

GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH6: DESERT MOMMY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Nilou was a little *confused*.

Her day had proceeded as usual for the most part. Work with the Zubayr Theater was busy and fulfilling, and as a result? Between that, her sword training, and her dancing practice? The Hydro Vision wielder had a pretty full schedule. One that didn't afford her much time to be distracted or face scenarios that were unprompted. And she'd had such an incident occur that evening, one that left her restless in the Sumeru City inn room that she was renting along with the rest of her troupe.

“Cyra... Regardless of how hard I try to remember her, I can't. So why is everyone else so confident she's a member of the theater?” A dancer had approached them during dinner. One that Nilou was confident she had never met before, and yet the woman in question was remembered fondly by everyone else in Zubayr. Was something wrong with her own memory? It had led to an awkward evening for her overall, not wanting to bring down the mood.

Had she hit her head and forgotten things? No... That would be fairly selective memory loss, wouldn't it? Was it a matter of the Sages interfering with the minds of Sumeru's people again? No, under the leadership of the Dendro Archon as things stood, there was no chance of such a tragedy ever coming to occur again. **“Some sort of magic? An ability using a Vision? Could I have been affected? Or perhaps everyone else has been?”**

That theory felt somewhat plausible, but did that mean Cyra was the culprit? The woman seemed a touch disillusioned but Nilou hadn't gotten the impression that she was up to no good. Plus what could she gain from forcing herself into the Zubayr Theater like that? Surely there wasn't...



Moonlight filtered in through the nearby window as Nilou sat upon her bed. It was a little past midnight now and she had yet to disrobe herself. While it was a little embarrassing to admit, if she could? The dancer preferred to sleep in the nude. It just felt so *freeing*, and so she only bothered with pajamas when she was sharing rooms, or when the theater had to camp. She wasn't *completely* dressed though. Her headdress was removed, and her Hydro Vision had been unclipped and was resting on the nightstand table beside her bed.

It was within the prelude of her vision, and so at the moment something seemed to grow *awry* with it? **“What...? Is something wrong with my Vision?”** She immediately noticed, rising from her sitting position and walked a few steps over to grab it. The way the moonlight was refracting off of it was strangely prismatic, almost like the gem in the middle was *cracked*? Which she had thought was impossible up until the moment she picked it up.

And the Vision's gemstone shattered in her grasp.

Nilou didn't need to contemplate if that was *normal* or not – it most certainly *wasn't*. **“Oh no! That isn't supposed to happen!”** Her fingers quickly got to work pushing the fragments of the shattered stone into a pile. In her mind it would be best to save them and take them to a professional. *Who*? Perhaps the Dendro Archon would have some answers for her? Though she didn't know how she might manage to get an audience with her so late at night!

Her eyes and mind were focused on the shattered Vision, and with that attention so focused the fact that parts had begun to move, *literally*, didn't exactly register with her. It was literal because something had begun to move where it shouldn't have, stemming from something that

shouldn't have existed in the first place. It poked up and out behind the sash that was tied around her waist, and while it looked like little more than a brown nub initially?

That nub soon elongated, flicking about behind the young woman's body as it grew longer and longer, but never wider. It was quite plain *what* this was. The brown around it was fur, and what it wrapped around was a tail – likely that of some kind of cat. Before long it was just as long as the dancer was tall, and it wasn't even the *only* new, moving growth upon her.

Two more had poked out atop her head, knocking back her horned headdress ever so slightly so that they could reach up towards the ceiling. It was a pair of triangular *ears* that sported the same brown fur as her new tail on the outsides, while their inner ears bore a golden fur instead. These ears were several inches long and evidently served to replace her human ones, as the original pair folded into obscurity.

“Wait... What was I doing with these gemstone pieces?” All of a sudden Nilou's gaze seemed to have locked up as a silver color replaced the bright turquoise of her eyes. She couldn't remember what the pieces of her Vision *were*, recognizing them naturally as only pieces of some sort of gemstone. *Perhaps I could resell them for a fair price?* The thought briefly crossed her mind as if she were some sort of *merchant*.

She let go of the stones now that she questioned their use and stood up straight. Yet in doing so? It became clear that her height was not what it had once been. In fact it was in the process of becoming *greater* than it already had. Nilou was already a few inches taller, with the growth not harming her outfit all that much since it was split into smaller parts. But she grew taller and taller, eventually reaching 5'10" before long. The ceiling was much close to her head and yet? She didn't really appear to notice *whatsoever*.

Even though her detached sleeves had been pulled down past her elbows to accommodate her lengthened limbs, she paid it no heed while reaching up to brush some hair out of her face. It was hair that *shouldn't* have been there, and yet as if to accommodate her sudden growth spurt it had decided to lengthen in kind. It dangled as far down as the backs of her shins in the end, adopting the same brown color as her fur while the lowest layer took on the same golden sheen that could be seen within her cat-like ears.

Using body language that was typical of herself, fingers were raised as a hand cupped her own cheek, tilting her head to the side in the process. **“Dear, just how did I even end up with these shards?”** Nilou's voice purred in a voice that sounded both deeper and softer, almost

maternal if there was such a voice quality. She was speaking like an older woman, and in fact? Her fingers had begun to show the telltale signs of age. Her skin wasn't as youthful as it had been moments ago.

Almost like the phenomenon had leaped from those aged fingers into whatever they touched, her face began to show additional years of experience as well. Thinner lips swelled to almost double their original size and Crow's feet emerged in the corners of her silver eyes. Her face was longer and her nose shaped more angularly, ultimately giving her not even a different racial profile, but the impression that she was no longer Nilou whatsoever.

The woman, now resembling one not in her early twenties but a tall beauty in her forties, saw further change occur to her skin – this time in terms of its coloration. It darkened several shades towards a light but notable tan. If Nilou still had her wits about her and could actually *notice* that she was changing, she might have compared that color to Dehya's skin color. It was a color typical of those who lived in the desert like the Ermites.

But while she had the height, face, and skin of an older woman, she was certainly still *lacking* in some areas. Or at least she *had* been up until the moment a sudden feeling of fullness prompted a moan to wrestle from fuller lips. “*Mmn...*” An arousal was building as a direct result of her ongoing transformation, or at least regarding where it was fixated for the final wave.

Both her breasts and ass alike had begun to swell. Not just a little bit, and certainly not subtly, as in a matter of moments the front of her top was torn off at the sides. Her breasts had expanded over a matter of *seconds* to the point where each tanned breast was larger than her own head, and they bounced several times from the sudden force of their expansion while the woman lurched forward. “*Oh~!*”

Nilou didn't fall over from this force because a similar feeling had yanked her backwards simultaneously, stemming completely from her rear end. The advent of plump and abundant cheeks parted her hips wider and tore through her skirt and underwear, leaving her largely naked as tattered wear slid off her form. Her cheeks arched back a number of inches and, like her breasts, had the subtle sag of age to them. But that didn't make them, nor the fruitful thighs that now accompanied them, any less sexy.

She didn't even have a chance to worry about tattered clothes nor the fact that she was essentially naked now, for her clothing was fixed up in a jiffy. Everything in the suitcase that she had packed had been replaced with more traditional wear from a tribe of cat-like people from the

desert depths that took inspiration from the many temples littered about. As for what she was wearing? An elegant, white bed dress shrouded her. It was translucent and so you could still vaguely see her dark nipples and pussy through it, but as she slept alone it was of no concern.

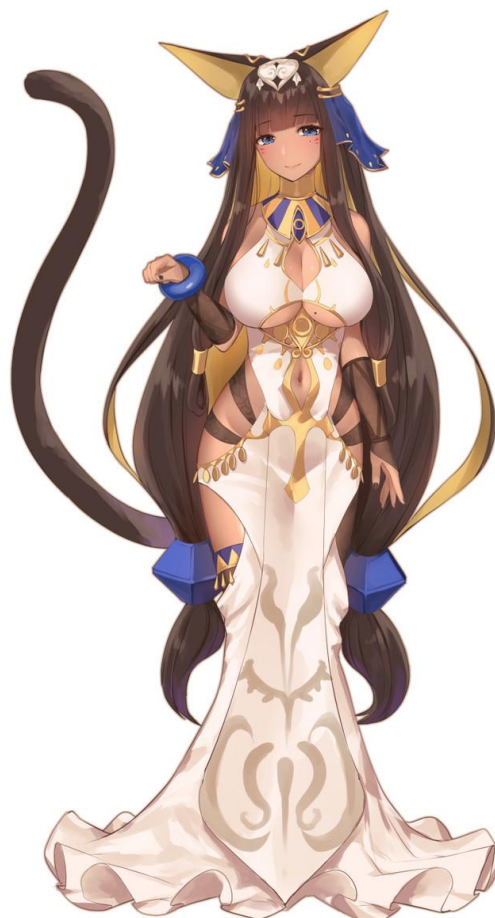
And if she *wasn't* sleeping alone then it doubled as a bonus for her partner for the night.

Nashwa finally stopped stroking her long, thick, and velvety feline tail as the anxiety that had beheld her finally subsided. It was an old nervous habit that she'd had since she was a child, and one that had surfaced far more regularly ever since she had become a mother of twin daughters. But in *this* particular instance she couldn't recall what she had been so worked up about in the first place.

"Hmm..." Her hum was contemplative, but there was a mature purr to it that was likely just as much a product of her Sumerian Cat-like features than anything. ***"Was it about my wares? Ma'at and Leila have been asking for fancy trinkets for their birthdays, so it would be nice if I could sell all of them..."***

Her daughters were turning eight soon, though they hadn't come to the city with *Nashwa*. She was a merchant that peddled primarily home-crafted potions, a trade that had been passed down through her people for generation after generation. She made a lot of Mora selling them in the city, and it was just the income she needed to take care of her kids seeing as her husband had passed away a few years prior.

But the girls were getting older. They wanted nicer things, and she had to consider the possibility of sending them to school. ***"Fufu! I'm excited to see the looks on their faces when I return with something nice for them! But perhaps I should use my charms to poke around the Akademiya while I'm here? Some leads on schooling might be nice..."***



Nashwa was *not* above using her feminine wiles to curry favor around the city. And beautiful as she was? It certainly wasn't all that hard to do!