

SHOWSTOPPER

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“That was the last of my Primogems...”

The tone of my voice came across as incredibly defeated and deflated. Which made a whole lot of sense considering the circumstances. Circumstances that probably *weren't* worth the associated feelings of depression. Considering it had only been a matter of whether or not I had managed to roll the latest rate up character in Genshin Impact. And yet these circumstances were those of my own making after a bout of impatience two banners before. I had made the number one cardinal sin of being a free to play gacha gamer.

I had rolled for a character I wanted less than the current one.

A common mistake. The fear of missing out was real, and even the slightest bit of desire could send one's currency conserving aspirations downwards into the abyss. As one who had been saving for the Hydro Archon of Fontaine ever since Sumeru, I had been led astray by the suave and sophisticated aura of the Iudex Neuvillette. **“And now I'm paying for it.”** I'd had enough saved to still trigger another 50/50, which in Genshin terms was a 50% chance of getting the rate-up character.

But I had failed in the most ironic way possible, instead rolling a copy of Jean. Ironic because she was one of the recommended supports for the Hydro Archon Furina herself. The best I could do was suck up my pain and move forward. So what if I couldn't get her on her day of release? There were still three weeks ahead of me! I could still get lucky and plausibly roll her! ...Even though I knew that the chances were anything but certain. Quite the opposite in fact.

In fact couldn't I get a few more rolls today if I grinded hard enough? That was the mentality I became fueled with as I pushed through my commissions and went searching for chests in Fontaine. Genshin Impact wasn't without its faults, but there were always things to do and rewards to be found. It took a couple hours of running myself ragged, but before long I finally found enough Primogens to do another ten roll. **"Come on... Give me an early 5*!"**

Another good thing about Genshin was that its 50/50 system guaranteed that if you hit pity and rolled a normal SSR that if you hit pity *again* you were guaranteed the rate up SSR. If I managed to get lucky and roll a SSR early then I would get Furina for certain! So imagine my glee when that glowing meteorite shot across the screen and began to glow gold.

The color of an SSR.

"Yes!" My excitement was palpable, but unfortunately fired off a little too soon. The image on my monitor froze just as it went white before transitioning into what I had rolled. **"Crap!"** It wouldn't change what I had rolled, but I had missed out on my chance to see it firsthand! And so I stubbornly waited to see if the white screen would clear up on its own. It didn't. And the longer I stared the more it felt like the screen was somehow growing *brighter*? **"HEY, WAIT A SECON—!?"**

The screen shut off just as I went silent. My room? Now completely *empty*.

And I didn't have the foggiest idea where I was. It was like I was in the void itself. **"Uh...?"** I was clearly standing on some type of surface, but I couldn't see a floor. Nor were there walls or a ceiling. It was just a vast sea of *white*. **"Am I dead? Is this what it's like to die?"** Very fortunately for me that wasn't the case. The space was more like a transitional location (in more ways than one) where adjustments and preparations had to be made. The preparations weren't something that concerned my presence. But the *adjustments*?

Those were *all* me. **"I— AHHHH!?"** I had very much wished to follow up on my previous assertions, deciding I probably *wasn't* dead, but before I could utter those corrections there was a *very* strange phenomenon that had struck me. Was I falling? It felt like I was falling! But that hadn't been the case since my feet were still planted on the floor... or at the very least what *counted* as a floor in this unusual place.

It took a moment of floundering for me to realize that I *wasn't* falling. I *felt* like I was, but the truth hadn't been immediately obvious to me

since there was nothing in this void for me to look at, meaning I couldn't judge my... *height relative to my surroundings*. Only when I realized my clothes were swallowing me whole did I becoming pointedly aware of a sensation that was akin to a weight pushing painlessly down upon me from the top – and seemingly from all sides too.

“I’m shrinking! ...And thinning?” Both things *were* happening in tandem, yes. Inch after inch my height dropped, but simultaneously by body's excess weight was shed in in kind. Pants and boxers slipped from a waist that was no longer wide enough to hold them without a belt, but that wasn't even an issue since my shirt continuously looked and felt bigger, ultimately rendered like a dress. **“I... I’m so small.”** I couldn't be any taller than 5'1” or 5'2”, could I? But again it was a little difficult to judge without objects around me. Not to mention I was so thin. Not a speck of excess weight to my body at all!

Had my voice become higher as well? The thought *did* cross my mind, but it was hardly a priority when faced with my body's collapse. Lifting my arms, I examined my hands. Evidently the shrinkage hadn't been isolated to mere height and weight. My hands were now small and dainty, yet I flexed my fingers and then *pinched myself* to make sure I wasn't seeing things. **“Ow! Guess not...”** Of course, my feet had suffered the very same fate and were far more petite now.

While continuing to look over my hands I could observe my fingernails creeping up a little past my fingertips, any signs of my bad chewing habits erased with each nail in pristine condition. **“My hands look like the would belong to a... No, that's not possible! Everything happening here must be a dream, *oui?* None of this could plausibly happen!”** I hadn't even put two and two together yet, even though a sudden slip of French should have been another clue. But what had I been about to say about my hands? That they looked like they would belong to a—

“AAAAH!?! Non, don't tell me...!?” Unnecessary French bled from my mouth once more while dainty hands reached down to prod my crotch through the shirt I was still wearing like a dress. I had been hoping to feel my dick there, because after a sharp tug I had gotten the impression that it had *disappeared*. Unfortunately for me that ended up being the *exact* case. **“*Sacre bleu!*”** I could feel a woman's slit there, but I dared not prod further.

Another change had occurred in tandem, though the situation with my genitals had been far more notable for me to even acknowledge it – it would have been difficult to do so anyways. In truth, when I had initially gotten smaller my face had taken on a glow that was a touch more youthful, like a very young adult. But as my sex changed those features

softened further, my face narrowing, chin sharpening, and lips plumping as I was bestowed a smaller nose and brighter eyes.

Blues washed through my gaze, and yet they weren't the same shades. It would have been best to say that I had heterochromia, for my right eye was a darker blue with a normal colored pupil, whereas the left was a light blue with a *white* pupil. And yet in both cases? Not only were my pupils now teardrop shaped, but thickened lashes bore similar shapes themselves. There was an uncanny resemblance between myself and the character I had been trying to roll.

“So... I’m a woman! There’s no need for me to be so *dramatic*, is there? After all it isn’t as if I’m no longer a *person*!” For someone who was claiming she didn't need to be so dramatic, I was certainly *speaking* in an unnecessarily dramatic way. Why was I putting that inflection on my words? Like some kind of *diva*. But it sounded *very* familiar I had to admit. **“Almost like... *Huh*?”**

My eyes pointed upwards at the sight of my bangs. That in itself was remarkable seeing as I typically kept my hair *short*. More than that, however? The *color* of those bangs were *way* off. Rather than my usual darker hair, it was a very pale blue that bordered white while streaks of ocean blue *could* be made out amidst them. Hands reached up to pat my head. I could *feel* it grow, though it only reached the nape of my neck. It was slightly curled and very fluffy, not to mention one big strand that curled up and off the top of my head. **“Even my hair... suggests...”**

Furina.

My changing appearance, the sound of my voice, the way I was acting; all of these things suggested I was becoming Genshin Impact's Furina. Even now, my once completely flat chest had swelled out a couple of inches into the forms of tiny breasts, and my ass and thighs bloated in kind. Furina wasn't a very bombastic woman physically, but she was cute and beautiful. A lot of her physical appeal came from how small she was. But my frame *did* find its femininity enhanced in more subtle ways, like my waistline pinching in, or my shoulders growing narrow. Even my hips had bulged out a bit, giving my daintier form at least all the telltale signs that I was a young woman and not a girl.

The light of the void then grew brighter, prompting me to shield my eyes. **“What is happening *now*!?”** Was I naked? I wasn't able to see, but for a moment I was. My shirt was eviscerated, and yet a new costume was constructed in its place. A dark blue suit jacket done up with lace and bows overtop a black shirt and shorts. Lace boots encompassed my feet, and two half-gloves, one black and one white,

concealed my small hands. Then there was the matter of the grandiose top hat upon my hair, tilted slightly to the left.

And then the light faded and I found myself standing on a perceivable floor of wooden floorboards.

“Oh? A welcome change of scenery? I suppose this space is more to my liking than the endless expanse of white I floated in before!” It was a strange feeling. I was now standing in a Fontainian apartment that I recognized as *mine*, yet it also felt so new. Boxes were still barely unpacked, and the space was very dreary. Far too dreary for a woman as flamboyant as the *Furina* I had become. But steadily I pieced two and two together. My old memories of playing the Archon Quest mixed with my new firsthand memories as Furina. **“Oh... right.”**

I had been so caught up in the theatrics of my transformation that I had forgotten the ultimate fate that had awaited Fontaine’s ‘Archon’ at the end of her story – or at least the temporary end for the time being. I felt deflated. This isn’t the life anyone had wanted for Furina, for *me*. **“But I suppose this is my life now, isn’t it? I’ll have to make the most of it!”** My gloved fingers idly rubbed at the Vision dangling from my hip. This was after her story quest, so my head at least felt a little clearer than if I had been transformed into a Furina from before.

“I suppose a good first step would be... to cook dinner!” I gave my small hands a little clap and pushed myself to skip into the kitchenette. Within which no shortage of macaroni bags were stacked high alongside numerous sauce jars. **“What should I have this evening? Cheese? Marinara? Oh! Alfredo?”** All of those options sounded absolutely *delectable* to the new me! It seemed like I would fit into this new life just fine!



...But how long would it take for me to forget who I once was?

“Who knows? But perhaps that is a tale for another performance!”