

SOLAR BEAUTY

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“Why did I agree to come on this trip in the first place?”

Laying on the bed of a fancy, modern inn in a room that was all my own for the weekend, I couldn't help but lament the choices I had made in the twenty four hours that had preceded this moment. I had *planned* on spending a quiet weekend by myself to partake in some of my favorite hobbies, surrounding myself with good food and even better entertainment. I had a *ton* of games and anime in my backlog after all, so it would have been nice to make a dent in it no matter how small.

Early Friday morning, however? Things had taken an unexpected turn. Some friends from work had called me up last minute. Apparently they were going to a beachside hotel for the weekend and one of their group had come down with COVID last minute. A spot was open on their trip, and they *desperately* had needed someone to fill that spot for financial reasons. At first I had refused – I wasn't exactly the most social of butterflies – but with repeated badgering I eventually caved.

We'd only been at the hotel for a few hours now and everyone else had gone down to the beach. *I* was too tired to head down just yet, seeing as I hadn't exactly slept the night before planning on going away, so I at least had an excuse of wanting to take a nap before having to be social again. And *boy* did that sound incredibly exhausting. **“What did they say about a talent show? I don't wanna...”**

There was *another* problem that had arisen. My work friends hadn't told me that they were planning on doing a group talent show on the beach the following Saturday night. Considering my introverted nature that was a very easy *no*, but considering how easily they had coerced me to

coming on the trip in the first place I didn't like my odds of trying to get away from the talent show unscathed. Did I even have any talents I could show off? Could I work up the courage to even perform it even if I *did* think of something?

“I *wish* I had some kind of talent. But it isn't like I know how to dance or anything.” Nor would I *want* to. I wasn't exactly what most would consider to be attractive either, being overweight and under-fit. Nobody would want to watch *that* dance – but deep down I knew I was being a little too hard on myself too. It wasn't like I was looking for help or anything.

But a mystery force *desired* to help. Something within my phone that had opened my Fire Emblem: Heroes app without my knowledge. My phone screen had also begun to *glow* without me knowing, and even as a tingling feeling prompted me to stand up beside the bed with confusion I didn't think to check my phone. Not that it mattered because said phone had teleported onto the nearby bedside table, now clad in a red case with a number of musical stickers on the back.

I scratched at the back of my head. **“Is my body getting numb? I've had body parts ‘fall asleep’ before but now my whole body.”** More than that, it didn't *quite* feel the same. That type of tingling was usually accompanied by a numbness. *This* wasn't quite that strong. But I also felt unusually *light*? Something that I soon realized was a little more than *just* a feeling.

The reasoning behind that feeling didn't exactly occur to me until my shorts suddenly slipped from my waist and I was prompted to look down. What I ultimately saw *shook me to my core*, however. **“THE HELL!?”** Where my waist was typically obscured by a tummy bulge there was no protrusion at all to speak of. All of that extra weight was just *gone*, not only from my belly but from my face, arms, and legs – the lattermost area the reason the pants had slid down along *with* my underwear.

“Where did...? How did this happen!?” I didn't even know *which* question I should have been asking myself. People didn't just suddenly lose weight like that, and certainly not at the scale *I* had. But I also couldn't deny what I could see with my own eyes, with my shirt now hanging so far down that it covered the top of my crotch. I patted my tummy with confused skepticism. Not only was it flat, but I could feel muscle tone as well.

Given another moment my shirt had become long enough to function as a dress with its base reaching to the center of my thighs. This sudden, additional change in length had been caused by something else I had

noticed. For but a second it had felt like I was plummeting even though my feet were still planted firmly on the ground. “**I... Did I just get shorter!?**” Thinner *and* smaller? I hardly wanted to believe it, but my point of view *was* closed to the ground. I had been almost six feet tall before, but now I had to be around 5’7”!

I couldn’t comprehend what was happening. My body was changing. How? Why? And it wasn’t even *just* my body. Memories that were vivid now felt vaguer and contradictory, like when trying to recall something I knew I recalled something similar but different. Like this trip! Why was I now thinking I’d *organized* it? And been the one to suggest the talent show? Those just *weren’t* things my introverted self would have done!

“**Why do I feel so artsy?**” Was that even the right way to word it? Well, the feminine coo that I’d said it with certainly wasn’t the way my voice should have sounded *while* saying it. My passions had all been technology related, but instead? I couldn’t help but think about performing, dancing, singing – and posting silly things on TikTok despite *never* having been interested in that app.

Though my feminine voice made more and more sense when you considered my appearance. Aside from being both shorter and thinner, there had been an androgyny bleeding into my facial features that ultimately took a turn for the beautifully feminine. Big, round eyes with fluttering lashes and plump, full, and glossy lips were the centerpieces of this smaller and rounder face. A button nose was just the cherry on top. I was cute *and* beautiful, and dark brown hair added to this by spilling out in length after changing color. Locks thickened and curled slightly so that they were just as wavy as they were voluminous. It was clear that I meticulously cared for my hair.

And I could recall the complicated haircare regimen necessary to do so.

Lengthened locks didn’t escape my notice, though a newfound youthfulness had for now. I looked like a girl in my late teens instead of an adult man. “**My hair...**” Fingers ran through it as a floral scent drifted from its length. Even my fingers were smaller, but more than that my *finger*nails were long, manicured, and painted pink. “**Am I becoming a woman?**” I’d asked that like it would be shocking, but my memories had already changed to accept such a reality.

All that needed to change in that regard was my biological sex, and with an arousing tug it did just that. “**Mmn...!**” I couldn’t stop myself from sensually biting my plump lower lip as my sex changed, a pussy shaped from a penis that had been yanked in towards my pelvis. Brown pubes were trimmed nearly above it now, creating a clean patch down to my brand new slit. “**I really am a woman...**”

It was a little *exciting*? It made me feel happy, but whether that was because of my old personality or my new one was a more complicated question to answer. Blinking, I couldn't notice my eyes changing to a bright green color that seemed to pair better with my brown hair. Mind you, now that my sex had changed it was now time for the usual traits of a biological female to take shape. And my body was molded *keenly*.

“Oh!” I found myself repeatedly correcting my posture because I soon began to grow top heavy. Little by little my flat chest had begun to inflate, handful-sized breasts quickly doubling and tripling in size while swelling nipples pushed against the fabric of my shirt. The growth of these tits lifted the base of my shirt higher and higher so that it ultimately sat at the top of my thighs before stopping. And it only stopped because my tits had *fully* grown into full, perky G-cups that were hard to miss. Fortunately my back muscles had adjusted to accommodate them.

With a quizzical look upon my face I lifted and dropped my breasts, feeling the full heft of their weight after doing so. **“You know it’s been bothering me. My voice sounds familiar, doesn’t it? And I know a character who had a chest this big too…”** My suspicions *were* well founded, and that name was taking shape in the back of my memories as *my* name. But it didn’t leave my lips *just* yet.

I had become distracted by the sides of my shirt’s base pushing out to the side. The cause was obvious, even if I had to lean forward to see past my huge breasts now. My hips were wider, about *five inches* so. But they hadn’t grown on their own and had instead been *forced* to part thanks to my ass swelling into a full heart shape behind me. It protruded so far behind me that it cast a shadow over the backs of my thighs. Thighs that were almost as thick as my now pinched-in waist.

In a *blink-and-you’ll-miss-it* moment, much of my new beautiful was suddenly exposed. Gone was the shirt I’d been wearing, replaced with a purplish red and black bikini that gave a rather bountiful peek into my cleavage. My toned tummy and right leg were completely exposed too, though a skirt was wrapped around my left. **“This swimsuit is... adorable!”** Of course it was! I could remember picking it out for myself! Black choker around my neck and all!

Wanting to see myself in full, I dashed excitedly to the inn room bathroom and leaned in to the mirror.

“I... can hardly believe it. I’ve become Dorothea Arnault?” It felt strange to even refer to myself with such shock when it came to my name, because *Dorothea Arnault* was fundamentally the name my mind acknowledged as ‘correct’. But it wasn’t as if I’d been pulled into the world of Fire Emblem nor did I forget my roots. Well maybe that wasn’t *entirely* true. I had a sense of the fact that I had once been an overweight man, but my memories reinforced my new identity.



Growing up as Dorothea, being only nineteen years old now... it was hard to believe I’d been both a man *and* older. **“I suppose participating in the talent show will hardly be a problem now?”** Of course, I was Dorothea if I’d grown up in a modern setting. My interests still aligned with what was known of her from the game though. I was a theatre kid who had a passion for singing and dancing, and I certainly *wasn’t* as introverted as I’d once been.

I was also extremely popular, having grown up in a family of theatre-enjoyers that owned their own stage. I was a high school graduate but was just working these days to save up for school. Even though I was guaranteed a scholarship with my talent I didn’t want to ride on the coattails of others. I wanted to be able to pay my own way! After adjusting my bikini and hair in the bathroom so that I looked my best, naturally with knowledge of how to care for this new body that I hadn’t possessed before, I stepped out and walked over to my phone on the nightstand table.

“I feel rested too. Might be a good time to finally hit the beach!” I kind of wanted to show off a little, and there were a couple of men *and* women my age in the group I had come from. Of course my dynamic with these work friends was completely different now too. One of those girls not only had a crush on me but she was *very* pretty. Maybe this little trip would finally give me the opportunity to capitalize on that?

“Good thing I got a room *all* to myself! Heehee!”

It’d certainly be handy if things went smoothly!