

GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH1: CAN I GET A NYA?

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The evening in Liyue region was a quiet one.

With the sun off setting in the distance, the view from atop the Wangshu Inn was impeccable as always. It was one of the reasons that the Yaksha adeptus, Xiao, considered it to be something of a roost for him. It had been a long, long time since he had last considered himself to have a home, and until very recently there were very few people that he had even counted as *friends*. But because of Morax, and more so because of the appearance of the Traveler, he had been slowly opening up to others.

Maybe he *did* have a home. Perhaps the Wangshu Inn was a piece of it, but a home could be with people you cared about too, couldn't it? Being the pensive and self-reflective individual that he was, the Yaksha was sitting on the edge of the balcony with his legs draped over the edge, his Vision in hand. There was no fear of falling off, and even if he had? He wouldn't have been in danger with his talents.

But what *was* a Vision? The people of Teyvat knew it as a gift from the gods themselves – a special item that granted them the ability to mold an element into forms beneficial to them, whether that be through a weapon or a variety of talents unique to them. Mortals received them of course, but so could adepti and other non-mortal races. It was supposed to represent ambition and the change that they could bring to the world.

Or at least that's what the people of Teyvat believed. No one could say for sure if it was true, not even those who dedicated their lives to

researching the Visions. The Archons, the gods of the world, were typically difficult for your common man to interact with. And even then they were often mum about the truth. So all that people knew for sure was that you may one day receive a Vision, but if you did? You would never lose it unless it was taken from you.

Or so that was what history had demonstrated thus far.



“...?” Holding his Vision in his right hand, a confused grunt was sounded on Xiao’s part. He squinted down at the green gemstone of his Vision. Was that a *scratch* on it? Not only had it not been there before, but as far as he knew it was impossible for Visions to be damaged in any meaningful way. At worst they could be stolen, never broken. “**What is...?**” The situation worsened though. What started as a scratch turned into a crack, and like a block of ice being split? The entire stone *shattered*, leaving his Vision an empty container and provoking Xiao to push himself off of the ledge and onto the balcony.

His Vision aside, he could immediately tell that something felt off with *himself*.

“**Something is wrong. I need to find Morax, and quickly.**” It was a calm and measured response despite how he felt, but Xiao had to quickly come to grips with the fact that he had no means of finding his way to Liyue’s ex-Archon. His ability to teleport, so inherent to his existence, did not seem to be working. “**What?**” Despite having attempted to activate it several times, he remained rooted on the Wangshu Inn upper balcony.

The Yaksha’s eyes narrowed. What sort of phenomenon could... No, his Vision had shattered, something *had* affected his powers. Unfortunately he hadn’t clued in on the fact that it was *more* than his powers that were under these effects. For example, the tattoos on his body were very clearly fading away, as were any other marks and painting, including the diamond in the center of his forehead. It certainly left the young man’s appearance seeming less *remarkable* in a way.

But that was the point.

Little by little, any semblance of strength was sapped from his body. Muscular arms wasted no time in their deflation, turning thin and soft while a like-minded phenomenon tended to his legs, pecs, and abs. “**I feel so... weak.**” It was something he could at least *feel*, but the reality-warping powers that invoked these changes were set on making sure the reasoning wouldn’t *actually* register.

Following his loss of strength, it was then the turns of his hands and feet to weaken in significant ways. That manifested more in the sense of them becoming smaller and daintier overall, but at least when it came to his fingers? The nails upon them lengthened several inches, forming a well-kept manicure that further complimented the now feminine design of his hands.

“**Nya!?**” A strange sound was blurted out without intention nor warning, for his posture shifted suddenly and dramatically with knees soon buckling in towards each other. His hips had popped several inches wider before his joints resettled, and while it hadn’t exactly *hurt*, it hadn’t been the most comfortable ordeal either. “**That’s weird... Did I trip, nya?**” Xiao *truly* couldn’t see what was happening. Or at least it wasn’t something he could comprehend. Those widened hips made his tummy look narrower, and behind his notice even his shoulders were closer together by this point.

But that was the end of all of the ‘loss’.

What happened next was all about *gains*, and some of those could already be seen in his head of green hair. Or was it *supposed* to be green? Because there was streaks of a pastel pink weaved among its greater body. The color spread, yet simultaneously the length of his hair’s style increased, strands spilling down past his shoulders in the back, while bangs fell down between his eyes in the front.

These bangs would bring attention to changes to Xiao’s facial structure too. It swelled larger both in weight and volume, its shape rounder and fuller without seeming *too* chubby. Rather, it brought out the sort of cuteness you might associate with someone more youthful, even though that perceived age of his appeared to be around twenty or so. Nonetheless, this facial aesthetic was undoubtedly skewed towards the feminine. His lips swelled fuller, his nose compressed a touch, and his eyes? Not only did they change in color to a pink not unlike his hair, and not only did his lashes lengthen, but their shapes were more circular, bigger...

Very much unlike the eyes of a Liyue native. Closer to the eyes of someone from *Mondstadt*.

“**Hmm...**” The boy(?) hummed to himself a moment. It was like he was staring off into space, which was more or less true. His mind was being plagued with fundamental changes that affected his identity: both in terms of memory and personality. Even his voice was lighter now, a better match for the increasingly womanlike appearance that his body was taking on.

His frame was *already* well suited for it, but weight began to accumulate in areas that you would typically equate to women more often than not having mass there. Wider hips left ample room for the expansion of his thighs, which bloated to the point that his pants gripped them tightly, the silhouette of their shapes laid plain. They were thick and inviting, but likewise treated the shape of Xiao’s ass to a similar experience with the back of his legwear filling up with newfound cheek, giving his back a more dramatic arch into their heft.

You might imagine this would all make a man’s dick feel quite uncomfortable. And honestly? “**Mmn!**” You would have been right! His dick was wedged uncomfortably between his swollen thighs, but that wasn’t due to be addressed *just* yet. Rather, Xiao’s tight top was quick to demonstrate what was due first – because the white cloth was struggling to contain the emergence of newfound heft upon his chest.

As all things did, it began small. Just a puffiness that made his chest appear a touch more ample now that he had no muscles to his name. But as nipples pushed forward and expanded in size themselves, the weight that gathered below them grew even greater. Orbs took shape, and it became clear that Xiao’s shirt could not accommodate them in its current form, yet that didn’t stop them from growing even more. Eventually? His posture dipped forward as the cup size of these new tits reached D-cups, and at *that* point? His shirt tore, yet they swelled to Gs before finishing, and by that point they had bounced bare in their perkiness.

Not that Xiao batted a long, feminine eyelash at their emergence. He was too entranced by his mental changes to realize he’d grown huge tits, much less note the sharp tug between *her* thighs that led to the erasure of her dick and balls. A pussy with a trimmed bush of pink pubes were all that remained, and they were left briefly exposed while her outfit changed in a flash.

A waitress costume had taken shape instead, very clearly inspired by local Liyue fashion despite the fact that the woman was clearly *not* from Liyue. If that hadn’t already been obvious, the slithering of a long, pink-

furred tail roping out beneath the dark blue skirt of this uniform, or her ears moving, taking triangular shapes, and finding the same pink fur as they became *cat ears* certainly helped. There were no feline adepti, but there was a feline race that lived in Mondstadt.

And thus, the fog was lifted.

“Nya!?! What was I doing up here? There aren’t any customers to serve up here!” That ‘nya’, like all of *Cecilia’s* nyas, was not real. She peppered them into her speech on purpose to capitalize on her feline racial traits – something that worked surprisingly well while working at the Wangshu Inn in Liyue as a waitress. In truth she was actually from Mondstadt, not that it wasn’t obvious from her appearance even if she was dressed in a local waitress outfit that showed off more than a little of her cleavage and a *helping* serving of her thighs.



The cat woman had moved to Liyue when opportunity had struck. You see, she had a little sister named Diona back home and she had wanted to help support her. But they came from a small village, and while she *could* have worked a similar job in Mond? She’d had a connection with the owner of the Wangshu Inn and he’d offered her more Mora than what she ever would have made back home.

It wasn’t like she was a Vision holder, after all. There was only so much she could do!

She was a little scatterbrained though, so as for how she ended up on the terrace... **“Must’ve gotten sidetracked, nya! I should hurry back downstairs to hand out orders!”** How else would she get the fat tips needed to send a chunk back to Diona and her dad? She had to pay for her own housing, too, not to mention the girl she’d recently started dating!