

GRIMOIRES OF TEYVAT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“You know, we *could* go on a date that doesn’t involve trekking through the forest for a change, Luz.”

“Oh, *come on!* You *know* you *love* it! Besides, I have to go through the woods to get home anyways!”

The voices of the human, Luz Noceda, and the witch, Amity Blight, were carried effortlessly over the breeze that traveled through the forested area of The Boiling Isles that they had chosen to spend their evening in. It was only around 6 or 7, but the only light to be seen was from the moon and stars above. Not that it mattered. It was still *more* than enough for the two young teenagers to make use of, and the twisting trees and crumbling leaves were all illuminated well enough for them to traverse with ease.

Just as it sounded, the two girls were out on a date. They had been a couple for a number of months now, but at the end of the day they were only fourteen years old. There was only so much they could do, especially with The Boiling Isles being as quirky as they were in the first place. And so? The two spent a *lot* of time exploring forests. **“Look at it this way, Amity! I bet there’s places in this forest that no one has even explored! Think of the treasures we could find!”**

Luz had run ahead, leaving Amity to trail behind a little bit. **“As if! We’re not just going to find treas— OOF!?”** The witch *had* been joking along with a smile on her face, but she became momentarily panicked as she tripped over *something*. Had it been a tree’s root? No. Looking back? There was something sticking out of a pile of leaves that had been disheveled by her tripping. **“Uh... Luz?”**

The human was quick to run back to see what her girlfriend was staring at. **“Oh, weird!”** She crouched down to pick it up. A tome that she had never seen before with a purple cover. It didn’t *look* like a spell book, or even like any book she had seen in The Boiling Isles in the first place. **“Wait, I know this language. It’s Japanese, isn’t it?”** Well, Luz *was* something of a nerd. She’d seen enough anime, but even then, she wasn’t sure if it was Japanese *exactly*. It appeared vaguely different somehow.

Curiosity had gotten the better of her. **“Careful, Luz. We don’t know what that book i—!?”** Amity had a better head on her shoulders and had spoken up when she saw Luz reaching to open it. But she had been too late. Luz opened the cover, purple sparks of magic shot out. And then? The two of them were shrouded in *darkness* within seconds. Leaving their place in the forest wholly unoccupied.

They had disappeared.



“Oh. Whoops. Maybe I shouldn’t have done that after all...” The said that ‘hindsight was always 20/20’, and Luz remembered that saying upon finding herself in... a *library*? A grand library with row after row of books, yet there was something strikingly odd about it too. There was no color. Aside from herself, everything was dyed a monochromatic black and white. **“Did it warp me somewhere? No... This feels a little different.”** Like when she had seen Belos’ past? Was she in a memory?

If that was the case, then whose? Something about the library she began to wander did feel *vaguely* familiar somehow, but at the same time? It didn’t feel like a location upon The Boiling Isles, but it also felt too much like a fantasy setting to be somewhere in the human realm. **“Wait, was Amity caught up in this too? Is she nearby?”** Her curiosity was supplemented by concern for her girlfriend. She *hadn’t* been in a memory before, so if she was caught in one too...

But Luz couldn’t afford to care about anyone but herself.

She just didn’t realize it yet. There were *signs* suggesting as much, but the earliest of them were difficult to sense without being acutely aware that something was wrong. And by the time something more pronounced made itself clear? The *mental* aspects of the phenomenon would already be in the process of steering her away from making any proper notes of things.

For example? Because her surroundings were black and white, the lighting in this memory space was a little *off*. It was strange enough that it already made the colors of her own outfit seem a little more washed out than normal. So, even if she'd glimpsed it, it didn't even really occur to Luz that her complexion was... *paling*. The natural tan of her Afro-Latina heritage was fading, melanin dissipating until she had a very *white* skin color. The kind that you saw on basically any white person.

While at the same time? Her brown eyes began to shimmer with a new, emerald green. **"I mean if it's *her*, then she'll definitely figure things out on her own."** She was trying to reassure herself about Amity's chances, but it was strange. She was referring to someone important, right? But who *was* it? Her memories felt a little *groggy*. She couldn't piece everything together properly. But it didn't feel pressing enough at the time.

Her eyes might have danced back and forth with confusion for a moment though, all as her paled face continued to shift in ways that suited this new complexion better. That is to say that she appeared *increasingly* Caucasian. Her eyes both narrowed and found themselves with lengthened lashes dancing upon them, whereas her nose lengthened, and her lips grew all the plumper at the base of a face that had lengthened as a whole. Forget just making her look *whiter*, though. She also looked *older*. Significantly so.

Even if it looked out of place on her small body, her face looked as if it belonged to a woman in her *thirties*.

"Now, how shall *I*—? Erm... *I*? Testing, testing..." Now why did her voice hit her ear strangely? It sounded deep and *exceptionally* mature. Like the voice of an older woman like E... E... was there someone who had taught her whose name started with E? But the more Luz thought about it, she eventually concluded that this voice definitely sounded the way it *should* have. No ifs, ands, or buts. **"I must be running low on sleep. It's hard being so busy!"** She was starting to sound as old as she looked in terms of *how* she spoke.

Her short, dark brown locks of hair had lightened to a soft chestnut, and that style lengthened with a voluminous flair past her shoulders. It was thick, fluffy, and smelled lightly of lilac while her bangs wrapped around her face. From the neck up, she *certainly* didn't look a thing like a girl named 'Luz Noceda'. But that was very much the point here. She wasn't meant to leave the memory as Luz, but as the one the memory belonged to.

And that childish build of hers just would *not* do. “**Hm!?**” Even though the girl had been forced into ignorance by the memory, not even that force was enough to stop her from at least *reacting* to what was by and far the most dramatic change yet. Luz was *supposed* to be around 5’1”. A relatively average height for a fourteen year old girl.

But she shot up like a *weed* all of a sudden, her dramatically shifting balance prompting that cry. She was basically *launched* up to a height of 5’7” instead, ripping her tights around her pelvis and lifting her top up to show a paled tummy. Had that been *all* that had grown then the clothing malfunction probably would have *only* been as light as that. But her shoulders also broadened, which ripped her sleeves, her tummy widened, and her hips *exploded* out to pop the button off her shorts and tear through the sides of their jeans. “**Oh my!**”

There was a brief moment where the taller woman couldn’t make heads or tails of what she was expressing her surprise at. Her height? Clothes that didn’t fit? Or was it perhaps her exposed skin? Her mind worked a mile a minute briefly, essentially stunning her too much to react any further. *Had* she, she probably would have gasped once more as her *already* too small shirt was compromised further.

A once barely existent chest *exploded* with weight, tearing through the front of this top so that a pair of *E-cup* tits jiggled into the fresh air. They were heavy enough that she found her posture leaning forward passively, though things were soon corrected once her *shorts* met a similar fate to her shirt. Jean shorts or not, they could *not* contain her widened hips *and* an ass that bubbled full of additional weight. What hadn’t already been torn at the sides was flossed in between her cheeks along with her underwear, whereas her thighs ripped what little remained of the tights.

Lucidity began to return, though at the cost of her *old* memories as a set that matched her surroundings were now settling. But before she snapped *entirely* back to attention? She was at least blessed with a new outfit. Ironically? Despite remaining human, she was granted the aesthetics of a witch. A short, purple gown with a white cupped chest which showed her expansive cleavage, overtop skintight shorts and long, lace thigh highs. Her posture had been lifted up by heels, gloved warmed her fingers, and a dark purple witch’s hat ended up sitting heavily atop her head.

But despite *looking* like a witch? She now identified as a *librarian*.

There was then a flash of light.

“My, I could have sworn I was just in the library of the Knights of Favonius, but I suppose that clearly isn’t the case.”

Looking around, all *Lisa Minci* could see were twisting trees and crunchy leaves. Her memories were still a little muddled, but eventually things fell back into place. She drew on her old memories to identify the forest and the realm that she was in but couldn’t draw on them for much else. She couldn’t recall being a fourteen year old girl *at all*.



Which was troubling even if she didn’t realize it. **“But why was I all of the way out in the forest?”** She’d just suddenly *appeared* on The Boiling Isles one day but had quickly been taken in by the locales. She worked at a local library in town, and even *lived* in town. So, there shouldn’t have really been a reason for her to be out in the woods. But something *did* come to mind. **“Was I out here on a *date*?”** Her emerald eyes scoured her surroundings.

“But then why would I be on one by *myself*?”



“I don’t really *get* this. Where am I? And why is everything black and white?” Amity *definitely* felt justified in trying to get Luz *not* to open the tome, but it had clearly all been for naut. She now found herself alone in a world stripped of its color, and she couldn’t really make heads or tails of *where* she was. She could tell that she was standing atop a very tall moment nearby... was it a shrine? But nothing about the architecture nor the island below the massive cliff was familiar.

And as Luz had surmised, Amity had no experience with memories to properly identify that she had been trapped inside of one. There *were* ways to escape them, but it ultimately didn’t matter. Much like Luz’s stay, this wasn’t meant to be a permanent visit by any stretch of the imagination. It was just a vehicle to distract the mind of the girl as her body was changed in the real world.

At the very least, she’d blend into these surroundings better before long.

Amity’s own assimilation didn’t begin in *quite* the same way as Amity’s did, however. She didn’t have to undergo a change of complexion, but

you *could* say that she had some fairly unique ‘racial’ changes in store. The first of which were the most unusual, and she was actively *attempting* to ignore it. That was to say that, of all things... *Her ears were extremely itchy!* It was taking all of the young witch’s willpower *not* to scratch at them. But if she’d actually raised a hand to check on them? She would have realized what was going on immediately. After all, those ears were becoming rather *fuzzy*?

And she probably would have had a little bit of difficulty tracking their positions, too. Because they were moving. Inch by inch their points traversed up higher upon her head and folder downwards. They stretched and softened, the itch she had felt being the growth of soft, pink *fur* all across them. Until she had a pair of ears that were pointedly *vulpine* by design. The ears of a *fox* of all things.

Amity shook her head as if to dismiss the itchy feeling just as it diminished on its own. “**I’ve got more important things to think about! She is probably here somewhere, right?**” Yeah! The witch had to look for *her*! Wasn’t it a little strange, though? She knew she had to look for a *woman*, but she couldn’t bring a name to the concept of this person. Because Luz was undergoing her own transformation, muddying the memories of the both of them in the same way that Amity now was.

Because there was a little more going on than a change of her ears alone. That almost cotton candy pink of their fur *spread*, overwriting both the purple dye in the girl’s hair as well as the natural brown underneath. And this hair *extended* with time, extra inch after extra inch crawling down her back and *well* past her butt, eventually pooling on the ground of the shrine pathway beneath her. The extra weight was extensive, but she didn’t really *seem* to realize.

Her sense of what was happening to her had more or less been dulled, as had been the case with her girlfriend. If she had been in her right mind, Amity *definitely* would have made a remark about, much less look down to notice, how the fit of her outfit was becoming *significantly* too small for her body. The cause behind this was her *height*. She sprung up at an alarming rate, her tights yanked right off her hips while her dress was raised so that her pelvis and the black underwear around her crotch were laid completely bare.

“*Hmm...*” This sound was essentially the sole acknowledgement she’d give this jump from 4’11” to 5’7”, even though hips swinging wider ultimately snapped her undergarments and left her loins entirely exposed. Lengthened fingers rubbed at her own side, now bereft of the black polish that was supposed to be on fingernails that were sharper

than ever. But it was clear looking at her face, too, that it wasn't just a height jump.

At least her hair had lifted off the ground?

Amity's facial features had *notably* aged, putting her around a similar age to Lisa – at least visually. Not only did this age set her apart from her prior appearance, but there was finally that stark departure from her visual identity that Luz had suffered from early on. Her eyes narrowed, not because she was squinting but because those eyes took on a much more almond, Asian shape around irises that shone with lilac instead of gold. Older as it was, the woman's face also became wider with aged features, including plumper lips. Rather than a young witch, she looked more like a *Japanese* fox woman.

“And what *am* I wearing?” There was a playful yet mature ring to the woman's voice once her attention was drawn downwards. She *already* didn't fit within an outfit designed for a fourteen year old girl, but all of the weight you'd expect from an adult woman finally began to settle into place on top of that substantial height jump. **“Or is this what I usually wear? Hmm...”**

At first it was more prominently observed below her widened hips. Her thighs gradually swelled into fuller, squishier forms that ultimately supplemented the cheeks of her now heart-shaped ass too. She was *lucky* that she was already naked in this area. But it didn't take long at all for her *chest* to begin to show similar results, and she was still *barely* wearing her dress, which now fit more like a crop top, around it. Her changing body was not courteous towards this reality whatsoever, once A-cup breasts surging and tear down the center of her neckline so that D-cup cleavage could be seen.

The woman fortunately wasn't destined to have her breasts and pussy exposed for the entire world to see. She was soon reclothed in a Japanese shrine maiden's costume that had a *number* of creative liberties to it. It was *short* for one, exposing almost the entirety of her legs while her shoulders and armpits were bare too. There were ornate sandals, detached sleeves, a golden headdress behind tied hair, and even golden earrings in her fox ears.

She had the air of someone who was probably *very* important.

“Ara ara, now *this* is strange.” Now face to face with a forest that was simultaneously familiar *and* not, *Yae Miko* was left in a very similar situation to Lisa as her fox ears reacted to all of the nearby sounds. Her memories were recomposing themselves, mixing essentials from Amity's life with Miko's general memories. What was composed was a story

similar to the librarian's, and she now believed herself to have arrived on The Boiling Isles after living in Teyvat before. **"Ah, I see..."**

It wasn't until things finally *clicked* that Miko realized she wasn't *actually* alone. Rather, *two* women came to this realization, for Lisa had been stranding right in front of her. How had they not noticed one another until that moment? Another trick of a tome that had now burned up that its power had been spent. **"Oh, Lisa~!"** Things felt even clearer now.



The two were both from Teyvat, and so while they likely never would have met back home? They'd formed a bond of camaraderie here that had developed into something else. *Romance*. Because Luz and Amity's relationship had been preserved even though they were now two entirely different people. Lisa nodded with a subtle smile. **"That was strange, but would you like to continue our date, Miss Miko?"** The answer was obvious.

"Of course! But can you recall why we chose to go out to the forest? Surely a trip to the bar would have been more suitable."

"You know... I can't remember either."