

INTO THE GACHAVERSE

CH6: CONTINUOUS PINK

BY CHALDEACHANGE



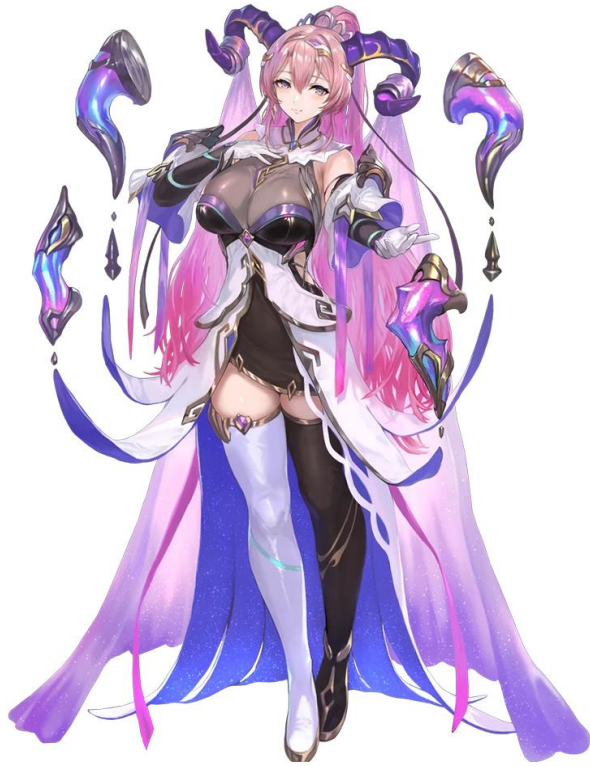
I found it incredibly relaxing to tend to the gardens out behind the Land Temple.

Of course, every time I was there, I had to wonder if the *real* me would have shared the same opinion. I was still acting and feeling according to the whims of Nerþuz, carrying her burdensomely stacked body throughout her day-to-day life as a goddess of Vanaheimr, which hadn't been especially *exhilarating*. I had clearly taken a step into her life when there hadn't been much going on of not. No Order of Heroes, no encounters with Fire Emblem characters that I had been familiar with.

Even though I had definitely *met* them. Those meetings were clear in 'my' memories. It was a bit of a shame that I couldn't influence the character's actions while within her world, else there were things I would have liked to do in the past worlds as well. Alas, I didn't have that control, and I didn't know *why* I didn't have that control. I still wasn't any closer to figuring out *why* any of this had been happening in the first place!

“Oh... I suppose I can express that lament aloud now!” Until finally the day came that I had been plucked from that world and placed into another. But in this case? Well, I had struggled with context clues when it had come to Blue Archive and Fire Emblem: Heroes, but my next destination was even *more* confusing in that regard. Because there were absolutely *no* visual elements that I could have used to make any guesses on where I was.

That was because it was effectively a *void*. I had appeared into an expanse of *nothingness*, without my feet even touching the ground. It



would have been hard for my feet *to* touch the ground without ground to touch though, wouldn't it? Was I *falling*? It didn't feel like that. Air wasn't flying past me, and there *must* have been air... or else I would have suffocated and died by this point.

It was more like I was just *floating* there in a sea of formless white. **“Is this like one of those white transition screens where text sometimes pops up?”** I didn't have any *better* guesses, but then again the only game I could think of with screens like that was *Genshin*, and I'd

already spent time in that world. Could worlds be repeated? No, but I didn't know that, of course.

There was a very specific reason that I was in a white void related to the character I was destined to become, and I'd probably feel less and less good about it as I eventually began to realize who that character was. **“Oh, I guess it's time...”** Because a tingly shudder could vaguely be felt running through my body, signaling what was about to come. Not that I had needed anymore proof that the two were related anymore.

No. By this point I was more interested in the *order* of how things changed and the extent to which they did. Perhaps it was a little telling that it had happened so much now that I had begun to pick apart the process, but it was the only thing keeping me from worrying about other things. Like, if I was spending a week in each game, did that mean I had been missing for five weeks in the real world? What about my life back there? There was no way I could have known. Maybe time had just stopped!

...But you could see why I didn't really want to think about it.

Even then, there weren't many trends to observe in the transformations themselves. There was no consistency in the order of operations in the sense of what changed at which point in time. There was an example of this being made already, albeit in a place where I hadn't really noticed. My *ears*, which had retained their rounded shapes despite my divinity, no longer appeared to be all that *round* in actuality. Their tips had

thinned and pulled, peaking out from behind my bangs in rather sizable points that had an elvish feel to them.

Because I didn't notice this, I wouldn't have been able to properly plug that change into the timeline, but that didn't mean there weren't things that I *did* notice. "**Oh!**" The benefit of Nerþuz's attire was that it was relatively skintight, which made sensing any change in my body's size all the easier. I'd been women of such varying breast sizes thus far that I had almost secretly been rooting for the concept of a smaller bust, since they weren't as inconvenient.

And I had been obliged... *somewhat*. The skintight material around my cleavage loosened and began to bunch up as the larger cups of my dress soon emptied, leaving my nipples without anything to hide behind for the most part. They remained puffy, and my breasts remained large for a woman, but they were nowhere near as *massive* as I had come to weather for the past seven days. They were *E-cups* at best, and they also appeared to have recovered some of their perkiness, which made me wonder... "**Am I becoming younger?**"

The answer to this question *was* yes, but the full extent of it wouldn't be seen until my body's lower half was affected in a manner similar to my breasts. Much like her tits, Nerþuz's ass and thighs had been nothing to scoff at, perhaps in part because of her age. But their heft waned as well, leading to the short skirt of the dress feeling looser and the thigh highs that gripped my legs slipping slightly. Again, there was still an *abundance* there, but several inches *had* been lost... once again in exchange for a little more *perk* to them.

Ultimately, the wondering about my age began to bear fruit at this point. My height soon slipped a little bit, dragging me down until I was about 5'4" as the skirt of my dress covered half of my thighs and my thigh high boots slipped even farther. It seemed that I might be at risk of losing my long gloves, too. "**Oh!**" It was definitely something I could hear in my voice, too. It was lighter, higher, and I could definitely tell that I was beginning to feel *bubblier*? But the familiarity I felt hearing that voice left me a little *concerned* about the final product.

If I had been able to see my reflection, I likely would have been even more concerned considering it would have 100% validated exactly what I was worried about. I was evidently slipping back out of my thirties and towards the early twenties instead, with my femininity preserved but with more emphasis on making me appear just as 'cute' as I was 'pretty'. Such as how my lips lost a touch of volume, but retained their resting pout, or how my cheeks rounded ever so slightly.

“Test...! Test...! Test...! This voice really sounds like...” I was more distracted by the growing concern about my eventual identity, though. Even though I was worried, you couldn’t really hear it in my voice at all. Not as my nose shrunk slightly and my eyes did, well, the *opposite*. In terms of shape, they rounded with no shortage of significance and grew slightly larger on my face, all but assuring that the changes to my irises were more than visible. My pupils found a white ring around them while the color of my irises were dyed with a gradient, with pale pink on the underside and transitioning to a dark purple on top. There was something bewitchingly ethereal about them.

Something that made the change to those eyes feel more impactful than what then happened to my *hair*. But this was because its color and length didn’t really deviate all that much from what it had been before. It remained mostly pink, although it was lighter the closer to my scalp it was, with it turning purple and even icy blue near the tips. If anything, my hair became ‘fuller’ in appearance, with my bangs messier in a way that framed my face. One could say it was a more ‘immature’ hairstyle, which made sense when you considered that I really *was* younger. **“Does this mean I’m about to get a change of clothes!? But...”**

That would have confirmed what I had been worried about. Unfortunately, that moment of reckoning *did* eventually come to pass. Gone were the blacks of Nerþuz’s gown, and I’d been dressed in something predominantly white that strongly resembled a wedding gown, with even pink and blue roses on its skirt. Said skirt trailed behind me with a sparkling purple on its underside, frilled cuffs beneath my shoulders and heels upon my feet. Pink, blue, and purple alike all composed a heart between a winged piece upon my breast.

At this point, you might have thought that Nerþuz’s horns had been forgotten, and yet the moment my clothing had changed? They had shattered in a sense, both detached from my head and remade in shape and colors to become a hair piece on either side of my bangs. The left had been split into a white wing in front with a white laurel behind it, while the right became a rainbow horn with a rose at its base.

“W-Wait... Seriously? But...” Something was wrong. My will hadn’t been snatched from me on this



occasion, even though I had definitely become *Cyrene* from Honkai Star Rail? Had something not worked properly? No, that probably wasn't the reason. I had been assuming that I was always forced into the character roles to outright prevent me from changing anything in the worlds I had found myself in, but in this character's case that was effectively *impossible* for me to do either way.

Cyrene had met perhaps the most tragic fate of all during the ending of the game's Amphoreus arc. While all of the other Chrysos Heirs had been sent off with hope, this woman of Remembrance, the Demiurge of Amphoreus herself, had shouldered all of the burden so that they could have this happiness. As a result, she was the only one that hadn't been able to move forward and was instead trapped in the past.

A past where... "**YAAAAWN! No... I don't want to...**" *That* was part of the reason I had been worried. I was becoming sleepy. *Too* sleepy. It was impossible to keep my eyes open, and eventually? I tucked my knees to my chest as I floated amongst the white. When would I open them? Perhaps the next time I jumped worlds, if I even did. I could only hope that it would happen sooner than later.

Until sleep completely seized my consciousness.