

# INTO THE GACHAVERSE

## CH4: SCHOOL LIFE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The week I had ended up spending as Berceau had been a surprisingly *uneventful* one.

It wasn't any fault of my own, or of anyone aboard the Grandcypher at that. Aside from stopping at a single port to resupply, the airship had been traveling for most of that time and so there wasn't really much of an opportunity for something *to* happen in the first place. My days were spent resting aboard the airship, fraternizing with the other crew members as I aided with the day-to-day operations. Tasks that were effectively *child's play* for a fallen angel such as me.

In fact, it was a rather ideal change of pace after my time as Velvet, who had always been on the move and *clearly* slipped into the label of 'hypersexual' considering my behaviour at the time. For Berceau, however? While there might have been a *curiosity* of sorts underneath it all, I hadn't been all that interested in the idea. I was much more interested in spending my time productively, if not socializing with the mortals to learn all about them.

Of course, as my experiences thus far had demonstrated, this was all being done on a time limit. Even though I had been perfectly assimilated into Berceau's life, it had only been a matter of time before I would be yanked out of it and— "**A classroom?**" I blinked in surprise when that moment finally came and I was yanked free of Granblue Fantasy's more cottagecore rustic world design.

A 'classroom' was probably the most apt description of what my surroundings had become. It was such a strong departure from the world I had been in a moment ago that it almost felt *fantastical*, even



despite the fact that it might as well have been the furthest thing *from* fantasy. It was more... modern? No, perhaps *futuristic* was a better term? Berceau's lack of familiarity with the stylistic choices behind the sleek, steel desks and the big windows overlooking a technologically dominated city made it feel far more disorienting than it would have been if my core

personality had been more dominant.

**“...Assuming this is also a game world, which game is this?”**

Thus far, I had been able to accurately identify the game world I had ended up in because I had played those games enough *to* be familiar with them. My assumption had been that I was being drawn *into* worlds of games that I played, but this was the first one that appeared to contradict that assumption. There was a vague familiarity to it, but I wasn't exactly certain. I didn't even have any immediate guesses.

Could it have possibly been a game I was aware of but didn't play? Or was there no correlation between my likes and where I ended up in the first place?

The weight of my wings shifted as I attempted to look around, navigating past desks towards the front of the classroom. I had to wonder why I was even there in the first place. The lights were off and the moon was high in the sky outside. It wasn't exactly an hour when *anyone* would be on a school campus. **“I suppose the only way to gain any answers... would be to wait.”** And I already knew that I wouldn't have to wait long.

In fact, there were *already* signs that my transformation had begun, they just weren't completely obvious to me considering their locations. I had grown accustomed to the sensation of my hair tickling my longer ears as Berceau, and so I disregarded a similar tickling sensation that had actually been indicative of something else entirely: those longer ears becoming, well... *less* long? Their pointed tips rounded and their cartilage opened as they eventually disappeared back behind my hair, now a perfectly pair of *human* ears.

That said, the hair that *hid* them didn't look quite the same either. It lost its cotton candy colors, albeit not in the sense that they paled. They did the opposite, *darkening* to a pitch black along with my eyebrows and my pubes, but my bangs hung just shy of a spot above my eyes where I might have rightfully noticed, at least not without my hair's length or style undergoing any significant changes *yet*. "**Could this be like... Azur Lane?**" In the meantime? I had simply been trying to ponder *which* game I was in while I waited for something *to* become noticeable.

And it did eventually. "**Hm?**" Crumbs? Debris? Little pieces of black had begun to fall past my eyes, which themselves soon saw their reddish pinks dip all the way into a more crimson spectrum as I raised an eyebrow at what had caught their attention. They looked like pieces of *rock* of various size, but that obviously wasn't *what* was falling – especially when I saw some golden pieces mixed among them. "**There go my horns... I think.**" My head *did* feel a little lighter, courtesy of those heavy horns crumbling into little pieces.

Before long? They had all *completely* fallen, or at least that was what I believed after reaching a hand up and finding no further protrusions in my head. But the pieces hadn't *all* fallen. Some had actually *levitated* several inches *above* my head and mended together into a smooth, dark red *halo* composed of an outer ring and inner ring that had two curved, connecting lines. It was something *all* of the characters in this game world had, and if I had noticed it? I probably would have clocked the game's name *immediately*.

"**If only— Ah.**" My voice sounded slightly different, but I'd been more focused on what I had been about to comment on, that being my *wings*. As Berceau's identity was pulled more and more from my personality, I had become more burdened by their existence. But it ended up being a fleeting issue as their weight disappeared *instantly*. They had been severed painless, or perhaps they had just fallen off? Either way, I turned to see them disappearing before they even hit the classroom floor.

Their absence felt freeing, but I wasn't given much time to *revel* in it before discomfort overwhelmed me. My past transformations always had this problem eventually. The woman I became never had the same proportions as the woman I was before, and I didn't adopt the new character's clothing until the transformation had been fully completed. I could only assume I was receiving a somewhat significant height increase... because Berceau's leotard was *really* digging into my loins. "**Ngh...**"

Strangely, I didn't really feel like *saying* much about it. It felt like wasted breath, and I began to take actions that were more decisive. Rather than allow the fabric to floss my crotch to the point of pain, I

didn't waste any time in grabbing the white cloth bands of the leotard above my pelvis and *tearing* them while I still had a fallen angel's strength. It provided some relief, even though my half-tight and single legging were still slipping down legs that were now too long to sit where they had before.

It was a little *more* than that, though. I'd grown quite fond of having thicker-than-average thighs. They were nice to rest things on while sitting! ...But I lost that makeshift table because my body was *thinning* as I grew. My hips narrowed and my thighs were robbed of several inches of weight, and that tragically lessened the bulge of my ass as well. Fortunately, it *did* retain a heart-shaped and my thighs *were* still enticing, but they weren't as compact and bulbous as before. This all led to the bottom half of my body beginning to slip, though it thankfully didn't slide *right* off.

I rapidly approached my final height destination of 5'7", which was a whopping *seven inches* taller than Berceau had been. My breasts, interestingly enough, did not suffer any of the losses that my lower body had, but my waistline *did* pinch inward to give my hourglass figure a more dramatic dip. This was without talking about my hair, which would actually taken a page from my body and had *grown*. It snaked longer and thicker, reaching all the way to the backs of my knees behind my while my bangs were left cut much more evenly.

An eyebrow was raised as I looked down at myself. "**Must be almost over.**" My new identity hadn't fully formed yet, but I could tell I was close. Her likes and dislikes had become my own, and I was *not* a fan of my present, revealing outfit that looked like a bad fantasy anime cosplay. I was close to 'remembering' my new name, but my face's adjustments needed to be solidified first.

The colors of my irises had *already* darkened, so it was more of a matter of my eye *shapes* changing. They narrowed in the corners and my eyes became monolid, signaling for the first time since I had become Navia that my *race* was changing on top everything else. My eyes, my shrunken nose, and my thinned but still pouty lips all made it clear. I was a girl of *Japanese* descent.

And 'girl' was not me misspeaking. While my face might have looked more mature than my actual age, I knew myself now to be only *seventeen*.

I didn't even comment when what I'd been hoping for finally came to fruition, and I was redressed in something *suitable*. A white turtleneck underneath an open, black uniform jacket, with a short, pleated skirt and black tights covering my legs. It was a simple and streamlined look,

with the backs of my feet hoisted up by black heels, black straps holding a pouch to my right thigh, a silver clip in my hair, and a badge clipped to my left breast that served as ID with my new name written upon it.

“**Hm...**” I hadn’t been particularly extroverted as Berceau, but as *Rio Tsukatsuki*? There was no desire to express myself unnecessarily at all. It was a strange feeling. I hadn’t really known much about Berceau before becoming her, but I knew even *less* about Rio and the world she occupied. Blue Archive was a game that I knew of through osmosis, knowing people that played it rather than being a person who played it myself. “**Such a queer feeling. Did something... change?**”

But none of that matter, not as I was promptly pulled into the motions of Rio’s life. As it had been the case with my past transformations, I still existed beneath the mask of Rio’s persona, but I was being made to play a role and was powerless to stop it. That was why I sternly questioned my circumstances as I traced the edge of the teacher’s desk at the front of the classroom.



It was already after 10pm, well past a time when the last student would have left the Millenium Science School campus. But not *me*. As the president of *Seminar*, the student council, I was always on campus late to take care of paperwork, maintenance, and the like. Some would be bothered by so much responsible, but for me? It came naturally. If I wasn’t working, then was it really worth doing? With a mentality like this, of course...

It meant that I was in for what would effectively be a very busy week.