

# CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING III.

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kanji Tatsumi, despite his thuggish appearance, had plenty of reasons to be anxious even on a normal day.

But tonight? On Christmas Eve? He felt like the pressure of all of that accumulated anxiety might come to burst. After all, he was going on his first ever *date* with the girl he liked, and that was *terrifying*. It had taken all of his courage to ask Naoto Shirogane out that night, especially because the conditions hadn't been great as of late. There had been a case that had been eating at Naoto's free time, and she was terribly stressed by it.

Despite the winter cold biting at his face, even now he was hesitating to knock on the detective's front door. Dressed in winter clothes, he adjusted them to make sure that they all fit properly before knocking. Naoto had told him via text that if she didn't immediately answer to just let himself in and wait in the living room, but on the other hand if she *did* answer he wanted to look his best.

That alternative possibility never came to light though, as after waiting a full minute and knocking several more times, he wasn't greeting. "**Alright, I'm comin' in!**", he declared as he stepped through the front door and removed his shoes. No response, but he could see the bathroom light was on *and* hear the shower. Naoto must have had a busy day and was late getting back?



And so he did as he had been instructed to do, moving to the rather spacious living room of Naoto's place. She'd left the television on before entering the bathroom it seemed, but what was on left a bad taste in Kanji's mouth. **"Gah! I don't wanna hear about this again! Not tonight."** It had been a news segment talking about more missing people – a case that Naoto had taken up herself. But tonight was a night meant for relaxing, they didn't need any of that.

With a click of the remote, the channel switched.

**"Aaaand, got a kiddie show."** Which wasn't *much* better, but it was still preferable over having to be constantly reminded of that grim news. It looked to be some sort of anime cartoon aimed at a younger audience starring a magical detective girl. Kanji liked cute things, but this might have been too cute even for *his* palette. Nonetheless, he collapsed onto the couch to wait for Naoto, quickly smoothing out his white dress shirt and black slacks after the fact.

With nothing better to watch, he idly absorbed what was taking place on the television while flipping through things on his phone. He didn't exactly get a lot of texts these days. It felt kind of like the others had been *very* busy with their little sisters as of late.

Sitting slouched as he was, the clothes that Kanji was wearing were already disheveled and slightly loose thanks to his posture despite his best efforts to keep it proper; you could only do so much while sitting. While not much, it provided an appropriate level of cover for the feeling of his garments to grow greater and greater in size.

Or... *no*. That wasn't really the case. The neat outfit that the young man had picked out was not growing, but he was simply becoming much too small to fit in it appropriately. Inch after inch peeled from his overall height, and knees that stuck up high in front of him while sitting casually had little choice but to gradually succumb and shorten. The arm he was resting on the couch side? It briefly dipped downward before the rest of his torso followed suit to even things out.

And yet while the boy *was* shrinking, there was no indication that it was consistent in its loss. Looking at him as his posture dipped upon the comfortable couch cushion, it wasn't exactly like he was preserving his usual proportions. No, with limbs dwindling inwards and the decorations upon them becoming more petite, all it took was a glance at the teen's face to understand what was *actually* happening.

Because was looking much less like a teen. There was a rounded, almost babylike glow to facial features upon a skull that shrunk along with everything else upon his body. In the process, Kanji found himself glancing at the television set more and more. The exploits of the animated magical detective on the screen felt all the more captivating with each fleeting moment, and Kanji was kind of getting into it.

Maybe it wasn't all *that* surprising, not with his physical clock having been unwound. Even the muscles he'd earned from working out and exploring the TV world had dwindled away – and his hair? The dye that forced its color blonde had all but faded away, leaving it a dark brown. Not even his clothing remained an issue for long, with everything shrinking to fit the body of an eight-year-old boy. It was just the cutest little ensemble upon a child of his (*new*) age.

**“Wh-Why am I getting into this? This show is for girls!”** Little legs kicking over the side of the couch, something deep down rejected the building admiration for the brightly colored anime character on screen, even if he secretly was still interested. It was born from the very same, staled stereotypes about what boys and girls *should* like, when there was nothing wrong with it. But now younger and more impressionable, Kanji was buying into them again.

While beginning to lean forward with anticipation regarding what may come next in this thrilling episode, the blonde that had run free from his hair returned – this time with the vengeance. Vengeance in the sense that golden locks weren't simply from sporadic hair dye use, but because the color was one-hundred percent authentic.

It was *completely* natural, and once it had swept through all of his locks, those locks began to wriggle longer from his roots. Tiny fingers reached up to scratch at his scalp, not exactly certain why he was so itchy all of a sudden. By the time the itchy feeling came to pass though, brightly colored hair had pooled in the space between the peak of his back and the couch behind him. Were it allowed to fall properly, it likely would have reached around his hips and was *incredibly* straight.

**“But I guess it isn't that bad...”** A color explosion on screen was reflected in his eyes, and that reflection saw to it that said eyes were irreversibly dyed in brighter colors themselves. The emerald that shone

in the place of his previous eye color was all-encompassing, and while not responsible for it, it almost seemed like it led to a change in the shapes of his eyes. They grew much bigger and much more expressive, and big as they were it was simple enough to see that they were completely trained upon the television now.

Like magic, the scar above his left eye ultimately filled in as well, until his skin was wholly free of any blemish there whatsoever. Even signs of aging like acne scars were erased, completely rejuvenating him overall.

His mouth hung slightly open in awe as the girl on screen waved what looked to be a magic wand, and as he smiled? Those lips grew a little rounder and glossier. They hadn't grown at *all*, but when matched to a shrunken nose and rounder cheeks, they certainly appeared that way. Kanji's reversed age had already left him looking incredibly androgynous, but with his face and hair as they were now, 'feminine' was a much better way to describe them.

And that was something that continued to spread, both in body *and* mind. **"I don't care if a boy watches Mimi, but why would it be weird if I did? I love Mimi!"** With an energetic if not squeakier voice, the youth berated himself for having such strange thoughts. Because his body was hardly developed in the first place, this was more or less enough to distract him from what was happening beneath his clothes. The removal what dangled between his loins was among them, replacing it with what now made *her* the girl that she truly was.

Her newfound sex ultimately provoked a rippling effect throughout the rest of her body. Her waistline collapsed inward ever so slightly, and while hardly noticeable, her hips popped just a little wider. She gained an accentuated weight in some key areas as well, such as lacking yet clearly developing roundness to her chest, or a pudginess to her thighs that also made her butt look a little fuller than would have been the case for a boy of her age.

From head to toe, both inside and outside, she was undeniably a young maiden.

On the other hand, her wardrobe was no longer befitting of her. Not because her outfit couldn't be worn by a girl, but because it didn't suit her own preferences. Kanji's eight-year-old head was now full of thoughts of children's anime series and fun games, and among her favorites was the very show on television at that very moment.

The matter of her clothes wasn't one that took very long to resolve, however. A brown detective's hat atop her head, a matching, brown, button-up jacket across her breast, a frilly pink skirt with white tights,

and a brown, collared cape all highlighted her look. And at her side on the couch? A rod identical to the one on screen. Well, made completely of plastic of course. It was clear that what she was wearing was only a cheap cosplay. On that had been purchased for her by her *sister*.

And who was her sister? Why, the teenager in the bathroom!

**“Yeah! You go, Pretty Detective Mimi!”** At the show’s climax, where Mimi solves the mystery, the young *Kaoru Shirogane* jumped up onto her feet and pumped a tiny, gloved fist into the air. Done up in her favorite Pretty Detective Mimi costume as she was, she had been more than prepared for this season finale! She just wished that her big sister Naoto hadn’t been in the shower when it had happened. She was the reason that Kaoru was so into Pretty Detective Mimi after all.



It didn’t take much longer for the episode’s credits to roll, and so the child clicked off the screen and literally skipped over to the bathroom door, knocking on it to the beat of the Detective Mimi ending theme. **“Onee-chan? I’m gonna go play with the others, ‘kay?”** There were two other girls around her age in the neighborhood, and as far as Kaoru could remember, they had been watching the same anime and playing the same games forever.

She just had no recollection of the fact that she had once been a teenaged boy, nor that her friends had been in a similar situation.

Kaoru bolted for the door, but then remembered she had forgotten her Detective Mimi magic rod on the couch. She stopped and immediately did a one-eighty, before tripping over her own two feet and eating carpet. **“Owwie...”** Of her friend group though, she was undeniably the least graceful member. A little fall wouldn’t make her cry, and it certainly wouldn’t stop her from going to spend time with her friends!

After all, they were doing a Christmas Eve session of Detective Team! A game they had entirely made up inspired by Detective Mimi and her friends!

**“Hehehe... No one will stop me! Detective Mimi is on the case!”**