

SELF-INSERTING ON ANOTHER

COMMISSION STORY

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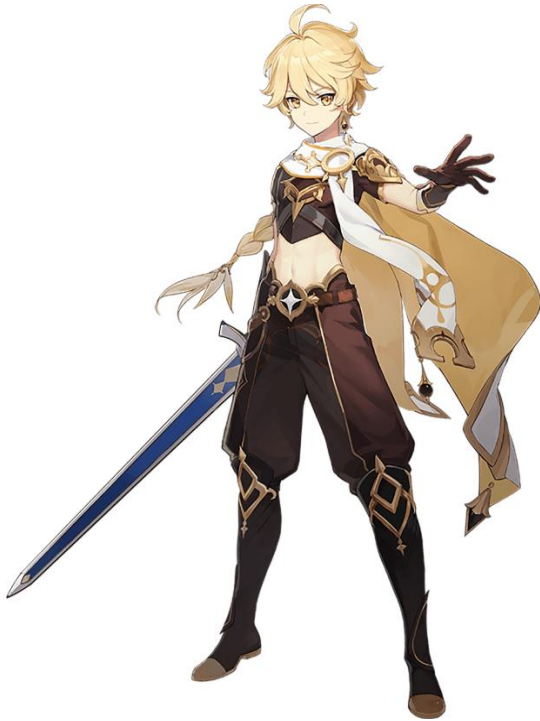
“Hm~! Maybe I should take a page out of Alice’s book and try writing a story all by myself for a change?”

Nicole Reeyn, otherwise known by her title of ‘N’, mused to herself within her study one quiet afternoon. That year’s Windblume Festival had come and gone, and it was the first one in a while that some of Hexenzirkel’s witches had decided to take a more *hands-on* approach. With the situation at the barrier *somewhat* under control, Alice had managed to return to the kingdom that was raising her daughter, Klee. And there? She had wielded the power of storytelling to put on a little *event* for the Traveler and Paimon with Nicole’s help.

Admittedly? Even though Nicole was calm and collected, she actually had a fierce competitive streak when it came to the other witches. Alice putting on such a successful event had left her, who was just as much an angel as she was a witch, wondering if she could do Alice one better. It would certainly be *amusing* to see the look on the red witch’s face if she approached her with backing from Aether that *she* had told a superior tale!

“I suppose I would need some different theming, though? Alice chose to make the Traveler the main character, and I suppose I could still do that...” The blonde woman paced around her study with her fingers to her chin in thought. Even though those thoughts *were* being made ‘aloud’, they were being communicated through her lips. Nicole could not and would not speak, she was

communicating telepathically and speaking to one of her familiars. **“What if I remixed the position of main character somehow? Well, I do have a few ideas...”**



“Uh... Paimon?” The Traveler, known on Teyvat as *Aether*, looked around in search of his floating fairy companion after his surroundings had completed their transformation. The two of them had been approached by Nicole after returning to Nod-Krai after Mondstadt’s Windblume, and she had expressed her desire for the two of them to participate in the story she had whipped up.

After Dottore’s defeat, things had become relatively quiet, and the Traveler had simply been waiting for the conditions to be right to finally head to Snezhnaya. He didn’t have any reason to decline

her invitation, especially when she promised it would be ‘quite fun’. **“Nicole? Where’s Paimon?”** She had told him that she would be the narrator, and she had a very important ‘main character role’ for him, so he could only assume she was listening.

OH! HER ROLE IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT, SO SHE’LL SHOW UP AT A FUTURE PLOT POINT! FOR NOW... *THE WITCH AWOKE WITHIN HER STUDY FEELING... UNUSUAL!*

Nicole’s explanation (delivered through an orb of blue with a witch’s hat nearby) regarding Paimon’s whereabouts were reasonable, but the narration that followed was just *unusual*. He didn’t make a very convincing *witch*, especially not as a young man. But that did shed some light on the setting. So, that was a witch’s study? It was very *blue*, and very much like what he’d expect a witch’s study to look like based on his other tastes of the style common amongst the Hexenzirkel’s witches. **“Did you model this after your study, Nicole?”** That was the impression he’d been given off the cuff.

YOU WOULD BE CORRECT! THOUGH I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO CALL IT *YOUR STUDY*? WELL, THIS IS WHERE THE PLOT TWIST COMES IN! JUST GIVE IT A MOMENT!

Because it was Nicole, Aether hadn't anticipated anything *unusual*. She had her quirks as a Hexenzirkel witch, but he believed she wouldn't do anything to harm him. And he was technically correct, because it wasn't her plan to hurt or harm him at all. **"A plot twist? But you've barely set up the story..."** Even so, he was beginning to piece the things she'd said together, and the conclusion he drew was a little *strange*. This was Nicole's study, but she was saying it was *his* study while playing the role of the main character. **"Did you self-insert yourself as the main character? Not that there's anything wrong with that, but..."**

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'D BE A GOOD FIT AS THE ACTOR? YEAH. I DID THINK ABOUT THAT, BUT THAT'S ALSO WHERE THE *PLOT TWIST* COMES IN! DON'T WORRY, THOUGH! I THINK YOU'LL DEFINITELY LIKE IT! IT JUST MIGHT BE A LITTLE WEIRD AT FIRST!

She sounded just as enthusiastic and carefree about it as ever but amusing a Hexenzirkel witch too much could be a little *risky*. The Traveler had seen firsthand that their morals and common sense were a little *different* than a regular human's. Which made extra sense for Nicole, who had never really been a human in the first place. **"Okay. I guess I'll wait and see?"** The witch didn't respond to him at that particular moment.

Aether just waited there in silence, vaguely on guard for whatever Nicole's big 'surprise' was. He trusted that it wouldn't actually hurt him, but he also had no idea *what* it could have been. A change of clothing, perhaps? He hoped that if that was the case, that Nicole would have remodeled her dress to better suit the form of a young man. He hadn't even entertained the opposite idea.

That she might alter the young man to fit a woman's dress.

He waited so long that he was beginning to wonder if Nicole was playing some sort of prank on him. Nothing had changed about his situation, or at least that was how things had *seemed* to him. But he wasn't really looking for the right *signs*. In a sense, his own outfit had been working against him. The young man *might* have noticed sooner if not for the fact that his tummy was completely exposed without any cloth that could be *pulled* or *lifted*.

And if Aether had been more familiar with his surroundings then that probably would have been another avenue towards realization. After all, things were becoming a *little* lower than they had been when he had first arrived in that space. But it wasn't until his pants were pulled *out* of his boots enough that the boy finally thought to look down and say:

“Wait...” It led to him examining his arms and his stomach. **“Did I just get taller? Nicole...”**

I WILL NOT BE FIELDING QUESTIONS AT THIS TIME! NO SPOILERS!

Spoilers? So, she was planning on changing more than *just* his height? He must have shot up at least a full head higher, and any clothing malfunction had simply been abated by the design of what he wore in the first place. His hands felt a little bit uncomfortable within his gloves though, and after fumbling to remove them, he realized why. Much like his body had grown a little taller, his fingers had lengthened a tad as well. Furthermore, it was his *nails* that had been causing the discomfort. They were a little longer, and they definitely looked like they had been maintained by someone who knew what they were doing.

“Nicole...” Aether couldn’t help but reiterate his vocalized concern as he looked over at the orb that she spoke through, but she didn’t even *try* to reply on that occasion. With his hands bare, he also couldn’t ignore that his skin appeared much *softer*, with a slightly lighter coloring to it. Even though it could have been a trick of the study’s light, he somehow felt *very* confident that the color *had* changed, and its paler glow was without unnecessary body hair.

Wasn’t this bad? *Is it wrong to become more beautiful?* **“Well, yes. I’m not supposed to be beautiful...”** The Traveler wasn’t even certain of *why* he had thought that in the first place. It didn’t make sense! But it also didn’t really make sense that he had sounded so *calm* about it either, did it? He ended up letting out an unrelated groan as his attention was suddenly pulled downward, for his hips had *wedged wider* by a few inches, which led to his knees naturally buckling.

It took him a moment to realize just what had happened, even though his pants *were* fitting a little more tightly around those hips. Their parting predated an encroaching *heaviness* that ultimately possessed his lower body, pausing any attempts by Aether to try and *fix* that posture because his upper legs felt *weird*. The bagginess of his pants certainly didn’t help identify the issue, but they also weren’t necessary.

He simply leaned forward and *grabbed* one of those legs, more specifically one of their *thighs*, and was met with a growing plushness that felt supple even *through* the fabric. **“These thighs...?”** It wasn’t like he had any experience touching them, but they felt like how a *woman’s* thighs might feel. And he hadn’t even realized that a similar phenomenon had altered the weight of his ass, which bloomed to fill his widened hips in a seductive peach shape. Each step he took from then

on would see a cheek rise and fall with a hearty jiggle that his pants, now somewhat tight, would have made obvious.

Even so, hearing his own voice made Aether pause. *Namely because he hadn't said anything.* “**What? Why can I hear such a beautiful voice? It's like...**” Well, leaning into the feminine again, it sounded like the voice of a woman. But it was more familiar. It sounded like *Nicole* when she communicated with him threw her telepathy. “**Miss Nicole, are you turning me into you?**” But Nicole didn't answer. She actually couldn't *hear* it, because the ‘speaker’ hadn't figured out how to turn it on, off, or even direct it just yet.

And why did his thoughts keep coming off so... smugly? Nicole was proud, but not in that way.

She didn't end up needing a response to that question, because the moment her lower body had properly swollen and she'd finally found herself capable of pulling her knees apart, she was lambasted by a sharp and moan-inducing *pull* between her legs. “**You really turned me into a woman!?**” The funny thing about her telepathy was that even if she *wanted* to say something out loud, she couldn't find it in her to part her lips. It was like something was sealing them, be it a power or some manner of self-imposed control.

Regardless, Aether truly *had* become a woman biologically, and her face had begun to conform to her destined identity even as the blush faded from the pale of her cheeks. Cheeks that became rounder as if to better support lips that swelled until they were more pillowy beneath a smaller nose. Her eyes rounded, but also became narrower in the corners as her pupils stretched into four-pointed stars and the color around them paled to a mixture of light blue and a splash of light pink. They were almost ethereal.

And her pupils matched a pink, star-shaped marking that was painted just beneath her bangs! It wouldn't have been visible normally, but those bangs ended up parted in the center as the blonde of their strands paled to a lighter shade. This continued until it permeated throughout *all* of a hair, including a trimmed bush of pubes, but it saw the hair lengthen out behind her, longer and longer, until it reached past her ass. There was no denying it. “**This is Nicole's hair... My hair!**” The line between the two had grown... *vaguer*.

A confidence swelled within her that the real Nicole didn't possess, though. There had already been signs of it, but she was beginning to feel the need to gloat more and more, and maybe even throw in a silly little laugh at the end. She *didn't*, mind you, but only because Aether's gaze had fallen down upon her *chest*. The leather crop top that she wore was

a little *too* tight for what was swelling beneath: a pair of breasts that hadn't been intended to be slipped underneath them, particularly with her taller body lifting it higher upon her chest. It was just fortunate that Nicole was *overly* busty, and the *C-cups* she possessed bulged out slightly from its base.

“This... is a problem. But not one I can't fix!” She mused telepathically once more and raised an index finger. All it took was a flash of magic (that would only work within the story's realm) to see those old, stinky clothes replaced with something *much* more respectable for an enchanting witch! The very same white and blue gown that the real Nicole wore, right down to the detached sleeves that showed off her shoulders, and the sparkling white tights that were translucent enough to show off her legs through them... along with her lace undergarments.

A familiar hat appeared atop her head when her *many* accessories fell into place, including a pair of golden ear guards that not only clung to the cartilage *of* her ears, but pulled them a little longer until they were just as pointed as the decoration. **“Ohohoho! Look at me! Dressed perfectly!”** She laughed but aimed that laughter at the blue orb so that the *real* Nicole could hear her.

AND SO, THE WITCH'S TRANSFORMATION CAME TO A CLOSE.
SHE WAS FEELING BETTER THAN EVEN!

“I *am* feeling better than ever, but how could I *not*?” Communicating telepathically herself, the second *Nicole Reeyn* responded directly to the original Nicole's narration that echoed throughout the story's setting. She carried herself with the original's mannerisms: hands in her lap, a smile on her face, and an aversion to even so much as *opening* her mouth. **“I *am* THE Nicole Reyn, the most powerful witch in all the land! OHOHOO!”**

There had been shades of it *as* she had been transforming, but while she was a perfect replica of the Hexenzirkel witch, she clearly wasn't *acting* exactly like her. Because the real Nicole had designed her story replica, she had altered the personality of her own character to be more *entertaining*. She'd made her haughtier and had honestly taken a little inspiration from stories about rich, young



ladies. Watching the clone she had turned Aether into in action however, she was beginning to wonder if she had laid those traits on a little *too* thick.

UM... OKAY! TRUE! LAUGHING LIKE THAT LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE WHEN YOU CAN'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I THINK, BUT AS LONG AS YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR ROLE IN THE STORY STILL!

“Of course I do! Didn't you hear me? I'm *THE* Nicole Reyn! Strong, beautiful, *and* powerful! I have it all!” While those new personality traits *were* a little distracting, she supposed it was a good tell that her spell had worked properly. Aether was still in there, probably a little confused that he couldn't control his words or actions. The story version of Nicole was a character that he just couldn't break, and so he would continue to play it until she had finally had her fun. **“If the first act is done, *other me*, we can move onto act 2 now, right?”**

HEY NOW! YOU'RE NOT THE ONE CALLING THE SHOTS HERE! BUT YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS. PAIMON SHOULD BE SETTling INTO HER ROLE AS MY NO. 1 ASSISTANT, SO LET'S CHANGE THE SETTING!

With a clap, the world around the storybook Nicole turned into one of the caves in Nod-Krai that she had been acting from. Her copy was already wandering around like she had a mind of her own. Nicole *knew* that she would fall in line when she started narrating, but boy had she made a very *insufferable* version of herself, hadn't she? **“Are you going to narrate anytime soon, or should I continue to waste my time taking in these boring cavern walls?”**

I SAID QUIET, YOU!