

PIGEON QUEEN

COMMISSION STORY

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Timmie was a young boy with a few, *amazingly simple* joys. One of these joys was feeding the pigeons outside of Mondstadt. Every single day he made the trip out to the bridge by the front gate so he could scatter breadcrumbs for the sake of attracting the birds, and every day he was met by the same flock that rallied around him thanks to the promise of a free lunch. Or dinner. Or breakfast. It really depended on what time of day he went out to visit them, if not staying out for the entire day all by himself.

You see, the boy's situation at home was *complicated*. His father had walked out on the family when he was younger, leaving on his mother Grace to look after him and his big sister, Glory. Timmie's elder sister was blind, which added to the family's woes. Throw in Nora, who was for all intents and purposes his adopted sister at this point, and there was plenty that troubled his young mind.

Perhaps that was why his imaginary friend was a Ruin Guard? To protect his fragile emotions from the weight of his life's difficulties.

In the end the feeding the pigeons had become something of a comfort food for Timmie. Not literal comfort food. *He wasn't eating the pigeons*. But the idea of having a consistent family that was always there for him when the other aspects of his life had a tendency to come, go, or generally drastically change without warning. To an adult this point of view might have appeared a little selfish, but you couldn't fault a child for wanting to run away from problems they didn't understand.

Because of how intricately tied with his comfort these pigeons were, the child ended up becoming infamous around Mondstadt not only for how

frequently he fed them, but for how upset he got when his feeding sessions were interrupted as well. It was troublesome because he insisted on feeding them right by the city's main entrance, so naturally people and carriages alike came through tirelessly throughout the day, and yet he always scolded even visitors from foreign kingdoms that provoked the pigeons to fly the coop just by accessing the city as they normally should.

As a result, Timmie was the target of ire of some of the adults. Many were frustrated that the Acting Grandmaster would not scold him, much less forcibly remove him. Which ultimately led to someone taking the matter into their own hand. And a mage of all people.

She wasn't a particularly skilled mage, but little Aria was a citizen of Mondstadt around Timmie's age of eight or nine. They had been friends once, but as things became worse for the boy, he'd distanced himself from her more and more. Naturally, Aria didn't understand the reasoning as well as she might have if she had been an adult and only saw the adults' frustration towards him as an excuse to get her revenge and get him to spend time with her again!

The spell would be cast with a simple goal in mind: turn Timmie into a pigeon for a week or so. He'd get tired of them, and when he turned back, he'd come back to living without the pigeons. It made sense, right?

But because Aria was inexperienced, *she had made a mistake.*

At the time of casting, it was roughly ten o'clock at night. Timmie, as he had been lately, had spent basically the entire day with the pigeons. His bag of bread had emptied around dinner time, but the flock that came by every day was still scattered among the cobblestone bridge as he sat balled up against the siding. "**I guess I should go back soon...**", he concluded with a yawn, reaching up to rub one of his eyes sleepily.

That was when Aria struck. Hiding behind some bushes on the mainland side of the bridge, she had been waiting for the guards in front of the gate to swap out since that create an opportunity to transform the boy where no one would see. By the time the shifts were changed he'd just be another one of the pigeons and no one would be the wiser except her. People would panic while he was missing for the next week, but he'd come back!

Or so was the plan, anyways. But things often didn't go as planned when magic was involved. Much to the misfortune of *every single person* involved in this incident.

The magic tickled the child's body from afar, and as a result it began to influence his form idly. Subtle at first, Timmie himself didn't even notice; he was content just watching the sleeping birds, wondering how he might sneak away without waking any of them. Did he place too much stock in the emotions and awareness of these birds? Probably, but again, he was only a child.

In the earliest of stages, the most drastic of changes was either hidden, or not within the child's field of view. It was his hands and feet alike, both exhibiting similar effects. The skin on his fingers, palms, toes, and sole alike all became rougher. It was bumpier, and each spot colder to the touch as the typical blood and flesh than lined them seemed to thin and wash away. As they thinned, however, the color of Timmie's skin tone changed. For a moment both hands and feet looked sickly, like perhaps he had jaundice, for hands and feet alike both took a bright yellow tone. But as nails hooked into claws and digits fused to create three upon each hand and foot, what they had turned into was certainly much clearer.

They were the feet of a bird, which should have been intended. But... why his hands as well? Had the spell been working as intended then it should have only been his feet, yet that certainly was *not* the case. Plus, Timmie had finally taken notice. How could he not? After all, all of the toes gained a sudden burst in size. Those on his feet burst out the front of his shoes, and while he'd had palms flat on the ground behind him to keep his sitting position stable, the nails on his hands forcible scratched against the ground as toe-like fingers became longer and stronger.

"H-Huh!?" Panicked, Timmie used his bird hands and feet in conjunction with one another to push himself up into a standing position, his posture wobbling to and fro as he adjusted to standing on these strange feet. **"Wh-What's happening to me!?"** His cries woke and startled the pigeons nearby, which took off in a panic of their own while scattering some of their feathers everywhere. **"No! Come back!"**

Reaching an arm out to one of the nearby birds in hopes it wouldn't flee, he was once again struck by shock at what he saw. What was wrong with his hand? Feathers from the pigeons had even stuck to his arm – *wait*. No, those *weren't* a pigeon's feathers even if they'd actually been sticking to him from an outside source. But they weren't. He hesitated to reach one of his strange bird hands across the aisle, but eventually did so to try and wipe the white feathers off his opposing arm. They didn't come off.

They were growing from his skin.

Timmie felt nauseous. Forget anxiety and panic, was there even a word to describe how he felt in that moment? Plume after plume sprouted from the lengths of his arms, each itchier than the last as hollow, unnoticed bones jutted out from the backs of these arms to allow a proper wingspan to grow. Wings. They definitely looked like wings. And without the clawed hands that blended into them it would have been plausible to assume he was turning into a bird.

But he clearly wasn't.

After all, birds didn't have hair at all, let alone **green** hair. And Timmie's hair? It was reflecting that very color. It didn't happen gradually or even all at once, but before long his full head of brown was a bright shade of green. Well, he was certainly looking much less like an NPC! His teal eyes were even awash with a bright blue that wasn't typical of his family's bloodline, and that wasn't to say anything of his ears. Throughout the rest of the changes they had gradually been growing longer and taking on elven points. Everything about his appearance now? It wasn't human. But it certainly wasn't a pigeon as Aria had intended either.

Timmie himself? He was trying to figure out what had happened to him. With a strength he'd never possessed before, he'd wielded the talons on his hands to rip off his shoes and free the pair on his feet. "**Can... I fly?**" Looking at his wings he wondered if it was possible. Something told him it was, but not to try yet.

Claws pattered against the ground as the child was suddenly met with a strange *discomfort*. It was more prevalent in his loins, and Timmie's thighs rubbed against one another as his posture squirmed. He would have checked, but all he had to work off of was an assumption since he didn't trust the talons on his hands to not pierce his skin, but he was almost certain—"**My little Timmie is gone!?**" *she* had squeaked. For all intents and purposes? What had once hung between her legs was no longer there, but Timmie herself didn't know much about sex at his age.

This change prompted accompanying change throughout her body. Her facial features became all the softer and more feminine, while her thighs and budding curves became all the plumper. It was all very discreet, more indicative of what she *could* be when she grew up than anything. Though she wouldn't exactly be waiting an exceptionally long time to hit puberty. In fact, she would *fly* right through it.

"I'm a girl? Why am I a girl!? I even sound like one! I need to go tell mommy!" Or so she had intended, but before she could fathom taking a single step towards the city limits, her entire body began to

shudder. Goosebumps spread from head to toe (*pigeonbumps?*), aside from her bird arms and feet of course. Until finally... *she began to grow.*

Perhaps it wasn't incredibly accurate to just chalk it up to a change in height. Realistically it might have been more fitting to say she had begun to grow older, spiraling through the years so that she would eventually setting in the range of a woman in her mid to late twenties. But at a glance it was easy enough to mischaracterize it as but a simple growth because it looked as if her body was being stretched up like it was being pulled from head and feet alike.

While arms, legs, and torso lengthened it was only natural that the outfit Timmie was wearing would become problematic. Her knee length shorts were yanked up her thighs, and it didn't take much for her midriff to end up exposed while her top clenched around her chest. While shoulders broadened, the short sleeves ended up tearing, but there was much more dramatic malfunction to be had as the curvature of an adult woman dwarfed her once prepubescent frame.

When it came to her longer legs and the shorts, flesh was quick to bulge beneath the hem line on each leg with thanks due to how her thighs were blistering in size all of a sudden. Not only were they growing plump with fat, but strong enough that her legs could be used as living weapons with those talons attached on the ends. The skin on these thighs was incredibly smooth and shiny, and with the shorts constricting around them they bulged freely around their point of freedom.

Her butt? It grew from a point where it was completely free of definition to one where it bubbled with mass. It protruded with reckless abandon behind her, its tops peaking out over the waistline of the shorts and pushing them down farther and farther until the shorts themselves rested just below each of the massive cheeks. The cool air tickling her buns promoted a shy squeak from the changing Timmie, in a tone of voice that was more naturally sexy just because she was older.

Next came a tightening of her shirt, which was an inevitability all things considered. When she had transformed into a girl the foundation had been laid, and now as she grew older the spell was quite intent on taking advantage of that foundation. Like balloons, her tits grew larger and larger as if they were hooked up to a pair of pumps, but in reality it was just naturally, fatty flesh seeing them inflate and jiggle while they tried to break free of their shirt-based shackles. Before long, because she was afraid she might not be able to breathe, Timmie had no choice but to poke a talon under her mounds and pull it upward. This shredded the shirt down the middle and allowed her pair of DD breasts to just spill out in their entirety, bouncing as excited to taste the night air.

With her green hair spilling far down her back, and her facial features reflecting a confident, sexy young woman with plump lips and piercing eyes, Timmie was instead standing there completely flustered. For as much as her body had changed, his mind had been left completely untouched (*which was perhaps the only part of Aria's spell that had actually worked*). “**What...? How did I...? What..!?**” No one answered her question. Not at first. But then came a cooing.

The pigeons. All of them had returned and were hopping around the new woman while apparently communicating with her. Stranger still? Timmie knew what they were saying. “**I'm a harpie?**” She had heard of those before. Bird-like monsters that were in her storybooks. “**Your queen?**” That was what the pigeons had called her. In fact, they almost seemed to be bowing their heads.

They continued to coo, encouraging Timmie to leave her old life being and live as the Harpie Queen of the pigeons, their protector and provider. They wanted to give her a good life, they wanted to always be there for her. All Timmie had to do was forsake her name and spread her wings. And, won over by the idea of a life that would be simpler than her own, she did just that.

She'd never flown before, but for the *Harpie Queen* it just felt natural. One flap. Two. She was off the ground, and the pigeons soared after her. The monster woman had chosen to leave Mondstadt, her family, and the world behind so that she could live with her true kin in the forest.

In the years that followed, Mondstadt would come under fire from this Harpie Queen. She would always ransack the bakery, stealing away bread for her 'people' while occasionally flying by the church and one house in particular – still, on some level, hoping to protect her family. But that hadn't happened yet.

In the now, Aria was collapsed on the bridge, horrified by what she'd just witnessed while staring at Timmie's pants. Before flying away she'd kicked them off, showing her beautiful, naked form under the light of the moon. Now, Aria was only eight or nine years old, but only one phrase came to mind after what she'd just witnessed:

“WHAT THE FUCK!?”