

# TEYVATTA HERE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Isn’t it just a piece of junk?”**

**“Don’t be like that, Luna. I was told they’re rare artifacts from another civilization!”**

The two voices that were speaking sounded to be at odds with one another over an object that one of them had brought back to the cabin they were using outside of Ul’dah. It was certainly a *small* cabin, which was unfortunate because the two of them were both of taller races. The one complaining about the purchase, L’luna, was a white-haired Viera – and Viera women were known to be notoriously tall.

On the other hand, the other woman? As a Highlander Hyur, Riyha was a rather large woman. Nowhere near as tall as the Viera, but when it came to muscle mass? She certainly outshined her friend in that area. While they *were* disagreeing though, that wasn’t to say they had a strained relationship. Luna could be rude and standoffish, but it was more of a self-defense mechanism than anything. Meanwhile, the Hyur was carefree enough that Luna’s personality didn’t bother her.

Well, sometimes it could be annoying. But she’d tell her off whenever *that* was the case.

The objects over which they were arguing over were on a table between the two of them. A pair of gems – one icy blue, and one a pale green – with uncanny markings upon them. On the blue gem, the white marks were almost reminiscent of ice and snow. On the green? They were spread out as if they were a pair of wings. **“I bet they aren’t even authentic.”**



**“They are! The merchant said you could appraise ‘em by looking at the sun through ‘em! Why not take one outside and have a look?”** Riyha was adamantly pushing back against her companion’s dissatisfaction. In fact, since the two of them were so close that it seemed likely they were romantically involved on the side, you could say that she knew Luna well enough to have expected she would make these arguments in the first place. That’s why she’d had the explanation prepared, and why she gave a smile and a wink while giving it.

Luna rolled her eyes and exhaled, grabbing the round, green gem from the table and storming outside to the sound of Riyha yelling **“I’ll say I told you so when you come back in!”** behind her. That certainly *didn’t* help with her mood. But Luna *did* smirk to herself a little after stepping into the sun. She appreciated the Hyur for how she always pushed back against her attitude, even if she wasn’t keen on expressing that.

**“How the hell do you appraise an ancient gemstone with the sunlight?”** ...Only for her to realize that Riyha’s explanation had one big, gaping hole in it. What would sunlight even *prove!*? Maybe she’d be the one saying *‘I told you so’* after all? Luna decided she wouldn’t feel right if she didn’t at least *try* it though, and so she raised the gem up between her right eye and the sun. The light that filtered through was certainly bright, but... **“Huh!?”**

She’d felt it. The stone was still whole, but something had erupted from it. Something invisible, that had in turn passed into her body, leaving the woman to feel rather *strange*. **“I’m going to assume that wasn’t a gemstone appraisal technique. Did Riha even try this herself?”** Maybe the material the gem was made of didn’t play nice with sunlight, and as a result she had received something akin to a static shock? That’s what she was *hoping*, anyways.

Static shocks didn’t exactly have the tendency to cause highlights to appear in one’s hair though, did they? Not that the proud Viera was in any position to really notice them. But they were there, and they were of

a soft green color. It was a color that didn't mesh at *all* with her natural white, which might as well have been for the best because... those *weren't* highlights. They might have appeared that way a first, but with no shortage of haste the color swept through every strand of hair upon her body in its entirety so that not a single speckle of white remained.

This was *just* as true of the fur that lined her fuzzy, Viera ears. With the lighter shade replacing the white, a darker green settled in upon tips that were traditionally a little darker. “**Ugh, I need to go ask Gan—Rihya if I did it right, I suppose.**” Well *that* had been strange! How had she almost managed to refer to her friend by the wrong name? The fact that she was able to dwell on this was at least indicative of the truth that she had yet to realize that anything was awry with her body.

Looking at her green-touched ears, mind you, it wasn't a phenomenon that was keen on stopping with a little splash of color. Those ears had begun to droop downwards naturally, even though ever since birth Luna's ears had been perky and upwards pointing. Lower and lower they fell, until they flattened against the sides of her head – but they also shortened as well. They almost seemed to blend in with her hair by this juncture, which was certainly helped by the style shortening to her shoulders at the sides while inheriting a choppy look, all while it remained, and even grew longer, in the direct back.

In terms of palette, it really *seemed* like someone had taken her and decided ‘*what would she look like if she had a P2 color scheme?*’. It hadn't stopped at her hair, and a reddish amber found her eyes. Much more obvious, and debatably pressing, was the color of her skin though. Luna always had white spots beneath her eyes, freckles that resembled the stars in the night sky, and yet those freckles became less clear as the tanned flesh beneath them appeared to lighten. And lighten. And lighten some more. Until her skin was alabaster, almost as porcelain as the skin of a doll.

And *that* was a change that would be simple for her to notice. “**...Hm?**” The woman had begun to move indoors once more, when a swinging arm caught her attention in the corner of her eye. “**What... happened to my skin!?**” Making matters worse, there had even been a crack in her voice that had temporarily made it sound *much* higher, although it would become the norm before long.

Wait, *was* there something wrong with her skin? Luna found herself squinting at the arm in question, partially because something deep down was telling her that there was nothing wrong. And in another part? Because her vision had very suddenly become *super* blurry. She had never needed glasses before, and yet she haphazardly reached up to

push an invisible pair up, as if her mind believed she should have had some adorned.

**“This is strange...”** With each crack of her voice her words sounded softer, and yet while she was confused? Something within felt inspired by this confusion. Great minds deserved to be challenged, didn’t they!? ...But since when, even with all of her arrogance, had Luna ever thought of her *mind* like that? **“Whoa!?”**

Any interest in analysis, no matter how strangely desired, was put on the backburner once Luna’s balance was set off-kilter. Arms reached out to the sides to balance herself, but in doing so they helped reveal the cause of her brain’s difficulties. Her imposing Viera height was rapidly unwinding, with limbs and torso shortening so that the jewelry on her arms slid off and her thigh high boots had little choice but to dig into her pelvis. For a Viera woman this loss was *excessive*, bringing her down to a paltry 5’2” despite once being over 6’ tall.

Instead of focusing *on* that loss, mind you, Luna appeared to take issue with the wrong aspect of it altogether. **“What!? Why don’t my clothes fit all of a sudden!?”** Could she not *recognize* that she had shrunk? That certainly appeared to be the case, no matter how unbelievable. And that went double for the fact that her well-endowed figure was walking the same path.

Paled breasts, while remaining perky, still regressed to what was most plausibly comparable to a pair of B-cups so that her dress’ front sat fairly flat. While farther down? Her ass and thighs deflated so that they weren’t *excessively* abundant for a *girl* of her age. And she most certainly more closely resembled a girl – or at least someone in their late teens – than a woman of her age should have. But then again? She wouldn’t have been able to recall her old age no matter how hard she tried.

From her perspective it felt like the wind had rustled through the air for just a moment. **“Oh, that’s better.”** And in doing so, it had solved her complaints about her outfit. That was because what she had been wearing had been all but replaced by an ensemble of blue, white, gold, and gray – fashioned to show off the plumpness of her thighs and not much else. But at least it came with a cute hat?

**“Hm? Why am I outside? Surely I have things to attend to indoors?”** *Sucrose* felt uncertain about a number of things, but if time wore on she became decreasingly concerned about them. In a way she felt like she had just woken up from a terribly long nap, but she also felt strangely *frisky*. No doubt it was a side effect of literally having her flesh repurposed, and the residual effects had left her to be just a tad horny.

Now, Sucrose certainly was no horndog (*even if she had the ears for it*), but her experimental instincts as an alchemist could certainly prompt her into exploring new, unique scenarios of the sexual persuasion. From what she could recall, she had been brought to this world from her home world of Teyvat along with another, and was in the process of researching the surrounding world to make end's meat for the time being. There was still a part of herself that was Luna, but in the end that part of her equated to little more than a voice in the back of her mind that could do little other than experience the new life that had been laid out for her.



She had no questions at all.

“So I suppose my next order of business should be to consult with *her...*”



When Luna had gone outside with the green gemstone, Riyha had naturally been left inside with the ice blue one. “**That was how they’d told me to check, right?**” Come to think of it, she never *had* run the test herself. But hell, she had the blue gem right in front of her, and there was a little bit of sunlight that filtered in through a hole in the roof above her. So why not try it herself while Luna was doing it outside?

After getting up from where she had been sitting, the Hyur woman did just that, carrying the rock over to where sunlight filtered down from above. She held it up and looked through it with her left eye. It was bright, but she really couldn’t remember how this was supposed to help? Strangely enough, the stone had felt *very* cold for but a moment. As if to speak to the icy decal that was etched into it with white, perhaps?

Riyha shrugged. Unlike Luna, she was much more likely to dismiss things like that as coincidences. Because she was so carefree, she wasn't the sort that would worry about things that were outside of her control. At least not typically. Had she noticed initially that something was wrong with her body, she most certainly would have dropped that carefree persona on a dime.

But it was happening in places that weren't easy to notice, like in her *face*. In fact, while Riyha normally had something of a princely disposition conveyed through her facial features, that disposition was rapidly diminishing. This came about because her face had begun to appear... smaller? A narrowed chin paired with rounder cheeks certainly gave off that impression, as did a shrunken nose and bigger eyes. What was strangest about her face, mind you, wasn't really *any* of that. The *shapes* of her eyes were what stuck out most, for they had become flatter vertically with more upturned eyelids. Something indicative of hailing from a different region of the world.

Or perhaps a different *world* altogether?

The tattoo on the left side of the Highlander's face soon faded, and in tandem with what appeared to be a rather dramatic shift in color for her hair. An icy blue not unlike that within the gemstone she had set back down on the table slithered through her multi-colored hairdo, and as the color changed so did its quality. This hair became softer, fluffier, *longer*. Much, *much* longer, so that it fell down to her rear end behind her. On the top of her head it looked as soft as a sheep's, particularly at shaggier sides.

But why did Riyha herself not notice such a dramatic change to her person? Surely one could feel the weight of their hair changing? She most certainly *should* have, but much like what L'luna had struggled with, her ability to do so was being dramatically impeded.

So much so, in fact, that she once felt minorly inconvenienced once her height began to dip? "...**Hm? I something *wrong*?**" A crack in her own voice revealed a soft but gentle sound, almost melodic compared to a voice that was usually much coarser. It better suited a face that was much demurer, as well as a body that shrank down to about 5'2". Wide pants were left to fall from her hips, and her coat ultimately functioned more akin to a heavy blanket what with how her arms had been consumed.

She wasn't *just* shorter, mind you. The woman's apparent muscle mass had left her, leaving limbs much stringier by default. This went double for her stomach, and yet while Riyha's *perceived* strength seemed to be

lost, in truth she was actually even stronger than she had been before. Something about her physique was no longer mortal, hard as that may have been to believe with her current appearance. And yet the protrusions that erupted from beneath the fluffy locks of her hair – a pair of dark red horns that curved backwards – revealed that there truly was something supernatural about her presence. They were not the horns of an Au Ra, after all. And her ears still persisted.

It went without saying that a shrunken form included shrunken curves, and breasts and hips alike diminished to better match her lessened stature. While breasts remained sizable and perky at an early C-cupping, they didn't hold the same weight that their original size had. On the other hand, with hips narrowed some her thighs and ass seemed to be much more pronounced, pushing out the back of her jacket. **“Why am I idling around? Is... there an issue with that?”**

The woman felt inspired to be productive out of nowhere, and that feeling stood to contradict her typical, laid-back nature. Since when had Riyha cared so much about busywork? She *really* couldn't recall, but it didn't change how she felt now. Perhaps it was unrelated, but around the same time that this mental shift had taken, the color of her eyes had transformed towards a purply red that shimmered like a pair of gems of her own when all was said and done.

All that was left of herself, really, was her tanned skin tone. And even *that* abandoned her, for it all lightened in patches that grew and mended together, ultimately dying her skin pale and her nipples pink. Her skin by this juncture seemed to be almost as soft as her hair aesthetically, like she took a great deal of care when it came to her beauty. Or as if she were some sort of supernatural being that was just naturally so pleasing aesthetically.

Her head tilted to the side slightly once a chilly wind seemed to whoosh past her. Was these a draft in the cabin? Nonetheless, its purpose had been to remove her old outfit and grant her one more befitting of her new identity. A black, sleeveless body stocking was pulled tight across her, accentuating the subtle curvature of her form while highlighting her plump thighs with ornate trim. A golden bell dangled from her neck, and detached sleeves of white and blue matched an open dress of Chinese design that left her breasts bare short of the body sock.

Whether or not she was mortal, the woman placed a gloved hand on her hip, crossing legs as tiny, heeled shoes clacked against the floorboards. It really wasn't like her to lazy about like this! *No... Her old self was... Her... old self?*

“Why...? What just happened to me? I’m... I’m not myself.” Unlike in Sucrose’s case, in the case of the half-Qilin, *Ganyu*, she had retained much more of her old self’s memory by the time her physical transformation had reached completion. That said, her personality had changed, and so she was just as soft-spoken and serious as Ganyu truly was. She could tell that she had been someone else, but she also understood who she was now. So long as she didn’t become distracted—



“***HYEH!?***”

Unfortunately, the fates themselves seemed to have a plan to make sure she *would* become distracted. For a pair of hands had gripped her *very* sensitive horns from behind, provoking the blue-haired woman to bound forward several steps to escape their grasp. “***Ganyuuuu?***”

Who was...? Oh! According to her new memories, she was staying with another woman from Teyvat? A furry-eared woman name Sucrose, who worked as an alchemist. And spinning around, she could see that this was in fact who had touched her. “***If you wouldn’t mind, could we run some tests?***”

The alchemist’s cheeks were burning red, and admittedly? Ganyu felt the same. Sensitive. Frisky. While she normally wouldn’t catch on to such a comment, she could tell that the glasses girl was asking her to partake in physical intimacy. Her desire to reciprocate was slowly overwhelming what she had just told herself to do: to remember who she once was.

And by the time Sucrose had taken her into her embrace and their lips had locked? *She had all but forgotten.*