

DENDRO ABSORPTION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a long journey, but had had finally arrived.

Sumeru.

A nation of Teyvat that he had not yet explored, and one that he approached with more than just a bit of caution when he looked back at his experiences in the *other* nations he had visited thus far. An out of control dragon, a Fatui plot, and an Archon so stricken with grief that she had become misguided. These were the primary hurdles that he had encountered in Mondstadt, Liyue, and Inazuma respectively.

Perhaps Sumeru could have been devoid of any real trouble? He certainly would have *liked* that to be the case, and yet he really, truly *doubted* it. Nonetheless, now that he knew the whereabouts of his sister, he was on a quest to attempt to have a proper reunion and come to terms with the reasoning behind the path she had chosen. Was it really like Lumine to side with such an evil? No. Perhaps they had brainwashed her, or she was misinformed.

Regardless of the reason, Aether had seen enough suffering in Teyvat to know that the side she was on was *wrong*. Since Sumeru was a land of knowledge, then naturally it made the most sense for him to seek answers there. If anything, his luck was so good and / or bad that he would end up in contact with its Archon eventually.

Yet no sooner than he had emerged from the tunnel leading into Sumeru from the Chasm, Aether had taken a wrong turn as per Paimon's directions. Maybe that hadn't been the *best* idea of his in the end. **“Um... Paimon will go back and see if there was another**

path! Just hang around here for a second!" The fairy, ultimately, had decided to right her wrong with a bit of scouting, leaving the boy to his own devices in a clearing that was *several cliffside*s away from where they had started.



“We could have just gone down to that village...” Peering over a nearby hill, Aether could see a village structured around a river clear as day. Paimon hadn’t needed to leave, yet now that she was gone he couldn’t exactly leave without her else she would have been very, *very* angry with him. So he looked back over his shoulder for a place to rest in the meantime.

In the end, he had chosen the inside of an open tree hollow. Dark clouds gathering nearby suggested a risk of rain, and it was a better idea to stay dry than to simply stand out in the rain as he awaited Paimon’s return.

While he didn’t expect to find much *in* that tree hollow, however? He found much more than he had expected. A book, alongside a number of loose papers.

“Huh? A diary? Well, maybe that’s not quite what this is?” At first glance he *was* fairly confident that it was a diary of some sort. There were a number of tales mentioning some sort of journey – and much to his surprise Mondstadt and even Outrider Amber’s name came up a number of times despite being so far from the kingdom. But while these were very much recollections, it didn’t quite seem to be the *main* purpose of the book.

The lettering was rough, and sometimes the sentences were a little broken. Someone was using the book to practice their writing. A child, perhaps? But then why go to the trouble stashing it all in an old, hollowed out tree? Knowing what he did of his surroundings, it was highly likely that someone from the nearby village was responsible for the notes.

But he shook his head. **“It really isn’t my business. And I don’t exactly want to peek in on someone’s private thoughts...”** So it would have made the most sense for him to just close the book and put it back where he found it. After all, if Paimon arrived and saw it, she would be much, much nosier than he was. Yet while Aether didn’t think

about *why* it made him feel that way, as soon as the thought crossed his mind he had begun to feel somewhat protective over the tome.

“Maybe I’ll just read a little more...” Not simply protective, but *possessive*. Any previous beliefs that ‘it’s not my book so I shouldn’t read it’ had seemingly evaporated, and the young man had begun to flip through the pages as if it were his own property. For the lack of a better word, he had become completely and utterly *enthralled* by the pages. There was no reason that he *should* have been. There was nothing written of note that could have been deemed of importance. It was just the scribblings of a learner, and he had much more important things to do.

And yet... And yet...

The book was having a strange effect on him. This was evidently the case mentally, but he hadn’t noticed that it was having a *physical* effect as well. Because Aether’s 5’5” frame? It had begun to dip slightly while he fanned through the pages within his grasp. So distracted by the book, the young man did not even bat an eyelash as that height bottomed out at 5’1”, not did he appear all that concerned by the fact that his pants and top were looser. Even the fingers that passed through the pages of the book appeared different, slightly shorter with rounder tips. Callouses and cuts had also sprung up, as if he’d been practicing a lot with a *bow* of all things.

Yet was that incorrect? Gone was the sword from the young man’s back, and a wooden bow had appeared in its place. But that wasn’t even the most obvious thing that had changed when it came to the Traveler’s non-physical features. His outfit soon changed as well, though strangely in a way that preserved much of the original color scheme. That said, it was much more *feminine* by design.

His top and pants, already closer together now that he had shrunk, had bound together where they became a brown dress with an open back. The lower half of his pants had parted from the skirt to become a pair of lighter thigh highs that appeared to be rather loose around the thighs themselves. Boots also rose to become heels, and gloves lengthened past his elbows to become detached sleeves overtop now *fingerless* gloves. Toss in his cape parting into two longer, yellow tails, and a golden, winged hairpin appear on his head... and not to mention the ornament at his side that resembled a certain Outrider’s bunny ears, and...

Well, this certainly wasn’t an outfit that *Aether* would ever choose for himself. The fact that it appeared to be designed for a girl aside (*including the appropriate undergarments*), it didn’t even fit him properly in many places. With time, however? This would easily be fixed

so that it was no longer an issue for him. “**Oh, hm... Was this right?**” With a higher and more effeminate voice, though, Aether still seemed to be none the wiser to what was happening to him.

Pursing his lips as he flipped to the next page, seemingly increasingly unsure of what *he had* written, those lips that he had pursed ultimately appeared a little plumper than they had before. What’s more, was his chin a little rounder? And his cheeks? Not only were they, but his nose was more petite and his eyes appeared much, much bigger than they ever had been. They were highlighted not only by eyelashes that were just an inch longer than usual, but also by a change in pigmentation. Speck after speck, the usual gold of his eyes was then replaced by a bright and feminine magenta.

He somehow looked a touch younger. Like he was around the age of *fourteen*, perhaps?

And all while a different color had come to redefine the look of his hair, at that. Beginning with only a few strange, the odd lock of leafy green had begun to spring up not only in the hair atop the Traveler’s head, but also in his brows and pubes. Those that grew from his scalp were the most obvious, mind you, and this became increasingly clear as more and more strands appeared to take on this color. Eventually his *full* head of hair was left green, yet the length and style was left to change as well.

It didn’t do so substantially, but Aether’s hair *did* grow longer. It fell just past his shoulders in the back, taking on a natural curl while bangs were messily swept into the center between his eyes. But on the right side of his face a long tuft fell town to his chest. There was *also* an honorable mention aimed at his ahoge, which ultimately remained yet shortened in slight so that it almost resembled a leaf in shape. It was a little fitting, seeing as a *Dendro Vision* had appeared at his hip.

“**Umm... Is this wrong too? Oh no.**” Despite all this, however, there was still no reaction from the book holder himself. His voice sounded different enough already, but his vernacular seemed to be much more casual now, and he put inflections on his words differently. What was perhaps strangest of all was how he clearly saw the words in the book as something that needed correction. *Because he had made those mistakes?* But at the same time, it was also getting increasingly harder for him to properly read them.

Little by little in the meantime, the fit of his new, girly outfit became better and better. Beginning with his thighs, where his thigh highs had been just a touch loose? Well, what appeared to be the cloth tightening around his pale flesh was actually the pale flesh itself swelling to meet the demands of those thigh highs. They grew plumper, firmer, and more

enticing – yet at no point did they become excessively so. They looked like the thighs of a teen more than anything.

And this was echoed in the boy's rear. It bulged, pulling panties tight around its cheeks as they become better defined and overall firmer. But it also looked like there might have been plenty of room for them to grow in the future. At the very least, they made the back of his skirt come off as a little shapelier. But the downside was how, with underwear fuller, how his panties in the front were so tightly gripping his male genitalia.

It was an issue that subsided after a brief pause, and was ultimately signaled by a soft “*Wah!?*” that had come from the *young lady's* lips. Short work had been made of what had made her male, and in turn a woman's counterpart had been established between her legs. This left the fit of her panties to be much more comfortable in the end, but she didn't even acknowledge this relief.

All the while, her waistline dipped in ever so slightly, presenting Aether with a gait that left hips to seem wider than they had been before. She was much more keenly shaped like a girl for the most part now, and this even included fingers with lengthened nails, and feet that shrunk to much more neatly fit within the heels that her boots had previously become. She wasn't even recognizable as the Traveler anymore, and instead resembled a girl of Sumerunian descent.

Yet she was still missing *something*. Just a touch of definition around the area of her chest. And while she ultimately received it in the end, it wasn't exactly what any girl would have really *hoped* to receive. Because while her nipples did puff up slightly to better match her new biological sex, the chest beneath only bloated to the point that they were best described as A-cups. Not *nothing*, and since she was young there was a good chance they would grow bigger as she got older, but it would definitely be a point of concern from her.

Perhaps not as much of a concern as the black scaled markings that ultimately appeared beneath her clothes. But these were an issue she couldn't exactly deal with. After all, it was a disease unique to Sumeru that didn't appear to have any sort of cure. And as the girl could now remember, she had already been subjected to far too much torture in pursuit of curing her for her to want to actively seek out any sort of cure any longer.

“Oh, no! That’s not right! I made a mistake there, didn’t I?” While they were all words *she* had written, *Collei* was still having difficulty reading the text in her own practice journal. Because of her past she had never really been taught how to read or write as a child, and now that she was free from those shackles she was trying to make up for lost time *while* working as a Trainee Forest Ranger. No one could fault her for being hardworking, that much was for certain!



Moving as if she knew the tree hollow like the back of her hand (because with memories now replaced, she absolutely did), she fished out a quill from behind a raised piece of wood and was prompt in correcting the sentence she had written. **“That’s right... I think? Maybe I should ask Master about it later...”** She’d have to ask him in a roundabout way so that he didn’t know *why* she was asking, though. It’d be way too embarrassing if he found out she was practicing like this in secret!

As soon as she finished, rays of sunshine began to shine past the entrance to the hollowed out tree. **“Hey! It’s nice out again! And not a moment too soon!”** According to her own memories she had taken shelter because it had looked as if it was about to rain. But that rain had never come, and now she was free to go back to town. She’d just have to be careful to avoid agitating her *condition*. **“If I was late, Master would definitely scold me!”**

“Umm...” An awkward silence hung in the air once Collei returned to the hut that the Forest Rangers used for their meetings. She had come back to report to Master Tighnari as she always did at the same time each day, and yet when she had stepped inside? Not only was Tighnari already there, but *she* was already there. As in herself. As in there was *another* Collei there! The two exchanged confused and nervous glances while even the always calm Tighnari stood in stunned silence.

Before any of them could speak up, though? An unfamiliar, white fairy burst through the door. **“EXCUSE ME!?! HAS ANYONE SEEN PAIMON’S FRIEND!?! ..Oh, whoa!?! This town has twins!?! Paimon’s really shocked! BUT NOT THAT SHOCKED, PLEASE**

FIND AETHEEEER!” Naturally this didn’t help alleviate any of the confusion at the time. In fact, it most definitely, one hundred percent, had made it about one million times worse. And so Tighnari finally spoke up.

“Everyone be quiet, I’m trying to think here...”