

GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CH7: JUST GHOSTING

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The Raiden Shogun dabbed at a layer of dango milk on her upper lip after taking a deep sip from the cup she had been given. Well, that wasn't *completely* true – that it was the Raiden Shogun doing it, that is. The one presently possessing the body was its true owner, Raiden Ei. She was the rightful ruler of Inazuma and the owner of perhaps that nation's biggest sweet tooth.

This meant that the second personality within her, the puppet known as the 'Raiden Shogun' was presently sleeping within. Some matters had come up that had required Ei's personal touch – which tended to mean it was a political topic where the lives of her citizens might be jeopardized. **“But now that my work is done, it's time for a treat.”** After sitting through *four* meetings she believed she had earned that momentary reprieve.

As she sipped her sweetened milk, however, her mind wandered. **“Should I write a message to Miko? She should be in the city today, I believe.”** Inazuma's Archon shared a close relationship with the Guuji Yae, who just so happened to own a publishing house in Inazuma City. But because of her position and the reverence her people felt towards her, it was difficult for Ei to simply take a stroll down the street. **“If only there was a way for us to meet more frequently...”**

BANG!



“That *wasn't* lightning.” If there was anyone in all of Teyvat that could have correctly identified this fact after getting struck by it then it was the Electro Archon herself. Its nature and points of origin had been quite similar, but even putting aside the fact that her surroundings had changed, and she was now sitting in an unfamiliar room? Well, it just hadn't *felt* like lightning. **“Which begs the question: *where am I?*”** She sat up from the desk to look around.

For almost any other person on the planet it would have been obvious based on the small office she occupied alone. The furniture and even the room's layout *screamed* Liyue, but Ei had a very fatal flaw that was rearing its ugly head here. She hadn't left Inazuma in a *very* long time. Not in over 500 years, and even then? The times she had wandered *before* that point had been few and far between. She had only ever really left when her sister had required her to act as her shadow outside of the island nation.

“While it is an office... an office for *what?*”

Ei naturally had growing questions about her circumstances, yet with time those questions would become fewer and fewer until she no longer had any – at least none that were relative to her sudden displacement. Even so early on? Her divinity was being drained away, and that much was clear in the woman's eyes. Her Electro-purple irises had begun to darken to red, but just as strange was the fact that black irises inversed to white... and expanded into blossom-shaped pupils.

In the meantime, the Electro Archon had moved over to a nearby window to check for any clues regarding her location. **“...*Liyue?*”** That was her best guess based on the view of a harbor, but it also wasn't *entirely* a guess. Deep down she seemed to recognize where she was as it was common sense, gazing upon it with eyes that subtly changed in shape to better represent a Liyuan native's instead of an Inazuman.

When Ei had first approached the window she was standing at a height where her eyes were roughly centered with its pane. But while continuing to stare out of it? That comparison *regressed*. Her body was growing smaller, and her eye level was dropping closer and closer to the windowsill as a direct result of that. But the one suffering this onset of dwarfism herself didn't really appear to be aware of it.

“Whaaaat’s wrong with me being in Liyue?” Or so she finally asked herself in a rather cartoonish manner instead of addressing what should have been obvious as the woman’s height continued to dip. As the seconds ticked on she dropped closer and closer to the 5’0” mark while her figure itself seemed *untouched* aside from that for the time being. That meant that her large breasts, wide hips, and thick thighs all retained their mass despite dropping to a height that, quite plainly, also left her face looking a touch younger and less mature.

But her kimono’s fit *had* been disturbed by the height drop. Sleeves and fingerless gloves no longer fit correctly, and her thigh high leggings had flopped down past her knees even with the girth of her thighs retained. Not that it even *ultimately* mattered, because while their thickness had been managed up until that point, it still inevitably suffered some *drawbacks*. The flesh around her upper legs did eventually compact itself, and the width of her hips along with it so that they narrowed to better suit this new height of the woman’s.

Truth be told? She was beginning to appear less intimidating by the second, and that was true fundamentally as well. The memories of a ruler were being purged from her mind as a much simpler and carefree recollections replaced them. It wasn’t a life without any stresses, but it was certainly a life that was much less *traumatic* by comparison. **“Aiya! Something is strange here, isn’t it?”** Not that she could really place a finger on *what* that was.

The sound of her voice and even the words that came *out* of it would have struck the ear wrong of anyone who had ever heard Raiden Ei speak. It was much too high and peppy, and she’d started the sentence off with a word you only really ever heard used in Liyue. But it didn’t even clash all that much with her appearance now, either. Not only was she smaller overall, but his facial structure was rounder and immature compared to the sharp and piercing visage she’d had before. A smaller nose and lips certainly complimented her red, Liyuian eyes better.

Ei’s foot began to tap restlessly on the floor beneath her, shrunken feet slipping a little out of the sandals she was wearing in the process. **“I feel like I had something to do? Like I should be... busy, right?”** Not that she had any idea about with *what*, but she was at least getting closer to the truth. These wonderings were expressed while the long braid of purple hair that the woman possessed began to unravel behind her, those locks fanning out messily in all directions as they were likewise possessed with a shift in color. The eccentric purples lightened to a chestnut brown that framed her face with messier bangs and fanned out to the sides on top.

She looked like a cute, young woman of Liyue that couldn't be any older than *twenty*, but the sizable bust that was still fixed on her narrow chest made that a little questionable at best. Fortunately it wasn't a problem for very long at all, for with everything else changed – including hands having shrunk and gained black polish upon her fingernails – it was only really her tits that remained from her old life. They compressed, skin tightening around them until they were *B-cups* at most. Which only prompted her kimono to begin to unravel.

But nothing was exposed. “**Oh!?**” The young woman had thought she might be exposed for a second but soon found herself confused about why she'd ever had that feeling. She was dressed in the usual, wasn't she? A red shirt with a mandarin collar underneath a brown coat with open sleeves and tight, matching shorts beneath them. Calf-length, white socks and brown shoes clad beneath the shorts otherwise, and a black, porkpie hat overtop hair that was styled into twin tails. Of course, a Pyro Vision had been fastened to her too.

“**Aiya! Another busy, busy, busy day for your local funeral parlor director!**” The very moment that the twenty year old woman's memories finally fit together in unison, it seemed to occur to her that she didn't have time to be standing around *her* office. *Hu Tao* scooped up a stack of papers off her desk and promptly flicked through them, haphazardly tossing any she didn't *immediately* need onto the floor. It didn't really seem like behavior befitting of the Wangsheng Funeral Parlor's director.



But anyone who knew Hu Tao personally knew this was just *what* she was like. An eccentric individual who enjoyed poking fun at others, making puns, or even trying to freak people out if it means she could give herself a good laugh. “**Where was that document that the Yuheng sent me again? Something about renting one of the rooms in the parlor for... Aha! Here it is!**” Even the Liyue Qixing had to mourn the departed now and again. As for why she had required *that* form in particular so urgently? Well...

A knock on her office's door predated a blue-haired woman with horns entering. “**Miss Hu Tao? I'm here to pick up the form that Lady Keqing left with you!**” She looked a little more *awake* than she

normally did at this time of day, but it was certainly Ganyu, the Qixing's shared secretary. Poor girl! Just how much work did she have to do? Of course, deep down? Ganyu had been *Miko*. And now that Ei had become Hu Tao? Well, in a way Ei's desire to see Miko easier had been granted, had it not?

“Yo! You’re looking pretty as always, Ganyu!” Hu Tao responded with a compliment that was meant to make the half-Qilin blush, and it worked. **“I’ve got the form right here! Wanna take a second to check it out? Maybe I could fetch you some tea? I wouldn’t mind talking for a little bit!”** Perhaps their previous identities and relationship had led to a strange effect in their new lives, though...

Why else would Hu Tao be trying to put the moves on Ganyu?