

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH6: THE (BIGGER) MERMAID

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With Laios' *current* part consumed by the dungeon, the watchful gaze of the one assimilating mortals into the dungeon eventually looked elsewhere within the dungeon's confines. A handful of new monsters would not repair the ecosystem, but it was good that the most recent troublemakers were now *dealt* with. At least in the eyes of the Lunatic Magician, Thistle.

Elsewhere, on a much higher dungeon floor, Namari had been more or less staying in her lane. She was still employed within the Tansu party, but none of her fellow party members were in the dungeon *with* her at the moment. Apparently, Mr. Tansu and Mrs. Tansu had noticed something strange about the dungeon and had asked the dwarven woman to do some surface level investigation.

“Nothing really seems out of place to me, though.” The stout and muscular woman had been wandering the pathways of the upper floor for some time now but hadn't really seen anything *out of place*. The Tansus hadn't even known *what* she should look for. But maybe it wasn't a matter of what she should look for as much as it was a matter of what she *couldn't* see? **“Come to think of it, though... I haven't seen a single monster.”**

And that was within *hours* of wandering. Lesser creatures were typically about aplenty even in the upper floor, but she hadn't even seen the head of a slime since stepping foot in the dungeon. She was crossing a rope bridge above a basin of crystal clear water when this realization dawned on her. And whether it was *because* of that realization, or because the timing was just a coincidence... **“...Eh?”** *The supports on the bridge suddenly gave out.*

“WHAT IN THE WOOOOOOORL—”

SPLASH!



She fell *directly* into the basin in question after falling for a few seconds. Trained as she was, Namari had at *least* had the good sense to point her feet down and wrap her arms around her body, but... *Crap! If there are any monsters in here...!?* The dwarf *could* swim, but she definitely wasn't a strong swimmer. She'd only recently been taught the basics. Fortunately, the water was clear enough for her to see her surroundings after coping with the sting of salt water in her—

Wait. Salt water? Considering this was the dungeon's first floor, she had expected it to be fresh water. If it was salty... that water didn't belong this high up. Why was it there? Regardless of the reason, she skimmed the water around her as she rose to the surface. She couldn't see the bottom, but things at least *appeared* to be safe. It was odd, however. She gradually found it less and less difficult to move and even hold her breath under the water's surface.

“**That's weird...**” She muttered as her mouth filled with salty water, not even realizing that she had so bravely decided to try *talking* underwater in the first place. Namari didn't swallow this water that rushed into her mouth. It was more like it was beginning to pass through her, like her body was designed to operate normally underwater.

The dwarf was still sinking, however. She was heavy and poorly designed for swimming in general, though those specific issues would be addressed one by one. Her *heft*, or at least the bulkiness that led to this heft, was what was addressed before anything else. Once panicked movements of her arms and legs had slowed until they were much calmer and more deliberate, but they were also having an easier time cutting *through* the water.

This was because all of the thick, rippling muscles that her dwarven body sported were slimming away, weakening gradually in a way that was disguised by the feeling of weightlessness and general obscurity that being submerged in water provided. Arms that were nearly as thick as a pair of tree logs thinned until there wasn't a spot of muscle on them, and this extended to her wrists and hands as well, so the leather bracers

around her wrists *easily* slipped off and began to sink independent of her body.

Equally thick and muscular legs diminishing led to a similar level of clothing malfunction below, too. Armored greaves had nothing to cling onto anymore and slipped past Namari's feet, pulling her pants and sandals with them as they disappeared into the void below. Her torso similarly thinned, and while the silver armor around her waist slipped off? Her sleeveless, leather tunic remained affixed for now; albeit clearly too wide for a thinner, smaller body. In terms of build, she was much more akin to a *short Tall-man* now. Something of a contradictory statement.

"I should probably get to the surface..." The gruffness of the dwarf's voice has softened, but only look at her face demonstrated that this softer tone and higher pitch suited her better now. After all, her chiseled features had thinned and narrowed, giving the woman a much cuter and more angular facial shape that also carried an uncanny *youthfulness* to it? This was enhanced by lips that puffed out, a nose that shrunk, or eyes that widened and brightened into a blue that reflected the water that surrounded her. She looked like a different person. Like a *girl*.

Perhaps around the age of *sixteen* or so?

Mind you, the changes to her head weren't isolated to her face alone. The shape of her skull had to shift to accommodate this thinner face, and in the process? Her oversized, dwarven ears shrunk down into a much more standard sizing for a woman of a taller race to boot. But the most striking change on Namari's head in general? It all came down to her short, messy red hair. Or at least regarding how it wasn't as short, messy, or red anymore.

These locks *spilled* out behind her, the crimson shade of each strand paling bit by bit towards a coral pink that was cuter and sleeker. Matching this trend, as the hair grew out *well* past her back, it became thicker and wavier. This was even true with her bangs, which were swept to the right as they framed her face past a rounder chin. With her smaller, cuter face (that was now accented with pink blush marks on her cheeks), the chiseled form of the dwarven warrior Namari had been before had now been replaced with something much thinner and more adorable.

But as had been the case with everyone else caught up in this curse, she was *not* destined to remain one of the established races from outside of the dungeon. *"W-Was swimming always this easy?"* Namari has sunk quite a ways before she managed to get any upwards momentum,

and she managed to do so by swimming in a rather unconventional way... *for a person*. She pressed her own legs together and kicked them at the same time, almost like a fish kicking its own tail. It just felt *natural* to her, and this was as much by design as her new, uncertain stutter as she spoke was.

The reason for this was clear enough, though the girl herself seemed to be oblivious to it. One look at her legs would *easily* reveal that the pigmentation of their skin was incrementally changing into a colored pattern that ran in vertical stripes down her legs, just beneath her hips. Some stripes were a pastel pink, while the stripes between were a pink so dark that they were almost red. These colors came courtesy of *fish scales* that were spreading across the outside of her legs, but not the insides... *namely because both legs were gradually mending into a single tail*.

Namari's upward propulsion became faster and faster the more that her lower body changed, but in a similar vein? "**Hehehe! I'm going so fast!**" Part of that *speed* was an illusion created by the fact that her body was *growing*. Her arms and torso grew a little longer, and her tail nearly *doubled* in length from her legs by the time her feet flattened into the tail's fins. But she was also just growing *generally*, her once 'normal' sized body growing evenly as if she were becoming a *giantess*.

Her torso tore *straight through* the leather garment that had remained affixed to her body as she passed the ten foot mark, but that height *doubled* in just ten more seconds and *continued* to grow. At this juncture it was hard to tell that *another* part of her body was growing, and while her waistline was narrowing to boot, but it was.

Now past the *twenty* foot mark, it was clear that her own *breasts* were growing independently of the rest of her body. Once of an average size, they absolutely *ballooned* with a youthful perkiness befitting of her perceived age. Assuming she was still a normal height, they had grown until they were *G-cups*, perky and bouncy alike. But she *wasn't* normally sized, and in the end she had grown to the height of *thirty nine feet*. An absolutely *gargantuan* size that had her barely fitting in the basin in terms of width. Before long, her big head was sticking out of the water.

"Phew! Made it to the surface!" As the girl's giant body emerged further, it became clear that she wasn't *naked* either. An open, ruffled, orange bikini top covered her nipples but left most of her breasts exposed, attached to a cloth that bled to white and wrapped behind hair that was now pulled up into two loops by a taiyaki hair decoration. She had clamshell earrings, golden chains around her hips, and something akin to a skirt around her waist that disguised the unmentionable areas.

The astounding size and depth of the salt water basin now made total sense, considering it had been required to be large enough to contain *Shirahoshi*'s almost 39 foot tall body. Her gargantuan mermaid tail kept the sixteen year old girl propelled upwards so that her dripping torso was out of the water, and she continued to wear that anxious expression that had been on her face for a while now. “**Wh-Wh-Where am I?**”



She had a vague recollection of it. She'd been summoned to this dungeon by someone... or *something*. “**Am I just supposed to make this my home? But it's s-so cramped...**” The girl couldn't move much, but she also couldn't go on land. Was she just supposed to remain isolated in that basin? In a forest that didn't look like it was close to the sea at all? Sad, she began to sink beneath the water. Only to have a fortuitous realization.

“**Oh! There's an exit at the bottom!**” A cavern that the water flowed through, which meant that it must *come out* somewhere. It was a lead! Maybe it would take her to somewhere more open? Maybe it would take her to other mermaids? Well, there *was* one down on the flooded floor

that this tunnel connected to. She was *much* smaller than the gigantic Shirahoshi, however. Still, a friend was a friend at the end of the day!

“I hope I don’t get stuck somewhere in the tunnel, though...”

That was a very real possibility considering her size.