

Sleepy Beachtime Princess Dreams

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Commission done for Athetos of Discord

Athan yawned, shaking his head and tugging hard on the cooler he was dragging along. *Come on...* He blinked his eyes several times. *Can't fall asleep now... Almost there.* He could see a large parasol, free and ready for use.

Well, it was one of many parasols on the beach, all of which were free for the taking. He was all alone, after all.

Beach season had officially begun in his community, and that meant a lot of commotion. Tourists would soon flock in, flooding its sandy shores in search of fun in the sun, sand, and surf. Like many years before, there would surely be many, many people coming.

And that meant the locals would be shut out. The tourists would hog all of the beach, or, at the very least, take up all of the real estate on it.

Athan was one of those poor, unfortunate locals. Last year and the year before that, he was blocked from enjoying the scenery and sea breeze all summer long. There were no parking spots close to the beach and even when he could get there, there was no good place to sit down or spread out. It was just a noisy, irritating mess.

This time, things would be different. With the official opening, Athan made sure to get to the beach as early as possible. He especially wanted to get one of those huge beach umbrellas the local government put out for people to use. Even if he couldn't make it the rest of the season, he could say to himself he was there on opening day.

Though, in his brilliant planning, he had, perhaps, gotten there a bit too early. Yes, the beach was open technically, but he was there just a little past five in the morning. The sun was barely rising, the sky still mostly dark. No one was around. He wasn't even sure if the lifeguard was stationed at his shack nearby.

Athan tried not to think about it, if only to avoid feeling foolish. He reached the parasol he would rest under, letting go of the cooler and dropping his beach bag from his shoulder. He felt better but still very tired.

He fell to his knees without really thinking, going straight into his bag to fetch the beach blanket he stuffed in it. *J-just... just gotta get you set up...*

He unrolled the blanket, straightening it out as much as he wanted to. He yawned again, his eyelids feeling so heavy. *S-so tired...* He pulled his cooler closer to him. *Maybe... maybe not right when it first opens next time...*

With the blanket laid out, he slipped on top of it and fell back with a soft thud. He stared up at the underside of that umbrella, seeing the partial, fading night sky beyond it. He could feel his blinks dragging out longer.

Just gonna... just gonna lay here... enjoy the breeze... so quiet... He was fading fast.

He was going to take a nice, little nap. He could enjoy the sunshine and atmosphere when he woke up. He could get that sunblock on afterwards too. Everything could wait until he was done resting. Then, all of this trouble will have been worth it.

With one, long, extended, drawn-out closing of the eyes, Athan dozed off.

Waaaaaake up~

Athan fidgeted in place, mouth twitching.

Open your eyes, Athan~. Open them now.

The man slowly opened them. *Wha...?* His eyes opened wide. He reached up, readjusting his glasses on his face, and then blinking a few times. The sight he saw was true.

The beach umbrella was gone. The other umbrellas were gone. His cooler and bag were gone. Even the lifeguard shack down the way was gone. All that was left was the blanket and beach he laid on.

However, the atmosphere of the beach was otherworldly. It was darker out, but yet also, strangely, brighter? The cosmos filled the night sky with huge stars and galaxies, almost like out of a science fiction film. The color and vibe was blue and purple, bathing the surrounding area in a strange glow.

Athan... The voice called to him again. It was ethereal, hauntingly beautiful in a way.

He stood up, his legs shaking, and looked around. He saw no one. "Where... are you?"

There was another glow now, one brighter and otherworldly. It lit up behind him, casting a long shadow on him and warming his back. He gulped, a bead of sweat dripping down his forehead. He didn't want to turn. It felt almost as if it was a nightmare.

Yet, he did turn around and faced it.

There stood a large... shape. It was hard for him to fully comprehend what he was looking at exactly. It glowed, its insides, its surface like the cosmos above. It towered over him, over two stories if he had to guess but probably even more. The glob of space had an equine-esque shape to it, one with a flowing mane and tail that moved like a flag in the breeze.

Looking at it longer, he couldn't help but feel it had an almost familiar, cartoon pony shape to it. He could've been imagining it, but it looked so nostalgic in a way.

Regardless, the sight of it frightened him. Once the shock wore off enough, he stumbled back onto his butt, his jaws trembling. *What... what is that? Where did it come from?*

He gulped. *Where are we?*

Athan... I know what you desire. The creature spoke, yet, it had no mouth. The part of it that resembled a horse's head didn't move either. *I know what you want. You wish to be amongst this beach, to enjoy oneself, correct?*

Athan didn't answer. He certainly had no idea how to properly talk to such a being as this.

So, it kept speaking. *I know all. Everything you thought about, wanted as you drifted off to sleep. It was loudly sent across the dreamscape.*

“What...” Athan managed to finally croak something out. “What are you?!”

I am Tantabus. The being seemed to glow brighter than before. *Some may call me a dream parasite, but, today, I deliver to you something grand. I grant you your truest, deepest dream, want, desire... Not only will you be able to enjoy the day, but I, too, will be able to do so as well.*

“I... I don't understand.” That was an understatement, and he knew it.

I cannot enjoy the waking world as this, but, by finding someone as yourself with such strong wants and desires, I can now.

“Wha-what?” His mind told him to run, but he couldn't feel his legs.

You will understand soon. With that, the being morphed. It was as if it changed into liquid, instantly losing shape and falling to the sand. However, it quickly reformed as a flowing substance that looked like a wave. It swirled up and flew at him like an incoming tsunami.

Seeing it, Athan found his strength and ability to move again. He scampered to his feet and hurried back a few yards. The cosmos-like goo fell only inches from his toes, splashing like a wave hitting the rocky shore. A drop or two of it hit his feet, but the rest laid on the sand before dissolving into it.

And that appeared to be that. There was nothing else. The voice was gone, no trace of the being was left. He was alone again.

What... His heart raced, his eyes darting all over the lonely sand. *What was that?! Am I safe?! I just-*

When he looked down, expecting to see this Tantabus ink out of the sand, he realized he wasn't safe. His heart skipped a beat seeing his feet.

What had hit his feet had grown. They had come to circle around them, swallowing them whole. They reshaped them, looking akin to that of the being's equine-esque hooves. They even looked and glowed like the being's, coated in the same cosmos covering.

N-no way! Athan tried to move, but he was frozen again. This time, it was more like his feet... hooves were glued to the spot. All he could do was twist in the wind and look at them.

Look at them as that cosmic liquid flowed upwards. It ran up those legs, changing them as well. They lengthened, turning fit and slender. His thighs seemed to thicken, gently pressing and rubbing together. The feeling of it was so weird: ticklish, so cold and yet warm.

As the substance reached his hips, it didn't go under his swim trunks. It went right over them, swallowing them up like it did his sandals. Soon, he couldn't even feel his clothing on him. All he could see was just a featureless lower half.

Athan gulped, blushing as he felt a simultaneous pulse of cold and heat hit him below. His hips expanded, widening several centimeters and gaining a curve to them. His rear swelled to match then beyond that. It soon looked like he had a wide bubble butt.

This... this can't be real! He grew taller yet, legs lengthening a little more and torso stretching further. His skin all at once began to glow, gaining a purple aura and cosmo-like energy to it even when the liquid hadn't reached it yet.

What's happening?! This has to be a dream! This has to be-

We shall become one. He could hear the being again. The voice was different. It was lighter than before, less warped and booming. It was more... feminine in its tone.

Either way, it was in his head. *We shall enjoy the day and beach as one.*

The words sent shivers down his spine. “What?! What have you done to me?”

The voice did not answer, silent once more. However, the answer became apparent soon. His messy, bed-head hair straightened and smoothed out as it could be. It grew then, thickening into a full, flowing mane that fell onto his shoulders, then further, all the way to above his rear.

Just as thickened and puffed up bigger than his head, held up by a ponytail and what felt like a lot of hairspray, his hair glowed. From the roots to the tips, the color turned a sharp, midnight purple. Locks and strands vanished, almost as if it became a thick blob. The same, glowing cosmos as his skin appeared in it, making it all look one and the same.

Athan reached up, feeling his mane. His face turned red, the sensation of his new hair so odd. It was so big and thick, but yet, so weightless. It was cold to the touch, his hands seeming to sink endlessly into it before he pulled them back out.

This isn't- “EEP!” His rear jerked back. A huge, equally puffy and flowing as his mane, tail sprouted. It fell down to the beach, sinking and flattening against it on the sand. It felt light as a feather as well, barely noticeable outside of it brushing against his legs.

He looked over his shoulder, jaw slightly dropping. The sight of it and his mane were just astounding. *They're... weirdly pretty in an eldritch, godly being sort of way?*

He quivered, his body dropping pound after pound everywhere. It felt as if the strange goop was squeezing, squishing him down. Yet, it hurt not one bit. His waistline narrowing, shoulders drooping, arms and legs trimming down to fitter shapes. He felt so little.

He didn't even feel anything when it seemed like the goop was growing out his hips. They stretched so wide, so curvy and round.

Athan looked at his hands, watching the last of the otherworldly substance covering them. They ran up and closed over his fingertips, making his hands so dainty. The substance grew and swelled a bit more at the very ends, forming what appeared to be the points of long fingernails. It was hard to tell, everything blending together still.

Though, he could hardly focus or think about that. He cringed, feeling the substance crawling across his head, reaching over his face at long last. Everything was numbing, an occasional sense of pulsing there.

The end was close. The warm, tingly cold was coming to swallow the last bit of him. His head shook. **Pop-pop!** The sound was muffled but came in clear on the second pop. His ears were engulfed and then emerged from the substance at the top as pony-shaped ones. **SPROING!** From his forehead, a long, unicorn horn-like shape sprung free.

Athan felt his head ache, pounding as the glowing skin reached closer and closer to his final parts of his head. His eyes closed tightly as the changes washed over them. His eyelids gained a silverish sheen to them, looking like eyeshadow.

His face wobbled, stretching out slowly as the last of the goop cloaked it. It pulled and pulled, stretching into an elegant, equine muzzle. At the very end of it, silver lipstick appeared. It looked flat upon the starry surface until it swelled, giving him a kissable pout.

The throbbing and numbness ended, Athan could feel and move his face again. His eyes opened, glowing brightly. His irises were a hauntingly beautiful purple, adding to his new, otherworldly visage.

“L...” His voice came out so sensual, undeniably enchanting now. “I think it’s... it’s over-”

As if surely jinxing himself, there was one final throb, one final pulse. He cringed, feeling the trembles in his chest. It felt so... so weirdly nice? That couldn't be right.

He looked down at the sight. His chest was swelling, rapidly expanding. It looked as if two large mounds the size of globes were emerging from that space-like skin. They were breasts, large, unsagging D-cup breasts that were smooth and featureless.

Athan bit her bottom lip but couldn't help but let out a moan. Everything felt so wrong and weird. Where was her old self? What was this body? Why did she become so sensual, beautiful, heavenly while unfathomable...

Don't be afraid

Athan felt like her heart was coming to jump out of her chest... if she still had an organ, that is. The voice had come back, even louder within her head.

All is right. You are fine. We are fine. You are ready for everything now.

Just like that, the voice was gone again, and Athan was most definitely not feeling “fine”. She was filled with many feelings other than that one. Still worry, but there was also confusion, beauty, tepidness, want, horror, appreciation...

And tiredness. That one rang the loudest now. After all of the excitement and changing, her body felt so heavy and worn down. It overrode almost everything else, seeming to move her body back to her beach blanket and back down onto it. She didn't fight it one bit.

She started to sit down but fell most of the way onto her cushiony bottom with a small, almost inaudible noise. She didn't care, leaning and falling onto her back then. The sleepiness was coming on strong again.

This... this is just a bad dream. She told herself that over and over. *It has... has to be...* She yawned, her eyes drooping now. *I'll... I'll wake up soon... right now...*

Her eyes closed, and she was gone again.

The cries of seagulls could be heard not long after. The roar of the waves, and sounds of people out and about followed. Light began to blare, visible even with his eyelids closed. He could tell. He was back on the beach, the sun and beachgoers out.

He opened his eyes. He saw the underside of his umbrella and part of the crystal clear sky. Everything was right again.

What a strange dream... He yawned, stretching his arms and legs. *Shouldn't... shouldn't get up so early next...*

Athan sat up. There was a weird, heavish feeling upon their chest.

Looking down, she gasped. Her breasts were there, along with her wide hips and everything else! She still had her galaxy-showing skin, an ethereal tail wrapped around her body and going along her slender, long legs. The only difference between her dream and now was that she was wearing clothing.

They were a fairly skimpy, silver, glowing bikini set, but they were still clothes.

“WHAT?!” She cried out, her voice just the same as it was before too. *The dream's real?! I'm... I'm this now?! What's goin-*

As she looked at herself, her ears twitched. She could hear whispers and murmurings all around. She looked up, realizing she wasn't the only one looking at herself.

The people on the beach, many she had just heard when she woke up, were now looking at her. Guys, ladies, kids, families, all ages... all were staring at her with wide-eyed wonder. A few of the more adult onlookers were definitely zeroing their attention on her goddess chest.

Oh no, oh dear, oh my! Athan blushed intensely. This was embarrassing beyond all belief! She had to leave!

She hopped to her hooves, almost stumbling over trying to find balance. She hurried off her blanket, nearly tripping over the bag beside it. She ran across the sand to the nearest changing booth as fast as she could, coming close to tumbling a few more times.

Her maneuverability on her hooves was a lot worse in the waking world, it seemed.

Oh my god, oh my god! She ducked into the booth, locking it behind her. Her heart was racing so hard, it felt like it was going to pop! Everything was just too much! Waking up to all of that, the attention, the weight, the look of her, and more was overwhelming to the senses.

That was when she saw the dusty, sandy mirror hanging on the wooden wall. She looked into it and, for the first time, truly saw herself. She was the picture of beautiful ponyhood, almost like a cosmic princess in a way.

Her hands went up. They felt her face, tracing her muzzle and poking her plump bottom lip. She traced her body from top to bottom, taking in its curvaceous shape. It all looked so unreal but feeling it said everything.

This... is me.

We shall become one.

Those words drifted through her mind. Tantabus had become this. She had become this. She didn't hear them any longer, but she was them regardless.

Athan gazed at her reflection. She did not know how long she did so, but it went on long enough for her to notice something. The more she stared, the more she sensed another feeling creeping in. It was one she felt in that whirlwind of emotions when her dream was ending.

It was admiration.

I'm... beautiful, aren't I? She stroked her face, tapping her chin. *Beautiful...*

We shall enjoy the day and beach as one.

Perhaps... perhaps I shall. She had her spot on the beach before anyone could possibly take it like before. She... they could enjoy this beach. The two of them, herself... they should enjoy this wonderful day with such a wondrous look. *It will be grand, won't it?*

She frowned. *Well, outside of all of those annoying gawkers. They'll probably ruin this. Get a spot, still have to deal with annoying tourists...*

Though, thinking about it, she wondered if she could use that to her advantage. Depending on how long she stayed like this, maybe some fine men and women would be more than happy to tend to her wants and needs, maybe even surrender future spots on the beach?

Either way, the summer was off to a most intriguing, sultry start~

The End?



