

LALA LAND

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I'd just wanted to play the game like I always had. Final Fantasy XIV, an online experience unlike any other. I had been playing since the disastrous release of the original game, back before they had to axe it and relaunch it as A Realm Reborn thanks to how poorly the initial project was received both critically and by the player base. But it had grown a lot since then. For the better of course. The game was now on its fourth expansion and things had never been better. I made a point to play a little every day on my Viera account -- the bunny race from the Ivalice series that had been added in patch 5.0.

It had been the same routine every day. Start up computer, start up game client. But this time it was a little... *different*. You know, unless MMO game clients normally displayed swirling vortexes of doom (*they didn't*). The hell is this, some sort of bug? I thought to myself. I'd been having problems with my computer shutting down randomly lately so if this was just a related problem I was going to be peeved. If it corrupted my XIV folders and I had to reinstall it? That would just be a huge pain in the ass.

Naturally I reached for the power button on my computer tower, but pressing it yielded no results; at least none that benefit my intention of restarting the computer and playing my game. But it did make the spiraling vortex in my computer monitor more intense and... was that wind swirling through my bedroom?

"Wait!?" I cried out as I realized the wind was actually pulling towards the monitor, but I wasn't afforded much of a chance to react before I was sucked in as well, the computer shutting off entirely once the deed had been done.

Minutes? Seconds? I could really be sure how long I'd been out after being pulled into the monitor. I wasn't even sure if that's what had *really* happened. All I know is that the next sensation I felt was my body lifting off the ground and hitting it hard, the sound of wheels on dirt ringing in the background. "**Nngh...?**" Even though I didn't feel like I'd slept my body felt strangely heavy. Had I hit my head? Something like that?

When my eyes finally opened I found myself staring at a shaking ceiling. Light filtered in through cracks above, but then I soon realized light was coming in through the walls as well. Another bump saw me jump as I tried to stand on two feet to no avail, my balance incapable of steadying. Shadows obscuring the light helped me realize eventually: whatever I was in was moving. The sound of wheels against dirt and gravel was met by animals bellowing behind me. A carriage? Why not a car or truck?

I was still dressed in my hoodie and jeans it seemed, which posed a problem considering how damn hot it was in this enclosed carriage. I quickly unzipped the top and tossed it against a tiny dresser... which was beside a tiny chair... which was beside a tiny bed. "**That's cute? What's with all the tiny furniture?**" It looked child sized but also probably wasn't for a child. After all, the design taste was pretty mature. It all looked pretty used too, like it was made a long time ago.

But the presence of these belongings reminded me: someone had to be driving the carriage right? Whether it was guided by horses or donkeys (it was neither) or *whatever*, they didn't just move on their own. "**Hello!?**" I tried calling back to the front of the carriage behind me with all of my power. My voice didn't carry though -- why was my throat so coarse? It almost made it sound *squeaky*. There was no answer even though I could vaguely make out the shape of someone sitting at the front through the cracks in the wooden boards. The silhouette kind of looked more like a child than an adult though.

That was when a weird thought hit me. *Am I moving? Why do I feel like I'm moving?* Not *physically* moving of course, I was having a hard enough time in the back of that old carriage. The action of changing where you live is what I mean. It was a peculiar thought because even if I had decided to move from my apartment why would I go about it in a carriage? Why would my furniture be so *small*? There was a lot about it that didn't quite add up.

A sudden bump as the carriage wheel hit a rock sent me backwards and the side of my head into the flimsy floorboards. This was where things started to get really weird. Try as I might, it felt like my ear lobe had

gotten caught in the tiny crack. It was pinched and it hurt, and no amount of pulling seemed to help free it at first. Planting hands firmly on the ground I finally managed to loosen it, or so I'd thought, but when I thought I'd pulled my head far enough away for it to be out, a sudden yank found it was somehow still fixed in that gap. "**How!?**" It was a fair question. There was more than a few inches between my head and the ground, the only way it could still be stuck if my ear... was... *longer*...

At the thought my hand immediately reached for the space between my head and the pinching sensation, and in the process it manages to catch something soft and fleshy. It definitely felt like ear tissue but it was just way too long. Without a mirror I couldn't really see to ascertain much more information than that, but using my fingers I did manage to free the tip from the floor. By tip I mean an end, a point. I could now run my fingers across my ear freely and it was undoubtedly long and pointy. What was more miraculous was that my second ear had undergone the very same metamorphosis despite not being jammed between two wooden planks.

No sooner than I'd regained my bearings did another bump make me aware of something else: my weight distribution. I'd always been a guy that was just a little heftier than normal, nothing really unhealthy, but I had a little gut to speak of. But it... wasn't there? The ripple I'd come to expect from a sudden movement was absent during the bump, but a ripple I wasn't quite familiar with had drawn my attention elsewhere: my chest. So distracted by my ears I'd pushed aside any concern for a growing pressure around my chest. But having stripped my hoodie off and left my white undershirt on display, it was easy to see what had given birth to that pressure.

My hands immediately went to them. *Tits*. I could see breasts poking out through the fabric of my undershirt, nipples swollen and hard visible through the strained white cloth. They weren't impressively large or anything like that, probably a C-cup that stood out against my taller frame. They were definitely, one hundred percent, super duper soft and squishy. My fingertips sank into them and my cheeks became bright pink from the stimulation, but another hand ran to my stomach. It was impossibly flat at least when compared to what I knew typically.

"Am I becoming a woman!?" Naturally I squeaked out my surprise, voice sounding more and more like I'd ingested helium of some sort. My panic led into a hand reaching down the front of my jeans to make sure my little jimmy was still there, but it was a second too late. My dick slipped inside me, and so did my finger giving chase. "**Hyah!?**" If that embarrassing cry was not suggestive enough: I did indeed have a pussy now. **"Nonono, I can't be a girl! That kind of thing only happens in short stories! And what's with my ears? Am I turning into**

an elf!?” Or an *Elezen*? That realization reminded me of what had happened before I’d woken in this cart in the first place. I’d gone to play XIV when it had just... sucked me in. Was I becoming one of the tall and beautiful Elezen race? *No way*, right? That kind of thing was super impossible!

Little did I know at that moment that I was right and wrong at the same time.

The carriage slowed to a stop, the sound of animals drinking water filling the silence that had previous been filled by the transportation’s wheels. Now that it wasn’t moving I was finally able to stand, but the process was a little difficult. The ceiling of the carriage was low so I had to duck a little, but more than that I was struggling to cope with my body’s new feminine design in an outfit meant for a man that was a little bigger. Hair tickled my shoulders even though I only ever wore it short, and I’d yet to realize my browns had been replaced with a purplish magenta that ran around my pointed ears.

This was my chance to finally get out, I thought. Now that I could move I could reach the back door of the carriage and open it. I rapidly shuffled towards it and outstretched my hand to reach the latch but... *it didn’t reach the latch*. It definitely *should* have reached the latch. I knew my own body pretty well, and considering I was a young adult it wasn’t like my arms would ever be in the process of growing or shrinking. It wasn’t like my hand had just been a little shy of the door either: it had come dramatically short, *like several feet*.

“My hands...? MY ARMS!?” I squeaked again, a wonder that whomever was porting this carriage couldn’t hear me as I succumbed to a realization that wasn’t just plaguing that set of limbs by my legs as well. It almost felt like I’d dropped to the ground, but the bones in my legs had shrunk dramatically to the point that they were little more than bendable nubs jutting out from beneath a butt that was becoming more and more featureless as my body’s definition was wiped away. **“I’m shrinking!?”**

My fingers which were usually long and bony became short and stubby before my very eyes, wrists small but thick as they were drowned by the short sleeve of my t-shirt as I became even smaller. Smaller than a child to be sure. My feet fared no better in this regard and I stepped out of my socks unintentionally and stumbled back onto my butt, though with my lighter body weight it didn’t hurt nearly as much as I’d expected. The tiniest of toes wriggled in the air, feet scrunched neatly together in a way that suggested I wasn’t even human anymore as oversized boxers remained the only thing obscuring my lower genitals.

“Lala... LALAFELL!?” It was a word I spat through the pain of a jaw crunching inward and the teeth within shrinking to fit better in place. I was right to think I was becoming a race from Final Fantasy XIV, but I’d gotten the race in particular wrong. There was another with pointed ears. One with tiny, dwarfish bodies that were far more powerful physically than one might expect from appearances alone.

As I shrunk my mannerisms seemed to shift ever so slightly as if I was bleeding into character. To display my shock, the tiny stubby hands I had pressed against rounded cheeks and beneath eyes that had shifted from bright blue to a pale silver. My nose likewise became smaller to fit on my peculiarly designed face, but more than taking on a rounder and wider shape, the flesh of my nose darkened when compared to the rest of it.

The undershirt hung off me like a blanket as magenta hair with blonde highlights spilled down a bare back that was white with tanned speckles. Those speckles were finally caught by me after I managed to pull myself up and out of those human clothes to reveal that the womanly breasts I’d been given had receded into my rotund figure, nipples and tiny bumps all that remained. But even these bumps were large for a Lalafell woman -- and I was certainly still a woman and not a child because my memories were getting jumbled. I honestly looked a little like a baked potato with limbs and an adorable face. It was jarring to see and even more jarring to exist as.

I’d run an item shop for adventurers? But business wasn’t booming so I was moving to the city? I was being isekai’d into my favorite game and I was being given such a boring backstory!? The natural tan spread across the rest of my body in the meantime, and the blistering heat that filtered into the carriage felt somehow a little more bearable as if my body was used to it.

How could I not be used to it when I grew up in the desert environment of Thanalan? That memory spoke to me but at no point were the memories of my past life overpowered. Walking like as if a ball had suddenly grown legs and was walking for the first time, I moved towards the tiny dresser that was now, shockingly, perfectly sized for my height of about three feet. Despite the awkwardness of my movements the strength of my legs was abundant. Lalafell had to keep up with the stronger races somehow, and so they were incredibly agile.

I leaned forward and rustled through the drawers, eventually finding an adventurer’s dress that the old me identified as the Lalafell’s starting gear, and the new me identified as her casual wear. **“I’m moving to... Ul’Dah? On such short notice? I suppose that makes sense, but this is all so strange...”** Verbally attempting to grapple with all

that had happened, even when I attempted to speak of how I'd once been a Hyur -- *HUMAN* man, when I went to speak I would only bring up the peculiarity of moving. Was my mind wired to prevent me from speaking of my past life? Was I trapped like this? Even the way I spoke was far more gentler and astute than I typically spoke... which was a maturity wasted on a voice that sounded like it belonged on an eight year old girl.

The fact that I was a woman now had very quickly taken a back seat to the fact that I was a Lala. It wasn't like they were known for being sexy or anything -- maybe to their fellow Lala of course, but otherwise?

I tied my hair into a pair of long and twirling twin tails like it was the most natural thing in the world and waddled my tanned hide over to the latch on the back of the carriage finally. My tiny eyes squinted shut as the light of the sun baking down from above finally graced them in all its glory, and I managed to jump down onto the sand below. They'd stopped at a watering hole it looked like, the monsters that drew the carriage having needed a break.

That's when I caught sight of him napping beneath a tree. A Lalafell man with a long white beard and dressed in a merchant's gear. I'd never seen him before in my life and yet his name, why he was here, I knew all of it. I had a history with this man. He was my partner. "**Tosfi Tofi!**" I yelled, my now squeaky voice still disorienting me a little. That was his name. As part of an experiment I wanted to see if I could tell him that I was a man from another world.

Tosfi stirred at his name. "**Ariri? Is there a problem?**" Despite my voice being all squeaky even though I was a Lalafell in adulthood, Tosfi's voice was disorienting for a different reason: it was super deep. And Ariri was my name. I'd recalled it earlier. *Ariri Ari*. Lalas had peculiar naming mechanisms.

Okay this was it. Could I tell him who I was? Maybe he could help me find a way home? My memories seemed to be preserved for now, but who knew what might happen with time. Alright! All I had to say was '*I am a man from another world. I was brought here through some kind of power and I'd like to go home*'. Easy. Easy.

But what did my mouth say? "**Do you think I could find a wife in Ul'Dah? The shop aside, I think I'm at that age where I should be settling down.**"

Tosfi laughed.

This... was looking to be a problem.