“Well…? What are you waiting for?” Asked a gruff voice as Steve was hit in the back of the head and shoved off the deck into the ocean. So started Steve’s solitary life in the vast blue sea. As soon as he hit the water he heard a bunch of repetitive cracks and through the water’s surface, followed by random bits of intense pain.

It didn’t take him long to realize they were shooting at him from the ship. He wasn’t about to stay there and evaluate his situation. He instead dove and swam as fast as he could. The salt water stung his new wounds and the areas they hit were crying like mad. But he knew better than to stop until he was clear. As soon as he was about a mile under the surface he looked up. He saw a few explosions from devices launched into the sea.

“Really? Depth charges?” Steve said as he shook his head then dove even further until he hit the bottom.

He was trailing blood, and he didn’t need to be told that it was bad. So he searched until he found a sunk ship. Looked like an old frigate from a long time ago, as in it still had sails and cannons. He swam into the debris and found what probably was the Captain’s quarters, as it was the only one that still had all 4 walls. He floated down and rested on a crate in the corner, then started following the blood scent to each wound.

It was a long and tedious process to find the wound, steal himself against the pain, reach in and pull the bullet out, rest, then repeat. The hard one was the one in the middle of his back where he had to basically guess where it was in his body. Thankful only that his body healed quickly… or quicker than normal humans, than again, he was hardly human anymore. He put his head against the ship’s wall and tried to think back as to where it all went wrong… as if it was a hard guess…

About 5 years ago, the earth was visited by a comet. A super slow moving comet. So slow that it was still making its way around the sun and preparing for its return trip. The trip should half its size upon its next pass of the earth. At the time, every scientist and religious group focused on it. The governments did as well, until it was clear it wasn’t going to hit the earth on its current course. Each had their own hypothesis on why it was so slow, and why it was giving off an irregular blue mist that eventually would saturate the earth.

The scientists determined that it was some kind of Cosmic phenomenon. They said it was probably the same comet that started life on earth. There was a deeply complicated reason for how it was supposed to make sense, but they were researching it heavily to that end. The religious groups across the globe were promoting everything between the second coming of their religion’s god/savior/prophets all the way to doomsday preachers saying that, ‘the end is now’.

In the end, the comet came, saturated the earth with its mist, then went on its way. It would was due to be back in about another 5 years, where the mist was said to be very much smaller in quantity, as was the mass of the comet. But that was now being taken more seriously, after the effects of the mist took effect.

Plants started growing faster and larger. The air became richer and the atmosphere seemed to heal itself. There seemed to be no ill effects as even normal fish were growing larger to feed more people. It seemed that all the planet’s problems were solving themselves as it healed and increased productivity. The problems became when only a handful, as in 10 people in all the world, were effected as well. While everyone had the mist in their system now, these 10 people were changing drastically. They were slowly turned to large versions of animals. From an elephant that was twice the size of normal African Elephants, all the way down to a larger but still only 6 inch gold fish.

These people that changed, after some trial and error, found they could not only talk in their new forms, using the mist almost as a universal translator, but also talk to animals of their same species. Lastly, they could also go back to human form… with some extra effects. Such as, the fish and ocean animal/humans could breath underwater and swim very fast. While the things like the large wolf could hear and smell abnormally far. Of course, the larger the animal, the faster and stronger their human bodies were. The Elephant for example could lift a bus… small bus, but still more than a bit stronger.

For a while, these people were propelled to the limelight of society. People were marking their calendar for the return trip of the comet to make sure they were outside and get as saturated by the mist as they could, even though this trip would be less than 100 times the potency of the first pass. It was, however, short lived. As the saying goes, “Man has always been afraid of what they can’t understand.” And so to were the men and women of this age. As soon as the first couple deaths at the hands of these ‘Mutated’ came by, mostly accidents, but one that had turned criminal, they were then villainized.

Experiments had already been done on them, nicely at the time, so experimentation was not a fear. However, confinement and death sentences were easily triggered, until only 2 of them were left. The first was a dairy cow, that they kept around but were determined to milk of all her advantages… quite literally as her milk seemed to have the same healing properties she had. She was fixed with an advanced GPS tracker, just in case she got any ideas besides that.

The second, was Steve. He had been 18 when it happened and it had instantly stopped his age progression as a human, considering he had a babyface he looked 16 ate best, but not as his other side. It grew and grew, and as soon as he saw how things were going downhill he stopped informing those that were monitoring him just how big he was getting. He couldn’t really be a danger to anyone on land, as he was an ocean dweller. But his other side was a very big cause for concern in potential concern. He was a variation of a great white shark… as far as they knew. He was able to adjust his size, which is something that about half the others could do as well, so he kept his size at a slightly larger Great White, when in the water. He could breath in both salt and fresh water… but if it got to murky than he had troubles breathing, like swamps and things like that. But if the water got too shallow or he was on land, than transforming would do very little good. In fact, just like your typical shark, it would prevent him from breathing at all, as nothing would be going through his gills.

Despite him never harming anyone, this ruined his life. He had married his high school sweetheart right before all the changes were noticed in detail and they quickly got pregnant. Like everyone else, he was invited on talk shows and meetings with many important people. But when they turned on him, EVERYONE did. Even his previously loving parents and his soon to deliver wife. His job fired him nothing at all and the government expedited their divorce and naturally gave her everything. They pinned a false charge on him to justify locking him in a cell for a few years. But right when they were supposed to let him out, they instead brought him out to the ocean and told him NEVER to appear on land again. He was NOT surprised when they shot at him as soon as they released him. They probably were going to play it like the shark attacked them or something. They did a lot more to him in those few years, enough that Steve wrote humans off completely. He wouldn’t go out of his way to harm them, but he didn’t need or want to socialize with them every again. What did he need them for?

“Something smells good…” Said a shallow voice that shook Steve out of his memory and pain based stupor. He looked at himself and saw his wounds had finally closed up, but there was still a decent amount of blood in the water around him. He sniffed and, beyond the blood, he smelled the scent of another shark, not a large shark though. Small hammer head maybe.

He swam over to the door and peaked out and saw just what he thought, a smaller hammer head shark coming through the ship. It was small enough to fit the same door he’d come in. Small or not though, in human form Steve was still vulnerable to a good shark bite. He looked around and knew that he couldn’t transform in here unless he wanted to destroy the ship. He sighed and swam out the door to face the shark.

“What the…?” The shark asked, seeing Steve just floating/swimming there.

“Uh, don’t mind me. I’m just passing through. Quite a bit of blood in there though, if you’re interested…?” Steve suggested, gesturing to the room he’d just come out of. He knew from personal experience that blood was intoxicating for sharks. It had taken him a while to not lose his own mind when smelling fresh blood. Even his own now was tantalizing. This little guy didn’t stand a chance to think straight.

“Blood!!!” He said and swam quickly toward the room. As soon as he passed Steve bolted out of the ship just in time to see a full company of sharks circling the ship, ready to dig in to whatever was losing all this blood. As soon as the other sharks saw him, they all yelled at the same time, “FOOD!”

“Crap!” Steve said as he tried to quickly swim away but was out of his element without transforming. Sure, he could swim fast, but not fast enough to escape this many sharks without fins. He got just far enough away from the ship to transform into the smallest Shark he could, trying his best to do so out of sightline of them. Hopefully he could bluff them. When he flicked back into their view he was an apparently large, adult, great white shark. This caused them pause a bit. He tried to sound bored as he said back to them with a sort of growl, “Can I help you with something?”

“Not food?” Asked one of them. Steve knew that most animals weren’t sapient like humans, so he didn’t understand why he assumed they were smarter than this. Maybe he contributed the fact they could speak to the possibility that they could reason at a human level. No luck there, for the moment at least. He was trying to figure out how to get them to leave him alone. They seemed on the edge of either pursuing him as food or swimming away from the apparent alpha predator in front of him. So he doubled down on that and grew to his full size.

“Did you say food?” He asked, now a massive version of a megalodon, capable probably swallowing all of them in one bite. He was far enough away from the ship to do it no damage, but still he didn’t want to damage it if he could help it. Never know, maybe it had something in there he could use other than a room to bleed in. He kept his distance from it, but started swimming toward the other sharks as if starting to hunt them. He started thinking, ‘come on, just bolt already…’

“Predator! Predator!” They all exclaimed and started to swim frantically away. He made an act like he was curious and lightly pursuing them. But after a few minutes he turned and moved in a different direction.

As soon as they were out of sightline, he shrank back down to his minimal size. Sure, if you were going by the now normal animal size, double what they used to be, he was still huge compared to a human. But he could be more believable as a random shark this way from any spectators. He didn’t need some sonar or submarine picking his colossal Meg body up and doing something about it. Especially considering that he was double the size of what a Megalodon was rumored to be. While the largest known estimates of a Megalodon were about 60-70 feet long and 70-80 tons, Pre Cosmic Wind, Steve was over double that at about 150-170 feet long and over 160 tons. Yeah, they could do without that on their radar.

Steve swam toward the bottom as a shark, not trusting the animals to know what to do with a human down here. He wanted to explore anyway and he greatly appreciated the quiet. For the past 5 years it had been one thing after another. From the hype of the comet passing, to his wedding and wife’s pregnancy, to his changes, to the political spotlight, then imprisonment, and now assumed release/execution. It was all crazy fast and now he was just swimming at the bottom of the ocean, not a sound in the sea. Most were too afraid of him to approach, perks for his quiet time, and some fish that did he took a few bites as convenient snacks. He slept when he wanted, ate when he wanted, and went where he wanted. He then realized one last thing… the GPS tracker.

He turned human, after going back to the ship and locking himself in the room again, this time finding another exit first. He then looked at his upper arm where he knew the tracker to be. It was designed to run off his own body heat for energy and to shock the mess out of him if he tried to remove it. He searched the ship a bit and found, in a semi-sealed container a non-rusty razor. Probably for the Captain to shave or something. He took a breath and started painfully cutting a wide wound around the tracking beacon. He didn’t want to touch it and risk being shocked and immobile. The process almost made him pass out, and of course fresh blood was spilled into the sea. He worked quickly, as he knew those brainless sharks would soon be back. He finally flipped it out with a large chunk of his own flesh and watched it as it floated in the sea.

He tried covering his wound and moving away from the thing. He knew that once his body stopped giving it power, it would start shocking the area. Being in water would only make this a bad thing. Not to mention, he knew the humans were hell bent on keeping him under their control. The moment it went off line, they would probably send a torpedo this way to deal with him. He swam out just in time to see a few sharks coming back from the group he’d scared off, but still a bit away. He swam away, then transformed so his shark body could make the distance better than his human one. His hide was still bleeding, but it soon healed up… slower than he would like in salt water.

He then heard an audible “Whine” through the water. He circled to look back and saw something long and sleek moving through the water. It took him a few seconds to realize what it was.

“Damn!!!” He exclaimed as he turned and put as much of the ocean between him and his previous tracking beacon as he could. He didn’t dare go any bigger than he was, as they were obviously watching this area. He soon heard/felt a loud “BOOM” and felt a shockwave. He turned to look to see two things. The ship he was just hanging out in vaporized and a good chunk of the sea floor with it. It didn’t’ know what kind of torpedo that was, but it was not a small one and probably would take him out no matter the size. “So much for keeping the thing in one piece.”

The second thing he noticed was a large silhouette in the water. His enhanced senses identified it as a larger submarine. He didn’t need to be told that if that saw him, the only great white near where his beacon was, that it would be coming after him next. So he started swimming as fast as he could away and into the vast ocean. He didn’t even stop to eat until he found an even deeper part of the ocean where he could barely see if at all.

He panted, if that was possible for a shark as he had been swimming full speed for a while. He suspected that he was too far down for the Submarine to follow because of the pressure at this depth, he could even start to feel it.

“Well, well… what do we have here? A little snack? How thoughtful of you…” Said a deep voice as Steve felt the ocean gush around him. He knew this feeling, it was the same one that happened when he was coming through a school of fish and snapping up a few, accept he wasn’t usually on the receiving end of it.

“No!” He exclaimed and bolted to the side until he felt the feeling of displacing water go away. He did however feel a presence swim by him that was colossally large…. Colossally large? “Wait, what are you? Who are you?”

“Well, you are a fast one. I thought I had you…” Said the voice in its deep tone. It stayed quiet for a few moments. “What is it to you, a snack, what I am?”

“Because I think I am the same… well not the same, but pretty close.” Steve said, trying to feel and hear anything around him. He knew that the big fella wouldn’t be giving another warning when it came to taking a bite out of him. He wouldn’t, if he was trying to eat something more elusive.

“Being a shark doesn’t make you the same as I. You are just a guppy, an infant. I’ve been down here longer than your Mother’s Mother and a while into the past. Even with everything’s size getting bigger now, I’m still the alpha in this sea, and you are my snack.” It said menacingly, almost irritated.

“What if I was larger?” Steve asked. He could be wrong, but the deep voice seemed slightly feminine. He knew his voice got deeper the bigger he got. If this was another Megalodon, one that had been around for centuries, than the smaller brain capacity might not apply and he could learn from it… her… him… whatever. But if he grew and it took the advantage that he didn’t know how to find things in the dark yet, than he might still get eaten.

“Not that it matters, but than we would have something to discuss. But don’t waste my time. It’s been fun, but your food now.” She said, then silence and he felt the feeling again. He knew this time would be faster and more filled with more intensity. He quickly changed directions and swam as quickly as possible. The feeling followed him and he made multiple sudden changes in direction until, he felt pain again. This time he felt sudden pain where he thought his tail should be.

“Ouch!!! Damn it all!!” He exclaimed as he tried to swim away but was significantly slower. He knew what happened, even though he couldn’t see it himself. With his blood yet again in the sea and his pain where his tail used to be, but nothing beyond that. He surmised that this thing had just chomped off the end of his tail. Now he was hemorrhaging torrents of blood, much more than before. “Fine then, I’ll leave. Damn it all!”

With that he grew as large as he could and turned up and started swimming as quickly as possible. He got a feeling that this thing was a Megalodon like him, but not half human and not doubled in size. Odds were that the bottom of the ocean was too deep for the Cosmic Wave to hit with its mist. So this thing could probably take a few bites out of him before he got high enough to see what he was doing.

“What? Hold on!” He heard a voice, the same one as before but he wasn’t about to give it a chance without a tail. He was at enough of a disadvantage without being able to see down there.

He sped as fast as he could up and toward the surface. Pain was blinding him and making him narrow focused to his goal. He soon felt lighter, then he felt no water. His head cleared a little to realized he had swam so fast that he had breached out of the water. He looked around and saw a military battle group that had brought him out to the ocean. He wasn’t near enough for them to react, other than just watch, or for him to land on any of them… that was the important part. He landed in the ocean with a large splash and then Steve started swimming down slightly and away from them and down, but not in the same direction as the other MEG. He continued a while until he was in another area that he thought he would be relatively safe to regenerate his tail.

The process was long and painful as his massive tail regrew and he still bleed out and salt water entered. He just wallowed in his pain for a while, depressed that not even other sharks were good company. He had a long recovery from this, but hopefully his size would keep others away and hopefully that other MEG wouldn’t leave her pit. His pit. Its pit… whatever. While wallowing he heard the voice again.

“Hello?” Asked the voice from earlier. This made Steve come back to himself as he idly swam in the deep of where he was He became frantic to find the owner and located her just to the side of him. He swam around until she was in front of him. Like he’d suspected, she was a MEG, like him, but less than half his size. But even so, she was still a centuries old Megalodon and with that experience and natural talents shouldn’t be taken lightly.

“What? I left, I wasn’t about to let you eat all of me. What else, other than eating the rest of me, could you possibly want?” Steve asked, visibly distressed. The two of them started circling so they could remain moving, and breathing, while talking. Neither were to interested in getting any closer to each other for one reason or another.

“That’s not what I intended. I didn’t know you were the same species as me. I’ve been alone for so long, that I thought you were just another shark, not worthy giving any thought to other than food.” She responded, verbally trying to perform damage control on her first interaction with, apparently, the only other MEG in the world.

“I’m not the same species as you… I mean I am, but I’m not.” Steve said back, watching her but also stopping again as a fresh batch of pain assaulted his tail. He stalled because of this and shook violently as he is body was trying hard to heal. He was in for it and this was one of the reasons he wasn’t looking forward to it. Sure, he could reform some parts of his body and heal quicker than normal, but it wasn’t instantaneous… nor painless.

“I’m sorry, what do you mean you are but you’re not?” She asked, ashamed she injured her only possible friend, but also confused as to why that might not be the case.

“I’m a human, that was effected by the Cosmic Wind, that dust that made almost everything change around here. It changed some of us to be able to turn into animals and other things. I gained the ability to change into a Megalodon… or MEG as some call me, us. So yes, I’m a MEG, but I wasn’t born this way. I just am. I don’t have the apparent centuries you have in this form, only about 3 years. They kicked me out of human society and told me never to come back on land again. Not that I mind taking to the ocean, but now I have to side step you as well.” Steve explained.

“Look, I’m sorry for…” She started, not knowing how to really say that she was sorry for almost eating him.

“For eating my tail?” Steve asked to clarify.

“Yeah, that. But also to not listening to you. I have a feeling that you were about to explain things to me, and I… well I did that instead. Like I said, I’m lonely and rarely come up this high. We are the only two… MEGs… in the world.” She explained and agreed.

“Right, and the moment I go any smaller you what… have a timely meal?” Steve asked unsure what she wanted. It sounded like she was asking for him to spend time with her.

“NO!!! Now that I know what you are, you can be around me no matter the form or size without worry.” She corrected insistently as if she was on the verge of losing something very important to her.

“Right, and I have one less tail that says otherwise.” Steve battled back as if what she was saying was laughable at best. She seemed to be panicking and sadden by her actions. But she hadn’t said anything to convince Steve to trust her. “You have to guess what it looks like from my end, don’t you? I’m sure you are nice… once I get to know you. But I am a human, turning into a MEG aside, I’m not used to living where I can’t see. I would have to trust you. What if I turn back or smaller in my sleep? I have no guarantees that you wouldn’t finish the job. What would you do, in my position?”

“Probably… Probably swim away as fast as you could and hope I didn’t follow.” She answered in a sorrowful tone.

“Right, already tried that. I can’t get anywhere fast without a tail. You followed and could do so again. I can’t get away from you, even at this size. Now, what else?” Steve asked back.

“I guess I would try fighting then, if I truly felt threatened.” She said, defeated at realizing what he was saying. “For what’s its worth, I’m really sorry. I’ll go now…”

“Wait…” Steve said, thinking about it. She stopped swimming away and started on their circle again. It was obvious that she was being effected by his blood in the water, but she wasn’t acting on it. He noticed this, as any other shark would be trying to bit him in half.

He needed time and help while he recovered. Not to mention the humans now saw him at full size. They would be looking for him and he hand no experience compared to her as a MEG. He needed her hundreds of years of experience to help him, and her home. People had been looking for MEGs as long as they’ve been in the ocean. He remembered the documentaries full of ‘facts’ of living MEGs, but not one actual sighting. She knew how to disappear from the world so effectively that no one knew she was there. He needed that.

“Will you teach me?” Steve asked hopefully.

“Teach you???” She asked in confusion.

“Yeah, I’m half human, but I’m also half MEG. I need your experience. I feel like I’m helpless. Will you teach me how to be a MEG… without compromising what makes me a human?” He asked. He needed this, but he had no intension of swallowing boats and sinking ships. But if she could teach him how to survive in this world under the sea, than it was worth the risk that she might eat him one day.

“YES!!! I mean I’m not sure how, but I will more than teach you as best I can!” She exclaimed, audible joy in her deep voice.

“Without forcing me to attack or eat humans?” He asked, clarifying his request.

“Yes of course. I don’t do that anyway. Not enough meat and too much trouble.” She answered, still happy about not being alone.

“Then fine, I’ll live with you. Please teach me how to be a MEG. Start from the beginning, like a baby.” He said, then stalled again as the pain got to him. When he came back she was closer but not attacking. She looked worried and nervous. He reluctantly changed to a size closer to hers.

“I’m really sorry about your tail.” She said, as if begging for his forgiveness.

“I’m not going to say you shouldn’t be… but it’ll grow back eventually.” He replied back through the pain.

“It will?” She asked.

“Yeah. What made me this way made me heal quicker and grow back parts… be it slow and painful. The salt water is particularly a drag. But yeah, this will pass in a few weeks or so.” He answered.

“Oh… Ok then. I guess I’ll make sure you are ok other than that.” She said, then started swimming back towards her home. “My name is Evelyn by the way. Not my choice, I heard that one time from a human, but it’ll do. You humans like names, right?”

“Yeah, I guess we do. My name is Steve.” He answered.

“Well Steve, let’s get going. First lesson, see that school of fish coming at us?” She asked, to which Steve looked and silently acknowledged them. “Good, swallow them all.”

“Ok, I guess…” said Steve. He altered his course and moved toward the fish. He then, at the last second increased his size to fit them all, then shrank to her size again, leaving the fish in his stomach. He looked at her as she just chuckled. “What, I did it right?”

“Yeah, that’s one way to say it.” She sighed, then continued to swim, slower so the tailless shark next to her could follow. She looked sad as she remembered that was because of her, then got back on topic of his hunting skills as a MEG. “We got a lot of work to do.”