

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING II

SEPTEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Yukiko-chan!?! Are you almost ready? I thought you desperately needed my help at the inn today!”

Yosuke Hanamura was tired. It was so early in the morning, but when Yukiko had asked him for a favor he couldn't exactly say no. He was loud and eccentric, but he was still a good friend. Even if it meant helping out with cleaning at the Amagi Inn for the weekend. It was just... he'd been waiting in Yukiko's home for *twenty minutes* now since she hadn't even woken up until he got there, and now she wasn't answering him!

The teen sighed and turned his attention back to her living room. It seemed that before Yukiko's mom had left that morning she'd left the television on and it was playing children's programming. **“Well, guess I could watch the news or something while I wait.”** Not that he was a big fan of watching the news, but he wasn't about to watch some kiddie cartoons either.

Not that cartoons were what was on the screen when he walked in. It seemed the show had changed and was still aimed at kids, but it was a live concert? With a child performing on-stage at what looked like a children's rock concert. **“I guess these things have been all the rage lately, huh?”** It was pretty common; all part of Japan's attempt to open the minds of the youth more to the arts.

Watching the girl on screen, she was pretty talented? She must have been ten or eleven but was definitely more skilled with an instrument and with singing than Yosuke was at pretty much *anything*. Not that he was envious of a little girl, but it was kind of inspiring. *Just a little*. But Yosuke was burying a feeling he couldn't quite shake. A quiet and potent admiration thanks to the influence of a more sinister force.

Although at first it might not have seemed so sinister.

Drawn in by the show, the teenaged boy found himself seated not on the couch or on one of the chairs, but sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the television. It had been such a natural seating decision, as if it was normal for him to sit there despite never having watched television within the Amagi home before in his life. Not that there was anything particularly wrong with doing it. Sitting cross-legged was fairly typical for a young man if it was the only option available. It was just that there were plenty of other options available in the first place.

“Why is this kid so good!? She’s gotta be like eleven right? Not even that old. Crazy.” The admiration Yosuke was trying to keep down would eventually manifest with greater strength. There was no point in resisting even as he subconsciously did his best to do so. But while mental fixations could be momentarily swayed, physical change was not something so readily deterred.

Like the fact that his hair was darkened? That totally couldn't be stopped, and it seemed it wasn't really being noted either. Not that one could blame Yosuke considering how difficult it was to see one's own scalp (*and his gaze was fixated on the television anyways*). But it was definitely happening, with each keratin strands of his hair moving towards a raven black. An endless, pitch black that was very reminiscent of the hair color that was common in this household. The very same color Yukiko sported.

But it was short lived, for a shoddily done, red dye job soon found itself overlaying the black while stripping his head of his signature, messy do. Instead crimson hair fell flat and was seemingly parted down the center left. On the right side of the parting it was longer, lengthened bangs flipped over his forehead, while on the left they remained short to give him something of a punk rock look. Something not unlike the girl he was watching on the television.

Yosuke was getting a little too comfortable where he was sitting, and before long he had his hands planted behind him to support his back while he gazed up at the TV. Somehow it almost looked higher up than it had before, but he played it off as a trick of his mind. This was fine for the time being, since the cause wasn't super substantial yet.

For now it was his face getting *punked*, so to speak. Red lipstick was finding itself messily applied across the boy's lips, making them seem better defined than they actually were. It disguised the fact that there was some actual truth to their volume, for lips *were* becoming plumper underneath the lipstick. Not substantially so, but they definitely seemed better adjusted for a girl Yosuke's age than a boy.

There were other signs, of course, that wearing bra and panties might soon be in his future. Eyes, for one. Had his lashes always been that long? Eyes always that wide? What about the color? They were both a dark red like his hair had become, and with thin brows above it seemed like a sure thing that there was a more feminine tilt to his design. Even Yosuke's forehead seemed a little larger, or perhaps it was a trick of his new hair style?

"I'm not crazy, right? The TV definitely got higher up?" Yosuke was certainly shrinking, but the first wave wasn't as pronounced as what he'd end up wracked with later. It was a more discreet loss of height, merely a few inches as his clothing tightened around him to conform to it.

Fingers on the floor slid back a little as adjustments were made, and the digits themselves were looking quite different. Longer, smaller, yet the tips of the fingers themselves? They were far too calloused to be unused. They were even more calloused than they'd become from wielding kunai, and the other blemishes from his weapon choice had all but faded. Nails, too, were obscenely long when correlated by his usual tastes and were painted with a dark red that matched what he had applied to his lips in both color and messy manner.

He was looking more and more like a young woman instead of a young man, and his uniform was changing to match. It didn't take long for his jacket to deflate and loosen as gray dye spread throughout its fibers - at least for the most part for crimson surfaces in the form of a textile in the front of what was now a shirt that read '*ROCK YOU WORLD*'. The shirt was a loose fit, but it almost seemed too tight against his torso.

More-so once what looked to be breasts seemed to push the fabric forward. The shirt beneath his jacket had already firmed into a B-cup bra, and that bra was filled up with perky handfuls that looked to be about on par with Yukiko's own breasts size. Each orb was sensitive and carried a weight to it, but Yosuke hardly noticed other than the bend of shortened arms adjusting to fit.

He was still completely fixated on the television, and not even hips widening to temporarily test the integrity of his pants could pull his

attention away. Ass filled out, a little cushion for the pushing finding itself among his cheeks while thighs took on a young womanly girth as well. The boy's pants were diced across the knees, and from there the severed material danced both upwards and downwards simultaneously. The lower portion was easily dealt with, clinging against legs as a pair of overly tight thigh highs, while bare thighs were left to brush up against the carpet in the wake of the upper segment opening up into a very short, red skirt that seemed better suited for a child.

Most of the clothes did, *because they were*. He was clad in a child's punk rock costume, a bunch of thrift shop clothing that a parent might buy to appease a **punk rock wannabe daughter**. That was why they didn't fit properly, they were meant for a girl around the age of 10. Yosuke's dick took its leave, ultimately rendering her a teenaged girl in all but perception, but she needed to shrink into those clothes.

“Maki-chan really is cool. I wish I could be more like her.”

Yosuke corrected her seating the moment she realized her skirt was open and flashing forward, instead electing to sit on her knees as she continued to stare up at the television. Suddenly it didn't seem too high up -- *wasn't it actually too low?* Her mental state was changing faster than her body was and so her current perspective was actually different from what she was expecting.

Fortunately reality was quick to adjust itself.

Her height began to plummet again, this time with much more haste and gravitas than it had prior. Limbs became tiny, her torso short, but along with them the curves she'd just received began to diminish. It didn't take long for her already scarce showing of breasts to regress to the point that they were all but budding upon a very thin torso, and the same could also be said about her legs and rear.

Rapid age regression just shaved off those years to the point that even her face looked less like a woman's and, with her hair as short as it was, looked almost androgynous in nature. It was her outfit that spoke to the fact that she was a young girl, though some might have argued that the attire wasn't exactly age appropriate as the skirt was so short and the punk rock shirt dangled freely over one of her shoulders.

Without peeling her eyes from the television screen, a tiny, crudely painted hand reached behind her. With her age as it was, the disheveled application of lipstick and nail polish now made total sense. She was a girl not competent in utilizing beauty supplies, and the fact that her dye job was so inconsistent was due to her own inability to properly follow instructions too. But she was reaching back for something, and fingers finally wrapped around its neck and pulled it into her lap. **“Ah!”**

It was an old acoustic guitar. It had clearly seen better days, but Yosuke could remember treasuring it. Her big sister Yukiko had gotten it for her when she'd expressed interest in music, so of course it was important! Plus she learned by playing along with the performances of Mai-chan, the girl that was currently on the TV. She was cute and cool, and pretty much everything the little girl wanted to be! That's why she wanted to learn how to play guitar!

She ran her fingers across the strings. The skin on them had gotten really hard since she'd started playing but apparently that was normal according to her teacher? But it didn't really bother her. She was always trying to project herself as a cool-headed tomboy after all.

“Yui-chan? What are you doing dressed like that? You remember you promised me you'd help at the inn this weekend, right?” A sudden voice disrupted *Yui* before she could play more than a few notes though, the child letting an agitated sigh and groan escape her lips before pouting like a brat. **“Don't give me that look. You promised.”**

“But onee-san, Mika-chan is on! I want to watch Mika-chan!” Contrary to how she liked to try and look cool, as she jumped to her feet and gave a huffy stomp it was made clear that she was very much a child of her age. She stormed past Yukiko, fists pointed down to her sides after setting down the guitar, and slammed the door to her room to get change. **“I HATE YOU, ONEE-SAN!”**

Yukiko knew she *didn't*, but it still hurt to hear your little sister say that. She knew she had to butter her kid sister up a little if this day was going to go even a little smoothly, and so she walked up to the girl's door. Inside she could be hear throwing her clothes around, acting out.

“Yui-chan, do you want to visit Yuu-chan after we're finished? I know Chie-chan said they'd bought the new Guitar Hero.”

Yuu was Chie's little sister and was something of a gremlin herself. But Yui and Yuu? Their bond was so inseparable that it might have been mistaken for love if not for their age.

The response was immediate, and a half-naked Yui poked her head out of the door. **“F-Fine! Can I bring my guitar! I wanna show Yuu-chan what I learned!”**

“You can bring your guitar.”

“YES!”

Problem solved... *hopefully.*