

GOOD TO BE BAD

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Another day, another Fatui base busted. It appeared to be becoming something of a common occurrence that Lumine ended up involved in these raids, whether she was sent by one of her benefactors from Mondstadt or Liyue, or if she stumbled into them on her own during her travels. Teyvat was a great, big world, and the conniving Fatui didn't seem to have a shortage of hidden factories and caverns rife for the raiding.

It was almost a little excessive. Just *what* were they planning?

“Still, I’ve never seen machinery like this in any of the bases we’ve visited before.” The traveler was crouched before what looked like a generator of some sort. Did it take elemental energy? It appeared to have an input device attached. Paimon hovered around it, looking curiously. If there was anything Lumine feared, it was that Paimon would touch something she shouldn't. **“Don't touch.”** The *last* thing they needed was the base exploding with the two of them inside of it.

“What!? Paimon wouldn't touch without asking first! How could you say something so mean!?” She'd said something so mean because she knew the fairy girl was prone to doing things she shouldn't. Taking extra helpings of dinner in secret, thinking about snatching golden coins from the bank, pushing big buttons without asking first – they'd been through it all before. Lumine had no reason to believe this would be any different. **“...Oops.”**

The traveler hadn't been watching Paimon prior to the 'oops' of ill implications, but once her gaze had shot up to check with agitation? Paimon had disappeared entirely. **“Paimon? Where did you—”**

BZZZZZT!

The generator whirred to life, and in doing so it shot off a mass of electricity that tore not only into the surrounding lab, but right through Lumine's body in the process. It had hurt for a brief moment, all while burning her clothing from her body – but it was fortunate that even as the pain subsided, no wounds appeared to be present. “**What the— Paimon!?**” Her travelling companion still wasn't here. Just where had she gone? Ever since she had fished Paimon out of the lake, they had never been separated. She could always feel her presence. But now? *Nothing.*

Unfortunately, other than Paimon she had come to this base alone. They'd merely stumbled into it during their travels, and they were too far out from the nearest city to fetch help with any haste. The generator was still whirring as well, so once the girl pushed past the shame of being naked, she managed to climb up to where Paimon had been exploring. There was, of course, a big red button that read ‘START’ on its surface, completely pressed in. “**I swear...**” Once she found the mascot, she would *certainly* be making emergency food of her. Well, had she been thinking more innocently, that was likely what she would have thought. However? The thoughts that came to mind weren't at all so ‘innocent’.

I'm going to shred that puppet girl limb from limb!

Lumine was taken aback by her own aggression. She had never felt that angry before, nor communicated her anger so violently. It had been absolutely sadistic, and she briefly wondered if she had just grown extremely agitated thanks to the fact that she had been zapped, stripped naked, and been stranded alone in a Fatui den. No, no. It was more primal than that, absolutely more basic. Such a violent thought? Surely it was unusual, but it had felt *right at home* simultaneously. Why did it feel so *normal* to think so violently? Why did it feel so *good*?

As the Traveler struggled with this dilemma of preference, her naked form was showing signs of being bent to the will of something that was *not* herself. Her body had not changed in decades, preserved as it was through her own passive existence – so whatever was eating away at her identity? It was clearly the result of research on her existence conceptually. Could the Fatui have gotten hold of Albedo's data? It was plausible, particularly with this base so close to the outskirts of Dragonspine.

Even as she was weighing the possible places Paimon might have gone, things were beginning to grow awry with her form. The bright blonde of her hair, for example, while not stolen completely, took on a much sandier color that was duller and more typical of Teyvat's people. Its length was likewise bolstered, but not in the back so much (*rather, it seemed to shorten to just above her shoulders in the rear*). As if guided by a mysterious force, her bangs swung to the right and grew more and more pronounced, dangling down and distractingly over her eye, prompting the naked Lumine to try and sweep them away.

“That’s... odd?” Search as she might, there wasn’t a word in her vocabulary that was more equipped to describe her impression of her hair suddenly changing in both color and length, and regardless of how frequently or forcefully she pushed the bangs away, they merely settled back into place. **“Is it a side effect of getting struck by the electro in this machine? Our researchers would be pleased to hear that it is work— Huh!?”** The strangely sadistic thoughts that had crossed her mind at first aside, she was now just blurting things that didn’t make any sense out!?

But did they really not make sense? What was this welling up inside? Perhaps she was mistaken, but it almost felt like some kind of *pride*. Pride in the *Fatui*? But she would never be a member of—*wasn’t she already*? A glint had formed in the girl’s eyes, one that saw the color of her irises shift from bright gold to a shining silver as her passive expression grew far more *menacing*.

Despite this alternate persona, quickly flourishing as it was, feeling quite... *freeing*, the part of Lumine that was still herself was frantically trying to sort out the cause and, if possible, a means of preventing any further damages to her psyche. It would be fruitless in the end, but she still had enough awareness to know that whatever this was needed to be stopped, and that— **“Ohh...”**, she cooed without any prior warning, the sound not of a girl struggling with an existential crisis but of a woman who had just been sharply struck with arousal.

It was difficult to blame her, though. Not as her chest began to heave with an intensity that toppled her posture forward and gave rise to her nipples. Her nips weren’t just *merely* erect, though, but they were swollen and wider than she had ever known them to be – made all the larger by the cool air of the Fatui base. She reached up to paw at her breasts, only to become pleasantly surprised once she struggled to wrap those fingers of hers around them. Never had her tits been more than a handful in the past, but now? Each of her breasts had swollen considerably. Forget double their normal size – they’d *tripled* at minimum, standing perky despite it all once fully formed.

“How could this be? To enlarge my *tits* this substantially? I suppose it must be a side effect of the device’s electro output. The researchers have done good work.” Lumine certainly wasn’t one to litter her speech with such crude verbiage, but it had snuck out as if natural while she spouted out further nonsense that suggested her growing familiarity with this facility. This menacing persona was still bearing down on her old self, smothering it as even the girl’s body language became more mature and promiscuous.

And it just so happened that her body continued to grow to support this behavior.

There was a newly found, but not undesirable, weight to the girl’s thighs that stood out as odd against her shorter form, for it was clear that with her huge tits her figure was meant to better exemplify *maturity*. Yet, as hips popped and bulged outwards to the sides, and her ass swelled with a mass that would give her a very sensual sway to each step, it was evident enough that she was, well, too *short* for that look to properly pay off.

Far be it for the effects that were affecting her to not see that corrected. While Lumine’s posture showed confidence with a hand on her now shapely hip, it all gained flourish as her body grew steadily in size, inches applied to arms, legs, and torso evenly until she was around the 5’8” range. She grew splendidly into her new curves, and the sexual power she possessed only served to contribute to just how good she felt – as a *woman*, and as a *Fatui*.

“No... I’m not a Fatui... I’m not even from... this world? How could such a thing be? I was born on this planet.” Attempting to grapple with mixed memories was proving to be fruitless, as her old self had dwindled to next to nothing. Gone was the Traveler, Lumine. In her place? With her plump, adult lips and serious, silver eyes? She could only be *La Signora of the Fatui Harbingers*. **“Hmph. And why did the machine strip me nude? I have no intention of giving anyone a show for free.”** A snap of her fingers was all the power needed of her post to find the woman instantly clad in what she perceived to be her *usual* attire, from the furred coat, to her exposed cleavage, to the half-mask she wore across her right eye.

Idly, she looked across the lab, which had been thoroughly ruined by the earlier release of electro energy. **“Hm. This is an important development post for the Fatui, why are there no staff here? I suppose I’ll need to summon one.”** It was a process reserved for the Harbingers, one that allowed them to summon a member of the organization to their side in a pinch. Upon activating the spell? A young

man with blonde hair appeared as if from nowhere, his gaze narrowed and agitation plain across his face.

...Had she still been Lumine, Signora would have been delighted to realize she had just found her *lost brother*.

Yet, even though this was undeniably Aether, he was not the young man she'd once known. So perhaps it was for the best in the end that she was never able to reunite with him this way. It wouldn't matter much in a few moments regardless. **“La Signora!? Did *you* summon me here!?”** He was less than amused, pondering a punishment for the woman even though his involvement with her was typically limited. But this Signora? She was in a trance of sorts and did not recognize him as Lumine's brother or otherwise. Instead, she was compelled to strike the button attached to the generator just as Paimon had.

And Aether was caught up in a new blast of electro.

As had been the case with Lumine, his clothes were completely eradicated on impact. *Unlike* the previous incident, however, new clothing took shape in its place instantly. It consisted of a one-piece, purple bodysuit that hugged his legs and rear with tights and stretched across his chest with a similar fabric – though for some reason a diagonal swipe was removed to leave most of his tummy bare. Otherwise, an open jacket with a big hood had been thrown over his torso, the hood ample and decorated with appendaged akin to bunny ears while the sleeves were puffy with black fur trim. Otherwise, the centerpiece of this ensemble was clearly the mask that had been pinned to his face, shielding his eyes and nose while three, thin electro crystals prodded upwards.

“What did you do to me!? This costume is...!?” Evidently enough it was what the Electro Cicin Mages of the Fatui wore. The costume was snug, clearly not meant for his masculine figure; but of course that was something that would be fixed in just a moment. For now, strands of dark green had begun to mix among his blonde hairs, seeing them gain volume and sweep out to the sides beneath his hood. **“Ngh...!?”**

Electro energy was flowing into his body at an alarming pace from the mask, seeing his mental state deteriorate quickly towards something less stable as his eyes not only became a bright purple but also seemed to round beneath the mask's grip. A blatant femininity had plagued his facial features on the whole, seeing his jawline round and lips grow plump, if not cracked in slight by the electricity surging into his vessel.

If this was all of the unsavory effects of this sudden class change, then it might have been livable in the end, yet Aether's very visage began to

shrivel away – the opposite of his sibling, who had grown as she'd aged up into La Signora's form. Mass was peeled from his body, seeing his height diminish several inches on the whole; yet the real loss came from his muscles, or what they had one been. Every facet of his body quickly thinned out as the boy's passive strength was sapped away in favor of a knowledge of forbidden electro arts filled his head in their absence, fulfilling the minimum requirements needed for one to become an Electro Cicin Mage within the Fatui ranks.

“AAAGH! Get this thing off of me...!” As he groaned in pain, it was evident enough that his voice had jumped several octaves and bringing his fingers to try and pry the mask off revealed that those not concealed by the reversed half-gloves he was wearing were both smaller and decorated by sharp fingernails that appeared sharp and beast-like by nature, indicative of the wild and broken persona that was so typical of those that wrangled Cicin. **“AAAAAAGH! AA-HA! HA HA HA!”** Perhaps it was inevitable that his sounds of anguish would eventually break under the influence that was being enforced upon his psyche.

Or *her* psyche, as she had failed to notice with muddled thoughts and memories. Aether's dick and balls had retreated as if spurned by cowardice in response to the sick and twisted thoughts that were filling the young woman's mind. Thoughts of torturing her 'prey', electrocuting them half to death until they eventually pledged loyalty to the Fatui as her underlings. Fundamentally, her ego was already *broken*. And the Harbinger that looked on as her form contorted? She could hardly care less.

The new mage's smaller form fit far more comfortably in the costume that had been forced onto her, and that truth was only becoming more of a certainty as time went on. Her hips bulged, filling out the sides of the bodysuit while her rear flourished with a vigor that was paltry when compared to Signora's own, but still impressive in its own right and shown off by the tights she was adorned with. A plumpness took hold of her thighs, at no point making up for the muscles she had lost but adding an attractiveness to her form that might be hard to resist. A woman did not need to be tall and thicc to be attractive, and the Cicin Mages were exemplary examples of this fact.

Her waistline likewise pinched in, giving her body a gentle arch from pronounced hips towards her chest, which in turn began to swell in slight on their own. It was clear enough at a glance that there was no room in the Cicin Mage costume for underwear – seen by how she cameltoed the bottom – and as a result as the girl's nipples swelled, they could be seen poking up and out of the bodysuit's top's front. Breasts filled in after, not substantially sized but still more than a handful each. Like her legs, with the design of her outfit they stood out nonetheless.

Aether's body swayed from side to side as if she were dancing like a child, even though she had calmed down. Her mind felt at ease, and there was no small part of her that really wanted to *'play'*. The most fitting translation of this playfulness was likely attacking someone and making them dance to her amusement, for that was the nature of her kind. *As wild and violent as the Cicin themselves.* **“La Signora! When did you get here!?”** Until all of a sudden, she realized one of the Fatui Harbingers was in her presence, and she became more alert. The mage's purpose, and a brand-new name, both immediately became clear to her.

“We—I wasn't expecting you, heehee!” There had been a 'we' once, but the mage, *Schnizii*, has offered them up to the generator as test subjects. That was what her memories now accurately reflected, and she didn't feel the least bit guilty about it. That was what the Fatui deserved for putting the unstable Cicin Mages in charge of major projects! **“Are you here for a status update? As you can see, I've finally stabilized the electro output. We should be able to install these in our more advanced Ruin Guard designs,ahaha!”**

Was that why she had come here? La Signora did feel like she was forgetting her reason for coming here. Had she not been called back to their homeland? If she missed an invitation from the Tsaritsa she would undoubtedly be punished. Still, this news boded well. **“That is good to hear. Undoubtedly, after working so hard I'm sure you're hoping for a break? I'll see to it that you're relieved of your post briefly once we get some additional resources into this location.”** For a Cicin Mage, a 'break' translated to frolicking across the countryside as they sought out victims. But for Signora?

Stepping down from the generator, she groped Schnizii's ass playfully. **“As I've made the trip, why not entertain me a while? I've heard you mages are quite wild in the bedroom. I wonder how you'd fare against *my* appetite. Fufufu...”**

Schnizii gulped. She had heard rumors of the fates that befell those that could not satisfy La Signora's sexual appetite. But, on the other hand, she had a great deal of confidence in her own technique.

Time would tell, anyways.