

LITTLE LEAGUES

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hey, S’aiya? You said the one who tipped you off about these ruins said they were uninhabited, right?”

“Not in so many words, but yeah. Why?”

“I’m not so sure that’s exactly true...”

Silvia Kuroi had been suspicious that these abandoned ruins weren’t exactly so since they had entered almost an hour ago, having kept that line of logic to herself until she had more reasonable intel to base her doubts on. Her exploration partner, S’aiya, had been pretty excited to have heard about this place since she wasn’t typically the one to pick up the leads, and so Silvia hadn’t wanted to upset her goth Miqu’te friend needlessly. But now? She was *pretty darn sure*.

“On and off I’ve been seeing what look like footprints. Small and faint, but they’ve definitely been everywhere. Not to mention the feeling that we’ve been being watched. Haven’t you felt th—AAAAAAAAAAAT!?” Whatever suspicions the ruby-haired feline woman had been about to present, it seemed they had to wait. A trap door had opened in a very timely matter and had swallowed the two of them up.

The fall hadn’t been a long one, nor had it been straight down. Much to both of their reliefs it had been cushioned by a slide that guided them down gently through the darkness... until there was a burst of *light*. **“How the hell is this possible!? Is this the sky!?”** S’aiya couldn’t help but gasp, and Silvia had been on the verge. Because it really looked like they’d fallen out of the ground and into a vast, blue sky. Below there

was a small lake and what looked like a village nestled to the side, and then...

SPLASH!

They'd run out of slide. Fortunately, the free-fall segment of their decline hadn't been extremely high, and they had their falls broken by the lake before. But what they hadn't expected? Was to be fished out by a boat full of fisher... *children*. And from there? Their experiences only grew *stranger*.

Much to their surprise, the village they'd been taken to was one inhabited entirely by *children*. They ran the shops, did all of the hunting, gathered all the resources. It was completely unbelievable for a number of reasons. **"I see, so you claim you're from the surface?"** Not long after being taken in, the two Miqo'te had been brought to the village elder. Well, 'elder' was a strong word. He appeared to be a young boy under the age of ten as well, but he spoke as if he were an adult. **"We haven't had visitors in an awfully long time. I'm sure you have many questions, but we can sort this out in the morning. Why not spend a night at our inn?"**

"Like hell! Something weird's going on in this pla—"

"S'aiya." Silv had thrown her hand out to cut the other adult off. She had the same questions, of course, but to these children they were strangers from a foreign land. They had to mind their manners lest they be thrown out, and in this weird pocket ecosystem beneath the planet's surface they were perhaps the pair's only chance of escaping. It was just absolutely impossible for children to survive down here without aging. So, either there was some magic at play, or there was a nefarious alternative. **"I apologize. My friend means well, but she doesn't like being taken out of her comfort zone."**

She was just going to go ahead and ignore S'aiya murmuring **"my ass I do"** behind her. Then again, there was much to be said about S'aiya's ass— *Wait*, stay on topic Silv! **"Whatever, we'll take the inn rooms. Better be some good food too."** Oh, she'd upset her goth friend. That was certainly her sour tone.

Since the invitation had been accepted, the child elder gestured to the child guards to lead the two women back into town. Once they were out of earshot, he murmured something to his advisor.

“What roles are empty right now? It seems we have two new heads to add to the village ranks.”

Dinner came and went, and so did the sun. Well, if that really was a real sun up there. S'aiya had been agitated the entire time, no doubt agitated that Silvia had spoken for her back in the elder meeting. Silv didn't blame her though – her heart had been in the right place. It didn't take a genius to make the presumption that something about this village of children just didn't make any sense. They'd been given their own rooms in the inn, too, and despite there being no adults in the town? The beds themselves were adult sized.

But Silvia hadn't been suspicious enough of that fact, and she allowed her butt to fall onto the comfortable mattress after an exhausting day of otherworldly adventure. The moment she did? A strange dust had exploded into the air, and she hadn't taken notice quickly enough to avoid inhaling some of it. **“What the—COUGHCOUGHCOUGH!”** The dust, or powder, or whatever filled the room, and Silv spilled out the front door – almost crashing into the wall on the other side before leaping back to close it to lock the rest of the dust inside.

“That wasn't normal... dust?” Her eyes had drifted to the guest nameplate she'd been given during check-in that she'd slid into the slot beside her door. The plaque had read her name then, but now? The name was different. **“...Diona?”** That didn't hit the ear right, did it? Although why should there have been any question of the fact that Diona was not her name? How was it sounding so... *unusually familiar?*

The cat ears atop Silvia's head were twitching strangely. Usually they were sensitive to both sounds and her emotions, moving in response to these two factors specifically. But now? It was like they were freaking out, trembling without prompt as an unusual design beset their fur.

It was unusual for Miquo'te to grow fur with a color pattern. Ears, tail, it was almost always consistent aside from the odd darker tips – but the fur of the woman's ears was changing in color in hugely different ways. Black. White. Brown. Three colors were made of her fur's usual, ruby shading as the hairs themselves became thinner. Like a tabby cat, the coloring came across as splotchy and inconsistent, and this trait was also shared with her tail as the fur there pulled inward until it was truly short, effectively stealing away her *fuwa fuwa*.

At the same time, Silvia herself just felt downright *disoriented*. **“Something is wrong here... I shouldn't know that name, but it's my name isn't it? No... No, my name is... Sil... Si... Di... Agh!?”** She'd gotten so close only to have it slip out of her fingers at the

last moment. In the meantime, the traits most intricately linked physically to the mind the woman was struggling with were in the process of changing without her notice.

The woman's eyes? They shone with an uncharacteristic emerald, unperceivable from her point of view without a mirror nearby. But there was a greater reconstruction of Silvia's face at work. Most noticeably, at least in the beginning, was her newly found abundance of forehead. Had it gotten taller or wider? *Yes. Yes to both.* As a direct result her eyes appeared larger, rounder, and cheeks smoothed to match. What was equally as strange as her expansive forehead though was her eyebrows, which became only a third of their usual length and rounded, before ruby hairs lightened to *pink*.

In fact, that pink soon found its way into the roots of the woman's wavy hair. Almost like an infestation, it consumed the brighter red that she prided herself in while the quality of those hairs slipped. They weren't as voluminous. Hell, they weren't even as *long*. Shortening choppily to just above Silvia's shoulders, the frumpy styling seemed like it had been done by a child and not a professional, pink bangs drooping distractingly across her eyes. "**Argh!? Pfft! Pfft! Get outta my eyes!**" Talking *and* acting almost like a child might, she turned her lower lip up and began to try and blow the hair away, eventually pulling a hair tie from her pocket and binding her bangs upwards... which only accented her big forehead even more.

"No, no, why do I care about my hair!? I feel all weird and stuff! Think, Dio—NO! I mean, think, me, think. What kind of incid... ini... BIG THING could cause this!?" Forget thinking her way out of this, she was struggling enough with her own name and even her vocabulary. Big words felt out of reach, and she was struggling to find smaller words that meant the same thing. It was like a numbing agent had been delivered to her mind, causing her analytical processes to shrink. For a scholar, this was the worst case scenario.

That wasn't to say her head was emptying, however. Where knowledge was lost, new knowledge took its place. She couldn't remember how to cast support magic now, but she could definitely serve a mean martini. Which wouldn't have been so strange if her body hadn't begun to shrink.

Silvia's adult body was shriveling up, not just gradually but all at once. From an observer's point of view it might have looked like her clothes were swallowing her whole, as sleeves and pant legs consumed her hands and feet (*at least up until the point her pants said 'adios' and fell right off*). Her torso scrunched up, but any and all of the excess, adult weight on her frame was drained from her so at no point did she appear too bulky for her size.

This included the weight of her breasts and ass, much to her momentary sadness. **“Oh no, my boobies and my bum!”**, she squeaked out like a child might, wondering why her chest was shrinking – and then wondering why she’d even thought it was bigger in the first place? Before long, from childish facial features to a body that couldn’t be any older than nine or ten, standing in Silvia’s clothes was a child that looked right at home in this village of youth.

Although her clothes did pose a problem.

Diona (her old name now naught but a memory) feistily clawed her way out of the oversized ensemble. **“Um... Why was I dressed in those? They had a hole for a Kätzlein tail, though!”** Kätzlein being the name of what her race was called. What was a Miqu’te? She wasn’t sure. Naked, she darted to her inn room door and inside. Something had just compelled her. She needed to find something to cover up with and then find her friend! She had to find *Qiqi!*

S’aiya had gone to bed as soon as she’d gotten to her room (*fortunately, her bed hadn’t been boobytrapped*), mood still displeased after how the day had gone. Something was clearly suspect about this place and she was in the type of business that made her distrust everything naturally, even children. This place wasn’t natural – there was no realistic way this place could be run by children alone. And that elder? He gave her bad vibes. She understood *why* Silvia had stopped her, but that didn’t mean she was any less salty about it.

And so, sulking, she’d fallen asleep almost immediately. Only to be woken by a weight sitting on her not too long after. **“Hey, Qiqi! Why do you look so different? What are these squishy things on your chest!?”** The light from the hallway was filtering in, implying the door was open. But the *real* issue was the one mounting her while pawing at the woman’s tits with her tiny hands. A child? One swathed in only a towel at that. She had Miqu’te features, but uh...

It took S’aiya a moment to react, but eventually she threw the comforter off of her and the cat child along with it. The girl tumbled backwards and out the open door with a distressed cry, but in the process some kind of dust had dislodged from her tail and had entered the air – S’aiya inadvertently breathing some in as a result. **“Those are my breasts, and you don’t touch them without permission! Also, who the hell is Qiqi!?”**

Isn’t that my name though?

Is my name important?

What was I thinking about again...?

“Um... Huh...? Who...? It’s hard to think...” It was like S’aiya’s outrage had just up and evaporated, standing in front of her bed now with a blank expression on her face. Unlike Silvia, she’d had time to put on her black nightgown before going to sleep so at least she was covered, but it became truly clear very quickly that some adjustments would need to be made to her outfit were she to continue to wear it – for her body size had begun to deteriorate just as her friend’s unknowingly had. Of course, she didn’t know that friend was the cat child she’d just knocked out of the room either.

She couldn’t even remember what had happened ten seconds ago, actually.

“I... Why am I so high... up...?” Unlike Diona’s transformation, which had seen her mind change gradually, for S’aiya things were a little different. Her thought process had declined to such a level that it wasn’t a matter of knowing or not knowing big words; thinking itself was a process that was far too taxing on her. She couldn’t sort out which memories belonged, and which were invading, and so it was easier for this new identity to define her reality. A proper example of this would be her most recent comment. She hadn’t really shrunken all that much yet, but her brain was already under the impression that she should have been much smaller by design. The only thing that could justify her point of view being so high? She must have been standing on something, maybe? **“...Oh.”**

S’aiya didn’t think too hard about it though. The issue appeared to be correcting itself anyways. Slowly but surely her point of view was aligning itself with her vague, distant memories. From an outsider’s perspective that much was extraordinarily evident, because watching her shrink was like watching a fully formed woman get crunched inside a tiny box.

Her immense curves, born from an unrelated curse she’d acquired earlier in the year, collapsed. The fat was drained from both her huge tits and her fat ass, which was something she absolutely would have celebrated if she still had any real awareness of the situation. Even the permanent goth makeup that decorated the Miqu’te’s face seemed to disappear, leaving it free of blemish and soft of skin. In fact, by the time her form had drawn into the nightgown (*so it was more of a night-blanket*) she looked more or less like S’aiya had when she was ten.

Although she wore a completely blank expression. “**Why am I wearing this? It’s too big...**” Her voice? Both higher and softer, although it still communicated the same monotony it had been ever since her recollective difficulties had emerged. She couldn’t remember putting the nightgown on, or why she’d wear such a thing at all. Weren’t these things normally worn by adults? And there were no adults in this eternal city.

“**Ah...! Where’s my... what was it called? Talisman.**” S’aiya was only reminded of it because her heartbeat had suddenly stilled. Shouldn’t she be dead, then? Oh, wait. Right. She was a zombie. Truly the personification of an eternal childhood. Though, her new undead status brought about a new wave of change. Her tanned skin tone lightened to a pasty pale for when, then there was the matter of the *pale purple* coloration that bled into her hair and fur.

The girl’s mane shortened as well, becoming a much more standard bob cut with sideswept bangs, but that fur of hers? It quickly became irrelevant. She wasn’t a Miqu’te zombie, *no*. So there was no need for a tail. Actually, that tail was shortening behind her and, oddly enough, *flattening*. To the point that it was paper thin, actually. Thin, white paper... with foreign characters inscribed on it with black ink. S’aiya’s tail was now the talisman she was looking for, and it both separated from her body and fluttered to the ground.

“**Oh. There it is...**” The child slowly turned around and knelt down before the paper to pick it up, eventually sticking it to her forehead as she rose back up onto her stubby legs. The nightgown was still hard to move in, but she assumed it was better than being naked. “**Why am I at the inn? Do I need to prepare medications?**” That was what she did, right? Took orders, prepared medications... she was the town’s apothecary aid after all.

“**Hm...?**” Simple as it was to send the girl’s train of thought off the rails, a blinking moment of deafness left her completely stunned and reset what she was pondering once more. The cause? Her feline ears retreating into the top of her head as a human pair grew from the sides. “**How strange...**”

“QIQIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!”

The poor zombie would never get her bearings right at this rate, for a pink-haired cat child launched herself at her from the hallway. So fast... Were all Kätzlein so agile? *Qiqi* couldn’t fathom such speed, not when she did everything so slowly. Still, knocked to the ground, Diona had mounted her much like she had S’aiya back in the bed. *Qiqi* couldn’t

remember that though. **“I know you... You’re Diona. My assigned partner.”** Every resident of the village had a partner. They were meant to replicate a romantic relationship – but only the wholesome parts of it. Cuddling in bed, holding hands, supporting one another. Nothing more lewd than that. It was a system of reassurance set up to make this place a paradise. **“Why are we at the inn?”**

“I dunno!” That wasn’t extremely helpful. This girl was something of a fool, and neither of them realized how it contrasted her old, scholarly personality. **“But let’s just go back to the house! I want cuddle time!”** Or so Diona said, but she was already cutely rubbing her cheek against the opposing cheek of the blank-faced Qiqi.

“It seems you already are...”

Still, Qiqi felt like she was forgetting something extremely important. Something that should never, ever be forgotten. **“...Ah, I forgot.”**