

## ***Kama's Beach Bonanza, Part 2 (Clothing TF, Fate)***

Kiyohime's bikini dug into her crack as she crept across the beach, her breath quiet, her tread light, stealthy as an expert predator. Ahead, not ten meters away yet distinctly unaware of her: Master Anchin—her wonderful husband—was strolling over the sands...

...with some disgusting, bloodsucking *whore* at his side.

Clenching her fists and gritting her teeth, Kiyohime shook on the spot, exhaling little goutts of flame. She wanted to rip them to shreds and punch them to pieces and fill them full of needles and splatter their blood all over the resort and—

Just as she was about to give chase, she heard a crunch of sand behind her. She turned with a snarl, ready to deal just as harshly with this interloper, but before she had a chance—

The spell crashed into her belly and surged through her, snapping her upright with a gasp and leaving her squealing in pleasure. *Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Nnnn! What is...?! She felt as if her husband's hands were working her all over.*

Rising into the air, she gave a gasp that started out quiet and grew rapidly in size as her mouth stretched wider and wider, inhumanely wide, warping the rest of her face around in the process. Her eyes went wide as well, as much in anger as in fright, though they only stayed that way for a second before they folded out of existence.

Lower down, her waist twisted at a ninety-degree angle, and her swimsuit vanished, exposing everything hidden below. As she went red with embarrassment, her lower holes expanded just like her mouth, growing and growing till they were each half as broad. Meanwhile, the rest of her body started to shrivel, turning a nice shade of lime green, as if she were becoming some kind of bizarre plant.

By the time the process stopped, she was a little more than a tunnel of flesh with her mouth at one end and her lower holes at the other, joined by a junction in the middle. Two small white ropes extended from what had been her lips, and seeing herself, Kiyohime could only writhe in horror. She looked like... She looked like a pair of swimming—

Finally, with a crack, the spell died. Kiyohime, her body limp, fluttering to the ground and struck the sand.

As she squealed at the scorching heat, a figure loomed over her. She had just enough time to recognize who it was—

*You!*

—before their fingers seized her new flesh and broke her mind into a thousand mewling shards.

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Yu Mei-Ren sighed as she trailed Master Ritsuka along the beach, keeping a careful eye on his own gaze to make sure it wasn't wandering. If he dared to peek at her curves, she had every intention of putting her spear through his gut.

At the moment, however, the main thing on his mind appeared to be ice cream. "Would you like one?" he asked, catching her following his gaze.

She frowned. She didn't, but then again, it was so awfully hot out. She supposed it wouldn't hurt to have Master Ritsuka buy her one... "Alright, fine," she said. "But don't take too long!"

As he set off with a smile, Yu folded her arms and closed her eyes with a huff. She couldn't resist taking a peek at Master's butt as he walked though. Mmm, those buns looked good in those tight little swimtrunks.

As she blushed at the thought of tearing them off and giving him a good spanking, she heard something like a breath in her ear and spun, her lance raised, expecting to be struck by an attack at any second.

Instead, she found herself staring at a wide, empty beach, devoid of anyone, let alone an attacker.

With a frown, she lowered her spear and turned back to the ice cream store. Perhaps the sun was getting to her after all—she was starting to imagine things.

The spell struck her square in the back, snapping her limbs straight with the energy of its impact. Her jaw snapped open; her spear flew from her hand. Her fingers twitched, and when she tried to speak, only a hollow, empty gasp came out.

With a silent moan, she threw her arms over her shoulders, her legs twisting back till her soles were against her soles and her ankles were almost touching her fingers. As she squirmed, her eyes widened in fury and shock, her head sank into her neck and melted into her torso, and her boobs swelled to sudden, absurd size.

Like sodden paper, she tore in half, her upper ripped from her lower, splitting her warped legs in two in the process. Hovering in the air, her new halves squirmed and shriveled, flesh pulsing as it settled into new shapes and thickness. First her arms and her legs thinned into straps, while her boobs sucked up the rest of her torso and promptly flattened out into a pair of cups, big enough to fit a pair of boobs twice as large as her own had been.

Farther down, her labia slammed together stuck, mewling into a large sheet, which soon stretched to meet up with the band made by her legs, leaving her screaming at the pleasure of its distortion. Nothing, not even taking the entire length of her husband's spear, could possibly have brought her so much ecstasy. *Nnnn~!*

Finally, the spell reached its end, and Yu Mei-Ren dropped. Striking the sand, she could only moan in afterglow as a giantess, silhouetted against the sun, leaned down and picked her up.

*Nnn~! When I get back to normal, you've going to pay for this!*

As she struggled to figure out who they were, she heard the crunch of footsteps in the sand and found Master Ritsuka approaching fast.

“Oh, hello, Master Ritsuka,” said a new voice, familiar and yet not. “Are you looking for someone? Nevermind, I’m sure you’ll find them soon. In the meantime, I’ve prepared some new swimwear for us. Why don’t we try them on together? We can even share a changing room, if you like~.”