

The Accidental Mermaid

Story and art by Telsis



***Based on the Cerulian
Blues Universe,
created by Nate Walis***

CERULEAN CITY INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY.

PROFESSOR LANG, I PRESUME? THANKS
FOR MEETING WITH ME AT SUCH SHORT
NOTICE, AND SORRY FOR ALL OF THE CLOAK
AND DAGGER NONSENSE. BUT I HAD TO BE
SURE WE COULD MEET IN PRIVATE.

DETECTIVE BLAND, NICE TO
FINALLY MEET YOU. I'M SORRY I
COULDN'T GIVE YOU MORE OF MY
TIME, AS IT'S MY WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY AND MY WIFE WILL
KILL ME IF I'M NOT BACK IN
TIME TO TAKE HER OUT TO
DINNER.



A 3D rendered scene of two men shaking hands in a modern office. The man on the left has brown hair and a goatee, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and brown trousers. He is holding a grey briefcase. The man on the right has dark hair and is wearing a green and yellow striped polo shirt and blue jeans. They are standing in front of a large window with a view of a city skyline. The scene is lit with soft, natural light.

BESIDES, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY
THAT A CLOISTERED ACADEMIC LIKE
MYSELF GETS ASKED TO A SECRET
MEETING WITH A POLICE DETECTIVE. I'M
GRATEFUL FOR THE EXCITEMENT. I ONLY
WISH WE HAD MORE TIME.

I'M AFRAID THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ALL
ABOUT EXCITEMENT, PROFESSOR. IT'S QUITE
TRAGIC, UNFORTUNATELY. HAVE YOU HEARD OF
THE POCKET-WOMAN PHENOMENON?

ERM..., YES, OF COURSE..., THAT IS TO
SAY I'VE HEARD THE RUMOURS SWIRLING
AROUND ABOUT SOME WEIRD UNDERGROUND
FETISHES AND THE LIKE. I MEAN, THAT'S ALL
IT IS, RIGHT?

A man with dark hair and a goatee, wearing a grey long-sleeved bodysuit, stands in a laboratory. He is looking towards a man in a green and yellow striped shirt who is seen from the back. The man in the grey suit has his hand on a white, rugged case on a table. The background features white shelving units. A speech bubble is positioned above the man in the grey suit.

I'M SURE THAT'S WHAT THE AUTHORITIES WOULD BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU BELIEVE, PROFESSOR. BUT NO, IT'S NOT JUST A CASE OF PEOPLE DRESSING UP IN KINKY COSTUMES TO MERELY SATISFY THEIR OWN FANTASIES. IT'S A FULL TRANSFORMATION AND VERY REAL, USING SOME KIND OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY TO ALTER BOTH THE PHYSICAL FORM AND MENTAL STATE OF ITS VICTIMS. I HAVE AN EXAMPLE OF THAT VERY TECHNOLOGY RIGHT HERE, IN THIS CASE.

THAT'S INCREDIBLE. I'M NOT AWARE OF ANY SUCH CAPABILITY AND IN THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY AND THEY WOULD NORMALLY HAVE AT LEAST SOME IDEA IF IT EXISTED. FASCINATING.



TRUST ME PROFESSOR
LANG, IT DOES EXIST.

THIS TECHNOLOGY TAKES THE FORM OF A HOLLOW SPHERE, ABOUT THE SIZE OF A MELON. WHEN CAST AT A SEXUALLY MATURE FEMALE HUMAN BEING, THEY CRACK OPEN, EMITTING A BLINDING RED LIGHT WHICH SOMEHOW DEMATERIALIZES THE VICTIM, PULLING THEM INSIDE. I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF HIGH ENERGY TELEPORTATION? THE SPHERE INSTANTLY SNAPS SHUT AND THEN IN TIME THE POKE BALL CHANGES THEM INTO SOME FORM OF POCKET-WOMAN WHICH CAN BE RELEASED THROUGH CASTING THE BALL ONCE AGAIN. THE POCKET-WOMAN IS THEN EXPELLED, THOUGH THEY REMAIN BOUND TO THE SAME BALL AND ITS NEW OWNER.

YOU'RE JOKING - YOU HAVE TO BE! MATTER
CONVERSION TECHNOLOGY IS STILL
THEORETICAL; IT EXISTS ONLY ON VIRTUAL
CHALKBOARDS AND IN ACADEMIC JOURNALS. TO
THINK THAT IT COULD BE ACHIEVED IN TERMS OF A
DEVICE SMALL ENOUGH TO BE HELD IN THE HAND
AND PORTABLE, IS SIMPLY INSANE.

I WISH I WAS, PROFESSOR. BUT I'M NOT HERE TO
DEBATE THEORIES WITH YOU. I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THIS
THING DOES EXIST, AND THAT IT WILL TRANSFORM A WOMEN
INTO..., WHAT ARE BASICALLY SUBMISSIVE SLAVES, TOTALLY
UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE OWNER OF THE BALL. WHAT I NEED
IS YOUR HELP IN FIGURING OUT WHAT MAKES IT WORK AND HOW
WE CAN REVERSE THE PROCESS.



A 3D rendered image of a man with dark brown hair and a light beard, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt. He is looking slightly to the left with a serious expression. His right hand is resting on a white, segmented object in the foreground. A speech bubble originates from his chest area, containing a block of text. The background is a blurred indoor setting with large windows and red chairs.

THESE WOMEN ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR HUMANITY, THEIR PERSONALITIES AND INDIVIDUALISM, TWISTED AND PERVERTED INTO NEEDY CREATURES WITH A DESIRE FOR JUST ONE THING. REDUCED TO EASILY TRANSPORTABLE PLAY THINGS FOR THOSE WEALTHY ENOUGH TO DESIRE ONE.

YOU'RE SAYING THAT THIS WHOLE
POCKET-WOMAN THING IS BASICALLY A FRONT
FOR PEOPLE-TRAFFICKING? THAT THEY'RE
SMUGGLING THOSE THAT THEY CAPTURE IN THESE
SPHERES SOMEHOW?



PLEASE UNDERSTAND THIS, PROFESSOR: THESE WOMAN ARE NOT JUST BEING ABDUCTED AND DRESSED UP AS SOME KIND OF MYTHICAL CREATURES OR HYBRID ANIMALS AS COSTUMES, NOR ARE THEY BEING SURGICALLY ALTERED. NO, THE BALLS SEEM TO RECOMBINE THEIR DNA WITH SOMETHING FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE OR JUST TOTALLY REWRITE IT.

THEY ARE LITERALLY TURNED INTO FETISH CREATURES THAT MUST SERVE AND SEXUALLY SATISFY THEIR PERCEIVED MASTERS. THEIR MINDS BOUND TO THEIR NEW FORM AND ITS PURPOSE. LITERALLY, LITTLE MORE THAN PETS..., SEXUALLY VORACIOUS PETS.





INITIALLY, YES. WHEN SOME VICTIMS ARE FIRST RELEASED FROM THE BALL TRANSFORMED, THEY APPEAR TO HAVE SOME LEVEL OF AWARENESS, BUT THIS ONLY LASTS A SHORT TIME. DISTRESS GIVES WAY TO CONFUSION AS THEIR MENTAL RE-WIRING BEGINS TO ASSERT ITSELF. QUICKLY, THEY BEGIN TO SUCCUMB TO THEIR OWN LUST AND IMPLANTED DESIRE TO PLEASE. WHETHER ANY SMALL TRACE OF THE VICTIM'S ORIGINAL PERSONALITY REMAINS, BURIED DEEP DOWN. WE DON'T KNOW.

DO THEY RETAIN ANY TRACE OF THEIR FORMER SELVES?

REGARDLESS OF HOW DEMUR THEY MAY HAVE BEEN BEFORE, THEY BECOME AN ALMOST INSATIABLE SEXUAL BEING AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION. UTTERLY FIXATED ON, AND MOTIVATED BY THE NEED TO MAKE THEIR NEW MASTER MATE WITH THEM AT ANY GIVEN OPPORTUNITY. WITHOUT THIS CONSTANT GRATIFICATION, THEY DETERIORATE MENTALLY AND BEGIN TO WASTE AWAY.



AND HERE IS THE METHOD OF THEIR
TRANSFORMATION. THE SOURCE OF ALL OF THAT
SUFFERING AND ALL OF THOSE LIVES IRREPARABLY
TORN APART. IT MAY LOOK LIKE A SMALL
CANNON-BALL, BUT IT'S GOT THE POTENTIAL TO DO
FAR CRUELLER DAMAGE IN THE WRONG HANDS.



AND YOU WANT ME TO
TINKER WITH THAT THING?

YES, I WANT TO **ASK** YOU TO
TINKER WITH IT, PROFESSOR. I'LL
LEVEL WITH YOU..., I'M FIGHTING
THIS BATTLE, ALMOST ALONE, AND
I'M LOSING.

MY BACKGROUND IS
PSYCHOLOGY. I'LL SUITED TO
UNLOCKING SUCH AN ADVANCED
TECHNOLOGY. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING I
CAN THINK OF TO HELP RESCUE THESE
POOR WOMEN, BUT IN THE END IT NEEDS
SOMEONE WITH EXCEPTIONAL
KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHYSICS.



DON'T YOU HAVE EXTENSIVE FORENSIC AND RESEARCH LABS AS PART OF THE CITY'S POLICE DEPARTMENT?

SURE WE DO, BUT THIS TECHNOLOGY IS WAY OUTSIDE THE SCOPE OF OUR REGULAR RESEARCH. WHILST WE'VE HAD SOME SUCCESS DIVERTING THE MATTER STREAM, THE UNDERLYING TECHNOLOGY HAS SO FAR BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO CRACK. I'LL SHARE THE DATA WE'VE ACCUMULATED SO FAR.

THEY'VE PRETTY MUCH DECIDED IT'S UNSOLVABLE AND THEREFORE A TOXIC SUBJECT IN TERMS OF PR. EVERY WOMAN WHO'S CASE I'VE COME ACROSS IS DECLARED OFFICIALLY MISSING OR DEAD BEFORE I CAN EVEN PUT TOGETHER A CASE FILE. THEY'RE SWEEPING IT UNDER THE RUG. I NEED TO BYPASS OFFICIAL CHANNELS AND GET HELP FROM THE OUTSIDE. FROM SPECIALISTS LIKE..., WELL, LIKE YOU.

THE QUESTION IS, AS ONE OF THIS
COUNTRY'S TOP MOLECULAR
SCIENTIST, WILL YOU HELP ME?



HAVING ALREADY RUN LATE MEETING
DETECTIVE BLAND, PROFESSOR LANG
WAS EXPECTING A FROSTY REACTION.

OUR TENTH WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY AND YOU SWORE
YOU'D BE HOME IN TIME.

I MANAGED TO CUT SHORT MY
INVESTORS MEETING, SO I DON'T
SEE WHY YOU COULDN'T WRAP UP
YOUR RESEARCH A COUPLE OF
HOURS EARLY. JUST FOR ONCE.





HONEY, I'M REALLY, REALLY SORRY. I KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO US AND I DID TRY TO LEAVE EARLY.

BUT I WAS HELD UP BY A POLICE DETECTIVE, WHO IS WORKING ON A VERY IMPORTANT CASE. I COULDN'T JUST LEAVE HIM IN THE LURCH.

THAT'S ORIGINAL, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.



WHAT THE HELL, I CAN'T STAY
MAD AT YOU. I JUST WISH YOU
CALLED ME EARLIER.

I'VE HAD TO PUSH THE
RESTAURANT BOOKING BACK A
COUPLE OF HOURS ALREADY. IF WE
HURRY, THEY CAN STILL FIT US IN.



THANKS, CHRISSIE. I KNOW I'VE BEEN BURNING THE HOURS RECENTLY, BUT I AM REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO TONIGHT AND SPENDING SOME QUALITY TIME WITH YOU.

WE'VE BOTH BEEN SO BUSY RECENTLY, LIKE SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.





ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT
TO GO OUT TONIGHT,
COULDN'T WE SKIP THE MAIN
COURSE AND GO STRAIGHT
FOR DESERT?



TEMPTING THOUGH THAT IS, ALL I'VE HAD TO EAT TODAY WAS A SMALL BOWL OF MUESLI AND A PEAR. I'M STARVING.

BESIDES, IT'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO EXPLAIN YOUR DETECTIVE. HAVE THEY FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU?



.....

THERE'S THAT DAMN
CURIOSITY OF HERS, AGAIN. I
CAN'T SHARE THIS WITH HER.
IT'S JUST TOO HORRIBLE.

I'M SORRY CHRISSIE, YOU
KNOW I CAN'T TALK ABOUT
OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS.



REALLY! I'M NOT TRUSTWORTHY, IS THAT IT. AFTER TEN YEARS OF MARRIAGE I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE LEARNED TO TRUST ME BY NOW.



IT'S NOT ABOUT TRUST, CHRISSIE, IT'S ABOUT PROFESSIONAL CONFIDENCE.

HUMPH! FINE, FINE. THEN AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT'S IN THE CASE.



OH, THAT. THAT IS A HIGHLY
CLASSIFIED PIECE OF EVIDENCE.

ITS POTENTIALLY VERY
DANGEROUS, SO PLEASE
DON'T TOUCH IT.

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair and bangs is looking down with a serious expression. She is wearing a white, sleeveless, button-down dress with a deep V-neckline. The background is a dimly lit room with a chandelier visible in the upper left and a wooden shelf on the left. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

DANGEROUS, HUH. YOU SURE
ABOUT THAT? YOU WOULDN'T BE
HIDING A SURPRISE WEDDING GIFT
IN THERE WOULD YOU.



I TOLD YOU, ITS OFFICIAL POLICE
BUSINESS, SO ITS NOTHING TO DO WITH
YOU. PLEASE KEEP WELL AWAY FROM IT.



MAYBE YOU'RE ONLY
SAYING THAT TO THROW
ME OFF THE SCENT.

A man with dark hair and light eyes, wearing a green and yellow striped polo shirt, is gesturing with his right hand (index finger up) while speaking to a woman. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a white sleeveless top. They are standing in front of a large window with white frames, looking out at a lush green forest. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

FOR THE LAST TIME, CHRISSIE,
STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM THAT
CASE. ITS EXTREMELY
DANGEROUS AND YOU COULD GET
SERIOUSLY HURT.



OKAY, OKAY! YOU WIN, I
PROMISE NOT TO TOUCH THE
RETCHED THING.



I MEAN IT. THIS IS SERIOUS, CHRISSIE.
NOW PROMISE ME YOU WONT TOUCH
THE CASE. PROMISE ME.

I GET IT, *OK*. SURE, I
PROMISE.



NOW, I'M GONNA GRAB A QUICK
SHOWER AND CHANGE. I'LL ONLY
BE FIVE MINUTES.

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.



WHAT A FUSS, HONESTLY.

HE MAKES IT SOUND LIKE ITS AN
ATOMIC BOMB OR SOMETHING.



IT'S JUST SO TYPICAL OF RILEY. HE
NEVER SHARES HIS WORK WITH ME.

COME TO THINK OF IT, WHEN DOES
HE EVER BRING IT HOME WITH HIM IN
CASE LIKE THIS?

YOU SLY DOG, I BET YOU'VE
STASHED AWAY A SURPRISE
FOR LATER.

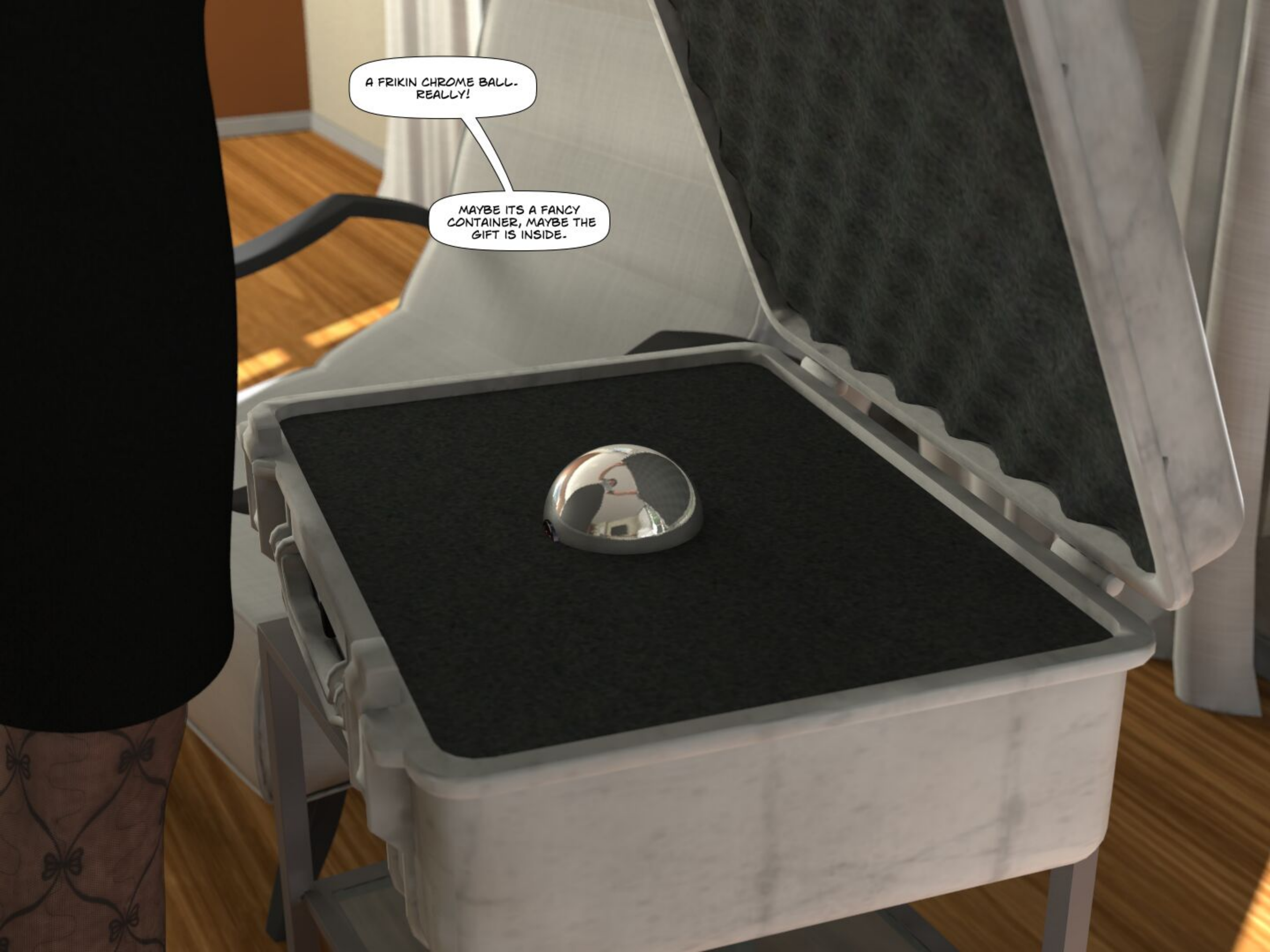
JUST ONE QUICK PEEK, HE'LL
NEVER KNOW...



A woman with dark, wavy hair and a white sleeveless top is looking down at a large, grey, rectangular object that appears to be a piece of equipment or a large book. She has a concerned expression on her face. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?!

THIS HAS TO BE SOME
KIND OF A JOKE.

A person wearing a black suit jacket and a patterned skirt is looking into an open, ornate jewelry box. The box is white with a black velvet interior. Inside the box, a small, highly reflective chrome ball sits in the center. The box is placed on a wooden surface, and a window with white curtains is visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are present, indicating a conversation about the object.

A FRIKIN CHROME BALL.
REALLY!

MAYBE ITS A FANCY
CONTAINER, MAYBE THE
GIFT IS INSIDE.

SOME KIND OF LED COUNTER...,
SHOOT! MAYBE IT IS A BOMB...



A woman with long brown hair is shown in profile, looking towards a window with vertical blinds. She is holding a transparent, reflective sphere in her right hand. The sphere has a black band wrapped around its center with a small digital display showing the number '00' in red. The sphere reflects the woman's face and the interior of the room. The window behind her shows a view of green foliage outside.

NAH, ITS ONE OF THOSE SPECIAL SECURITY
CODE THINGIES, WHERE YOU HAVE TO ENTER
A NUMBER OR SOMETHING.

LATCH

GASP





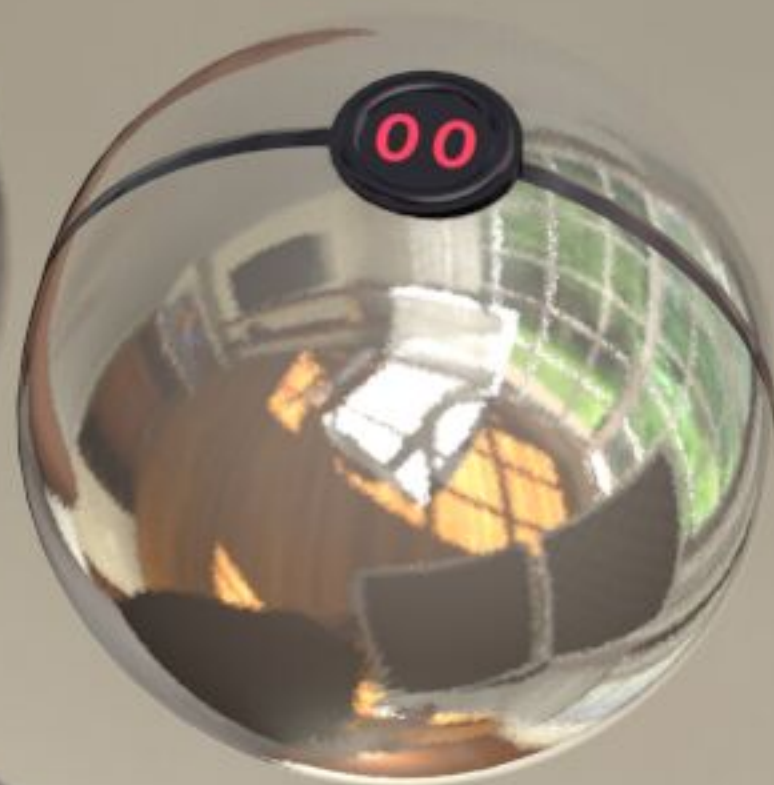
HONEY, DO YOU KNOW WHERE MY TROUSERS...



NO! WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING!

CHRISSIE!

SLIP





A man with dark hair and a distressed expression is shown from the chest up. He is shirtless and has his hands pressed against a transparent glass wall. His eyes are closed, and his mouth is slightly open in a pained or frustrated expression. The background is a solid, vibrant red color. To the left of the man, there is a white speech bubble containing the text "AGHHH!". To the right, on the glass wall, there is a stylized, jagged red sound effect that reads "*ZZYOOOOP*". The lighting is bright and even, highlighting the man's skin and the texture of the glass.

AGHHH!

ZZYOOOOP





OH, SWEET MERCY..., THIS
CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

A 3D rendered scene of a man with dark hair, shirtless, wearing blue briefs, kneeling on a light-colored wooden floor. He is looking down at a small, reflective silver ball on the floor. His right hand is resting on the seat of a white chair, and his left hand is on his knee. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text. In the background, there is a white chair, a wooden shelf with a small plant, and a black television set.

CHRISSIE..., CHRISSIE..., WHAT HAVE
DONE. PLEASE..., NO. WHY DID YOU HAVE
TO LOOK, WHY DIDN'T YOU BELIEVE ME.
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO LOOK.

A shirtless man with dark hair and a concerned expression is looking down at a highly reflective, metallic sphere he is holding in his right hand. The sphere shows a distorted reflection of the room, including a window with green panes and a bright light source. In the background, a large black television is mounted on a wall, and a white door is visible to the right. Two comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text that expresses a sense of being trapped and questioning the reality of the situation.

YOU'RE TRAPPED IN THERE,
SOMEHOW. ITS IMPOSSIBLE, THE
PHYSICS, THERE SHOULD BE NO WAY.

BUT IT HAPPENED JUST THE
WAY BLAND DESCRIBED. ITS
REAL..., WHY THE FUCK DID IT
HAVE TO BE REAL!

THE DIGITAL TIMER DISPLAYED ON THE SPHERE COUNTED DOWN THE MINUTES, WHICH SEEMED LIKE DAY'S TO PROFESSOR LANG. HIS ALMOST OVERWHELMING SENSE OF SORROW AND GUILT, BARELY KEPT IN CHECK AS HE TRIED TO APPLY HIS SCIENTIFIC MIND FOCUSED ON A SOLUTION AND KEEP HIS STRAY THOUGHTS FROM CONTEMPLATING WHAT THE SMALL METAL BALL WAS DOING TO HIS WIFE THAT VERY MOMENT.





THINK, RILEY, THINK! IF THEY
CAN MAKE THIS DEVICE, THEN I
CAN UNMAKE IT.

IF THEY'VE..., DONE
SOMETHING TO MY CHRISSIE,
THEN I CAN UNDO IT.

LOST IN THOUGHT, HIS MIND RACING TO FORMULATE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, HE KNEW HADN'T EVEN BEEN ASKED YET, THE TIMER CONTINUED ITS INEVITABLE REDUCTION TO ZERO.





THEN, AS THE LAST FEW SECONDS FINALLY RAN DOWN, HIS HEART NEARLY POUNDED OUT OF HIS CHEST. SUDDENLY, THE SPHERE CLICKED AND...



ZZYOOOOO

STILL BLINDED BY THE INCREDIBLY BRIGHT RED FLASH, INITIALLY RILEY COULD BARELY MAKE OUT THE FORM THAT THE POKE BALL HAD JUST DISGORGED ONTO THE BED. BUT AS THE SECONDS PAST AND HIS EYES BEGAN TO RECOVER, HIS GROWING ASTONISHMENT WAS ONLY MATCHED BY HIS FEAR AND DREAD.





RILEY?!

WHAT HAPPENED? I DIDN'T
MEAN TO OPEN THE CASE, I
HONESTLY THOUGHT IT WAS
SOME KIND OF PRESENT?

WHY ARE STARING AT
ME LIKE THAT?





CHRISSIE, ARE YOU..., OKAY? I'M SO SORRY, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT YOU ALONE WITH THAT THING. DON'T WORRY, WE CAN FIX THIS, I PROMISE YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? OF COURSE I'M OK, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW I ENDED UP ON THE BED? I MUST HAVE JUST BLACKED OUT THERE FOR A SECOND, THAT'S ALL.



I WISH THAT WAS THE CASE,
HONEY. I REALLY DO.

THERE'S BEEN AN..., AN
ACCIDENT. I THINK YOU'D
BETTER PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR A SHOCK.

WHAT AN EARTH ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT.

I..., I JUST..., HOW DO I SAY
THIS? PLEASE TRY NOT TO FREAK
OUT, BABY. BUT JUST TAKE A LOOK
AT YOURSELF.



WHAT THE FUCK, WHAT IS THIS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME!

MY, MY BREASTS, THEY'RE
SO... BIG AND... **RUBBERY!**

AWKWARDLY, CHRISSIE ROLLED HERSELF INTO A SEATED POSITION. HER LONG TAIL FLOPPING OFF THE BED. IT WAS ONLY THEN SHE BEGAN TO REALISE THE SCALE OF THE CHANGES THAT HAD BEEN WROUGHT UPON HER BODY.

A TAIL?! RILEY, I HAVE A TAIL! WHY DO I HAVE A TAIL?

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? WHY DO I LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF... MERMAID!? CHRISSIE MERMAID.

I KNOW, HONEY, BELIEVE ME I KNOW. TRY AND STAY CALM, I CAN FIX THIS, I PROMISE I WILL FIX THIS.



FIX THIS!, HOW THE HELL CAN YOU
FIX THIS!.. I'M A RUBBER MERMAID,
CHRISSIE MER..., WITH BRIGHT BLUE
NIPPLES AND A TAIL.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, RILEY.
PLEASE, I THINK I'M LOSING MY
MIND HERE. MERMAID!



HONEY, WHY DO YOU KEEP SAYING THAT?

I DON'T KNOW! ITS LIKE IT KEEPS POPPING INTO MY MIND, SO WEIRD. CHRISSIE MER!

PLEASE, WHAT HAPPENED, TELL CHRISSIE MERMAID, WHAT HAPPENED!



THE DETECTIVE WHO I MET TODAY, NAMED BLAND. HE ASKED FOR MY HELP TO PROVIDE RESEARCH INTO THAT METALLIC SPHERE. HE SAID IT WAS A DEVICE THAT CAN TRANSFORM WOMEN, CHANGE THEM INTO..., INTO SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

IT CAN TRANSFORM... PEOPLE INTO STRANGE BEINGS, HUMAN HYBRIDS, MAGICAL CREATURES.

A woman with long, wavy blue hair and bright blue lipstick is sitting on a bed. She is wearing a shiny, blue mermaid tail. She is looking up and to the right with a worried expression. A large, thick, blue, glossy tube or tail piece is draped over her, forming a large loop in front of her. The background shows a bedroom with a brown headboard and a patterned bedsheet.

DOES THIS MEAN I'M STUCK LIKE THIS
NOW, A MERMAID, CHRISSIE MERMAID,
FOREVER. MER... MERMAID?

I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO
YOU, I PROMISE. I'LL FIND A
WAY TO REVERSE THIS. I JUST
NEED TIME. TIME TO FIGURE OUT
HOW THEY WORK.



OOOH..., CHRISSIE NOT SURE HOW MUCH TIME YOU HAVE. STRANGE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS...

...LIKE..., MERMAID! NO, I MEANT LIKE NEW NEEDS AND DESIRES, CHRISSIE MERMAID, NEEDS...



HOLD ME, RILEY. I DON'T WANT TO
BE A..., TOY, DON'T WANT TO BE
MERMAID..., CHRISSIE MERMAID...

I KNOW, BABY. I'M HERE FOR YOU NO
MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. I PROMISE.

GRASP

A man with dark hair and a woman with long blue hair are embracing in a room with large windows. The man is looking down at the woman, who has her back to the camera. The scene is set in a room with large windows showing green foliage outside. The man is wearing a blue shirt, and the woman is wearing a blue top. The lighting is soft and natural, coming from the windows.

THEY CAN'T CHANGE WHO YOU
ARE, THEY WILL NEVER DO THAT.

HIS WORDS FELT FALSE THE SECOND THEY LEFT
HIS LIPS. HE COULD FEEL HIS WIFE'S NEWLY
FORMED SKIN. SMOOTH AND RUBBERY IN HIS
HANDS, HER SWOLLEN ELASTICATED BREASTS
MASHED AGAINST HIS BODY. HER BLUE HAIR
SMELLED SWEET AND ALLURING AND AS HE
HELD HER, HE HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING HE
COULD IF HE WISHED, BEND HER BODY INTO ANY
SHAPE OR CONTORTION WITH EASE.



MASTER, LIKES HIS NEW TOY?
MASTER WANTS TO USE
CHRISSIE MERMAID.

DON'T FEEL BAD, ITS WHAT I'M
MADE FOR. CHRISSIE MERMAID,
MADE FOR YOU.

A close-up, intimate scene between a man and a woman. The man, with dark hair and light eyes, is looking over his shoulder at the woman. The woman has long, wavy blue hair and is seen from the back. Her right arm is raised, and her hand is near her head. The background shows vertical blinds and green foliage outside.

CHRISSIE, WHAT DID
YOU JUST SAY?



*OH GOD! RILEY, I COULDN'T HELP
IT, IT JUST CAME OUT. MY MIND,
MERMAID IS SO CONFUSED...
CHRISSIE MER...MAID, CONFUSED.*



ITS OK, TAKE IT SLOW AND GATHER YOUR THOUGHTS. YOU CAN DO THIS. HANG ON IN THERE, REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE. YOU'RE A PERSON, A WOMAN, MY BELOVED WIFE. NOW TELL ME WHO YOU ARE?



CHRISS..., CHRISSIE
MERMAID!

NO, ITS HAPPENING, MER..., I'M
MER... MERMAID. NOT THIS...

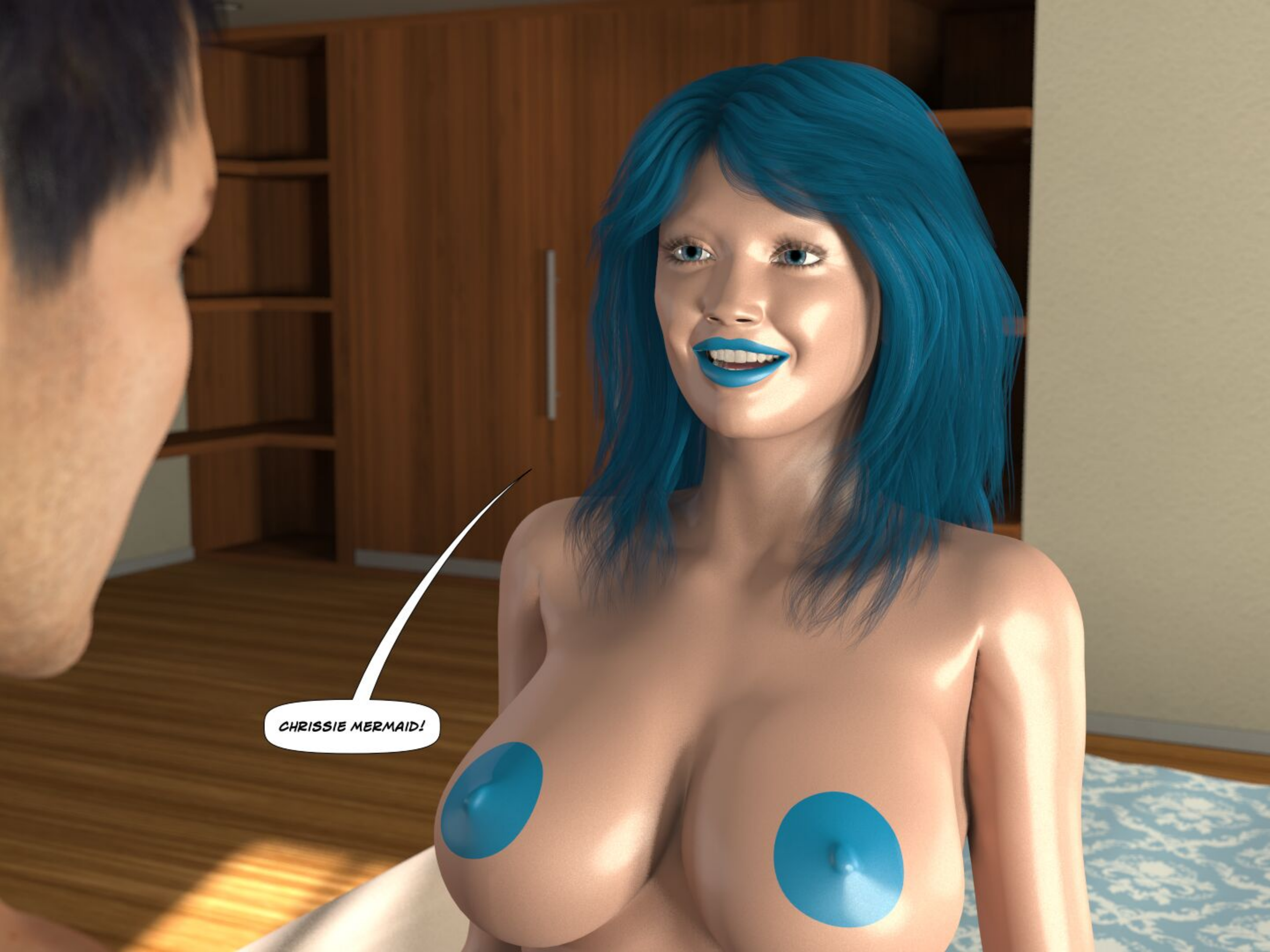




HOLD ON, CHRISSIE.
PLEASE HOLD ON.



TRY..., TRYING, SO
CONFUSED... I WANT...,
HAVE TO STOP...



CHRISSIE MERMAID!

To be continued