

GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CH3: GUARDED

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It was another busy day for Neuvillette.

While for many this might have sounded like some manner of inconvenience, for the current *de facto* ruler of Fontaine? It was anything but. He had spent the past five hundred years upholding law and order in the nation. It was his bread and butter. His reason for being. And with Furina's departure from her pedestal as the Hydro Archon, whether she was truthfully the holder of that position or not, even more work had fallen on his lap.

But in the first place he didn't really *like* to take time off. He worked seven days a week from the moment he awoke to the moment he went to bed. And even then? In the cases where he *did* take a personal leave? It was typically only half a day at least, and he'd see to it that he spent that leave helping others. It was part of what gave him purpose as the Hydro Dragon. To help care for the people that Focalors left him with was the greatest honor imaginable for the man. And *nothing* would tear him away from that.

Well, *almost* nothing.

“Hm? I was just sitting in my office? How did my location change?” The Hydro Dragon peered with curiosity at his surroundings. It was, for all intents and purposes, another *office*. But it was unfamiliar and lacking in the many tomes that his own in Fontaine lacked. The

scent of the air also betrayed his understanding of his surroundings. If this was his homeland then the scent of seawater would have been apparent. But he smelled *no* such thing. **“I recall being struck. Lightning, perhaps? Yet I was inside. How curious.”**



That didn't exactly clarify anything for him. Lightning didn't have the potential to *teleport* someone to *Mondstadt*. **“...Mondstadt? Hm, I suppose I could be there. But where did that come to mind first?”** He hadn't even been thinking that critically about *where* he was so much as *how* he had ended up there, and yet... Now it just felt too obvious.

What was becoming *just* as obvious to him was why he was in the office in the first place. **“Cleaning...? I do enjoy organizing, but why do I have the sudden impulse to...?”** Clean someone else's *his-boss'* office? Looking back at the desk, a basket of cleaning supplies seemed to be there now. Had those even been there before? It was so strange because he just couldn't seem to recall.

An intense fog was clouding his mind and Neuvillette's ability to properly rationalize his circumstances was becoming difficult. But more than that? His *knowledge* was shifting. Legal terminology and experience was being drained and in its place? More *mundane* knowledge. Things that he hadn't known what to do because they were tasks that his servants often handled for him – cooking and cleaning championed among them.

If the Hydro Dragon had been capable of showing any concern, however? He might not have immediately shown it to the mental confusion he was feeling. Not when there were equally dramatic *physical* changes that plagued him. **“Hm!?”** They were dramatic enough for him to at least *notice*, but noticing and acknowledging were two different beasts. So a stark and substantial drop in his height? That was what had made him cry out with a groan.

Fitting of a man of his post, Neuvillette *had* been quite tall. Almost six feet tall, in fact. But the shrinkage he experienced had been *dramatic*. Not only had his limbs and torso crunched downward, but overall his body's shape had become smaller. Tinier, daintier hands and feet, a smaller head so that it didn't clash with the rest of his body, a narrowed

waist and shoulders, and even a smaller... *dick*. Not that he had ever used his for anything. All in all? He had dropped down to roughly 5'3".

“What was...? *I need to clean?* N-No, do I...?” He just couldn't piece together what was going on or why he felt so disoriented. So while he was substantially shorter, so much so that his robes and pants were sliding off his body and pooling on the floor beneath them, that change just went over his head. He was more concerned about the state of the room around him? A room that felt more and more familiar from his perspective. And from his *height*.

The drop had done more than compress his stature, mind you. It was fairly obvious from his face that the man seemed more *youthful*? Which was an odd thing to think since his 'human' form had always appeared the way it had. He'd never gone through adolescence nor his teens, at least not how humans experienced it. Yet now he didn't look much older than *sixteen* or so.

And what about the *femininity* of it all? Much like this new youthfulness it became most prominently notable in his facial features. The chiseled jaw that he had fashioned himself smoothed and rounded, robbing it fully of any masculinity whereas the individual traits upon his face fell victim to similar change. Whether it was his lips plumping and pursing, his nose shrinking, or his eyes rounding into fuller shapes – there was no point in denying that this all helped give off the impression that he was a teenaged girl.

I definitely came here to clean!

One who really liked to clean? The silver of his eyes reflected an emerald green as thoughts of tidying up became more abundant in the back of Neuville's head. **“No, but...?”** His voice was both high *and* soft, and it wasn't used to utter a single acknowledgement towards the reality that his long, silver hair was shortening and shifting in its style so that it was a chin length bob of a very similar color. His bangs now framed just above his eyes in a much less elaborate hairdo. But one that was simple and easy enough to maintain for a teenaged girl who was often running around.

“*Mm!?*” What was already been suggested finally came to fruition and *her* reproductive organs then shifted into a form much more appropriate for her new sex. Necessary memories filled her mind as a result, such as how to dress herself as a young woman and how to care for her differing biology. But there was also an internal shift in how she believed others to see her. She had no authority or anything like that. She was just an earnest, hard-working *girl*.

At the very least she wasn't all that bad to *look* at. Neuvillette's face *was* already cute and dainty, and now it was the rest of her body's turn to conform to this standard that it had set. The narrowing of her waist and a slight expulsion of her hips were certainly *part* of this. But at the very most this was all just to prepare her figure for what was to come later in terms of *weight*. She had retained her thinner frame thus far after all.

But no longer. Mass began to fill *all* of the regions where you would expect it to flourish in a young woman. This naturally included her chest, and beneath the oversized petticoat that she was wearing weight began to amass. It prompted her nipples to puff up in kind, whereas small *B-cup* breasts affixed themselves with perky jiggles beneath the heavy fabric – difficult to make out with such loose clothing even *after* their sizes had peaked.

Weight puffed up her figure elsewhere simultaneously too. Her thighs and ass alike bloated as if they were sponges absorbing moisture, although in their cases it was a plush fat that presented them with newfound softness. Her thighs in particular became quite round with skin stretching over several inches of additional thickness, but it was clear that she was limited by her own youthfulness. The same could be said about a butt that, while bigger, was just large enough to suit her age and sex.

At the very least a change in outfit made these new curves more visually accessible. **“Oh!”** She didn't react *much* to it, but the weight of it all shifting into an armored chest piece and silver gauntlets overtop a maid gown did at least provoke her into crying out. Matching steel boots covered her feet up to her thighs, and she had pauldrons around her sleeves as well as maid-like, armored headgear. Armor be damned you could still see her cleavage. With floral decorations in her hair, a reddish pink like her skirt and a bow behind her back, the outfit was a cute mix of 'knight' and 'maid'.

“What am I standing around for? I told the Acting Grandmaster that I'd tidy her office for her before she got back from her rounds!” *Noelle* was struck by her strong sense of duty once she finally snapped out of her transformation triggered stupor. The vague sense of confusion that had lingered and stopped her from acting had cleared and



what remained was certain about herself. She was Noelle, a maid serving Mondstadt's Knights of Favonius with the hopes of becoming a fully-fledged knight one day.

Outside? The setting sun didn't bother her. She was used to working late and she believed it looked good for her *to* work late. If she ever wanted to achieve her goal then she needed to put in the effort, right? There's no way she would ever be acknowledged if she slacked or otherwise avoided her responsibilities!

The teenaged girl moved towards the cleaning supplies *she* had brought in on the desk, borrowed from the closet in the foyer. She grabbed a duster and began to get to work on a nearby shelf, wiping away any filth that may have gathered not because Jean was neglecting her office but because she had been so busy as of late. **"That was so strange, though. It isn't like me to space out like that!"** Quite the contrary. She was usually such a hard worker!

So at least in the end *one* thing about her personality hadn't changed.