

# GENSHIN IMPACT: METEOR MASH

## CH8: MONKEYING AROUND

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“It’s undoubtedly a beautiful sight, but where in Teyvat did Teucer get off to?”**

The Eleventh Fatui Harbinger, Tartaglia, had set aside his night with the intention of sharing it with his younger brother Teucer in Liyue Harbor. Teucer had a penchant for following the elder brother he idolized so much around, which naturally caused a number of complications for a man that was concealing his true career path from not only his siblings, but from his family as a whole. For all the younger siblings knew, Tartaglia was a toy salesman.

This meant that every time Teucer showed up unannounced, the elder sibling was forced to put on an act to hide the fact that he wasn’t what was basically an assassin for a force in Teyvat that was seen as perhaps the most prevalent threat to the whole world. Even that day, Teucer had been asking to see the ‘toys my big brother makes’. It was fortunate that news had instead hit their ear about a meteor shower that night.

It had created an opportunity for Tartaglia, alias ‘Childe’, to spend time with his brother without the predicament of work looming over his head. As agreed, he’d climbed to the roof of the premium Liyue inn they had rented so that they could watch it together, but with the stars in the night sky already falling, Teucer had yet to show up. **“If he fell back asleep after I woke him up, I’ll definitely laugh at him.”**



Fatui Harbinger or not, Childe was undoubtedly a good older brother. Everything that he did, he did for the sake of his family and no one else. This was simply the best way to make sure all of them – including Teucer – were taken care of. It didn't take long for him to think '*Maybe I should go check on him to make sure he's alright*', and yet before he could get up and put that plan into action? Something fell and landed right between his open legs. **“Whoa! Almost lost my junk there!”**

A smarmy remark that *definitely* wouldn't age well.

Making sure he didn't slip down the roof, the young and tall man sprung up and onto his feet, glaring daggers down at the tiny object that had almost hit him where it *really* counted. **“This is one of the meteors? Something about it gives me a bad feeling.”** Well, really? Anything that glowed an ominous red even *after* landing probably wasn't something *good*. But it was also just a tiny stone no bigger than a pebble. Tartaglia really doubted that it could do any *real* harm. Famous last words, of course.

In fact, harm was already on the menu; it just didn't come in a form that the young man could anticipate in any capacity. After all, one didn't need to look any farther than the rims of his ears. They felt a little warm all of a sudden, and that had been for good reason. After all, the rims of his ears had suddenly found themselves decorated with a brown, furry fuzz. It certainly wasn't hair in the traditional sense, more reminiscent of what you might find on an animal.

And while it was only a little in the beginning, before long it spread across either ear in full. Brown on the outside, tanned on the inside. Fuzzier and fuzzier they became, but they also grew bigger and rounder too, at least until the traditional human ear shape was sacrificed for a pair of *monkey* ears that protruded from the sides of Childe's head.

Were that not telling enough that something was *very* amiss, an extra appendage sought to pull this assertion into the realm of undeniable reality around roughly the same time. After all, the man had ignorantly

not noticed it. The feeling of something swishing back and forth behind him rhythmically. A monkey's tail in this case, fully prehensile and good for latching onto things like tree branches and holding things that two hands just wouldn't be able to. At the very least, it certainly made keeping his balance upon the slanted roof all the easier. A perk that was much needed, considering—

**“Woah!?! Almost lost my footing there! Odd... It's not like me to lose my balance?”** This wasn't arrogance on his part, it was just simply a factual statement. He hadn't been taken in as a Harbinger because he lacked the necessary skills, that much was for certain. Something very unusual must have occurred for him to question his ability to stand upright, and something had.

The meteor's effects were blotching out his ability to connect the dots, just as the case had been for every single one of their victims. Regardless of how drastic the changes were, the one being transformed would always carry on as if there was nothing more than a little inconvenience they couldn't exactly seem to place.

That was true even as the man's body was rewound. Infancy wasn't in the cards, but watching his face as his ample height fell with an indescribable urgency, it was clear that he wasn't just shrinking at all. That face was rounder, those eyes were wider, and those cheeks were *puffier*? That third inconsistency aside, he didn't look all that different from Teucer as he stood there at a meager 4'4", traveling suit hanging off of him like he was a kid that had tried on his dad's clothes while he was out.

Childe simply stood there, lashes dancing in shock as he tried to place what had just happened. **“Um... Have my clothes always been so big?”** That couldn't be right, could it? Lifting his sleeves, they were dangling past his hands in length. Not to mention he was practically swimming in tall boots wrapped in fallen pants. But aside from becoming a kid there were other problems that had begun to arise.

The color *and* style of his hair was certainly among them. Locks had shrunken proportionally along with his regressed age, but they appeared to be growing longer in a messy way. That wasn't to say that his hair fell past his shoulders or anything like that, but as it recollected itself it was certainly a lot shaggier and untamed. In terms of shockers that wasn't as significant as the sandy blonde that the bright orange had lightened to, though.

When it came to the boy's eyes, baby blues grew clouded by a swirling crimson that ultimately claimed dominance. However, most shocking when it came to these eyes was just how *feminine* they ended up

appearing. Already childlike by design, they brightened with what best could be described as an ‘unwavering innocence’ that sparkled keenly – matching what was going on inside his head. Killing? Supporting his family? *Those kinds of things are for old people! Why should an eleven-year-old care about that!? All I wanna do is play!*

His internal voice now matched his audible one: a girlish squeak that felt more and more authentic as things continued to transpire. Much of what remained wasn’t exactly something that could easily be perceived however considering his child’s body was buried beneath layer after layer of oversized clothing. Just because you couldn’t see it didn’t mean it wasn’t happening, though.

When it came to the boy’s chest, it wasn’t like there was a whole lot to say. He’d become a kid, and so even if he’d been the opposite sex there wouldn’t have been much there. And there wasn’t, but there was still more there than a boy *should* have had. The area beneath his nipples had puffed up after all, and this swell made it look as if he had the beginning of a pair of breasts taking shape.

Farther down, his tummy had pinched in at the sides as if to say ‘begone, androgyny’, and the truth that he was becoming female was becoming increasingly undeniable. This was all the truer once his hips had popped several inches wide, leaving room for the areas around them to flourish. This meant that her flat bum became just a little more abundant, and his thighs, while never filling his new thigh gap, were much spongier all around.

**“ACHOO!?! Whoa! That sneeze felt weird!”** Of all the things to trigger a change in sex, it was strangely enough a sneeze that had accompanied the feeling as if the force of doing so would be enough to mask the thing between *her* legs disappearing in between them. It sounded strange, but that was legitimately what had happened in the end. And... voila! What had once been a tall, attractive young man was now a young girl with monkey traits drowning in a man’s suit.

The stone embedded in the roof let out one final flash of light, and with it the clothes that had left the child so encumbered disappeared along with them, replaced by an elegant garment set that appeared ornamental and, perhaps, a little inappropriate for a girl of her age with how so much of her pelvis and thighs were left exposed. **“Fwaa! That feels better though, I can hop around!”** The child herself didn’t seem to mind too much though. In fact, she hopped around on the inn roof with no trouble at all thanks to the balance her monkey tail provided.

### *Andira*

recalled herself to be a half-adeptus, which explained her animal traits to some degree. Liyue was her home, and because she aged so slowly humans had been taken care of her for a long time! But there was *one* human



that had been buzzing around her a lot more lately, not that she minded.

**“Andira! Sorry I’m late, but I was looking for snacks!”** Holding what looked to be several bags of food, that human finally arrived. A young boy around her own age of eleven named Teucer. He came from overseas, and ever since meeting Andira he’d followed her around. They were good friends now, but Andira totally didn’t realize that he’d developed a crush on her.

Innocent-minded as she was, she simply beamed at the sight of him (and food). **“Teucer! I thought maybe you’d slept through this, haha! Look how pretty the sky is! We’re so close that we can almost touch them!”** Andira jumped around in her enthusiasm, not once slipping on the slanted roof as if to show off her new and improved balance sense, but also forgetting all about the fallen stone that had changed her in the first place. **“You should make a wish! I hear that’s good luck!”**

*He was just going to wish that she was his girlfriend though.*