

# INTO THE GACHAVERSE

## FINAL CH: MYSTICAL END

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I had no idea that my little adventure was nearing its end.

Was it right to consider it an ‘adventure’? In a way it was! I had been lucid throughout most of it, even though I hadn’t really been in *control* of my body. I’d been able to experience a number of different viewpoints that had allowed me to better appreciate many different lifestyles. Not to mention getting to see a bunch of women naked... even if those women were *me*, ultimately.

As I saw it, though, I had no reason to believe that this was ever going to stop. That there would eventually be a form I’d take that would ultimately end up being permanent. How could I even consider it? I still knew absolutely nothing about why it had been happening in the first place. Though it was actually a matter of a *curse*. Not one I’d asked for or even applied to myself, but a friend had cursed me after wishing for certain characters in his games. And there was only *one* game left in his roster.

My week as the magical girl variant of Don Quixote might have been the most eventful of all. She was a Central Command Team Captain of the Lobotomy Corporation Headquarters, and her E.G.O. Equipment had her in constant contact with the Queen of Hatred Abnormality. It was like having a magical girl inside my head that was always talking to me even if we were killing Abnormalities or people in the field.

She talked a lot, but as Don Quixote? I *really* liked it. Even so...

**“At last, a moment of tranquil respite for a weary knight!”** I was beyond relieved when that voice disappeared, surely because I had

been displaced from the world of Limbus Company. The fact that my surroundings had changed from a dingy Lobotomy Corporation office to a bright, modern, and expensive looking apartment overlooking a bustling city street was proof enough. And for the first time in what felt like a while? I was able to pinpoint the exact game world I was in.



**“Zenless Zone Zero!?”** I ran up to the big apartment window a little more excitedly than the real me would have because of Don Quixote’s personality. **“What glorious fortune! This realm is well known to me!”** It was one of my primary games after all, or at least it had been back before all of this had begun. I knew the world and characters of ZZZ like the back of my own hand!

Of course, that didn’t mean I’d instantly know who I was going to become. I didn’t recognize the apartment I was in, for example, but we didn’t often see the housing of the characters. There wasn’t anything that exactly stood out to me in what appeared to be the living room. Maybe if I checked the bedroom? But I didn’t even get that far because of the familiar tingle that ran down my body.

It was time.

That subtle eagerness I’d begun to feel towards those transformations recently returned, though unknowingly this would be my last opportunity feel it. **“I wonder what magnificent form my soul shall take this time around!?”** And with Don Quixote’s personality still affixed for the time being, I wasn’t all that shy about expressing as much. I eagerly ran my hands up and down my body, searching for what might change first and, well, it ended up standing out quite a fair bit.

Because it would have been hard *not* to notice that my *breasts* were changing in size now that I was accustomed to the transformations. If they had grown smaller, however, it might have been a little more preferable considering my present outfit. The magical girl attire I was donned in was already incredibly snug around my bosom, and so I was treated to the familiar feeling of discomfort when they in fact did the opposite. **“Verily, my bosom swells with the vigor of a growing quest!”**

And *swell with the vigor of a growing quest* it did. I could feel the neckline of my outfit tug down as weight continued to pool beneath the

cloth of my costume, eventually splitting the white that guarded my cleavage so that this cleaves was *entirely* exposed. My breasts had grown to *G-cups* with swollen nipples that rubbed distractingly against the underside of my attire, and it didn't take long for me to realize that all of that tightness hadn't been isolated to my chest alone.

Usually when my tits had grown, my *ass* had as well. And it was in the process of lifting the back of my skirt as my cheeks burgeoned, forcing white panties to slip into the depths of my crack in a *wedgie* while my thighs thickened beyond the comfort of my thigh highs. The garter belts that reached from the leggings to a strap around my hips were stretched until they snapped, because not only did my thighs grow thicker, but my hips had been forced to widen as well.

**“Now I’m growing...? Wait, finally!”** Even though I could feel my limbs and torso stretching, lifting my skirt higher off my hips, pulling down my thigh highs, and pushing my hands out from my sleeves, I took a moment to celebrate once it occurred to me that I was speaking *normally*. There was no more of Don Quixote’s eccentricity in how I communicated, but I could tell my voice was about to undergo a change considering the vague tingle in the back of my throat.

My height had stretched up to 5’7” before I’d even realized, but it seemed content at stopping at this height, which was just slightly taller than your average young adult woman. And this was an age group I would be staying in, so there wasn’t much in the way of change when it came to perceived age in my facial features. But that didn’t mean my face *wouldn’t* change. Far from it, actually.

**“It’s so nice to be able to speak normally once more. Fufu...”** I definitely *was* speaking much more normally compared to the woman I had been before, but there was clearly an almost older sister-like calm to how I was speaking with my deepened voice instead. I savored its sound while my lips swelled poutier and my nose grew a touch longer. My eyes ultimately *narrowed*, but I still appeared Caucasian enough, even with the reds of those eyes paled to a pinkish purple instead.

The blonde in my hair dulled to a more platinum shade, but it didn’t disappear entirely like the excess length did. Everything past my shoulders was cut away, while what remained curled forward towards my chin in a curved bob. Bangs almost covered my forehead entirely, and a small lick curled up from the top of my head. But strangely? Black highlights appeared intermittently, with the most obvious one highlighting how my bangs actually spiraled in the dead center.

**“Hm? No change of clothes just yet?”** I had a sense of *who* I had become, but I was a little worried about my outfit. My transformation

looked like it was complete, but the woman I was becoming was no normal human, and she had some... extra appendages that would not play well with what I was dressed in. So, it became worrisome when I felt an *immense* amount of pressure gather at the base of my spine. And once it finally released?

*RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!*

From a singular point just above my skirt, four long, slimy, purple appendages shot out and began to whip about as I attempted to sedate them. They weren't *tails*, but instead *tentacles* that wrapped around my thighs and tried to grab random objects in the room. They were about as long as I was tall and decorated with stickers. And it was only once they had fully grown in that my clothing finally changed. “**...You couldn't have done that before?**”

I was left dressed in a white top with an open cleavage window and a pocket over my left breast, with detached and puffy white sleeves sporting small black bows and an equally black cuff. A black leather pair of microshorts hugged my waist and only just *barely* covered my ass, with cutouts on the left side showing more of my cheeks beneath gold frills that led to the hole my tentacles escaped through. Short black boots held my toes, but while there was a black sock on my left leg, it was a thigh high legging on the right. A ZZZ design philosophy to be sure. A small, black beret sitting on top of my head ended up bringing the entire look together.

“**Eh!? I still have control!? Could this be the work of an Urban Legend?**” As my tentacles wriggled behind me, I *knew* my transformation had completed. I was definitely *Yidhari Murphy* from Zenless Zone Zero from head-to-toe. As an Octopus Thiren, I was now a Proxy affiliated with the Spook Shack faction, helping guide agents through the Hollows when necessary. I had the ability of retrocognition too, which would allow me to perceive the past events in a Hollow.

None of which explained my mental state! I'd very much inherited her mannerisms and personality, else I wouldn't have been standing there with a hand resting on my hip, but I could still act according to my own will even if Yidhari's



memories were helping me along. **“This isn’t like when I became Cyrene. There was an obvious reason for that. Strange...”** I glanced out the window, pondering what I could do. Realistically there wasn’t very much, right?

**“I suppose I’ll just wait a week and see! Maybe something changed?”**

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The issue was that one week passed, and then three extra days on top of that.

**“ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAS CHANGED AT ALL!?”**

Which was probably a strange thing to scream with Lucia half-asleep in bed beside me, but... If there was a chance I was stuck living out the rest of my life as Yidhari? Well, I might as well make the best of it, right? **“Mm... Yidhari? What’s wrong...? Come back to bed...”** At least Lucia was enough of a space case to not think *too* much about it.

**“S-Sorry, just a night terror, don’t worry about it~!”**

I’d like to say that something changed eventually, but ten more years in the future and I was married with an adopted daughter.

And I had *definitely* given up by that point.