

LALA LOSSES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a rare occurrence to find Silvia Kuroi at the Manderville Gold Saucer of all places.

Well perhaps it wasn't *that* rare. The Gold Saucer was Thanalan's entertainment hub. Whether you were looking to get away for a fabulous weekend, gamble your savings away, or even participate in some of the many games that were present – there was no better place in all of Eorzea to be. Unless of course you wanted to have a seaside vacation in Costa del Sol.

The reason it at least *felt* rare for the ruby haired Miqu'te to be present was the nature of her work. A scholar and archaeologist of sorts, this work of hers brought her all over Hydaelyn and often kept her hands tied. There were discoveries to be made! Artifacts to be uncovered! Stone staves to be deciphered! The thrill of it all was what kept her going even if it sometimes led her and her companions into dangerous situations.

Of course a trip to the Manderville Gold Saucer wasn't dangerous in any *meaningful* way. So long as she had her wits about herself the only *real* risks came in dealing with some of the shadier clientele. Those were easily enough avoided; she met plenty of people like that in her line of work in the first place. There were few professions as rife with scammers as her own, with those looking to pawn off false artifacts to make a little extra Gil.

“So if I win you'll hand it over?” The scholar's tone sounded serious as she loomed within a smoky room nestled away in the depths of the Saucer. Whatever she was speaking about *sounded* important, but the

dim light of the room made it difficult to understand the situation at first. It was merely Silvia herself standing on one side of the table and a Lalafell merchant on the other end. A Lalafell woman that, like all Lalafells, was incredibly short and almost potato shaped. But while they were a small people they *weren't* a people to be underestimated.

This merchant, Fafaya Faya, smirked after taking a drag of her cigarette. **“Of course,”** she spoke with a deeper voice that betrayed the almost childlike look of her form but that too was a trait of the race. **“I am a woman of my word. I will give you three rounds and, if you win, I will forfeit the spoils to you.”** It was then that she finally pulled it out. The object of which this tense situation swirled around.

A playing card.



A Triple Triad card, in fact. Triple Triad was an extremely popular card game on Hydaelyn and the cards? Some were extremely rare. The one that this merchant possessed was an exclusive card; only one had been printed and existed in the entire world. It was simply called ‘*LALAFELL*’ and wasn’t particularly useful but it *was* worth a ton of Gil. So Silvia was surprised to see them make such an offer, even going as far as to hold the card out to her. **“Go ahead, take it. To honor my word you can hold onto it until the end. You’ll be giving it back to me when you lose, however.”**

Had the merchant assessed that she wouldn’t run off with it? No, that probably wasn’t it at all. There was a great deal of security outside of this private meeting room in the Saucer. If she tried to run off with it she would get struck down before she could get past the door. Of course that was a rational read of the situation and the scholar couldn’t be faulted for drawing that conclusion. But it was *wrong*.

There was a very specific reason that the merchant wanted Silvia to hold onto that card during their Triple Triad bout. It was also the very same reason that only one copy of the card had been printed. But the reasons for this would not be made clear *just* yet. The tall, feline woman snatched the card away carefully and placed it on her side of the table. **“Fine, deal. But you better not sick those guards on me when I leave with the card after winning fair and square. I won’t even need two rounds, much less three.”**

Silvia had something of a competitive streak when challenged and whether or not the merchant had known that remained to be seen. But it was likely that the Lalafell had adopted a hunch and was trying to poke *at* the Miqu'te challenger to get her to agree. **“Oh? Are you that confident then? Go ahead and show me, but I have a feeling you'll be seeing things my way by the end.”** And that was very much a phrase spoken with a double meaning.

How strong was this challenger? It didn't matter. So long as she beat her in a single round, what followed would leave her far too distracted to play properly for the rest of the night. **“So take out your deck.”** Something that Silvia did immediately, wearing an overly cocky expression after receiving such a condescending challenge. She *would* win.

But of course she wouldn't.

The first round began in Silvia's favor. She was confident and her moves exhibited that. For a brief moment she had even believed that she was going to come out of things victorious! And yet in the end? Fafaya had played a card that completely undone her plan and the Miqu'te was defeated. **“Crap!”** Fafaya was amused by this loss, but she also stared at the 'LALAFELL' card on Silvia's side of the table. It was *glowing*. Something that the one competing to claim it didn't really seem to *notice*.

But just because she didn't notice it didn't mean that nothing had come *of* it. If the victim had been aware of what was happening as a result of their losses then they would have left the game early. So from Silvia's perspective? Absolutely no attention was paid to the sensation of her tail's tip slowly creeping closer and closer to her spine. Her feline tail was both *shortening* and balding because there was no fur necessary where it was going. That was to say: before long her *entire* tail had disappeared into her body, leaving her utterly tailless.

“A shame. Are you ready for round 2?” Fafaya posed the followup challenge with a smile. She was staring at Silvia's *ears*. Namely because like her tail? They were balding and shrinking. Fortunately for her it wasn't a matter of them disappearing though. Or else she wouldn't have any ears at all! Rather than that, they gradually began to inch down the sides of her head as they flattened and fanned out, cartilage eventually exposed with no crimson fur to cover them. Until they finally sat where you'd find ears on most races, sticking out from behind her hair in shapes similar to the *merchant's*.

Silvia clicked her tongue. **“Fine! I'll definitely win this time!”** Her competitive spirit had not yet been defeated, though... **“It's weird**

though...” She didn’t specify what she was talking about, but she could subconsciously recognize that something *was* wrong. Had her head been this close to the table before? It all felt a little *bigger*? Her clothes seemed a little baggy too. These vague inklings of realization were distracting but they also weren’t *incorrect*. Her height had dropped a little bit from its 5’5” mark. About 5’1”, it didn’t seem like she would be getting much shorter.

For *now*, at least.

The second round went *poorly*. There was no point in the game where Silv felt like she stood a chance, but she was also having a harder time *concentrating* on the game in the first place. The little inconsistencies that she could sense but couldn’t quite acknowledge were bothering her so much that she couldn’t focus on the game at hand, and before long Fafaya declared the round’s end. **“Another win for me. Where did all of your confidence go?”** She smirked, watching the card across the table begin to glow once more.

“Grrr...” This subsequent loss brought annoyance to the forefront of the challenger’s expression and as she groaned in annoyance you could hear the pitch of her voice gradually upping itself. Not to the point where it was *annoying*, but it was definitely *higher*. **“Are you up to your old tricks, Fafaya?”** Was there a reason why she was speaking to the merchant like they were old friends? Perhaps it didn’t matter, because the woman herself didn’t seem to even acknowledge that she had done so.

Colors upon Silvia’s body were what changed primarily at first after this loss. It was plain enough that her complexion was darkening to a light tan that stole away even the whisker-like markings on her cheeks. But just as noticeable was her *hair*. Ruby strands darkened predominantly to a raven black that better suited her changed skin tone; yet they also acquired pale streaks to add a little style to them.

The light in the woman’s eyes even seemed to fade a little – not because she was *losing her soul* or anything. But her pupils dulled in color while the irises that surrounded them ignited with gold. In fact the *shapes* of her eyes seemed to much rounder and smaller, sharing traits with a race much unlike her own. Then again which race she belonged to was *rapidly* becoming a valid question worth asking.

“But fine! Another round! I’ll show you that I know how to do more than pawn wares!” *Another* questionable chain of words left Silv’s lips as she picked up her cards with hands that somehow struggled to grasp them. Her hands were smaller and her fingers were thicker,

which was actually a side effect of the reality that she shrank even *further* after losing the second round.

And in this case? It had been *much* more dramatic. As she was seated her feet had at least still been able to touch the floor after the first round, but in this case? Legs had slowly lifted off the floor, boots and socks sliding off of them to show off feet that looked more child-sized than anything. She soon had to roll up her sleeves to even *attempt* to grab her cards, and eventually just shrugged off her jacket altogether.

Four feet. That was her total height by the time the shrinking had concluded at the second round's end. "**Hm... What is wrong here? Why am I wearing...?**" A thickening accent was gradually applied to her higher voice as she looked down at her clothes before the third round began. It didn't make sense, but she recalled putting those clothes on for *some* reason, hadn't she?

Mind you, the reality that those clothes were swallowing her whole now had concealed just how dire the shrinkage had been. Her breasts were only A-cups now, and there was very little weight to her ass. Silv's thighs retained some of their mass, but mass was also beginning to accumulate in places where it didn't, too. Her tummy had a little bump now. Her lower torso seemed rather *wide* too.

"Don't worry about it, my dear Silv. Let's begin the final round!" And it was a round that Silvia didn't even stand a *chance* of winning. Her already difficult time paying attention had worsened because of changes that had been seeping into her mind. She was flustered and disoriented. Not even her knowledge of Triple Triad was consistent as strategies preferred by two different lives clashed; ultimately leading to the worst game she had ever played. But Fafaya waited to declare herself the victor. She wished to savor the punishment the loser had to suffer in full as the card came alight a third and final time.

The loser's body shrunk further, dipping *below* 4' as her body's very *shape* finally distorted. Weight accumulated around her already apparent tummy bump, filling that bump another few inches fuller in the front while her hips flared out relative to her shrinking body. Her legs became stubby and her toes were hardly more than little nubs at the ends of tiny feet. In terms of ass? It was as if she didn't have one. She certainly had a *crack* but her cheeks just seemed more like a natural curve of her body rather than something that puffed out behind her.

In a similar vein? What remained of her breasts was stolen away too. What remained were a pair of mosquito-bite induced mounds that were actually an *average* size for a pair of breasts for the race she had been

becoming. Despite how small she was though, bottoming out at 3'2", her age had *not* changed. She was still an *adult* woman.

“This is so strange...” Or so she mumbled with her accent even denser now. Tiny, sausage-shaped fingers reached up to paw at her face, her arms now just as short and stubby as her legs. But even that face was different now. The last remaining traces of her old identity and race were erased as cheeks became rounder and her nose shrunk into a pellet-sized protrusion on her face. Her lips thinned and pinched in at the sides until her mouth was only a few inches wide, yet those lips still bore a feminine swell to them. This round face was not the face of a Miquo'te. It was the face of a *Lalafell*.

“Oh, you poor dear. That makes three rounds now. You’ve run out of chances! But do allow me to fetch you your clothes!” At the game’s end the merchant finally hopped off of her chair and strut over to the challenger’s seat where she took the ‘*LALAFELL*’ card off the table so that she could pocket it again. She turned to the challenger in question with a smile full of false sympathy, for the beautiful Lalafell that she had become seemed to sit there disoriented. A side effect of the card’s effects.



It took Silv a moment to recompose herself. **“Thank you, old friend...”** Or so spoke *Silvivi Vivi* in a thick Eastern accent. Her whole world had changed from her perspective – quite literally in fact. Could she remember her previous name any longer? Hardly. She couldn’t remember *anything* about her old life. But she could remember the merchant she had challenged. Fafaya was a childhood friend.

A fellow merchant.

“I have to wonder why you insisted on placing me in oversized clothing, however...” She could recall accepting the challenge for the card. As a merchant who valued pricey objects how could she resist such an offer? But the circumstances had been very peculiar, or at least in how she remembered them. **“Could it be that you wished for something to sleep so you could see my body, Fafaya? You’ve always been frisky, as far back as our teens.”** Of course her new memories spanned *far* further back.

The original Lalafell smirked again and gave a little clap. Several Miquo'te servants from outside the door responded and brought in clothing fit for a Lalafell. A velvet colored raiment with puffy, black sleeves along with a pair of boots, a headdress, and undergarments. All Silvivi’s size – and

she somehow recognized them as her *own* clothes. **“Perish the thought, Silvivi dear!”** With another clap the servants undressed the new merchant and put her ‘new’ outfit on her. But Silvivi made sure her friend wasn’t looking.

Once the two were left alone again? Two glasses of wine were poured and Silvivi spoke up. **“Regardless, I originally came to you today to speak of a *deal*. My trade route has been tied up with monsters as of late and I believe a strange artifact to be at the center of it. Do you think I could borrow your route until it’s resolved? Better yet, do you know of any experts that could help me deal with it?”**

Fafaya couldn’t even stifle the laugh that arose as she considered just how ironic this question was.

“Admittedly I *did* know of someone that could help you. But unfortunately? You just missed her.”