

INTO THE GACHAVERSE

CH3: TAKING FLIGHT

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Getting into the swing of things within the Ark wasn't really *that* difficult.

Well, my time as Velvet had unfolded similarly to my time as Navia, at least in the sense that I would adjust whether I liked it or not. My mind was wired to go about my day as the genuinely article world, though being a Nikke was a little bit different than being a human for a number of reasons. My body was one that, while it replicated flesh and blood quite efficiently, wasn't *actually* flesh and blood. I had to go in for maintenance and follow a strict schedule. And the food in the Ark? It was *terrible*. I was almost hoping I could be sent into another world, so that I'd never have to taste Splendamin again!

I'd fucked a number of times over that long week too, finally able to taste the pleasures of a woman's body *from* the point of view of the woman's body. It was certainly *intoxicating*, but my twisted personality was also a little bit sex-crazed, so it was difficult to say if *I* really felt that way, or if Velvet's tastes were bleeding through a little more than I would have liked. **"Damn... I wish I could fuck someone right now."**

On that day, it was a slow day at the casino. There had been so few customers, and so I really hadn't had much to do. I was practically wandering around from sheer *boredom*, playing around on my phone in the process. At least until, all of a sudden, that phone had disappeared from within my hands. **"Hey!?"** It was like it had just exploded into nothing! But I soon noticed that it wasn't *simply* a matter of that phone disappearing.



The floor beyond my hands was not the floor of the casino. It was done up with wooden boards, and I could no longer hear the sounds of the various roulette machines. “**Huh!?**” It had happened again. I was in an entirely different location, perhaps an entirely different *game*, and my own will had been returned to me even if Velvet’s personality lingered. If it hadn’t, I would have blurted out something a little calmer than “**Where the fuck am I now!?**”.

It was... homely? But also cramped. It reminded me of a tiny cabin but based on the clouds flying by the nearby window, it clearly *wasn’t*. It was subtle, but I could tell that wherever I was? It was moving. Considering the last two environments I had been teleported into were gacha games, one idea *did* immediately come to mind. “**Am I in fucking Granblue?**”

Being aboard the protagonist’s airship, the Grandcypher, would have made a great deal of sense. The issue was that it was *vague* if I was destined to become a character of that world next. Basically, any playable character could reside aboard the airship, and that game was so old now that this meant there were hundreds of characters that I might be destined to become, and that was just when it came to women alone! But if the last two cases had been anything to go off of, I wouldn’t need to wait for long.

In fact, this transformation made itself known almost *immediately* with several changes that I hadn’t expected at all, namely because I hadn’t experienced them in any capacity over the course of my past two transformative experiences. This was because I had remained strictly human... or *human-like* in the case of a Nikke like Velvet. In this instance, however? While I remained *humanoid*, my actual humanity had become questionable.

Namely because of four points of pressure that struck me all at one. Two on my back beneath my shoulder blades, with two more on the sides of my head. “**Hm~?**” Will reverted as it had been, I still couldn’t shake Velvet’s more sensual tone as I questioned the feeling and raised my hands up to my head to try and investigate the most accessible points, since it would have been more inconvenient to reach behind my back. “**Oh!?**”

But what I ended up finding was something unexpected. Well, a *pair* of something's. Two hard nubs were pushing up from my skull, yet they grew larger and firmer as they increased in length and pushed out behind me. It didn't take a genius to figure out just *what* these could be. After all, they were undeniably— "**Horns!?**" There was no mirror in that room for me to reference colors, but the keratin that built and curved with ridges towards the backs of my shoulders was black with golden accents near their bases almost like roots, my bunny ear headband soon pushed off my head by their emergence.

Their existence was so shocking that I couldn't have anticipated that something even *more* bizarre was manifesting on my back, where, as it turned out? I was lucky that the bunny girl costume I was wearing had been effectively backless. Much like my horns, something soon pushed out from those two pressure points – and the size and weight of them both led to me stumbling backwards with a "**Woah!?**".

I managed to catch myself, albeit barely, and turned my neck rapidly in the process to try and catch a glimpse of the cause. It certainly wasn't difficult to *miss*, not when what was now outstretched behind me was *clearly* a pair of *wings*. They were wider than I was tall, covered in feathers that went down in a gradient from dark purple, to light purple, to orange, and finally to yellow. Their midpoints were tipped off with sharp talons, and their heft made me question how my body could have produced these new appendages so effortless.

"**What in the world...?**" My surprise was communicated much more *softly* this time once I finally managed to steady myself, with a voice that seemed to match. "**Oh, I see... This is all simply part of the inevitable?**" As in I was well on my way to becoming yet *another* character. The issue was that I couldn't think of any Granblue characters that *fit* this description off the top of my head. Were they obscurer? That didn't narrow it down at all.

Although, on the topic of 'off the top of my head', that had become somewhat literal when it came to my *hair*. Everything past my shoulders had suddenly been lopped off, and those strands disappeared before toughing the floor beneath me while a cotton candy blue seeped from my roots all the way down to roughly $\frac{3}{4}$ of the length of my hair. The rest remained pink, albeit slightly darker, while my bangs were cut shorter and neater.

They did little to hide my ears as they grew out longer, or as their cartilage folded downward – both elements of a broader change to my head and face that brought my appearance more in line with the sound of my voice. Velvet's resting, raunchier expression melted as my lips thinned a touch and my nose shortened. My cheeks ended up shortening

and rounding, and my gaze dulled to pink as my eye's shapes became a little droopier. I was still *pretty*, but there was a cuter softness to it even though I still looked like a woman in my twenties.

“I still don't have much to go off of...” Due to a mixture of my own confusion and the fact that I really just *couldn't* figure out who I was becoming, I was quietly trying to ponder the answer to my question with whichever context clues I could find. There *was* a dramatic dip to my height, because I slipped down to a mere 5' in a process that led to my thighs and ass becoming even plumper. But on the other hand? While still large, my breasts had been afforded no choice other than to become more compact. Velvet's tits had just been *that* huge, so shrinking down to *G-cups* had been necessary so that I could *move*.

The little discomfort that my bunny girl attire had provided was just as fleeting, with my entire body soon swathed in something much more *attuned* to my newfound taste in fashion... which was questionable at best. Well, if you didn't take into account the fashion of Granblue Fantasy, anyways. Few other games would dress a woman in a white leotard with gold embroidery and a cutout around her bellybutton, much less one with black cups and white covering her cleavage tightly.

Straps from a black thong stretched across otherwise bare hips, for frilled black and white skirt lengths rested just above my thighs while attached to the base of the leotard instead of each other. My legs ended up somewhat mismatched. Both had translucent, black nylon stretched across them, but the left leg only had a thigh high while the right looked like it was covered by a full tight. Otherwise, the black boot on that leg reached all the way to my thigh, where it only reached my knee on the other. Matching gloves shrouded my arms with purple feathers off the elbows, and I wore a black-winged choker with a keyhole embedded within.

Berceau. If not for my new memories informing me of my own name, I likely wouldn't have known *what* to call myself. This character wasn't



overly popular or relevant, and while she had a nice design? I had effectively forgotten all about her in the sea of Granblue Fantasy's many, *many* characters. "**I suppose this will do... However...**" However... nothing. Much like it had been the case with my past two transformations, I quickly settled into my new identity once my body's transformation had completed.

I simply shook my head, putting any thoughts about commenting on it off to the side going forward. If I was teleported again, that control would unlikely return. But for the time being? I was left to act out the life of a fallen angel in the world of Granblue Fantasy. Or, well, at least one that was now working alongside the danchou and the crew. I now had a daily morning routine to do, did I not?

"Training in the training hall, helping with breakfast, showering, helping on deck..." In that order. For a fallen angel, it wasn't exactly much. But it was also *honest work*. Something I had to do to help take responsibility for my past actions. Even if they weren't *actually* my past actions? It was complicated, but I couldn't change how I felt when acting out my roles. And so, for at least a week it seemed, this was how things were.