

GODDESS OF THE BEACH

FIRST PERSON STORY

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TRY THE NEW VR MODE!

“...**VR?**” I had very understandable doubts about what I was looking at. After all, all I had done was open up Fire Emblem: Heroes. Anyone familiar with that name knew that it was a gacha game that was played through Android and iOS. A very simple, 2D game with sprites that were perhaps a little too simple compared to the advancements that gacha games had made over the past five years. In a way, it was one of the OG gachas that had come out before Hoyoverse games took the world by storm and game aesthetics became far more important.

Admittedly, while I did have it downloaded and I did login to roll whenever I could, I hadn’t had very much personal investment in the game in a long time. I loved the Fire Emblem for its tactical gameplay, but even at launch, Heroes’ gameplay loop had been so watered down that I didn’t really have much fun with it aside from rolling my favorite characters. And that was *before* powercreep became such a big problem with the game. Which, honestly, wasn’t even that long into its life, come to think of it.

Alas, I’d found a reason to login that afternoon. It was finally time for the game’s summer banners, and while there were new units to roll for? They were also rerunning past banners I had missed as well. I didn’t have a lot of currency because I didn’t really play it. I *never* did. But I’d try and make it work as always. Yet, I’d encountered that popup before I could even make it to the rolling page. “**I don’t even have a headset, so, no?**”

Could you even hook up a VR headset to a mobile device? What kind of graphics would a phone game even have? It must have just been projecting the game screen into the air or something? That was all it really *could* be. My finger moved to tap the ‘No Thanks’ option, but I stopped when it occurred to me that it was grayed out. Could I not click it? I tried tapping it several times to no avail. “**Ugh.**” And so, I clicked the ‘Sure!’ button, thinking it would recognize I didn’t have a compatible device and just switch back to normal.

“**HUH!?**”

In my own humble opinion, my very *dramatic* and very *loud* cry of surprise had been absolutely warranted. The moment I tapped the button to load the VR mode; my surroundings had *changed* entirely. I found myself sitting in a picnic chair on a *beach*, with a towel laid out neatly beneath a purple umbrella beside me. The view of the blue waves below an equally blue sky *was* beautiful, but I had a *million* questions.

Was this the VR mode? No. I hadn’t been wearing a headset. Even if I *had* been, there was no way what I had jumped to stand in was VR. There was nothing on my head, I could *feel* the sand beneath my socks, and everything was far too *detailed* visually. Virtual reality couldn’t even replicate things that realistically on high end hardware, much less via my smartphone!

“**Oh, I get it! I’m dreaming, right?**” Who was I trying to convince? Myself? Even *I* was having a hard time believing it as I looked up and down a beach that was completely empty. The fact that I could feel the sand, and I could feel the chair as I stood up, and I could even feel the *summer heat* baring down upon me. I was sweating too – something else that led me to believe it was real.

Little did I know that all I had to do to understand was *wait*.

Not that I was patient enough to just stand there and wait for anything to happen. Considering the circumstances, it made way more sense for me to leave that beachside setup and search for help. I couldn’t see any reason to hang out in a place with no water, especially with how hot it was. That would have been a death sentence. “**But where should I go to get out of here?**” Using dream logic, could I just wish my way out of there?

In a way, some of my wishes were *already* getting granted. As a heavier set man, I’d long since desired to lose as much weight as was healthy, to be a weight that could be considered ‘thin’ again. Hell, I would have

even taken ‘slightly overweight’. I would have been happier than I was with my current wait. Well, that probably would have been true *if* my weight had remained what it was. And yet? As I lingered there in confusion? That subconscious desire was being granted.

“**Eh?**” It wasn’t really something I could *ignore*, either. I would *naturally* notice the fit of my shirt and shorts loosening, especially when they did so as dramatically as they were. “**What’s going...? Woah.**” What I caught sight of when I lowered my gaze to try and see was... the sand of the beach. That was actually *what* was different, because my gut was typically so intrusive that I couldn’t see past it. Yet not only was that bulge basically *gone*, by my arms, chest, and thighs were all almost perfectly thin – as was my round face. “**Haha!**”, I laughed awkwardly.

“**This really must be a *dream!*?**” What was meant to be a statement almost sounded more like a question. The pitch of my voice rose and softened in its sound, but that wasn’t *actually* what had spurred the confusion – along with an expression that involved me biting my lower lip and blushing. “**What just— Oooh...**” My voice remained soft while I found myself rubbing my thighs together subtly. It was a gesture that probably would have brought me discomfort normally because of how they pressed against my pelvis.

Or, well, what should have been hanging *against* my pelvis. But there was no resistance from my cock and balls. Nothing felt like it was *crushed*. Instead, there was just nothing *there*. What had caused my confusion in the first place was the sensation of my dick and balls shrinking until nothing remained – all while a slit appeared behind where my balls had been. Effectively? This meant I was *female*. “**I’m a woman? But... Isn’t that...?**”

While I had never admitted it to anyone before, that was *also* a dream of mine.

But I didn’t see it that way. I answered my own question rather quickly. “**No, have I not always been a woman?**” It felt like such a strange thing to believe when my body still looked as masculine as it did. My shirt was now oversized thanks to all of that weight I had lost, and my shorts were hanging on by a thread. You could *maybe* make out that my skin was softer, and any excess body hair had been shaved away. But other than that? I still *looked* like a man so long as you couldn’t see my crotch.

The issue with that reality was that it was *fleeting*. My head was filling up with sweet thoughts of femininity; to the point that it almost seemed like it was having an effect on the section of my body through which I thought, and communicated those thoughts, in the first place. You could

see it in my *hair* for starters. Short, dark strands paled in color towards a pale pink, before that pale was illuminated into a shade of bubble-gum instead. It was also *lengthening*. Not just a little bit, but *significantly*. It reached my cheeks, my chin, my shoulders, and then fell *far* past them until reach strand reached past my hips towards the backs of my knees. These pink locks fanned out, voluminous and meticulously layered, while my bangs were parted at the sides while touching between my eyes.

Not that my eyes were spared either – much less my face as a whole. My softer voice had sounded strange coming from someone with more masculine features, but that was hardly an issue by the time it finished conforming to its new design. One with big, round eyes colored pastel pink, with fluttering lashes and thinned, pink eyebrows. One that possessed a tiny, button nose and enlarged, supple lips upon a narrower jaw. My femininity was undeniable, and my natural *beauty* even more so.

But none of this tracked to *me*. “**Why would I even question my femininity? What a strange thing to dwell upon...**” I was now *convinced* of my natural sex and gender identity, so I wasn’t bothered by what wasn’t even registered as my shorts fitting a little more neatly thanks to my hips swelling out. Now how the legs of those shorts gripped around supple, burgeoning thighs to the point that they almost looked like they were trying to squeeze all of the fat out of my legs.

There was a similar trend happening with the cheeks of my ass. My shorts *had* briefly remained baggy in the back despite how plump my thighs had grown, but they soon *ballooned* until they were basically shaped like an honest to goodness heart. With each step I’d take in the future, one cheek would rise and then fall again when I stepped again, making it an enticing ass to state at... if not for how long and thick my hair was, anyways. It was blocking the view.

“**Hm?**” My chest soon suffered a similar effect, ballooning and lifting my shirt in the process. Yet that wasn’t what caught my eye. “**Am I standing in a sinkhole?**” I was having issues confirming that, since I could no longer properly see past my torso... though this time it was because my *tits* were so fat instead of my stomach. They almost rivaled my head at this point, with nipples bigger than my eyes. What had confused me was the subtle feeling of my eye level slipping. A sinkhole, while practically impossible to find on a beach, would have explained it.

But the reality of the matter was that my height had dropped to 5’7”, shrinking my hands and feet until they were small and dainty in the process.

My pink eyes looked up and down the beach. “**Maybe it was nothing...?**” I wasn’t *sinking* anymore, so maybe it had just been a trick of my imagination? Was the fact that it suddenly felt much *breezier* also a trick of my imagination? I looked down again, this time catching sight of my bare cleavage. No... I was in my black bikini with a blue frilled collar. The flower skirt was wrapped around my waist where I had left it, and my floating instruments were lifting it up. But what of my cloak? I blinked. The back of my head had been subjected to a touch of pressure.

But that little touch amount to two, purple goat horns curling out from the two points. They coiled out to the sides so that a light blue cloak could hang from them, draped behind me to conceal my body even more from the back. With this done? Some of my pink hair was pulled into a high ponytail and held in place by a silver circlet, whereas a red flower was placed in front of my right horn. I was accessorized with a blue neckless and a pink-gemmed circlet that was wrapped around my right thigh.

Any thoughts I had about, well, *anything*, eventually faded away as I felt an odd weight upon my head.

“**Hehe. Well, hello there. I wasn’t expecting any company this afternoon. I suppose my presence just has that kind of effect, hm~?**” As far as I knew, I’d slipped away to the beach before any of the other heroes that had been summoned by Askr. The rest of them were still getting settled in at the resort they had booked as a group, but because I was *Nerpuz*, the goddess of the land? I had always been at home out in the wild. Rather than stay in a resort room, I planned on building a fire and sleeping under the stars once the evening came.



I spoke to a newly found friend. A seagull that had seen it fit to land upon my left horn. Animals had always been drawn to me, so I didn't find it off-putting in the least. The poor thing was likely looking for food, though I hadn't brought anything to the beach even for myself. **"I plan on simply sunbathing, so you're free to stay up there. But I'm afraid you won't get anything from me— Oh!?"** Another had landed on my second horn. **"Erm..."**

And there was more landing nearby. Each one eyeing me hungrily. They weren't going to eat *me*, but they seemed to have other expectations. I didn't mind the idea of being stared at. After all, I had prettied myself up in such a sexy swimsuit. But over ten pairs of bird eyes was *not* the attention I had been seeking.

"Perhaps I should go get a resort room after all...?"