

GODDESSES OF VICTORY

COMMISSION STORY

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Gacha games were hell.

Well, it wasn't like it was a big *secret* or anything like that. You didn't exactly run into people online who would praise how fair and kind they were to the consumer. You might catch the stray one defending a particular game, perhaps claiming that it was 'better than the others', but that mindset was always misguided. Regardless of how generous they *appeared*; all of the games were design to maximize how much profit they could sap from the consumer. Some *tried* to seem better than the others, but deep down? They were basically all the same.

For example, say a game had much better drawing rates than most. It being more likely to get the character you wanted was definitely a good thing, and it would *appear* to be more generous than its competitors. But this was *typically* a trick. There would be another form of monetization system in place to make up the revenue that would be lost from that banner. It could be as simple as running multiple banners or running new characters more frequently.

Some games even ran a separate type of banner all together. Like, say, for *limited time costumes*.

That was the issue that Joseph had been having with *Goddess of Victory: NIKKE*. It was the tail end of that game's anniversary event, and he'd more or less gotten all of the characters he'd wanted from it like Cinderella or Grave. “**And yet Cinderella's costume eludes me...**” But the game tended to release beautiful costumes in limited banners. He had been chasing Cinderella's *Glass Princess* costume to no avail, and it was the last day to obtain it.

“This is my last chance. Come on! Do it!” Would enthusiastically exclaiming his hopes *help*? Traditionally? No. But he had a *very* good feeling in this case as he pressed the button on his phone screen while pacing about his room. Once the button was pressed, the screen changed to a wheel with a light that spun around and around, eventually landing on... **“Huh!?”**

Had the man not been holding his phone in that moment, he might have rubbed his eyes with disbelief. **“I did it!”** It had actually landed on the spot for Cinderella’s Glass Princess costume! It was all his! **“Whew. I would have been *really* disappointed if I hadn’t landed on it.”** Disappointed, sure, but he would have managed to move on. The pain of losing in gacha was brief... until you lost the next time at least.

It was strange though. He tried to tap the screen so that it would move back to the menu, but it just didn’t change. The screen somehow appeared *brighter* too. **“What’s going on? Don’t tell me it froze! I better not have lost the costume!”** No, he still had the costume. And he’d gain so much more, in fact.

Something that probably *should* have registered with the young man immediately was that objects in the background of his room had begun to *flicker*. They would flicker in and out of existence for a moment, sometimes temporarily replaced with something else before flickering back to normal. These were things he probably *would* have noticed right off the bat had he not been so focused on *himself*, though.

“What’s... going on here?” Joseph was *trying* not to be alarmed. There had been what he could best describe as a ‘cool’ feeling washing over his hands, and that feeling spread slowly across the rest of his body. It had been enough to have him *examine* one of those hands, and what he saw was more or less an impossibility... under regular circumstances at least.

His olive skin *wasn’t* so olive colored anymore. The skin of his hand had been lightening to a fair pale, sapping away not only the color, but smoothing away any blemishes in kind. **“Why is my skin *changing color*!?”** The more it spread, the cooler the man’s body felt. He could feel it wash over his face and even his eyes. For a moment, his mind felt a little fuzzy too.

This was all because what he could *observe* was actually misleading in a way. His change of skin color was actually the symptom of something much more profound. The biological composition of his body was shifting towards something much *less* biological. He felt cooler because it was a *coolant* being pumped through artificial veins. His bones had

hardened into steel, his organs had been replaced by pumps and the like, and that fuzzy mind of his?

A side effect of everything within his mentalscape becoming digitized.

“I feel weird...” Did Joseph *sound* weird too? His voice, momentarily, sounded a little distorted and robotic. But once that cleared up it sounded more like a *woman’s* voice than anything. All as his eyes, now effectively cameras that simulated a human’s sight, glazed over with a silver color and were altered in shape to become fuller, lashes dancing longer upon them. They appeared to be downright *feminine...* but that was a quality that was gradually being shared not only with the rest of his face, but with the rest of his *body*.

He felt so *lost* all of a sudden. Where was he? What was he doing? Something was *wrong*, right? Narrow lips swelled into a pursed half-frown, glossier and smoother than ever beneath a slimmed nose. Structurally, his face was becoming smaller and fairer, bringing a refined and elegant beauty to his visage that also looked like he’d regressed back into his *early 20s*. Last as he was, he didn’t realize that the floor he was standing on was now marble, nor that his bed had been replaced with an ornate canopy bed instead.

The man stumbled all of a sudden. ***“Woah..?”*** But his reaction felt strangely *muted* somehow. Where was the energy he’d had before? Nonetheless, the cause of his stumble had been a two pronged attack upon his changing *android* body. The first of these was a stark and sudden drop in *height*. Nearly six feet tall normally, it was like seven inches had just peeled *right* off his body. He stood at *5’4”* by the end, hands and feet now smaller and narrower to adjust.

But the stumble wasn’t from the height drop alone. Much had been lost in that moment, but there had been a simultaneous *gain*. His hips had flared out a handful of inches, and with his gait widening so suddenly his knees ended up buckling. By the time he managed to stand up straight? His clothing was hanging off of his body like he was a girlfriend wearing her boyfriend’s oversized clothes.

“Ah?” And seconds later? *She* fit into that role a little more neatly than she had prior. Her genitalia had been yanked inwards, shrinking and mending into the new slit between her legs. She was becoming a *NIKKE*, and despite being an android? They were still functionally young women. Joseph could be counted among them, and that was reflected in how her wardrobe had glitched into a large, oak counterpart filled with women’s clothing.

The young woman's room was hardly recognizable to the part of her brain that was still *Joseph*, but at the same time? She had begun to wonder what was wrong with her body. "**Why am I so light?**" Was she not typically *heavier* somehow? It seemed in at least *one* way that was already coming to fruition, for the weight of her head was slowly pulling her chin back. She adjusted consistently though, not even acknowledging that her short, dark hair had been growing, and lightening, and growing some more. Before long, it reached the *floor*, shimmering with a silver color that was draped across her right eye.

Even so, this wasn't exactly the weight she'd been thinking of. She'd been imagining the weight any adult woman possessed. The weight that filled out her figure, for her build was still vaguely masculine. "**Oh...**" That said, that hadn't been the case for *too* much longer. Her posture had tilted forward suddenly; the product of her once flat chest building with weight, porcelain skin stretching around mounds that became orbs, that became proper *melons* in size. They pushed out the fronts of her shirt, each breast heavier than her own head, but she managed to adjust to their weight.

Joseph found herself wondering why she'd been taken so off guard by the weight of her own tits, missing the fact that her lower body had grown much ampler in kind. Her butt had inflated into a heart shape that filled out her pants, while the excess brought a plushness to her thighs that eliminated any thigh gap between her widened hips. All of this was accentuated nicely as the last remaining figment of her previous identity was erased... and she was presented with the costume she had been so desperately trying to roll.

Her clothing tightened, shifted, and mended into a beautiful silver gown. Strapless, it clung to the fronts of her tits so that her vast cleavage was exposed in its entirety, though the cloth was so translucent that it only *barely* obscured her big nipples. Her legs were bare, for the skirt was much longer with its layers in the back. A silver ribbon was tied around her neck, with matching ones on her wrists and detached cuffs around her upper arms. Finally, her hair was pulled into very long twintails thanks to a pair of lace ribbons.



Her feet remained bare.

Despite appearances, *Cinderella* was an intelligent young woman. A NIKKE that was far more than a mere pretty face. But in that moment? It was plain enough that she didn't seem to comprehend what had just happened to her. That she hadn't been a fair skinned, large-bosomed android in a beautiful dress up until moments ago. Or that the room around her had shifted slowly as she'd changed, and was now something more akin to the type of room you'd expect a princess to live in.

Befitting of a NIKKE of her name.

“Oh? Why am I barefoot? My slippers are over there...” She *was* fully dressed even if the gown *was* revealing, but she basically felt naked without the glass slippers that were neatly set on the floor beside her canopy bed. She stepped elegantly towards them, her tits jiggling as she did so. One by one, she delicately slipped them over her fair toes. **“I can't meet my companions barefoot. Or my Prince...”** It was time to meet them, was it not? Technically she'd been her own prince as the NIKKE player who owned this file. But as for her companions...

Though they had yet to be *created* in this Ark just yet.

“Uh... Okay.” From the outset, Kay didn't have the *foggiest* idea what was going on. The man had been working on his drawing commissions when he'd suddenly been ripped away from his computer. And not in the sense that he'd been picked up, or his chair had been rolled away. He'd been *literally* displaced, now sitting on a reinforced bed in a room that was both dim and oddly scented. Like *oil* and *grease*. He'd smelled these scents in garages before, but this room was clearly partially a bedroom too?

His first plan of action was to stand. He had to get his bearings. Where the heck *was* he? It wasn't like any bedroom he'd been in before. **“Is someone living in here? I guess the bigger question is why I'm here. Or how...”** There wasn't realistically any way he could have known the truth. That Joseph's 'good luck' had affected his immediate friend group too. Kay had been sucked into NIKKE.

And as a matter of fact, he was in the dorm room right beside Cinderella's.

A loud rumbling from Kay's stomach prompted him to glance downwards out of nowhere. **“Huh? There's no way I'm hungry...”** He knew that for a fact. He'd *just* had a fairly large meal before ending

up *wherever* this was. But that rumbling wasn't *exactly* due to a lack of calories. It was more related to what was happening in the surrounding area. He wasn't exactly an *overweight* guy by any stretch, but the light softness that his body possessed was dissipating. It left not only his stomach, but his entire body free of any unnecessary fat.

“Ow!?” Did he feel pain? At the moment he'd *believed* he had, but after a moment it occurred to him that what he felt wasn't *pain*. His muscles were spasming almost randomly, twitching wildly regardless of *where* on his body they were. **“No, wait, these are *spasms*...?”** Somehow, he felt reassured understanding just what was wrong. *Having just a muscular body lends itself to spasms like this from time to time.* **“Wait, did I have a...?”**

Kay coughed. What was wrong with his voice now? It sounded gruffer, yet inherently more feminine in pitch regardless. And he didn't understand why he believed he was supposed to have a muscular body *either*. Nonetheless, whether he'd had one in the past or not... he had one *now*. All of that twitching had been courtesy of his muscles not only strengthening but *rippling* to deliver him a physical power that somehow surpassed even normal human limitations.

The man's clothing felt tight because of this. Not only did he have chiseled abs and pecs now, but his arms had bulged and his legs, *especially* his thighs, had *exploded* with muscular girth so that his pant legs now hugged them tightly. **“I feel so strong...”** Should he not have been more panicked? *Probably!* But the mental influence the world was enforcing on him had taken route. Well, and his internals shifting artificial *android* counterparts probably didn't help either.

Thickened fingers clenched into a fist as he found himself flexing. His skin was more worn down, and little by little? Scars ultimately etched themselves in surplus across his body. They made him look much more battle hardened and were predominantly seen around his stomach and arms. He definitely appeared *gruffer*. Yet contrastingly? With his socks his feet were slightly smaller, though numerous callouses painted them with hardness.

But that gruffness was a false flag that may have created the impression that his fate wasn't going to trend in the same direction as Cinderella's.

It was about to.

It was vaguely observable in Kay's face, at least. While most of his body had become strong and rugged, the skin upon his face had been smoothing and slimming. Wide cheekbones narrowed to give his skull a smaller shape. Not only did his eyes narrow, but the colors of his eyes dulled to a dark blue and the camera on the right one began to

experience some unusual artifacting for a moment as numerous heavy scars were slashed both across it and her forehead directly above it. Was it damaged? He raised a hand to touch it gingerly, not realizing that his fingers were slightly smaller and *extremely* calloused, nor that his lashes felt more abundant. **“Was something damaged again? Do I need to make repairs?”**

Repairs? That *felt* like an odd way to refer to his supposedly human body. But... *No*. Was he human? Had he ever been? His reaction to these questions was relatively muted in terms of expression, a side effect of the new personality instilled into him. But his lips *did* pout vaguely, though this was largely because they’d swollen into fuller shapes beneath a smaller nose.

With no Adam’s apple in sight anymore, from the neck up he looked like a beautiful woman’s head had been glued onto a muscular man’s body. Even Kay’s hair reflected this, dark strands lightening to a blonde that cascaded slowly down past his shoulders and into his eyes. A change of color and style was consistent between *all* of the hair on his body. Blonde brows thinned, while blonde pubes? They grew into a much wilder bush...

Above *her* pussy. Things became a little *less* tight within her pants as her genitalia were reshaped. What had once been a man’s dick had diminished considerably, slipping *into* her pelvis where a sensitive slit had taken shape beneath her wilder bush instead. This prompted a widening of her hips and a narrowing of her bulky waist as her body much more proportionally aligned with the woman she had become.

“Strange. I feel unoptimized somehow.” Maybe Kay really *did* need to take a look at her body? While she’d considered this perspective of her flesh *odd* at first, she was no longer question it even though it was growing more effeminate as the seconds passed. Widened hips had allowed more breathing room for her muscular thighs, but they swelled further due the slightest feminine softness seeping overtop of them. She was still clearly bulky there though, just as the ass that protruded out behind her did. On the other hand? Her pants had now formed several tears, incapable of containing them.

Now wholly a woman from the waist down, the only region that needed to be subjected to this trend was her *chest*. While her pectoral muscles had bulged gratuitously from her previous strengthening, they hadn’t bulged in the way that a woman’s did. That was *promptly* rectified, for fat slipped overtop of them and pulled her skin tighter and tighter. Nipples swelled and elongated atop them in kind, gradually lifting her shirt beneath what were a pair of *F-cup* tits. They were incredibly firm and perky because of how overwhelmingly fit she was.

As had been the case with Cinderella, Kay's clothing was repurposed once her flesh and steel had been reshaped. It tightened and shortened, material darkening into a set composed of a black, sleeveless crop top and matching shorts that only covered her pelvis and hips. Her muscular tummy and thighs were almost entirely bare if not for the strap around her right thigh, or the black thong straps that reached up from within the shorts that straddled her hips. Hands and feet found black gloves and boots respectively, while a tattered black cape with a red underside and a hood hide her hair and shoulders. A metal plate was even drawn across her right eye to hide the excessive scarring.

But she wasn't going into battle, so she wasn't outfitted with any weaponry.

"I suppose I don't need to make any further adjustments to my equipment or body, so I guess I'm good to go."

Aesthetically, *Grave* couldn't have been any farther from Cinderella in terms of looks. She was taller (because she hadn't shrunk from her nearly six foot height at all), more muscular, and her reinforced body – reinforced by *herself*, in fact – appeared to be incredibly strong and chiseled. But this all made her look all the more attractive. Like Cinderella, she no longer could recognize her old life.



And her memories were all of her new one. Even then, those memories deviated from what had actually transpired in the game, though most of what transpired with Grave and Cinderella themselves remained the same. **"I wonder if Cinderella is ready. The *other one* probably isn't. We may have to pick her up."** Cinderella's restoration had only recently been completed, and that was part of the reason they were meeting up.

But it was with this *third member* where the biggest departures from the original story had been placed.

“Get dressed, Axel. It’ll be a good trip, Axel. So why am I in a NEET’s room all of a sudden?” If I sounded a little irate, it was probably because I was. Against my better judgment I had gotten dressed up in a fancy, button up shirt and nice pants to go have dinner with my sister’s family. Only for the *weirdest* thing to happen and for me to end up in a dimly lit space that *wasn’t* familiar to me at all.

My first thought had been to describe it as a *NEET’s room* because of what was lighting it up in the first place. A number of huge monitors lined the far wall, illuminating the messy bedroom in the place of normal lights. They shone upon an unmade bed and scattered clothing. Though the more I looked at the clothes... did they belong to a woman? Based on the brassieres I could see; she was likely a very *well endowed* woman to boot. **“I probably shouldn’t touch any of those...”**

Which raised a number of red flags. Ending up in a stranger’s home was already bad. The owner being a *woman* would be even worse if I was caught.

Unless, of course, it was somehow *my* room.

I suddenly eyed something in the dimly lit corner of the room. A pair of... boots? Maybe that was being a little too generous. They were *huge* for one, and looked more like something out of a Gundam show than anything with their robotic, bright red appearances. They *were* vaguely familiar though. *Well duh, they’re mine.* **“...Mine?”** Technology like that didn’t even exist last I checked.

It didn’t even occur to me that a strange feeling had rooted itself in my loins of all places. I was idly rubbing my thicker than average thighs for a man (because I was overweight) together as a subconscious reaction to what was that masculinity being stripped away from me. Before long there was a very notable vacancy between my legs. I had a pussy. I was a *woman*. But just as suddenly as my sex had been altered, my brain was *rewired* to believe I’d been *designed* to be one from the get-go.

My perception was *already* being shifted away from believing I was a human, just as my biological components were being replaced by the same mock-up counterparts that every *android* was. I looked away from the boots finally, though my attention was drawn over to *my* computer screens instead. I was utterly unaware that the bright colors of my irises were dimming to a dull red instead.

Nor that my face, little by little, came to pair well with my changed sex. The rest of my body hadn’t showed signs of thinning in any meaningful way, though all of my body had had seemingly been eviscerated to leave my skin soft and smooth, but my *face* drained of any excess. Not only

did it thin, but its shape narrowed so that I had a smaller yet sharper chin and a smaller forehead. Not only did my reddened eyes narrow, but my eyelashes drew longer above a smaller nose. **“Did I pull another all-nighter again? I feel a little out of it.”**

There was a feminine hum to the sound of my voice as I pondered my situation. *It was very much like me to stay up late coding.* Was that why I felt so disoriented? Though why did that sound wrong somehow. Wasn't that what I always did? Regardless of what I *believed* the source of my confusion to be, that didn't affect how my short, dark hair was growing outward and lightening in color. Before long I had a chin length, sandy blonde bob cut that curled in towards my chin – while my messy cut of pubes shortened into soft, similarly colored fuzz above my new pussy.

I have to keep it short to wear my favorite outfit.

While I had a woman's head and pussy, I was still tall and tubby without any of a woman's usual definition. Or at least that *had* been the case up until I found myself idly patting my tummy. It didn't register with me exactly *why* my hand, slimmed itself until it was smaller with lengthened nails, was doing this. Yet ever time I patted its hairless form? It had shrunk, drawing closer and closer to the rest of my body.

But this weight wasn't *disappearing* per se. It was almost like someone had taken a baking roller to my gut and was rolling the fat both up and down. The thinner my tummy became, and even then there was still the slightest of bumps to it in the end even with a more pinched in waist, the more filled out the *rest* of my figure became. The womanlier aspects of my woman's body soon went from naught to absolutely flourishing. All as my height slowly diminished from nearly six feet to around 5'8" instead.

“Ngh...” My *sensors* were overwhelmed with so much contradictory data pouring in at once. The fit of my pants, even fit for an overweight man, grew tighter rather than thinning at all. My thighs bloated with such an intensity that the cloth was giving no choice but to eventually tear down the sides, allowing soft and supple flesh to pour out alongside *drastically* widened hips. In end, either upper leg was nearly *double* my waistline in thickness, while my ass had bubbled out so far behind me that the back of my pants had split, and my boxers were both wedgieing and cameltoeing the hell out of my cheeks and pussy. **“This is uncomfortable.”**

Why was I experiencing such discomfort with my clothing? Where was what I normally wore? I couldn't make sense of it, though these questions were only echoed once I became incapable of even seeing my

lower body without turning my neck to look to the side of my *chest*. The front of my oversized shirt didn't waste any time in obscuring my ability to do so, spurned on by that absolute *ballooning* of fat in my tits. What had once been the small mounds of an overweight man soon surpassed my own head in side, jiggling with a perkiness that felt near impossible considering their heft. My nipples were even larger than my eyes, and my breasts were so big overall that the veins running from my nipples were both dark and evident.

It felt like I had blinked, and all of that discomfort had just *disappeared* though. **"Maybe I really do need rest. Was I just imagining things?"** I couldn't be blamed for noticing, because my clothing had been altered and refitted so rapidly. My shirt and pants had mended into a leotard of translucent white around my neck and tummy, while the skintight portion around my huge tits was a black that matched my new shoulder length gloves and the headband in my hair. The straps of my thong could be seen peaking out from the leotard, but other than this? I wasn't wearing much else. My small feet and long, thick legs were entirely bare.

Because they were supposed to fit into those mechanical red boots in the corner.

"Sometimes I wonder what I would do if I was designed with a slightly weaker back..." I mused to myself as I allowed my back to finally fall onto my unmade bed. The physical shock of the fall prompted my larger than life breasts to jiggle and quiver freely, as despite all of the undergarments strewn around my room? I didn't like to wear them with my favorite leotard. In fact, I'd be wearing it out with the others later!

As *Red Shoes*, I probably *shouldn't* have been alive. Or at least I wouldn't have been had I existed in the canon history of NIKKE. But I was unknowingly an *alternative*. The original story of Red Shoes had her as a victim, but that hadn't been in *my* background. I was something of a tech wiz that was aiding the Ark these days, grouped up with both Cinderella and Grave. I'd even helped a great deal in Cinderella's reconstruction!



“What time was the party anyways? Do I have time for a nap? Why did I spend *all* night coding?” I rolled onto my side to face the door, and my tits and thighs all jiggled again. The Commander – who Cinderella referred to as her *Prince* – had arranged a celebration of sorts for Cinderella’s restoration, and I’d agreed to attend. Just after a little shut eye—

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

“Oi! Red Shoes! You’d better be ready! It’s Cinderella’s big day, remember?” At the banging and Grave’s loud, booming voice, I ended up turning over to face the wall. How long could I ignore them for? Probably a while if I was lucky~! Unfortunately, I wasn’t all that lucky. Cinderella knew my weak point.

“Hm... If she doesn’t come out, I guess that means I’ll have more time alone with my Prince...”

“AGH! FINE!”