

Melody Mermaid (Man to Mermaid TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Nick is lost at sea with no hope of finding land when he is found by a beautiful cecaelian sea witch named Serena. She decides to 'save' him by transforming him into a beautiful mermaid named Melody, but it soon becomes clear that Serena is more interested in possessing the new woman as her pet. Can Melody escape the sea witch's enchantments?

Melody Mermaid

Nick clung to the lifebuoy and tried to stay awake. The water was getting increasingly cold, and everything in his body was screaming at him to let go and join the blue abyss that surrounded him. Even now, with the sea relatively calm, his hopes continued to degenerate; there was nothing upon the horizon in any direction but an endless expanse of water. It had been two days since the accident that had seemingly ended his life in slow motion. He had been invited onto a friend's party boat, and during the drunken celebrations he had leaned against a railing only to find that it wasn't up to code, because it snapped, leaving him to plunge into the water. The boat was still moving, and in the darkness of night the only mercy he had been given was when one girl threw him a lifebuoy, though she giggled at the sight. Nick had assumed they could turn the boat around, but either there was a miscommunication or delay in response, or worse, no one had taken it seriously in their drunken state, because the boat simply careened off into the distance, its lights disappearing out of Nick's view.

Now, he was adrift in the middle of the ocean, its currents taking him deeper into the unknown, with no land in sight. His belly rumbled with hunger, and his throat was parched with utter thirst. Once, he had seen a shark fin, but even those creatures had avoided him, leaving the man as just a single brown-haired dot in the middle of a vast, vast ocean.

"I don't deserve this!" he screamed at the sky, even with his throat so ragged and sore. "I'm only twenty two! I've got my whole life ahead of me! Someone fucking HELP MEEEEEE!!!"

But as usual, no one answered. At least, not immediately. Nick hung his head in despair. He was so tempted to let go of the orange-and-white lifebuoy and just let himself sink. He was about to do so, in fact; the man was too tired, hungry, thirsty, and without hope to truly fight the despair back any longer. His fingers uncurled for just a moment, and then suddenly a series of bubbles rose to the surface in front of him. He clutched the lifebuoy again, curious as to what this could be.

“What the . . ?”

And then a *woman* rose to the surface. A naked woman. It was such an astounding, unexpected, and frankly *impossible* sight that Nick actually yelled. He assumed he was hallucinating, but the woman looked so real. Her entire torso was out of the water, all the way down to her belly button, and she was perhaps the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She looked to be in her early thirties, and had an hourglass figure with a very generous (and naked) bust, the kind of breasts most women would kill for, topped by perfect pink nipples. She had long light blonde hair that somehow maintained that lightness even though it was soaked through, and her face was as beautiful as it was mischievous. Somehow, she even had ruby red makeup on her lips, and a hint of eyeshadow too. Nick stared at her, open-mouthed as she slowly shifted closer towards him.

“Am I dreaming?” he asked this sudden apparition.

The woman giggled, then ran her hands over her body, down her breasts and over her unseen hips beneath the surface. “If it’s a dream, honey, it’s the kind of dream you’ll never forget. What brings a man like you to my doorstep?”

Nick looked around. What doorstep? They were in the middle of the ocean! He blinked again, certain that this woman had to be a hallucination, but the longer he took in the sight of her, the more he was certain that his imagination could never have conjured up a woman this perfectly attractive, or so coy in her body language. She moved closer, folding one arm beneath her breasts and pushing them up in a lovely display, all while resting her chin on her other hand.

“You’re a shy one, aren’t you?”

“You *are* real,” Nick said.

Another giggle, and the woman suddenly circled Nick, her entire torso still sticking impossibly out of the water, her movements quick despite not using her arms or upper body to navigate herself. It was a surreal spectacle, to say the least.

“As real as you, honey, though a lot more adapted to this environment than you are, that’s for sure. It’s been a long time since I saw a human around these parts. I’m Serena. Serena the Sea Witch. What’s your name?”

Nick gulped. “I’m N-Nick.”

“Well, hello N-Nick. Or is it just Nick?” She circled in front of him and leaned in close. Even desperate for food, water, and safety, Nick couldn’t help but notice how close her magnificent breasts were to him, or how coily seductive her expression was.

“Just Nick,” he managed. “Nick Schafer.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. You don’t look much like a Nick Schafer to me. Then again, perhaps I’m getting ahead of myself. How did you end up here in my area of the ocean, Nick?”

The man told her his story in brief. How he'd fallen off the boat, how no rescue had come. How desperate he was for water above all. The woman made a show of exaggerated sympathy. She pulled up alongside him and placed a hand around his shoulder, pressing the side of her right boob against him, an act which was hard to ignore.

"You poor, poor thing! You need better friends. Much better friends. Would you like me as a friend, Nick?"

"If you can get me out of here and help me to safety, you'd be my best friend for life, Serena. Please, can you help me?"

"Oh, best friend for life! I rather like that! You know how to say all the right things, Nick Schafer, even if your name is all wrong for me."

He didn't know what she meant by that, but something slimy and strange suddenly slid along his naked calf, and he kicked in the water, clutching the lifebuoy even more desperately.

"Oh God, what the shit!?"

"Are you okay?"

"I - I just felt something against my leg! Like a shark or something!"

Serena giggled. "I'm sure it's just a lovely octopus. I do so love them, you know. But then again, I've always liked things that share my lovely features. I'll tell you what, Nick, I'm going to make your day. Did I mention that I'm a sea witch?"

Nick nodded, trying to keep his feet away from the strange slimy things sliding against his legs even more now. "Yes. Yes, you did."

"And do you believe in witches and magic?"

"I'll believe in anything if it saves my life!"

She shifted around in front of him and giggled. "A great answer, Nick. Oh, you're going to do so well. Listen, magic is a funny thing. It requires a contract. A bargain. An *agreement*. So . . . do you agree to let me save you in a manner of my choosing, and in return you can pay me back with a lifetime's worth of pleasure?"

Nick had no idea what that meant. The strange things were coiling around his legs now. Tugging at him. Beginning to pull at him. He scrambled to get an even better grip on the lifebuoy. "Yes, yes! I agree! Shake my hand if you have to!"

"Actually, this kind of agreement has to be sealed with a rather passionate kiss, my dear."

"Then kiss me, please! I won't complain at all! Seriously!"

She darted up to him and pressed her lovely, curvaceous body against him. Serena planted her lip against his, and the two of them kissed. For a moment, Nick forgot the buoy and even let it go. Somehow, Serena was holding him up with ease, lifting him a little out of the water so she could sample the taste of him. Her chest was bountiful, pressing against his

body and making him remember all that was sweet about life and worth living for. The woman pulled back, her bright blue eyes sparkling with delight.

“And . . . done! Let’s get you saved!”

Suddenly, she dropped him into the sea. Nick tried to scream, but his mouth filled with saltwater, and he began to flail. He was being pulled down, and he didn’t have the strength to fight back. The woman had betrayed him, killed him. It *had* been a hallucination. A temptation of the mind that led him to his death. Nick floundered about, failing to reach the surface. He held his breath as long as he could until -

Until nothing happened.

Nick clutched his throat, expecting to die. He had released all the oxygen in his lungs, but no suffocation was happening. No drowning. Instead, it was like he was breathing in a different fashion, automatically and with total ease. He patted himself over, the surface still far above him. When he reached his neck his eyes bulged; there were little ribs there, almost barely discernible, but uncomfortable when he tried to pry them. They felt like . . .

“Gills,” a voice carried through the water. “Those are gills, my Melody.”

Nick turned in the water, his heart beating rapidly as the situation threatened to overwhelm him. Serena was approaching him, gliding through the water without even needing to paddle, her long blonde hair flowing out behind her. She was smiling from ear to ear, but she didn’t even realise that she was being chased by a horrid creature from the deep. Some kind of giant navy-blue octopus was right behind her, tentacles extending outwards before snapping together in order to speed towards its prey. Nick couldn’t help himself.

“Look out!” he shouted, and he was shocked to hear that his voice actually carried through the water without any distortion.

But Serena gave his words no notice, and instead came to a stop, rotating so that she was facing him in a vertical position. The tentacles slid down, and it was then that Nick realised what he was truly seeing. Serena the sea witch hadn’t been chased by a giant octopus. She *was* a giant octopus. At least, the lower half of her was. Where her perfect hips flared out, her skin turned to the blue and slightly rubbery surface of an octopus, and instead of a pair of legs, the woman had eight undulating tentacles that were perhaps twice as long as a regular pair of limbs would have been. Nick couldn’t help himself; he instantly screamed and tried to swim away.

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic!” Serena called out, and she used her octopoidal form to instantly shoot ahead and appear in front of him. “You’re acting like you’ve never seen a beautiful cecaelian before!”

Nick tried to back away, but her command over movement in the water made getting away impossible. When he tried to swim back up, two tentacles grasped his legs and pulled

him back down with ease, rotating him so that he was facing Serena. Another tentacle darted out and held him by the waist, pulling him closer and keeping him in place.

"What are you!?" he said with a shaky voice.

"I told you, I'm Serena the sea witch, and this is your lucky day, Melody, because as per our agreement, I'm going to save you!"

"I'm not - who is Melody?"

"That's you, silly!"

"I'm not Melody, I'm Nick!"

At this, the woman grinned. "You *were* Nick. Now . . . it's time to be Melody."

Nick was about to demand she take him back to the surface, when suddenly the sea witch's eyes began to glow. They were a magnificent blue, but flecks of green danced in her eyes, and he found it impossible to turn away.

"Be Melody," she intoned, her voice reverberating inside his hypnotised mind. *"Be Melody, my luscious mermaid."*

Nick was transfixed. He couldn't move, leaving him entirely at the whims of the strange octomaid. But there was something else, too. Those eyes . . . it was like they were sending a signal to his body. His flesh started to crawl. He found himself moaning, the odd sensation of numerous pressures hitting his body all at once. He couldn't look away from the sea witch's gaze though, even as he began to feel his form shift and change.

"Ohhhh . . . wh-what are you d-doing to me?"

"Making you Melody. Be my beautiful Melody. Repay me for saving you."

Nick gasped. Her tentacles slid over his body, slowly removing his articles of clothing and leaving him naked. The water should have been freezing, but it was slowly becoming more comfortable instead.

"Just let me go! I can - ahhh -breathe underwater now! Let me go - mmmm! - free!"

"You have to uphold your agreement, my lovely Melody. Your change is not yet finished. Now . . . change."

It hit him all at once. The pressures rose, and like water piling up against the weak point in a dam well, the dam finally gave way. Nick groaned as his waist began to pinch inwards, and again as his hips spread wider, his very bones changing shape. A strange mix of discomfort, pain, and powerful sexual pleasure flooded through his form, accelerating the changes. He writhed on the spot, still staring at the cecaelian witch's piercing eyes.

"M-my chest! M-my face!"

"You are going to look lovely. Be Melody. Keep changing."

His nipples burned and throbbed, then grew in size. He gripped them, fondling the sensitive growths, only to find the flesh behind them expanding as well. His pecs softened and grew, surging forth as twin walls of flesh that were undeniably a pair of breasts, and not

small ones either. He desperately wanted to see them, but he couldn't look away from Serena, and so instead he was left gasping and whimpering, uncomfortable yet reluctantly pleased by his feminising body. His hair slid out from his scalp, growing longer and longer. It waved in front of his face, and he saw that it was now red in colour. Not orange. Not ginger. But a potent scarlet red that was utterly entrancing . . . just not nearly so much as the sea witch's gaze.

"P-please!" Nick managed, though his voice rose in octave, becoming sweeter by the second as his face began to rearrange and alter itself. "You d-don't have to do this!"

"We formed an agreement, Melody. I saved you, now you pleasure me enough for a lifetime. And this is the part where I get a lot of pleasure."

Her tentacles snaked over Nick's form as it continued to change. The man gasped and groaned, his voice now a sweet soprano. His breasts continued to grow and fill his palms, but his hands shrank at the same time, becoming dainty and soft, which matched his shrinking arms as well. He tried to form new words, but his lips suddenly filled out further, becoming pouty and feminine, and this was followed by an entire change to his face and jaw structure, which softened across the board.

"Ohhhh! Oh God! This c-can't be happening! What are you t-turning me into!? Why am I a w-woman!? MHMM!!"

"Not just a woman. A mermaid. My mermaid Melody."

Nick's eyes bulged. He could feel it. His legs were closing together. No, not just closing. *Fusing*. Even as his breast continued to flow over his palms, growing to a truly terrific size, this was the most alien change yet. Even more than his itty bitty waist. His penis and testicles literally melted back into his body, and he barely had time to clutch his manhood before it disappeared into his fusing thighs. His skin itched even as the bones began to fuse into a single vertebra, and while he writhed and trembled, the sensation of iridescent scales forming was impossible to ignore.

"Noo!"

"Yes. Oh yes. Pink scales, too! My favourite kind. You're going to be so wonderful, Melody. Your breasts are even bigger than mine now. I'm almost jealous!"

Indeed, his chest was still growing, to the point where he could see his full, ripe new breasts in the bottom of his vision. His feet melted together, and for a moment sensation dropped out entirely. But then they stretched, causing Nick to squeak in a very feminine fashion as they splayed out to become what he already knew was his new fin. His bones continued to form, new muscles growing, and his tail extended to nearly twice as long as his legs had been; similar to Serena, though thankfully there were no tentacles in his case. The man moaned, the pleasure now rising further. It was added to by the ministrations of Serena's tentacles, which were now sliding all over his body. They massaged Melody's

breasts, rubbing over his nipples, and even began to caress the space where his manhood had once been.

“Ohhhh! What are you d-doing! What’s happening to meeeee!?”

“You want this. Your body wants this, Melody. Be here. Be my mermaid.”

The changes hit Nick’s mind all at once. His brain was suddenly alight, neural connections severing in some places and new ones forming across the board. In an instant, it was impossible to think of himself as Nick. He was Melody. No, *she* was Melody, for the magic was now even changing her gender identity, much to her horror. She was a mermaid, and her body was enraptured, overwhelmed by lust as the sea witch’s tentacles spread across her form.

“OHhhh! Why d-do I want this!? Ahhh - I can’t s-stop wanting this!”

“No you can’t. I am a sea witch, Melody. My enchantment is upon you. Now . . . let me please my new pet.”

Melody was helpless, awash in not only a literal sea, but a figurative one that was filled to the brim with unwanted yet overpowering *bliss*. Serena kissed her, holding her forcefully in place with her many limbs, and Melody found herself returning the kiss even as the sea witch snaked her tongue into the mermaid’s mouth. It made the new woman moan, and that pleasing sound only increased in volume and enthusiasm as Serena used her hands to squeeze and fondle her very large breasts.

“Please me as well, Melody,” the witch commanded, and this time there wasn’t even any hypnotic tone in her voice. There didn’t need to be, because Melody was too enraptured by the feelings. Her mental changes had sunk in deep, and while she had never been the most assertive man, she now found herself to be a very, very submissive new mermaid.

“I’ll - I’ll try!” she said, red-cheeked with embarrassment as they made love in the great deep blue. She squeezed the other woman’s breasts, but this was not enough.

“Suck on them,” the sea witch commanded. “And use your hands down below. Don’t worry, I don’t have a beak. I’m as much of a woman down there as you are.”

The order broke through Melody’s unwillingness, especially as Serena’s tentacles began to tease the mermaid’s sensitive womanhood. It was all kinds of wrong, and yet she *needed* to please her mistress, to pleasure this octomaid who had changed her. With a flip of her tail she managed to pivot herself lower. Melody managed to resist only for a few seconds as Serena’s tentacles spread out to give her access, but then it was all too much: she thirsted to stimulate Serena’s pussy as much as she had so recently thirsted for water and hungered for food. She pressed her body against the woman’s lower half and reached her hand out to feel and rub the sea witch’s most private parts.

“Mhhmm, that’s right, my little mermaid. Right there. Don’t - ahh! - Don’t stop!”

The pleasure rose. Melody sucked upon her mistress's nipples, flicking her tongue over them and making Serena moan with delirious joy. In response, the controlling sea witch pinched the mermaid's nipples with her tentacles, cupping the undersides of them and causing Melody to cry out in sweet, musical tones. A tentacle finally pushed its way into Melody's vagina, and it nearly gave her the willpower to escape, the sensation was so alien.. But it was also so *good*. The brief pain gave way to raw sensuality as Serena's prehensile appendage slipped in and out of Melody, penetrating her again and again and writhing within her most sensitive areas.

"Ohhhhhh God! I can't - I'm going to! Serena, you have to stop before I - aaaahh! AAAAIIIEEEE!!!"

The gorgeous and very busty mermaid screamed underwater, sounding like a beautiful singer achieving a lasting high note at the end of her most memorable song. Her new body erupted with pleasure, and more tentacles had to snake around her midsection just to stop her flapping tail from sending her skyrocketing to the surface, or perhaps to the great deep. Serena came as well, her lower and more sultry voice giving a choral undertone to Melody's screaming pleasure. Quake after quake of delirious ecstasy battered the new mermaid, and her pink tail swayed from side to side as each one brought her to ever greater heights of bliss.

"I c-can't be a mermaid! I can't - ahhhh! Ohhhhhh, I'm c-cumming so f-fucking hard! When will it - mmhmmhmm - end!?"

She was pulled against Serena, her face pressed between the octopus woman's magnificent breasts, practically suffocating her within that lovely display of flesh. The sea witch ran her human hands through Melody's long red hair as the former man shuddered in response to the continuing pleasure.

"No end, my darling. No end at all," the sea witch said, still trembling with her own obvious orgasms. "You're my pet now. And you'll provide enough pleasure for a lifetime, remember?"

Melody woke, and for a moment she was terrified that she was still drowning, because she was surrounded by water and trapped in a cave that was illuminated with numerous glowing coral structures. She thrashed about briefly, only to see a large pink tail undulate before her eyes. *Her* pink tail.

That was when it hit her. A wave of memories swept through her mind; how she'd met the cecaelian sea witch Serena, the deal she'd made with that octopoidal woman, and how she'd not only been transformed into a beautiful mermaid, but also found herself

magically compelled to pleasure and *be pleased* by Serena. It left her clutching her head in shock, her long red hair that went all the way down to her lower back now floating up around her and reminding her of its presence. The same was true of her magnificent bust. Melody looked down and beheld the largest and most impressive pair of breasts she'd ever seen, not that she'd ever seen them from *this* point-of-view before! They were totally naked, and didn't put any weight on her back because of her underwater state allowing them to remain partly buoyant. Still, it was utterly foreign. She had *breasts*. She was a *woman*. And she had a big frickin' pink fish tail, the scales of which shimmered iridescently beneath the glowing light of the coral.

"This can't be real," she murmured, her voice still that incredibly sweet soprano. "I'm a mermaid. I'm not even human anymore."

She flexed her tail. It was not like a human leg at all. It didn't have a knee joint, not like they often had in animation and the like. Instead, it was flexible all along its length, allowing her to bring her wide translucent pink fin to bend all the way up to cover her breasts. She grabbed it, and almost squeaked from the odd sensation of feeling the end of a *tail* instead of feet.

"This is going to take some getting used to. What am I talking about? I'm not getting used to any of this! I'm getting out of here!"

It took her some time to actually move through the cave, however. It was only twenty or so feet across, but she was not used to swimming with a tail, or angling herself horizontally to get somewhere, instead of remaining vertical. As she fumbled about, bonking her head occasionally on the cavern ceiling and rolling head over, well, *fin* as she practised with her new appendage, it occurred to her that it was a kind of room. She'd even been sleeping on a surprisingly comfortable bed of sorts that was, in fact, a kind of carefully grown sea sponge. There were carved statue ornaments depicting various mermaids, octomaid, sharkwomen, and so forth on a shelf, and various pieces of jewellery, hairpins, bracelets and even seashell bras and the like on the other shelf beside it.

"No. No way," she said. "I'm not wearing any of that!"

Though judging from the way her breasts were shifting about, wobbling in a strange way due to their underwater state, she could use a bra. They weren't exactly weighing upon her, but they were . . . very distracting.

There was a mirror across the room, one that looked like it had been recovered from some sea wreckage to judge from the wooden frame with its intricate carvings. Melody took a seashell bra and propelled herself over to it, gripping the mirror to arrest her movement. She'd have to work on that.

"Okay, so this is just temporary. I just slip this over my head and . . . woah."

The former man gazed at her own reflection. It would not be an exaggeration to say that she was the single most beautiful thing she had ever seen, and that was an impressive feat, given that the top half of Serena the sea witch had previously held that record. Her red hair flowed around her in an ethereal manner, framing her delicate face. Her features were painfully cute, her cheeks possessing a healthy layer of baby fat that lent her a youth and vitality and expressiveness that would have had her thinking wistfully about this woman for *years* after seeing her just once, were she not actually the one possessing this visage. Her eyebrows were thick and expressive, red just like her hair, and her eyes were bright blue where they had once been brown. A lovely ocean blue, in contrast to Serena's more piercing gaze. Even beyond her pretty features like her cute button nose and adorable freckles, there was her body. Her breasts were bigger than one would expect for her petite size, and as she cupped them she realised just how much she had been amply blessed - or cursed - with a prominent rack. When pressed together, her breasts produced a deep line of cleavage from her clavicle that went inches deep and seemed to go almost halfway down to her belly button. And yet they were perfect teardrop shapes, with nipples that were at once prominent but also delicate. With her thin waist and her wider 'tail hips', she possessed a svelte and alluring figure. Despite her inhuman nature, her tail only added to her beauty. The bright pink scales shimmered beneath the glowing light of the coral, and the way of her tail had its own hypnotic effect. Melody now understood why so many sailor stories were about beautiful mermaids and how easily they could entice a man to plunge into the dangerous deep.

"I'm beautiful," she whispered, eyes wide as she took in every inch of her new body.

"Yes, you are."

Melody managed to turn on the spot, overcorrecting just a little as her tail fin flapped to keep her angled right. Entering the chamber was Serena, the sea witch's octopoid lower half curling around the rocky entrance in order to slide her body forwards. Instantly, Melody experienced a rush in her body, an arousal and desire to please. She bowed her head just a little despite her inner rage at what had been done to her, and she tried to cover her breasts modestly with her forearms, but given the daintiness of her slim arms, she only ended up emphasising her terrific bustline all the more.

"Serena! What are you doing here?"

The witch extended her arms, her tentacles stretched outwards to grip the ground. "This is my room, darling. They're all my rooms, in fact, though I suppose you could say that I am *allowing* you the use of this one. So in that sense, certainly, it is *a*lso your room, though I also have free rein of it."

"When am I going to be turned back?"

Serena chuckled and placed her chin on her hand, looking like a condescending mentor. "Oh, my dear sweet little Melody, don't you remember our bargain? I agreed to save

you, and in return you offered me a lifetime's worth of pleasure. That keyword in that sentence, honey, is *lifetime*. You're mine for life!"

Melody gulped. "That's . . . not fair."

"Would you rather be dead and drowned? A bloated corpse floating on the waves until finally sinking down for good?"

"No! I just mean . . . oh God, what have you done to me? Why can't I argue properly with you? I want to call you so many things but I just - I can't!"

Serena's face showed some false sympathy. She glided over to Melody, enveloping the mermaid in her tentacles and rotating her so that they were both facing the mirror.

"That's because I wanted you to be my perfect plaything, Melody," Serena whispered in her ear, caressing her tail and slender stomach with her appendages. "I don't like women who argue back. I wanted a mermaid lover, a beautiful pet who would be submissive and demure, and always eager for my touch."

With that, her tentacles probed towards Melody's opening, causing the woman to moan. She tried to pull away from Serena, but gave up quickly. In truth, she wanted this. She felt a compulsive *need*.

"N-no!" she cried, twisting about. "You can't do this to me! I'm a man! I'm a human man. I - I don't want to have sex with you. No matter how hard you try, I'll n-never truly want to pleasure - I mean *please* you!"

Serena sighed. She rubbed Melody's shoulders, then reached around the woman from behind to cup and massage her breasts. Melody moaned in a most delightful way, gasping as she tried to fight the arousal that was growing within her.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't want this, my pet."

Melody raised her head and gazed in the mirror. Serena's eyes were glowing. That piercing gaze was reaching out to the mermaid and infiltrating her very soul.

"*Do you really not want me to fuck you, my pet?*"

Melody stuttered. She wanted to say no, but she couldn't. Her libido was supercharged by the magic in Serena's gaze, and her submissive, servile nature rose up to overwhelm her mind and drown her male pride. Her nipples stretched forward, aching to be fondled, and her womanhood grew damp within her.

"I can *taste* your arousal in the water now, Melody," Serena taunted. "Come, make love to your mistress. Make her scream in pleasure, and she will return the favour with every tentacle at her disposal."

Resistance was pointless. Hell, it was unthinkable. That was the power of the sea witch; she didn't force anything, she simply heightened the magical changes she had placed on Melody's mind and body and soul, and let them rise until they reached a fever pitch, a boiling point where it was *Melody* that initiated first.

“Ohhhhhh, oh God! Oh fuck!” Melody moaned, turning herself about and embracing the sea witch so that their large breasts rubbed pleasurably against one another. “I can’t f-fight it! I need you, Serena! Please, let me make you happy!”

Serena kissed her, and together they began to moan.

“That’s my pretty thing,” the sea witch said, her tentacles roaming across Melody’s body and driving the mermaid crazy. “A lifetime worth of pleasure, remember? Let’s enjoy it.”

Melody *did* enjoy it. She enjoyed it that morning, and that night, and three times again the following day, and in numerous couples in the weeks that passed following that. She tried to fight her submissive nature so many times, but was destined for failure in each attempt. Serena’s cecaelian form was just too alluring, and her power over Melody was getting stronger and stronger, because the touch of her snaking tentacles had become quite literally addictive to the pink-scaled mermaid. The feel of being dominated and pleased, of having a tentacle writhing in her mouth while another squirming against her clitoris not only made her cum each time, but she actually started to *miss* having them around her at times. She hated herself for it, of course. It was humiliating, not only being a woman and a mermaid but being such a demure lover to a controlling witch. But then during times when Serena was practicing her magic in her own private sanctum or swimming out of their underwater cavern home in search of various ingredients and the like, Melody would find herself thinking wistfully about Serena. About those tentacles. About how they both made her feel. And sometimes she would even float in the middle of her room, undo the seashell bra that was so second nature to wear for her now, and begin playing with her own ultra-sensitive breasts and pussy, imagining Serena was there making love to her. Sometimes, even, Serena would arrive back early to witness this sight, and she would hold off on fucking Melody until the mermaid was pleading like a weak, desperate woman for it. Which, really, was exactly what she *was*.

And it was *wonderful*.

Much as Melody tried to deny it, the way Serena used her tentacles made the mermaid putty in the octomaid’s hands . . . and aforementioned tentacles. Afterwards, she would burn with humiliation. She was a real screamer, unable to help herself from crying out loud in purest ecstasy when her orgasms arrived, and she always came multiple times, too. Serena would smirk and stroke her cheek afterwards, like the protective but dominating mistress that she was.

“Don’t worry, my red-cheeked Melody. You’ll get used to it. One day you’ll wake up and realise you were always meant to be mine and mine alone.”

It was those words that convinced Melody that she had to escape. She didn't know where she would be escaping to, of course. Serena was quite deliberately vague on the surrounding geography, including where the nearest landmass was. But the mermaid needed to find somewhere to be free of her endless submission to her sea witch mistress, and hopefully find another octomaid or mermaid or even a damn *crab*maid if necessary who could help her overcome her curse and restore her manhood and humanity. Hell, she'd take just being a human *woman* at this point, or a *merman*, so long as she could be free.

Her room did not have much in it. The ocean provided food in the form of nutritious seaweed and other forms of seafood. The volcanic vents would be good for cooking fishmeat if necessary, she imagined, though she realised she had been quite the vegetarian since being changed; perhaps that was a mermaid's natural diet? Nor was she worried about where to sleep, so long as she could stay clear of sharks. She packed only some kelp nibbles, a couple of additional bras, and a little bit of jewellery to sate her new feminine nature. Perhaps it would also be good for a trade, were she to find someone else who could restore her figure.

"Time to go," she said, willing herself not to feel guilty. "It's just the curse, Melody. You can be Nick again. You *can* be Nick again. You can do it."

She swam out of the cave while Serena was slumbering in her own area of the cave, having worked most of the day on new magical rituals that would keep her looking youthful and immortally beautiful. That study was out of reach to Melody. The door had protective runes, and only a rock inscribed with red runes could open it, and Serena didn't allow Melody to have that in her possession. Instead, the sea witch produced it from her room, placed it against the door, and spoke the magic words.

"Etta kor nas tesk."

It would be the best chance Melody ever got, so she swam quickly and silently, moving beyond the reef and out onto the seemingly endless sandbanks. Here, the area was almost devoid of life. The rich diversity of the reef was behind her, and a world of endless blue remained. Melody found a panic setting into her seat. She placed her hand on her ample left breast, trying to calm her rapid heartbeat, but a deep sense of thalassophobia began to rise within.

"It's . . . it's too vast. It's t-too big!"

It was too frightening. Instantly, a magical feeling ignited within her mind. A desperate need to be back in Serena's arms, cuddled up against the sea witch's naked beauty while the woman's tentacles caressed and calmed her. She *raced* back across the water, straight over the reef, and right back into their cave home and into Serena's room. To her shock, the sea witch was already waiting for her, a smirk upon her features.

"You tried to escape, didn't you?"

Tears floated from Melody's eyes and into the ocean around them. The mermaid nodded, rubbing one arm nervously. "I - I got scared. I needed you."

"Such is our agreement, pet. Such is our bargain. Come here. Serena will make you feel all better."

And to Melody's shame, she swam directly into the woman's arms, and an instant sense of relief hit her as she was covered in her loving mistress's tentacles.

After that, Melody didn't try to escape again. The magical barriers were too strong, and she never wanted to feel that afraid again. She remained with Serena, letting the woman pleasure her and returning the favour whenever her mistress desired the mermaid. The power of the sea witch was strong, and Melody found herself following all that her mistress desired. It wasn't just the lovemaking either, though that was very frequent. It was also the commanding way that the sea witch organised their underwater days.

"Come along, Melody! I want you to wear that lovely transparent dress over the blue seashell bra today. You're going to look entrancing as we swim with the dolphins this morning!"

"Melody, today I would like us to find some new anemone stalks for a spell that will help us have the most wonderful undersea lawn. I'm sure you'd like to seek out some seashells too; those bras are simply not capable of holding in such a tremendous bosom!"

"Ah, Melody, we have a wonderful opportunity today! A cruiseliner is moving overhead. No, you can't join them. But I'm practicing some curses, and now I finally have some test subjects. Do you think I should turn some people into prawns or seahorses?"

Thankfully, the last did not occur. The cruise liner must have had some kind of emergency and veered away from Serena's territory, which made the sea witch quite irritable indeed. She found some relief by dragging Melody to the underwater volcanic vents where the water was delightfully warm, the heat causing the pair to relax.

"Now *this* is good compensation, eh Melody?"

The mermaid could only sigh and nod with agreement. It truly was luxurious, that was what worried her. It had been weeks since she had been transformed. Serena was currently extending a tentacle to caress her sensitive breasts, and Melody was actually totally accepting of and *used* to this treatment, even as her weak little male pride screeched and screamed in its hiding place. The former male human was starting to get quite worried about how much she was actually *adjusting* to her new situation. She wore trinkets in her hair now. She wore cute golden bracelets and a floating pearl necklace. Hell, she had even made her own new seashell bra with *much* bigger shells, to help contain her floating bustline. The most

humiliating part was how proud she felt at how she now looked in it; it showed off her cleavage wonderfully, lifting her breasts so that Serena couldn't help but stare at them with lust that she would often act upon. There were other perks of being a mermaid too. The underwater reefs around their cave home were spectacular, as were the bright-coloured fish, the magnificent sealife, the crabs and eels and bright coral growths. It was a world of beauty beneath the surface, and she had laughed with glee when she had swam with the dolphins and jumped with them, skipping across the surface, now totally adept at using her tail to swim with speed and remarkable grace.

The mermaid pulled her tail up to her face, hugging the fin against her as she floated head over fin above the warm vent.

"Melody? Darling, what is wrong with you? We're having a lovely time and now you're looking all melancholic."

The former human lifted her head and shifted her long red hair out of her face. She knew how vulnerable and painfully cute she looked as she wiped her cheeks, despite the fact that her tears only ever joined the water. "Serena, I need you to answer something for me. P-please."

Serena looked curious, her tentacles stretching outwards a little in interest. "I'm listening."

"Are we . . . the only people here? In the sea, I mean. The ocean. All the oceans."

"Oh, don't be foolish, my pet. There's lots of people as you well know! Beach-goers, silly mortal humans swimming with their ridiculous snorkels. Oh, and those nasty oil drillers - I do so like to turn them into crabs from time to time when they come diving down."

But Melody shook her head. "I'm not talking about people. Humans, I mean. M-mistress, I'm talking about . . ."

She had to summon up her courage. The damn magical contract had left her so delicate and shy at times that it made her burn with an inner fury.

"I'm talking about other merpeople. Cecaenians, mermaids, eel people, anthro-sharks, whatever! Any of them! Are they out there . . . beyond the Great Blue?"

Serena paused for a meaningful moment, and then she absolutely *cackled*. "Oh, my simple Melody! No wonder you were stuck at sea when I found you, you have a habit of reading the situation wrong! No, my dear. There are no other seapeople. There is just *us*."

Melody lowered her head and hugged her breasts. "Okay," she said. "That's good."

"Very good, my pet."

Melody relaxed, stretching out her fin and making herself look utterly splendid. Already, she could sense Serena's growing arousal. The sea witch was going to initiate sex soon, and the mermaid was becoming very eager for it. Her depression was gone, her wistfulness with it. But it wasn't because of the coming sex, as good as it would be. No, it

was from her epiphany. Serena may be in control, but Melody had come to read the woman well over the last few months. The sea witch had been *lying*.

There were other seapeople out there.

Seapeople she didn't want Melody to meet.

Melody had to be careful. She had been Serena's sexual plaything for over three months now. Three months of being constantly pleased by the octomaid's tentacles, of showing off her mermaid body for the sea witch, and generally existing to please her. She'd even posed like an underwater model as Serena painted her from several angles with her many appendages, and had done so as a submissive nude model, much to her own embarrassment. But this demure part of the curse had also become Melody's strength. Gradually, she had made herself appear more and more broken by Serena's control, to the point where the sea witch barely used her hypnotic gaze at all anymore. Instead, Melody simply appeared resigned to her fate, too meek to fight back, and far, far too addicted to their frequent sex and those naughty tentacles to even *want* to be free.

But it was far from the truth.

Melody didn't just want to be free anymore, she had a *plan*.

There was only one place in their little underwater cavern home that Melody could not go to, and that was Serena's study where she conducted her rituals and made her potions and the like. It was also the one place where the mermaid would have to go if she were to find any way of being free. The former human man had been patient, observing the sea witch's nature and memorising her schedule. The biggest opportunity that Melody would have was when Serena went out to fetch sea snake venom at the edge of the southern reef. It usually took her several hours, and it was one of the few trips she never took her little 'pet' to, perhaps because she was concerned that the mermaid might try to get herself bitten in protest. It would be Melody's best opportunity to find a way to break her curse.

"Ohhhh, yes! Serena! P-please make me c-cum!"

"Tell me you're mine. Tell me that you belong to me, little mermaid."

Melody moaned, her pleasure undeniable, her need for those tentacles beyond belief. "I'm y-yours! I'm your d-darling pet! Ahhhh! Don't s-stop writhing inside meee! It's tooooooo goood! Oh God, yes! Yessss!"

A tentacle covered her mouth, and more began to squeeze and fondle her breasts. It sent Melody completely over the edge, the woman shuddering yet unable to squeal because Serena was having too much fun muzzling her. Finally, after several long orgasms, her body calmed and her tail stopped thumping against the sandy floor of her room.

“Ah, would that I had time to feel your tongue upon my nethers, darling,” Serena said as she licked her lips. “But I’m afraid I must swim quickly for my sea snake venom supplies. But when I return, I expect you wearing the most delightful bra for me to rip off of you, and some lovely jewellery as well. I want to hear you jingle-jangle as your tongue slithers inside of me.”

Melody bowed her head submissively, exaggerating her demureness just a little. “Y-yes, my Mistress. It will be done.”

A tentacle slid across her cheek almost maternalistically. “So good to see you finally accepting your new life, Melody. I’ll be back soon. Perhaps work on your seaweed art in the meantime. I want to see you spruce this place up a little.”

With that, she was gone, her tentacles thrusting her out of the room and beyond the cave. Melody spent some time coming down from the ecstasy of it all, and then she waited at least ten minutes. Serena had a functioning analog clock upon the wall of their main room, recovered from some wreckage and then magically put back to work, so the mermaid tracked her time diligently.

“You can do this, Melody,” she told herself. “You can be free.”

She flicked her tail and propelled herself towards the sea witch’s room, took a deep breath, and then dared to open it.

It was stuck.

The mermaid grimaced, but was not taken aback much. She knew that magical wards blocked the door, but she had seen Serena use a magic rock of some kind to open it, one inscribed with red runes. She whisked about the room, even daring to enter the Mistress’s room where she had so frequently been summoned to be fucked. She rummaged through Serena’s drawers, and just when hope was almost lost, she found it.

“Please let this work.”

She swam back, now totally adept at working her tail, though she darted back into her room to grab her nicest and most supportive seashell bra and put it on; if the sea witch came back early, she couldn’t be seen as suspicious for not following the woman’s orders. Besides, if she did escape, she could well need it.

She placed the rock against the door, but still nothing occurred.

“Shit! Um, what does she say? Something like . . . *etta kor nas tesk*.”

The door rumbled open, and Melody felt a surge of powerful emotion hit her that almost made her tears join the ocean once more. Instead, she rallied, and with a flick of a tail she was inside. To her shock, the passage then went *up*, and there was an air pocket! Melody climbed up and found herself in a room that had an air supply, free from any water but that which was dripping off of her body.

“Damn it, this is going to be difficult!”

It was a large room, filled with racks of potions, desks and drawers, chalk circles on the floor, and an entire library shelf of books. And because she was a mermaid with a *tail* instead of a cecaelian with strong tentacles, her movement was difficult. The mermaid had to crawl and shove herself forward, her tail slapping loudly and wetly upon the ground. She gripped the table and pulled herself up, only to find herself annoyed by her cantaloupe-sized breasts, which jiggled and wobbled and pulled heavily upon her shoulders.

"Fuck, this is so much easier in water! Why couldn't I be one of those mermaids who gets legs when she goes on land? Ugh!"

Her pulse quickened. Melody didn't want to be caught. She still theoretically had a lot of time, but the magical study had so much to look at, and she had to awkwardly clamber about, her beautiful tail ill-fitting for such movement. She fell forward while inspecting a rack of labelled potions, and her breasts slapped upon the ground, causing her to squeal in pain.

"Why are they so big!? These are ridiculous!"

Once more, she was reminded of who she was. What she now was. It only gave her further determination to find a way back. Unfortunately, nothing was helping her. The various potions were all labelled things like; 'Seaweed Conversion,' 'Youth Formula,' and 'Sea Slug Transformation,' the last of which she *definitely* didn't want to become. The desk offered little, and in fact only galled the mermaid further; there were numerous drawn images of Melody, and a diary that spoke far too much about how much Serena was enjoying toying with the girl.

'Finally appear to have broken her,' one entry said. 'I'll keep her a little longer, but that will be all the lifetime I need. The poor thing really should try to resist more often. It's more fun that way, and I won't get bored. Alas, I'll have to find a new straggler to replace her, perhaps the mermaids beyond the Great Blue have a vulnerable member.'

Melody's eyes widened. So there *were* other mermaids. Serena *had* been lying. And it also seemed that the sea witch had done this before, which put a chill through her heart. The mermaid looked up around the room and saw a little aquarium, one filled with sea slugs of various bright colours. They moved slowly through the tank, as sea slugs were wont to do, but there was also something oddly *sad* about their movements.

"Oh God," she murmured. "No. No way. I'm not joining you! I'm sorry!"

But in her panic, her tail struck the tall rack of potions behind her, and it came tumbling down. Melody barely managed to roll out of the way as the whole thing smashed down, dozens and dozens of glass tubes shattering and ruining the numerous runic inscriptions on the floor as well. Bright colours plumed upwards, and the area was briefly filled with a nauseating fog. When it cleared, Melody surveyed the damage with a horrible sense of foreboding. There was no coming back from this. She'd be a sea slug soon unless she found something. But with her damn flipper of a tail, how could she-

Melody paused. The sea slugs had rearranged themselves, planted up against the wall of the aquarium. They looked almost like an . . . arrow. One pointed to the fourth rack on the bookshelf. This time, the tears fell down Melody's cheeks in the dry air.

"Thank you," she said.

She dragged herself to the bookcase and lifted herself up as best as she could. The structure teetered, but she still couldn't reach the shelf.

"Which one?" she asked.

The slugs were painfully slow in their movements, but they managed to form a number: 5.

She searched along the row and pulled out number five. It had diagrams of various spells upon it, and was written in Serena's own hand.

'Arcane Agreements and Contract Magic. This is it!'

She flicked through. It was achingly slow. The sea slugs rearranged themselves into a circular symbol, and she tried to find her way to such an image. Finally, near the back of the tome, she found it. The mermaid sat upon her tail, propping herself up a little as she read the entry.

"Nullification of contract magic. Requires enderoot. Shit, I don't know what that is. Is it . . . ?"

An arrow had already formed towards the desk. "Thank you so much!" Melody said. She flopped over to the desk and pulled herself up. There was enderoot, and a number of other ingredients. Melody gathered what she needed; kelp, the spine of a swordfish, even a broken gem.

"The blood of the subject, freely given. That's me!"

She scraped the point of the gem against her finger, and allowed a drop of blood to fall into the little bowl in which the ingredients had landed. By this point, her large boobs were rising and falling heavily from her panicked state of mind. She was nearing the end of the instructions, but how long did she have left?

"Okay, okay, just a few words left to say. *Etta kor yorath nere; I break this binding for good. It cannot be restored. This contract is ended.*"

There was no flash. No great plume of magic. But immediately something passed over Melody; a sense of relief. Her feeling of demureness and submission were suddenly cut off, and a renewed determination filled her. She knew instantly that she was free.

But her body did not change back.

"No! Can't I . . ."

But it wouldn't help her. Why would she turn back now? She'd be stuck until her air ran out. Perhaps if she found a way to take the book with her, then-

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE!?"

Melody dropped the book in a fright. There, emerging from the pool of water, was Serena, filled with a rage the likes of which the mermaid had never seen before. Her tentacles extended, their dark navy colouring almost filling one side of the room as she projected her intimidating nature.

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY STUDY!?”

Melody didn't know what to say. She tried to grab the book, but Serena was quicker, darting forward and gripping it with a tentacle, lifting up the place where Melody had been reading. Instantly, her expression darkened.

“Oh, you clever girl. You clever little *pet*. You thought you could be free, did you? You thought you could ransack my room and destroy *years* of carefully crafted potion work? You've only stepped up my timetable, *darling*. You think being a sea slug is a punishment? I'm going to flay you alive for all eternity for this, and you'll *wish* you were still my pleasurable little pet! Let me give you a taste of suffering right now, shall I?”

Melody didn't know what to do. She couldn't move like Serena could here. Her heart was in her throat, and time seemed to slow. For a moment, she saw the sea slugs. They had formed another arrow, this time pointing to . . . the wall? The ground?

The realisation struck Melody just as Serena began reciting something. The mermaid shoved herself forward and grabbed the bright yellow potion that had survived the great crash, the one labelled *Sea Slug Transformation*. She pulled the cork from it and then hurled it at the witch, who screeched in rage as it splashed into her mouth and over her face and bust.

“You little bitch!” the woman raged, extending her tentacles forward. “Just for that, I'm going to - oh!”

For just a mere moment, realisation seemed to spread across the octomaid's face. And then in a puff of yellow smoke, there was only a brightly coloured sea slug hovering in the air, which proceeded to fall and slap upon the ground. Melody gaped. Time seemed to stand still. She blinked several times, barely able to comprehend the idea that she might have just *won*.

And then the aquarium *exploded*, and she was nearly buried in the pile of flesh that landed upon her.

“Oh, *by the reef!*”

“I'm sorry! Can you get off me?”

“We're back again! Girls, we're back!”

“Our curse is ended!”

Slowly, the pile untangled itself, and Melody was astonished to find that the room was filled with mermaids of all colours, both in scale and skin tone. All of them were beautiful in their own way; some slim, others more curvaceous. One had a long eel-like tail, and another

appeared to have the pattern and lower half of a Japanese koi. But all of them looked at her with astonishment.

"You did it!" an Asian beauty with lovely yellow fins and a petite chest exclaimed, grabbing Melody and hugging her.

"You freed us! After so long you freed us!" a pale blonde with a blue tail shouted. "I never thought I'd be free again!"

"Thank you so much!"

"Melody, your name is Melody, right? We owe you everything, Melody!"

The woman was overwhelmed with love and appreciation, and she began to cry, for she had not felt this genuine connection in some time. She struggled to control her tears, but soon the other women were clustering around her and crying with her, some hugging her and others simply rubbing her back or stroking her tail. It was love. True, real love, without conditions or domination or attachment, and it helped calm the former man down and embrace the women back.

"Yes," she finally said. "I'm Melody."

"I'm Nadia," said a dark-skinned woman with a gorgeous curvaceous figure and a lovely bright green mermaid tail. "And this is Grace, Aurel, Freya, Barbara, Kaleis, Opal, and her twin sister Pearl. You don't have to remember all of our names right away, but we will never forget you, Melody."

The woman choked back a sob. "Are you all . . . humans? Like me?"

Barbara, a brunette with a dark eel-like tail, put up her hand. "I was!"

"Me too," another said. "I'm Grace, by the way."

"The rest of us are from the mermaid queendom," Nadia explained. "I was - still am - one of its princesses, though I have been gone for years now until you saved us."

"Then . . . maybe there's a way I can change back?"

There was a pause among the women, and it was the beautiful black princess Nadia who shifted closer to Melody and took her hand in her own.

"I'm sorry. I don't think there is. When you broke the contract, the nature of magic sealed you in this form."

The mermaid looked down, but nodded. "I . . . I think I knew I wasn't becoming human again. Or a man."

"I'm sorry. But . . . you're not alone, now. You're free. Free to wander the ocean of your own free will, and free to join us if you wish. We're all heading back to the mermaid queendom, and you would be more than welcome there; you would be a great hero."

Melody looked into the woman's eyes, and then all the other girls, all of whom were smiling encouragingly, hoping that she would join them. The emotion at being invited into a truly loving community was almost overwhelming.

"I think I'd like that," she said.

The other mermaids were waiting outside, ready to take her beyond the Great Blue to their queendom, and deposit a certain sea slug in the sand so far away that it would take *centuries* for her to reach her cave again, if she ever did. Melody just needed a moment to say goodbye to this place that had been her jail and her home. She floated around, placing some clothes in a satchel and some ornaments too, and then she passed her mirror. Melody was briefly taken aback. She shouldn't be; she'd been like this for months, but now with escape on the horizon, she could scarcely believe that the gorgeous redheaded mermaid with beautifully cute features, a glimmering pink tail, and a pair of marvellously large breasts on her otherwise petite figure could possibly be her.

"That's me," she said. It was her. She had to strain her memory to recall what she had looked like, but this body was hers, truly. "That's me. Melody the mermaid."

She posed for a moment. She truly was strikingly beautiful, and this underwater world had a great deal of beauty in it. She'd never be a man again, never a human again, but . . . things didn't seem so bad right now. She had a whole community to join, and some of the mermaids were already complimenting her looks. That too promised some enjoyment on more equal terms.

"Yeah, I can work with this," she said, striking another pose, and this time she smiled sweetly, for once totally proud of her new form. She did a little loop of excitement in her room, and then swam out to join her new mermaid friends.

They swam together out into the Great Blue.

The End