

# Pool SHARK

AN ADULTS-ONLY  
**ILLUSTRATED  
TF STORY**

BY ANGRBODA  
& ABE E SEEDY



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The moment Gabrielle's phone buzzed, she knew exactly who it was. The desperate, exaggerated eye roll stopped Yvette mid-sentence, but Gabrielle took a long, slow drink of her cappuccino before she made any comment.

"It's Derrick", she said eventually. "It's always Derrick."

Yvette nodded. "Oh, of course. One question - who's Derrick?"

Gabrielle choked back a laugh. "Right, I probably didn't mention his name before. Okay well, let me just read this to you, then you'll know who this is for sure."

She flicked open the message with her thumb, and read the whole thing in a flat monotone.

"Hey gurl - spelled with a 'u', to be clear - if you could just yeet that money back to me I could dab on these fools and it'd be real lit."

Yvette was making exactly the face that anyone under the age of 40 made when exposed to pure, uncut Derrick. "Wow."

"Yeah. He's a lot", Gabrielle answered. "He's, well, I think he thinks he's nice, but he's just so, so clueless. And yet he thinks he's perfectly on it." She paused, staring out the window of the cafe for a long moment. "You know, I think if I ever actually told him that he sounds more like a million-year-old space alien than a young person he might just straight-up die."

"Hell of a way to quit though", Yvette countered.

That caught Gabrielle off-guard, and she laughed into the inside of her arm as she put her phone back down. "True. It's a job though, and I c- well, no, I can complain, because the guy is an idiot, but at least he pays. Even if being his assistant means I get sent out on dumb errands like this one, way out in stupid-rich-person-land."

Yvette opened her mouth to protest, but stopped herself. "That's about right. There's no way I could afford my place if I wasn't making an absolute killing tutoring around here."

"Yeah, exactly", Gabrielle responded, wagging her finger as she hit on her point. "Meanwhile, I'm stuck out here for a week, a three-hour bus trip from the college dorms, just waiting for the refund from Derrick's latest dumbshit scheme to hit the PO Box he registered for it. And there's just nothing around here. Unless you want to hang out at this cafe for an entire week?"

Yvette shrugged apologetically. "Sorry. I've got to somehow make a bunch of rich kids give a shit about math."

"Yeah, I respect the hustle. Find some way to make this area work for you, right? That's at least the one piece of good news in this for me too. I signed up with this gig website where you can house sit for rich folks while they're on vacation. All it takes is one friendly rich person to vouch for you - thanks for literally this one thing ever Derrick - and I'm getting paid extra to stay at a fancy mansion for the whole time."

"Nice! What are you planning on doing?"

There was a pause as Gabrielle considered the question. "Well, with spending all my time hanging with you out? I guess... nothing? Like, a ton of fancy nothing, maybe in a nice pool?"

Yvette smiled. "See, you're fitting in already!"

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The place was nice. Gabrielle sat down on a couch - or was this technically a futon? Who could know? - and nestled into a convenient cluster of pillows. Bringing up the app on her phone, she flicked through the details of the listing. Apparently houses this fancy needed people to live in them or they broke down or something (which, big mood, but sure). So that was the gig; live here for two weeks minimum, keep it tidy, make sure the heat was running a normal amount of time and switch the lights on and off occasionally. It was a hell of a thing to have her whole job boil down to 'be an alive person that exists', but hey, at least she was fully qualified for a position for once.



That raised a question though - who exactly owned this place? Who could afford to pay someone just to live in their house? She'd been given an abridged profile to check before she'd signed up, but now that she'd been accepted for the gig then there should be more details available. And there was, technically.

There weren't any new photos, just the same awkwardly-cropped profile picture of some random smiling woman. The only thing added to the description was an little note, tucked in beneath the address and house description.

"Enjoy the pool, and don't forget the sunscreen!"

Which, you know what? Fine. The stolen stock photo for a profile picture was a hell of a red flag, but she wasn't on the hook for anything here, and even if she never got the money she was promised, at least she had a cool place to stay for a little bit. So with that in mind, maybe it was time to check out that pool.

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It was out the back of the house, tastefully enclosed by a high wooden fence and ringed by a marble patio surrounded by neatly-kept grass. A single white lounge sat facing the water, and on a small table just in front of the sliding glass door to the house sat a folded towel and the promised bottle of sunscreen. And that was it.

There was something about the minimalism of this that really struck her. This was a pool set up for exactly one person; one lounge, one towel, and absolutely nothing else. It occurred to Gabrielle that never in her life had there been something this elaborate set up for one person when that one person was her. She'd always had to share with family, or dorm-mates, or the general public. All this glistening water, this brilliant private relaxing sunshine - this was just hers, and hers alone. The thought of that was a little bit dizzying, but before she started feeling too guilty she reminded herself exactly why she was here. She'd been working hard as Derrick's assistant, she deserved a vacation. So for now she was going to put all those big thoughts and big moods out of her head, and just let herself enjoy it.

She changed into her swimsuit before sliding open the glass door, feeling the warm tiles beneath her feet as she headed towards the pool. She passed the little table on the way, her hand trailing over the bottle of sunscreen and making her stop. Hadn't she read something about sunscreen not being okay? Like, some chemical in it bleached coral reefs or something, and you had to make sure the kind you had-

No, no. She wasn't going to do that. She'd left her phone inside on purpose, she wasn't going to run back inside to get it just to check if sunscreen was still okay. This was a private pool, miles from the sea, it would be fine. She'd been working for so long to take all that stuff into account, for just this one break, she could ease up on that effort. So the phone stayed inside, and Gabrielle picked up the sunscreen and casually looked it over. She didn't recognise the brand, but it looked like a refillable bottle that had seen a few uses, and for now that was enough. She squirted a healthy dollop into the palm of her hand, and shivered a little as she spread the cool slickness of it out over her body. It smelled like palm trees. It was nice.

Once she'd applied the sunscreen, Gabrielle settled down onto the lounge. The water in front of her was beautifully clear and inviting, but she couldn't just jump right in or she'd wash off the sunscreen before it had a chance to sink in. And besides, this right here was great, the sun fell on her like a warm blanket as she stretched out her toes and closed her eyes. The pool would still be there in an hour or so. For now,

this was a perfect time for a nap.

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Gabrielle dozed. The fence blocked pretty much all sound from the outside world, leaving this poolside area a perfect haven of solitude. The only sounds were her own contented sighs, or the short little squeaks of plastic whenever she changed her position on the lounge. Without her phone Gabrielle had no idea how long she'd been out there, but she'd made a deliberate decision that it didn't matter. Nothing was urgent, all she was doing was filling space and passing time, so it was perfectly fine to spend the entire day doing just this. It was a comforting thought, and she was more than happy to let herself sink down into it.

Even so, there was a limit to how long she could just lie there. Whether it was a half a day or less than an hour, eventually Gabrielle started to get bored, not to mention a little stiff from lying on this lounge. The last straw was that it had somehow managed to bunch up under her, both rubbing between her thighs and providing an awkward lump beneath her rear. So after a few half-hearted shifts of her body failed to solve the problem, she reluctantly opened her eyes and leaned forward to get up.

And... stopped.



Sticking out between her legs was a big, blue tail. For half a second Gabrielle thought she'd just sat down on a pool floatie or something, but that just didn't make sense. For one, she would have noticed if there was something like that on the chair before she sat down, but, more tellingly, it didn't feel right. Now that she'd opened her eyes and focussed on it, the series of confused sensations that had been adding up to vague discomfort resolved themselves into something more discrete. Yes, she was sitting on something awkward beneath her rear, but at the same time she was also pressing down on her own body, and she could feel her legs bracketing herself in, just as if she had one arm tucked firmly between her thighs.

The tail was a part of her. It grew out from the base of her spine, a pattern of violet stripes marking the length of it down to the shark-like fins at the tip. But it wasn't purely animal. The surface was shiny and almost see-through, a series of folds and creases tracing every curve as it waved slowly back and forth. And all of that wasn't even mentioning the two distinct handles that jutted out from around the midway point. When Gabrielle put a hand on it in disbelief, the sudden 'sqrrk!' sound finally clarified its plastic nature, as well as putting context to the sounds she'd written off while dozing as being from the chair.

Surprisingly, as soon as her fingers dug into its surface, the panic and confusion seemed to die away, like someone turning the volume down on a video. In its place rose up something else, rapidly gaining ground to go from an absent thought to a driving desire.

She really should go for a swim, shouldn't she? That was what the pool was for, and she'd been waiting for so long. The sunscreen had surely done its work, so why wait any longer?

The lounge was already behind her, skidding backwards a few inches as she shot to her feet. The water was so inviting, crisp and blue and clear, washing smoothly over her skin as she dove in, disappearing beneath the surface with barely a muted splash.

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It was wonderful. The water held her up as she slid through it, at once both supportive and completely without resistance. Gabrielle rolled lazily onto her back and floated effortlessly along the length of the pool, turning with her tail at each end without that feeling at all remarkable. It was simply what she did. Focussing on it as a problem would only detract from the relaxation, and she'd already given herself permission not to do that. So why mess with such a good idea? If her new tail helped her float happily through the water, then for right now, that was all she needed to think about.

It did feel good to use though. Thinking about that was probably okay, because it was a good thing, so Gabrielle allowed herself the exception. There were muscles tensing up in her back that felt encouraging and powerful to use, but more than that was the sensation of blissful feedback. The water pushed on the surface of her tail, and her tail pushed on the surface of the water. The texture of her plastic skin bent inwards just a little at the effort, and there was something about that pressure that felt exceptionally good, in a way that travelled right up through her spine and made her head buzz. There was a weight to her tail, a bulk that just felt good to accommodate, even if it somehow simultaneously felt airy and light.

Once again, time passed. She wasn't sure how long she spent in the water exactly, but eventually a new sensation started to demand her attention. There was some unexpected drag when she spun herself face down for a few laps, but rather than feeling like an impediment the unexpected friction had been kind of... exhilarating.

She couldn't put the specifics together exactly, but it reminded her of the jumble of sensation she'd felt when she first woke up from her doze on the lounge, and she found herself surprisingly excited to discover what had happened now. So she swam over to the side of the pool, then pulled herself up onto the warm marble and turned to inspect her body.

She must have lost her bikini bottom at some point in the water, because she had a full view of her naked lower half. There'd been a hint of how far it'd gone when getting out of the pool had provoked another plastic squeak, but looking at it now confirmed that the shining blue substance had overtaken everywhere on her body from the waist down. Small fins poked out from the outside of her calves, while her flexing toes were topped with dull rubber claws, and connected to each other by a thin webbing. The same three-colour pattern that ran the length of her tail now marked her from shin to thigh, and the water from her swim beaded into a hundred glistening drops on her smooth plastic skin. On top of all that was the disorienting realisation that she could just about see through it, the marble beneath her feet dimly visible as she leaned over them. For as weird as that sight was though, it paled in comparison to the one thing that really attracted her attention.

A rim of stiff plastic had formed in the center of her crotch, perhaps an inch tall and wide enough around to encircle her pussy. The top of it was blank and smooth, but even though it obscured her sex completely, Gabrielle could tell it wasn't simply gone. For one there were the sensations she could still feel - the way the water had been tugging at her in those last few laps, definitely - but beyond that was the small flap at the top of the circle, and the corresponding hinge of plastic out to the side. Strange and insensible as all of this was, there was at least some kind of internal logic here. She put her thumb and forefinger into the crook between the tab and her chest and, after a moment of pressure that made her bite her lip, she popped open the lid of the nozzle, revealing her smooth shining pussy at last.



The rush of air instantly made her gasp. There was something about this that felt more exposed than just being naked ever had, the simple act of opening this hinge feeling much more intimate and exotic. Her fingers slid slowly around the rim of her plastic nozzle, a few drops of water falling from her hair and landing around her slit.

She was on holiday. She had given herself permission not to worry about things, to relax and enjoy the circumstances she found herself in. All that rationalisation ran through her mind briefly, but if she was being honest she'd have to admit that her hand was already circling her pussy before any of it occurred to her, and it was all just justification after the fact. She was dangerously horny, and this felt extremely good, so she was doing it, regardless of everything else.

The fingers of her left hand pressed into her slit, finding to her surprise that she wasn't noticeably wet. But, weirdly, it didn't matter. She still pressed inside herself without resistance, the only sign of tension the same drawn-out 'sqrrk' sound she'd heard early when stroking her tail. It was plastic, she was plastic; wonderfully smooth, stretchy and accommodating. Curving her fingers inwards, she saw her crotch bulge slightly as it deformed with casual ease at her pressure. The sight alone was enough to widen her eyes, but the sensation that accompanied it was what rocked her back on her haunches.

Stretching herself like this was like nothing that Gabrielle had ever felt. She could feel every inch of her fingers, but at the same time she could feel the flexible material that made up her body down there pushing back, a perfect midpoint between tension and resistance. But there was also the fact that it was so distinctly inhuman, inorganic even. This wasn't something a person's body did, but her body did. That led to the inescapable conclusion that it wasn't a person's body anymore, as if that wasn't already proved out by the weirdly sensitive nozzle surrounding her pussy or the big plastic shark tail slapping at the water beneath her.

Somehow, that thought was exhilarating instead of worrying. Or, maybe because it was just a little bit worrying, in the same way that thinking of getting caught naked in public could be exciting because it was embarrassing. Her body was becoming increasingly inhuman and it just felt more and more amazing - how much further would it go? How much further did she want it to go? Would she ever be able to be fully human again? When every juddering sweep of her fingers inside herself felt this good, when the sound of plastic squeaking over plastic just turned her on even more, would it be worth it to never be able to fit back into human clothes again? Because if she traded mundane considerations like that away, what else could she do?

A fourth finger slid into her slit, her pussy stretching easily to accommodate yet more of her urgent attention. Suddenly the question really hit her, and her eyes flicked upwards. What else *could* she do?

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The minimalist nature of this area meant there wasn't much else to hand, especially once Gabrielle discounted the sunscreen bottle as too large, square, and uncomfortable-looking. Fortunately the place wasn't completely barren though, and eventually she caught sight of a little cupboard tucked away just above the waterline of the pool. Reluctantly she withdrew her hand from her slit and slithered back into the pool, relishing the feeling of the water sliding over her exposed pussy as she swam to the cupboard. When she reached it her left hand fell on the door, and she noticed for the first time that it had started to change too - that same blue patterned plastic reaching just up past her wrist, while her fingers were topped with the same dull little claws and threaded with the same thin webbing that marked her feet.

It was enough of a surprise to give Gabrielle a brief pause, but in the end the moment passed with little more than a shrug. She wasn't going to need to write anything anytime soon, so why be concerned that her dominant hand was becoming as clumsily inhuman as the rest of her? It was more than good enough at what she needed it for, and that was what was important.

Opening the cupboard up revealed a small selection of pool cleaning equipment on one shelf, and, on another, a set of pool floats. Seeing them laid out here finally connected a few dots for her, and suddenly the handles on her tail made a lot more sense. But her newfound kinship for these pool toys quickly took a backseat to her delight when she caught sight of what was tucked away on the last shelf. It was a small, motorised air compressor, with an outlet nozzle in a suspiciously perfect phallic shape.

Gabrielle reached in and grabbed it with both hands, noting with satisfaction that there was an in-built power outlet at the back of the cupboard that it was already plugged in to. Clearly it was all ready to go, so she raised it carefully onto the marble tiles then scooted herself up after it. She turned the motor on with a quick jab of her finger, then dragged it carefully a few feet over the ground until she could settle herself down on the grass at the edge of the yard. Then, safely leaning back against the sturdy wooden fence, Gabrielle took a quick breath and slid the vibrating machinery into her waiting slit.

The response from her body was overwhelming. Not only was there the pleasure of pressing something so wonderfully large and satisfyingly solid into her pussy, not only was it thrumming and buzzing in a way that sent vibrations rippling through her whole lower body, but beyond all that there was the intoxicating sensation of air flowing steadily into her. She could feel it pressing outwards, uncoordinated and haphazard, pushing and pulsing and massaging at her body in great shuddering waves. Her stomach swelled slightly, the area around her belly button becoming noticeably transparent as the material there stretched thin. It was a rush, and Gabrielle felt the heat of it fill her head as her mouth fell open. But just then, as she gritted her teeth at the disconnected surges of sensation, she felt some sort of response, and suddenly her nose was pressing outwards as it stretched and inflated, her teeth pinging one by one into pointed plastic shapes.

She could direct it. The air, the pressure, it didn't have to just be random. Just as she'd pressed out her face accidentally with an open-mouthed moan, she could shape the rest of her body if she just focussed. That... that was worth investigating.

After a short break to better brace herself against the fence, Gabrielle gripped the compressor firmly between her webbed fingers, and slid it once again into her pussy. This time she tensed her body deliberately, directing the oncoming pressure to exactly where she wanted it to go. There was a moment of tension, and she suddenly realised she'd never taken off her top, so with a hurried grab from her still-human hand she pulled the fabric aside, revealing her straining breasts. Already they were larger than they had been, and every second pushed them outwards yet further, the steady hiss of oncoming air filling them with such wonderful heft. Soon they were so large that they couldn't possibly fit back inside her top even if she'd wanted to try, her skin so perfectly plastic and increasingly see-through as the surface was stretched thinner and thinner.



Gabrielle gasped, feeling gills flare into place on her neck as her body reacted reflexively. And still the pump kept running, air surging into her more and more, building up out of her breasts now and pushing her face further forwards, pricking up her ears and even making her hair collect together into a rounded, solid mass on top of her head. Through it all she felt so inexpressibly good, perfectly overwhelmed and floating on the sensation of perfect tension.

The air kept coming, fizzing and bubbling as her legs and tail twitched uncontrollably. She could feel her teeth squeaking as they ground up against each other, her tongue pointing as it too puffed up and plumped out. By now she was gasping, pawing at her breasts with her free hand, her fingers spasming as the changes overtook them too, her stubby claws drawing tight circles around her nipples. It was nearing completion, her hair sliding smoothly over her back as her head waved from side to side, every part of her body feeling so wonderfully full, shiny and smooth.

Her thighs shuddered, and suddenly Gabrielle picked up on something else. There was the scent of palm trees in the air, subtle at first but growing stronger by the moment. With concerted effort she opened one eye, leaning forwards in a hazy search for the source. She found it as another reflexive tremor rumbled through her body, her right hand falling down to her waist to let her finger move over her slit. When she lifted it away, she could see her claw was coated with a thick white substance, but something much thicker and oilier than she would have expected. There was a moment of confusion as she squinted down at it, but then an absent breath flooded her nose with the smell, and she knew immediately where she recognised it from.

It was sunscreen, the same sunscreen she'd applied just a few hours ago.

The implications of that flooded through her mind in an instant. This was contagious, someone had gone through this before her, and their cum had been harvested to lure her in. She could do the same, her own cum could be slathered over someone else to get them to feel what she was feeling now, to bring someone else into the ultimate relaxation of embracing this pool toy experience. She was productive, she was functional, her job revolved around enjoying this pool and helping others enjoy it too, and unlike everything in her life so far she knew exactly how to fill that role. It was simple, she was simple, but she was perfect, and she had everything she needed to absolutely enjoy it all.

It was impossible to say if it was those thoughts, the scent of the sunscreen in front of her, or the air that was still building up irrepressibly inside of her, but some element of all of this made her face stretch outwards, a full shark-like snout ballooning into being with an audible 'fwomph!'. She gritted her jaw as she bore down on the compressor, feeling her mouth slide into a smooth, jagged-tooth grin. Her tail flapped heavily on the wooden fence behind her, her feet skidding out in the grass as her body wavered between tense stiffness and absolute relaxation. With one last press of her hand at her crotch she finally came, her thumb rubbing absently at the rim of her open nozzle to better indulge her artificial features as she shuddered slowly to rest.

That... was really good. Gabrielle flicked off the compressor and flopped down onto her side, somewhat startled to find herself bouncing back up a few inches on the first impact. But even that was just a passing distraction rather than a legitimate concern. If she could deal with closing the big weird nozzle back over her plastic pussy with little more than a satisfied sigh, then she didn't need to worry about any other details. Far better to concentrate on the way her rubbery claws bent upwards slightly as she ran them over the ground, the blades of grass tickling over her smooth shining skin.

Eventually, Gabrielle hauled herself to her feet. Resting in the sun was nice, but there was a nagging thought that it wasn't quite what she should be doing. So she made her way back towards the center of the yard, each

step taking her slightly further than normal as her airy lightness lengthened her stride. When she reached the pool she turned around, falling backwards into the warm embrace of the water. There she floated, her thick shark tail splayed lazily out beneath her, and her face settling into her simple grin as she relaxed completely.

Now this was the life.

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Yvette eyed her warily as they both sat down, drinks cradled carefully in their hands.

“You look different”, she said eventually.

From her side of the booth, Gabrielle fought back a blush. She’d been sure it had all subsided, all except for the single most distinctive feature of her recent experience. Her legs shifted uncomfortably beneath the table, unwittingly making her thighs rub up against the closed lid of the nozzle that still covered her crotch, and the sensation of that only made it harder to keep from breaking composure. Why had she agreed to meet up today again?

“Oh?”, she mumbled into her elbow, running her hand through her hair in an attempt to subtly check for the distinctive texture of plastic. “How so?”

“Yes”, Yvette said with a considered nod, “there’s a glow to you, or something.” After waiting just long enough for Gabrielle’s breath to catch her throat, she sat back casually and added, “living that rich person for a little while must really be agreeing with you, huh?”

Gabrielle breathed out sharply, and then for a moment worried she’d visibly deflated. Covering the concern with a cough, she fought to change the topic. But to what, exactly?

“It is pretty good there”, she answered eventually. “Actually, if you’re free for a bit between tutoring sessions, maybe you’d like to come and have a swim? The sun is out, and there’s nothing like relaxing in the nice warm water.”

The smile slid onto her face unthinkingly, her chin resting lightly on her hands as she leaned forwards over the table. “And don’t worry”, she continued, “I’m pretty sure I’ve got enough sunscreen for the both of us.”



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