

MONSTER ISLAND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was rare for the Monster Research Society to reach out to the crew of the Grandcypher for work, but the captain, Gran, had been happy to oblige. Things had been slow as of late, without any world-ending events to see to it that he was thoroughly distracted. Not that the man was complaining about this, not by a long shot, but even periods of relaxation could wear a little thin once they had been experienced for so long.

He had practically jumped at the offer, honestly. Jobs given to him by the MRS had often put him into dangerous situations, but they always provided tools to help keep him and whomever he brought along with him safe. There was very little risk, and they had a tendency to pay rather handsomely. It was a win-win as far as he was concerned, particularly if it meant giving the ship some direction until the next big threat arrived.

Apparently the MRS had discovered a brand new island midst the sea of clouds and needed competent fighters to help explore it. There was a plethora of new monsters that lived there, and they were keen on collecting as much data as possible. The problem? They wanted to preserve the monsters as much as they could, and that meant avoiding inflicting harm upon them. But because they weren't used to more civilized people, apparently all attempts in the past had led to the researchers being attacked.

And so they had devised a *new* strategy.

“Is this thing really going to work? I *hope* so...” Approaching the zone that he had been tasked with, with a clipboard in hand, Gran

peered down at a strange stone tied to a chain around his neck. This pendant was his first and only line of defense, a new invention created by the Monster Research Society itself. Apparently it put out signals that allowed monsters to perceive the wearer as one of their own, making it possible for them to get close and take notes without any fear of being attacked.



One of these had been given to each of the crew members that had split out across the island, each tasked with investigating a different monster type. For Gran? That monster had been what the researchers had decided to name a 'holstaur'. From what he had been told, they were similar to minotaurs in that they were monsters based on bulls, but...

“These are more like cows, aren't they?” Crouching behind some bushes, overlooking the pasture that the holstaurs called their own, that was the first conclusion he came to. While they had clothes on, the fur he could see on their legs, as well as their ears and horns, certainly gave off a more cow-like feeling. They had the cow's signature patches, and their chests were, well... *Gran had*

no comment!

Were there no men among the herd? He couldn't see anything but women, which made him wonder how they saw him with the amulet on? Hopefully they weren't desperately in need of a mate and he was showing up as a man to them, because that would probably cause a *different* kind of issue. The last thing he wanted was a bunch of cow women trying to mate with him!

Fortunately though, they hadn't noticed him at all. He had been told to try and stay hidden to the best of his ability since the amulet could only provide so much protection, and so he just remained where they could hardly see, scratching notes about their appearances and behaviors down on the sheet had been provided. In about an hour he had to go back to the ship to meet for lunch, so he wanted to get as much done in this session as he could!

But unbeknownst to him, while the amulet was working? There was an aspect of its creation that had not been tested. It worked as intended, but it had only been tested in the present of two or three monsters.

There were up to ten in the field, and the amulet, which had been designed to absorb their energy to project the illusion, had not been created to receive *that* much energy at once. It was malfunctioning, and in a way that imperiled Gran for reasons he could never have predicted.

“...Huh?” All of a sudden, the weight of the pendant around his neck increased, pulling his head down temporarily before he pulled himself back up again. He was naturally confused. Why did it feel like he was wearing something thicker and heavier than he had been before? Looking down, it was quite obvious why. The pendant had turned into a thick, golden collar with a matching bell dangling from it. The very same accessory that each and every holstaur out in the field had adorned. **“What... just happened?”** Was he maybe seeing the illusion himself?

If only he were that lucky.

Gran suddenly felt, well, perhaps *woozy* was the best way to describe it. The golden cow bell he was now adorned with was certainly heavier than the pendant, but its weight shouldn't have been enough to make him feel like *that*. **“Whoa!?”** He almost lost his footing because of it initially, but fortunately managed to catch himself before he took a tumble (*which would likely attract the attention of the monsters nearby*).

It was almost like his head had been possessed by a thick fog that made it hard to think properly. He had to focus a great deal harder than normal to even produce the necessary alarm regarding his situation, much less try to comprehend how an amulet could turn into a bell so suddenly. Magic? Was it a magic-based device? That was certainly one plausible explanation, but was it going haywire? After all, he wasn't supposed to have a holstaur's bell around his neck.

...Was he?

Struggling to think, perhaps it was to be expected that the young man's physical awareness was not as on point as it probably should have been, because if it had? He probably would have taken notice of several *inconsistencies*. The first of which being that his sweater and pants felt a little looser, or that his point of view had dipped only a few inches. Or, more plainly put, perhaps he would have noticed that he had gotten *smaller*.

Really, it was just the young man's height that had regressed. His limbs and torso alike had contributed to this, bringing his standing stature down a little overall. It wasn't immediately clear what purpose this loss of height could have served, much less that his hands and feet had lessened a little similarly, but with time it became a little clearer.

After all, his body had begun to look *softer*. The muscles he had earned throughout his adventures were smoothing out, leaving his limbs, tummy, and chest thinner and tenderer to the eye without exception. This was likewise noted in his face, which with time appeared softer and more... *feminine*. Gran's eyes had rounded so that they became bigger and more expressive, while the lashes upon these eyes grew longer and fluttered like the wings of a butterfly. Without thinking he licked his lips, hardly noting that they were fuller than they *should* have been.

If you looked at him from the neck up, you could have easily mistaken him for a young woman. But then again? If you looked at him from below the neck, it was becoming increasingly easy to do the same. “**I feel... funny...?**” With his mind as dazed as it was, this acknowledgment of everything transpiring was the best he could muster at that very moment. Even *as* the sides of his tummy pinched inwards to give him a curvier gait, and small bumps began to form beneath his nipples.

Those bumps didn't waste any time, and before long they had forced his nipples to swell as well, both areas pushing forward into a pair of C-cup breasts that rubbed distractingly against the underside of his sweater. They were so sensitive that not even the young man could resist pawing at them, although the cloud over his mind stopped him from quite piecing together that this was probably, most definitely *wrong*.

But then something occurred that he couldn't quite pass over. It wasn't how his hips pulled slightly wider, or how his ass and thighs had become plumper. No, it was a sharp tugging in his groin that wrought about a change in his sex. Hands *immediately* reached down to grope at nothing, because there was no dick there any longer. “**I'm a woman!?**” *She* was indeed.

Her scream had attracted the attention of a nearby holstaur, but the new woman didn't look out at the pasture to notice this for she was now distracted by herself. It was still so hard to think, but she knew that being a woman was *wrong* at least. “**I'm not supposed to be a woman! I'm a man! I'm a... Moooo!?**” A hand reached up to cover her mouth, for she had made an unexpected sound. A moo like that of a cow. Or of the monsters she had been observing for the past little while...

It certainly *hadn't* been a sound she should have made. No person would have made an animal cry like that so naturally, and particularly not without any good reason. But for all she had recognized how wrong it was, that didn't stop her from doing it again. “**Moooo? N-No way, what am I...?**” The woman's body felt hot, and as time wore on she felt

even warmer – but not merely in temperature. She was becoming *aroused*.

But that arousal sparked change of its own. Gran's spiky hair, which had remained largely untouched thus far, began to flatten in style and become just the slightest bit shaggier. In turn, its color soon lightened towards a white as well. Well, *most* of it lightened to white. Some strands of it took on a dark gray, giving off the impression that she had dyed streaks in her hair. It was one-hundred percent natural, however.

“Moooo!” She bellowed like a cow again, this time while peeling the armor off of her body so that she had easier access to what was beneath. Her chest in particular felt strangely achy and tender, and her increased horniness was prompting her into wanting to touch it as much as possible. So it didn't take her very long to pull her hoodie over her head, allowing her C-cup tits to spill out. Except... they weren't *quite* C-cups any longer.

They looked fuller than before, which was probably part of the reason why they were *aching* now. They bounced about as her hands sunk into them, but beneath her grasp they swelled more and more, ultimately forcing her grip to open as if to avoid discomfort. As they approached the size of her head, it was clear that there was something *unnatural* about her nipples. They had tripled, maybe even quadrupled in overall size and had grown several inches long. Not only that, but the veins running to these nipples became darker and more obvious, as the tips of her breasts hardened.

Teats. They looked like the teats of an animal, and their distracting fullness only made Gran aware of the fact that they contained fresh milk. But she wasn't pregnant. She didn't need to be. Cows didn't only produce milk when they had calves, and this was really no different. As she tugged at this nips, savoring the sensuality, a little even began to leak out.

This was all *wrong*, but she didn't think *anything* of it. She was too far gone thanks to the haze, but even if she hadn't been? Complicated thoughts had become far out of her reach, for most of her human intellect had practically fallen out of her head. As her brown eyes shone an emerald color instead, it became questionable whether there was even a trace of intellect left in there with how she was mindlessly milking herself for the sake of carnal pleasure alone. It just felt so *good*, and she kept on mooing.

All the while her pussy twitched, partially because of how turned on she was, but partially because the hair around it was tickling its lips. Fine hairs had begun to sprout up not only around her crotch, but across her

legs all of the way down to her ankles. That fur, white for the most part, continued to spread and thicken – although patches of silver sprung up here and there as well. It wasn't just her *fur* that thickened mind you, but her legs as a whole. Lower legs became as thick as her torso, while thighs bulged even thicker still. These thick legs appeared durable and perfect for traversing long distances, and they all but tore up her pants and boxers so that tatters fell onto the grass beneath her.

Which benefited greatly from what happened to her feet. They pulled inwards as her ankles had thickened, flesh hardening and darkening into black chitin that was hollow on the underside. With everything that had happened to Gran thus far, perhaps it was unsurprising to learn she now sported a pair of *hooves*. Nor that a tail with a plethora of fine, white hairs at its tips had erupted from above a naked ass that was not only free of hair, but had grown even suppler.

Despite how turned on and into milking herself she was, the woman had not once fallen to the ground. She remained upright as she pleased herself, moos softly flowing here and there between jumbled showings of the human language. “**I feel very... Moo! This is... Moo!**” She showed no signs of acting less like the beast she had become, and her ears twitched on the sides of her head for they had grown out to the sides and taken on the same white fur that covered the rest of her body.

The tan horns that erupted from the sides of her head and curved upwards were just the *piece de resistance*.

“**I... I'mma... Hm... I'm kinda sleepy...? Moo...**” For all she had panicked throughout her transformation, now that it was complete the new *holstaur* was struck by a sudden wave of exhaustion. She swayed back and forth upon her new hooves, her ample breasts bouncing about as she did so. Short of the cow bell, she didn't have any of the clothes on that the others did, and her old outfit had been discarded.

Her mind was fuzzy. Permanently so. Her intelligence had dropped dramatically in favor of forcing her to rely more on her instincts. Those instincts? Eat, sleep, fuck, have fun. There was nothing more complicated in her head than that. She felt



like she was forgetting something important, actually, but the pendant's corruption had saw to it that her mind and memories were full of the same things that the other holstaur's minds were.

She could recall being born on this island, growing up on this island, fucking with her fellow holstaurs on this island. It was a simple existence for a simpler creature, but she lacked the awareness to want much better for herself, really. Well, short of finding a man to be with for the rest of her life! Until such a day came, she was content banging the others just as they were content banging her.

No, but wasn't this *wrong*? Another voice chimed up from the back of her mind. Evidently, a little bit of resistance remained on Gran's part, and she was convinced that she wasn't supposed to be a monster! She was supposed to be a human, not some mindless cow who constantly wanted to fuck! She had to find the others! She had to warn them before the same thing happened to them! Even *Lyria* had been sent out to investigate monsters wearing one of those pendants!

“GIIIIA! SEX!” But before she could do any warning, another holstaur leaped at her from across the bushes. Apparently while Gran had been distracted, she had snuck up. And she landed on Gran and immediately began to kiss her as their breasts sensually rubbed up against each other. *Gia*. That name filled her mind as quickly as the feeling of lust filled her soul. That was her name. Her name was Gia? But that was...

No, did it matter? She felt really good at that moment. The other holstaur began to finger her, and she wriggled from pleasure. Pleasure was all that matter. Well, that and eating. She was a little hungry too, come to think of it? Maybe once they were done fucking, they could eat? Pleasure built, and her moos and moans were amplified. And eventually the thought crossed her mind?

Being human dumb. Being monster good!