

ETERNALLY TOGETHER

COMMISSION STORY

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“Strange idea for an Inazuma event, I guess...”

Joseph glanced at the premise for the new, upcoming event in Genshin Impact. For a game with so many regions, and with that number growing every year, the game often used in-game events to bring the player back to these regions to help expand or otherwise build upon the lore. It was always a little exciting when a nation was given a flagship event, because it meant seeing some potential development for existing characters, if not new interactions between them.

But not every region was treated the same. The two earlier regions, Mondstadt and Liyue, received the bulk of the content, while the third region – that being Inazuma – was lucky to receive interesting content every couple of years at minimum. It was widely considered the worst written region and was geographically cut off from the rest of the map. Toss in some friction between China and Japan over the course of the recent year, and then it had become very surprising to learn that Inazuma *was* actually getting a flagship event for the new patch.

A lot of that excitement dried up the moment the event’s *contents* were revealed, however. Rather than focusing on the region it was set in, the event gathered a bunch of unrelated characters from other regions and kept effectively the entire core Inazuman cast out of the narrative. Effectively? It was an Inazuma event in name only, which didn’t sit right with a lot of enthusiasts. **“Not even anything with Ei? I wish we were shown more about her...”**

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED~!

Had he heard a *voice*? Of all of the questions in that moment, Joseph supposed that was probably the *least* important one to ask. After all, he *had* been sitting in his room going through game news on his phone, but now not only was his phone *gone*, but he wasn't in his room at *all*. **“What the—!?”** The man stood up from the cold and hard surface he had been sitting on with surprise, but almost instantly caught himself after seeing what existed to the right of where he was now standing. A *long fall* down onto an island that he recognized but shouldn't have been real.

“I-Is this *Inazuma*?” It must have been early morning, but that was *absolutely* the sight that he had to behold in front of him. In fact, he could pinpoint exactly *where* he was. He was on the stone steps that led up to the Grand Narukami Shrine, the main shrine on the island and the shrine where Yae Miko resided. He would have written off the reality of the situation if not for how biting cold the breeze was on the mountainside. Which, of course, begged the questions of why and how he had ended up there in the first place.

There was a brief moment that rang warning bells in the back of Joseph's mind. He had tried to turn on the spot on the stairs, but his body hadn't cooperated the way it normally did. Everything had felt strangely *stiff* for a moment. Had it been a side effect of whatever had brought him into the world in the first place? You could argue that this was a *possible* explanation, but the truth of it was actually what was happening under the proverbial hood. Within the depths of what continued to *resemble* a proper, human body.

His body had felt stiff for a moment because the forces that allowed it to move and breathe had been replaced – not gradually, but in an instant. Muscles and bones were replaced by technologically born mockeries, with his beating heart more akin to a 'core' than a proper organ. His body's functionality was effectively the same, which meant that he was more or less incapable of noticing on his own. It didn't help that it was still all biological from the neck up.

Leaving Joseph to only mumble **“That was strange...”** as a fierce and darkened violet color both seized his irises and began to *glow*. All while the edges that shaped their surroundings, namely his *eyelids*, had begun to narrow in the corners with his eyelids losing their bumps and eyelashes... Well, they grew a little longer. It made the man's gaze appear more *feminine*, and not to mention pointedly *Japanese* in design. But in the world of Genshin Impact? The correct term for that was *Inazuman*.

This phenomenon crept into the rest of the man's face from his eyes. Its shape became leaner and rounder, particularly around his jaw which curved more naturally into a pointed chin. His nose both shrunk and saw its nostrils widen ever so slightly, while the lips beneath them found an increased fullness and glossy sheen, masking improved teeth behind them. There was no point in denying what was obvious: this was clearly the face of a beautiful *woman*, one whose dark hair was brightening to a mix of light and dark purples as it grew, and one who had a solid beauty mark under her right eye.

Obviously, the issue with this was that woman was *not* a woman, at least not *yet*. “**Should I check the shrine, or...?**” Had that been his destination in the first place? Part of him wondered why he *wouldn't* be going there. But another part of him was rightfully wondering why his *voice sounded like that*. “**Test? Test? Why do I sound like...?**” He wanted to say ‘a woman’, because that was the most obvious thing to focus on, especially as his dyed hair was lengthening *dramatically* behind him and his bangs were framing his face almost like a hime-cut.

But it was bothering him more because it sounded *familiar*?

“**Would my voice not be familiar to me? Foolish.**” *Foolish*? That was certainly a strange thing for him to say, and he recognized that much as well. The issue was that it was *fleeting*. The moment he thought about *what* he was saying was the moment he'd forgotten his concerns about the sound of his own voice. All while his olive complexion gradually drained away until it was almost a porcelain pale. *Porcelain* being a rather fitting descriptor, realistically.

The mismatch between his appearance and his sex was addressed, but *she* hardly reacted to this change once it had happened. A “**Hm...**” might have escaped her lips once the bulge between her legs was smoothed away and the pubic hair above it eroded, but the slit opening just beneath where her cock had once been didn't seem to be much of an issue. She had already begun to think of herself in the feminine, so there was no reason *for* her to question why there might not have been something dangling between those legs of hers.

With her sex changed and the woman herself comfortable *with* that change, everything else was rapidly assimilated into this new role without much friction. Take his nearly six-foot height, for example? His eye level dropped rather suddenly, but the woman's eyes hardly even blinked at the sight. She didn't even drop *that* substantially, just down to 5'8", but it did simultaneously render her fingers and toes daintier as part of a broader shift to her silhouette.

Then how broad *was* that? Well, her *shoulders* certainly didn't remain all that broad. They had narrowed as she'd shrunk, in fact, with only her *hips* choosing to do the opposite. As her shirt became excessively large across her torso, her shorts ended up locked in place as a result. This widened gait was the perfect stage upon which fat – or at least a substance resembling it – could build.

It brought a plushness to her thighs as the skin around them stretched and the gap between her thighs was filled entirely. This led to Joseph's shorts digging *into* this fat, forcing it to muffin over the hem. But the weight was also fed into her ass, seeing the back hem of her shorts *split* as a bubbled heart-shape was composed, though her boxers temporarily kept any unnecessary skin for showing. **“Of course. I was going up for a visit...”**

The woman didn't appear nor sound to be troubled by any of these developments, but to be fair? Her body's sensitivity had dulled significantly. Her hands, tongue, and anywhere typically sensitive on a woman's body remained that way, but her torso, limbs, and so on? Her nerves had dulled, so she didn't even notice how the cloth was digging into her skin. It was by the grace of the sensitivity of her nipples that she even acknowledged how her chest ended up ballooning above a narrowed waistline, and she only glanced down to see the front of her shirt pushing out under the force of the mounds expanding beneath them into perky, *F-cup* tits.

She simply scoffed though, spurned by a momentary confusion regarding her attire before looking away. By the time her gaze returned? It had been corrected. That ill-fitted t-shirt and shorts combo had been replaced by an elegant, albeit *short*, purple kimono that exposed her plush thighs above dark purple thigh highs with a thundercloud design. Inazuman geta sandals lifted her feet, and a purple obi was drawn across her chest with a flower tied in gold in the front and a red bow in the back.

Her cleavage was easily visible with the kimono's cut, and the detached sleeves were long while embroidered with the golden emblem of the Inazuman Archon. The woman's hair had been tied into a long braid with a flowered ornament resting on the right side of her head, while everything was brought together with a tied collar and black, fingerless gloves that hooked around the middle finger of either hand. Long tassels even hung from the kimono's back, right off her ass.

The biting cold wasn't so biting any longer, namely because the body of the *Raiden Shogun* wasn't nearly as 'human' as it first appeared. It certainly resembled a human's body, but it was a hyper-realistic *puppet* that didn't even require breathing to remain 'active'. In fact, as she began to quietly move up those steps? She wasn't breathing at all. While it *was* the Raiden Shogun's body, however, that identity was separate from the one that Joseph's mind had transitioned into.



She paused and looked down at *her* nation just before one of the shrine's torii gate. “**A beautiful sight, and so undisturbed.**” That was all that *Ei*, the *Electro Archon* of Inazuma, had desired to confirm. After all, she had not come to the shrine for business reasons, even though that was the excuse she had given when she had taken her leave. No, her reasons for visiting the Grand Narukami Shrine were much more *personal*.

Ei just had to find the woman that she was looking for.

“**Where the hell am I?**” I didn't mean to sound quite *that* aggressive, but I hadn't been able to stifle it after the surprise of having my surroundings change so suddenly. There was a part of me that, at least for a moment, had considered that perhaps I had known *how* that was possible, but the info slipped through the cracks of my thoughts. “**Get it together, Axel...**” I murmured to myself, but that didn't bring the information back.

Instead, I was left to look around at *where* I was – which absolutely was not the room, or even my *country*. It looked like I was in an old, Japanese shrine, or at least a bedroom that had been fashioned inside of one. There was a futon, a small table for drinking tea and eating snacks, with shelves on the far wall *filled* with books that didn't look like there were bound with modern bindings at all. There was a window nearby that looked like it pointed down... a mountain!?

“...Wait, I’ve seen this scenery somewhere before, haven’t I?”

I wasn’t so daft that I couldn’t immediately recognize a view that was so rich with familiarity. The issue was that I had never expected to see it from a first person and realistic perspective, seeing as it was a view from within a *video game*. **“Isn’t this Inazuma? And with this view I’d have to be in... The Grand Narukami Shrine?”** *My home*. Wait, no. *Not* my home. What a strange thing to think, realistically! This was inside of a video game!

Not that this fact made any sense. I would have been liable to label it a dream if not for the fact that I could feel the cool mountain breeze filtering in through the window against my face. I couldn’t have realized in the moment that as the cool air tickled my stubble, however, that this stubble would blow away along with the *rest* of my body hair so that it was perfectly smooth aside from my eyebrows, scalp, and pubes. It wasn’t something caused *by* the breeze though, and it was just the beginning of what would become *far* more dramatic.

In fact, it didn’t really wait all that long to *become* more dramatic. A little bit of hair being lost was difficult to notice, but shedding *weight* and *height*? Well, those elements were certainly difficult to ignore without any previous mental conditioning to make me think otherwise. **“Huh!?”** I squeaked out as it happened and my eye level dropped closer to the windowsill I had been gazing out of. In terms of *feeling*, it felt like my outfit had just become *way* too big for my body. Shorts and boxers were lost, their weight now around my feet, but my shirt functioned as a dress considering I’d gone from overweight to perfectly thin at a moment’s notice.

Maybe a little *too* thin? So much had been lost so quickly that it hadn’t occurred to me that my proportions weren’t quite *right*, at least not if I’d *simply* shed weight and height. That wouldn’t really explain how my shoulders had thinned, and it *certainly* wouldn’t explain how my waist had pinched further still. I would have said that it almost made my hips appear wider... if not for the fact that those hips legitimately *had* widened several inches.

“What!? How!? I have to be like... 5’5”! Wait... Why do I know that? And what’s up with my voice!?” A lot was working against my ability to keep track of everything that was happening. First it was my size, and then it was my sudden confidence about my new height, and then my voice. But each time I realized something new? I forgot about the thing before, and my voice not only became more feminine but I began to speak with a much more playful cadence.

As Joseph had already demonstrated through his own transformation, the femininity was certainly not without consequence. My own transformation clearly wasn't unfolding in the same way, but it was beginning to catch up. My voice was actually a clue pointing towards the fact that my face was succumbing to the new identity being forced upon me, as my eyebrows lightened to a pastel pink and the shape of my already thinned maw became all the daintier.

This all helped highlight how much fuller and poutier my lips ended up becoming beneath my shrunken nose. And my eyes? A soft violet swirled among my irises while my own eyelids narrowed with lengthened lashes. So that they, too, looked like the eyes of an *Inazuman woman*. One who was quite pretty, and one that seemingly possessed beautiful, pink hair as it was dyed and grew out with an abundance of volume, spilling well past my buttocks behind me.

“**Mm... But how could I be *changing*? Oh!?**” In the meantime, changing memories had led to me questioning any assertions I might have made about the process I was presently undergoing. I might have reacted to what was surely my cock and balls shrinking away, rightfully leaving me a *woman* with a short bush of pink above my new slit. I wouldn't challenge this. Why would I? My memories largely suggested that I was a woman.

And my body was happy to oblige on that matter. The femininity that it had largely lacked was finally shaped, bringing heft to my ass and thighs, albeit with not as much gravitas as Ei had received. My thighs were plump and ripe, while my ass bubbled out into a heart-shape that I could call all my own. The same could be said of my *bosom*. Where none had been before, my shirt was disturbed by the swelling mass that saw a pair of perky *E-cups* take shape. I had plenty of fond memories with those. They were *very* sensitive, you know?

For all I had *remembered*, I felt like I had *forgotten* something that was only now coming back to me. *Plans*? They steadily took shape in my mind as my ears peeked out from behind my pink hair – albeit covered in an *equally* pink fur as they drooped downwards and rose up at their animalistic points. While their shapes might have been similar enough, they could not be mistaken for the ears of a dog or a cat. They could only be the ears of a *fox*. Something I knew myself to be. Well, specifically a *youkai kitsune*.

And before I recognized it had even happened? I was dressed for the part! It felt entirely normal to me to be dressed in my modified shrine maiden attire. The usual reds and white could be found, but it was cut short across my thighs and embroidered with silver that showed a Sakura blossom pattern across the detached sleeves and tassels in the

back. Wooden sandals covered my delicate feet, my hair had been tied into a singular tail near the base, and an elegant golden headpiece rested at the back of my head with Inazuman-style earrings dangling from my kitsune ears. My Vision was not on my person, instead sitting on the bookshelf since I was in the comfort of my own room.

“I shouldn’t assume she’ll be late. She’s *nothing* if not punctual.”

My pink-furred tail swished to and fro behind me while I delicately approached my shelf of light novels on the far side of my room within the Grand Narukami Shrine. As the owner of the Yae Publishing House, it only made sense that I would keep a personal collection of favorites in my home, did it not? After taking a moment to pick a few choice offerings from said collection, I walked over to the small table and put those offerings down beside a bottle of dango milk.



I was, after all, *Yae Miko*. The overseer of the Grand Narukami Shrine and perhaps one of the most influential people in all of Inazuma – that weren’t the Raiden Shogun, at least. From *my* perspective? It was just a normal day, albeit one with something of a special occasion. That was why my room had been made so clean and organized. I would be having company for the night, and what better company was there than my own girlfriend?

“I wonder what she said to everyone else to get leave alone~?”

The idea of *Ei* having to invent an excuse to visit me *was* a little amusing, so amusing that my ears twitched as I giggled. It was a shame, but we were accustomed to it. After all, what would the people think if they heard that their Archon and the shrine’s overseer were laying together? Well, there *were* already rumors of that nature circulating, which made it even funnier.

With everything set up for *Ei*’s arrival, I moved to exit the shrine building. *Ei* was powerful, but she also moved with uncertainty when it came to matters of her own desire. I had no doubt in my mind that she had already arrived and was waiting outside awkwardly, much to the

dismay of the other shrine maidens that were intimidated by her presence. And as it turned out? I was absolutely correct. “**Miko.**”

She was standing there like a lost little duckling, just before the steps to the main shrine building. The other maidens were so *clearly* trying to avoid her, no doubt intimidated by the presence of their god. “**Ei? Come now, you’re scaring everyone~! Why not step inside?**” I couldn’t help but giggle. She wasn’t the type to *blush*, but I could tell that had made her a little bashful. I preyed upon her in this moment, grabbing her hand and pulling her inside.

“**M-Miko?**” There it was. That cute little stutter. I had her wrapped around my little finger. And since no one else was inside the shrine with us? I pulled her close and wrapped my arms around her waist, pulling her in for a prolonged kiss in the process. Once our lips finally broke and a trail of saliva fell from between them? She appeared to be absolutely flabbergasted.

“**Hm~? This is why you came to visit me, is it not? Didn’t you want a little bit of *stress relief*?**”

“**Could we at least wait until we’re in your room?**”