

WORKING HOLIDAY

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“...I didn’t even *want* to go on this stupid trip.”

Well, there were many such cases where this was the case. I wasn’t very big on traveling. Never had been, never *would* be. It was a lot of hassle, especially in the summer when it came to spending all of my time *outside* where it was hot and humid, and the only real reprieve was being indoors or going for a swim. If I’d had it my way, then I never would have gone. Unfortunately, I wasn’t really given much of a choice in the matter.

There was a yearly family vacation that I was forced to go on every year. Not somewhere *too* far away. I remained in the US, but I did end up going to a resort on one of the coastal cities where my extended family spent all of their time on the beach. Rather than staying in my resort room, I was expected to be on the beach *with* them, and this summer had been *exceptionally* hot.

...So, perhaps it hadn’t been all that surprising that I’d ended up having a medical emergency. Being a guy that *didn’t* pride myself in my appearance at all, I had been hesitant to go swimming on the beach, but since I also wasn’t allowed to go inside? I’d ended up passing out from the heat. And when I finally awoke? I was inside what looked to be a... *tent*? I’d grumbled those words about the trip when it *finally* occurred to me just what had happened.

“Is this one of the medical tents?” I was still a little out of it when I pushed myself upright on the cot I’d been laid on, but I was still able to make sense of where I was. There were medium-sized tents set up alongside the beach, likely because it was a little bit of a walk back to the

hotel from the beach itself. If people passed out like I had (or worse), it might have been too risky to take them all the way back. **“Is there no one here...?”**

That said, while I hadn't been inside one of those tents before that moment, I had assumed that there would probably be *medical professionals* manning them, right? In case something happened to one of the patients? But aside from the soft whirring of an air conditioning unit in the tent window, there wasn't anything making a sound in the tent. And there wasn't anywhere for anyone to *hide*, either.

“...Hello?” I wanted to make sure before I got up and walked around, but when there was no reply? I realized I had no reason to linger. Still a little woozy, it took me a moment to steady myself after standing, but I ended up stumbling and knocking over a small canister that *exploded* into a blue haze. **“What the hell!?”** It was thick, and I was too quick on the draw to cover my mouth and nose before inhaling some of it. By the time I managed to get out of the cloud, it had basically dispersed anyways.

Was that *harmful*? It hadn't smelled or tasted like anything, but what was it doing in a medical tent in the first place? Like it or not, I received an answer not long after I'd wondered about its effects, because not only did my body become *warmer*, but I began to feel strangely tingly as well. **“Maybe I should sit back down...”** Before I ended up knocking something else over... or worse.

Sitting back down on the cot did very little to alleviate my symptoms, however. I still felt warm and tingly, but I also ended up coming over both slightly woozy as my stomach felt like it was beginning to do backflips. That probably wasn't a *desirable* effect. Or maybe it was, considering what it was indicative of. I just couldn't have fathomed in one hundred years that what it was indicative of would be a sudden and decisive...

Loss of weight?

“H-Huh?” While sitting on the cot, I had reached down to rub my belly through the shirt to try and calm it considering how unsettled I had felt, but I soon found myself grasping for something that wasn't there. My protruding gut just wasn't protruding *as much* as I was used to, much less how much it had been protruding only thirty seconds prior. This naturally summoned my attention downwards as I removed my hand, and I could ultimately physically *see* my extremely big shirt sagging as my gut continued to diminish.

It wasn't *just* my stomach that was shrinking, however. My cheeks thinned, as did my chest, my arms... *everything*. But that wasn't exactly what I meant, either. I was naturally *way* more distracted by my diminishing belly, so I didn't quite catch that I was repeatedly adjusting my sitting posture in the cot. It had been fairly low to the ground, so with my feet planted on the floor my knees *had* sat pretty high. But they gradually lowered, and my feet slid slightly as a result; all while my eye level dipped ever-so-slightly.

Had I been standing, it likely would have been *far* more obvious what was happening to me. **“Wh-Where did all my *fat* go?”** But by the time my belly was effectively *entirely* lost aside from the slightest pouch of softness in front of me, my height had also dipped down to 5'7" when I'd been almost *six* feet tall before. **“Is it because I breathed that gas in? No... If they had gas that made you *thinner*, wouldn't that be a pretty big deal?”** It would have been all over the news! Unless it was some sort of top-secret government project, maybe?

Part of me wanted to stand back up, but while my stomach had calmed, I still felt a little woozy. Not to mention I had become so thin that I'd likely lose my swim shorts if I did so. Still, things were a little direr than I'd even registered in the stomach area. My sides had pinched in so that my waist was snatched beneath the now *very* large t-shirt, and not only the skin of my stomach, but *all* of my skin had both softened *and* been robbed of its dark body hair.

“Were there any papers published recently about...?” I trailed off before I could finish that sentence for two *very* good reasons. The first was probably the more obvious one. What was up with my voice? It was *significantly* higher all of a sudden, and it carried a *very* faint *Chinese* accent. Not so thick that it was jarring, more like I'd grown up around people speaking it my entire life. Less obvious was what was happening subconsciously, because I was translating everything from Mandarin to English in the back of my head like it was second nature.

Even though I shouldn't have known Mandarin at *all*.

But that wasn't the *only* thing that I shouldn't have known. **“What am I saying?”** Since when did I know *anything* about published medical papers? My eyes quivered slightly as I attempted to rationalize what was going on, but in doing so? Their colors blued and their shapes narrowed, granting me monolids as an epicanthic fold stretched across their upper corners to make them appear East Asian. *Chinese* again. This became a common theme in my changing face's design as my features shrunk, rounded, and became increasingly *feminine*.

With poutier, upturned lips, a smaller nose, and narrowed cheeks beneath those pretty eyes, I ended up being quite the *looker*, actually. I had a naturally beauty that was only accentuated further when my already dark strands of hair darkened further, but rather than turning black instead turned a *very* dark blue that cascaded down my back with newfound length. These locks were both silky and shiny in a way that suggested I took *very* good care of them, with even my bangs left meticulously parted to share that consistency with the hair behind me that pooled on the cot. If I stood, at my new height, they would likely reach my ass.

“Mmn!/? Wait... Is this the time to...? I’m on the clock, and...” I could *recognize* the feeling that implied I was aroused. That warmth between my legs, inside of... *Wait*, inside? It didn’t perfectly register with me what had just happened, that the initial moan that had slipped from my lips had been provoked by the dick that would have normally gone hard at the slightest bit of arousal. Instead, it had gone flaccid and shrunk, merging *into* my pelvis. I’d moaned in response to my new pussy lips opening to ultimately connect to my new *womb*. Effectively making me, beyond a shadow of a doubt, a biological *woman*.

But was that all that strange? Much like the Mandarin had slipped into my subconscious along with memories of a medical profession, so too had the understanding that I had *always* been a woman. I felt hot and horny, and that was even stirring up memories of all *sorts* of sex. With men, with woman, giving tit jobs, taking dildos in my hole... I wasn’t picky at all. In fact, didn’t these memories imply I was a little *too* sexually active? That was why I kept my dark blue pubes shaved!

Well, I’d been hypersexual for about *ten years* now. I was *twenty-eight*. Which... had I been older at some point? Surely that wasn’t the case!

This hypersexuality proved to be far more distracting than I would have liked. **“I want to touch myself, but...”** Since I remembered that I was on the clock in a public space, I had to reign those impulses in for the time being. My body itself was making it *increasingly* difficult to resist, however, because the feminine features my body was missing were *growing* in without much regard for my feelings. I had already begun to sit up higher on the cot as my knees buckled, both products of my ass and thighs thickening, then forcing the gait of my hips to widen as a result.

And it wasn’t like I just gained a *little* bit of weight in these areas. My ass blossomed into a perfect heart shape that probably would have bounced when I stood, while my thighs became so thick that each one was thicker than my waist was wide. Making a woman as hot as I was hypersexual might have been a curse or a gift from God depending on how you

looked at it, and that was without considering my *tits*, which were *just* as perfect in the grand scheme of things. I just didn't react to them because, well, I had *expected* to have them.

My shirt had been so baggy, but that loose space was rapidly lifted by its swelling contents. Mounds became hills, and then mountains, before ascending towards the forms of *celestial bodies* courtesy of the fat that pooled within them and stretched their skin. Fat jiggled and bounced while my nipples fattened and grew in kind, and before long my areola were of a comparable size to my *eyes*.

Unable to resist, I ended up groping at my bosom for a single moment as its growth neared completion, each tit then an *H-cup* that almost rivaled my head in size. I'd even grown a mole on the innermost part of my cleavage's left side. When I mustered the strength to *remove* my hand, however? **"...Wait."** I found that cleavage staring up *at* me as I looked down. Had I been wearing something big and oversized just a moment ago?

So, then, why was I wearing a nurse's 'uniform' with a cutout so that my tits could stick out, covered only by a bikini with square cups and crosses on them that was clearly a size too small? The matching bikini bottom was felt underneath the very short skirt of the 'dress', while translucent white thigh highs gripped my legs like it was life or death. I also was wearing white boots, gloves, and a nurse's headband... But I was on duty, right? What was weird about that?

"Well, I suppose that's enough of a break." Of

course, the patients that came into my tent hardly ever believed that I was working in the first place considering how I dressed. What? Was I supposed to hang out on that hot-as-hell beach in some overly stuffy nurse's robes? Being a *nurse* didn't mean that I wasn't allowed to be

comfortable, right? Well... I *was* definitely ignoring a number of health and safety rules, but the tent I was assigned to also wasn't your typical medical venue. The resort was technically breaking rules by having them there in the first place.



My tits bounced, almost escaping from my skimpy, hospital-themed bikini top as I stood up in the tent again. A bead of sweat rolled past the

mole on the inside of my left tit before disappearing into my cleavage. **“Thank god for the air conditioning unit I installed.”** Which, of course, also wasn’t up to code. But as *Jia Na*, an American nurse of Chinese descent that cared very little about anything, and was *hypersexual* and proud of my body on top of it all, why would I bother myself with following rules?

I’d had run-ins with people trying to enforce the rules before, and there were certain *parts of my body* that helped me get away with whatever I wanted historically.

“I wish I was the one on vacation though.”

If only I could remember.