

MONSTER ISLAND III.

COMMISSION STORY

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The fact that two members of the crew of the Grandcypher had already been transformed into monsters by a wayward device that had been meant to protect them was not something that had gone unnoticed by everyone on the island. Those foreigners that had come aboard the airship hadn't a clue, but nature itself? Or at least some of the aspects of it? They *had* taken notice.

Among them had been a small pixie, a member of a spritely race that was mischievous by nature. Curious and nimble, this one pixie in particular had watched both Gran and Lyria transform into a Holstaur and Medusa – and she had even taken notice of the *cause*. Since so many mortals had invaded their precious island and stomped on their land... wasn't this an effective way to *clean up their mess*?

“Hey, could you help me? I'm *really* scared, there's a spooky monster over there and it attacked me!”

The co-captain of the Grandcypher, Djeeta, had still been looking for the species she had been assigned to observe when a tiny voice called out to her. A pixie? Well, it wasn't unlike them to communicate in a mortal tongue, but she *seldom* heard it happen. That meant the sprites here were likely highly intelligent, didn't it? **“Uh...”** She didn't really have anything to gain from helping it, since monsters and sprites were *both* part of the natural ecosystem.

But after a bit of thought she *did* agree, if only because she wondered if it might have been the docile creature she had been tasked with finding. It *wasn't*, in fact, and this was all part of the pixie's plan. Since she knew

the cloaking devices the mortals wore would ultimately lead to them absorbing the essence of any monsters nearby, then it meant she could *pick and choose* what they became. So why not one of the prettier monsters? A race that her own kind got along with?

“Yes, that’s the one! Just observe her for a moment, I promise she’s reaaaally dangerous!”

Having led Djeeta behind a big rock near a body of salt water, the two peered around it at a woman perched on a rock sticking *out* of the water. Draped across it elegantly, her lower half seemed to be that of a fish with red scales and pink fins, while having gills around her tummy and hair as pink as her fins. She was pretty, but plenty of monsters were. **“Um... You said she was scaring and she attacked you? But it looks like she’s just sunbathing to me.”** Had it been a misunderstanding? A territorial dispute?

“No, no! You’ll understand! Just keep observing her, I swear!”



One of the co-captain’s fatal flaws was *absolutely* that she was too trusting, and so she continued to watch on without any suspicion. Then again, she wasn’t aware of the risks. The only one was the monster attacking, and she was more than competent enough to take care of herself in *that* case. She didn’t have the knowledge of what had happened to her brother nor Lyria, so she couldn’t have known that the pixie had ill intentions.

Even then, the pixie in question seemed a little agitated. It hadn’t started working yet? Why was that? Being something akin to a monster herself she could feel the necklace’s warding energy functioning properly, but it had yet to flow *into* the wearer like had been the case with the other two. Wondering if she needed to give it a little *push*...

“Hey!” Djeeta cried out, although not loud enough for the mermaid-like monster to hear, in response to a sudden motion from the pixie. While she *had* been flying right beside her, she had suddenly crashed into her chest. Or at least that was how it *looked*, but the sprite had intentionally crashed into the warding necklace. Doing so had accomplished her goal of altering the flow of energy. It was now drawing the essence from the nearby Meroow and pulling it directly into the wearer. That was how the other transformations had functionally occurred.

That said, the wearer hadn't noticed anything.

“Oopsie! A slight breeze is enough to tip a pixie over, you see!”

The tiny being was, once again, lying. But Djeeta had nothing to prove otherwise, so she just squinted and looked back at their target. **“She still isn't doing anything. Are you just trying to waste... my... time?”** It had been so hard to choke out that question of hers because the co-captain, seemingly out of nowhere, began to feel *odd*. Almost *alien*, as if her human body was not what it should have been.

Djeeta shook her head, readily tossing the idea aside as something born from fatigue. But before she realized what she was doing, she had left the shelter of the rock and had begun to travel towards a nearby shoal that connected to the ocean. She felt strangely *drawn* to the salt water, and she couldn't find it in herself to question exactly *why* that was the case. The pixie watching, on the other hand, completely understood what was happening and why the human had begun to act that way.

She could observe signs of it in Djeeta's hair, after all. A few strands had changed in color, turning a very vibrant pink that should have been familiar. Because it was the same pink of the hair possessed by the mer-monster on the distant rock. She had taken to sunbathing with her eyes shut, so she didn't even notice the two heading towards the water nearby.

While it had only begun with a few strands, and those strands of pink had ultimately taken on a natural curliness, both the color and quality of these hairs soon spread to those surrounding them like an infection. Soon they became patches, and ultimately these patches became so consistent that her entire head of hair had lit up in a flamingo pink that saw her shoulder-length mane grow thicker and wavier, without *actually* growing longer.

“Hey, where are you going!?”

Wanting to confirm what she already knew, the pixie spoke up to the captain. **“Water... I need to go to the water!”** Djeeta's response was both quick and sharp, for the feeling that drove her to continue to approach the miniature sea was not one born of logic but rather by something more fundamental. An instinct. She felt *dry*, yet there were not yet any signs as to *why* that might have been the case. Nonetheless, the pixie returned to following after her in silence.

As she was doing so from behind the human though, she couldn't quite see all that was happening to the captain's face. The dull amber color of

her eyes had been compromised for one, with a bright green settling into place instead. Other than that though, her feminine features were ultimately highlighted with much more intensity. Her lips swelled thicker for one, forcing her resting expression into a natural and needy pout, while those green eyes looked bigger and brighter than ever.

Were these the only feminine features of her to be compromised, then perhaps it wouldn't have been all *that* shocking? Surprising, certainly, but in the end there were few women that would not have appreciated such a change. But for better or for worse, it also spread into her figure proper.

So distracted by that unknown *need* to reach the water, which was still a ways away from where she was walking, Djeeta paid no mind to the fit of her dress and how it felt more and more compromised with each labored step that she took forward. It was a little less noticeable below her waist, mind you, short of the skirt feeling a little stretched – but the cause of that little stretch *was* fairly substantial.

After all, it was because her hips had grown wider that it had even happened, but the pink skirt was generally so open and flowing that there wasn't much in the way of effect. These wider hips allotted space for the rest of her lower half to engorge though, and before long her ass had pushed back the skirt a few inches more than usual, because each cheek had swollen several inches larger in size. Thighs took the excess happily, adding heft to each of her steps what with the fattened jiggles that then rippled through them.

“Hmm~!”

Finally flying in front of and around Djeeta, the pixie marveled her 'handiwork'. The woman was becoming much more voluptuous in terms of her figure, and that included her heaving bosom. The captain's almost zombie-like shamble towards the sea appeared even more labored before long, as the neckline of her dress was pulled down without any regard for its fit.

The cause here was an obvious one. Much like with her now gratuitously large ass, deposits of natural fat had now found the woman's chest and were enhancing the size of her bosom so that they would be much more appealing to a potential mate. In fact, their sizes didn't shy away at all from *doubling*, ultimately forcing that neckline to vertically tear so that they weren't being too compressed. These DD tits were *heavy*, but heft was part of the reason her body wanted her to find the water.

You'll be more comfortable there. You'll be safer there.

With time her instincts had begun to translate into rational thought, like something more beast-like was now being rationalized by the sense provided by one's consciousness. From Djeeta's perspective she just felt so *dry*. **“But why do I feel this way? Something isn't right here...?”** It also afforded some clarity to her mind. This was the first time she had questioned it, but questioning it didn't halt her journey at all. That said, her voice came off as vapider and more melodic in pitch. Like she was singing... even though she wasn't.

The beach leading into the shoal was close now, and that only hastened her hefty steps. But that developed into a full on *run* once she temporarily found herself unable to *breath* properly. **“Guck!?”** The panic that came with this was immense, and the cause actually concealed by her clothing. Because heart-shaped scaled had appeared on either side of her toned tummy, each of these raised marking concealing a slit that met her lungs.

She had *gills*, and while she could breathe through them *or* her mouth, the fact that she now had options had left her unadjusted mind bewildered to the point that she wondered whether or not she *could* even breathe. Djeeta grit her teeth once she was within a few feet of the water's edge, the pixie giggling wildly behind her, and in doing so the revelation of a pair of *fangs* protruding from between her lips could be seen.

“Make it!” The human(?) eventually cried out as she jumped for the shallow water, and with an even shallower splash she slid beneath the waves. Though not without sacrifice, because in meeting the waves with the speed she had accumulated, the force ripped her dress clean off so that was completely nude beneath the water.

Still observable from above the water, she remained beneath the moisture for a time, wriggling about. Being wet had amplified the effects that were already eating away at her humanity, and as she thrashed about in the shallowest section of the shoal her monsterificated destiny was all but assured.

But Djeeta wasn't thinking about that, she was just relieved that she could *breathe*. And so she was initially ignorant to her nudity, or how her ears had pulled out into a pair of coral pink fins at the sides of her head.

Her legs danced from side to side in the meantime, motions perfectly synced and not for no good reason. As they moved back and forth and up and down, thighs found themselves bound together, and that phenomenon bled down her legs in their entirety. Before long there was

but a single appendage from her waist down, with feet pointed out in opposite directions.

While this might have appeared bizarre at first, the deformation of the skin of her lower half left it looking less uncanny. The pigmentation of this new 'tail' darkened to a crimson red, while the texture became layered and shiny. There only plausible comparison were the scales of a fish when all was said and done, and her feet flattened and thinner into pink fins that formed a heart shape at the tip. She also had additional heart-shaped scales of pink bleeding out of her hips like accessories.

By the time she emerged from the water, Djeeta had finally taken notice of her own appearance. **“U-Uh... Wait, I have a fish tail? And my chest!? My hair!?”** Hands quickly explored her body, and in doing so she missed the appearance of a black bikini top and a red, feathered hat that had appeared atop her head.

The new *Merrow* didn't know what to do with herself. She had so desperately sprinted for the water once her gills had formed, only barely making it before drying out, and now her fish half was tucked beneath the waves as the pixie fluttered about with a joyous expression upon her face. **“I'm... I'm just like...?”** Her sense of self as Djeeta had persisted thus far, but it was quickly succumbing to what felt like a fluffy pinkness that swept through her mind.



“Don't worry about that! What about a mate?”

Thoughts became fuzzier and simpler the more the pixie goaded her on, for she understood the nature of the monster that the woman had become. They were playful and lustful, always yearning to mate. And the new Merrow's cheeks burned brighter and brighter as those traits were enforced upon her *own* ego. **“A-A mate...?”** The pink scaled monster quivered as she repeated the term, lips shaking and tongue practically lashing about.

Man. Sex. Dicks. Thoughts filled her mind, and those thoughts developed into a hunger. But it didn't *have* to be men. A woman would be acceptable. Merrow were needy and so they would settle. **“I... I want to fuck. I want to be penetrated, I want it to be messy! Haah... Haah...”** Her cheeks burned brighter and brighter, as did the pixie's

smile. Merrow were also incredibly *obscene* when worked up. The water hid it, but she had begun to finger herself beneath the waves.

“Weren’t you going to help me? By fucking that other Merrow, right?”

Help the pixie? That *did* sound familiar, didn’t it? Had she agreed to something like that? Was there anything the pixie could gain from two horny Merrows fucking, though? It was a valid question that likely *should* have been asked, but her mental faculties had simplified so much that it was even a wonder she was capable of communication. In fact, much of her vocabular *had* left her, leaving only the basics and some *lewdier* terminology. **“Oh yes...”**, she purred, **“...of course!”**

The Merrow asked no further questions and withdrew into the salty waters of the island’s ‘sea’. Swimming with advanced proficiency and a knowledge of the land as if she’d grown up there, she made it as far as the rock the other Merrow was resting on before playfully grabbing the other monster woman’s tail and pulling her into the water, where they ultimately and consensually mated.

But from the water’s surface, all that could be made out were violent ripples.

The pixie shrugged.

“Now, how many mortals are left on the island?”