

# GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

## CH5: BORN TO DANCE

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**“Strange. It isn’t like Venti to be so late with his messages.”**

Zhongli, the Archon of Liyue whose real name was ‘Morax’, mused aloud. He wasn’t typically one to muse aloud about his business between himself and another Archon, but this was a little different. Very few knew of his true identity and most believed that Morax had passed on. And for Venti? As he was aware of it, that bard’s true identity was even *less* known than his own. To begin with so long as he didn’t speak on the *topic* of his musings then it was hardly a concern.

Doubly so since he was in the middle of Liyue’s mountainside, sitting at an old stone table with a glass of wine in front of him. Such was how the man enjoyed passing his days away, at least when he wasn’t helping with the funeral parlor. But being one of the original Archons he had also been seeking methods through which he could help the other members of the Seven escape Celestia’s gaze as well.

His efforts on that front had only escalated after learning about what had transpired in Fontaine and his subsequent meeting with the woman who had been *acting* as its Archon. Tragedy such as that could happen to any of the others, and he knew of all of the pain that Inazuma had carried because of the Archon system as well. And so he had requested that Venti search for a certain *book* in the ancient libraries of Mondstadt.

But he’d heard nothing since.

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**“Hm? I don’t believe they were calling for... *rain?*”** The sound of thunder had disturbed the Geo Archon from his wine, only for him to find that his surroundings had changed before he could even finish his sentence. Through his own senses he could tell that he had been struck by something. **“A *curse?*”** Which reminded him of something *important*. The book that he had sent Venti in search of... Hadn’t there been stories about a counterfeit? One that worked similarly but not *quite* how it was intended to.



Had the Anemo Archon grabbed the wrong book? But even if he *had*, Zhongli didn’t know enough about the books to know what they might be doing. He had wished to *look* at the tome to figure out any possible solutions for their issue. But then again this *could* have been unrelated altogether. **“Sumeru then... Underneath the city?”**

It had been a long time since he had last visited the nation of Sumeru’s capital but he remembered enough to recognize the architecture of the inn room he found himself in. Lo and behold, upon peering out the window he could see a large tree above him. It was an inn in the shopping district that was essentially carved into the tree Sumeru City was built upon.

But why was *he* there?

**“Is this the hand that fate had dealt me then? Far be it from me to fight powerlessly against it, then.”** He reasoned internally that even if he had the *desire* to fight against whatever was to come that it would amount to naught if he tried. It was just a matter of seeing what was in store for them... if it was something that he could even see at *all*. Because accepting as he was? The Archon didn’t at all notice the immediate signs of the curse’s effects.

They weren’t even subtle nor obscure changes, in fact. Zhongli’s towering height regressed and his body become more compact both vertically *and* horizontally. This meant that while he was certainly growing shorter, that at he was becoming narrower in the shoulders for example, or his hands and feet became daintier. But as he plummeted down to around 5’3”? The man didn’t seem to acknowledge *any* of it.

Instead? With clothes now hanging loosely off his body – aside from gloves that had slid from smaller hands and boots that he unconsciously slipped out of – he moved to untuck the bed. “**How strange... Was I going to bed?**” When had he become comfortable enough to plan to sleep there? There was actually a more fundamental issue, however. That being that Archons didn’t *need* to sleep. So why was he growing *tired*?

While already many times smaller than he had been, his body’s shape then took a turn for the *feminine*. The signs actually *were* there in Zhongli’s face. It was subtle, but the more masculine nature of its features softened away. Not in the sense that he had been robbed of his identity; at least not *yet*. But suffice to say he was looking like a more effeminate version of himself.

Unfortunately? The bagginess of his clothing actually hid a lot of the signs in this regard, both major *and* minor. Some of the minor ones had already been touched upon like his hands and feet shrinking, but there were also matters such as smoothed shoulders, or how his waistline came to pinch in a couple of inches to give his silhouette a vague hourglass shape.

“*Hm?*” But the *major* changes? Zhongli could *feel* them and was vaguely inquisitive about them. But something stopped him. A recognition that what he was feeling was ‘normal’ somehow. An achy sensitivity was one of these noted sensation. Focused beneath his jacket? That feeling was actually coming from his *nipples*.

They ached because they were growing, and their increased sensitivity was related. Before long what had once been dimes in sizes were now quarters, and from there? They were pushed forward against his jacket as a weight gathered beneath them. A chest that had once been perfectly flat and masculinity had developed a small pair of mounds that continued to grow, stretching skin tautly around them as those mounds became hills. A pair of B-cup tits that *undeniably* belonged on a woman’s body. “***It isn’t the time for that! I’m tired.***”

It was making him a little *horny*. Which wasn’t realistically a thought Zhongli had really had in the past thousand or so years. But that thought didn’t belong to *him* just as much as that peppier, maiden-like voice that left his lips didn’t belong to him either. He pushed away the feelings that roused from his sensitive nipples... and didn’t even draw the line that, while aroused, his dick hadn’t grown stiff at *all*. There was a reason for that.

And while that reason would make itself clear soon, there were nearby areas that needed to be addressed. His breasts had already suggested as much but he *wasn't* becoming a particularly shapely individual. And so his thighs and ass did expand to present additional femininity to his body's design. A bubbled ass and plumper than average thighs were erected within his pants, but they weren't so exceptional that they would turn heads on their own.

Still, *her* body carried a fitness befitting of a dancer.

**“Mm... Why am I so frisky tonight?”** Zhongli once again didn't seem to properly piece together what was happening. Her sex had changed to female biologically now and pussy existed between her legs. But as she saw it? She'd never had a cock and balls. Those things just simply *hadn't* folded into her loins to attach to a newly created womb. She had *always* had them.

Which meant that the new woman was far, far too far gone to properly process things. Slightly paled skin wouldn't catch her attention. Neither would a soft red coloration that not only began to paint all of the hair on her body (short pubes included) until the original color no longer remained. These strands of hair grew to his shoulders and then past them, and then as far as her ass. Bangs even framed her face gently.

But the face that it framed *wasn't* spared. **“YAAAAAAWN!”** Lips parted to express the onset fatigue that took a stronger hold on her body, but as she did? Those lips inflated slightly so that they were fuller and poutier by their design. What affected her mouth traveled to her nose, which collapsed into a button shape while cheeks softened and smoothed on her face's outskirts. Perhaps most striking was what had happened to her *eyes*. Not only did they come awash with a greenish turquoise and lose their unique iris shapes, but the shapes of her eyelids widened until they had been robbed of their Liyuan heritage.

**“Another long day! But at least I got a lot of practice in.”** Nilou stifled a yawn as she removed the ties from her hair that had technically *just* appeared, taking the headdress of her head of crimson locks just seconds later. The transformation she had just endured was far from her mind. In fact, she couldn't recall it having happened at all and instead believed she had just gotten



back from practicing for her next show.

The short but slender dancer stripped down piece by piece until she was simply standing in the inn room she was renting in her underwear. Not one to sleep in stifling clothing, not that it was recommended to do so in Sumeru with how hot it could be, she wouldn't be putting anything else on. **“It really is odd though. I can't shake the feeling that I'm forgetting something important. Was Dehya going to visit tomorrow or the next day?”** Was *that* it?

**“I'll worry about it tomorrow I guess! It's a new day!”**

Well that much was certainly true, at least.