

Rhiannon was an odd bun. It's no surprise to anyone that she's also chosen a swimsuit that is most odd—at least in Bitsy's eyes.

Bitsy's lips purse once Rhiannon steps out in her old time-y swimsuit that hugs her body... in all of the unflattering ways, not allowing for any curves to truly show on her. Her breasts are confined in the light-blue-and-white stripes.

"Oh my gosh, you look like you belong in jail or something like that!" Bitsy, in her strawberry-themed bikini, practically wails, dismayed deeply by the elegant but goofy Rhiannon. "It's just like your hood, but worse!"

"What was that about my hood?" Rhiannon asked gracefully, referring to the froggy-style hoodie she always wore in her day-to-day outfits.

"That's not the point Rhia! You can't wear this to the beach! How are you going to pick up any hotties like this?" Bitsy looked like she was about to cry, biting down on one of her knuckles. "You're so beautiful! You should wear a bikini!"

Rhiannon tilted her head, a playful, vague smile on her lips. Bitsy could swear Rhiannon always had a vacant look in her eye that made her look beyond sleepy. "Hotties? Is that really the goal here, Bitsy?"

"Of course it is! Well, partly." Bitsy snorted. "I just want you to feel confident and fabulous. Trust me on this, okay?" Bitsy grabbed Rhiannon's hands, squeezing them earnestly. "Please try on one of my bikinis. Just one! It doesn't have to be pink, it can match your blue—just! Anything but that prison suit!"

Rhiannon sighed, her resistance softening in the face of Bitsy's earnest plea. "Alright, alright. One bikini. I'm sure it won't kill me, hm?"

"Of course it won't! It'll make you shine!"

Bitsy's eyes sparkled with excitement as she dashed to her beach bag and pulled out a bikini in wait for Rhiannon, as if she had anticipated that Rhiannon would cause such a scene that she needed an emergency bikini. Bitsy really knew her odd friend a bit too well for her own good...

"Here! This will look amazing on you!"

Rhiannon eyed the bikini with an absent gaze. It was a soft blue with white accents, perfect for her... The top was a halter style with ruffled edges, and the bottoms had playful side ties.

“Well, it’s lovely, Bitsy.” Rhiannon said with an earnest smile. “But you’re sure it will fit me?”

“Exactly! It’s perfect for a bright day at the beach. Trust me, you’ll look stunning.” Bitsy practically shoved the bikini into Rhiannon’s hands. “Go on, try it on!”

Rhiannon reluctantly took the bikini and headed to the changing cabana by the beach. Inside, she slipped off her old-fashioned swimsuit and tentatively put on Bitsy’s choice. The fabric felt strange against her skin, lighter and more revealing than she was used to as it hugged her breasts and her hips. She tied the halter top around her neck and adjusted the bottoms, taking a soft breath.

Bitsy’s reaction was immediate and exuberant as soon as she saw Rhiannon.

“Oh my gosh, Rhia! You look incredible!” She clapped her hands, beaming and jumping up and down happily, her floppy ears bouncing up and down with her. “See? I told you!”

Rhiannon glanced at herself in the mirror set up outside the cabana. The bikini was undeniably flattering on her; Rhiannon could objectively see this. The ruffles added a touch of playfulness that was typical of Bitsy’s tastes, and the mild, almost icy colors complemented her fair skin even in the summer. Her curves, usually hidden under her preferred loose clothing, were now highlighted in a way that felt both unfamiliar but not bad.

“Well then...” Rhiannon murmured, turning slightly to get a better look at her behind. Her tail swished behind her, the snowflakes inside jingling about. “I don’t hate it.”

“Don’t hate it? You look like a beach goddess!” Bitsy twirled around her friend, admiring the transformation. “You’re going to turn so many heads today. Just wait! Oooh, you might get a boyfriend,” Bitsy joked with her, nudging Rhiannon with her elbow.

Rhiannon chuckled softly, eyelashes fluttering as she turned back to Bitsy. “Oh... alright Bitsy. I’ll give it a shot, then. We’ll see how many heads I turn.”

Bitsy hugged her tightly, nuzzling into her now visible cleavage. “You won’t regret it! Now, let’s go hit the beach and show off this fabulous look~.”

As they walked to their spot on the sand, Rhiannon felt... mostly normal with a bit of excitement brewing inside of her, too. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d felt so exposed, but Bitsy’s infectious enthusiasm was hard to resist. When they reached their towels, Bitsy wasted no time in making sure Rhiannon felt comfortable, adjusting the umbrella for perfect shade and laying out their beach gear.

They settled in, and Bitsy immediately began scanning the beach for potential “hotties.” Rhiannon laughed, shaking her head at her friend’s antics. It wasn’t long before a group of surfers strolled by, casting appreciative glances in their direction.

“See?” Bitsy whispered, nudging Rhiannon. “You’ve already got admirers.”

Rhiannon blushed faintly, but she couldn’t deny the thrill of being noticed. She stretched out on her towel, feeling the light warm her skin and the soft breeze brush against her. For the first time, she felt like maybe, just maybe, Bitsy was right... and she liked that attention.

Maybe that was just her greedy side.

She didn’t end up with a boyfriend, but they spent the day swimming, bathing in warmth, and chatting with various beachgoers. Bitsy’s energy was infectious, and soon Rhiannon found herself laughing and flirting with ease. She felt more confident than she had in ages, enjoying the attention and the freedom of her new bikini.

Rhiannon turned to Bitsy, her eyes sparkling as the day was almost over. “Oh, thank you, Bitsy. For pushing me out of my comfort zone.”

Bitsy grinned, her eyes twinkling. “Anytime, Rhia. You deserve to shine.”

Rhiannon smiled, feeling a deep sense of gratitude and joy. Maybe she was an odd bun, but today, she felt like a radiant one. And that was all thanks to her wonderful friend.