

The Island

JUNE 2026



From the air it looked like a spine rising out of the sea, a long green ridge breaking into cliffs and small coves where the water turned pale and almost glassy. The sea around it was unusually clear. It was located between the Antilles and the island of Hispaniola, not too far away from the Dominican Republic. A cash-starved Caribbean republic had sold it for a minuscule price decades before, and since then it had passed from hand to hand until Adrian Vale bought it.

Vale has a net worth exceeding one billion dollars. He had made his fortune in biotech and by marrying into wealth. Almost forty years old, he decided he was tired of cities. So he purchased the island for one hundred million dollars. Within a couple of years, the cliffs held white villas with curved terraces facing the sea, thanks to the cheap manpower from neighboring islands. A circular main house crowned the central ridge, its windows catching the light like watchful eyes.

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Lower down, on a small peninsula, he built a glass pavilion for dinners, a spa carved partly into the rock, an underground cinema and a large laboratory that was officially described as a “wellness research center” but was actually more of an experimental cosmetic surgery clinic. He had invested a good half of his wealth just there.

Helicopters landed on a flat plateau near the summit. A thin road, almost delicate, wound from the landing pad down through the trees. There were infinity pools that appeared to spill into the ocean, outdoor baths sheltered by vines, a library with floor-to-ceiling windows, and a domed observatory where Vale liked to host midnight gatherings.

He called it Eirene Island.

Only friends were invited. Friends and lovers. Politicians who wanted to disappear for a week. Actors between scandals. Women and men who had grown tired of a conventional life.

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While the laboratories were hidden deeper inland, the coastline felt almost welcoming to the guests.

A row of luxury beach villas lines the white sand, each tucked between palm trees for privacy. Guests could relax on oversized sofas under thatched roofs, listening to the waves while tropical breezes drift through the open pavilions.

A large number of Hispanic girls, like Margarita, had been recruited from neighboring islands to provide a pleasant feminine presence on the resort. In fact, nearly all the staff were female, reflecting Adrian Vale's personal preferences.

The invitees often gathered in the evenings at a beachfront lounge, where vegetarian meals, fresh fruit, and exotic drinks are served beneath a canopy of woven palm leaves. To a newcomer, the place felt more like an exclusive tropical resort than anything else.



However, shady human experiments were also carried out in the island's medical facilities. Many of the Hispanic girls hired as cleaners, waitresses, cooks, or receptionists ended up becoming unwitting guinea pigs for Adrian's research.

Convincing Margarita to undergo a free beauty treatment had been easy. The treatment was presented as a harmless cosmetic procedure, fully sponsored by the resort.

The gene-editing techniques developed in Adrian's cutting-edge laboratories were capable of far more than ordinary cosmetic surgery. They could reshape facial features, soften or refine bone structure, lighten or darken skin, alter hair texture and color, and even change eye color as if selecting options from a menu. Over a few hours, Margarita's appearance gradually changed. Her strongly Amerindian features became more delicate and gracile, her skin lightened by several shades, and her hair became longer, lighter, and glossier.

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Like many others, Margarita was initially shocked by her transformation. Yet life on the island offered opportunities she could never have dreamed of back home.

Rather than leave, she signed a longer-term contract and remained as part of the resort staff. Working as both a waitress and a massage attendant, she quickly became one of the island's most popular employees. Blonde women were always in high demand among the guests, and Adrian's facilities had become remarkably efficient at supplying them. Many guests were initially surprised to be greeted by what looked like a blonde Swedish girl, only to hear a thick Spanish accent emerge the moment she opened her mouth. At first, Margarita felt self-conscious serving drinks in a bikini, aware that many guests were admiring her new appearance. Over time, however, she grew accustomed to the attention. The generous tips certainly helped. Before long, she had gotten accustomed to providing massages, including happy endings.

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With time, rumors about the body-modification procedures began to spread among the guests, sparking equal amounts of fascination and concern. Some viewed Adrian's laboratories as the future of medicine. Some saw them as something far more disturbing. Others showed a devious interest in the perverted creations made possible by the new technique.

While Margarita was quite pleased with her transformation, others got much less lucky. Estefania was one of those. Her looks were not exceptional but that wasn't even so relevant thanks to the gene editing technique Adrian now possessed. She just lacked the finesse and sophistication other girls had. So she was doomed to experiment with some of Adrian's most perverse and vile experiments, being told to be a groundbreaking enhancement procedure.

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She had heard of rumors about experimental procedures but most of the feedback she had received was encouraging. Some of her colleagues had re-emerged looking like blonde models, others looked like Asian beauties, in any case they looked pretty, much more than the boring Hispanic selves they were before.

Not feeling particularly pretty herself, Estefania was excited about her own transformation. However, the result went far beyond anything she could have imagined. Thanks to a careful blending of human and animal genes, together with a transplant of equine tissues and cartilage, the poor woman woke up from a lengthy procedure with a heavy prosthetic zebra muzzle implanted on her head, complete with big nostrils, or nares, a equine mane intertwined with her own black hair and equine eyes. Her look was completed by black and white skin over all over her body, still mostly human, a tail she found out she could somehow move, hooves replacing her feet and long functioning furry equine ears.

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Her brain was struggling to interpret the signal sent from her eyes, since they were now pointing towards two different directions, just like those of horses or zebras. She grabbed her smartphone with her hands, still human, and checked her monstrous reflection. Her black nares dilated, signaling stress. She tried screaming but only a equine neigh came out of her long nozzle.

She tried escaping somewhere, but she was so confused she hardly knew where she was and balancing on her hooves was no easy task. In any case, escaping anywhere would not have help her by then.

Adrian smiled at the terrified girl from behind a mirror-glass, glad he could now satisfy some of his and his friends's most perverse erotic fantasies. "Good girl. I knew she was good raw material for this project. - he thought - She had a certain animalistic nature I just had to reveal. I hope she'll come to terms with her new form, otherwise all of this would have been useless."

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Estefania's brain had been conditioned to suppress any attempt at rebellion and to place absolute trust in her caregivers. Her language centers had also been altered, leaving her unable to understand human speech patterns in any language. She was confined together with other human-animal hybrids to a sort of animal-anthro zoo restricted area on the island to give her time to accept her new body and life before introducing her to Adrian's luckiest visitors.

There, she was kept on a strict vegan diet consisting mostly of salads, leaves, and other plant matter. The diet perfectly suited her new physiology while also helping keep her docile and mentally sluggish. After the initial shock, she showed good signs of domestication, like wagging her tail when her keepers provided food, cuddling with other animals - with whom she could no longer communicate with words.

Eventually she was admitted to the presence of other human guests, where she learned how to please them using her hands, muzzle and genitals.