

# Mr. Beast

OCTOBER 2024



Amanda Stevens had been chasing the truth for several months now. As a tenacious journalist, she had faced threats and danger more times than she could count. But this was different. She was in a remote tropical island. The island itself was an enigma. The locals refused to speak of it, their eyes filled with fear whenever she mentioned it. Only one name slipped through their trembling lips—Dr. Morrow.

Amanda had first heard the rumors while investigating a series of mysterious disappearances. People vanishing without a trace, their last known whereabouts near the coastlines of this forsaken place. Her research led her here, to a forgotten island where Dr. Morrow, a disgraced geneticist, was rumored to be carrying out unholy experiments—human-animal hybrids, creatures beyond imagination. The details were scarce, but one thing was clear: whatever was happening on that island defied nature itself.

Her investigations took her to a large farm surrounded by barbed wire and high walls. She managed to sneak in, hidden in the trunk of the cleaning woman's car. Once the car stopped, she got out, dressed in an identical cleaning lady outfit.

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What she saw completely shocked her.

Human-animal hybrids could be seen around the area, without any effort to hide them. She spotted a modern facility, looking out of place in a farm, and sneaked in, still in her cleaning lady uniform.

The metallic walls gleamed under the bright lights. It looked like a normal research facility—until she reached a room marked with a warning on the door.

On a metal table was a young Black woman with a blend of human and seal traits. Her legs were gone, replaced by heavy, glossy caudal fins, like those of seals, thick and dark. Looking around, Amanda saw several of these monstrous creatures, some of which probably weighed no less than 200 or 300 kgs. Some of them were sedated, others awake but confused, struggling to move in their massive bodies. They were often struggling to turn around in their heavy bodies to take a look at her. Some of them begged her for help, while others tried to explain her what had happened to them. Their voices were distorted, broken, but Amanda could make out enough. Dr. Morrow had done this to them. They had been kidnapped and transformed into monsters.

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One of them, a young Latina woman whose transformation was far advanced—her arms now heavy fins—still had her mind intact. She recognized Amanda as a journalist, her eyes wide with desperation as she whispered in broken English, “Run! Take los fotografes with you... and save us!” Her voice was hoarse, barely human, but the message was clear. Amanda nodded, her heart pounding in her chest. She needed to act fast.

For the next few minutes, Amanda darted between shadows, snapping photos of the horrors unfolding in every corner of the lab. There were unspeakable creatures in cages, half-formed beings writhing on metal tables, and hybrids freely roaming the halls. She had enough. With the camera safely tucked in her bag full of detergents, it was time to go.

She slipped out of the facility, her steps light but hurried, until the cool breeze of the outside world touched her skin. Relief washed over her when she saw the sky again, its endless expanse a stark contrast to the nightmare she had just witnessed.

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But now, as she made her way back toward the walls, something felt off. A strange sound, like a soft rustling, echoed through the trees, setting her on edge. Her heart raced, but her grip on the camera in her bag remained firm. Tons of carefully collected proof of Dr. Morrow's horrific experiments were stored on it—evidence of grotesque human-animal hybrids, test subjects in various states of transformation. But then, a voice, rough and menacing, called out from the shadows. "Hmm, you've been sticking your nose where you shouldn't have, little journalist."

She froze, her heart hammering in her chest. A hulking figure stepped forward, partially hidden by the trees. One of Dr. Morrow's thugs—a man she recognized from her surveillance.

"Stay away!" she shouted, her voice shaking. She pulled out a small handgun. "I have a gun! I'll shoot if I have to." But he kept advancing, slowly, with a confidence that chilled her. Then, a faint movement from the corner of her eye—someone else, emerging from the cover of trees. Amanda's breath caught as she saw the glint of metal in his hand—a tranquilizer gun. Before she could react, she felt a sharp sting in her side, and her vision began to blur.

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Amanda blinked, her vision slowly coming into focus. She was in a well-lit living room. Her senses were overwhelmed; the room smelled too sharp and her ears buzzed with an incessant ringing. She was sitting on a sofa, but she couldn't feel it properly. The texture—whatever it was—wasn't registering against her skin.

Then she saw him—Dr. Morrow, sitting casually in a chair across from her, scribbling something into a notebook.

“Welcome, Miss Stevenson. Dr. Morrow, at your service. But you can call me Mr. Beast, haha!” he said, erupting in a laughter. Amanda tried to hurl an insult at him, but the moment she opened her mouth, only a sibilant hiss escaped. Something was wrong with her tongue. It felt too thin, like it no longer fit properly inside her mouth. Then she noticed her hands. Her arms were now grotesquely covered in green scales. A sharp, animalistic shriek tore from her throat.

“Ah,” Dr. Morrow said, his eyes glinting with a perverse delight. “This never gets old.”

She had been turned into one of the monster creatures she had witnessed in the basement.

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Finally, she forced the words out, each one laborious and slurred, her voice sibilant and unfamiliar. “What... have you... done to me? You... monster.”

“Me, a monster? That’s rich, coming from a lady with green skin covered in scales and a tail so large you’ll never sit in a normal chair again!” Her tail—she hadn’t even noticed it until now. She twisted, catching a glimpse of the long, thick appendage trailing off the sofa, twitching reflexively. This was her body now.

“What have I done? Oh, it’s quite simple, really. You’ve been... enhanced. Reborn, in a sense. A new species, part of my ongoing research into hybridization. You saw my earlier work—the mammalian hybrids, an easy challenge for me. But you, Amanda, you’re a masterpiece. A perfect fusion of human and reptilian DNA. You are, quite possibly, my finest work yet.”

“Is this reverssible?”

“Maybe, but I’m the only one who could revert you to a woman form. And I’m not planning to do that any time soon. Don’t worry, though.” he said, almost reassuringly. “You’ll get used to it. Most do. And you are a strong woman, I can tell.”

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“But where are my manners?” Dr. Morrow said, rising from his chair with a smile. “Let me show your accommodation! Come with me.” The doctor showed her to her new apartment. It was small but clean, functional, almost sterile.

Amanda excused herself to go to the bathroom, needing a moment alone to assess the damage to her body.

She stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror, silently screaming in horror at the strange, almost alien figure staring back. “This is madness!”. Her face, though green, still had the familiar features of the woman she used to be. But her arms... they were a different story. The green scales were rough, green, covering her from shoulder to fingertip. Her legs were the same, thick with scaly patches that glittered under the harsh bathroom light. She ran a hand down her leg, feeling the unfamiliar texture. The scales clicked softly against each other. Her tail twitched behind her, free to move thanks to a large opening in the miniskirt.

At least, her back and torso were mostly smooth, untouched by the scales that had overtaken her arms and legs. She ran her fingers down her sides, hoping, praying, that maybe there was still a way to reverse this monstrosity.



A knock at the bathroom door startled her. Dr. Morrow's voice came through, casual as ever. "We've fetched your personal belongings from your hotel. Some of your dresses are here, in case you'd like to change."

Amanda unlocked the door and took the bag, careful not to let him glimpse inside while she was undressed. "I saw you naked under sedation, but anyway..."

Wanting to feel a bit more like herself, she pulled out a red silky dress, one of her favorites. When she looked at herself, the image in the mirror was strange. The green scales on her arms clashed violently with the rich red of the dress. She tugged at it, trying to adjust the hem, but the scales on her legs caught the fabric, snagging and tearing at the delicate material. No matter how much she tugged or adjusted, the scales kept piercing through.

Better sticking to her leather outfit from now on, she thought. *At least the leather is strong enough for these scales.* She left the bathroom in the same outfit as before, her stomach growling loudly, leaving her embarrassed. "Could I eat a bite?"

"Of course, follow me," Dr. Morrow said with a smile.



Amanda followed Dr. Morrow into a modest, clean dining room. Dr. Morrow glanced at the clock. "The kitchen's closed now, but I can make you something simple." He pulled some vegetables collected on that very day—tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers. "How about a salad?" he said. Amanda nodded. Something simple was just what she needed now.

He placed the plate in front of her and gestured with a smile. "Go ahead. Eat. It'll help."

Amanda felt suddenly less interested in the food. With effort, she picked up a slice of tomato and lifted it to her mouth, but the moment it touched her tongue, a wave of revulsion hit her. The taste, the texture, was strange and repulsive. She gagged, pushing the plate away in disgust.

"What have you added to it? This salad tastes terrible!"

Dr. Morrow chuckled, his smile widening. "The salad is perfectly fine. You, on the other hand, are not. See, the alterations to your body were not only aesthetic. You no longer have a human digestive system, you've got the digestive apparatus of a snake. You're an obligate carnivore now."

"Ugh, gross! I'm a vegetarian!"



"Haha, that's funny! I have a feeling this will suit your new taste better, though." Dr. Morrow said, uncovering a dish of insects. "Never!" she spat, her voice trembling with disgust.

"Hmm, you'd better get used to it. Your diet will consist mostly of insects and rodents from now on." She gagged, the thought that this was her future made her head spin.

"I'm not joking," he said, his tone serious. "Your taste in food has changed completely. Human food is repulsive to you now, while snake food—well, that's all you crave. Just try them. You'll see I'm right. If I took you to a fancy restaurant tonight, you'd be disgusted by a ratatouille, but you'd be drooling over the bugs crawling on the floor. That's how much you've changed!"

Amanda stared at him, terrified at the prospect. She hesitated, before cautiously darting out her thin, snake-like tongue to taste the air, savoring the scent of the bugs. He wasn't lying. They smelled really good. Her mouth started watering. *What the hell has happened to me?* - she thought. She tried to remember the taste of coffee, the warmth of fresh bread—things that used to comfort her. Now, the thought of them made her stomach churn, while the smell of the insects before her filled her with a rush of excitement.



“Come on, we don’t have all day!” Dr. Morrow snapped, his patience thinning. “Disappoint me, and next time you wake up, you might have a completely *different* look. Maybe a full snake!”

Reluctantly, she grabbed the fork and, trying not to think about what she was doing, speared one of the least revolting bugs. Her long, snake-like tongue slipped out, carefully wrapping around the insect and pulling it into her mouth.

“Good girl!” Dr. Morrow said, smirking. “Not very ladylike, but I won’t judge.”

Fighting back tears of shame and disgust, she munched it. She chewed slowly, expecting to gag at any moment, but to her horror, the initial shock faded. The bug had a crunchy texture and—worse—it tasted good. Kinda like chips. Her body craved more. Hiding her humiliation, she ate another. Then another. Soon, she was devouring them, scooping the dish with her long tongue. The doctor served her another full dish of bugs. When her belly was full of cockroaches and beetles, she set the fork down, disgusted by herself. A loud burp escaped her lips, adding to her embarrassment.



Dr. Morrow stood over her, his smirk never fading. "Haha, that was a big meal. You should be good for a day or two, but digesting all those bugs will take a lot of energy. You'll probably feel tired now".

He watched as Amanda's eyelids fluttered, her body already surrendering to the exhaustion creeping through her. "Oh, and don't expect your body to function on eight hours of sleep anymore. You'll nap irregularly, several times a day, for at least 16 hours total." Her limbs grew heavy, her muscles sluggish, sinking deeper into exhaustion with every breath. "As you can see," Dr. Morrow continued, his voice calm but sharp, "maintaining a human lifestyle is very challenging for you now. You eat insects for food and need far more rest than any human could afford. The sooner you accept this, the better."

His words pressed down on her like a weight, adding to the heaviness already flooding her body. She struggled to keep her eyes open, but her body was betraying her once again, pulling her toward an inevitable, primal rest.

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After a long, dreamless sleep, Amanda awoke back in her room. For a brief, hopeful moment, she thought it might all have been a nightmare. But the heavy weight of her tail dragging behind her quickly reminded her that it was all too real. She checked herself in the bathroom.

Not only was it real, but the mutations had progressed. Her once flat belly, now swollen from the grotesque feast of insects, was covered in thick scales. Her breasts had reabsorbed the nipples within themselves, now smooth and almost featureless. The scales on her back had developed further, connecting her arms with her legs. Only her chest, neck, and face remained smooth—for now.

Amanda stared down at her belly, imagining the hard shells of the bugs she had eaten being digested, broken down, and transformed into more of the reptilian armor that now covered her body. *I have to stay away from insects*, she thought.

But hunger came back. The following day, she sneaked into the kitchen. She spotted a blueberry muffin—once her favorite. She took a bite, but it was futile. The taste and texture were repulsive, like dirt and ash. She spat it out, throwing the rest of the muffin aside in frustration.

By the time Dr. Morrow offered her another dish of insects, her willpower crumbled. The hunger had become unbearable.

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Day after day, Amanda's taste for insects grew. What once made her gag now became something she craved with an intensity that scared her. Cockroaches, in particular, had become her favorite. She lifted them straight from the plate with her scaly hands, her long, thin tongue darting out to snatch them into her mouth. The crunch, the texture, the sensation—all of it felt wrong and yet maddeningly right. Each meal, she was always watched by Dr. Morrow, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. If anything, it was \*his\* food that made her stomach turn—he dined on refined vegetarian dishes like eggplant parmesan, quinoa salads, and stuffed mushrooms. Dr. Morrow watched her, a wide grin spreading across his face. "I am so proud of you, Amanda! You're finally accepting your true nature."

Amanda paused, licking her lips clean of the bug juices. She felt a deep shame gnawing at her insides, knowing that no part of this was natural. She hated him—hated him for turning her into this, eroding her humanity little by little. But the fear of what he could still do to her kept her silent, kept her compliant.

"I hate this," she muttered, barely looking at him. "But my body... it wants this now." Dr. Morrow chuckled softly. "Of course it does. You're a new creature now, Amanda. The sooner you accept it fully, the easier things will be. You'll see."

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Amanda felt increasingly cold as the days passed, the air conditioning feeling like a chilly wind. Not only that, but she would also become slow, even struggling to move at low temperatures. She knew she was turning into a cold-blooded animal. She found herself turning off the AC in her room, and even turning on the heat to 30 degrees Celsius (86 Fahrenheit) felt insufficient. After a while, she realized nothing made her feel as good as lying under the tropical sun, so she spent more time outdoors, sunbathing on deck chairs.

This highlighted another problem for poor Amanda, one that hit her self-perception even harder. As her hands became more reptilian, and her joints rigid, dressing up became nearly impossible. One day, she looked at herself in the mirror and finally conceded that maybe she could do without clothes from now on. It only made sense at this point. Yet, it was one more step into the role of a wild animal. Her skin was thick enough, and the clothes were only blocking the sunlight her body now craved.

Also, her breasts had progressively lost all of their human appearance. Green scales had been developing on her abdomen first, and then expanding towards her breasts, until her nipples were completely gone. Milk production had also stopped, her organs no longer those of a mammal, but a reptile. Her labia had lost their softness and color too.

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Reluctantly, she left her apartment completely naked and sat on a deck chair outside in the sun, her naked body in full display. Other human-animal hybrids crawled past. Morrow's thugs walked past her without batting an eye.

Week after week, Amanda was forced to give up on the last remnants of her human comfort. She was eventually locked out of her room—though the key was still in the lock, her hands had reached a point where manipulating small objects was nearly impossible. Her fingers had become thick, scaly, more suited for grabbing prey than turning keys. She had no choice but to sleep outdoors.

At first, she tried using the deck chair, curling up on it at night. But soon, even that felt unnatural, and she began sleeping on the grass, in a safe corner of the farm area. Corners made her feel more secure, allowing her to watch her surroundings, just as a reptile might find safety in a hidden nook. It wasn't comfortable, but it was what her body wanted now.

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One day Amanda made a friend, a pretty blonde girl with protruding cow horns on her head.

She was terrified of Amanda, but the reptilian girl smiled at her and tried to comfort her. She was named Christy and was a photographer who happened to snatch pictures of the Dr. creatures by accident while visiting the island. Now she was on her way to become one.

"I don't want to become like you!"

"I know, I didn't either."

Christy's hands flew to the horns on her head, tugging at them in desperation. "I don't know how he attached these, but they're stuck! They won't come off!" Her voice wavered with panic. "What's going to happen to me?"

Amanda glanced at the horns, recognizing their shape. "They look like... bovine horns. Maybe he's turning you into something like a cow."

Christy's face twisted in horror. "A cow? Oh God, no!"



A few weeks later, Amanda encountered Christy again. The once slender photographer was now noticeably chubby, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she tried to hide herself. She shifted awkwardly, her horns still protruding from her head, the look completed by bovine ears.

"They... they force-fed me!" Christy stammered, her voice trembling with shame. "I couldn't resist them! I'm becoming... I don't even know what."

Amanda, her reptilian gaze soft, shook her head gently. "No need to excuse yourself, sweetie," she said. "They have full control over your body here. It's not your fault."

Christy's eyes filled with tears, and she looked away, feeling helpless. Amanda placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, her scaled fingers gentle. "We didn't choose this. But we can still support each other. You're not alone."

Christy sniffled, nodding slightly, though the weight of her transformation was heavy on her soul. The two monster girls hugged, Amanda noticing how warm the curvy body of her friend was. "Ouch, your scales are so rough!" - Christy said, feeling the tight hug of her reptilian friend.



The next time Amanda saw Christy, it was a heartbreaking sight. Christy was now living in a stable, her feet replaced by hooves that limited her movements. Her once-human skin was now covered in black and white patches, giving her the unmistakable look of a cow. The smell was different too—earthy, unmistakably bovine.

"Don't look at me, please!" Christy begged, turning her head away in shame as Amanda approached.

Amanda's heart sank. "Oh, poor Christy... You're crossing the line now, aren't you?" Her voice was soft, filled with sorrow for her friend's situation. "It must be so tough."

"I hate being like this!" Christy whimpered. "I can only lie here and watch my body change more and more every day! I don't know what's left of me!" Her voice cracked with frustration and fear, her new form trapping her in ways Amanda knew all too well.

Amanda knelt beside her, feeling a deep sense of empathy. "I'm so sorry... I wish there was something I could do." But they both knew the reality—they were at the mercy of Dr. Morrow, each day losing a little more of themselves.