

WRONG DIVINITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Furina de Fontaine was *lost*.

Not in the literal sense. She knew exactly *where* she was. But when it came to the more figurative sense, it was more like she didn't know where she was *going* anymore. It almost felt like she had just awoken from the world's longest nightmare. Five hundred consecutive years of living a lie. Lying to herself, and lying to others, all for the sake of the future of her nation and its people. She didn't have regrets. All of the pain she had suffered had been worth it. Pretending to be Fontaine's Archon while being little more than a cursed human had certainly exacted an emotional toll.

But while it contributed to *why* she felt lost; it wasn't the actual reason. Imagine you spent your entire life doing one thing and imagine that this one thing basically amounted to your whole identity. Now imagine doing that one thing for *five hundred years* with no idea as to when that role would finally come to an end. Fontaine's false Archon had lived such a life. Because she didn't know when her role would end, she'd never devised any plans for what would happen *after* the fact. She wasn't sure how to decouple her role as the Hydro Archon from her identity completely, either.

Furina had made some strides since. She had received a Vision, helped with a movie, and even visited Liyue – all in search of the answer to the question: what sort of life do I want to lead now? All of these experiences had led her to breakthroughs of their own, but it was the third one that had brought her the most development. Visiting Liyue had been *exciting*. It had been *new*. It had inspired her.

And so, that was why she knew where she *literally* was. She was standing in front of an unfamiliar Statue of the Seven in a foreign nation. She had traveled to Sumeru all on her own. **“I suppose I should have asked where that carriage was going to drop me off...”** She’d come across the desert between Fontaine and the jungles of Sumeru by carriage, but they had dropped her off at this statue a ways away from the capital city. **“I suppose this means I need to walk the rest of the way...”** Then, it was a good thing that she had purchased a map!



Admittedly though, Furina was *very* tired. The carriage ride had begun nearly 24 hours prior. She’d experienced both the sweltering heat of the desert during the day, and its freezing cold during the night. Between being too hot or too cold as a native of a nation with a consistent temperature had led to her not getting much sleep. And now, even first thing in the morning on the jungle’s outskirts, it was both hot *and* humid.

“I wonder if there’s a settlement that’s closer...” The woman consulted with her map while resting underneath the statue’s shade. Most of the map was green – it was all rolling fields or rainforests from now on. But if she traveled due east towards a nearby path *that* headed in the direction of Sumeru City, her destination... There seemed to be some building market about an hour’s trip away by foot. **“I wonder if there’s lodging at that location? Could it be a lab?”** Fontaine had a number of labs like that out in the wilderness.

Still, she wasn’t looking forward to the trip. All she had to follow until that road was a dirt path, and the humid climate of Sumeru made her skin very sticky. It had been her idea to go traveling, however, so she knew she had to suck it up! ...Not like she could even go back at this point. The carriage was gone, so if she wished to return to Fontaine early then she’d have to find a new mode of transportation. That just wasn’t going to happen.

“If only I had some divinity, then perhaps the trek wouldn’t be so bad...” Furina could only *imagine* what it might be like to be divine. Despite claiming to be an Archon for 500 years, that had all been a lie in the end. But she could only assume they received benefits beyond their long lives, right? Surely the gods themselves wouldn’t be as bothered by a little bit of sticky air? She glanced up at the Statue of the Seven, which

depicted a young woman with pointy ears. **“Well, it isn’t as if I could wish for something like that.”**

With the sun bearing down so brightly, the woman couldn’t be blamed for not noticing it. A glint of light that sparkled in one of the statue’s eyes could have easily been disregarded as that sunlight hitting a speck of dust or something like that. *Furina* definitely didn’t think much of it at the time. She simply put her map away and returned her attention back to the dirt path that would take her to the road. **“Well, better get going. Even if there’s nowhere to stay at that destination, I should make it to the city by nightfall if I follow the road.”**

Still, she wasn’t looking forward to how much of a shower she was going to need by the time she got there.

The young woman took a few steps down the dirt path, stepping out of the clearing that the statue was in so that the jungle canopy covered her head instead. If anything, she took solace in the realization that it didn’t seem as if this would be the case for long. The sky opened up a few minutes down the path, and at least from where *she* was standing it didn’t seem like it would be covered again anytime soon. But being in the shade and hiding herself from the sun dulled the perception of her *colors*.

More specifically, it made it more difficult to get a clear picture of her *hair’s* color. Because it was white with light blue highlights, these shades were naturally dulled in the shade. It made it a little more difficult to tell that something was *amiss* with these strands. That they were actually *darkening* ever so slightly. One by one, what was white soon became a light silver, and the blue highlights weren’t even exempt from this trend. It painted *Furina’s* entire head of hair – something she did not recognize, and something she would not recognize for a while longer.

This remained true even as she wiped some sweat from her brow with her sleeve. **“I’m *really* going to need a shower, aren’t I?”** She continued to whine as she trekked on, the situation with her hair becoming *stranger* still. Not only did the woman’s *massive* ahoge shrivel away, flattening against the bulk of the *rest* of her silver hair, but the mass of her locks began to *lengthen* as a whole. What was once a frilly bob spilled into a messier mass that reached a handful of inches past her shoulders, while her bangs settled down from their more dramatic lift.

And a forest green that clashed with her blue-centric style dyed the tips in the back.

“Ugh... My hair is starting to stick to my face.” This was the most that Furina appeared to notice about her hair’s sudden shift initially. It was still too dim for the changed color to be apparent, and she was picking at bangs that hadn’t really changed all *that* much aside from perhaps being a little fluffier. Her walk continued without much hindrance, but she *was* finding the more laborious aspect of her journey a little easier to bear now? Her traveling pains had eased, and her movements didn’t feel as fatiguing. Her body, in fact, felt *lighter*.

Part of the reason moving felt less laborious was a more fundamental change. One that wasn’t necessarily made to her *body*, but to her existence itself. A connection had been forged between her and the Statue of the Seven that she had left behind, and it was trickling, of all things, *divinity* into the container that was her flesh. She was gradually ascending to *godhood* without even realizing, and it was only natural that gods were just *built different*.

This... *came at a cost*, though. And this cost was vaguely related to why she felt a little lighter. Okay, to be fair it wasn’t really all *that* much of a loss, because she hadn’t really had that much in the first place. That much *chest*, anyways. Furina’s B-cups weren’t exactly notable, and the fancy clothing that she wore didn’t do them any favors either. The coat tended to *compress* them as is, making them look smaller. Perhaps *this* was why it didn’t even occur to her that they ended up *shrinking*. That those B-cups flattened into little more than mosquito bites upon her chest that merely suggested her chest still belonged to a *girl*.

While a similar phenomenon affected the perky cheeks of her ass, there *was* one exception to this loss. The skin of the young woman’s *thighs* stretched every so slightly due to her upper legs becoming all the chubbier. This fat, however, was *not* the fat of an adult woman’s thighs. It was something much more *youthful*, and it appeared elsewhere too. It made her arms slightly chubby, as well as her *face*. **“I wonder how much *further* until... Eh? That was a weird voice *crack*!”**

It really *was*, and these cracks became more common as the divinity her body was being molded by began to alter her *face*. The excess fat had puffed up her cheeks to make her face appear a little *rounder*, but it slowly became *shorter* and *wider* courtesy of her chin pushing closer to her forehead. ‘Smaller’ appeared to be the name of the game, ultimately. Her lips thinned, but they also pouted out more, and her nose regressed in size until it was as cute as a button.

The *girl’s* perceivable age was clearly regressing, and fuller eyes with shorter, straighter lashes contributed to this impression. If not for her height, she might have easily been mistaken for a girl around *eight*. She was now far enough along the path that she was on the cusp of stepping

out into the light finally, but *before* that happened? Her eyes underwent *another* change. The mismatched blues of their irises blossomed with a bright green that was even more vivid than the highlights that had dyed the tips of her mane. Her teardrop-shaped irises inverted to white but also stretched out into four different directions. Forming the petals of what looked to be a *flower* in either eye.

“**Hm? My hair?**” There was no longer a canopy of trees above the woman, and she stepped into the sunlight. *This* was when she finally glanced up at her bangs and noticed the color was off. “**Wh-What happened to my hair!?**” She realized it was *longer* too, but she was forced to clasp her hands around thinned lips once she heard her voice. It was no longer cracking. It remained *consistently* ‘off’, slightly deeper but also vaguely more childlike in tandem.

Furina opened her mouth to speak again but ultimately cried out with surprise instead. Now that she realized something had happened, she wasn’t moving forward. And even if she had wanted to? She would probably have fallen over considering what made her cry out in the first place. Her balance had suddenly been compromised. She felt like she was *falling*, but only because her eye level was quickly plummeting.

And yet that *wasn’t* what was going on. The girl herself clocked it after looking down. “**I’m shrinking!? I-I’m getting smaller?**” It was definitely difficult to deny that this was what was happening. She wasn’t especially tall to begin with, standing at a below average 5’2” without heels, but she dropped *significantly* very quickly. She fell beneath the five foot mark and her shorts slipped off as her hips narrowed in the process. Fortunately, a now oversized jacket covered everything up by the time she stopped shrinking at a meager 4’.

The child – and she was definitely physically a *child* entirely now – blinked with surprise. Stubby little fingers in one of her tiny hands flexed as she watched them with awe, her panic from just seconds ago subdued for some reason. “**What... What in the world just happened to me? I’m so small, and I feel... odd.**” Was this an Archon’s power? Wait, how could she have known that it was an Archon’s power? “**I... remember things I didn’t before? When did this start happening?**”

Short lashes blinked while the silver hair on the sides of her head soon began to part to reveal a secret. Pointed cartilage was pushing out, and considering what was going on mentally it almost felt like these pointed *ears* were acting as receivers. Receivers that were ‘downloading’ memories and knowledge from the Statue of the Seven and into her shrunken brain.

The physical size of her brain didn't really matter, though. The knowledge she was 'downloading' was far vaster than any normal child should have been able to comprehend. The leylines, gods, and the governance of Sumeru were a number of serious topics that lent credence to the theory the girl had been developing in her head. Well, she didn't really *need* to prove it, because this new knowledge confirmed what she'd suspected near the very end. **"I see..."**

She didn't express an iota of surprise as the power that had transformed her body *and* soul finally came for her attire as well. Her shorts pulled back up onto her hips and lightened into a pair of fitting white bloomers, whereas her dark blue coat opened and paled into a cream colored, sleeveless dress with dark green, teardrop-shaped accents around the skirt and gold etched regaling into its style. She wore green cuffs above both elbows, a golden bracelet on her right wrist, and her toes were bare after her boots tightened into white, frilly footwraps with gold wrapped around them. Her longer hair was even pulled up into a side ponytail by a green, leaf-shaped hair piece while on the other side some of it was braided and held in place by yet another leaf.

"I..." While she was only a short ways towards her destination comparatively, it seemed that the rest of her journey would have to be made with a much shorter gait. Her eyes were much lower to the jungle floor too, because her body was effectively that of a *child*. **"I have to admit, this is quite the unusual situation I've found myself in!"** This girl could not be called 'Furina de Fontaine'. She didn't look, act, nor even sound even a little bit like her. But at her most fundamental level... she *was*.



Even if the name she now responded to was *Nahida*.

There had been a rush of information at her transformation's end that had provided context to what had happened. Sumeru's Archon, the original Nahida, had heard her laments and knew of her role in Fontaine. She had seen this as an opportunity to give Furina some reprieve and fulfill her wish. And now? The two were one. Well, they were still *separate*. *How do you like your gift? I hope you'll be able to find the answers you've been searching for!* A voice cheerfully communicate with her subconscious.

"The original me... I mean, Miss Nahida!" Had her wires gotten a little *too* crossed? Speaking that name just made her feel like she was

talking about herself. Her pointy ears wiggled. **“You’d like me to travel around Sumeru and see it through your eyes? Well, this is certainly an interesting proposal...”** With Nahida’s knowledge mixed with her own, there was a *plethora* of things she now understood that she hadn’t before. It really was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Isn’t it? When considering what ailed you, I thought this change of perspective might be useful! Why not come to Sumeru City first? Then we can meet, and I can help you adjust before you set out on your journey through our nation!

“A logical proposition! But uh, how are we going to refer to each other? We can’t just keep calling each other Nahida, can we?”

Why not? We’re smart enough to know who we’re talking about!

Well, the original *did* have a point there!