

AIR TEYVAT

BIWEEKLY STORY #92

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ever since the incident with Dvalin, things had been relatively quiet for Mondstadt. Sure, there was the odd incident with bandits that required swift intervention on the part of the Knights of Favonius, but there was nothing quite as chaotic as their local dragon turning on the people. That was for the best though, really. That entire incident had caused plenty of problems and endless headaches for the locals, after all.

“I’m boooooored.” While almost all of Mondstadt’s citizens were okay with this era of peace, that wasn’t try of *literally all* of them. The Outrider of the Knights of Favonius, Amber, was one of the few that was feeling exhausted *because* there was nothing happening. It made sense since she was such a go-getter that the lack of any real incident would leave her starved for interesting activities. After all, licensing people with the wing gliders wasn’t exactly the *most* interesting thing in the world.

And to those ends? She had begun picking up every odd job she could find. Every piece of work pinned to the bulletin board ended up in her hands, and she had been frantically running all over the countryside between patrols to make sure everything got done. It was fortunate that she had the energy for all of that work, but even Amber would eventually get burned out by it all *eventually*.

“I know I was supposed to take down these signs, but what even is this? Air Teyvat?” One of the jobs the Outrider had taken onto herself was a sign removal job. Apparently someone had been posting these weird signs all over Mondstadt, and there were rumors that similar signs had been showing up in the neighboring regions as well. But what were they for? Teyvat wasn’t a world where proper flight technology had been invented.

Well, unless you hopped on Dvalin's back anyways.



They were all very mysterious. Apparently no one ever saw them get put up. They just *appeared* as if out of thin air, despite the fact that this couldn't possibly be. In the end it was just a sign that needed to be removed though, and Amber just gave a light shrug. **"Oh well. It's gotta come down either way!"** Maybe she could make finding the culprit her next job? She *really* needed more things to do in order to keep her busy.

The sign itself was just stuck into the ground with a wooden stake. It was extremely easy to remove, in fact, and by grabbing the bottom of the signboard and pulling it up, it was dislodged from the earth quite simply. **"That wasn't so bad. But how many of these things are**

around, anyways?" She dropped the sign on the ground and clapped her gloves together. But moments later? She realized that something felt a little off. Like why did she feel so *tingly*?

Not *just* tingly but dizzy as well. Almost like she'd had a little too much alcohol to drink at Diluc's bar? But she hadn't had a spot of booze in weeks! Or at least not since her desire to constantly keep busy had consumed her life. **"Huh. Did pulling out that sign really take everything out of me?"** Was it just exhaustion? She *had* been winded before, but over such a simple action? Maybe she really *was* tiring herself out? Should she go back and take a break? But she still had so much to do...

Amber, oblivious to pretty much everything at the time, instead focused on steadying herself on a nearby tree for a moment rather than running off to her next job. It would have been foolish to push herself to exhaustion. If she collapsed she'd become easy prey for a monster passing by, and the last thing she wanted was to be absorbed by a slime.

With her hand rooted firmly on the tree trunk, though? She found herself steadily having to adjust its position little by little, and it really didn't occur to her to try and figure out why. But the same phenomenon

that was forcing her to adjust her position against the tree was the same phenomenon that was slowly unraveling the fit of her Outrider uniform.

More and more of her tummy became exposed as her top was lifted from her shorts, and once you had that in perspective? It was pretty clear what was happening. Amber was getting taller, and quite significantly so. While she was normally just over five feet in height, she gained about *eight* inches of additional size overall. Not only did this leave basically all of her belly exposed with the lifting of her top, but her thigh highs slid down closer to her knees and her gloves pulled farther from her sleeves at the same time.

“I still don’t feel... *right*...” The knight still felt groggy, so much so that she didn’t even notice how she practically purred the final word of that sentence with a deeper, huskier voice than her high pitch could normally create. Wobbling about now, what she processed as being a wave of dizziness setting her off balance actually *wasn’t* that.

Amber’s knees buckled in towards each other not because she was having difficulty standing, but because her hips had oh so suddenly swung forward with a great deal of width – almost double her usual gait, in fact. It was no surprise that her knees would dip in towards each other with this in mind, but what *was* surprising was that there was no tension nor stretching when it came to her shorts.

Instead it was as if their leather had stretched *with* her hips. Not only that, but it also continued to stretch as Amber’s ass was embezzled with additional girth as well, cheeks pushing out behind her *and* stretching to make good use of the space afforded to her by her new hips. This enthusiasm soon spread into thighs that bloated so that they met in the middle. Yet because her hips were just *so* wide? There was still a thigh window between them where you could see her inner cheeks on the other side.

While her shorts had stretched this entire time, once her lower half had expanded it began to show signs of additional change as well. The material darkened to a navy blue with a white trim, and the bottom of her shorts opened up while pockets disappeared so that she was wearing a sleek, shiny pencil skirt. As for the underwear she was wearing beneath it? Turning a pure white, it stretched up past her bellybutton and attached to her top, all while leaving her hips and the sides of her tummy utterly exposed.

Lower down, her thigh highed boots and the attached leggings both thinned and darkened into a single pair of black, latex thigh highs. While the boot portion of them? Well, they became navy blue heels that were

higher than Amber was used to walking with, but she would find herself walking about even on the grass and cliffs with them effortlessly.

She exhaled. “**I still feel so shaky. And heavy? That’s unusual for me.**” She was always so good at doing her job without interruption that was *why her boss had hired her*, after all. Well that, and the fact that she was *super sexy*. Some of these thoughts and memories didn’t align with her old ones, but it didn’t really matter when she couldn’t recall the old ones anyways, did it?

With her panties now attached to her top, the same white latex began to spread through her shirt, ultimately reshaping it into what looked to resemble a leotard with an open chest. The cups of it looked rather empty with her meager chest size for the time being, but muscle *did* ripple through her tummy and chest beneath it as an hourglass figure began to grow obvious.

And, of course, to have an hourglass figure you certainly needed the upper portion of the hourglass. While the cups of her leotard had at first been left relatively empty, a sudden swell of her bosom saw that this was only a passing issue. With nipples plump and erect, fat amassed beneath them and saw her bosom heave and bounce, ultimately stretching the white latex between the thin, white straps that lined it. Completely open in the middle (*and with the word AIRLINE printed down the side*), her cleavage and inner breasts were completely exposed. *And she liked showing them off.*

As shoulders broadened to better suit her heftier chest, the jacket wrapped around her neck unraveled and darkened to a lighter, dark blue fit that wouldn’t button up across her chest even if she tried. It had the same design as her skirt, as did the blue cuffs around her wrists that had been fashioned from her gloves. Not that Amber’s neck was left bare, as a teal blue scarf separated from her jacket and was tied into a tight, little bow.

Fingers loosened their grip on the tree, those fingers longer and featuring nails that were both manicured and painted in blue now. While she was fit, she lacked the tomboyish strength that made her a good scout overall. In its place, she had a mature and sexy appeal that she now deemed much more important than anything else. She enjoyed flaunting it all, in fact.

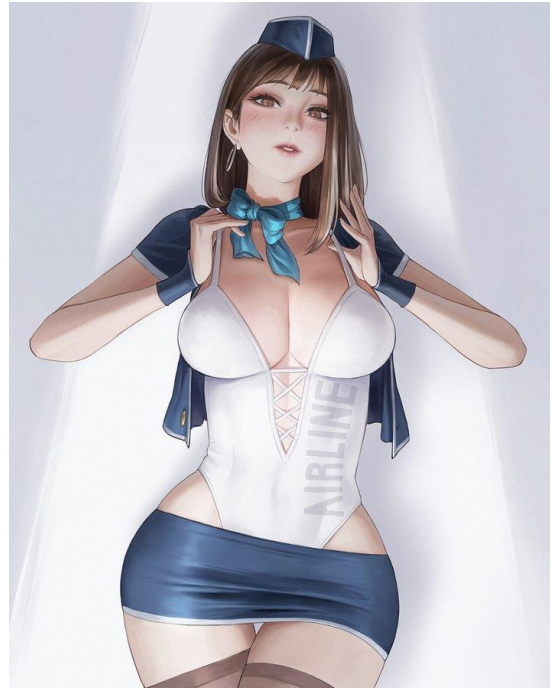
But her transformation wasn’t *quite* finished just yet. As it crept into her face, her features were manipulated so that there was no way she could possibly be mistaken for the young lady that had removed that sign originally. Lips not only thickened, but a ruby lipstick was rubbed across them while cheeks turned fairer, and her nose sharper. Even Amber’s

eyes narrowed, irises taking on a more mundane brown and mascara seeing an accentuation given beneath much thinner brows.

When it came to her hair, not much really changed in terms of color. It might have darkened ever so slightly, but it was the quality of it that was primarily altered along with the style. Hairs were thinner and her bangs were swept to the right. Her right ear was left exposed, revealing she was now adorned with hoop earring. And atop her head? A blue hat with a pointed front appeared. A cap meant for hostesses on airplanes.

“Oh? Who dislodged our sign? That’s not very respectful.”

Calm and composed, the tall woman in a skimpy flight attendant uniform leaned forward to pick up the sign that *she* had unknowingly removed just moments before. Leaving as little to the imagination as it did, in just leaning forward her pronounced bosom swung and bounced vividly from the motions before returning to their fully and perky shapes once she had shoved the sign back into the hole it had been removed from.



From Amber’s perspective, she was no longer an agent there to remove the Air Teyvat signs. In fact? She was a member of the company. A woman who would be aiding in the flights once the company’s landing strips were erected. And this stretch of land was going to be one of them.

Placing slender fingers on her wide hips, she looked around now that the sign had been rightfully put back where it belonged. To think that Teyvat would soon have its own airline? Her boss had worked tirelessly to create the first airplane, and she was honored to be his employee. Or so her memories had been reconstructed to believe despite this not actually being the case.

Amber had been completely remade in the vision that man had for his employees. A tall, sexy bombshell of a woman that would draw the eyes of potential passengers. One who would hand out snacks and give sensual massages while on board. But she had also become extremely loyal – she had to be. **“I suppose I should get back to the office. Boss wanted me to model more uniforms, didn’t he?”**

Hopefully no one else tried to remove one of these signs, because they would absolutely meet the same fate.