

LALAFALL

BIWEEKLY STORY #181

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The air was dry and dusty, and the temperature much warmer than Sumire had expected. Then again, the Japanese teen wasn't really sure of *what* she had expected, considering she didn't really know *where* she was!

It had all begun when Futaba had invited her over to play games after school one day. She had opened up a lot more to Sumire as of late, likely because the two were similarly aged and had a habit of struggling with similar social problems. She didn't really mind at all! After grappling with the truth surrounding her sister's death and resolving to live as herself, not to mention after Joker had left, she'd needed some close friends.

When it came to Futaba's video game hobby... she didn't really mind at all! She was a teenaged girl herself, so she'd naturally played a number of video games in her time. She was even *extra* curious this time because her friend had mentioned getting some virtual reality headsets in the mail? She hadn't known the full details at the time, but apparently she had won some sweepstakes?

But that had been a *lie*. The pair of headsets had shown up at the Sakura household randomly one day without any context at all, and in an attempt to impress Sumire, Futaba had lied about why she had received them. What was the harm, really? It wasn't like a VR headset could be some kind of trap! It definitely wasn't like there was at least one anime out there that had its whole story based around such an incident occurring, either!



And so, Sumire had *no* idea what had gone wrong when she'd put the headset on. Apparently Futaba had booted up an MMO she was interested in for them to try with the headset because it had added VR functionality, but upon starting the game? Everything had gone black, she'd seen a character login screen with the words 'Lalafell Black Mage (Unnamed)' visible before darkness struck again, and then...

“Whoa! This feels so *real!*” The girl found herself standing in a very *sandy*, stone room that was reminiscent of an inn. There was a bed, a dresser, a strange musical device in the corner... and it was just as dry, dusty, and warm as she had already noted. It felt like that wherever she was, it must have been in or near a *desert*, right? **“I didn't realize it could replicate touch and smell though... It's pretty cool, right Futaba-chan?”**

Sumire had *expected* to hear her friend reply. They were, after all, sitting on the same bed... even though it felt like she was standing now? **“Futaba-chan?”** After she didn't receive a reply, she reached up to push the headset off her face, but... **“Huh!?”** Her fingers didn't grab anything; they couldn't even *touch* anything. Was her headset *gone!*? But she had to be wearing it to be experiencing the game, right?

...Assuming she was actually playing a game.

She was certainly within the game's *world*: the world of Final Fantasy XIV. The problem was that this world didn't generally have Japanese high school girls, but it was also a problem that the world could *fix*. After all, she had loaded into the game with a pre-made profile, even if she hadn't managed to parse what the words on it had meant. She'd already forgotten what they had said.

But those words, those *descriptors*, they were still with her. Sumire had just yet to realize that they had been taken *into* her body, even though there were signs. Those signs were simply *subtle*; not something easy to recognize when she wasn't explicitly looking for them. **“Wh-Why can't I take the headset off? I thought my head felt light, but...”** Maybe it wasn't a normal headset? Maybe it pulled your consciousness into it and she was 'asleep' on the bed?

But that wasn't what had happened. Neither of the girls were in Futaba's room at that moment, nor were the headsets.

“What do I do... Is there some way to leave? Like a logout button or something?” A little concerned, she began to tap at the air in hopes that it might bring up a menu of some kind. It led to her uniform coat and the shirt under it shaking a bit as she moved her arms, and that somewhat concealed what should have been the very first sign that something was awry with her body.

That was to say that her breasts, only larger than average B-cups in the first place, had begun to *diminish* in size. The cups of her bra had been quite compact, but the space between her nipples and those cups grew ampler and ampler as the bosom within became *smaller*. Even the nipples themselves were pinched down in size, still appearing feminine, but feeling better suited for the *A-cups* she was left with. **“No dice, huh? But there has to be some way... They wouldn’t just trap you in a game, right!?”**

Sumire’s mistake continued to be that she assumed she was in a proper VRMMO and not in a living, breathing world. Well, her second mistake was focusing too much on a means of leaving initially as well. Like her breasts, her ass and thighs were gradually bled of their fat so that they became much leaner. It didn’t lead to her tights and panties *slipping* – it wasn’t *that* substantial – but they were notably thinner than they had been before.

“But what if I *wash* to... H-Huh?” While her thinning *had* gone unrecognized, she wasn’t *so* oblivious that she didn’t notice the sudden problems she had *speaking*, which then led to her voice sounding *significantly* deeper, almost *sultry* through pitch alone. It had felt like her mouth had been full of molasses, and her face had felt... swollen somehow? She raised her hands to her cheeks a pinch too late, which was an interesting choice of words when those cheeks felt so *pinchable*.

“What’s... wrong with my face?” The very moment her fingers contacted her cheeks, she could tell that they felt fuller and rounder than they should have been. It was no wonder that she’d had problems speaking for a moment, because while those fingers next traced her jaw? She found that jaw, and her chin, had rounded into her face’s shape. They touched her lips just as they thinned and grazed her nose once it became a cute little button.

Based on feeling alone, she probably would have described this face as ‘childish’, but the truth was actually the opposite. A soft pink dyed her rounder eyes, and black mascara made her lashes appear longer as she blinked. She felt... **“Am I older somehow? But...”** Sumire somehow knew herself to be *thirty*? But how could a thirty year old have a face like that? So round and cute... akin to a child’s in a way, but not at all?

Well, it wouldn't have made much sense if she was a *human*, but that wasn't quite the fate that had been left in store for her. The woman's *ears* showed this plainly, as they peaked out from behind red hair with their cartilage thickening. The tips were pulled into triangles that folded slightly inwards, evidently not the ears of a human. Sumire actually noticed that they felt odd and raised a hand to touch them.

But she stopped herself the moment that hand crossed her gaze. "**Erm...**" The long, slender fingers that she was so used to seeing were becoming... not *grotesque*, but they were clearly becoming 'uglier' by human standard, as their lengths shortened *and* thickened until they were like a set of tiny sausages on a hand that became small, round, and doughy itself. "**Hm!?**" And then she *stumbled*.

She hadn't been wearing her shoes because she'd been in Futaba's home at the time, so there wasn't any reason she should have tripped. And yet she *did*, tripping over the tips of her own leggings because her feet had shrunk until they didn't fill them out all the way. They were roughly *half* the size, which ultimately left them more difficult to balance on at her current height. But that was about to be *corrected*.

"**What kind of spell could transform my body like this? Black magic... is there any spell of that nature... Wait.**" What was she going on about? Spells? Black magic? Since when did she know anything about *either* of these things, particularly when magic *wasn't* real. But... that wasn't quite right. She'd try to assert that fact to herself subconsciously, but she ended up arguing with herself. "**No... I'm a mage, right?**"

Sumire wasn't certain of that fact at all, but it *felt* more correct. Just as correct as the streaks of black that were dying her red hair, shortening it into a bob that didn't even reach the back of her neck in the back despite the hair at her head's sides lengthening to her rounded chin. This new hairstyle felt more *preferable*, because she had grown to resent the weight of the long hair she'd worn prior.

She merely *blinked* when her stature began to unravel, and rapidly at that. "**I'm getting smaller... I suppose that makes sense.**" *Did it?* It might have if she'd accepted the reality that she was no longer human, but considering the sizes of her hands and feet, her body becoming smaller to match *did* align with those truths. Her body was practically *swallowed* by the uniform that she was wearing in quick measure.

But in the process? Her proportions shifted until they weren't 'human' at all. The weight in her thighs compressed upon itself, leaving legs that were hardly even a foot long in length much suppler and rounder in shape around her thighs, with the excess pressing her buttocks to curve

out behind her. Her shoulders and hips narrowed as she shrink but her hips bore a much more impressive width relative to her body's height. They *had* to be to accommodate her thick thighs.

The woman *sighed* as she attempted to shake the oversized attire from her body. It was burdensome, even though it concealed the *pear* shape that her torso had taken. It was much thicker near her hips, naturally, with her tummy round and protruding a tad. Meanwhile, the A-cups she had been left with upon her chest felt *larger* with that chest so much leaner, but they still didn't amount to much between her fattened arms. If anything, it all suited her new face *much* better. She had a chubby, potato-like build.

And that was ultimately made all the more visible as, in a flash of *flame*, what she had been wearing was burned to cinders and *replaced*. Replaced with a pair of big, black, thigh high boots beneath what amounted to *only* a black thong around her pudgy pelvis. An ornate, black top without sleeves hung off her torso, but allowed her shallow belly button to peak free beneath it, and detached sleeves with black gloves hung from her arms. Jewelry dangled from her body all over, like gold chains across her hips, and an earring dangled from her left ear... right below a big, black witch's hat that rested comfortably atop her head.

A black staff had also appeared in the corner of the room... or perhaps it had *always* been there?

“...A Lalafell? I understand now.” *Namomo Namo* looked down at her small body that was, despite its size, the body of an *adult woman* according to her new race. Lalafells were a dwarf-like people that Sumire had possessed no knowledge of before, but now? Along with her name, a plethora of knowledge about the world she was now apart of to compliment her more reserved personality. **“I feel... adjusted. This is Ul'Dah, the capital of the state?”**



She worded it like a question, but the woman wasn't asking. She just *knew*. Just like she knew how to use black magic as a Black Mage now, as her attire possessed. Was she still embarrassed by the fact that her thick little thighs and ass were out? Not really. It was more of a show for her *partner*, who was... **“Wait.”** That ‘partner’ had to be Futaba, right? That was who came to mind when she thought about Futaba, but her name and appearance was a little foggy. **“Where is she, then?”**

Was she in another room, then? After using her grubby, gloved hands to adjust the hat atop her head, the Lalafell waddled out the door to her room with her butt shaking from each step. She felt like she had to be *with* that person, and as soon as possible. Was this *love*? She was pretty sure it was love. But would she even find her? How long would it take?

TO BE CONTINUED...?