

YEARNING FOR DEATH

BIWEEKLY STORY #75

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On days of celebration, it was customary for those not involved in planning the events within Liyue to take a hard earned break. All throughout the year, every year, festivals came and went – providing all of the citizens an opportunity to rest and relax. An opportunity to put aside business for pleasure, as it were.

But what about someone who found pleasure in business? Surely there wasn't any such person that masochistic? Well, enter Ganyu, the secretary of the Liyue Qixing! She was a hard worker that considered her job to be her hobby, and so of course she would work even during festivals. She'd been doing it for *thousands* of years with her half-Qilin blood keeping her alive for so long.

Even on the eve of the yearly Chongyang Festival, a festival that celebrated the dead and their passing into the other realm. It was an event that weighed significantly on Ganyu, for during her long life she had seen so many of her mortal friends live and die. A parting like that was always sad, but inevitably she had come to terms with the fact that she had no control over it.

Perhaps it was a little fitting that she had wandered into the Wangsheng Funeral Parlor to discuss some of Hu Tao's recent purchases on a day of dead worship, then? It hadn't been an intended stop, or at least not one that had been intended to line up with the Chongyang Festival itself. It was more like a 'happy' accident. Perhaps it wasn't *that* happy though, because being there often reminded her of how she would live for so much longer than everyone else in Liyue.



“Hm... Are these the wares she purchased from up north? Strange... They’re just talismans?” While waiting for the funeral parlor director to return, Ganyu had been asked to wait in her office. On top of her desk was an open box filled with yellow talismans, each sporting pink text, and a pink back. In a way they were reminiscent of the one she often saw on Qiqi albeit much longer in length.

Based on the costs recorded in the report Hu Tao sent, she assumed they might have been some rare ores the girl was using for coffin making. So if it really *was* the case that these talismans were what was purchased, then what had made them so expensive? What purpose did they serve?

Research.

Intrigued by Qiqi’s state of life as a jiangshi, Hu Tao had bought similar talismans for investigation’s sake. She wasn’t aware that they would actually *work*, though.

Ganyu had cast her eyes away from the box for but a single moment, but in that moment the topmost talisman within the box had disappeared as if into thin air. At least until the Cryo woman felt a sharp pain in the dead center of her forehead. “**WHAT!?**” It was an *extremely* sharp pain, as if someone had just driven a nail into her skull. And, in fact, her hands confirmed as much.

Sticking out of her head was what *felt* like a nail, protruding several inches past the talisman that now dangled down the center of her forehead. For how much pain there had been initially though, that pain had seemingly subsided... Even though a nail had *definitely* just been driven into her *brain*. “**What... What do I do!?**” Pull it out? No, this didn’t seem like an injury she should treat so haphazardly! Lasting damage could be left on her brain!

...Actually, how was she able to still think coherently? Ganyu was certainly no scientist, but she imagined that any trauma to one’s brain

would have had some very dramatic ramifications. But there she was, standing there as if nothing had happened.

THUD... THUD...

The sound of a pair of somethings falling onto the floor behind her was quick to disturb Ganyu's assumption that nothing had happened though, for as she turned around and looked past the talisman dangling in her face at the floor, she found something horrifying that made her hands immediately jump up to the top of her head. "***M-My horns!?***" It was so unbelievable of a sight that she needed to feel around to make sure she wasn't crazy, but her notable Qilin features truly *had* fallen from her head and landed on the floor. Yet there were no marks nor wounds where they had rested before. Instead? Her hair felt a little *odd*.

Ganyu was accustomed to the fact that her hair was extremely soft and fluffy. It had been that way since birth, naturally curly at points in a way that was almost reminiscent of wool. This wasn't that strange, seeing as her hair mirrored the traits of a Qilin's fur. The issue? That softness was diminishing – not that the woman herself noticed. Instead, she crouched before her fallen horns, picking them up in her hands. "**What is... What is happening to me?**"

Whether or not the woman acknowledged that her hair was changing certainly didn't alter the fact that it *was*. Not only was it straightening and lengthening, but the pale blue that was so characteristic of the secretary's look darkened in the process, ultimately reaching a raven black that was also reflected in her eyebrows and pubic hair. The hair from her head spilled as far down as her thighs, fanning out around her hips to demonstrate just how wild and unkempt it was now, while her bangs grew past her chin while swept across her left eyes.

"**Eh!? My hair?**" She placed her horns on Hu Tao's desk as quickly as she realized her hair was both far too long and wholly the wrong color, hands now free to run through these lengthened, somewhat untamed locks at her own leisure. As she did so, however? The color of her eyes darkened to black, making her pupils almost entirely indistinguishable from her irises.

Now, something Ganyu hadn't really thought much about was her *heartbeat*. For how surprised and anxious she was about what was happening, her heartrate hadn't sped up at all. Instead it was very gradually slowing. Not even the sound of her own clothing ripping and tear was enough to escalate it, but it did force the half-Qilin, if she could even be called that anymore, to squeak with surprise.

The sides of her leggings had split suddenly, for the mass of the thighs that were contained within had been bolstered in a way that forced even her hips to swing beyond their typical gait. More and more tears formed, allowing more of her muffining flesh to peek through the black seeing as her tights were specifically crafted to fit her own proportions. “**Am I getting fat!?**” It was an understandable assumption, considering it was a fear of Ganyu’s since she had been a chubby kid.

Even though her ass suffered a similar bloating so that her tights tore there as well, and her black undergarments both slid up her crack and were ground into the lips of her pussy, she wasn’t exactly getting *fat*. This weight came from a more appealing place meant to present her with an overwhelmingly apparent hourglass figure. Basically, it was only the kind of weight that would make her *sexier*.

This point was driven home once the front of her body stocking found itself suffering from a very similar malfunction as her lower half had. Ganyu’s nipples had not only grown erect, but they had quite simply *grown*. The size of coin that might represent them had practically doubled, but once they tore through the nylon of her body sock it was clear that the weight of her breasts themselves was a much more pressing issue.

And not just in the sense that it was all *pressing* up against the underside of her stocking as they grew. With a hearty jiggle they eventually broke free of the confines of the cloth, tits bouncing energetically as they surged with even *more* weight. Taking them from B, maybe C-cups if you were generous, they swelled to what were comparably F or G-cups – rivalling even the woman’s head in size. Overall, her thick thighs and tits didn’t end up looking *that* out of place, because her height blossomed an additional five inches, causing nylon to rip horizontally across her legs and belly.

“**Wh-Why!? Why is...? Why...? Why do? Why? Huh? I can’t...? Huh...?**” Ganyu could hardly process what had just happened, *literally*. Her brain felt like mush all of a sudden, and as a result it felt impossible for her to rationalize anything much less get a sentence out. Was it because she felt overwhelmed? Was the damage from the nail in her head finally taking affect? Or was it related to the fact that her heartbeat had almost stilled entirely?

***THUMP..... THUMP.....
THUMP.....***

And then Ganyu fell to the ground, entirely motionless.

The secretary's heart was still, her eyes were lifeless, and her lungs did not collect any air. Had a doctor been on the scene then they undoubtedly would have declared her *dead*. But a peculiar phenomenon began to transpire in conjuncture with the text upon the talisman glowing brightly. It was far too soon for rigor mortis to set in, and yet Ganyu's taut and abundant flesh began to lose its pink, instead settling with a lifeless, bluish purple that sported a rather attractive sheen.

Were that not strange enough, stitch marks began to weave against various parts of her body. The woman hadn't been injured at all, which was what made it so strange – her fall had been gentle, and even as she laid restlessly on her side no blood was pouring. Still, these stitches were present across her thighs, across her arms, and beneath her eyes.

She did not *breathe* but given a moment later the light dimly returned to her eyes, and she opened her mouth to try and talk. “*Graaawarah?*” Was that supposed to be a word? A statement? Not even Ganyu knew what she was doing, and when the noise completed her mouth remained open, allowing a bright blue tongue to dangle free past teeth that had all become razor sharp at some juncture.

Even though her heart was no longer beating, with all of the energy she could muster her body pushed itself back up onto its feet almost like it was acting on autopilot. All of her movements looked and felt stiff, and once she was on her feet, they seemed even *stiffer*. She could only hold her hands out in front of her, unable to properly move her elbows. But after giving a little hop, it became clear that she couldn't bend her knees any longer either.

“*Gawrarawar?*” Was this really an attempt to speak? How conscious *was* she? It was wholly uncertain, but this new noise came when the talisman nailed to her head began to glow even brighter than before. In response to this, the tatters of her cold outfit disappeared, and a purple and gold Chinese dress wrapped around her torso, wholly exposing her ample cleavage, thick thighs, and bare arms, while sporting a long tail that hung against the floor behind her ass.

But something else in the room reacted to the talisman's light. The contents of the box Ganyu had explored in the first place suddenly flew out, mostly bandages and smaller talismans that had been buried beneath the topmost layer. These bandages wrapped around her arms and legs, while the smaller talismans bound them in place. Her fingers, now clawed, and toes remained exposed, however.

The *jiangshi* that Ganyu had become certainly had mad hops as it bounced around the office aimlessly, but it didn't have very much else. Her movements were as stiff as a board, and yet the way her huge tits flopped about, and her thick thighs rubbed together provided a great deal of charm despite the apparent absence of a functioning mind.

That wasn't to say the woman was *unconscious*, but even Qiqi suffered from mental issues like memory loss because of her nature as a *jiangshi*. Ganyu's body was that of a reanimated human corpse now, and a body in that state had no real blood flow. Her brain just simply wasn't working properly. "*Guh...*" There wasn't enough brain activity for her to string together words, certainly.



Instead, her body hopped around on instinct alone. There was a hunger – that much she could feel. Fortunately that hunger wasn't for human flesh though. It was simply for elemental energy.

THUMP!

With arms held out in front of her, she threw her whole body into the door in an attempt to knock it over. It definitely didn't work. So how was she going to get out? She didn't really think about it... because she couldn't. And so, at least until Hu Tao arrived, the *jiangshi* would throw herself against the door over and over again.