

Shark Island (Men to Anthro-Shark Girls TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for BobbyBoi105

When a group of four college men on holiday end up stranded on a deserted island because of a freak storm, rescue seems hopeless. Thankfully, there is plentiful fruit on the island for them to eat, but the more they eat, the more they start to change: first becoming women, and then becoming a lot more suitable for the water. Will these new sharkgirls embrace their new forms or try to escape them?

Shark Island

Part 1: Stranded

The ocean was blue and the sky somehow bluer. Peter's grin was so wide that it was starting to hurt as he took in the beauty of the tropical environs around him, and the ultra-expensive private yacht he had found himself on. The young man had grown up poor and always been very reserved in his spending, working as constantly as he could so he could pay off the debt for his marine biology college course, which he was soon to graduate from. One could almost tell his background just from his appearance: Peter was always a little scrawny, his brown hair a little shaggy and unkept, and he was only 5'6 in height, a result of not getting the nourishment he needed when he was a young child due to his family's destitution.

"And now I'm here," he whispered to himself, leaning his hand against the mast and enjoying the cool breeze of the ocean air.

It wasn't because of his own efforts that he was here, however. Peter hoped to become successful in his career, but he was still saddled with debt and two jobs, one of them overnight at a gas station, just to make ends meet. But by sheer happenstance, he'd had the good fortune to become friends with Lachlan Becks in his marine biology class, a blonde-haired and quite muscular man with expensive taste in clothes. They'd hit it off immediately, both of them sharing a love of the ocean and exploration, and even a love for schlocky eighties horror movies. It was only after Lachlan had invited Peter to come around to his house to catch up that Peter found out his new friend was seriously loaded. Incredibly loaded. As in, his father was the founder of a multi-billion dollar pharmaceutical company. *That* type of loaded.

"Trust me, you never get sick of it!" Lachlan exclaimed, slapping his hand against Peter's shoulder.

Peter smiled at his friend. "And you take this yacht out whenever you want?"

"Absolutely! Perks of being rich as fuck, man! Isn't that right, fellas?"

"Damn straight," Tyson said, holding up a mimosa as he lounged on a deck chair.

"You're welcome to share that wealth around, you know!" Diego added, adjusting the sails a little.

They were Lachlan's other friends, and now they had become Peter's friends too as of the last few weeks. Tyson was a childhood friend of Lachlan's, an African-American man with tight black curls and a deeply masculine jawline. He came from good wealth himself, but the man was a damn talented football player, and the NFL was practically throwing offers at him already. Meanwhile, Diego had a lot more in common with Peter, given that he was technically employed by Lachlan's wealthy family for the purpose of sailing their yacht for them. He was a handsome-looking Hispanic man with wavy black hair, and apparently had a reputation with the ladies, one he didn't deny. Still, he had told Peter that he was grateful to have someone else who "didn't come from money" around, particularly since he was still expected to do a number of the jobs on the yacht while the rest partied more easily.

"I'll share it around alright," Lachlan said to his friend/employee, "so long as you give us the grandest tour of this Caribbean stretch imaginable!"

"Yes, sir," Diego said, giving an over the top salute. "Whatever you say, sir!"

"That's the spirit!" Lachlan laughed. "I'm getting a beer. Anyone else want a beer? Pete, hurry up and have a beer, man!"

Peter grimaced a little. He struggled to take advantage of the many amenities and niceties that Lachlan was supplying for them all. He was used to repaying debts, living cheaply, and certainly not being spoiled like this.

"I, um, I've already had one!" he said.

Diego chuckled. "He won't let you just have one. Trust me. I know. He won't even let me pay through it in my check."

"Only an asshole would do that," Lachlan said. He gestured to Tyson. "What's up with these guys, huh?"

"Blue collar folk," Tyson said. "Real salt of the earth types. Can't relax because they never did growing up. Don't tell me you're so rich you don't know this, man."

Lachlan shrugged. "I know it, I just don't fucking understand it. Just have a drink, man!"

Peter moved to help Diego with the sail. He'd done his best to try and repay Lachlan for spruiking them all on this surprise Caribbean cruise, but he constantly felt a need to help out and try and prove that he had a right to be here, and that he wasn't taking advantage of his rich friend. But Lachlan just chuckled at this.

"Peter, man, you are having a cold one whether you like it or not."

"Just - as soon as I've finished helping Diego here."

Diego smirked beside him. "It won't work," he said in his lightly accented voice. "Lachlan's a great guy, but he has yet to learn how to take no for an answer."

"That sounds right!" Tyson chuckled, before lying back to enjoy the sun. "Beer me, dude! I'm over mimosas! Time for a man's drink!"

Lachlan threw him a bottle and he caught it easily, cracking it open and taking a deep drink. Peter gave a gesture that said 'in a moment, in a moment!' as he moved with Diego to observe how he adjusted the large yacht's course.

But then Lachlan had a funny idea, or at least one he thought was funny. He reached into the cooler and grabbed a bottle of pale ale and proceeded to toss it straight at Peter.

"Quick catch!" he yelled.

Peter turned too late, the bottle flying through the air straight toward him. But Lachlan was no athlete - that was Tyson's shtick - and the arc of the bottle went wide. It smacked against Diego's temple with a solid *CRACK*, and the only man capable of actually sailing the ship properly went down like a sack of potatoes.

"Holy shit!" Peter said as the man fell back into his arms. "Dude, what the - whoa!"

He slipped over, the bottle having smashed at his feet. Glass shards embedded in his heel, causing him to howl, and as he fell back he grabbed the ship's steering wheel, which turned it heavily to the starboard side. The sail swung rapidly, just as Tyson was running up to try and help. If anyone else had been in his place, they would have been fine, but the dark-skinned man was a massive 6'4 in height, and the beam of the sail collided against his chest, knocking him to the side and cracking several ribs. He fell down the stairs and slammed his head against the railing, and in moments he was out cold too.

Lachlan gasped, and Peter could see he clearly had no idea what to do. Unfortunately, with the blood going everywhere and his feet radiating pain due to the deeply embedded shards of glass, he too was growing faint.

"I don't f-feel so good," he managed, before slipping again on his own blood trailing and falling back into the yacht's cabin. He started crawling painfully to the emergency supplies within, but he was starting to get faint and groggy. The last thing he heard before he fell into unconsciousness was a very confused Lachlan shouting: "Oh fuck!"

Stormy waves lashed at the side of the ship. Peter woke suddenly. His feet were bandaged, and it took him a moment to remember why: he'd gone in and out of consciousness and had to render first aid on himself, because sheltered Lachlan had no idea what to do. The soles of his feet were still in agony, but that seemed to be the least of his problems, because the

yacht was being battered by the waves, tossing and turning the cabin and causing the contents of shelves to fly everywhere.

“L-Lachlan?” Peter managed. “Lachlan!?”

“Thank Christ! Peter! Get up here! Diego’s still out and I can’t wake him!”

Peter winced as he put his feet down upon the floor of the yacht, but he had no choice. Water was leaking into the ship from above, and when he managed to stagger up the stairs he could see that the sky was a horrid black-grey, the sea a frightening churn of waves that were threatening to tear the ship apart. The sail caught heavy wind and pulled the yacht to one side, and Peter was nearly flung overboard. A rather hapless, far less cool Lachlan was at the helm, trying to steer the ship and seeming unable to commit to a single heading.

“It’s a complete fucking nightmare!” the man declared, his sunglasses lost to the wind, his blonde hair whipped about in the forceful gale. “I’ve managed to wake Tyson but his back is all fucked up! But Diego is still out cold, man! He’s the only one that can pilot or steer this ship or whatever the fuck you call it, and he’s unconscious!”

Peter gripped the front railing. Everything was a nightmare; a sensory overload of tempest and storm. “How long was I out?” he cried, screaming into the wind just to be heard.

“I don’t know! Like an hour! Maybe more? I was too busy trying to take control after you fucked everything up!”

Peter gave him a look. “I’m the one who fucked everything up? You’re the one who threw a bottle at Diego’s head!”

“Yeah, and you knocked yourself out because Tyson was trying to save you!”

“From what *you* caused - where the hell is Tyson?”

“He’s there!”

Lachlan pointed to the man, who was slumped back in a chair on the deck, gripping the railing beside him for all it was worth to avoid spilling over the side.

“The hell!? He needs someone to rescue him!”

“Be my guest, man!” Lachlan shouted. “He’s a giant sack of meat! Get Diego awake already! He’s back in the cabin! I’ve got no idea what the fuck I’m doing!”

That much was clearly true. Peter could see it in his rich friend’s eyes; this was the first time he’d ever actually captained the ship himself, and he was way over his head. The fact that he still had the sail at full mast was insanity, especially since he was tacking into the wind.

“Try to turn us around while I see to him!” Peter shouted, but Lachlan was in full panic mode, and Tyson was groaning out loud in pain upon the deck.

“Just g-get me out of here! I’m too fucking young to die, dudes!”

Peter almost slid down the stairs again. His feet were in so much pain it was difficult not to go faint again, but at least he’d done a good job with his own first aid. He suspected

the discarded bandages on the floor were Lachlan's initial failed attempts to see to him before he had driven the whole group into a storm and shifted his priorities.

"Nghh!" the young man grunted, pushing past the pain. His skull whined in pain; clearly he'd hit it harder than he thought. He ignored that for now and found Diego, who had slid half out of the bed Lachlan had put him in due to all the rocking of the boat.

"Diego! Hey, Diego! We need your help!"

He pushed his friend's body, but the Hispanic man only winced a little, remaining otherwise unconscious. Thinking quickly, Peter grabbed the emergency medical supplies, rifling through them until he found what he was looking for: not bandages this time but instead the powerfully scented smelling salts. He opened the lid and placed it beneath Diego's nose, and the effect was practically instantaneous: the man sat up coughing and spluttering, eyes wide as if adrenaline was coursing through his veins.

"*Dios mio! Mierdas!* What - what the fuck is going on?"

"Lachlan threw a bottle at your head and you've probably got a concussion, but the boat is in the middle of a storm and we need you to-"

Peter didn't even get to finish his sentence, because Diego was already running up to the ship's wheel.

"*Idiota!*" he yelled. "You fool! Where have you taken us!?"

"I don't know!" Lachlan said. "I have no idea-"

"Go fucking secure Tyson! I'll try to get us out of here and -"

Peter saw it at the same time Diego did; an enormous wave that rose above all the others, barrelling straight towards their ship.

"Oh God," Peter gasped. "What do we do!?"

"Hold on tight!" Diego yelled, turning the ship to push against the wave head-on. "We might not make it!"

Lachlan screamed. "WHAT!?"

"Just see to Tyson!" Diego cried. "Make sure he doesn't go overboard!"

"No way, man!" the footballer cried from the deck. "No fucking way! NO FUCKING WAY!"

The wave was upon them, magnified by the sleet and the gale. Peter gripped the railing, but his feet slid out from under him, wracked with pain even as the enormous tidal wave crashed upon the yacht and then lifted it up and up and up and *up*. All four friends screamed in horror, sounding more like terrified children than grown, college-aged men. But no one could blame them; the forces of nature had scooped up the ship with ease and were carrying it right to the apex of the wave. For a moment, Peter was hopeful that they might even break through the wave, but all of his hopes were dashed when he saw Diego's resigned face, his teeth gritted as he held the wheel.

Peter didn't even have time for last words as the yacht was enveloped by the way and then turned over. He along with his friends was tossed into the churning void of the sea, crying out for help from on high before being cast into the deep below.

Once again, Peter fell unconscious.

Peter coughed up water. For several long moments, he thought he might be dead, or still dying, but then he saw a little crab step into his view, and his blurry vision slowly coalesced to reveal he was on a white sandy beach, with a thick jungle treeline roughly twenty feet away. He gasped, coughing up more water until his lungs were finally empty. It was a wretched experience, but somehow he was still alive, and without even meaning to the young brown-haired man burst into laughter, cackling like a mad man and rolling onto his back to feel the warmth of the tropical sun upon his face.

"I'm alive!" he cried. "I'm alive and . . ."

He paused, the full realisation hitting him. "L-Lachlan," he stammered. "Tyson. Diego!"

He got to his feet and cringed. God, they were in pain. He was almost certain that shards of glass were still embedded deeply within there, which was a bad sign. Still, he saw a body upon the beach and moved towards it. Lachlan had somehow lost his shirt, but his blonde hair and muscular body were unmistakable. Peter rolled him over, ready to perform CPR, but instead Lachlan groaned, clutching his head.

"Am I dead?"

"No, thank God!" Peter said, hugging his friend.

"Ow, ow! That fucking hurts, man!"

"Sorry, but we need to find the others, Lachlan. I think we're on an island, some kind . . . deserted island."

Indeed, it didn't look too large, at least to judge from the central mountain that jutted up beyond the teeming jungle, and the circumference of the shore. But he could explore later: the two of them needed to find Diego and Tyson, and to Lachlan's credit he was instantly alert and moving to find his friends.

"Fucking stupid yacht," he whined as they searched. "Damn thing wasn't worth the fifty million Dad paid for it!"

Peter refrained from saying anything about the bizarre catastrophe that had unfolded, even though Lachlan's comments irked him. Instead, he worked with him to find Diego on his back in the shallows, pulling the concussed man to the shore while he cursed Lachlan out yet again, this time entirely in Spanish. They found Tyson not long after, further down the

beach, a piece of flotsam beside him. He was in a bad way, conscious but breathing in a ragged kind of way.

“My legs!” he gasped. “I can’t f-feel my fucking legs! Lachlan, you fucking moron! What have you done?”

Peter could see that Lachlan was going to argue, so instead he interceded. “Just stay still, Ty. We’ll get you further up the beach and keep your back and your neck braced. I know how to do this, don’t worry. It might be shock or something else, so don’t panic. That will just make things worse.”

“I can’t feel my legs!” the man repeated. “I can’t play sports like this!”

“We’ll just get you up into some shelter, then we can figure out what to do. You probably need rest. Diego, we’ll need to get supplies that have washed ashore. Lachlan, can you try and see what’s around this island?”

Despite being the poorest and smallest (and certainly the scrawniest) of the four men, Peter found himself a natural leader in this moment, and none of the others challenged him. He’d been in emergency situations far more than the two more sheltered members of the group, and Diego was a bit compromised.

“Change of plan,” he said. “Diego, you’ve still got your concussion. Go rest up against a tree with Tyson. I’ll check out the island alone.”

A stretch of silence continued after he’d spoken, so he clapped his hands.

“C’mon, guys! Let’s move! We’ve got to get our shit together on this!”

At that, they finally began moving, and Peter set out to try and find civilisation to try and help. He didn’t tell any of them his lack of confidence in any success. Instead he just marched off, passing by a large stone obelisk on the beach, one that looked incredibly ancient. It depicted island women in its carvings, each of them dancing in revealing articles of clothing on the beach, and below them were figures that appeared to be shark-people with dorsal fins and impressive tails, each of them swimming in the water and offering gifts. The dancing women appeared to have those same gifts.

“Weird,” Peter said. “But looks like signs of civilisation. Ahh. F-fuck these feet.”

He marched on, his bandages wet but holding, and disappeared from view. He really needed to find a doctor. They all did.

Peter didn’t make it very far. He continued to seriously underestimate the damage to the soles of his feet, and it occurred to him long after his miraculous wakeup that there was probably a good chance they could become infected if he didn’t find a way to clean and redress the wounds.

“Why didn’t I send Lachlan to go look around the island?” he huffed to himself. But he knew the answer already: his friend was kind, witty, and confident, but he’d already proven that he was hopeless in a real life stress scenario. Peter had to do this himself.

But unfortunately, he *couldn’t*. There was no way to circumnavigate the island entirely and find evidence of civilisation, so he simply had to rely on common sense and guile to help him. The geography of the area suggested it was a small island, perhaps only several miles across. There was no smoke upon the horizon, or over any of the hills, and the lack of any evidence of human existence *other* than the strange runic carvings of the women and the shark-people (of which there were many, strangely enough) made it clear that this place had long since been abandoned.

There was just one thing that was an interesting curiosity: a large purple fruit somewhat shaped like a pineapple, only without the hard exterior: its hexagonal pattern was actually a segmented series of buds that looked ripe and full of juice. Peter was no idiot, he had no plan to eat it, but he lugged one bag anyway, carrying it under his arm.

In the end, that would have to be enough. He returned cautiously, wiping away tears of pain due to the damage in his feet, and collapsed before the rest of the group. They were a wretched bunch. Diego was still unconscious, and the throbbing wound on the side of his head where the bottle had gotten him made it clear his concussion was even worse than Peter had assumed. Lachlan’s normally composed face was dirtied and exhausted, his expression just short of panic. Tyson, on the other hand, looked utterly furious. There were tear streaks down his cheeks, and the man was sitting up against a tree, curling his fists over and over again.

“It’s my spine,” he said. “My goddamn spine. I can’t move my legs. Anything below my waist. Tell me there’s a goddamn medical clinic nearby, dude!”

Peter swallowed. He was so parched. All of them were. But he still had to deliver the bad news.

“There’s no one nearby,” he said. “We’re on a deserted island.”

“What!?” Lachlan screeched. “What are we going to do? How are we going to survive?”

Peter was about to say that he wasn’t sure, but then he took notice of what Lachlan’s was slumped up against, Diego sleeping on the ground before him. It was another carving on a great flat stone, and it showed a beautiful woman holding up a fruit of some sort, sort of like a pineapple. The same kind he had taken with him. A sharkgirl in the water was doing the same, and both had beaming smiles.

“We’ll just have to hope we get rescued,” he said. “But as for surviving . . . this fruit looks to be edible. Maybe that can help us?”

Lachlan frowned, unsure. Tyson was despondent. Peter took the initiative again and broke off a large, juicy bud and ate it. The juice that erupted in his mouth was perhaps the most pungent, flavour-filled, and utterly delicious tropical fruit he had ever consumed. Hell, it was perhaps the best thing he had consumed *period*.

“Oh my God, guys. You’ve got to try this! It’s wonderful.”

“Don’t wanna,” Tyson said, melancholic.

“There was a carving back there that showed a woman with a busted leg eating the fruit and becoming healed,” Peter suggested.

Cautiously, the potentially paraplegic man took a bud and began to eat it, the juice pouring down his chin. He instantly perked up.

“Hot damn, that *is* delicious.”

Lachlan was soon singing its praises as well, and wondering if his father’s business could expand to this area, but Peter was quick to remind him they had other priorities, like feeding Diego. Lachlan blushed and took a bud, then opened Diego’s mouth and squeezed some of the juice in. The man made some contented noises, which they took to be a good sign.

“Hopefully, we can sleep here, eat the fruit, and get rescued soon,” Peter said.

“Get me some medical attention after that, ASAP,” Tyson added, reaching for another fruit which Peter had to pass him.

“I’m sure it’ll be alright, guys, Lachlan said. “We’ll all look back on this and laugh. And hey, at least we’ve got this delicious fruit now, right?”

If only any of them could read the runic carvings on the stone, they would know that the fruit was called, in that ancient tongue, the Fruit of the Sea Beauties. *‘Eat and be changed. Become anew, neither woman nor shark but part of each, in glory to great Hawavu.’* But none of them could read the carvings, and so they saw only the fruit.

Which meant their fate was now sealed.

Part 2: Feminine Changes

Rescue failed to come the next day, which meant that the college-aged men - the conscious and fit among them, at least - were forced to adapt. Peter and Lachlan worked to build a shelter, and Tyson gave them instructions; apparently his family had a beach house with a lot of forest behind it, and he was used to building little play shelters when he was younger. He established the same principle but bigger, and it gave him something to take his mind off of his paralysed lower half.

"I can feel my toes!" he said excitedly by the time the afternoon rolled around. "I can wriggle them, see!"

Lachlan laughed. "Ha! Told you it wasn't paraplegia. You just strained your back or something."

"Or that delicious fruit actually does have the power to heal," Tyson said. "Give me another one, will you? I'm parched and starving!"

Diego was likewise showing signs of recovery. He had started to murmur, and the swollen injury on his temple had lost much of its swell. Peter, meanwhile, was shocked to find that his body was pushing out the glass shards that had stuck inside of him slowly but surely; he could finally grip them and pull them out, and while there was blood, the cuts were healing rapidly.

"Maybe you're right, Tyson," he said, marvelling at the rapid recovery. "My feet are getting better, and much faster than they should be."

Lachlan furrowed his brow. "If true, this could be a big find, everyone. This could make everything worth it. We could be rich!"

"You're already rich, dude," Tyson said, slowly shifting his ankles and grinning madly with relief. "You're the son of a millionaire."

Lachlan coughed. "Billionaire, actually."

"See!"

"But we could be trillionaires! World-renowned, beloved and famous! Fruit that can heal! Just look at Diego - can you hear us, *amigo*?"

Diego groaned slowly. "I hate it . . . when you call me . . . *amigo*."

At this, the group actually chuckled a little, and Peter patted the man's shoulder. "Rest, Diego. Rest and eat when we give you food."

The shelter was crude, but the next day they worked together to improve upon it. Tyson was recovering, and his back had stopped hurting. He could now shuffle on his legs, and was gradually restoring strength to them. Diego was finally awake, and while he still needed his rest, he was certainly able to give Lachlan a major chewing out.

"You fucking *pendejo*! What the hell were you thinking, chucking a bottle at my head when I wasn't looking!? You could have killed me! You would have if Peter didn't save me twice, the second time with this fruit! You caused the whole capsizing and ruined your father's yacht and-"

"Dude, I know I stuffed up! I'm just glad you're here. I mean, I feel like we *all* made some mistakes and-"

But Diego held up a finger to silence him. "Don't, just don't. This was your fault, and no one else's. Now just let me hate you for a day or two before we are friends."

"And give you a massive raise when we get back."

“And a bonus!”

With that said, and Tyson’s miraculous recovery, something like a sense of quiet confidence had come over them. They knew that it would only be a matter of time until they were rescued, and so they were able to explore the small island on the third day and see what it had to offer. There was indeed a stream where they could drink fresh water, though the strange purple fruit was so juicy that it effectively had all the water they truly needed. But apart from that, there was no other source of nourishment on the island as far as they could tell, and no other life either, besides the various flora. There weren’t even birds despite the abundant treelife, which gave the place an eerie vibe.

“How did people live here?” Peter said after bathing himself in the stream alongside the others. “There’s nothing to do!”

“Maybe that’s why they left,” Diego said, lying back in the stream. “Healing fruit means nothing if your life is boring. Ahhh, but my head feels so much better since I ate that fruit for lunch.”

“You need a haircut, dude,” Lachlan teased. “You’re starting to look like a girl.”

Diego turned and frowned at his friend, who was also relaxing in the warm waters further upstream. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m just saying, I had no idea that your hair was getting super long.”

“Speak for yourself, blondie. You’re the one with the girly hair.”

At this point, Tyson ran his hands through his hair and grunted in surprise. “Wait, hang on guys, my hair is longer too. Look, I’ve got longer curls.”

“Weird,” Peter said. “I’m the same. Hang on, I just realised I don’t have a beard.”

Lachlan chuckled. “You’ve never had a beard.”

“But I should have one by now! It’s been three days, but my face is smooth. It doesn’t even feel like I’ve got *any* hair here.”

“My moustache!” Diego shouted suddenly. “It’s gone! Why didn’t anyone tell me?”

“We thought you shaved it,” Lachlan said.

“With what!? The supplies we recovered from the flotsam didn’t have any shavers! Great, what could be causing this?”

But the answer was obvious. None of the boys were stupid. Sure, Tyson could go a little too nuts for sports over anything else, and Lachlan had his head in the clouds of wealth, but none of them were actually dumb. The common factor was the fruit, but it was the only source of sustenance on the island, and so they simply had to put up with consuming more of it that night, and accept that it would temporarily mean some odd hair growth in some places and not in others.

Still, Peter tossed and turned that night. Despite the warmth of the air and the fact that they’d managed to make some decently comfortable shelters for each of them, his body

felt strange and uncomfortable. His nipples throbbed, and they were distended for some reason. His hips were likewise quite strange, and he kept smacking his lips, pouting them by some odd instinct. He tossed and he turned, hearing the others do the same in their own little makeshift shelters, and tried to push away the bodily sensations until he could finally sleep. When unconsciousness finally came, he dreamed of the imagery in those stones, and of dancing women consuming the fruit and leaping into the water, never to return.

By the fifth day, a pattern was emerging, one that none of them could ignore. The fruit had healed them: Peter's feet were back to normal, Tyson was up and running and swimming eagerly, and Diego was likewise conscious and without any evidence of a concussion whatsoever. Their situation, while still without any sign of rescue, was at least stable: the fruit supply of the island was immense, and the trees seemed to grow the fruit impressively quickly. Their shelters were getting less crude now that they'd found a saw among the wreckage of the yacht that had washed up on shore, and they were able to start making stronger coverage in case of storms. Their clothing situation was still pretty dire, but Lachlan had numerous pairs of underpants in his luggage, and one of them had thankfully washed up, so there were lots of jokes as they shared his size, with Tyson in particular teasing his friend for having a "big everything, except where it counts!"

But there were growing side effects. The young men were already feeling awkward about the hair growth and loss of their five o'clock shadows, but the rest of their body hair had slowly shed as well. When Peter bathed, he tried to hide the fact that his pubic hair appeared to be inverted now; an upside-down triangular patch that reminded him of his girlfriend's downstairs. If these were the only side effects, it would have just been a source of amusement and teasing, but the more they ate the fruit, the more far-reaching the changes were. Peter's nipples had swollen up and his areolas expanded. His chest had started becoming puffy around them, as if the flesh was growing there. At the same time, his waistline was withdrawing, becoming even thinner, while his hips were spreading out. This change was matched by his other friends, and because their clothing was falling apart and they could only rotate one or two articles at a time, it was easy that they were all being affected similarly. Tyson's muscular body was shrinking down, his shoulders thinner, his eight-pack slimming to become a tone's stomach. His ass was blowing up, and he was doing his best to hide it.

"Nice *culo*!" Diego said at one point, his voice cracking a little.

"Dude! Don't fucking talk about my ass!" Tyson squeaked in response.

Lachlan laughed, only to suddenly go red; that was because his chest was growing the largest of all, to the point where it was difficult to think of the developments there as anything other than rather prominent breasts. When Peter mentioned this, pointing out all of them were growing fatty deposits there, Lachlan was beside himself.

"No, no way! This is just, like, some side effect! Sure, it means my father's company probably won't want to monetise it. I mean, it's not really his specialty anyway. But they're not *real* breasts. Just like that's not Tyson's real ass or Diego's real hips!"

"Hey!" the pair of them said, though it was impossible to ignore that Tyson really was developing quite a pronounced rear, and Diego the kind of hips that would belong on a beautiful *chica*. They were all in denial except for Peter. He'd been kicked around enough in life, however, that he knew when to expect the worst. By the time the sixth day had rolled around he was ready to confront his friends. All of them now had softer faces and smoother skin. Their hair was starting to reach past their chins, and their facial features were becoming almost . . . pretty. The fact that Peter's member was shrinking and that he was having a hard time getting it, well, *hard* when he had erotic thoughts at night only made his conclusions more obvious.

"Alright, group meeting," he said.

"Hey, I'm the leader here," Lachlan replied. "I call the group meetings."

"We don't have a leader."

"I'm the one who brought the yacht!"

"The one you destroyed," Diego snarked.

"Look, just listen," Peter said. "We can't ignore this anymore. All the inscriptions on this island - and there are lots of them - are all of women. All of them. Not one man in them. And they all are shown with the fruit. Don't you see it? The fruit is turning us into women?"

"No way, man," Tyson said. "I'm not turning into a chick. No fucking way."

"Just look at yourself, Tyson!" Peter declared. "You're barely six feet tall now! Your hips are wide like a woman's. Any day now and you'll have an hourglass figure that an attractive chick would envy! Look at us, even our voices sound higher! Does anyone here even still have an Adam's apple?"

Each man felt his neck, and for some reason this was the thing that seemed to convince them. Diego spoke for the group.

"*Mierda*," he spat, though his voice was high and lilting, his accent making it oddly attractive. "He's right."

"No fucking way!"

"He's right, Tyson. Look at us. I've got the wide hips, you've got the big boobies. And Lachlan here is getting the real ripe *tetas*."

The rich man cupped his breasts, which must have been B-cups by that point, and he winced. Peter recognised the sensation he was feeling; the ache of future growth. His own chest wasn't far behind Lachlan's at this rate.

"Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit!" Lachlan said. "Tyson's right. We can't turn into chicks. I'm not going to become some woman. I'm the heir to Dad's fortune. He's got a whole thing about sons! Besides, I've slept with so many chicks!"

"Me too," Diego said. "And probably more than you."

"Yes, brag about it another time."

"And I've got my girl," Tyson said, referring to his girlfriend Gabriella back home. "She ain't exactly gonna keep dating me if I've got a pussy. No fucking way am I gonna be a woman. Shit, Peter, what do we do?"

Lachlan looked at Peter with annoyance; he was clearly used to being the one people looked to for authority, but Peter knew he had the level head right now.

"We get serious about getting rescued. We make bigger signs for SOS, and on each side of the island now. We lash together what we've got and use that emergency saw to start making our own yacht. And we ration out the fruit. It's the only food, but we can go longer without it, right?"

"Fucking A we can," Tyson said. "I'm not eating one more slice! No way this island is gonna take my dick!"

The group gave a "hear, hear!" to that, and it was settled. But the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry, particularly on deserted islands with only one source of nourishment . . .

It was a race against time, and time was winning. Each day, Peter could feel himself slowly becoming more feminine, and not just in body either; his dreams were starting to take on an erotic bent, featuring attractive men instead of women, and it left him touching his sensitive breasts, which were now ample C-cups. Embarrassingly, he found that he could get off on touching his nipples in the right ways, but he had to suppress his own girlish moans, or he'd sound like Diego, who being the most lustful of the group had clearly given in the first, and the most frequently.

There was no avoiding the purple fruit. Only Tyson was trying to avoid eating it entirely, but his stomach was constantly growling after a day and a half, and the man was miserable. Meanwhile, the rest of them continued to change. Peter would often stop working on their new yacht attempt just so he could lean against a tree and groan. Just after a meal, he could literally *feel* his penis start to slide back into his body.

“Ohhhhh,” he groaned. “F-fuck. It’s getting faster.”

“We know!” Lachlan said, rubbing his crotch and wincing. “Stop reminding me how baggy my own damn underwear is getting! Fuck, I’ve got, like, D-cups now. They won’t stop bouncing!”

There was still no sign of rescue for any of them. No helicopters, no rescue planes, no *nothing*. Work on their own yacht was slow; Diego had to teach them proper rope ties and lashings, and explained that they had to map the tides to find the best time to leave, or it would all be hopeless.

“What’s hopeless is our bodies!” Tyson groaned, grabbing a purple fruit and devouring it. “I couldn’t go longer than two days without this shit! It’s like a full blown addiction!”

His hair was now a loose afro that went down to his shoulders, and his lips were full and beautiful. Tyson’s cheekbones were now raised and delicate, while his figure was no taller than 5’8 now, with a gorgeously thick figure with a very prominent rear. Meanwhile, Lachlan looked like a blonde bombshell, complete with large breasts topped by pink nipples and straight hair that went all the way down below his shoulders. He was even starting to sway his hips as he walked thanks to the changes to his pelvis. Diego looked like a very pretty Hispanic chick, his dark curls framing a very seductive face, a fact that he hated since it reminded him of his various female ‘conquests.’ He had the most impressive ‘babymakers’ of the group; wide hips that sashayed with every movement, though his chest was at least slimmer. That left Peter, who now had hair that went down past his shoulder blades and had actually *gained* height. His scrawniness was gone, replaced by lovely curves and a pair of D-cup breasts that were only just behind Lachlan’s in the races. They felt all wrong; a pair of fatty lumps that jiggled and wobbled with his movements, and cleavage when he pushed them together or wore a top. They were sensitive too, and his entire body felt more aroused. He suspected this was true of all of them now.

“We just have to hold on a little longer,” he told the demoralised group. I’m sure once we are rescued, we can show the proof of the fruit and reveal what’s going on and they can - they can - they can . . .”

His friends looked at him as they were gathered around their campfire (thankfully, Diego always had a lighter on his person and a second for good luck).

“Dude, you okay?” Tyson asked in his husky voice. “I mean, none of us are okay, but you know what I mean.”

Peter moaned again. “Ohhhh, I can f-feel it!”

“Feel what, man?” Lachlan asked.

“M-my dick! It’s speeding up! Ohhh, I can feel it going into me! Fuck, it’s going into me!”

Diego stood to try and help - though what he could do Peter had no idea - only to double over himself. “*Dios mio!* I can f-feel it, too! *Mierda*, I’m l-losing my cock! FUCK!”

Soon they were all screeching and crying out, the men losing the final male part of themselves. Tyson swore and cursed and screamed at the heavens. He’d been the manliest of all of them, and he literally sobbed as his dick withdrew into his body, leaving a wet passage behind. The others followed suit with their despair, Lachlan moaning loudly as his breasts grew as well. The same was true of Peter, who couldn’t help but gasp and cry out like a woman in heat. A pleasure rose in his body even as it turned to ultimate womanhood.

“Ohhhh! I can’t h-help it! I’m sorry guys, I think I’m going to c-cum!”

“Me t-too!”

“Me three!”

“Four! NGHH!!”

With a shared eruption, the four friends underwent the final change together. The foul fruit finished its dreaded work upon them, and the femininity was complete. One by one they collapsed upon the ground beneath the brilliantly starry night. Each clutching their bodies, their breasts, and slowly but surely daring to explore the new vaginas they had just developed. Tyson let out another sob. Diego cursed under his breath. Lachlan moaned a little, clearly exploring just a little further. Peter, on the other hand, pulled his - no, *her* now - hand back, retreating from the sensitive folds she had just touched.

“This doesn’t change a thing,” the gorgeous brunette told herself. “We’re still getting out of here.”

She looked over at the runic stone near their camp, the one that displayed the pretty female dancers holding the fruit above their heads.

“I won’t end up like you,” he muttered. “I’ve been fighting all my life. I’ll beat this. I won’t become some dancing beach lady.”

If only he had looked a little further south on the engraving, and paid just a little more attention to the mythical shark women. They too were holding the fruit, and had the same hairstyles as each of the dancing women directly above them.

Part 3: Sharkbite

Where they had once been four men, there were now four women. That was a hard fact to accept, but as the days continued, each of them slowly adapted. This wasn’t to say they *accepted* what had happened to them, or that they became used to their bodies. Far from it! Tyson complained repeatedly about how his ass jiggled when he moved about, while Diego

uttered a sentence no one expected to ever hear: "When I get horny now, I smell like the girls I used to sleep with. That's like a pig smelling pork when it wants to have sex. It's fucked up."

Peter improvised a wrap around his breasts to cover them up and keep them from bouncing too much, and the other men did the same to varying degrees of success. For the now mega-busty Lachlan, this was an actual necessity. Tyson, whose girlfriend Gabriella was quite busty, estimated out loud that they were "bigger than my Gabby's E-cups. You've probably got big ole F-cups, man."

Lachlan groaned at this. "Great! Now my father will never let me inherit his wealth or his company! I look like the kind of girl you see in Scandinavia when you go for a holiday there!"

"Never had the opportunity," Peter remarked, and Diego smirked at this. "Look, we're all women now. We've all got pussies. We're just going to have to deal with that and keep on working."

"I'm not even strong like I was before!" Tyson complained. "I mean, I'm fit for a girl, but I'm shorter and I haven't got my footballer frame, dude. What am I supposed to do?"

"Take longer to get the physical work done," Peter declared, "but still get it done."

"Easy for you to say, you're the only one here who grew taller and put on muscle mass."

Peter blushed at this. It was embarrassing to end up in the body of a hot, curvy brunette version of herself and yet still be stronger and fitter than her male form. She had her hair tied in a loose ponytail and was wearing improvised clothing with no access to makeup, and yet she still looked like some kind of sexy workout girl on the beach or something.

"Look, I had it bad compared to you guys when I was a man, okay? I was shorter, scrawnier, and definitely poorer. But I did my part to keep up. Now you can do it. Stop being whiny bitches."

At this, Tyson actually chuckled. "Okay, now if that's not a challenge, I don't know what is! And hey, at least we eat this delicious fruit without any more fear, right? What am I gonna get, a *bigger* ass? Good luck with that!"

The yacht was taking shape, and Diego had found a good cove where the launch would be best. They were stocking up on fruit supplies now, but it was all an arduous process, and after a storm hit after two weeks or so upon the island, they had to work to repair their shelters, which was more difficult given their girly muscles.

"I better not get a fucking period while I'm here," Lachlan complained. "I swear, I'm never buying a yacht again. Diego, everyone, we're going to France next time. Or the Netherlands. Just get stoned together and go to the red light district and whore around with the ladies."

"We look like we *belong* in the red light district," Peter said, which got them laughing again.

The mood was increasing again. Yes, they were women, and yes, it occasionally got each of them down (especially Tyson), but their isolation and the sense that the damage was 'done,' so to speak, managed to calm them quite a bit. Being former boys, they teased one another about their body parts, and Lachlan even showed off her large, ripe breasts and bragged about how she was the best looking as a man, and now the best looking as a woman.

"As if!" Tyson declared, shaking his backside. "Baby here got back!"

"Well, I got the hips," Diego bragged.

Peter just gestured to herself. "Well, I may not have the best of anything in particular, but I've got the best *everything*, wouldn't you say?"

It was true. She had hips, tits, ass, and an hourglass figure and pair of legs that would have made them drool if they were still attracted to women. That was the other thing they didn't mention; the fact that they clearly had heterosexual thoughts . . . from a woman's point-of-view. Peter occasionally masturbated for the sheer pleasure of it, and her thoughts turned to attractive men. It was humiliating, but she needed to get off. She knew, from the loud moans from other shelters, that her friends were doing the same, but by unspoken agreement they said nothing. They simply tried to enjoy the parts of being women they had always been curious about. They made their jokes, they adapted as best as they could, and when their transformation got them down a little too much, they did their best to hype one another up or shift the conversation to football or movies or attractive ex-girlfriends.

The four were almost ready with the yacht by the time they'd reached an equilibrium. They had been on the island for over a month now, and been women for over two weeks. Peter had become their default leader and Diego their resident expert. They were close to escaping. They could feel it.

And that was when they started developing scales and shark teeth.

Lachlan was the first to gain them, or perhaps he was just the first to notice. Being the most self-obsessed individual of the four, the new blonde bombshell was constantly bemoaning how she had to go do her business in the bush, how she always ended up with dirt on her skin, and how much sweat ended up beneath her big boobs by the end of the day. Because she was constantly inspecting herself, she came running to the group on the beach as they were assembling their yacht one morning, having demanded her 'beauty sleep' before getting up.

"Guys! Everyone!" she cried, her blonde hair whipping in the wind and her large chest bouncing in the tied fabric that was serving as her bra for the day. "You've got to see this

shit! I've got the weirdest, freakiest rash. At least I hope it is, because otherwise that means the fruit isn't done with us and there's no fucking way I want that!"

She raised an arm and shifted to show them the area beside her ample breasts, lifting her top so they could see.

"Nice big hooters," Tyson chuckled.

"Oh, shut up. Look at the patch on the side of my boob! It's on the other side too. It looks like-"

"Scales," Peter said. "Like navy blue scales."

But Diego shook her head slowly. The beautiful Hispanic woman reached out to feel them, and Lachlan shivered a little. "Hey! It feels sensitive. Ask before you touch my tits, man."

"They're not scales," Diego said slowly, her eyes narrowing. "They're denticles."

"Denticles," Tyson scoffed. "The fuck is a denticle?"

"It's what sharks have."

She exchanged a look with Peter, who nodded nervously back. She herself had instantly drawn a connection the moment Diego had made the clarification; they were both thinking about the shark ladies in the carved stones around the island, the ones carrying the fruit above their heads as they swam in the water.

"It might just be a coincidence," the curvaceous brunette said.

Diego grimaced. "We'll have to hope so, because we need the fruit to give us energy for our escape."

Unfortunately, it was not a coincidence. In the days that followed, all of them began growing denticles in patches across their skin, patches that slowly grew, speeding up after each consumption of the purple fruit. Lachlan's breasts were soon covered, with the exception of her nipples, though they turned a dark blue. In addition, her teeth had started to ache, and overnight they gained a pointiness to them, getting sharper the more she ate.

"I'm getting fucking shark teeth!" she exclaimed, pulling at her long blonde hair and wanting to take a bite out of a damn tree in frustration. "This is fucking insane."

"You're telling me," Tyson said. "My teeth are starting to kill me. Peter says we're turning into shark people."

"Just a theory," Peter said, gesturing to a stone surface that displayed a shark woman in more intricate detail. "But I think it's a solid one, really. All the stones show shark ladies, right? And they have sharp teeth and scaly skin, at least from what little detail we can see."

"And they have dorsal fins," Diego said.

"So?" Lachlan asked.

The Hispanic woman turned and pulled off her shirt, causing her breasts to jostle a little. There on her back was a small protrusion, like her spine had started to push out to form a vertical column that was raised above the surface of the skin.

"So, I'm *growing one*," she emphasised in her lovely accent. "And I suspect you all won't be far behind. I'm just eating more fruit because I'm working harder than anyone."

Peter grimaced. That explained why she was getting a sore back ache as well, located between her shoulder blades and then further down below them. She had been adamant about working on this project, and since her Dad had been a carpenter and Diego had been a labourer in many professions, the two had been the hardest at work on the yacht, and therefore eating more.

"Shit," she said. She ran her tongue over her teeth and felt their sharpness. Not only that, but her tongue was also coarser. Sort of sandpapery, presumably so it wouldn't get injured or cut on her own teeth. "We'll have to work faster. Or else we might not even be recognisably human by the time we escape."

"Maybe it wears off!?" Lachlan said, starting to pace in a panic, clutching her boobs so they didn't bounce so much. "I can't turn into a fucking shark! I just can't! I won't even be able to walk on land!"

"The pictures all show the ladies having legs, at least. It's just they've also got dorsal fins and a long sharktail out their butt."

"Well, that just makes it all better now, doesn't it, Peter! Fuck, I can't believe it! If we didn't have you on this trip, we might not have ended up like this!"

"Don't blame him," Diego said.

"Yeah," Tyson replied. "This was your fault, man."

"Gragh! I know that! Just give me something, though! Fuck! I'm supposed to be the wealthy one! The guy that shows all his friends a good time! I can do anything I fucking want, only now I'm stuck and I can't control a thing. None of you know what that feels like."

Peter and Diego in particular gave each other the side-eye, as if to say, 'I wish I could have your problems, man.' Neither said anything though; it was clear that Lachlan was breaking down much as Tyson had several weeks ago.

"We just gotta press on," Peter eventually said, putting a hand on Lachlan's shoulder.

The woman sighed, her chest heaving. It was a damn knife in Peter's guts to know that this incredibly attractive woman, denticles and shark teeth and all, still wasn't attractive to her. She'd brought herself to orgasm just imagining a handsome male captain coming to her rescue last night.

"Okay, press on," Lachlan said. "Race against time. That just gives us more reason to try, right?"

The race against time was more fraught than any of them had imagined. Their transformation into beautiful and shapely women had been quite gradual, but it seemed that, despite their next change being altogether more extreme, the fruit must have been preparing their bodies the whole time for it, and as such their alterations came much more rapidly. The very next day, Peter woke to find that her teeth were now shark-like, with triangular points. Her denticles were now covering at least fifty percent of her body, with just her stomach and face and parts of her legs not covered by her own grey colouring. Tyson was similar, with a very black coat to her skin, almost like more of an orca than a shark, and given the white patches around her eyes, that could well be the case. A killer whale of a woman, rather than a shark.

“Close enough for ancient islanders, I guess,” she bemoaned. “Not like they had marine biologists like you to figure me out, Peter.”

Peter sighed, her own education in such manners coming into practice. Lachlan had the lovely colouring of a blue shark, and judging from how her face was starting to protrude, she could well end up with the elongated snout of one as well. Diego, meanwhile, had clearly drawn the short straw, because the sides of her head were starting to bulge oddly, until it was undeniable what she was becoming.

“*Mierda*, I’m a fucking hammerhead shark girl. Just my rotten luck!”

Tyson raised an eyebrow at this exclamation as they compared changes around the shelter that morning. “Sorry man, I gotta ask, but were you talking to me just then, or Lachlan? Your eyes are getting so far apart it’s hard to tell.”

Suffice to say, Diego was quick on her feet and chasing after the former man, cursing her out in Spanish as she ran. Lachlan chuckled at this, clearly grateful for some entertainment, but Peter could tell she was getting more and more worried, and for good reason.

Just three days and a failed fruit fast later, the group had changed even more radically. They were all bulking up again, getting taller and musclier. Tyson was incredibly grateful for this, though she still had the extra curves and thickened middle of, as he put it, “a fucking shark MILF.” Fitting for a man who had become a woman who was becoming some kind of anthro-orca. She even had a sleek stomach that was all white and more rubbery, though her denticles remained, black and shiny, which real orca did not have. They were certainly smooth though, and such was the case of all of them; there was only the very lightest sandpaper effect from their new skin, not that it consoled them much. The other changes were radical enough to overcome any joy from still having smooth skin: their faces were pushing forward to form little snouts. It was utterly bizarre to realise that one’s mouth

and one's nose were effectively part of the same structure now; a longer snout that pushed one's whole face forwards.

"Why is mine so much longer!?" Lachlan whined. "I've got a huge nose here!"

"Because you're like a blue shark woman," Peter explained. "Just like Tyson is some kind of half-orca, half-shark woman."

"But - but it's so long! My face feels weird!"

At this point, Diego turned to her, cocking her own head so that her dark grey hammerhead shape was in full view.

"Wow, that must be *so difficult for you*, Lachlan."

Indeed, the Hispanic woman now looked the oddest out of all of them, and yet oddly attractive despite that, perhaps because of how exotic she appeared. Her head had widened, forming the two hammerhead branches, and her eyes had pushed out onto them so that her nose slits were in the centre of the flat plane of her head. She still had her wavy black hair, however, and a set of full lips that framed her sharp teeth. Somehow, the effect pulled together to form a rather sexy hammerhead girl, even if those eyes were *really* separated onto the sides of her head.

"You don't look too bad, actually," Peter said honestly. "You look very - very attractive!"

"*Dios mio*, don't lie to me."

"Nah, she's right," Tyson said. "I'd fucking do you, man. You know, if I was a guy still, and probably a little drunk."

At this, Diego sighed. "At least I'm not terrible-looking. None of us are. Hardly anyone to appreciate us though, huh?"

Lachlan sniffled at that. "I'd rather not be appreciated! I'm some big-boobed shark girl now. My Dad will distance himself from me. We'll be dissected and studied if we ever get rescued."

Her words made the entire group go silent. They were already becoming alien enough; Peter's face was gaining a cute snout as well, and her own muscles and height were growing as she became more shark-like. She couldn't imagine her not becoming some freak science experiment.

"Well, the raft is just about done, and Diego says we can try and leave in two days. We can talk in the morning and make a decision on what to do then."

At that, she scratched the growth on her back and walked away, her hips swaying more than she'd like, and the area above her butt itchy and achey. She had a feeling she knew what was going on there, too.

By the time two days had passed and the tide was perfect for leaving, none of the women knew whether they even wanted to go. Over the past couple of days, they had moaned and gasped as their tails pushed out, fins growing out from the end of the thick flesh. Peter had moaned in her tent, rubbing her new limb and clutching her still-soft shark-woman breasts, orgasming just as she had when her pussy had grown in. Just like last time, the final change had accelerated and brought with it a massive amount of reluctant pleasure, and soon the sound of women crying out in passion echoed throughout the night. Her hair turned silver to match her Great White Shark form, and her height grew yet again. Her tail was massive, over five feet long in length, and the muscles within it were powerful. The same was true of each of them: Tyson had the thickest tail, suiting her voluptuous yet powerful figure, which was the largest of all of them, while Diego had the smallest, which she was grateful for.

"Being stuck looking out the sides of my head is already enough change for me," she explained, gesturing to her unusual head.

Lachlan's tail was the thinnest, sleek and feminine as befitting her bombshell nature. And she was still an utter bombshell. They all were, in fact, which was a very odd thing to think, but it was true. Despite now being covered in shark scales and possessing powerful tails that dragged behind them on the beach or curled about their waists, despite the sharp teeth and little snouts and the dorsal fins that now made wearing clothing all but impossible . . . they were still strikingly attractive. And that was even because their minds hadn't altered or anything; Peter was certain that she was relatively unchanged in that respect. Instead, she just noted that each of them still had very busty and attractive female figures. Even their snouts were cute; they were much smaller - even Lachlan's - compared to a real shark's, and so their faces were still very feminine, including Diego's. They still had pretty lips, soft jawlines, lovely cheeks and cheekbones, and wild, beautiful hair. Peter's was now silver in colour, while Tyson's remained a mane of afro-curls. Lachlan was very pleased that hers was still bright blonde, and despite clashing with her blue shark skin, she managed to pull it off. Diego, meanwhile, had a grey streak in her hair, which was otherwise black and slightly curly. They were also, by this point, entirely naked. A little embarrassing, but it wasn't like they could easily wear clothes with pronounced dorsal fins and big, thick tails out of their backsides. At least the denticled skin around their breasts made them a little firmer and less prone to bouncing, though no less sensitive, as Peter had discovered.

"Okay," she said, gesturing to herself. "Our changes are pretty much done. For good, this time. We're all shark girls, just like the engravings and paintings on the stones around the island."

"At least I got my height back," Tyson declared, gesturing to her impressive stature. "I mean, I might even be taller than before. Just as broad, too!"

“Oh, great!” Lachlan said sarcastically, crossing her arms over her large blue breasts. “I’m so happy we all got our athletic natures back. Hell, Peter here is even musclier than me, in a girl-muscle kind of way.”

Peter actually found it hard not to grin her pointed teeth at this. She couldn’t deny that she had a very attractively shaped body; curvaceous yet fit, but not so muscled that she looked ridiculous. Well, any more ridiculous than an anthro-shark gal.

“Look, we’ve all got it bad,” Peter said. “Some in worse ways than others.”

“Yeah, like, my waist is pretty thick here. I got hot Momma thighs,” Tyson said.

“And need I remind you people that I’ve got a *hammerhead*,” Diego intoned.

Tyson chuckled. “Nice fucking hips though!”

“You’re goddamn right, *chica*. The best hips. But still a fucking hammerhead woman.”

“And I’m a great white shark,” Peter said. “Except I’ve got boobs, a vagina, and the kind of hourglass figure I wish my imaginary girlfriend had. Look, we could compare notes all day, but the fact is that we’ve all become anthro-shark women, and none of us look human now. We’ve got the figures of women, sure, but we’re scaled - or denticled, or whatever - and the little snouts and all that. I mean, we’ve got gills in our freakin’ necks here.”

She gestured to her own neck. That had been one of the last developments, though she had been too nervous to actually give her new gills a test run.

“My point is, we’re all in the same boat, and *here’s the goddamn boat*. The problem is, when we get back, we’ll probably be locked up and experimented on, made famous or disappeared or whatever. We might not. We might be rescued and turned back. But we need to decide what we’re going to do; are we willing to take that risk?”

The other three shark women grumbled among themselves, and Diego in Spanish. It was a real conundrum. They’d been working on this escape plan for so long, but their yacht with its half-sail looked a bit ridiculous, and the possibility of getting back to their old lives seemed even more remote now that it was finished. Peter herself wasn’t sure what to think. She had a bad feeling of what would happen if she tried to just rock up to human civilisation. There were enough loonies out there that they might just try to hunt her and her friends. But at the same time, she knew that Tyson and Lachlan in particular had grand futures mapped out for themselves, and the latter was used to such a level of comfort she certainly didn’t want to give up.

Sure enough, Lachlan made that clear, being the first one to speak. “We have to risk it. I’m an heir to a major company, for God’s sake! I’m used to flying around the world, living in comfort and wealth! No offence, but I can’t give that up.”

“Yeah, and I’m on track for the NFL,” Tyson said. “That’s the fucking dream. I’d rather risk it. That’s what a true footballer would do.”

Diego shrugged. "I'm not becoming some experiment. Look at me, I'm the freakiest monster here. I'd rather try life in the ocean and improvise. That's always how I've rolled."

Peter sighed and nodded in agreement. "I'll join you."

"What!?" Lachlan said. "What's wrong with you?"

"I want to be a marine biologist because I love marine environments, Lachlan. I was always amazed when Mom saved up to take me to the aquarium twice a year. Now, I can get closer to those environments than ever. Besides, it's not like my prospects are great back at home. I don't have your wealth. I'm just a poor guy stuck in debt. Living like this . . . I could be free of the system that never treated me too kindly."

"Spoken well, *hermana*," Diego said, placing a hand on the woman's grey-scaled shoulder. "And I agree."

Lachlan and Tyson's jaws were lowered, their sharp teeth showing.

"What are we supposed to do, then!?" Lachlan exclaimed. "I can't lose my ship captain and our most practical member at the same time! Tyson and I will be - we'll be sharkbait!"

At this, Peter and Diego actually broke into girlish laughter. Their heavy tails thudded on the ground audibly, a sensation Peter definitely wasn't used to yet.

"Guys, you are sharks!" she exclaimed, embarrassing the pair of them. But then an idea formed. "Wait, we're *all sharks*."

"Yeah, we're aware, man," Tyson said. "Though I'm half whale. No one better make any fat jokes."

"No, I mean we're *sharks*. We should be able to breathe underwater, right? So why don't we just *swim* to civilisation now? We've got the tails as of this morning to get us there, so we can check things out and try to find a good position for ourselves without being rescued and becoming national news. We can return in our own time and on our own terms, and we can all decide if we're happy to go back or not on the way!"

At this, Lachlan breathed a sigh of relief, as did the others.

"Now *that's* a plan," the former wealthy man stated. "Besides, I was kinda hoping to at least *try* out these gills and this tail. No point wasting what we've been given!"

Part 4: The Big Swim

The life of an anthro-shark girl was astonishing. Peter had taken her first dip right after that discussion, and sure enough her gills had filtered the water easily, allowing her to effectively breathe underwater. Her tail, sluggish and large - though still oddly sleek and attractive - on land, instead became an elegant and powerful thing in the water. It took a little bit of practise,

but she and the others could propel themselves through the water at high speed in short bursts, or simply maintain a solid pace with their tails undulating from side to side (or in Tyson's more whale-like case, up and down) in order to thrust them through the water. Their dorsal fins kept them angled well, and their hands and feet, now slightly webbed with thick denticled skin, enabled them to shift directions in the water or pull to a halt when their tail went limp.

"This is incredible!" Peter shouted underwater, causing bubbles to rise from her mouth.

"Right!?" Diego announced, pulling up beside her. "Wait, I can hear you underwater? You sound warbly, but I can hear you!"

"Even better!" Peter declared. "Look, here comes Lachlan!"

She was actually smiling, moving with a borderline sensual kind of movement, her thin tail whipping about like a ribbon. She pulled to a stop a little awkwardly, dispelling the effect, but then she cupped her boobs and laughed.

"At least these things aren't heavy underwater, huh? To think, my father had to pay millions for a submarine to go this deep, and here we are swimming around the reefs and beyond!"

They had to scatter quickly though, because Tyson suddenly burst through their lines with a loud "WHOOOOOO!!!" echoing through the water, her larger orca-shark body going deeper and deeper before doing somersaults and loop-de-loops through the water.

"Fuckin' A!" she boomed. "I wanna be human again, but this is fucking INCREDIBLE! I've never felt fucking stronger! WOOO-HOOO!!!"

The three of them laughed, and then Diego was shooting forth, moving with far greater awareness than the other three thanks to her angled eyes, her hammerhead form suitable for getting right down against the sandy banks and hovering over the sharp coral reefs without quite touching them.

It was a magnificent swim, and they actually didn't even go anywhere that day, because they were too busy enamoured with getting used to their shark-girl forms. Indeed, Peter had to agree with Lachlan; their boobs were now quite so in the way now that they were underwater, and the sensation of power was just as Tyson had described it; utterly intoxicating.

They set out the next day, able to communicate in the deep, and always testing their boundaries further. None of them even bothered to try wearing clothing anymore; it just felt too unnatural. Nor did they bring fruit with them - how could they? Instead, new instincts finally rose within them, and Peter was the first to succumb. She had been studying to be a marine biologist, so she was able to lead her friends to solid feeding grounds; her nose could

smell blood in the water, and her electrical sense - so very new to her - was detecting a large shoal of fish.

"Are we really doing this?" Lachlan announced. "I've eaten sushi at the finest restaurant in Tokyo, but this seems a bit much!"

"Fuck that," Tysons said. "I'm hungry."

"Yeah, get over it, Mr Rich," Diego said with a grin. "We're shark girls now. When in underwater Rome!"

Peter launched forward, her eyes darker with desire. She crashed through the school of fish, her jaw wide in a predatorial smile. She'd never felt so alive before, so free! For so much of her life, she'd been the scrawny one, the short one, the guy struggling to keep her head above the poverty line. Now, she was a hunter. Only Tyson was bigger than her, and yet she still had the advantage when it came to pure shark pedigree; her body was that of a gorgeous female great white shark anthro, and she truly felt like the Queen of the ocean as she caught her prey in her mouth and munched down upon them.

"How is it?" Lachlan called out, grasping feebly at some fish, not willing to use her sharp mouth just yet.

Peter swallowed them down. "Fucking delicious! Get in here, guys! No, *girls!*"

Tyson was next up. She extended her huge jaw and swallowed two smaller fish whole, and then a third. "Holy fuck, this shit is *GOOD!*"

Diego confirmed the same moments later, having snuck up on several fish swimming around the sandy bottom. Eventually, after much coaxing from the others, Lachlan joined in. She actually managed to grab a fish with her hands, thankful that they possessed talon-like nails to help spear them.

"Weak!" Diego called, laughing out loud. Her raised brow on one side was given more emphasis thanks to her hammerhead. "Go wild, rich boy!"

"I liked you better when you were on my payroll," Lachlan snarked, but then she gulped down a fish and instantly her legs shook with excitement, her elegant tail flickering happily. "Okay, wow. That's better than the most expensive sushi in Tokyo. Way better."

From that day, they were eager to give over to their predatorial instincts, even comparing their catches and making a game of it. Diego, ironically, gained the most sophisticated palette, her hammerhead nature pushing her to pursue the more exotic fish on the reef and those that hid among the sandy floors, and even a stingray at one point. Peter, however, had always viewed food as fuel thanks to her meagre upbringing, and that continued with her status as the Queen of the Sharks - a title she only kept within her head, of course. Still, she and Tyson tackled by far the largest fish, though they both agreed to leave an enormous sunfish alone.

"Yeah, that's too weird," Tyson said.

Lachlan went for smaller prey, fitting her

But food wasn't everything to a sharkgirl, even if they were all discovering the thrill of the hunt and the taste of their own catch. There was also the beauty of exploration, the unimaginable sights deep beneath their sea. Their pupils would dilate entirely across their eyes, allowing them to take it all in regardless of their depth. They could swim alongside turtles, jump with dolphins (once they had convinced the creatures they were no threat), and even find true treasures on the bottom: Lachlan was ecstatic to have found a Spanish Galleon. They could even sleep in the ocean, a discovery Diego made after spending too much time relaxing in the currents between two reefs. The water felt so much nicer on their skin than the air above, and as the days passed during their traversals and distractions in the ocean, they found themselves preferring the deep. This was true for no one more than Peter. The beautiful silver-haired sharkgirl was amazed at the vast array of marine environments and life she could see up close. She giggled as she darted through schools of tropical fish, and again when she dared to move through a sea of jellyfish with remarkably graceful ease, even challenging Lachlan to a race later.

In fact, though they didn't quite know exactly where they were going, the urgency of their mission was nevertheless dissipating slowly. Peter couldn't stop finding distractions, and Diego was right alongside her. Both of them had reduced prospects on the surface, but now as beautiful sharkwomen they revelled in their new forms.

"I just wish there were boys down here!" Diego exclaimed one day as she twisted and turned in the water.

"There might be! Perhaps another island makes them with a green fruit or something?"

"Ha! One can only hope, *hermana*. A pity my change has not left me as a lesbian, or I would claim you in an instant. I get the feeling that underwater passion could be even more spectacular than passion on the surface. Gravity is not nearly such an issue!"

It was something Peter thought about often. But there was no shame underwater; she could simply swim into a forest of seaweed or thick kelp and pleasure herself, moaning as she thought of being taken by a powerful sharkman or muscular sailor. Given that all the others were slowly partaking in the same little distractions, she got the sense that they felt quite similarly to her and Diego.

It was just a shame that no men were present.

"Men! MEN! I found people! SAILORS!"

Deina, Piper, and Lucy were all relaxing in the warm currents after a good feed when Thea burst into the sea, her thick-figured half-orca form erupting from a kelp forest to their left. The group had been adapting to their life as shark girls for well over two months now, to the point where the day-night cycle was almost completely lost on them for all that it mattered; perhaps it had been longer. They'd even taken on female names just two weeks ago: their male names just hadn't felt right, and after Peter led the charge by becoming Piper, Diego had followed suit by becoming Deina, Lachlan to Lucy, and Tyson to Thea. They felt more suited to the likely permanent forms they now possessed, especially since they'd yet to find humans, except for getting tangled in some nets, much to their occasional irritation. Most of these were discarded, but one had moved, and come from a ship, but they'd had other concerns at the time; mainly escaping the damn freaking net!

Except now Thea had found them again, and the others swam up and around her in an agitated and excited way.

"Who!?" Lachlan/Lucy exclaimed. "Where? Are they searching for us?"

"Fishermen," Thea answered. "They're the ones laying down the nets we've been finding, I bet it!"

Deina turned her hammerhead, cocking it in a curious way. "Were they cute?"

Thea looked at her.

"What? I was a player when I was a man, I can't be one as a woman?"

"A *shark* woman," Lucy corrected. "What if they can turn us back?"

"Do we really want that?" Piper asked. "I've had the greatest time of my life as a shark woman. I can tell you now I won't be giving this up and going back to the grind they call 'life' on the surface."

"Same," Deina said. "Though I'd still like to get laid. But at least I'm not always working."

Thea bit her lip slightly, placing her hands on her broad hips while her powerful tail stroked the water slowly. "If you'd asked me a few weeks ago, I would have jumped at the chance and just looked on this as an exciting time. But . . . I'm more of an athlete down here than I ever was. How can I go back to just plain football when I've been conquering the motherfucking ocean and butting heads with other sharks? Not to mention you lot!"

That left Lucy. She sighed, her large breasts heaving. "I guess it's not like anyone could find a way to turn us back. It's just . . . I know *you* all have your treasure, but I miss human comforts. Human company! Being rich is its own punishment!"

Again, Deina and Piper exchanged a look of disbelief.

"Why don't we meet them?" Thea suggested. "I only had my tail out of the water, and my fin. They probably just thought I was a killer whale."

“At the very least, we could get a little revenge on them for trapping us in their nets so often,” Piper suggested. “And then, if their intentions aren’t bad, we could go a little further, Lucy?”

Lucy considered this. “I just don’t want to end up an experiment, either. I can . . . I guess I can live as a sharkgirl, but I can’t live as a sharkgirl that the whole world knows about and my father thinks I ended up becoming some sort of freak. He’s an asshole, but I don’t want my reputation to end like that . . . does that make sense?”

It didn’t to Piper, not really, but she hugged her friend anyway and then nuzzled her snout affectionately. As a new species (or at least a reborn one), and as a group that was all-female and dealing with a lot more hormones in their system, they’d had to develop new ways to express comfort. Slowly, physical affection and touch was part of that, including holding one another as they slept. It was entirely platonic, and sometimes tinged with the usual gay jokes men told, but it had slowly become something more real.

“Okay,” Lucy finally said. “We won’t initiate contact, but we will prod and probe. Have some fun. Maybe start some rumours, ha! Fun little fisherman rumours.”

“Perfect!” Piper exclaimed, hugging her friend again, and the two others joined as well, making it an affectionate group hug that had their tails rubbing against one another. “We might even get a marine biologist to come see us one day, who knows?”

It was mainly one fishing boat that came out to these waters. The girls spied on them, and despite being former men, they couldn’t help but gossip amongst themselves at who they thought was the most handsome on the vessel.

“Ew, there’s only two of them and one is gross!!” Deina remarked, pointing out the older captain with the white beard who was barking orders on the fishing vessel. “I may be into guys now, but that doesn’t mean I’m into *older* guys.”

Lucy chuckled at this. “That younger one doesn’t look half bad. I like his muscles. A bit uncouth, though.”

Piper rolled her eyes as she clutched the rock they were hiding behind. “Please, I’m surprised you looked at him; he’s pretty working class.”

“Pretty being the main word, there.”

“I guess you’re not exactly a member of the elite anymore either, though.”

“Excuse me? I’m literally wearing a golden necklace from a Portuguese man of war here. I think I’m practically a queen!”

Of course, Piper was the real Queen, and she knew it. Thea was looking at the fishing net with hunger; the haul there was astonishing, and so Piper got a funny idea.

“Stay here,” she said. “I’m going to have fun. Get them to leave our waters alone and have a little . . . fun.”

She darted through the water, her powerful tail sweeping her through it. She let her dorsal fin show, and several fishermen pointed at her with interest. She got real close, and then she dived further down to reach the powerful net. She scratched and bit at a section of the net as it was hauled in, tearing at it, lashing at it. It broke open, causing several fish to erupt forth, but she kept going, ripping open square after square of the netting, which was obviously not the reinforced stuff of a high-end boat. The net cascaded out, spreading as it broke open, and the overwhelming majority of the fish flooded out. She saw the men peer out into the water, their mouths agast.

“That’s what you get for stealing our fish,” she said to herself.

But then her smile faltered when she saw a younger man about her own age, one with mid-tone olive skin and short black hair, look straight at her. With his inferior vision, she knew she was little more than a dark shape to him, but even with the rippling of the water, he looked . . . beautiful. Piper couldn’t help herself. The great white shark girl burst upwards with aid from her powerful tail and then *launched* herself in a great arc over the back of the vessel as if she were Free Willy herself - even if Thea fit that role more. It all happened in slow-motion: the Captain and his apprentice gazed up at her as she soared over their heads. She had just enough time to place a hand on her broad hip and use the other to give a mischievous salute, her form naked and wondrous to behold.

“Better luck next time, fellas!” she called out, and then she landed back in the water and swam away to her friends.

“Dude, what the fuck was that?” Thea asked. “You just revealed yourself to them!”

“No one will believe them!” Piper exclaimed.

“You should have run that by us,” Deina said.

Lucy agreed. She thrust out her very ample assets, practically poking them against Piper’s, which were only *nearly* as big. “I thought you were supposed to be the smart one here among us. You’re always telling *us* to be cautious.”

Piper grinned sheepishly, feeling a bit foolish herself. What had she been thinking?

“It won’t happen again. I was just being impulsive. I won’t be nearly so stupid next time, I promise.”

She placed her hand over her left breast as if making a solemn swear. Lucy eyes her, and Deina’s left brow shifted upwards, which was especially interrogative thanks to her hammerhead.

“Eh, I’m just jealous I didn’t do it,” Thea declared. “Coulda gone full Free Willy on that shit.”

“That’s just what I thought when I was doing it!” Piper declared.

The pair laughed, and Deina and Lucy quickly cooled. After all, there was suddenly a lot of food in the ocean, and they were hungry and excited for the hunt. Piper waited back while her friends advanced ahead. They probably imagined it was because she felt guilty at her rash actions, but the truth was she didn't, not at all. The young woman swam up to hide behind the rock again. The men on the fishing vessel were arguing, and the apprentice was gesturing to the water.

"She was real! It was no trick of the light. And she was . . . beautiful."

Piper found herself sighing, resting her chin into her arm as she leaned against the rock. "Great," she said. "Now I feel less like Free Willy and more like the damn Little Mermaid."

And right there was the handsome prince.

Part 5: The Fisher Prince

The anthro sharkgirls continued to have a bit of fun with the fishermen, gouging open their nets and cracking open their lobster pots whenever they had the opportunity. Those poor souls probably had the worst couple of weeks fishing in their entire life, but the women were feasting and feasting good, and moreover getting to be a bit mischievous. Hell, Thea even had a game of seeing who could do the best job pretending to be a regular shark without being properly spotted.

But Piper wandered from their pack (well, shiver, really. A shiver of sharkgirls) occasionally to visit the vessel on her own. She liked the mischief, but she also liked stirring the young man's imagination. She didn't know anything about him, but his appearance was attractive and his fascination and words had moved her, so she spent time in private gazing at him, memorising the features of his face, and listening to his interactions with his captain. When the boat moved, she followed it, and it was with dismay that it finally disappeared back to wherever it had come from after less than a week.

"There'll be other boats to toy with," Deina said, comforting her with a little massage, something she was quite adept at, having done it for many women.

"I know," Piper said. She didn't tell Deina that she desperately wanted to see *him* again, even if it was a silly crush. But it was her first *girl* crush, and that mattered. The absence of that first vessel meant that she left her usual region and wandered further from her friends, striking out on her own like someone going out on a walk to gather their thoughts.

Unfortunately, this proved to be a terrible mistake, because while lost in said thoughts, Piper failed to see the net coming her way. It swept her up before she could

properly act, and in doing so she was hoisted up towards the fishing vessel. She recognised from the barnacle pattern under it that this was the same one, but this wasn't how she wanted to see it again! She grunted and shrieked, trying to cut open the net and chew at it, but this was *reinforced* netting, and it made her realise that the fishermen had clearly purchased better nets while they'd been away.

"Fuck!" she cried. "Why won't you break!"

But the ropes had metallic thread, constricting against her as she was lifted up. She couldn't escape, and soon she was being swung over the ship, stuck in a net with numerous other fish and packed in tight.

"Time to see what I caught to - WHOAH!"

It was the young man. He fell back onto the desk at the sight of her.

"What - you *are* real," he said in a rather lovely accent. "The mermaid that jumped over me. No, not a mermaid. A shark . . . maid?"

"I have legs," Piper said in a monotone voice.

"You're American?"

"I don't think I've got any nationality, buddy. Can you get me out of this net? Look, I didn't mean to get caught in it, and this is really restricting my tail something *fierce!*"

She wagged her tail for emphasis, only to cringe from the discomfort. The man continued to stare at her, and she realised he was looking at her bare breasts, visible through the gaps in the net.

"You're real," he said again.

"Yes, I'm real. My name is Piper. Can you get me out of here? I won't bother you again. Where's your captain?"

"My captain didn't believe me. I had to come back and prove him wrong. He's taken the larger company vessel to the southern islands. Oh my God, I can't believe you're real. I could be famous."

A pit opened up in Piper's stomach. "No!" she shouted, bearing her shark teeth a little. "Don't do that! Please, I just want to be left alone!"

The man crossed his arms. "Is that why you jumped over our ship? Why did you keep stealing our catches? We have margins to keep!"

She winced. "That was . . . a mistake. My friends told me not to, and-"

"Friends? There are more sharkmaids?"

"Shark girls. Anthro sharks. We're all female, but none of us are mermaid-like. We've still got legs, okay? It's just we've got big tails, dorsal fins, the works. Look, I'm sorry for being a jerk. They told me not to come closer and mess with your vessel. I encouraged it. It's not something we'd done before."

"Why?"

“Well, because it’s assholish, for one.”

The man shook his head. “No, I mean why did you do it to our fishing boat?”

At this, she gave a sheepish smile, bearing her sharp teeth once more. “Um, well, this is going to sound crazy, but . . . I thought you were cute.”

The man’s jaw dropped, and he took a moment to process this, long enough that her hanging net rotated ninety degrees so he was out of view, then ninety degrees back again. It at least gave her time to snack on a quick fish while he wasn’t in her line of sight.

“You thought I was cute?”

She clutched the net and giggled. “Still do, actually. Sorry, I’m not good at this. I’ve had a busy life, and recently had some, er . . . changes. But I just saw you and . . . I wanted to see you a little closer. Get your attention.”

The man chuckled, running his hands through his hair. “Well, you certainly got it. Why are you, er, naked?”

Piper shrugged. “It’s the ocean. No morality police here. Why not be naked?”

“I just thought . . . seashell bras . . .”

At this, she grinned. “Trust me, there’s no seashells big enough.”

That got him blushing. “I’m sorry, I should have introduced myself. I’m Miguel.”

“Piper,” she said, extending a hand through the net. “Nice to meet you.”

He hesitated a moment, as if worried she would tug on his arm and bite him, but then he put his hand forward and they shook it. After a moment, they both laughed awkwardly.

“I like your hair,” he said. “The silver, I mean.”

“Thanks! It looks better underwater.”

“I imagine all of you does.”

“Y-yeah, I does. I mean, I do. Shit, I’m bad at flirting.”

“Oh, we’re flirting now, are we?”

“Um, I am? I think?”

At this, he laughed again, then sighed loudly. “Fuck. I can’t believe I’m about to do this, but . . . hold on a moment.”

He returned with some thick towels and laid them on the deck, and then he released the net. It spilled open, and Piper landed on a pile of fish. She folded her arms over her breasts, her tail propped under her butt and extended towards Miguel, who was smiling sheepishly just like she had been not long ago.

“Sorry, I thought the towels might help with the landing.”

“My hero,” she said. “My absolute Fisher Prince.”

“I believe the legend calls it a Fisher ‘King.’”

“Yeah, you’re not there yet, pal. But you are talking to the self-appointed Queen of the Ocean right now.”

“Oh, really? I’ve never met a sharkmai - sorry, a shark*girl* before. What makes you the Queen of the Ocean?”

She gestured to her very curvaceous body and smiled. “Well, just look at me. What do I remind you of?”

Miguel hesitated. “I’d rather not say.”

“Dude, I mean I’m a great white sharkgirl! What were you thinking?”

“Nothing no other fisherman before me hasn’t dreamed about when it came to mermaids . . . or sharkgirls.”

“So . . . am I your prisoner?”

He shook his head. “No. Shit, it would be easier if you were. You’re free to go.”

But Piper made no move, and Miguel seemed relieved by that, because he sat before her. “But if you stay a little longer, I could ask you some questions? Get to know this mysterious and magical Queen of the Sea?”

“Ocean, but sure . . . that doesn’t sound too bad. What’s in it for me, since I’m already free?”

“Well, if you agree to help make up for the fish you took from us, then . . . I could give you this. You probably haven’t heard of this, but inside this bottle is-”

“Beer!” she exclaimed, viewing the shiny bottle he was proffering. Piper giggled at his astonishment, and her tail waved happily. She’d been a terrible flirt as a man, but now . . . this was going well . . .

The agreement was quickly formed: Piper would help Miguel make all the best catches, and he would attribute his luck to his solo journeys in order to keep meeting her in private. In exchange, he would supply her with amenities she and her friends craved: things like booze, good wood and metal pipes for underwater construction, and even sports updates for Thea. Piper wanted to keep these meetings mostly a secret, but she knew that Deina, Thea, and Lucy were all watching, which made things all the more embarrassing because each time she met with Miguel, she felt closer and closer to him. She joined him on the deck of the ship more often. She let him stroke her tail and feel the lovely smoothness of her denticle scales. She talked about the wonders of the deep sea, while he talked about his upbringing in South America, and how he’d moved to the Caribbean in the hopes of success, only to end up as a mere fisherman . . . and then find wonders anyway.

That word, ‘wonder,’ made her giggle and shiver. She never put clothes on around him, and teased him when he looked at her breasts, sometimes even shaking her shoulders so they would wobble a little.

"Caught you looking," she said.

"I keep offering to give you a - a shirt or a cover or something!"

"I don't want one," she said, stroking him lightly with her tail and grinning with her sharp teeth. "And besides, the water is better naked. I can show you, if you'd like?"

"Oh, I don't think I could do that. It's a bit, uh, cold for me."

She giggled. "Well, how about I just take you for a swim?"

"What, in the ocean?"

She took his hand. "Just a fun little trip."

"But the boat-"

"It'll be fine, come on!"

She swam through the water with Miguel, letting him hold her dorsal fin while she moved powerfully through the deep. She surfaced for air, but his athletic lungs could hold his breath surprisingly long, and so she took him further down, showing the handsome man the beauty of the reef and the plentiful life upon it.

"It's incredible, isn't it?" she said underwater, and he nodded at her words, amazed. His hand was around her naked waist, and he turned his face to look at her, something like *awe* upon his features as he took in the sway of her silver hair under the water, her muscular yet curvaceous shark girl form, and the beauty of her nakedness. She found herself blushing, and wasn't even sure if her blush was noticeable in her new form.

Piper couldn't help herself; she kissed him. She was gentle, holding him, her sharp tail encircling him as she pressed the lips of her cute little snout against his human face. She breathed oxygen into his lungs, letting him stay here longer, and he kissed her back, encircling her form. His hardness was against her, and it only made her more aroused for this man.

Finally, he could take no more and signalled for her to take him up. She did so instantly, and as soon as they broke the surface that continued to make out. Her powerful tail easily kept them afloat as he squeezed her breasts, bringing her to greater ecstasy. She shoved them in his face, letting him suck and lick them.

"I want you," he declared. "On the boat."

Piper shook her head. "No, here. Right here. Take me."

He did. She pulled down his pants and he inserted himself inside of her. She moaned at his length; it was so alien to be penetrated, yet so fucking *right*.

"Ohhhh," she moaned. "Hold me. D-deeper!"

He kissed her neck, feeling her scaly ass as he thrust into her. The powerful beats of her tail made him go all the deeper, and soon they were gripping one another, fucking like wild animals in the sea, which was very close to reality. She gasped and moaned and cried out until it was all too much, and she actually beat her tail in the water at the moment of

orgasm, lifting them both up almost out of the water. Miguel laughed, then grunted, holding her tightly as he came within her. A warmth flooded her passage, creating yet more orgasms. She had to concentrate just to stay afloat. Finally, she pressed her forehead against his, moaning softly as they floated in the water beside his fishing boat.

"Mhmmm," she panted, pressing her breasts against him. "That was good."

"I, uh, really like you," Miguel said.

She giggled, putting her arms around his neck and leaning back so he could see more of her beautiful curves in the water. "I can tell."

"No, Piper, I mean I *really* like you."

She kissed him, mindful not to nip him with her teeth. "I really like you, too."

"We can tell that too!" called out a smug female voice.

Instantly, Piper cringed. "Oh God," she said, lowering her forehead.

"Who was that?"

"My sharkgirl friends," she murmured.

They approached, each of them smug in their own way as they moved through the water and surfaced around the pair, circling them like, well, *sharks*.

"I knew it!" Lucy announced. "I just knew she was going to make her moves!"

"Wow, you really had sex and everything," Thea said, her powerful form making small waves in the water. "It's kinda fucked up that I'm sort of jealous."

"Don't suppose you have any cute friends, mister?" Deina asked. "Maybe one with a little more muscle, or the fire to handle a hammerhead girl with hips like these?"

Miguel looked both nervous and fascinated, but Piper just sighed, still holding him almost protectively and adjusting her hair in a show of embarrassment.

"Miguel," she said. "Meet Thea - the orca girl, Lucy - the blue shark, and Deina, our resident hammerhead girl."

"*Hola*," the latter said, waving. "You Mexican like me?"

"Um, Colombian heritage, actually."

"Ah, still! Hispanics unite and all that."

Piper shot them a look that said 'I haven't told him about who we really are,' and to their credit, they actually stopped that level of conjecture.

"I can't believe there are more of you!" he exclaimed. "You're all so amazing. Beautiful, even!"

Piper coughed, and he grinned sheepishly. "And you are the most beautiful of all, Queen of the Ocean."

Lucy chuckled. "Queen, huh? Well, if she says so it must be true!"

"She took a promotion from humble origins," Deina said.

Thea gave a loud belly laugh. "Well, can I be the undersea sportswoman of the year?"

Piper sighed. "You're going to be busting my, er, fins about this forever, aren't you?"

A chorus of "Yup!" followed, and she sighed again.

"Well, Miguel, meet my . . . sisters. My best friends. My sharkgirl family. You okay with keeping a secret?"

He kissed her on the forehead, embarrassing her further. "For you, Piper? Anything."

Lucy actually let out an "Awww."

"Well, I like him!" said Deina. "*Mierda*, I should have claimed him first!"

Part 6: Shipwrecked

Piper could barely believe it. Not only had she turned into a woman just four or five months ago, but then she'd turned into a great white shark girl, and a damn *hot* one at that, and now she was actually *dating* a really c

ute fisherman. Her Fisher Prince, as she liked to call him, just like her affectionately called her his 'Queen of the Ocean,' which always got a sharp-toothed smile from her. She showed him the wonders of the sea, and he brought her and her sisters some lovely booze to share, as well as other amenities, including a waterproof radio so Thea could hear the latest sports news, and some trinkets for Lucy so she could feel like a glammed up rich guy again - well, a rich *girl*. It wasn't like it was hurting Miguel's wallet either; they were passing him Spanish doubloons to cash in so they could have all sorts of creature comforts.

And of course, there were the dates. Piper and Miguel made love on his boat. They made love in a sea cave she took him to, one that had plentiful air within. She spread her legs for him there and cried out in sweet relief as he sucked upon her breasts and ploughed her wet passage. Her tail crashed against the ground, thudding loudly from her sheer pleasure.

"Ohhh, Miguel!" she cried. "You're the b-best I've ever h-had! I - I wanna be with you!"

"And I don't want to leave you!" he replied, fucking her passionately, bringing her to greater heights.

But he did have to leave. The nature of his work and his human body meant he had to return to the fishing island he lived at. Every time he left, Piper waited for him, and the others teased her about how 'head over heels' she was.

"I just worry!" she exclaimed, holding herself among the kelp beneath the surface as her friends rested together. "The sea has been churning a lot lately! It's been hard to take him on our sea dates when it's so rough."

"Rough is where it's at," Thea boasted. "The best athletic swimming is when there's a storm."

"I much prefer the calm," Lucy said, using her new nail file to adjust her nails. "Easier to find nice jewellery that way."

But Deina just took Piper's hand and squeezed it gently. "It'll be okay, *hermana*," she whispered, understanding the other's frustration. Then she smiled. "It better be. I'm trusting your man to find me some hot *hombres* who don't mind a hot hammerhead, eg?"

Unfortunately, despite Deina's reassurances, the greatest storm they'd ever seen followed. Even far beneath the surface, they could feel the churn, and the darker spaces of the sea were lit up by the powerful lightning. Deina thought it was amazing, and Lucy enjoyed the spectacle too, jumping out of the enormous waves with wild abandon as she raced against the hardy Thea. Piper, however, remained on the look out for Miguel's ship. She knew he was out there somewhere, and prayed to a God she'd never even believed in that he hadn't come out to the storm and had returned to port.

"Please be safe," she whispered beneath the waves, among the swaying forests of seaweed. "Please be safe."

The storm lasted almost three days, powerful and wild, to the point where even Thea and Lucy were thankful when it subsided. It had grown too dangerous even for sharkgirls like them to surface, but the second it began to pass, Piper raced to the surface, her powerful tail pushing through the water until she erupted out of it. Immediately she began to search, and Deina searched as well. The others, sensing Piper's fear, joined in as well. For hours she roamed, trying to see where Miguel had gone. He normally put some fishblood into the water to draw her to his location, but the sheer amount of it revealed itself to be the worst case scenario: his vessel had capsized, and there was a feeding frenzy over its storage beneath the sea.

"Shit!"

But now she scented something far worse: *his blood*. She knew it well after she'd accidentally nipped him on the shoulder that one time while they were getting passionate.

"No!" she cried. The woman shot through the water, her scream resonating through it. She dragged one of her talons against her own arm, letting her own blood seep into the water. It was a sign to her sisters who could smell her blood from afar. Actual sharks were never hostile to them, they'd found, so if she found him afloat it would also keep him safe from their approach. "Miguel! Miguel, where are you!?"

She found him twenty minutes later, following the scent of his blood. To her immense relief, he was in a life raft, though one that was far too aging and obsolete to have truly kept him safe. It was half-sunk at the front, and Miguel was slumped within, unconscious. She tried to pull herself up, but it only caused the raft to sink further.

“Fuck! Miguel? Miguel! Don’t be dead. Don’t be dead!”

Her electrical sense could just barely pick up his pulse where his hand dipped into the water. It was slow, far too slow, but it told her he was still alive.

“Oh God, what do I do? Miguel, I promise, I’ll help you!”

She tried to think. She wasn’t sure exactly where to go to get proper medical attention, and she knew that he was far from his own port anyway. A split-second decision had to be made, and so she dug her talons into the hull of the raft and used her athletic body to drag it through the water. Eventually, her sister sharkgirls arrived. Lucy gasped, but Thea and Deina were right on it, helping her move the raft quicker.

“Is he . . . ?” asked Thea.

“Yes! But he’s injured! Or concussed!”

“Where are we taking him?” Lucy said, finally snapping into action.

“The strange fruit island,” Piper said, gritting her sharp teeth. “If worst comes to worst . . . we can heal him.”

Deina cocked her hammerhead as she swam alongside Piper, pulling the raft. Thanks to the positioning of her eye, she could always keep a view on those beside her.

“Don’t you love him, *hermana*?”

She struggled not to cry. She was well aware that she still had tear ducts, unlike full sharks. “I . . . I think I do. I want to find out if I do. But if it means saving his life . . .”

“Of course. Let’s move, *hermanas*!”

Lucy was, in many ways, just as haughty and privileged as she had ever been, but she was also just as loyal and well-meaning too, perhaps even more so now that they were shark sisters. Piper wanted to stay on land and only occasionally bathe herself in water, in order to stay with Miguel at their old shelter on the island of the purple fruit. Lucy made sure she had every opportunity to do so: she quickly organised the girls to rotate on shifts to swim far and wide to bring any aid they could. They stole food from other fishermen, risking being seen, photographed, or even caught. They brought fresh water to feed the badly parched Miguel. They even unearthed the medical supplies in the sunken cabin of his fishing boat, with Deina applying her first aid skills to deal with the man’s sprained ankle and possibly fractured left arm.

"You're the best, guys," Piper said, blinding back tears as she tended to her man.

"Hey, maybe *I'm* the real Queen of the Ocean," Lucy said lightly, before hugging Piper's naked form with her own. "But seriously, I hope he recovers, Pipes. I was starting to get a kick out of you two finding this romance on the seas. Plus, Deina wants his connections to find her own cute sailor. She's just as randy as she ever was as a man."

Thea chuckled at this, slapping Piper on the back. "He'll recover. Trust me. It's some kind of whale instinct. Don't whales help people?"

"Yeah, definitely not sharks," Lucy said, rolling her eyes. "Let's hope your better half wins out here."

Thankfully, it did. Slowly, over the next couple of days, Miguel recovered until he was fully conscious and not sleeping throughout the day at all. His arm still hurt him, and his ankle was swollen, but the man had clearly been suffering dehydration and hunger more than anything, and had probably swallowed seawater too.

"Thank you, for saving my life," Miguel told her as she encircled his body with her tail and lay up against him. "I owe you one."

"You don't owe me," she said. "But don't scare me like that again, please. I was afraid I'd never get to tell you . . . that I . . . that I . . ."

He kissed her on the cheek and pulled her against him, stroking her tail in a way that comforted her. "Don't worry, Piper. I know. And I feel the same way.

Piper was incredibly glad, holding him close and comforting him with her body, loving the warmth of him, the manly strength of her recovering boyfriend. She dared to venture out to tell her sisters the good news, but upon her return she saw a most terrible sight that sent a chill down her core: Miguel was on the beach with a strange purple fruit in his hands, and he was in the act of removing a bud and placing it in his mouth.

"NO! STOP!" she screamed, literally jumping up from the water and then hurtling towards him at a spring, her tail dragging in the sand behind her, the woman's firm grey-scaled breasts bouncing prominently. "DON'T EAT IT!"

He dropped the fruit and spat out the bud that had just entered his mouth. She was enormously relieved to see that Miguel had not eaten it, but the fear remained. She grabbed him by the shoulders, shaking the shorter man with ease. "Tell me you haven't eaten any others, Miguel. Please!"

He shook his head. "No, I haven't! I promise! I - are they poisonous?"

She collapsed, almost crying again with relief. She clutched her boyfriend and kissed him, then pulled his face right into her breasts as she hugged him deeply.

"Cahn't breef!"

"What?"

"Cahn't breef!"

“Oh, sorry!”

She released him, and he chuckled a little after catching his breath. “Well, that would have been one amazing way to die; suffocating in my sharky girlfriend’s amazing breasts.”

“I don’t doubt it. Sorry, it’s just I was terrified you’d eaten one.”

“So they *are* poisonous.”

At this, she looked away, running her fingers through her silver hair in a nervous way. “Yes, and no. They don’t kill you. They don’t poison you. But they do . . . change you.”

Miguel furrowed his brow. “Change you how?”

Piper hesitated. She wasn’t sure if she wanted Miguel to know the truth, but she was falling for him, and falling hard. He deserved to know the truth; she didn’t deserve him if she had to lie to keep him. So she spilled the beans on the whole thing.

“It’s a long story, Miguel, but I promise you it’s true. I wasn’t always a sharkgirl. In fact, I wasn’t a girl at all . . .”

Piper told the whole story from beginning to end, sparing no detail, even discussing her past and the kind of man she used to be, and the natures of her friends as well, and who they had been too. Miguel took this all in slowly, occasionally asking clarifying questions, but was otherwise just a quiet listener, all of his easy humour and quick wit gone. By the time she finished up, the young man was deep in thought and pulling away from her slightly, which Piper took to be a bad sign. The afternoon sun was now upon them, the waves lapping at the beach. Piper wished she could dive into them, she felt so mortified by the secrets she’d just told this man.

“So if I ate the fruit I’d become . . . ?”

She gestured to herself, her ripe breasts and gorgeous hourglass figure, her large shark tail and dorsal fin, the way her face pushed out into a cute snout. All of it. All of *her*, and the form she had come to love.

“Like me,” she said. “Another shark girl.”

“*Dios mio*, it’s a good thing I didn’t, then. No offence, but I don’t wish to become a woman, or a half-shark.”

“It’s actually wonderful, but I don’t blame you. And I wouldn’t want it for you. You wouldn’t find me attractive anymore. If you still find me attractive?”

There was a long, agonising pause, one that made her almost tremble from the sheer tension. Piper was certain that she’d ruined everything with him, but he had to know the truth and she knew it. Miguel raised his hand and extended it towards, cupping her cheek and rubbing it with his thumb in a deeply intimate manner.

“Piper, it’s going to take a while for me to truly *get* that you were once a man, but . . . you’re not a man any longer, right?”

She giggled. “You should know, after all the sex we’ve had.”

He smiled in turn, then shifted forwards and kissed her delicately, his hands encircling her waist as he pulled her against him. Her tail shifted with excitement, and a burst of relief flooded through her to the point where she couldn't stop smiling her sharktoothed grin at him.

"Piper, I find you very attractive," he said. "I - I love you."

Somehow, that smile of hers got even wider, and she pulled his face right into her chest once again. "I love you too!" she cried.

"Cahn't breef!"

"Oop, sorry!"

She pulled his face up and kissed him again, loving the feel of her nakedness against him. It didn't hurt that he was shirtless, his powerful pecs rubbing against her bare breasts. It left her moaning, but any passion that could have followed died seconds later when a group of three sharkgirls erupted into cheers from the beach waters.

"Fuck yeah! Thattagirl!"

"Ask him if he's well enough to find us some of his friends!"

"You can keep going! It's all natural, you know!"

Piper laughed, embarrassed by her sisters. "Thanks Lucy. Deina. Thea. Your timing, as always, is perfect to ruin the moment."

But Miguel was even more daring than she thought. Careful of his injured arm, he gripped her against him and kissed her once more.

"Nothing can ruin this moment," he declared. "Hey, girls! You might want to give us a little privacy. This woman saved my life and I intend to thank her for it!"

Piper blushed again as her sharksisters erupted into another cheer.

"God, I can't believe this. I - ohhhh! Mhmmm! Never mind, don't care! Get inside m-me, sexy!"

Miguel was let go by his boss by the time they got him off the island and back home thanks to his directions. That wasn't a problem: the girls supplied enough ocean treasures for him to buy his own boat, one that was his and his alone, and not long later he was in the water again, seeing his girlfriend as often as possible and making love to her on the deck, in the cabin, on the water, in the sea caves, or on tropical beaches, anywhere they desired. Their stays became longer and longer, and while Piper always returned to her shark sisters, there was a shared understanding between all of them that this had gone from a fling, to a relationship, to a true romantic love. She didn't avoid her friends, but she was spending *more* time with Miguel, staying on his boat and swimming with him the entire length of his stays,

and even hiding away near his port so she could be with him the moment he set out again, which he now did with a hurry.

"My home is with you," he told her in the aftermath of passion upon a little islet, the pair of them lying together in warm shallow waters. "Wherever you go, my heart follows."

She sighed. "God, that's so fucking good. You missed your calling as a poet."

"Well, I'm glad you took up your calling as a sexy sharkgirl."

"Mhmm, what can I say? That purple fruit did wonders for giving me curves, and I know you appreciate them!"

Which led to a whole new round of lovemaking, her tail thudding against the sand as she rode him, dominating him with her athletic, scaled form. It was only after yet another series of magnificent climaxes that he told her something startling:

"Those doubloons you and your sisters gave me haven't just allowed me to own my own boat, y'know. They've given me enough to retire . . . and travel. I was thinking, maybe, if you wanted to - and *only* if you wanted to . . . I could get another boat. One that could accommodate you. It could even have a drop bay where you could swim right up inside, like your own personal pool. It could be grand, Piper. And we could travel the oceans together, you as my Queen. There would be a place for you there . . . and I would go nowhere without you, whether you say yes or no."

At this, Piper placed her hands on her little snout. "You want me to come with you? We'd see all sorts of marine environments?"

He grinned. "As many as we could. Together."

She kissed him, her tail rubbing affectionately against his leg. "That sounds perfect. Oh, but what about your fishing boat?"

"Well, I'd train up some replacements first. I could even train up several boats' worth, if your girls wanted to support it. A little fleet to sustain us and them. Trusted friends of mine. Some of them are quite handsome, actually. In fact, I think Deina in particular would take a liking to more than a few of them."

She grinned in her shark-like manner as he rubbed her dorsal fin affectionately. "You've had this all worked out for some time, haven't you?"

"Since you rescued me, and I realised I was completely in love with you, Piper. I don't care who you were. I care about who you are: my beautiful sharkgirl Queen of the Ocean, and the woman I love more than anything."

Piper kissed him again. Her body trembled with excitement.

"You better fucking come back and visit us, Piper," Lucy said, her arms crossed over her large breasts as she sat upon some rocks that jutted up from the sea.

"I promise I will. We both will."

"Good, because while you're gone all this treasure is mine, and frankly you'll be missing out!"

Piper hugged her friend. "Don't ever change, Lucy."

"Too late for that. I've got huge boobs and a shark tail now."

Deina embraced her friend and held her tight. "Goodbye, *hermana*," she said. "Your sister will be waiting for you."

"You have fun hunting, Deina," she said. "And enjoy the handsome lads on the fishing boats."

Deina grinned, one half of her hammerhead turned towards the second boat, manned by three men who were now hired by Miguel, each of which looked very handsome. One waved in her direction, and she made sure to stand up on the rock and shift her lovely hips to one side, placing her hand on them while the other went behind her head, emphasising her strangeness and her playful attractiveness.

"Oh, I think I'll more than enjoy them, *hermana*," she said. "You're the best."

Thea nearly choked the life out of Piper with her embrace.

"Still the sportswoman!" Piper grunted.

"Damn straight I am. And I got records to beat. You know, there's this thing called the Mariana Trench. Our bodies are way, way tougher than sharks, and we can go mad deep. I'm thinking I might go off on my own too and see what the bottom of the bottom looks like, you know?"

"If there's anyone that can do it, Thea. It's you."

"Well, if I was a sharkgirl trying to hide from humanity, I'd probably go live there, too. Since I'm not gonna see Gabriella again, I might see if there are other sharkpeople in the ocean. Maybe even shark*men*."

Deina licked her lips. "That would be a treat! But I'll take these guys first!"

Piper giggled. She wanted to say so much more, but Miguel was waving from their travelling yacht. It was even more impressive than Lucy's original one, in fact. That gold had made him quite rich.

"I better go," she said, but she embraced each in turn again anyway. "I love you all, my sharkgirl sisters. We'll see each other again."

"Count on it," Lucy said. "You owe me. It was my goddamn mistake that got us this amazing happy ending."

Piper laughed at this. "Well, thank you for clocking Deina in the head, then, Lucy. Thanks to you, I get to live out my dreams. You gals do the same. Sharkgirls for life?"

Their chorus was immediate in its response: "Sharkgirls for life!"

One final hug, a few more tears shed, and then Piper was in the water, her powerful tail swaying in the waves and sending her straight towards the man that she loved. She was saying goodbye to it all, at least for a good time: her sisters, her patch of ocean, and the island that had started it all. Already, she was nostalgic for that time on the island, when the transformation had begun and the entire direction of her life would change. She looked out to her waving friends as the ship began to move. Miguel held her from behind, his arms around her waist, clutching her taller form.

"I'm going to miss them," she said, sniffing back further tears.

"We don't have to go."

But she just shook her head. "No, I do. I want this, and so do you. But we'll be back, won't we?"

"Of course we will."

"But it *is* a big ocean. What if we can't find them again? What if we all go our separate ways?"

Miguel kissed the back of her neck, comforting her. "You'll find your way back again. I know it. I've never met anyone like you, Piper. If anyone can track them across a whole ocean, it will be you."

She smiled, raised her hands, and waved to her friends. He was right, of course. The impossible had already happened. She'd see her shark sisters again. She *would*. No matter how long it took, or how hard the task would be if they separated, she would find them again. They'd been changed by that island, and they would meet there again.

"Because we're the goddamn Queens of the Ocean," she whispered.

She waved one last time, the memories of all they'd been through running nostalgically through her mind. Then her friends were out of sight in their wake, and the whole ocean was waiting for her.

The End