

Brewin' Beauteous Beach Bears

By: Firingwall

“What?!” Abbey asked Melanie, shocked plastered against her face, “How could you forget the drinks?!”

“I thought you packed them!” the dark-raven haired girl replied frantically, “You said you were bringing the drinks!”

“Just bringing them to your place. Not packing them!” It was a lovely night on a desolate, off the beaten path stretch of beach. In the middle of the bay, large ship is getting into place, preparing to start a massive firework show that already was going to be watching. However, Abbey and Melanie decided to head for their secret spot away from the crowds on other side where they can enjoy the festivities in peace.

They brought their blanket, picnic basket, and everything... but they forgot to bring something to drink while they watched the show. “Just great!” Abbey groaned, falling back onto the beach blanket, “Just great... what are we supposed to do now if we get thirsty?”

“I don't wanna drive all the way back to my apartment,” Melanie mumbled, hugging her legs and she sat in a field position on the sand, “But I really... REALLY want something to...”

There was a splash off in the distance, followed by some whistling. Both girls looked up and much to their amazement, a figure was floating up to the shore in an inner tube. It was a green witch with hair buns and glasses, carrying a large cooler as she floated up onto the beach not too far away from them.

Her gaze was on the two friends the entire time, a bright smile plastered across her lips. She called out to them, “Traveling witch here with everything you could ever want in my inflatable store! You got something your heart desires, I got it!”

Both girls looked at each other oddly. They have heard about a traveling witch in the beach area that liked seeing her wares to people in need of something. Though usually, her appearance was in a small shack instead of on an innertube.

Still, beggars can't be choosers. Abbey cleared her throat and approached, calling out, “Ah... hi there Miss...”

“Traci at your service,” she politely answered, hopping off her innertube and approaching herself, cooler in hand, “You and your friend there... you desire something correct?”

“Ah... we would like some drinks while we're watching the fireworks...” the blonde replied, “Do you have anything like...”

“Drinks? Oh yeah! I got that for sure! I got some special honey-flavored drinks!”

“Perfect!” Abbey declared, Melanie tossing her friend her wallet to pay, “I’ll take two if you don’t mind!” The witch smiled and pulled out two tin cans from her cooler. They were shaped and sealed like soda cans, a soft splashing sound heard from within as the cans moved about.

Abbey paid and Traci dumped the money into the cooler, handing her the hands. “You have fun now!” the witch declared, sealing her cooler and returning to her inner tube. Hoping back in, the witch quickly floated back out into bay, disappearing under the cover of night.

“That was convenient!” declared Abbey, giddily returning to her friend with the cans in hand. She plopped them into their basket and dropped right onto the beach blanket, stretching out on it. She let out a sigh, “we got everything, so we can finally relax!”

“Great,” Melanie quietly said, peering out onto the water where Traci was last visible, “How long do you think it’ll take to get started?”

“Oh anytime now. 10 or 20 minutes from now...”

About an hour and half later, the two girls still patiently awaited the start of the fireworks show. Melanie was huddled up, head resting on her knees as she stared at her cellphone. No new updates on when they’ll start, she glumly thought, looking at the firework show’s sponsor’s website. She sighed and said to Abbey, “no word, so we might just be...”

Abbey let out a loud snore, sprawled out on the blanket. “...well,” her raven-haired friend said, “never mind then.”

Licking her lips, they felt so dry and parched. Glancing over at the basket, she reached in and pulled out one of the cans. *Was going to save this for during show*, Melanie thought, cracking open the can, *but might as well have some now...*

She took a small sip her drink, letting its flavor stay on her tongue to get a good taste for it. Licking her lips, she let out a happy sigh, “Oh yeah... that tastes really, really **good.**”

Her voice deepened instantly as the liquid dripped down her throat, tingling the area and doing something magical. The tingling did not merely end there either, slowly crawling up the back her neck and ringing in her ears. They grew larger, fuzzier with a deep black color, and shifted up the sides of her head.

Her hearing was lost for merely a moment, but her new, ursine ears came to stop at the top and became properly functional. But despite the baritone change in her sweet voice and her new ears positions, Melanie was blissfully unaware of what had befallen her. Instead, she merely took another, larger drink from her can.

Her smile grew wider and her body shivered from top to bottom. “**Now this is some good stuff,**” she declared, “**REALLY good stuff! I hope I find that witch again to get more of it!**”

The shivers traveled down her body, coming to a stop within her feet. Her soles to her toes vibrated subtly for the longest time, each shake sprouting one strand of black hair out of her foot. With how quickly they shook, her feet were soon covered completely in a messy, fine black pelt.

To a degree at least. The bottom of her feet thickened and swelled, the skin feeling bumpy in texture. The bottom of her feet and toes turned to a dark grey, completely hairless in contrast. Her toenails grew larger and pointer, jutting out at the very tips of each toe and forming powerful claws. Wrapping it all together, her feet swelled over six to seven times their original size.

Despite the new bear feet, Melanie remained blissfully unaware of the changes, even casually wiggling her toes as her enjoyed her drink. In fact, she took chug from her hand, savoring every delicious drop as it ran down her tongue.

Her body shivered once more, the feeling reverberated to somewhere else. This time, it came to her hands, her can shaking and inside sloshing around like mad. This caught her attention and feeling the drink shake in her own hands, black hairs sprouting all over them.

She let out a small, but still quite deep gasp as she watched her hands transform and grow just like her feet did, the only difference being they were more dexterous. Growing several times larger, she found it difficult to grasp her rather puny can in her grasp, let alone being able to hold up the large, meaty paws.

“What the hell happened here?” Melanie mumbled, looking at her hands and also taking note of her feet, **“Why am I so... scrawny? Where did all of my bulk and fur go?!”** She pouted her lips, her ears turning back as she grew mad.

Frustrated, she drank more from her hand as she tried to remember why she looked so weak and human. Her legs and arms shook this time, grabbing her attention once again. Her eyebrows raised as she witnessed her limbs swell several times their size. Her skin stretched as her muscles and bones thickened and expanded, pushing her and extra two feet.

Following not too far behind after her arms and legs finished bulking up, a thick coat of black fur sprouted. Instead of one at a time, the coat flowed from her wrists/ ankles all the way up to her shoulders/hips before stopping. Her limbs now perfectly matched her enlarged bear paws.

“I’m getting all big again,” Melanie mumbled, rubbing one of her paw hands against her thick thigh, **“Huh... I wonder...”**

She glanced at the can in her paw, an eyebrow slightly raised. She took another drink from her can. There was a rumble from her hips, her skin shivering as the area grew. Her hips enlarged several times over, though not in a curvy, round manner, but far more flat and bulky. Her rear lost all definition and turned tight and dense, her shorts ripping apart as she grew.

As a messy coat of black fur sprouted in the area, a bear tail popping out quite appropriately placed above her tight rear, something strange was emerging in her crotch. The spot, just flat only a second ago, began bulging and pressing against her cotton panties. Her underwear hung on for dear life, but a red, pointed tip pointed out of the top quickly. Soon, something large, roundish, and fuzzy popped out as well, snapping the underwear off.

Swelling to the size of at least grapefruits, Melanie looked upon a heavy ballsack and large bear sheath between her thick legs. She smirked, chuckling in her deep baritone, **“ah-ha! So that’s it! This drink is fixing me all right up! Perfect! I’ll be back to normal in no time.”**

Scratching at her balls, Melanie downed the rest of her drink as quickly as she could. There was surprisingly not much left as she thought, making her worried that she would not be able to finish transforming back into her natural form.

However, she wouldn’t have to worry. Her entire torso rumbled and shivered, the tiny, near-invisible hairs on her body standing up before growing large and dark black. Her soft, small breasts melted quickly away into her chest and her waist pushed out, robbing her of her last feminine features, sans her face.

Everything from his neck down was covered in thick black fur, but it wasn’t exactly visible due to his last remaining clothing piece, a pink top. Melanie growled, ripping it off quickly so she could see her body better, **“don’t even know why I had that crap on…”**

Her torso was still absolutely puny compared to his thick, impressive, bulging arms and legs despite having his fur coat at first. That quickly was corrected as his flat form inflated. His torso filled with girth and mass, his chest swelling and hardening into tough, impressive pectorals. His stomach, in almost complete contrast to his limbs and pecs, inflated and grew rounder, slowly blocking his impressive cock from sight.

Despite the large gut, Mel merely chuckled as he felt the area. It was certainly soft and pudgy in comparison to his mighty arms, but it still had a sense of tough and hardness to it. The muscle-gut merely added onto his impressive, tank-ish form and fitted him quite well.

The shaking and quivering rushed up his neck, growing wider to fit his heavy frame, and finally to his head. His long black hair shrunk back to his head, but not all the way in. Reaching his scalp, it converted and thickened into the same fur that was finishing with consuming his body. The shape of skull altered just slightly, flattening and his brow growing larger, his eyebrows mixing and disappearing into his pelt.

His eyes turned a deep almond color as his face slowly pushed forward. His gums turned thicker and blacker as his mouth filled with sharper, tougher teeth. His sense of smell greatly increased as his nostrils flared, the tip of his nose lifting up and turning dark brown & bumpy with his growing snout. With a few creaks, his teeth pushed fully out into a strong, ursine muzzle.

Feeling his face and tossing the can off into the sand, Mel let out a happy laugh, declaring, **“There we go! Now I’m back to my strong, perfect self! Don’t know what the hell was going on there just a second, but glad it’s over now.”**

The new male anthro bear was a good nine feet tall, his size and length, far larger than the beach blanket he sat on. In fact, his growth happened to push off the other occupant of the blanket onto the soft sand. While he was too wrapped up in what he was doing to notice, he did notice her squirming around, kicking him accidentally in the side as she shifted around in her sleep.

Looking at the human girl, Mel thought, ***huh... where did she come from? Kind of out late and all by herself there...***

Glancing at the basket on the other side of him, the black bear noticed the other can that Abbey had bought from the witch earlier. A smile formed on his muzzle as he grabbed hold of it. Cracking it open and lifting it above the sleepyhead, he chuckled, **“I wonder if this will do the same if she doesn’t drink it?”**

Mel happily poured a good chunk of the drink onto Abbey’s face, of the liquid going into her mouth or drizzling up her nose. Her eyes shot open, an almond brown shade, and she sat up, coughing and hacking, beating her chest to get some of the mystery liquid out of her. With each punch or cough, her face shivered and shook, something oddly familiar happening to it.

Her hair instantly shrank back into her head, a light coat of brown, clumpy fur sprouting up and taking its place. Her ears shot up to the top of her head, turning round and fuzzy brown, similar in shape as Mel’s brown fur sprouted across her entire face, her eyebrows vanishing but strangely her eyelashes growing longer, giving her a cute flutter with every blink.

She brought her hands to her eyes, rubbing some of the drink away that got a bit too close to her peepers. As she rubbed, her own hands grew and expanded several sizes, but not to the same degree as Mel’s. A light covering of fur sprouted across them as her fingernails grew into sharper claws and her palms developed thick, bear pads.

“What the heck was that?” She huffed, her face pushing outwards into a short, ursine muzzle, her nose turning black and bumping as her snout formed. She glanced around, looking up at Mel. She looked him over carefully, studying his thick legs & arms, his thick pecs, musclegut, stunning face, and his fully erect bear cock.

After careful studying, a big blush came to her face and she asked, stroking his arm, “...you’re soooo handsome. What’s your name big bear?”

Mel’s smile grew even wider. He took her paw and lifted it up, kissing it like a prince. **“The name’s Mel miss,”** he spoke, trying to sound as gentlemanly as possible, **“What is your name?”**

“Abbey!” She declared eagerly, pressing herself against him, “I don’t do this often but... care to spend some time together, just you and me big guy?”

“Sure... only after you finish up your drink here. You left it open,” Mel responded, innocently holding up the can he had just poured on her face.

She didn’t even pause, snatched the can out of his paw and pouring it down her furry muzzle. She crushed the can with her paw after finishing, tossing it behind her without a care as her body began to shiver and shake. Brown fur erupted across her entire body, much quicker than how it happened with Mel. When the fuzzy pelt covered her rear, a brown, puffy, small tail popped out right above it.

As her feet converted swiftly into big bear paws like her hands, her body quickly swelled and grew several times over. She jumped up several feet, just a foot below the big black bear beside her, while her arms and legs swelled with a mixture of fat and muscle. Her stomach expanded just slightly, nowhere as large as Mel’s, and her breasts jumped up an extra two cups to fit her heavier physique. Wrapping it all up, her shorts and shirt burst right off of her, no longer capable of containing her bear size.

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[Censored and will be visible on FurAffinity]

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THE END