

Mini-Story: Shark Week

By FoxFaceStories

I was one of the 20 or so million people worldwide who was hit by the Transformation Wave. No one can really explain what it was or why it selected only a small portion of the human race, or why it changed us like it did. Some become deerfolk, others grew udders, some developed no physical changes but had strong animal instincts. Me? Well, I got turned into a shark. Well, technically a shark-girl.

I was excited for Prom, which was only a month away. It's every girl's dream to look her best for that special night, especially since I had secured a cute date with Eric, a handsome guy I was honestly pretty into. He had an offbeat sense of humour and down to earth nature. He was into punk music too, which I am absolutely a big fan of. Not just a fan, really; I'm a punk singer in a little garage band too.

Of course, everything changed when the Transformation Wave hit. I was trying on dresses with my girlfriends when the bright green and yellow wave passed over the store. I gasped and groaned as strange energies overcame me, the ones that scientists have been studying ever since to no avail. To the horror of my girlfriends and sister, my skin began to turn a dark grey, except for my front which became a pale white. My teeth sharpened, and my face elongated, even as the dress I was trying on split at the back. I remember letting out a shriek as a large dorsal fin extending out from between my shoulder blades, and a smaller one between my hips. One of my poor girlfriends fainted, another ran, but two others and my sister tried to get me out of my dress before things became worse. Unfortunately for my wallet, they didn't succeed: even as my skin developed the dermal denticles of an actual shark, I also grew a full blown tail. Let me tell you, it is a strange sensation to suddenly feel a gigantic shark tail over five feet long extend from your backside, complete with its own little dorsal and vertical fins.

It was left standing there, half-naked in a totally ripped dress, suddenly a shark-girl with a full snout and everything. Thankfully I got to keep my hair, though it ended up a dark shade of blue. My eyes also ended up dark pink in colour. I also ended up quite muscly; I look like I've done well at the gym! Still, I was initially terrified, as were my friends, until they always realise it was still me in there. As news of the Transformation Wave came out, it didn't take a genius to figure out I was one of the 10 million or so affected. I was a bonafide Shark Girl, right down to my genetics, and my huge freakin' tail.

There's been a big adjustment period, that's for sure. Certainly I've had to get custom-made clothes to fit around my dorsal fin, not to mention skirts, dresses, and pants that have a big ole hole in the back of them to accommodate my whopping big tail. I get lots of stares wherever I go, and some are definitely afraid I'll go full predator. I won't lie, I certainly eat a lot more fish

now! Still, it's actually pretty cool. I feel really powerful, I can breathe underwater, and I can swim like nothing else. And honestly, I'm actually kind of hot. A lot hot, really. My figure is better looking than it has been, I'm fit, and while having a bit of a snout is weird, it's not like a huge actual shark one; it just makes me cute. Plus, my boobs got a little bigger for some reason.

Best of all, Eric not only has no problem with it, but finds me even cooler now that I'm a shark girl. The Prom is finally tonight, and I'm wearing a sexy navy dress that hugs my new athletic body perfectly, with a hole for my tail and long slits to show off my muscular thighs. I'm going to have fun on the dance floor – even if the tail can be a hassle there, and then this cute shark girl is going to find some time to sink her teeth into her handsome date. Figuratively speaking.

The End