

# 2020 FULL OF LOVE

## DECEMBER BONUS STORY

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Now 2019 wasn't the best year for anyone. It surely had its ups, but much like every year before that it certainly had its fair share of downs. "Next year will be better" is a mantra we recite around the holidays every year, and on some level that always brings a degree of comfort. But not to be a narcissist during the holidays, but I don't necessarily believe that.

It was musings like this I was entertaining on Christmas morning as I was getting ready for Christmas with my family. I'd have to taxi there like I did every year, but at the very least now that I lived on my own there wasn't as much of a rush to run over there first thing in the morning. And so I turned my attention to my computer. News first. Typical Christmas Day fare. You can only spin so many things in a positive light when there were also serious issues to report. Patreon and DeviantArt next. Fetishes don't stop on the holidays, right? We just suppress them a little more.

But then I opened the window for Granblue Fantasy, one of the mobage games I'd dedicated myself to over the past couple of years. It wasn't something I played very seriously, but they'd had a free roll campaign on for the past few days and I was hoping that, just maybe, I'd be blessed with a little Christmas luck. The year was ending -- surely I deserved that much? At the same time that was a dangerous mentality for games like these. RNG doesn't care what you've spent or what you deserve. RNG is a cruel mistress.

Of course there was nothing to be won there. "**Of course, of course.**" I cast aside my hope to wallow in gacha despair for what seemed like the millionth time this year, but that was when a strange message flashed across the Granblue roll window.

**TO A HAPPY 2020 FULL OF LOVE.**

The text faded as quickly as it had appeared, and the summoning screen popped up again, asking me to click it. Was this a bonus for Christmas Day? It didn't really strike me as odd as I clicked the crystal to reveal the summoned weapon, summon, or character, but the moment I clicked it occurred to me I might have just fucked myself. Because purple lightning didn't normally shoot from computer screens and zap you, right? That wasn't really something that happened normally. Maybe in one of my stories, but that wasn't real life.

**"FUCK!"** I couldn't help but curse as my ass crashed into the ground. Wait, what? I'd been sitting at my computer in my chair. When had I fallen backwards? Actually... where was this? I was sitting on a wooden floor surrounded by presents, the ground swaying ever so slightly almost like I was on a ship? I could see a window nearby and pulled myself up and over to it, but looking through I came to realize I was definitely on a ship, but somehow that ship was flying!? **"The Grandcypher? Is this the Grandcypher?"** Had that purple lightning pulled me *in* to Granblue Fantasy? Maybe I hadn't woken up that morning. Maybe this was a dream? Isekai crap like this didn't *actually* happen in real life.

Dream or not, it was kind of exciting. This wasn't the kind of environment you could explore every day, and there was also the enticing possibility that I might meet characters I liked. The only problem? The gigantic Christmas tree that had been planted in the way of the only exit to the room. It was the kind of positioning that made you think: how could someone put that there and then leave? Yet I was the only one in the room proper. Logically speaking the only one that could have put the tree there was me, but I'd only just arrived. Adding to the mystery was the plethora of presents scattered about, most wrapped but a few not, with paper scraps scattered across the room. Had someone been wrapping?

Still clad in my pajamas which consisted of little more than an oversized gray t-shirt and a pair of blue track pants, it was difficult to even navigate the room while avoiding all of the obstacles. It was only a matter of time before I'd end up stepping on something and eventually I did: a card. It had almost caused me to slip, though fortunately I was close enough to the wall that I managed to catch myself.

**"A card, huh? If this is a dream I wonder if anything is even written on it."** Who knew how detailed dreams really could be? I'd only had a few lucid ones over my lifetime. Yet lo and behold, after bending over to pick it up there certainly were words scrawled upon, and they looked to rhyme.

**FOR THE ONE LACKING IN HOLIDAY CHEER, LET US SEE IF YOU FEEL BETTER  
FROM WAY DOWN HERE.**

It almost sounded like a limerick of sorts, not the kind of thing you'd expect to find written on a Christmas card. It wasn't even complete? But for some reason I'd become very aware that there were a number of these cards scattered around the

room. The next closest? Near the middle of the tree, something I should have been easily able to grab considering I was 5'10".

But as I reached for it with confidence that I would grab it since I knew both the length of my arms and my height like the back of my hand (I had not grown in roughly a decade now after all), I became confused as my fingertips reached just shy of the card nestled in the branch. I managed to knock it to the ground ultimately, but only by giving a little jump that wiggled the branch. Not to mention when my feet touched the ground once more that branch seemed even more out of reach than it had when I'd jumped in the first place.

"Uh..." Confused when the phenomenon had first began, after the jump I had the bright idea to better examine both my surroundings and myself. The tree looked to be growing larger and larger before my very eyes, but likewise the window behind me that I'd so easily reached before was towering above as well. Unless the room itself was expanding there was literally only one other possibility.

One my navy blue track pants falling to my ankles suggested to be the case. **"I'M GETTING SMALLER!?"** To say this was the logical conclusion was definitely wrong. I wrote stories of this nature, sure, but as much as a part of me wanted experiences like those to be real, never in a million years did I expect I might become the subject of such a transformation. I had to still be dreaming, right? My desires from real life projecting into a dream? Even though it felt so real in such an unsettling way.

As inertia claimed my senses I realized just how much my height had regressed. I was so tall before, but the shirt I wore that was already fairly large now hung off me like a dress as height seemed to settle somewhere substantially below five feet. To my best guess I'd lost probably over a foot and a half, making me seem like a dwarf of a man in my garb. Arms and legs had shrunk in kind, fingers and toes practically nubs compared to how they used to be, and yet what was most peculiar was my torso. It seemed the shrinking had done away with any excess body weight on my person and while I was now a lot shorter I was also a lot thinner.

**"The card... did the card do this?"** I dealt with transformation triggers a lot. Figuring out what would suitably begin the changes was incidentally one of my favorite parts of concocting this type of fiction, and so the text on the card came to mind. Common sense, then, would have merely suggested just not reading anymore, yet I could not stop myself from picking up the one that had fallen at my smaller feet from the top of a tree that now looked far too large from my perspective. It was like my body was on autopilot.

**BEING HUMAN IS COMMON AND LAME, SO AS A DIFFERENT RACE YOU'LL PLAY THIS GAME.**

**"Ra... ce...?"** Now, see, there were several races in Granblue. The Skydom was populated by a plethora of colorful characters that settled into these groups. There were of course humans. Which is what I was already. The others were much more

fantasy in nature however. The Erune were essentially the furies of the world, with animal ears and sometimes even tails depending on their history. Then there were the Draphs, who had horns and pointed ears. The men were huge and bulky while the women were short and well-endowed in every sense of the term. Finally, rounding off the main races were the Harvin. Tiny, almost elf-like people. If I was to become one of these races Erune would bring about the least substantial change, but at my current height I had a bad feeling.

The easing into this new race wasn't even as subtle as the loss of height I'd experienced before. I couldn't even contain a cry of pain as it felt like my head exploded, the sensation both exhausting and disruptive enough to send me spilling to the floor while thankfully not crushing any of the presents. "**AHH... OW... THE FUCK!?**" When my head had crashed into the floor it almost felt like something hard and heavy resting atop it had smacked against the wood as well, and it kind of felt like my ears were folding while pressed against the ground as well. "It couldn't be..." My vision was blurred from the pain, but I was still able to reach a hand up and stroke what felt like a bone emerging from my skull. No. A horn. And the ear beneath was definitely long and pointed. "**A Draph!?**" But at this size it didn't make sense. It didn't--

### **IF IT'S YOUR HEIGHT THAT MAKES YOU UNSURE, THAT IS BECAUSE YOU NO LONGER USE 'HIS', BUT 'HER'.**

I hadn't even been afforded a chance to avoid reading the next card. The moment my blurred vision had stabilized as I laid on the floor it was open and pointed right at me. The moment I was able to process the words however I shot up with the added weight of my horns making it a little more difficult, keeping my legs crossed as a chill rippled through my small, non-human body. That verbiage could only suggest... *a change of sex*. I was conflicted personally. Did I want to resist this? It had always been a fantasy, maybe something even more fundamental than that. This was all just kind of a fantasy in a way. Escaping real life, becoming someone else entirely. It was weird to be sure, but in a way it was kind of... nice...

My small body began to grow warm in all of the places I assumed it might as I remained sitting (*for if I stood I feared I might fall over again*). There was an overall warmth that permeated throughout the entirety of my being, yet it was quite more prominently focused around my chest and around my hips and pelvis.

Perhaps because I would not be able to see what was happening once my Draph woman breasts began to bloom, the most notable changes first came from my lower body. Legs crossed, I watched my already shrunken feet adjust to a daintier aesthetic - each toe becoming a little more slender than the last, the curve of each heel becoming more pronounced. Across my legs any excess hair was shed but ultimately seemed to fade away into obscurity as the focus reached my thighs. Because they were so short now they already looked a little meatier since I wasn't exactly a thin guy, but watching the hairless skin balloon outward to occupy even

more space as fat firmed and a healthy jiggle set into place? Well, even I couldn't help but be a little aroused.

I felt my seating conditions sit as, presumably, a similar phenomenon had swept through my ass. Looking back, I could see a prominent roundness jutting out past the bottom of the huge shirt I was still wearing, pale crack just ever so slightly evident below. I idly reached a hand behind to touch it and it felt very soft, but there was a sensitivity I wasn't accustomed to that made me shudder.

My arousal, though? Didn't quite feel as I was accustomed to feeling it. My dick had poked against the fabric of the shirt originally, but now it was nowhere to be seen. I couldn't help but shove a hand underneath the fabric of the shirt while the other pulled the cloth away, but it was a finger sliding inside of me that confirmed my theory before I visible saw. "**Hahn!?**" A girlish moan escaped my lips outside of my control. I had a *pussy*. Looking down, I could see my finger being removed from the folds of a woman's genitalia, the nails of those fingers surprisingly manicured as their overall shape narrowed much like my toes had. So that was it, huh? I was a woman now.

Somehow that felt more *right* than calling myself a man too. Like my mind was being rewired so that I couldn't see myself as anything else. But the changes did not wait for me to stare in awe of my new pussy before continuing, and I felt my body lurch as my torso both pinched inward and flared outward simultaneously. It felt as if the sides of my stomach had been crunched inward, but noting how my shirt now covered less of my lower body naturally it was evident my hips had likewise flared out to give me a child-bearing set.

"**I'm really a woman...**" I mused, taking note that even my voice did not sound to be a man's. It was soft and hung like honey in the air, which brought a hand to my face as I awaited my breasts to grow. It seemed my facial features had softened dramatically as I poked and rubbed. Cheeks were rounder and tender, and tracing my lips I could feel just how they'd blossomed. I grazed long lashes and thinner browns, and inevitably I came to find my hair was now contributing to the weight atop my head. Well, that explained the tickling on my now-bare ass at least. Brown locks had fallen that far, but as I grasped some of my bangs I could see they'd become a pale purple in stead.

Wait. A Draph woman with hair of this color? I knew a Granblue character with this identity. If I was correct, my chest would... probably...

*Explode.* Any chance of my shirt leaving any of my lower body covered was immediately dashed as I was suddenly pulled forward, the warmth practically going off like a bomb beneath my nipples that saw flesh shoot forward in wave after wave. Each explosion saw a pair of tits grow, the violent manner with which they burgeoned forward making me short of breath while likewise inducing me into a realm of pleasure that stirred my new loins. "**Haa! Ahhn! Please stop...!**" My tongue practically hung out of my mouth as hands reached up the shirt to try and contain

these huge tits. Surely they were a cup size not typical of any real person. An H-cup? No, didn't this Draph have a pair of Js? Manicured nails dug into the flesh like fingers into a sponge, the weight dramatic and difficult to accommodate up until I felt the muscles in my back tense up. They were so huge that my big shirt had been pulled up as far as my bare navel, and I collapsed onto my back exhausted and panting... though as the flesh collapsed against my chest while I laid down I was only reminded of how big and hefty the tits were.

Sweat matted purple hair to a face that no longer resembled my own. Actually, nothing resembled how I used to look at *all*. I just wanted to lay there a bit longer, completely exhausted, and yet another card got in my way. It practically fell from the ceiling and rested upon my face, the words very easy to read.

**FORGO YOUR OLD IDENTITY, THE HOLIDAYS ARE NOW. YOUR NEW SELF IS NARMAYA YOU SEE, YOUR OLD SELF GONE KAPOW.**

Wow, they'd really struggled to make that one rhyme, hadn't they? But that thought was the last I'd had. At least... as a human man from our world. Something cried out in the back of my head as I felt things grow emptier and emptier, but then fuller and fuller again. It was weird, like deleting and refilling a hard drive, except that hard drive was both my memories and personality.

Blue eyes were a fluttered the moment I felt everything 'reboot'. "**My, did I fall asleep wrapping presents?**" That seemed to be correct, didn't it? Plucking the card from my face (*how on earth had that gotten there?*) I propped myself up and looked around the room. A tree blocking the door? Oh! I'd put that there so Gran and Djeeta couldn't sneak in and see what I was wrapping! Their presences were extra special after all! More than anyone, I loved them most! Not to say I didn't love a lot of people. The crew of the Grandcypher was my family after all! If I had love to share, I would absolutely share it with them!

Rising to my feet, I felt all warm and snug in my holiday costume. The reds and whites born of the legend of Santa Claus made for a comfortable outfit, though I couldn't exactly recall putting them on? Why did I have the vague suspicion I'd been naked very recently? Oh well! Gloved hands smacked my own face, this slightest movement enough to make my chest bounce. "**This is no good, Narmaya!**" I rallied myself. "**There's still a lot to wrap! We have to make everyone happy! After all, it's the holidays!**" The New Year was fast approaching as well, and I had a feeling I'd be busy spreading good cheer then as well.

After all, I was *always* optimistic about the future!