

BEACH-I THE ROCK

CH7: GROWING TOO FAST

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“Kaa-san? Is nee-san still out?”

Futari Gotoh rubbed sleepily at her eyes which was understandable because it was already nine o'clock at night. Perhaps that didn't *seem* like it was very late, but for a five-year-old girl it was well past her usual bedtime. She was only even up so late because her parents were more lenient with when she went to bed during the summer because her big sister, Hitori, was afforded the same benefits since Bocchi didn't have school.

The day had been a little lonely for her! Her sister had left with friends early in the morning to go to the beach even *despite* the fact that she had been as annoying as humanly possible to get permission to go too. Her mom had told her no, but the child was pretty sure it was because her sister had tricked her into it! A childish fantasy of course; their mother had just wanted Bocchi to have fun *without* the group having to watch a hyperactive child run around the beach.

“Kaa-san?” After checking Bocchi's room to see she still wasn't back, Futari had gone looking for her mom. The hunt hadn't taken *that* long since their house wasn't very big. She had fallen asleep on the couch! Their dad was away on a business trip and it was her mom's habit to binge watch all of the shows she couldn't watch when he was around when he was away. The girl didn't really understand why though!

With her eyes as heavy as they were she could just as easily have gone to bed with the expectation that her sister would be home and her mother would be awake when she woke up herself in the morning. But in the end? The sound of someone rustling about in the fridge in the kitchen

caught her ear. It must have been her sister! She had a habit of sneaking into the fridge when no one was looking!

Thinking she was being sneaky, she tiptoed into the kitchen where she planned on yelling to give her sister a little scare! But she ended up being the one scared because it *wasn't* Bocchi. “**U-Uh...!?**” Was this stranger danger!? A well-endowed woman in a bikini was grabbing all of the food out of their fridge! She almost yelled out to her mom when something else caught her eye – a pretty, glowing rainbow stone that stuck out of the woman’s bag.



Musashi hadn’t even noticed Futari behind her before she took off towards where Bocchi’s room had been, and Futari herself had been so entranced by the glowing stone that she hadn’t made a peep in the meantime. It wasn’t until her sister’s bedroom door closed that she realized. “**Wh-Who was that?**” That had been a stranger, right? She had to tell her mom, right? But...

Why did she feel like she knew her?

Well if I know her then there is no reason to tell Miss Gotoh, right? ...Miss Gotoh? She may have been a small child, but even Futari knew that this wasn’t how she referred to her mom! “**U-Um...? WAH!?**” Having been caught up in the rainbow stone’s light, Bocchi’s little sister was unknowingly becoming the next victim. She had cried out because she felt off balance but didn’t exactly recognize *why* she felt off balance.

Her body was growing. Considering how young she was even the slightest bit of growth might have seemed like a lot, but her age, well... That was part of it. Futari wasn’t just *growing*, she was *growing up!* Her limbs and torso both lengthened, inches *and* feet applied over the course of thirty seconds ago. “**Guh...**” She didn’t really *note* that she was growing, but there *were* sounds of confusion as bones were lengthened and skin was stretched to cover both them and the flesh that had formed around them.

Little by little she looked like an older version of Futari, already looking around nine or ten with a slightly older face, and the simple summer dress she was wearing very clearly couldn’t properly contain it. Before long it was lifted well off her hips to reveal what *should* have been her underwear. Except it *wasn't*. Her children’s sized underwear was revealed to be a black bikini bottom, one with golden trim and no risk of it falling from her hips.

Futari rubbed at the back of her head clumsily once she had found her balance again. **“Did something happen?”** Her voice sounded deeper and calmer, but not like an adult. Her body wasn't *that* mature, and in fact with her dress now functioning like a very small shirt you could still make out that her figure was closer to that of a girl in her early teens. The signs were there that she would one day grow into a great beauty.

Really, there wasn't much to her figure at all once her height had maxed at 5'0". With shoulders and hips a *little* broader she didn't exactly look surreal, but she definitely seemed a little bit proportionally lanky. Something that was helped a little by an additional widening of her hips that pushed knees slightly in towards each other. This was accompanied by a subtle thickening to her thighs and with a rise in her seat, giving her a cushier, slightly heart-shaped bum.

So that they didn't feel left out, an almost non-existent showing beneath Futari's dress sprung to life. Her bosom had only grown enough to claim she had one after hitting the age of fourteen, but now? Those tiny mounds did grow larger until each side was about the size of a baseball. They felt like they were being *held*, too. Which made sense when her dress disappeared into nothingness, revealing a black bikini top that matched the bottom that now fit snugly.

With much of the teen's skin exposed it was easy to see just how tight her body was in the muscular sense. She appeared *very* fit, with abs visible on her tummy and with a touch of bulk to her arms. There wouldn't be any point in denying her athleticism, but examining her skin also revealed an unrelated change. **“What did I want to tell Miss Gotoh again...?”** Like the rest, the girl took no notice of it.

As for what 'it' was, it was the color of her skin. Her melanin-devoid complexion was forced in the opposite direction and her skin darkened towards a very rich tan that also dyed her nipples, though her lips lightened a touch. Before long she was bronze from head to toe, meaning she would stand out fairly prominently on the streets of Japan. *I'm used to that though.*

Her turquoise gaze came alight with an intimidating crimson, and that intimidation certainly didn't benefit from the changes to her facial features. Her appearance quickly departed entirely from that of a Japanese girl, with eyelids rounder when opened, poutier-shaped lips, and narrowed cheekbones. Futari appeared intimidating because her resting expression was almost like a glare or at the very least demonstrated an overabundance of indifference.

All that really remained of her old appearance was her hair now and truthfully? Short of lightening a very little amount, the overall pink color

of it wasn't lost. What *was* lost was its style, for hair grew out down her back *significantly*, curling near tips that took on an orangey blonde gradient from the usual pinks. The hair directly on top of her head was extremely fluffy, with a tuft of bangs covering the center of her forehead. All of it was soon styled by stems of red flowers that pulled her hair into four tails, as well as a golden headpiece that almost looked like she had horns.

Not to mention the appearance of a cool black and red half-jacket over her shoulders!

Laevatein stepped over to the fridge herself now, fingers working to start unweaving the crimson flowers from her hair in the meantime. She was dressed in her bikini and still smelled of seawater – because according to her memories she had gone to the beach with all the others earlier in the day. Something that was a little awkward when you were the youngest of the group... and the least endowed. It was the other women in their group that passersby always looked at, but the girl couldn't exactly blame them.



“I’m good with a blade, but showing myself off...? I suppose it doesn’t matter.” She bemoaned the experience while removing a carton of milk from the fridge and pouring a glass. Did drinking milk make you grow? There was a rumor that it did and she could be just as gullible to try. But why *was* she taking stuff out of the Gotoh fridge?

Well, *she lived there*. Along with Musashi. They were both being put up by the owners of the home since Laevatein was visiting from abroad and Musashi was visiting from elsewhere in Japan. They paid rent and the space in the house was theirs to use! **“...Musashi really cleaned the fridge out. She needs to stop doing that.”** That woman ate *way* too much food.

How did she keep her figure like that with that diet? Perhaps it warranted further investigation.