

INTO THE GACHAVERSE

CH5: PRETTY AUNTIE

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Rio's life hadn't been a particularly *exciting* one.

There had been promise there. I knew well enough how to wield a firearm, and I meticulously went to conduct training with it every night so that my skills remained sharp in case of an emergency. But, at least during the week I had spent as her? Such an emergency never came. It had just been a week of attending classes, conducting work as the president of the student council, and dealing with the issues of my peers.

It wasn't exciting, but it also wasn't *boring* – so I suppose in retrospect I wasn't really complaining about it. My opinions had likely been shaped more by Rio's personality, and she wasn't exactly searching for a thrill. She just did what she had to, whenever it was expected of her, as soon as she could. It felt *empowering* in a way to be relied upon to that extent, but I could also tell that if I wasn't careful, there were those among them that would try and take advantage of me.

“...Well, I suppose none of that matters now.” I expressed this thought with Rio's voice, but *not* with her will. It had been freed after, while spending another night at the student council's office, I had suddenly found myself at a new venue once more. “**Back to a fantasy setting this time?**” Or was it *Nordic*? Either way, I stood in the mouth of a *temple*, at the end of a small bridge that passed over a river. The flora behind me was familiar, yet not. I couldn't make sense of the climate, but there were palm trees and glowing flowers of blue and pink.

The issue was that it wasn't a *familiar* setting again. There were plenty of games with fantasy settings out there, and among the ones I played? I either wasn't caught up, or the game wasn't descriptive enough about its



locales. **“Which means that I have to wait and see like last time.”** Fortunately, if there was something that Rio’s personality wasn’t lacking in, it was *patience*. I simply opted to walk in through the temple’s entrance and wait in the front hallway, because while I had yet to be transformed in front of an audience? I was still conscience of the possibility and what that might affect.

“Here should be fine. Is it taking a little longer than normal this time?” Or was it just because my present personality was so collected that the amount of time felt shorter than the previous incidents? **“Oh. It must be beginning.”** It had been difficult to notice during the past transformations because I had quickly grown panicked, but each time it had happened I had begun to notice it a little more keenly.

A vague tingle that ran through my body, starting from my head all the way down to my toes. I could easily liken it to a chill or a shudder, so it made sense I hadn’t initially considered it related. But now? I felt *very* certain. I just wasn’t sure how it was related, or why this kept happening. All I could really do was take things as they came, which meant enduring yet another transformation. Preferably one that wouldn’t lead to my clothing becoming uncomfortable—

“Never mind.” There was very little time wasted once the vague tingle passed, all but doubling down on the confirmation that it was *absolutely* related to my transformations. The issue was that I could *immediately* tell that my attire had become imperiled, predominantly in the areas you might expect if I was once again becoming a woman that was far more *buxom* than the girl I had turned into last time.

And Rio’s body hadn’t even been lacking in the *first* place. This was a fact I reminded myself of as my chin was pointed down so that I could quietly observe my chest. The black lace bra underneath my white turtleneck *clearly* felt too tight, and I could feel the base of the sweater underneath my uniform jacket pulling up and off of my belly. My breasts, obviously, were *growing*.

It was a blessing that the turtleneck was so stretchy, else I might have been in some serious trouble as they burgeoned all the way up into *I-cups* that my body could barely weather in terms of weight. I had to use all of my strength to keep my back straight while fuller, fleshier orbs

escaped over the cups of my bra underneath. “*Hm.*” But they weren’t even the only part of my body that had grown heavier. My back muscles were growing stronger to accommodate the heft of my bosom, and yet...

All of my body’s muscles were becoming stronger to carry increasing burdens, in reality. My tummy had not been spared from this swell, though the mass of my now gargantuan bosom did obscure me from readily noticing this fact. But my belly did... soften. I had been perfectly trim as Rio, but some fat returned to soften the area and see my belly bulge an inch or two out. It was nowhere near enough to be considered ‘fat’, it was simply the Venus pouch of a woman that wasn’t as youthful as she’d once been, making itself visible through the new gap my hoisted turtleneck allowed through the gap at the base of the jacket.

“*Oh my... a wedgie!*” I had grown accustomed to how quiet Rio was. Even when she felt the need to communicate, her voice was always stern and devoid of much emotion. That was why I finally noticed the assault on my personality, because I hadn’t expressed *that* much emotion in a week, maybe even longer. I would have been foolish to not also notice my choice of words and the sound of my voice, both making me sound much older.

This was a truth that had actually been gradually slipping into my facial features as my weight grew. My lips had swollen into a *significantly* fuller form for example, while my nose was longer, my cheeks leaner, and my eyes... rounder. Not just in a way that made me look like I was around the age of *thirty-five* or so, but in a way that had stolen away the more Japanese look of my face in favor of leaning into *Caucasian* once again. Even the colors of my red eyes dimmed to a softer pink.

But that was all largely unrelated to the comment that had prompted me to question my age in the first place. I very much *was* developing a wedgie, and I could feel the nylon of my black tights both slipping *and* tearing. The cause of all of these problems was, of course, entirely obvious. My hips had been parting too, which lifted and flipped the sides of my skirt even before the fat had begun to pool within my ass and thighs. The straps of the pouch wrapped around my right thigh were *struggling*, so much so that I had to do my best to reach down with my hands to loosen it while my panties dug into the crack of my ass.

Which I was eventually forced to pick. “***This is very uncomfortable! If only there was someone here to help me...***” That, too, was a sign of just how much my personality had changed. Rio would *never* hope for help from someone else. She was too independent, probably even to a fault. But this was a sign that my transformation was almost complete, albeit without much change in the way of my *height*. I might have grown a *single inch* taller, but not much more than that.

The space above my neck *was* still working through the final stages, though. It was my hair predominantly, as a bubble-gum pink began in the tips of my hair and worked its way up, shortening it until it reached my widened hips rather than reaching all the way down to my knees. It remained soft and silky, though my bangs were styled away to the sides so that a tuft hung between my eyes with forehead bare on either side.

“Oh!?” My chin soon sunk for a moment because of a returning weight upon my head. The horns I’d had during my stint as Berceau had returned... in a sense. The halo above my head had shattered, but the pieces had fixed themselves to the sides of my head where long, curved, purple horns grew from what remained. I did not regain my wings from that form, and these horns were clearly different in shape and color, but that was fine. **“All I need now is...”** Clothing?

I didn’t end up finishing that sentence, if only because the ‘programming’ to my mind that would make me live out this character’s life finally took hold. Just as what I was wearing had become a short, black dress with a chest window that would have been bare if not for translucent, black latex running across the cleave of my huge tits. Purple lines the cups and a golden decoration snaked towards my cleavage from a frilly, white and purple collar around my neck with a turquoise gem embedded inside. The skirt of the dress trailed behind me with a starry blue on its underside.

My new dress had white affixed to a purple gem beneath my breasts, with four tails falling and lifted by levitating crystals of purple and blue, likewise revealing my thighs above thigh high boots – the right one white, the left one black, both with gold around the thighs, toes, and heels. White gloves bled into black arm guards that reached my shoulders, both upper arms covered by detached sleeves that matched the white elements of my attire. When it came to my *head* in the meantime? I now wore earrings, a golden tiara, and a silver ponytail cuff that helped keep my hair in, well, a *ponytail*. A violet veil even hung from my horns.

“I feel fairly stressed out today... If only there was someone cute and adorable here for me to hug it out with!” Considering the series and quiet personality that I’d possessed as Rio, this new personality of mine was quite the contrast when it came to maturity and energy. I couldn’t help but think something or someone *adorable* might help improve my mood, which *I* knew was a side effect from the jarring process of having my body changed. But as *Nerþuz*, I didn’t act with any of that awareness.

I had become someone divine; the Goddess of the Land from Vanaheimr, an original character from an original location within the world of Fire Emblem: Heroes. It made sense that I hadn't realized the correlation between the setting and the game at first, because more often than not with that game I had elected to just skip the story sections to clear the stage and obtain the currency. But now I understood, though it didn't do me much good.



Befitting of a Goddess of the Land, Nerþuz had a motherly personality that held a deep affection for her 'children', though that didn't apply exclusively to *literal* children. All of the creatures of the land were her children, from mortal adults to animals. She loved them all equally. *I* now loved them all equally. And so? Being alone at the Land Temple left me feeling rather... deflated.

“I sure hope I run into someone adorable soon! I really need a recharge~!”