

2 GIRLS, 1 XIANYUN

COMMISSION STORY

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Mother's Day.

It was a holiday that was even celebrated in the world of Teyvat, because why not? While the worlds out there were endless, certain concepts like those of parents and the idea of celebrating them would turn up regardless of how different things might have been socially. And so, it didn't matter *which* nation of Teyvat you live in, you would likely find them celebrating similar holidays so long as they weren't culturally significant to the nation itself.

But this wasn't a tale that could have taken place in *any* nation. It was a tale that unfolded in Liyue – and in the Liyue wilds, at that. Two women had gathered on the mountainside with one goal in mind: putting together a gift for their mother for Mother's Day. **“Hm... And now we just need to infuse it with the necessary adeptal energy, right? Let me handle that.”**

The speaker was the shorter woman with long, blue hair and what looked to be goat horns on the top of her head, Ganyu. Adeptal energy could only be wielded by an adeptus, and unfortunately? The other woman at her side wasn't able to wield it for that reason. **“Very well, I'll leave it to you.”** The tall, silver haired Shenhe calmly replied as she watched what Ganyu was doing.

While neither woman was the biological daughter of Xianyun, also known by the people of Liyue Harbor as the adeptus, Cloud Retainer, Ganyu was at least a half-blooded adeptus. Shenhe was a human who had been cursed in her youth and taken in by Xianyun, but all this really meant was that only Ganyu could put the finishing touches on their gift.

The both of them loved their ‘mother’ equally, even though none of them were related.



Ganyu held out her hands towards an item they had been crafting over a rudimentary stone tablet: a beautiful crystal wind chime that had taken their combined efforts to make. The intention was to infuse adeptal energy so that the wind wouldn’t necessarily be needed to make it ring as much as the presence of someone Xianyun held dear, meaning it would ring whenever someone she liked approached.

“Alright...” The outstretched hands began to glow, and a pale blue light radiated from them towards the wind chime. **“The key is to adjust the energy’s wavelength to seek out the things that Cloud Retainer appreciates...”** Which wasn’t a

simple task. Not only did you need to know the other party’s own adeptal energy signature intimately, but you also needed to know their *tastes*. Thankfully, there was little that Ganyu didn’t know about Xianyun after living side by side with her for so long. It *should* have been simple.



But that was only assuming that nothing would go awry.

Unfortunately for the two of them? It very much did. **“Ah!?”** Ganyu cried out with alarm as the wind chime began to violently glow until, quite suddenly, it *exploded*. It didn’t shatter into pieces or anything like that, but the adeptal energy she’d imbued it with was what exploded, dispersing in every direction – and passing through the bodies of the two women in the process. **“That was strange... Why did that happen?”**

Ganyu only saw it as a minor setback at first, while Shenhe watched on quietly. But the goat soon noticed something *odd* about her sister. **“Shenhe? Why are you standing like that?”** The tall woman’s rump was pushed out behind her, and she rested her

right arm under her chest. Shenhe's posture was typically much *tenser*, and even then, she knew a woman that stood like that frequently. *Their mother.*

“Hm? Despite one's interest in my posture, I don't have a specific... answer?” Both women heard it when Shenhe finally answered. It wasn't *just* the woman's mannerisms. Only Cloud Retainer spoke in such an archaic yet proper way. Shenhe had never adopted that manner of speech because it was far too complicated to maintain. **“Why... is one speaking like mother?”**

“I-I don't know!” It was *definitely* odd. It was like watching Shenhe channel Cloud Retainer in real time with how convincing of an act it was. It *was* an act, right? The only other possibility was that the explosion just now had led to this result, but even then Ganyu couldn't fathom *why* that might be the case. **“Okay, let's just remain calm. It must be because of the adeptal energy? Did I do something wrong? Still, I don't understand why it would force you to act like Cloud Retainer...”**

Was there something she was missing? *Yes*. The crystal they were using for the wind chime wasn't compatible with adeptal energy. It had rejected the infusion and sent it back upon the two women that had been making the item in the first place. But it also inverted the energy's effects. What had been energy manipulated to suit Xianyun's *tastes* was now energy that had been manipulated to suit Xianyun *herself*. The fact that Ganyu had remained unaffected thus far was only because her status as a half-adeptus gave her *some* immunity.

Though, that immunity had only delayed the inevitable.

Neither of the women had noticed anything wrong with Ganyu initially, largely because what had transpired was so low key – at least compared to what was to come. But there was something off about the violet in the half-Qilin's eyes. Speckles of discoloration had emerged in a small number at first, stealing away any of their red hue to render these spots blue instead. And while they *had* initially only been a few speckles? Before long the *entirety* of her irises had succumbed to the color change.

“One... has noticed something odd about you as well, Ganyu.” The two sisters hadn't spoken much over the past few moments while attempting to figure out what was wrong with Shenhe. And in that time? Shenhe had begun to notice that something was *off* about her sister's appearance – and it *wasn't* her eyes. Ganyu gave Shenhe an inquisitive glance without asking, but she didn't really *need* to ask. She just followed the woman's eyes... to her own *hair*?

She gently reached a hand back and over her shoulder so that she could gently tug her low-tied ponytail over her shoulder. Her hair was so fluffy and blue that it was usually too problematic to leave loose – it would get tangled or caught on things. And that all made up the ponytail that she had *expected* to see when she pulled it over her shoulder, but... **“Ah!?”** That *wasn't* the hairstyle that her eyes were set upon. Well, *some* of the strands were still styled that way, but some of them were also a bluish black... with a pale green underneath. The ones that were normally eventually succumbed to these changes before her very eyes.

“Th-This hair is just like Cloud Retainer’s!” Well, like the hair of Cloud Retainer’s human disguise, anyways. It grew *longer*, with the tips more reminiscent of feathers or wings in shape, while her bangs lengthened and were swept over her left eye. **“But why do I have her hair? What did we *do*?”** Shenhe looked like she wanted to say something, but much like Xianyun would in a case like these, she also seemed to be too fixated on *observing*, like her piqued interest was more important than any concern she might have felt.

But again? She could tell where Shenhe was *looking*. Ganyu let go of her hair and raised both of her gloved hands to her face. **“Huh? What’s wrong with my... *voice*?”** She’d begun by questioning her face, but her voice had stood out to her more once she started speaking. It *definitely* sounded *deeper*, but in a way that was familiar. If she discounted the fact that everyone’s voice was slightly distorted when listening from their own perspective, then she could only assume it sounded like her... *mother*.

“Your face.” Noticing that the half-adeptus had become distracted by her voice, the taller of the two women reminded her shorter sibling of the reason her hands were still planted upon her own cheeks. Though really, without Shenhe pointing out exactly *what* was wrong, that voice was the best clue she had since there weren’t any mirrors on the mountainside. Fortunately, Shenhe provided the context. **“You look like mother.”**

Ganyu somehow wasn’t surprised to hear that. **“...I do?”** Even as she replied, her facial visage was being adjusted so that it become close to identical to how Xianyun appeared. Her lips? Fuller. Her jawline? Narrower. Her eyes? Thinner. And her nose? Smaller. Throw in cheekbones that lifted a little to give her face a *longer* appearance, and she really was her mother’s spitting image from the neck up. **“H-How do we stop... this?”**

Panic had finally set in, but it was only *amplified* by pure *embarrassment* as Ganyu came to realize something *else*. **“Hya!?”** She cried out sheepishly while drawing a hand across her breast, but Shenhe

had already observed *why* she was going so far. Ganyu had felt the body stocking that she wore *tighten* around her C-cup breasts. Or that was how it had *felt*, but when she'd looked down? She'd seen them *swelling*. Without any firm material to hold them back, they'd ballooned to *E-cups*, with engorged nipples visible with how tightly the black nylon had been pulled around them. **“D-Don’t look!?”**

Shenhe did her best to look away, but as it turned out? She had more to worry about than *just* her breasts. Ganyu may have had a second arm, but she would have had to contort her body impossibly to use it to cover her *ass and thighs*, an area that ultimately fattened just like her tits had. The bands around her tights were stretched alongside the rest of their material as her thighs fattened an additional few inches, making them more than plush enough to entice someone to use them as a lap pillow. Yet, that growth still paled in comparison to what happened to her *rear*, where her cheeks swell into a big peach shape that split the back of the tights with a loud *rip*.

“A-Ah!?” The half-Qilin’s cheeks burned incredibly red now, though it looked very odd considering it was technically her *mother’s* face. Her mother’s *build* had already done irreparable damage to her outfit, but... it wasn’t going to *stop* just yet, either. **“W-Wait, it’s still going!?”** The woman could feel the portions of her body stocking that *hadn’t* been stretched yet doing just that. Around her stomach, arms, and lower legs. It was pretty obvious *why* this was all stretching.

And Shenhe pointed out the obvious again. **“One can’t help but notice that you’re getting taller.”** Ganyu had *already* realized and shot Shenhe a glare. Her limbs and torso were lengthening, pulling the nylon thin around her stomach, elbows, and knees. One inch, two inches, three inches. *RIIIIIIP*. Three inches were all the gains she had needed before these areas began to tear, splitting what had once been a single garment into several ill-fitted pieces.

But she grew all the way up to 5’9” in the end. An inch taller than even Shenhe.

Xianyun’s height, of course.

Ganyu was basically her mother’s spitting image, right down to the longer feet that barely fit in her heels now, or slender fingers that made her gloves uncomfortable. At the very least? Her body wasn’t going to change anymore, but that didn’t mean she was finished. **“What... do you make of this, Shenhe?”** It was odd that her sister was *acting* like their mother while *she* looked like her. It was almost as if there had been some sort of disconnect in what had happened to them. Even Ganyu’s

horns shrank away, but it was so subtle compared to everything else that she didn't even notice.

“One doesn't know, but... One also doesn't know why one is approaching you.” Shenhe *had* begun to walk towards the transformed Ganyu, who had assumed her sister must have had some sort of reason for walking up to her up until that moment. But she was saying she didn't? She also wasn't stopping. Wait, wasn't Shenhe going to collide with her at this rate!? **“One apologizes.”** That was the last thing Shenhe said before the two *collided*.

Normally, you would expect at least one of them to stumble back from the impact. But that *wasn't* what happened. Both of them felt it at the same time – the sensation of something *pulling them* into each other. It was an intimate feeling, but it also became *disturbing*. Because Ganyu watched as Shenhe soon *melted* into her own body. **“Sh-Shenhe!? What's happ—!?”** She'd wanted to ask, but she *couldn't* her ability to speak just abruptly *shut off*, leaving her voiceless.

She did speak again, but not through her own power.

“Wh-What!? How has two become one!?” Where two women had stood just seconds ago, only one now remained. Shenhe just seemed to be *completely* missing at a glance, because only the Xianyun that Ganyu had become was standing there speaking. The truth of the matter was actually *far* more complicated than that, though. It wasn't like Shenhe was gone; she had been absorbed *into* the Xianyun's body. It was technically *Shenhe* speaking, while *Ganyu's* ability to speak had been lost.



But that also didn't mean that Ganyu wasn't there. **“Hm? Are you moving one's body? It seems that one doesn't have control...”** Shenhe couldn't control how her body *moved*. Her arms and feet were seemingly acting on their own, but she sensed that this wasn't exactly the case. There was a consciousness directing them that was

overlain with her own within that body: *Ganyu*. Shenhe controlled the mouth, but Ganyu's soul controlled the body.

Together they had become a singular *Xianyun*.

Her body gave a thumbs up to signify that her mind was correct. **“One sees... Then one must try and find a way to undo this... Shall one seek out the original?”** Another thumbs up from a Ganyu that *definitely* wanted to undo this. How could she spend the rest of her life seeing through a pair of eyes with a mouth that someone else commandeered? Not to mention, their fusion was slowly beginning to affect her *own* behavior. Even now, she placed an arm under her bosom without thinking to mirror the real Xianyun's own posture.

Was it possible that the longer they stayed like this, the more at risk they were of fusing *permanently*? Would she lose her own personality little by little until the two were on the exact same wavelength? At that point, it would probably be far too late. It was an outcome that they had to avoid at *any* cost, and the real Xianyun was likely their only lead towards a solution. **“...One cannot move her body herself, if you recall?”**

The mouth's words reminded the body of its role, and she began to step down towards the mountain path. Neither part of this woman's being knew where their mother could be found, but did it really even matter? Even if they *did* have thoughts about it, there wasn't an especially good way for them to share them with one another!

“One should consider finding us clothing that fits, as well.”

Oh, she did make a good point.