

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

Far away from prying eyes and worldly events lay the skeletal remains of a coastal village, built along the shoreline of a small island not too far away from a larger mainland continent. It's people, long vanished. The infrastructure left to crumble and waste away over the years thanks to the high level of moisture and sea salt in the air. Ruined husks and buried remnants abandoned by their makers...but not unoccupied.

A few decades ago, the decrepit ruins were home to joyous people who knew little to no hardship. Their daily needs provided for by the bountiful land and well-stocked seas around them. And from how isolated they were from the rest of the world, the populace only had themselves to worry about.

Few knew of the town's origins, of the facts behind the Great Disaster spoken of in fairy tales of old to scare children into behaving, choosing to hide that information because of what they had, never once thinking it would ever be of importance now that they were free of the troubles that plagued the rest of the world. As the saying went; *Out of sight, out of mind...*

But the deliberate loss of that particular piece of knowledge would prove inconsequential in comparison to a more vital one none of the islanders could even hope to realize the importance of, not when they had lived idyllic lives for multiple generations on end, bloodlines hailing from forebears who were only vaguely familiar with survival skills and other such lifesavers during times of duress. And after such a long period of stagnation...why it was only natural that the one and only disaster to strike the town would devastate it so utterly to the point where few souls had even managed to make it back to the mainland to tell the tale of how their homes were laid to waste by a tidal surge that preceded the arrival of even larger waves to crush what little hope might remain while sweeping the humans that remained out to sea...*a tsunami...*

Even fewer still would last the first few days on the mainland when it would not be humans or animals who would greet them but the claws, fangs and whatever other ghastly appendages belonged to the myriad human-monster hybrids who were quick to fall upon the survivors shortly after their forced exodus, landing ashore on planks of wood or floating debris.

Blinded by fear, fueled by adrenaline and maddened with grief. The survivors hadn't realized that they were in foreign lands, hostile territory where even the slightest mistake could cost them their lives, or at least, that was what they had assumed when the first man had been pulled away by a feathered humanoid with grand wings for arms and strong talons for legs. It would only be a few hours later when the small group that came together would realize something far worse awaited those who had seemingly 'survived' an attack by the monsters when one of their own, a man going by Roki, would begin to turn, showing signs of a physical mutation over a supposed wound he had earlier claimed to be a bite to the leg...a leg that had atrophied alongside the other, fusing together at the toes to form a scaly appendage...just like the more flexible one belonging to the snake woman that had delivered the bite after he had saved a

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

young tot who's panicked attempts to find his mother had left him stumbling into the entrance of the viper's den.

Too tired and hungry to be laden with disabled hosting a foreign pathogen, the man had willingly offered to stay behind. In his state, he was a burden, a painful reality he knew well. A realist even during happier times at the seaside town that no longer was...

And so the displaced wanderers had eagerly agreed to his decision. A desperate choice they would soon realize to be the right one as they created the sloping hill a good distance away, turning to witness the eventual outcome of the snake monster's venom; watching with bated breath and hushed horror as the form of one of their healthiest men vanishes bit by bit, sturdy muscles honed through carpentry and smithing subsumed by supple lengths of toned flesh and soft fat, human hide boiled until nought remained but a waxen underside and reptilian armor, dull tongue extending into a forked appendage that hangs out of a smooth, salivating mouth to produce hungry, effeminate hisses instead of the ghostly croaks and groans from before. A call answered not long after by the perpetrator herself, presumably stalking the group until her poisoned victim could no longer move.

But instead of running or fighting back, the transformed Roki did neither of those things as he lunges forward clumsily on a lengthy tail, his body still midway through its reformation. Instead of a punch or a bit delivered by his own newly grown fangs, he would embrace the larger serpent, and once the onlookers caught sight of an unseemly extension protruding not from Roki but the beast's loins, all would be made clear after that spike like rod had found purchase in the depths of the green snake woman's folds...a horrific sight for the dozen or so humans left standing as some turned to walk away while others vomited, leaving a few to watch on in shock as Roki...or whatever remained of him within the converted mind and body of the new serpentine beast gave it all up to her newfound love as they copulated like animals beneath the rays of an arid sun, seemingly rid of the human persona and memories that would've denied such an atrocious act were it still in control...

Countless days and nights would pass since the foreigners eviction from their island home, and along the journey to find a better place for themselves, many more would succumb to their own fates, whether it be by the hand of fatigue and starvation or other similar scenarios reminiscent of Roki's. Leaving less than five frightened individuals near the point of expiration by the time they had arrived at the walled circumference of a settlement, thankfully receiving the proper aid and care that would be the first of many steps to usher the secluded few into a harsh, new world.

The end to their tumultuous trial had taken place over two decades ago, time enough for what remained of the distant island's populace to move on with their lives...all except for one of their number. The youngest and most bespectacled amongst the disillusioned survivors to the dazzling sight of a violent ocean's crashing might and overpowering pull, too young to even realize his life was a hair's breadth away

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

from coming to end, too immature to realize that the 'beautiful sight' was his own town being crushed and swept away by azure sheets of foaming seawater.

While the rest had grown fearful of the ocean and the thought of leaving the comforting walls of their new home, *Bo* saw things the other way around. Finding himself drawn to the vast blue that had taken everything from him and what little remained of his people. And by the time he had come of age, the lack of a proper parental figure to guide him away from such foolishness with the passing of his mother had laid the groundwork for *Bo's* eventual choice of becoming a fisherman, sailing a small boat on the pristine surface of a nearby lake brimming with fish. An exquisite vessel whose craftsmanship had been the last thing his mother had taught to him before her fleeting departure...

But an unmoving body of water framed on all sides by muddy banks and overgrown fern was nothing in comparison to the vivid imagery and mental recordings playing on repeat at a constant basis within *Bo's* mind. As morbid and wrong as others might presume his desires to be, *Bo* wanted to at least try and brave the vast oceans on his small craft, to try and return to where it all started in an attempt to put his roiling wants to rest. The basis for a plan his one and only friend refused to let him carry out after hearing about the first hand accounts of the tsunami's ferocity and the peril posed by the ever present *Monstergirls* told to him when he was a youngster by the other three survivors, two of which had gone on to found better lives in the village...something *Christopher*, a local bred boy desperately wanted for *Bo* to find for himself. Not risking his life for something so ridiculous like a 'calling' to be fulfilled.

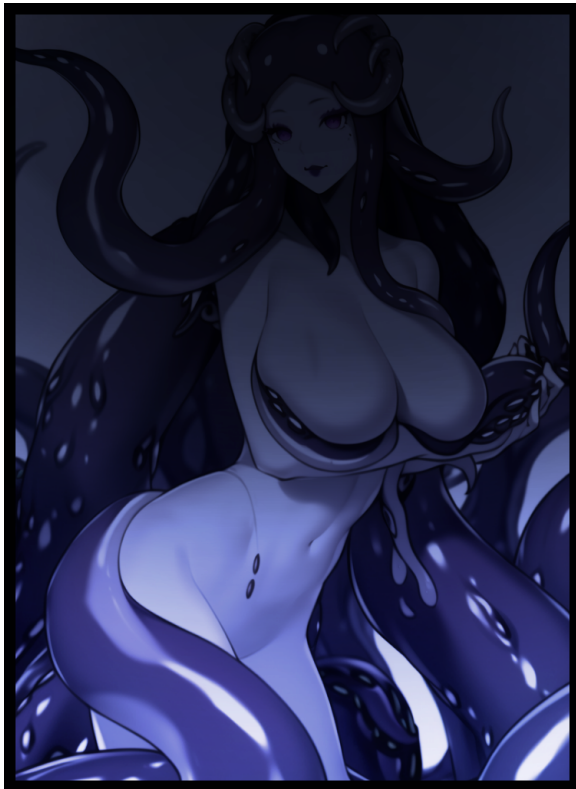
His views on *Bo's* pointless dream remained unchanged. But a part of him had to admit that his foolish friend had been right about one thing; his home had been a beautiful place. For if the ruins were already enough to give the young man a good idea of the town's former prosperity, then he could only imagine what the place would've looked like in its prime; mottled arches restored to their former glory, sand caked streets and upturned paths bustling with happy people, the skeletons of buildings renewed with wood, cobble and whatever else might've composed them...all of it, washed away in an instant. The dreary reminder of which only serves to hasten the hunter onward as he continues down the main path of the ruined town, furrowed brows and keen eyes on the lookout for any signs of movement, sharp ears kept on a swivel to pick up on the slightest sound, goosebump riddled skin unable to shake off the feeling that *something* in this dead place had long since picked up on his presence, unseen eyes watching him from places unknown...

While *Bo* was a master at hooking a mighty fine catch from beneath even the murkiest of waters. *Christopher's* talents came to play on dry ground, more specifically; the forests and grasslands around the village. Teeming with game he and a select group of hunters were in charge of securing every once in a while for festive occasions or to refill the culled population of domesticated farm animals they kept. The latter requiring a great deal of focus and talent in the hunter to pick out suitable individuals from the crowd.

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

But before one could even get to the selection process, they would need to track down and corner their quarry. And amongst the hunter's ranks, none could compare to Christopher. With unmatched senses and a mind that could think freely without conventional constraints like common sense and/or whether or not something truly was possible in regards to what an animal could or could not do unobserved, the young hunter could proudly boast a wide array of catches and discoveries with his name on them.

And after trekking a good distance while lugging the components of a small boat he could barely put together himself all on his own before crossing treacherous waves with every second feeling like it might just be the end of the line, Christopher hoped to put that useful skill set of his to work in tracking down and bringing Bo back with him after the reckless fool had vanished one night. His whereabouts all but guaranteed once he'd spotted the fisherman's boat along the shoreline of the isolated island that hadn't seen a human visitor in so many years...except the faint tracks leading inland seemed to suggest otherwise.



The deep set boot prints were familiar to Christopher at a single glance; left by hooked soles signature to the village shoemaker, signs of Bo's presence on the island. But a little ways behind his came another set of tracks, ones that were far more serpentine in nature with a sickly indicator that this second entity was something more than a curious sea serpent...because snakes didn't leave slime behind...nor did they possess the ability to suddenly mimic human feet...small and petite in shape, barefoot and just as slimy as the original tentacles that must've left them on the sands, preserving the tracks far better than Bo's already faded trail. A monotonous track that suggested a slow, calm pace. Planting some measure of relief in Christopher's mind upon knowing his friend was safe and sound...for now...

The tracks had ended at the ruined path to the town, as did the oozing footprints of which he was more than certain belonged to a relatively rare monstergirl variant that had her eyes set on Bo. One Christopher had heard plenty of rumor and high talk during his youth whenever he would listen in on caravaners and wanderers stopping by the village to trade and rest. Because fooling around back then as a kid just wasn't his style, preferring to eavesdrop on folk and their businesses, especially outsiders who weren't afraid to regale the people with mesmerizing accounts of their experiences out there in the

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

greater world brimming with the unknown. Chief among them being the Monstergirls, envisioning one of the myriad species in his mind upon putting the facts together in his mind.

Scylla, a deep sea Monstergirl that supposedly bore the appearance of an enchantingly beautiful woman to fool men into approaching her domain, luring them in with irresistible gazes from their hypnotic eyes and the sinful gyrations of their nubile bodies. Only to unfurl whipping tendrils and impossibly strong suction pads once their prey comes within arm's reach, binding them with the various grapplers extending from their lower half, the sight of which would be hidden from prying eyes just beneath the foaming waves of a beachfront where they would surface upon sensing their preferred targets; human men. Capturing suitable specimens before dragging them out to sea, never to be seen again, their fates unknown, presumably to serve as a warm snack to momentarily sate the creature's appetite...

Christopher had thought the tales overblown, just there to frighten folk like Bo's forefathers did with the retelling of a 'Great Disaster'...but the parts about Scylla being capable of shapeshifting to traverse land and walk amongst humans were undeniable when the proof was probably still there to see on the shoreline as tentacles morphed into five toed feet...reason enough to make the hunter worried for more than his own safety when taking into regard the other rumored abilities possessed by the aquatic creatures...abilities like say, natural camouflage using the refractive oil secreted from hyperactive pores and glands necessitating a constant intake of fluids to fuel such a demanding task.

Unbeknownst to Christopher, his fears of being watched were well warranted. For high above him, crouched low amongst the rocky cliffs, laid a strange anomaly; a warped section of air that distorts the rock behind it, casting the barely visible outline of a large shifting mass if one were to look hard enough. And in the midst of that pulsating ensemble, a humanoid silhouette lies hunched over the rock, crouched in complete silence as patient eyes keep watch on the blissfully ignorant human making his way through a ruined town. Sights that made the invisible creature's triple hearts beat with peculiar longing the more they stared, hazy mind struggling to perceive strange visions it could not fully comprehend, not so soon after awakening from what felt like a thousand year slumber, only to have a familiar scent rile her into action as a shimmering hand clad in shiny raven black skin balls into a fist over a valley of smooth flesh between buoyant masses, oozing more of the invisible juice that keeps her body hidden upon her oh, so cold innards flaring up with heat once again...

The images were vague...incredibly so. Within them, she saw the world through different eyes than the monochromatic ones she currently possessed. Colors, so many different colors that came in vivid blues to pale beiges assaulted her vision alongside alien desires, an excitement much like the one she could feel bubbling up inside of her bosom and a slightly extinguished sense of homesickness she hadn't the faintest idea of without the human concept to connect to in her animalistic brain.

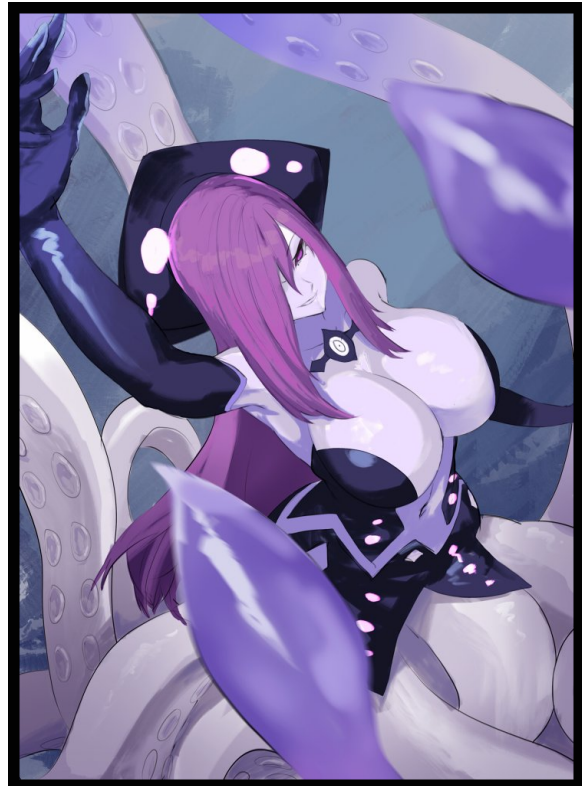
LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

But what was there was certainly enough to comprehend the scattered memories floating around inside it. Viewing the world through another's eyes and reliving their experiences; of going back and forth between a village, almost in secret. Of building some wooden craft to cross the oceans with in place of the powerful flippers and undulating muscles possessed by her many manipulators. Admiring the great blue oceans spanning all the way out into the distant horizon before wandering the island upon arriving with bated breath before...before something happened to the man.

Dark shapes emerged from the sides of his vision, moving faster than he could react. And before he knew it, the powerful limbs had brought him face to face with an unknown entity, one that didn't seem the least bit interested in interaction as a pale hand swiftly inserts itself into the victim's mouth, feeling that disgustingly slimy *thing* go down *her* throat. Squirming something fierce all the way through until it settles in the stomach.

But the feelings of disgust and contempt, the excitement from before...all of it weren't hers. She knew that full well. Because as her mind goes through that repetitive ordeal once again, the feelings and memories of her host; the veil between herself and whoever this man was, would begin to grow weaker and weaker, until it reached a point where she no longer saw things through his eyes but rather her own once whatever had been shoved into him takes control, spreading an affliction that urges him to seek out the nearest body of water; the one near the town square, to begin an irreversible process as a splotch of gray begins to spread out across the surface of his sturdy abdominals like a sickness...softening whatever it touched as hard muscles ebb and fade while mellow flesh prospers...

In that cold, dark space below the lake that had once been a fountain. The nameless creature remembered every last second of her birth. The only thing she could truly comprehend out of that convoluted mess as she feels her being begin to imprint itself across the man's bubbling body as body hair rapidly disintegrates while leathery skin smoothens out, sweat replaced by lubricating oils as rapid internal changes move to match the imperiled man's shifting exterior. Losing muscle in both arms as years of hauling loads of fish and other such heavy material fades from both memory and experience, leaving behind twin branches of supple flesh that tapers off into waifish hands tipped with the very same dexterous digits caressing the slick curvature of a heavy right breast that bursts free of the man's tunic in



LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

that dark vision, experiencing a modicum of his own frightful terror alongside a tiny bit of her own excitement upon witnessing the growth of her bountiful assets, revealing deathly pale orbs jutting out where flat, chiseled pectorals should've been with glistening pink nubs that were rejuvenated nipples. Ripe and ready to excrete mother's milk at a moments notice before flaps of iridescent black skin cascades over the mammaries, providing some measure of decency and comfort the rest of the changeling's body could not savor at the moment as bones soften, break and reform in a matter of milliseconds to form broad hips, with some not even reforming at all, disintegrated into biomass to use in the strengthening of multiple limbs shearing themselves free of the disfigured blob his lower half had been mutated into, stirring the water into a foaming frenzy as alien limbs threatened to overload the man's mind as more and more of himself is eaten away by the spasming bulge beneath a soft, tender core, leaving him looking more like a pregnant mother more so than the young man he once was, especially once the frightening process moves to claim his loins, a process the spectator couldn't help but shiver at as his...or rather *her* body struggles to comprehend the sudden arrival of erotic bliss surging through a flexible spine as it arches forever inward, bestowing her supple body with a permanent S-shaped curve that gives an ample ass some much needed emphasis as it bloats to fullness, rubbing twin blubbery cheeks with an impossible heft to them before more flaps of muscle and skin extend to cover her waist in a manner reminiscent of the skirts human females dressed. A titillating addition she more than welcomed after realizing how it would implant within her a depressingly dour yet highly arousing emotion, foreign to the *Scylla's* mind but one humans would know as *shame* whenever she would lift the hem of her 'skirt' much like she was doing now while continuing to watch her prey with heated breath, stroking the plump lips of a female's snatch with tender lust as her mind boils with the sensations of a man's penis gradually being inverted and reformed until all that remained was a woefully untended slit, throbbing with desire all along the length of flexing walls and damp folds that lead all the way up into an aching chamber nestled just beneath a motherly stomach, ready and seeded with an egg for insemination. Produced by shifted organs that had once been in charge of making the thick, creamy fluid she now craved for with an insatiable hunger...the reminder of which only serves to make her pale purple clitoris tingle as the hole beneath it clenches in need before releasing a driblet of precum that drips down her snatch and over the smooth surface of a tentacle before splashing down on the rocks below, heralding the onset of an estrus-induced orgasm once the feeling of a worming feeler piercing her brain makes itself known, bracing herself on the cliffside with shivering hands while fanged molars gnashed together in the struggle to keep herself silent, vapid eyes of magenta rolled up in maddening bliss.

At this point of the memory, the man that had tossed himself into the depths of the lake on the influence of a parasite was no longer himself after their brain had been penetrated by its perverse tendrils, forcibly rewriting her existence while hotwiring memories to better aid her new existence as a *Monstergirl* in tandem with a bulbous growth at the back of her skull, producing a large cephalopod-esque mantle complete with a fully functioning lining of gills and bioluminescent sacs of bile and other unknown bodily fluids sloshing within pale, semi-transparent sacs springing to life on either side of her head and all across the rest of her voluptuous form in a uniform pattern to produce an admittedly beautiful array.

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

Accompanied by a final cosmetic change that lengthens mottled strands of brown into a silken curtain painted over in a more saturated and eye-catching color the rest of her squid-like body had traded for in exchange for tanned beige hues and drab cocoa.

If Christopher's attention hadn't been focused on the torn remnants of his friend's clothing left on the banks of the deep body of water at the center of the ruins, his sharp ears would've long since picked up on the pitter patter sounds of gushing juices splashing over the cliff side as the Scylla above begins to make her move, unable to wait any longer after having her disguise be temporarily shed after losing yet more precious fluid to an untimely orgasm that reveals her true form to the world at large; as majestic as she was frightening with a full head of otherworldly hair that reaches down to her shapely rear in a mesmerizing mane of brooding magenta that matches her eyes...sultry slits shooting a 'come hither' look toward anyone lucky enough to meet her gaze upon a perfectly carved mask nestled nicely on a petite neck branching outward atop a tight torso that must've been particularly strong to support the heaving tits hanging heavy over her chest, measuring somewhere in the double D range. Sloshing and jiggling with every move as she runs waifish hands through her perfectly smooth hair, relishing in the feel of cooling seabreeze washing over her nubile young body while locomotive tentacles did their best to clean up the mess down below, wiping up trails of milky grool over her labia with the last of their sticky coating before she had to go for a refill. One she fully intended to make as quickly as possible before her target grew aware of her presence and made a run for it as she lets herself slip from the face of the cliff, plummeting toward the glassy surface below with a leering smile on her face directed at the young human man whose face only made her complicated hearts twist further into a knot as he looks up at just the right time to catch sight of the bewitching Scylla's visage before an eruption of water and the force of her landing sends him flying back a good distance.

Panic and fear ruled supreme in the hunter's heart as he scrabbles to find stable footing on the slippery town square, tripping on upturned cobble and fragmented rock in his bid to back away from the sudden descent of the being that had been tracking him all this while from the cliffs above. She was beautiful...monstrously so...but the knowledge of the affliction that produced such specimens only served to give Christopher reason to put as much distance between himself and the approaching Scylla as her tentacles waste no time in carrying her out of the water and toward the human in her midst, exuding more of that slippery oil from her body that makes escape borderline impossible as it carries easily over the floor of the damp square, leaving the hunter pinned with his back against the crumbling wall of a decrepit home, the sight of which causes the Scylla to freeze momentarily as her head comes under the assault of even more of those fluffy feelings she couldn't understand, giving her would-be victim enough of a chance to try and get away.

Utilizing the oil like a surface to slide in would've been an effective tactic against a distracted Monstergirl, but the Scylla was quick to recover, seemingly enthused by her prey's innovative attempt at escaping her grasp once flexible tentacles shoot outward in the blink of an eye in a show of aggression. Of

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

how adamant she was that he become hers forevermore, acting on the secondary instinct that ruled most Scylla in the wilderness as her body begins to react to the ever growing presence of Christopher as she feels him in like a fish, giggling with a foxy voice every time his rabid kicks and punches would connect with her body, sending spasms through her very being as parts of her begin to recede...revealing erect pink mounds while shrinking flaps expose a puckered flower...

Blinded by panic and a want for freedom, Christopher had no idea what laid in store for him as he continues to try and pull free, only managing to injure himself once skin breaks against the impossibly strong suction of the rubbery cups beneath the Scylla's tentacles, the pain intensified by sea brine making contact with the wound. He couldn't let it end here. Not so soon after discovering clues as to Bo's fate. He needed to know for sure if his friend was still out there somewhere, alive maybe, taking shelter in a nearby house that hadn't yet crumbled to dust. Or maybe he was back on the beach after having outrun another of this fearsome predator.

But at the back of his mind, he knew Bo couldn't have survived despite the lack of fresh gore. Not when he himself had been given a demonstration of how impossible it was to escape a Scylla's grasp. Unlike the tales that portrayed them as stationary hunters, an aggressively active one like the pale purple skinned specimen about ready to devour him was far more terrifying to face up front as the sounds of wet jaws squelching in glee as they opened wide in preparation to take a bite out of him grew louder and louder, wincing in fear as the disgusting feeling of greasy slime encapsulates his entire being upon being drawn into the belly of the beast as the fading rays of evening sun are blanketed by the Scylla's maw. Hungry for her second morsel after having similarly lost interest in Bo before him...

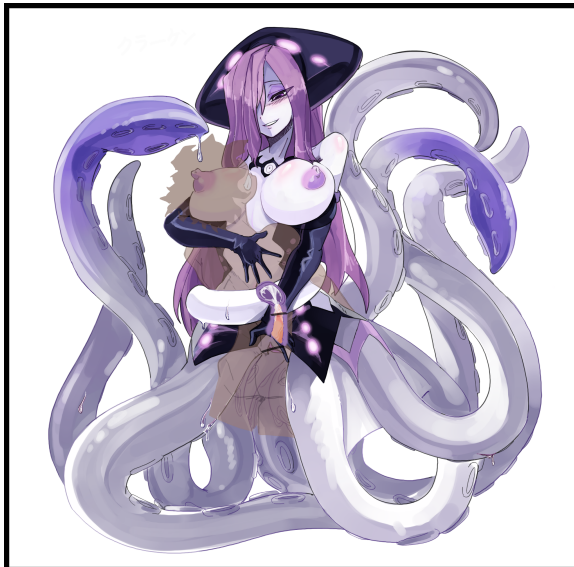
Before a sudden, impossibly cold enclosure wrapping itself around his loins shocks Christopher into opening his eyes, realizing what the 'wet sounds' had been after his ears begin to pick up the muffled, happy sounds of the Scylla herself, emanating through pale lips of violet as they ran the length of his member, exposed to the elements after a stealthy removal of his clothes. Fat cushions suctioned tightly around its girth while a slippery tongue coils like a snake within her sopping wet oral cavity, flicking away at the tip of the virile man's pecker while those same, haughty eyes of hers remained narrowed in hazy excitement as she gazed up at him from his elevated position. Holding him up like a trophy while the rest of her tentacles seemed to bow low in a gesture similar to how a human would lower themselves into a squat...a perverse position that leaves her vagina free to drool away while her overeager mouth works to swiftly extract the first of many loads from Christopher as the virgin loses his first time to the Monstergirl's mouth, feeding her as his furious, startled protests devolve to little more than inaudible mumbles and sudden gasps of shock, watching with wide eyes as the Scylla coos in bliss, narrowing slits into happy ovals while her neck bulges with activity, eagerly swallowing the spicy spunk flowing into her stomach while the nubs on her breasts tingle, unable to contain themselves as the first trickle of pale honey oozes free, dripping down the hefty heifers in such a provocative show that the captive hunter couldn't help but grow hard again much to his unwitting partner's satisfaction as she pulls her mouth

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

free of his swollen rod, cocking her head to the side with a ditzy smile on her face at the sight of his 'eagerness' despite how weirded out Christopher was currently feeling about this sudden turn of events.

From the tales he'd been told about, he had assumed the Scylla to be one of the few Monstergirls who actually preyed on unwitting humans and not one of the voracious deviants who converted humans before mating in an attempt to grow their numbers. But despite the exhaustion and overwhelming pleasure of his first ever orgasm, Christopher was, for all accounts, still himself. No tentacles growing, no feverish sensation and certainly no sudden development of a woman's anatomy.

But before he could contemplate any further, the Scylla, evidently not satisfied enough to release him, lowers him to a point where she could easily embrace him with her still very much human arms, bringing him in close for a hug that had his face smushed up tight against her gelatinous breasts, giving him a good sense of their pillowy pomp in addition to the naturally enticing aroma radiating from her slick body. Pheromones that acted under the illusory guise of a pleasant night walk along the ocean implanted within Christopher's head, a walk accompanied by the woman of his dream, the two of them as naked as the day they were born; a human disguise worn by the Scylla as she worms her way inside of the hunter's head. The bewitching spell spoken of within tales of the aquatic terror.



With Christopher's mind addled by chemicals and illusion, the Scylla's soft spoken voice rises to a sonorous tune once her partner's pecker kisses the entrance to her pussy in tune with the events of the dream; not wishing to let the moment pass as he falls to the sand alongside his phantom love, brushing aside momentary lapses between fiction and reality as the sight of the strange woman flickers between the Scylla and...*Bo...*

Uncontrollable lust would do the rest as a comatose Christopher would unknowingly take the Scylla's first time as she howls in pain and bliss, accidentally clawing into her partner's back as the sudden sting

from the loss of her hymen gives her senses a proper shock before the following thrill of having her undulating folds filled to the brim by her man's throbbing member washes it all away, coagulating the loss of blood from the thin wound she had marked him with a spattering of her oil before relishing in the simplistic act of copulation with one she knew to be her destined mate, signaled by a roaring beat performed by her three hearts as each one thumps and swoons in an organic song of love, filling her cold innards with pleasant warmth, accommodating for the human's inadequate form by lowering her titanic

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

stature so he could better take her, washing away dark splotches of inky blood every time either of them would reach climax.

And everytime Christopher emptied more of himself into her, the larger the bump would become in the Scylla's stomach, wasting strength and energy in an attempt to guarantee herself a child as her muscles strained more and more, struggling to hold the umpteenth load of human semen within her womb as excess spunk splurts free of her loins, slouching forward with a wanton moan, eyes rolled up into the back of her head, wet tongue lolling in the air as her man collapses before her, unplugging her snatch to begin a spectacular show as a torrent of cum shoots out of her sputtering vagina, cradling her deflating stomach with a drawn out gasp and panicked yelps as the seemingly endless flood of warmth stimulates every last inch of her naughty bits...producing an unsightly mess as a large pool of water, sweat and other unmentionable bodily fluids pools around the incapacitated couple as the Scylla finally loses strength in her tentacles, collapsing with a mighty splash and an earth shaking thud that collapses something in the vicinity, coming to rest beside an equally tuckered out Christopher...the last thing on his mind being the look of exertion on his ghostly love's face before giving out, washing away the struggle of convincing his parents to let him go and search for Bo, the struggle to chase his friend's trail, the terrifying possibility of losing him before coming face to face with a Monstergirl on an island once free of them...who had quite literally become his 'first' in more ways than one as the pair slept the hours away in the middle of a ruined townscape...

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

EPILOGUE

Christopher would come to the next day, drenched in soaked clothing and left to dry out on the arid beaches of the mainland. Not a sign of any boats around to explain his inexplicable movement across the ocean...but what was enough of an explanation was the presence of a bundled package using thick, dried leaves to ensure the preservation of the food items within; strips of fish...dried fruit...and the fragments of Bo's clothes...no ruins to be found...no Scylla in sight...

After having had his fill and a bit of time to recuperate, Christopher would return to the village, recounting the events of the past day down to the very last detail...save for a particular edit he would make to an unbelievable encounter, painting the Monstergirl out to be a territorial beast who had since laid claim to the island after the vanishing of the human population thanks to the tsunami, presenting the tattered remains of his friend's clothing as proof of his 'death', marking an end to the eccentric fisherman after a silent funeral had been held in his memory. One the hunter didn't seem keen on attending, marking a sudden change in his behavior after that day.

For one, he would announce his plans to make a home outside the safety of the village, placing confidence in his fellow hunters and assuring his parents and folk that he'd be alright. Traveling back toward the beach after a week or so since his mysterious survival. Setting up the foundations for a seaside cottage near the shore, complete with a bay area from which he could fish comfortably from.

On certain days, he would feel a familiar sensation every now and then. The feeling of being watched. But the knowledge of who it might be only served to make what should've been a chilling thought become a comforting one as he went about his days, making trips every now and then to the village for trading and to check up on the residents. And everytime he did, he would find another leaf wrapped package for him placed neatly at the edge of the bay; fruits and fish, plucked and caught from a place not too far from here...

And everytime he opened them, the invisible perp would remain at a safe distance near the water, watching with narrowed eyes as her partner accepted another gift of her own making, created from distorted knowledge that could barely come through in her mind. Remembering just how long it took for her to make her first one upon awakening from their coital joining within the town all those nights ago. A temporary moment where something else had guided her hand, a fading cinder slowly melding into the cooling flame that was her soul as she ferried the comatose hunter back towards the other side of the great blue expanse that was to be her new home for the foreseeable future. One she would've wanted nothing more than to drag her love down under to join her in had she become any other ordinary Scylla.

But that sensible spark had told her otherwise before it finally gave in, convincing her to make the time to integrate herself to a life near the ocean's surface rather than joining her kin down in the abyssal depths

LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES

where none would disturb them and their 'partners' eternal rest. And in so doing, found herself taking up a more active lifestyle than most other Scylla, catching fish, climbing trees, practicing fine motor skills...all while managing a baby bump that had grown sizeably over the week. Hosting a clutch of Scylla children she hoped to show to the handsome man enjoying a cut of her fish on the side of the bay, feet hanging down low enough for her to reach out and tickle.

Surviving in a vastly altered form, Bo would unknowingly begin her life again after having found purpose with her listless desire to return to the oceans fulfilled, instilled by traumatic childhood experiences that had unwittingly become the shield to produce the anomaly she represented; bearing a mutual bond with a representative of humankind without the ability to spread her ailment now that the parasite that consumed her had lost its ability to reproduce, leaving the resulting Scylla prone to suggestion and free will, factors that had led to the two friends leading happier lives together as Christopher continues to gnaw on a particularly chewy morsel while Bo descends back under the waves once more, continuing her exploration of the vast ocean in a bid to satisfy her innate urge to see the great blue and all it offered beneath the waves...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image Sources

Image 1 made with NovelAI

Image 2 by Arqa : <https://twitter.com/Arqa>

Image 3 by Nakadashikaze : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/25618230>