

LIYUE BABES

BIWEEKLY STORY #65

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Aether didn't understand what had just happened.

The last he knew, he'd finally been reunited with his long, lost sister, only for her to turn her back on him. It appeared that they stood on opposing sides of some sort of conflict, but the young man didn't really understand what she had meant by her cryptic words. He'd pursued her through the portal she had jumped through, but on the other side?

He'd found himself in Liyue in the dead of night, Paimon completely absent from his side. **“How in the name of the Archons did I...?”** Well, he had stepped through a portal, had he not? So ending up in Liyue wasn't all that strange. What really struck him, however, was the fact that it was night time. The domain where he had found his sister had been one he'd entered during the morning, and there was no way a full day had past.

Had that been a regular portal, this *couldn't* be the case.

What Aether didn't realize that while this was Liyue, it wasn't *his* Liyue. He'd crossed over into a parallel world, one where his sister Lumine was the protagonist and clashed with an antagonistic Aether of her own. So where in this world was there a place for an Aether in a protagonist role? There *wasn't* a place. And so he was in desperate need of a role reassignment.

“This is Yujing Terrace, isn't it? Even this late, it's rare to find it so quiet...” The terrace was where the Liyue Qixing gathered and was something of a political epicenter for all of Liyue Harbor. That meant that there were typically people coming and going at all times of the day.

On the streets now, however? It was only him. **“Well, I suppose I can get back to business then...”**

For a brief moment, he hadn't thought all that much about it. But once he had? **“Huh? What business am I talking about? Where's Paimon, come to think of it?”** *That cute, little thing is always with the Traveler!* **“...No, something is wrong here.”** Why had he thought about 'the Traveler' as if they were someone separate from himself?

As he pondered the error of his thoughts, a peculiarity that fell in line with his paranoia had begun to sweep through his body. Aether did not belong here, in this world. Which meant he had become a singularity that required the timeline's attention to maintain order. It began by seeing white streaks dance among his mane of gold, dramatically paler than what his natural hair color *should* have been.

The center of the boy's bangs parted and swept to either side, while on the sides? His hair began to hang longer, dangling past his shoulders in all of its whiter color. Straightness claimed this mane in general, removing the messy curls that saw the styling typical fluff in random directions at times, while in the back his long braid had no choice but to unravel as the quality of his hair itself thickened, busting the tie at the end and dangling even longer to his feet.

This new hairstyle? It was actually quite familiar. Aether had involved himself in plenty of dealings with a woman who wore her hair exactly like this. In *extremely* related news, his face was beginning to resemble hers as well. It began with his eyes, the gentle gold of his irises promptly set ablaze with a red that quickly overwhelmed all else.

The sudden shift prompted him to squint a moment, but once he released that squint it was evident that his eyes had narrowed, taking a much more Eastern shape that had him look much more at home on the streets of Liyue. **“This pressure...? Why do I feel so...?”** The Traveler could feel it now, something weighing down on him. Difficult to describe, it almost felt spiritual in a sense. Was it some manner of curse?

No, I feel great! Surely this is a blessing~!

His own thoughts cooed at him as if to bring reassurance, but Aether merely arched a thin, silver brow in response. The boy's resting expression had turned into an involuntary smirk in the meantime, lips plump and coated with a gentle sheen, whereas his nose twitched to setting with a rounder tip. Narrowed eyes looked all the narrower once his cheekbones then lifted, creating the impression that he was a completely different person entirely.

And certainly *not* a man, if his face alone was anything to go by. Had a mirror been present, Aether certainly would have recognized that face – but on the other hand, even if one had been nearby, his body didn't give him pause to examine his face nor hair. He'd suddenly become overwhelmed by the feeling of his spine elongating, and it sure as Abyss was jarring.

“Ngh!? What...!?” Not only his spine, but his arms and legs felt as if they were cracking. Sockets popped briefly only readjust and settle back into place, and Aether was quite fortunate his outfit was already designed to reveal his midriff, else something might have torn in the process of gaining a few inches. Even then, the base of his pants now rested halfway up his shins. **“I'm taller!? Wait... My voice? Why do I sound like... Ningguang?”** His voice had certainly mellowed out while an effeminate coo had worked its way in the pitch. He wasn't wrong about who he sounded like either, except...

Of course I'm Ningguang? Who else would I be?

The boy's thoughts didn't match up with his realizations, and as quickly as he addressed an observation, his mind retconned it as *'the norm'*. All the while, his intellect was sharpening keenly with a focus on economics and politics alike – particularly those relevant to Liyue. Complicated concepts he hadn't grasped prior would now make perfect sense to him were he to consider them.

“Oh!?” While the partitioned lay of Aether's costume had spared him from any tragic wardrobe malfunction thus far, that was quick to change. He'd suddenly found it difficult to breathe as something got in between his lungs and his restrictive half-top. Those somethings? Well... they were *breasts*. Beginning small enough that he hadn't exactly noticed them, the moment they'd become just a bit sizable, his top in all of its tightness had begun to bear down on them, squeezing them with greater intensity as they grew further.

Aether was basically gasping for air by this point, breathing far too difficult as he arched his taller back backwards to try and find a sweet spot for any kind of relief. Fortunately, this angle did help, but only because-

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

His top tore right down the center, opening up like a gift on Christmas morning – the present in question being a pair of D-cup breasts that bounced with elation thanks to their freedom, as the boy leaned forward

and gasped for breath. “**Breasts!? I have...? Why wouldn't I?**” More shocking to him was the fact that he was exposed in the middle of the street? Why would he...? Keeping that in mind, he drew a slender arm across them, well manicured fingers folding over the opposite end.

This almost came undone, for he almost fell moments later. Something had put a kink in his posture and almost sent him for a tumble – said kink being a sharp jump in width around the hip area, one that dramatically altered the resting positions of his legs and popped the front buckle off of his pants.

“**Ngh... When is this going to end?**” It was his pants that felt tight now, thanks to a plethora of fat that expanded his ass and thighs alike. They grew with such greatness that the cheeks of his buns behind him lipped over the waistline of his pants, forming an undeniable display of ass cleavage while tears formed in the fabric of pants that were struggling to contain his generous thighs.

One area of discomfort that was ultimately alleviated was the crushing of his dick, which had been under assault by both his thighs and his pants... for it was reduced to naught, and *her* pussy fit much more comfortably with the landing strip of white pubes nestled above.



With a snap of her fingers, her Geo Vision apparated in her hands, and from it a golden glow saw her worn down outfit change into a much more familiar qipao dress, complete with its fur neckline, gloves, fingernail guards, heels, and even the pin through her hair in the back. An ensemble befitting of a wealthy politician, something she most certainly could recall herself to be.

The still streets of Yujing Terrace suited *Ningguang's* sensibilities quite well. She enjoyed seeing her homeland thrive, but moments of peace were among those that should be cherished as well. “**On that**

note, just why am I out here so late? Mm, is it that time of the month already? She must be paying me a visit, then.” The dead of the night was the best time for rendezvous that some political parties within Liyue might frown upon.

Such as meeting with an attractive pirate, for one.

Lumine didn't understand what had just happened.

The last she knew, she'd finally been reunited with her long, lost brother, only for him to turn his back on her. It appeared that they stood on opposing sides of some sort of conflict, but the young woman didn't really understand what he had meant by his cryptic words. She'd pursued him through the portal he had jumped through, but on the other side?

She'd found herself on the shores of Guyun Stone Forest, a worn rowboat docked against the sand in front of her, Paimon completely absent from her side. **“How in the name of the Archons did I...?”**

By this point, surely, you're noticing some parallels. This was a Lumine from another timeline herself – one where *she* was the Traveler and not her brother. Her experiences up until this point had been similar to his, so it was only natural that she would react similarly. But much like him, she'd been thrust into a parallel world. One that had no use for *her*, either.

Fate itself seemed to be keen on keeping Lumine's nose away from trying to understand her current circumstances, for a sharp pain in her left eye suddenly forced it to jam it shut. **“OUCH!? Where is this pain coming from!?”** It *really* burned for just a moment, but as quickly as the pain had come about, it also faded. When it did, though? Even opening her eyes, all she saw was darkness.

...Because a crimson eyepatch had appeared across it without her realizing.

Red had likewise appeared elsewhere, in her right eye. Ruby overcame her usual yellow, and the same was true of the eye obscured by the patch at the time. In fact, both optical receptors changed in shape, the girlish softness of Lumine's typical gaze forfeited for a sharper look that, passively, gave off the impression that she was staring into your very soul.

“That was weird, but why can't I see out of one eye?” Without even thinking she licked her lips, not realizing they felt dry because there

was just more area across them to moisten. In fact, her lips had been rather pouty by nature from the onset, but now? They were practically double their original size. They gave her face a much more mature look when paired with her eyes, and the sharper hook her nose ended up taking didn't help say anything to the contrary. Raised cheekbones brought a more mature angle to her face, and as a result she appeared more like a woman in her late twenties.

“EEP!?” This impression was solidified not long after, for the girl began to spring up at an alarming rate. Arms, legs, and even her spine were the beneficiaries of a dramatic growth spurt that pulled Lumine's point of view up to an impressive 5'10" standing.

Her dress was not at all prepared for such growth mind you, and the skirt was lifted up her tummy for it was mounted at her shoulders, leaving everything from the hips down exposed. She'd likewise had no choice but to frantically kick off her shoes into the sand, what with her feet swelling along with her hands – hands that possessed longer fingers with nails painted in black.

“How could such a thing ha—happen? Has my voice always been so deep?” *It has, hasn't it? Wait, what was I so worried about just a moment ago?* Her concerns were evaporating just as quickly as she was changing, as made apparent by how nonchalantly Lumine tore the front of her top down the very moment she felt pressure building beneath her bosom. Her breasts bounced free, jiggling wildly as they swelled a trio of cup sizes on the whole, but the action of even ripping her dress with such ease?

It was only possible because her body had grown more muscular, and substantially so. Her gloves, already dishevelled by lengthened arms, were forced to explode into tatters as the muscle mass beneath them doubled the size of either arm, while beneath her soiled dress an eight-pack of abs had made a battlefield of her tummy. This was to say nothing of how her legs rippled with raw strength, but its definition ended up beset with additional volume.

Quite simply because her thighs were growing *much* more ample. The muscle remained, but the way her skin hugged them softened dramatically as a sensual fattiness slid in between the two forced, leaving these thighs taut, round, and tender. Some men would surely enjoy having them wrapped around their heads, perhaps?

Lumine's panties soon felt restrictive, both on the sides *and* in the back. The waistband was stretched wider as the gait of her hips grew several inches; this extra room wholly necessary for what was pulling her panties at the back. The cheeks of her eyes had clearly become inspired

by what both her breasts and thighs had become, at least based on just how toned and round they grew. The rise and fall of these cheeks as she walked would be a spectacle to savor, but for now? She was stuck trying to pick the wedgie created by her panties flossing her crack so intimately.

“Eugh! Why am I wearing this?” It both looked and felt like an outfit designed for a younger maiden. *I would never wear all white like this... would I? No, I certainly wouldn't.* One would be hard pressed to find a *pirate* dressed wholly in white like this, and so without considering it further, she used her ample strength to pull the remaining cloth – eyepatch aside. She felt no shame at exposing herself like this, and in fact felt quite confident in her body as it was.

All that remained of Lumine physically now was her blonde hair, but its color was soiled by a dark brown as hairs frayed here and there, almost like Lumine herself wasn't able to take care of it as often as she might have liked. *Well, sailing the high seas has that effect. There aren't fancy baths nor shampoos on the water!* Not long after its coloring had been fully compromised, it spilled down her back vigorously until it bounced against the peak of her huge ass, with her bangs strewn across the eye wearing the eyepatch.

Instinct provided to her by the forces changing her brought the Liyue pirate to summon her Electro Vision to her hand, and it emitted a strong, purple light that took her naked form and swathed it in fashionable pirate attire. A red, qipao dress overtop a black leotard that left her impressive cleavage on full display, equipped with a fur collar. She likewise ended up wearing fashionable, thigh high boots that were tight enough for said thighs to bulge over, and a pair of fingerless gloves made a match. Otherwise, she was accessorized with golden earrings and several hair pins in the rear that kept some of her long hair bound upward.

Beidou took a swig from her canteen, the sting of alcohol flowing down her throat as she took a step closer to the rowboat. **“Ah! I have no idea why I stopped off on the beach, but if I don't hurry, I'm going to miss my**



date!” There had been a moment where she had felt as if she was forgetting something important, only to recall that she had a meeting with Ningguang late that night. Liyue Harbor was still a way away, but with a little electro speed burst she’d be there in no time! Living as pirates did, Beidou had no need to idle around and worry about things she didn’t understand.

It was best to go full speed ahead!

Incidentally, neither the Ningguang that was once Aether nor the Beidou that was once Lumine were meeting each other. They’d been ejected into completely different timelines altogether. They were meeting the honest to goodness versions of Beidou and Ningguang that existed in either verse, and honestly? It didn’t really matter. It wasn’t like they knew better anyways.

So in the end, all’s well that end’s well?