

GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH5: JUST DANCE

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It wasn't all *that* unusual to find the General Mahamantra walking around Sumeru City.

He was often brought back to the city for missions, and he had to report to the Akademiya there as well. But he typically traveled in the evening or night unless work required him to do otherwise. It was better for him to remain out of sight. Not necessarily for himself, but because he understood that a man of his position and renown made others uncomfortable. It wasn't uncommon for even the innocent to run from him in fear, even if they had no reason to.

But the reason he was in the Grand Bazaar that day wasn't for the sake of work, even though it *definitely* seemed like he was. After all, no sooner than he had arrived had he slipped into one of the shadier alleyways. It would have been easy to assume that he was tailing a criminal, or about to take down some sort of smuggling ring. **“Perfect. Thanks. I’m happy to see it’s in such good condition.”**

The individual he'd met there was a young woman from the Akademiya. Nothing looked particularly shady about her, but if anyone had watched them from the wrong angle they might have gotten the impression that something shady was going down. There had been some sort of *exchange*. Cyno had definitely given her money, and it seemed to be a large sum. Was he engaged in criminal activity himself! It wasn't until she left that it became clear this wasn't the case.

Because he held up a holographic Genius Invocation TCG card and stuck it into a sleeve before slipping that sleeve into a card box and then, ultimately, his pocket.



“This was a worthwhile trip. I’ve been searching for a holographic version of the Raiden Shogun for some time now...” His ‘shady business dealings’ had been a simple case of purchasing a rare TCG card from an otherwise normal woman. There was nothing illegal about that, though Cyno *had* been prepared to question her if the card had been fake, or prepared to walk away if it had been in poor condition. Thankfully neither of these possibilities had come to fruition.

With his purchase completed and the alleyway vacant, it had been the General Mahamantra’s plan to check in with the Akademiya himself. But a sudden and strange occurrence ultimately gave him pause. The sound of something cracking followed by the sound – and feeling – of glass falling from his belt and hitting the ground. **“Hm?”** It wasn’t hard to see *what*. There was only one thing he wore on his golden belt, his Electro Vision. But it was presently a content-less frame, with shards of purple on the ground. **“My Vision... shattered?”**

A curious thing to say, and certainly something that Cyno never *expected* he would have to say, and yet he could not deny what was before his very eyes. An empty Vision container, and shards of one on the ground. He could feel his ties to the Electro element evaporating in real time, which prompted him to flex his fingertips as if he was trying to summon some of that power. But not only was there nothing to summon...

“Wait, since when did I have a vision?” He legitimately *couldn’t* recall. Why had that thought been planted in his head, that he might have once possessed one? *My life might have been better off if I possessed one like Nilou.* He didn’t question why the Zubayr Theater dancer had come to mind, but then again that seemed to be a side effect that plagued everyone whose Vision became defunct. They very quickly

struggled to recall what once had been true, nor did they question knowledge nor opinions that hadn't existed before.

Change came quickly to his body once his mind began to bend to a shifting reality. The pigmentation of his subtly tanned skin was victimized first, and not in the sense that it lightened at all. It was, in fact, the *opposite*. An increase of melanin blessed his flesh, darkening it color until it was all an ashen hue – and darkening his nipples even further. There was something about the *quality* of this skin as well. It not only appeared, but likewise felt softer to the touch.

That softness only grew, but not because of Cyno's skin. It was because of the contents that it *wrapped* around. The muscle that had been trained to support him as General Mahamantra largely faded, only to be replaced with what could be considered to be its polar opposite. *Fat*. Whether it was his arms or his legs, skin was pulled tighter around a thin layer of plushness that gave his skin a more sensual, delicate sheen.

The man blinked, lashes extending delicately and irises glowing more gold than usual in the process. “**But what was I doing in this alley? Don't I have a performance to get to?**” Words spoken through beestung, pale lips almost seemed out of place. Performance? Since when did he perform? And yet he could vividly recall being on stage many times in the past, showing off a smile upon a face that appeared both more mature and increasingly beautiful like a woman's. But his bigger, brighter eyes somehow expressed an emotional fatigue than he never had before.

With his face the perfect picture of mature femininity now, the silver of his hair darkened only a shade or two while growing out behind him. Locks fanned out, their inherent fluffiness straightened away as bangs crossed between his eyes. What perhaps stood out more than his hair on his head, though, was what began to emerge from behind the silver hair on the sides of his head. They looked like long, pointed ears. There were races in Teyvat with ears like those. But what of the Anubis-like pair atop his head? Well, they weren't even real to begin with!

Cyno brought a hand to his chin in thought. Fingers were smaller, delicate, and now features faux nails that were painted with white to contrast the darker color of his skin. “**I'm forgetting something important, aren't I?**” A sultry voice sounded off his words, one much more befitting of his new face and the lack of an Adam's apple upon his neck. Much like his hands, his feet were smaller within his toeless footwraps. A part of him felt like that was strange. Why expose his delicate tootsies? They were a tool of his trade.

Or, well, *her* trade. Because while she did squirm a little bit in response, a folding inward of her cock and balls otherwise went unaddressed by the *woman* herself. This changed sex *was* very quickly capitalized on, the shape of her body changing to fit the image of a *dancer* that came to mind whenever she thought of herself now. Talented, but empty.

Dancers wielded their attractive bodies to the fullest, and so she first needed this attractive body *to* wield. Cue an accumulation of additional, weighted fat that pooled into her thighs and ass. In the case of the former, the dark skin around her upper legs became taut and shiny as it was pulled around fuller legs. Thighs that now rivaled her waist in width rubbed up against each other, filling out Cyno's shorts in their entirety, and yet their thickness, paired with the emergence of an *immaculate* heart shaped ass, forced her hips to widen more than just a smidgen. So in the end? Enough of a gap was left between her thighs that you could make out her cheeks behind her if you stared through them.

An ass and a pair of legs worth shaking had formed, but she was still missing a little *something* further north. "**They were usually... bigger, weren't they?**" A delicate and thinned eyebrow was raised in skepticism as she looked down. She was wondering about her clothing, too. *In what world would someone as fashionable as me wear something like this?* Not that this was a subject to be fixated on in that moment.

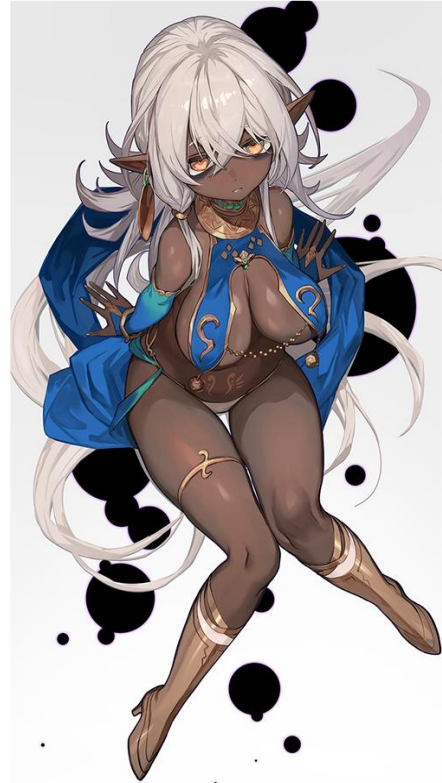
Not as the chest she was addressing swelled with all of the same vigor that her ass had. Dark nipples became erect, areola wider and puffier as her flat chest itself became increasingly *less* so. Small lumps formed at first, but as it became clear that more and more weight would pool midst their contents, those lumps began to jiggle and stretch into proper orbs. As Cyno's chest was bare, their growth into a size comparable to a pair of small watermelons was easy to document. They were just as perky as they were full, each of the woman's breaths bring them to ripple, and each movement causing them to bounce or sway.

It wasn't until they had grown to completion that her other concerns were addressed. The General Mahamantra outfit was lifted from her by the same mystical force that had shattered the Vision she had long forgotten about. In its place? An ocean blue 'top' that consisted of two straps that reached down to cover her breasts clad to a golden neck piece. Detached, fingerless sleeves covered arms beneath her elbows, while a white bikini bottom was all that she wore atop her hairless loins. Golden boots, at the very least, took care of her fears of harming her feet.

There was plenty in terms of makeup and accessories to her outfit as well. Big, golden earrings hung from her pointed ears and a golden clasp hugged her right thigh so tightly that the flesh bulged around it. Blue

paint wrapped around droopy, golden eyes, and above her crotch? A golden tattoo rested, one that was common among the women of her people. It was actually a mark that she was still unmarried, something that bothered her now that she was in her thirties.

“Mm... My performance is soon, but I’m not sure that I’m ready. The stage can be so cruel...” No more attention was paid to the broken Vision on the grounded from the jaded dancer. Despite years of experience on stage, *Cyra* had fallen into so many ups and downs over the course of her ten-some years of performing that she had trouble mustering courage to stand before an audience. That hesitation always melted away once she stood before them, because at the end of the day she was a professional, but the hours leading up to it took a toll on her mental health.



Cyra had recently become a member of the Zubayr Theater. While she was a resident of the desert herself, Nilou was a fellow dancer that she had known for a long time. They were a fan of each other’s performances, but the younger girl had definitely sensed the insecurities in the more experienced woman’s heart. That girl was too nice for her own good, honestly. **“But she has faith in me, so I can’t let her down...”**

Walking towards the alley exit, the woman stretched as she did so, prompting her chest to heave and bounce. *Those* were something that Nilou certainly didn’t have in spades. But she was a little jealous of one thing Nilou had. **“If I had a Vision, perhaps things would be a little easier?”**