

Ditz It Up: Kiss of Lotion

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

Oh come on, come on! This isn't funny! Through gritted teeth, Henry Button ripped through his bag. *Dammit, dammit, dammit! I was sure I shoved it in here earlier.*

Double, triple checking the bag, loading and unloading it did no good. Sure enough, it wasn't there. There was no suntan lotion in his bag.

Gotta be kiddin' me here. He dropped onto his beach blanket and groaned. *I was sure I put it in there. Got the water, got the shades, the towel, everything...*

He could only sit there, groaning and rubbing his face. This shouldn't be even possible. All his preparation now down the drain. Part of him wanted to berate himself as well. His current issue could've been avoided if he at least put it on before jumping in his car. But no, he didn't want to get lotion all over the wheel and seat.

And there he was now. He was on the beach, an hour away from home. Driving back was a no-go, especially since he got there early enough to find a good parking spot in the town. Maybe he would have to hit up one of the tourist trap shops near the boardwalk for suntan lotion? Not like he could go all day in the sun without it.

Great start, greeeeeat start to this new beginning. He looked at his pasty white skin, sighing. *Step 1: Get a rich tan. Apparently, should've started with Step 0: Have suntan lotion.*

Regardless, it was time to pack it in for the moment. He put things back in his bag and started rolling up his towel. Time to do some shopping and get back to work.

Though, while rolling up, something caught his attention. As his fingers brushed against the sand, they hit something hard. Not in a shell or rock way, but something more... plastic. Taking a look, it appeared to be a red cap.

A red cap that was attached to something. It must have been buried and rolling up the blanket brushed enough sand away for it to be visible. It certainly had his attention, and he quickly dug it up.

Examining it, it appeared to be a bright pink, plastic bottle. *Wait... suntan lotion?*

It certainly had the look and shape of a suntan lotion bottle. The label read: "Bubbly Sunshine Light: Tan Away Your Troubles". He had never heard of this brand before.

Wonder how long this has been here? He flipped the bottle around, brushing some more sand away. Eventually, he found an expiration date. *Huh, next year. Guess this hasn't been buried that long.*

Henry smiled. He seemed like he found his solution to his missing suntan lotion. It was almost like a sign from above finding it there or a cosmic coincidence.

He laid out his towel again and sat down hastily. He was feeling giddy from his luck, his feet positively wiggling.

That giddy feeling only continued as he popped the cap on the bottle. From its small nozzle, a strong, flowery scent emerged. It hit his nose and he quivered... and giggled.

Henry quickly shook his head. Where did that come from? Maybe he was spending too much time in the sun without lotion already? It was hard to say, but it was time to lather up.

He squirted some of the lotion into his free palm and shivered. That was surprisingly cold despite being buried in the hot sand. It was so cold that goosebumps just rapidly broke out across his entire body.

And as those goosebumps rose, things started to... change. Body hairs popped right out across his arms, back, legs, and front. The only spots that didn't leave were his eyebrows and regular old hair. In a matter of seconds, it was like his own body got a bikini wax and was left smooth to the touch.

Not that he noticed. He was more drawn into the lotion itself. It felt so thick and creamy, like squirting icing on a cinnamon roll. Was this stuff supposed to be like this? Between the texture and the odd chill, did being buried in the sand for who knows how long affected it?

He had no clue about the science on that. Either way, it should still be fine to use. He squirted some more into his hands and got to work. He covered as much of his exposed body as he could from the limbs to his torso to his face and so on. He never really tanned before, so he took no chances.

He rubbed and rubbed it all in and all over. As he did, any markings, from birthmarks to blemishes to even scars, simply faded away.

When he was all done, he smelled like a bouquet of freshly picked flowers. He took a deep breath, taking all of those fumes in, and he giggled again. He giggled and giggled, his mind feeling a little airy. His voice was a little airy as well, softer in tone.

“And now, tan time~.” He took out his black shades with his still lotion-covered hands and popped them on his face. Eye protection was a go.

He sighed and laid right back, spreading out across his toes. He nuzzled into the ground a bit, trying to get as comfortable as possible.

His eyes closed, settling in. He smiled briefly as he let the warmth wash right over him. His lips trembled slightly as they grew ever so puffy and full, his bottom lip especially big. They even looked pink and a touch glossier than they once were.

The sun is sooooo warm and nice~. Finding that bottle was, like, the best find of the century~. His body started to thin. Shoulders slowly pulled in and curved, losing their broadness. Muscle mass decreased as excess body fat decreased even more all across him. His form was soon on the slender, feminine side of things.

A perfect tan to go with all of my hard work~. His fingernails smoothed out and began to grow, any trace of his chewing vanishing. They extended out a full inch from his fingertips.

All my hard work. The words seemed odd in his head. This was the start of a new him. He still had a long way to go. Yet... *Hehehe, all that nice grooming was perfect!* His nails smoothed and trimmed out even more to a fine manicure. *Gotta look my best.*

His toes wiggled happily, also getting a fine trim and pedicure for themselves. Then, a dash of red appeared in the center of each nail and spread. Fine, bright red nail polish cloaked them all, perfectly waterproof and right for the beach.

Yet, he noticed nothing as he lay there. His eyes remained closed, and his mind still on those words bouncing through his head, words that felt so natural. He did want to be his best, a tan was the first step. He also wanted to relax a bit this summer for once. However, look his best versus being his best? Things just felt so... weird and jumbled in his mind.

As his mind swirled, his body shape continued to shift. This time, it became a touch fitter than before. A toned stomach with a thin, narrow waist came in. His thighs thickened, the inner middles just narrowly brushing against each other. His hips even looked wider too.

Be my best... look my... my best... His mind started to feel light now, things drifting away. Sleep was approaching, drowsiness suddenly upon him. *Yeah... definitely wanna... wanna look my best~.*

He quivered, his face starting to soften. *Look my best... best for all the cute... cute honeys~.*

A soft giggle left his plump lips. *Cute girls and... and cute boys~.* His jaw became less pronounced and wide. His brow did the same, adding to his softening.

Meet cute boys and... show off for the toes, awesome fans~. Again, something was wrong, something was off. He couldn't figure it out, his mind feeling so empty and light.

And Henry wouldn't figure it out. His short, black hair began to grow, his mind feeling emptier and drowsier. It grew fuller, thicker, and longer into a dazzling, elegant mop that filled most of the blanket around his head. His eyebrows thinned up in contrast, looking professionally tweezed and trimmed.

And, as the last bit of it grew, Henry finally succumbed. His mind fully drifted off, and he began to sleep at complete, happy ease.

In that sleepiness, the changes sped up. His hips widened further, making for a very round, curvy figure. His pelvis rose as his rear inflated. Butt cheeks swelling to rounder, fuller shapes, his poor shorts tightened around them as they took up more and more room.

His chest bubbled and filled. Fat built up around his nipples, soon forming bumps and then mounds. They swelled ever so slowly, inflating to a set of A-cup breasts.

All the while, he slept there with a smile. Sleeping as his skin began to darken. He was tanning faster than what was possible, slowly complimenting his developing figure.

His breathing softened, chest rising and lowering. His snores turned into light, cute breaths. His breasts jiggle as they rose and fell, enlarging to a more prominent and large B-cup. Even his rear swelled with his breaths, finally inflating into a big, bouncy bubble butt.

Henry fidgeted in their sleep, hands and toes clenching as they squirmed. Their smile grew lewd, cheeks rosy red. "Ooooh, yes... I do model but, I, like... like also... also~"

She let out a soft moan as goosebumps broke out across her tanned, smooth skin. In her swim trunks, the bulge that laid there slowly flattened until the area was completely empty.

Her breathing intensified, tongue licking her lips. She arched her back, pushing her chest out. Her breasts responded in kind, swelling one final time. They ballooned out into heavy, D-cup-sized orbs, fitting her shapely figure even more.

The sudden burst of extra weight upon her chest brought consciousness. She let out a small, whimpery moan and weakly opened her eyes, her long eyelashes fluttering with several blinks that followed. *Ooooooooo~.*

Hallie slowly rose and yawned. She stretched out her arms and pushed out her chest, wobbling ever so subtly. *What a yummy dream~.*

She looked down at herself, down at her curvy, shapely self. She giggled and ran her hands down her form. “Ooooooh, like, that is a totally nice tan~.”

Umm... but don't tans, like, take longer? I was only asleep for a few minutes. ...hmm... so hard to think! Science is tough.

Certainly thinking about science stuff or anything too complicated would just fry her silly mind. She was a fashion model and social media star. She could just ask her fans online about this sort of thing if she cared.

And what she actually cared about was her image. *Time for a selfie~.* She snatched up her cellphone and pushed down her pink shades. She gave a cute wink and snapped a photo, quickly typing out a message to go with it.

Instantly, adoration, likes, hearts, the whole works came flooding in with that shot. Her fans just ate it all up. She giggled. *Awww, they loooove mah new tan~. I'm hawter than ever!*

“Cough cough, ma’am.” Hallie looked up from her phone. Standing beside her was a lifeguard with blazing red hair. The lady was frowning, folding her arms. “Do you mind putting on a top please? This isn’t a topless beach.”

Hallie instantly puffed her cheeks. “Umm, buzzkill much? Don’t be such an old biddy! Not like there’s any kids ‘round here!”

“I’m sorry, but rules are rules. Please put on your bikini top or shirt, ma’am.”

“Tooootal buzzkill!” Hallie stood up, snatching her suntan lotion. “Maybe you should chill out~?” She aimed the bottle and sprayed the lady on her chest.

Goosebumps immediately broke out across the lifeguard from the rather cold substance. “H-hey! Don’t do that! You’ll treat me with re-”

She stopped mid-sentence. Words trailed off, her eyes looking empty for a brief second. Then there was a weird twinkle in them, and she loosened up, her body less tense.

Her head tilted, and she spoke again, “Ummm, like, just be sure ta cover-up in case a little kid or stuffy person shows up, ‘kay? I don’t wanna get inta trouble for this go, ya know?”

“Ah-huh!” Hallie nodded with a smile. The lifeguard nodded back and walked away, still looking confused and lost about something.

Hallie’s gaze looked downward. That lifeguard had some amazing hips and such a big bubble butt. So big and bouncy, her cheeks just popping out of her one-piece swimsuit. Though, Hallie couldn’t help but feel they were smaller before when she was sitting down.

Such things were, again, too complicated to ponder. She merely shrugged and laid back down to continue her tanning/relaxing.

Though, a thought did come to mind. *Hmm, that lifeguard could totes be an underwear model. That butt is just so big and soft... oh! I bet she loved to have so many pics of it!*

THE END