

CRIMSON TEATIME

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph wasn't really sure of what was going on.

There was a part of him that left him thinking that he *should have* on some level. It was just a strong and strange sense of déjà vu, but not even regarding something *normal*. After all, he had suddenly found himself in an unfamiliar venue. He'd *been* at his house and he hadn't chosen to leave it, so naturally there shouldn't have been anything unfamiliar about his surroundings. And yet, even the very bed beneath his ass had suddenly *disappeared* from beneath him, and he'd landed sharply on his ass on a cold, tiled floor.

“Ow...” It had definitely *hurt*, but that was hardly the man's primary concern as he sat on the floor, arms helping keeping upright, his mind otherwise stunned. It was like he was in a big *hall*? The architecture was too grand and too *European* for the building to even be in his home country, but entertaining the idea that he was somehow in a different *nation* all of a sudden was a little hard to take in. **“Am I dreaming?”**

No, and that feeling of déjà vu hadn't been baseless either. Joseph had been spirited away suddenly a number of times in the past, but he'd been purposefully made to forget as much so that his reactions to what was coming would be more 'genuine'. He had no means of recognizing that he had been swept up in yet another one of Hisa's schemes. He could only really work off of what he could see with his own two eyes.

And there was something about the architecture that *was* familiar. It wasn't *literally* European, was it? Picking himself up, there was an uncannily familiar pattern on the tiles beneath him, and a stained glass window over a nearby exit painted the picture of a *Melusine*?

Specifically the ones seen in *Genshin Impact*. “**Am I in Fontaine?**” That stirred a memory of sorts. Hadn’t he been talking to Axel about Genshin earlier in the day? But how could *that* possibly be related?

Still, he didn’t have enough information. He couldn’t prove that he was in Fontaine. He needed to see what was on the other side of that door to be sure, so the man shakily began to walk towards it. Only to find himself distracted by a table on the side of the hall. No, not specifically the table, but what was on it. “**Mail?**” Wait, why was the *mail* of any interest to him?

Because the written language within Genshin Impact was technically different, he couldn’t even *read* what was printed on the envelopes. Still, there was a rather sizable stack of them that he began to sift through, placing them on the table one by one until he came across one envelope in particular. It had a familiar seal on the back. Familiar, but from where? “**Where have I...?**” But before Joseph could finish that thought, he felt compelled to put the remaining stack down with that envelope on top.

Something was wrong. His chest was *burning*.

“**Urk!?**” Did it *hurt*? No, it would have been wrong to suggest that there was pain when there wasn’t any. If anything it made him feel flush, but it didn’t necessarily feel harmful or anything like that. It just felt *weird*. “**Hopefully I’m not having some sort of heart problem...**” Because that was around where the warmth burned. His concern had led his gaze downwards, but his eyes ended up landing on something else. His *hands*? “**Huh? What?**” He raised them, palms pointed towards his own gaze at the sight of something far more alarming than a little heat in his chest.

His fingertips had *blackened* as if they had burned, but of course that hadn’t been the case. They hadn’t been exposed to any flames, and if they had then that wouldn’t have led to his fingernails growing *longer* and *sharper* until they resembled claws at the same time. The blackness traveled down his fingers and into his palms, rendering those digits thinner and longer, while his palms ended up narrowing too. Because he was wearing a t-shirt, he could watch this blackness travel up his arms until the black faded just past his elbows... but everything beyond?

It paled from olive to an almost ghostly white, all while solid, black lines traveled down those arms and warped into interconnected diamond shapes around his forearms. “**A-Arlecchino!?**” That was the character he knew that had arms like those. She was cursed, and that curse manifested in the warping of her arms to make them appear more monstrous. Those very same arms were now his own, while his

complexion had otherwise lightened to the same pale, hairless state that the Harbinger possessed otherwise.

“Am I turning into Arlecchino?” Joseph had read fiction of that nature before, but he couldn’t possibly have imagined something out of those stories happening *to* him in real life! Nonetheless, aside from the burning warmth in his chest he began to feel increasingly *off*. His clothing felt increasingly baggy, for example, because his silhouette underneath his shirt and shorts was shifting in terms of weight distribution.

In a way? He was actually becoming *heavier*, if only because his muscles were swelling firmer. He wasn’t overly strong, but he hadn’t been out of shape either. This meant that it was the perfect canvas to strengthen, and so you could have made out his abs hardening, the muscles in his upper arms and legs bulging, or even the strength rippling in his back... if not for his clothes. On the other hand? His waistline could be seen rapidly pinching-in above his hips, which in turn flared out wider than his shoulders. It ‘gifted’ him a silhouette that was far more reminiscent of a *woman’s* than anything.

But then again? That *was* what Arlecchino was.

Joseph became increasingly certain of his fate, especially when his eye level began to dip. **“*I see...*”** He spoke with an almost *unnatural* calm now. Not because he found what was happening to him to be any less alarming... or *was* that the case? Nonetheless, he didn’t offer much more of a reaction as his stature slipped. He’d *almost* been six-feet tall, which was slightly above average for a man of his height, but *six* inches were eventually shed overall so that he stood at about 5’5”. **“*I’d look taller in my heels, however...?*”** *Why* had he said *that*?

It was a correct statement to make, but he didn’t understand why he’d felt compelled to say it with such *familiarity*, like he *remembered*? But even then, that voice sounded enchantingly *feminine* now, even if there was something akin to a masculine tinge to it. The man hadn’t gotten a look at his own face, but he could only imagine how different – or *normal*? – it appeared. As he’d shrunk, his lips had grown heavier beneath slightly longer, yet thinner nose. His cheeks had narrowed, contributing to a sharper facial design overall, and even his eyes played along between their longer lashes.

As crimson Xs were fashioned from his pupils within irises that darkened to *black*.

Black fingers were raised to the man’s face to hold it temporarily as Joseph shook it, like he was trying to shake off something he couldn’t

quite identify. He couldn't have known that what he was trying to shake away was his own *memories*, while new ones crept in that explained the changes to his hands and build. All the meanwhile? His black hair paled and lengthened, soon becoming silver and creeping well down his back while black accents streaked amongst some of his strands, more prominently on the right side of his bangs.

With the man's clothing baggily covering any elements of his body that would have proven otherwise, he certainly looked much more like a *she*. Like a woman in her mid-to-late twenties. And that became even truer with a "**Mm?**". That sound was the most she mustered for the sensation of *her* cock shrinking away and a pair of pussy lips opening between her legs. The woman did not often concern herself with matters of her sex, so she didn't really care to even think much about it.

In a similar fashion, she didn't bother herself all that much with the inevitable bloating that softened some of the areas that had previously mustered hardened strength. Her chest rose, for example, bloating into a pair of *C-cups* that didn't really stand out all *that* much with her narrow chest already so muscular. And she wasn't bothered at all when her shorts tightened courtesy of her ass and thighs bloating. Her rump almost split the back seams of her shorts with how it developed into a firm heart shape, whereas her thighs were supple and enticing without being ridiculously so.

After all, she was *accustomed* to wearing tight attire. That was proven moments later, with a crimson flame flickering up her body that distorted her old attire and reshaped it into something else entirely. A pair of tight, black pants with crimson frilled hems over black boots with sharp, gold stilettos that made her appear roughly *four* inches taller. Her upper body was covered with a white and grey overcoat done up in an X-shape, with asymmetrical tails and red lining, and with red ruffles coming out of the sleeves that matched a red-jeweled accessory that ran down its spine.



The woman's long hair was then styled into a long ponytail in the back with red accents mixed in, and +-shaped earrings had made their way into her ears. The Pyro Vision that the woman wore had even appeared, dangling from the nape of her overcoat near her neck.

“Well, *that’s* a familiar seal.” Now that she wasn't so ‘distracted’, *Arlecchino* of the Eleven Fatui Harbingers plucked the envelope from the top of the stack with her monstrosly black and clawed hand and flipped it over to consider the seal on the back once more. **“I wasn’t expecting to ever see it again, but it’s a nice surprise.”** Knowing the sender, she supposed it wasn't all *that* shocking to learn that she had somehow survived.

It was good timing, too. She had returned to Snezhnaya for a spell on the Tsaritsa's orders and had only made the trip back to Fontaine *that* day to check on her children. The main hall of the House of the Hearth was quiet, as it *should* have been, and Lyney had even left her mail out for her. No doubt he'd caught sight of that envelope and had become a little giddy himself. *She* was like an aunt to him.

Arlecchino opened the envelope and glanced at the invitation inside. **“In two days’ time, hm? Well, I suppose I can make an opening for my attendance. I wonder how long she plans on keeping things from the Tsaritsa, though?”** If there was tea and cakes to be had, she wouldn't turn down an invitation like that. Even if she had to make up an excuse to remain in Fontaine for a little longer.

Ultimately? *I* was the reason that Joseph had been brought into Fontaine, even though I didn't have the foggiest idea why that had happened. Having undergone a similar memory wipe, not even *I* knew why I had suddenly found myself within the world of Genshin – something that was obvious to me much more quickly considering the *place* I had found myself. I was in a sizable office surrounded by copper-colored walls, with pipes and gears that had a very *steampunk* aesthetic to them.

“Am I aboard the Wingalet?” It was the ship that Wriothesley had constructed to help the people of Fontaine weather the Great Flood, but since that moment had passed? Well, he'd rented it out to a recently rebuilt Fatui Harbinger: Sandrone. I was in the office that she was using, but I still didn't understand— **“How!?”** Yeah, *that* part. Even if *I* wanted to return home, how could I possibly do that?

Because I didn't know Joseph had also been brought into this world, I also couldn't have known that he had actually appeared *after* me. I was technically several days in the past before he'd even arrived.

My first indication that more was at odds with reality than merely my surroundings was a stark and dramatic one. “**E-Eh!?**” The office I had suddenly found myself in was *already* large, but it appeared to become larger still – something that was conventionally impossible. My eye level dropping made much more sense in terms of perspective, but I wasn’t on a lowering platform or anything like that. I was standing in the exact same spot, and my feet were still planted firmly on the ground.

But at the same time? I began to notice that my clothing felt baggy. *Very* baggy. It had been designed to fit a man who was both tall *and* heavy, after all, so if those two things changed, then... “**I’m *shrinking!*?**” All things considered, I had to put that crack in my voice aside for the time being. Regardless of how my voice had sounded when I had said it, I was in fact *exactly* right. My body was getting smaller and smaller, not only in terms of height, but in terms of *weight* as well.

The latter had concluded before anything else. Rolls of fat that had plagued my body for years now were just shaved off, erasing even my stretch marks as my waist grew perfectly trim. My arms, legs, and face all tightened nicely as well, but there *was* an unnoticed side effect where all of my body’s scars had been repaired, and all unnecessary body and facial hair was shaved, with follicles closed so it would never grow again. No, it was more like my skin no longer *had* those follicles in the first place? Normal human skin didn’t function like *that*.

By the time the signs that I was getting smaller ceased and I found myself able to properly steady myself where I stood, I couldn’t have been any taller than 5’2”, which was almost a *foot* shorter than I had been before. “**H-Hey!?**” I’d chirped in a high and bossy tone as my shorts slipped off in the midst of all the chaos, pulling down my underwear in the process, but it didn’t really matter when my shirt was so huge against my frame that it reached down to my *knees*... even if it was in danger of slipping off too.

This was because my body had simultaneously *narrowed*. My shoulders were thinner and smoother than before, and my waistline had done more than just shed weight. It had curved *inwards*, not only making my hips *seem* larger, but the process appeared to have forced those hips to widen several inches in kind. There was no denying that my build was exceptionally *womanly*, even though she must have been a *short* woman. So, while surprised, I wasn’t taken off guard when— “**Yup...**”

I felt what was between my legs succumbing to whatever magic was changing me. There had been what felt like everything going flaccid, then followed up by a *tug* that had yanked it all into a new slit between my legs that made me squirm. I was absolutely a *woman*, and while a

part of me *wanted* to reach a hand down to check? Subconsciously, that felt too *unladylike*. ...Which was something I card about since *when* exactly? “**Wait! Why am I just okay with this!?**” And why did my voice sound so *high* and *shrill*!? It sounded familiar! It sounded like... “**Oh.**”

Smart as I was, I ended up drawing the correct conclusion while my body’s transformation continued to resemble hers. My face had already painted itself in more feminine shapes, but those shapes also became smaller and daintier with time. A button nose with pursed and pouty lips, and a sharp gaze dyed blue, with what looked like cog shapes wrapping around my irises. If what I suspected was true, then it was almost near certain that internally I had been changing as well. Bones replaced with steel, organs replaced with artificial equivalents. That even explained why most of my skin could no longer grow hair.

The elegant young woman, who looked no older than *twenty-one* based off my face, was not technically human regardless of how much I resembled one. And with my hair lightening to a soft brown and cascading past my shoulders as my bangs became fuller, this became even truer. Mind you, it wasn’t even *just* my bangs that were getting fuller. “**Ugh, just get it over with!**” On some level, I couldn’t quite identify what I was trying to goad on with my memories changing. I just knew that something *had* to change.

And I was right about that. It was difficult to make out with my shirt so large, but my narrowed chest had begun to burgeon with fresh weight. A flat bosom swelled into a set of small mounds, but they then jiggled as the skin around them was stretched even farther and my areola stretched to cover more of their surface area. Before long, a pair of *D-cup* tits rested upon my chest. Because my body was so small and delicate otherwise, they certainly stood out.

Then again, so did my *ass*. My cheeks made good use of my widened gait and burgeoned into a pair of perfectly perky cheeks that would have easily filled two hands. Weight that couldn’t be stored there then bled into my thighs, expanding them to match my waist in terms of thickness. “**Now I just need something to...**” *Wear?* That was how I’d *wanted* to finish my sentence, but I hadn’t been given a chance. My power supply ran low, and I stopped moving. Of course, I was missing my...

Key. The object in question was suddenly connected to the center of my back and I could *feel* it turning. It was ornate, gold with light blue accents, and connected to a red gemstone sticking out from my back. But that connection shouldn’t have been possible if I’d still be wearing that shirt... which I wasn’t. It was just *gone*, now replaced with a long,

white dress with a low neckline and detached, black sleeves. A black corset had wrapped beneath my pronounced chest, as black and red ruffles cascaded off of the gown to match a collar around my neck. A maid-like headdress sat atop my head with red tassels spilling off, and heeled feet met white, thigh high stockings.

“Ugh. I suppose I should send those invitations out before it’s too late...”

As the master of tea parties, *Sandrone*, I naturally had a duty to send the invites if I was going to be hosting one. And with the aquarium about the Wingalet almost compete and the Fontainalian Film Festival almost over, it felt like the perfect time for a little get-together.

“I’ll even invite Columbina, I suppose.” I was *acting*

like I didn’t care, but I’d *obviously* invite Columbina. Even though I’d never *admit* it, she was the most important person in the world to me.



Alive, at least.

“Fagio.” My own clockwork meka manifested in the space beside me, following along as I approached the desk in the middle of my office with delicate footsteps. There was a small stack of letters nestled in its corner, and I grabbed them sternly before handing them to the bot.

“Make sure these reach their destinations. Today, if possible. You’ll no doubt find Columbina hanging about the aquarium.”

That girl hadn’t left since she found out that I was alive. Seriously! What was her problem!?

Well, she did have *one* problem. That Columbina was *Kay*, but none of us knew that.

“Isn’t Director Furina attending...?” Of course, when that tea party came several days later, Columbina had opted to sit beside *me*. It wasn’t as homely in my office as it was in my quarters back in Snezhnaya, but I was motivated to make it work. Columbina, Arlecchino, and myself had

already gathered, with the latter sitting across from us as Columbina opted to once again poke me in the cheek because I had yet to answer her question.

Fortunately, Arlecchino stepped in. **“She’s just making the rounds one more time at the party outside. Nonetheless, you two certainly appear to be in... high spirits.”** She was probably thinking that Columbina was acting clingier than usual, right? That was absolutely the case, but she just played dumb when I pointed it out! Either way, I went to slap her hand away.

“Is that how it seems to you!?”

“Yes.”

“Mhm.”

“UGH!”