

GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CH6: GOT YOUR GOAT

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Yae Miko was technically removed from all this nonsense.

Or at least she *should* have been. But as Neuvillette had already demonstrated? The effects of the tome's curse weren't limited to *solely* influencing Archons alone. Some of their most trusted advisors and companions were counted among the intended victims so that anyone close to them could be removed from being stared at so intensely by Celestia's watchful gaze. And Miko? She was essentially the righthand advisor *and* lover of Inazuma's Electro Archon, Raiden Ei.

Inazuma as a nation was so far removed from the dealings of other lands in the first place. Not only was it an island nation that required a lengthy boat ride to reach, but because of some *recently* removed policies they were only just *now* beginning to open to the outside world once more. So, Ei didn't have an inkling about what plans had been shared between Morax and Barbatos. And that went double for Yae Miko, the kitsune who also ran the Yae Publishing House.

“And yet another worthless submission. What is the point of being spirited away if it's just to another nation? It doesn't have the *spice* we're looking for.” The kitsune in question had been doing *actual* work for her publishing house for a change. Normally one to shirk her responsibilities whenever she could, this wasn't a task she could pass off to another. She was judging story submissions for a contest they had been running.

Unfortunately for her, the very scenario she had just described was about to befall her thanks to Venti's efforts.



“What in the— Is this the Yuheng’s secretary’s office?” A sudden *indoor* lightning strike had altered the woman’s surroundings in her entirety. But she at least recognized them. It had been a long time since she had last been there, but it was surely the office utilized by Ganyu – the secretary of Liyue’s Yuheng. But that in of itself was odd because did that not mean that she was *in* Liyue now? **“Surely this is some sort of joke...?”**

That or the gods *really* had not liked her criticizing that story submission.

She knew that the Traveler had some manner of means that allowed them to warp around Teyvat but as far as she was aware it hadn’t been perfected for others to use. **“And what power decided to bring me here exactly, then?”** A question worthy of an answer. But it wasn’t an answer that *she* would ever receive. At the very least she wasn’t rattled, but only because she at least had familiarity with Liyue *and* with Ganyu.

Perhaps that familiarity would be a little *too* strong before long, however. There was a reason why she had appeared in *that* room, and signs of that reasoning were already beginning to show themselves. After all... Had Miko’s fox ears always been that *short*? No, they were growing even *shorter*, but that fact escaped her notice. It wasn’t long at all before they slipped beneath her hairline, disappearing forever from her body in *that* specific form. But they took *another* as rounded, fleshy ears emerged from beneath the hair on the sides of her head instead.

“YAAAAWN! Oh dear. I wasn’t aware I was this tired...” Instead, the *ex-kitsune*’s thoughts were brought to a sudden onset of fatigue that she felt. Where had that drowsiness even *come* from? Realistically she even had *more* important things to worry about, but much like the others that awareness of her own situation just *wasn’t* permitted. That was why a cotton candy blue washing though her hair to rob it of its cotton candy pink went unacknowledged. This hair retained its long length, but the quality of those locks? Soft, fluffiness puffed it up

delicately – giving the impression that it was almost as soft as a sheep’s wool.

Miko rubbed at her eyes and in doing so yet another shift escaped her attention. They weren’t *substantially* so, but her fingers and hands themselves were certainly a little smaller and that was a trait shared with feet that were somehow more *calloused* than they had been before. It was as if the woman had been on her feet far more often than she was accustomed to. “**But I have work to do...**” While rubbing though? Her eyes became larger and rounder, and her voice softened with a similar intensity to her new hair style.

It was actually all part of a broader change to her head and face, mind you. That face became cuter as it became a touch smaller. Thinned lips delicately sat above a shrunken chin and a button nose dwindled above it. Her purple eyes found a touch of pink in them once that color swirled with the existing one, and her eyebrows became just as blue and fluffy as her hair. In the end it would have been *extremely* difficult to describe that face as ‘Miko’s’.

But that was simultaneously true about her body. While pacing around the office her steps became *shorter* because the woman *herself* was becoming shorter. “**Oh! That’s strange... Maybe it’s just because I’m so sleepy...?**” Inch after inch was erased from her 5’7” stature and naturally, as a result? Her clothing became loose fit. It was natural that she would notice her robes slipping and sliding but the cause never once crossed her mind. Not even as she her height reached the final, lowered rung of 5’1” did that reason strike her.

If she was in the right of mind to be concerned about her figure, then Miko might have fretted over what had become of her body *aside* from the height decrease. Her large and perky bosom had deflated as she had grown smaller, becoming a pair of lavender melons in size versus their original, engorged cup size. The same could be said of her ass to an extent, but versus the rest of her smaller body? Those cheeks of her retained an abundance that evidently protruded out behind her. Along with her suppler thighs, she was clearly now *quite* the ‘ass woman’ instead.

And this was all the better highlight as clothing began to tighten. “**YAAAAAWN!**” All of it once again masked, this time by a yawn that pushed her to bend and stretch her body in the process. Black nylon formed where no cloth had been before, coating her form in a body sock that concealed her chest to her feet, so tight that the full shapes of her breasts were made evident along with the plumpness of her thighs where golden decals ran across them.

Delicate, white sandals of Liyuian make were slipped over her shrunken toes while black gloves saw to her hands. Detached sleeves fashioned with whites and pale blues with open, frilled cuffs complimented white and golden cloth that was wrapped around her torso, beneath her breasts. It fluttered around her almost like a skirt that showed off its dark blue underbelly.

The woman was so tired now that she was swaying back and forth while standing. Her multicolored eyes were getting heavier and heavier, and she was at risk of falling asleep. “**Mn... Mn... Mn...**” Every sound she made came with an even sleepier nod. But those nods fell deeper and deeper each time because her... head was heavier? Her change of clothing hadn’t been the *final* part of Miko’s transformation.

It was instead what emerged from the *top* of her head. They had begun as little, black nubs sticking out from beneath her blue hair just behind her forehead but, given a few moments, those nubs grew and stretched with a hardened chitin. Red stripes ran down the backs of a pair of *horns* that curled out behind her. They resembled those of a goat, which in turn was suggestive of something previously not known.

She was no longer a kitsune, but that didn’t mean that she had become *fully* human either.

“**Uwah!?**” Evidently not even *Ganyu* could managed to sleep while standing up for long, at least before her body almost fell over and her preservation instincts kicked in so that she would wake up and catch herself. “**Was I napping again? But I have so much work to do...**” To be fair she *did* usually have a designated nap time that she set aside each day, but this *wasn’t* the usual time! It was still so early in the morning!



The half-Qilin then proceeded to shuffle over to her desk where she rooted through some of the paperwork, searching for what she had to do for the day. “**It’s strange though... Are some of my papers missing?**” They *were*, because the original Ganyu had taken them with her when she had set out. It had just been too precarious to put Miko where Ganyu had been at the time. But if she retraced her

steps? She would inevitably find them as her memories reorganized themselves.

Giving a cute little yawn as she did so, Ganyu eventually shuffled out of the door of her office to meet with the people of Liyue Harbor that required her aid for that day. While some of those clients would claim that she had already visited them that day, well... She was still a little groggy from that nap of hers, after all!