

# SHARK IN THE BATH

By: Firingwall

*And... there we go!* Emiko Urasawa turned the water off for the bathtub. She removed her glasses, trying to squint through them. *Yep, all nice and hot!*

She wiped them with the bottom of her shirt before storing them away in a drawer beside the sink. She won't be needing them depending on how things went.

The woman hummed as she got ready, undoing her twin, black ponytails. She whisked her head about, letting her hair get all ruffled and free. *I wish all tests could be this relaxing.* She tossed the scrunchies on the counter and disrobed. *Then again, couldn't appreciate them as much if they were.*

Discarding her outfit in a big heap in the corner, she stepped alongside her tub. *Been a long time since I took a bath. This'll be nice.*

Heat rose from the water, a pleasant feeling on her skin before she even stepped in. Admittedly, it was impossible to even see the water. She may have overdone it on the soap. The bubbles were threatening to flow right out of the tub, already rising over the edge. But then again, even with all of that, it may have also not been enough for this test.

She glanced over at the soap bottle on the rim. It was a brilliant sapphire blue with a weird, white sticker on it. There was no label, no ingredients, no warnings, almost nothing. The only thing it had was the silhouette of a dorsal fin in the water.

Hopefully, bath time would prove fruitful for her.

Emiko lifted a foot and slowly sunk it into the bubbles. She yanked back carefully when she felt the water on the sole. It was unnecessary. The water was just right.

With a smile, she stepped into the bath and slowly slipped in. Her skin tingled under the heat but quickly adjusted to it. *Easy, easy...* She let out a low, pleasant sigh as her rear hit the bottom. *That's goooood.*

The bubbles encased almost all of her, filling the gap from where she sunk through. Only her head was visible now, resting nicely against the far end of the tub. She felt her body relax, sinking further and limbs drifting to the side. She never realized how spacious her bathtub truly was, being a shower kind of gal.

The extra room would be very useful for her.

*So warm...* Emiko's eyes started to droop, but she fought to keep them open. *Can't drift off. Need to... focus and pay attention.*

*First things first, feeling.* She focused on her body. The tingling sensation had returned, though it felt distinctly different from the touch of hot water on her skin. It wasn't bad, but perhaps a bit more numbing and odd.

Her feet, and especially her toes, felt it the most. *This must be it. Let's check.*

She adjusted her position and slowly rose a foot out of the water. Breaking through the dense layer of bubbles, she gave her foot a good shake to remove any suds that remained. She had a clear picture of it now.

Her foot looked grayer, bluish gray. It could've been just her imagination, but the fact that she had four toes said enough to her. Her toes were missing toenails but were still pointed. They were stretched into natural claws almost.

Her foot was bigger and heavier as well. She let it sink back into the water and brushed it against her still sunken foot. She could feel it only had four digitally as well, equally as pointed. Her skin felt rougher as they brushed against each other, too.

*It's started.* Emiko trembled, biting her bottom lip. *G-good.* She shifted a little and began to rise higher out of the water, her shoulders breaking through. However, she wasn't trying to sit up. Her body was growing, widening, especially seen in her broader shoulders.

*Changes definitely are a g-go...* Emiko's breathing grew deeper. *Whether... whether it's the amount of soap used that determines the speed of growth...* she snorted, cheeks reddening, *it kicks in right away and fast. It's quite... quite...*

*Stimulating.* A low moan left her. Her loins felt hot, very hot. They felt tingly, wanting, needing. She grinned, baring her impressively sharp, vicious teeth. *So hot...*

*So damn hot.* Emiko licked her lips, adjusting herself in the bath. More of her rose from the bubbles, this time her legs. *So fuc-* They lifted up and pressed against the wall, the faucet between her two feet. Her legs were grayish before, but now they were pure dark gray. They looked thicker, bulkier with the way her calves bulged now. *So frickin' hot...*

The smile slipped from her face. She grunted, shifting more. The way she was sitting felt awkward all at once, like the bath was jutting into her back.

It was the other way around. A nub had started growing out of her tailbone, pushing hard against the back of the tub. The nub was thickening, slowly creeping longer and longer.

“Hurumph,” Emiko groaned, unaware she was trying to adjust for her new tail, “Not comfortable. Damn thing already too small?” She sat up higher in the tub until she felt somewhat better, legs slipping back under.

The water line was now below her breasts, exposing her chest. She looked down at herself, taking in its progress. Her breasts were sandy white, nipples a darker gray than her feet. The lighter tone went up to her collarbone before the coloring shifted to gray, spreading onto her even broader shoulders.

However, that mattered not. Her brow was furrowing. *My tits... my boobs...* No matter how she tried, she couldn't utter “breasts”, just some cruder variation. *My melons...* That one made her snort. Her breasts could hardly be described as “big”.

Now, they were even smaller than they once were. They lost most of her form, jutting out less. They were wider, stretched out more to match her larger physique.

*Small.* Emiko's hands clenched. She could feel her fingers digging into her palms more than usual. *Still there.* She scowled, reaching up and placing her hands on her breasts, causing a light shiver. Her mitts were looking thick and gray as well, but she cared not.

Her pointed digits dug into her chest, groping and squeezing it. **“Why the fuck aren't you fucking gone yet!?”**

Emiko squirmed. *Shit... gees, I'm feeling angry.* She gulped low. *Not... not into that much.* She closed her eyes and thought, trying to focus. *Fuck, m-maybe used too much goddamn bubble bath suds.* Her body flinched. This aggressiveness was coming far too easily for her now.

She took a deep breath and released. She took another and released again. *Okay... focus here.* Her body rose and fell with each breath, her waist and chest widening more. *Just need to... need to keep thinking about... mmmrrph...*

Her legs rubbed together, the heat from her loins were intensifying. A deep snort left, her body's muscles expanding a little. *Gotta, fuckin', focus here.* Her head widened too, trapezius and neck muscles bulging to better handle it. *Changes are gettin' fucking intense. Many m-mental... predator th-thoughts... need...*

“Shiiiiiiiiit,” she growled in a deep, lust-filled baritone. Her crotch was on fire, aching, wanting to be pleased. *Can't... can't fucking focus on the goddamn job. Need to... need to stay on point for st-stupid r-research...*

Her pupils dilated. Her vagina throbbed. “**FUCK!**” she bellowed, “**Fucking can't relax and do my goddamn job when I'm fuckin' horny and shit!**”

A bestial snort left her as she shoved a hand down to her crotch. She needed to take care of this right away before she exploded.

However, her hand smacked against something long and thick. She shivered. *Oh fuck, it's... fuck me...* She ran a finger down its shaft to the base where her vagina should've been. She felt the end of a rod and two soft, ballish mounds.

She had a dick and a pair of balls. *Humph, well that's right at least!*

Emiko wrapped her hand around her cock's shaft, gripping it tightly. She snorted, shoulders tensing again as pleasure pulsed through her. Her breathing increased as she started pumping. “**F-f-fuuuuuuck!**” she snarled and growled, “**Fuuuuuuuuck yes!**”

Her body shook and rocked about, splashing water and suds everywhere. It felt so good to pump, to jerk. Her entire body was on fire, more sensitive than ever before. She gasped and huffed, breathing heavier than ever. Her chest and torso rose, getting burlier and wider. Her stomach was as strong as stone, her breasts almost nonexistent and mostly muscle.

*Gettin'... gettin' fuckin' huge!* Emiko snorted, her gaze turning harsh as she looked upon her masculinizing form. *Feelin' so goddamn strong! But... But ain't fucking fast enough!* She growled. *Needs to be faster!!*

If she needed things to speed up, it was time to sink. She tried slouching, pushing herself deeper into the water. Her legs popped out more, almost completely surfacing with how much they had grown. They were so much denser and bulkier when compared to her old twigs. It was a sight that filled her with delightful pride.

However, even pushing her legs out and up as far as she could, she was struggling to dive below her bath water. She was growing far too much, water just pouring out over the edge. Her tail wasn't helping matters either, getting longer and thicker until it was almost as long as a leg. It just pushed her up with how it pressed against the back and surface of the bathtub.

Eventually, Emiko grunted and sat back, trying her best to readjust with her new aquatic tail. The water now only came up to her navel, most of the bubbles having popped.

Even if she didn't dunk her head, she got most of her body under. Her torso had bulked up considerably. Her stomach was hard and dense, an impressive six-pack set of abs glistening with water. Breasts were long gone, replaced with a pair of pectorals that screamed powerful, godly, and manly in her eyes.

***Fuck yeah***, Emiko grinned, flashing rows of razor-sharp teeth. Their big hand grasped one of their pecs and squeezed it. ***Now this is fucking power. No more of that tit bullshit.***

Their eyes followed their hand down to their rough, dark gray arm. They hadn't really looked before, but it was far bigger, almost as dense as their legs. They lifted their arm, tightened their hand into a fist, and flexed with all their might.

Their cock throbbed at the sight. Their bicep bulged, its muscles almost thicker and denser by themselves than their original arm's width. Its appearance didn't lie. They could feel it. They could feel the strength within it, the power to bend steel girders and crush concrete blocks with their hand. It was violent and vicious, but they liked it.

**“Fuck yeah! This... this... this is shit!”** Emiko growled. They finally noticed their voice. It was certainly deeper than before, but they could still hear it. They could still hear a semblance of their old self in it.

It was disgusting. ***Fuck that pathetic, girly shit! I'm not that fucking pipsqueak crap! I'm FUCKING BETTER!***

Emiko needed to act fast! They couldn't live like this! No matter how awkward or uncomfortable it would feel, they needed to go under.

They shoved themselves under the water. All of their legs went out, pouring water off of them. Their tail hung out the side, and their cock and balls were exposed, everything looking larger than ever.

However, Emiko did not notice or care. They kept their head under for as long as possible. ***Need to be big! Need to be BIG! Need to be fucking HUGE AND MANLY! NEED TO BE A PREDATOR, THE TOP OF THE GODDAMN FOOD CHAIN THAT BANGS AND DOMINATES EVERYTHING!!***

After nearly spending a minute under, they resurfaced. Their hair was already being dealt with. Some fell away while most shrunk and shrunk, bringing them down to a buzz cut.

Emiko snorted and grunted, looking down. There was no trace of their original, pale-ish complexion. All was gray or a lighter shade of gray, skin rough to the touch. That was good but not what he was looking for.

As his head and neck grew, he cleared his throat. **"DO I SOUND BETTER?"**

He smirked, his brow thickening and eyes looking fiercer. **"FUCKIN' A! NOW THAT'S THE SHIT THERE! NO MORE PUSSY-SOUNDING VOICE FOR ME!"** His voice was thuggish, mean, and angry. He loved it.

Happy, Emiko readjusted himself, sitting up straight in the bathtub. The water level was only up to his crotch now, most of the suds gone. A long, thick, pointed red dick poked out of the water, quivering ever so slightly.

**THERE WE GO!** He snickered as he grabbed his cock again. All that crap had really distracted him from dealing with his new needs.

With a firm pump, he moaned, bending forward. It felt even better now!

He started masturbating eagerly, panting and groaning. His body quaked and shook violently, still splashing water out of the tub. His tail grew more and more, eventually hitting the bathroom floor tile. It was half as long as one of his legs and almost as thick.

His body continued to swell as his jerking went harder and faster. He was nearly over eight feet/two-hundred fifty centimeters by the end. His pectorals bulged out more impressively than ever, almost as big as when he used to have breasts. His cock was longer, balls the size of grapefruit hanging below it.

**"MMMMRPMMPH!"** Emiko snorted, gritting his teeth. His cock pulsed, squirting a bit of sticky cum into the air. He was at his end. He was almost there.

Just a bit more now.

Emiko pumped as hard as they could, his body jittering and shaking. His teeth bit down harder, grinding into each other. Gray skin was cloaking his face, a lighter shade on his bottom

jaw. Both jaws cracked and popped, shoving forward. His nose was dragged along, broadening as the tip widened. Eventually, a strong muzzle had formed.

Ears and hair fully vanished, a bulge in the back of his head forming. **ALMOST... ALMOST THERE...** He snorted, the bulge growing longer and thinner. **AL... ALMOST...**

His pupils dilated. **"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK YEEEEAAAAH!"** His cock spasmed, spewing long, gooey ropes of seed into the air. It splattered the wall and shower head with ease, some even hitting his face. His head throbbed one last time. The bulge on its back extended out fully, forming a curved fin.

A large, brutish shark man sat happily in the bathtub now.

He snarled and panted as his cumming eventually slowed, slipping and slouching against the back like he started. **"GOOOOODDDDDAAAMN, THAT FELT GREAT!"** He ran a hand over his big peecs and down onto his abs, which also protruded a touch more. **"NOW THIS IS A BODY NOBODY WOULD WANNA FUCK WITH... UNLESS THEY WANTED IT."**

"Emiko" chuckled deeply, licking the cum off his chops. He slowly stood up, his legs a bit wobbly from that aggressive masturbation session. It probably wouldn't be his last either so he'd have to get used to it fast.

He pulled the plug, draining what meager amounts of water was left. He stretched and rolled his shoulders, making a satisfying popping sound doing so. **FEEL LIKE A MILLION BUCKS! HEH, BET PEOPLE WOULD WANNA GET A LOAD OF THIS SHIT.**

Scratching and taking a moment to grope his chest, the shark man grabbed the towel off the rack. **...SHIT.** He held it briefly to his chest and then looked it over. It was way too small for him. It may have worked on a dinky pipsqueak like the before-him, but current-him needed something much bigger if he was gonna dry off.

**"FUCK ME, EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE SMALL, AIN'T IT?"** The shark growled and punched the wall next to him. His fist went easily through the plaster, putting a huge, fist-sized dent. The sight only pissed him off further, but he did his best to resist the urge to punch again.

Putting the thought from his mind, he went over to the sink and its cabinets. He saw the drawer where he stored his glasses, waiting for the old him. Even besides being too small and unsuited for his sizable muzzle, he sure as hell didn't need them with his improved vision.

He snatched his cell from the counter instead. It felt and looked so tiny in his hands. **THIS IS GONNA BE FRUSTRATING.**

He turned it on and started tapping away. It was even more difficult than he thought with his oversized, muscly digits. **STUPID FUCKING PHONE.** He tried getting to where he could call work, but he kept clicking on a different name or previous caller in the listing. **WORK, DAMMIT, NO... WORK! NOT HARRY, WORK!!!**

He needed to report the results. The bubble bath soap was an incredible success. He had become a shark! A very large, powerful, burly, mean shark, but he was a shark nevertheless. Though, they would probably complain about him using too much of the soap or that the results were too dangerous, but what did they know? He wasn't complaining!

Though, he might've ended up smashing his phone soon. He wasn't getting anywhere trying to call the office. Anger was quickly rising in him.

Thankfully, it didn't come to that. A call came in from Camila. It was another woman who was testing out a different variant of the bath soap. **WHAT THE HELL DOES SHE WANT?**

"Emiko" struggled for a bit before eventually managing to swipe on the phone to answer the call. He held it up to where his ear supposedly was. **What's up, shithead? Done with your bath or were you too pussy to do it, bitch?**

The shark growled. That was a bullshit way of greeting someone, especially someone like him. It did amuse him a little bit at least. It seemed like someone else went a bit too hard on the soap bubbles themselves.

**"FUCK YEAH I DID, ASSHOLE. I'M FUCKING AWESOME NOW!"**

"Oh yeah? Good! Glad to hear you're not some scrawny dipshit anymore now. Sounds like you got some fucking big balls!"

**"I GOT BIG BALLS AND A BIG ASS COCK TOO!"** The shark smirked, sliding his hand across his rod, awakening it and letting it go stiff. **"THEY'RE PROBABLY BIGGER THAN YOURS, YA DUMB ORCA."**

The voice on the other line sounded even angrier than it already was. **"Fuck you, asshole! My junk and dick are way bigger than some shark fuck like you!"**



**“OH YEAH!”** “Emiko” growled, **“LET ME COME OVER AND THEN WE’LL SEE!”**

“You can come over and see all you like! When you realize how puny yours is compared to mine, you can suck it off!”

**“MAYBE I WILL, AND THEN MAYBE I’LL FUCK YOU IN THE ASS TO MAKE YOU MY PERSONAL BITCH TOO!”**

**“OH YEAH?!”**

**“YEAH!!”**

There was a pause and then loud, gruff laughter. The shark chortled, flexing his free arm and admiring it. **“GOD, IT FEELS FUCKING GOOD TO BE LIKE THIS! I FEEL LIKE I CAN BENCH PRESS A FIRE TRUCK WITH THESE MUSCLES!”**

**“I know, shithead! I feel like I can take twenty guys on and not break a sweat!”**

The shark smiled a terrible, mean smile. **“YEAH... THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUCKING FUN, ASSHOLE.”**

**“Yeah, it does, you idiot. Lot of things sound like fun now.”**

There was another pause. **“Ya know, those shit-for-brains scientists said there might be some stupid side effects with this stuff. I’ve been feeling a lot of pent up aggression, acting like a thug and brute, and other dumb shit.”**

“Emiko” nodded. He had been thinking about that earlier. The scientists couldn't have possibly known the side effects would bring out such a drastic change in one's personality, right? **“WELL, IT’S PROBABLY BECAUSE WE USED TOO MUCH OF THAT SOAP CRAP THEY HAD.”**

**“Hmph, probably. You care?”**

The shark didn't even need to think. **“NOPE. YOU?”**

**“FUCK NO!”**

The shark couldn't help but laugh again. Why would they care really? They were both powerful, hungry beasts, true predators. They could do anything and everything, and nobody would or could stop them.

**"THOSE ASSHOLES SAID WE SHOULD REPORT BACK RIGHT AWAY ABOUT THE RESULTS, BUT FUCK 'EM, I SAY! LET'S HIT THE TOWN AND CAUSE SOME TROUBLE!"**

**"I could throw back a few gallons of beer personally."**

**"JUST A FEW GALLONS? PFFFFT, LET'S FUCKING GET WASTED AND FUCK ON TOP OF SOME ASSHOLE'S CAR. THAT'LL RUIN THEIR STUPID PAINT JOB."**

**"Ha! Sounds like a great time! I'll see you soon, shithead!"** Whatever Camila became hung up, saving the new shark the trouble from trying to do so himself.

He tossed the phone onto the counter and stretched one more time, cracking his neck now. Work could wait. It was time to hit the town and introduce the world to the newest, biggest, and baddest tough monster around and his less-than-impressive but still powerful buddy.

He frowned. **HUMPH, GOTTA FIND SOMETHING TO FIT THOUGH.**

Despite everything, he did still need something to wear. He didn't want to deal with the cops hounding him, at least right away. He could mess with them later.

Right now, he needed something that could fit... but not too much. This was still a body made to be admired and feared in all of its glory after all.

**THE END?**