

GENSHIN IMPACT: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CH2: A DIFFERED STAGE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Furina de Fontaine hadn't exactly been bothering with the worries of an Archon as of late. In fact? It had been the farthest thing from her mind imaginable because, technically, she was *not* the Archon of the nation of Fontaine. She never *had* been despite what she had led the public to believe. She'd simply been playing a role given to her that she was expected to perform for the good of her people. It was one that she had played stupendously, stubbornly not dropping the veil all of the way until the conclusion of the final act.

But it was also one that had left a 500 year long scar on her heart.

“Macaroni... Macaroni...” In essence? She had *retired*. She was just a mortal after all – and one who had been returned to the proper cycle of mortality now that her life wasn't suspended. Having gone into relative hiding only to slowly peak her head back out to help with some arts projects around the city, though? It was becoming more and more common to find her perusing shops like a hungry little gremlin. Furina wasn't used to cooking and had taken a liking to the ease and variety of making macaroni.

That was more or less what her present outing was all about. She was ignorant to the plans of the Archons of other nations, and honestly? She hadn't even *met* them to be in the know. And so... **“WAH!?”** There was no way that the woman could have possibly been prepared for what seemed like a bolt of lightning striking her on her way home! It had taken her by a great deal of surprise!



“This... architecture is not of Fontaine. Where am I?” Rather than act in a panic (as much as she wanted to), Furina was careful as she came to terms with her surroundings. It helped that she seemed to be alone in a... small library? Was it a public space or a room in someone’s home? That much she couldn’t be certain of. But everything inside appeared to be quite expensive – clashing with how *disorganized* everything appeared.

There was a tome open on a small table in the room’s center that drew the woman’s attention. **“Advanced Astrology? Does this space belong to an astrologist then?”** She knew *of* them, and in fact she was fairly certain she had been briefed on one visiting Fontaine shortly before the prophecy had come to pass. She didn’t really know what they studied aside from it being star based.

But she was about to receive a crash course.

Furina felt a little bit *odd*, but it was easy enough for her to push it into the corner of her mind with everything else that had happened. *Of course* she would feel weird! She had just been struck by magic lightning and transported into someone’s home. Surely that wasn’t something that could have happened without a number of side effects? But in the end willful ignorance to this fact made it too simple to dismiss any of the early signs that something was amiss. Both with her body *and* her mind.

“YAAAAAWN! Mm? Did I not sleep enough last night?” Her sudden fatigue was certainly simple enough to explain. Sometimes you just *felt tired*, right? And Furina had overslept that morning, meaning that she was even more prone to suffering a sudden bout of sleepiness. Unfortunately, though? The fatigue was a side effect of a new lifestyle being forced upon her. Along with a new identity that would willingly *live* that lifestyle.

The truth that this wasn’t merely a mental affair was reflected in the young woman’s gaze. Her heterochromia-induced gaze typically sported two teardrop-pupiled eyes of mismatch blues, and yet? White irises both darkened to black and shrunk into normal, round circles – all while the blues of her irises lightened to the very same *silvery blue* on either side. For the first time in her life? Furina’s eyes matched in design.

But the changes *to* her eyes came with the formation of a pair of black bags beneath them. Those bags almost weighed her eyes down, and in turn their shapes felt like they had a droopier look to them. This was *actually* a side effect of the reality that changes were seeping into the rest of her face. Little by little its shape changed. Her chin sharpened and her lips swelled ever so slightly beneath a more sharply shaped nose. Cheeks were rendered leaned, and when everything else was factored in? While she *seemed* to retain her physical age, facially she looked like a different woman entirely.

Silver eyes turned back down to the book on the table. “***I suppose I should finish... reading...? Erm? I wasn’t reading this, was I?***” Had Furina’s voice *always* had such a mature hum to it? It sounded a little deeper than the shriller tone the people of Fontaine knew her to possess. But naturally her old voice *wouldn’t* have matched with her new face. Nor with the locks of hair that had begun to cascade all around her head.

In an entirely inverted color to boot. White and pale blue strands were dancing out all around her, colors darkening first into a grey and then into a raven black as the crept out farther and farther. But it wasn’t *just* their length and color. The style of the woman’s usual boyish haircut shifted too, with curved locks straightening and even her spry little ahoge eventually drooping and then disappearing into the rest of the main body of her long, raven locks. Messy bangs matches messier hair behind her, but at least in the case of the latter? It seemed more like the hair was wild because it was usually bound in a more restrictive style.

“***But I can’t continue reading when I’m this tired...***” Evidently, any doubt that she’d held about whether or not she *had* been reading the book on astrology had evaporated while placing a hand lazily on her hip. She was getting too drowsy to even stand, but there were actually *other* reasons that standing was becoming a little more difficult. It was just surprising that Furina herself *hadn’t* noticed. Namely because her hips *physically* being nudged wider was a large part of it.

But then again it was only a large part of it because parts *of* her were getting *larger*. It only made sense that if her hips were widening it was because areas nearby were swelling themselves. And this was *especially* true when it came to her thighs. “***Erm...?***” Furina basically kept her legs fully exposed and so there wasn’t *much* resistance as the fatty tissue within her thighs began to rise. Yet she still wore a black band around either thigh – and those bands were *not* having a good time. Skin tensed around them as they continued to push outward additional inches, but the bands? They dug in more and more until it was quite uncomfortable.

At least until, finally? They *snapped*. **“Ah!? Oh. Guess that’s not really an issue then?”** Rubber had gone flying, leaving the woman a little *confused*. Why had she been wearing those over her thick thighs in the first place? Seeing as each thigh was thicker than her *waist* it would have been asking for trouble to wear bands so tight. It was plenty distracting, mind you. Distracting enough to avoid the woman noticing how the cheeks of a bubbled ass now peaked out over the back of her shorts. Her rump was so substantiated that ass cleavage had been more or less inevitable in her current outfit.

Which *almost* made up for the fact that when it came to cleavage... she didn’t receive much *elsewhere*. The ex-Archon’s breasts had always been paltry in size, and they *did* grow beneath the petticoat she was wearing. But it was still only a *single* size. They remained small just... slightly *less* so. **“So what *am I wearing? I don’t remember buying clothes in Fontaine.*”** She spoke like she had merely *visited* her homeland. Which, now that she thought about it? That was correct, wasn’t it? She didn’t belong to Fontaine. She was from *Mondstadt*?

The woman looked away from her clothing for a single moment and that was enough for her mind to wander away from concerns about her attire. Because her attire had *changed*. Into a blue leotard overtop a black half bodysock that covered her tummy and legs. A star shaped pattern was darkened into the left thigh of the sock, whereas golden ornaments wrapped around her right thigh above small, golden heels. A layered cape draped over her shoulders and detached gloves, while atop her head? An ornate witch’s hat rested above hair that was now pulled into twin tail tipped with golden ornaments of their own.

“Strange... What *was I doing? I suppose I shouldn’t have had an all-nighter last night.*” *Mona Megistus* bemoaned what she believed to be a feeling that was a side effect of her own actions. It had taken her a moment to put the pieces together, but it was early morning and she *hadn’t* slept. She had gotten back from her trip to Fontaine late the night before only to find a pile of books and letters at her doorstep. The book on *her* library table was one of them.

Her jumbled memory *must* have been from the lack of sleep, right? **“Oh well, it isn’t like I’m going anywhere for a little while. I can just sleep the day away and resume my activities**



tonight. Although I do need to put together an article for the Steambird...” It was a *little* strange. Thinking of the paper that was stationed in Fontaine filled her with an odd sense of nostalgia. It was odd because it felt a little *intense*. But Mona waved it off.

“Whatever. I’ll think about it after taking a nap. I need to figure out why my tights are riding up so much too...”

Just a *little* side effect of the transformation she couldn’t recall happening.