

INTO THE GACHAVERSE

CH2: ARMED AND SEXY

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I had spent almost a week as Navia Caspar now.

And it had been... an experience! It was hard to say if it had been a positive or a negative one. On one hand, I had been trapped in the body of a character that *wasn't* me – and without any explanation at that. I couldn't explain my circumstances to anyone even if I had wanted to, and I kept behaving *as* Navia as if I had always been her. All of her mannerisms and necessary memories had been ingrained into me so that there wouldn't be any problems. It was almost like my own will had been imprisoned.

On the other hand, there *were* benefits, even if they weren't necessarily *conventional*. There weren't many people that could say they had spent time *in* the world of one of their favorite games, right? And being a woman had certain perks. Not only had I seen myself naked, but I had been able to *do things*. I just hadn't gone all the way, because Navia's partner of choice, Clorinde, had been busy.

If things had continued like that, then I might have been somewhat content. But they *didn't*. Because after going to bed one night? I once again found myself in an unfamiliar place all of a sudden. “**Not again!**” But this time? I was standing in what appeared to be a *changing room*? A quick peek out the door revealed a hall that led into what seemed to be a *casino*? But that was a common enough sight for me to *not* be able to draw any conclusions about where I was this time.

“**Wait... I have control again!?**” After retreating back into the changing room for the time being, I finally had an epiphany about my circumstances. Everything I said wasn't being filtered through ‘Navia’



anymore, even though I could tell that the character's energy and overall personality had remained. **"But why? Then again... I never did figure out why it had happened in the first place. I smell a mystery!"** While that was all true, that was a good example of the Navia in me still shining through.

"But wait! What does this mean for me now? Am I still on Teyvat? No, that doesn't seem likely..." It wasn't impossible that I hadn't returned to my world either, but there was a part of me that felt like that wasn't the case. If it *was*, was I expected to live as Navia in a world where I had once been myself? That might have been more of a headache than my original arrangement! But I didn't really need to worry about that possibility.

Because that wasn't the plan at all.

If there was something that I *immediately* noticed, it was that the front of my dress felt rather *tight*. Deep down, Navia's clothing had really bothered me at first, since I wasn't used to wearing women's clothing and all. But over the time I'd spent as her, I'd gotten used to it enough that it *hadn't* been bothering me... right up until that moment. Looking down in search of the cause, I— **"Uh... Am I changing again!?"** Well, I became concerned that the process I'd undergone before was now happening again.

After all, the depths of my cleavage appeared deeper than ever, and the front of my dress felt tight because they were pushing my neckline farther away. **"My *tits* are growing!?"** That had been an odd choice of words. Navia wasn't the type to use words like 'tits', but *I* was, leading me to momentarily wonder if my old personality was returning, but— **"SHIT!?"** Nope. *I* wouldn't have cursed like that. But I had, and for what I considered to be a good reason.

I immediately tried to draw a gloved arm across my chest because I didn't have any other choice. My breasts had grown so much that they had *escaped* my dress, forcing the neckline *beneath* what ultimately amounted to *I-cups* with nipples that were probably larger than my eyes! Their weight was burdensome for a time, forcing me to lean forward.

But given a moment I adjusted as if I had suddenly obtained the strength to weather that burden.

But on the subject of my eyes? It was as if a drop of yellow has been splashed into their blues, eventually dyeing them *green* while their lashes lengthened further. The shapes of those eyelids had become narrower, which was just a small piece of what was happening to my face otherwise. My lips, already full, became even fuller until they were more comparable to a porn star's, while my nose inched a tad longer between cheeks that were both rounder in shape and softer to the touch.

I didn't *look* like Navia anymore, especially not with the bubble-gum pink that had begun to seep into my hair and reach towards the tips. It removed the natural curls and became even more voluminous somehow, albeit at the cost of that hairstyle becoming messier, especially around bangs that grew long and unruly between my eyes. But I also didn't *sound* like Navia anymore either. **“Why the hell does this keep happening!?”**

My green eyes *did* twitch a little at the sound of my own voice. It was a tad deeper, but what was more attention-grabbing was the *purr* to it. It was like I was trying to make myself sound more mature and sensual, even if I wasn't *consciously* doing it. I gradually lowered the arm that covered my tits because the thought of them being seen didn't really bother me anymore. *Wouldn't it be more exciting if someone saw instead?*

As it turned out? It hadn't been *just* my tits that had been due to swell. I felt a discomfort around tightening undergarments, but rather than complain about it? I crouched down to reach my hands up my skirt and *slide them off*. They dropped to my ankles with increased resistance, namely because my thighs and ass were bloating *stupendously*. They'd already been relatively impressive as Navia's, but my thighs *doubled* in thickness while pushing her thigh highs away, all while the back of her skirt was lifted by my ass. An ass that became a heart-shape that transcended all heart-shapes, with some weight forced to pool in *between* my thighs and ass.

“Then again... This body is turning out to be pretty nice...” I practically hummed my acceptance, groping one tit with one hand and the opposite ass cheek with the other. I felt somewhat *empowered* by the idea of people lusting over me. Me and my voluptuous body that had grown all the way up to 5'9” behind the scenes, with my ridiculously large bosom and fat ass. If anything, it was a lot easier to get people to lower their guards while looking the way I did. Of course, I preferred attire that was a little more *revealing* to show it off.

Which was why I kept my pubes cleanly shaved, even though they had been dyed just as pink as the hair on my head and brows had become.

If anything, I was a little *unsatisfied* with my outfit. My tits were out, sure, but not *tastefully*. It was no fun if you showed the players the entire jackpot right out the gate. That was why I was surprised, although I didn't *act* that way, to watch my clothing change in a fashion similar to how it had before when I had first transformed into Navia. In this case, though? It was all very *tight*.

It would have been a lie to call it a 'conventional' bunny girl costume, but it certainly was *a* bunny girl costume. The leotard portion was made with black latex, but it was also incredibly short and *only* covered my nipples from underneath while a heart-shaped cutout revealed my navel. There was a heart-shaped cutout in my pink tights, too, showing off my inner thighs as well as the chubbier peaks of my pelvis. My feet? Hoisted up by black heels, while matching ribbon was wrapped around my arms and legs. There was pink ribbon too, but it was wrapped more around my torso, collar, and the black bunny ear headbang atop my head.

And naturally? Every bunny girl needed fancy detached cuffs!

“Mm~ ♥! Well, hard to take any issue with *this* figure, isn't it?” I slid my tongue across my glossy, luscious lips after practically moaning out that declaration. As *Velvet*, a character from Nikke, I was sexually empowered and certain built with a figure to *help* me empower myself that way. Considering I was still isolated within the changing room, I was still idly groping my own tits and ass, thoughts wandering to how much *more* fun I could have with a man or even another woman.

But at my core? My situation hadn't really changed. The 'Navia' identity was gone, but my original identity was trapped within the motions of the woman I had become. Velvet was a hedonist that did as she pleased, which was why I was dressed as a bunny girl even though I was *technically* working as a member of the Maid For You squad. **“You can take a girl out of the casino, but you can't take the casino out of a girl. ♥”**



...Because she had very much slipped back *into* the casino they had built in the Ark to surround herself with the thrills of drinking, gambling, and perhaps finding someone to fuck.

Well, I'd probably be getting some *this* time.