

REINCARNATED IN ANOTHER WORLD AS A LEWD FAIRY WHO ENJOYS IT

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“Man, they’re really coming out with some long and annoying isekai titles these days, aren’t they?”

I said this like I hadn’t *absolutely* noticed it before. For years the titles had been getting increasingly ridiculous. How did you shortform a story title with ten or more words? You couldn’t! It was impossible! But as for why I had even been provoked into commenting on this in the first place, well... A moment of boredom had led to me looking for new anime to watch.

Nothing terribly long, I’d thought. And there were plenty of weird isekai series that only got a season or two before they were taken off of the air. This probably accounted for about 95% of the anime in that genre, really, but how much really could be done with being spirited away into a fantasy world where the main character became the hero and, in many cases, a harem protagonist?

They could be badly written and corny and predictable, but sometimes midst all of the filth there was a diamond in the rough. **“But like hell I’m going to watch one that’s too horny, that’s not for me.”** Anything with characters with excessively large bosoms or series that were blatantly aimed at fanservice over story. The older I got the less appealing those had become to me. Surely my younger self would yell at me for that, but alas!

Sifting through torrents of isekai anime, I eventually came across something odd. “**Reincarnated as *what?***” It wasn’t a matter of disbelief. I legitimately could not read what the title said, for black boxes replaced most of the title. Yet for how obscure it seemed? The torrent itself had a really high rating and included comments like ‘Lifechanging!’ and ‘It gave me a new perspective on what it means to live!’. This was all very *intriguing* if anything.

If it ended up to be something smutty or the like I could easily just delete it, so in the end I downloaded the video files. Maybe I’d stumbled upon a hidden treasure of some kind? I *was* a little excited, but at the same time I was also worried I might have downloaded a virus, or something meant to do harm to my system. But ah well, I would cross that bridge when I came to it.

“**Okay, now let’s see...**” It didn’t really take all that long to download, and before I knew it I was launching the first episode in my video player of choice. Except what showed up on the screen was, well, *nothing*. Nothing but an error at least, confirming what I had been leaning towards. It was either a virus or some sort of other scam. Nonetheless, I left the player up in the background while navigating back to the files to delete them.

Before I could, however, the video player began to display something. Or rather it shone a light? I felt like I had been *flash banged*.

The next thing I realized I was *not* sitting at the comfort of my desk. I was standing in the middle of the forest in the late evening? “**How the hell...?**” Was I dreaming? Yet everything from the scent of the air to the feeling of the cool breeze against my body reinforced the idea that this was reality. How had I suddenly ended up in a forest then? I had plenty of questions, but the way I received my answers wasn’t exactly in a way I would have preferred. Like at *all*.

I was definitely out of my element, but I quickly realized that this was even truer than I had realized. Because... “**Wait a second, was that tree always that big? And my clothes...?**” I’d been eye level with a small tree just moments prior, but now I was a head below it? Not to mention my clothes felt oddly loose almost like... “**Am I getting smaller!?**” This was, in fact, the case. I was in the middle of a reverse growth spurt, one that moved more rapidly the longer it went on.

“**How the hell is this happening!?**” I was understandably shocked by this. People didn’t just *shrink*. Or maybe they did, but definitely not instantly! And it wasn’t even in the sense that I was just getting *shorter*. My entire body was getting smaller at the same rate, making it so that I

was proportionately correct even *after* darkness took me – though only because I had become so short that I was swallowed my own shirt. I couldn't tell how much I was shrinking from that point on, just that my shirt grew heavier, and heavier... "**Geh!?**"

By the time I managed to pull myself out through the neck hole of my tee, completely naked for *obvious* reasons, the shrinking had stopped. But my mouth hung agape at my surroundings. "**WHAT THE FUCK!?**" I couldn't have been any bigger than six inches tall, big enough to fit in a normal sized human's hand, but no bigger than that. The forest had already been intimidating, but even after picking myself back up and onto my feet it was clear that was infinitely more so now.

I felt shaky, I was anxious, I was scared. Should I just hide in my pile of clothes? Who knew what animals might try to make a snack of me... But there was also the possibility I might be *stepped on*. While these thoughts weighed on my heavily, however? My shrinking continued. It just *wasn't* vertical this time. Not as the fat upon my body thinned eagerly. Everything from a pronounced gut to excess flab on my arms and legs melted away into obscurity, leaving me properly thin and healthy.

And as thoughts of remaining bound to the ground grew stronger? My changes offered me a solution I had yet to notice.

Because from beneath my shoulder blades? Thin, nearly invisible *wings* fanned out. Almost like a dragonfly's they fanned out with two on either side of my back. They were so thin that they didn't look like they would allow me to *fly*, but the magic that would make that possible? It was merely a seed that had taken root within me by that point. It would bloom by the time I was properly assimilated into my new fate.

"What should I do here? If this is some sort of dream...? But it feels way too real..." It was a mental overload on my part with everything that was happening. Midst it all there was a feeling that didn't really *belong* though. My dick was hard, I was a little bit *aroused* by this? Though the physical indicator in what was housed between my legs quickly lost its luster, not because my dick was getting soft again... but because it was getting *smaller*.

I was far too distracted to really notice it, but my hard dick got smaller and smaller still, seemingly destined for obscurity but ultimately becoming a tiny bump between my legs. On the other hand? My balls, drained, tucked *into* me, prompting a shudder from my body that finally pushed me into looking down and finding *nothing*. No gut, and no *dick*. "**H-Huh!?**" A hand was quick to reach down, and while that hand was

smaller and with neatly done nails now, it was what the fingers *slid into* that prompted me to practically jump. “**I-I have a pussy!?**”

It had been warm, and soft, and a little *wet*. That was the only thing it could be, and I shook the hand that had slid in there in a panic. The touch had been brief, but as fingers had grazed the clitoris my dick had become, it felt even *more* sensual. “**I-I’m a woman!?! That’s... impossible...?**” But was it? I’d already been spirited away from my home and shrunk down to six inches. A change in sex wasn’t exactly outside the realm of possibility.

My cheeks burned red, and this blush was highlighted by a shift in my face’s shape. It was rounder now, softer, and while some pieces of it had shrunken smaller, some had grown larger. In terms of the *latter*? My lips were fuller and rosier, forming a cute yet natural pout. This contrasted a smaller nose, though more pronounced cheeks, and bigger eyes with longer lashes likewise contributed to heightened features. I looked cute. *Beautiful* even. And my expression almost resembled that of a woman experiencing carnal desire.

Because as much as I wanted to deny it, my *thirst* was growing.

“**I... shouldn’t touch myself here!?! M-My voice?**” It was higher, airier, and while it sounded like a woman’s voice to *me*, to a human it probably would have sounded very squeaky thanks to my small size. But I was right! I had to keep my hands to myself because what if someone found me? *What would they do with my cute, sexy body...?* “**N-No!**” To begin with, my body wasn’t cute or sexy! ...Yet.

As my arousal grew stronger, the color of my eyes changed to red and my dark hair? Not only did the color lighten to a soft, bubble-gum pink, but the length of it was altered too. It cascaded down to touch my shoulders and fell far beyond them, fanning out before settling just above my rear end. “**My hair now...?**” Of course I’d notice *that*, but really I was just desperate to take my mind off of thoughts of pleasuring myself.

“**Eep!?**” Those intentions were made trickier now that my otherwise androgynous body had decided that this was not an acceptable response, however. I almost fell forward because of a pulling on my hips, one that parted them a handful of inches wider relative to my height, and left my pussy and the small, pink bush above it even more exposed. Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on your opinion, it *was* eventually obscured again.

But only because weight had returned to my flesh in some understandable places considering my new sex. My thighs initially took the brunt of it with pink skin pulled quickly around fat that saw them

expand, forcing it to take an enticing sheen. They bulged sensually, and I couldn't help but feel them rubbing softly against each other – just as I could feel myself almost stumble *backwards* next. My ass had bloated just the same, cheeks full and bouncy yet bearing enough tightness that they didn't sag at all. Just as my plump thighs looked like an excellent lap pillow, my ass looked ripe for squeezing.

I didn't really have the words to express how I felt about all this, lush lips agape as I stared at my rear over my shoulder. I wanted someone to grab it so bad, but I also *didn't*. “**Wait, are those wings?**” They didn't really matter so much ultimately because hands grabbed onto something else. “**Tits!?**” My high voice expressed surprise, but was there a hint of *elation* in there? Did I *want* these tits to grow?

Wants or needs aside, hands rested flat on my chest and nipples, having grown both erect and to double their size before anything else, pushed up my palms as weight accumulated beneath them. A-cups, B-cups, C-cups... By this point I had to adjust my palms to better grasp their weight. But they didn't stop there, and fingers sunk into a bosom that was elevated to E-cups relative to my height. I fondled and kneaded them, my loins burning even more than before. “**I need to stop! This is weird, right!? This isn't possible!?**”

I had forgotten about my wings because of this heaving bosom, but with my transformation more or less complete now, I found myself floating several inches off my old clothes. “**I'm flying...? But is it really odd for fairies to fly?**” Was I a fairy? How did I know that? My memories... felt odd. Like they were torn between two different lives. My body was producing magic now, and that magic seemed to affix itself to the clothing pile beneath me. There was a flash of light, and that pile disappeared. But I was clothed again once more.

“**I don't understand any of this...**” I was experiencing a sensory overload. Even though my insect-like wings kept me airborne, the forest appeared exceptionally large to my body, which was now little more than six inches tall. I was a *fairy*, and one wearing little more than a revealing top and panties along with some thigh highs. My



changes sex made it all the stranger, and plump nipples could even be seen in all of their pinkness pushing against the thin cloth that ran vertically down my tits.

I was *aroused*. Like *very* aroused. If not for how shocked I was, I probably would have been masturbating midair already. This body of mine was so needy, and I didn't really understand that it was because I had become a subspecies of fairy in this fantasy world that was sex obsessed. I would have to feed off the sexual energies of humans and monsters, and that was why I was aroused. Because I was *hungry*. "**I really need... something...**"

My tongue hung loose, and I panted, breath so hot that it was visible in the cool evening air. I was still shocked but the hornier I became? The less concerned I became about my transformation and the more concerned I became about copulating. "**Is there a village nearby? I need to be filled. I need to be... E-Eh!? What am I saying? But... I need to suck someone's dick?**" Or lick someone's pussy? Thoughts like these came easily to me despite the fact I had never been particularly sexually active in my past life.

I was *drooling*.

And then, out of nowhere? Knowledge struck me. Not about my nature, but about the forest at least. There may not have been humans nearby but there were certainly *flowers*. Special flowers that replicated sexual organs. This was because they were *actually* monsters, and it was through these plant-like monsters that my people found themselves satiated when no creatures traversed their forest.

I wanted to fuck so bad that I didn't question this information nor what it meant. In fact, I became wrapped up entirely in my new instincts as a sex-craved fairy and just fluttered off. "**I wanna fuck and suck and... I hope a human comes through soon! I could use a real meal!**" I was far, *far* too lost so soon.