

GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH4: UNDER THE BEST

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was business that had brought the Shirasagi Himegimi, Kamisato Ayaka, to the Grand Narukami Shrine at such a late hour that night. One of Inazuma's many festivals had been on the horizon, and as such it was customary for the Tenryou Commission to collaborate with the shrine to make sure things went smoothly. They had to plan things like security and venues, including the involvement of shrine maidens and, specifically, the Guuji Yae herself.

Such talks had worn on long into the night, and the trip back down the mountain to Inazuma City was a long and arduous one, even for a woman as talented as Ayaka. As a result? Yae Miko had offered her temporary housing overnight. A room in the shrine so that she might rest comfortably before returning to the city in the morning.

“The shrine really is beautiful at night. Though the air up here is a little thin for my tastes...” It was well after midnight, and yet Ayaka had yet to disrobe for the evening and instead was wandering around the shrine grounds all by her lonesome. It wasn't unusual for her to be a little restless after long discussions, and no one really wanted to go right to bed after just finishing work, right?

Based on how few people were walking around aside from her, namely *zero*, it seemed it wasn't a sentiment shared by the Narukami Shrine's shrine maidens. But the Shirasagi Himegimi knew them to be a hard working and disciplined group of young women. She could only imagine

the treatment the Guuji Yae would give them if they weren't properly rested, for one.



The starry sky above was vast, and the sprinkling of sakura petals that fell from nearby trees beneath the moonlight was equally captivating. Sure, you could see sights like these in the city, but the view overlooking the entire island on top of all this made it a view worth experiencing. You could make out everything, from the lights of Inazuma City off in the distance, to fires lit by travelers across the land. It was refreshing. It helped remind Ayaka of all of the people she was working so hard for.

That was part of the reason she had received her Vision, and—

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Aside from the cool night breeze and her own footsteps, there hadn't been much in the way of noise during her walk. Yet now a sound similar to glass being broken sounded loudly behind her. Ayaka turned around suddenly, confused. There was nothing there? And yet on the ground... There were *shards*. Shards of what appeared to be a Cryo Vision. "**Erm... Did someone leave these here as a prank?**" She wore her Cryo Vision on the back of her obi, so it was possible that those were from it, but she didn't want to believe it. It seemed impossible, and it would have been difficult for her to check without undoing much of her outfit.

She had the good sense to rush back to the room she had been afforded for the night so that she could be certain. If it seemed like her Vision truly *had* broken, then she would have to tell Yae Miko as soon as possible. Yet her hurried steps carried uncertainty with them, as little by little her unique physical characters were slowly stolen from her overall appearance. And it started with one of Ayaka's most striking features.

Which could only be the traditional hair color of the Kamisato clan, right? Both of her parents had possessed the same pale blue locks that Ayaka and her brother wore, as did her grandparents, and the parents before them. The two siblings were always noticed first for their beautiful, rare hair colors. Yet the tips of Ayaka's hair as she walked briskly through the night air?

They were *darker*. Significantly so. A shade away from black, sporting a purple hue under the light of the moon that shone down from above. Too busy with her concern, Ayaka took no note of this, nor how the color slowly crept down towards her roots. Once it slid beneath her scalp? It would become the color her hair would *always* grow, and not *just* the hair on her head. These locks shortened in slight as well, her ponytail rising to just above her rear – and if there happened to be some sort of change in Ayaka’s stature eventually they would remain in line with this position.

This hair was thinner and her bangs became a little bit frumpier, dangling a touch longer in the meantime. Almost like curtains for her eyes that, like her hair, changed in color while she pushed forward. Their blues also darkened, but not towards a dark purple. Rather it was a more muted red, bordering brown. A color that, like her hair’s new look, could be found on any Inazuman local.

“Wait... What was I in a rush for? I needed to... check something, right?” The Shirasagi Himegimi’s forward motion came to a sudden stop just ten feet from the building where her room was located. She’d been moving with such a purpose, but now she couldn’t remember what it was? Red eyes, wide with confusion embodies a defining trait that the other changes had already led to, and that was the *lack* of much in the way of a defining trait. Those eyes took on a droopy quality that made it look like Ayaka wasn’t really all that alert.

And in turn? The rest of her facial features loosened to support this. Subtle weight saw Ayaka’s cheeks grow chubbier, lips thinner, and even the mole under her eye was wiped away. This more spherical face was almost *childlike* in design. If you were asked to pick her out of a crowd of regular Inazumans, you would certainly have an increasingly difficult time in doing so.

Ayaka’s hands folded together, fingers nervously playing with each other in a mannerism that wasn’t normal for her. Considering her position she always displayed confidence, but this demonstrated hesitation. **“I... I was doing...? Um...?”** She just *couldn’t* remember, and that made her nervous more than anything. Not that she’d taken note of any of the extreme changes that her body had been delivered otherwise.

Her dress did well to disguise the diminishing silhouette of her body in the meantime. Toned muscled meant to support her years of sword training softened away into naught, leaving her feeling weak. But did she know how to wield a blade? *She’d been taught the many chores she needed to do around the shrine, but...*

There were areas that became *less* soft though. Not to say that they got *hard* instead, but rather they were robbed of the soft, fatty flesh that had made them full. Her breasts, ass, and thighs were all in the crosshairs of this particular trend, and it didn't take long for her chest to be almost completely flat. All that was left was the promise of something that would one day grow in, adding to the childlike feel of her body.

“My clothes... Why are they so... YAAAAAWN... heavy?” A voice that was higher and squeakier left her lips between tired yawns. Such a gesture would have been labeled impolite for a woman of Ayaka's status, especially considering no attempt had been made to cover her mouth. But her concern was founded in truth. Her clothes *did* feel heavy, because her body's destined form was not simply *childlike*.

Her clothes grew heavier still, and Ayaka's knees bent under their weight, arms forced to slouch. The reason? While she *was* becoming even weaker, it was because her body was not big enough to properly wear an outfit as complicated, and as armored, as the one the Shirasagi Himegimi typically wore. Her body was shrinking, quickly and almost excessively, with limbs narrowing and her torso squishing together. **“YAAAAWN!”** Though the girl herself appeared resolved to accept the heft before finally stopping her height loss at 4'6”.

But the clothes were only an issue for so long, because they were swapped out for the very same shrine maiden outfit that all of the shrine maidens at the Grand Narukami Shrine wore.

The small girl yawned, wordless at first. Her big, expressive eyes looked around the shrine before she tilted her head to the side. Why was she up so late? Wasn't her bedtime when the sun set? **“Oh... The festival...”** The next time she spoke, it was because *Kagura Aoi* had recalled just *why* she had been up so late, and why she felt so *tired*.

She was only ten years old, but she was a shrine maiden in training, training under the best that was Yae Miko. Her parents had been killed by bandits when she was even smaller, and ever since she had been under Miko's care and was raised both by the kitsune and the many wonderful women that served at the shrine as fellow maidens.



“I should get to bed...” The talks with the envoy that the Kamisato clan had sent instead of one of the family heads had been long and

boring, but Miko had insisted that it would be a good learning experience for the young and clumsy Aoi. The politics of the shrine were something she was going to have to learn eventually. After all, Miko planned on officially adopting her soon. But there was another woman she wanted her to meet first?

The child wondered who that might be.