

FAMILY VACATION

BIG STORY #29

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“It’s so *hooooooot!*”

The cries of Futaba Sakura were palpable and for good reason, too. It was the year after Joker had returned how with the Shido case behind them, and summer had finally rolled around. The heat was certainly *stifling*, but in this case, there was a good reason for it. They weren’t *in* Japan; they were in *Hawaii*. It had been Joker’s idea. Why not gather the group together again for a little Hawaii trip like the one they had gone to with the school the year before?

While he hadn’t admitted it to anyone yet, it was a decision he had made so that Futaba could come along on this occasion herself. She hadn’t been *in* school during that trip, and he knew that she had some regrets about not being able to experience it with all of the others back then. They had practically gotten the whole group back together despite the one year gap, too!

“Oh, don’t be like that Futaba-chan! We’re almost back in our room!” Ann and Futaba were sharing a hotel room, and so they had been coming back from the beach together in light clothing with their swimwear stashed in their backpacks. The blonde’s comment *seemed* meager, but it was enough to put the spring back in Futaba’s step as they moved down the hall.

Returning to their hotel room meant— **“*My beloved air conditioning!*”** It was *very* on brand for the bespectacled girl to find excitement in that realization. And in fact? She was the first of the two to barrel through the door once they arrived. **“*Ahhhhh...!*”** And breathe an eccentric sigh of relief as she collapsed on the couch in the

hotel room's living room space. Each of the hotel suites had two bedrooms, a living room, and a big bathroom.

And Ann bolted for the lattermost option. **“I’m gonna take a quick shower to wash off the saltwater, Futaba-chan! We can figure out dinner with the others when I’m done!”** After having time to themselves for the late afternoon, they were planning on meeting up with the rest of the Phantom Thieves closer to 6 in the evening for a delicious dinner. They just had to figure out *where* they were going to have it.



“KAAAAAY!” Futaba was fine with just laying on the couch. She had hardly gone swimming and had spent most of the time sitting under an umbrella with a cold soda. As she rolled over on the couch, however? The sensation of something crumpling under her weight caught her attention and prompted her to sit up. **“Huh? A magazine?”** Had it been there when they had left? It looked like a family vacation magazine with a trio of girls on the front. Siblings? Her relationship with Joker was probably the closest thing she had to one.

“I wonder what it would be like to have sisters, though...” The teen moved the magazine to the coffee table and stood up to stretch for a moment. But once she lowered her arms? Things felt *different* somehow. **“Hm?”** But she couldn’t really tell *how*. Did she feel a little lighter or something? It must have been a side effect of all that walking around she’d been doing!

The teen couldn’t have fathomed the *real* reason for this feeling of lightness, because it wasn’t exactly a *plausible* thing to experience. At least under normal circumstances. And it was actually rather *subtle*, all things considered, because what had been affected outright was a series of areas that weren’t exactly *substantial* in the first place. Because despite inching closer to her *late* teens, Futaba’s figure hadn’t grown all that much since she had turned fourteen. ...Much to her dismay.

If she had *noticed* what was happening in the end, then she absolutely would have been even *more* dismayed. Because that little weight that padded the teen’s figure was *dissipating*, but not substantially so – because she would have needed more than she already had in the first place for it to *be* substantial. B-cup breasts lost a cup size, for example, and the little weight that her but and thighs had accumulated faded

until there were merely *traces* of what one day *may* come. Like she somehow had room to grow that hadn't existed prior.

“I feel *kinda* funny...” *Aside* from feeling lighter. But the reason for this *off* feeling wouldn't become clear to her. It wouldn't become clear to *any* of the victims, in fact. Even in that moment? The coloration of Futaba's orange hair was changing, though to be fair the orange *had* been added with a dye in the first place. Her natural hair color was actually *black*. And it was being restored... *kind of*.

The 'black' that emerged to replace the dye job didn't have the same *punch* that the girl's natural coloring did. It wasn't *as* black and was much more of a dark brown that played with the border between brunette and raven descriptors. But more than that? This brown hair *shortened*. What once reached past her butt was steadily hoisted up to her shoulders with a motion that resembled blinds being raised on a window. Even her bangs shifted, swept off to the right so that the left side of her forehead was exposed.

Her hair wasn't even the only part of her body that turned brown, as the violet in her gaze faded into a *very* similar shade – the shapes of the eyelids that wrapped around them really rounding out and almost appearing to be more *youthful*? No, it was a trend that seemed to extend to her *entire* face before long. Soft skin became even softer and even rounder, its shape not even resembling a girl with the last name 'Sakura' any longer.

...All while *five* years of memories fell out of her head, and the *twelve* years that remained? They became foggy before ultimately being *distorted* and *altered*.

Futaba blinked. **“Did the hotel room get bigger? I guess it's *kinda* big for a *twelve* year old though...”** Her pitch softened and rose, the girl finding herself tugging at her summer wear so that it didn't slide off her body. She *was*, in fact, shrinking though; it wasn't the room growing larger. She had never been *that* tall, standing only at five feet. But in a matter of moments she had lost roughly *four inches*, dipping down to *4'8"*. This shorter stature was more coherent with her almost non-existent figure and cuter face.

Referring to herself as 'twelve' hadn't been a mistake either. She looked every part the role of a young girl of *twelve*, and she didn't look a thing like the teen she had once been in terms of her identity. A subtle shifting of the clothing she wore into a light, white sundress that *exuded* innocent more or less complete her transition... into the spitting image of the girl in the center of the magazine cover on the coffee table.

“I hope the other two hurry up... Mom and dad left me in charge, after all.” The twelve year old girl had abandoned her pursuit of a cold beverage and placed her ear to the door of the bathroom to make sure that the water was still running. *Fumie Akiyama* was the eldest of the three Akiyama sisters, and even then, she was still so young! Too young to be taking care of two younger girls, but their circumstances were a little bit special. **“It’s probably fine, there’s security all over...”**



That family vacation magazine on the coffee table? Fumie and her siblings were actually the models. The shot had been taken at the airport, and it had been so successful that the three had been treated to a Hawaiian vacation so long as they participated in a photoshoot during their stay. But their parents? They were too busy with work to come with them, which meant it was Fumie’s responsibility to take care of the others when staff weren’t with them!

“But Ayame! Hurry up in there! I’ve gotta pee!”

She couldn’t help but bang on the bathroom door, shouting the name of a girl who definitely was *not* in the shower in that moment.



Joker had no reason to believe that anything had gone awry during their vacation thus far. Like Ann and Futaba, he had gone back to his hotel room to rest a little bit after spending so long on the beach. It was a room he shared with Ryuji, and in actuality it was the room just across the hall from the girls’ room. But he’d come back alone, as Ryuji had decided he wanted to try hitting on some girls first. ...Which was probably going to go *terribly*.

The quiet young man had already washed up after returning and had changed into some more comfortable clothes for when they all met up for dinner. He was *planning* on watching television until Ann and Futaba reached out to him, but while flicking through the channels while standing behind the couch? **“Cartoons?”** It was late afternoon, but all he

could find on the television were children's shows that were a little *too* young for him.

For now, at least.

But he couldn't keep his eyes off of the screen for *some* reason. Or rather, as he flicked through the channels? It felt more and more like he was looking for something *specific*. The monster collecting show? No. The sentai show? Nope! In the end his finger stopped after a very specific *type* of show was on the screen. A *magical girl anime*? **"I'm not really interested in...?"** He hadn't been, of course, but he seemed to stop himself from committing to that. The bright colors and cute character designs...

Something about it just seemed to *appeal* to him all of a sudden. Like he was viewing it through the bright, wide eyes of a child again. Not even Joker could deny that in his youth he might have enjoyed shows like this one here and there. No... The memories of enjoying them felt so *vivid*. So vivid that they almost felt *recent*? But how was that even possible? **"Ngh..."** As the leader of the Phantom Thieves, he had felt mental interference before. But not like this.

Despite being able to tell that something was awry, the young man's understanding of how his body was being altered never really *clicked*. So instead? He stood there with his gaze affixed on the screen, not at all noticing just how his neck's posture slowly went from looking slightly *down* at the television to gradually lifting *up*. Before long? The top of the couch he had been standing behind came into view and he could *barely* see over it.

"H-Hey!" Rather than think about *why* that was, he simply (and in a very brattish manner) whined about how part of his view had been obscured. The summer clothes he had been wearing had largely slid off of a body that was now only 4'6", and the rounder shape of his face was suggestive of something that a higher, playful voice equally suggested. Joker had *shrunk* and, along with it, he had *de-aged* until he was only *ten* years old. At least he still looked like a ten year old version of *himself*, but that initial relief was fleeting.

The eyes that were so affixed on the magical girl anime in front of him rounded and fluttered, each blink seeing their eyelashes grow ever so slightly longer so that they appeared more effeminate – and brown in color. This was actually true of *all* of his facial features, alleviating any signs of androgyny so that they instead looked downright effeminate even for a boy of his age.

Small hands grabbed onto the back of the couch to help him peer over it, because he'd grown shorter still. But this time? It was much less significant and more a side effect of his frame changing. A vaguely pinched in waistline made his hips look wider, and from there? Thighs and his bum seemed to swell ever so slightly just like his chest did.

Or well, as things were clearly trending: *her* chest did.

“**Whoa!?**” She gasped at the action happening on screen in a much higher pitch instead of even paying it any mind, though.

It hadn't been a substantial event considering how young she was now, but her sex *had* been swapped out. This seemed to provoke the final changes to her hair as the same brown that was present in Fumie's hair, The style became a chin length bob with bangs pinned to the left with a hairclip. And where had that hairclip *come* from? Her whole outfit had changed into a white, spaghetti strap top over a pair of jean shorts. She looked exactly like one of the siblings on the magazine cover!

“**Yay! Go Pretty Princess Periwinkle!**” The magical girl anime that the television had ended up on was *obviously* exciting the small girl to no end. Any anxiety that *Aiko Akiyama* had felt during her transformation had been replaced by the sheer joy elicited in a child at the sight of their favorite magical girl protagonist pull off her signature move. “**She got the baddies! Yay!**” She *was* only ten years old. It was to be expected.

The episode ended minutes later, and although Aiko clapped enthusiastically as the credits rolled... she soon realized that something was *off*. “**Eh? This isn't the room I'm staying in with my sisters...**” All of the rooms in the hotel looked the same, but this one didn't have the view she remembered. Not to mention the copy of the magazine they were on wasn't on the coffee table. “**Oopsie!**” And so she clumsily slipped out of the room, wondering where she might find her own.

Luckily? It was the room right across the hall! “**I hope onee-san isn't too worried...**”



It didn't take Ann long at all to dry off and put on a set of clean clothes after finishing her shower. “**Phew! I needed that! It's odd though...**” Had Futaba been knocking on the door at one point? That was realistically the only person who *could* have been knocking, but the sound of her voice had been a little *strange*. It had sounded more like a young girl and didn't really sound like her friend at all.



She had been willing to overlook that, writing it off as a distortion of the sound with her being in the shower and all. But without the sound of water running in the background? What she heard outside of the bathroom next just confused her again. It sounded like another girl had come into the hotel room and said, “**I’m back, onee-san!**”, like a young girl greeting her older sister.

Maybe she’d just listen a little while longer...

“**Who...?**” It *definitely* sounded like there were two small children talking to each other in the hotel room that was meant to be shared between Futaba and herself. But with her ear to the door, Ann couldn’t really seem to make out what they were saying. The *more* she listened, though? The more familiar those voices ended up sounding to her somehow. “**That’s weird!**” She pulled away, confused by where that familiarity was even coming from. Was it *déjà vu* or something?

But did *déjà vu* tend to affect the bodies of those experiencing it? *Obviously* not, and yet it was happening beyond the teen’s notice. The blonde hair that she had inherited from her mixed blood had become compromised before anything else, the darker brown color seeding itself in her roots and then bleeding all of the way out to her tips. While this brown spread through, it seemed to ‘iron out’ each strand so that it was perfectly straight – and perfectly *short*, since in the end not a single strand grew past her shoulders.

Her bangs had something akin to a hime cut, but there was a segment longer than the rest on the right side of her forehead. It was a *childish* haircut, but considering what had happened to the other two... Well, that was surely a change that foreshadowed the rest. Like how the same brown spread into her eyes, or how her eyelashes shortened a bit. Little by little Ann’s face became a touch more *youthful*, and by the time cheeks had rounded and lips had thinned? She looked like an *entirely* different person.

“**What are my sisters talking about? I hope they aren’t saying mean things about...? My sisters? Since when did I...?**” No, she *had* two siblings, right? They were both older than her! Seemingly in response to this realization, the teen’s body finally began its descent down to look less and less *like* a teen and more like the youthful face she had acquired. She ended up looking even *younger* in the face than the

other two did. Around *eight*? Her body definitely acknowledged that age as a reality quickly, for as her height plummeted?

The curvature that her figure possessed was completely and utterly *erased*. Unlike even Aiko, whose body had left some promise since she was so close to puberty, Ann's didn't have a single trace of that. Her breasts and butt were rendered entirely flat and featureless, and there was a roundness to her tummy was typical of children that had yet to grow even remotely into their promised heights in the end. By the time she had fallen down to a mere *4'0"*? There wasn't a single trace of femininity on her body.

Aside from the perceived, natural cuteness of a young girl, that was.

The girl's ability to stand upright wavered for a moment, and she used the nearby counter to steady herself. "**Whoa!?**" She cried out with an extremely cute and childish voice. The weight of clothing meant for an eighteen year old had taken her by surprise, but she managed to find that footing of hers again moments later as her clothing changed to better suit her new body... and match the appearance of the third girl on the magazine cover, of course.

She was dressed in jean shorts with a white belt, along with a pastel pink halter top that showed off her left shoulder and tummy. This revealed something that hadn't been *as* obvious with the way she had been dressed prior: she had a very slight tan that her *sisters* did not. But despite being the youngest? She knew herself to be the trendiest! She had a lot of fashion knowledge crammed into that tiny little head of hers.

Why else would she be wearing a hair tie on the left side of her head from such an *expensive* brand?

She'd had to fake cry to get her daddy to buy it for her considering the price!

"Hyup! Okay! I think I'm looking cute!" *Ayame Akiyama* could barely see the bathroom mirror over the sink counter, but since she *was* only eight years old, she couldn't really be blamed for that. The girl was at that stage in her life where she was starting to take a greater interest in how she looked, and she wanted to look as *adorable* as possible. Of course, getting chosen to be in a big Hawaiian photoshoot had done a little to increase her ego. And an ego could be pretty *dangerous* on an eight year old.

She adjusted the pink hair tie that held up her side ponytail one more time before allowing her feet to land flat on the ground once more. And now that she was done? She threw the bathroom door open and stepped into the hotel room with her hands triumphantly on her hips. **“The cutest Akiyama sister, Ayame, reporting!”** It earned immediate sighs from the two other girls, who had been sitting on the couch while waiting for their turns to use the bathroom.



“Took you long enough, Ayame...” Was all she got out of her oldest sister, Fumie. That reaction just made Ayame pout cutely. **“Anyways, I gotta pee. But we’re getting dinner, right?”** She didn’t even *wait* for an answer before storming past her youngest sibling and closing the bathroom door behind her. Ayame was left to look to Aiko for affirmation about how *cute* she was. But... she didn’t get it.

“Did you see!? They had Pretty Princess Periwinkle on TV!”

“I don’t caaaaaare! Tell me I’m cute!”

From that point on, the day went on as the three girls assumed it would. They were taken out for dinner and then there was a seaside photoshoot at sunset. The three went home *very* sleepy and practically passed out until morning. But there had been two women at the photoshoot that none of them recognized. A pair of lesbians that, like them, had only started ‘existing’ that day. The had just as unknowingly suffered from the very same curse.

Because Haru and Makoto had found a magazine in *their* room too.

What were the odds of *that*?