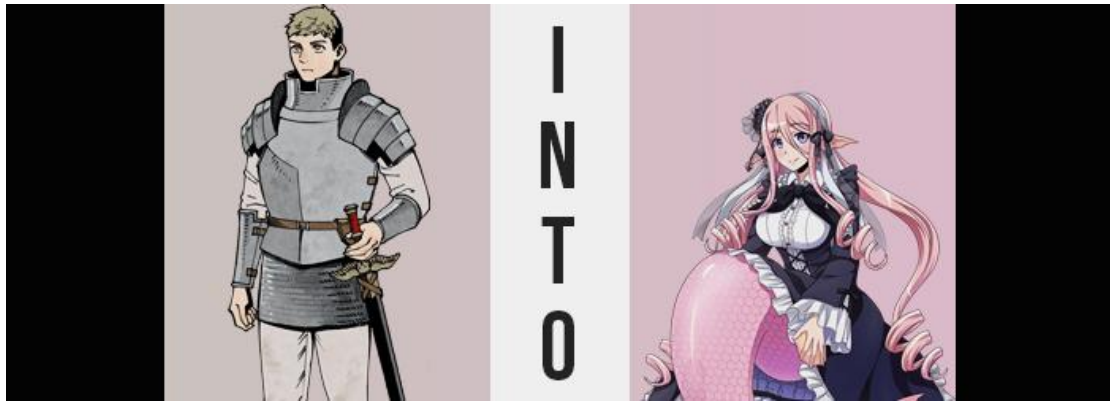


DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH1: (MER)MAID OF HONOR

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... There have definitely been changes in the dungeon recently.”

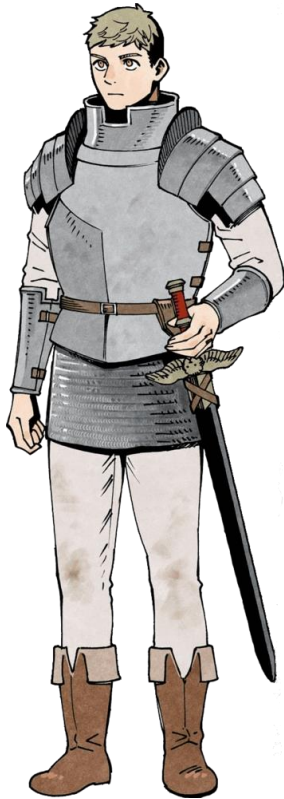
Laios Touden didn't consider himself to be an expert on dungeons themselves. It was only recently that he had begun to explore them more thoroughly, and he had only done so out of desperation to save his sister, Falin. It had been a tough journey, and in the end? It had *fortunately* been a successful one thanks to Marcille's dabbling in dark magic. The rescue and revival had actually happened the day before.

And perhaps in a different timeline? Something tragic might have happened over the course of the night that had followed. But it *hadn't*. Everyone had woken up and gotten ready as normal, preparing to figure out their best way back to the entrance with Falin still recovering and Marcille in a more or less weakened state.

That was why he had gone on ahead, retracing their steps to see how the path back was. He had gotten as far as the flooded castle floor, the one just above the one they had fought the red dragon one. But he'd immediately noticed that something was awry. At first, he couldn't place just what it was exactly. Nothing *looked* different, it was more like a feeling.

His encounters with monsters had been few and far between as he wandered past the side of the lake, unable to traverse it without a boat or Marcille's magic. It hadn't been his intention to *cross* it, anyways. **“Is it the monsters? Why are there so few of them?”** *That* was it. When they had come through on the way down, there had been tons of monsters. From fishmen, to sirens, to even the kraken. Senshi was

always meticulous about making sure they didn't kill too many for the ecosystem's sake.



“Did someone come through after us and kill more, or...? Could it be that killing the red dragon had a wider effect on the ecosystem than we assumed?” Not that even Laios could figure out why *that* might have been the case. But he *was* correct in his assessment. The monster population had gone into decline not only on this floor, but on *every* floor of the dungeon.

But the dungeon itself *did* have measures to correct this instability. It would take time, and it required *offerings* of a sort. Before long, its population would be restored. It just needed mortals to wander into its maw, and from there the work would end up beginning. And fortunately? There were a *lot* of mortals within the confines of the dungeon on that day.

Laios among them.

It didn't even occur to him that there were any systems like that in place, nor did *anyone* who had studied the dungeons in any capacity. This was because it was a new rule that the ruling dungeon lord, Thistle, had put into place with the red dragon's passing. So, at most, all Laios could really tell initially was that something felt inherently *off*. **“Hm? Am I catching a cold?”** It felt inherently similar to becoming stricken with an illness.

But there certainly weren't any illnesses that *changed your hair color* out there. Not that the man himself could really *see* with his hair so short, but all of the strands had suddenly come alive with a soft, pastel pink. It wasn't even isolated to just the hair on his head – it was *all* of the hair on his body altogether. That said, the hair on his arms, legs, and navel all seemed to *disappear*. Leaving only his brows and pubes aside from what had already been recolored.

The man himself didn't think too much about it, but he found his attention continuously guided back to the water. Laios was standing near the edge of some steps that ran underwater, clearly an area affected by the flooding when the lake had originally formed. **“It looks... *nice*.”** A weird thought to have about the *water*. Just because he didn't see any monsters around didn't mean they weren't lurking beneath the surface. And he wasn't an especially strong swimmer anyways.

Nonetheless, the color of his eyes began to reflect the blue of the water. Another color change wasn't *that* out of place considering what had happened to his hair, but the issue was that it was actually *more* than that. The lashes on his eyes fluttered longer as the man blinked, and those eyes became more circular and cuter. All while, more noticeably, his now pink hair showed signs of *growing*. It had already sprawled out into a bob that reached his shoulders, but it *continued* to grow until it reached the center of his back.

"Hm?" Laios seemingly noticed the length of this new mane, and gingerly reached a hand to his neck to check on things. **"Is something wrong with my... hair...?"** Was it *just* a matter of his hair? The voice he was speaking through bloating lips ended up fuller and rosier beneath a shrinking nose. His face thinned and was beautified until it looked more like the face of a young *woman*. One with long, pink hair that curled before reaching past her waist.

"I guess it's nothing, but I can't shake this feeling..." The dungeon's magic that was changing him seemed to dull the man's sense of what was right and what was wrong. Had he always had such long and silky locks of pink? What about such a high and cute voice? Even his manner of speech was coming across as soft and refined compared to how rough things had been before. *But Laios ended up shrugging it all off.* **"This feeling that I should get into the water?"**

This forced ignorance prevented him from even realizing that the fit of his armor was loosening dramatically. His body was undoing itself, *shrinking* in multiple ways simultaneously. He *did* become shorter, reaching down to about 5'4" when all was said and done. But he also gained thinner shoulders and a *very* narrow waistline. Any bulk to his arms and legs was erased, and the only tone that really remained was in his tummy.

It felt awkward to move about with his body so much smaller, yet Laios found himself waddling a little closer to the water's edge, nonetheless. It was getting harder and harder for him to resist the call, while meanwhile? His body was growing *softer* and *softer*. This was because weight was being *added* to it, pushing forward his shirt beneath his chest plate. A once flat and masculine chest was now *swelling* with weight, skin wrapping tightly around mounds that expanded into a pair of voluptuous *E-cup* tits before long, perky nipples that rubbed sensitively against the cloth and all.

The man shuddered... *would have been incorrect to say at this juncture.* The *woman* shuddered, for her sex underwent its own transformation around the same time to create the folds of a pussy after her cock and balls merged into her pelvis. Her hips flared and her thighs thickened,

and this was all highlighted by the time she stood at the water's edge because...

The magic changed the woman's clothing. It was an instantaneous process. One that stripped her of her armor and oversized men's clothing and replaced it with a black dress with a white frilled skirt and white bodice that hugged her E-cups gingerly. Worth noting was that she didn't have a bra on or even panties, but there was a good reason for the latter absence.

The absence of the former was just a *personal* preference.

"I suppose I could just dip my feet in..." Laios stepped down into the water on the first stair, the water reaching up to her ankles. She had been pointedly not wearing anything on her feet, which made it all the more apparent that her bare tootsies were *changing* the moment they had been submerged. Pink and orange began to surround toes that were bounded together, flesh and bone thinning into two halved of a fish's fin that— **"WHA-!?"**

The lack of bone in her 'feet' gave her legs no choice but to slip out from underneath her. Both legs slid into the water and her butt ended up landing with a *SPLASH* on the top step. With her lower half wet now, pink ran down her thighs and around her ass and pelvis. The source of this pink was much more noticeable: it was born from fishy *scales* that paved over her pussy with a flap and sealed the crack of her ass. The woman's legs stiffened and were drawn towards each other, eventually forming a tail that was *six inches* longer than her legs had been as one. This mermaid tail made her height a whole *5'10"* when measured from the top of her head to the tail's base.

Falling had been shocking, but being in the water? **"This feels... nice..."** It was probably because she was just as much fish as she was human, as beneath her dress? Gills formed on the sides of her torso. There was also the matter of her *ears*, which pinkened like her scales and stretched out into little fins. Laios was the spitting image of a mermaid, but not the kind you found in the dungeon.

"Hm... A flooded zone around a castle town. I suppose there are worse places to be calling my new home." For *Meroune Lorelei*, the circumstances that had led to her arrival



within the dungeon made perfect sense. They just didn't line up *at all* with what had *actually* happened. Unless, of course, she had actually been isekai'd from her own world to fill a dungeon's monster quota? **“Well, it isn't *modern* at all. Perhaps I could make things a little more comfortable?”**

She had been sitting on the edge of the water ever since her scaled tail had begun to feel dry, but now that she had a goal in mind? She slid directly into the body of water, dress and all with a **“Whee!”** and a **SPLASH!** She allowed herself to sink deeper, her gills doing all of the necessary breathing work. There really *were* so few monsters around, and who was to say if they could even speak in the same language as her? Meroune might have had a lot more work to do than she had initially thought to make things livable!

“Hm... And what if humans try to kill me? Surely someone of my status could rationalize with them!”

At least she *hoped* so.