

DANCING TANNED

FIRST PERSON STORY

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Summer was fast approaching which wasn't a *good* thing in my opinion. Autumn, winter, and spring all had one thing in common in the part of the world that I lived in. And that one thing that they had in common? It was the fact that I could get away with wearing baggier clothing. Loose clothes that covered my entire body were my preference, not only because of the level of comfort that they provided but because of my own insecurities as well.

Being a bigger guy? Wearing less or tighter clothing just did not mesh well with my self-esteem. At least when wearing heavier, warmer clothing made sense it felt like I could hide the things I didn't like. I was still a heavier guy in clothes but hey! People couldn't see my tummy bulge as much. It was a trick that probably didn't *sound* that useful, but it definitely *felt* useful to me.

And yet summertime? It was *way* too hot to bundle up. Temperatures could get as high as 100 degrees Fahrenheit at times where I lived, and when you threw humidity down on top of that? I would have drowned within a sweater thanks to my own sweat if I didn't overheat first. Needless to say it just wasn't *comfortable*. **“So this year I’m going to get in better shape before it gets too hot! But how?”**

It was a simple plan. It was April still and so I had a couple of months to improve my physical shape before it got *really* hot. I knew that I couldn't get *thin* in that time, but I could get *thinner*. That would make things easier both on my body itself *and* on my self esteem. And so I had decided to put together a plan. Dieting was a no brainer, but exercise was a little more puzzling. I'd never found an exercise that I *liked* to do. And so I ended up looking somewhere more up my alley. *Video games*.

“Just Gyance 2024? Is this a Just Dance ripoff...?” While perusing the Playstation digital store for dancing games because I had wondered if a game like that might help with motivation, I had come across this peculiarly titled offering. Not only was the name a clear reference but the gameplay looked similar as well. *That* was where the similarities ended. The character models were 3D and very *bouncy*. Tanned Japanese women with blonde hair for the most part. **“Wait, is the title just merging ‘dance’ with ‘gyaru’? Who even came up with this idea?”**

It was silly and certainly not something I’d be caught dead playing even in private. So naturally, under no circumstances would I be purchasing and downloading that extremely suspicious.

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE!

“HUH!?”

The next thing I realized? I was *not* in my living room anymore. An evening sun painted a narrow alleyway that peeked into a view of – and don’t ask me how I knew this – *Shibuya*. **“...How am I in Japan?”** I had so many questions that my mood had shot past ‘alarmed’ and had evened out into a ‘calm perplexed’ instead. How was I supposed to react to any of this, especially when I suspected the cause had been *that game*. How had it downloaded itself? How had it *teleported me elsewhere in the world*? **“Where’s the rest of my crew?”**

“Huh? My *what*?”

I didn’t have a ‘crew’. I’d never had a job in my life where I’d had a ‘crew’ since I didn’t *live in the Fast and the Furious movies!* It had been an odd thing to say, made even odder because I wasn’t even sure *why* I had said it. But relative to ‘things that were technically odd’, the words that were spoken were basically small potatoes compared to what was to come for me. And I was quick to receive my first *real* taste of the powers that had brought me to Japan.

Something in my stomach dropped. It had been uncomfortable, at least enough for me to start rubbing it as an attempt to ease any discomfort I might have felt from it. I’d had indigestion in the past, but it didn’t really feel like that? But even *if* it had, I curiously found my stomach health *improving*. I felt lighter and my hand was pressing closer and closer to my— **“Wait...”** It took a moment for things to ‘click’, but once

they *had* I looked directly down to find the front and sides of my shirt *very* loose.

And my usual, bulging belly? It was *gone*.

I was still rubbing my gut with disbelief. “**All of that weight just *disappeared?***” Not even *just* from my tummy. My legs, thighs, chest, and face had all had their excess weight taken away, leaving me not only thin as my rubbing hand soon found. But I was vaguely *muscular* too. I could feel my fingers pressing into a set of abs. Muscles I’d never been able to feel before because I had *never* really been an active person. “**I’m fit?**” I wouldn’t have called it ‘buff’ though. There wasn’t anywhere near enough muscle for *that*.

My weight loss and muscle growth experience was *naturally* a disorienting one and I was so distracted that a vague tingling sensation upon my face didn’t really register in a way that it probably *should* have as a result. Adjustments were being made to the appearance of my thinned face – and in a way that had consequences for my racial profile. Pursued yet fuller lips and narrowed eyes, a smaller nose; not only was it quickly changed to the face of a half-Japanese individual as my eyes retained their blue, but it was much too *androgynous*. It bordered on the feminine.

I also looked around 10 years younger. About 21, maybe?

“***Hai*, so something is definitely going on here. First I ended up here, and then my body...**” I’d gotten it in my head that getting thinner and fitter had been the end of what was happening to me because, of course, I couldn’t really *see* my own face while in an alleyway at dusk. I was due for a realization that this *wasn’t* the case, and it settled in promptly *and* undeniably. Because I was overcome with the sensation that I was *falling*. “***Nani!?***”

This feeling had me wiggle my arms around to try and catch myself, but something was *wrong*. Was I actually falling? My feet were still planted on the ground, but my point of view was dropping and my clothes... were getting bigger? “私は短くなっているでしょうか?” ***Am I getting shorter?*** There was *obviously* something wrong about *what* I was saying. It was being spoken in *fluent* Japanese, whereas English had been relegated to a *secondary* language in the back of my mind. And one I wasn’t even very good at, at that.

This being *incorrect* didn’t even strike me, but I *had* been right about my height regressing. I typically stood at nearly 6’ tall, but in a matter of seconds I had slid all of the way down to a mere 5’1”. Which meant my pants and boxers had been doomed to fall off as the weight loss had

already made their fit difficult to maintain – but at least my shirt acted as a dress to cover the bare essentials. *I didn't want my pussy to be exposed!*

“Huh? My...? What am I thinking? I don't have a... Do I?” My words were not only spoken in a continuous Japanese, but my pitch was slowly getting higher and more girlish. Like the voice of a woman that would likely have a pussy? I felt confused about that. What was my sex? My gender? *Who* was I? Changes to my mentalscape were making it extremely difficult for me to piece together my own identity as things continuously changed, but my changing body confirmed the facts that I couldn't yet comprehend.

Confusion about my sex was handled first. My cock and the balls attached to it *had* been shrinking beneath my now very long shirt. It didn't take long at all for the dick in particular to become little more than a small nub, but once it and the balls were finally smoothed away a crevice formed just below, pulling open into a pussy attached to a newly formed womb within my body. The bush of pubes left above were shaved into a heart shape, but curiously? Their colors also changed to a dirty blonde.

Whatever was happening, it was clear that I wasn't *fully* Japanese. My eyes might have had the shapes of a Japanese *woman's* but their colors had changed into a sky blue that was otherwise uncommon for my new race. My hair became another indicator that I was likely half *American*, or at least had an American father. Blonde had washed through shortened hairs just like my pubes, but in the case of the hair atop my head these strands quickly wriggled longer, cascading down just past my shoulders in the back while bangs messily hung over my eyes.

It was a pain sometimes. I got bullied in high school for being blonde.

“Ugh. Those kids totally weren't, like, very cool.” The memory alone made me roll my eyes. I was speaking in a very flippant and casual way now. Slang was being littered within, and I was talking like what would have been considered a *gyaru*. A revelation that might not have been all that surprising, not with a faux tan darkening across much of my body. The only places where it *didn't* were places hidden by my shirt. My *bikini line*, proving I had gone to a tanning booth.

Feeling a little stiff, I stretched my arms up into the air with a groan. **“Guess I should warm up soon.”** Warm up? Oh, right. For *dancing*. Recollections of getting really into street dancing were coming to mind now. It wasn't just a hobby or anything like that, but a *career*. While most chicks my age got office jobs, I really didn't fuck with that kind of life. It just wasn't for me.

While my arms were lifted, however? The base of the shirt rose with them. This exposed my upper legs and untanned pussy to the cool evening air, but what was *actually* notable were the regions *around* my loins. My thighs were jiggling for one, a sexy plush look applied to them as they seemingly bubbled out like overfilled water balloons. This weight concealed the muscle within them, and the same could be said about an ass that perked up and pushed out behind me. The combined efforts of these two areas lead to my hips widening and my knees buckled in slight as a consequence.

“URK!” I stretched even harder, standing on my tiptoes while reaching for the darkened sky. My shirt lifted further around this time but *not* because of the stretch. As a woman I was missing weight in one key area, and that weight had finally decided to settle into place. A flat chest jiggled, rippled, and bounced. Tanned and pale flesh alike was pulled tightly around two filling flesh balloons, perfect and perky melons protruding where none had existed before. They were led by a pair of nipples that featured areola almost as large as my eyes by the time was all said and done. *I really liked it when my girlfriend twerked and sucked on ‘em.*

By the time I dropped by stretch and all of this new weight of mine jiggled about *from* the sudden drop, I was dressed in an entirely different outfit. A short, jean skirt overtop a pair of leopard print underwear, heels I was comfortable dancing in, and a loose, red crop top without a bra on underneath. A sporty baseball cap had been nestled on my head above hair that was pulled into two sporty twin tails, whereas long, colored, stick-on nails were visible on my fingers alongside various rings. **“Ow!?”** A sharp pain in my tits reminded me that they were both *pierced* as well, just like my navel.

“This is totes odd. Is everyone late or what? Didn’t we like, agree on eight for practice?” I picked at the wedgie the leopard print panties were giving me beneath my jean skirt and adjusted my top so that I wasn’t showing *too* much skin. I might have been a twenty four year old gyaru woman but there was only so much I was willing to show to people who weren’t my girlfriend. **“Seriously, we’re way losing light out here.”**

“AKKICHI! SORRY WE’RE LAAAAATE!”

I had been about to just give up and head back to my apartment when I heard a familiar voice call out my name from the alley’s opposing end. A taller and bigger breasted gyaru woman than me was the one calling it with two other girls following her. Mio, or Mocchi as I called her as a

pet name. She also just so happened to be my girlfriend. Right, my girlfriend... I, *Iekami Aki* had a girlfriend. Not only were we childhood friends but we had been gyaru-in-arms all through high school.

And now? We were in a modern dance group along with two other gyaru. **“Miocchi... For real? I’ve like told you a bazillion times to text me if you’re gonna be late.”** A berating that she only stuck out her tongue cutely at me as an apology. **“Whatever, we’re just recording me for our new demo, right?”** I was the best at dancing out of our group. It was normal to record me first for the demo and then the other three learned from it.



I went to stretch but pointed to my cheek. **“Good luck kiss, Miocchi?”** Out of the two of us I had a more serious personality that matched my slimmer build more. Mio on the other hand? She was as big and bouncy in terms of persona as her *body* was. She slyly approached me and grabbed my chin, making sure to kiss me on the lips *and* give me a big helping of tongue. The other two cooed at it and giggled.

“Knock ‘em dead, sexy!”

SLAP!

“H-Hey! You totally didn’t need to slap my ass!”