

Sea Change (Man to Mermaid TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Altoone

Ned is trapped by the stresses of life. Isolated and alone, he goes to the beach at night and vents to the void, wishing for a new start in life. When the spirit of the sea hears him, however, it answers his prayer in a way he could never expect.

Sea Change

Ned stood at the edge of the beach, the gentle ends of the waves lapping at his bare feet. It was night, and there was no one else around. The night sky was beautiful above, the stars brilliant and shining, far more than he had seen in years. The moon was bright also, lighting up the ocean surface, its silver reflection rippling upon the waters. It was a spectacular sight, enough to make any person feel at one with nature, and Ned wished he could stay there forever, just enjoying the sea.

But life was far more difficult than that. He raised a hand and wiped away several stray tears.

“Stupid job. Stupid life,” he muttered. “Why can’t it all be as good as this?”

He sighed in an exaggerated manner, trying to unburden himself of all the problems that troubled him. There was no one single thing that Ned could point to. *Everything* had him down these days. His work was a boring office job that thoroughly dehumanised him, with a severe boss who tracked everyone’s bathroom breaks down to the second. Outside of those dreadful nine-to-five hours was nothing but loneliness. He had no friends in this town, which he had moved to for a job, and his parents had passed away years ago, leaving him with no family. The irony was that the job didn’t pay him enough to really go out and meet new people, nor make him enough to move somewhere else. The only good thing about it was that it was only a thirty minute drive from the ocean, a place he always felt a strong connection towards. But it wasn’t enough to overcome the depression of his endlessly glum existence.

This existence had taken a toll on him as well. When Ned had been in his twenties, he had been not bad looking, and even had some nice girlfriends he remembered fondly. He still had the same dark hair that said women had liked to play with, but the rest of his body had slowly turned out of shape, leaving him with a pudgy build that mixed poorly with his average height. His eyes were permanently sunken from tiredness, the bags beneath them rather blue. He took a deep breath, feeling his large gut rise and fall with the effort.

And then he screamed.

There was no one around to hear it, but it was cathartic all the same. When he had exhausted all of his lung's power he fell to panting, then to more tears, and then towards venting his frustrations out loud.

"Why can't I start over!?" he called to the sea. "Why can't I have a new life, where I actually like my surroundings, where people actually like me? Why can't I just . . . not worry about money and work and all that stress!? Why can't I be young and full of energy and hope again? Why can't it just be like when I was a kid, and I could swim in the ocean everyday and just . . . exist in nature? God, I miss those days. I miss them so much. I wish I could have that, and that could be my life."

He fell silent again, the words not having helped.

At least, that was his impression at first. His words were heard, and not just by anyone, but by the very spirit of the ocean itself. His soul vibrated in tune with it, so distinct from millions of others that visited its shorelines. Few possessed such an appreciation for its existence, or held such an attunement with its nature. And even fewer contained the spark within their souls that gave chance to change: *true change*. And perhaps, even more particularly, the spirit of the ocean felt for this man, and wanted to do what it could for him, and give him a new life within its waters. And so it spoke.

"Then a change you shall have, within my waters," came a voice, seemingly from everywhere. *"A new life to grant you peace, Ned. Step into my waters, and know the change that the sea can bring."*

Ned looked around, panicked at the emergence of this strange and ethereal voice.

"What was that?" he said. "Is someone listening in on me? Hey, come out!"

He turned, taking a step back into the water without meaning to. The waves came stronger than they should have, no longer lapping at his feet but tugging at him with a surprising power. Ned moved to exit the water and leave, but instead a wave seemed to somehow snag his foot as if it were a living tendril of liquid, causing him to trip over instead.

"What the -!?"

Water flowed over him, and he failed to close his mouth in time. It poured down his throat, and for just a moment he was terrified that he was going to accidentally drown in less than two feet of water. Instead, something impossible happened: the water around him glowed a luminescence blue, like he was surrounded by night jellyfish. The space beneath his arms began to tingle, and then all at once the skin somehow *opened* and pushed the water out. He didn't choke or splutter at all, nor did he struggle to breathe. He gasped in shock, taking in more water, only for those strange new slits beneath his arms to expel it again, his body having received the oxygen it needed from the water, somehow.

Ned shifted position, not knowing what was going on. He sat upright in the waves, even as they continued to wrap around him, defying the nature of physics itself. The water

around him was glowing every bright, and with each slap of the waves against his form, he felt a strange energy course through him, entering him.

Changing him.

“What is - ahhh - happening? Am I dreaming!?”

“No dream, Ned. But you shall soon wake to a new life. One you richly deserve within my queendom, and with others who share your spirit. Be patient, and let the change come over you.”

“Ch-change?”

He looked around for the mystery individual but found no one. Instead, another wave fell against his form, causing another eruption of that strangely enticing energy. He looked beneath his arms and was horrified to see that he now had small, gill-like slits beneath them. No, these *were* gills. Actual gills!

“Ohhhh, ahhh! What is - mhmmm! What is that?”

The answer came in the form of more transformation, the energy releasing within him. His entire body shuddered as his pudgy stomach began to deflate like a balloon slowly losing all of its air. He tried to stand, but something was wrong with his feet: they felt thinner than they should have. Flatter. He stumbled for a moment only to fall deeper into the waves, which continued to wrap him in a strangely warm embrace, rather than the shivering cold he expected.

“Do not be afraid,” the spirit of the ocean said from every direction. *“You are becoming something new and beautiful.”*

“What do you mean!?” he called out, fearing something *definitely* supernatural now.

“You wished to be free from your work, free from isolation, and to be one with the sea. Now you shall have those things, and much company who desire you.”

His stomach continued to deflate, his entire front did, including his shoulders which shrunk down. His skin softened, his arms became more lithe, and even his face lost its fat as well as its thin facial hair. The only part of him that wasn't reducing in size, in fact, were his pecs. The waves splashed against them, their bioluminescence spreading arcane magic through his chest. His nipples began to expand, and Ned could only gasp as they bloomed wide pink areolas. Soon a pressure made itself known, one that needed release.

“Nghh! Why does it - ahhh - why does this f-feel good!” he grunted, the pressure spiking. His legs began to feel strange, his toes oddly long, his ankles difficult to part, but his entire focus was upon his chest for now.

“Because the change brings new insight to your mind as well, future child of the sea.”

“That doesn't make any s-sense! Ohhh! Ahhh!”

The pressure gave way, and his pecs surged forth, filling with fat and tissue and ducts as they quite obviously became a large pair of female breasts. The skin gained an

immense amount of sensitivity, causing him to almost salivate as they filled the palms of his hands and then overflowed them. They had to be DD's at least in terms of size, beautiful and pert, forming a perfect teardrop shape. They complimented his narrowing waist and widening hips, both of which were still ongoing processes.

"Ohhhh, these are t-tits! Why do I have - my voice!?"

It had changed, becoming perfectly female. It was a sweet soprano, containing a somewhat musical quality to it; a voice ideal for singing, much like that of a siren. To emphasise this newly female change, Ned's hair began to coil and spin out from his scalp. His facial features rearranged themselves, becoming more delicate and beautiful and undeniably, attractively female. He wanted to scream out in terror, but as the energy filled him, so did a strange calm as well. A rightness. The sea was entering into him and changing him, but was that so bad?

Ned relaxed back into the waves, succumbing to the strange, almost addictive draw of this power. He raised his legs above the waves as they soaked over him, even placing his face beneath the water so it could finalise the changes to his face. His hair turned a brilliant blonde, the waist-length curtains of hair spiralling around the edges of her vision.

"It feels . . . so wonderful," the new woman said. She blinked, realising that she was thinking of herself as female now. Lowering her hands, she found that was exactly the case. She gasped as her fingers found her sensitive folds, and again when she realised the odd nature of the skin around them. It felt almost . . . scaled.

It was then that she realised what the strange voice was saying. She pushed against the sandy bank and raised herself just in time to notice that small green fins were growing out from her forearms, sleek and semi-translucent.

"Holy shit," she said in her cute new voice. "I'm - I'm -"

She raised her feet out of the glowing water, and saw that they were no longer feet at all. Instead, they were transforming into a *tailfin*. Her socks and shoes had long slipped away, which made her realise that her shirt was nowhere to be seen. Had it just disappeared? And the same for her shorts? She was fully naked, the water dissolving her clothing and remaking her body into a mythical creature.

"I'm becoming a mermaid," she said, voice filled with awe. Her ankles continued to connect together, flattening as they did so, and the process continued up her legs, joining them together fully. Her bones rearranged, a process that was as alien as it was strangely wonderful, as her four limbs became three. A powerful tail was emerging, and it was growing too, extending in length as it gained vertebrae. Her knees dissolved, giving way to a much more flexible kind of appendage, one made for powerfully pushing through the water and changing direction at a moment's notice.

"Indeed," the voice said. "*A maid of the sea. This is your destiny now, Narissa.*"

As soon as the name was uttered it filled Ned's mind, overriding the former male's sense of identity. There was a brief struggle against her male pride, but the future-mermaid backed down, allowing the mental changes to take place. The change was wonderful and freeing, calming her the more she accepted it. Her skin itched for just a brief moment across her lower half, and then thousands of glorious green scales emerged onto the surface, rechristening her new limb as a fully-fledged mermaid's tail. Her tail fin expanded outwards, translucent along the edges and beautiful to behold. She lifted it experimentally, testing the new and strange muscles, and found she could raise it up to eclipse the sight of the full moon, though its brightness was still visible through the membrane. The scales reached up to just below her waist, covering her new womanhood, hiding it until it was needed. With a final few tweaks of its length and adjustments to her own beautiful form, the glowing lights finally receded, and the change was done.

Narissa looked over her changes with abject wonder. From her full breasts, to her lithe feminine form, her flat-yet-toned stomach with its pale skin, and - of course - her long and shining fish tail. It was a wonder. She moved her tail about in the shallow waters, watching it glimmer beneath the light of the moon. It was marvellous. She knew she should have been panicking more, but everything about becoming a beautiful blonde mermaid with this powerful and sleek tail was simply . . . meant to be. There was no other way to put it into words, this feeling in her heart. Even her nakedness did not bother her; what would a creature of the sea like her need of clothing, when the waters were so invitingly warm to her now? She looked around for the source of the voice, but her new senses seemed to understand immediately where it had come.

"You're the ocean, aren't you? *The ocean, alive and with thought?*"

"*I am,*" came the voice from all around her. "*And now you are one of my children.*"

She looked over herself again, felt her form with her hands, cupped her breasts and slid her fingers over the smooth scales that made up her lower half.

Tears flowed down her cheeks. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you so much."

"*Your journey is only beginning, Narissa. It is time to enter your new home. Your new community is waiting for you.*"

Narissa shifted, rather awkwardly at first given the sandy bank beneath her and her own lack of legs. But as she entered slightly deeper waters she was able to propel herself. It was a bit of a learning experience, but her new mermaid instincts rose to aid her, and soon she was able to duck beneath the water and breathe through her new gills. Her pupils expanded, and though she could not see them, they glowed a faint but beautiful green to match her tail. What she did notice was that she could easily see through the dark of the waters, taking in the natural beauty all around her.

The new mermaid swam deeper, gaining further speed. She raced past reefs, dove over rocks, and even launched back up into the air, laughing ecstatically. She had been given a freedom she had never imagined, and already it was filling her with glee.

"This is incredible!" she cried, thrusting her powerful tail in such a way as to dart from one direction to the next. But as experimental and wonderful as it was, something was calling her ever deeper. The ocean was giving her directions, and she was not one to refuse them. And so, with a broad smile upon her face and her long blonde hair flowering behind her, the beautiful mermaid swam deeper and further, deeper and further.

And came upon a city of brilliant lights, nestled at the bottom of the ocean. She paused before it, shifting her tail in such a way that it draped below her. It was incredible; an underwater city, complete with mermaids and mermen - *merfolk* - moving about. Some were dancing, others were singing like sirens, others still were expanding their city or talking or conducting trade and business. But there wasn't a boring office building in sight, only features of great art and passion.

"A whole city of merpeople," she said.

"*Your people,*" the ocean corrected. "*And now I leave you to them.*"

"Wait, but what do I -"

But the presence had already left her. For nearly a minute, Narissa hung on the outskirts of this city, looking down upon its coral-reef construction with awe. There was still a bit of reluctance in her mind, a fear of giving up her old life entirely. It may have been miserable, but it was also familiar, and familiarity was hard to let go of.

"I don't know if I can do this," she said, looking down at her mermaid body. "Is this really who I'm supposed to be?"

It was at that point she was interrupted.

"What do we have here? A new mermaid sent to us by our goddess!"

She turned on the spot, overcorrecting just a little; instinct could only carry her so far with her experience. She covered her breasts in a panic when she saw that the incoming group of mermaids all had underwater equivalents of clothing: a seashell bra for a pale-skinned brunette and a seaweed tube top for her dark-skinned friend. They had several men with them, a couple clutching spears. All of them were deeply handsome, but their leader was most attractive of all, with strong upper *and* lower muscles across his humanoid and fish halves, and a strong jawline that suited his manly face. His dark hair was long, falling a little over his shoulders. Instantly, Narissa felt a strange calling to him; an attraction. She had always been into women before, but with a new body came new interests, and she found herself interested in this one.

"H-hello," she managed. "I'm N-Narissa. Um, I was just changed by the ocean, less than an hour ago. I don't, uh, really know what I'm doing."

The two women flocked to her side, fussing over her.

“Worry not, darling!” the dark-skinned one said. “I am Amali. I too was once a surface-dweller, just seven decades ago.”

“J-just - you’re seventy years old?”

She giggled, as did her blonde friend. “I’m over a hundred and fifty, dear. And Janeia here is nearly four hundred. Mermaids live a long time, as do our wonderful mermen.”

“Of course, somehow the women have convinced us that we are the ones that should do all the hunting for them,” one of the men laughed, an olive-skinned hunk who kissed the one who was apparently Janeia. “Not that we mind. Where are you from?”

“The coast to the north-east, I think,” Narissa said. “I lived in the town there, a place called New Brickston. I . . . wasn’t happy.”

“We never are,” said the most handsome man, swimming closer to her. She could smell him somehow through the water. His musk was manly, and his presence brought comfort. He looked over her with clear interest, but his expression was one of pure compassion. “The spirit of the ocean - our goddess - recognises those of us who belong down here, and changes us accordingly. Though many, of course, are born here through the more natural means. I’m Praeth, and let me welcome you to our Atlantis, our city beneath the waves.”

She looked from him to the magnificent city, then back to him again.

“Would . . . would you show it to me?” she asked him.

He extended a hand. “Don’t fear your nakedness. It’s very normal here, and our women will show you what fashions suit a beautiful and elegant new mermaid like yourself. But if you come with me, Narissa, I shall show you the wonders of this new world.”

Carefully, almost *gingerly*, she reached out and took his hand. It was strong, slightly coarse from years of hunting and manly work, and somehow that made her even more attracted to him.

“Yes please,” she said, blushing as she smiled at him. There were whispered comments between the other mermaids and mermen in the group, and they began to draw back.

“We’ll leave you to conduct the tour personally!” Janeia called, teasing Praeth.

The merman just grinned. “Ignore them. They’re always trying to find me a new girlfriend. I wouldn’t dare ask that of you just yet.”

Just yet. The words put a wellspring of hope within her. She found herself drifting a little closer towards him.

“Maybe . . . if you show me your Atlantis, I can get to know you better?” she said. “And then I can make that judgement myself.”

Praeth grinned. "Oh, you definitely belong here alright. The ocean chose well, and has made you very beautiful. Come with me. We'll take it slowly, and you can ask any questions you wish, any at all. But believe me, you'll come to love it here. It truly is paradise."

She swam with him, that connection to this merman already blazing in her heart. Already she could tell that this new life was indeed one for her, and with it came the promise of all sorts of things: a connection to nature, a life free from boring office work, new friends and acquaintances.

And, perhaps, even love.

The End