

# MEMORY OF ANOTHER

## COMMISSION STORY

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What had awaited the Trailblazer and Dan Heng near the end of their journey in Amphoreus had been a surprisingly *personal* ordeal.

That wasn't to say that they hadn't had any personal stakes in Amphoreus already. They might not have *at first*, but they had spent well over a year trapped within its simulation (at least according to how they processed time) and had grown close to its people; not only the Chrysos Heirs that sacrificed themselves over and over, but its regular people as well. Amphoreus did not deserve the fate that was intended for it, and they planned on stopping it.

It just so happened that these goals ended up overlapping with something a little *closer to home*. March 7<sup>th</sup> had been feeling under the weather when they'd gone to Amphoreus, and it was only later that they learned that she had been frozen in ice and transported to Amphoreus's digitally constructed world herself... before either of them. They still didn't know the reason, but she had been possessed by an entity that *wasn't* her... yet that entity had also known all about them and their Trailblaze journey.

But that entity had become a Chrysos Heir in this modified history and was planning yet another hurdle when it came to saving the world. So, the two pursued her into a tomb that had been concealed within the Grove of Epiphany; a tomb that looked *nothing* like the rest of the world yet supposedly housed a Titan. It all ended up leading to an inevitable clash. ***“Remembrance and Destruction. Do you really think you have any hope of standing up to them in the end? No. I think it's better if you go far away and forget all about Amphoreus.”***



“...Belobog? ...What did she do?” Dan Heng *immediately* recognized his surroundings. He was standing in the Supreme Guardian’s chambers in Belobog on Jarilo-VI? *How?* Well, he vaguely understood how. Stelle and himself had found March in that tomb. The being that possessed her, Evernight, would not listen to reason, and so they’d had no choice but to fight each other until they could talk some sense into her.

Unfortunately, that moment *never* arrived. She’d uttered some ominous words, and the next thing he knew? He was standing where he was, feeling the slight chill of Belobog’s arctic air. **“Is this some sort of illusion? It feels real... A Memory Zone? Considering her powers of Remembrance, that might make more sense.”** But what purpose did it serve? Was she stalling? **“And why Belobog specifically?”** If this was based on his memories, then shouldn’t the Supreme Guardian have been there too? He’d never been in that room alone.

In a sense, she *was* technically there. Her presence just hadn’t been realized in a tangible way. The truth meaning of Evernight’s plan would become clear *once* Bronya was standing in that room. But that also required something of Dan Heng; something that would lead to him technically, but technically *not* existing in the chamber at the exact same time.

What was about to happen to the man was *not* something that would have been particularly apparent to him, and that was by design – *especially* early on. That was because, while it was about to affect his body *and* mind as a whole as he was *assimilated* into the Memory Zone, it seemingly picked up aspects of his form that were difficult to notice from the outset. Namely his *horns* and *ears*.

Dan Heng’s pact with Terravox had bestowed those traits upon him along with the draconic tail behind him, but the tail would have been

*much* too obvious early on. So, the very earliest stages were merely a matter of his horns crumbling into dust and his long and pointed ears returning to their rounded, more ‘human’ shapes. **“I guess there isn’t much point in hanging around here. I need to investigate to figure out what Evernight was planning. But...”** It was a *very* strong ‘but’ that had been born from a pull in the back of his mind.

*But I have work to do at the desk, don’t I?*

Dan Heng looked over at the stack of papers. **“I... shouldn’t be the one dealing with those.”** He was smart, but wasn’t familiar with the ins and outs of Belobog’s infrastructure or politics. Besides, those were matters that *Bronya* should have been dealing with as the Supreme Guardian. **“I need to remember that this is a Memory Zone!”** It wasn’t *real*. And yet, that recognition kept slipping from his thoughts. He had to focus on it, which was probably part of whatever Evernight’s plan had been.

And it was working *well*, seemingly. The man seemingly hadn’t noticed that his body’s bulkier mass had been diminishing. Muscles smoothed and softened until he was fit, but not so much that those muscles were bulging. You could have given him a *vague* pass for not recognizing that, but the change that accompanied it? The sharp yet meticulous *dropping* of his eye level? That *should* have been more obvious. After all, as a Chrysos Heir he’d grown taller, but he had suddenly dipped until he was a head shorter than he’d even been prior.

Since Dan Heng was about two heads shorter overall, it was to be expected that his clothes no longer fit properly. His shirt was baggier around his torso, and his sleeves had swallowed his hands while his pants bunched up around his knees and hung over his boots. **“Wait. What’s happening with my clothes...?”** So, he *had* recognized that much. Perhaps he should have noticed the ring of his voice too, or at least how its pitch gradually rose as he was speaking.

But the usage of ‘he’ and ‘him’ for his pronouns was becoming questionable. The sound of his voice was just the beginning, and his significantly decreased size played into it too. But if you looked at his *face* it became much clearer. The rigid edges of his face’s shapes were smoothing and curving so that he possessed a rounder jaw and narrowed chin. His nose became petite, while his lips bloated into a full pout. Not even his eyes were spared, because as their shapes widened and his lids developed a seam, it became clear that they weren’t the eyes of somewhere like the Luofu – but a *woman* from somewhere like Jarilo-VI. One with strikingly familiar *silver* eyes.

And the ‘woman’ part wasn’t even something based on vibes. *She* shuddered, for what had hung between her legs did not hang there any longer. It had shriveled away, disappearing into the folds of her freshly opened pussy, leading to the pubic hair above slipping slightly down and lightening to a silver that bled into the hair on her *head* as well. “**What... just happened?**” Dan Heng gave her head a gentle shake to try and dispel whatever was bothering her, but those motions became slower...

Because her head was *heavier*? Well, it wasn’t the head *itself*. It was the hair that grew from it. Den Heng’s hairstyle *did* change depending on her Path, and it was presently long enough in the back to be worn in a rat tail. That said, it all lengthened *significantly* longer as that shade of silver passed through it. The bang holding the rat tail came undone, allowing it all to freely curl out behind her in thick and luscious waves, all while her bangs crossed over her nose between her eyes. It was a pretty hairstyle, and it should have been familiar to the one that possessed it. But if Dan Heng had noticed it?

She wouldn’t have seen anything *wrong* with it. Her mind was too far-gone. She took a step towards a desk that she now felt was *hers* – along with the paperwork on top of it. “**I need to clear my head before I do any work...**” Which was easier said than done. That head felt groggy, no doubt because her memories were being overwritten by ones of a girl that was adopted and raised to be the next Supreme Guardian. That process was almost complete, and yet...

Some adjustments *still* needed to be made to her figure. Beneath her baggy clothing her waistline pinched in, seemingly prompting her hips to swing out several inches in the process. This was more or less a necessity, because doing so created a stage upon which her thighs and butt could grow. Not *abundantly* so, but she was bestowed with the weight typical of a young woman. A roundness to her thighs that gave them a supple glow, and a bubble to her ass that made it difficult to deny her femininity – and that it’d probably look *great* in a pair of tight pants.

...Not that wearing stuff like that suited her new tastes. The same could be said about her *chest*. Where nothing but muscle had been before, her chest puffed out into a pair of C-cup tits that bounced slightly beneath her shirt without a bra to contain them. They’d stand out more if she was wearing something tight, but she *wasn’t*. Nor *would* she be, though it *would* be something that was a little tighter technically. “**Hm?**” The last thing Dan Heng noticed was the sudden feeling of being naked, only to look down and find that she *wasn’t*.

That said, she *wasn't* wearing what she had been before – not that she could remember *what* she had been wearing. Instead? She was now adorned in a white dress that was accentuated with blue and gold, overtop a pair of black tights that matched with her new gloves. Black, thigh high, heeled boots covered most of her legs, with gold ornaments designed into their lengths to hold blue gemstones. Earrings hung from her ears, and a black ribbon tied some of her hair behind her. But wasn't there an *extra dragon appendage* on her body that had remained unchanged—

**THUNK!**

Her dragon's tail had fallen flat onto the ground, severed as if it had never existed before with no scars or marking above her ass to suggest otherwise. That tail was *teleported* though, soon propped up behind the door to the office where it was robbed of its scales or any biological features at all. It darkened as it was warped into a long-barreled *rifle*. Something she recognized now as her *weapon of choice*. It was sitting where she *always* left it, after all.

“It must be because I had another restless night last night. Maybe I should talk to Seele about techniques for falling asleep...” The Supreme Guardian of Belobog,

*Bronya Rand*, traced the edge of her desk with her finger

now that she had finally snapped out of it. Well, she wasn't *actually* Bronya, of course. This space she occupied, while it was an eerily accurate recreation of Belobog, was just that: a recreation.



Evernight had connected Dan Heng's memories with the memories of the real Bronya and had trapped him inside. Because they were Bronya's memories outright, it went without saying that he would take her form when trapped within them. The young woman was oblivious to this,

though. She believed herself to be the genuine article, having lived her whole life as Bronya.

Speaking of? She sat down in the big chair before the desk and pushed herself closer with a sigh. A gloved hand reached for a stack of paper on the side. **“Sometimes I wish I had a little more freedom as the Supreme Guardian, but someone needs to do the paperwork.”** Evernight’s plan was effective. She wasn’t going to question her existence nor think she was Dan Heng. She would just continue to live the life fed to her by the real Bronya’s memories, effectively ‘saving’ her from the fate she would have suffered in Amphoreus.

**“At least I have a date with Seele tonight! Something to look forward to... but hopefully I can sneak a nap in first.”**

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**“March!? Or, uh... Evernight!?”** The Trailblazer, Stelle, found herself in a very similar predicament to Dan Heng. After clashing with Evernight, those jellyfish familiars had swarmed her and obscured her vision. And when they finally cleared? She was standing somewhere else. Somewhere *familiar*. She was aboard the Xianzhou Luofu? Specifically, the space that the Alchemy Commission utilized. **“This must be another Memory Zone...”**

Considering how Amphoreus worked, she definitely hadn’t been transported to the *genuine* Luofu. Evernight had already trapped her in several of those zones in an attempt to ‘protect’ her, and since one of them had been the Herta Space Station, it wasn’t impossible for them to resemble another location. **“But why the Alchemy Commission? I don’t think anything *that* notable happened here.”** There was also what Evernight had said at the time. She wanted her to forget all about Amphoreus?

Evernight could have just altered her memories. Couldn’t she have erased them all without doing *all this*? It would have been simpler. Stelle couldn’t pretend to understand her motives, but she *was* worried. They were running out of time if they wanted to save Amphoreus. She couldn’t spend more time in that Memory Zone than necessary, but unless someone helped her escape then she was stuck. But because Dan Heng was *also* stuck...

The odds of that happening weren't particularly *high*.

**“Hm?”** Stelle looked around all of a sudden with a confused expression playing upon her expression. She hadn't spent a lot of time in the Alchemy Commission, so she was only vaguely familiar its layout... and how her own body sized up against it all. But did the nearby walls seem a little taller than they had previously? The furniture felt similarly bigger, albeit not significantly so. Even her clothes felt too baggy, almost like... **“Am I shorter?”** For a woman she *had* been slightly taller than average. *Had* been.

Her height had become a little more *average* now, dipping a few inches during a process that had been discreet enough for the woman herself to only notice when she compared her eye level to her surroundings. And even then? **“...I must be seeing things.”** It wasn't actually convincing *enough* for her to draw such an unusual conclusion. ...Even though her clothing was beginning to feel *even* baggier when it came to certain aspects of it.

Take Stelle's *shirt*, for example. It was *always* loose, but her E-cup breasts still made good use of all of that space. They'd never seemed *too* big because she'd been so tall, but now that she was a little shorter, their sizes *did* stand out. The issue was that the shirt had begun to feel *looser*, because the heft of her breasts had lessened so that skin tightened around what had become *D-cups* instead. It was a little funny in a way, because their new size felt more consistent with her new height.

That said, it wasn't *just* her shirt, either. Her skirt had slipped off one of her hips when her gait hadn't changed at *all* during her previous height drop. Those hips *had* remained wide, but no longer. They pinched in at the sides ever so slightly, minimizing the space that her thighs and ass had to work with. That wasn't as much of a problem as it *sounded* though, namely because there was less mass to work with soon after. Her butt and thighs lost a couple inches off their widths, making them more reasonable for her height.

**“Hm... Why was I just thinking that I had to leave? I only just got here, right?”** While that *was* true, Stelle was talking more like she had arrived there *intentionally* when she definitely *hadn't*. Her memories were gradually being *tainted*, corrupted by the memories that had formed the Memory Zone in the first place. As Dan Heng had, Stelle was taking the form of the person those memories belonged to. And there were a *lot* of memories. Her mind ached dully, like it was a cup that was being overfilled. There were memories that stretched *long* past a normal human lifespan.

But, then again, it wasn't like she had years of memories in the first place as someone who had been born from a Stellaron.

Regardless, because the memories surpassed what a human could live, did that mean that the Memory Zone she was in *didn't* belong to a human? It *didn't*, and there was certainly proof of it appearing when it came to Stelle's body. The earliest and perhaps notable signs of it were her *limbs*. Her forearms and the skin below her knees, feet included, all developed a very strange, very *red* pigmentation. It was a shady of crimson that was wholly unnatural for human skin, but was it really *skin* in the first place? If you looked at it closely there was a glossy sheen to it, and it was composed of tiny segments, almost like... *scales*?

At roughly the same time, however? The gold of Stelle's eyes ended up brightening to a similar red, while out from the sides of her head? You could see her *ears* beginning to peak out as they grew long and pointed... similar to how Dan Heng's had appeared before he'd become Bronya. The two cases were *completely* unrelated. Because Stelle now looked like a *Vidyadhara*, the same, long-lived raced that Dan Heng had been.

**“Maybe I'm getting too old. It's getting hard to keep things straight in my head sometimes.”** She'd evidently found a way to excuse the changes and *additions* to her memories hadn't been there before. She spoke with a voice that was a little sweeter now, almost like honey, and it changed as her *face* did beyond the color of her eyes. When it came *to* her eyes, they actually changed further. Her eyelids were pinched in at their corners, and her eyelids became monolids. She looked much more like a woman you would find on the Xianzhou Luofu... as all Vidyadhara did.

Stelle's voice became thinner, prettier, *fairer*. Even though she had memories spanning back hundreds if not thousands of years, her face's youth was preserved. It ended up looking quite *different* though, with smaller yet plumper lips, a tinier nose, and rounded cheeks. It was the face of a woman she had met on her trailblazing journey. One with beautiful, long brown hair. A truth that became just as real for her as her locks darkened and spilled in a much straighter style out behind her... until it reached past her small yet bubbled butt.

**“Hm?”** The woman wondered for a brief moment why things were so *breezy*, but looking down? She was wearing what she *always* wore, wasn't she? A black, strapless dress that reached her thighs with detached, white sleeves and green tassels. Despite the dress, you could see her navel and her hips through cutouts in white fabric on her dress's insides, below which she wore dark shirts and dark brown heels. Gold was all over this ensemble, often while lining her clothes, but also in

accessories like the band around her left thigh. Some of her hair had even been tied into a bun behind her, with a golden pin running through it and an ornate decoration cupping it in the back.

**“Hm... Once I light all of the incense burners, I suppose I can look over the reports that were left for me overnight.”**

From *Lingsha's* perspective, she had just arrived at the Alchemy Commission to begin her day of work. It was so early in the morning that no one had arrived yet, and so not *everything* was set up for the morning staff just yet.

**“Seriously! Since becoming Cauldron Master, I’ve been way too busy!”**



Incidentally, that had been part of Evernight’s plan. She had searched March’s memories for individuals from the trio’s pasts that lived busy lives. People that weren’t often afforded time to rest were usually more distracted than most, which meant their minds couldn’t as easily wander to realize what had happened to them. Stelle, like Dan Heng, had to remain trapped in this state for her plan to succeed.

**“Still, it feels like I’m forgetting something...”** For a Vidyadhara, that wasn’t *that* unusual. They lived such long lives that sometimes their memories blurred. What she was *actually* forgetting was that she had been Stelle, that this life she believed she had lived was *not* her own, but Lingsha ultimately rationalized it as something else. **“Oh! Did I light the torches out back?”** Well, that *was* part of the morning routine!

The woman skipped off to do just that, none the wiser as to what had happened to her. That Evernight’s plan had succeeded, that as they were now, neither Stelle nor Dan Heng would never come into contact with Amphoreus again. At least that was she would have protected the people that March cared about most. And regardless of what happened afterwards, or even if they weren’t truly *themselves* anymore, that would have to do.