her daughter backed her off by sliding her lower mouth’s tendrils across her body.

“Sorry,” Christine spoke up. “Still trying to get used to these things.”

“Just be careful when you’re swinging around those claws of yours,” Elaine commented. “They could do some pretty serious damage if they hit.”

“True,” Christine replied, clacking her hooked hands against one another. “Although, I think it’s because they’re so dangerous that I find it so thrilling. Does that make sense?”

“Indeed it does,” Madame Metamorpho answered. “That feeling is the reason we’re so inclined to provide our guests with the ability to experience other forms. To know what it’s like to be in a different body is to look at the world under a new light.”

“Even if the forms don’t have eyes?” Susan asked.

Madame Metamorpho put a finger to her chin. “Hmm, I suppose you have a point. Regardless, I’m assuming the three of you wanted a picture together?”

“Sure do,” Elaine said, her status as the only member of the family with something resembling human limbs giving her the task of handing the woman one of their phones. “Let’s huddle up and get into position.”

Finding a wide, open space where no one would get in their way, the monstrous women huddled together. Careful not to prick one another with their various sharp points and fangs, they did their best to show off their bodies as Madame Metamorpho snapped a picture. While

Christine herself couldn't see the picture at the time, she didn't need it to feel the pure joy that she, Susan, and Elain felt. After all, the trio were well aware of how much they each enjoyed experiencing the strange and unusual.