

GENSHIN IMPACT: VISIONLESS

FINAL CHAPTER: SHRINE MOTHER

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It had been about a month since a number of strange disappearances had been reported across Teyvat.

As one of the Knights of Favonius, Eula Lawrence had been privy to much of the intelligence that the knights had received on the matter. The victims of the disappearances had all hailed from different walks of life, and they were spread out across the entirety of Teyvat but there *was* one thing in common among them. They were Vision holders. Every single reported disappearance appeared to be related to a Vision holder, and yet in many cases there was something *else*.

A person that reportedly hadn't existed before suddenly existed. If you asked anyone close to these brand new individuals then they would have argued that they had always existed. But the farther you asked out of their circle? The more confused people became. '*Had that girl that lived with the local farmers always lived there?*'. If you asked the farmers and neighbors, then they would say yes. If you asked someone who lived in the nearby village they might say that they had never heard of her.

It was all a big mystery, and one that had law enforcement groups across the world on their toes. Most of these groups had Vision holders at the top so they were naturally worried that whatever was happening, it would compromise their efforts if anything happened to them. Eula, on the other hand? "**Visitors from Inazuma? Envoys from the Guuji Yae?**" She was stuck dealing with *paperwork*.

With everything in a tizzy, the Knights' paperwork had been majorly backed up as a result. Everything from land permits to entry permits had been stacked up, and the latter had to be handled considering all of the traffic into Mondstadt as of late. They received visitors from all over, and with Inazuma having recently opened its borders it felt like more and more of its people had been coming by as of late.



“Four adult women and one child... I suppose if they’re here on business, there’s no harm with allowing them to stay.” She stamped the visitation permit and added it to the approval pile, letting out a bored sigh as she turned her attention to the nearby window in the Knights of Favonius office she was using. The city outside was painted orange, it would soon be nightfall. **“Perhaps I should table this task for tonight and return to it in the morning?”** Pulling an all-nighter wouldn’t do her any good.

She pushed back and prepared to leave her desk. Eula was meticulously

organized, so it wasn’t all that surprising to find her piling up the paperwork properly as she moved around her desk. The approvals she could leave in the Grandmaster’s office on her way out, but she didn’t *actually* grab those with that intention in mind. In fact the sound of something shattering had done plenty to distract her. **“Hm?”**

It had been close, and in fact all the knight had to do was look to the right of her breast to see the cause. It was her *Vision*. It had cracked and broken, and now gray shards were falling to the floor. **“Crap!”** Eula immediately drew the line between the recent disappearances and what had just occurred to her. Yet as soon as she drew the line? It was smudged away. She couldn’t remember *anything* about those disappearances nor the thread that bound them all, leaving her with a baffled expression.

What had she just been so shocked about? There was *something*, wasn't there? But... Did it have to do with those glass shards?

Spiritually, broken shards like those were a bad omen.

“Spiritually?” Eula didn't believe in things like that, or at least she *shouldn't* have. She also didn't know anything about that kind of topic – if she ever had questions she would have asked Mona or something. So why had that thought crossed her mind? Why had she thought it like she *knew* anything about it? **“Something truly is wrong, isn't it?”** Not that she could realize what it was even if she tried.

It had already begun, in fact. The same curse that had affected all of the missing persons across Teyvat. It was *immediately* obvious in Eula's gaze, for not only did her irises redden but the shapes of her eyes narrowed. Her lashes lengthened too, but it did little to disguise the more notably *almond* shape her eyes had taken on. Eyes more typical of a person visiting from Inazuma.

Those traits extended into the rest of her face. Eula had a fairly narrow facial structure typically, but it all became a touch fuller and stouter – not in an unattractive way, but it made it clear that her jaw presented her face in a more circular shape. In related changed her nose flattened a little bit with nostrils flaring in the process. Though her lips... Those lips of hers were the first indicators that her race wasn't the *only* thing at stake in the moment. They swelled several sizes larger, almost seeming swollen. Yet they weren't as smooth and glossy as you would have expected, instead seeming somewhat dried out and cracked.

And that extended to not only the skin of her face, but her body as a whole. Crow's feet were etched into the corners of the woman's eyes, her complexion clearly more worn than you might expect of a youthful individual. The skin around the knight's fingers became cracked, and those digits themselves grew a touch longer along with her nails. Even the weight of her breast, butt, and thighs began to sag in slight.

Not to mention the longer bush of *black* hair above her pussy.

“Why do I feel so heavy?” Eula moaned, what was obvious based on her appearance evidently not as obvious to *her*. But the woman didn't just look like an Inazuman native now, she looked *older*. Like *significantly* so. She had been in her twenties just moments prior, but now it looked more like she was close to pushing fifty while still remaining in her late forties. She felt heavy because her body was older, her skin looser, and her curves saggier.

The black of her bush spread throughout the rest of the woman's hair not long after. Her shorter cut of ice blue locks grew longer and thinner as it darkened, the odd gray strand emerging to continue demonstrating that her age had practically been doubled. Worn strands fell down just short of her ass, and speaking of...

Her form-fitted outfit was struggling. Not only because her curves had been loosened as she'd aged, but because there was quite simply *more* to them. The skin upon her ass and thighs alike was vibrating notably thanks to the implementation of additional fat to these regions. When it came to her *thighs*, the jiggling weight easily lipped uncomfortably over the tops of her thigh high boots. The woman's *ass* on the other hand?

Eula's black leotard-based outfit did not leave much in the way of excess room around her rear. What accumulated there seemed to be pushed the stitching of this ensemble to its limit, and that limit was eventually met once hips were violently jerked wider into shapes that that went *beyond* what might be considered 'childbearing'. By tearing though the sides, her ampler ass had to green light to push through the tears and holes that had formed as a result. In the end her full ass bounced out, each cheek bigger than her own head. "***Mmn...!***"

A moan sounded in a deepened voice once her rear was freed, tattered panties falling in kind as the clothing damage was universally done around her loins. An aged pussy was left largely exposed now, and while she wasn't *aroused* the treatment of her loins to the cool air of the room had prompted a 'feel good' moment. Not that she was done with all of the tension inflicted upon her by her body growing too big for her clothing *just* yet.

Her tummy was thickening too, not only growing wider but bulging forward into a gut that extended a few inches as well. It was the kind of soft tummy that one would expect with age, and her leotard tore further now that the bottom section's integrity had already been compromised. That gut pushed out so that you could see her belly button, and ribs traveled farther up because, well...

The Inazuman woman's tits gave the cloth no choice but to be sundered. Much like her huge ass, her breasts swelled astronomically. Nipples, fully erect, eclipsed her eyes in size as they became infinitely puffer, veins clear as day leading away from their peaks. But as pink flesh pushed through what was once the front of her leotard it became clear that despite her age, she really had a *nice* pair of *huge* tits. Each one sagged from its own weight, either breasts larger than her head. Memories came to mind of her daughter suckling them and a husband once getting lost in them. She'd even pleased him with those huge tits of hers in the past

But those days were long gone.

All that really remained of Eula now was the tatters of her old attire, and even then those were quickly eviscerated and replaced. Her hair now done up in a ponytail, she was otherwise dressed in the quintessential shrine maiden outfit. Though *most* shrine maidens likely didn't love the front open to show off most of their breasts. Especially when they were *that* indecently large.

Kagura Eri looked around the Knights of Favonius office wearily. The day had worn on, and being a woman in her late forties meant that she didn't have the boundless energy that she'd possessed in her youth – even if with the beauty and figure she still possessed to this day there were plenty of men and woman that would have called her young, beautiful, and vibrant. “**How did I end up here...?**” She knew *where* she was because she was the one who had dropped off the visitation permit for herself and the other shrine maidens from Inazuma that had come to visit.



And there was no coincidence that she shared a surname with Kagura Aoi, the little girl that had once been Kamisato Ayaka. The history for that child had been altered once again – no longer had she lost both of her parents, only her father. The woman Eula had become was Aoi's birth mother, and there was no one in the world that Eri loved more than Aoi. She had been insistent that her child come to Mondstadt with her, and the Guuji Yae had graciously given her permission.

“**I need to get back to Aoi, I'm sure she's hungry.**” The older shrine maiden moved towards the exit, her hefty chest jiggling about as she did so. It was her own preference to leave her cleavage as exposed as she did, in part because she had her daughter's blessing to find a new life partner. She'd long moved past her deceased husband and while she still loved him dearly, it was time to move on. This time, perhaps, with a woman.

Actually, on that note...

“I wonder if that cute librarian is in...?” Perhaps she had time for a short detour? The Acting Grandmaster was quite a cool beauty as well. Mondstadt truly was full of beautiful women. It was a good opportunity, but Eri set herself back on track. **“No, Aoi first! That girl is nervous enough being in an unfamiliar land, I shouldn’t part with her for too long...”**

At least until she fell asleep, then the night was hers.

There was no way anyone was ever going to get to the bottom of the disappearances, was there?