

Mer-Made (Merman TF)

An Anonymous Commission

Alec is a young sailor who is shipwrecked upon a deserted island. Fleeing from a storm, he discovers a statue that changes him into a merman. Can he adjust to this new life, and what pleasures might it bring?

Mer-Made

It had been eleven days since Alec had been shipwrecked. The young man was only twenty years of age, and had hoped for a long life of sail and the sea. Unfortunately a freak storm on his first venture out as a humble deck hand had destroyed that future, leaving him potentially the only survivor of a ship lost upon the churning ocean. He had clung to life quite literally by holding onto what driftwood remained of the ship he had once been crewed of. The waves had battered him, and he had thought for sure he would die, but he was saved by the Gods or perhaps simply the chances of Fate by a deserted island.

Eleven long days of recovery, hunting and fishing, harvesting and survival, and exploration. Thankfully, Alec had suffered no great injury other than a bruised shoulder and cut upon his side, and he was resourceful enough to not stress the former and patch up the latter as best he could. The island was not particularly large, but neither was it tiny, and only had one cove as far as he could tell. It was semi-mountainous, with a teeming jungle that provided the fruit and food necessary to live.

He ate one such fruit presently, devouring its purple contents and savouring its sweetness.

"At least the food here is nice," he said. He ran a hand through his brown hair, removing it from his eyes. It was getting overly long, but there was no chance of a barber's visit any time soon, nor a young maiden to offer him a new style.

"Ah, that is what I miss the most," he said, "the comfort and beauty of a good lass."

The storm had come when they were just two days out from port, and he had saved enough to visit a 'woman's parlour', as the men were fond of calling the clean brothel. The prospect of losing his virginity had stayed with him as an enduring hope even while marooned.

"The first thing I'm going to do when I get off this island is head straight for dry land, never step in the ocean again, and father a whole lot of children with a beautiful woman. Hell, beautiful women, plural!"

He was pulled from that thought by a sudden surge of wind. It picked up in a horrible gust, whipping about the trees, causing them to groan like a congregation of the dead. Alec ran out from his shelter, and saw a storm brewing upon the horizon. It looked nearly as terrible as the one that had marooned him.

"Damnation," he swore. The meagre camp he had made would not hold. He needed to head inland. He quickly grabbed several supplies, his waterskin, and his hunting knife, and ran to the hills. He paced, trying to keep to familiar ground, but the storm pressed in even faster, dark clouds blooming into being like terrible dark flowers above. And so he kept running, farther and farther under deeper canopies of trees, until he had no way of knowing if he was closer to the other side of the island than his own.

His foot caught on a root and he tripped. The ground gave way, and he gave a half-scream cut short as he bounced and fell and rolled down a steep embankment. He did his best to cushion his fall, but he felt his shoulder crack. A rib snape. His wound in his side reopen. He turned over and over again until he just managed to break his fall in time to prevent crashing into a stone floor.

For several long moments, he simply lay there, groaning in pain. He rose slowly, assessing his damage, only to see that he had fallen at the base of a statue overgrown with vines. It was of a muscular, bearded man, two dolphins at his feet, a trident in his hand. Alec was not a particularly religious man, but even he knew that this was a lost Temple of Poseidon.

"The sea god," he said.

The storm continued to rage, but he noticed that at the base of the statue was a carved cleft, capable of holding a single person lying down. It was almost as if it was designed to contain a sleeping worshipper.

"Good enough for me! Praise be to the sea god!" he laughed. He pressed himself in there, thankful for the soft vegetation over the stone flooring, which gave him comfort. His body emanated pain, but he was too tired, out of breath, and frightened by the storm to deal with it for now.

All he could do was sleep at the feet of Poseidon, and hope that perhaps the sea god's power was real enough to protect him.

When Alec woke, he was not in the temple, or at the feet of Poseidon. He was instead floating over a vast and beautiful reef. It teemed with life, coral and fish and sharks and dolphins. One of the last swam past him and over him, giggling. It made him realise he was, in fact, underwater, and not able to breathe.

And yet he could breathe.

"What's - I don't understand!"

You are a servant of Poseidon, a child of the Sea.

The voice came from nowhere, and from everywhere. It was soft and feminine, patient yet unyielding. At once, impossibly, he knew it was the voice of the Sea itself, talking to him.

"Is this some sort of dream?"

A shark cruised easily past him, its black eye fixed upon him. The voice now emanated from the shark.

It is, and it is not. Consider it a vision. A gift from the Lord of the Ocean.

It was the most real-seeming dream Alec had ever beheld. It truly felt like he was in water, and the passing dolphin's skin against his flesh had that same rubbery feeling it did in real life.

"A gift? What kind of gift?"

The dolphin rounded past his face.

You shall see.

He was about to press the strange voice, this personification of the ocean that claimed to serve Poseidon, when suddenly he felt a strange shifting of his flesh on his neck; a pulling apart of the muscle as something new formed and pushed its way to the surface. He gasped, bringing his hands to his neck, and was astonished to feel three odd slits along the sides.

"Gills? I'm growing - my God I'm growing gills!"

The voice was silent, but the coral light seemed to teem with joy. He felt the water rush into his mouth, recycle through his lungs, and filter out through his neck. It felt astonishing - *this* was what it felt like to truly breath in water.

But that was not the only change. In fact, it was the smallest one. Alec groaned as he felt a pressure in his hips, his groin, his thighs and his feet. His legs, which had been kicking at the water to stay aloft, began to draw together, the flesh knitting at the top of his thighs and drawing downwards. Fear leapt into his heart, and a horrid realisation rose that he was still wearing his shorts. He scrambled to be rid of them, turning over in the water as he tore them from his legs. To his astonishment, his skin was already altering. It itched heavily, the hairs on his legs withdrawing, his pale flesh rippling and shifting.

"No - God, there is no way!"

He was growing scales. He scratched at his legs, even as the flesh of his thighs drew together, even as his knees began to fuse. It was an alien sensation, particularly as the flesh expanded, rounding out and spreading his hips a little wider. Meanwhile light blue scales emerged across his skin. He grit his teeth, groaning into the water uselessly as slowly his skin was replaced by a blanket of them. He itched and scratched, but the feeling continued, leaving him with two legs rapidly fusing to one and now coated in luminescent scales. They glimmered and gleamed in the water, the sun's light far above

making them glitter like stars. Even amidst the fear and discomfort of the change, he could recognise the beauty of them.

He ran a hand along the length of his leg even as his thighs were how completely connected. They were not slimy and firm as he expected them to be, but smooth as silk, almost sensual in feeling.

"It feels . . . nice," he said, genuinely astonished. "Almost like - NGHH!!"

Another press of the flesh, and he was pulled from his odd admiration. His knees pulled together, bones altering and thinning and spreading out, kneecaps melting into more tissue. The sea god's blessing continued to ripple down his form, and it manifested in his ankles and feet. To Alec's shock, his feet began to flatten, the bones stretching and thinning, stretching and thinning until they splayed outwards - left foot to that side, right foot to that side. His toes stretched impossibly long, causing him to grunt and gasp. It didn't feel painful; rather, it felt oddly *right*.

"Why do I feel like this? Why - OHOhhhhh!!"

His toes stretched out even further, flattening finely until they reached pointed ends that were several feet long. They spread outwards, but where his two big toes had been were now the centre structure of their pattern; his ankles pulled together, flesh melding to form a tail. He panted, his gills filtering air from water, as a thin membrane grew between his impossibly long toes. They were each not devoid of digits or musculature, but he sensed they were still quite strong, strong enough to handle the currents of the water: there was no doubt, as the webbed section grew, that he was developing a fish's tail.

"A merman," he said, unbelieving his eyes and his senses. "I'm becoming a merman."

He'd never heard of such a thing occurring, or even such a creature. Sailors always talked of beautiful mermaids and sirens, creatures of the sea who none had seen but all claimed to hear the singing of, doomed to drown foolish sailors. But a merman?

"It's a dream," he reminded himself, "just a dream."

And yet it felt so utterly, incomprehensibly real. The web grew in, and his tail now had a glimmering fan, the web membrane a paler blue that seemed almost crystalline in its reflective appearance, though it was in fact quite soft and flexible. Flexible! He realised he could curl it. He flexed the muscles, only for the entire tail to spasm uncomfortably.

"Agghh! What the - ahhhh!"

The changes were not, it seemed, done yet. He reeled as his entire lower section stretched, the last of his old bone structure giving away. Alec bit his lip, feeling oddly freed by his rearranging structure, which left his tail no longer bound to human motion but instead the bending, soft, and graceful flexibility of a fish. It expanded, growing outwards, lengthening and thickening slightly, growing smaller fins at each side that erupted into being, shifting with the flow of the water automatically. He couldn't control

them, but they seemed to respond to the movements of his tail, which felt so strange, yet oddly powerful.

Quite powerful, in fact. As if it were packed with muscle, designed to race through water at lightning speeds. He gripped his 'hips', the silken scales feeling oddly wonderful, as the last of the tail's extension completed. It was nearly twice the length of his humanoid torso now, his fin long and proud and capable of scooping the water easily. He righted himself, positioned back over the reef again, and simply paused to admire himself.

If this was a dream, it was not likely to be one he'd forget for a long, long time.

"Unbelievable. I'm an actually merman," he said into the water.

Yes, your changes are finished. You have accepted the gift of the Lord of the Sea, the Great God Poseidon. This change is permanent and irreversible. You are now a full child of the sea, and shall remain so the rest of your days. Such is the great blessing of Poseidon's temple. May you relish your days as a merman.

He flexed his powerful tail experimentally again. It was so long, so elegant, so *powerful*. It made him feel oddly manly. As he looked down over himself, he noticed nothing but scales however.

Ah, so not completely manly. Well, all dreams had their flaws.

"Well, I'm sure I shall. I will miss this when I wake to another banal day of being stuck on an island, I'm sure."

There was a pause, and a number of sharks and dolphins rose up from the coral reef and circled about him. The voice of the Sea came from them, all of them, in equal measure.

Remember, the sea is your home, and it will provide for you. I send my sharks and my dolphins at Lord Poseidon's command to aid you. Listen, and speak, and they will come.

"Sure, that sounds very ominous. I don't think I'll be swimming about any real reefs anytime soon, however."

He wondered if the Sea would reply to that, but instead something loomed overhead. He looked up, and to his astonishment he saw the great image of a golden trident - the symbol of Poseidon's power and glory - plunge down from the surface of the water, its points headed directly towards him. He flicked his tail, hurling himself out of the way, but as the trident struck the reef it created a golden blast of unimaginably bright light. It blinded him, and the dream collapsed.

Alec woke groaning upon the stone floor of the temple of Poseidon. He was no longer in the nook he had slept in, and he felt uncomfortable, and oddly stretched.

"What a strange dream," he muttered.

His tail flopped upon the stones behind him, as if in agreement. He tried to stand only to fall down again. Wait. His tail? *His tail?*

Slowly, fearfully, his heart turning to dread, he turned awkwardly onto his back and looked down at his feet. Only there were no feet there; only a light blue tail with scales as soft as the finest silk, somehow wet despite the warm sun of morning above. Even his clothes were gone; he was now completely naked, just as he had become in the dream.

"Holy God! That's . . . impossible! This has got to be a dream!"

But even as he said it, he knew it was not. The dream had felt real because it was, at least as a vision: he had indeed transformed into a merman while he had slept.

"Damnation! Poseidon! I didn't mean this! Please change me back!"

There was no response. He tried to pull himself up but flopped again: his fish half was surprisingly heavy. Or not surprising, given its impressive musculature.

"The Sea!" he shouted, delirious with confusion, "I need to get to the Sea! It was her voice as servant of Poseidon. She might be able to change me back!"

He dragged himself across the stones, his scales scraping against the temple floor. It was not painful, and somehow his tail remained magically wet. He hauled himself on powerful arms, but it was undeniably slow going, and being unable to stand up meant that he could not easily see where he was going.

His tail thrashed against the foliage, but it was tougher than he expected; he barely felt a scratch. In fact, he realised that in the transformation, all his injuries had been healing; from his cracked rib to his torn side to his bruised shoulder and more. He felt limber and stronger: a strange compensation for being turned into half a fish.

"I guess at least I won't have to worry about - THERE!"

He pushed past a thick fern and spotted a cliff edge ahead. He dragged himself towards it, and looked over head. It was not the largest drop, nor were there too many rocks. The sea waves crashed lightly against the rock wall, its surface a warm teal blue, a complementary colour to his tail. The water seemed oddly inviting, and before he knew it, he was tipping himself over.

He crashed into the waves, and it felt like coming home. Instantly his lungs and gills worked to filter the air, and it felt like he was actually breathing properly for the first time. He laughed, overcome with exhilaration, and his heart pounded in wonder as he looked at the gorgeous reef around him. It was so similar to the one from his dream. The new merman experimentally shook his tail, its musculature undulating as he became accustomed to its purpose in the water.

He tried to speak, but nothing came out but strange gargling. He supposed that part had been a dream, then. Nothing could really talk underwater properly.

Well, talk, no. Communicate; that is still possible.

Alec twisted to find out which creature had talked to him, only to come face to face with a large reef shark. His tail moved automatically, thrashing in the water to put a massive distance between the two of them, but the reef shark moved calmly and non-threateningly.

Don't fear. I do not plan on hurting you. You are claimed by my Lord as one of his blessings, and your life is your own.

'I - I can talk to you with my mind?' Alec thought.

The shark twisted. *'You can. And to all sharks. And dolphins, but why would you talk to them? They can teach you how to gather, but we can teach you how to hunt.'*

It was all so much to take in. He was an actual mermaid. Well, a merman. And he could talk mentally to sharks, and dolphins apparently? He gazed around at the beauty of his immediate environment, and without even meaning to, he flicked his tail, causing him to swoop over the roof and through the water, deeper and deeper. He did not feel cold; in fact he felt warm and perfect, as if this was more his natural environment than the land above. It was difficult to even describe, and despite his reservations, he couldn't help but grin like a madman as he continued to test his fins, rolling and coursing through the water before rising above the waves. With one mighty flick of his tail, he soared above the waves and into the air.

"WWWOOOOOOOOO!!!"

And like a graceful fae of legend, he dived back into the water with barely a splash. It was amazing. It was liberating! And the treasures beneath the sea that he'd never seen so clearly were open to him; there was even what appeared to be a very old shipwreck upon the ocean floor. He swam further out to see it, passing a pod of small dolphins.

'Hello! Can you hear me!' he thought

'Welcome, child of Poseidon!' one seemed to screech with its mind, *'See inside! It is the best of places!'*

He was already expert at using his tail; it seemed to come naturally to him. He powered forward, slipping through the crack in the hull and gazing in wonder at the treasures within. There was bedding also; if he truly was like this for good now, it wouldn't take much to prepare new bedding for when he wanted to relax and sleep.

But he didn't need to think about that just yet. He wanted to experiment, and try his new form. After eleven days on that accursed island, he now had more freedom, and he intended to use it. Over the next uncounted hours he flitted across the reefs, witnessing the beauty of the surrounding waters. He found seaweed that his new dolphin friends informed him was edible, and while he didn't take one for cooking yet, the sharks suggested which crabs and particular fish were best for a merman such as him. He'd have to take them up on their offer of going hunting sometime.

After jumping through the air a few more times, and relishing more and more his mythical new form, Alec flopped up on the cove beach. He hadn't realised how much time had passed; it was now in the later afternoon. As before, his tail remained wet and silky, the scales shimmering as if still underwater. He lay on his back, still naked and enjoying the warmth of the setting sun.

"Unbelievable," he said to himself. "And amazing! I just wish I knew where my manhood had gone."

Experimentally, the brunet merman reached his hand down over the scales where his genitals would have been. As before, the area was smooth and flat, an expanse of light blue scales. For a moment he became frustrated, until his fingers came upon a hidden opening; a vertical slit not unlike a woman's entrance.

"Surely, no, I can't be . . ."

He slipped his fingers inside, gasping a little at the sensitivity of the area, and sighed in relief. He wasn't female; he was all male. His penis, long and hardening, was simply kept inside until it was needed.

"What a relief," he said.

But the word 'relief' gave other connotations. He stroked his internal penis slowly, running his fingers along its length within him. He could tell it was bigger than it had been when he was human, and it felt more sensitive too.

"Nhhnnnn . . . oh, that feels really good," he said, starting to breathe heavily. He was glad he could breathe air still, and the sand was luxurious beneath him. He continued to stroke his new fish-like member, and it continued to become more and more erect. To Alec's astonishment, unfamiliar muscles began to push his penis outward, causing it to emerge from his slit and out from his body.

"My God," he exclaimed. It was massive. Easily twice as large as his human member. And much more sensitive. He gripped it openly with his hands, enjoying its wet yet soft feel. He had expected it to be slimy, but it was thankfully not. Yet it had enough lubrication for the sensations to come powerfully and easily. He began to masturbate openly, uncaring - after all, who could see him? His heavy tail flopped on the sand, smacking up and down upon the beach with each increase in pleasure.

"OOhhhhh . . . Aahh - ahhh - ahhh!"

He grunted and groaned, clenching his eyes shut as he writhed his merman body upon the sand. He was captivated by the pleasure of his new body, revelling in its power and freedom. His fingers slid up and down his penis, its girth and length rock hard. His balls - still internally concealed, pulsed with anticipation. He could feel his semen building up, preparing to expel, but he deliberately held off release until the highest point of climax. He imagined he was with a woman - not a human woman, but another mermaid, a gorgeous woman of the sea with full breasts and a perfect womanly slit to accept his

hard manhood. He imagined being coiled around her, causing her to moan in bliss as he thrust into her.

“Yess, of fuck, yesssss,” he groaned, louder than before.

He continued to imagine that perfect scenario, and he thrust his hips in rhythm to the sliding grip of his hand, producing yet more sensual feelings. Gusts of sand were sent into the air by his thrashing tail. His tailfin rose into the air, coiling upward as his climax came closer and closer to fruition. Words became impossible as the delirium rose, and his internal testes seemed to swell within him, yearning for release.

“NNgggnNGGGHHHHH!!”

The moment was coming, and it was impossible to fight. He hurriedly rubbed his penis up and down several more times, as far as he could, drawing out the last teases and expansions of bliss as his sensitive shaft somehow tightened ever further.

And then it all became too much, and the release came.

“OOHHHHHHH - MHMHHMMMPHPHH!!!”

The pleasure exploded, greater than he'd ever felt before. It expanded inside him like a cannon blast, causing his entire body to quake. His tail writhed and squirmed on the ground as the pressure in his testes became unbearable. There was an intense feeling of release as he felt them finally pump their contents into his transformed penis. He curled his tail up one last time, holding it there as stream after stream of merman cum shot from his body to land on the sand beside him. He gasped over and over again as wad after wad poured forth, unbelieving his new body could produce so much. It felt like gallons were shooting from him, and with each throb of his large penis another stream of the white, sticky substance spurt forth.

“NNggnh,” he moaned, coming down from the tremendous high, “ahhhhh, ahh damnation, that felt good.”

He uncurled his tail, allowing it to flop heavily upon the ground. He lay there, breathing heavily, for some time until his body calmed. It was easily the greatest orgasm he had ever experienced, far greater than any other 'date with Rosie Palms', as the old sailor's joke went.

“I could get used to this,” he breathed, as he released his softening penis. It pulled back automatically into his body, and the scales closed protectively over it, leaving just that thin, invisible slit behind.

He continued to luxuriate in the sun, feeling its warm rays upon him. It was afternoon, and his life had changed so much since that very morning. It was still astonishing to think he was a merman now, and would likely remain one irreversibly and permanently. This was his life.

“So much for a life of dry land, ha!” he exclaimed, laughing at the sky.

And yet, despite how extreme the change was, he couldn't deny that already he was coming to love it. Alec had always enjoyed his time alone, and had loved nature. The shipwreck event had made him angry towards the sea, but now he could not hold onto those feelings any longer, especially since he was now blessed with a form perfectly suited to exploring and surviving it. He waggled and wriggled his tail experimentally again. It was certainly more flexible than it looked, but it still possessed the strength necessary to power through the water, to leap from it dramatically, and even to help him on dry land - though it still took some dragging.

"I think I rather like it," he said to himself. He felt the scales of it, enjoying how they remained wet and pristine, shining and beautiful, soft and perfect. There was almost a fae quality to it, but then given his form was thanks to Poseidon, perhaps the word he was searching for instead was 'mythic.'

"Yes, I think I can definitely get used to this. Maybe find a big clam to sleep in, or simply use that shipwreck. It looked Greek in design; that's quite appropriate, really. And there's enough to provide for me here, even if I never see another merman or mermaid I'll still enjoy myself; I could live here three centuries and still find places to explore."

It was true what they said, after all; there was more in the deep than above it. And possibly he would be the first human ever able to fully confirm that. Alec smiled at the prospect.

Nearly half an hour passed of simple relaxation before Alec noticed a slight tugging within his internal genitalia. He was worried at first that something had gone wrong, until he realised that he was feeling oddly turned on. He had been fondly recalling the enjoyment of his self-pleasuring, and he was now experiencing what it was like to become erect when his genitals were stored on the inside.

"Ah - ahhh, that feels weird. Good, but strange."

He began to stroke at his scales a second time. His slit was parting automatically, yielding to his touch as his member hardened within. They glided apart, and his merman penis unfurled from within, the blue member erect as it had been before.

"Well, that didn't take long at all," he said, honestly amazed. Indeed, he felt quite aroused against, and he slowly began to stroke his altered cock, savouring the sensations all over again, slowly at first and then, as before, faster and faster and faster. He rubbed even more furiously this time, the pleasure coming even faster, more bestial and animalistic, as if he were embracing his position as a creature of the sea instead of a man of the land. He rubbed the head of his new cock with his left hand even as he tugged at the shaft. The feelings gripped him, another orgasm already so close. His fingers brushed the inside of his merman slit and he gasped; it was surprisingly sensitive! He decided to experiment, placing his fingers inside himself and rubbing at the new location of his testes.

"OH GOD! NNGHHNNN!!"

It was too much all at once. His tail flopped on the ground, as if he were no longer able to even control it. His new testes trembled, his dick hardened and throbbed, and once more he spilled his seed - even more of it this time - onto the otherwise empty beach.

His breathing was even more ragged this time, as his dick continued to throb, spilling more and more of his issue out.

"F-f-fuck," he eventually groaned. "Yes, I don't regret this blessing one bit."

It had been a month, and Alec was continuing to relish his new existence. He had two homes on either side of the island; one a giant clam that was comforting to rest in, the other the dolphins' favourite place; the ancient shipwreck that afforded him some human amenities and interests. The creatures had shown him a great many things, and the sharks had told him how best to hunt. And he was increasingly able to move on land, using his strong tail to flop along awkwardly when he wanted to bask in the sun or cook the delicious crabs and fish he had caught. His adaptation to his new life was represented in some ways by other changes: he was now the proud owner of a large, bushy brunet beard that lent him a further air of dignity within his domain. A golden necklace with sparkling green emeralds adorned his neck, taken from a treasure chest of the sunken ship. In some ways, he almost felt like a king of the sea himself.

It was a peaceful existence. And while he had not encountered other sea people yet, and perhaps never would, he was not particularly bothered by it. He had come to love his little deserted island, the comforts and beauty it afforded. And, of course, he was perfectly capable of drawing out his own pleasures on the beach, upon the rocks, even among the coral beds.

He knew this, because he did it every time he felt like it. Such was the enjoyable life of a merman.

The End