

# GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH3: HIME-SAMA

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hehehe... Those richies are gonna be sooooo mad!”**

The sight of Arataki Itto, oni and the leader of the Arataki gang, out and about while seemingly up to no good wasn't exactly an *unfamiliar* sight to the people of Inazuma these days. He was something of a terror, but probably *not* in the way that most people might assume. His gang *sounded* terrifying, but the crimes they committed were minor at best. Maybe they stole a cardboard cutout or sprayed some graffiti on a wall. It was stuff like that. *Kids' stuff*, really.

But Itto was proud of his gang and their work. He certainly *wasn't* a child, but the oni had a very childish point of view of the world. Despite his run-ins with the Tenryou Commission due to his outlandish ideas, though? He was a good guy through and through. He always looked out for his gang, and would never hesitate to step in if someone was in danger. He was more of a lovable oaf... so long as you looked past all of his crimes.

**“Huh? Where'd everyone else go!? Don't tell me they bailed just 'cause there were those rumors of the commission being around!”** Itto had been in the middle of one of those stunts at that very moment. It was the dead of night, and he'd been painting on the newly installed community map in the middle of a neighborhood in Inazuma City. It was the part of town where all the wealthier politicians lived, making it the perfect crime!

The Tenryou Commission didn't usually run patrols that late, but a member of the gang had come with a warning that they had seen a guard nearby. Itto himself had ignored the warning in question, but it seemed like the rest of his gang had scattered while he was finishing up. **“What a bunch of wimps! It's not like one guard would be able to take us all in!”** Especially not if he roughed them up a little first.

Mostly just to scare them away.



Itto was the holder of a Geo Vision which gave him some control over the earth and stone. I made him a heavy hitter when caught up in the thick of it, especially when paired with his monumental strength. So it wasn't like he was confident without anything to back it up! Or that was *supposed* to be the case, but a cracking sound beneath his chin threatened that. **“Hey now... What the hell!?”**

He'd grabbed and unhooked the Vision that was normally hooked to his choker. Not only was there a big crack down the center, but plenty of smaller cracks formed before his very eyes until, finally, it *shattered*. **“HUH!?”** He had already lost his Vision once during

the Vision Hunt Decree, but this... was something else. Could Visions even break!?

**“Thaaaaat's probably not normal, right?”** Itto didn't consider himself to be the most knowledgeable of men, but he was pretty sure he'd never heard of Visions simply *breaking*. If there was a way of doing that, wouldn't the Raiden Shogun just have done *that* instead of using the Vision Hunt Decree to have them all scooped up and mounted to a *statue*? He was going to give himself a headache thinking *this* hard!

Fortunately? It didn't take that long for something else to *reasonably* distract him. The sound of something cracking, much like the sound his now broken Vision had made, prompted him to drop the remains of the object and reach *up*. Because the cracking was coming from his head, or at least something atop it. Of course, the only thing on Itto's head aside from his hair was his *horns*, and no sooner than he touched them did

the fall apart within his grasp, chunks of crimson falling to the ground and leaving his head as if they had never existed in the first place.

**“WH-WH-WHAT THE FUCK!?! MY HORNS!?! DID MY HORNS JUST FALL OFF!?”** Stroking his (now) smooth head, gaze fixed on the shards of his horns on the floor below, the oni was *naturally* upset. His horns were part of his racial identity as an oni! They were way too durable to just *break!*

But truthfully? Those horns breaking and falling off were just the racial change that he *noticed*, because all of the others were disappearing as well. Such as? The crimson lines that ran across his body. Marking beneath his eyes, across his chest, down his arms; they all faded to leave his body without them. Even the black paint on his finger and toenails were erased, almost like it was in the service of giving him a ‘clean’ and ‘proper’ appearance.

Perhaps with the same goal in mind? The wild coloration of his silver, red-tipped hair was compromised approximately around the same time. It all darkened to a chestnut brown, a hair color you could find on any Inazuman human. And his hair wasn’t even the *only* place where this chestnut brown appeared, for crimson eyes adopted it as well. There was no longer anything about his overall appearance that suggested an oni’s blood might run through his veins.

**“H-Huh? Horns? Why the hell would I have horns? I’m not some kinda monster...”** Those brown eyes went wide with confusion. Weren’t those horns important to his identity? But that’d make him some sort of *youkai* or something, right? And he couldn’t remember having lived a life like that. He was just a normal Inazuman!

In service of his memories, memories that were *clearly* being altered as his body changed, his appearance began to become even *more* ‘normal’. It was targeting his strong muscles now, everything from his bulky arms to his huge abs were melting away into a lacking softness. **“Man, why do I feel so tired? No... Exhausted? Exhausted is a more proper term, right?”** There was a strange crack in his voice as something deep down told him he needed to speak less casually. It was improper, and his years of education had taught him better!

Itto had never been to a day of school in his life, though.

Even when there was no longer any muscle to his body whatsoever (thus his perceived fatigue) his body *continued* to get smaller though. Thinner, shorter, more petite. Everything from shortened limbs to smaller hands and feet were laid plain, his outfit gradually hanging off of him like clothes dangling on a clothes rack. But did it bother him? He hadn’t

really seemed to have noticed it, not even once his height had bottomed out at 5'2". Or perhaps it wasn't so much that he hadn't noticed as much as it was the fact that this height and size felt *correct*.

**“As a young lady... Erm...?”** What was it that he had just said? In such a soft, gentle, and feminine voice? Itto's brown eyes blinked, and during the short time it took for them to close and open again, their shapes had completely changed. They were smaller and cuter, lashes now about an inch longer. His nose wrinkled, becoming small and button shaped, while cheeks thinned, jaw narrowed, and lips became plump. **“No... Why would I be anything other than a young lady? Perhaps my lack of sleep is getting to me...”**

Confirming what he was saying, there was a tug within his loins. Or, well, *her* loins, because ultimately Itto's sex was rearranged to better suit the claims she had become so insistent upon. This invited further change to her smaller figure, gradually bringing it in line with the mental image she had of herself while her messy, brown hair both thinned and flattened. Rather than an unkempt hairdo, it was now clear that a lot of care and effort had been put into maintaining her locks.

From her face alone, Itto was quite pretty now. Her features were petite and fair, and that bled into her figure as well. The young woman's hips, for example, pulled just a couple of inches wider. Not significant, really, but enough to make room as both her thighs and her rear end swelled into feminine proportions. Nothing excessive, just fair and average. A sentiment shared by the emergence of her breasts upon a chest that had once been rippling with muscle. Now, there was only soft, B-cup orbs that were barely concealed by an oni's outfit that was hanging off of her, her arched stomach completely revealed.

Not for long, though. A brief flash left her delicate body naked, while another one that came a second later brought clothing to her once more. An elegant, blue kimono with a floral pattern and all the fixings, a parasol, and a floral hair ornament that pulled her long hair up into a bun behind her. It all gave off the impression of a very dignified, wealthy young woman.

**“Oh dear... The new map that the Commission put up has been vandalized. How terrible...”** Twirling a parasol that took the place of her greatsword between her fingers to shield her from the cherry blossoms that fell by surrounding trees, *Aburaya Ikumi*'s delicate gaze fell upon the map. Dressed in an elegant kimono, she certainly looked the part of a woman who would live in this part of Inazuma City.

Ikumi, as she recalled, was the daughter of a man deeply entrenched in the Tenyou Commission. As a result she had enjoyed wealth and status



ever since she was a little girl, yet never received a Vision. But despite that, at eighteen years of age it was around the time in her life when her father had begun to try and arrange a suitor for her. **“Yet he doesn’t think much of what I want...”** It was the entire reason she was out alone so late.

She had just decided to go for a walk to clear her head. Her father had arranged for her to meet with Kamisato Ayato of the Kamisato clan. If things went well, there would be a formal request for them to marry. But shouldn’t she choose her own husband? Itto’s rebellious nature still burned in her chest, just in a more subdued and very different way. But of course, there was still the possibility...



**“But what if I do end up liking him? He is quite handsome, after all...”**