

MONSTER ISLAND II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Despite how dangerous this entire situation *could* have been, Lyria couldn't help but feel a burst of excitement! It was so seldom that she was allowed to go off and adventure on her own, particularly on a barely charted island covered from head to toe with undiscovered monsters. Yet she had been afforded one such opportunity on this expedition because a tool had been created that allowed her to do so!

The task in itself was a simple one. She was just supposed to observe a group of these monsters while taking notes, kept completely safe by a special item that their benefactors had created for them. Having worked with the Monster Research Society in the past, Lyria knew that there was no reason to distrust their intentions. The sharing of data between them and the crew always made their adventures across the Skydom a little safer, and the data they brought back was helpful for their research in return.

So the girl of blue had given zero doubts to the chained stone that dangled around her neck, nor did it even cross her mind that the item might malfunction – even though that around this time, her captain was *already* being transformed into a holstaur because of a malfunction. And that malfunction was present in absolutely *all* of them. It was just a matter of something triggering that malfunction at the end of the day.

“Hmm... I wonder if they like it in here because it's damper?”

Unlike Gran, who had been tasked with observing holstaurs on the fields, Lyria had been asked to explore a neighboring cave system because she was smaller. There were a lot of small gaps that would make it easier for her to slide through with her petite frame. Not to mention

the monsters that called this region their home were more receptive to calmer individuals.

Not that any of them saw her as a human anyways.



Hiding behind some rocks from a safe distance away, Lyria was observing a group of snake-like monsters known as ‘Medusa’. Which was a little unfortunate, because they already knew a primal beast with that name. Nonetheless, she was taking her job very seriously! ...Although she *was* a little enamored by their hair full of snakes, and their serpentine lower halves. Perhaps, since it was safe to do so, her curiosity had gotten the better of her.

“And they’d see me as one of them? I wonder what I’d look like as a monster, actually?” It was a curious question, but not one that went unfounded. Apparently the necklace she had been given gave off some sort of

signal that allowed monsters to see the wearers as one of their own. That was why they weren’t in any danger – at least so long as one of them didn’t grow curious. In this case, though? That didn’t seem to be an issue. While there was more than a few snake monsters here they appeared to mind their own business aside from those that were in families, returning to carved out caves after eating or drinking.

Ignorant to the device’s faults as she was, though? Lyria did not pay any heed to the fact that the gemstone on the necklace around her neck had begun to take on a golden color not unlike that of the eyes of the Medusas that called this cave their home. Was it her wonderings about a potential monster form that had provoked this malfunction? Or was it truly just a coincidence? Nonetheless, there was no stopping what had been put into motion once the gem’s color had changed.

Given the passing of a little more time, Lyria’s mind had begun to wander. She had stopped paying much attention to the behavior of the Medusas, and had even stopped jotting down notes – instead having left the notebook off to the side. Rather than fixating on things that were important to the job that she had been tasked with, she was instead drawn to the Medusas themselves. Their mannerisms, their appearances; things she was supposed to technically be paying attention to, but she had begun to do so for the wrong reason.

“They’re so strong and pretty... I wish I was— *Wh-What am I saying!?*” It wasn’t until she’d commented outwardly that she realized just where her mind was going. Was she envious of these monsters? It was true that there was something respectable about how they slithered around with such confidence, yet how could they not with curves like those? Curves that Lyria so *desperately* lacked!

Although... That statement would come to be seen in the past tense. With the gemstone’s disfunction now in effect, it was beginning to feed the traits of the monsters she was observing into her own being. And since Medusas, being of a lamia monster type, were so dramatically different from a human, changes in the girl’s figure were actually considered to be *less* dramatic changes.

Nonetheless it got right to work, but not before the girl’s height was slightly enhanced. She did grow a few inches taller, lifting the skirt of her dress that so typically rested on her hips a little higher on her body. This wasn’t at all helped by the fact that those hips themselves appeared to change, pulling wider and forcing her knees to poke in towards one another. A sign of growing maturity.

And this burgeoning maturity was oh so readily built upon without any delay. Widened hips were only a small part of what was transpiring upon her lower body, after all. The area just below these hips upon her legs, namely her thighs, swelled into much shapelier forms that bore the enticement of adulthood. And it was likewise true of her rear end, with her add bloating with a girth that shredded her panties in between her cheeks, prompting her to reach a hand back to pick it out. **“What’s... happening to me...?”**

Her eyes went wide at the sight of herself. She was taller, and she had a big butt!? No... It was progressing beyond just *that*, it seemed. Because her view looking directly downward was eventually set askew by a swelling around her chest. Erect nipples could be seen pushing out from beneath, and they could be observed to be growing in size as well. **“My chest is getting larger...?”** It was true, and her bosom *was* growing mightier even beneath these plumper nips. Slowly but surely they filled like soft balloons, ultimately peaking in around the DD-cup realm and stretching her dress even more than it already had been.

But what Lyria hadn’t really taken note of was that when she had spoken, her own voice was a little deeper. More *mature*. Her figure was already that of a young woman rather than a girl, but now she sounded the part *and* her face had visibly matured so that she better resembled a young adult. She was no longer a child, and even her mind succumbed as she gained a fluent understanding of some more *adult* topics. She just wasn’t thinking about them at that very moment.

“How is this possible? Is something going wrong here...?”

Proportionately she looked similar to the adult Medusas in the cave, and that was all the more obvious now. The caverns were poorly lit, so she could only see so much before this. But now? She could see things clearly even though it was so dark. A change in perception that came courteous of her eyes beginning to glow gold. What’s more, those eyes had sharper edges, and were fastened above lips that were pleasantly plump and luscious – much more so than ever.

Now, so enamored with how her body had changed, Lyria began to grow more and more oblivious to the various changes afflicting her body. With an improved figure came a confidence of the likes she had never possessed before; evidently, becoming more attractive left her feeling like she had a better standing in the world. Or, at least, the world she was being refashioned to become apart of.

Regarding that... the tips of her ears could be seen poking out from behind her hairline, ultimately stretching beyond it into a pair of long, pointy alternatives. Not even the contents of her mouth were spared from this, with teeth becoming sharper and her tongue? It not only grew a little longer than a normal, human tongue, but also turned forked. Like the tongue of a *snake*. Or at least something that was snake *adjacent*.

Like, say, a *Medusa*?

“No, no. I’m supposed to be a girl, not a woman! But it feels pretty nice to be this... Erm... Geez, what is wrong with me!?”

It was a miracle that she avoided biting her longer tongue with her new fangs, but it seemed that her mind had been rewired to properly wield her body despite any new changes. Perhaps, then, it was due to this that she did not *fall over* despite the fact that her legs appeared to be drawing closer and closer towards one another.

It wasn’t like she was pushing them close together. Rather, whether it was her plump thighs, or her ankles, or her feet? They all pushed into one another, seemingly *fusing* as the skin on either side mended with the other. In tandem, dark speckles soon appeared across the skin of her lower body – whether it was her legs, her ass, or her hip. These speckles were a dark gray in the back, yet a lighter gray in the front. They weaved together, hardening the skin of these legs. But were they really covered in skin?

No, upon closer examination it was easy to see that it was no longer traditional skin that covered her lower half. Particularly the darker portion that covered the back of a conjoined extension that was once a

pair of legs, the existence of obvious *scales* could be seen – even as this appendage became looser and appeared to lengthen out behind Lyria. The fact that she still managed to even stay upright despite this was owed to the lighter scales on her front, which were rigid and could hold traction as muscles swelled beneath them. Before long, her legs had become an eight foot long snake’s tail, one that composed the entire lower half of her body.

“My... legs!? This is kind of... gross!” She was all scaly and stuff! The upper portion of her snake tail was thicker than the rest, naturally flowing into her widened hips. And while her ass crack had been mended shut behind her? Her pussy and another means of excretion had ultimately been concealed in the front of her tail behind a scaled flap. **“I can’t be a snake! I’m not...”** Yet she moved forwards upon this tail as if it was completely natural, right down to the stone-like tip of its length.

Yet an undesired hissing in the girl’s ears forced her to squeak with surprise, alerting another Medusa nearby that simply looked at her and slithered off – having seen another Medusa, truly. Hands, now sporting longer fingers, reached up to try and swat the hissing sounds away, but she quickly realized why she *couldn’t*. Not only had her incredibly long, blue hair shortened? The tips had darkened to green, solidified, and become *actual* snakes. Much like the hair of the other monsters that occupied this cavern. It was gross, and it forced Lyria to cower a moment.

When all was said and done, Lyria was left with mixed feelings. Contrary to her usual demure and passive personality, she felt rather *proud* in the body she now possessed. **“N-No, I shouldn’t feel this way, but... My snakes are so adorable, and my tail is so pristine! How could anyone refuse one as beautiful as I? I-I mean...!?”** She had even flicked some of the snakes over her ear, not at all disgusted by their presence as she had been when they had first appeared upon her



moments prior.

The girl – nay, the *woman* – felt strangely at peace with her monstrous form, and while she'd been full of fear and complaints as it had transpired, there was a great deal of acceptance that now came with her freshly acquired pride. **“Why am I even hiding behind this rock? Is there a Medusa here lovelier than I? A human would— Erm, I mean, I wouldn't want to...?”** Seduce and lay with a human? But their sexual essence could improve her own vitality, could it not? To fuck one was the ultimate goal of her people!

To fuck.

Thinking this was at first, an embarrassed blush played upon her cheeks. But the thought began to replay and reel, and Lyria gradually became more comfortable with it. So comfortable, in fact, that her loins had begun to ache. Just what had possessed her? **“This is sssstrange! I'm not ssssupposed to...?”** And the hornier she became, the more she began to slur her Ss almost as if she were hissing. As if she were more like the snakes that her hair was composed of.

This inspired panic midst her new, confident façade. She began to cradle her torso with her arms, but before long? Responding to her distress, her own fingers had begun to massage her breasts through the thin cloth she was adorned with. Something instinctively within her saw distress as something to be quelled with pleasure. No, not just distress. For *any* negative emotion? Pleasure was the answer. Pleasure was what fed the monsters of these island regardless of their intellect, and Lyria was now counted among them whether she wanted to be or not.

And as she collapsed into a coil with her tail wrapped around her, she ever so much *wanted to be*. Panting, she couldn't help but look at the upsides. She was beautiful, strong, talented – all things that she hadn't been before. So what if she'd had to sacrifice her humanity to acquire all of these boons? All that mattered now was that she *had* them and what she could *do* with them.

“Sssssso niccccccce!” No probing the lips of her pussy on the segment of her tail beneath her navel, any remaining humanity the woman possessed appeared to fade away. Carnal instinct took its place, bolstered by what memories of a life spent on the island that hadn't been there before. She tore off her dress midst it all, which was a shame because she would have to find new clothes later. Among the Medusas, she was the most powerful. She was their queen! Even though compared to adventurers, she was still little more than a generic mob.

Once she climaxed, her tail wriggling about slowly, she laid there, spent. She could not remember her old name, nor that she had ever been human (*or something akin to one*). She hadn't lost all of her intellect like the holstaur had, but what intellect she *did* have was guided by her new instincts and sense of self as a monster. "**I am sssstarving!**" And with no humans nearby to fuck, she would have to settle with a fish from the river that ran through the cave. Would she catch it herself?

Absolutely not!

As the queen of her people, she would have another Medusa give her theirs instead!