

A soft cry of a seagull from high above. The sound of the waves crashing against the wooden, sturdy pillars supporting the ground. The quietness of nothing but those sounds and emptiness of the area around him. Sunlight just peering over the heads of the low, low buildings on the right. It was a lovely, quiet morning on the boardwalk.

It was the kind of morning Logan enjoyed, able to jog in private without anyone looking his way.

Summer had finally arrived... and the months of not being outside and moving around a lot had taken their toll on him more than he would like to admit. He wanted to enjoy the beach after all. As such, he began his new, daily regiment of jogging. It would do some good, burn off all those lingering calories he didn't like seeing.

But... eventually, he came to a stop. He bent over, clutching his knees. He took several deep breaths, wiping his forehead. He did that for a long while.

He looked at his arms and placed a hand on his stomach. He sighed in between breaths. *I'm not getting anywhere... and I feel like crap. Maybe tomorrow.*

Tomorrow sounded better. Wake up again at the usual time... maybe an extra hour later to properly rest. Just cut back on the usual sweets and fats until then.

He turned to leave, his legs already dreading the jog back. But as he turned, there was something new that caught his eyes. An ice cream parlor from the looks of things, one that was already open for business this early. He didn't remember it being there yesterday. Heck, last he glanced through those windows, the place was completely barren.

Regardless, he didn't have time for ice cream. This morning really proved it to him. He turned back towards the boardwalk's exit and took his first step back.

Guuuuuurgle. His stomach bubbled and shook. His legs quivered, muscle pain stinging intensely. He felt like he was going to collapse right there and then.

Logan sighed, rubbing his face. *Okay... maybe a quick sit and energy boost and then I'm on my way.*

With that, he stepped through the doors of the business. Curiously, the place felt a lot bigger on the inside than what he saw through the windows. Heck, trying to look outside, all the glass was fogged up and blurry. It was weird.

But, it was not as weird as the sight before him. Behind the counter were two ladies, the complete opposite of each other outside of both wearing glasses. One was a green witch and the other was a toon, a white wolf wearing a blue skirt and bikini top as an odd combo.

“Trust me on this, Emmi!” The witch spoke, adjusting her glasses, “Expanding our location to other places is going to be great! Doing it this way saves so much money on infrastructure, gas, water, electricity, the whole works!”

“I get ya.” The toon nodded, scratching her chin. “But still, I feel a toon hole would be better than all dem enchantments and stuff.”

“Please! I’m an expert and this will... will...” At that moment, the witch’s attention finally wandered from her conservation to the new arrival.

The wolf turned and looked as well. Her eyes widened, her tail beginning to wag up a storm. “Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh!!” she yipped, “Customer customer! Our first customer!”

“Our first customer with our new doorway system~.” The witch nudged the toon playfully. “Told ya it would work.”

Logan had no idea what they were talking about. It sounded way too above his head to get. Plus... he was a little intimidated and embarrassed. The two women, despite having such a laidback air to them, were quite serious... and busty. As they talked and laughed, their breasts jiggled gently within their outfits, almost like they were going to pop out of them.

“Hey lil’ fella~.” The toon cooed. Logan snapped to attention. “You don’t have to be scared! I’m a licker, not a biter~. Come on over!”

That... was certainly an odd thing to say that didn’t make him feel any better. However, given the awkwardness he was no doubt bringing by just standing at a far distance from them, he quickly hurried over to their counter.

The witch cleared her throat. “Hi there! My name is Traci and this is my cohort, Emmi the Motivational Wolf! Welcome to Witchy-Toony Delights! You’re our first customer in the area!”

“Aren’t you special?” Emmi giggled, winking at Logan. He twitched, feeling rather warm suddenly. “Sooooo, what can I get ya?”

He cleared his throat. “Well, I, ah, I was maybe hoping for something with low calories. Trying to stay in shape and don’t want to... ya know. It’s just...”

Logan shook his head. “No. I probably shouldn’t be doing this. I have to focus on my diet, and I can’t just start having ice cream now.”

“Oh no no!” Emmi wagged a thick, toony finger in his face. “Don’t ya worry a thing! We got everything you could ever want here! Low calories, nothing fattening in it? We got the perfect solution: Sharp Grin Pop!”

“A what now?”

Emmi adjusted her glasses, smirking and acting all proudly. “It’s a special energized blueberry popsicle. It **is** the solution you need! You’ll have a nice treat, be energized for any and all physical activities, and there’s no chance of gaining any weight [probably].”

“If anything, you might lose some weight in some areas,” Traci seemed to joke. Though, she did look serious when saying that.

*That’s doubtful*, he thought. However, his stomach gurgled once again. Maybe he should just go for it and see what happens. He shrugged and pulled out his wallet. “How much?”

Emmi’s eyes lit up. “Th-three dollars! Ooooooo! You won’t regret this!”

The toon disappeared with a flash, the backdoor to the kitchen swaying and a cartoony dust cloud left in the spot she just stood. Logan flinched, Traci giggling at his reaction. “Well, ah, while we wait, here’s the money for-”

The moment he brought out his wallet, Emmi was back. She shoved a frozen treat in his face. “Here ya are! I’ll take that~. Yoink!”

She took the wallet from him and pocketed three dollars out of it. He didn’t complain, more captivated by the curious treat. It was bright blue like expected, but it had this feel to it. Not exactly a glow, but a sort of neon blue aura to it. It was almost entrancing.

Emmi playfully placed his wallet back in his pocket as he leaned in for a lick of his newly acquired treat. His tongue made contact, and his body quaked. Goosebumps broke out across him as he shivered with delight. That was powerful, a real blast of delicious taste.

“Whooooa...” he breathed, panting once. *What a rush~*. His mouth twitched, creeping into a full, teeth-flashing smile. Showing his chomps, they glittered and shined under the lights of the parlor, looking a lot whiter... and shaper than before.

“Mmmmm, this is good! Thanks gals~.” He waved good-bye and left, both the toon and witch giggling themselves and waving back.

Logan leaned in and took another lick. He shivered again, but so did his clothing. In particular, his jeans did. At the top back of them, the material unraveled, falling apart and leaving a big opening that showed his back and even part of his bum.

But only for a moment. **FWOMP!** A tail shot out from his tailbone. Not an ordinary tail. It was a tail that was grey-ish blue, vibrant and rather smooth to the touch. It had a vertical fluke at its end and was almost as long as a leg. It was a big shark tail.

Logan, however, did not notice a thing, even as it gently swayed behind him. It was lighter than air despite its size. It was almost like it wasn't even there

Yet, it very much was. Stepping through the doorway and back onto the pier, the shop's door swung back and slammed right on his tail, pulling him right back. *Huh?* He tried walking forward, but only walked in place. More giggles, and even some snorts, were heard behind him.

He huffed with a big push, pulled himself forward and out of his situation. *Well, that was bogus.* He shook his head, brushing some of his hair back too. *Why was I even stuck? It doesn't make any... oh whatever!*

Logan leaned in and took another lick of the popsicle. He shivered again, the taste no longer as intense, but still quite lovely.

He started walking back down the boardwalk. There were a few more people out now, some of the stores opening as well. The sun was higher in the sky too, its rays really beating down upon him. They also seem to be reflecting off of him, his skin a lot smoother, rather glossy and rubbery in a way.

*Dang, this weather is nice~* He smiled, rolling his shoulders. *Lotta people gonna be out today. Can't blame them. This is the kinda of weather made for soakin' in some rays and workin' on that tan they always wanted.*

Logan paused, frowning. He took another lick of his popsicle. His hair gently shook, like a breeze suddenly came through. From the roots, its brown tone began brightening into a vibrant, neon blue.

*Where'd that come from?* He scratched his head. He never really thought about tanning or the weather much. Heck, his thoughts were never like that in general. *Why'd I-*

Now there was a blast of wind, a strong breeze rolling throughout the area. Clothing was whipped about on people as trash was blown all around. Beneath him and towards the beach, he could hear the sound of crashing: the crashing of waves.

He stood there quietly for a moment, as if he was in a daze. He unconsciously brought the popsicle to his mouth for another lick. He trembled and snapped to the left.

He rushed over to the edge of the boardwalk, looking out over the railing and onto the beachfront before him. In his sudden twist, his lower half bubbled. His hips suddenly widened, growing out by a few inches and curving itself into a delightful round shape. His butt even seemed to swell ever so slightly on top of that.

Yet, the thought of that never crossed his mind. His eyes were out on the water. The waves were getting rather high with that wind out there. He felt... excited looking at it.

“Duuuuuude, that surf looks gnarly today~.”

The words just tumbled out of his mouth, exciting filling him like never before. He smiled again, his chompers looking even sharper and more pointed like shark teeth.

He didn't know the first thing about surfing, waves, or even much of the ocean. Yet, staring at the water before him now, the crashing waves there, it felt something. It was deep down within him. Something instinctual almost.

The waves, the water... they all called to him. His toes clenched tightly as he stared, his body quivering again. His toes seemed to merge together in some aparts, forming three large, blue digits. Toenails grew out and slightly sharp, forming mini-claws at their ends.

*Maybe... maybe I should go for a walk down there?* He unconsciously licked his popsicle again. Beneath his shirt, his tummy flattened, his waist cracking inwards to develop a more hourglass-esque shape.

He slightly smiled. *Yeeeeeah... like, go walk and chill out on the sand and stuff~.* That sounded really nice. Really nice, unlike the feeling his shirt was giving. It felt off around his chest, like the area was rather sensitive for some reason.

He left the side of the boardwalk and headed for its end, quickly leaving the planks for the soft sand. The entire way, he quickly rushed, passing by the ever growing crowd around him. They all gave him passing, odd looks, taking in his sharp teeth or getting out of the way of his huge, thick tail. They especially gave him a double take when his skin completely turned greyish blue, gleaming under the rising sun.

He plopped onto the sand and sighed. Even though he only stepped a few feet to the left away from the boardwalk, it felt warmer, more comforting out on the beach in the sun. He happily took another lick of his popsicle and continued on.

**POOF!** Suddenly, a pair of sharp, midnight-black sunglasses appeared on his face. Around his neck, a shark tooth necklace also appeared, looking similar to the teeth in his own mouth.

However, he paid it no mind. He was too busy taking in the lovely weather and his surroundings. The warm sand between his toes, his shoes having long since vanished without a trace. The sound of the seagulls and tourists populating the area. The smell of the crash saltwater to his left. It was wonderful.

He looked to the water, goosebumps breaking out over shark skin. *Those waves look so sick today~ I should... I should really catch some of those waves!*

His heart raced and raced, excitement filling him as the urge to surf overwhelmed him. With each beat though, his chest expanded. Already a bit inflamed, fat slowly built up around his nipples more and more, developing from droopy moobs to rather perky boobs. His shirt stretched over them as they grew, highlighting their already B-Cup size shapes.

*Need to surf, need to surf!* He looked further ahead, spotting a small booth with many surfboards leaning up against it. *BINGO!*

He hurried over as fast as he could, dipping and dodging people while also accidentally smacking them with his shark fluke. However, despite the comical injuries, most people had their attention on something much, much more surprising.

As Logan ran, his shorts began to unravel. First, the belt loops fell out, followed by his belt. Then came the zipper and top button, crumbling to pieces. Stitching came apart, fabric peeling off. The same even happened to his underwear, soon pieces lost in the sand. He instinctively grabbed his wallet, phone, and keys as they fell, not even really paying attention.

By the time he reached the surf booth, Logan was completely bottomless. Not that he cared one bit. It was time for the ocean!

“Thanks man!” Logan chimed, his voice so light and high pitched. He gave the shopkeeper a wave and wiggle of his exposed butt. His rear quickly ballooned out, swelling into a rather round, pronounced bubble butt. It was quite impressive, only hampered a tad by his tail obscuring it slightly.

The employee manning the counter only nodded, his face beet red at the sight. Logan merely giggled. Another poor fool entranced by her good looks. She had such a way of getting under people’s skin, didn’t she?

Logan shook her head. *Ugh, brain is all fried today. Need to hit the water before I lose it!*

She placed her pocket items behind her back, safely in her toon negaspace. She then chomped down on the rest of the popsicle with one big, BIG bite. **SNAP!** She slipped the popsicle stick out from between her teeth and tossed it into the air. **SMACK!** She slapped the stick with her tail, sending it flying across the beach and into a distant trash bin.

She giggled. *Still got it~*

The former guy shivered again as the popsicle worked its magic. Her shirt stretched further and further out, her mouth ballooning into some orbish C-cups. Her hair straightened and fell down her back, stretching more and more out into elegant locks that went to her hips.

Time to hang ten and-

“Heeeeee babe~. Haven’t seen you around here before.” Logan looked to her left. A couple of guys were approaching, some carrying their own surfboards.

*Eeeeeep! My fellow surf kin!* Logan squealed internally before shaking her head. *Gotta play it cool.* “Oh hey... what up! I don’t often get out here to surf.”

“Same here!” One of the others in the group said. He smiled. “What’s your name?”

“It’s Lo-” She coughed, hitting her chesticles with a big BOING. “Sorry! Something caught in my throat~. My name is Lucina!”

The guys chuckled, more of their smiles growing. The first guy stepped up closer to her and sweetly asked, “That’s a pretty name for a pretty shark. Though, I bet you would like a prettier beach to check out than this tourist trap. We know someplace private if you wanna go check it out.”

The toony gal opened her mouth, but immediately snapped it shut. Something wasn’t right. She raised a hand to her face, scratching her chin as her face subtly stretched. Squeak squeak. The sound of her hand against her chin as a white substance suddenly appeared over it, transforming into a white, toon glove.

Click. A lightbulb appeared above her head. “Heeeeee, I know what’s gonna on here, bub!” Lucina huffed and poked the surfer with her other hand, a white toon glove appearing over it as well. “You’re trying to be a total drag on my fun, aren’t ya?!”

“Wait... what are you-”

“You’re trying to show me up, huuuuuuuh?” Lucina flashed her fangs. “Well, I ain’t gonna let ya do that! This beach deserves its queen shark bee! You won’t stop me!”

Before the guys could even say another word, she spun around, smacking them all down with her big tail, and charged towards the water with her board.

She hurried as fast as she could, her breasts bouncing with each step. *Must... must surf!* Her breasts slowly inflated again. *Must... must show off!!* **FWOMP!** Her breasts ballooned in one big burst, jumping up to DD-cups. Her poor shirt was stretched beyond belief, fabric starting to tear right in its chest.

**SPLASH!** She disappeared into the rather shallow water, leaving behind her shirt. People nearby looked around. Where did the toon go? The water was clear as day and there wasn’t a single place for her to hide.

“COWABUNGA!” The answer soon came. A wave started rising up and with it, a familiar shark gal. This time, her chest was completely exposed, breasts jiggling as she rode that wave. Her ears were longer and pulled out into sharp points.

She rode the wave all the way to the end. Most of the people nearby applauded her, causing her to smile. “Yeeeeees... give me all your applause, all your cheers! I loooooove it all! You’re all too kind!”

Lucina sighed, bowing and waving to her adoring audience. Her eyes casually glanced towards the sky. *Hmmm... really no clouds out today. After I scratch this itch, time to get my tan on!*

There were gasps and pointing suddenly. Curious, the shark looked behind her. Another wave was coming, further out and a lot higher. She shivered. Now that was perfect for her.

Like before, she spun around, dived into the water, and vanished with her board. Everyone looked where she vanished and looked at the wave. Soon, their hero made her appearance once again!

Lucina rode at the very top of the crescent, grinning wider than she ever had before. She leaned her head back and howled, pumping her fists into the air. Her face snapped forward, stretching out into a short, cute muzzle.

She rode the wave all the way to end... sort of. She hopped off the board just as the water reached the sand and slid on her knees all the way up the beach to a group of people. “Ta-da!” She declared, throwing out her hands and pushing out her chest, which inflated one last time to hefty, perfectly spherical E-cups.

The crowd gasped... before they applauded, even harder now. Lucina jumped to her feet and bowed. “Thank you, thank you! You’ve been dazzled today by the best beach surf shark around! Tell your kids, grandkids, and your great grandkids about this magnificent event!”

“You’re so cool!” “I’m in love with you!” “Can I touch your tail?” “What’s your secret?! Toon powers?” “Can you teach me to surf?”

Lucina giggled. What a lovely crowd filled with wonderful questions. She looked to the person who asked about surfing and said, “You wanna surf like me? Well, I say we-”

“HEY!” A whistle blared. “Put some damn clothes on! This ain’t a nude beach!”

It was a lifeguard from nearby, charging and pointing at her. “Oopsies!” Lucina giggled, shaking her chest playfully, “Looks like I gotta book it early! The price of let it all be free, ya know? Keep your eyes out on the water this summer! I’ll be back.”



With that, she ran off, leaving her washed up surfboard and adoring fans behind. She wiggled her bum and lifted her tail as she ran, streaking even more than before.

She heard the lifeguard yell far away as she put more and more distance between them.  
*Ahhhhh, I loooooove these trips to the beach!*

THE END