

BEACH-I THE ROCK

CH5: TAKE A BITE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kikuri Hiroi lowered her phone from her face.

“...Hm? Wasn’t this the place?” The scent of alcohol on her breath, the petite and intoxicated woman gave her head a little tilt as she looked over the largely unoccupied stretch of beach before her. She’d followed the GPS coordinates that Bocchi had sent her via a text message, but the girl hadn’t really included any information about what was going on. Considering the haste, she could have only assumed that it was an emergency of some kind?

Well, it was something she had sent when she had been covering in the nearby changing stall. Not having had anywhere else to turn she had sent a panic message to Kikuri hoping that, as an adult, she’d be able to do something to help her. Crucial context that the woman lacked as she shoved a straw into a newly opened box of booze and took a sip. **“I don’t see her anywhere though? Wonder if she moved...?”**

That was the most obvious answer to the question of ‘where did Bocchi go?’, right? It had taken her a little while to make her way down to the beach, and so it was only expected that the teenager might have moved in that time. Just in case, she sent a text message to the club to see if they had heard anything from anyone. Nijika was the boss’ little sister after all.

The only people in this part of the beach didn’t exactly fit Kessoku Band’s description. There was a picnic blanket laid out with a bunch of *extremely* beautiful women, mostly adults, eating what seemed to be convenience store fair. Were they cosplayers? One of them had

unusually pointed ears. But maybe it was a little rude to stare? So she probably should have been on her way.

“Oh, there you are!”



Just as she'd turned to leave, one of the women sitting in that group had called out and run up to Kikuri. This obviously confused the drunk because she'd never seen this woman before in her life, but she was talking to her like they were old friends. She was tall and curvy, sporting a tan and sporty swimsuit; clearly Japanese in her heritage, unlike some of the others who'd been sitting there. There was also a strange rainbow stone glimmering in a bag hanging over her shoulder.

“Uh...?” The shorter of the two women didn't really know what to say. Her eyes remained largely closed and she rubbed awkwardly at the back of her head. Was this stranger expecting her to say something? That was kind of hard to do when she didn't know *Musashi's* name. Wait. Musashi? Was that her name? How had she known that?

Wondering if, in her vaguely intoxicated stupor, she had just made up a name for a stranger, Kikuri turned to walk away again. But something deep down stopped her. An impulse? A desire? A recognition? Regardless of what it was, she felt like she was where she was supposed to be – so why leave? It was the rainbow stone's doing of course, and it had already spurned a physical difference in the bassist's appearance. Unless she'd *always* had long and pointy ears sticking out from behind her dark hair?

Of course she *hadn't*.

The shorter woman blinked, wondering if she should actually stay or if she should go before her eyes returned to their mostly closed position. That glimpse was enough to reveal that her usually purple eyes were now a bright crimson – and in fact she hadn't closed those eyes again as much as she usually did. Over time she would actually open them *completely* without realizing, her body sobering up in the process.

Additional changes could be seen atop her head at this juncture. Considering the darker color of her purplish red hair it made sense that any change in its color, especially towards something lighter, would immediately stand out. This was the case when it came to strands that

had seemingly been bleached towards a silvery white... but they weren't bleached at all. Each strand was permanently and biologically changed to this color, and the length of each dyed strand had grown *significantly* longer in tandem. Once enough of the hairs in her braid had been plagued by this growth it ultimately unfurled, allowing her hair to twirl out in a thick and curly silver mass behind her.

It was enough that Kikuri *probably* should have taken notice of it, but any changes prompted by the rainbow stone seemed to force ignorance upon the victims. It was for that reason that she hadn't questioned why her canine teeth were poking out through her lips. Lips that were fuller themselves – but they weren't as alarming as how sharp those teeth appeared. Almost like the fangs of a *vampire*.

The woman's posture had corrected itself from the hunched form of a small lady who had been drinking, and she was standing upright with pride and an odd smirk playing upon those thickened lips of hers. Crimson eyes were almost entirely open already, showing off their reddish glow but also demonstrating that they looked less... Japanese. Bigger and rounder, lids wider, there was a more Western European look to them. They made her look like a different person altogether!

...Well, along with her rounder cheeks, sharper nose, and bushier silver eyebrows.

“Harumph!” A rather smarmy sound escaped her lips and Kikuri kicked away her footwear of all things. *Wooden sandals? They are much too uncomfortable for someone like me!* At least that had been the thought process as feet now touched upon hot sand. She ran a hand through her silver hair, black nail polish switched to something redder on either hand by the time she had finished. **“Now what was I supposed to be doing?”**

There was just something about the *way* she asked this question that sounded smarmy and self-important. The woman was usually carefree and indifferent, but it was a reaction that looked right at place upon a face that seemed more childish. But physically? She hadn't become younger at all. Did that mean her body wouldn't change much further? *...Absolutely not.*

Kikuri shed the jacket over her green dress and allowed it to drop on the sand. She was operating according to changing preferences, but in the end this ultimately drew attention to a seemingly erratic and egregiously excessive expansion of her *figure*. Maybe it wouldn't have come across as *that* bizarre if the girl had become taller first (or if she was destined to grow taller at all) but her height remained where it was.

And so the skirt of her dress was hoisted up past her underwear and hips over a matter of seconds not because she'd become taller, but because her chest, well... It had *ballooned*. Her tits were supposed to be B-cups and that was a *generous* reading of their original size. But fat jiggled and rippled through the skin of her tits while they expanded, the spaghetti straps of her gown sliding down her shoulders while supple flesh spilled over the neckline in a sea of cleavage.

Each tits was *bigger than her head* with nipples that *dwarfed her eyes* in size. They were absolutely ridiculous and her back muscled immediately strengthened to help accommodate them. Her dress was lifted up so high that the skirt was right below those tits, black panties on full display. The bassist didn't feel ashamed at all though. *Now more people can gaze upon my peerless beauty!* ...She felt quite the opposite.

Perhaps it was to her benefit then that her dress then disappeared, revealing a triangular-cupped, white bikini top with the thinnest straps imaginable beneath it. It was clearly a size too small for her with how intensely it gripped those breasts together, but to be fair? Good luck finding a swimsuit that fit with balloons *that* big. Her panties had been swapped out for a matching bikini bottom that seemed a little loose too. Not to mention the toeless, white thigh highs that didn't fit quite right just yet.

Her thighs rubbed together as she took a singular step towards the group of picnicking, swimsuit-clad women. Which actually *shouldn't* have been possible. But much like her upper body her lower half had been blessed (or cursed) with new and squishy girth. Her thighs and ass alike had all ballooned, skin pulled as taut as humanly possible so that it had an almost illuminous sheen. Hips were given no choice but to stretch from this; a rump and leg meat that were suitably excessive to match her huge bosom. At the very least her bikini bottom and thigh highs fit appropriately now...

If you considered them being so tight that skin and fat muffined over their grip to be an 'appropriate fit'.

The remaining changes were both cosmetic and minor. Her complexion had been paling throughout the other changes, but now it was an almost ghostly white as if she were *undead*. Silver hair was pulled up into some cute and childish twintails, but that really seemed to be a theme with how youthful her face had become too. She looked the part of a short and childish woman. She definitely had the looks that appealed to some people more than others, but in her mind? Why wouldn't she appeal to everyone?

“Hm! How bold of you all to start without the great *Draculina-sama!*”

The smugness level as the young woman spoke was *incredibly* off the charts, but such was *Draculina*'s personality. Clad in a bikini so tight that it was struggling to comfortably enrapture her short but thick figure, you could see how its straps dug into her huge tits and abundant hips and thighs without giving her much of a breather. But while it *was* vaguely uncomfortable, pushing her chest out towards the group she didn't even seem to bat an eyelash at it. She was undeniably used to it, for better or for worse.

While her figure might have suggested otherwise, the woman was actually a touch younger physically now than she had been before, only being twenty. But her vampiric physical traits seemed to suggest that she might have technically been older on the merit of being a vampire alone. That said, she didn't crave blood at all. **“Have you set out a glass of tomato juice for me? You would be foolish to have not!”**



A declaration that prompted laughter from her group of friends.

Why were they always laughing at her!?