

PLEASURE MAGES

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**“Well, one of them is clearly a snowflake. And this one...
electricity?”**

“I dunno, is it a puzzle?”

True to form, Silvia and S'aiya had found themselves wrapped up in another doozy of an archaeological adventure, this time beneath New Gridania of all places. It was unclear if those that built the extension onto Gridania two hundred years ago knew of their existence, but the Conjuror's Guild had recently unearthed it beneath the Aetheryte in the middle of town.

Of course, they needed explorers with both experience and smarts to take the plunge, but first the depths needed to be carved out. Not literally mind you, but in the sense that all or most of the monsters within needed to be cleared out so that it was safe for the scholar's team to enter. That had taken weeks. Weeks of waiting around in that quaint little city? It was enough to drive the two of them mad, so they were really only glad to be doing the adventure and studying part now.

“This area was marked on the map by the hunting team with a series of question marks. Guess they didn't think it was consequential enough to tip us off or send an escort.” S'aiya, the brunette Miqu'te done up in goth apparel, was examining a map as she spoke. The issue was that if, say, this mechanism opened a hidden passageway? That passage might still be teeming with monsters and traps. But knowing Silvia...

“Let’s activate it!” Naturally, *this* would be her response. That girl had no sense of danger whatsoever when new discoveries were involved, and they’d had some bad scraped in the past. Many of which she could only *vaguely recall* for some reason. **“You’ll protect me, so I’m not worried about it!”** S’aiya’s greatest weakness: *being depended on*.

Silv reached into the pocket of her coat and produced two orbs – one an ice blue, and one a dark purple. She tossed the latter to S’aiya at the pedestal she was standing in front of. Right, these. They’d picked them up two floors above, and they definitely looked like they would fit. Seemed Silvia’s bad habit of picking up shiny things had finally paid off.

The fur on her ears ruffled and her cheeks were tickled pink, and while she scratched the back of her neck she groaned. **“Fine. Whatever. Let’s do it.”** Still uncertain, but incapable of turning down this girl’s earnestly adorable personality, she inserted the purple orb into the slot, while Silvia inserted the blue one into the pedestal with the snowflake. And then? *The sensation of falling*.

“Whoa!?” Silvia’s voice echoed as she landed on her bottom in what looked to be a glass tube. It had only been a few feet beneath the ground... had trap doors opened up? For a brief moment she could see S’aiya in a glass tube beside her, but before she could react to that, her tube began to fill with a light blue gas. **“Wait— COUGH COUGH!”** It burned her lungs, so much that she might pass out. And before she could properly process it? *She had*.

The next she woke, she was in a different place entirely. The soft cushioning of a bed could be felt beneath her, so squishy to the feel— **“Silvia, could you stop groping my ass?”**

“HUH!?”

Okay, so there was definitely a bed, but she had been laying on top of a naked S’aiya for some reason. Wait. She was *also* naked? How? When? *Where?* The room was far too dark to identify much about it, but the king-sized bed certainly wasn’t luxurious at all. She was quick to roll off of her naked companion, who had been laying on her belly, but the second she did so and looked over at S’aiya’s face? She noticed something odd. A mask.

No, she was wearing one too. *And it wouldn’t come off*.

Fingers pried beneath the steel, Silvia groaning as she tried to peel it free, but it appeared to be to no avail. It wasn’t fastened to her body; it

just *wouldn't* move. **“It won't come off; I have no idea why.”** S'aiya added this commentary as if to imply she'd tried previously. From the sounds of things, she had been awake for longer than her, then... Wait. Did that mean the goth had just let her lay on top of her in the nude!? For how long!? **“*Heeheehee...* You should check your own right butt cheek too.”**

“...Huh?” What was with that weird giggle? S'aiya had sounded a little off, but Silv peered over her shoulder and craned her neck to try her best to peer at her own cheeks while sitting on her knees on the bed. **“That cryo emblem? What about you...”** Incidentally, her mind had merely processed it as the same snowflake that had been on the pedestal, but the word 'cryo' had been blurted out as if it were natural.

Adding to the strangeness, S'aiya merely wiggled her butt in the air, showing off her own emblem. Of course it matched the one on the pedestal she'd used. **“*Electro!*”** Why was she acting so... frisky? The giggling, the wiggling of her body; it was so uncharacteristic of the rogue, who was always so oddly sheepish with her body despite—

“S'aiya? ...Where's your tail?” Staring at that big ass, she'd been entranced for a moment. But she finally noticed it. Her companion's fluffy Miquo'te tail was completely absent. It was a though that once again saw Silvia's head turn her shoulder, and a soft gasp escaped her lips – a gasp that communicated a breath that was completely ice cold. *Her tail was gone too.*

Her heart was racing, and her breathing sped up. Cold, colder, coldest. Each gasp for ear was all the more chilling, and that chill had begun to creep into her flesh. Silvia's body temperature had actually showed signs of dropping significantly since removing herself from S'aiya's warm flesh, which begged the question: had her temperature been normal when she'd woken up, or had she already been ice cold, but hadn't noticed because her companion's body had warmed her up?

It was the latter.

S'aiya finally rolled over and sat up on the bed, showing off her ample DDs as they jiggled around from the movement. Distraught as Silvia was, once she saw these knockers, she couldn't keep her eyes off them. Her panicked expression even faded as a smirk of notable depravity tickled the corners of her lips. **“*Heeheehee...*”** A giggle not unlike the one she'd questioned of S'aiya previous couldn't be held in as, in the depths of her freezing cold flesh, something warm had begun to stir. A *desire*.

“Do we need tails? Why should we be as animalistic as the Cicin we guide, my dear *Stanislava*?” The goth's voice... it was

different. It was like when she spoke, the air around her crackled – a side effect of the electro element that her body had been imbued with surely, but even the sound of her voice was higher, and her tone a needy coo. With the dark purple mask shielding her eyes, it was difficult to tell where she was looking, but Silvia had a feeling she was staring at her body, just as Silvia was staring at hers.

“Stanislava? Who is that? Something isn’t right here, Svetlana!” After shaking her head to try and keep her senses, Silvia had blurted out her protest only to use a completely different name for her friend. **“I mean... Svetlana... Your name is... Why can’t I say Svetlana!?”** Her mind and heart were both racing, and every time she said that name the pitch of her own voice seemed to rise little by little.

She was so distracted by her own confusion that she had hardly noticed another physical shift, both in herself and in the woman sitting opposite her. Their feline ears were retreating just as their tails had prior to the scholar stirring. Flattening against their heads gradually, fur merging with their hair, until finally? A pair of proper, *human* ears had erected themselves upon the sides of their heads.

This wasn’t all though, for where their old ears had flattened? A change in color had begun to manifest. Starting with naught but a few speckles of off color, things began to spiral out of control from there. For Silvia, that color was a silvery white. To the uneducated it might have even appeared as if her hair was greying, though the fact that as it was dyed it seemed fluffier and fluffier betrayed that potential analysis long before the darker blue tones that soon seeped into its tips. The discoloration weaved through her ruby mane and, it likewise began to shorten dramatically to her shoulders where it remained bushier on the sides, her bangs cut in a hime style.

Much of S’aiya’s hair transformation had been similar. The style of the cut was quite similar, though the quality of her hair was nowhere near as fluffy (*undoubtedly because her body was charged with electricity*), with the side of her hair combed more outwards and her bangs far more erratic and uneven. What stood out most, however, was the fact that the color had changed from dark brown for an equally dark green that would have better complimented the dark purple her eyes had acquired beneath her equally purple mask.

Then again, Silv’s *own* eyes had likewise become an icy blue.

The ‘goth’ had been too far-gone to realize anything was amiss before Silvia had even woken up, likely because she had been conscious longer. That explained the dramatic shift in her personality too, for the old S’aiya would never crawl across the bed and press a hand against Silvia’s

breast as she just had. **“Heehee! Why are you so worried, Stanislava? Just relax. Let’s play around like we always do!”** She brushed aside Silvia’s concerns and continued to crawl forward, draping her flesh against Silvia’s to the point that the other fell helplessly against her back on the bed.

How was she supposed to resist? *Svetlana’s* – NO! *S’aiya’s* body was so warm, and she was as cold as the cryo element that ran through her veins. With their flesh pressing up against one another, it was so soothing, and so arousing... Wait, wasn’t something off with *S’aiya’s* hair? It looked— **“Mff!”** Before she could follow up on that though, she had been kissed, and much more intimately than a mere peck on the lips. The green-haired woman’s tongue was dancing wildly with her own, and inevitably Silvia moved her own just as eccentrically to keep up.

All the while, their breasts had docked and their bodies? They appeared unusually *even*. *S’aiya* had always been a little taller than Silvia, and yet now their toes reached the same point – as if they had been constructed on the exact same character model. Even *S’aiya’s* breasts, abundant as they had been thanks to her goth curse, seemed to be evening out in size. But, considering Silvia’s were growing at the same time, since they were docked it almost looked like the weight was being transferred from one set into the other. When all was said and done, they both sported a pair of hefty *Ds*, erect nipples prodding one another as their kissing grew even more intimate.

Silvia was powerless to resist now. Her desired had peaked, and she spread her legs before clamping them around one of *S’aiya’s* own so that they were rubbing against one another and teasing one another’s pussies indirectly as a result. **“Mm...!”**, *S’aiya* moaned as Silvia’s ice cold fingers soon reached down to grope one of her breasts, and in return she slid her own fingers down past dark blue pubic hairs to rub Silvia’s clit with fingernails painted purple – the two both evidently interested in taking things further.

As their legs, intertwined, rubbed up against one another however, a similar ‘evening out’ occurred, similar to what had happened with their breasts. *S’aiya’s* thighs, ample as they were, lessened while Silvia’s swelled – but in the end the latter ended up with a slight edge in that field. Where *S’aiya* retained her own edge was in the size of her ass, which remained just a little larger than Silvia’s even after seeing it shrink and the other’s grow.

This was wrong!

Silv’s mind clouded by pleasure, one final push was made from deep within, and that push ultimately manifested in the physical realm as

well, for she shoved S'aiya right off her body. “No! *Heeheehee!* We're not... We're not! *Heeeeeee!* Svetlana, why can't you remember!?” She continued to giggle against her will, the drool from their intimate moment dripping from both her lips and her pussy, where S'aiya had been teasing her. But getting a good look at her friend now? She was stunned.

S'aiya looked nothing like the Miqu'te she remembered...

S'vaitlyana looked a little like the Miqu'tui she remembered...

Svetlana looked exactly like the Fatui she remembered...

“Hnn... Mmm? What was I talking about? Oh, it's time for the toys, isn't it? *Heeheehee!*” The corrective nature of the cryo element's influence finally shoved the final nail into the coffin, forcing *Stanislava* to accept the new reality of their situation while sacrificing the memories of what her old reality had once been. Gone were the recollections of her studies and adventures, of being a good scholar, of the many friends she had made over the course of her life.

In their place, blurry memories of being prisoners of this facility for years came to life. Of joining the Fatui because she was poor and hungry and wanted to bring change to this broken world. Of being hooked up to that strange machine that imbued her flesh with the cryo element that would work with a falsified Vision, of the months she had been left alone with the other Cicin Mages in a cavern full of live Cicin, where they bonded with the bat-like creatures and their fellow mages alike.

That was where she had met *Svetlana*. Morally, the two had been completely broken by the system that created Cicin Mages. Perhaps they had been innocent once, but they had been corrupted into sensual, sadistic pleasure seekers that found nothing more pleasurable than being in one another's company. Together they would kiss, and fuck, and if they captured 'prey' (people marked as targets by the higher ups), they would gleefully torture it together.

They had earned a reputation amongst the organization as the *Pleasure Mages*, and from that moment on they had always been assigned to the same missions. There wasn't a single soul in Teyvat that could withstand their sadistic assault. No one, that was, *except each other*.

To those ends, *Stanislava* had already slid off the bed and sauntered into the darkness, each step carrying an energetic skip to it that saw her firm ass wiggle intimately. She now had a full understanding of what lurked in the darkness of this room. It was their bed and torture

chamber after all and lurking in the darkness was a plethora of cryo and electro Cicin that were responsive to every order of the two women.

When the cryo mage returned, she was holding an ice blue whip. Though, the end? It looked a little like a dildo too. While many might be offput by such a scene, the Pleasure Mages were keen on this time of play. A little drool dribbling from her lips, *Svetlana* actually fell to her hands and knees and presented her ass to her icy counterpart. **“You really know how to get me going! Ha ha ha ha!”**

Of course, the opposite was true as well. **“Oh, now you got me worked up!”** Even though their eyes were obscured by their masks, there was no doubt regarding the depraved glows of their eyes as the whip finally cracked down on Svetlana’s rear and her moans echoed throughout their chamber.

In the end, no one realized they’d hopped worlds from Eorzea to Teyvat, huh?