

BUBBLEGUM BEACH

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“So, why do they call it ‘Bubblegum Beach’ anyways?”

“I’m not sure, Lord Phaethon! But I’m seeing a *lot* of pink! Maybe *that’s* why?” Three people in their twenties were walking through the main lobby of a new seaside resort that had been opened on the outskirts of New Eridu City. It was called ‘Bubblegum Beach’ and the entry fee was *very* expensive. So expensive that this trio, consisting of the Phaethon siblings Wise and Belle, along with their #1 fan (and Belle’s girlfriend) Vivian, would normally have even dreamed of visiting.

Well, Vivian might have. She was *loaded*.

But as it just so happened? The three had been walking past the resort on the day of its grand opening. They hadn’t expected that they’d be *chosen* for a free night at the resort, which included a gorgeous room, access to the beautiful beach, and even the use of artificial hot springs that they had on-site. **“It must be a coincidence. I’m sure the name of the resort just drew in a lot of pink-haired visitors. Or maybe it’s part of their PR?”** Wise added to the discussion between the two girls at the time.

After being selected for the grand prize, the three had been taken to a beautiful, expensive looking resort room. It had a kitchen, a living room, and three bedrooms down a small hallway. Belle and Vivian would likely end up using the same room to sleep together, but for the time being? They’d all gone into a room of their own to collect a ‘complimentary gift’ inside. **“I’m guessing it must be a swimsuit, since we said we didn’t come prepared with one...”**



That had been Wise's theory, and he felt even more certain of that after noticing the box on his bed. It was small, but big enough for a pair of swimming trunks that might have been folded up. Yet, as he approached the box? He noticed a strange sound in the air. Like a very low-volume hiss? He shrugged it off as it just being the sound of the air conditioning unit because there *was* a vent in the ceiling. And in a way? That was right. It was just what the vent was *moving*. A gas.

And then? The door to his room silently locked beyond his notice.

The young man didn't realize that he was trapped at all as he approached the box and tried to open it. But he *couldn't*? **"How well is this lid put on?"** He pulled and pulled and even tried to stick his finger under the lip to try and pull it up – all to no avail. It was almost like it was boobytrapped. Or at least designed to open under *very* specific conditions. Which might as well have been the case. It was waiting for him to inhale enough of that gas. And for him to suffer its consequences.

Laced with millions of tiny nanomachines that were invisible to the naked eye, the gas was specifically designed to transform anyone that was exposed to it into the 'idea guest' for Bubblegum Beach. Considering how every staff member and guest they had bumped into had possessed pink hair, that was actually something that happened almost *immediately*. Wise's silver locks found a soft, pastel pink bleeding up from his roots. It didn't take long for that color to reach the tips of his hair, but that included *all* of his hair. Eyebrows, body hair, *pubic hair* – all pink.

Wise didn't *immediately* notice this. It hadn't occurred to him that he was even in any danger in the first place to bother looking. **"Maybe I should give up on this for now and see how Belle and Vivian are...?"** ...Doing? That was how he'd *intended* on ending his sentence, but he cut himself short after removing his hands from the box finally. This allowed him to properly see his fingers. **"Erm... My hands didn't *always* look like this, right?"**

He wasn't even sure why he *asked*; they clearly *hadn't*. They seemed to be thinner, with slenderer fingers sporting nails that were perfectly cut about an inch past his fingertips. Well, that kind of played in to

something he *hadn't* realized about all of the staff and guests. They all had pink hair, sure, but they had also all been *women*. **“Why do they look a little bit... feminine?”** He was so close to figuring out the answer, and that was without realizing his feet had changed in a similar fashion.

But as his hands and feet were? They felt like a mismatch when compared to the rest of his body, like they were slightly too small relevant to how tall he was. Mind you, this was *definitely* something that could be corrected. And it was. Almost *immediately*, in fact. Wise narrowed his eyes as he looked around, vaguely disoriented while a pale blue seized his silver irises. He wasn't sure if he was dizzy, or his mind was playing tricks on him, or *what*.

“I'm not... getting smaller, am I?” It felt almost impossible to say, but he also couldn't deny the possibility when he considered what had happened to his hands. He was actually *right* on the money, though. The man was supposed to be 5'7" in height, which was an average size for a man who was in his late twenties. But he ended up gradually dipping down six inches until he was merely 5'1" instead. This had the added side effect of smoothing his skin, removing any unneeded body hair, and even softening it as the faint muscle mass that he possessed deteriorated.

By the time he'd finished shrinking, his hands had been completely consumed by the long sleeves of the shirt he'd been wearing, and raising those hands had the excess length dangling over his fingertips. **“I shrunk? Or... Maybe...?”** He didn't say as much aloud, but he wondered if his clothes were just *too big*. It was a strange possibility to arrive at considering he'd just *experienced* the shrinkage. But it was also an indicator that the nanomachines were capable of tampering with more than just his *appearance*.

“KYA!?” *She* didn't really reflect on it. She wasn't even really given a chance to sort out her thoughts, for they became beset by shock at a sudden wave of arousal that brought her thighs to rub together. It didn't even click that what she processed as 'arousal' was actually a consequence of her sex changing. Of her cock and balls tugging neatly up into a new slit between her legs. That was just how much her mind had been compromised.

And so, as you can imagine, there wasn't much that she *would* notice if the loss of something so important went unreacted to. With Wise's sex effectively reversed, the rest of her body was quick to adapt to the new reality that the nanomachines was defining for her. This was perhaps seen more easily in the one part of her body that wasn't hidden by oversized clothes: her *face*.

It certainly didn't hesitate to soften as her features rounded on the whole. Her cheeks took on a subtle pudge that only added to what could be best defined as a 'youthful femininity' while her lips swelled into a pout beneath a now button-shapes nose. Her eyes were rounder too, highlighting the blues between longer eyelashes. But there was also the matter of her *hair*. It had already become pink, but it grew until it reached just a few inches past her shoulders. Ultimately, she didn't *just* look like a girl. She looked significantly *younger*.

Sixteen or so, in all likelihood?

“This really is confusing. Why am I wearing *this*? It's certainly a trendy shirt, but it doesn't really fit...” *That* was the problem she was seeing? Not her sex nor her age, but her clothes? In fact, there was plenty happening *beneath* those clothes that she wasn't picking up on either. Her shirt had been oversized, but some of that extra space was being taken advantage of by the growth of an aspect of her body that had been non-existent before but made sense for a young *girl* to have. Namely? Her bosom swelled, flesh jiggling as nipples puffed up, until she had a pair of perky *C-cups* resting upon her chest.

A similar phenomenon blessed below her thinned waist as well, but that waist thinning in the first place had led to her pants and underwear falling down while smaller feet idly stepped out of them, her shoes, and even her socks so that the shirt was *all* she was wearing. Even so, it disguised a fattening of her thighs and ass that lifted them until the cheeks of her ass were a perkier bubble shape, and so her thighs were in danger of rubbing against each other between her legs.

“How strange that I was wearing a man's outfit. I suppose the resort staff *did* say they only had limited options for what to wear in the interim...” *Mizuka Mimori* tugged at the shirt she was wearing as memories flooded her mind of the past few hours. She had come to this 'Bubblegum Beach' with her friends to relax, only for them to get soaked by a rainstorm right before coming in. It had been so bad that it had even soaked through their backpacks. The staff had offered them lost and found clothes to wear while everything else dried. But now? **“This must be the swimsuit they arranged!”**



The girl shuffled over to the box on her bed where she opened it with ease, revealing a white bikini with a skirt to presumably tie around her

waist. She didn't hesitate to pull off what remained of the men's clothing she was wearing, humming lightly to herself as she affixed the bikini and tied her hair into a bun on the left side. And when she was done with this task? She clapped!

“I should go check on the other two!”



“That’s *weird*. How is this box even supposed to open?” Honestly? Despite finding herself in the exact same situation as her brother, Belle was a little more skeptical about the circumstances they currently found themselves in. She was suspicious about why everyone’s hair was pink. She was suspicious about how *they* of all people had ‘randomly’ been selected for this prize. And she was suspicious about how they could prepare swimming attire for three guests on such short notice *without* taking their measurements.

That suspicion had lingered even when she found the box. But now? She was more *annoyed* than anything. There was no explanation for why the box wouldn’t open. It was such flimsy cardboard that it didn’t make *sense*. Maybe they had been pranked or something like that? But Belle had been so focused on it that she hadn’t noticed the vague hissing noise, nor that the door had been locked. **“What if I throw it *really* hard? Or I guess I could just cut it open...”**

She continued to struggle with the box, not having any luck even as her fingernails became more and more suited for doing so. The woman herself seemingly hadn’t noticed, but her neatly cut fingernails had not only inched slightly longer, but they looked like a *professional* had dressed them up and painted them with a light pink gloss. In fact, it wasn’t *just* the nails themselves that had grown longer, because the fingers themselves had gained about an inch each too.

“Fine, I give up!” Belle cried out in frustration as she finally launched the box back onto the bed, dropping her hands down to her sides before she could even catch a glimpse of their differences. Mind you, there were more alarming things happening that should have stuck out to her more plainly – but were the nanomachines *already* filtering her memories? That might explain why she seemed to be so ignorant to the fact that it wasn’t *just* her fingers that had lengthened, though it had been *part* of it.

In fact, contradicting what had happened to her brother, the younger sister's body had been subjected to a slight growth spurt. She *was* only 5'1" under normal circumstances – a height that was a little below the average for women in their early twenties like she was. But once her limbs and torso gained two inches, bringing her up to 5'3" instead? You could say she had become of *perfectly* average height.

Because Belle wore a skirt, it wasn't really *that* noticeable to her. Her shirt had become slightly untucked, her left-sided thigh high had been pulled down closer to her knee, and her hands stuck a little farther out from her sleeves. It wasn't really until her *bra* began to tighten that she finally realized that something was off. She'd been given no choice. "...*Eh?*" Even so, she *didn't* notice that her voice was lighter.

"Were my boobs always so heavy? No, right? Because then why would I be wearing *this* bra? But..." She would have had to have been a fool to *not* realize that the source of her discomfort was her bosom. That her own breasts had been swelling within a shirt and bra combo that just *couldn't* contain the weight that was developing. Her C-cups *ballooned* into *F-cups*, her nipples rubbing sensitively against the interior of a bra that— ***SNAP! "A-Ah!?"***

The sensation of a strap that had been digging into the back of her shoulder blades snapping took her by surprise. It afforded her some relief, but her shirt only *barely* covered them now. Her belly was completely exposed, revealing that it was a little wider than it had been prior... because it hadn't *only* been her tits that had grown. Her hips had widened, too. **"There's no way my breasts grew? But then why am I wearing this...?"**

It took her a moment, especially with her fat tits getting in the way, but she managed to pull the shirt up and over her head. In doing so? Her hair was normal at first, but when it escaped the neck hole? It fell all around her in a long, soft pink style that reached as far as the backs of her legs. Making matters even more bizarre? Her green eyes had adopted the same shade, while her face somehow seemed more *mature* but also *younger* at the same time. Her lips were fuller, her eyes narrower, her facial shape leaner... but she somehow looked like a *sixteen year old*.

One with one hell of a big, pink ahoge on top!

"That's better! ♥" There was a big sisterly hum to her voice as she tossed the bra away once she slid it off her long, slender arms. Her upper body was completely bare, revealing how perky her F-cups were. But she soon began to shimmy her skirt and panties down from her hips – a process that was a touch more complicated than she expected, not

only because her hips had widened, but because her thighs and ass had swollen as well. Her rump was a delectable heart shape, and it jiggled when she managed to peel her panties out from within her ass crack before taking a moment to push it past thighs that were *triple* their original girth.

Fortunately, she remembered the box! I box she now opened with ease, pulling out from it a pink bikini and oversized, white button-up shirt. There were black sandals under the shirt, as well as a bow for her to tie some of the hair on her head's left side into a braid. When all was said and done? She opened a hot pink phone that she'd found under the bed and used the camera app to make sure she looked how she *wanted* to.

“Oh my! ♡ I look so cute in this swimsuit, don't I? I suppose if I put the button-up shirt on overtop and got in the water... That might have a charm of its own!” *Urawa Hanako* hadn't hesitated to get changed at all, *especially* when the clothes she'd been given from the resort's lost and found section were a little too small for her breasts and ass. By the time she managed to finish braiding the hair on the right side of her head? She felt absolutely *adorable*.

“Heeheehee~! ♡ I wonder if there are any cuties down at the beach?” As she now understood it, only pink-haired women were invited to this resort. She was a young lady that swung *both* ways, so the sex of the permitted guests hardly mattered to her. Eye candy was eye candy, and she'd have a good time flirting with the other guests regardless! **“But should I check on the others? Mimori is probably ready, but that other one...”**



And when she got into the hall? Mimori was indeed already waiting.
Only one of the bedrooms was still occupied.

“Hey! Let me out of here!” As the only one of the three with any real experience in professional espionage, Vivian had *immediately* recognized with the bedroom she had entered. She hadn't even approached the box. The vague hissing sound and the door locking were dead giveaways to her. She had walked into some kind of trap, which

meant that Phaethon likely had as well. She had to get out so that she could save them!



Banging on the door didn't amount to anything, though. The other two were already in the midst of their own transformation, far too distracted to notice just what was happening outside of their own rooms. There *was* a window, but they were on the third floor and her parasol was on the other side of the room. She also hadn't fueled the rockets in her skirt. **"Is it sleeping gas? No..."** It was invisible, and she didn't feel sleepy in the least. Then...?

She couldn't have fathomed that it was a gas laced with *nanomachines*.

"If not for sedating me, then what could it be...?" Even while Vivian pondered this question, the dark reds of her eyes were *paling*. The shapes of her eyelids rounded, allowing for more of her eyes to be shown when they were in

an open resting expression while her *lashes* thinned a touch. They didn't appear much like Vivian's eyes at all, right down to her irises now shining with a *pink* tone of their own.

But the Mockingbird member didn't notice this, nor did she notice how her lips bloated into a puffier swell. Her face's structural design continued to show subtle differences, like puffier cheeks that gave her face a rounder shape. ...Or like how her long ears slowly but surely shortened, rounding until they were the same as any *other* human's ears. **"Er...? W-Wait a second, why!?"** Because she hadn't been *immediately* duped by the nanomachines, Vivian could even hear that her voice differed.

She looked and sounded like a *fifteen year old*.

It just wasn't as pressing of a realization as what had initially prompted her to speak in the first place. There had been a jiggle – no, a *surge* – of weight into her bosom, one that came on so suddenly that the young woman stumbled forward from the rapid increase of weight. Because of the design of her dress, Vivian *didn't* wear a bra. And that was *obvious* considering how growing breasts quickly escaped the open sides of her

top, pushing the material into her cleavage so that puffy nipples could escape. **“WHA!?”**

They bounced as she did so, leaving the young woman’s hands to hover near them as she contemplated grabbing them to try and stop the jiggling of what had become a pair of *G-cups*. Her fingers twitched anxiously. **“H-How!? Is the gas doing this? But... Would Lord Phaethon like this?”** Was that *really* the question she should have been asking in that moment!? The problem hadn’t even been isolated to her tits, as the sound of cloth ripping soon revealed.

Her dress had a wide skirt, so she wasn’t about to have any issues with pants or shorts. But she *did* wear skintight, black tights that ended up being the source of that ripping sound as her hips broadened by *four* inches and her thighs bloated a touch in kind. Even that added weight didn’t fill in the sizable thigh gap that had been left by her widened hips, though.

Vivian’s lower lip had been quivering as she stared down at her tits rather than thinking about her thighs and, by extension, her ass that split the back of her tights and wedged her frilly black panties between her cheeks, though. But her lip slowly stabilized and she began to wonder: *Uh... Why am I staring at my boobs? Actually, why am I even wearing this?* **“W-Wait... Is what I’m wearing actually wrong? I feel like that isn’t what was actually wrong...”**

Even though a part of her was clearly rejecting the assimilation process that her mind was undergoing, that didn’t stop her from beginning to strip down out of clothes that no longer fit her. But as she did so? As she pulled off her tights and panties and stepped out of her heels with fingers that’s nails had shrunk and been robbed of their black polish, her violet hair ignited with a pink that was far more vibrant than the other two girls. And by the time she’d pulled the dress over her head? It fell long, reaching the backs of her ankles with all of her natural curls completely ironed out.

The fear and panic that Vivian had felt weren’t felt at *all* by *Eimi*, who had gotten as far as stripping her short and buxom body naked, but didn’t actually bother opening the box that contained her swimsuit just yet. **“It’s too hot outside. Do we really need to go to the beach?”** She lazily strut over to the box after swaying to and fro in place for a moment, and piece by piece put on the black bikini, puffy



purple jacket, scarf, and goggles that had been contained within. **“I’ve already taken too long. Hanako and Mimori are probably annoyed, so I should hurry up.”**

And yet, what awaited her on the other side of the door was a pair of smiling faces. **“Looking cute, Eimi-chan! ♡ Are you trying to steal all of the attention down at the beach?”** Hanako chided playfully, making Eimi blush. That *hadn’t* been her plan, of course. This was a trip she hadn’t necessarily even wanted to go on, she’d just been dragged along because she *also* had pink hair. But if she *had* to be there? Then she was going to make the best of it.

“Cut it out. Let’s just go out in the stupid heat and go swimming.”

“If it’s too hot, then don’t wear a jacket and scarf!”