

Mr. Beast

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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.