

A Chaotic Traveller's Journey

Chapter 2: Pull the Lever!

"...Though I say that, what now? Do I sign anything?"

The Dealer shook their head.

"No need. Verbal confirmation was enough, any confirmation really. First of all, you are welcome to use any and all amenities in this space. It is technically your home now. Now then, we should probably move to what you are actually here for."

I squinted and tried to look at the dealer as they pulled out 3 blockbuster-like tickets out of their pocket, except instead they were made of some gold-like material, yet still moved like paper. It held out the papers for me to take.

"Here is your starting gift. I hope you didn't expect us to be so cruel as to send you on your way without at least a chance to defend yourself."

My gaze landed on the tickets. Were these really the things that would be giving me my powers via the "Chaos Gacha"? And for some reason, I felt really apprehensive about approaching the demon in front of me. Did that make me Demophobic?

So I deflected my discomfort with a question.

"So... what do they do?"

The Dealer adjusted their tie with a proud smirk.

"What do they not? Simply tear one of these tickets and you will receive a result from any of the Gachas, granting you items, abilities, traits, skills and even

familiars across all of reality and beyond. Well, these are only Gold in rarity, so what they can grant is somewhat limited, but for someone like you, it is wondrous nonetheless, no? Simply tear the ticket to start. When you are done tearing all of them, we will move to the next stage."

They tilted their head at my hesitation. I knew the Dealer meant no harm, but the homosapien brain refused to get close to the amorphous shadow entity. Noticing my conflict, they spoke up.

"Ahhh... my apologies, I was not aware of how this form would affect your mind. It seems I have made a poor host of myself. Would you rather I change into a more palatable form?"

I slowly nodded my head, feeling quite ashamed that I needed them to change form to cater to me. But looking at them fucking hurts my head, like an incredibly bright strobe light.

"Please."

"It is of no issue. Let me just..."

Snap!

The dealer snapped their fingers with a crisp noise, and their form was overtaken by a black and red unnatural flame that morphed until it revealed a more humanoid form.

"Do you find this form more pleasing? Judging by your silence, I assume so."



Instead of the 2-meter-tall giant shadow demon creature, now in front of me was a somewhat differently dressed person. Or woman. She was definitely the prettiest woman I had ever seen, to the point where it almost felt wrong, like an unnatural appearance. She wore a burgundy blouse with the sleeves rolled up, a black vest and pants as well as red gloves and a tie. The perfect bartender look.

"Why do you look like that...?"

The woman wearing the clothes was still a solid few fingers taller than me, with obsidian black hair and piercing red eyes that seemed to see through my soul, and one thing that didn't change was that large, unnerving, toothy smirk she had. And her body was... certainly voluptuous. The only way you could tell she was not human was her sharp teeth, demon eyes and the big ass horns around her head.

She leaned on the counter and cradled her chin with her hand, making her breasts appear much more prominent, forcing me to avert my eyes. My experience with the female gender mostly consisted of being yelled at by middle-aged, overweight women at my job as a cashier. So this was a bit too stimulating.

"Why shouldn't I? Since I am going to be serving you for the foreseeable future, I thought I might as well find a form you would personally find very agreeable. My form hardly matters, gender is rather meaningless to me, and I am too old to really care. And before you ask how I knew you would like this form, I know a lot about you. Even your browsing history."

I froze in place, slowly lifting my head to look her in the eyes. That always unnerving smile seemed to pierce my soul.

"Are you really that shocked? I pulled you across realities, of course, something like that is trivial. Don't worry about me being disgusted or judging you harshly, as I said, I exist to serve you. No human in your history has committed any action bad enough for me to raise an eyebrow. Now then, why don't you use your first ticket? I understand my body may look enticing, but I'd say the premise of the tickets is much more so."

That snapped me out of my fugue as I averted my eyes from her perfect body. I was just getting mentally slapped left and right, wasn't I?

But she was right, she may be hotter than sin, but those tickets could give me actual superpowers. And I felt like stalling any longer was not a good idea.

"Yeah, let's do that."

She smirked, holding out the golden tickets towards me.



"Go ahead, I'm also interested in what you may get. Since you are here already, I may as well offer some advice on what you get."

I took the ticket from her hands, making a note not to stare at her bountiful assets before taking a deep breath and tearing the ticket. Despite feeling sturdy in my hands, when I moved with the intention of tearing them, they tore almost too easily. And a golden slot machine with a single slot spinning appeared in

front of me, scrolling through dozens of things too fast for me to make them out until it slowed down enough to land on one result.

Rolling Gold Random Gacha...

A Rare Trait!

[Lese Majeste]

[Rare Trait]

Your chutzpah and boldness are perceived as more charming rather than irreverent or disrespectful by people in positions of power, in addition, people in power like nobles, bosses, royalty, etc. find themselves more attracted to you.

Without me even having noticed it, Dealer appeared behind me and peered over my shoulder and rubbed her chin.

"Lese Majeste, huh? Quite a good trait for most worlds, it's always good to have more favour with big-wigs since they are almost always a source of problems. You probably could have used some protection more, but getting what you want is rare. You have to turn what you get into what you can use."

I nodded. If this trait really did what it said it did, it would make my job easier in most places. Kind of hard to believe such a minor thing altered reality, but the proof was already in front of me in the form of the dealer, so I instead pulled out the second ticket and tore it.

Rolling Gold Random Gacha...

A Rare Ability!

[Dress Break]

[Rare Ability]

DxD - By touching a target, you can destroy their clothing or armour, and you can also delay this effect for up to an hour.

I blinked, my gaze moving to the Dealer who seemed to be suppressing a laugh from bubbling over as she tapped my shoulder.

"Oh dear, what an auspicious starting roll. I wouldn't say it is useless, some stronger armours are annoying to deal with, and useful against less trained foes that find it hard to fight while exposed."

I looked at the notification in front of me like a deflated balloon. While she was right, I doubted I was going to get any use out of it without any combat abilities or enhancements.

There was a single ticket left while I held it in my hands, I felt the Dealer tap me on the shoulder.

"Chin up, lady luck may bless you on this one. Just show her your best face."

That I hope.

Rrrrip.

Rolling Gold Random Gacha...

An Elite Ability!

[Precognition]

[Elite Ability]

Allows you to receive precognitive visions of impending danger, and by focusing you can also actively look a few moments into the future.

Oh damn. That's... actually pretty good.

"Pretty good, although you are still lacking in active combat, you can probably survive in a lower-rung world. That was all of your tickets. It's now time for you to transmigrate."

Before that I had to ask an important question first.

"Is that all? Can I get any more somehow? This seems a bit... lackluster."

"Of course, tickets are acquired by accomplishing feats. Notable actions, the more notable what you did is. The better a ticket you will get. You can start accomplishing feats in the world you go to. Until then, this is all."

Ok, so do cool stuff, get powers. I can get behind that.

Pulling me out of my musings, she clapped her hands in a rather excited manner. Pulling out several paper slips from her pockets.

"Alright now, here are your choices. You will choose to go into a world among these choices with the chosen mission. Until you clear your mission or do something really impressive, you will not be able to leave the world you chose to go to. Don't worry, since this is the beginning and all, the world's chosen are *relatively* beginner-friendly."

The dealer laid the slips on the table like they were poker cards while I let a question slip.

"What missions? I thought there wasn't that much expected of me."

She shook her head.

"Missions are mostly incentives; if you don't want to do them, feel free to stay in your chosen world for practically forever. There is no chain around your ankle, sure, but you won't be getting zilch out of the Gacha if you don't show some initiative. If you want to live in obscurity, pick this one."

She flicked a paper in my direction in a disinterested fashion, and I caught it. My eyes wandered over the text.

[World: Slice of Love]

Description: Did you know most Romance Comedies exist in the same universe? Well, you do now. This is about as close to regular old Earth you can get. No real

risks, no real rewards. At least the girls are pretty. No missions, no enemies, no chaos.

Not even a mission attached, it was just this. An almost insulting tone.

Looking at it, I couldn't help but frown.

I did not accept this offer just to leap at the first chance at being mediocre I could get. Whoever gave me this second wouldn't want me to use it for something so lame.

What I wanted to do was to explore the vast multiverse like the dealer had said, see other worlds, roll cool ass abilities, traits and more. I do not want to settle for mediocre. It's go big or go home.

And I already left my home behind.

I threw the paper away as the Dealer smiled even wider, as if she physically could.

"No thanks, I remember taking an offer to explore worlds and rolling tickets."

"Well then, you do not disappoint. Alright then, dear guest, please look over your options."

Feeling slightly proud at impressing the demon in front of me, I leaned over and looked at the white pamphlets in surprise.

"These are all worlds that I know of..."

Indeed, they were, stuff like Konosuba, Skyrim, Mushoku Tensei, Demon Slayer etc., which made me way more excited about this whole ordeal, who wouldn't want to explore the fictional worlds, or I guess not so fictional now, worlds of their choosing?

But fanboying aside, I needed to take this seriously. I will be stuck there for the foreseeable future. And the Dealer seemed not to be able to provide me much assistance in terms of choosing worlds.

So I spent some time sorting out the pamphlets in front of me, probably over an hour, until I settled on two.

I looked between the two options in front of me.

[World: Highschool of the Dead]

Description: The world has been overrun by Zombies, a very infectious spread that has left the rather ineffectual military of the world helpless. At least even when society has collapsed, there is hope on the horizon and hot girls next to you.

[World: Cyberpunk]

Description: A world ruined and squeezed dry of everything that makes a world by corporations, now corporations practically rule the world. And in Night City, that is the case even more so. In Night City, there are no good endings, only stories that end in tragedy. Wrong city, wrong people, they say. But such rules hold no bearing on an agent of chaos.

The Dealer also looked down on my options and spoke in an amused tone.

"Interesting choices to say the least. Care to share your reasoning?"

She leaned on the counter and looked at me with interest while I felt confused about her actions.

"Didn't you say you knew a lot of things? I assumed you were omniscient or something."

She shook her head fondly.

"Omniscience is a big word. Anything that claims to be Omniscient is the furthest thing from it. I am just very knowledgeable. And that does not extend to you or

this place. Even playing rock, paper, scissors would be fair. So I'm interested to hear the reasoning behind your picks."

I held the papers in my hand in deliberation. It would be useful to get some consultation from an Eldirch Demon beyond my ability to perceive, even if she couldn't directly tell me which would be better.

"Other worlds are nice and probably easy to progress through, like Konosuba or Skyrim, but I don't like the disadvantages of being in a Medieval World this early without any convenience abilities. And Highschool of the Dead really has no looming threats over my head, the moment I become superhuman, the threats stop existing for me basically."

Her fingers rhythmically rapped against the wood.

"Why not pick it then? Plenty of pretty girls to sink your fangs into, and it's also pretty safe."

I nodded.

"But that's the thing. It's safe, there is not much to get. No big enemy to take down, and no good loot to loot. It's basically training wheels, slow but little chance of falling off. Night City, on the other hand, I am basically built for that world."

I held up one finger.

"Precognition is basically cheating in firefights. I can see when they peek out of cover and where they are going to dodge to, to nail them in the head with a bullet."

I held up a second finger.

"Lese Majeste is perfect, because of Corpus, it would get Fixers and Corpus to like me. And my moral compass isn't nearly strong enough for me to refuse getting help from them."

Third finger.

"Night City has advanced guns and technology, powerful guns, powerful implants, cool cars, and a whole lot more. It is rich in loot."

Fourth.

"Night City always has some sort of conflict to throw myself headfirst into. Clearing up gangs, plenty of _feats to accomplish."

I held up my thumb before setting my hand on the table.

"But it is also dangerous, even if I have Precognition, I am not bulletproof. It is dangerous, especially with the rampant violence, without armour or any durability-increasing abilities or traits, I cannot guarantee my safety."

Low Risk and Low Reward versus High Risk and High Reward.

A conundrum.

A Low Risk seems better go with-

The Dealer seemed to get an idea as she snickered to herself, making me turn my head from my contemplation.

"What's so funny?"

She shook her head.

"No, nothing is funny. It was just that I had an idea. And our patron seemed to approve of the idea based on how you have acted so far. Would you like to hear it out?"

I narrowed my eyes. Something smelled fishy here.

"...Sure."

What could go wrong?

A/N: Felix rolls... something alright. What a polarizing set of abilities, Dress Break especially doesn't really work on low tier worlds funnily enough, but Precognition and Lese Majeste are very fun traits for sure in just about any world.

Speaking of world, Felix has come to an interesting selection, what between the two do you think it will come to? I'd love to hear your thoughts on that and the mechanic of how the worlds work.