

ROSE BEACH

JULY 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Is everything alright, Rosetta? It’s strange for you to invite me out alone like this.” It was a nice surprise, honestly, to be invited to walk down an Auguste beach alongside one of her dearest crew members that summer evening. Rosetta was mysterious, being the Rose Queen and all, but her presence was always a nurturing one. She was almost like a mother or big sister figure upon the Grandcypher, always looking out for everyone else’s wellbeing.

Even now she giggled, smiling at Djeeta while dressed in her swimsuit. **“Nothing is wrong! I just wanted to give you a gift. You’ve seemed a little tense lately, captain! Even with us spending the week in Auguste, you’ve been running around like a chicken with its head cut off.”** Oh, was that it? Even the captain could recognize that this stay was busier than most. Normally she had time to spend at the beach, but she was helping so many people out...

Djeeta blinked. **“A gift? You didn’t have to get me anything! Even just spending time together like this is gift enough!”** Humble as always, her words were as sweet as her smile. Still, Rosetta gestured to a tiny shack they were about to pass. **“Oh, is it in here?”** If the gift was meant to be a surprise, it made sense that Rosetta would hide it – and with the woman nodding, Djeeta slipped in despite her insistence that no gifts had been necessary.

It was clear the moment she stepped in, and the door swung closed behind her that this was meant to be one of the changing huts for beachgoers to use. Hooks were fixed to the walls and benches were in the back. It was a tiny space, yet a table was in the room’s center as well. And upon it? Rested the head of a giant rose. **“Oh, it’s so pretty...”**



The girl couldn't resist reaching out to touch it, and upon doing so gasped in surprise as the flower promptly opened, basking the girl in a soothing light. "**Oh!?**" Rosetta could be so dramatic with her powers sometimes. When the light faded, gone was Djeeta's dress. Instead, she was wearing a backless, one piece swimsuit of white with green, vine like trim – a rose resting above the crack of her butt. "**This is...**" Well, it wasn't the kind of swimsuit she normally wore.

And Rosetta's intention had only been to grace her with that swimsuit and go for a swim with the girl. Conjured from her powers, the rose-decorated one piece was meant to endure any stress. But she

didn't realize that the powers used to craft that swimwear had imbued it with a fragment of her essence. One that would reshape the girl into a woman that was more to Rosetta's *preferences*.

"I wonder if she'd be offended if I didn't wear this?" Djeeta craned her neck over her shoulder to look at her butt, which was basically fully on display aside from the green vine that gently rested upon her crack. And in the front? It was a little cold, but that was still enough to make out the pink of her nipples against the white. Wasn't this way too revealing!?

But what's wrong with showing some skin?

"Plenty! I'm not interested in— Huh? Why am I arguing with myself?" It *was* a good question. She wasn't even sure how that thought had crossed her mind, being a fairly pure little lady despite how much butt she could kick. Even if she'd ever entertained the idea of showing a little skin (*Zeta was always trying to coax her into it*), it wasn't like she had the figure to pull off any seductive tactics.

Yet, the magic within that rose had not yet reached completion despite the fact that Rosetta had only intended on bestowing her captain with a fancy swimsuit. Djeeta was first made aware of it thanks to a sudden weight that yanked her backwards, and before long she lost balance and her bare bottom squished against one of the benches in the hut's back.

The answer to the question “**Why did I suddenly lose my balance?**” was answered more or less immediately.

“**Why is my seat so high? And this is a bench, right? It feels really soft, almost like...**” The captain leaned forward in her seat so that she could look at the bench behind her, but what she saw wasn’t at *all* what she was expecting to see. Unless she could somehow anticipate the cheeks of her ass filling out far more of the bench than it would usually. Actually, *strike that*, it was continuing to fill the bench. “**E-Eh!? What’s going on here!?**”

The green vine of the swimsuit that had once barely covered her butt crack after swinging over her hips was now firmly wedged up inside pale cheeks that were jutting out even further behind his. Djeeta’s seat not only rose but pushed backwards until the peaks of her cheeks pushed up against the bench’s back even with her forward posture. “**Wh-Why is my butt getting so huge!?**” Despite her surprise, the most she could express was an embarrassed whimper.

By the time her ass had filled *half* of a bench that it should have only taken up a *quarter* of in the first place, the girl’s legs had been left to cope with the side-effects of sporting such a massive rump. Knees had little choice but to buckle in against one another for her hips had been pushed wide by her big rear, and once her ass cheeks reached their full, squishy capacity? The overflow quickly found a place in her thighs.

Her flesh bulged with supple delight, concealing the cameltoe in her swimsuit (*born thanks to her bigger ass pulling the vine straps backwards*) with her lap as they rose like bread baking in an oven. The skin around them was pulled so incredibly tight while a rosy color kissed their surfaces. Their sizing was just as gratuitous as her rump, leaving them lipping dramatically over the side of the bench as she wiggled her rear to adjust more comfortably.

“**It feels so soft and, mm, sensual...**” Without thinking, the girl cooed about the pleasure of her transformation. It should have been alarming, but instead it just *felt good*. Even the one piece wedging her lower lips presented her with a pleasurable tingle, and her body came to afford her all of the more reason to embrace the thoughts of pleasure that came with it.

Djeeta squeaked a moment, her posture forced forward on her seat as a pressure beneath her paltry breast showing amounted in their own rejuvenation. But it didn’t feel as *surprising* as when she’d first felt her ass growing plump. Instead there was almost a feeling of *anticipation*, like she *wanted this*. But did she?

The way her fingers immediately began to grope her own bosom said *yes*. She just couldn't help herself, and this out of character friskiness wasn't even something she wanted to contemplate! Digits rubbed and massaged a set of tits that had quickly doubled from their initial size so that the swimsuit's front was pulled even thinner.

As a side effect it became much easier to make out the shapes and color of her nipples, and they were engorging with just as much enthusiasm. Big and erect, swollen in base size, she could hardly fit her palm around the nipples themselves while tits bounced past any conventional sizing scheme – but change soon alleviated her grip, for her fingers had become just a little bit longer.

“Oh, this feels amazing!” Lost in bliss, little attention was paid to how her voice had deepened, nor did it occur to Djeeta that for a moment she'd had to fumble with her lips to get her words out. Those lips had become incredibly plump, aesthetically like they might be good for *sucking* something or other. They brought something of an advanced maturity to her face, one that was only exemplified by a natural beauty that saw her more childish features thin out and her eyes widen.

Djeeta could feel something building within. **“Oh yes! Yes!”** Though it wasn't building towards a sexual climax from fondling tits that were now *bigger than her head*. The swimsuit struggled to contain their mass, bound only because the vine trim was so durable. Every breath saw them jiggle, and every step would see them bounce sloppily. The swimsuit had come under vertical strain as well – for almost five inches of height had leveled up her stature.

If one didn't know better, there was no way they might have identified Djeeta at that moment. With a body that lewd, with a tongue that licked her lips in anticipation, it didn't resemble her old self in any capacity. But as build up often did, it finally reached its climax. **“YEEEEEEES!”** There was a release. She didn't cum or anything like that, but a great power suddenly overwhelmed her from within. It cut off her life link with Lyria (*though elsewhere, Lyria had ended up in a similar state thanks to it*), and the woman's eyes began to glow a bright, supernatural *pink*.

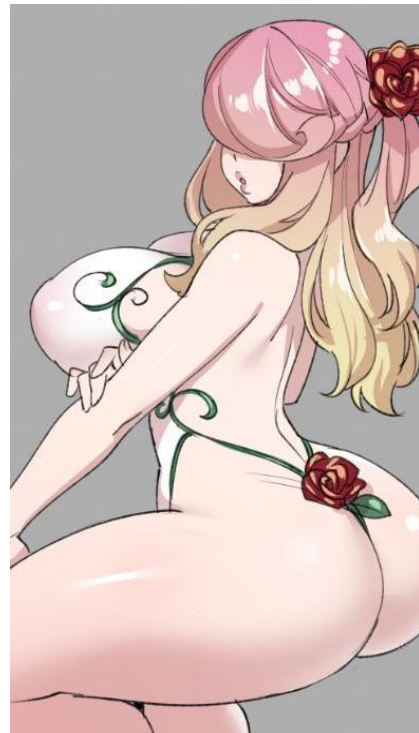
The burst of energy left her spent, and hands fell to her side before she leaned back in the bench. Power was still seeping out, recreating the very fabric of her existence so that she was no longer human but a *primal* like Rosetta, and to those ends her hair lengthened dramatically. It fell down her back in a sandier blonde while the strands atop her head took on a rosy pink like a gradient. Her mane grew very ample, incredibly voluminous, and so long in the front that her glower eyes were concealed. But Djeeta? She could still see. The final piece was

another rose ornament, this time pulling some of this back-length hair into a side ponytail.

For the first time in her life, it felt like her eyes had been opened. No, it was more like... she felt as if she'd been reborn. No longer would the woman doubt herself or believe herself to be unattractive. She was now a bonafide bombshell babe in every sense of the word.

“Ooooh! Ooh! I feel so sexy...” No longer able to resist her new, honey-like demeanor, Djeeta cooed as slender fingers traced her own curves from head to toe. Her hair was so long and luscious, her breasts were so large, and her ass and thighs were so huge. She couldn't help but believe that she would steal the gaze of every man and woman on the beach. But, pouting her thick lips, she couldn't help her mind from wandering to a certain woman in particular.

Rosetta – The Rose Queen. Maybe it was because she had been inadvertently changed through her powers, the woman that looked to just be shy of thirty years of age couldn't help but think about how she wished to court her. Not only had the Rose powers granted Djeeta an ample body, but she was now a primal as well. Incapable of aging, she had become the perfect partner for a primal who was convinced she would spend eternity alone.



“Djeeta? Is everything alright with my gif— Oh dear, is that you?” Speaking of the Rose Queen, Rosetta had finally entered the hut after waiting quite some time for Djeeta to emerge while wandering the beach, and was ultimately shocked to find a rose-decorated primal in the gift she had set out. **“Did my powers... Oh!?”** Without providing a spoken answer, Djeeta lumbered forward with a bounce of her hips and locked lips with Rosetta a moment, their breasts locked for almost thirty seconds as tongue was exchanged.

“You can call me Rosie from now on. I'll be with you forever, Rosetta, if you'll take me.” Rosetta, blushing, didn't know what to say to *that*. Obviously, Djeeta's mind had been influenced by her powers – tempered? But it wouldn't have worked if Djeeta hadn't been at least a little endeared beforehand. The kiss had felt good, and her fellow primal's breasts docked with her own felt better.

“What are we to do here?”