

Beached

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A Patreon Poll Story

Azura decides to give her friend a new perspective after she gets tired of the lizard bad-mouthing tourists' fat figures. Her teachable moment goes off track when she uses too much of her secret ingredient by mistake. Fortunately, Gwen doesn't seem to mind too much.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Kitsune, a Female Lizard, Alchemical Shenanigans, Weight Gain, Growth, Whale TF, Exhibitionism, Macro Growth, and Masturbation.

Brilliant sunlight glittered down from overhead, baking the sandy beach with its vibrant intensity. Heat shimmers rose from the sand between towels and shimmered between the dunes, cultivating the illusion of an ivory desert. The soft lapping of waves undermined the act, however, transforming the expanse into a tropical paradise. Of course, the ambiance could hardly be heard over the horde of vacationers and spring breakers. Bright towels and wide umbrellas disguised most of the resort's beach, burying it under an impenetrable layer of colorful tourism. Joyous shouts and yells sounded across the water as guests played and jumped in the waves, disrupting the normally peaceful atmosphere. Most everyone on the shore paid it no mind however, far too determined to enjoy the first sunny day in weeks. Unfortunately, some of the locals didn't share their attitude. One such lizard reclined in one of the few available seats at the beach bar, sipping on a fruity drink and ruminating on the packed shore. Gwen leaned back and rested her elbow on the polished wood, slammed back the rest of her beverage, then thumped her empty coconut cup down. The paper umbrella on its rim rattled with the impact, then rolled to rest against its curve and settled.

"I can't believe all these chumps are out here on the hottest day so far this year," Gwen scoffed. "Don't they have anything better to do?"

"I could ask you the same thing," Azura chuckled. "Admit it, you'd be out there too if there was room."

"You're damn right! But I wouldn't waste the chance. Unlike most of those fatasses, I have the perfect sunbathing figure." The reptile gestured over her slender curves and form-fitting bikini. "You have to have the right body to properly enjoy the beach, and *they* don't got it."

The fennec kitsune rolled her eyes. "You know you're full of it, right? And if there was a right body, you'd still be wrong. Being bigger means you can soak up more sun."

"That'd ruin the beach vibe," she shot back. "That extra sunlight isn't free either, since they'd be casting shadows over the rest of us."

"Do you realize how dumb you sound right now?"

"If by dumb you mean right, yeah. Look right there, case and point."

The reptile pointed to a cow lumbering by. The bovine woman was as wide as she was tall, and a too-small bathing suit left no curve to the imagination. Her doughy thighs wobbled with every step, and her fat ass threatened to escape her bottom with every jiggle. Her belly hung low and bounced against her thighs, rendering the lower half her garment redundant. The cow's breasts squished against her confining top, squeezing her cleavage up to her twin chins. Despite her size, she waddled with ease, oblivious to Gwen's judgmental eye and lost in the bliss of an overflowing ice-cream cone. Azura watched with appreciation as she gradually wandered out of view, unconvinced of the reptile's point.

"You should be more like her," the fennec sighed.

"Four hundred pounds and in far too little clothing?"

"Happy in your own body," she corrected.

"Hey now, I love my figure. I work too hard not to."

"So hard you have to rag on everyone else?"

It was Gwen's turn to roll her eyes. "I'm not saying everyone needs to be Hercules. Seeing at least a little effort would be nice though."

Azura didn't dignify that with a response, though Gwen carried on regardless.

"At a certain point, it's just unhealthy. Like that guy over there." She gestured at a particularly lardy fox at the other end of the bar. The tubby tourist barely fit into his booth and spilled over his waistband with a generous muffin-top. His chest and thighs were just as flabby, though his rear took the cake and buried his double-wide cushion.

"A little chub is fine of course, but that guy looks like he could swallow a tourist whole. Maybe two or three."

The fennec's expression flattened, even though her friend was probably right. "Alright, that's enough," she sighed. "I don't need you insulting my customers."

"Running them off might be doing them a favor," the lizard quipped. "I'm sure what you're selling isn't doing their weight any favors."

"I think you need an attitude adjustment," Azura grumbled.

"I'm not the one that needs adjusting."

The kitsune took in a deep breath and slowly exhaled, calming her nerves and giving a plan the space to form. A mischievous grin curled the corners of her mouth for an instant, and she reached below the counter for her stash of alchemical supplies. The diminutive fox disappeared behind the bar and searched her reserves, filling the air with the soft clinking of glass bottles and vials. All manner of exotic and outlandish ingredients and extracts slipped through her fingers, until her target caught her eye. A mirthful spark flashed in her eyes as she plucked a bottle of whale essence from her satchel of holding, and she held it to the light while the lizard's back was turned. The vial of pale-blue powder glittered as she turned and inspected it through and through, ensuring its freshness and effectiveness before putting it to use. Once it passed her test, she slipped it into her waistband and turned to the shelf of drinks at her back. After a moment of thought, she selected two of them and gathered them with her tails.

"Why don't I make you something that'll help you calm down? On me, of course."

Gwen's swaying tail slowed as she considered the offer. "That sounds nice actually, thanks."

Azura hid her grin as her trio of tails snaked through the air, mixing and stirring the beverage to perfection. A few ice cubes completed the solution, along with her own secret ingredient. The kitsune mixed in the powder as she spun the glass around her figure, then presented the result with a flourish. It met the counter with a soft clink, and as it settled, she added a decorative paper umbrella.

"What are you doing here with that kind of talent," the reptile remarked.

"Between you and me, I'm just here for a rare plant that grows here. Once I figure out how to farm it myself, I'm gone."

Gwen raised her glass and took a deep sip. "Huh. Does the resort know about it?"

Azura grinned. "Kind of, but they don't know the full story."

The lizard nodded, though a brief bolt of confusion curtailed the gesture. "Is this new? I don't think I've had this one before."

"It's my own special mix~ You're not gonna find it anywhere else."

"Have you thought about selling the recipe? You could retire off this one."

"They'd never get it right," the kitsune grinned. "It takes a special touch to make it like this."

"I'd believe it." Gwen dumped the last of her drink into her snout, then swilled it across her tongue and gulped it down. "I need another one of these before I go."

"Just give me a second to make it~"

As Gwen spun in her chair and turned her gaze out to the beach, Azura leaned over the bar and peeked past its edge. To her delight, her special ingredient was taking effect, and she eagerly waited for the reptile to notice. Just beneath the lizard's perceptions, her body crept toward a figure she'd spent the last half hour criticizing. Her thighs softened and smushed together with a building layer of pudge, spilling over the edge of her seat and spreading to her ass. The toned muscles of her rear softened and vanished under a thickening pillow, adding to her globes at the expense of her bathing suit. The bright fabric ever so slowly disappeared between her growing cheeks, reducing it to little more than a thong. The reptile shuffled her broadening hips as her waistband snuck up her love handles, and the softening shelf of her belly concealed her increasingly exposed modesty. The smooth plates of her middle spread across her growing paunch and exposed the

sensitive hide beneath, tugging at Gwen's attention and inviting her to look down. Despite the constant sensory tug, her shifting figure didn't catch her wandering thoughts until the changes reached her breasts, slowly adding heft until her top could take no more. She glanced down as her plush figure squished around the light fabric and strained its supporting strings until she overcame the force of its knots.

A surprised yelp filled the open-air bar as her breasts burst free and plopped against her belly, leaving her totally exposed to several pairs of eager eyes. Gwen's cheeks flushed crimson in the awkward silence that followed, until she gathered enough of her wits to act. Her bathing suit bottoms rushed into the crack of her ass as she flopped herself across the bar, squishing her scales against its smooth surface as she scrambled across. A shiver ran up her spine and her tail hiked as its chill seeped into her curves, derailing her momentum for a brief instant. She recovered as a lecherous whistle cut the air, inspiring a burst of energy that sent her tumbling across the bar. Azura stepped aside as she crashed to the floor, then mentally gaged her mixture's progress. Subtle ripples spread across the lizard's generous form as more and more flab accumulated on her curves, bringing an arch of uncertainty to the kitsune's brow. She reached into her waistband while Gwen wallowed in embarrassment, then froze as she inspected the empty vial. The alchemist tapped it a few times to be sure, and her expression turned to shock when it remained empty. Where she'd only meant to use a pinch, she'd unintentionally dumped the entire dose!

Azura searched for words while Gwen grasped for anything to disguise her nudity, but found only stammers and syllables. The lizard wrapped herself in a vinyl banner and rose from the floor by the time the kitsune recovered, and a brief confusion flashed in her eyes before realization followed.

"What the hell!? You did this, didn't you?"

The fennec's eyes remained locked on her friend's figure as it continued to grow, squishing against the unyielding plastic. "You uhh, might want to wait for it to finish before you chew me out."

The reptile's pupils narrowed. "It's not done yet?! How much more is there?" Her outburst gripped the bar's attention, though she hardly cared. Even as patches of blue mixed into her vibrant green scales.

A brief, empty moment hung between them while Azura carefully picked her words. "I'm not sure, but probably a lot. I've never used a dose this large."

Gwen's mind short-circuited for an instant, during which Azura backed away and dodged the following lunge. "Stop it! Right now!"

The fennec danced just beyond her friend's reach, deftly gathering her things as she made her way for the door. "I can't reverse it until this stage finishes out. In the meantime, I'm gonna run home and grab some stuff to make an antidote." Azura ducked behind the door

and held it before her. "Also, you might want to get outside before you outgrow the building."

The reptile threw herself at the door, though Azura was already gone. She considered giving chase and sitting on the fennec as punishment, though that possibility faded as her alchemical condition advanced. A faint rumbling in her stomach drew her attention downward, where she found her paunch eclipsing her toes. More worrying than her increasing weight however, was her shifting hue. Her eyes widened as she stared into the silky, deep blue patches creeping over her scales, tempting her to gently swipe a finger across one. A shiver ran up her spine with the blubbery contact, dispelling the hopeful notion it was just an illusion. She reached beneath the overhang of her belly and hefted it for a better look, revealing yet more of the midnight color hiding in her rolls. A faint blush tinted her cheeks as the steady sensation of growth persisted in her grasp, squishing her doughy paunch between her fingers. Her bare breasts crept into view as a similar growth kindled in their sensitive forms, further muddying the torrent of emotions swirling in her head. The hoots and hollers from the surrounding patrons fell from her perception as she reconsidered her stance on fat, challenged by the delight of playing with her rolls. A shift in balance and a step of recovery brought her from her reverie, and grin spread across her face. Her portly figure had already garnered more attention than its athletic counterpart, a fact that easily convinced her to embrace her state.

At least until Azura returned with an antidote.

Gwen sauntered to the bar with all the confidence she could muster, then planted her hands on its lacquered surface and hopped up. The wood softly creaked and subtly bowed with her landing, drawing what little attention she hadn't already collected. A triumphant blush blazed in her cheeks as she sat up and spun her legs over its edge, showcasing the doughy squish of her thighs. Her increasingly aqua-hued pudge preserved her modesty better than her bikini, both concealing and revealing more. The reptile's belly and love handles wobbled as she scooted to the edge, then dropped to the floor. She let her middle hang free and obscure her arousal as she swung her hips and left the bar, stepping into the vibrant sunlight with her enhanced figure. The sun's warmth illuminated her mottled hide and infused her with conflicting sensations, both drawing her to bask on the beach and dive into the waves. Her palm sank into her padded hip while she considered the two options, then decided on the latter and resumed her strut to the shore. She basked in crowd's collective and stunned gaze as she stepped onto the sand, commanding their interest and attention with more than just her figure alone. Her scales and plates shrank and meshed together more with every footstep, burying her reptile heritage under a layer of blubber that thickened with every footfall.

The former reptile opened her arms and basked their admiration as her hide smoothed and glistened in the sun, subtly inching toward a two-tone pattern. Her back deepened into a rich, oceanic blue, matching the hues of the far-off horizon. Her front, meanwhile, took on the sparkling hue of the shallows, a color much closer to that of the sky. Only a faint green stripe down her sides remained, a thin reminder of her former form. It escaped her notice

entirely as she strutted over and around a rainbow of towels, and the tourists were far too enraptured by her wobbling curves to spot it. The distraction generated by her figure intensified with her growing curves, then accelerated further as her stature followed suit. Gwen's shadow stretched across the sand as she gained height in addition to weight, though the former far outpaced the latter. Stunned sun-bathers rolled from her path as she approached amazonian proportions, towering over her peers with equal width. Every eye on the beach fell to her as her footsteps resonated in the earth, kicking up puffs of sand in her wake. Her walk to the sea sped in proportion with her growing frame, allowing her to cover evermore ground in the same stride. The waves lapped at her toes by the time she fully realized her size, and broad grin graced her softened face before she immersed herself.

A mixture of panic and apprehension swept over the crowd as the building-sized whale crouched, bringing her doughy hips nearly to the ground before leaping into the ocean. The full glory of her shadow eclipsed the beach for a marvelous moment before gravity brought her crashing down, unleashing a wave that rushed half-way up the shore. Tourists scrambled to save their belongings from the minor tidal wave and shouted their frustrations, though they hardly reached the lounging whale. Gwen rolled onto her back and basked in the waves' gentle massage, relishing the water lapping between her rolls. A pair of fins bloomed from the tip of her tail as it idly swayed through the shallows, stirring up currents that broke against her softening curves. A blush kindled in her cheeks as her belly wobbled with each churning wave, and vast ripples rolled through the water as she adjusted herself to better enjoy them. Another set of miniature tidal waves rushed across the sand as she spread her thighs and lifted her middle, then lost herself in the waters at her lust. What were soft moans and groans to her boomed and echoed through the resort while she pleased herself, rattling windows and calling yet more attention to herself. Despite the softened protests of her increasingly diminutive audience, she resolved to chase her orgasm with greater effort.

Unfortunately, Gwen's growing figure worked against her. Her shadow fell over the resort as her expansion continued unabated, raising more and more of her figure out of the waters. Flashes of frustration broke her bliss as the waves against her sex lost their potency, eventually spurring her to rise from the shallows. The ocean rippled and flooded into her vacuum as she stood to her mountainous height, plunging the town into an early evening. Waterfalls flowed from her rolls and glittered in the sun before rejoining the sea, splashing down like great glacial floods. Gwen took a moment to appreciate her stature and indulge her titanic curves, then sauntered toward the ocean's deepest reaches. The earth trembled with her every step and the seas churned in her wake as she neared the horizon, sinking and wading into hip-deep waters. Ships and tankers turned from her path and braced for her wake as she stepped down from the continental shelf, finally immersing herself to her shoulders. A pleasant sigh flowed from her lips and shook the sea as she reclined and floated on her back, letting the island of her belly surface once again. Her titanic breasts followed, adding soft mountains to the landscape of her form. Once stabilized, she resumed her pursuit of pleasure without skipping a beat, splashing tsunamis between her thighs and massaging her generous chest. The consequences of her pleasure stretched across the planet as her thighs trembled with impending bliss, upsetting tides and disrupting harbors

the world over. When she finally came, her rapturous cries echoed around the globe.

Towering walls of water radiated from her figure when she relaxed and splashed down, making her presence known even further inland. Clouds parted around her heaving breaths while she recovered, and her breasts rose and fell through the ocean's surface. Curious aircraft circled the landmass of her belly by the time she recovered, which she greeted with an expression of pure bliss. A shiver of exhibitionist pleasure ran down her spine when she spotted their cameras, rapidly rekindling her lusts. Before she tended to them once more, however, she looked directly into one.

"Azura, if you're watching this, don't worry about reversing this. You were right, bigger is better."