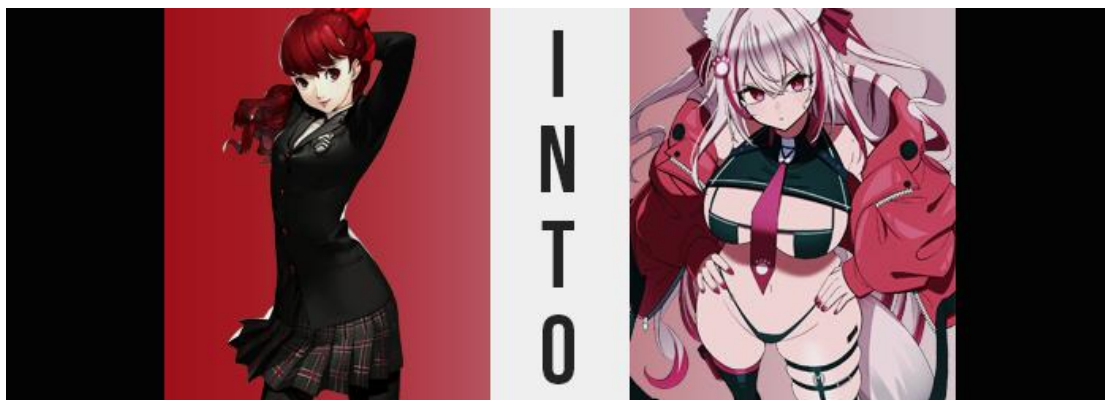


FUTABA'S BIG ROLL

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Futaba! If you don’t hurry, we’re going to be late!”

“One second! Just one more roll!”

Sumire Yoshizawa and Futaba Sakura were alone in the latter’s bedroom one spring evening after class. It had been a year now since Joker had returned to his hometown, and both girls were now classmates at Shujin Academy now that Futaba had managed to come out of her shell and into the world a little. The two girls, both willing members of the Phantom Thieves, had become close over the course of that year. Sumire usually came home with Futaba before heading back to her place after dinner.

But tonight? Tonight was *special*. That was why Sumire had taken off her glasses and pulled her loose hair until a familiar ponytail so that she resembled her twin sister, Kasumi. Joker was coming to town for the week, and everyone was planning to meet him at the train station at eight! Sumire had decided it might be a little funny to play a prank on him and show up looking like she had when they had first met, even though she was a year older.

The *problem* was that it was already 7pm, and if they wanted to get to the train station on time, they had to catch the bus that came in fifteen minutes. Futaba was caught up in a new game she was playing on her computer, one of those ones that had gacha elements. She *loved* ‘rolling’ for her cute anime PNGs... *for some reason*. **“You know, you don’t need one of those cute anime girls when you have me! I’m cuter, aren’t I?”**



Half joking, but also half flirting (not that Futaba would read it that way), she walked up behind Futaba at her desk and placed a hand on the ginger's shoulder just as an animation played out on her computer screen. Another gacha roll. Rainbow colors overpowered her screen, prompting Futaba to shout "**YES! AN SSR!**". But her enthusiasm was ultimately followed up with a "**WHAT!?**" when the screen froze before the animation could finish. "**No, no, no! Who did I roll!?**"

Sumire observed that her friend was *obviously* distressed, but she didn't really know how to help. She played video games, but not gacha ones. Still! She wanted to be helpful! "**It'll be fine, Futaba! You just need to turn it off and on again like this!**" *CLICK!* She reached over and tapped the power button on the computer tower, much to Futaba's dismay. Though, what Sumire felt in that moment was a little more *intense*.

"**Ouch!?**"

The computer had zapped her!

"**A-Are you okay?**" Futaba was naturally annoyed that Sumire had gone to those lengths. Turning a computer off with the power button was the most potentially damaging way to do it. But the part of her that was a good friend won out, and so she checked on Sumire instead while remaining seated in her chair. What happened next, however, made her immediately sit up with surprise.

She had *expected* Sumire to say she was okay or at least admit to there being a little bit of pain. What she *hadn't* expected was what ultimately came out of her friend's mouth. "**Of course I'm okay, baka! It was... just a... A-Ah!? I didn't mean to call you an idiot!?**" The redhead *never* lashed out at anyone, much less her friends, but she'd blurted out something so rude and forceful without a second thought... at least until she realized *what* she had said.

Was Sumire mad? Futaba had wondered if she was having a mood swing for a second. But then, something else caught her attention. Her friend had always been a little taller than her, but... "**Sumire... Are you wearing shoes with higher heels?**" It was a question that prompted Sumire to look down inquisitively. It suddenly made her aware of the fact that her uniform felt a little *tight* in places.

“N-No... It’s almost like...” She waited a moment to say what was on her mind, only because she felt like a madwoman even considering it was possible. Still, she couldn’t deny that the waistband of her tights was being yanked down to the center of her butt, or that more of her arms were showing sticking out of her sleeves. Nor that her jacket felt tighter around her shoulders and had been hoisted up to show off the base of her navel with her shirt now untucked. **“L-Like I grew? But how *the hell* is that possible!?”**

Both girls blinked at the usually polite girl’s second outburst, but the fact that she had now only grown *taller*, but also *wider* as her shoulders and hips that now lifted the sides of her skirt out an extra few inches demonstrated. Sumire looked down at Futaba, and then back down at her body. **“Y-You must be like 5’8” now!”** Futaba finally managed to say, meaning she was about *four inches* taller. **“And... that’s not all...”**

Sumire didn’t really understand what she meant at first, since she didn’t finish her sentence. She could just tell that her friend’s face was growing redder, and her own clothes were beginning to feel *tighter*. **“Ah!?”** There was a deepness to the girl’s voice that hadn’t been present before as she finally understood where she was supposed to be looking. The back of her skirt had slowly been lifting up, while her tights were forced down to the *base* of a pair of ass cheeks that were *swelling*. **“My *ass*!?”**

She was the type of girl that normally would have used a tamer word like ‘butt’, but something was clearly wrong with her brain based on the things she had been saying thus far. It wasn’t like her to reach back and grab a handful of a rump that had gained several pounds of weight, either. It was full and perky, but she was getting one hell of a wedgie from their heart shape being so massive.

“Y-Your butt?” Futaba blushed harder as Sumire grabbed her own ass. That *wasn’t* what she had noticed, and apparently her friend hadn’t realized it either. Her butt wasn’t the only thing fattening; so were her *thighs*. The black nylon of the girl’s tights had been stretching. Inch after inch the skin of her thighs burgeoned beneath them, until eventually the nylon began to fray and tear so that supple, pale skin could peek out from within. Her thighs had nearly *tripled* in mass, yet a sizable thigh gap remained between them with her hips wider.

Both girls’ mouths were practically hanging open. They didn’t really know *what* to say. How had getting zapped by a computer led to Sumire not only growing, but also gaining a sexy, fat ass and pair of thighs? Had it stopped there, it already would have been surreal enough. But it *didn’t*. She was still gaining weight. **“*The hell’s happening now!*?”**, she could only blurt out, because her posture had been tugged downward above the waist.

“Y-Your breasts...” Futaba answered immediately. It was *very* obvious to her. She couldn’t really look away from the sight of them. After all, Futaba’s boobs expanded *significantly* very quickly, almost inflating like fatty balloons and forcing the top buttons of her jacket to *pop* off alone with the buttons of the button-up, white blouse worn beneath it. Sumire looked uncomfortable, like she was struggling to breathe.

An issue she fixed by reaching back and struggling to unclasp her bra through her shirt – a process made even all the more difficult because she was also dealing with unfamiliar fingers that were longer and had lengthier, red-painted nails now. **“HAAAH!?”** She breathed a sigh of relief when she managed to get the job done though, loosening her bra around a pair of tits that had grown to *F-cups*. With this tension released, they bounced happily upon her chest. **“That was so stupid!”**

Futaba... wasn’t really paying attention to what Sumire was saying in that moment. Her pretty but average friend had grown taller and sexier. A little *too* sexy to be ‘normal’, really. She felt both embarrassed by the sight yet also intrigued. But she was also *staring*, so she corrected her attention up towards Sumire’s face... where she was greeting by things that were *additionally* shocking.

Sumire was still complaining about what was happening to her, evidently unaware of how it was affecting her *face*. Her lips had swollen fuller and glossier, and there was a maturity to them that spread throughout the rest of those features. Her nose? Longer. Her cheeks? Higher. Little by little she appeared older and *sexier*, but by the time her red eyes dulled several shades? Futaba had an alarming realization. She recognized that face. That body. Sumire looked like the character she had been trying to roll in her gacha game!

“S-Sumire?” She squeaked to try and get her attention, but the now *twenty one* year old woman was evidently too aggravated to hear her with her voice so low. She could only watch as her friend’s red hair paled in color to a light pink, while only some of the original red remained as sparse highlights. This hair became messier, and her ponytail finally unraveled just as her *entire outfit* changed before her very eyes.

This was enough to snap the older woman out of the irate stupor she’d been in to address what was happening specifically again. **“What’s up with this outfit? It’s so damn revealing!”** Sumire definitely *wasn’t* wrong about that. Her ill-fitted uniform had been entirely replaced by a puffy, red jacket that was worn off her shoulders and open to reveal she was basically only wearing a black bikini. One with small, square cups

and a thong like bottom that was worn high on her hips while revealing her pubes had been shaved, else they *definitely* would have been visible.

A purple tie hung over a black scarf to hide her cleavage line, and red ribbons tied some of her hair into small tails right behind emerging... *ears*? The pair on her head's side disappeared as this new pair grew. Covered in a pink fur that matched her hair, with white tufts nestled inside, they were *clearly* the ears of a fox. And this was confirmed by the black-tipped but otherwise pink tail that elongated from her spine, dangling down and sometimes flicking against the black, thigh high socks she wore under red geta sandals. There were two straps on her left thigh that *really* dug into her burgeoning skin. Right below a black barcode tattoo.

“When I said you had me, I didn’t mean like *this*, baka!” The basically naked, busy fox woman *loathed* how she sounded when she talked. It had been apparent over the course of her transformation, but the (now) twenty one year old couldn’t stop herself from doing it! She was acting like a tsundere. One that leaned a little too far into the whole ‘fox girl’ thing. **“What am I even supposed to do about this!? I’m all jiggly, and...”** Too caught up in her bad mood, she didn’t even notice that Futaba had been calling her by her old name.



But the woman hadn’t noticed. It was like her old name wasn’t even *registering*. That was when Futaba had an idea. **“Himiko!?”** There was an immediate reaction from the woman who had once been Sumire. The fox ears on top of her head twitched, and she turned sharply to glare at the one that had shouted that name. **“W-Wait... Is *that* what you’re responding to?”**

“Huh? What do you mean? That’s my name, stupid, it’s— *YIP!*?” It took her a second to realize what Futaba had meant, but *Himiko* got there eventually. **“What... What was even my old name?”** Her red eyes were spinning. Could she really not remember? **“And where am I? Are you the kitten that summoned me? I suppose you’re *kind of* cute.”** Now what was happening? Sumire was acting like they had never met?

...She was acting *exactly* like the character in the gacha game Futaba was playing. “**Oh no... What do I do now?**” There was a hot cat woman in her room... While she was thinking about this, Himiko had taken the opportunity to inch closer to her summoner. Until she *grabbed* Futaba’s hand and pulled her into a warm embrace. Since the cat girl was so much taller, Futaba got a face full of boob. “**Mmph!?**” Well, Himiko was the easiest character in the game to S-rank affection with even though she was so tsun.

But when she’d been grabbed, she’d been *shocked*.

...TO BE CONTINUED?