

SUMMER AIR TRAVEL

BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’d be nice to go on vacation...”

This thought was surely a common one. There were plenty of people out there who not only yearned for a break from work but also dreamed of going away. There was a big, wide world out there just rife for exploration and yet so many of us were bound to our roots for this and that reason. Typically reasons related to the unfortunate side effects of capitalism. It wasn’t like I’d never had this thought before, and getting time away from work itself wasn’t really all that difficult.

But a vacation spent at home wasn’t much of a vacation, and I felt this doubly so considering how the weather had been this summer. Hot and humid, not even my air conditioning unit had been enough to stave off the sticky and sweaty feelings that persisted throughout the day. I could only think about going somewhere cooler, if not somewhere with a beach.

The issue was that I was much too far from a proper beach to visit one easily, so much so that I would need to fly to reach one without taking a road trip that would be at least half a day or more. There were lakes nearby but that wasn’t really the same, and the swimming conditions in them weren’t that great. **“It’s fine, it’s not like I can’t just keep doing what I’m doing...”**

That being regular cold showers or going out and turning on the hose. Maybe a cheap sprinkler would be an option? But someone would think a grown man playing with a sprinkler in his back yard seemed a little foolish in all likelihood. **“I wish I could go to the beach and fly back. Then I could go relax somewhere cool...”** I was referring to

taking a plane of course. There was no situation in this reality where I could *actually* fly, so of course I wouldn't wish for such a thing. It wasn't like my more realistic wish had any chance of coming true either. I just simply couldn't afford to fly out somewhere and stay at a hotel by myself.

I leaned back in my desk chair with a sigh, bare arms sticking to the leather thanks to the humidity that so avidly sought to ruin any semblance of comfort I might have had. I hadn't, however, expected to go falling backwards. “**ACK!?**” The noise I made when I hit the ground had been one part shock and one part pain as I found my gaze fixed on the burning sun above.

Wait. The *sun*? I had just been on my chair... which shouldn't have fallen backwards... and I was now laying in... the sand? “**I'm... I'm on a beach?**” The scent of salt water was strong, and turning my head I could see why. I was about five feet from the water. “**Uh...?**” But why had I ended up here? My *wish*? But wishes couldn't be granted so that didn't make any sense! By the time I had managed to stand again I came to realize that my location wasn't the only thing that was wrong.

My hair was in my eyes. It took a few blinks for me to connect the dots that it *shouldn't* have been. “**Huh?**” I hated having my hair even a little shaggy so I always kept it long, but I could definitely see the fringe of my bangs just above my gaze. But *was* it my hair? The color was lighter. Almost silver? Was there like a wig on my head? Unsure, I gave some of it a little tug. “**Ow!?**” And it had *hurt*. That silver hair was connected to my head!?

Clearly this warranted further investigation! Both hands reached up to explore the top of my head, and what I found was that my hair was longer. No, my hair was *still* growing? Presumably it had all turned silver and had reached past the top of my neck. Little by little it grew longer, and ultimately? It dangled about halfway down my back while long bangs framed my face around the shorted fringe ones that just tickled my eyes.

“**Th-That's impossible!**” But then again, so was instantaneously being transported to a beach. What was equally impossible was the fact that my once normally colored eyes had begun to shimmer with an eerily supernatural gold instead, but such a detail went unnoticed without a means of seeing my own reflection. There were more palpably obvious ‘reconfigurations’ that were occurring that I noticed instead.

A loss of mass sat at the *top* of what was recognized. This applied to both my weight *and* my height, but it was the former that came into – or out of – being first. A gurgling in my tummy prompted my gaze to drop

down in order to examine myself. I hadn't expected at all to see my bulging tummy fading away! **"Woah..."** I pressed a hand into it with nor shortage of curiosity, witnessing my shirt fold in itself with no mass beneath it to push its shape forward. I quickly realized that it wasn't *just* my stomach too. Arms, legs, and even my cheeks were robbed of any weight that would have been considered 'unnecessary'. Because I wasn't checking the *sides* of my stomach though? I missed something here.

My waistline had become far too narrow on the sides of my now thin, toned tummy.

"Wah!?" While being lighter certainly wasn't something I would find anything wrong with, a sudden propulsion of my point of view towards the beach below me took me by surprise and prompted a vocal cry that sounded oddly *cute*? **"Wait a second! I don't want to be shorter!"** Maybe a little shorter but definitely not *this* short! It had only taken a matter of moments for *over a foot* of height to peel off of my limbs and torso, compressing me into a size that was comparable to a mere boy of 4'10".

Though while my face *did* also appear younger it didn't look like a child's. A teen at minimum. Over the course of the shrinking process I'd shed most of my clothing. Pants and boxers had nothing to cling onto and had slid right off into the sand, while my shirt was like a tent that was at risk of falling right off of me if I leaned too far to one side because the big neck would have slipped off the only shoulder holding it up. I was *stunned*, but...

I felt pretty good? Energetic! But the nearby ocean was a little intimidating if only *because I didn't know how to swim*. **"H-Huh!? I know how to swim... though...?"** Did I? How did you move your arms and legs in the water again? And why was the ocean breeze so *strong*? It felt like it was going to topple me over if I wasn't careful! I had the wrong idea though.

It felt strong because I was only *44 pounds*.

How did I weigh so little despite still being a fully sized *human*? Therein was the issue. While I still *looked* like one, I wasn't *technically* human by this point. Not that I really thought about that potential aspect because other things were more pressing. **"I'm small, and my voice... Where have I heard it before?"** It sounded a lot like a *girl's*, which wasn't exactly surprising...

Looking at my face I *was* looking more and more girlish. Ever since becoming younger it had been left more androgynous, but now that canvas was being filled in with feminine traits. Small lips puffed out

slightly and my golden eyes rounded on a facial structure that was notably rounder and cuter. But I was also becoming more *beautiful* even if thinned, black eyelashes were shaped a little like big angle brackets. There was almost something alien about *how* pretty I appeared.

“What am I supposed to do about my clothes though?” From how chipper I sounded it was pretty clear that I wasn’t all that bothered by what was happening to me anymore. I actually felt like I *understood* what was happening while finger and toenails were painted a bright turquoise. I was becoming a girl. Even if I wanted to doubt it, I just *knew*. But was that inherently a bad thing?

So short of scratching them a little through my shirt, I didn’t overreact as a small pair of B-cup breasts grew beneath my clothes. Any bigger and they likely would have looked strangely large on this short, teenaged body of mine. The same could be said of my rear end, cheeks somehow swelling *and* becoming more compact at the same time. My rear was tight and perky but was clearly ample for my build, and its growth had pushed my hips *so* wide that you could see right between them even with pudgier, taut thighs surrounding them.

My expression was briefly troubled because of the feeling that arose between my legs. **“It’s gone…”** My feelings about it *sounded* complicated, but that didn’t change that my male genitalia had been erased. I squirmed a moment as a girl’s counterpart filled their absence, completely changing me into a pretty teenaged girl. But the changes didn’t *stop* there.

“H-Hey!?” I turned my back and neck to look behind me, catching sight of a long, thin black tail with a forked blue tip wriggling out from my tailbone. It had lifted the back of my shirt up to show off my bare ass, but this might have been a blessing because seconds later a pair of blue wings extended from the backs of my hips like someone had just pressed the button on a flip knife. **“Wait, I’ve seen these before… Could I be…!?”** The answer was as obvious as the pair of short, black horns that now poked out from underneath my bangs.

I wasn’t able to articulate my answer right away because my mouth soon hung agape at the sight of all my clothes turning into golden sparkles that I somehow knew were made of *mana*. **“Wow, pretty!”** I reflexively jumped when they moments later leaped at me, forming what would become my new outfit.

A black bikini bottom with a large fish pouch fashion to a strap that wrapped around the opposite hip. Matching sandals that showed off my painted toes. A bikini *top* that pulled against my small chest, showing off the underboob and gripping my tits like claws. And finally a cropped,

black jacket and face mask with the markings of a certain fairy knight etched in blue. Otherwise my silver hair was pulled into a ponytail, and a mischievous tattoo had been etched right about my loins. All in all a very summery outfit, though a fashionably questionable one for me to be wearing.

Regardless of how petite my body was I had no problems puffing out my chest with pride. I felt pretty good all things considered. **“Ya~y! Melusine! I’m Melusine!”** It was something I declared proudly while clapping my hands together. I was small and cute, but there was also no denying how *strong* I was even though *my* wings and tail were much smaller and cuter in this ascension. **“Uwah! This is so unbelievable! I’m so much younger!”** Around eighteen even though I might have looked a little younger than even that. Such was the curse of being an essentially immortal dragon. Or, well, a piece of one.



I did a little twirl and fidgeted with the mask on my face after the action left it a touch loose. **“Might be better to fly without the mask on, huh?”** I could fly? It felt so natural to say that and in fact I could vividly recall how to do so. I now identified as the swimsuit Servant and couldn’t even remember my old name, but I *did* recognize that my life had been a different one up until this very moment. This new life of mine felt *way* more liberating though.

Smirking, I couldn’t stop talking to myself. **“Not only am I at a beach but I can fly wherever I want! True freedom! Plus humans won’t be able to make me do anything!”** No modern weaponry could harm a Servant effectively and magic didn’t exist in this world. There was no freer state that I could *ever* exist in! But I ultimately looked around the beach. **“There’s no one else here though! Wouldn’t this be better with a special~ someone~?”** Like a romantic partner? That hadn’t been a priority before, but...

“I bet I can fly to a nearby town and find someone fun!”