

# GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

CH7: LADY KNIGHT

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Oz? He hasn’t been responding to my summons for an hour now...”**

Nestled in the library of the manor that she lived within, the self-proclaimed ‘*Prinzessin der Verurteilung*’ Fischl had been making attempts to summon her Electro raven familiar for some time now. It hadn’t been for any important business – at least not technically speaking – but she *had* been trying to reach a book on the top shelf of the shelving in front of her. Mona had asked to borrow the tome, and far be it from her to not get her friend what she wanted!

Unfortunately it was much too cluttered to get the ladder in without cleaning up first, and with all of the books littered about the floor, well... She wanted to help Mona out, but she wasn’t *that* desperate to help Mona out. It shouldn’t have been a problem in the first place though! Oz was always so receptive to helping her out, being an existence born from her Vision. He was essentially an extension of her will (and her fantasy) and *always* appeared when summoned!

**“OOOOZ! What are you doing, taking a nap!?! How dare you decline the summons of your Prinzessin!?”** Fischl was getting frustrated in no small part because she *didn’t* want to have to clean up to move the ladder in. It would have taken her hours to do and it was already a little past dinner time! If she had promised Mona she’d bring it later then it wouldn’t have been such a problem, but seeing as how she had told her she’d give it to her in the morning... *Whoops*.



The teenager stomped her heeled foot on the library floor out of frustration when there once again was no reply. **“No, maybe this is why he’s hiding. I’m sorry Oz! I’ll try not to be so demanding.”** She’d all but dropped her chuuni voice to try and reason with Oz, thinking that he could hear her but was simply choosing not to appear or respond. But she had been under a self-inflicted misunderstanding.

As she wore her Vision on the *back* of her dress, any changes to its condition that weren’t blatantly obvious weren’t things she could have possibly noticed. For the past hour its condition had been degrading. Its vibrant purple color had been fading as small cracks had begun to form within its gemstone. But when Fischl had stomped her

foot? The shards fell out and hit the ground behind her. She didn’t even notice until she turned and one of her heels stepped upon them, almost prompting her to fall.

Fischl caught herself before that could happen. **“Hm? What in the world did I— A gemstone?”** She’d first assumed it might have been a book, but looking down? She saw the broken shards of her own Vision, not piecing together what it was since its color had been dulled. **“How did that get in here? Did mother or father leave it?”** What it *was*, in fact, was a sign that things were about to get *very* strange for her.

While they were subtle, changed *already* had begun. Slight changes in color when it came to the more vibrantly colored aspects of the girl’s body. Her hair was among them, and while its sandy blonde *was* retained? Those locks darkened ever so slightly, in an amount that would have been difficult to notice without having a strand of her old hair color on hand to compare them. A similar change had affected the girl’s eyes, their blues taking just a slightly off shade that was a little less grey in undertone. And that included the eye she was hiding under her eyepatch.

**“I must admit, even as the Prinzessin I feel a little... odd.”** This was essentially the most aware Fischl would become of her situation and she couldn’t even exactly pinpoint *what* felt wrong in the first place. *Prinzessin? What kind of title is that? Isn’t it a little childish?* She blinked the moment this thought crossed her mind. Childish? But for all

of these *many, many, many* years, she had... Wait, wasn't that too many 'manys'? How old did she think she was?

Older than she looked, and significantly so. It almost felt like her memories had suddenly gone back an extra *decade*, and her sixteen year old body clearly wasn't *that* old. Yet this was merely an indication of what was to come – and it came *quickly*.

**“Erm!?”** A hand suddenly jettisoned out to the side to grab the nearby bookshelf. She had felt like it was a necessary action to maintain her balance, but the girl felt perplexed as to what was making her feel that way. She wasn't dizzy nor had she lost her balance – the disorienting phenomenon was the direct result of a change that was also *yanking down her leotard-like dress*.

By the time she managed to cast a hand up to the dress' top to grab it from slipping it was *already* too late, and her bare yet small bosom was exposed to the stale air of the library. **“Wh-What's—?”** What was happening? It was a question that she naturally wanted to ask, but somewhere down the line the question *changed*. **“Why am I wearing something so small? There's no way this would fit, nor is it up to uniform code...”**

Her outfit's small size *was* the problem. The top had slipped because she had been growing taller, with roughly five inches seeing her spring up as well as seeing her thigh high, tights, and detached gloves slip down their respective limbs. But that was that about uniform code? And since when did she have such a deep voice? It was still the voice of a woman's but it made her sound much older.

About *ten years* older. That wasn't exactly an estimate based on height and voice alone though, her *face* made it clearer. Her features were clearly older, the most notable of which being just how *bee stung* her lips seemed in thickness. Her eyes weren't as small and round and her lashes were longer. **“Actually, what's the point of...?”** Fischl seemed to realize she was wearing an eyepatch and pulled it off to reveal that both eyes were the same. *Why wear such a childish thing when I can see through both eyes?*

Her vision was important to her career!

Could a child have something like a career though?

Sandy blonde hair, in the process, thickened and cascaded down her back. Some of it fell over the front of her shoulders to cover her now bare breasts, pooling in the cups of her dress' leotard design while ultimately reaching past her ass in the rear. The ribbons in her hair

came undone as a result of the growth, but those too were more childish accessories, were they not?

Already taller, her body now grew *out* so that it didn't appear quite as lanky. Shoulders were broader for one, and as a result her tummy likewise grew thicker – ultimately bursting out of the sides of her teen-sized clothing. Her hips didn't help much in that regard because they swung even *wider*, dwarfing her shoulders in width by almost *five inches*.

The sound of tight fabric ripping and tearing was soon commonplace as her body grew and grew in every aspect imaginable. Her excessively widened hips had already snapped the bindings of Fischl undergarments, but combined with everything else it seemed more like she was just exploding out of her ensemble in general. Her thighs thickened to make good use of the space left between her legs by widened hips. Each thigh was almost as broad as her widened tummy now, and any excess weight saw the cheeks of her ass swell into a heart shape while chewing up the backs of her underwear. “*Oooh...?*”

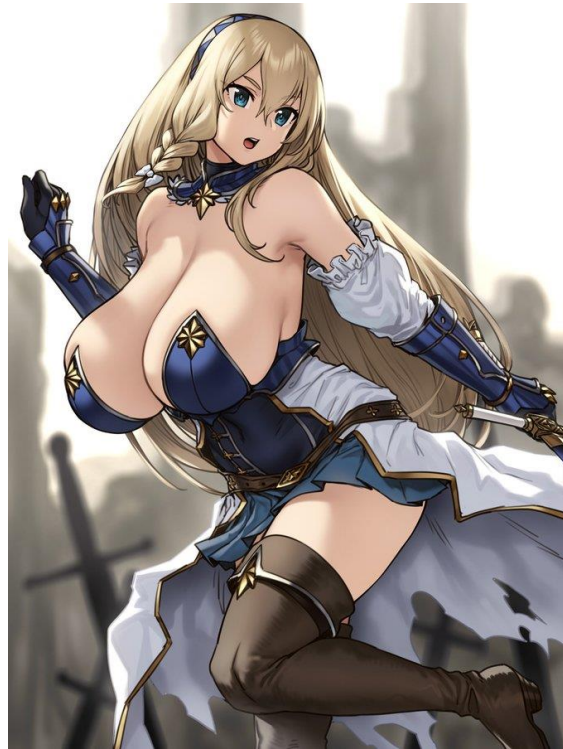
It was all so *uncomfortable* but it also felt *nice*? She was aroused by it, but didn't seem at all conscious of what ‘it’ was. Her brain just couldn't process the idea that her body was changing and growing. That her breasts, already naked, had begun to bounce and jiggle like gelatin thanks to the fatty tissue that filled them almost like a host had been connected to them. Their masses grew bigger and fuller, skin pulled so tight around tits as they surpassed her head in size that you could *easily* see the veins darting from nipples that were now bigger than her eyes. When all was said and done her tits had to be *H or I-cups*, if not *bigger*. They certainly weren't *normally* sized.

Tatters of her old outfit were sprinkled around a thick, voluptuous body that was now basically nude – though Fischl herself didn't really seem to be bothered by it, because she hadn't processed it that way. Not that it matter for long, because with a flash the tatters were cleaned up and her body clad in a new outfit entirely. A royal blue, leather top that defied physics clung to her huge tits, leaving them largely bare along with her back and shoulders. A short, pleated blue skirt hugged her big ass and thighs while brown, thigh high boots clad her feet and armored gloves protected her hands. When it ultimately came to her head? A matching blue choker was wrapped around her neck, a headband was in her hair, and some of the sandy blonde strands to the right of her face were left braided.

“**A library? What was I... Oh, of course.**” It took her a moment once the uncanny sensation of her body and mind changing had come to an end, but *Frederika* finally remembered both who she was and what

she was doing in this small, personal library. **“The Acting Grandmaster needed a book from this collection. Where could it be...?”**

This woman was a low-standing knight in the Knights of Favonius. She did not possess a Vision and as such was often relegated to easier tasks such as these, but despite her inability to infuse her attacks with an element she was extremely potent with a sword. As for her scantily clad, leather armor... Well, there was little denying that her huge breasts made it difficult for her to wear regular plating. Even covering them up entirely was far too uncomfortable and so she had special permission to walk around dressed like *that*.



For better or for worse.

Even pacing along the shelves, dodging books upon the floor, Frederika’s heaving bosom jiggled and bounced. It didn’t seem to bother her though. She was used to it, and the ogling of eyes from men didn’t bother her. She was strong enough to kick their asses if they tried anything. Not to mention she was into women in the first place. **“Perhaps I’ll need to check with someone... The couple that owns this manor have a daughter, don’t they? I should check with her.”**

And yet...