

GENSHIN IMPACT: METEOR MASH

CH7: LIFE HACKS

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It was strange, because despite how otherworldly in appeal the prospect of a meteor shower certainly sounded? The young Fischl was not one of the ones that had intended on viewing it that eve? Why not? Well, she had a contract with the Adventurer's Guild that required she rise early every morning to pick up work, as most girls at her age of fourteen wouldn't typically allowed to be employed under their banner. That meant she had to get up at six in the morning, so staying up past one was absolutely out of the question.

And so, as the beautiful yet dangerous lights fell down from the sky above? Fischl was sound asleep in her fancy bed within her fancy bedroom. She hailed from a rather well-off family after all, so even though she had pursued a life outside of what her family did, it wasn't as if she had no Mora to her name.

The girl was even done up in a cute, little negligee. Black with a purple trim of course, because it needed to meet her fashion sensibilities. What might have been stranger was the absence of her Electro crow familiar, Oz. But it took energy to keep him conjured, energy that was better spent conserved as she slept. There were no dangers that might affect her in her sleep, right?

CRASH!



As if to challenge this assertion, something suddenly crashed through the thin wooden roof behind her, landing beside her bed. It wasn't enough to disturb Amy – er, Fischl – from her rest, at least beyond her rolling over and groaning to herself. But that didn't mean that this ignorance meant she was spared from whatever *had* made a new hole in her ceiling.

In fact, the crimson stone that now rested beneath the mattress of her expansive canopy bed was glowing brightly – and by the time her light extinguished itself, it would be extremely fortunate that her bed was big enough to house an adult even though she was hardly much taller than an older child.

“Ngh...” Even though the girl didn't stir, though, that didn't mean she was completely oblivious to the concept that something was off. Her dreams had taken a turn from the high fantasy they often were, and in their place? *Dreams of a much more mundane life surrounded by children. Towering over them, in fact, with arms spread as if she was a nurturing presence in their lives.*

What Fischl couldn't comprehend because she was dreaming was that these visions within her slumber were having a comprehensive effect on the reality her sleeping body had occupied. Already, the spacious room within the length of her canopy bed was finding the girl's toes navigating what was usually undiscovered land. For as if to match up with her dreams, her body was earning that height that was being projected into her dreaming mental state.

Her limbs were growing longer, but so too was the girl's torso. Rolled onto her side, both legs flopped freely while the arm she was laying on wriggled just ever so slightly as they did their best to match a torso that was experiencing the exact same growth. It *was* a little uncomfortable, and so she naturally rolled over onto her back finally, but that didn't at all change the fact that her feet were now roughly eight inches deeper into the bed than they had been before.

That had extended to her hands in feet in fact, because the growth wasn't content with *only* afflicting her base height. Her fingers had not only grown longer, but her archery callouses had faded beautifully to leave skin in pristine condition. Long nails, that were then painted red, soon decorated them just as they did her toenails. And those toenails? Well, they stood upon feet that had grown not one but *two* shoe sizes overall.

Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. It wasn't like you could expect a girl that was sound asleep to do anything *but* breathe, but that breathing revealed another area of development rather plainly now that she was laying on her back with her blanket resting still overtop of her from the neck down. Fischl's chest naturally rose and fell with each breath, but every time she inhaled again the peaks of her tiny bosom appeared to rise ever higher.

This wasn't a trick of anyone's imagination or anything of the sort. It was exactly how it appeared: her breasts were growing slowly but surely, and it wouldn't amount to little as much as it would amount to *a lot*. What had began as subtle very quickly hastened, and with each breath it almost seemed like there was a bounce to her bosom beneath her sheets.

At the same time, the negligee Fischl was wearing underneath couldn't help but attempt to stifle the growth of her tits to no avail. She'd already grown out of it with her burst in height, the skirt barely resting on her hips with it tighter around her chest as is. Once her breasts started growing, though, there was no space for them to readjust otherwise as her back had the rear of it pinned to the bed.

"Mmn?" And so, in a notably deeper voice, she groaned uncomfortable once her nipples pierced the thin fabric of her legwear and their weight was free to spill out between her clothes and the blankets of her bedding. Sizable as they now were, they pulled down the peak of her blankets a little so that you could make out the teasing sight of the peaks of her bosom.

Shapeliness wasn't exactly afforded to the girl's chest alone though, and she groaned with discomfort once more thanks to the clothing malfunction of a different area. Her negligee had been lifted from her lower half, but there were still a pair of purple panties wrapped around her ass and crotch. Those panties very quickly became a liability thanks to the cheeks of her ass swelling wide, lifting her lower half higher off the bed.

The sizing applied was so dramatic that her hips had no choice but to part to accommodate them, taking away some of her ass' backwards reach to make the cheeks appear fuller vertically overall. It was the kind

of ass that would probably look great in a pair of tight shorts, or maybe a pencil skirt? Either would equally show off the growth of her thighs that followed. Thick thighs that rubbed together as her dreams wandered into the realm of standing before a class in what one could only consider to be the outfit of a professional teacher – glasses and all.

A pair of glasses that suddenly appeared on the desk in Fischl's room, in fact.

Although on the subject of her eyes, it was difficult to tell because they were, of course, closed, but beneath her eyelids the colors of her irises had shifted from bright green to an even brighter yellow. Her body was already evidently one not of a teen any longer, but instead of a woman in her early twenties. With the colors of her eyes dealt with the rest of the girl's face soon conformed to present her with a complete visage of a *woman* of her age.

Her face lengthened, with her chin stretching down and into a sharper point. Nostrils likewise flared, the hook of that nose growing slightly longer while the pores upon her skin seemed to open and close as if to indicate that she'd blasted *all* of the way through puberty. What was the most staggering was her lips, which bore a rosy sheen once they'd grown thick. Each groan and moan that escaped them sounded with a heightened sensuality, but perhaps that was simply because her face and body were all that more sensual to begin with?

At long last, the light of the meteor stone beneath her bed began to dim; albeit slowly. But it didn't fade entirely, not yet. It had to pass on its red glow to the girl first, and that red finally *did* take root – within her hair of all places. Her locks might have seemed lengthy at her old height, but ever since she'd grown into a young woman they ultimately hung a little shorter by comparison. No longer. For while the red swept through her mane like a crimson tidal wave (*even dyeing her pubic bush and the brows above her eyes*), the tips of her hair not only doubled but tripled in length, messily pool around the pillow that her head was resting upon.

She *was* asleep after all. How neat and tidy her hair was didn't matter!

At long last, the one occupying the canopy bed finally stirred and sat up with a hearty yawn, long locks of crimson spilling over her shoulders and across her bare breasts. Her nudity didn't take her by surprise. After all, *Yoko Littner* was the sort of woman that preferred to sleep in the nude. **“Mm? What time is it? It's still dark, isn't it?”**

She was so out of it that she didn't notice the dimming light calling out from beneath her bed, much less the hole in her roof above. This room didn't seem to have a clock in it, so the view of the Mondstadt cityscape through the big window were all she had to work with. **"It's seriously this early? I have to be up at six to get ready for class, but I still have plenty of time to sleep..."**

Being the only school teacher for a city of this size was a little exhausting, but Yoko wouldn't trade it for anything else! The sense of accomplishment she felt well outweighed any gripes she had, even if some of her kids were caught up in wild fantasies and the like.



I can't imagine I was ever like that, though!