

A MERMAID'S TAIL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“YAAAAAWN!”

It had been a long day and the captain of the Grandcypher, Djeeta, was ready to get prepared for bed. She had returned to her quarters and shed her boots and socks already, but had yet to take the extra steps to finally strip down in her pajamas just yet. The feeling of having her bare feet step across the cool floorboards of her room was nice and felt therapeutic. Taking good care of your feet was something that got lost in the hustle and bustle of daily life after all!

While it had been some weeks since their most recent exploits in Auguste, the young captain had seen something while shopping on the island they were currently docked at that had reminded her of that trip. While poking around in a local bookstore Djeeta had found a work called *‘The Littlest Mermaid’*. As you might have expected, it was a tale about a mermaid woman learning to come into her own and exist alongside mortals.

“I wonder how the king and princess are doing, actually?” With the topic still on her mind, memories danced back to that trip that brought a smile to her face. To begin with: the book had depicted mermaids in the very same way that Djeeta had known them up until that adventure. She had been hearing stories about them ever since she was a little girl. People who were half fish that had the top halves of humans and the bottom halves of a sea critter.

The reality wasn't quite that clean cut. The mermaid book had reminded her of that trip because she had met *actual* merfolk on Auguste this summer and they weren't that picturesque. They were more like bipedal

fish folk, fish with humanoid arms and legs that made them look more than just a little bit uncanny. During that trip she had met their king and princess. Not only were both of them *incredibly* strong but also incredibly buff. Not even Djeeta could deny that the princess, with her more human-like appearance, had been extremely attractive with how muscular she was.

Maybe she should have asked for a date?



“Actually, I’m sure if I write to them... Maybe after I take a bath!” Surely she could have a letter sent to Auguste and then forwarded to the merfolk? It might have needed to be done in a more convoluted way, but she could probably get something there. And then they could establish a means of having the princess write her back! It would be perfect!

But Djeeta was still in the middle of getting ready to settle down for the night. Despite how groggy she was becoming she *always* took a bath before bed – something that was easy enough for her to do. Each of the rooms the crew used aboard the Grandcypher had its own bathroom, albeit small. There was enough space in them for a sink, toilet, and bathtub. So the captain slipped into *hers* to start drawing water for that bath.

As the water was drawn the woman began to strip. Not that it took *that* long. Her boots were already off, so it was just a matter of lifting her dress over her head by the skirt, shimmying out of her panties, and then unhooking and sliding off her bra. By the time all of *that* was done the bath had been *completely* drawn. **“Since the merfolk of Auguste look the way they do, I wonder what inspired the more traditional mermaid interpretations? I wonder what *they* would look like in person?”**

Clearly thoughts about mermaids hadn’t left Djeeta’s mind. She’d been thinking about them the whole time she had been undressing. But just as she went to go get *into* her bath she stopped. Not according to her own will though. **“Huh? Did some water spill out?”** Not only did her feet suddenly feel wet but her legs weren’t moving the way she wanted to. Leaning down slightly to look past her breasts at her feet, it didn’t *look* like there was any water on the floor. So— **“WhooOOOA!?”**

She hadn't really thought much about the stiffness of her legs, and upon trying to move them again that strange pull had pushed her to essentially trip over herself. There was no preventing it! She was going to land face first in the hot bath that she had drawn! And upon hitting the water it *was* hot. But it suddenly became cold and salty. Where was the bottom of the tub? She should've hit it, but the next she knew?

She was lying on her side on the beach of an ocean.

“Wh-What the heck was that!? Where am I!?” Djeeta wasn't unaccustomed to suddenly finding herself in unfamiliar places, but this had to be the first time she had ever falling *through* her bathtub to reach a new location. The sky above was sunny and there didn't seem to be any signs of nearby civilization. To make matters worse? While she could push herself up, she couldn't seem to stand. Her legs still weren't working the way they were supposed to. **“This is seriously weird...”**

Looking down at them, nothing immediately struck her as strange just as it hadn't in the bathroom. But it was like both of her legs were magnetically attracted to each other? She would try to pull them apart and might manage to part them a few inches for a moment, but as if something was pushing them in from either side they eventually smacked back into each other again. Forget standing up again, that would have made it almost impossible to walk even if she *had* managed to somehow get back on her feet.

And so she turned her attention back to her surroundings once more. **“I guess it's lucky this doesn't seem to be near a city or anything...”** There were zero indications that anyone had even walked across this beach which worked in her favor. After all... The captain was still naked! The hot sand was tickling the side of her body. It almost seemed like a better idea to wriggle towards the water a bit so that she wasn't quite as uncomfortable.

“...Wait.” While considering this plan of action Djeeta had looked down again, but this time? Something *about* her legs caught her attention. They were *shiny*? The light of the sun was reflecting off of them almost like she'd applied lotion to them or something, but curling forward to get a closer look she soon understood that this wasn't the case. **“Wh-Wha!? I have scales!?”**

That was where the sheen was coming from. Looking closer she could see that the skin on her legs and thighs had tiny grooves running between individual segments, segments that *felt* as scaly to the touch as they looked. Not like the scales of a reptile mind you, but the scales of a *fish*. Once they'd been etched in, the *color* of her legs all changed in tandem. Her regular human skin color from the waist down was

replaced by an ocean blue, and that included her hips and around her ass and pussy.

Djeeta was shocked. **“Who’s doing this to me!? Stop it *please~!*”** She had hoped that she was changing according to someone’s whims and that by calling out to them she could get them to appear, if not reverse it outright. What she *hadn’t* been prepared for was for the last word she spoke to not quite be... spoken? **“Wh-Why did I sing that!?”** It didn’t happen again the next time she spoke, but it continued to nag at her while looking back down at her changing legs.

They felt *dry*, but more than that they had begun to appear stranger than before. Her feet were turned to face opposing sides, but they also began to appear *translucent*? No, were feet somehow *thinner* than they had been before? Bone and flesh alike were fading away and those feet flattened and fanned out. Until the only things protruding from where her ankles had once been were pale *fins*.

Sniff, sniff! The scent of drying fish had filled the air and Djeeta was growing woefully aware that it was her own body creating that scent. **“Come on, stop it! I don’t wanna be a fish!”** But flopping her legs to the best of her ability it was obvious that she didn’t have a choice in the matter. The scaled appendages not only could no longer be separated but they were *physically fusing*. There was no seam left between the two legs before long, those limbs eventually becoming a single piece.

A singular fish tail.

“*Oh no~!*” The woman sang again and immediately covered her mouth with surprise. Why was she doing that!? Somehow it was just as alarming to her as the sight of her pussy being pushed out so that it was below her bellybutton now that there were no legs for there to be a gap between, though a convenient flap did grow to hide it... it and another hole to replace the hole behind her. Her ass crack had completely filled in, so it wasn’t like she could use that for... bathroom things.

More fins sprouted from Djeeta’s hips, but not quite on theme for what had happened so far those hips had pulled *wider*? No, it wasn’t *just* her hips. The segment of her tail that had once been her thighs had been swelling, so had the shape of her rear end which bubbled into a fuller design. This left a more bombastic impression, like she was a bottom heavy woman despite that bottom being more fish-like.

Which allowed her to finally put two and two together. The fishification of her flesh had stopped just below her waist. Almost like... **“Am I becoming a *mermaid~!?*”** Not like the kind she had seen in Auguste,

but more like the sort she had always read and heard about in fairytales. It was a question she asked while *finally* wriggling towards the water. Her tail had felt impossible dry but relief came tenfold once the lower half of her body was finally able to taste the seawater.

“**Could that— COUGH!?**” Djeeta’d had more to say on the matter but soon found herself struggling to *breathe*. Why? She was breathing through her mouth, but... Because she was panicked she accidentally lowered more of her body – right up to her chest – into the water. But she could suddenly breathe *fine* again? The puzzlement was plain on her face.

She couldn’t be blamed for not realizing though. The cause was hidden right beneath either breast. A trio of slits had appeared on either side that were connected to her lungs. They were the gills of a fish, or at least a sea-living creature that didn’t need to surface to breath. Even if she’d grown her legs back she wouldn’t have been able to venture onto the shore now without dying!

And if her average sized chest was already obscuring those gills, then well... There was *no way* she would have been able to notice them moments later. “**H-Huh~!?**” After sliding most of her body into the water she had chosen to lay on her back as her tail adjusted to the moist temperature. That proved to be a mistake. It felt like her ribs were being crushed *very* quickly, and looking down the cause of that sensation was obvious.

“**My breasts are getting huuuuuge~!?**” Did she even need to *say* that aloud much less sing it? No, but she couldn’t help but narrate what she was saying, almost like she was the main character of a story. Regardless of the whys behind her commentary though, that commentary *was* correct. Her breasts were heaving, inflating almost like water balloons! Nipples were erect and became puffier as well, mirroring her eyes in size while the fat of her tits quickly *surpassed* the size of her head. A beauty mark had even appeared between them!

She struggled to roll onto her side, and doing so only shifted the weight so that her massive tits merely slapped against each other into a pile of soft and sensual breast meat. Their softness hung down to hide her gills, but that softness also saw her tummy became a touch plusher so she was just a slightly fully figured woman altogether. “**I don’t have any other choice~!**” With the little strength she had left in her arms as muscles softened away, she pushed the rest of her body into the water.

The weight of her tits was hardly a bother at all beneath the waves and she found herself drifting deeper. Djeeta was in awe for an obvious reason: she wasn’t gasping for air? In fact she could breathe just fine?

But I've always been able to breathe down here, heehee~! Memories supported this thought, but the captain naturally questioned it. Where had that memory come from? Or the knowledge of how to swim properly using her tail? Or this memory of losing her mervirginity to her friend Grace?

The stronger these memories became and the more distant the memories of her past life became, the more her *head* changed. The woman's face was reconstructed so that she had fuller lips and softer cheeks. There had always been something a little plain about Djeeta's face, but it all melted away into the looks of a picturesque beauty. One with full eyes that now reflected a soft pink color between long, feminine lashes.

If not for her *giant tits* she might have looked like an innocent little princess.

Pink appeared in more than her eyes. Strands of it had danced midst her short blonde hairdo, but both the shortness and the bloneness were altered. In no time at all her entire head of hair was pastel pink, and there was much *more* to that hair because it had grown to almost five times its original length. It all danced behind her head like seaweed, moving about in the water whenever she looked around. "**Golly, isn't it beautiful beneath the waves~!?**" These were words spoken as another set of fins erupted from the sides of her head. They had replaced her ears but she could still hear through them.

No longer plagued by the whims of gravity, the beautiful storybook mermaid swam gleefully through the ocean depths. It was probably for the best that she *was* free from gravity, because there was no way that those gigantic tits of hers would fair all that well on land. Her back would be at serious risk of giving out! Why had she decided to come out this far without a top though? Oh well!

Not that *Aquina* had any intention of spending time on land. She knew full well the dangers of remaining up there where everything was dry. As the princess of the mermen of *this* world, because this was not the world that Djeeta hailed from, she had a duty to remain beneath the waves.



“Does anyone even live up there~?” Clearly she was still saying everything in a sing-song manner, almost like she was the main character of a fairy tale.

Seeing as the force that had brought her here and changed her had resonated with her idealized, fairy tale fantasy about what mermaids were *supposed* to be, maybe it wasn't all that unusual that she was singing a little. Nor that her surroundings as she swam closer to her 'home' turned more and more into a fantastical, underwater city where fellow mermen and mermaids swam about seemed so storybook in of themselves.

But did that force still linger aboard the Grandcypher?

Could it have been making victims of other crew members while this mermaid lived this new life of hers to the fullest? **“Lalala~! Maybe the other girls would like to do karaoke tonight~!”** That wasn't something that Aquina was thinking about at all. There was nary a single thought in her silly little head about having lived another life! Barring the question of 'how in the world can you have karaoke underwater?' which was easily explained with 'mermaid magic', she didn't really care about much!

All she had to do was look pretty and support her people for now. She was twenty years old and on her following birthday her father would provide her with a list of potential suitors to marry. Once she had chosen she would become the queen of her people! Was she ready for such a task? Aquina wasn't *exactly* sure. **“There better be some hotties on that list though~!”** It didn't matter if they were a man or woman so long as an heir could be created, and with a little magic, well...

Anyone could be given the appropriate *equipment* temporarily.

And she couldn't wait! It'd be like something out of an old story!