

KNIGHT RUNNER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had all begun like an average day for the kitsune auspice, Ranka. A day filled with visits – perhaps too many visits – that had led her from place to place over the day’s course. Whether it had been her friend the frog witch, or one of her many other connections, she *did* have to make a point to visit them from time to time in order to keep their relationships fresh in case any favors were ever needed. She *did* like to consider herself to be very powerful, and most would loathe to lose a connection with an individual like that, wouldn’t they?

“Ah, ah. Perhaps I should visit a café? Take a break for the rest of the day?” While Ranka was many things, one of the things that she most certainly *wasn’t* was humble. It often got her in trouble when dealing with the weak yet stubborn, as they seldom took kindly to the overwhelming arrogance that permeated throughout her words, tone, and demeanor.

As far as Ranka saw it at times, she was absolutely *untouchable*. Once you reached a certain level of power, and your magics a certain level of potency, it became easy enough to believe that you were indestructible. But on the other hand, to believe that was to be ignorant towards the fact that there were not only higher powers, but also beings grander than you from different worlds altogether.

Not that she had yet to meet one. *But that didn’t mean one wasn’t observing her, even now.*

Visiting a relatively modern locale, the kitsune had planned on crossing the street to a café that she frequented. Surely she could warp there, but they would raise an eye from the perception of the normies – and so

walking was often her preferred manner of travel throughout these busy areas. She *naturally* waited for the walk signal to come up before crossing, and yet? Barreling down the street was a large vehicle. A truck, or as some might say, a *Truck-kun*. It was poised to strike the kitsune out of nowhere, but with a wave of her hand she stopped it with some magic... which in turn sent some contents from the back flying towards her instead.

A mirror that had crashed and broken on the street just inches from where she had been standing. “**A close encounter indeed, but not one I am incapable of handling.**” Cocky as always, she had turned away from the broken mirror just as it had begun to glow. And the next she realized? She was not on that familiar, city street.

She was somewhere else entirely.



Crimson eyes squinted at the morning light that filtered in through nearby windows that spanned an entire wall. In the world she had *just* been in, it had been evening, but there was no denying now that the glow in this place was from just after the break of dawn. Which, naturally, upset Ranka terribly. This whole thing did for reasons that, knowing her personality, were likely incredibly obvious.

“**Who sent me here? Me? Using what power? I didn’t feel any magic!**” The more she looked around, the more it looked like she was in the bedroom of an apartment. Albeit one that was in a place far less advanced than the one she had been in moments prior. It was almost like a cute country cottage in terms of the furniture within, with what looked like a maid costume dangling on the back of the door (*although one with armor for some reason*).

The *where* didn’t matter as much as the *how* and *why*, though. For her of all people to be transported, it must have been intentional. What were the odds that she had been caught up in something intended for someone else? Well, not *zero*, but when you had an ego of Ranka’s size, *main character syndrome* was bound to rub off in some form or

another. Since she hadn't witnessed the mirror glow, though, she didn't realize it had been the cause.

While bizarre, she actually *had* been on the right track, however. The trap had been intended for her. A goddess from this world had been observing her and abducted her with a purpose. Instability had arisen within this place, and powerful individuals were necessary to mend the cracks. Not by borrowing those powers, mind you. Rather, those powers would be siphoned and turned against the wielders so that the wielder herself would become the glue.

One of the residents that had suddenly gone missing due to the instability, that is.

“Why can't I transport elsewhere!? What is going on with *my* powers? *My* powers!?” The fox woman was already plenty irate because she had essentially been kidnapped, but her agitation grew all the more potent once she realized that none of her attempts to rectify the situation amounted to much of anything. She couldn't conjure any of her abilities whatsoever. Had she been nerfed? By whom? The fact that there was clearly someone else pulling the strings rattled her to her very core, and the uncanny helplessness she felt certainly didn't help with things.

A realization *did* eventually dawn upon her though. One that did little to improve her mood. **“Wait, how did I warp before? The process, the feeling... I cannot recall!?”** Despite the fact that she had done it so much in the past, it was like a lapse in her memory had formed where that knowledge had once been. Not just that ability though, but it spread to every spell she had ever cast. Knowledge that absolutely *should* have been there was absent. Techniques she had spent her terribly long life honing? Nowhere to be found. **“Who on *Teyvat* could— Wait, *Teyvat*? Where did I...?”**

Teyvat was the name of the world that she presently found herself in, and while the fact that it had a name wasn't all that surprising, well... There was an aspect about this that didn't sit right with the kitsune, and for a good reason to boot. She didn't just appear in other worlds for the first time and know everything about it. Even something as simple as the *name* of the world? She had to hear it from someone who lived there.

And not only had she never been to this world before, but she had yet to speak to anyone.

So where had that knowledge come from?

“Something is affecting my mind. I need to resist it! Put up walls!” Had she noticed sooner, then she absolutely could have fortified her mind with a magic-based defense technique. Yet it had come too little, too late in this case, and the damage had already been done. She couldn’t remember how to pull off a technique like that, much less recall ever having known one. The ‘reinforcement’ that she spoke of was merely a steeling of her will. Because she couldn’t *use Geo* on her mind.

If only this had been merely a matter of her mind, then perhaps this wouldn’t have been *that* bad. It would have still been terribly actually, but the truth was there was an element to it all that was *physical*, and that really made it all the worse. With any knowledge of magic or her amazing powers dispersed, there really was no need for her to present herself as a fox auspice any longer, was there? To those ends, her fluffy, blonde, vulpine ears gradually dwindled, seemingly absorbed into her hair – only to re-emerge as a pair of more natural, rounded, human ears on the sides of her head.

And that was while speaking nothing of her tails, which all wriggled like worms as they shrunk into an inevitable obscurity.

“My body! My tails!?” She patted her own ass with confusion, searching for any trace of her old power as a... a... *Was I something other than a human? No, I most certainly am not a human! But what else could I be?* With the physical beginning to align with the mental, it became even harder for Ranka to keep herself together. Her inner voice was quickly being drowned out by another. One that was softer, kinder, and yet simultaneously more powerful than who she was *supposed* to be.

Regardless, her body *continued* to change. It affected some regions that were more visual than anything. Her face, for example, was taken from a form that was both slender and beautiful to something rounder and arguably plainer. Her cheeks were rendered fuller, but so too did that apply to lips that also swelled several sizes. Perhaps more notable of these changes were those that saw her eyes both grow and widen, with lashes slightly shorter than how Ranka wore them typically. In the end, her face certainly appeared more Caucasian – if that was even a word in this realm.

In a similar vein, splashes of different colors dyed much of her, from her skin to her eyes, to her hair. With her skin, for example? Her already pale tone paled even further, her fair complexion in the meantime finding itself with the odd blemish here and there. Scars from what looked to be blade wounds decorated her arms, legs, and torso, but at the same time her fingers and feet both became incredibly calloused.

Even the red markings beneath the woman's eyes disappeared, the last remaining sign of her previous identity as it happened.

An emerald green shone among eyes that had one been red, while the blonde of her hair inherited a rich silver that sparkled as the morning light filtered through windows that seemed more and more familiar to the 'fox' the longer time wore on. Even the style of her hairdo changed subtly, growing slightly longer but framing her forehead differently with her bangs so that they were parted on the sides.

“S-So what is happening to... No! I don't talk like this! I-I'm not this meek...?” As much as she tried to refute it, though? She couldn't shake the stutter that came about from a growing anxiety deep within. Her voice was already quieter, and the uncertainty her emotions carried only served to create the growing impression that she was not as confident and arrogant as she had once been. She was somehow... *softer*.

But so was her body. Or at least it was on track to become that way.

It was a little uncanny, actually. For all intents and purposes, she was actually becoming more *muscular*. Her arms, legs, pecs, and abs all tightened and swelled ever so slightly, which when paired with her scars and callouses appeared to suggest she knew how to wield a weapon. She did, in fact. Because all of that lost knowledge about magic? It had been replaced with knowledge of swordplay.

But then came the softness to disguise the strength that she had just earned. It made her flesh appear softer overall, but there was no denying that it was more prominent in some areas than others. Her tummy was among these areas, with a thickness settling into place that gave her a slight, but notable bulge – in turn leaving the depth of her bellybutton to seem even more substantial. This, in part, forced the tightness of her robe to increase, and so Ranka's attention was forced downwards. It wasn't this bulge in her tummy that she saw though, nor that its growth had subtly widened her once slender frame.

The issue was that she couldn't see past her chest, which was, uh, not normal. She wasn't exactly stacked in that area. Or she shouldn't have been. ***“N-Now what? Why am I so... so... big?”*** Presented with a situation where her tits appeared to be getting larger and plumper, the old Ranka probably would have yelled, maybe even cursed since it was through a power that wasn't her own. But she couldn't find the energy to be so crude anymore despite how hard she tried. She could only watch wordlessly as the folds of her top were disheveled, exposing cleavage as her breasts bloated in a similar manner to her tummy, growing to

almost *three* times their regular size and bouncing proudly atop her chest, practically popping out of her clothes entirely.

Jarring as it was, the woman felt confused about whether or not what she was looking at was *unusual*. Was her chest bigger? Or was she overreacting to something? There was of course a voice deep down that was her old self crying out that she should have been flabbergasted by it all, but the new personality and memories had finally reached a point where they had overwhelmed her old self's ability to reason and express that reason.

And so? The changes trooped on, her overall gait still broadening as her once slender physique was compromised by one that was girthier (*yet not in a way that was unappealing in the least*). Her tummy had already swollen, but thankfully the little bump that had been left because of this appeared to at least pull a little tighter as the gait of her hips spread wider.

This was a necessary change that not only did away with any remaining frailty to her form, but also presented her flesh with room to grow in her lower quarters. Such as, for example, her thighs bloating, jiggling with new life as they prodded each other sensually even *with* the added distance between each leg thanks to her hips. This likewise spread to her ass, which was engorged blissfully with the odd dance and jiggle, filling out the back of her pants and become quite grabbable. Its bubble shape held an undeniably appealing aesthetic, one that stretched her lower wear to show off its shape.

Mind you, she now perceived what she was wearing as 'pajamas', somehow. Which ultimately ended up true, as the powers of this place repurposed her clothing into bedwear.

“I... I’m... this isn’t... I couldn’t be... But I am...?” The mental and emotional recoil that had plagued the young woman throughout her transformation had inevitably boiled over, and any faith she had once had in her old identity had all but bubbled away. That isn’t to say that Ranka was gone entirely, but she essentially lived on now as a memory in an ego constructed with completely different memories and an entirely different personality and name. Wouldn’t it be better to live as Noelle? It *felt* better.



Instead of Ranka the kitsune, she was now *Noelle* the maid-knight through and through. Whereas her previous persona had been arrogant and rude, now she was polite, proper, and a little bit shy. The shades of that had all been plenty apparent throughout the course of the transformation she had endured, and this fact was utterly undeniable. Now clad in a simple, white nightgown without any underwear underneath, she finally found herself to feel at peace.

Because this was her apartment, was it not? Why had she been so anxious? Certainly she had been another woman up until this moment, but now that clarity had been restored none of that really mattered. It was first thing in the morning, and she had training to partake in before she had to go on patrol later in the day! **“I suppose I should first shower and then get dressed, however...”** With her voice so soft, she mumbled to herself in a manner that was almost adorable.

Then again, that was the young woman’s entire appeal now.