

KLEE'S COMPANY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Can’t sleep, Io?”

“No, I always have problems when the weather is bad...”

Katalina and Io, both prominent members of the Grandcypher, had met up in a hallway of the airship completely by accident. It was late in the evening, so much so that most of the crew had gone to bed – but choppy winds and the rumbling of thunder had kept a few of them away. The young Io was among them, and she had gotten up to walk around and shake off some of her jitters.

On the other hand, Katalina was merely on patrol as she usually was. The Grandcypher was an incredibly secure ship, but the possibility of stowaways was nonzero. The last thing they needed was to face a thief or, even worse, an assassin unaware. She was an ever-diligent knight, even if she wasn’t exactly a knight in title these days. **“If that’s the case, would you like to accompany me on patrol for a bit? We can check in on the captain and Lyria if you’d like.”** Io had already been headed in that direction, and that hadn’t escaped the knight’s attention.

Io had been on the verge of happily accepting this offer, except...

BOOM!

The Grandcypher shook violently as something rippled through its walls following a strike of lightning and an abnormally loud crash of thunder

outside. Both the girl on the woman fell towards the ground with a cry of surprise, and yet the pair of them? Neither ended up in the same place.



Katalina never hit the floor of the hallway, and that very fact left her utterly disoriented as she found herself staring at four walls and a door in what appeared to be something akin to a holding cell of sorts. There's was a bed and a toilet in the room, and the door clearly had a slot through which food trays could be sent. **“What? Where am...? Io!?”** Just as pressing as her current change in location was the absence of the small girl that had been with her.

Is she really that small though? She's more like a big sister!

That such a thought dared to cross her mind completely took Katalina off guard. Io? A big sister? The gap in their ages was certainly one big enough to be siblings, but under no circumstance should the knight have been thinking of herself as the younger one. **“There's something about this room, too...”** It didn't sit right with her, and not in the way one might expect. It was almost like she knew this place like the back of her hands. Like out of all the marks on the walls, *she could recall making some of them herself.*

“No, that's not possible! I've never been here before in my life.” It was a claim she could have made with much more certainty had she been able to see outside, but the tiny room had no real windows to speak of. But even though she was still so certain in her declaration, something deep down was doubting herself.

In the meantime, Katalina was becoming an unsuspecting victim of the circumstances she had been thrust into. For she had been transported to another world, and that world sought to make her a permanent resident of the land. It was a fate that had befallen her captain and Lyria already,

but of course the knight didn't have an inkling that such a thing had happened.

The earliest indicators were such small aesthetic changes that Katalina could hardly be faulted for not recognizing them. For example, her eyes had begun to swirl with a crimson coloring that was far more vibrant than her usual eye color. They were brighter, and whether the woman had realized or not, she has passively begun to use these eyes in a much more expressive way. She was usually the type to hide her emotions, but no longer.

Differing color had likewise found its way into her hair. Initially beginning with only a few strands that had lit up with glee, the sandy blonde that settled into place jumped from piece to piece, inevitably replacing all of the dark brown strands that Katalina was known for. As if to make things worse though, the cut of the woman's hair changes as well. Everything just past her shoulders was cut free, the loosened excess disappearing while everything that remained became messier and messier like a child's hair might be – a curled ahoge poking up from the top.

"I WANT OUUUUT! ...Huh!?" The woman had felt it bubbling up, but she hadn't expected the words that eventually escaped her lips to be so downright childish. She had screamed with all her might; something she hadn't done since she was a little girl, surely. At the very least it had occurred to her that it was very out of character, but she was powerless to also repress a low whine that hummed out from the back of her throat. And was she *pouting*? ***"What is wrong with meeeee!?"***

Plenty, clearly. For from behind the tufts of messy, sandy blonde hair that now framed her face, a pair of points could be perceived emerging from the sides of her heads. For but a moment they almost looked like extensions of her hair, but that wasn't so. They were slightly pinker, and certainly *fleshier*. They were Katalina's ears, stretched as if something had taken hold of them and pulled them out to the sides. Drawn thinner and thinner near the ends, the cartilage of either ear was ultimately drawn into a point.

They certainly weren't the ears of any human.

Katalina, subconsciously, had begun to move her body about restlessly. Even though there was little in the room, she'd begun to move from point of interest to point of interest, examining them with what could be considered wide-eyed curiosity. Hands touched the bed briefly, but unbeknownst to her, those fingers not only sported chewed nails now, but they were strangely dirty like she'd been digging bare-handed.

“I just can’t sit still! Lyria would laugh at me if she saw me like this... *Eh? Who’s Lyria? Is she a big sister?*” Her bright eyes glossed over after saying this. Wait, no... Lyria was very important! She was... she was... **“*EEP!?*”**

Alarming as this point of confusion was, her transformation seemed keen on preventing her from overthinking things. While trying to recall Lyria, something she couldn’t ignore transpired – and it led to her feeling like she was falling very briefly. But she *wasn’t* falling, and in fact her feet were still planted firmly on the ground. It was simply a case of her point of view dropping at a rather stupendous speed.

“*WHAAAA!?*” The lower her point of view fell, the squeakier her voice became thanks to her vocal chords shrinking along with her. And shrink she *certainly* did. A lady knight that had once been tall and proud, over just twenty seconds or so, had collapsed to the height of a mere child. From her breasts to her ass, all of her womanly curves had been robbed from her just as her muscles were.

Instead, her figure was short and chubby, with a pronounced belly bulge and thick, tiny limbs. The chubbiness was exemplified nowhere more obviously than her face, which had bloated with cute chub in a way that made her cheeks stand out and her eyes appear wider than ever before. Of course, this was all very hard to see considering she was now practically trapped within the steel chest piece of her armor. Everything else had fallen off so naturally, but now she was stuck in the torso segment with no way to get out. **“*Um! Help! I’m stuuuuck!*”**

There was hardly any maturity left to be found in her personality now, actually. She whined like a child, cried like a child, and would stick her nose into trouble like a child. But, strangely enough – she was still a knight according to her memories? A knight that had a very keen understanding of how bombs worked despite her young age.

Fortune shone upon her thankfully, and all of the armor pieces in the holding cell disappeared. The girl, in a flash of light, was instead left in a red dress jacket with long sleeves, tanned gloves, bloomers, and brown boots. A matching, feathered cap rested atop her head, with her ahoge now jutting out to the side from underneath.



Bouncing up and down on her heels, Klee didn't have the foggiest idea of what to do with herself! **"I can't believe Miss Jean locked me up in here again! Just for blowing up someone's dog house! The doggie wasn't even inside, I'm not that mean!"** With a tiny hop, the child nestled her bloomers-covered butt into the raggedly bed behind her with a pout.

This solitary confinement cell at the Knights of Favonius Headquarters might as well have been the young girl's second home! And yet despite being under ten years old, she was still trusted to be a knight herself. **"Well, I think I'm almost free again! It's been three days! Uh... or has it been two!?"** Klee felt like she was going to go *crazy* waiting! That was why, when the door opened, she jumped up with the biggest smile on her face. It was *Mary* Jean!

"AM I FREE!?"

"No, you have one more day. I'm just here to change your sheets."

"AWW..."



While Io and Katalina had ended up in different rooms, in actuality the both of them had actually been accommodated in the very same building. For Io, however, the accommodations were *much* more pleasant. **"Is this a dorm room? How did I even end up here? And when did it become daytime!?"** She had plenty of fair questions to leverage, considering the absurdity of the situation – because as far as she knew she had just been about to crash into the floor of the Grandcypher hall.

This dorm room was nice, though. A lot nicer than any of the accommodations on the airship. There was something that felt homely about it, what with its oak furniture and canopy bed. Somehow it gave her a sense of *déjà vu* though, like she came her very often.

Well, I've been coming here since I joined the knights. Better than staying with family.

“Wh-What!? Knights? Family? What kind of memories are these? They don't really make any sense...” She certainly wasn't a knight like Katalina! She didn't have the build nor the resolve! *At least not yet.*

Io was suddenly taken aback, because it felt like her clothing didn't quite fit right? That was *very strange*, considering she'd hardly grown much over the past few years. She was more or less convinced that she was going to be a late bloomer that did most of her growing in her late teens, or at least that was the hope Rosetta had given her. **“Um... Is that table lower to the ground than it was before, or am I...?”**

Was she, somehow, *taller*? It was a hard pill to swallow, but the tightness of her clothes could certainly be explained that way. Given another moment while this time observing closely though, she became *more* than certain. **“I really am!”** Because the floor looked even farther away than it had when she'd first been skeptical.

In fact she was springing up like a weed after a plentiful rainfall. Whether it was her arms, her legs, or her spine – it was all stretching, supplemented by additional bone length that gave her meager height a much-desired raise. Io was shocked by it all of course, but there was no small part of her that had always *wanted* to be taller. There was also a part of her that was starting to believe she'd *always* been taller though.

Of course, with great height came great clothing malfunction. **“Nn!”** And Io felt like she was about to explode out of her clothes. Her thigh highs had slid down below her knees, and her top and shorts had been pulled separate so that her tummy was on full display – but otherwise, there were rips and tears to be found by the time she peaked at 5'7". Her sleeves certainly tore in two splendidly, but they were the only real sacrifices when it came to her vertical growth.

But there was a very *horizontal* aspect that brought about further mischief. **“Ah!”** Io cried out at the sight and sensation the front button of her shorts popping free, landing somewhere in the depths of the dormitory room. Her frame had been broadening very generally, and more rips came about as a result of that. The seams of her shorts finally tore as her hips practically doubled in width for example, and the skintight cloth around her shoulders did the same as even they became a little wider.

Just as prominently, her torso swelled so that it was broader. Thickening in size to meet the needs of her stretched hips, her bare

tummy soon rippled with established muscle that found her legs and arms just as keenly. “**Am I getting buff too!? I sound like an adult. It’s almost... uncanny.**” That was because she hadn’t *just* grown, but she’d grown older as well. A simple glance at Io’s facial features revealed that a maturity had beset them, and yet her resting expression appeared to be far more *serious* than anyone who knew Io well might expect.

“**Oh!**” Her posture shifted involuntarily as a desirable weight assaulted both the top and bottom of her body simultaneously. Up north, the remaining fabric of her top that hadn’t ripped after her flesh had broadened was torn to shreds by the emergence of a pair of firm orbs that dwarfed what had once existed there before. “**Breasts...**” She was elated, really, to see her chest erupt into a pair of D-cups that were just as perky as they were big, but the ~~girl~~ woman was having difficulty expressing her enthusiasm in the same way she once had.

Not to mention that enthusiasm was undercut by skepticism.

My chest is always this big, no?

Further ripping brought about the end of Io’s shorts, for her ass swelled big and ripe like a peach in peak condition. Cheeks jiggled with white panties flossed within the crack, and on the front strands of lengthened pubic hair could be seen poking out. Her legs rubbed together passively, though as they did so, she found the feeling to be softer and softer.

Her thighs had chosen to bloat as well, and they made good use of the new breadth of her hips. Soft and plush, skin pulled so tight around them that they bore a natural shine, each thigh was as wide as her head. Even standing normally, they met in the middle to obliterate all but a tiny circle that would remain as a thigh gap.

“**This is strange. To be cursed like this... To be cursed with...**” This body? It’s what she had wanted to say, but another term ultimately escaped her lips. “**To be cursed with the Lawrence name.**” In tandem with speaking that name aloud, the girl’s color palette did something of a rapid swap. Her eyes, wider but serious, shone gold while the blue nestled in the tips of her pigtails swept all of the way to her roots. In doing so though, the hair pulled shorter and shorter until it was thick, wavy, and merely shoulder length.

Much more dramatic was the tone of her skin, which lightened from its natural tan to a flawless white that only made its sheen more apparent. Rosy circles of the changed color had appeared at random points across her person only for them to move and swell, ultimately stealing away her natural melanin in exchange. It certainly suited her new eye and hair colors well.

Then came a final flash, one that exchanged her tattered cloth for an ensemble that not only fit her body, but was entirely whole. A black, leotard-like top with a white-sleeved jacket draped over the top. Beneath, her thick thighs were wholly exposed for other than the thigh high boots beneath, there was nothing between the shorts-like bottom of the leotard and everything below. Blue gloves had found their way across her fingers, while a black lace hairband separated her locks into two layers. There was something elegant and refined about it all, in a way that was undeniably beautiful.

The woman herself was undeniably beautiful.

Eula Lawrence, without paying another thought for the surroundings of her dorm room in the dormitory section of the Knights of Favonius headquarters, moved to a corner of the room where she plucked a broadsword from the wall with ease. “**I don’t need any unnecessary distractions. Not when I’m carrying the Lawrence name with me.**” And she didn’t mean that in the sense that she wanted to uphold that positive family image.

Rather, she had to do her best to dissuade just how awful her family had become. She carried the future of the Lawrence family on her shoulders whether her family appreciated that effort or not. She wished to right the wrongs of her kin, and help push Mondstadt into a brighter future. But even now, her own family was conspiring against her efforts to do just that.

The woman sighed and moved towards her door. It was time for patrol, and she couldn’t allow herself to be weighed down by the complexity of it all. If anything else happened, she would have her vengeance against those caused it. That, Eula swore to herself. Before she could reach for the doorknob though, it opened on its own and a sight for sore eyes stepped in. “**Hey Eula! Want to grab a bite before your patrol!?**”



It was the Outrider, Rosetta Amber. Perhaps the only person Eula considered to be a close friend. That invitation sounded appealing, enough so that her heart felt warm. But even so?

“I’ll have my vengeance for this invitation, Amber.”

“So you’re in, then!?”