

GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CH4: GUIDING

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... That’s strange. Irminsul’s records seem a little *off*, don’t they?”

Having manifested a tome out of thin air, the Dendro Archon of Sumeru flipped through the pages with concerned interest. She had sensed a *disturbance* of sorts in the fabric of things, something only *she* could sense thanks to her ties to the repository of memories that lingered beneath Teyvat. Her evening had been going on as it usually did until then. But the most concerning things always *did* happen when you least expected them.

“Someone has been meddling with the memories? No, not *someone*... This has to be the work of magic – or a *curse*. I don’t have any records of many curses that could interact with Irminsul this way, however.” Being the God of Knowledge herself, perhaps it was simply *natural* that she should grasp the fundamental nature of what was transpiring with the limited clues available. Although there was an issue with this. Nahida might have been able to tell *what* had happened, but she didn’t know *who* had done it nor *how* to reverse it.

“Needless to say, I’m—”

CRACK!

“—at an impasse? Or I guess *not*.” Mid-sentence a crackle of lightning had shot *through* the roof of the building and struck her. There had been a simple flash from her own perspective and when that flash dulled? She was no longer standing in her home in Sumeru. She was still surrounded by *knowledge*, clearly in a library, but this was certainly a foreign land from the jungles and deserts that she had lived among. **“I want to take a guess. Hmm... Mondstadt?”**



It was a correct guess, one fueled by her own understanding of the other nations. The books on the shelves were all bound in a specific way, and the walls of the library itself fashioned in a very specific way – much less the windows. It was a shame that she couldn't really see outside since it was well into the night. So not only had she changed locations, but it was later in the day as well.

“I can only assume this is related to what's happening with Irminsul but what does this mean for *me*?” The worst case scenario was that her *own* existence would become part of the changes. What she had noticed was that the information between two individuals had been swapped. Nahida couldn't confirm nor deny what this information swap had done to the *victims* though. So in a way maybe it was lucky for her?

She'd be getting a firsthand experience.

Even with her senses attuned to the idea that she may be in some sort of peril, the curse that was altering pairs of individuals among Teyvat's population was thorough enough that not even the God of Wisdom could easily catch its effects on her own body. If not for this potency she would likely have immediately noticed the sensation plaguing her ears. A sensation that indicated their long points slowly but surely creeping close to the sides of her head where they rounded into a perfect pair of *human* ears.

“I suppose there might be useful clues in this library. If I remember correctly books containing Teyvat's history would be... *Huh*?” Nahida's tiny feet carried her towards a nearby shelf, only stopping when her mind hit a snag. How had she known where the historical texts were in the library? She had never *been* in this library before!

While this *was* an understandable thing for her to be confused by, mind you, the fact that *this* was what she had chosen to label as strange was *odd*. Because as she had walked *over* to that shelf the curse had done

quite a number on her body. More specifically on her *height* of all things, because she now stood eye level with a shelf roughly three shelves higher than when her little walk had begun. With every step she had taken her legs, her torso, and even her *arms* had extended. Until a girl that had once been 4'6" now stood at a comparably imposing 5'5".

Nahida didn't appear to be disturbed by this at all despite the fact that her outfit no longer fit appropriately. The skirt of her gown was lifted up past her bellybutton and her shoulders had widened to the point that the dress was *already* beginning to tear around her neck. Fortunately, because she'd been wearing bloomers her crotch and rear were covered. But the importance on this matter because of her 'child-like appearance' was certainly questionable now.

She clicked her tongue. "*Hmm...*" She didn't look much like a child at *all* now in fact, nor did she even *sound* like one. The Archon's face had matured but, more than that, it had also shifted in its overall appearance in a way that departed from and resemblance to her old self whatsoever. The *woman* moistened plumper lips and blinked with enlarged yet narrowed eyes – eyes that lost their white, floral irises in exchange for far more *human* black dots. Her nose was more pronounced and her cheekbones were also higher. All coming together to create the appearance of a woman in her *late twenties*.

And this woman did *not* have silver hair it seemed. The pale of it all was disturbed by a dirties coloration, a sandy brown that permeated in through her roots and seeped towards her green tips until all was a consistent color. It all became fluffier, silkier, and even *shorter* overall so that it reached just past Nahida's shoulders. If not for her side ponytail it surely would *all* have sat evenly.

Lengthened fingers touched the spine of a nearby book and she pulled it out. *The Legends of Irminsul*, or so the title read. "**Would this book have the information I'm looking for?**" She opened the tome and began to flip through it, subconsciously not even sure *what* information she was looking for anymore. Still, this didn't stop her from aimlessly skimming the pages while her adulthood was... *enhanced*.

The bloomers that Nahida wore had already been riding far too short on her now that she was taller, but they were pulled up even higher due to the combined efforts of her rump and thighs – areas that were plumping up with the maturity that her lanky body otherwise lacked. Her ass crack deepened inch by inch, cheeks pushing out the boomers until their ruffles were pulled so tight that the only crease was the indentation of her crack. While her thighs? They pushed the base of them up into her pelvis so that tautly pulled skin was completely bare.

With her bloomers now hugging her more like a *thong* than anything, it almost felt fitting that her dress was being reduced to something far less than it had once been thanks to additional swelling as well. *This* swelling was of course different, and where Nahida had never had anything even close to a pair of breasts in her life, small mounds began to grow and stretch beneath the gown. They struggled against the thick material, orbs distorted as they pushed put D-cups and, for a moment? It was difficult for her to breath.

But she was soon able to breathe clearly, those enlarged orbs bouncing into place within the confines of an entirely new outfit. A purple tunic with a *very* low neckline overtop a pair of lace shorts and thigh highs. She had heels and lace gloves, and a witch's hat had even adorned her head above hair that now all fluttered down. "**Mm... and this book goes here, right?**" With a short cape fluttering behind her, the woman put the book back on the shelf right where she had found it. But she didn't recall taking it.

Someone had checked it out and she was returning it to its rightful place, right?

"Oh my! I must have gotten too into things! Well, I suppose spring cleaning is a busy time of year, even for myself." *Lisa Minci* considered herself to be a well educated woman. She *had* been a scholar of Sumeru after all. But evidently? She wasn't so intelligent of a woman that she had somehow managed to piece together the experience that she had just endured. That she wasn't supposed to *be* Lisa Minci, but instead the Archon that the other students of her school had revered when she had been there studying.

Truthfully it wasn't really *in* Lisa's nature to overwork herself. She had her responsibilities as the librarian of the Knights of Favonius, but unless it was a matter of someone else disrespecting her time? It was in those moments that she got serious. That was why she loathed it when customers of the library were late returning their books. Well, that and because she wanted to make sure every person who wanted to read a book got their fair turn to read it.

Lisa walked over to the window of the library and took a glance outside as the illuminated lamps that just came on. "**It's a shame that my sweetie wasn't around, I'm sure she would've loved to help**



me!” The librarian spoke of the Traveler, Lumine. When she had more work to do than she would have liked, she often pawned some of it off on that poor woman. But she was just so helpful! And it was cute how she blushed every time Lisa referred to her in a flirty tone!

“But it’s too late now! I think I managed to tidy everything up! Maybe Jean will give me a *special reward* for working so diligently if I ask!” Lisa snickered to herself and licked her lips. Perhaps it wasn’t the *best* kept secret but she and the Acting Grandmaster were something of an item in their spare time. They complimented one another so well that it was like a match made in Celestia!

Which certainly wasn’t a comparison to Celestia any *Archon* would have made.