

BEACH RAT

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“Huh? This isn’t my bag...”

Summer had once again found its way to the city of New Eridu, and as a result everyone had started to hit the beaches to beat the heat. The most popular destination to do so these days was definitely Fantasy Resort, the beachside venue that Alice and Yuzuha had worked tirelessly to restore the year prior with Phaethon’s help. For Belle, it was nice to be there for leisure this year instead of business, and she had even roped someone into coming with her.

“Don’t tell me Jane switched them...? This is totally the exact sort of prank she’d pull!” She had come to the venue *with* the rat Thiren, but they had ultimately decided on taking separate single rooms rather than rooming together and sharing a bed. Which was totally understandable since they weren’t *dating* or anything, but Belle couldn’t help but think she might have missed some sort of opportunity by agreeing to that arrangement.

On the other hand, when she’d gotten settled in her resort room and had gone to change into her swimsuit? After opening her bag, she didn’t find it packed with the things *she* had brought. The clothes were all too big for her, *including* the one-piece swimsuit composed of red cups and a dark purple leotard-like element for the rest of it. There were a number of accessories too, like a black skirt with a zig-zagged hem and silver knife designs in it, a thin red belt, fishnet sleeves... **“This looks like stuff *she’d* wear.”**

But the two of them hadn’t brought the same bag, which was why she was confused. Had Jane unpacked both of their bags at one point to



swap the contents? It was a little inconvenient and silly, but she couldn't fathom the joke being good enough to warrant all of that effort. Maybe it was an unrelated third party? Then again, she also couldn't think of *when* a swap like that could have happened when she'd been carrying her bag the entire time.

“What do I— EEP!?” Soon enough, Belle had to re-evaluate whether or not the swap had been plausible. Because the swimsuit that had been in the bag? It was on her *body* all of a sudden, and her previous outfit was just *gone*. **“Wh-What the heck!?”** Even though she was alone, she was extremely embarrassed when she realized that the swimsuit did *not* fit her. She was definitely too short, and not full-figured enough to fill it out.

So, it was basically hanging off of her, just barely covering what it needed to.

“Where did my clothes go!? How did this even get on my body!?” Were the magical clothes-swapping ghosts at the Fantasy Resort!? She couldn't even really *call* it swapping when what she had been wearing before was nowhere to be found, right? In a way Belle was kind of *stuck*, though. There were no other clothes in the bag, and she definitely couldn't go out in the hall wearing a swimsuit that looked like it was about to *fall* off of her.

And yet, part of the reason for this was soon *corrected*. **“Huh?”** Briefly, before the woman realized what was happening, she wondered if the cups of the swimsuit had shrunk or otherwise grown tighter against her bosom, because if there was something that could change her clothes, then maybe that same something could adjust how they fit? She was surprised to find that the explanation was actually the *opposite*, however.

“M-My boobs!?” Belle held out her hands a short distance away from her chest with her palms open and fingers spread, those fingers twitching with surprise as part of the reaction towards what she was seeing. The swimsuit hadn't become smaller – it was her *breasts* that were larger! They were *still* growing, actually, pulling the red latex of the swimsuit cups around the late C-cups, now almost *F-cups* with nipples that were larger than before. By that point she couldn't stop herself from checking if they were real, and...

She ended up groping herself with a little more *enthusiasm* than you might have expected.

They were full and sensitive, not to mention— **“THEY’RE HUGE!”** But she was too hung up on *their* expansion that she hadn’t realized there was *another* element of the swimsuit that had begun to fit more snugly. The *bottom* had been loose around her ass before, but that ass had been burgeoning with new weight of its own, bringing the black latex to slide into her deepening ass crack and pushing her hips to widen further out of the open sides. As it approached its fuller heart shape, there was a subtle jiggle as the excess was fed into her thighs, which thickened similarly and yet never touched between her legs. That was just how much her hips had widened.

Before long, she was idly picking latex *out* of her ass. *That* was when it finally occurred to her. **“Wait, my *ass* too? *Hm...*”** Has her voice sounded *deeper* there? It might have, but she was riding on the high of her body becoming *sexier*. It was strange. Why did it make her feel so *good*? There might have been a small part of Belle that had always *wanted* to be more attractive, so was that feeling just capitalizing on that desire? In a way, but it felt like something *more* too.

“*Now what?*” She heard it that time. When she spoke, there was a *purr* to her voice that was strangely enticing, and yet she felt like she had heard a voice like that before. Of course, she hadn’t spoken for no reason. It was because her swimsuit felt like it was tightening again. Digging into her ass but also pulling tighter around her tummy where it had been bunched up before. The fishnet sleeves performed similar feats, pulled properly down her arms, and it eventually *did* make sense. **“*Oh, I’m getting taller~!*”**

Where had she heard that voice before? If she had bothered to go over to the mirror in the corner of her resort room, she might have realized that everything above her neck had slowly been changing too. Her lips? Fuller. Her cheeks? Sharper. Her nose? Longer. And her eyes? Narrower. Her eyelashes actually lengthened, in fact, and the greens of those eyes brightened to turquoise. Her thicker lips turned up into a playful smirk. She looked *older*. Probably closer to *thirty*. But she was also beautiful and *familiar*.

In the meantime, her body had *continued* to grow. She had been 5’3” before, but she couldn’t be any shorter than 5’7” by the time her height stopped creeping up. Well, this height was pushed up even more by platform sandals that had appeared under her feet, leading to her stumbling. **“*Woah!?*”** But she caught herself moments later, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The swimsuit now fit her *perfectly*, almost like it was *made* for her. But her transformation wasn’t complete *just yet*.

“Oh! There was a mirror.” Once she’d caught herself, Belle began to strut over to the mirror with a sway to her steps that left her hips wiggling and her ass jiggling with each rise and fall. In the process? Her blue hair darkened predominantly to black, but a layered red ombre dyed the tips as it grew out. Her bangs were cut straight but curled beneath her eyes at the sides, while in the back it grew down to the base of her, well, *back*.

But it was so much more than that. Just a few steps away from the mirror, the woman *stopped*. **“I see... I suppose, all things considered, that makes sense.”** A ropey appendage had pushed its way out of the base of her spine. Covered with thin, gray fur, it grew until it was just as long as she was tall, and a bladed ornament was affixed to its tip. It was the familiar tail of a *rat*, and it matched the *ears* that had pushed themselves out from behind her air, cartilage curved downward as the same fur spread around the outside and pink on the inside. They even became pierced by several silver studs! She *knew* who she was.

And she confirmed as much in the mirror.

“Hm... While I still don’t know how this happened, I can’t say it’s necessarily *bad*, is it?” *Jane Doe* smirked at her reflection in the resort room mirror, even licking her lips and giving herself a playful wink. **“There’s nothing wrong with new experiences, right?”** She felt *hot*. No, she *knew* she was hot, and she felt confident enough to flaunt it. Was that how Jane felt each and every day? It was *intoxicating*.

If that was the woman’s line of thinking, then you could rightly deduce that she hadn’t forgotten that she *was* Belle deep down. That identity hadn’t left her, and it wasn’t like she had any of Jane’s memories or anything like that. Nonetheless, she was walking the walk and talking the talk as if it was second nature to her, even accustomed to the tail whipping back and forth behind her.

But she was the *only* one who was calm about this, because as it turned out... **“JAAAAANE! SOMETHING WEIRD IS HAPPENING!”** All of a sudden *she* barged through her hotel door. ‘She’ being ‘Belle’, or at least a woman that looked like her, dressed in the swimsuit that Belle had originally packed for the trip. In all



likelihood, that *had* to be the actual Jane, right? But why was she calling her by her new name?

“Oh dear, Belle! Whatever do you mean?” Jane’s playful personality came through as she walked around the shorter woman to size her up, each strut of her legs oozing with sex appeal. She quickly learned that she *couldn’t* use their original names even if she tried, but that wasn’t really on her mind. Instead? She eventually pinned Belle against the wall. **“Maybe you just need something to help you... adjust? Would you like to join me in bed?”**

Was she seriously thinking about fucking at that moment!?