

# GACHA SWAP

## CHAPTER 10: UNPLANNED SHIPPING

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**“How did she take control of my system! Ugh, I don’t want to have to use my powers to get this under control.”**

Within the shadows of her control room, the girl that had taken all of those characters from different games captive and transformed them was dealing with a bit of a situation. She’d turned Lyria into BB from Fate somehow? *How?* That form wasn’t even in the database, so what had given the gas those characteristics? BB had immediately hacked most of her systems and had made an ally out of Amiya and she knew the AI would be coming directly for *her* next. Cat ears twitched anxiously.

**“I guess I have one last resort...”** Tiny, child-like hands pulled up a camera with a young, blonde boy on it. Euden from Dragalia Lost. He’d ended up in the pool of the mall she’d constructed for her realm and was the last of those she’d summoned. If she could transform him into a proper counter for BB then perhaps the problems could be avoided. It was the *only* way, really.

Unfortunately for her, *BB was already one step ahead.*

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At the pool, Euden literally had *zero* clue regarding *any* of the strife forming in the background of this strange establishment. He was just trying to find a way home and fast. But before he could even properly process his circumstances a glass box popped up from the tiled ground below and a dark blue gas began to pour into the cramped booth he’d been trapped within.

He took a step back to ready his blade, seeing force as the only means to escape her current predicament, yet intentions were very quickly thwarted by the fact that his sword wasn't there. Had it been there when he'd arrived in this place? Drats on him for not checking -- it really spoke to his inexperience when compared to more experienced protagonists that had been summoned to this place.

**“What’s going on here!?”** It was a question that had already been asked nine times before this over the course of the incident, and unlike Lyria he wouldn't receive any real answers even after being transformed. The intention of his captor had been to turn him into an opponent capable of striking BB down before all of her efforts were sunk, but BB had already intercepted the gas flow and changed the transformation outcome.

*She'd make this boy something of a joke to add insult to injury.*

*“Oh shit!”* A sudden pain erupted in Euden's stomach, one that forced him to keel over and almost smack his head on one of the glass walls. He didn't typically swear, but the word choice wasn't exactly the problem. The way he'd said it had held a strange emphasis on the syllables, almost like he was trying to speak it in a language he wasn't quite comfortable with. But more than that? After clenching his stomach from the pain and slamming his eyes shut, once they'd open they revealed a peculiarity. Gone were his normal, black pupils. In their place? A pair of white ones. White pupils that were *shaped like stars*.

Something strange had begun to seep into his hair as well. While as a body it remained blonde, strand by strand that blonde came to liken to a more realistic tone than the anime yellow it essentially was otherwise. It then grew long, alarmingly quick of pace as a sheen ran across its length to indicate a rigorous conditioning routine. His bangs ended up swept to the left instead of the right, but a jarred mental state meant Euden was more or less ignorant to what was occurring; even as the bright blues of his eyes took on a much more ashen silver.

Euden's posture wobbled through reasons suspected to be the gas' fault. Ever since it had hissed itself into the glass case his mind had been swimming and his body weak, but these separate issues benefited from one another. It meant the boy's body was free to change without him really registering the extent or reason, and his mind was free to shift into a state that wasn't his own as he was occasionally tugged away from the mental struggle of preserving his emotional identity due to how bizarre his body was feeling.

For example: it was hard to fixate on the fact that he suddenly couldn't remember the names of his party members when his focus was suddenly

drawn to a weight upon his chest. An itchiness had been building around her nipples for some time now and he couldn't exactly scratch them with his armor in the way, but this was only a prelude to what was coming. Armor fitting quite rapidly became overly tight as nipples both hardened and darkened slightly in color. They doubled, tripled in size, but of course this wasn't the sole reason for his discomfort.

In a matter of moments fat deposits had begun to formulate where his abs typically were, forcing nipples outward and into the back of the armor that was meant to protect him. Were it so simple of a change it might not have been as blatantly inconvenient as it ultimately became, but building flesh was not content with just occupying a little space beneath his undershirt. No, budding breasts swelled to the point that they were no longer budding anymore, rising through cup sizes as he was forced to shift his posture to accommodate their weight.

Until finally? His armor piece could no longer withstand the stress and the chest piece was launched off, revealing ample cleavage that was roughly the size of his head per *breast*. Removed armor revealed that his undershirt had been reformed as part of his transformation and had become an open, navy blue top that was tied just below the breasts, accessorized with a gray halter that stopped just short of his navel with straps reaching into his pants.

It was weird. It felt super weird. And in thinking that? He'd forgotten that he couldn't remember anyone from his own world. Yet no sooner than he'd thought his body weird the changes to his mind had corrected his point of view to think '*my titties have always been AMERICA LARGE*'. This was how the two aspects to the process the gas benefited one another.

So the loop just repeated itself when the back of the boy's pants suddenly inflated. Not the pants themselves mind you, but the packages being held tendering within. His ass cheeks erupted mindlessly with fat and very quickly bulged to the point that from cleavage sticking out over the hem of gray pants to the fact that the impression of his deep valley ass crack could be made out by staring at his rear, really sent home the point that this was no boy's ass.

It was the ass of a sexy, buxom blonde who didn't care about flaunting what had been given to her.

The armor on his legs fell off next, steel eroded into a pile of dust by the gas' effects while tears began to form in the pants around the center of his thighs. These tears were necessary, but were actually the result of his body beginning to elongate. For a young swordsman Euden wasn't especially tall and the huge breasts and ass he was now sporting looked

ill-matched for that height. Yet limbs and torso began to stretch upwards, making these features seem better suited as he reached towards the top of the five foot spectrum. The tears in his pants paved way for further clothing change, and the crotch of what was left to resemble shorts opened up into a skirt with thick, alternating navy blue and light gray stripes, accompanied by a thick belt with a gold buckle.

Straps reached down from the halter top, running beneath the skirt and reaching towards the lower half of the pants, which had been slowly thinning into nylon as grays bled into different patterns depending on the thigh. On the right leg the material of what was clearly shaping up to be a thigh high took on white and red vertical stripes while the left leg took on a pattern similar to the skirt it was connected to. A little farther south her adventurer's boots hardened as steel clamped in around toes, forcing them to shrink and wringing out any callouses from Euden's travels as they became a pair of silver, futuristic boots with red heels.

Euden's boxers? They constricted painfully around his dick as plaids were wiped free and a bright blue color settled against what was clearly a pair of lacy women's panties. Were the color not shameless enough, over fifty little white stars ended up imprinted among the blue, further making his new affiliations clear. As an America-based *Shipgirl*.

Yet the fact that Euden was not actually a girl did not escape the gas' influence. He had the ass, the tits, and his facial features had irreversibly swung to resemble more blatantly a sexy American pinup girl in how they were both hot and adorable simultaneously, with big eyes and lips and a tiny nose.

Even his thighs came to bloat almost comically, a perfect match for his fat ass. Ripples ran through them as Euden stepped uncomfortably, fat pushing his new leggings to the point that they bit into his flesh and ended up looking even hotter. But there was a time and place for everything, and this time and place was no longer suitable for the tiny Eugen between his legs.

Already crunched beneath ample thighs, it was erect from the transformation yet slowly began to stop tenting the front of his panties and skirt. After a matter of moments there was no tent at all, and the sensation of something wriggling into her pussy made her moan a horny moan. "**Ahhhn! AMAZING! I am feeling very aroused!**" This enthusiasm and, once again, strange enunciation of an English word, were very uncharacteristic of Euden's pure-hearted personality.

How much of Euden was really left though? She didn't look like Euden at all, didn't act like Euden at all, and as she patted down her breasts with hands webbed with white, shoulder length gloves beneath navy

blue half-gloves, she didn't even seem to have any memories of being Eugen. Just a feeling that maybe, at some point, she'd been someone else.

**“I shouldn't masturbate here though! I don't want the Admiral to yell at me again!”** Implying she'd gotten in trouble for a public display such as that once before in the past, which was a fairly questionable thing to imply. Iowa adjusted the silver, pronged hat upon her head when the glass eventually fell, leaving her to wander around looking for a way to return to her precious Admiral. Every step saw her huge ass shake and her big tits jiggle, which only served to stimulate her since she was *already* worked up.

**“But I'm so *horny!*”**

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**“IOWA!? That wasn't who I planned on... No!”** Back in the control room, the lights flickered on to reveal the mastermind behind the entire incident. It was a young girl with hair that was a mix of blue and amber, with gray eyes and a pair of cat ears, not to mention a pair of cat tails that twirled around. She was an ancient nekomata, one with magical powers that preyed upon others by applying fetishes and the like to their forms. Twinning? That was her favorite. Of course she had many forms, but she was something of a shut-in and enjoyed lounging around in her child form.

Her name was *Hisa*, and she was supposed to be in control here.

She had constructed this entire facility just to have some fun with her favorite game characters. Making fictional existences real was an easy task for a girl with her magical talents, but the gas had been something she'd conducted with science because if she used magic the whole game felt too cheap. She was a genius, but she'd been outplayed by that damn AI!

**“YOU WANT TO USE YOUR MAGIC, HISA-CHAN?  
NOT SO FAST! I'M TAKING THIS FACILITY OF  
YOURS, SO NO CHEATING!”**

BB's voice suddenly chimed over the intercoms, and one by one the twenty monitors in the control room were slowly replaced by the BB Channel icon. Before the nekomata could respond with magic however, a hissing filled the room. **“You bitch!”** The child-presenting youkai hissed as the tiny room began to fill with gas. It was already too late. It had power-numbing traits that she wasn't immune to at all. She heard the only exit lock too, no doubt BB's hacking at work.

**“What are you doing to-- NOBBU!?”** Hisa had so desperately wanted to know what her fate was that she’d called out to BB, but mid-sentence she blurted out an unintended sound. Her voice had become shrilled and squeaker than it normally was, to the point where it almost seemed comical. But it accompanied an immediately noticeable change: her head was growing.

Within a matter of seconds it was almost as big as her body, but she could feel her clothing growing baggy in the interim because, well, her body was shrinking. These weren’t human proportions she was being given, and before long her head was likely as big, if not bigger than the rest of her form.

**“DON’T WORRY~! I’M BEING KIND! YOU’LL GET TO KEEP YOUR MEMORIES! BUT I GUESS IT WON’T MATTER SINCE YOU WON’T BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE IN THAT EMBARRASSING BODY, HM?”**

Hisa felt her eyes widening, and she was temporarily blinded as pupils and irises faded completely. Left were a pair of big, white circles on her huge face that took up most of the space. Black bangs hung down to completely obscure her right eye, and enhanced, cat like hearing was toned down as her furry ears disappeared and a human pair appeared on the sides of her head.

**“Nobbu! Anything but nobbu! Nobbu nobbu!”** Her ability to practice speech was deteriorating to the point that it no longer made sense. She’d ended up realizing her identity thanks to these noises, and as her clothing suddenly constricted against her to form a tiny, black uniform complete with an oversized but familiar hat, there was no doubt. She looked down at her hands, her expression one of perpetual shock and awe -- she couldn’t change that expression even if she tried. Her hands? They were little more than round nubs, her feet no more than tiny points in tiny, pointed boots. **“Nobbu nobbu! Nobbuuuuu!”** She flailed those nubs around comically, eventually running face-first into the door almost like it was an intended gag as the personality associated with this existence settled in place of Hisa’s typical sadistic, calculating self.

*She’d become a Chibi Nobu.*

A joke of an enemy introduced in FGO’s GUDAGUDA events. They could only communicate in ‘nobbus’ and were cartoonishly animated. While the new Chibi Nobu had come to completely embody this

existence she could still remember herself as Hisa. She knew she was supposed to be different! But she was powerless!



And if that point hadn't been driven home? The door suddenly swung open and BB sauntered in with Irisviel trailing her. The Chibi Nobu only rose up to BB's knees, and the AI smirked down at the cartoon mob as she pushed it to the ground. **"Nobbu!?"**

**"That's right. Isn't that form better? It really suits you!"** The Chibi Nobu had fallen onto her back, but BB didn't let her get up. Instead she sat her fat ass down on the chibi, leotard rubbing up against the munchkin's back to a chorus of uncomfortable nobbus. How embarrassing! To be sat on like she was worth less than a chair! But... why did it feel kind of good? **"Now lets see what other fun toys you have in this lair of yours, hm?"**

**"Maybe I'll summon some villains and have some fun with them."**

THE END... *for now?*