

CLOSEST COMPANION

COMMISSION STORY

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As always, the Traveler's journey throughout Teyvat was never easy.

After dealing with Fontaine's woes – the mysteries behind its Archon and the drama of its courtrooms – Lumine and Paimon had made the necessary trip to the next stop on their journey, the land of the Pyro Archon, Natlan. They had heard that it was the nation of war and had realistically expected the worst. After all, the people of Natlan seldom left their nation if at *all*, and so for the most part they only had secondhand accounts to draw from about its nature.

So, they had been pleasantly surprised to learn that things weren't as *dangerous* as the worst case scenarios they had developed in the backs of their minds. Natlan's people weren't at war with *each other*. The truth really couldn't have been farther from this assumption, in fact. The tribes of Natlan were at war with the *Abyss*, and when Lumine had first arrived in the nation? The Abyss had been on the verge of *winning*.

"I'm going to miss everyone..."

"Yeah! Well, it's not like we could stay forever! We'll visit again!"

But that was all in the *past* now. While standing at the side of Mavuika the Pyro Archon, as well as the tribes of Natlan, they had managed to drive the Abyss out. Doing so had required *far* too many sacrifices for anyone's liking, but those brave warriors that had lost their lives (and some even their souls) would be honored going forward. Lumine didn't like that she had to leave them behind while they were rebuilding after everything, but she had managed to help where she could first.

The two arrived at the final Statue of the Seven within Natlan's borders before long. It was their last intended resting spot before they made the trek out toward *Snezhnaya* of all places. Would that ultimately be their final stop on this journey? Would she find her brother there, make amends, and finally leave Teyvat for good? That was certainly the most optimistic prediction, but things were *never* that simple. The sister feared that the situation was much, *much* more complicated than anyone had anticipated.

Lumine had gone a step further and had started taking notes of the signs that this *was*, indeed, the case.

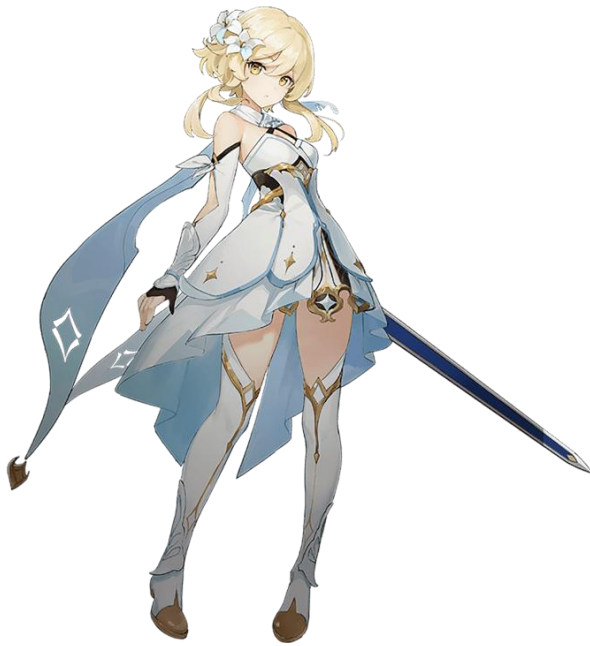
“Still, I wish I could stay and help support Mavuika in some way.” The Traveler's thoughts still lingered on Natlan's Archon as she took one look back at the nation they were about to leave. She'd felt this way about *every* Archon. Furina had been forced to try and rediscover herself after 500 years of performing, Ei was left cleaning up the mess she had made courtesy of her own crippling fears and depression, and Nahida had been stuck with *Hat Guy*.

Mavuika wasn't a god. She was a human carrying the Archon's powers. Natlan's future was bright now, but there was only so much she could do. Lumine was glad that all of the tribes had rallied underneath the Archon in the end and hoped that they could all continue to help each other. Thinking of it *that* way, things would probably fine. Mavuika had a support group, just like Furina, Ei, and Nahida had.

But even though she had come to terms with this... The Statue of the Seven they were sitting under temporarily had still shone at its tippy top the moment the young woman had expressed her 'wish'. And before the two of them could continue their conversation, they found themselves becoming unusually *sleepy*.

“Mm? Paimon?” Lumine had no idea how long she had been out. She just knew she had *woken up*, unaware of when she had even fallen asleep in the first place. Memories groggily returned as she sat up on what she had been laid down upon: a wooden bench. She had definitely been on her way out of Natlan with Paimon and had sat down underneath that Statue of the Seven, when... Was that when she had fallen asleep? *Why?* She hadn't been especially tired before that point!

At least she recognized her surroundings, even though she wasn't sure *how* she had ended up there in the first place. It was one of the changing rooms outside of the hot springs used by the People of the Springs. That... was a pretty long distance to travel while carrying a fully grown



woman and a fairy. Speaking of... **“Is Paimon really not here? I wonder if they put her in a different room?”**

If something had knocked the pair of them out, then she had to assume maybe she'd put her in a different changing room. Were the People of the Springs just out of lodging? The more she thought about it, the more questions she had about how she had even ended up in this situation.

But those questions only grew once it occurred to her that she *couldn't get up*. She had managed to push herself up

into a sitting position with her back against the wall, but now she couldn't *lift* anything. Her arms and legs felt like *rubber*. **“Maybe I'm still...”** Lumine hadn't meant to trail off there; not at *all*. She couldn't find the energy to move her lips, or... Was that the issue? No, that wasn't really it, was it?

The energy was there. But she didn't have the *strength*.

This didn't mean that the Traveler couldn't *think*, though. Her mind was actually *racing*. A lot of strange things had been happening to her back to back, and now her entire body had gone limp. Her body was tilted slightly back thanks to the gap between the back of the bench and the wall, so she couldn't even look down *to* see if there were any visual signs of something being wrong with her. Which there *were*. And she could feel them *vaguely*.

Why does my upper body feel so heavy? Lumine was more than certain that she wasn't just imagining this – after all, she could feel her torso being pulled forward like someone was pulling on it... or like something was so heavy that gravity was doing the 'pulling' instead. The latter scenario was actually the correct one. She *did* feel heavy. She *was* getting heavier. But it was a very specific part of her body that was gaining weight.

And most women wouldn't necessarily see it as an issue. The *Traveler* might not have considered it a problem if not for the whole *inability to move* problem she was dealing with at the same time. But the cause was plain to see... namely because she was *naked*, and the changes were

happening to her body. She'd become immobile so quickly that she hadn't even noticed she'd been stripped before waking up.

Maybe that was for the best though. Because it was her *chest* that was growing heavier, and if she'd still been wearing her dress then the front straps *definitely* would have snapped under the pressure of her swelling bosom. Weight gathered within the confines of her bosom, flesh *surging* with an unrestrained jiggle and bounce as they not only doubled, but *tripled* in size until each tit was only slightly smaller than the young woman's own head. This alone was *surprising*, but what was more surprising was how...*fake* they looked.

Not 'fake' in the sense that their weight could have plausibly just been added artificially. Their shape and heft looked and felt organic. It was the *skin* that covered them. It almost looked *shiny*, and the cause was only clear if you looked at it *extremely* closely. The texture of her skin was *off*. It looked etched, like someone had scratched the surface of her breasts with a stencil. But anyone familiar with stitching could make more sense of this pattern. It was more like *stitching*, like hundreds of tiny fibers had been weaved together to compost an *article* of clothing.

And this stitching flattened her nipples, areola and all, until they were the same cream color as the rest of her tits. Not only this, but they *firmed up*. None of their weight was lost, but their jiggle faded as if both tits were being held up by an invisible bra. This stitching continued *downward* from her breasts, pulling out her bellybutton until it was even with the rest of her tummy and wrapped around her hips. But even then? It all remained skin-colored.

Huh? And my posture is changing... It had already changed a little bit due to the weight of her tits and how it had pulled her slightly forward, but it hadn't been enough to turn her chin down so that she could see. The Traveler didn't exactly fare any better during the next shift in her sitting posture either, though this time it was manipulated by a different part of her body. Even so, it was still a product of several parts of her body getting *heavier*.

It was Lumine's ass and, by extension, her thighs that were now bloating. Her hips were pushed wider, and her changed posture came about because her ass cheeks were actually *lifting* her body upwards on the bench seat – because there was more to her ass cheeks in the first place! Excess fat pressed into the seat and lipped over the edge, even peaking through the cracks between the connected boards. It raised her slightly higher in the end while her thighs nearly *doubled* in girth, but some of the height she received was a legitimate side effect of... *growing taller*.

The young woman's head finally turned to the side thanks to a lengthening of her limbs, but it only gave her a view of her shoulder and the door. Wait, am I taller? I'm definitely taller, right!? At least she could see where the floor was, and it was enough for her to tell that her body's height had sprung up. She actually would have stood at around 5'8" had she been standing. 5'8", with an exceptionally curvaceous body. Her figure was almost identical to—

“Whew! That was a much needed hot spring soak! It's like all of the tension just left my body at once!” Lumine's eyes went wide at a sudden disruption. The door she was looking at opened, and a familiar face walked in dressed only in a towel wrapped around her torso. *Mavuika! She must be the one who brought me here! She'll be able to help me!* She had hope! *'Had'* being past tense, because the Archon walked right past her without so much as looking at her. *C-Can she not see me?*

And she couldn't even turn her head to follow where the woman was going to check if she was looking at her.

In the meantime, the blonde's body had grown even *more* surreal. The fiber-like texture had spread across every visual iota of her body below the neck, and it had caused a number of surreal defects like the gaps between the cheeks of her ass and even her pussy closing. Anatomically? She looked more like a *doll* than a living, breathing person. But that impression also didn't last very long.

Namely because the *coloring* of this skin began to darken. Not *all* of it, mind you, but it *was* the majority of her skin. A large percentage of it shifted towards a *very* shiny black. Her legs in their entirety, the fronts of her tits (though a slit was left for her cleavage), and her tummy. The areas that *didn't* blacken felt quite deliberate. Mesh triangles in strips down the fronts of her thighs, the sides of her torso, and a cutout at the top of her back. Her arms *also* didn't change color, though her hands did.

“The best part of coming out of the hot spring is cooling off after!” Mavuika had been drying herself off just outside of Lumine's line of sight, still utterly oblivious to the fact that there was another person in the changing room. It was actually more like... she didn't see the other presence in the room *as* a person, however. And *why* that was? Well, it was becoming pretty clear.

Additional colors emerged atop the black. Gold ran vertically from the base of the 'V' shape of untouched skin at the base of her cleavage, this skin raising and hardening into a metal zipper that ran up into where her pussy had once been, while the inside of the 'V' hardened into

additional ‘teeth’ above a sun-shaped zipper handle. Red and gold created a sun-shaped pattern over her left hip, while silver etched a more mundane pattern across the right.

Red mass extended from the fronts of her ankles, becoming decorations that seemingly separated her blackened feet from her legs. Lo and behold? Lumine’s soles thickened and flattened until they resembled the bottoms of a pair of *boots*, and her toes swelled to mend together and become the outsole and tip. It was plain enough what was happening. Her body, little by little, was looking more like an *outfit* than a human’s body. Even her fingers had turned to leather gloves, not a fingernail to be seen upon them.

The Traveler had felt so *heavy* throughout her transformation, yet now she was beginning to feel incredibly *light*. *It’s almost like I’m emptying...* It was much more like she was *deflating*, however. All of the human flesh, blood, and organs that existed beneath the colored parts of her fiber body disappeared as if they were draining away, and so the ‘skin’, her literal ‘bodysuit’, flattened with the front pressing against the back. Her hands fell off as gloves, and her feet separated as the boots that they were.

She wasn’t breathing. She couldn’t breathe. She didn’t *need* to breathe. Her vision was rapidly fading as her heart did the same, her pulse entirely lost as the last of her ‘body’ fell flat. Now without any head to speak of, for it had shrunk and hardened into a golden choker with a stylized Natlanese design. *What just happened? Why did everything go dark?* But pulse or no, she was still ‘conscious’.

And her vision returned, though as if she was looking through a million individual eyes at a million different angles all at once.

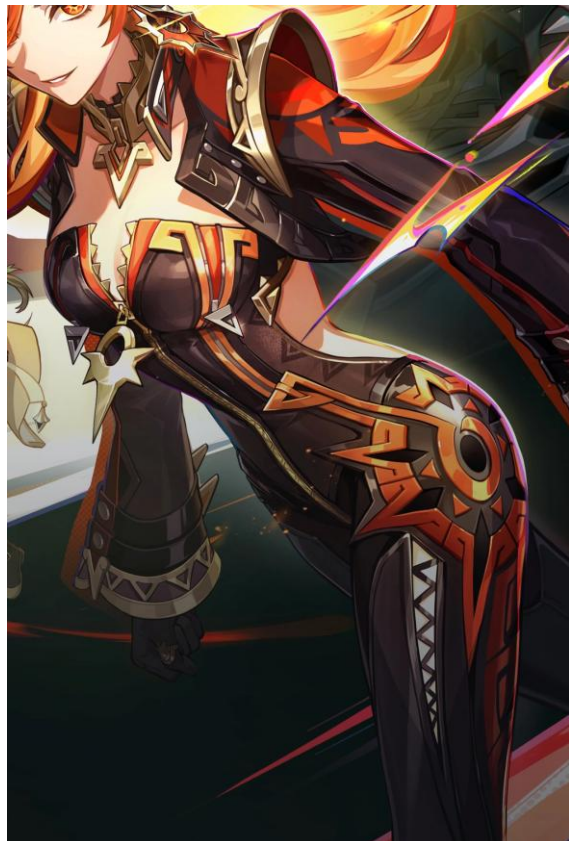
Wh-What!? It took Lumine some time to adjust to what had just happened to her, without the ability to move and with her vision now so uncanny. The ability to see through every (literal) fiber of her being had been jarring, but now that her ‘mind’ (or what passed as one) could comprehend it, she could identify *what* she had become. *I-I’M CLOTHING!?* She was a *skintight racing suit*. She was *Mavuika’s skintight racing suit*. This filled her with dread. Was she even *alive* anymore? She was an inanimate object, and one that was meant to be *worn* at that.

“Hm... I think I’m dry enough!” And then there was *another* issue. The woman who was presumably *supposed* to wear her was presently in the changing room and had been for some time. The shock of seeing Mavuika naked came and passed quickly enough, but it was ultimately twisted into something else. *Desire*. It wasn’t quite arousal, but when

she absorbed the sight of Mavuika's bare flesh... something *instinctual* wanted to cling to it. Did *all* clothing feel like this, or was this just a side effect of becoming sentient attire?

So, her feelings were *very* mixed when the naked Archon turned to look at her deflated body resting on the bench. **"Mm? Did I leave that there? I could have sworn I hung it on the back of the door."** But Mavuika didn't question it any further, much to Lumine's utter dismay. She approached instead, each footstep felt shaking the bench until fingers gripped into her sides.

Lumine mentally shuddered at the touch, and that feeling only intensified as the Archon gave her a shake to 'loosen her up' so to speak. Fear on the bodysuit's part turned to anticipation as she felt her open back stretched wide so that one leg could slide into her, and then another. Ecstasy didn't claim her senses until her own 'body' gripped the woman's skin, allowing her to taste the minerals that had been mixed within the water of the springs. She tasted much more when she hugged the woman's pussy, its warmth and salty flavor pulsating into the segment of the bodysuit that touched it.



Little by little she covered more of the Archon's body while the one wearing her was none the wiser to just how absurd this entire situation was. She had put on this outfit *countless* times, and this time was no different. Even though Lumine was treated to the dark confines of the woman's ample ass crack, form fitting her heart-shaped rump perfectly. Comparatively? Nothing was *too* alarming as the bodysuit did not cover her arms, a jacket was supposed to do that, but she could *absolutely* feel the woman's puffy nipples digging into her.

"That just about does it!" Mavuika exclaimed as she pulled on her boots and gloves; all pieces of the outfit that Lumine had become as a whole. But Lumine no longer questioned this fate, nor did she show any real concern. Why would she have? Being worn... Perhaps it was those 'instincts' she had recognized before, but it was as if her life had become pure bliss. It would remain this was so long as she was worn.

And clarity would only find her again once she was taken off. Only to lose it and gain it over and over as many times as Mavuika chose to undress and redress herself again. But at least, for the rest of her life, she would be able to 'support' the Pyro Archon! As she reached for the jacket hanging from the back of the door, though, Lumine did vaguely wonder. Where had that jacket come from? It wasn't part of her 'body'?

Paimon still hadn't been accounted for, had she?