

Waking up, with a cold sweat, Alex sat up, trying his best to wrap his head around the dreams that had burrowed into his head. It was not the first time in recent days he had awakened in such a way. In fact, the remnants of that dream had been playing in his mind for what had to be the last few months. They were bizarre, to say the least, with no basis in the real world as best as he could perceive. If only he was able to decipher their meaning! Yet, no matter how much he tried to do it, he simply couldn't shape the bizarre imagines of what he could only call another world, one where he was...

It started some months ago, though Alex couldn't quite place the exact date. In truth, it sometimes felt that he'd been expecting a fragment of the dreams all of his life, only just now vivid enough for him to become aware of them. They all took place underwater, he was sure, and he was fully submerged in them. It started as an inky black, someplace deep and dark he could not escape from. In recent days, however, it seemed more and more that there was something in the background, something towering up over the sea that called to him, and promised to give him a form that would allow him to behold the building in all its glory...

There were consequences to seeing the same imagines in REM sleep each and every night, ones that Alex was not prepared for. Though the images had started out vague in his mind, the more Alex experienced them, the more they started to bleed over into the waking world as well. Even if he couldn't recall them at first, the world around him drew the images to reality, as though linking the two worlds together. It was the water at first that made him think for a brief moment he was underwater all over again. Stranger still, the sights of castles and towers made him audibly gasp as they triggered the latent memory of what he could only rationalize was a massive underwater city, something that both the lake as well as some of the ancient sights in the town triggered those images. And the sights of sea creatures, particularly dolphins, brought a sense of familiarity that should not have existed. The more he tried to focus on them, the more he longed for sleep again, so that he might receive a clearer image of that other world he sought.

It was more than just the desire to see the palace in his dreams that took from Alex's restful sleep. Always being afraid of the water and never having learned to swim, Alex was a little disturbed to realize that in the recurring visions, he was not only viewing such a world from an outsider's perspective but was part of it. Not sure where he received the notion, having no real-world experience to equate it to, but he was swimming, an underwater being that belonged to the massive citadel and all its occupants. And, to both his excitement and his terror, he was not his human self, but something that longed to be there, something he could only scarcely imagine...

It was more than just the castle beckoning them forth, down and down toward a deeper well than either of them could imagine. Somehow, their bodies were able to survive the pressure and became more comfortable to do so as they descended. Bodies becoming more cylindrical,

hands and feet webbed, and skin sleek and streamlined, thick tails propelling them downward and allowing them to persist in such a habitat and serve the being within the city that granted them such a perfect existence. And the longer they stayed there, the more their bodies would alter to allow them to live in that world forever, the dreams becoming more and more vivid as the days went past...

When the dreams had first begun only fatigue and restlessness had played over Alex's mind, making him long for a proper night's sleep where he did not experience what he could only describe as a door to another world. But as the weeks passed and the dreams became part of his routine, less subtle changes to both his body and behavior started to manifest. Little things, like not wanting his food to cook for as long became a desire for raw fish, something he despised once but now seemed unable to get enough of. Even the rice and the other fillings from sushi soon became unpalatable to the point he simply wanted his fish raw, emptying his savings on expensive fish to sate the bizarre appetite. Even going so far as to buy raw fish at the grocery store was not off the table, not bothering to cook it and nearly swallowing it raw, something finally able to quell the ache in his belly. It was as though he had eaten that way all his life, and social conventions about doing so lost on him with his bizarre pallet.

His craving for water, too, was almost undeniable. Though he could not bring himself to swim, the trepidation of doing something potentially life-threatening and his desire to perform it almost maddening. Showering for hours at a time was a common habit, though it was hardly enough to quell the desire for submerging himself in water. Even trying to attend a local pool was of no reprieve, the chlorine repugnant to his senses. It was only the salt water that would do for him, and that came with it a primal fear even over the siren song of the dreams that pervaded his mind.

As though a testament to his desire to join that watery world, Alex found he was slowly being plagued with slight deformities, things that he managed to play off as tricks of the mind, though such was more trying in recent days. His skin felt particularly dry and smooth, the hairs loosening from the skin and leaving it with an almost rubbery texture in some places. Though it had once been only confined to his groin, the patches of bare skin had spread toward his belly, which itself was rather bulbous even over his natural form. The hair around his chest, arms, and back had all fallen, and had Alex not been experiencing the dreams every night, he might even have figured he was undergoing a debilitated illness or the treatment of such. His body was overall larger and more bloated than he was used to, and to his absolute horror, one of his teeth had fallen out, followed by another. Rather than leave a bloody hole in their wake, however, a sharpened point seemed to be poking through the gumline, as though prelude to the dentation of something entirely inhuman.

Yet, despite their bizarre nature, the changes to his body and habits were not enough to dissuade his desire for the dreams to continue. No matter how much Alex tried to ignore it, it was almost as though the euphoria experienced from the visions was far beyond anything that the world he knew could ever promise. And it drew him well away from his job, all his friends but one, and any earthly pursuits. His job was already forfeited and savings were becoming tight, but so long as he had fish to feed him, Alex was remiss to care. At first, a fight against the changes and desires persisted, if only to hold onto what he had known all his life. Even the consistent denial of an aquatic form was not enough to deter them, giving a persistent deep-seated emotion telling them in even louder tones to embrace their new flesh.

Walking out into the main room, he could see Dilong standing in front of the fridge, almost swallowing a fish raw as much as he wished to do. Dilong, too, had been overcome with the same ailment around the same time and had experienced much the same changes to both body and personality. It was like a mirror into himself, something to confirm what was happening, though such was hardly enough to disturb him as much as it might have one day. In fact, Alex found the changes to his form powerfully arousing, and the two of them had sex on multiple occasions, hoping to submerge themselves in the desires of their changed intricacies. But there was always something unsatisfying about the actions, as though they were not enough to quell an ache deeper in their loins than the two of them ever thought possible.

His own changes were progressing along as much as Alex's were, pale, hairless skin, a few missing teeth, and even possessing odd bumps under his shirt and right above his ass. In recent days, Alex had discovered similar growths in the same areas, though found he was rather excited to possess them, as though his body was answering some higher power that drew him outward to the sea. In fact, he found himself wondering what would happen next, wanting more changes to his anatomy that might allow him a watery existence. Though such a place as witnessed in their dreams should not have existed, there was no denying his desire for one, to the point where he was almost desperate enough to...

"Hey, want to go swimming?" Dilong said, in a faraway tone as though he was fixated on something else. The stench of his fishy breakfast was not a bother to Alex's nose, eliciting a sense of hunger rather than anything else. The entire apartment smelled, though, to their noses, it was heaven, not bothering to invite any guests over for some weeks now regardless.

"In the ocean?" Alex asked, sure that was the only place they could possibly go. There were few places to go swimming, especially at this time of year. But maybe, just maybe, if they did so, then the dreams that seemed to beckon to them would pass if only they met the goal that was their message.

“Yeah...” Dilong said, moving toward the bedroom to get dressed. His nudity was not a source of concern, Alex also naked while the two of them were in the house alone. It felt right not to wear clothes, as tight as they were becoming on their frames besides. Hell, it was all the two of them who could manage not to head out into town naked, but such was still within their abilities for now, at least. But perhaps, not if the culmination of their dreams came to fruition...

It took some planning, but the two of them made the trip to Marseille, thinking for them to rent a boat and travel to wherever it was their instincts led them. Such would not have occurred to them before the past week or so, but without another outlet for the urges they were undergoing, it was starting to make more and more sense. It was a daunting prospect, something that would take all the funds they still possessed. Yet, it was a worthwhile endeavor if only the two of them could seek what the dreams seemed to allude to, to finally quell the deep-seated desires that they seemed to instill upon them.

Yet, their trip was temporarily halted by the sight of a museum flyer on the subway, one that promised a special exhibit on ancient cultures. Such should not have been of interest, yet the two of them found they could not stop staring at the flyer. It was the picture they used, one of a massive underwater palace rising over the water as though something straight out of a storybook. Though underwater civilizations were things of legend and fiction, the image they used in their advertisement was one intimately familiar to the two of them. It was the castle from their dreams, as much as the two of them could draw the image into the real world. And all it took was the look of recognition on their two faces to know they had come to the same conclusion.

It did not take them long to find their way to the museum's location, though the part of town was a little worn and angled, something they would not prefer to find themselves in under normal circumstances. But in the end, it was little deterrent to their mission as they made their way inside the dimly lit place, greeted by a single curator dressed in an obscuring robe. Waving the fee for the two of them, they were led downstairs, the stench of salt water bringing both of them to an unexpected yet not unwelcome erection. The curator seemed not to notice, though he was focused on leading the two of them to wherever it was their goal lay.

The museum, as far as they could tell, had been abandoned for some time, dust, cobwebs, and lack of lighting making them wonder if the sign was for a display severely years ago. Yet, despite their logical brains telling them such was ill-advised, the pull that had been leading them here seemed to indicate it was the proper location, and they followed with a mixture of excitement and fear for the truths that lay beyond.

As they walked toward a center room, the man began to lecture them on the subject that held their entire attention. “All life originated from the ocean, and it only takes a little push for it to return,” said the man in a deep, raspy voice that spoke of dehydration. “In the eldritch days of

Erath, when it was ruled by the old beings, the old ones bestowed their blessings on some of their servants who worked the lands in their glory. Some of those ancient humans were blessed by the blood of the sea, intermixed with the blessed blood as a reward for zealous worship and service. In time, the marine DNA was bred inside of them, forming an ancient pact that over many lifetimes was forgotten. Yet, it still slumbers in the bloodlines of many, perhaps you yourselves.”

Though the words should have made both men skeptical, there was some truth in them that neither could ignore. It was as though the words, their tone, and not simply their meaning enough to make them think. Imagining being such beings created powerful waves of desire through their forms, as though it was meant to be. It was impossible to deny the imagines from their dreams, of an underwater city in which the two of them persisted and fornicated to the desires of an ancient god. It was that being’s voice that beckoned to them, and having this man, this creature explain things to them made more sense than any search on the internet could ever yield.

The fact that the being was more than human was not lost to them, but it had no effect on their perception or belief. His short, squat body seemed to mimic a more amphibian appearance than anything, though it was harder to tell through the cloak he wore. His bulbous eyes, putrid green skin, and wide mouth seemed to lead credence to the fact that he was not of this world as much as he seemed to be implying they were. Why any being hearing the call could live away from the water for long was baffling to them, though, without this being’s guidance, it might have been impossible to understand what was calling to them, a guidepost on the way to their new lives, and a sacrifice that would not be forgotten as they reveled in their new lives.

“-their ancient being resting for what was perceived by a millennium by those mortal beings but no more than a whisper to the old gods, awaiting to be awakened and rewarded to a new form and life, calling those with his blood to congregate and serve him once more. They will be called to return to the sea, rewarded with a new form and a new life to serve their gods once more. And for those who are called...they will know these words and seek out their undersea masters when it is time...”

Both of them were staring at the mural the entire time, lost in the sight of the undersea castle and the myriad of sea creatures that persisted there, in service to their god. The scenes playing out before them served as the final nail in the coffin for what they knew they needed to do. Bidding the caretaken adieu, their original plan fell into place, moving toward the warf to rent a boat. Even Alex’s nervousness over being on the water was gone with the realization it was to be his destiny to do so, knowing with certainty they were not the only ones and what they sought would be in the murky ocean depths. It seemed to settle into their very skins, as though the notion was enough to drive them to the water. Having endured longer than normal showers

for weeks to alleviate the aches of smooth skin, the sun was almost burning them, making them crave the water on their person and all the changes it would bring them.

This close to the location of their desire, any trepidation over what they stood to lose was gone from them, only anticipation over what would come and what prospects their oceanic life would bring. Even though it remained unspoken between the two of them, there was every likelihood they would not be returning to their homes after they took this final trip. As frightening a prospect as that would be, it was something the two of them looked forward to in equal measure. There was no hesitation, no regret in their choice as everything about the sea simply felt right and proper.

As if to signify their return to the sea, the two felt an increase in the alterations that had been starting to play over them since the dreams began. Their skin felt even more void of hair, even to the point that their hair was beginning to part from the top of their heads. The greying, dead-looking flesh was encroaching over their form and making their clothing feel a little too tight. That, and more of their teeth bloodlessly fell from their gums, those same conical pegs having pushed them out to make space. There were other, more obvious changes, a weakening in fingers and toes, spreading of the rubbery gray flesh, and growths of the bumps on their backs and above their asses. Yet, their subconscious reaction to the transformation was calmer, even immersive as they felt their desires for an aquatic adaptive body growing,

Renting a boat was an easy affair, something about the man at the counter seemed to indicate, he, too, was a part of the waypost for anyone in the area who sought the castle in the sea. Despite their lack of boating experience, the two of them did well enough, the wind being fair and the sun out. Despite not having the skill to use the navigation equipment, they were still able to move toward a destination that felt right. It was that instinctual need that beckoned the two of them forth, giving them an understanding of not only what they needed to do but where they needed to go, enough that following their instincts would lead them to the desired destination. There was no need to fish, even with as hungry as the two of them found themselves. Soon, it would be moot, so long as they managed a little longer...just a little further...

It was not only the progress toward their goal that spurred them on but rather the comforting feelings of the salt water on their skin that led them to believe they were on the right track. It was all they could do not to remove their clothes right then and there, but they resisted the urge, thinking that such would prompt them to jump into the ocean before it was time. But the wind and the sea seemed to call to them, knowing they were too far from their goal to easily swim and feeling deep down they would know when it was time to... what?

Another facet of the process was their persistent erection, one that pushed at the contours of their clothes and almost begged for their attention. It was all they could do not to make out

then and there, even taking out their cocks and touching themselves just to alleviate the aches in their loins. It was as though the siren song in their minds carried with it a sense of lust, that dwelling on such pursuits would please the elder gods. Still, it was first reaching their destination that met the forefront of their minds, rather than the urges themselves. Once they got there...then yes, that was all that mattered...just a little more...

As though a sign that had almost reached their goal, the changes to their forms seemed to encroach over their bodies to the point it was harder to discern they were human once. Fingers had further stiffened, making operating the boat more of a chore than it had been when they'd set out. The skin between them seemed to have formed a thin layer of webbing, making it hard to move the digits individually, though they were still functional for the moment. Their feet were developing the same webbing, toes feeling weak and harder to move as they walked across the deck. And, perhaps most persistently, the lumps in the backside of their pants were wagging up and down, as though eager to be free from the confines in their pants, ones that were coming closer and closer to being removed from their forms, no longer needed for their marine lives.

It rose like a spire from the deep when the two of them spotted it, towering over the horizon as though a monolith the likes of which could spread its influence all the way to the shore. Like a mirage, one minute they were looking out at the ocean, the next, they were staring at the sight of an underwater civilization rising from the sea, as though being reborn to take command over the world and all those that stood in its way. The sight of such was magnificent, to the point there was no denying it was the same citadel they had seen in their dreams. This was certainly their final destination, there could be no doubt.

Yet, rather than leap into the water to join the underwater civilization, an intense lust burned through both their frames, bringing both men to their knees. Dilong, having been on the cusp of touching himself, was quick to pull his member from his pants, almost stunned at the sight of the tip growing pointed, leaking fluids as the entire length continued to expand to inhuman levels. The air seemed to spur on its change, the tip leaking as the entire base widened, his uncut foreskin pulling back toward his groin. It was bizarre, though not as much as the sensation of his erectile tissue expanding, almost to the point where his cock could move in extra dimensions. And that was, in fact, exactly what it started to do...

Looking more like a tongue than a penis, the pinkened shade of his dick took over his member entirely as the distinction of the head and shaft gone as the tip tapered and his testicles swelled with seed. It was expanding at the base of his groin, and to his shock, Dilong was privy to the sight of the skin peeling, forming a cleft of sorts around the base of his shaft, though not enough to pull in his penis. It was obvious that that was its purpose, however, the skin was more sensitive than anything had a right to be. And it hardly to be the last change...

Lost in the lust of stroking off his cock, Dilong was hardly aware of the sucking sensation on his balls before one testicle was rocked within him, before the other joined it, making him gasp out. It was powerfully disconcerting, followed by the rest of his hairless ballsack before they were swallowed by the fringes of his new slit. Dilong nearly keeled over, though it was the force of his testicles quaking as his slimy, cetacean penis let loose with his load, getting all over his webbed hands and the boat deck below him. Yet, despite the horror of such an alien member on his crotch, Dilong could find no fault in it, loving the pleasure it was giving him and the promise of more to come.

Alex, meanwhile, was more fixated on his hands, the webbing between them starting to thicken rapidly as though the glow of the obelisk was triggering a more rapid change. The skin was darkening rapidly, turning from pink to black, almost like tar. The webbing, too, was thickening both up the length of his fingers and reaching to match the circumference. Soon, he was unable to pull them apart at all, as though the joints within were dissolving, removing any flexibility of the digits. The bones, too, seemed to be popping painlessly out of place, rearranging into different shapes as the shape of his hands stiffened. Alex was left to stare at the rubbery appendage, feeling it flattened out and stretched as the bones in his lower arm and wrists started to flow into the triangle, making it appear more like a fin than anything of a human hand.

Yet, he could hardly find fault in the change as the specter of the tower drew all his attention. It was like the siren call of the sea itself was stemming out of that obelisk. All that mattered was obeying its will toward them, and the fact it was altering their bodies to do just that was more fulfilling than any human experience had a right to. It was enough that his own penis was sliding out of his hands, the same changes to overcome it as he prepared to pleasure himself under the glow of its radiance. He hardly needed to touch himself with the ache of his own balls swelling before pulling within him, or the expanding base pushing the skin outward into a dolphin slit.

Dilong seemed to have more wits about him, but only just, feeling the ache of something pushing out of his pants, the growth from before swelling with some insistency. It was swelling rapidly, getting longer and thicker and covering with the rubbery skin that had taken over his back. Reaching to rub at it with stiffening fingers, Dilong was shocked at its size, able to feel the weight of the thing on his back as well as the floorboards of the deck underneath it as it continued to work out of his spine. The way he was crouched caused him to need to lean forward, the angle of the growth such that it pained him to stay there. It was soon almost as long as his torso by this point, and it was not to stop, swelling from his ass and forcing his anus to uncomfortably rotate forward as it continued to expand.

Though the shape of the thing seemed bizarre at first, a strange pinching seemed to emanate from the sides of the pointed tip, flattened out as what was happening to one of his



hands as he watched. Uniform on either side, they soon moved to swell with the diameter of the tail looking like flukes like a sea creature might possess. Strangely, the bones did not push out within it, only enough muscle and tissue to support the flukes he now possessed as the center of their swelling medial notch. It was getting more and more obvious as the grey skin coated under his shift and over the growth that he was in possession of a still-growing appendage more suited to an aquatic creature, one of a more mammalian configuration than anything he might see on an aquatic creature.

“Is that a tail?” He muttered, stupified at the sight of the thing on his backside. It was getting larger as he reared up on his keens, trying to balance with the growth still reaching its eventual stature. Making him more and more tempted to fall over the boat and into the water...

All the while, the gray rubbery skin spreading over his tail turned to black, moving up his back and pulling up his shirt, something no longer the right size for his stature. To make matters worse, the growth on his spine was starting to get larger, forming a fin sticking up over his back and pulling his shirt around it. He wanted to reach back to touch but, the flexibility in his fingers was steadily waning as the webbing between them forced them to fuse, and their stiffening structure was unable to bend in that manner anymore, much less feel anything if he could. Like his tail, none of the bones of his spine swelled to meet its growth, blunt and triangular on his backside. Still, as best as he could tell, he was growing a dorsal fin of some sort, another piece of his aquatic heritage. It was black as well, the gray giving way to a surprisingly yellowed shade of the rubbery skin that was moving to cover the rest of him.

Meanwhile, Alex was becoming more and more covered with grey, indicative of a slightly different phenotype as his humanity was robbed from him. His other hand, too, was closer to a fin than a human hand, but other than to remove the confusing clothing all around him he couldn't think of a reason to miss it, feeling his form growing within them to the point they would likely soon burst from his torpedo-like body. He was getting wider all over, belly fattened with swelling blubber, stomach more streamlined as his nipples faded into his chest, and his form slowly removed all of the definition it possessed. Rather than be concerned about it, however, Alex was elated, feeling his form was finally meeting the criteria needed for ocean life and wanting it more and more.

Even if Alex had the want to look away from the spires to the changes in his body, with his thickening, blubbery neck, looking back was impossible. He could hardly care with the emerald gleam taking his entire attention to the point he was even unaware of the changes happening to his friend, as well. “Hey, Dilong, do you see those shiny things?” He asked, almost hypnotized as he did so. His thoughts were simpler, knowing that they were the object of their mutual desire and that everything they wanted and more would be granted them now they had reached their destination.

With his relaxation came a strong wave of arousal, feeling it wriggling from his groin and sticking out from the waistband of his pants, the pointed, pink tip leaking from his arousal over the changes and being in the presence of the spire. He was barely aware of it, but a slit of skin opened up in his groin and tugged at his testicles, as though trying to work them inside of him. It felt amazing, enough to make him cum as his confined cock spasmed and blew a load all over his pants and the deck. Such would have been ordinarily embarrassing, though such inclinations were long behind him by this point, feeling it was in the interest of his undersea benefactor that he cum and cum again, sexual lust a way of servitude beyond anything he had understood in his humanity.

The ache in his own backside was a sign the protrusion was being confined as it grew, though, without his hands in their current state, there was no way to get time off. He was forced to move the growth up and down, unaware of the absurdity of being able to do such a thing. Finally, the pointed end of the growth was able to push down the waistband and allowed it to escape its confinement, moving up and down as though excited to do so. Its surface was entirely black rubber, matching the skin still spreading from his chest and back, so much that only his legs, feet, and head were devoid of it, though such would probably not last much longer.

“A tail...fuck I have an EEEEKKKKing tail...” Alex muttered, though soon realized that speaking was rather tricky, given the thickening within his neck and the likely changes within his vocal cords. Even as it thickened, Alex was prompted down in his keens, bending over and allowing it to push all the way it could.

Dilong went to call out in response though an ache in his jaw forced it forward and prompted him to roll his eyes down to watch. He could see them over his nose, the skin pulling with the same black and yellow shades of rubber that were soon to comprise his dermis. It was almost painful, making him wish to rise his hands and try to stop the force of the growth, though there was nothing he could do with his hands in the configuration of flippers as they were. It was almost too much to see his mouth in front of his face, his nose being flattered into his features as his gums spread and forced his remaining teeth to fall from the sockets. The fringes of their replacements were there to replace them, small, peg-like gripping teeth for his soon-to-be fishy diet. Yet, that was something he longed for in no small part due to his desire to eat fish, not concerned about anything other than his watery life and reveling in the notion he was altering more to join it.

The remaining fingers started to go the way as the other one, the bones shifting within his hands and almost fusing the fingers together as rubbery spread up them and forced them into a point. It was more than just his fingers to form the basis of his fins, as his shoulders started to push inward against his ever-widening trunk. Cracks and pops resonated through his form as his

shoulder pushed forward and collapsed and his humerus and radius altered, shortening and sticking his fins out to the side, in their proper position for an aquatic life. Eventually, his scapulas were pushed forward as well, his finger bones persisting though for of them as the short, flattened arm bones made up his new fins.

Alex, too, was about to undergo the same forced growth of his dolphin snout, both hands changed as his nose, too, was reduced to a flattened hole. Breaths came in ragged through the slit that remained, though it was of little reprieve as his face continued to part, pushing outward in front of his vision as he began to turn into a dolphin's muzzle, opening and closing as he experimented with the abilities of his mouth, feeling his cheeks swelling within rubber as the muscles pushed against his skull. It seemed his ability to smell the salt water was robbed of him, though he hardly cared, not needing the sense if the beings changing him deemed it not necessary.

While his head was still primate shaped, the muzzle sat awkwardly on his face as it took its proper cetacean position. Still, it looked rather pleasing to see from his slightly smaller eyes, the size of the thing pushing them slightly to the sides of his head. To accommodate the larger muzzle, his tongue, too, started to flatten, filling the space and sending an odd taste in his mouth while the buds were still human. He could move it, though not out of his mouth, which was a little odd, though hardly the most obscure aspect of the transformation. His sense of taste, the flavor of fish on his breath seemed greatly reduced as well, though he hardly cared about it, eager to change into the being the voices deemed him to truly be.

“Alex, we have toeekkk eekkk eekkk!” Dilong tried to call out his desire to fall into the sea, but nothing remained in his human voice that could be picked up with human ears. At that, he could feel his own outer ears starting to dissolve, pulling within his head as the rubbery skin started to stretch and the outer skin and cartilage melded with dolphin flesh. The ears were simply canals, holes at the sides of his head, and he couldn't hear the world around him as well, making him a little concerned. It was a little matter, he soon realized, given that he would be underwater for the rest of his life.

Alex could not hear any meaning in the dolphin clicks, though it was soon to be a moot point as his own ears were pulling within his scalp, leaving the same open holes on the sides that did not interpret the clicks as speech, or at least not in the open air. It was the swelling of his skull that came to his attention over the words of his friend, as though something was expanding in his forehead, and not simply the bones within but a fluid-like oily substance, one that was needed for both buoyancy and sound detection in their new underwater world. The reshaping of his skull merged with his fattening neck, making him only able to move it up and down, eyes fixated on the sea and all it had to offer them.

Dilong could feel the same changes against his skull but did not worry about the implications, rather excited for them. He could not easily see his friend out of the corner of his eye, but it mattered little given their eventual place in the ocean and their adaptations to reside there. It was all he could do not to dive off the side of the boat as his skull swelled, head filling with oil as his forehead sloped into his skull, and he took on the cetacean visage he would wear for the rest of his life, a gift granted him by the same god he had come out here to worship for the blood that had flowed into his veins.

All the while, their tails were thickening in tandem, slapping against the deck of the boats and sending bizarre shivers through their new nerves and skin, something they were not yet accustomed to, the tails themselves were almost as thick as their bodies, shorts bursting off widening torsos as they took on a more uniform toward the torpedo shape that dolphins enjoyed. The fact they were changing into dolphins, while not lost to them, was inconsequential, given that the form mattered little with their desire for anybody that would allow them to seek out the underwater palace the voices called them to join them.

The changes were reaching their climax at this point, it was soon obvious they would need to abandon the boat and all ties to their humanity. It was a weakening in their hips that seemed to force them only their bellies, the bones crunching inward and preparing to dissolve into a more simplified pelvis for the aquatic forms that were theirs. The same webbing started to play between their toes, the digits themselves nearly melting away for webbed feet. Such was a luxury, they knew, even as the fully formed fins were pulled inward, the rubbery skin covering them as a prelude to their ancestors before their cracking, sinking edges were to distort into nothing.

Shoes and pants were soon forfeited as the legs underneath them pulled within their trucks, revealing the remnants of their feet before they were further dissolved into nothing by the magic in their blood gifted to them by the elder gods. The bones cracked like things within them, pulling inward as though to fuel the slight layer of blubber that their cetacean bodies possessed. Balancing on knees was precarious at best to the point they were like to keel over at any moment, perhaps trapped on the deck so close to the watery world where they belonged.

It was Alex who was drawn to the water first, the strength of his tail in tandem with his diminishing legs enough to push him over the edge and into the water with a gentle splash that spoke of his smooth contours. All that remained were his clothes and the remnants of his hair that had fallen from his head and body. Though some of it still clung to his rubbery skin, that was not to be the case the moment his body hit the salt water, and he was left to stay still for a moment as he got used to his surroundings.

With no regard or regret, Dilong was soon to follow, hitting the water with the edge of his snout and falling in with a lot less grace than Alex. The feeling of the salt water against his skin was initially jarring, but his body was well suited to the temperature and salinity of the water, and he was left to spin, swimming under slightly though not really sure where he was going. Opening his eyes, he was able to blink Alex's form into existence, seeing almost as clearly as he had in the air. He went swimming toward him reflexively, the body he possessed able to move not only with ease but with power as he quickly reached the other changing dolphin, nuzzling each other just slightly in a sign of affection. They couldn't speak any longer, but there was no need to, something about their shared desire to service the being changing them surpassing the loss of human speech.

Soon another problem came to their awareness, their lungs enlarged though not having taken in enough air to survive the depth they had sunken to. Though their nostrils had not taken in any salt water, they had not taken in much air, either, to the point they were sure they might drown. It was an odd panic, a very human reaction to an environment that their instincts and bodies seemed perfectly suited for. Still, it prompted them to swim toward the surface, thinking they did not possess the time before they expired but were desperate to try it regardless.

It was soon obvious they needn't have worried. Their torpedo-shaped forms were able to reach the surface with ease, breaching the air with a surprising force that they cleared the water, slowly enough they had enough time to point their noses downward before hitting the water once more. The exhilaration was beyond belief to the point they could not help but repeat the act, swimming as fast as they could just under the surface of the water before breaching its exterior once more. The remnants of weakening legs were likely a mild hindrance to their final speed, but they were largely ignored as being a powerful being within the perfect habitat.

In their pure elation of dolphin acrobatic abilities, the two of them barely noticed how their former nostrils had closed, or that something at the apex of their necks opened up, taking in air as reflexively as their human forms had done. With their much larger lungs, they were able to take in more air than humanly possible, enough to dive to the depths of the castle and thank the beings that had granted these powerful, agile bodies. Though in the moment of sheer elation, it was all they could do to express their joy by simply existing and reveling in the power and abilities their new bodies possessed.

The more they swam, the more their legs were sucked inside until there was nothing left at their sides to create additional drag against their sides. Soon, only the discomfort of bones rearranging in their pelvises, which had separated from that girdle into their vestigial configurations. The persistent tinglings of change, sensations they had experienced for the past several weeks and months, had finally subsided, and any sense of dysphoria was long gone, knowing these were their true gifted forms and the bodies in which they belonged for the rest of

their existence. A longer one as much as the two of them were to understand, though they had no inclination of how such thoughts had come to their mind. It mattered little with their certainty of the truth in those thoughts.

Though the pair of them were fully aware of the changes that had robbed them of their born bodies, and the humanity they had lost, neither felt any ire toward the being that had allowed it to happen. If anything, there was a deep sense of thankfulness that guided their actions toward the watery depths, realizing their ability to submerge without discomfort was far longer than anything they could imagine. There was no urgency to return to the surface for air, and even if there was, such would take them only seconds to get there and the blessed air they needed to persist in their watery world. With that in mind, the two of them were compelled to submerge themselves as deeply as they could toward the emerald obelisks that stood from the water like beacons. There was some doubt in their minds that any other beings were aware of its presence, though it mattered little, in fact, increased their respect for the being that had granted them such a gift. It was for them and any other servants of the underwater master to behold and something they held with a sense of reverence beside. And they wanted to see what was within the depths with all the eagerness in their beings, the promise of the call to bring them here in the first place.

The further down they dove, the more the voice seemed to call to them, commanding them in the ways of their new form and the world they were to enter. Their inclination was that their role would be to inhabit the new city along with all those who had taken the plunge and all those yet to come. The notion of that finality was almost enough to make them desire to swim to the surface and escape such a fate, even if they had no chance of returning to their humanity. It was as though a last bastion of resistance was being eroded away, any inklings of wanting to return to their former lives being removed so that they might sever any ties with their humanity and become the creatures of the sea they were always meant to be inside.

That same voice, though not a voice, resonated in their minds, telling them of the city and what they were to expect as they reached its watery dep. It was an ancient city of the old ones, its vast halls meant to house their millions of servants while they slumbered underneath. They were awake now, though needed many millennia to fully rouse, to rise from the sea, and take their rightful place as rulers of this world. For now, it was time to call their children to them, building their followers from the human race of the worthy, those with the blood of the old ones in their veins. The city itself, though housed in the Mediterranean for now, could move from place to place, taking its residences with them as it collected from all over the world those who heeded the call of their ancestry.

As the two of them continued to descend, their ability to see became robbed from them in the dark, sending panic through their beings even as they were compelled to descend even

deeper. Something else opened in their minds, and each started to call out, opening their muzzles and squeaking a series of rapid-fire sounds, ones that came back to them in a period of seconds. It created a mental map of sorts, one they could use to navigate as it was refreshed with every second new vibration returned to them. Continuing their constant stream of calls, the scale of the city came to their awareness, dwarfing the largest cities they had ever visited in the human world. Though all they could think was that the scope and grandeur of the place befitted the beings for whom it had been made, and for when they finally awakened in full.

Soon, too, the duo was made aware of the inhabitants of the place, thousands of aquatic beings of all shapes and descriptions. Some were fish, sharks, and beings of all feral piscine descriptions. A few were dolphins like them, different varieties and species that rose and dove the height of the castle above the water. Yet, others had no description in the annals of man, hybrid beings, monsters with scales and gills that could walk on land if they were so inclined. Mutants of all varieties persisted in the depths of the place, some that preferred the higher halls and some that would never see the light of the surface once again. It was a marine biologist's dream come true, though any to come upon the obelisk would be more inclined to join their ranks.

Something else came to their awareness as they explored the hallowed halls, swimming with precision and ease as they did so. Most, if not all, the city's inhabitants were in the midst of fornication, either with themselves, a partner, or several more in a sort of orgy. Those not eating or hunting lesser beings were engaged in sexual acts, reveling in the lust of their forms and thankful for God's blessings with their orgies. It was a rather erotic state to witness, the two newest residents to the undersea palace, something they were inclined to join in on...

Throughout the entire endeavor, their cocks remained semi-erect, arousal at its peak for the changes and the gifts they had been granted. It was more than they could have expected to see such an undersea orgy, and the entire process of change and servitude had been erotic besides. Their dolphin cocks slid sensually in and out of their slits by this point, needing to be tended to with each other, and soon. Without really knowing how to mate in their new forms, the two of them swam around each other, rubbing their bodies against each other and their cocks as well, feeling their prehensile members touching each other and almost intertwining. Eventually, Alex moved below Dilong, nuzzling his cock and moving to rub their members together, feeling the pressure within their internal testicles churning with need. The rubbing was sensual and erotic and spoke of the bestial need and reverence for their new forms and sexualities. It was all they could do not to cum from that rubbing alone, though the two of them had something else in mind, more fitting as a baptism for their new forms.

It took some skill with their new bodies, though with their rectums clenching as they were, it was easier for them to poke each other's anuses' with the pointed tips as they pushed

their way inside. Though with the sheer size of their new dolphin pricks, it should have pained their insides, dolphin rectums seemed to be more elastic than their human counterparts. Moreover, it seemed they were designed to take it, their inner walls more sensitive than any human equivalent. Not only their prostates were on fire from the contact, but every inch of their insides seemed to be alight with sensitivity, to the point they could hardly manage to hold back their lusts. It was entirely helped by the fact their prehensile cocks allowed them to burrow without each other's insides, exploring every inch as they fucked in tandem, taking it out and clicking their arousal for all the other inhabitants to hear the newest residents to the underground city.

As the two of them mated, flexing their backsides in and out in tandem, they couldn't help but wonder about their fates and the fates of all the others who resided down here. Surely, there was no going back, and mating would cement that fate. But then again, it was just as likely the moment they had heard that call was the moment their futures would change forever, to the point it was inevitable. With that realization, there was little point in contemplating such thoughts further, focusing their cocks on exploring each other's elastic insides and feeling their mates within them at the same time.

With their lusts at a premium, there was little chance of holding back long as Alex felt himself go, blowing his load into Dilong as a backwash of semen created a white cloud in the water around them. Dilong, too, was quick to orgasm, feeling his cum feeling up the other dolphin as his firm inner walls clenched him expertly, as though the two of them had been born aquatic beings and had sex as such all their lives. It was warm, content, and, best of all, hardly enough to sate the needs in their cocks as they eventually pulled out, almost able to taste their semen in the ocean water and not minding the realization.

Throughout the encounter, the tones of the voice in their minds were enough for them to know it was pleased with their actions and the sex they'd had. It reveled in the sexual energies of the beings it drew toward itself, something the two of them were thankful for. It wanted for its inhabitants to fornicate as a measure of servitude, something that sat well in the minds of the two of them. They would stay down here willingly if only to experience an endless bliss of dolphin rutting. There was a certainty in the tone of the voice, knowing they would never be free from its influence nor would return to their former lives. Such mattered little. Any ties to their humanity were gone now, eager to be the underwater creatures they wished to be, serving their undersea masters now until the end of time...