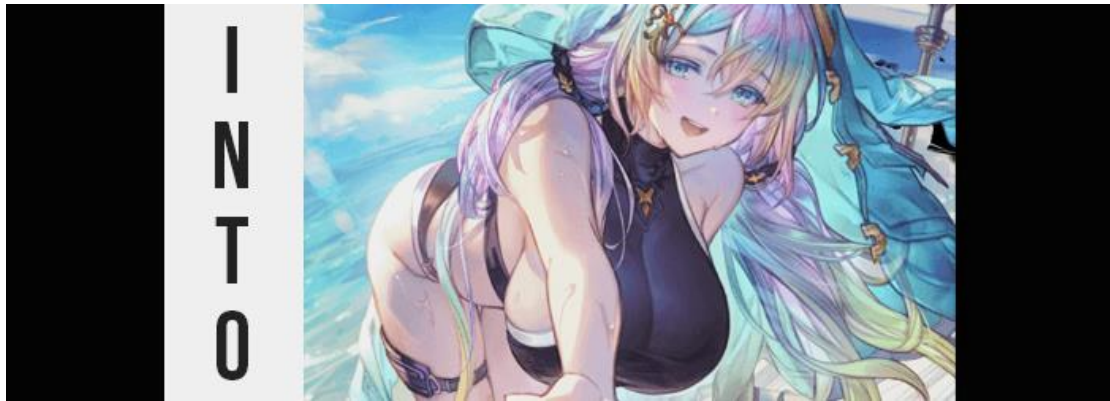


COLORS OF SUMMER

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“IT’S SO FUCKING HOOOOOOOOT!”

I didn’t know if this was the hottest summer on record. It probably *wasn’t*, but it definitely *felt* like it was. I didn’t live in a home with any air conditioning to speak of which *definitely* didn’t help very much. Fans only blew the air around, and if you blow around hot air? Well, that air is *still* hot. If things weren’t bad enough, then the fact that I didn’t live anywhere *near* a beach definitely didn’t help. I was honestly at the point where I was considering buying a little kiddie pool for my backyard to lay in! ...Would it fit in my basement, or would that be inviting bugs?

Regardless, I was *desperate* for any kind of relief that wasn’t just taking a cold shower or jumping in a sprinkler. *So* desperate that I was practically scouring every corner of the internet for possible solutions. **“It doesn’t look like I really have many options in my price range aside from getting a little pool... Maybe an indoor air conditioning unit? They’re kind of outside of my price range, but if I put it on my card, it’d probably be worth it.”** If only the government gave out free air conditioning units! That would solve *all* of my problems!

I eventually navigated to the website of the local department store and began to scroll through the AC options that it listed. But as *most* sites were these days, the browsing experience was absolutely *mired* with ads. Thanks to the algorithms they were more or less catered to things I had been searching for recently, but then I noticed a specific advertisement in the corner. **“Colors of Summer: CLICK HERE to**

get cool instantly! ...This sounds like a good way to catch a virus. Or is it a game?"

But against my better judgment? I clicked the advertisement anyways.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

THUD!

I had *only* clicked an internet ad, but the events that followed had been both disorienting *and* alarming. My computer chair had disappeared from beneath me and I had *assumed* I was about to land on my floor. That *didn't* happen though, and I only continued to fall. Not into the floor itself but in what seemed like a never-ending void of *bright blue*. Was I going to fall forever? I had wondered that for a time but was given my answer when my ass landed on top of something soft. And *hot*.

“What just— H-Huh!?” It took me a second to realize that I was then *outside*, underneath a bright blue sky while the sound of crashing waves cried out from nearby. I had landed on a sandy beach as the hands supporting me from behind soon realized. Although I didn't know it, I had landed on someone's sandcastle. But the beach was totally unoccupied and so was the city street and resort behind me.

It wasn't really *words* that I formed as I managed to stand myself up again as much as they were *confused noises*. I could tell when I was dreaming, and this was *definitely* way too real to be a dream. But if it was real then what explained it? *Magic*? Couldn't that have really been the *only* explanation? If science was capable of such a thing, then it might as well have been magic at that point. **“I don't understand why clicking that ad *did* this?”**

But I just hadn't seen the *colors of summer* yet, clearly.

My confusion was only natural, but it certainly wasn't *abated* once the situation escalated. How could it escalate beyond suddenly finding yourself teleported to a beach, mind you? **“W-WOAH!?”** Well, feeling that my balance had been upended out of nowhere would certainly do it. It was a hard feeling to describe, honestly, of one's body suddenly not being *balanced* the way you were used to. I had to throw out my arms to the sides to help until my mind adjusted, acutely aware of the fact that my shirt and shorts felt *very* loose.

Confusion and concern both swirled about in my head when I finally looked down to see that my shirt was kind of just *hanging there*, completely loose against a body that *should* have featured something of an overweight gut sticking out. “**Wait... Am I *thin!*?**” I pressed a hand against my belly to make sure my mind wasn’t playing tricks on me, and somehow it *wasn’t*. I’d even made a point to touch my tummy *under* my shirt, putting my hand *up* it. But my skin felt *soft*, too. I usually had a little bit of hair on it, but... it was gone?

No, looking at my legs, *all* of my body hair seemed to be *gone*.

“**I don’t get it. *This must be a dream, right?***” Because common sense suggested that bodies didn’t just *instantly change*. Even shaving would have taken time. I also had to consider the occasional chirp in my voice, like I had sucked helium for a split second and then taken a break before sucking it again. I— “**WAH!?**” I had *wanted* to dwell on things further, but I ended up unable to as the shock of suddenly falling took hold.

No, I hadn’t *literally* fallen. I was still very much rooted on my feet in the sand. There *had* been a sharp drop, but it was because my nearly six foot stature had collapsed in on itself. In a singular jolt all of my arms, legs, and even my torso had shortened while making the appropriate proportional adjustments. I had shrunk all of the way down to a mere 5’3” in the blink of an eye. This had cost me my shorts, which pooled in the sand around my feet, and their weight had stolen my boxers along with them. It was alright in the end, however, because my shirt was now so big that it covered all of the essentials.

And there soon wasn’t anything that could *protrude* anyways. “**EEP!?**” I squeaked like a *girl* at a sudden tug between my legs, not immediately aware of just how accurate that descriptor was. I was at the point where I wasn’t really catching a number of details, though. When I had grown shorter, you could see it in my face that I had de-aged too. No longer an adult, I must have regressed until I was around *seventeen years old* or so.

This was best highlighted in my face along with some *other* changes that were also suggestive of the consequences that this little *tug* between my legs had solidified. As I had become smaller? My face had likewise become smaller too, but also *rounder* simultaneously. There was no point in mincing words: it was downright *effeminate* with how things developed in this area. My lips had pursed wider and thicker for one, the taste of a strawberry gloss spreading across them. And my nose compressed to take on a much more button shape comparatively.

When I'd let out that "**EEP!?**" My eyes had gone *very* wide in that moment. They'd already rounded in shape, and their lashes had lengthened. But in that instantaneous moment a very light blue color had swirled amidst my irises, replacing their usual color. All in all? My face had become very cute and round, like a very pretty maiden's.

Which brings us back to that squeak of surprise. I didn't probe *under* my shirt this time, but merely pressed a hand against my pelvis to find— "**I'm a girl!?** ...**I'm a girl...?**" I very much was a *girl* now. That tug had been my male genitalia being replaced by the female counterpart beneath a now *shaved* pelvis. But as I said it aloud to myself there was something doubting it deep down. Not doubting what I was *saying*, but why it *confused* me. *Haven't I always been a girl though? That's silly~!*

Was that true? It certainly *felt* true even if part of me wanted to deny it still. Something was *wrong!* In an attempt to shake *whatever* it was that I was feeling, I gently shook my head from side to side. It didn't really help so much as it did make my feelings on the matter more conflicted. Because? The weight of my hair took my off guard. I hadn't noticed until that moment, but once short, dark locks had *already* grown past my shoulders. "**My hair...?**"

I managed to grab some of it with hands that had become small and delicate and even featured manicured, painted nails. But none of *that* registered. I simply stared down at hair that *continued* to grow, utterly confused. But not by what you might have *expected* it too. "**What's wrong with the color?**" Considering its color was the only aspect that *hadn't* changed yet, the fact that it was what I registered as 'off' really spoke to the state that my mind was in.

I was thinking less and less as myself, and more like my 'new self'.

This differing color didn't really matter for long anyways and was quickly rectified as soon as my hair finished growing out to my *ankles*. A wave of light swept through it from the roots all of the way to the tips, painting it not in *one* color but instead in *every* color. Pastel pink, into pastel blue, into pastel green, and then into pastel yellow if you worked from my roots to my tips. This layered gradient was beautiful "**Oh! That's right! Why did I think it was wrong?**" And I felt a great deal of *pride* in it.

With my mind now more woman than man, my figure inevitably being altered by the powers that changed me didn't even come across as all that striking beyond a little discomfort. My shirt was hanging off of my like a dress, but that dress came to cover *less and less* as a result of what grew in, beginning with my lower body. My hips were forced wider first

and foremost, forcing my posture to shift and my knees to buckle in towards each other at first.

This was a necessary preparatory change, because *mass* began to bloat the surrounding regions. Not in an unattractive manner, mind you, but in a way that presented my changing body with the curvature you would expect of a young woman. Shaved legs rippled and jiggled, fattier tissue plumping them up and pulling pale skin tautly around them. It didn't take long for *either* thigh to rival my pinched-in waist in width. And what weight couldn't be included in *their* mass saw to it that my ass ballooned behind my, lifting up the back of my shirt a little but once its full heart shaped developed.

“*Hm~!*” Aside from my clothes not fitting properly though, I didn't really have any *complaints*. It felt much more natural to me to have a big butt and thick thighs, and I extended that same familiarity to what inflated on my chest. Inflated a *lot*, in fact. Because my chest had been extremely flat after losing all of that weight initially, and at first it almost seemed like the weight was somehow *returning*? That wasn't the case, though, at least not in the same sense.

My nipples actually poked up against the inside of my shirt first, and you could make out their shapes engorging both forward *and* wider. This became even clearer once the subtle weight that had pooled beneath them grew even *less* subtle and surged forward with a bounce, applying inch after inch to a bust that hadn't even existed seconds ago. The further forward these mounds grew, the higher and higher my shirt's base was lifted. It wasn't long until you *should* have been able to see my loins, but rather?

A black bikini bottom had already wrapped around my crotch and ass as if to protect me from the clothing malfunction. It ended up being *very* necessary as my shirt rose as high as the peak of my bellybutton, lifted entirely by tits that had swelled into full, firm, and bouncy *H-cups*. A size that almost felt a little *too* big for my shorter, younger body. But as far as I could recall they had *always* been that way. I did a little hop, they bounced, and I giggled.

They bounced with *support* though. Something had wrapped around them beneath my shirt, and as the shirt and pants on the floor disappeared? It was revealed that a swimsuit top to match the bikini bottom wrapped around my tits. It was bound to a collar that hugged my neck and didn't reveal any cleavage, but the black nylon *did* show off the excess sides of my breasts which was hot in its own way. A turquoise blue, translucent jacket hung off my slim shoulders, and black gloves and knee-length, toeless sandals decorated my feet to spare them from the hot sand.

Played with by the seaside breeze, strands of my rainbow colored hair blew across my blue eyes and *immediately* snapped me out of the mental stupor I had fallen into at the climax of my mental changes. “**Huh? What was I...? Oh no! The sandcastle!**” Who had flattened it!? I’d spent so much time building it with Manamel! “**Where’d Manamel go, anyways? I knew I should’ve gone to get the shaved ice!**” I turned to look back at the beach. It sure *was* crowded in Auguste this weekend!

To be completely fair to Manamel though? She had *wanted* me to go with her to hit on boys, but that didn’t work for me for a number of reasons. I wasn’t *into* boys for one, and in terms of girls? There was already kind of *someone* I had in mind. “**The beach is really pretty this time of year though... The colors of summer really shine through, just like on shaved ice! Heehee!**” Giggling to myself, I skipped off to where the shaved ice stand was to meet up with my bestie.

My more than generously sized chest bouncing with each step, of course!

Not that I had to go far before I heard a “**CUPITAAAAN!**” off in the distance. A familiar, pink haired Erune was running through the crowd to me while holding two shaved ice cups. One was covered with pink syrup, and the other was rainbow. “**I wasn’t sure which color you wanted, so I picked all of ‘em!**” That was a very *Manamel* thing of her to do, really!

“**You picked correctly!**”

