

# LIYUE IMPACT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The state city of Ul'Dah was always alive, even in the dark of night. For point of reference: it was currently four in the morning and the markets were still bustling with life, which worked great for the two Miqo'te women that had just gotten in from their latest expedition. Silvia and S'aiya were their names, and they'd become something of a notorious treasure hunting pair as of late.

*Nothing about their trip had been easy.* The point was to explore a shipwreck on the route between Eorzea and Kugane, a very lengthy voyage that took nearly a week there and another week back. Once they'd docked in Horizon, even, they'd caught a carriage directly to the state capital. Because what they'd found was a pair of somethings they needed examined as soon as possible. Every minute the valuable was in their hands was a minute of risk, for thieves would readily snatch them from their paws if given the chance.

**“Do you want to grab a bite in a restaurant before we take it to the appraiser? I know you're hungry. You look like you're about to pass out.”** The ruby-haired, feline woman spoke with concern to the brunette dressed in goth attire. She wasn't *actually* a big-titted goth as she presented herself and it was something of a curse that had been inflicted upon her, but maybe that was a tale better saved for *another* time.

S'aiya, the faux goth in question? She was definitely hungry. She was also *extremely* tired. Between the limited dining and sleeping options on the ship and the carriage ride to Ul'Dah after midnight the moment they'd docked, she felt as if she was at her breaking point. Yet as much as she wanted to say *'let's get food'*, particularly with all the bars and

restaurants in this part of town... **“No, we should get this checked out.”**

*That* response was a little disappointing to Silvia. It weren't as if she wasn't in the exact same situation as her in terms of fatigue, but she *definitely* was not sure how much longer she'd last on an empty stomach. But there was another option! **“Okay! How about this? I'll grab us some fries from that stall over there? Wait here!”** Before S'aiya could protest, Silvia had already darted through the crowd and into a nearby alleyway where the fried food cart typically was.

*...But it wasn't there, much to her disappointment.*

**“Wait, no way!? That was the cheapest place in the market.”** Money was tight, and would be tight until they'd traded in the stash of goodies they'd found on that ship. Silvia was a little more than dejected - as flattened cat ears and a floppy tail implied, she was absolutely mortified. **“I'm starving! I wish I could eat a whole horse!”** She wouldn't eat a *literal* horse though, and it's not like she'd ever have that big of an appetite! Or so she believed...

But something had begun to *shine a bright green* in her pocket. A jade stone dragon that was part of a set (*with the other in S'aiya's pocket at that moment*). It was one of the rare artifacts they were trying to get appraised, the two gems found together on a strange pedestal in the sunken ship itself.

That whole endeavor, actually, had been strange. The ship had born resemblance to those that Kugane sailed, but fundamentally the overall architecture had been different enough. Then there had been the wood it had been fashioned out of: the wood crafter that had been part of their team had never seen it before and he had been very well traveled. It was almost like the ship itself had come from a *different world*.

Silvia certainly hadn't noticed the fact that the gem dragon was shimmering, but as she wandered back towards the crowd there was something she did know: *she was **starving!*** She'd been hungry enough as is, but now she felt so hungry that she was weighing throwing all of her table manners out the window. She really felt like she could eat a whole horse!

But despite her fatigue and hunger, there was also a noticeable, new pep to her step that hadn't been there prior. Like the boundless energy of youth! *...or something*. Perhaps that was selling Silvia a little bit short, since she was by no means *old* even if she *was* an adult. But that energy seemed to come at a cost. She was struck by a haze that rendered her disoriented, and that impeded what her goal had been previously.

That goal? Returning to S'aiya, who was still waiting for her on the street. It should have been as plain as day, but it was almost as if she'd forgotten her treasure hunting partner altogether. There were more important things on her mind: *like food!* Not just eating it either, for a plethora of unconventional recipe ideas popped into her mind. Ul'Dah truly had a very unique ingredient palette!

**“Wait... I’m forgetting something, aren’t I?”** It wasn’t painful, but the woman’s head *was* throbbing. The idea crossed her mind that in all likelihood it was just a side effect from the hunger and fatigue from her trip, but in doing so it almost felt as if she couldn’t even remember where she’d just come from. She’d gone on a trip? Where? But destiny seemed intent on keeping her from this answer as the jingle of a nearby bell stirred her from her thoughts. **“Huh!?”**

It took her by surprise to be sure. It was so close. Behind her!? But turning around yielded no results! Then it jingled again, once again from behind her. A rapid spin once more aaaand *nothing*. **“What’s jingling!?”** The question wasn’t one easily answered, for it could only be addressed by an explanation that was truly bizarre.

*It was the end of her tail.*

Silvia hadn’t even sensed it with her disoriented state of mind, but she’d slowly been losing feeling in her furry, Miqu’te appendage. No longer was it swishing back and forth according to her mood and had become rather limp. The entire length had lightened, the vibrant ruby color of her fur paving way for a bright orange that didn’t quite reach the same heights as the previous color had. But it was all looking much more... two dimensional. Like the skin had been de-boned and flattened until it looked more like a ribbon than a tail.

The situation wasn’t helped by the continued jingling that rang out as she moved, the clear point of sound resonating from a bulbous growth near the tip of her ribbon tail. Where everything else had flattened, that portion of her tail had instead grown thicker, more bulbous, and hollowed itself short of a tiny ball inside that bounced against the walls. Where had once been a fluffy cat tail was now an orange ribbon with a bell attached, which swung around behind her *like* a tail.

This ribbon had to be connected to *something*, however, and that something very clearly wasn’t her tailbone. It had disconnected from her flesh and had bound to the back of her jacket, the fusion seeing more of the ribbon produced from the jacket’s material and forming a neat bow at the back. While this was the first of a very dramatic costume change, one couldn’t ignore just how quickly her *body* had begun to change.

Much like her ruby fur had lost its luster, the hair atop Silvia's head was meeting a similar fate. Well okay, it wasn't becoming an orange ribbon, but it likewise wasn't quite looking like itself. The color had darkened and after a brief spell where the hue had become a dark purple, it then lightened just a tad to a dark but vibrant **blue**. Not *only* that, but the styling of her cut was changing.

Length and natural curls alike diminished, particularly on the sides, and while the hair in the back remained shoulder-length, as if possessed a mysterious force had begun to weave it into a pair of thin braids that looped into one another. Otherwise, her bangs were left rough and what was cut to her chin on the sides of her head curved forward.

**“Woah!?! What’s going on here!?”** The energy she'd been feeling had certainly overcome her earlier fatigue, for the moment her ears popped the woman flailed around like a fool. By the time her hearing had returned Silvia had hardly noticed that it was a little quieter than she was used to... or that she was now hearing from the sides of her head as opposed to the top. Her Miquote ears were gone, and in their place were the rounded ears of a Hyur.

Silv huffed. **“If I didn’t know any better I’d say my voice sounds a little different too. Why do my ears feel so clogged? Must be because I’m starving!”** That certainly wasn't the reason, but in her defense she was *wholly* incapable of properly recognizing her current problem, even as her height plummeted and the health of her skin seemed to find itself rejuvenated while her pigments lightened a little.

The fact that her height was taking a remarkably deep dive downward should have spelled doom for her current costume, and yet there was no *real* malfunction of her outfit even as she ended up dropping four inches down to five foot one. There hadn't been any malfunction, but there had certainly been a shift of aesthetic.

In terms of her jacket, it was never too big for her because the material had collapsed against her body so quickly. Material both thinned and lightened, blacks replaced by a brown front with a traditional yellow collar as sleeves unraveled into obscurity. It looked less and less like a jacket and more like a short cut China dress with slits over the hips. It revealed a little of Silvia's cleavage, and yet as the cloth had compressed against her tits they'd found themselves shrunken in size, at the benefit of a newly bestowed perkiness. Like she'd returned to her teen years.

But really, they weren't *her* teen years anymore.

As for her pants? There wasn't really much left as the material slid downward, showing off thighs that lost girth in exchange for youthful elasticity. Interestingly her hips did not shrink, which gave her a rather wide gait for a girl of her supposed age, and once pants had regressed past her knees the right one found a bandage slapped across it - nursing a wound Silvia couldn't remember obtaining even if it *was* just a scratch. And on the left leg? A red rope was accessorized around her thigh, squeezing down on her firm but strangely muscular (*for their size*) flesh.

All that remained of Silvia's boots were a pair of oriental shoes that were comfortable but lacked much in the way of padding. They seemed to be meant for exploration and climbing rather than day-to-day travel, which made sense when factoring in how grossly calloused her feet and hands had grown.

**“Uhm... Hey! Wasn't I supposed to meet up with Keqing?”** Was she? In fact she couldn't even identify who that was in her memories, so where had the name come from? She hadn't realized it, but both her thoughts and spoken words were being communicated in a language that would have been Chinese by real world standards, so everything spoken by the Eorzeans in the street outside now sounded like a foreign language to Silvling.

The final foray of changes made a sweeping declaration upon the girl's face, reshaping its structure to match that of a faraway land uncharted by anyone in the world, for it had only just appeared thanks to the dragon idol that had fallen from her pocket and onto the ground as her clothing had reshaped. Her cheeks had grown puffier and eyes, now gold, wider by design, but more angular in the corners. A tiny nose wriggled as it absorbed the scents of the nearby restaurants, and while her mind raced her tummy rumbled with need.

**“AGH! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!  
KEQIIING! I'm gonna eat!”**

Xiangling, Liyue native chef and food enthusiast, bolted from the alley after picking up the jade dragon she'd dropped. She had no doubt her traveling companion would find her, so she needed to save her a bite or two! ...Which might have been harder than it sounded considering her appetite.

---

Rewinding back to before the jade dragon had lit up, S'aiya was leaning against the wall of an alley of her own choosing as she waiting for Silvia to return with her fried potato bounty. She'd been too slow to stop the woman, but now that there was a promise of food she couldn't exactly

say no. Which just left her mind to wander to the appraisal meeting they had coming up. When it came to haggling on value, Silvia wasn't as adept as her but even then... S'aiya knew she *wasn't* the best either.

It would have been better if... **“I wish I was better at negotiations.”**, she'd sighed aloud. She wasn't the most personable of people which meant she always had a hard time during important discussions, so it was something of an object on her skill wish list. It was particularly difficult considering her current goth curse, which often led those that she was conversing with to stare at her body instead of listening to what she was saying. Even Silvia had been guilty of *that*.

It was then unfortunate that the small, jade dragon that was stashed within the hidden pocket of her ruffled skirt had responded to her wish much like Silvia's own was hers at that very moment: with maximum monkey paw cursing. The dragons had a purpose, and that purpose was to establish the kingdom of Liyue in this world by creating envoys out of those they cursed. Silvia and S'aiya's desires had been mangled to give them new forms and personalities to better represent Liyue's culture and give it life in a strange, unknown world.

Far across the sea, the moment these two women had inadvertently made their wishes, the island itself had risen. It just needed *occupants*.

S'aiya's Miqu'te cat ears twitched as if reacting to something, yet the dragon was held in a pocket so dark that its light couldn't possibly make itself known to her. They seemed to twitch a little too much unprompted, which in turn provoked her to reach a hand up to steady them. Normally they did move around in response to noise but this seemed a little... odd. But in the end she stopped short of touching them. In fact, **something** deep down made her wonder why she'd even thought her ears were on top of her head in the first place.

No sooner than this thought had crossed her mind did a sudden deafness strike her. It was an uncanny feeling that sent a chill up her spine, for she always worried when she was disoriented. Having grown up on the street? It had a tendency to make you uneasy when you didn't have the means to ascertain everything happening around you.

This deafness lingered for roughly twenty seconds, and during that time something extremely peculiar consumed her ears. Hair. A sleek **purple** in color, it did not merely *dye* the fur on her ears but filled them entirely as the cartilage that composed them separated into new hairs of their own. They grew still and lifeless for they were no longer ears but instead two cat-ear shaped chunks of hair, stylized that way with intent as they swept into the length that cascaded down her back.



...Which was now all *very* purple. Much like with Silvia's hair it had found itself straightened as it was dyed, yet *unlike* that instance the cut hadn't shrunk at all. In fact as hair that was once brown with black streaks became that consistent shade of mauve, the luscious length of it all fell as far down as her as despite its usual, shoulder-length styling.

The ability to hear returned, but naturally not from atop the woman's head. It was on the sides that she could now register sound from - a pair of Hyur ears to suggest she was no longer a member of the feline race. As if to make this a certainty, her tail had all but regressed into an absence of existence in the interim.

S'aiya was understandably jarred. **“What's going on here? Did I piss off a demon? A God? ...No.”** She had no reason to doubt the miracles a bon-a-fide God might have been capable of, but something deep down gargled up resistance to that thought. It was more of a rejection of Gods on a fundamental level, almost like she had firsthand experience that the woman certainly shouldn't have had.

Her voice was lighter now, but it felt a little stiffer in delivery than it was even typically. S'aiya was blunt and straight to the point -- nothing had changed there. But in the manner of speaking? It seemed a little too *formal* considering her upbringing. Almost like she'd had a proper childhood instead of living every day as if her very survival depended on it.

Lashes fluttered with renewed volume that was far more natural than the mascara-ridden display she'd been sporting just moment before - yet this was only possible because it seemed all of the black makeup had been wiped from her face to leave it clean and clear. This allowed the fact that her natural tan was waning to shine, but also paid tribute to how her facial features were softening.

Stern, purple brows were scrunched up at the unusual feelings that were plaguing her body, magenta eyes more vibrant than her steely hair piercing in contrast from their usual blue as she tried her best to cope with the disorientation. Lips, now pink once more, were pursed with exasperation as her ethnicity was clearly altered to match the people of Liyue. Or that was to say by our standards, everything about her face suggested she was Chinese, and a real beauty to boot.

But much as Silvia wasn't destined to remain as an adult, S'aiya had been left to suffer the same fate. She began to shrink, resting at about five foot two down from five foot five by the time it was all said and done. Her flesh had taken on a more youthful glow, with dainty fingers free of any real blemish. In fact her entire body had become blemish-free, it

was if she was a porcelain doll. But that was merely the appearance she was expected to have considering her position.

Which was... *what again?*

Again, her clothing situation remained stable. Shrinking or no, her attire had come to shrink along with it; however the gothic styling was essentially discarded entirely as it reformed to better suit the identity of her reborn self. The lace of her crop top snuck down to meet her skirt, threads intertwining with one another to become a single piece dress as the blacks brightened to various effect. Her ruffled skirt became a layered piece with white ruffles beneath purple.

The dress was sleeveless and the cloth around her bust puffed up, putting on display the fact that she had only shrunk a size or two and retained a profound chest despite her shrunken height. A floral choker found itself wrapped around her neck, just barely peeking out beneath the collar that caressed her neckline.

Her thigh highs went above and beyond the call of duty as they fused into a pair of proper tights, black still remaining even though they did become translucent in a very eye catching way. It left the curves of her legs exposed even though they were covered, and a gentle breeze lifting up her short skirt would easily show off the tight, little butt it was concealing. Ornate patterns spread across the latex coating her legs, with matching symbols decorating not only her bust but the purple overcoat that hung beneath it. Accessories galore only added to the given impression that she had become someone important.

*And she certainly was.*

S'aiya's wish had been granted. When it came to negotiating and leading she felt more confident than she ever had before. Considering her role as the Yuheng, one of the leaders of Liyue, this was to be expected. **"Something is wrong here. I feel like I've gotten off course."** No mind was paid to the fact that she was now speaking in Chinese as well. The language barrier between herself and the people here would certainly be a problem with her goal of forging a prosperous relationship between Eorzea and Liyue. Gloved fingers stroked her delicate chin, but her line of thought was disturbed by the sound of a familiar voice calling over the crowd.

**"AGH! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!  
KEQIIING! I'm gonna eat!"**



She recognized that voice. She also recognized the name ‘**Keqing**’. After all, that was the name she had been given at birth. A beautiful name for a powerful girl that would fulfill the role of Yuheng even though she was only eighteen. But that voice was another issue. With a single step, Keqing suddenly disappeared in a burst of electricity, jade dragon still housed in her outfit.

The next she appeared as if from thin air, she found herself standing beside another Liyue girl. *Xiangling*. She was a little younger than Keqing but was certainly a girl of great reputation. An invaluable cook and adventurer, the little chef had offered her services on this expedition presumably so she could try the foods of foreign lands.

That presumption came from the fact that the girl was currently stuffing her face at a restaurant bar, Keqing glancing down at her defeatedly. “**Xiangling...**” A scolding certainly would have been appropriate, but before she could do so her own tummy rumbled and Xiangling gave a cocky smirk in response. Saved by the bell! “**How did you even order that? We can’t speak their language.**” They had a meeting with Ul’Dah’s sultana at the crack of dawn and the night was already almost over. Perhaps a quick meal break was warranted?

“**Why? D’ya want some Keqing!?**” Of course Xiangling knew the answer, but she wanted to hear it. After all, Keqing was pretty cute when she wasn’t being assertive! And lo and behold, the mighty Yuheng looked off bashfully to the side.

“**Would... that be too much trouble?**”

“**NOPE! LET’S EAT!**”