

BL'S LIGHTWEIGHT

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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It seemed the crowd had gotten the better of him. Invited to a gathering of artists by their Harvin crew member Lunalu, the event had turned out to be a full-sprung con hinging on the creation and distribution of doujinshi. Gran himself didn't really understand the nuances of the craft, instead having only gleaned some of its more questionable characteristics from Lunalu herself, yet he'd come regardless. Lyria had been at his side along with Vyrn but the both of them had ended up split from the crowd within the extremely crowded and hot venue.

"122... 123..." Having ducked into the inn section of the venue in the back, the boy read door numbers allowed as he searched for the room Lunalu had assigned to both Lyria and himself. It was an endeavor that would last for two days with the first spent checking in for the most part, and since Lyria also had the number there was a good chance she'd show up there sooner or later as well.

While Gran had expected room 124 to be fresh and clean, awaiting new guests, he was a little shocked to find the equivalent of a tornado had struck instead. The comforter was strewn across the room, blinds on the windows tightened shut to leave but a lamp illuminating the tragic scene before him. Clothes were littered around the room and between them what he could only assume were hundreds of pages of paper.

Shuffling in best he could without tripping over anything, he reached for the closest piece of paper he could find on the ground. Scrawled across it was rudimentary drawings, drafts towards a greater work. The boy could make out the various shapes of people, but beyond that he couldn't really follow the intent nor the plot. Was this the room Lunalu had been staying in? Based on the fact that the clothes scattered around were Harvin sized Gran could only assume that to be the case.

Although she'd explicitly told him this was his and Lyria's place of bedding. She could be a little scatterbrained when she got too mixed up in her work, so in the end he could merely shrug and chock it up to the likelihood that she'd made a mistake when she'd told him. "**Lunalu?**" No response. Was she not in? The door had been unlocked...

He'd just have to wait, he supposed. But that was easier said than done with all of the junk laying around. Chips crackled under his step as he made his way towards the rustic chair set before a desk in the corner, eyes looking tired as he found it smothered in clothes and garbage just as everything else was. But he needed somewhere to sit and so he sifted through, dumping what he could on the ground with the intention of taking his seat.

But then he touched *it*. A pair of black panties? For her to leave them under literal garbage was kind of haphazard... They didn't even look clean? Gran's bare fingers twitched as he picked it up with haste, flinging it onto the bed across the room. "**Ugh...**"

But they *came back*. Like a boomerang, smacking him right in his face and clinging almost as if they were alive. "**Mph!?**" Cotton slid into his mouth as he struggled to yank them off, material moist with what tastes like spilled alcohol. It was a sensation that lasted only a few moments as the panties ruffled his hair and clung for dear life, but they eventually went limp and were torn from his face. "**What the hell!?**"

Ghost panties? That was a new one. At least he'd escaped from the encounter unscathed, at least from his own point of view. But that wasn't quite correct at all. His brown bangs generally hung down just above his face, but now his forehead was on full display for all to see -- and was that a brand new shine? Bangs had been tied up with decorative band that had been mixed in with the panties, the strung up tips growing darker as if painted by fresh ashes.

Those weren't the only evident changes, though they were all focused around Gran's head. The tips of his ears, at least subtly, began to give point to their roundness as the quality of his face's skin overall began to match the sheen on his forehead. Oily, sweaty, like someone that hadn't taken a bath in a while.

Gran was just absolutely flabbergasted by what had just happened. If anyone had walked in during that display he would definitely have been labeled some kind of sick pervert that wore panties on his face; something he'd firmly refute to not be the truth! Looking around at the room in disarray he'd, at first, had a thought to tidy it up, wondering how Lunalu could even work in such conditions. Yet the more he looked around the less conflicted it made him.

He could kind of see the appeal of this disorganized chaos. Was it really all that disorganized to begin with? Maybe she had a system. Slowly his heart began to

comply with the environment, his form soon to be one with its 'system' as he'd so aptly described it.

He hadn't come to this convention clad in armor, naturally. While the chance of there being a threat wasn't 0% (*as he'd so painfully learned over the course of his adventures*) he'd be ready for danger if there was any. It wasn't practical to carry around the heavy steel he slung over his blue sweater and brown pants unless there was a good chance he might have to fight, so he'd come merely in the clothes that usually rested beneath them. They were a little looser than his body which made them extremely easy to move and fight in, though with the summer heat he kind of wished he'd worn something lighter.

But the hows and whys regarding his choice of attire weren't necessarily relevant here as much as the fact that it would be unusual if they began to feel a little more oversized than normal, which they *definitely* did. The sleeves of his sweater, he found, had engulfed the tips of his fingers while the legs of his pants began to pool over and around his shoes.

Inertia hit Gran like a brick wall, body swaying as it felt as if he was falling. It was enough for his entire form to inevitably fall over, crashing into the discarded garments and perishables on the floor beneath him, pants slipping down from his waist in the process. Chips crunched under his weight, some shards mixing in with hair that had precociously become darker and darker, length sweeping across the inn carpet and picking up more food as its mass only served to increase.

"I'm getting smaller!? What!? WHY!?" Uncharacteristically energetic animation danced across the heightening pitch of the young man's voice as he struggled to push himself up on his side with how poorly his arm fit into the sleeve of his top, palms sliding up almost to what he assumed where his elbows had just been only moments before. Panic had beset him, more so now that a lack of pants and loose-hanging boxers revealed the changes to his lower body in their full, unadulterated glory -- for lack of a better term. There certainly wasn't anything glorious about it from *Gran's* point of view.

Where a once muscular and long pair of legs would have rested were a pair that fit neither of the aforementioned criteria. Much like how he felt his arms receding, it was more than fair to state that the same had happened to his lower body. Legs were already half of the length they'd been before, bordering those of a child as the brown hairs that had decorated them fluttered off to find themselves lost in the disheveled room.

It became clear that they weren't becoming the legs of a child though, the tell not the shape of his legs but the size of his feet. As heels narrowed they also began to look, quite subtly, a little inhuman. The curvature of each tootsie flattened, soles of his feet sharper despite being minuscule in nature. They shrunk to a child's size, yet there was clearly an adult's wear upon their skin which was dry and cracked on the

bottom. Their flat shape was typical of the miniature Harvin race, and as tiny toes wriggled in the air Gran came to realize that.

There was another definitive feature of the Harvin race that he could easily check, and pushing himself up onto his bare butt with legs spread wide in front of him, he fumbled with a hoodie that now felt *twice* the size it had when he'd entered the room up and over his head, tossing it behind him without looking. When the hole had gone over his head Gran had definitely felt something. Resistance from the sides of his head.

Fingers reached up towards those point, their length becoming stubbier and stubbier even as they ran across the length of each ear. A pair of perfectly pointed ears met his touch, chill running up the boy's bony spine as the truth he'd feared was validated. "A Harvin? I'm becoming a Harvin!?" It came out as a shrill shriek that better matched a young Harvin woman than a man, and as it turned out the greasy texture of his skin had been covering up an apparent aging of skin. Gran was a boy in his teens, but the depth of his pores and the wear upon his complexion suggested he was in his twenties now at least, despite the fact he was less than one hundred centimeters tall.

Nude and hairless, his exposed body continued to conform to Harvin proportions despite waning panic. It almost felt right somehow. Rather... wasn't he wasting time worrying about something so inconsequential? He should be working on... *something?*

As worry about this new thing he apparently had to worry about, sexual characteristics upon his impish form begun to shift. Harvin realistically weren't known for their breasts, being even half the size of the well-stacked Draph, but that didn't mean there was no definition to be found. Chest was free of muscle or even the slightest bit of definition at first, yet a reasonable pair of mound sprouted forth from beneath widening nipples. By the merits of other races they would have been seen as very tiny, but for a Harvin they were just pushing the boundaries of average, fitting into the palms of her miniature hands as she plucked them up. "Hmm... **Am I gaining weight?**" Didn't they look a little bigger? And the curvature of her stomach just a little thicker?

That's what he got for snacking while working so much. Working on his manuscripts that is. *Oh!* That's right! He'd been working on those, they were due before tomorrow's panel! To say he sprung up to his feet at this news would have been a great dramatization, rather he slowly climbed up with nubby limbs, an expanse of raven hair cluttered with chips and wrappers falling out behind him once he'd stood.

Dick dangled between the gap in his legs for just a moment once standing, but it wasn't longed for this world any longer as it was absorbed into a freshly formed pussy dotted with dark pubic hair above. Butt lacked any real definition, but much like her boobs would amply serve the grasp of another Harvin.

She wasn't particularly bothered by her nudity nor the unpleasant scent wafting off of her body. When she got caught up in a deadline she didn't usually have time to sleep, or bathe.

And despite the fact that Gran had slept the full night before, bags beneath her eyes and her sluggish movements suggested she hadn't slept in days. The browns of said eyes had brightened to a color between mauve and silver, but the right eye was more peculiar still. It began to glow as if a chuunibyō's fantasy had come to life.

The Harvin woman of twenty two place fingers over the eye in question as she looked around for something, eventually finding a white eyepatch to cover it up. "**Kukuku! My eye burns!**" Okay, so she might have been a *little* chuuni. For a few moments she rolled around in the room's filth, picking out dirty pink sweatpants, a white shirt with a drink stain down the front, and the top that matched the pants. Her rounded navel poked out, Harvin girth both short and round. She only wore them because she knew she'd have guests soon.

Her sister Lunalu for one. She was Lunalug, but then there was Lunalul and Lunaluv as well. Harvin quadruplets, all dedicated to their craft! They were all very similar personality wise, but while Lunalu was into boy's love, Lunalug enjoyed the opposite. In the end they usually fought over story threads in general. Lunalul loved writing more innocent stories, and for some reason Lunaluv liked incorporating dragons.

Either way they'd all be here soon. It was the meeting place, right? And they had to finish by the morning. Lunalug yawned. "**Maybe I'll take a nap before they get here...**" She was actually spent by her own transformation, one she hadn't realized had occurred. Inevitably, she passed out in the middle of the floor.

At least she had some good dreams about getting a kiss from Charlotta?