

VISION-ARIES

COMMISSION STORY

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BOOM!

There was nothing particularly unusual about hearing the crashing of thunder outside of the Grandcypher as they sailed through the skies. Not every voyage was one of blue skies and clear nights, and they had weathered their fair share of storms over the course of their journey. It was fortunate that they had the talented Rackam to guide them, for less talented pilots would certainly leave them feeling less assured.

Among the ‘them’ was, of course, the captain of the ship, Djeeta, and her life-bounded dear companion, Lyria. In the midst of the storm, reassured by Rackam that everything was okay, the two of them had retreated to Lyria’s room to spend the evening playing cards. They tried to make a habit of little game nights like these, sometimes involving other crew members that wished to join them – though it seemed the storm had made others wary of joining them on this eve.

“**Heehee! Go fish!**” The blue haired Lyria seemed fairly enthused to smack her dearest friend’s dreams into oblivion by not having any twos in her hand, something Djeeta lamented quite clearly with her facial expression. She was so close to winning, only to be foiled this close to the end! An obviously forced sob was made as she drew again. A three. Not *promising*.

But win or lose, the captain treasured this time alone with Lyria. Their responsibilities could be so vast that it was often difficult to get time alone, so moments like these were welcomed. Before she could continue

that thought, however, and before Lyria could ask about the cards in Djeeta's hand, something went awry.

BOOM!

Another crash of thunder rang out outside, but this one carried with it a force that shook the airship entirely. The pair knocked over, neither of them truly grasped the cracks in their surroundings that were forming. Not on objects, nor in the air, but almost as if the fabric of reality itself was cracking. Until... it *shattered*.

The next Djeeta realized, she was standing in what looked like the inside of a changing room of sorts – albeit one that was rather *extraordinary*. The walls were made of stone, with wooden cubbies lining the walls. What stood out most of all was the large, stained glass window near the top that appeared to be the only source of light without the torches on the walls lit. It looked to be early morning by her best guess.

“Huh? How did I end up here?” The last she could recall she had been playing cards with Lyria! On her ship! This didn't look at all like her ship, and Lyria quite certainly was not present! Surroundings didn't just change randomly like that! ...Well, perhaps that wasn't quite true. Djeeta wasn't sure if she could count the number of times she'd suddenly been transported to other places without her consent on both of her hands alone.

I need to get ready for the service!

More perplexing than her location was this feeling that felt as if it were compelling her against her will. Would it better be described as an instinct? She couldn't be sure, just that she had to force herself to still a hand from beginning to pluck her dress from her body. **“Something odd is going on here...”**

Djeeta couldn't really fathom the cause, but she knew the answer *must lie in the will of the holy Archon, Barbatos*— **“Something REALLY weird is going on here.”** Because the captain really had no idea what an Archon was, much less one named Barbatos. Was that something akin to a Primal? She really *didn't* know.

As she pondered this dilemma, however? There were some alarming physical altercations taking place regarding her physical form, some that might have alarmed her had she taken immediate notice. It was still difficult to fault her however, at least in the early stages. Without a mirror to stare at, one couldn't really notice that their brown eyes had

turned a bright blue, or that the tips of her golden blonde hair were taking on a sandier tone.

Both examples, of which, were *true*.

In fact, the sandier blonde was seeping in far past her tips, extending towards her roots and bringing with it a much fluffier appeal, making her hair look more ample even though the quantity of strands atop her head hadn't changed one bit. What did change more than a bit though, was the length. Djeeta always wore her hair in an easily managed bob cut for the sake of convenience. She didn't exactly have a lot of time to style and treat a longer hairstyle when she was always on the go, and so the captain avoided it.

Yet *now*? It had already danced past her shoulders, tips curling naturally as it spilled far down her back in a way Djeeta didn't really know how to manage – all while her bangs became fluffier and grew at the sides to frame her puzzled expression. Despite the added length though, the young woman didn't even notice its excess until she grabbed the skirt of her dress and pulled the ensemble over her head, curled locks bouncing against the exposed skin of her back short of her undergarments.

“Eh!?” The woman's voice cracked as she breathed a confused cry, not only from the long hair bouncing against her back but from the realization that she'd given into the urge to 'get changed' that had seen herself strip down into her underwear. **“That's not... My voice!?”** Hear how her pitch had heightened, she raised a palm to her lips with her fingers parted. A ridiculously cute gesture that wasn't typical of Djeeta's repertoire *at all*.

“I'm changing, aren't I!? My hair, my voice, my... Of course I'm changing, I have to get dressed— N-No, not that kind of changing!” It was impossible to keep up with all that was happening, for even the hand she'd outstretched in front of herself appeared different now. Her fingers were shorter and her callouses had softened away – not to mention her fingernails were longer and much neater than she ever toiled to style. Did they look a little *smaller*, too?

Restlessly, her bare foot tapped against the floor after stepping out of her boots with ease. Something else was bothering her. Something... **“Ah!? Did I shrink!?”** Yes *and* no? The use of past tense didn't really apply here because she was *still* in the process of shrinking. The loss wasn't particularly substantial, but a few inches here and there were still noticeable to the one experiencing the loss, as limbs and torso alike collapsed, with feet having shrunken to match tinier feet that were, unlike her hands, more calloused than they had been before.

“Well, if I wasn’t this size I wouldn’t fit in my clothes...?” Back and forth the woman’s mind went, struggling between past and future in terms of what was *correct*. It was getting harder and harder to resist stripping down to put on a different outfit, so much so that fingers had already reached back to unclasp her bra. As that fell from her shoulders, there was a very plain loss of weight to her breasts on the whole. They lost a whole cup size, while at least retaining their perkiness.

*Why am I acting like this? If I don’t get ready for the service on time...
But what service? I don’t even know where this... Mondstadt...? Of
course I know Mondstadt! It’s my home! I love it!*

Djeeta’s loss of breasts and height had been part of a much longer con, one best perceived in her face. Her cheeks looked a little rounder, her lips a little less defined. All in all? The captain looked *younger*, as if she had slid back from young adulthood and into her mid-teens. Brighter eyes and a rounder nose suggested more than that, too. That she was no longer Djeeta, at least not in terms of design. Her face now resembled a completely different person entirely. One that kept her sandy brown eyebrows thin and took care to keep her lashes long. Of course, the natural blush upon her pink cheeks added a lot to her overall ‘cuteness’.

Removing her plain, pink panties actually ended up being unnecessary, for they fell from her hips all their own. Her gait had regressed, making hips narrower, and all of the elder weight from her hips and butt had drained away to leave her lower half sporting curves that were defined, but clearly had ample room to grow in the future.



The girl, naked, rocked back and forth on her heels as her ego went through its final tug-o-war. **“Didn’t I come from somewhere else...? My house? Well, I have to be here early for the services each morning! Is that not what I’m thinking of? But... Wasn’t I taller than this!?”** Fighting a war against oneself became difficult when you couldn’t identify what was true and what was false any longer – even both were true and false at varying points of time. Maybe it was inevitable that she would eventually short circuit and be left with only the identity that matched her current appearance?

Barbara Pegg, catching sight of herself naked in the mirror in the room's corner that she'd only now *just* noticed, blushed profusely. **"I guess I'm still growing, but one day I'll catch up to my sister!"** It was strange! Just moments ago she felt like she'd been thinking about how she was too tall, but the deaconess couldn't at all fathom *why* such a thought had crossed her mind.

She managed to pull herself away from the mirror, suddenly struck by a remembrance that the other sisters would soon be in to change, and she always came in to get changed early before anyone saw her. Since she was easily embarrassed by showing her body and all. Even now, a small part of her was thinking *'is that right?'* and *'something feels off'*, but there weren't any grounds for these thoughts to arise. She was in the morning of her day-to-day routine, tried and true.

Yet, as she rustled through the contents of her locker to pull out her deaconess' dress, it lingered a moment. Barbara had to pick herself up! She couldn't let this weigh on her all day! Grabbing her Hydro Vision from the locker first, she clipped it onto the dress in her other hand.

"Cheer up, Barbara! Forget about it, and smile for all your fans!"

Slender fingers traced the ornately designed wood of an unfamiliar desk in an equally unfamiliar location. Lyria, the Girl in Blue, couldn't at all fathom why she had suddenly appeared in this place, much less without her dear friend Djeeta at her side, but not knowing didn't exactly alter the reality of it all.

This space she occupied was small and cluttered, looking like an office with the sound of a busy street beyond a circular window adding auditory ambiance along with a lighting that created the impression that it was almost lunch time. Papers and notebooks were stacked neatly, but the girl herself couldn't even begin to try and understand the words that had been scrawled against the pages.

These are a mess! I need to organize them...

A hand ended up outstretched to accompany this thought, but Lyria was left confused by it. The paperwork not being her responsibility in the first place, how exactly did she know they were a mess? She couldn't at all read them, so it went without saying that she had no means of understanding how they were disorganized even if true. **"Uh..."** Her

fingertips were downright jittering, resisting her greater impulse to reach out and grab the topmost parchment to begin the job.

Fortunately (*or perhaps unfortunately*), a different feeling pulled her away from the idea, though in exchange for an even greater confusion and uneasiness. The feeling of her loose, white dress becoming incredibly *less* loose – and incredibly less *white* as well. “**Eh!?**” Lyria’s posture jumped upright at the feeling, and looking down? She could see the cloth of her dress gripping her tightly, revealing the shapeliness (*or lack thereof*) of her figure as the fibers both darkened and took on a stretchy appearance.

Even the skirt wrapped around her groin, tightness hugging her crotch and butt cheeks into it was evident that it was no longer a dress. Darkening to black, the fibers crept down to wrap around either leg, all of the way to her toes, with gold bands across her thighs and additional vertical markings like arrows crisscrossing them. When all was said and done, Lyria was left clad in a black, armless body stocking. Even the gem beneath her neck now dangled from it in the shape of a golden bell.

“Uh... What happened to my dress!?” Her bare arms flailed, the girl not at all amused by this altered clothing format. The body stocking was clearly made of spandex, and it was still bunched up in places, but you could clearly make out the indentations in the bosom where her nipples should have been. **“No, isn’t this what I always... E-Eh!? Why would I wear something like this!?”**

During the moment she’d reasoned that this outfit was somehow normal, her voice had sounded completely calm, but panic had set back in the moment she realized. Even now, her hand was reached out for the topmost paper of the pile that her mind was telling her needed to be sorted, but sense returned just in time for her to pull her hand away... though she’d knocked the pile to the floor in the process. **“Oh no! This is going to take forever to sort through now!”**

The calm to her voice had returned with a chilling loss of pitch, her voice sounding older than the age her body projected when all was said and done. Blue eyes darted around at fluttering paperwork as remaining sheets settled upon the floor, the girl herself unaware of the fact that an almost mythical purple had begun to swirl midst her optics in the process.

In fact, much of Lyria’s facial design was in jeopardy. Her eternal youthfulness was dwindling, something portrayed as her jaw narrowed and cheeks became lither. Her nose wriggled as if she were about to sneeze a moment, only for it to be just a little longer once the feeling passed. And her lips? She pursed them a moment for their resting

position felt odd, and the cause was a little bit of bloat that made them thicker and shinier.

Lyria had crouched down to start picking the papers up, her ability to resist her mind's unusual commands drowned out by feelings of guilt over knocking the stack over in the first place. *I need to pick these up! It's my responsibility... B-Because I knocked them over! I don't even know what they... say?* Except that now she could read them perfectly, as if they were written in her native language. “**An invoice... for Noctiluca Jade?**” Not only could she read the name, but she could picture the stone and even where to find it here in *Liyue*.

Where?

The next she reached for a paper, it didn't quite occur to the girl that it was an easier grab than she'd first assumed. Almost like the paper was closer... Or the undeniable alternative, that her *arms were longer*. Still crouched down, her posture made it all the more difficult for her to realize that she was growing several inches, this height equally distributed to both her appendages and her torso. The body stocking merely stretched to accommodate, and she passively adjusted her posture in turn.

Fingers and toes suffered similar treatment, with callouses spreading across fingers that didn't usually wield weapons. Lyria wasn't exactly a weapon-wielder, but the distribution of this hardened skin suggested a proficiency with a bow and arrow. Not even the girl realized that she now possessed the skill to master such a craft. “**Wah!**” The papers she'd gathered thus far flew from her fingertips as she slipped while leaning forward, and to correct herself? She jumped back up onto her feet.

Lyria's new height could be discerned with a much greater ease now that she was standing, and with her face the way it was, it might have been difficult to argue she was a mere 'girl' any longer. The underdeveloped nature of her figure aside, she bore a greater resemblance to a woman in the young adult category. Even if she'd unknowingly become much, much older than that. Thousands of years, even.

“**Since when was I so clumsy? I really don't feel... Is something terribly wrong here? This is... my office, yes? But at times I feel like I've never been here before.**” While debating the legitimacy of her memories, her old self still trying to fight against the grain that was her new one, her long and straight blue hair seemed to be undergoing a *fluffening*. Curling at the tips, the length of it all embodied a much greater softness than it normally did, almost like the wool of a sheep. The shade of blue changed as if to add insult to injury here too,

and while it was overall an icier blue, the contrast was much brighter near the tips.

With the fluffy quota atop her head amplifying and even her ahoge growing more ample, something began to emerge painlessly from the back of her skull. Well, some *things*. Hard as bone, a black point protruded from either side of her skull's peak, density and thickness increasing as this point drew farther out from her head and curved behind her. Red streaks decorated what was clearly a pair of goat-like horns, speaking to the fact that Lyria wasn't human. At least not fully.

But had she ever been?

“*Mm...*” As she raised a finger to her lower lip in thought, she remained oblivious to an increased girth to her figure. Her breasts, tiny as they were, suddenly stretched the latex that encapsuled them, their sizing evidently jumping several cup sized until a pair of C-cups could readily be made out beneath the stocking, the points of her nipples even clearer.

Despite it all, she couldn't help but continue to look sadly down at the scattered papers. *It's going to be such a time loss to pick these all up. But these aren't my papers... Er, they are? Why does my mind keep wandering that way?* Her new personality largely dominant, it was these final moments of mental wrestling that allowed her physical transformation the time to complete.

The bushiness of her pubic hairs increased as the same blue that had swept through her hair took root. Not that one could see as much with her body stocking in the way. What could be perceived was how the latex around her thighs was stretching, additional fat finding them shapelier in a *very* engrossing way. Her hips had no choice but to widen as a result, nor did her cheeks have any say in how they inflated, forcing said stocking to wedge into the crack of these ample, swollen cheeks.

Letting a breathy sigh escape her lips, *Ganyu*, the secretary of Liyue, sported a downcast expression as she gazed upon the papers scattered across the floor. Had a breeze made them tumble? She couldn't fathom how else it might have occurred, not at all recalling the fact that she had bumped into them through her own



clumsiness during a rather distressing transformation.

“It’s going to take me forever to sort through these…” Yet, ‘forever’ was not a concept all that daunting for a woman of her biology. Her horns were not for show – she was a half-blooded adeptus that had already lived for thousands of years and would continue to live for thousands more. What was actually much more pressing were her other duties around Liyue, busy as the secretary of the Liyue Qixing made things be.

Before she could attend to any of that, much less address the pile of paperwork on the floor before her, however? There was something that must be done. An obligation. A requirement. A task that she could not refute regardless of how much time and effort she spent trying to resist. Ganyu’s eyes heavy, she stumbled over to the chair behind the desk and allowed her body to collapse into it.

Around lunch time every day, without fail, *she took a nap.*

It hadn’t even crossed her mind that she was only half dressed, although the rest of her outfit was hanging on the back of her office door along with her Cryo Vision.

Concern for her job could be saved for after she had rested. And with that in mind? Her blue eyes grew heavier and heavier, until they finally closed, and Ganyu drifted into a deep slumber that would subside hours later. By the time she awoke once more, there would be no lingering feelings about a past life, or about being transformed – not that very many of those remained even now. She would simply awaken and continue on as if she were just one of the many cogs rotating in this world: *Teyvat.*

But Ganyu was not alone. There was Barbara of course, the deaconess working in the neighboring nation of Mondstadt across the continent. These two were only two pieces of this story though, not isolated to the duo of Djeeta and Lyria that had been playing cards in the Grandcypher’s cabin.

A tear in the fabric of reality itself had formed, drawing all aboard the airship into its maw and scattering them across this land. *Who* ended up *where* would be a mystery to the lot of them, but despite their feelings of loneliness before their assimilation began, it was untrue that they were truly alone in this realm. In the worst sense of the word, they were all in this together.

They simply didn’t realize as much, nor would they before they saw this place as their home.