

# INTO THE GACHAVERSE

## CH1: TEYVAT BOUND

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I didn't know *how* it had happened or *why*. I just knew that I wasn't in my own home.

Was I dreaming? Considering the sights I had awoken to, that absolutely felt like the most plausible explanation... if only because the situation I had found myself was entirely *implausible*. There was a level of disbelief I would have been willing to suspend to make sense of things. If I had found myself in a different room of my house, for example, or perhaps even a different part of the city that I lived in. If I bent my logic over backwards, I could somehow justify a possibility where I was moved without me realizing in my sleep.

But it had been *immediately* clear to me that none of these possibilities would have remotely made *any* sense. After all, I was pretty sure that I hadn't been sleeping when it had happened. And I was even *more* certain that the place I had found myself was *not* reality, even if it all felt *very* real. After all, I was standing under the moonlight in front of a place that was recognizable to me. Not because I had been there, but...

Because I had seen it in a video game.

**“P-Poisson?”** It was a fishing village nestled in an underground cave within Fontaine. Or, well, I was standing in the entrance to the tunnel that led you underground from the overworld area. Even though everything appeared more realistic, I could still recognize it well enough. A *lot* had happened when it came to that village in-game, and even the tunnel leading in was fairly striking in design, with a small waterfall and river following the path. Still, this didn't explain how I had somehow ended up in a location that could only be found in *Genshin Impact*.

**“What was I doing before this? Was I at my computer? On my phone?”** I had to put aside questions of *where* I was for a moment so that I could focus on the *how*. It *definitely* wasn't a dream – I'd already pinched myself to make sure that there was pain! ...And there definitely had been, much to my dismay. But you know what was even more painful? The fact that I just *couldn't* remember the answer to my questions. Not just the moments leading up to my sudden appearance in the video game world, mind you.

I couldn't remember about *three days* worth, or so I assumed. Considering I was somewhere else entirely; I couldn't exactly prove that three days had even passed in the first place. **“I, uh... What am I supposed to do here, exactly!?”** Dressed in clothing from the real world, I was almost scared to bump into someone. Genshin characters didn't tend to wear graphic t-shirts and shorts, now did they? But how would I even explain myself if I *was* found?

Well, then it was lucky for me that this wouldn't necessarily *be* a problem.

There wasn't any way that I could have *possibly* noticed the earliest warning signs, because they absolutely would have required a mirror. I couldn't watch my own eye color change to a bright, ocean blue without a reflective surface, after all. Nor could it dawn on me that the short yet dark hair atop my head wasn't quite as dark any longer. Not as a bright blonde coloration swept through not only the hair atop my head, but also my brows, pubes, and body hair.

Or what *remained* of that body hair. Much of it was *eviscerated*, at least when it came to my torso and legs as the skin beneath it became smoother. There was a light dusting of hair still on the backs of my arms, but with the color so much lighter, what remained was hardly noticeable. **“If I'm actually on Teyvat, that's pretty cool, but...”** It was a dangerous world, and I was just an ordinary guy.

An ordinary guy that certainly wasn't in any shape to be fighting things like monsters of Fatui. I could barely go for a light jog, being not only out of shape but also overweight. This should have been a *big* problem for me, and yet... I was soon 'blessed' by the realization that things were changing in that regard, and it was certainly a big *first* change for me to actually notice. And how could I not?

Not when my clothes had promptly grown so *cumbersome*. **“H-Huh?”** Attire that had even been a little baggy against my large body soon hung like a cloak against a body that didn't have an iota of unnecessary weight upon it any longer. My pants and underwear weren't afforded the hold

around my chubby butt and legs that they'd had before, and so they eventually slipped down to my ankles. Hands *flew* down to my stomach, immediately noting what was obvious even *without* physical contact. **"I'm... thin!?"**

It was a little *more* than that. I could feel firm *abs* underneath my shirt too. I had muscle mass all of a sudden? Not an *excess*, but certainly enough to suggest I had been trained. **"How is this...?"** *Possible?* I cut myself off from wondering that aloud, seeing as being where I was in the first place was impossible in the first place. Alas, I would keep wondering it, nonetheless. Not only because of the weight loss.

But because of the *height* loss as well. **"E-Eh?"** It took me a moment to catch it, perhaps because I wasn't familiar enough with my surroundings to make an approximate judgment about where my eye level *should* have been. But it *was* dropping from its near six-foot height, I could see it more in how my shirt, which had already reached down to my thighs now that I was thin, crept even further down my legs. It just wasn't *that* substantial of a loss, as I slipped down only to 5'8" or so instead.

**"Did I just... Oh!? My voice...?"** Since when had it started sounding like *that*? **"Wow! It sounds a lot like a woman's voice, doesn't it?"** *Wow?* That probably should have been something to be *alarmed* by, not *excited* by, right? But I couldn't help myself. I just felt so *bubbly* all of a sudden? Even then, didn't my voice sound kind of *familiar*? I'd definitely heard it somewhere before, but I couldn't quite place it...

Not that the process that had changed my voice in the first place had stopped spreading elsewhere as I took the time to ponder it. In fact, while I was internally assuming that my voice was definitely a total mismatch for the rest of my appearance in that moment, this was actually much farther from the truth than I could have realized.

After all, my face wasn't a mismatch at *all*, though it hadn't naturally been that way. As my body had shrunk previously, my face had taken a leaner shape and inherited a daintier nose, all while the other elements of my face had *grown*. My blue eyes were a good example of this, because their shapes widened *and* rounded until... well, they were much more akin to the eyes of an anime character. One with lengthy lashes, and one with plump lips that were soon enhanced by red lipstick.

It was the face of a beautiful and familiar young *woman*. One whose blonde hair soon grew rapidly, spilling down and spiraling into a quartet of voluminous drills behind my, while two smaller drills framed my face beside lengthier, sideswept bangs. **"Wait... Isn't this voice... Doesn't it belong to...?"** Seeing those blonde strands tickle the tops of my eyes

had led me to a conclusion that I felt confident in, but not certain *of*. It had to be a coincidence, right? Because for that to be the case, then I would have to be a— **“Oh my!?”**

*Woman.*

Well, I didn't really have any reason to doubt my own conclusion at this point, not when there wasn't a single world where I could be considered a 'man' any longer in the technical sense. I'd cried out because the 'snake' that had hung between my legs no longer did so, having shrunk before smoothing away so that a new slit could open below spread, blonde pubes. It felt weird to have a pussy all of a sudden, but that feeling passed just as quickly as the unfamiliarity spread elsewhere.

**“I'm... a woman!”** I wasn't *questioning* it so much as I was *declaring* it, even though I was *definitely* questioning it deep down. It was a difficult thing to navigate, but it felt like the things that I *wanted* to say as 'myself' were being suppressed. Was the awe I was expressing genuine still? It was a little hard to say for certain if it was entirely inauthentic. Either way, I couldn't help but *smile* as I grabbed at my chest, and not for no reason.

I could feel it. It had begun with my nipples rubbing up against the underside of my shirt, much plumper and *far* more sensitive than they had been before. The thing is, I hadn't grabbed onto *nothing*. Even though I had lost all of that unneeded weight previously, some of it had returned to fatten up my chest, to see them burgeon into a pair of *D-cup* tits that more than filled my hands. **“And my breasts are so... E-Erm! Well, I shouldn't be fondling myself in public I suppose!”**

It may have been late at night, but there was still the risk of *someone* seeing me!

Dropping my hands to my sides, they grazed against my *hips* even though they shouldn't have. But as it turned out? They had grown as well, parting to gift me a set of child-bearing hips more befitting of a woman of my new build. Their width invited additional fat to flow into both my ass and my thighs, providing my silhouette with a full hourglass that began with my large tits and flowed into my heart-shaped ass. My oversized t-shirt did little to show this off, and yet...

A change of clothes corrected it. It happened in an instant, and I was soon dressed in an elaborate dress consisting of an underlying bodysuit, corset, and open bosom window. There was a white skirt overtop the bodysuit, with complex, black thigh high boots with gold heels at the bottom. I was dressed in matching gloves and a fancy black hat, and an open parasol had found its way into my hands. Coattails fluttered

behind me as I turned now, everything done up in white, black, and dark yellow.

**“I can’t believe it! I’m…”** I was *Navia Caspar*. A playable character from the game, and one that lived in Poisson specifically. She – *I* – was the president of *Spina di Rosula*, an organization dedicated to helping the people of Fontaine. The problem was that I wasn’t *actually* Navia! **“...feeling absolutely wonderful tonight!”** Wait, huh!? I had already been *acting* like her. My personality had already mirrored hers. So then, why couldn’t I comment on the transformation that I’d so *clearly* just undergone moments prior?



**“The moon is high in the sky, and Fontaine’s waters are peaceful! Just as they should be!”** None of that was anything that I had wanted to say at *all*, and yet I just kept blurting it out enthusiastically like I didn’t have a care in the world! As it turned out, I was beginning to *feel* that way! I was Navia Caspar, after all! If I couldn’t churn out a smile when smiles were needed most, then how could I expect anyone else to do so?

~~W~~ *Wait! I’m not actually Navia though!*

**“I think I just need a good night’s rest, and I’ll feel better in the morning!”**