

GENSHIN IMPACT: METEOR MASH

FINAL CH: FREE AS A BIRD

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Of all the places to watch the beautiful, rainbow meteor shower, the Outrider Amber believed she'd found what was undeniably the *best* spot. In Mondstadt's plaza, she had perched herself within the open palms of the gigantic statue of the Anemo Archon that overlooked the city. She often got in trouble for climbing it during the day, but Amber really loved being so high up. She was pretty much infamous for her enthusiasm in the city since she loved gliding so much.

“Maybe I should have invited someone to watch this with me, but it's pretty late too. I'm sure everyone else is sleeping.” It was definitely a sight she would have loved to share with Lumine, but then again? Amber didn't have the foggiest idea that her friend had been transformed into a sister of the church by one of those pretty rocks she was so keen on.

Her butt planted firmly in between the statue's hands, she was leaning back with her hands behind her for support while legs kicked over the fingers of the giant hands properly. She enjoyed heights, but she wasn't going to risk falling off! There was always the chance that a glider might malfunction if pulled out without preparation, and the last thing she wanted was to spend a month in the infirmary for a broken leg... *again*.

The plan had been to remain still until the meteor shower was over, by something whizzing by her head and crashing into the body of the statue behind her was quick to ruin those plans. Amber practically flung

herself back up and onto her feet with her ample agility, landing with perfection.

“Whoa! That was close! That could have taken out my eye or something. Actually... Might have killed me depending on the speed.” The young woman gulped with relief. After all, sticking out of the Anemo Archon stature was a razor sharp looking, golden stone that



appeared to be glowing. It was undoubtedly one of the many lights that had been falling from the night sky above, but it was a little unnerving to think that despite its beauty, there was a very high chance it could have ended her life prematurely. **“But hm...”**

She really couldn't leave that rock sticking out of there, could she? Since she was already up there, it was best to be a good Samaritan and pull it out! And Amber did so, with no shortage of difficulty. **“Why... is... this... so... stuck!?”** By the time she got her sentence out, the rock finally budged, and the girl fell back onto her ass with a squeak. At least she hadn't fallen to the ground below.

Quick to jump back onto her feet, absentmindedly dropping the stone beside her in the process, a loud *RIP*

could both be heard and *felt* much to Amber's surprise. **“Huh!?”** There was no doubt in her mind that the strange sensation had come from her boots of all places, and looking down? She found herself gawking at something so incredibly surreal that she didn't believe her eyes... for but a moment.

Sticking out of the end of either boot was what best could be described as a *trio of claws*. The fronts of her footwear had been entirely blown out, and in the place of her feet there was now golden skin wrapped delicately around firm bones and tendons. **“What the—WOAAAH!?”** Amber almost fell backwards again, this time because the sections of her feet *behind* the claws lifted up without warning, soon shredding the rest of her boot bottoms to reveal more of the same, rough-textured skin. Her feet now bent just before her claws and lifted even higher at raised ankles, and beneath the leather of her thigh-high boots' remnants,

that off-colored, rough skin continued to spread until it reached the center of her thighs.

“My feet look like they belong to a bird! But *Amber* shouldn’t have bird feet!” Lifting one leg and then the next, the young woman hopped in place in an attempt to try and get used to how they felt. It really didn’t take long for that to be the case, and by the time her next change began the fact that anything was even different had *already* completely escaped her memory – just as the fact that she’d referenced herself in the third person just a moment again hadn’t really struck her.

Because, really, something just as pressing had already begun to transpire. **“Itchy, itchy... Why is *Amber* so itchy?”** Every time she spoke she sounded less and less mature, but in this case she had good cause to talk like that. After all, she couldn’t help but shake her arms thanks to how itchy they’d suddenly become. So much of the reason was hidden under her sleeves that she didn’t even initially take notice, but once *blue* plumage began to stick up out of her forearms... **“EHHHHH!?”**

That was probably a fair reaction, honestly.

Amber had always been one to overreact physically, and so she found herself flapping her arms wildly – which only seemed to exasperate the issue. The space between her arms and sleeves felt fuller and warmer as feathery, blue fluff occupied what looseness typically existed between the two, while the woman’s hands soon suffered an even stranger fate.

Aside from her thumbs, which gained tiny, blue claws on their tips, the rest of her fingers and hands gradually bled together into a single, longer growth that curved downward. Meanwhile, primary and secondary feathers, big and just as blue as the plumage that spung up everywhere else, fell down until her arms were undeniably a pair of bird wings to go along with her bird legs and feet. Tatters of her gloves fell to the statue hands around her, leather no longer longed for this world.

“*Ambi* has wings! Wait... didn’t *Ambi* always have wings? *Ambi* can’t remember clearly...” The woman’s expression was certainly a puzzled one, and not because she’d started calling herself ‘*Ambi*’. Her furrowed brows thinned, a blue slightly lighter than her feathers possessing them while that exact same shade then took flight in her hair as well. It was so quick to fly through it, and yet once the permanent dye job had been complete? Most of the ‘excess’ was chopped off, stolen by the late night Mondstadt breeze leaving her with a short but messy hairdo that had lost its bunny ear headpiece in the process.

“Muu... **Ambi is really warm! These clothes suck!**” She was getting all her feathers ruffled *literally* over her state of dress, which didn't really suit her at all. It all felt too big! Wait... big? Somehow, that felt wrong! These clothes should have been the right size, and yet they absolutely *weren't*. Because despite any gains she might have made in wingspan, her height had steadily dropped in the meantime. While slight at first, it quickly punched itself into overdrive. “**WAH!?**” Until she was only 4'7”, with what remained of her outfit dangling off of a frame that was still diminishing in other areas.

She would have stripped, but... “**HOW IS PAMI SUPPOSED TO GET THESE OFF!?**” It wasn't like she had the hands to do it! Plus they were getting even looser, what with her figure sliding away. That wasn't to say Amber had ever had much of one, though at the very least her thighs and ass had characteristically been very well defined. They still were! But while slightly deflated, it was only because her figure had diminished so much that they still stood out *despite* their losses.

Her chest certainly was something you *could* scoff at when all was said and done. She normally dressed to show off her heavier B-cups, but now the front of her top appeared so empty with little more than big bites to sustain them by comparison. It made her feel a little sad... for a second. But the mind-bending powers of the meteor aside, it was just becoming completely natural for her to be *terribly scatterbrained*. Or *birdbrained*, if you will?

Immaturity shown in both her personality and figure, and now as she bounced around it finally began to show in her face. Her own individual subsided gradually, costing her the little maturity she'd preserved in her features despite being a whole ass grown woman. Cheeks rounded and eyes widened, even taken on a golden glow not unlike that of the meteor that had triggered this all, and yet despite appearances...

She was still, technically, an adult.

A flash of gold shone from the stone nearby, but the tiny bird woman didn't even bat an eyelash at it. Rather, it replaced her previous discomfort with some much-needed relief, for her clothes were swept away and replaced with a simple, green crop top and a pair of jean short shorts. Was she wearing underwear? “**Nope! Papi doesn't need those!**”

“Papi is confused! How did she get up here?” Raising the ‘hand’ of one of her wings to her mouth, the newly fashioned harpy girl tilted her head to the side as bird feet teetered on the edges of the statue’s giant fingers. Well, being a harpy it wasn’t really all that unusual to find her *in* high places, but she really couldn’t remember flying up there. Climb? How was she supposed to do that with wings for arms!?

Despite looking young, that didn’t change that *Papi* was a young adult. She was as free as any bird, but enjoyed the comforts of Mondstadt because of its pleasant breeze and welcoming people. Even though she was a harpy, they were all nice to her! And for someone as childish as she was, that was all she needed.

The harpy let a loud yawn call out before she let her butt, clad still in tight shorts, fall against the statue’s hands again. **“Maybe Papi will roost here tonight. Then Papi can go see her girlfriend tomorrow!”** She was romantically involved a dragon named Ilulu, and often flew over to spend time with her. So, as she curled up to fall asleep, she fondly thought about her beloved and how happy she would be to see her in the morning.



And so, night turned into day, and the meteor shower became nothing more than another fond memory in the minds of those that occupied Teyvat. The people of this world had been irreversibly changed, and yet the light of the stones had made it so that not a single soul paid it any notice.

But while the people would remain oblivious, and the cause would remain a mystery, there was a certain Unknown God that was cackling to herself. **“What a fun thing to do every one-hundred years! At least it keeps the drama of this world fresh, and the people**

ignorant!” How many potential problems had she taken out with this move? More than she had planned on, thankfully!

Perhaps though, one day, this God would get what she deserved.