

### ***Fairy Tail's Enchanting Beach Trip (Beach-based Inanimate TFs, Fairy Tail)***

Five minutes on the beach, and they'd already attracted a crowd: a hundred horny men, who trailed them across the sand like salivating hounds.

"It's them! It's the girls from *Sorcerer Magazine*!"

"Look at what they're wearing! They're even hotter in person!"

"I'm already masturbating!"

Lucy hugged herself and shivered – the sun was scorching her like a fire dragon's breath, yet somehow it still managed to feel chilly. "Next time, we should come in disguises." Or at least something more concealing than her skimpy white bikini.

"C-can we maybe stay in the hotel instead?" said Wendy, flicking a fearful glance at a fat man with a camera.

"Why would we want to do that?" Erza, in contrast, strode ahead with full confidence, her boobs bouncing in her tight red bikini top. "You should take their interest as a compliment."

"But I don't waaaaant their interest," said Juvia, covering her face. "Why couldn't we bring the boys with us? What's even the point of being here without Graaaay?!"

Erza smirked. "Lucy was afraid of them perving on us."

Someone whistled; Lucy covered her chest. "I wasn't afraid of *them* perving on us! I was afraid of them using me as a projectile!" The last time they'd come to the beach with the boys, Natsu had thrown her at a sea monster.

After a few more minutes of being ignored, their pursuers finally got the message they weren't going to strip and filtered away. Selecting an empty patch of sand, Erza threw down her towel. "Well, this seems like as good a spot as any."

"So long as there are no more perverts," said Lucy, with a shiver.

The waves lapped against the shores. Seabirds wheeled, squawking, overhead.

As Lucy placed her own towel, the tiniest sound plucked her ears. She raised her head and squinted at the ocean. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Wendy.

"I don't know... It almost sounded like... Like a pig. Snorting."

"A pig snorting?" said Erza. "Why would there be a pig on the beach?"

“Every man on this beach is a pig compared to Gray,” said Juvia, sinking into the sand. (“Do you have to be so dramatic?” asked Lucy.)

Someone shouted.

Lucy lurched. *What’s going on? Is someone in trouble?* Someone was pointing at the water, waving their arms and screaming.

Not far from shore, the ocean frothed like a pot on the stove, growing more ferocious with the moment. Swimmers squealed and struggled to get away as the bubbles spread, threatening to swallow them.

Not everyone was fortunate enough to escape. Caught in the froth, a beautiful blonde in a bright red bikini vanished squealing underwater. A busty brunette followed her barely a moment later, yanked under the waves as if snatched by a shark.

“W-what’s going on?!” cried Wendy.

“We have to help them!” said Lucy. “We need to—!”

The patch of bubbles exploded, throwing froth all over the beach, and from the sea burst a giant, their great bulk silhouetted against the sun.

Lucy stared at it and blinked, struggling to comprehend what she was seeing. “I-is that...?!”

“Hoo hoo hoo,” said the creature, raising the blonde and the brunette in two of its many tentacles. “Hoo hoo hoo...! Cuuuuuute girls...!” It had a nose like a pig, a pair of big glasses, and a sweatband wrapped around its squishy cephaloid head. “More cuuuuuuuuute girls for my collection...! Hoo!”

The fear vanished from Lucy’s face, replaced by an instant mask of disgust. “What kind of perverted monster is this?!”

“An otakraken!” cried Erza. “Quickly! We have to save those girls! If it gets them back to its lair, it’ll entomb them in a layer of magical slime for all eternity!”

“An *otakraken*?!” Lucy hugged herself and shuddered. Next time, she’d just go hiking...

“Sea King Armor!” In a flash, Erza’s bikini was gone, replaced by a set of revealing green armor. Drawing her sword, she ran for the ocean.

“H-hey! Wait!” Lucy rushed after her, fumbling in her purse for her Celestial Spirit Gate Keys as she ran.

As the four of them reached the water, the otakraken turned and pursed its chubby lips in a whistle of appreciation. “Hoo...! Hoo...! More cuuuuuute giiiiirls...!” It raised another tentacle, wiggled it lasciviously, and made to grab them.

Squealing, Lucy raised her hands to shield her face and—

*Sching!*

She opened her eyes. The tip of the tentacle struck the sand with a thud.

The otakraken stared at the stub of the limb and blinked. “H-Hoo...?” Its face twisted. “Hoo! Hoo! Meeeeeean girls! Meeeeeeeeean cute girls!” And it lashed at them with its remaining tentacles, raising great clouds of froth and sand.

Grabbing Wendy, Lucy fumbled with her free hand for a key. “O-open, Gate of the Clock!”

A flash of light and poof of smoke, and just like that, they were crammed into a box. It shook as the monster’s tentacle crashed into it, but despite the force of the blow, the two of them remained unharmed.

Lucy allowed herself to breathe again. “Th-thank you, Horologium.”

With another puff of smoke, the Clock vanished, and she and Wendy dropped to the sand. “Oof.”

Out in the water, Erza swung again, slicing through the tentacle holding the brunette. On the other side of the otakraken, Juvia used a Water Slicer to cut off the one holding the blonde.

“Hoo...! Hoooo...! Mean! Mean! Mean!” Red and puffy-cheeked, the otakraken slapped at the two of them madly, though the only thing it actually accomplished was spraying water everywhere. “Hoo...!”

As Erza dodged another blow, Lucy snatched a key from her purse and stabbed it into the sea. “Open, Gate of the Water-Bearer!”

The water swirled into a spiraling twister and burst to reveal the blue-haired figure of Aquarius the Water-Bearer. “Tch.”

“Don’t ‘tch’ me! Help!” She thrust a finger at the otakraken.

Aquarius gave it a second’s inspection and turned back to Lucy with a grimace. “Now you’re summoning me to get rid of your boyfriends? Is there any low you won’t stoop to?”

“He’s not my boyfriend! Just get rid of him!”

Aquarius mumbled something nasty, but she raised her urn all the same.

Wendy, meanwhile, drew in a deep breath. “R-roar of the Sky Dragon!” And with a scream of rushing air, exhaled a whirlwind. Straight into the otakraken’s face, bending the thing like a tree in a hurricane and sending its glasses flying into the clouds.

“Hoo... Hoo...” As the wind died down, the monster squirmed, struggling to straighten up again. “Hoo... Hoo... You’ll...”

Erza leapt into the air. At the apex of her arc, her sword vanished with a poof, and in its place appeared a giant, cartoonish hammer, which she brought down on the otakraken’s head with an even more comical *bonk*.

“Hoo... Hoo...” His eyes spinning, a giant lump already growing on his head, the otakraken shook one final time and collapsed, sinking into the froth of its own bubbles. “Hoo...”

Lucy exhaled a sigh of relief. Just thinking about the awful monster made her feel gross.

Landing beside her, Erza switched back to her bikini with a flash. “Well, that’s that,” she said, wiping her hands.

Juvia slumped. “If Gray were here, he could have made his own hammer...” They ignored her.

As the other beachgoers rushed to thank them, however, something occurred to Lucy:

“Wait, where did Wendy go?”

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Irene Belserion stood in the shadow of the beach hut and smiled as Wendy Marvell squirmed under her foot.

It was already hard to tell she’d been human: her petite form had become as soft and boneless as a slug, and patches of a blueness were spreading like spilled ink across her skin. She managed a few final moans as her head sank into her breast, as her arms shriveled into straps and her flesh flattened into fabric. Finally, she split in the middle, and her two halves bent and twisted till no sign of her former self remained. She spasmed and shook and at last became still: where she’d been lay nothing more than a simple bikini – dark blue, like her hair, of course.

“My,” said Irene, bending down to scoop her up. “I never expected *you* to become something quite so skimpy. Was it your repressed desires or a simple lack of material? You didn’t have much mass to work with after, after all.”

Wendy, being a bikini, failed to answer.

With a snort, Irene snapped her fingers: her outfit vanished, and her new swimsuit replaced it. Adjusting the cups, she smiled. “You’re a little small for a mature woman like me, but no matter. We’re at the beach – there’s no harm in showing a little skin...”

Stepping out of the beach hut’s shade, she raised her hand to shield her eyes from the sun and smiled at the busy beach lying before her. A wonderful day of relaxation lay ahead of her. All she had to do was pick a spot to lie in.

Of course, it would help to have a towel...

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Juvia shambled along the beach like she was on her last legs.

“Wendy...? Weeeeeendy...?!” Lucy, in contrast, marched like a woman on a quest, sweat flying from her face as she whipped her head in one direction after another. “Wendy!”

Around them, life on the beach went on as normal. A crowd had gathered to thank them after their defeat of the otakraken, but for some reason their gratitude didn’t extend to helping them search for their teammate – the instant the danger was gone, everyone had returned to their sunbathing.

Juvia scowled. “What’s the point in looking anyway? She’s probably just gone home... Away from this worthless, Gray-less beach!” She kicked at a shell, and the crab inside it nipped her. “Ow!” She punted it into the ocean.

“She wouldn’t just leave without telling anyone!” Lucy stopped to look around, but there was no sign of the little dragonslayer. “Something must have happened to her!”

Sandals smacking sand. Erza appeared, face covered with sweat. “No luck?”

Lucy shook her head.

Erza sighed. “There’s no sign of her at the other end of the beach either.”

“Wh-what if the otakraken grabbed her before it went under?” said Lucy.

Erza shook her head. “I don’t think it did – I was watching it pretty closely, but...” With a flash, she switched back to her Sea King’s Armor. “I’ll swim down and take a look, just in case. You two keep searching the beach. She could be anywhere.” And with that, she dived into the water.

“Now what?” asked Juvia, as the redhead disappeared into the depths.

“I’m going to keep searching this end of the beach,” replied Lucy. “Why don’t you go look by the beach huts?” she added, raising an eyebrow.

Juvia took it as the criticism it was. “Alright... Maybe I’ll find Gray there...” With a huff, she turned and trudged off.

The beach huts stood by the boardwalk, worn and run-down – unused, save by a handful of teenagers trying to amuse their friends. Seeing them all laid out like a long wooden rainbow, it occurred to Juvia that Wendy could be hiding in any of them. She traced the line from one end to the other and grimaced – there must be at least thirty of the things.

She approached the first, a dull red one, and wrenched it open. It contained neither Wendy nor Gray nor anyone else for that matter. Only dust and cobwebs and a discarded popsicle wrapper.

Sighing, she moved to the next in line.

With each hut she checked, Juvia's heart sank a little deeper. Why had she come on this stupid trip anyway? Not only was she missing her beloved Gray, but she wasn't even going to get the tan she'd wanted. At this rate, they'd spend the entire day searching, and Wendy probably wasn't even in danger anyway – she'd probably just wandered off in search of ice cream or–

She opened the next beach hut. And froze.

"Hello, Juvia," said the woman sitting inside, her curvaceous body crammed into a skinny blue bikini, around which her hair flowed like a waterfall of blood.

Juvia jerked. "I-Irene–"

"Oh!" said the High Enchantress, voice empty of surprise. "It's my darling daughter's friend, the water mage. What are *you* doing here...?"

Juvia took a step backward. She needed to run, to regroup with the others – there was no way she could fight the Scarlet Despair on her own!

Irene cocked her head and smiled.

With a snap of the enchantress's fingers, Juvia flung herself into the hut and stood there, frozen and trembling, as the door slammed behind her.

"You know, when I decided on a nice day on the beach, I wasn't expecting to do anything more exciting than go swimming. You wouldn't believe how surprised I was to see my daughter and her friends here waiting for me." Conjuring a ball of light, Irene pushed herself off the bench. "Let's get a better look at you."

Juvia shivered, straining to pull away, but it was like she'd been turned to ice – she couldn't move at all.

Irene stepped around her and leaned, breathing in Juvia's ear. "My, what a beautiful body you have~." Her hand danced up Juvia's side and seized a breast, squeezing tight. Another disappeared into Juvia's bikini bottoms – she squeaked as its fingers caught her clit. "You've got much more meat on you than that dragonslayer brat."

Juvia's heart thudded in her chest. It and her eyes were just about the only part of her that could still move. *W-Wendy. What have you done to Wendy?!*

Irene pulled back, and though Juvia could no longer see her, she got the impression she was smiling. "Are you wondering what happened to her? Here, why don't you take a look?" She

snapped again, and Juvia spun to face her – she *was* smiling. “She suits me, doesn’t she?” And she plucked her bikini bottoms, drawing the straps tight before releasing them with a snap.

Juvia paled. *Y-you turned her into a bikini?!*

“That’s right,” said Irene, leaning in even closer. “Of course, a swimsuit isn’t the only thing one needs for the beach...” She placed a hand on Juvia’s chest.

*N-no!* Juvia squealed, fighting to pull away, but she could do nothing more than stand and watch as the High Enchantress’s magical energy poured into her, making her tingle as it raced through her nerves. “Nnn~!”

The strength left her legs. She dropped to the floor in a pile of herself, her face in her crotch, as boneless as a gutted fish. Everything went dark.

A strong grip seized her hair and yanked her back into the air. Gravity, grabbing her other end, stretched her out again. Looking down at herself, Juvia whined: she’d turned as flat and as flimsy as a sheet of paper.

With a snort, Irene shook her out. “Not quite so curvy now, are you? Still I think you need a little more work before you’re ready for your new role...” She snapped again.

Another bolt of magic struck Juvia’s chest, and like ice under a blowtorch, her flattened body melted, pooling in the air as a puddle of liquid – rectangular, as if filling an invisible mold. *Wh-what’s happening to me?!* She tried to thrash, but all she achieved was making herself melt faster.

“Better,” said Irene, stroking her – Juvia shivered. “Still, I can hardly take you outside like this, can I?”

And once again, she snapped.

Juvia’s hair washed over her in a flood, painting her entire body the same shade of blue.

“There,” said Irene, lowering her hand. “Now no-one will take the slightest notice of you, not even when I’m lying on you in the middle of the beach.”

Juvia could have screamed. *N-no. No! You won’t get away with this...! You won’t–!*

With a snort, Irene took her in both hands and rolled her, smushing her face into her chest and making everything go dark.

“You’ll find,” she said, tucking Juvia under her arm, “that I can get away with a lot.”

Erza burst from the sea in a thick shower of froth and spent several seconds shaking the water from her hair.

Dismissing her Sea King's Armor, she marched for the beach with a sigh of defeat. She'd tracked the otakraken back to its lair, but there was no sign of Wendy there. Only lots and lots of very, very sticky figurines... She shuddered.

She came to a stop at the edge of the water. Nor, she realized, was there any sign of Lucy *here* – wherever the search had taken her, it wasn't in Erza's line of sight.

Now what? Should she keep searching? Try to find Lucy first? Head for high ground and see if she could spot anything from above?

She decided to try the latter. There was a small hill overlooking the beach: if she climbed it, she'd be able to see the whole—

A glint of red in the corner of her eye. She stopped. Was that...? No, it couldn't be! Why would she be *here* of all places?

"Hello, Erza," said her mother, lowering her sunglasses. "Are you having a good time?"

Erza summoned the largest sword she had and thrust it at Irene's head. "What are *you* doing here?"

Irene glanced at the crowd of sunbathers around them. "This is a beach. Why do you think I'm here, Erza?"

Erza grit her teeth, but she couldn't really argue with that. "What have you done with Wendy?"

"Wendy?" Irene tapped her chin. "Wendy... Wendy... Wendy... Oh! You're talking about that adorable little dragonslayer, aren't you? I *did* pass her on my way here, but I'm afraid that's the last I had to do with her."

"You lying— What have you done with her?"

Irene rolled her eyes. "Erza, honey, does it *look* like I'm hiding a dragonslayer on my person?" She spread her arms, so Erza could see said person, which of course just made her blush – there was so *much* of her, and that tight blue bikini wasn't doing anything to hide it.

Face red, she fought the urge to look away. "You could have turned her into a mouse, or something..."

Irene's expression fell. "Of course," she said. "A mouse. Let me just check my bikini for a mouse for you." She pinched a cup and pulled it, exposing the jiggling globe of breastfat tucked inside; Erza reddened. "No, no mouse in there." She checked the other one. "No. Perhaps she's hiding in my bottoms..."

“Alright, that’s enough,” said Erza, whose face, if it turned any redder, would be difficult to tell from her hair. “I believe you.”

“I’m grateful to hear that.”

Erza turned to leave with a scowl. “I’m going. If I find out you *did* have anything to do with this, I’m going to—”

Irene opened her mouth, no doubt to say something biting, but at the last second the sun emerged from behind a cloud, and she had to adjust her sunglasses. “Wait, Erza. Darling. Stay with me for a moment. It’s been so long since we’ve had the chance to talk.”

“The last chance we had, you tried to kill me,” said Erza.

“Come and take a seat on mother’s lap,” said Irene, patting a thigh. “Let’s catch up.”

Erza inspected her mother’s giant, trunk-like thighs, and swallowed. “I’ll stand, thank you.”

“The blanket then,” said Irene, patting it instead. She had a rich blue one – it reminded Erza of Juvia for some reason.

Deciding this was as reasonable a compromise as she was likely to get, she made her way over and took a seat beside her mother, who shuffled over to make room. “Come closer, let me see how you’ve grown... My,” she added, eyes sinking to Erza’s chest. “You’re certainly growing in one area. Another year or two, and you’ll be even bigger than me.”

Erza covered her chest and flushed harder than ever. “What do you want to talk about, mother?”

Irene leaned in with a smile. “Do you recall how I transformed those swords into girls?”

“Yeeees?”

“How would you like to see me do the opposite?” And before Erza could react, she seized her by the throat and wrenched her to her feet.

Erza stiffened, her arms snapping to her sides and her legs locking together. “What are you doing?!” It was difficult even to speak, like someone was holding her jaw shut.

“Showing you my latest spell, of course.”

Erza squirmed, but it just didn’t help – she simply couldn’t move. “P-people will n-notice...!”

“Does it look like anyone has noticed?” Irene gestured at the other beachgoers.

With great effort, Erza managed to turn her eyes and look. To her horror, her mother was right: no-one around them was taking even the slightest notice of the curvaceous redhead throttling her daughter. “H-how?”

“Oh, just a simple perception enchantment. Much simpler than the spell I’m using on you. Now, hold still...”

Raising her free hand, she snapped. Erza gasped as a bolt of lightning coursed through her, making her toes twitch and her fingers shiver and her eyes bulge in their sockets. “Nnah! Ah!” With a creak of bones, she stood on her tiptoes, wincing at the weight of her own body as it pressed them into the sand. “Nn~. What are you *doing* to me?!”

“You’ll see,” said Irene, smugly. She snapped again.

Erza’s hair snapped upright, flowing into the air like a deep, ruddy flame. She gasped as it wavered, but she had only so long to focus on it: a second later, the air itself seized her like a pair of crushing gauntlets and, as she screamed, squeezed her tighter than she’d ever imagined possible. Her cries cut off as the breath left her lungs, and with that, her body collapsed, crumpling into a simple, wrist-thin cylinder, her features smeared across its surface. She tried to scream again, but she could no longer move her mouth, not even in the slightest. All she could do was wiggle her eyes in terror.

Her mother snapped again, and Erza’s hair dropped, spreading into a dome around her head like the cap of a mushroom. Glistening, it flowed together like melting wax, each individual strand of hair fusing to the one next to it, though a few thickened and hardened into long black rods instead. Six of them, connected to her chin by six thinner rods.

She thrashed, or attempted to. *Nnn~! What is she doing to me?!*

Irene’s smile was wider than ever. With a chuckle, she snapped again, leaving Erza to scream as another torrent of magical energy assaulted her. Under its influence, her body caught flame: her skin shimmered and ignited and under the heat of the spell, transmuted, turned to steel. With that, what little ability Erza had left to move vanished entirely.

Irene raised a hand, and Erza floated into the air. With a gesture, her mother guided her off the blanket to the sand, twisted her wrist so the back of her head caught the sun, and, finally satisfied, thrust her hand downward. Erza slammed into the sand up to her former ankles. *Schunk.*

“There,” said Irene, settling back down to the blanket. “Much better.” Removing her sunglasses and hat, she threw Erza an amused smile. “You make a much better parasol than you ever did a daughter, honey.”

*P-parasol?! If Erza had still had a mouth, she would have snarled. You—! Turn me back!*

Her gaze fell to Irene’s bikini and the blanket underneath. Fresh horror seized her as she realized why they seemed so familiar. *You—!*

“Ahhh~.” With a sigh, Irene lay back and closed her eyes.

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Lucy’s sandals crunched against the sand as she rushed along the beach. “Wendy! Wendy!” She came to a stop, scanning the crowd, but there was no sign of her there either.

“Wendy...!” No-one responded. “Wendy, where are you...?”

For the rest of the beach, life was proceeding as normal. Kids were playing, women were sunbathing, men were ogling them. A few other beachgoers did turn to look at her as she passed, but no-one seemed particularly concerned by her running around and shouting.

Finally, with a groan, Lucy turned and marched back the way she’d come. Even if she hadn’t had any luck, maybe Erza or Juvia would have seen something by now.

She came to a stop. Where *were* Erza and Juvia?

Raising her hands to shield her eyes from the sun, she scanned the beach, squinting as hard as she could. Wendy, she could believe she could miss, but Juvia and Erza should be easy to find, if only due to the crowd of salivating men following them. And yet, there was no sign of them whatsoever.

She chewed her lip, looking left and right and back again. What was going on? Where was everyone? Was this some kind of attack? Were they being picked off one by one?

Her hand went to her purse; she grabbed a key. Aquarius – Aquarius could help her, even if she’d complain about it. No matter what the danger was, she was the perfect Spirit to summon in this situation. Of course, she’d need to place the key in the water first...

With a quick look over her shoulder to check she wasn’t about to be ambushed, Lucy scurried into the sea, wincing at the feel of water between her soles and her sandals. A few meters in, she decided she was deep enough and, lowering the key to the water, opened her mouth to recite the–

“Excuse me,” said someone, “I don’t suppose you know where everyone is getting their pooltoys from, do you?”

“P-pardon?” said Lucy, looking up.

“Their pooltoys,” repeated the speaker, gesturing at the inflatable rafts and palm trees and bananas floating around them. “I’d like to ride one, but I’ve no idea where to get one.”

Lucy squinted. She was pretty sure the speaker was a woman, but they were standing in front of the sun, so it was hard to tell anything else about them. Still, they seemed familiar somehow... “I, um, I think there’s a shop by the beach huts...”

“There is? Ugh, how did it ever miss it? Well, thank you.”

And she stepped out of the light, and it was Irene Belserion.

Lucy flinched. "I-I-Irene?!"

The Scarlet Despair removed her glasses to squint at her. "Oh, it's Brandish's little friend. Imagine meeting you here. What's your name again? Pucy?"

"Lucy," said Lucy, eye twitching.

"Lucy, Lucy, Lucy," said Irene, clearly committing her name to memory. "Well, Bucy, thank you for telling me about the pooltoy store."

"Y-you're welcome," said Lucy, suppressing a shudder – talking to Irene was like having tea with a tiger.

When Irene turned to go, she couldn't help but speak up though: "W-wait! Have you seen, um, Erza?"

Irene turned back, one eyebrow raised. "My daughter? She's here too, is she?" She smiled, and there was something in it Lucy didn't like.

She swallowed. "She, um... We were looking for Wendy, but she's, ah, kind of gone missing too..."

"Is that so? Well, don't worry, dear Mucy. My daughter's a big, strong girl – I'm sure she's just enjoying the shade." She chuckled. "As for Wendy... Well, let's just say she's got her hands full at the moment. ...And the rest of her body."

Lucy took a step back. "Wh-what do you mean?" Now that she thought about it, it seemed slightly suspicious that Irene Belserion would happen to visit the beach the same day all her friends started disappearing.

"You know," continued Irene, ignoring her, "now that I think about it, there's another way for me to acquire a pooltoy, isn't there, dear Wucy?"

"Th-there is?"

Irene raised a hand. "I know blondes are meant to be air-headed, but I think you need a little help." She snapped.

The air spun into a screaming, whirling twister. Lucy squealed and stumbled back. She'd barely taken two steps than Irene dropped her hand and sent the wind at her.

"St-stop!" Squealing, Lucy raised her hands to shield her face, but the gust slipped around them and into her mouth, making her gasp as it poured into her gut. *Boing!* Her belly bloated with a creak, pumped to pregnant roundness by the liters of air pouring into it. She moaned, screwing her eyes shut; she would have screamed if her mouth weren't so full. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Smiling, Irene flexed her hand and sent another gust of wind through Lucy's lips. She squealed, or tried to, though it was difficult to breathe, let alone make an actual sound. She scrambled at her mouth, clawing at the air as she could pull it out, and when that didn't work, tried to force her jaw shut. The wind didn't care: it simply forced it open and carried on flowing through.

*Boing!*

Lucy's eyes snapped open; dropped. This time, the tension was a lot higher up, and when she looked down she soon realized why. H-her boobs! They were growing...! No, growing wasn't strong enough! They were inflating, blowing up like a pair of balloons! Her bikini top creaked, drawn tight around them.

*Boing!*

She looked back. And squeaked to see her buttcheeks blowing up just as fast, if not faster. In seconds, they were each the size of a beachball, and a second later, they were twice that. Her bikini bottoms squeaked, stretched to breaking point, but no matter how large they became, they didn't tear: they just kept growing and growing with her asscheeks.

Having filled her stomach and her curves, the air settled in her arms and her legs, and with a creak, they started bending. Lucy squeaked as she dropped to her knees, trying to raise her hand to shield her face from the water. Instead of drowning in it like she expected, she came to an abrupt stop, bobbing atop the waves on her bloated breasts and gut. "Mmmphf!"

With a squeaking of skin, her legs curled up beneath her, lifting her gigantic new backside out of the water, while her arms wrapped around her blown-up boobs and squeezed, making her squeal at the pleasure. Everything about her felt so tight, so pent-up and ready to burst. She wanted to cry; the pressure was just too much.

"Look at you," said Irene, unable to hide her smile. "You look buoyant already. Just a few tweaks, and..."

The wind snapped out of Lucy's mouth and lashed at her taut, exposed skin instead. She squealed, screwing her eyes tight, as the impact of these strikes crashed through her, bringing a kind of subtle, burning pleasure. *Nnnn~!*

Where the spell struck, patches of slickness appeared, appeared and spread, flowing across her body like a fresh coating of varnish. Where it passed, her skin tingled and gained new sensitivity, burning till she wanted to scream in pleasure. At the same time, movement became harder. It was like she was drying out, turning to hard leather – even the slightest motion made her creak like an old chair. *St-st-stop!*

The spell pinched her lips and squeezed them shut and finally removed its fingers to reveal nothing more than a simple see-through cap. As she squealed, struggling to scream through it, the magic seized her nipples and did the same to them too, tweaking them from flesh into a pair of hard, plastic nozzles. *Nnnnnnah!*

Creaking and squeaking like a rusty old hinge, her body swelled, pumped fuller and fuller, making her squeal at the tension in her skin. Every part of her felt so *tight*, like it would tear at any second. If not for the cap in her mouth, she would have screamed... especially when she noticed the seams appearing across her body. *Stooop! Stooooop!*

Her hair plumped up, from thin blonde locks to an inflatable wig, and her bikini melted into her flesh as a simple layer of color. A great weight landed on her back, making her squeal and screw up her eyes as it pressed down, down, warping her flesh around it like wax under the stamp. Finally, it withdrew, and her back was unrecognizable: she'd gained a seat, a big, ringed seat, large enough for even an adult woman to sit in. *N-no!*

Her terrified eyes closed one final time, and when they opened, were gone, replaced by a pair of simple stickers. All she could do was stare ahead, grinning gormlessly, and squirm in the cage of her altered flesh. *H-help me!*

Feet splashing in the water. Irene appeared before her, looking down with a smug expression. From this angle, she seemed larger than ever, the sun shining behind her head like a demonic halo. "My," she said, planting a hand on Lucy's breast, "were you always so well-endowed?"

Her touch brought a burning kind of pleasure. *Nnn~! D-don't touch me, you pervert! And turn me back! You can't do this to me!*

With a snort, Irene retracted her hand. "Let's see if those floatation devices of yours are enough to bear my weight..." And she floated into the air, disappeared over Lucy's head, and—

*Boing!*

—landed with a smack in the square of Lucy's back.

*Nnnnnnah!*

Lucy bobbed in the water, listing left and right and spinning slightly to the side as Irene made herself comfy. The weight of the older woman's body was impossible to bear – Lucy could feel her asscheeks sinking into her plastic, and the sensation made her want to scream in pleasure. *St-stooop! Get off me!*

A pair of feet landed on her head with a squeak.

"Ah~, " said Irene. "This is the life."

\*\*

As her new raft bobbed on the pleasant ocean waves, Irene Belserion lay back, closed her eyes, and sighed in relief. It felt good to put her feet up after a long day of relaxation.

Lying there on her former daughter's former friend, listening to the splash of waves, the playful squeals of children, and the bubbling froth of something giant lurking under the water, she felt a rare sense of calm... For once, she was at peace. What more could she ask for from life?

Wait.

"Hoo!"

Irene's eyes snapped open. Just in time to see a monstrous, pig-nosed squid-thing burst out of the sea not three meters from her raft. A shadow fell over her as its giant bulk blocked the sun.

"Hoo hoo...!" said the monster, looking down at her with a decidedly lecherous expression. "Sexy lady... Hoo...!"

Irene's expression twisted in a snarl. To think that, the moment she got some peace, a pile of slime like *this* would show up to ruin it. Well, she wouldn't allow that. Raising her hand, she started to cast. "Disa—"

A sticky tentacle wrapped around her wrist and wrenched her squealing out of the raft.

"Hoo... hoo...! Sexy lady!" said the octopus, bringing her in for a sniff. "Hooo...! Seeeeeeeexy laaaaaaaaady!"

As its thick, oozing tentacles coiled around her body, Irene grit her teeth in disgust. Next time she had a day off, she'd go hiking instead!

A tendril slipped inside her bikini bottoms. *Schlup!*