

INTO THE GACHAVERSE

CH7: RECORDING SUB

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“YAAAAAAAAAWN!”

It took me a moment after my consciousness stirred to remember that I hadn't just been taking your run-of-the-mill nap and had indeed fallen asleep under some rather unconventional circumstances. **“Oh!? Right!”** Cyrene's chipper voice sounded with an acknowledging surprise as my eyes fluttered open and I was able to take in the pure white void once more. That white void that made it a little *difficult* to ascertain certain things.

The *time* for one. How long had I been asleep? It could have been hours, days, or years for all I knew. Time as a concept might not have even existed in that place, considering the ultimate fate that had awaited that character at the end of her story. Regardless, I hadn't fallen asleep in the first place because I was 'tired'. I had fallen asleep because I had been *forced* to by the pink-haired woman's narrative circumstances.

“Then if I'm awake, does that maybe mean that...?” It did feel likely that a week had already passed, which meant that I had spent the entire time sleeping. Which was kind of a waste realistically, but it wasn't like it would make much of a difference in the long run. That meant that, in all likelihood, the setting would be changing once again. And as it turned out? I had been correct.

That endless white was replaced by something *darker*. The white had been dimmed away entirely, my body now surrounded by walls covered in gothic furniture and ornaments. There was even a canopy bed in the corner, one surrounded by crimson drapes that barely disguised the black sheets within. **“And yet another case where I have no idea!”**

I was beginning to miss the moments where the setting changed, and I could easily identify the game world that I had been pulled inside. At the very least, that allowed me to narrow down the list of *who* I might be becoming.



But I was running blind again, unaware of how Cyrene's pink and white appearance would be changed. Looking at the room I was in, I could surely make some educated guesses about that woman's aesthetics. After all, it was so dark and gothic that I could only assume her sense of fashion would be similar. But there were plenty of ways that could manifest.

“Guess I'm not waiting long to find out!” I really *had* gotten good at noticing the shudder that ran down my body before the transformation began. But it didn't really *concern* me anymore. I might not have said as much, and perhaps I was in denial about it. But it was possible that I was *excited* to see who I became next.

Maybe it was just because I had spent the last time sleeping and was interested in doing something else, though?

Nonetheless, I was promptly exposed to what felt like a familiar *weight* upon my head. It felt like I had been going back and forth between having horns or not over the past few transformations, and I could tell that they had once again returned. Fortunately, though, I wasn't exposed to the discomfort of having them force themselves out of my skull on this occasion.

Rather, the hair ornaments that had been fashioned from the horns of my form prior to becoming Cyrene simply reattached themselves to my skull before beginning to twist, grow, and darken into bright red keratin that lifted back before curling forward into a pair of spiraling horns that poked about seven inches up and out from the sides of my head. I reached up to touch them but ended up clicking my nose after touching one of their tips and revealing just *how* sharp they were. *Very!*

“Another character with horns? But that doesn't help if I don't know where I am...” Of course, I was attempting to narrow down what my fate might be. The transformation trooped on in the meantime, seemingly focused on my head at first as, once my horns had fully grown in, all of my hair began to darken from bubble-gum pink to a *very* dark purple instead, whereas its length thickened and curled like a forest all

around me. My bangs were left about the same length, but they were parted to reveal the left side of my face. Even so, if I'd had a lot of hair as Cyrene... then I somehow had even *more* now.

My hair also wasn't the only part of my body to receive a dye job. The soft multicolored state of my eyes began to turn red, starting with a ring around blackened irises that began to move towards the edges of my irises. The spread of this red almost seemed to be tied to a phenomenon happening with my *ears*, because they were shortening back into normal, rounded shapes at the same pace that the red spread through my eyes. **"I can only imagine that...?"**

There it was. I couldn't even pretend to be shocked by the sound of my own voice. It was definitely higher pitched, and softer as well. Cyrene's bubbling energy was waning in exchange for a cutesier sound, and I could only assume that this change in voice was tied to the broader appearance of my face. I was right, and all it took was a probing of my lips with an index finger to tell. I hadn't spent much time in Cyrene's body, but my lips definitely *felt* fuller. And they were!

Of course, it wasn't *just* my lips. They'd grown more luscious in size and more upturned in shape, but what made them stand out all the more was that my chin had narrowed thanks to my face stretching slightly longer. This led to my nose lengthening as well, and my crimson eyes narrowed while my lashes thickened and lengthened upon them. When this was all taken in together, it created the impression that I was older. A woman in her *early thirties* at least.

Which made it a little uncanny that my voice came across as so *young*. **"W-Wait! Is something wrong here? Um..."** I had more to say, but I couldn't find it in myself to *say* it. I began looking around for something to help me communicate, but... **"Wh-What would I even be looking for?"** A megaphone? It must have been an instinct unique to the character I was becoming, and since it wasn't much of a clue... it was probably another case of me not even knowing who she was.

As it turned out, my confusion had been right on the money that my voice didn't really match with my body. I'd vaguely felt it – the fact that Cyrene's dress had begun to feel too tight – but that feeling rapidly encroached upon the unbearable before fabric soon ripped and tore. Well, relative to my chest it was more like the fabric *exploded*. **"E-Eh!?"** Because no part of my body had grown as much as my *breasts* had!

My tits had practically *tripled* in size, both of my 'girls' roughly 2.5x larger than Cyrene's bust as thickened nipples bounced bare without any cloth to contain them. What was weird was how I *reacted* to these *K-cups*. I had certainly sounded more sheepish than before, but I didn't

feel ashamed *at all* about showing skin. Sure, I should probably have covered up my nipples... but would anyone seeing my body really be all *that* bad?

The same energy was actually applied to my lower body even as my hips widened to the point that they split the sides of my skirt, allowing my thighs to bloat to nearly *thrice* their usual girth while my ass ripened until the point that it ramped almost *eight inches* off my back behind me. Cyrene's panties were promptly chewed up, not that it really mattered in the grand scheme of things. If I'd grown any taller then this might have been game over for the remaining scraps of that old outfit, but I remained about the same size. **“C-Could I at least be given something cuter to wear?”**

I really wanted to wear something... *black!* And that wish was *granted!* It in a brief flash, I was completely redressed in... well, something that barely covered anything at all. It was more akin to a one-piece, black latex swimsuit that had the tummy cut out, leaving only thin straps to connect the top to the bottom as bands wrapped around my upper thighs and black stirrup-style thigh highs reached the middle of my thighs where the weighty flesh lipped over them. I was dressed in matching black gloves with red fingers, and a red and black jacket rested off my shoulders. There were also black guards around my horns.

U-2501. That was a rather peculiar name for a *woman*, but I wasn't *only* a woman now. I was a *KAN-SEN*, or a ship girl in more common terminology. Though the 'girl' element surely clashed with my overall appearance, as I both dressed like, and had the figure of, an adult *woman*. I took the small bar resting above my collar between my fingers and pulled it off, revealing that its golden chains were connected to the cups of my top and dropping it would *absolutely* show my tits off. Still, that device doubles as a voice recorder. **“At times like this... it's best to consult my audio library. [I'm really sleepy, but I'm glad to be awake! >w<]”**



My more sedated tone was eventually complimented by the cheerier sound of my voice coming through an audio recorder at my side. I had just woken up, right? Or at least that was the 'me' that was U-2501 believed. Unlike when I had become Cyrene, I'd been forced back into the role of the woman I'd become, and that woman *loved* to record cute

little clips of her voice... at least to say the things that she wasn't confident enough to say in person.

It was quite the gap moe considering how incredibly mature and sexy my body had become.

But, if anything, it might be a fun week this time!