

Mr. Beast

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Amanda Stevens had been chasing the truth for several months now. As a tenacious journalist, she had faced threats and danger more times than she could count. But this was different. She was in a remote tropical island. The island itself was an enigma. The locals refused to speak of it, their eyes filled with fear whenever she mentioned it. Only one name slipped through their trembling lips—Dr. Morrow.

Amanda had first heard the rumors while investigating a series of mysterious disappearances. People vanishing without a trace, their last known whereabouts near the coastlines of this forsaken place. Her research led her here, to a forgotten island where Dr. Morrow, a disgraced geneticist, was rumored to be carrying out unholy experiments—human-animal hybrids, creatures beyond imagination. The details were scarce, but one thing was clear: whatever was happening on that island defied nature itself.

Her investigations took her to a large farm surrounded by barbed wire and high walls. She managed to sneak in, hidden in the trunk of the cleaning woman's car. Once the car stopped, she got out, dressed in an identical cleaning lady outfit.

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What she saw completely shocked her.

Human-animal hybrids could be seen around the area, without any effort to hide them. She spotted a modern facility, looking out of place in a farm, and sneaked in, still in her cleaning lady uniform.

The metallic walls gleamed under the bright lights. It looked like a normal research facility—until she reached a room marked with a warning on the door.

On a metal table was a young Black women with a blend of human and seal traits. Her legs were gone, replaced by heavy, glossy caudal fins, like those of seals, thick and dark. Looking around, Amanda saw several of these monstrous creatures, some of which probably weighted no less than 200 or 300 kgs. Some of them were sedated, others awake but confused, struggling to move in their massive bodies. They were often struggling to turn around in their heavy bodies to take a look at her. Some of them begged her for help, while others tried to explain her what had happened to them. Their voices were distorted, broken, but Amanda could make out enough. Dr. Morrow had done this to them. They had been kidnapped and transformed into monsters.



One of them, a young Latina woman whose transformation was far advanced—her arms now heavy fins—still had her mind intact. She recognized Amanda as a journalist, her eyes wide with desperation as she whispered in broken English, “Run! Take los fotografes with you... and save us!” Her voice was hoarse, barely human, but the message was clear. Amanda nodded, her heart pounding in her chest. She needed to act fast.

For the next few minutes, Amanda darted between shadows, snapping photos of the horrors unfolding in every corner of the lab. There were unspeakable creatures in cages, half-formed beings writhing on metal tables, and hybrids freely roaming the halls. She had enough. With the camera safely tucked in her bag full of detergents, it was time to go.

She slipped out of the facility, her steps light but hurried, until the cool breeze of the outside world touched her skin. Relief washed over her when she saw the sky again, its endless expanse a stark contrast to the nightmare she had just witnessed.



But now, as she made her way back toward the walls, something felt off. A strange sound, like a soft rustling, echoed through the trees, setting her on edge. Her heart raced, but her grip on the camera in her bag remained firm. Tons of carefully collected proof of Dr. Morrow's horrific experiments were stored on it—evidence of grotesque human-animal hybrids, test subjects in various states of transformation. But then, a voice, rough and menacing, called out from the shadows. "Hmm, you've been sticking your nose where you shouldn't have, little journalist."

She froze, her heart hammering in her chest. A hulking figure stepped forward, partially hidden by the trees. One of Dr. Morrow's thugs—a man she recognized from her surveillance.

"Stay away!" she shouted, her voice shaking. She pulled out a small handgun. "I have a gun! I'll shoot if I have to." But he kept advancing, slowly, with a confidence that chilled her. Then, a faint movement from the corner of her eye—someone else, emerging from the cover of trees. Amanda's breath caught as she saw the glint of metal in his hand—a tranquilizer gun. Before she could react, she felt a sharp sting in her side, and her vision began to blur.



Amanda blinked, her vision slowly coming into focus. She was in a well-lit living room. Her senses were overwhelmed; the room smelled too sharp and her ears buzzed with an incessant ringing. She was sitting on a sofa, but she couldn't feel it properly. The texture—whatever it was—wasn't registering against her skin.

Then she saw him—Dr. Morrow, sitting casually in a chair across from her, scribbling something into a notebook.

"Welcome, Miss Stevenson. Dr. Morrow, at your service. But you can call me mr. Beast, haha!" he said, erupting in a laughter. Amanda tried to hurl an insult at him, but the moment she opened her mouth, only a sibilant hiss escaped. Something was wrong with her tongue. It felt too thin, like it no longer fit properly inside her mouth. Then she noticed her hands. Her arms were now grotesquely covered in green scales. A sharp, animalistic shriek tore from her throat.

"Ah," Dr. Morrow said, his eyes glinting with a perverse delight. "This never gets old."

She had been turned into one of the monster creatures she had witnessed in the basement.



Finally, she forced the words out, each one laborious and slurred, her voice sibilant and unfamiliar. "What... have you... done to me? You... monster."

"Me, a monster? That's rich, coming from a lady with green skin covered in scales and a tail so large you'll never sit in a normal chair again!" Her tail—she hadn't even noticed it until now. She twisted, catching a glimpse of the long, thick appendage trailing off the sofa, twitching reflexively. This was her body now.

"What have I done? Oh, it's quite simple, really. You've been... enhanced. Reborn, in a sense. A new species, part of my ongoing research into hybridization. You saw my earlier work—the mammalian hybrids, an easy challenge for me. But you, Amanda, you're a masterpiece. A perfect fusion of human and reptilian DNA. You are, quite possibly, my finest work yet."

"Is this reverssible?"

"Maybe, but I'm the only one who could revert you to a woman form. And I'm not planning to do that any time soon. Don't worry, though," he said, almost reassuringly. "You'll get used to it. Most do. And you are a strong woman, I can tell."

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"But where are my manners?" Dr. Morrow said, rising from his chair with a smile. "Let me show your accommodation! Come with me." The doctor showed her to her new apartment. It was small but clean, functional, almost sterile.

Amanda excused herself to go to the bathroom, needing a moment alone to assess the damage to her body.

She stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror, silently screaming in horror at the strange, almost alien figure staring back. "This is madness!". Her face, though green, still had the familiar features of the woman she used to be. But her arms... they were a different story. The green scales were rough, green, covering her from shoulder to fingertip. Her legs were the same, thick with scaly patches that glittered under the harsh bathroom light. She ran a hand down her leg, feeling the unfamiliar texture. The scales clicked softly against each other. Her tail twitched behind her, free to move thanks to a large opening in the miniskirt.

At least, her back and torso were mostly smooth, untouched by the scales that had overtaken her arms and legs. She ran her fingers down her sides, hoping, praying, that maybe there was still a way to reverse this monstrosity.



A knock at the bathroom door startled her. Dr. Morrow's voice came through, casual as ever. "We've fetched your personal belongings from your hotel. Some of your dresses are here, in case you'd like to change."

Amanda unlocked the door and took the bag, careful not to let him glimpse inside while she was undressed. "I saw you naked under sedation, but anyway..."

Wanting to feel a bit more like herself, she pulled out a red silky dress, one of her favorites. When she looked at herself, the image in the mirror was strange. The green scales on her arms clashed violently with the rich red of the dress. She tugged at it, trying to adjust the hem, but the scales on her legs caught the fabric, snagging and tearing at the delicate material. No matter how much she tugged or adjusted, the scales kept piercing through.

Better sticking to her leather outfit from now on, she thought. *At least the leather is strong enough for these scales.* She left the bathroom in the same outfit as before, her stomach growling loudly, leaving her embarrassed. "Could I eat a bite?"

"Of course, follow me," Dr. Morrow said with a smile.



Amanda followed Dr. Morrow into a modest, clean dining room. Dr. Morrow glanced at the clock. "The kitchen's closed now, but I can make you something simple." He pulled some vegetables collected on that very day—tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers. "How about a salad?" he said. Amanda nodded. Something simple was just what she needed now.

He placed the plate in front of her and gestured with a smile. "Go ahead. Eat. It'll help."

Amanda felt suddenly less interested in the food. With effort, she picked up a slice of tomato and lifted it to her mouth, but the moment it touched her tongue, a wave of revulsion hit her. The taste, the texture, was strange and repulsive. She gagged, pushing the plate away in disgust.

"What have you added to it? This salad tastes terrible!"

Dr. Morrow chuckled, his smile widening. "The salad is perfectly fine. You, on the other hand, are not. See, the alterations to your body were not only aesthetic. You no longer have a human digestive system, you've got the digestive apparatus of a snake. You're an obligate carnivore now."

"Ugh, gross! I'm a vegetarian!"



"Haha, that's funny! I have a feeling this will suit your new taste better, though." Dr. Morrow said, uncovering a dish of insects. "Never!" she spat, her voice trembling with disgust.

"Hmm, you'd better get used to it. Your diet will consist mostly of insects and rodents from now on." She gagged, the thought that this was her future made her head spin.

"I'm not joking," he said, his tone serious. "Your taste in food has changed completely. Human food is repulsive to you now, while snake food—well, that's all you crave. Just try them. You'll see I'm right. If I took you to a fancy restaurant tonight, you'd be disgusted by a ratatouille, but you'd be drooling over the bugs crawling on the floor. That's how much you've changed!"

Amanda stared at him, terrified at the prospect. She hesitated, before cautiously darting out her thin, snake-like tongue to taste the air, savoring the scent of the bugs. He wasn't lying. They smelled really good. Her mouth started watering. *What the hell has happened to me?* - she thought. She tried to remember the taste of coffee, the warmth of fresh bread—things that used to comfort her. Now, the thought of them made her stomach churn, while the smell of the insects before her filled her with a rush of excitement.



"Come on, we don't have all day!" Dr. Morrow snapped, his patience thinning. "Disappoint me, and next time you wake up, you might have a completely *different* look. Maybe a full snake!"

Reluctantly, she grabbed the fork and, trying not to think about what she was doing, speared one of the least revolting bugs. Her long, snake-like tongue slipped out, carefully wrapping around the insect and pulling it into her mouth.

"Good girl!" Dr. Morrow said, smirking. "Not very ladylike, but I won't judge."

Fighting back tears of shame and disgust, she munched it. She chewed slowly, expecting to gag at any moment, but to her horror, the initial shock faded. The bug had a crunchy texture and—worse—it tasted good. Kinda like chips. Her body craved more. Hiding her humiliation, she ate another. Then another. Soon, she was devouring them, scooping the dish with her long tongue. The doctor served her another full dish of bugs. When her belly was full of cockroaches and beetles, she set the fork down, disgusted by herself. A loud burp escaped her lips, adding to her embarrassment.



Dr. Morrow stood over her, his smirk never fading. "Haha, that was a big meal. You should be good for a day or two, but digesting all those bugs will take a lot of energy. You'll probably feel tired now".

He watched as Amanda's eyelids fluttered, her body already surrendering to the exhaustion creeping through her. "Oh, and don't expect your body to function on eight hours of sleep anymore. You'll nap irregularly, several times a day, for at least 16 hours total." Her limbs grew heavy, her muscles sluggish, sinking deeper into exhaustion with every breath. "As you can see," Dr. Morrow continued, his voice calm but sharp, "maintaining a human lifestyle is very challenging for you now. You eat insects for food and need far more rest than any human could afford. The sooner you accept this, the better."

His words pressed down on her like a weight, adding to the heaviness already flooding her body. She struggled to keep her eyes open, but her body was betraying her once again, pulling her toward an inevitable, primal rest.

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After a long, dreamless sleep, Amanda awoke back in her room. For a brief, hopeful moment, she thought it might all have been a nightmare. But the heavy weight of her tail dragging behind her quickly reminded her that it was all too real. She checked herself in the bathroom.

Not only was it real, but the mutations had progressed. Her once flat belly, now swollen from the grotesque feast of insects, was covered in thick scales. Her breasts had reabsorbed the nipples within themselves, now smooth and almost featureless. The scales on her back had developed further, connecting her arms with her legs. Only her chest, neck, and face remained smooth—for now.

Amanda stared down at her belly, imagining the hard shells of the bugs she had eaten being digested, broken down, and transformed into more of the reptilian armor that now covered her body. *I have to stay away from insects*, she thought.

But hunger came back. The following day, she sneaked into the kitchen. She spotted a blueberry muffin—once her favorite. She took a bite, but it was futile. The taste and texture were repulsive, like dirt and ash. She spat it out, throwing the rest of the muffin aside in frustration.

By the time Dr. Morrow offered her another dish of insects, her willpower crumbled. The hunger had become unbearable.



Day after day, Amanda's taste for insects grew. What once made her gag now became something she craved with an intensity that scared her. Cockroaches, in particular, had become her favorite. She lifted them straight from the plate with her scaly hands, her long, thin tongue darting out to snatch them into her mouth. The crunch, the texture, the sensation—all of it felt wrong and yet maddeningly right. Each meal, she was always watched by Dr. Morrow, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. If anything, it was **his** food that made her stomach turn—he dined on refined vegetarian dishes like eggplant parmesan, quinoa salads, and stuffed mushrooms. Dr. Morrow watched her, a wide grin spreading across his face. "I am so proud of you, Amanda! You're finally accepting your true nature."

Amanda paused, licking her lips clean of the bug juices. She felt a deep shame gnawing at her insides, knowing that no part of this was natural. She hated him—hated him for turning her into this, eroding her humanity little by little. But the fear of what he could still do to her kept her silent, kept her compliant.

"I hate this," she muttered, barely looking at him. "But my body... it wants this now." Dr. Morrow chuckled softly. "Of course it does. You're a new creature now, Amanda. The sooner you accept it fully, the easier things will be. You'll see."



Amanda felt increasingly cold as the days passed, the air conditioning feeling like a chilly wind. Not only that, but she would also become slow, even struggling to move at low temperatures. She knew she was turning into a cold-blooded animal. She found herself turning off the AC in her room, and even turning on the heat to 30 degrees Celsius (86 Fahrenheit) felt insufficient. After a while, she realized nothing made her feel as good as lying under the tropical sun, so she spent more time outdoors, sunbathing on deck chairs.

This highlighted another problem for poor Amanda, one that hit her self-perception even harder. As her hands became more reptilian, and her joints rigid, dressing up became nearly impossible. One day, she looked at herself in the mirror and finally conceded that maybe she could do without clothes from now on. It only made sense at this point. Yet, it was one more step into the role of a wild animal. Her skin was thick enough, and the clothes were only blocking the sunlight her body now craved.

Also, her breasts had progressively lost all of their human appearance. Green scales had been developing on her abdomen first, and then expanding towards her breasts, until her nipples were completely gone. Milk production had also stopped, her organs no longer those of a mammal, but a reptile. Her labia had lost their softness and color too.

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Reluctantly, she left her apartment completely naked and sat on a deck chair outside in the sun, her naked body in full display. Other human-animal hybrids crawled past. Morrow's thugs walked past her without batting an eye.

Week after week, Amanda was forced to give up on the last remnants of her human comfort. She was eventually locked out of her room—though the key was still in the lock, her hands had reached a point where manipulating small objects was nearly impossible. Her fingers had become thick, scaly, more suited for grabbing prey than turning keys. She had no choice but to sleep outdoors.

At first, she tried using the deck chair, curling up on it at night. But soon, even that felt unnatural, and she began sleeping on the grass, in a safe corner of the farm area. Corners made her feel more secure, allowing her to watch her surroundings, just as a reptile might find safety in a hidden nook. It wasn't comfortable, but it was what her body wanted now.

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One day Amanda made a friend, a pretty blonde girl with protruding cow horns on her head.

She was terrified of Amanda, but the reptilian girl smiled at her and tried to comfort her. She was named Christy and was a photographer who happened to snatch pictures of the Dr. creatures by accident while visiting the island. Now she was on her way to become one.

"I don't want to become like you!"

"I know, I didn't either."

Christy's hands flew to the horns on her head, tugging at them in desperation. "I don't know how he attached these, but they're stuck! They won't come off!" Her voice wavered with panic. "What's going to happen to me?"

Amanda glanced at the horns, recognizing their shape. "They look like... bovine horns. Maybe he's turning you into something like a cow."

Christy's face twisted in horror. "A cow? Oh God, no!"



A few weeks later, Amanda encountered Christy again. The once slender photographer was now noticeably chubby, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she tried to hide herself. She shifted awkwardly, her horns still protruding from her head, the look completed by bovine ears.

"They... they force-fed me!" Christy stammered, her voice trembling with shame. "I couldn't resist them! I'm becoming... I don't even know what."

Amanda, her reptilian gaze soft, shook her head gently. "No need to excuse yourself, sweetie," she said. "They have full control over your body here. It's not your fault."

Christy's eyes filled with tears, and she looked away, feeling helpless. Amanda placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, her scaled fingers gentle. "We didn't choose this. But we can still support each other. You're not alone."

Christy sniffled, nodding slightly, though the weight of her transformation was heavy on her soul. The two monster girls hugged, Amanda noticing how warm the curvy body of her friend was. "Ouch, your scales are so rough!" - Christy said, feeling the tight hug of her reptilian friend.



The next time Amanda saw Christy, it was a heartbreaking sight. Christy was now living in a stable, her feet replaced by hooves that limited her movements. Her once-human skin was now covered in black and white patches, giving her the unmistakable look of a cow. The smell was different too—earthy, unmistakably bovine.

"Don't look at me, please!" Christy begged, turning her head away in shame as Amanda approached.

Amanda's heart sank. "Oh, poor Christy... You're crossing the line now, aren't you?" Her voice was soft, filled with sorrow for her friend's situation. "It must be so tough."

"I hate being like this!" Christy whimpered. "I can only lie here and watch my body change more and more every day! I don't know what's left of me!" Her voice cracked with frustration and fear, her new form trapping her in ways Amanda knew all too well.

Amanda knelt beside her, feeling a deep sense of empathy. "I'm so sorry... I wish there was something I could do." But they both knew the reality—they were at the mercy of Dr. Morrow, each day losing a little more of themselves.



Amanda had grown accustomed to her scaly, naked form, even around Dr. Morrow. Her shame had long since faded, replaced by a dull acceptance of her new reality. One day, Dr. Morrow confessed that the stash of bugs saved for her was dwindling, and he encouraged her to look for alternatives. Amanda's heart sank. "What else could I eat with this... monstrous body you gave me?" Dr. Morrow could have suggested eggs, or rabbit, something more human, yet acceptable for her stomach. But Dr. Morrow had other plans. "Amanda, your body is strong and agile now. Soon, you won't be dependent on my food. It's time you learn to hunt for your own prey."

"No, you can't ask me to do that!" she blurted, her voice trembling. "It's one thing to eat dead insects, people in some countries eat them! But to hunt and eat *live* ones?" Dr. Morrow's smile never wavered. "But that is your future, Amanda. Think about it. If you had to choose between a cake and a crawling centipede, what would you go for?" "The centipede, I guess!" - she conceded. "Right! You are fit to live in the wild now! Sleeping in the woods, hunting for bugs and rats. That will be the small price to pay for freedom. And I'm sure fresh ones taste even better!"



Amanda's mind raced, torn between disgust and hope. Freedom. If hunting meant she could leave this prison, she had to try. "Dr. Morrow, you gave me a reptilian body but lack the skills and knowledge I need to live in the wild. Could you train me to... hunt bugs in the wild?" "I'm so proud of you, my creature! Of course I will!"

Clinging to that thought, she threw herself into learning. She studied and adopted reptilian behaviors, guided by Dr. Morrow, learning how to blend into her surroundings, how to wait patiently, silently, for the perfect moment to strike. She even began observing the behavior of bugs and worms closely, their species, their habits, everything that could help her survive when she was finally out in the wild.

One day, while patiently laying down in the outdoors, Amanda spotted a dragonfly. It hovered just within reach, its wings beating steadily in the warm air. Without even thinking, her body reacted. Her tongue flicked out, catching the insect mid-flight. In seconds, the dragonfly was already being crunched between her teeth, the fresh taste different, sharper, than what she was used to. She had become a predator.

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"Amanda, I'm so proud of you!" Dr. Morrow beamed when her training was complete. "Have you noticed any other changes lately?" Amanda hesitated, her cheeks flushing with shame. "I... I stopped menstruating recently." "Ah," Morrow nodded, as though this was expected. "Very good. That's another step forward. You're more reptilian than mammal now, I'm afraid. Your uterus has been reabsorbed. From now on, you'll be able to produce eggs—that's right, with shells and all haha. This marks the final step of your progression. You are now complete. Millions of years of evolution reversed, not only you are a human brain in a beautiful reptilian body, but your instincts have adapted to your new nature too!"

"You are a genius, doc. Sometimes I look at my body, I feel my scales, or I feel my tail move, and I can barely believe I used to be fully human until recently!" - Amanda replied, torn between feigning admiration and showing her disgust. "You are a miracle, indeed!" Dr. Morrow said, his tone celebratory.

"You've adapted perfectly. It's time for you to thrive on your own. You're ready to be released!" he said, his voice brimming with satisfaction. "Ok, wow, it feels unreal. Thank you doctor!". Later she fell asleep in her usual spot at the farm, where they sedated her and did some extra work on her before releasing her in the wilderness.



The following day, Amanda woke up in the middle of the forest, her body curled under the thick canopy of trees. She was free, at last, but at what price. Scales covered her body from neck to toe, her hands and feet had become reptilian paws, and a thick tail now swayed behind her. Hopefully someone could reverse all of these monstrosities. But for now she would have to rely on her instincts to survive. No one would be protecting her anymore, she was just another wild animal in the wild.

She looked around, scanning her surroundings, noticing more colors than usual. The jungle was alive with movement. Birds flitted high in the trees, far out of her reach. Small monkeys swung from branch to branch, too quick and nimble for her to catch. None of them seemed bothered by her presence. She was just another creature in the forest. A big, fat worm was wriggling through the grass. Without thinking, she pounced on it, her tongue darting out to snatch it up. The worm was warm and juicy.

Amanda tried standing up, but fell backwards to the ground. She paused for a few seconds, trying to figure out what was going on.

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She tried to stand again, her legs straining beneath her. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. Her back felt weak, her legs hurt terribly in the attempt and no matter how hard she pushed, she couldn't lift herself off the ground. The harsh truth dawned on her: they had altered her body once more. She cursed dr. Morrow. Her spine had been weakened, and some tendons had been removed or shifted. She was stuck on all fours, forced to crawl through the jungle like an animal. The humiliation was overwhelming, but luckily nobody was there to witness it.

Worse than that, this hampered her ability to move quickly. She had hoped to exploit her survival skills to march for days until she reached the first village to escape the jungle but she was now slower, and her visibility was obstructed by the bushes, so finding her way through the jungle was a nearly impossible task. Also, how could she ever hope to adapt to human life again, forced to crawl on all fours, looking like a freak, eating bugs and laying eggs?



She began crawling around, learning how to balance her tail wiggling to improve her stability. After a few hours, she had completely lost track of her progress. She probably just crawled randomly through the forest, ending only a few yards away from her starting point.

She also realized she was still hungry. However, given her still developing hunting skills, it took her a while to find enough bugs to feed herself. With her body's need for 16 hours of sleep a day, hunting for bugs and finding clean water suddenly became her primary occupation. She sipped water from a dirty pond, inspecting her reflection, horrified by how feral her body movements had become. *What a feral creature I've become*, she thought.

After a few days—or was it longer?—Amanda had lost all sense of time. Her body had adjusted, more or less, to its new, primal condition. She even caught her first rodent. At first, she felt pity for the small creature, but, alarmingly, there was no disgust. Without hesitation, she bit into it, chewing quickly before swallowing it whole, fur and all. Her stomach, now a powerful organ built for such tasks, handled it with ease.



One day, as she lay resting under the sun, something in the air changed. Her senses flared. She could smell it—a big animal. Instinct screamed *danger*. Perhaps a panther or jaguar, something large and predatory. Fear surged through her veins, primal and raw, as adrenaline spiked. Her cold-blooded body, however, didn't react with the speed of a mammal. She was sluggish, slow. She could feel the vibrations through the ground, the weight of the predator moving closer.

She knew she had to act fast. In desperation, she resorted to her last option—climbing. Her scaly hands and feet gripped a tree trunk, pulling her up with surprising strength. As she scrambled upward, she felt a small sense of safety, but her heart still pounded in her chest. She clung tightly to the bark, watching the bushes below rustle ominously. She couldn't see the predator yet, but it was there, somewhere, stalking her.

Then, a sound pierced the tense silence. The distant whir of a helicopter. Amanda's pulse quickened. Humans! *Fellow humans*, she thought. Rescue! She opened her mouth to scream, but the noise that escaped was not the voice she once had. Her vocal cords, unused to speech, only managed a feral, guttural howl.



A rifle shot rang out, echoing through the jungle. The beast below her let out a final, pained cry before collapsing into the underbrush. Then she saw him—a figure at the open window of the helicopter, staring directly at her. It was Brandon. Her boyfriend. His military uniform unmistakable. Somehow, he had found her. Maybe her disappearance had tipped him off, or perhaps he had stumbled onto something bigger while investigating. A surge of joy, uncontrollable and overwhelming, coursed through her.

The helicopter hovered above, lowering a large cage to the ground. Amanda didn't hesitate, not for a second. She had no doubts, no questions. Crawling down the tree trunk with ease, she moved toward the cage, her reptilian body following her instincts. As she reached the cage, her scaled hands grasped the metal bars, her tail swaying behind her with anticipation. The door creaked open, and she stepped inside, curling up within the confines of the cage as if it were a safe haven. The helicopter's engines roared louder, and the cage began to rise. Amanda looked up at him, her eyes shining with an unsettling mix of gratitude and fear for his reaction. He was her savior, and in this moment, it didn't matter how far she had fallen from humanity.

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The helicopter lifted Amanda higher, the forest shrinking beneath her as they gained speed. She peered down at the dense canopy, spotting familiar landmarks—the pond where she had found water, then a larger river, and finally, the giant winding snake of water that could only be the Amazon River. Her tail twitched in realization. She had been in the Amazon rainforest this whole time, a living experiment to test her survival skills.

The flight continued for hours, the wind chilly against her scales, but the warmth of the equatorial sun kept her body comfortable enough. She settled into the rhythmic hum of the helicopter, her thoughts drifting as they flew over the sprawling jungle, then toward civilization.

They eventually landed in a large Brazilian city, a private heliport ready for their arrival. Her man stepped out and opened the cage, his expression shocked and surprised as he approached her. His eyes locked onto her, scanning her scaled form before settling on her face. Her features were still there, beneath the changes. But he hesitated, his hand twitching as if unsure whether to reach for her or keep his distance. His difcende proved wise as Amanda's reptilian instincts kicked in, her first reaction hissing and showing her claws. "Amanda, idiot, stop!" - she told herself. "He's your boyfriend, not a prey!"

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He approached cautiously, his eyes scanning her face, searching for the woman he knew. "Amanda?" he whispered, the name trembling on his lips.

She nodded slowly, her reptilian features barely capable of the human gesture. "It's... me," she hissed, her voice strained, distorted. She used her tail to balance herself, and, grabbing the bars with her claws, managed to achieve a half-erect position.

He stopped a few feet away, his face pale as he tried to process what he was seeing. The tail, the scales covering her once-familiar body. Yet, despite it all, he could still faintly recognize her face—the curve of her jaw, the shape of her eyes.

"I... I can't believe this," he said, his voice low, almost to himself. "Why did they do this to you?"

Amanda's big tail twitched nervously behind her as she tried to stand erect on her weakened reptilian legs. She was scared, scared of how he would react now that he was seeing her fully for what she had become. "I... was investigating a scientist who created human-animal hybrids. His thighs caught me and he turned me into one of his creatures." she said, her voice faltering. "So the rumors were true." - Brandon replied. "Oh my poor Amanda, come here!" He hugged her with some difficulties, given how hard her scales were and how shaky her posture was.

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It became evident after a few medical examinations that whatever Dr. Morrow had done to Amanda was irreversible. His experiments had pushed the boundaries of science far beyond anything conventional medicine could address. No respectable research institute had ever dared to investigate human-animal hybridization on such a scale, leaving the medical community powerless. The best they could do was suggest ways to manage her condition—a lotion to soften her scales and a more tolerable diet including eggs, cooked rabbit meat, and small fish.

Despite that, Amanda was very ill-suited to a human life. She spent all of her time crawling around in Brandon's apartment, looking for bugs. She couldn't venture outside, her scaly body, long tail, and feral appearance would terrify anyone who saw her. Though physiotherapy allowed her to sit upright on the bed for short periods, standing was still impossible.

Intimacy with Brandon was another challenge. He tried to kiss her, but her thin, snake-like tongue unsettled him. Sex was even more difficult. Though her vagina remained functional, it was partially covered in scales, creating friction that condoms couldn't withstand. Without them, the sensation was far too rough. Moreover, Amanda's body craved the wilderness, the sun, the freedom of open spaces. Being confined to the apartment left her restless and irritable, like a wild animal trapped in a cage.

MR. BEAST



Eventually, it became too much and when Brandon was contacted by dr. Morrow, it didn't take much effort to convince him to let the reptilian woman go.

Amanda was sedated and woke up in the tropical rainforest again. She immediately checked her body for any new modifications. At first glance, nothing seemed different. But something was wrong, her mouth wouldn't close. She raised her scaly hands to her face and realized why. Two long, snake-like fangs protruded from her mouth. Panic shot through her as she felt the sharp, thin fangs, deeply rooted in her skull. She tried to scream, but all that came out was a hiss.

What had he done now? Her gaze fell on a small note beside her, left by Dr. Morrow. With trembling fingers, she picked it up.

"Dear Amanda,
I regret we couldn't say goodbye properly, but you've been enhanced again. Those fangs are real—and they deliver venom. Lethal venom. That's right, you're a venomous animal now. One bite, and an adult man would have mere seconds to live. I would have been an easy prey for you. Additionally, your brain has been modified to heighten your predatory instincts. Should you come across a human, your first instinct will no longer be to communicate. It will be to kill.
Good luck adapting.
— Dr. Morrow"