

Relationship On The Rocks
A Mercynaries Story from SinComics.com

The bowrider lazily bobbed in the water under the afternoon sun. The two men onboard leaned against the boat's side, relaxing, talking rarely but with a shared brotherhood when conversation struck. There was a crack and a hiss after a beer was removed from the cooler.

“Francis! Get you another one?” Greg raised his can and pointed it towards his friend, spilling some foam in the process.

“No, good sir, still have some left in mine!” Francis flipped down his sunglasses and leaned towards the opposite end of the boat.

“You haven't talked much about the firm this time around.”

Greg shrugged with a smirk. “Not much to say. Kind of the same old, same old these days. The paperwork runs together after a while. Contracts, divorces, negotiations. Going through the motions. But hey, sometimes you get a boat out of the deal.”

Francis leaned back towards the sun. “And then you get to take a vacation with an old friend and stay grounded. Grounded, boating. Get it?”

Greg threw back his beer. “God, you're lame. Completely unacceptable on a boat.”

The duo continued soaking up the sun, joking, and reliving tales of glory until the vessel suddenly dipped and jerked off to the side.

“The hell was that?!”

Greg scrambled back to his feet and shook off his light buzz. “We're turning. Must be caught in a undertow or a whirlpool or someth-” Before Greg could reach the steering, the boat jerked again and the two fell forward. The boat rocked hard against something in the water and a screeching scrape could be heard off to the side.

“Aww, jeez. That doesn't sound great...”

Francis pointed behind them. “Looks like there's a small island just over there. Take her in slowly and avoid any more rocks.”

In the shallow water by the island, Greg tossed Francis a line of rope from the hold. “Tie her off to a tree or something.” He hopped into the water and put his hand on the side of his new prize. “Heck of a nasty scrape but I don't see any punctures... I want to patch this up before we head back in, just in case.”

“Don't want the ladies back at the pier to see what a lousy driver you are. Or the cops to see

you've been drinking and drifting.”

Greg motioned away with his hand. “International waters! I can drink whatever I want!”

Francis chuckled. “Well you get to repairing. I'll take a look around. Make sure the island is safe and start collecting the parts to make a coconut radio so we can call for help.”

Francis lazily strolled along, making a path through the lush ferns and cane grass that grew just past the shoreline. As he made his way deeper into the island, Francis noted that it looked strangely tropical, bright flowers and palm trees, but none of that seemed like it should native to this area. The air grew moist and heavy as he ventured deeper.

Pushing his way through some cane grass, a noise caught his ear. He could hear running water echoing and intermittent splashing. It wasn't in a pattern, too random to be natural. Francis pushed in deeper and headed towards the noises.

At the clearing, a small waterfall echoed off the rocks. Clear, fresh water fell from above and pooled in the spring. An oasis on an oasis. Francis grinned and after noticing its occupant, grinned even more.

A gorgeous woman was floating in the spring, her arms splayed out to the side, splashing occasionally as she let the currents carry her in laps. She was wrapped in what looked like silken robes, draped around her and practically hovering on the water's surface, too delicate to sink or even get wet. Her long hair flowed all around her, tracing her path. If she stood up, it had to have come down to her feet, and it was the strangest hue of blonde. The way the water sparkled and the sun shined off of it, it practically looked green.

Francis stayed in the ferns, smiling. Women on vacation were always more beautiful than the ones back home and she... He sighed happily.

There was a splash in the water and Francis snapped back to reality and saw the woman now standing in the spring and facing his direction. Francis threw up his hands and waved off any indication he was a threat. The woman paused, surprised, but unconcerned. She gathered the fabric floating around her and draped it back around her robe before giving Francis a demure wave of her fingers.

Francis's eyes went wide and he reeled back for a second. “Me?” He motioned to himself and then back out to the spectacular beauty. She nodded with a smile and gently stroked the water, motioning towards herself again. Francis rose and approached the spring. The water was warm, soaking up the sun's rays, and he slipped into the spring, wading out to where the woman was standing.

She leaned forward and Francis gleefully matched her. As their lips met, Francis felt a small shock and pulled back. Almost instantly, his legs felt weak and started to wobble. Dizziness clouded his head as he stumbled back towards the land.

Falling to his knees at the ferns, a throbbing started to build and Francis felt his heart pounding. Each throb was deeper than the last and he could hear the blood rushing in his ears. It built until Francis wanted to scream but nothing came. Gasping downwards, the throbbing went from an internal pulsing to something within him trying to push its way out. Francis watched, stunned, as his chest pushed

forward, shrunk back slightly, and then pushed out again. He felt the ebb and flow move through his hips, backside, and thighs. Slowly but steadily, his body was pushing, bulging, and inflating. Round curves matched the two globes puffing out and straining against his wet clothing. His shirt stretched against the pressure until it snapped at the top. Francis could barely register that the fabric felt different. No longer a cotton wet from the spring, his top was soft, but almost rubbery, stuck to his skin. The pressure of his curves against the outfit was replaced by a clingy embrace from the new material, gripping his chest and holding it up while simultaneously squeezing his waist, reshaping him.

As the pressure built and his shorts snapped at the waist, Francis too snapped back to attention. His shorts changed too, shrinking, gripping his plump backside tightly despite the cloth melting away, leaving a backless, smooth swimsuit just barely covering his curves. Francis grabbed at the material clinging to his rump and stretched it out, only to have it snap back and cause a concerting among of bobbling in his bottom.



The woman in the spring walked over with a smile and put her finger to Francis's chin, raising his head to face her. "You should be changed enough that it's safe to talk now. I had to make sure you came to me of your own accord..."

"Safe?!" Francis squeaked, his voice high and breaking as his throat settled.

She gave him a pat on the cheek and leaned back. "In your previous state, you wouldn't have listened, but now you can help me! Sirens are dying out here and we need to spread. With your help, we can grow in number to-"

Francis lashed out and shoved her back. "No way!" He struggled up, unsure on his feet, sticking his chest too far forward and overcompensating with his butt in the air. "You get away from me!"

He turned and made an unsteady run back into the island's growth. He made slow, lurching progress back to the shore. His new swimsuit hugged his body but flaunted it in a way made his wobbly and bouncing gait a hazard.

Stumbling out of the grasses, Francis caught a glimpse of Greg, still working away on the boat's scar. Throwing an arm in the air and waving frantically, Francis shouted.

"Greg! Greeeg! Oh god, man, help!"

Greg snapped to attention and turned around, his eyes twinkling and a grin across his face. He sighed contentedly. "You're so beautiful..."

Francis reeled back. "Whu- You idiot, it's me. Francis! I need you to help me!"

Greg turned around, grinning wildly, his eyes twinkling as he stared intently. "Yes, love?"

"Aurgh! Greg! Stop being so stupid and help! I met this- this witch and she did THIS to me." Francis looked down, motioning to his curves. As he looked back up, Greg was at his side.

Greg leaned forward, wrapping his arm around Francis's slim waist and pulling him in passionately. They embraced, lips locked, with Francis too stunned to react. He shook himself off, pried himself free, and shoved Greg to the ground.

"You ass!"

Greg only smiled back. "You're so powerful! And that's why you're so gorgeous..."

Francis growled but saw Greg swoon at this. Francis slapped hand over his mouth. That witch mentioned him not listening before the change... And every time he spoke, Greg just grinned back and looked at him with puppy dog eyes. It was something in their voice doing this!

Francis kept a hand over his mouth and grabbed a dry reed some the grasses. He scribbled in the sand, writing his name and an arrow pointing back at himself. He gestured angrily at the writing and then at himself. Greg just sat on his knees, gawking up at Francis.

Grabbing the reed again, Francis drew a crude woman with an hourglass figure in the sand before putting a line through the drawing and shaking his head side to side. Greg remained blissfully

unaware.

“Look at the sand, you moron!” Francis stamped a dainty foot in a huff. Greg moved forward with his arms outstretched for a hug.

As the sun started to sink low in the sky, Francis sat on the cooling beach, glaring inland. Every time he glanced back, Greg was obediently sitting nearby, grinning like a fool. Francis couldn't get Greg to work on the boat and couldn't do it himself, but every time he spoke up or gave Greg an order, he just wanted to make out. Or cop a feel...

Francis shuddered to himself. Maybe that was the only way. He slowly turned around and leaned forward. “Greeeg... If I could get back to the mainland, I'd be so much happier and willing to... c-cuddle?” He shuddered again, feeling dirty.

Greg nodded rapidly and turned back to the boat and his tools. He worked in a rush, patching and applying sealant like it was the most important thing in the world. Francis watched the display, conflicted. He was greatly worried about the outcome of this but pondered the power he know wielded.

Growing impatient, Francis sneaked away from the shoreline under the cover of darkness while Greg worked. Wandering the overgrowth, the island suddenly glowed a spectacular green before growing dark once more. Francis recoiled as a green doorway appeared before him and two figures stepped out from the light.

Francis backpedaled, supporting himself on one of the palm trees. “More cursed weirdos!”

As he turned to run, one of them spoke up. “Hey, hey! We're the good kind of weirdos. The helpful kind!”

Francis slowed and turned towards the woman's voice. He could barely make out her flowing red hair in the dimming light from the doorway. He cautious stepped forward. “I'm... open to help. Who... What are you?”

The redhead nodded. “Name's Mercy and that's my partner Roland. We're kind of bounty hunters for your standard occultish and mythical mumbo jumbo. Can you give us a rundown on how you wound up so... that way, so we're all on the same page.”

Francis frantically recalled his tale of meeting the strange woman at the spring, her kiss, and the terrible feeling that bubbled up inside him afterwards and the horrific way that manifested in his new knockout curves. As he neared describing Greg's sudden idiocy, they heard a sigh.

Roland lazily nodded. “That's a GREAT story...”

Mercy looked over at her partner, side-eyeing him with some exasperation.



Francis's knees buckled. "Not you too!" He clasped his hands over his mouth and ran off to the jungle. He hardly got more than a few bouncing steps before he felt an arm around his waist.

Roland spun Francis around, dipping him low and sweeping him off his feet. "As much as I love seeing all sides of you, Gorgeous, please don't wiggle away from us. I couldn't bear to no longer gaze upon your majesty..."

Francis shook his head from side to side. "No no nonononono!"

A grunt sounded behind them but Roland never broke his gaze. "Uh, ex-CUSE me?"

Francis shouted in the general direction of the exasperation as Roland leaned in. "Get him away from me! It's the curse that witch put on me! He's doing it too! Just like Greg!"

Roland jerked back, dropping Francis to the ground where he landed with a meaty plop. "You're embarrassing yourself, Dingus." Mercy slapped her partner in the back of the head.

Roland sighed, unaware of the pain of the pain or mussed hair. "But she's just so darn cute..."

Mercy composed herself. "Okay, okay. Okay... I see what's going on here. You're not cursed and that lady wasn't a witch. Siren. Mythical powers, bewitching sailors with their songs. It's a whole thing. I can help."

She looked down and started to poke and prod at a gauntlet she wore on her arm. With a swift motion, she raised her fist and proceeded to shoot her partner in the face with a ball of crackling energy. He thudded to the ground in a significantly less graceful manner than Francis.

Francis crawled backwards while shrieking.

Mercy chuckled. "It's cool. Cool, man. He's not dead. Just unconscious. But, yeah, you're a siren. This will keep him from being a pest for a bit."

Mercy and Francis weaved their way across the island back towards the spring. Francis stayed quiet and shivered, more from the frantic strangeness around him than being chilly in just a skimpy swimsuit at night.

At the spring, Mercy looked around and futzed with her arm thing more. Francis backed away, having seen what it was capable of before. However, this time it just glowed and Mercy swept it over the spring.

"Siren! I summon you, uh, in the name of the Valkyrie and the Divine. Yeah."

The spring started to bubble and shimmer. From the center, a figure started to rise and sheepishly makes its way towards land. As she neared, the siren started to frantically wave her arms, displaying much less composure than she had when ruining Francis's vacation.

"I didn't do it to be bad! Sirens are dying out in this world! Without explorers to bewitch, our population is dropping! You CAN'T punish me!"

Mercy raised her hands. "Whoa, calm down and let's-"

Bumbling crashing through the overgrowth stopped them before shouts rung out.

"We heard your heavenly shriek!"

Greg soon came stumbling towards the spring. "I was worried our goddess left us!"

Francis backed up, caught between the creature that cursed him and the two enthralled men. "You stay away from me!"

Roland and Greg sighed happily together.

Roland grinned. "She's so wise and good to us..."

Greg nodded back. "We love her so..."

Mercy jerked her partner by the shoulder. “Everybody shut up for a minute and let me think!” She paused for a breath. “Look, if the siren is just trying to keep her species alive... it would be cruel to get rid of one more to jail her and then remove the client. But this stupidity can't stand. Siren, I need your help with something.”

Roland and Greg sighed, eyes twinkling and goofy grins on their faces and the trio of women finalized lashing them to a palm tree. Mercy gave her partner a pat on the cheek.

“That should hold. Be good until we get back.”

She prodded her device once more and a green doorway popped into existence in front of her. Mercy swung her arm to the siren and her victim and they both cautiously followed through.

On the other side, Francis thrashed around, suddenly underwater and disoriented. The siren composed herself quickly and spread a sound wave through the ocean.

Within seconds, a mermaid appeared from the depths and did a cautionary perimeter swim around the intruders. Mercy waved and called to her, bubbles streaming from her mouth.

The young woman listened to Mercy's tale with input from the siren and nodded happily, her flowing blue hair bobbing in the water as she enthusiastically went along with the story. Mercy jerked a finger back to Francis, only to see him clawing at his throat, arms and legs frantically moving every which way and preventing him from getting anywhere.

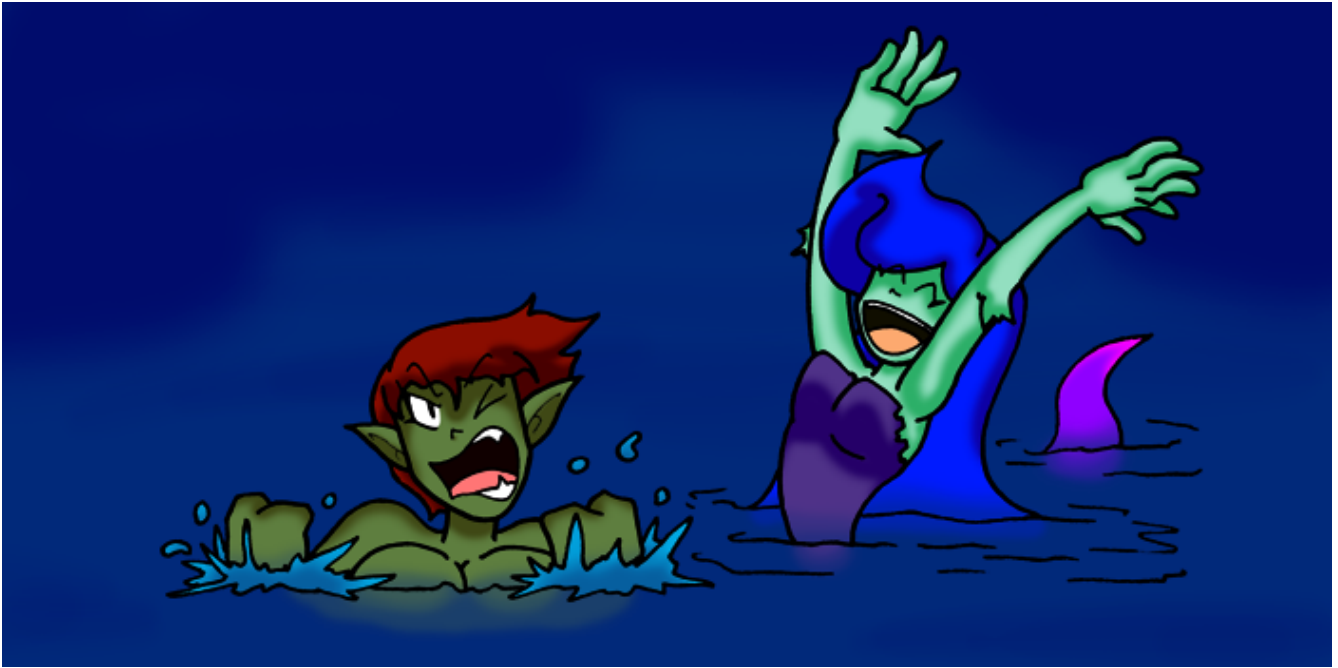
Mercy winced. “Oops... Let's make this quick! To keep my client safe and away from men she accidentally bewitches, it would be super handy if you help us convert him into a mermaid. Just until we can work out a siren immigration or repopulation plan with the folks upstairs. We'll totally come back for her!”

The mermaid gleefully threw her arms open wide and did a tight loop in the water. “Oooh, take your time! We'd be happy to have her! It's always fun to have a new sister! And she's preeetty!” She snaked through the water and wrapped her tail around Francis, holding him in place.

Having bad experiences with kisses from mythical creatures already today, Francis tried to free himself and wriggle away, but her grip was tight and he had nowhere to go, so he was easy bait. As their lips touched, Francis once more felt a jolt run through his body. The mermaid held him in tight, but he found that his lungs no longer burned and the panic melted away. The water around him felt warm and comforting. As she broke the embrace, Francis looked down and saw his skin now had a greenish tint and his swimsuit now fluttered, torn, around a blue-green fin lazily swaying back and forth. The motion was second nature to him and just seemed to be happening on its own.

Back on shore, Mercy and the siren stepped back through a doorway and shook off the worst of the ocean they brought back with them. They looked out to the water just as a gurgling of bubbles broke the surface.

“You jerks!” Francis pounded the water with his fists. “You're just going to ditch me!?”



Mercy waved back, ignoring the insults. “It's just for a short bit. We'll be back! Have fun with your new friends!”

On cue, the other mermaid breached the surface and tackle-hugged Francis. “We're gonna have a great time! The sisters are going to love yooouuu! But that hair is far too short. We'll work on that. Mermaids need to have flowing locks. Come, Honey!”

With that, she jerked Francis back underwater and disappeared.

The shouting snapped the two captives to attention and Greg wailed plaintively. “Nooo! Don't leave me!”

Mercy glared to her side and the siren sheepishly smiled. “The charms should wear off in a few hours. Then he'll wake up and probably forget everything that happened the past week or two, but after that... Everything is fine. I'll check in with the mermaids from time to time.”

Mercy closed her eyes and nodded. “We'll get started on the siren relocation paperwork right away. There's a realm out there somewhere that needs to even out its population. Come on, help me get MY idiot down from that tree.”

Mercy dragged Roland to his feet and gave him a quick tap to the cheek. “Wake up, let's go.” He gave a confused and groggy grunt as he started to recover much faster than the human. Mercy waved once more to the siren and opened a new doorway back home. She tossed Roland's arm over her shoulder and lugged him towards the portal. “Why can't you be this horny when you're Ruth...”

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