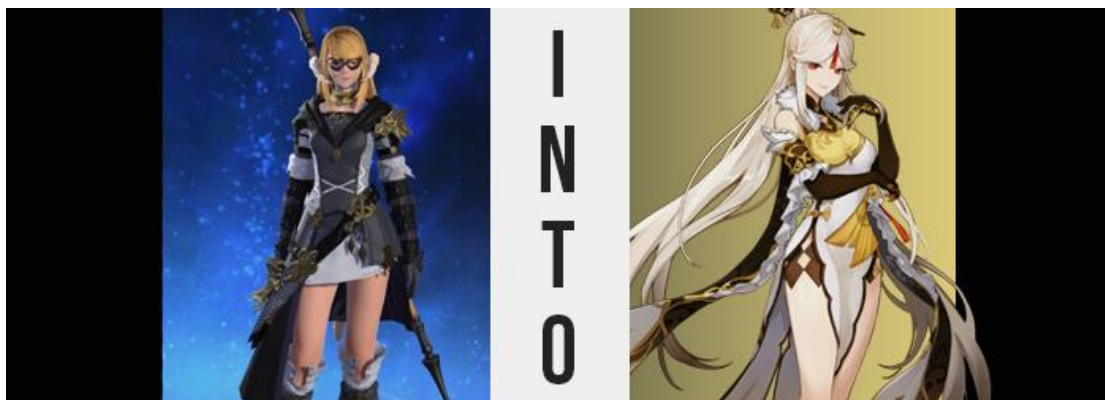


IN LIYUE OF FACTS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The hustle and bustle of Ul'Dah was as disorienting to DreaH as it always was. A young Au Ra that didn't hail from this part of the Source, she was always left bewildered by the sights and sounds of places she had never been to before, or at least ones she didn't visit very frequently. Especially coming to the Sapphire Avenue Exchange, which was always incredibly busy, come rain, sun, or cloud.

'Take this and investigate the rumors of the women that claim to be from Liyue'. That was the directive the blonde had been given by Momodi of the Adventurers' Guild – a small job with decent payout that would help pay for her next big trip out of town. It had seemed like a simple enough job, but she wasn't sure if the rumors had any real merit.

Those rumors? That a young woman with purple hair done up like cat ears and a young chef had both been wandering around Ul'Dah claiming to be from a place called 'Liyue' that no one could find on any map. Most dismissed the duo as supposed loonies, a couple of teenaged girls spreading lies for attention. But there were those that believed they had some merit as well. After all, the jade dragons the two apparently carried were made of a stone that could be found nowhere in the world and were crafted in a style not observed by any culture.

DreaH had been sent to meet with them, if she could find them, with a jade decoration Momodi had received from the very same boat those two had come ashore in Vesper Bay on. The one she was carrying was apparently much smaller, and in the shape of a long-necked bird of some sort. **"I wonder what kind of bird this is? Maybe it's like a crane?"** Attached to a necklace she was wearing; the girl had pulled it

out and was examining it while walking down the Sapphire Avenue Exchange when all of a sudden it had begun to glow. **“Huh?”**

“小心！”

Out of seemingly nowhere, an unfamiliar hyur girl had barreled down the street, colliding with Dreah and knocking her into one of the nearby alleyways before speeding farther down the road without so much as a ‘sorry’. The lizard girl was shocked and dazed, having been knocked onto her bottom, but after blinking a few times something seemed to dawn on her. **“Wasn’t that one of those Liyue girls?”** Not the purple haired one that could supposedly speak the language here fluently, but the younger chef. She had basically been a blur but considering the glimpse she had received of her clothing and the fact she’d spoken in an unfamiliar language, this seemed to be *likely*.

Her guess was right. That had been Liyue’s Xiangling, and Dreah’s artifact had begun to glow because of the close proximity to one another they had been in. This had activated the one in the lizard’s possession, meaning its strange, wish-granting properties that had ‘created’ Keqing and Xiangling in the first place were now active within the bird as well. **“I wish I could understand what she was saying, maybe I’d know where she sped off to then...”**

Whoops.

Well, it wasn’t like Dreah could have possibly known that such an utterance would doom her very existence. She’d forgotten about the necklace in the hustle and bustle of being practically run over, and so she wasn’t paying attention to how brightly it was glowing. It brought her right eye to twitch as she pushed herself back up onto her feet, mind replaying the incident that had just passed – more specifically, the phrase the passing girl had spewed.

She almost felt like she understood it now, or like she was on the cusp of understanding. The exact phrasing wasn’t there, but she’d come across a general meaning all of a sudden. **“Oh, was she just telling everyone to basically get out of the way...? That isn’t terribly helpful.”** Well, there went her only lead. Should she follow where the stranger went or check where she’d come from? Both options seemed frivolous, but wasn’t there an inn back where she had come from?

...Clearly the fact that her mind had just pseudo-translated Xiangling’s words back from Chinese to her local language had gone right over her head, but that didn’t change what was happening to her mentally. It had only been a vague understanding of that one phrase in the beginning,

but now? Her native language was being overwritten internally. She was beginning to think in Chinese and speaking in the local tongue was a more automated translation. She would remain fluent in the latter but as a second language, with Chinese as her first. It would still take her a little bit to realize that this is what had occurred, however.

Although were it all limited to how her mind processed language then the jade crane should have stopped glowing. It didn't, and instead the light only seemed to shine brighter. Enough for her to notice.

“項鍊怎麼了?” ‘*What is wrong with the necklace?*’, she'd cried out in accidental Chinese from her own mouth this time. Fingers reached up to touch the small charm where the light was coming from, and in doing so it triggered a reaction with her fingers. They didn't look quite *right* beneath her gloves. Her nails appeared longer than they should have, a similar phenomenon applied to the fingers themselves while the tone of her skin appeared paler than normal. Although from her perspective she could only tell that her gloves felt a little less comfortable than normal.

But this wasn't a proximity to her necklace type situation. In fact, there didn't seem to be any notable consistency between the areas that *did* or *didn't* change in the preliminary stage – just the promise that they all would transform in some capacity before the glow of the necklace had subsided.

Case in point: her feet had been shifting in a similar manner alongside her hands. The tone of her skin there was whiter, but the arch of her heel more pronounced. A trend had emerged between both her hands and feet as well, one not previously noted: the skin upon them was far smoother than it had any right to be. As a lancer that fought constantly, she had earned many callouses across her hands and feet, but now? They were comfortably free of any hardened skin, speaking to the possibility that her life might be coming one where magic might be her combat style of choice.

Dreah couldn't help but feel rather dizzied as a warmness was spreading through her body. “**Why do I feel so off...? Is it because of the charm? Should I remove it...?**” Again, spoken in Chinese, but for an ease of writing everything she says will be translated automatically from this point on. It took her a moment, but she did finally resolve to discard it... *although a little too late.*

Before she could reach up to uncouple it from her neck, she'd become plagued by a fairly apparent stretching feeling that yanked at the back of her neck and pulled her point of view higher and higher. It certainly *wasn't* comfortable, and she began to flail a bit as a natural response. No amount of flailing could really prevent what was transpiring though,

not as Dreah herself acknowledged it in real time. **“I’m growing t-taller? How!?”** Anxious as always, *this* certainly wasn’t helping keep her calm.

The inches poured on, and naturally it wrought havoc upon her choice in attire for that day. Her one-piece, gray and black combat top didn’t stretch, but because the lower half was a skirt it was lifted up and off of its comfortable hip-based perch. This denied her the coverage she normally had down low, and before long not only were the full shapes of her thighs exposed, but her undergarments as well. *Eight* extra inches of height had revealed it all. Of course, her legs had stretched out of her boots and gloves that used to cover her entire arms while meeting her sleeves had also slid down to reveal bare skin. Bare skin that, like the teen’s hands and feet, was considerably paler.

But could Dreah really be considered a teen now? She had the height of a proper adult, not a girl that was only seventeen or eighteen. The fact that the shape of her face was changing certainly added to the confusion here, as now-porcelain skin was rearranged to create a smoother jaw with a sharper point, while lips grew big and kissable. Her nose? Smaller. Her eyes? Almost shapes rewrote them to present a completely different race. A gleam of orangey-red among her irises likewise expanded until their colors were completely dyed anew.

She looked to be in her mid-twenties now.

Changing color spread into her blonde hair as well, surprisingly finding the shading even lighter than it had been as it grew so blonde that it had almost become white or silver. As it spread throughout the entirety of her mane, the length greatened significantly, cascading down the woman’s neck at a breakneck speed until it reached the back of her knees. The quality? Astoundingly soft and fluffy, like she washed regularly with products that weren’t at all available to the masses (*because that would ultimately be the truth of it*).

“How much will it cost to replace my outfit? Do I even have any Mora on me?” Despite everything that was happening, and despite the fact she was largely aware that she was transforming, it was a little odd that she immediately defaulted to being more concerned about the cost of her clothing – or her future clothing, anyways. Her head in general had been quickly emptying out in terms of what she knew, the life she once had and the skills she had earned being steadily replaced. This was just the first sign of it, as business-oriented tactics and trivia were flooding Dreah’s psyche and a more mature and confident outlook on life was beginning to surface.

In the meantime, her body was victim to a number of additional changes. Maybe calling her a ‘victim’ in this case was being too dramatic though because there would definitely be those that would call this something to celebrate.

After all, most women wouldn’t complain about their bodies becoming shapelier. Not as weight bubbled up from beneath her breasts, which looked even smaller than they were against her much taller frame. This led to the integrity of her top becoming tested even further, and once again the skirt was lifted as tits struggled to find a comfortable resting place within the restrictive top. It was fortunate nothing tore even *after* the fact, but the C-cups managed to fit begrudgingly within without any additional difficult.

The woman did fidget a little with the skirt in hopes she might free up room though.

But even then, the back of that skirt ended up contacting her rear again despite the fact it had been risen higher. The cause? Well, could it be anything other than her ass growing in abundance? Cheeks were swollen and gratuitously slow, butt jiggling as weight poured into it and saw its size triple overall – an astounding amount of growth that made it a much more evident charm point than her breasts. This presented problems for her pale blue panties though, and they’d been forced to thread the needle that was the gap of her ass crack while the front was in the stage between camel toe and completely sliding up *inside* her.

As would be expected, her thighs met a similar fate and grew much shapelier to better match her taller height. Overall, her lower half was incredibly shapely and desirable. **“Hm, I can’t very well conduct any inquiries looking like this, can I?”** In mind and body alike, nothing about her really resembled Dreah. In fact, the only remnants of her past life were her clothes, horns, and tail – all of which were about to meet their ends as well.

Beginning with the Au Ra traits, her horns softened and pulled towards the sides of her head while white bone took on the same pale-pink color as her flesh. Reduced to little more than nubs in the end, what was left flattened and hollowed out, becoming the kind of ears you could find on any hyur. And her tail? Well, bone, scales – you name it! It was all slurped up and into her tailbone, which was now just a *very* unnecessary part of her body.

And so, this left only her clothes. The fix would be prompt, and would certainly alleviate any concerns she might have had about purchasing attire that not only fit better but was also to her tastes – tastes that were

more in line with the culture of Liyue, as most of her memories now dictated.

The single piece combat dress remained, well, a single piece. Grays and blacks alike lightened, cloth significantly thinning in density and lengthening down the front and make to cover her crotch while showing off those thighs on the sides (*the imprint of her big ass in the back was certainly on display even when draped over as well*). It was, on the whole, very apparently a traditional china dress with embroidery down the side and elegant, yellow patchwork around her breast. Beneath, her panties became a pair of ornate shorts that hardly covered the essentials, the only thing standing between her silver-haired pussy and any peering eyes.

This left the woman's sleeves, which adjusted to the new fit of her fingers while turning skin-tight and pitch black, stretching all of the way back to furred hemlines just below her now bare shoulders. On the nails of each finger were golden claws fashioned for close range combat use, or for... well, you know? Opening letters? Boots thinned into a pair of comfortable heels as well, and much higher up her hairstyle was *completely* redone. Much of it wrapped around a horizontally placed hair ornament in the back, its shape like an ornamental stake with golden accessories on the rear, but there was also another. A golden piece that resembled an S, parting fluffy bangs with a crimson ribbon dangling against her forehead.

She certainly fulfilled the dress code that was expected of Liyue's Tianquan. Her look exuded both elegance and strength simultaneously.

A decorative pipe, having appeared from nowhere, rose to the woman's thick lips as she took a deep inhale before exhaling the contents in a stream of steady smoke. It soothed her, and she needed to be soothed. For but a single moment she had panicked, unsure of her identity. But now? The fact that she was *Ningguang* of Liyue couldn't be any clearer.

But why was she here, in this disgusting place? This was Ul'Dah's point of commerce? They had a lot of work to do to meet the standards of her homeland. **"I suppose I should find Keqing, she must have a better understanding of our circumstances."**

Fittingly, she was just as lost as Dreah had been prior.