

LOVE YOU, LALA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Isn’t it nice to get out once in a while, Gaia?”

“I mean... We get out *all* the time. I guess you mean out of the city, though.”

“Yup!” The ex-Oracle of Light and ex-Oracle of Darkness had traveled all of the way from the Crystarium in Norvrandt upon the First, all of the way out to the city of the dwarves, Tomra, out in the Kholusia region. The two girls – *girlfriends*, in fact – had been invited out by the village elder to spend a night experiencing their coveted Irontide Festival. Being a mining village, it was a festival marked to celebrate the minerals and ores that they brought in throughout the year, while also blessing their efforts for the year to come. **“Though... What are we going to do about our sleeping arrangements?”**

The ginger haired Ryne had posed a good question, actually. While they had been invited out to the village, the dwarves were miniature people that lived in tiny houses. Even though the girls were still seventeen, they were *way* too big to fit through one of those doors. **“We’ll just have to set up a camp on the village outskirts.”** The paler, dark haired Gaia suggested in response. It was still early in the afternoon. The festival was still being set up and wouldn’t be held until the evening.

“We’ll have to gather supplies for a fire, then! Maybe one of the villagers has a tent we could use? But aww, I wanted to see the Irontide Ore while they were moving it!” Ryne thought back to something that the elder dwarf had told them. In the early afternoon they would be moving a special piece of ore to a pedestal in the village center. Supposedly, that piece of ore was *magical*. Able to grant

anyone's wish. It was all baseless superstition, of course. **"But it's fine! I'm sure we can drop by the pedestal before things get busy! I wish we could just fit into one of those homes, so we didn't have to waste time setting up camp, though..."** An innocent wish. Yet one that hadn't fallen on deaf ears. Well, maybe it *did*.

Because it wasn't like chunks of ore could *hear*, per se!



In the end, after finding a good spot to set up camp outside of the village, the two girls had divided up the tasks necessary to make sure they had what they needed for the night. Gaia was out looking for firewood (because by her own admission, she wasn't very good at dealing with people), while Ryne had been tasked with asking around about a tent within Tomra.

"The elder said I might find someone around here, right? But there's no one..." The girl had followed the elder's suggestion, searching for a dwarf woman he'd known to have a spare tent big enough for them to use. But after following those directions? She found herself at a dead end behind a rock hut. **"Hello? Is anyone..."** But Ryne trailed off when she went to call out. She felt... *odd*. There was a chill.

And she was quivering a little bit.

"That's odd..." The climate surrounding Tomra wasn't necessarily *cool*. It tended to be a little more humid since Kholusia was near the sea, and even Tomra's elevation didn't fix that. It only cleared up once you climbed higher on Mt. Gulg. **"I hope I'm not coming down with something..."** That was the only other scenario she could think of. Oracle of Light or not, she still got sick. Both Thancred and Gaia had seen her while she was ill now, and she always felt a little embarrassed.

The shuddering grew more intense for a moment. **"O-Oh!?"** Ryne shook and her muscles twitched, but when it passed seconds later? The sensation had disappeared entirely. **"I think it passed? That was certainly unusual!"** But it *hadn't* 'passed'. The chill might have along with the twitching, but the underlying cause hadn't been worked out of her body. In fact, it was working *through* her body at that very moment.

And the girl wouldn't remain ignorant to that fact, even though it seemed as if she *might* be at first. It could hardly be helped that she didn't *instantly* notice, though. What was unfolding affected a part of

her body that couldn't necessarily be perceived with a mirror – or at least without reaching up to touch the sides of her head. That was because her *ears* were being affected.

Ryne's hair was already styled in a way that you could see her ears sticking out from behind them. They were more or less uncovered, which made it easy enough to observe how their shapes and sizes were *changing*. Their roundness was preserved, and yet? Their round tips were compromised as their cartilage was tugged farther and farther away from the sides of her skull. They were more reminiscent of the ears of a different race than the Hume she was meant to be.

And much more akin to the ears of a *Dwarf*.

“I guess I can get back to looking... for...?” The teen had been prepared to go on with her day as normal and search for that tent, but something *still* felt wrong to her? She wiggled her tongue and licked her lips. Was her face *puffy*? It was certainly *becoming* that way. Her cheeks ultimately swelled to give her face a much *rounder* design while her lips thinned and her nose, well, shrunk until it was *hardly* a nub upon her face with pin-sized nostrils. Not even her eyes were spared, for they *halved* in size upon a face that just felt *smaller* on the whole.

It was almost more *youthful*, but the girl's age hadn't been affected by a single day. Rather, it didn't really suit a Hume. More like... Well, her ears already spoke to *what* it looked like. Even so, Ryne *had* noticed that her face felt different even though she couldn't yet comprehend what was happening, and so she raised her right hand to try and examine her face through touch. What if she was having an allergic— **“H-HUH!?”**

An allergic reaction would have been a very normal explanation for why she felt so swollen in the face, though it would have been inconvenient. But she had to *immediately* toss that possibility aside once she got a look at the hand that had passed by her gaze. It had been so alarming that she raised her second hand as well, with both of them exhibiting the exact same *issues*. Her fingers were *shorter*? No, they were getting shorter before her very eyes. But they also looked thicker, a little more like sausages upon thicker but smaller hands.

“Why do my hands look like— W-Woah!?” Ryne's problems only snowballed from there. Her feet had slipped *within* the sandals of her boots as if they didn't fit, even though they'd been measured to fit her exact size. But there was *so much* room!? She looked down while stumbling, just *barely* able to see that her feet had been shrinking much like her hands. It was a little more *extreme*, though. The lengths of her feet were reduced to only a third of what they had been before.

And they'd only get *smaller*, but not because her feet alone continued to change. "**I-I'm shrinking!?**" Was no one nearby that could hear her cries of panic? Not a single soul had come running, even though she shouted so loudly as her height succumbed to the power that was transforming her. She *rapidly* slipped beneath the 4'5" mark, and then the 3'5" mark.

All the while? Her body became *odd* proportionately. Her shoulders narrowed and her arms withdrew, but those arms also became a little bit chubbier to better match her stubby hands. Her thighs, at least relative to how short she was becoming, became *much* thicker while she dipped *below* 4'. They flowed into wide hips that kept pace with a tummy that inherited an almost *pear* shape – thick at the base but also bulging several inches into a bump. By the time her height finished collapsing? She was a mere 2'10".

Fortunately for her, the outfit she'd been wearing shrunk to *fit* her.

Ryne misunderstood what had happened to her at first. "**A-Am I a child?**" That made the most sense to assume *first*, but things didn't really add up if that was the case. Like why were her feet so *small*, or her thighs so *thick*? And despite shrinking so much? Her voice was *exactly* the same; she didn't *sound* younger. "**Ah!?**" The realization *finally* struck after she thought about it long enough. Both of her small hands flew up to the sides of her head, where they grabbed onto a pair of ears that were *clearly* larger than they were supposed to be. They *weren't* the ears of a Hyume girl.

"**I-I can't believe it?**" Well, Ryne had understood what was happening to her midway through the experience, but she was still flabbergasted that she'd shrunk down to a 2'10" tall *Dwarf*. It was odd in that moment that she could remember a day she had spent with Thancred. Upon meeting a dwarf for the first time, he had referred to them as a 'Lalafell' – a name that Ryne had thought to be cuter at the time, though she only later learned that it was the name Dwarves went by on the Source."



Her belly was rotund, her fingers short and stubby, and as she walked? She felt a little awkward considering how almost *nonexistent* her feet had become comparatively. "**How did this happen though?**" She felt... *cute*. But she didn't know how it happened, or how she could even *reverse* it. What if she couldn't? What if Gaia didn't like her anymore because she was a Dwarf!? Wait... What if this wasn't even an isolated incident?

"I-I need to find Gaia!"

And so, the new potato ran out of the village with surprising speed considering how short she was.



Meanwhile, Gaia had been in the process of doing exactly what she said she would be. The issue was that the area surrounding Tomra was rather barren, and so she had to cover quite the distance to find sticks she could use *without* having to cut down one of the few trees that were about. **“Tch. This is still a pain in the ass. Maybe I should have looked for the tent instead?”** Or so she grumbled, but she didn’t really *mean* it.

She knew well enough that her girlfriend was much better suited for that task. Gaia could be confrontational and quick to sour, meaning she would react poorly if the one she talked to tried to, say, assign her a job in order to ‘earn’ the tent. Even though they had been *invited* to the village in the first place! Well... It probably wouldn’t come to that. **“How much more do I need to... Uh?”** She felt it too, at roughly the same time as Ryne had. Those *chills*.

And then her body suffered from the same violent shaking, but just for a few seconds. **“What the hell was *that*!?”** But Gaia’s response wasn’t nearly as reserved as her girlfriend’s had been. She hadn’t liked *that* at all! **“Was I cursed? Was that some kind of curse?”** She also ended up assuming something much direr than Ryne had, but only because she had more experience with things like that. Honestly? That assumption wasn’t really all that far off the mark. Depending on your definition of ‘curse’, anyways.

She wasn’t given a reason to think otherwise, either. Her own transition into Dwarfdom didn’t begin with something as subtle as her ears changing. She *immediately* recognized that something was wrong with her body’s *build*. In the first place, Gaia had a little *more* than Ryne. She was a little bustier, had a fuller buttocks, and was the more muscular of the two girls. One by one, each of these traits was *challenged*.

“What!?” It *started* with that fuller chest. Her breasts were still only B-cups at best, but the weight they possessed was emptied out of the front of her chest before her very eyes. She could *see* her gown flattening without anything inside to support them. **“What is *happening* to**

me!?” A similar phenomenon had stolen from her *butt*, too. It didn't really have any definition at all. It had simply become... *flat*.

Not even her body's muscular definition had been spared. From head to toe, her form softened but oddly *didn't* get weaker. Her strength was retained, even though her body didn't look like it *should* be strong, and even as her arms and thighs became *chubbier* for some reason. “**Urp!?”** It wasn't *just* her limbs that were becoming fuller. Gaia wasn't sure *why*, but she'd let loose a light burp. She felt pretty *bloated*?

This guided her attention back down again, this time past a bust that no longer existed. “**Ugh!? My stomach!?”** She was cursed by the sight of a distended stomach, one that was pushing out the front of her dark purple gown in a way that seemed to stretch out to her *hips* as well. She wasn't chubby, she wasn't fat, and no stretch marks had formed. In fact, it didn't seem like a normal body shape at *all* for a girl of her age. Or a Hyume of *any* age, really.

But Gaia saw it as unsightly. She reached down to poke at it with one of her hands, and in this case, she stifled another groan when it occurred to her that those hands were different too. Her fingers had thickened and shortened like Ryne's, their sausage shapes just another coal for the pile of 'things that were upsetting the ex-Oracle of Darkness in that moment'. “**I don't understand what the hell is— AGH!?”**

The rolling fields around her suddenly appeared *much* larger, because the girl herself became much *smaller*. She plummeted like she'd been struck by a shrink ray, her body compressing vertically so that her thighs looked *much* thicker upon her shorter legs, while her shoulders narrowed, and her feet shortened and thinned substantially. Fortunately for Gaia, her outfit shrunk along with her so at no point was she uncovered. And by the time her height had bottomed out? Her face was as circular and chubby as Ryne's.

Her smaller eyes blinked. She was beginning to put two and two together. “**It couldn't be...?**” She'd shrunk all the way down to 3' tall, had chubby limbs and a pear-shaped torso... And to top it all off? Her ears gradually peaked out from behind her black hair, taking the subtlest of points after stretching out several inches. Those weren't the ears of a Hyume, not by a long shot. And she realized that when she reached up a small hand to touch one of them.

“**HAH!? HOW THE HELL DID I BECOME A DWARF!?”** Even though she had never seen one with their bearded helmet on, Gaia didn't even question that she had become a *Dwarf* herself. Her short, rotund body made that clear, and she didn't like how much *bigger* the wilderness seemed from her 3' point of view. But while her body had

changed, her voice and personality certainly hadn't. If anything, she just counted her blessings that her dress had shrunk *with* her.

This was awful. The *worst*! She couldn't live like this! How had she even changed in the first place? Magic? A curse? Neither of the two girls would ever draw the correlation between their fates and the wish Ryne had made earlier, because it had been such a throwaway line to them. **"The better be a way to change back, or I'll— Huh? Ryne?"** She'd *thought* she had heard Ryne calling her name, but she couldn't see her anywhere? Though, there was a trail of dust rising that was rapidly approaching.



"GAIAAAAAA!?"

The thought hadn't ever crossed the mind of the ex-Oracle of Darkness that her girlfriend might have suffered the same fate as her, so when the sight of her own partner condensed down into the form of a Dwarf like her came into view, she didn't even know what to say. She sure was moving *fast* for a girl with such short legs. **"I THINK SOMETHING IS—Oh!? I-It happened to you too?"** Ryne stopped on a dime, just a foot away from her girlfriend, who was two inches taller than her despite their changed races.

"I should be asking you tha—!?"

"Do you still love me even though I look like this!?" It was *very* rare for Ryne to cut her off, so that question must have been something very important to her. Was that what she was worried about? That even though she was very small and very cute, that Gaia might not love her anymore? It was a silly question to ask. There was no way that Gaia would think that! Ryne's comfort immediately took priority.

Gaia stepped forward, forgetting for a moment that they had been changed. She took one of Ryne's tiny hands into her own and pulled her close with a gentle smile. **"Don't be an idiot, Ryne. Of course, I still love you. Even if only you had changed, I'd still feel that way."** Letting go of Ryne's hand, she instead reached up to gently caress her adorable, Dwarven face.

"Gaia!" Ryne's beady eyes were practically sparkling. She was *very* moved. Well, she'd always been the type to get touched when Gaia said nice things to her. Gaia didn't fancy herself to be particularly *romantic*, but evidently she could be that way just fine without intending to. Ryne

really was a worrywart, though. It hadn't even crossed her mind for a second that Ryne wouldn't accept her.

“Let’s... figure it out later. For now, lets just meet the elder and rent one of the huts in the village.”

Now that they could fit inside them, anyways.