

PRIMAL LUCK

COMMISSION STORY

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“I’m starting to think all the screenshots of people getting good things were a lie...”

It was near the end of Granblue Fantasy’s 12 anniversary celebration, and it felt like this year the game had brought out all the stops. They did their semi-periodic daily free rolls period of course, along with anniversary missions and the other freebies that you might expect. But this year? They were also doing a scratcher campaign where you would scratch off 9 different spots on a card, and whatever three matched, you would end up receiving that prize.

Of course, there *was* a bunch of junk on that scratcher card in most cases. All of the low-rarity items and resources you’d expect were available as prizes, and they were naturally the more common ones. But you were also able to win things like high rarity weapons and summons and even *pick tickets* if you were *extremely* lucky. Very few were, sadly. But the potential *was* there!

That said, Joseph hadn’t exactly been *optimistic* about his odds. The best luck that he’d had on one of the past scratchers was with some resources that weren’t particularly common, and even when weapons and summons popped up? A lot of the time, they weren’t especially interesting to him. Nice to have, but he either had them already or he didn’t have a use for them. But on *this* occasion something caught his eye.

Not because he wanted it, but because he was confused about why it was even there in the first place.

“Wait, isn’t this gatling gun...?” He’d cleared it off of two squares so far before it struck him that something was *odd* about its presence. He recognized the weapon: it was the gatling gun that the Primal, Raziell, wielded in combat. Seeing it on the scratcher was strange because you didn’t unlock her *with* a weapon, though. She was an event freebie and wasn’t tied to a weapon roll, and as such she didn’t have a weapon in the pool. ...Unless you were trying to get her summer version, which this was not.

Joseph hadn’t heard anything about a weapon like that existing, but maybe it was a surprise they had included for the end of the anniversary campaign? It probably wouldn’t *unlock* the character or anything like that – and he had Raziell already anyways. But as things turned out... **“Guess I’m going to see what happens...”** He uncovered a third square with the same weapon, which meant he would be rewarded it.

THUNK!

“...H-Huh?” Instead of the usual screen the game displayed when you won a reward, though, there was a flash of light from his screen that led to the sound of a hefty weight dropping onto his floor. He recoiled for a moment, moving up and away from his computer in the meantime and only looking back seconds later to find that, of all things, the gatling gun from the game was now on his floor! **“What the...?”**

His first instinct was actually likely not the *correct* one, even if it had made sense to him in the moment. Joseph ended up walking over to, crouching down before, and eventually reaching out a hand to *touch* the heavy weapon. As he’d expected, based on how it had dented his floor, it was *way* too heavy for him to move. **“How is this even possible?”** He couldn’t even dismiss it as a dream, because the cold touch of the steel was undeniably realistic.

But that touch had also triggered something that he had yet to even realize was occurring. After touching the weapon, he had dropped his arm and taken a step back to look at it with concern. Had he been looking *down*, however, directly at the arm that had reached out to touch it in the first place, he would have realized that something had gone *very* awry. The skin across that arm now appeared *far* too soft. Its hair was gone along with any scars or callouses even on his fingers, and that phenomenon spread across his body’s entirety.

All while paling his olive complexion away.

Perhaps because it was his right hand that had contacted the weapon, it began to change in various other ways before anything else too. His fingers gradually lost a bit of length and width along with his palms, but

this appeared to be in exchange for added length to fingernails that gave them a freshly manicured appeal. Mind you, this wasn't all isolated to his hands alone. Similar phenomena had affected the feet within his socks, taking paled tootsies and bringing them down to a more delicate sizing with miniature toes.

The shrinking of his feet, however, was enough to finally make him stumble and look down. "**H-Huh!?**" It left him feeling a little bit *off-balance*, and he briefly wondered if he was perhaps falling when he eventually looked at the floor. It felt closer, and— Wait, why did his hands and forearms appear so thin and pale!? "**H-Hey!?**" Joseph's voice even cracked as he attempted to vocalize his confusion, but that wasn't exactly *the* most pressing concern of his in that particular moment.

Joseph's imbalance hadn't come on *solely* because of his smaller feet, and as it turned out, his impression that the floor was closer than before had been right on the money as well. His clothes had already been rather baggy, but they felt baggier and baggier upon his frame as well. He was *shrinking*, and rapidly at that. Inches peeled off his nearly six-foot tall stature while his shoulders thinned, all making it so that the rest of his body fell more in line with his shrunken, daintier hands and feet.

"**H-How? I'm like 5'2"!**" No, he wasn't *like* 5'2". He literally stood at a height of 5'2", which made it incredibly strange that he *knew* that exact parameter without any measuring tools at his disposal. If anything, it felt more like *personal knowledge* than something he had picked up. "**And then there's the matter of my hands... and my voice!**" He'd registered it as a crack before, but now his voice was just *like* that. High and sweet sounding, like a young woman.

And yet, there was a strangely ignorant confidence to his tone for someone that didn't even completely grasp what had happened to him so far. It wasn't a matter of simply becoming smaller – as he had shrunk, his *face* had gradually shifted to better match the sound of his voice. This meant becoming more *feminine* in explicit locations like lips that became more upturned, cheeks that rounded, or a chin that smoothed all beneath rounded eyes that glowed with blue. But it also meant appearing *younger*, as any signs of wear were dismissed in favor of rejuvenating his complexion until he looked more like a young woman around *twenty-five* or so.

"**Logically speaking...**" *Logically* speaking? There was nothing wrong with thinking logically in that moment, but was there even anything logical about what was happening to him? Even in that moment, the man's short and dark hair had begun to undo this description, growing

both in terms of length *and* thickness as it fell past his shoulders, all while its color lightened to a chestnut brown with bangs framing his face softly. Joseph also *shouldn't* have been the kind of guy to say something *like* 'logically speaking'. **“There must be an explanation for all this!”**

She just... couldn't think of one! Wait. *She*? She didn't even realize that she had begun to think of herself in the feminine, but it wasn't incorrect for very long anyways. **“Ngh!? W-Wait! That curious feeling...”** There had been a tug between her legs that could have only been explained by a rearranging of her genitalia, and her cock and balls *had* diminished with what remained slithering up and into the new slit that ended up opening between her legs. Her browned pubes, now softer and longer than before, even spread to cover more of her pelvis.

“I'm a woman.” Joseph said this conclusively, without even a single hint of shock in her voice despite how dramatic of a change it had been. Her shorts had felt *emptier* without a bulge to fill it, but they quickly felt tighter *everywhere* else because her newfound femininity pushed the surrounding regions to *balloon*. Her smooth and hairless thighs saw their skin stretch as fat bloated them until her shorts were digging into this flesh, and the creamy flesh of a swelling ass peeked over their back waistband. **“But this means...?”** *What* did it mean?

It certainly seemed to mean that she was growing *heavier*. Her waistline slimmed first, serving as a counterbalance to her hips, which widened a number of inches to better accommodate her thickened lower body (which ended with the front button of her shorts flying off). But *above* that waist? Weight pooled in a fashion similar to her lower body, seeing her nipples swell until they were nice and puffy, leading the charge of the weight beneath them that sound mounds develop into hefty orbs that lifted her shirt. They were likely *G-cups* if anything, and that might have been a more generous read of their sizing.

“So big... and so tight!” Joseph had naturally taken notice of these gains, especially with her balance forced forward by their heft. But she adjusted quickly while grappling with changes under the proverbial hood at the same time. Memories that weren't hers. A *name* that wasn't hers. And yet it was familiar all the same, both to old memories *and* new ones. That said, the tightness she was mumbling about wasn't exclusively referring to the front of her shirt, or even the shorts that were clearly strangling the fat out of her thighs like a tube of cookie dough.

A lot of that distress came from *behind her*. The t-shirt she was wearing was pulling back on her huge tits, making the imprints of her swollen nipples all the more apparent. Was her *back* getting fatter? *No*, but it

was something even *weirder*. From the outside, it looked like two points were pressing against the shirt from inside. But they pressed harder and harder, and the woman herself could *feel* these points even though they were too far from her back *to* be part of her body... or at least that was what she had *thought*. **“What’s... Oh!?”**

Until finally, the sound of fabric tearing filled the room and these ‘points’ tore through her shirt, revealing a pair of big, beige-colored wings decorated with feathers that spanned almost eight inches across. She might have been more shocked if not for the new memories that had been implanted in her. She’d already figured out *who* she had become. Logically, of course! And that woman *wasn’t* a human.

It was for a similar reason that she sighed with relief rather than express confusion when the sensation of her body’s swathing became more comfortable. Ill-fitted and tattered garments wrapped around her body with a golden light, providing the woman with a more comfortable set of clothes. It consisted of a black dress and tights, with white cloth around her breasts and waist and a black neckline with golden stitching. The peak of her cleavage did stick out beneath a black collar, and she soon found herself with armored black gloves, toeless stirrup leggings, and a rounded black cap with golden decoration above brown hair pulled into twin tails.

“Oh, um... Of course, I understand what happened!” The woman had felt so befuddled throughout her transformation, but now that it had completed and her wings had managed to stretch wide? *Raziel* completely understood what had happened to her! How could she not, when she was the archangel of enigmas! ...Even though she could clearly recall *not* being the archangel of enigmas just a few minutes ago. **“It seems that the scratcher was cursed, and I’ve fallen into some sort of trap! Hmhm... That’s obviously that occurred!”**



It certainly *was* obviously what had occurred, and she was glossing over the fact that, well, she didn’t even *have* any facts! *How* had she been cursed? *Why*? Was she supposed to just live in the real world as an archangel!? Well... That last question *did* have an answer, though she was given it in a rather forceful way. Her computer screen had gone still when her transformation began, but it suddenly glowed green and began to *pull* her. **“Wait, wait, wait!”**

Raziel naturally resisted and even seemed to be able to outpace the suction. But while basically nothing else in her room had been disturbed? The gatling gun *did* and was pulled *into* her. “**OW!?**” Knocking her off her feet and launching her into the computer screen along *with* the gun. The next thing she knew, she was sitting on her knees on the deck of a familiar airship. “**Well... I guess this is ‘home’ as well in a sense...**”

Not like she had a say in the matter anymore.

Around roughly the same time, I was also attempting to finish off my scratcher for the day. “**Come on Axel, today you’re going to win something!**” Of course, I could tell myself that all I wanted, that didn’t mean that anything was going to manifest. In fact, with my luck that was probably just going to make things even *more* cursed. I’d had next to no luck on any of my scratchers thus far, and my free rolls had effectively been abysmal on top of that.

But even though my actual expectations hadn’t been especially high, I was surprised when I uncovered an SSR weapon on not just one spot, but two. I wasn’t so hardcore of a player that I would recognize the weapon at a glance, but it was a blade with a golden hilt and red lines running down its silver length. It wouldn’t unlock a character (or so I assumed), but it was still better than energy recovering items for the fourth day in a row! “**Come on...**”

There was a third one! That was worth celebrating, and I was *about* to, at least, until there was a sudden flash of light and the sound of something that was very *weighty* hitting the ground behind me. As I turned in my chair, the last thing I was expecting to see was... a *gigantic* version of the sword that I’d just rolled, sticking up and out of my floor. “**Uh... What?**” What else was I supposed to say!?

I ended up cautiously approaching it and couldn’t stop myself from touching it which, as it turned out, made me feel *weird* emotionally. While I was in contact with the sword, I felt very at *peace*. But when I removed my hand and stepped away? I felt somewhat *annoyed*. “**What the hell is going on!?**” Things that were far more life changing than I could have possibly predicted at that moment, that much was for certain!

There wasn’t any possible way for me to tell that the moment my hand had touched the sword, my eyes had literally *shone* with a dull brown. And while that illumination had dulled when I had removed my hand? The color ended up persisting even as my agitation grew and my lack of

awareness persisted. But it was hardly even the *only* color change, as a dark brown seeped into all of the hair upon my body.

Or, at least, whatever *remained*. Similar to Joseph, my skin had softened and grown hairless. *Unlike* Joseph though, there was a little more *to* it. My skin was tightening and *healing* around a belly that was swollen and arms and legs that were pudgy. Excess fat was seemingly fed into the void while stretch marks were erased and my belly not only became tight, but *firm* with muscle to boot. The side effect of everything thinning so drastically was a slipping of my pants and underwear, but at least my shirt hung off me like a dress to *barely* cover my unmentionables?

“HUH!?” I practically *roared* with surprise the moment I recognized the problem but ended up stumbling towards the sword and placing my hand on it to stabilize myself after tripping over my pants. **“I-I mean, how strange! I’m... thin!”** Once again, I felt oddly at *ease* once I was in close proximity to the blade. My brown eyes blinked at the softened sound of my voice, and I once again didn’t realize that changes were being made to my face... and the hair above.

My brown eyes ended up narrowing as their lashes fluttered longer, and my thin lips swelled until they were thicker and poutier. My changed voice pointedly sounded like a woman, and that was how my face undeniably appeared by the time the adjustments had completed. A beautiful woman in her *twenties*, meaning I was younger, with a sharp jaw and high cheekbones. **“But what I’m wearing... Couldn’t I find something cuter?”** A strange priority in the moment, but the idea of dressing cutely *spoke* to me.

The hair atop my head hadn’t at all been left out of the party. No sooner than my face had finished changing did that dark hair begun to lengthen. It cascaded down past my shoulders, the lengths voluminous and *straight*, but its darker, duller coloration ignited with vibrant crimson as it reached my ankles. I *did* notice this, because there was no way I *couldn’t* have when my lengthened bangs were swept across my right eyes, effectively covering that side my face above the nose. **“O-Oh!?”**

It had surprised me, and I ended up wandering away from the huge sword again as I tried to push them away from my eye unsuccessfully. But the moment I was about three steps away? I watched those bangs adopt a duller shade of brown. **“Hah!?”** ...As my aggression returned. The thing was, I wasn’t even huffing at the changed color of my hair! My attention had turned down to my clothing. **“Why would I wear something as pointless as this?”** Only a shirt that was too big for me? I deserved to wear something much more *beautiful*!

While I might not have immediately received an answer to those desires, my body quickly took steps to send me on my way. I subconsciously brought my hands to my chest as I felt a vague pressure begin to build on top of it. Those hands were soon pushed away as my nipples became puffy beneath and fat burgeoned beneath them, developing mounds that soon blew up into bonafide *F-cup* melons. The unintentional side effect of this was that my shirt lifted up to show off my crotch, but what that revealed wasn't what I'd expected.

The front of my pelvis was *flat*, and a short moan slipped through my thickened lips as what remained of my dick became lining for my new pussy. I was biologically a *woman*. **“I see. Well, I won't complain about being the superior sex.”** Did I mean that? *Probably*. While I saw men and women as equals before, my opinion hadn't been *that* extreme. But now, as a woman, I couldn't help but think that it could only be superior *because* I was one.

If I'd shrunk at all, it must have been less than an inch, because at *minimum* I still stood at around 5'10". A 5'10" woman with big tits and, as it turned out, an equally fat ass. It wasn't like my shirt was providing much coverage at this point either way, but the growth of my ass cheeks into a bountiful heart-shape lifted it in the back even further so that the deepened crack of that ass was on full display. Not only did it force my hips to widen into accommodate, by the excess was fed to rethicken my thighs... this time with a voluptuous weight that accentuated my new hourglass figure.

“I don't have any need for this.” I made this haughty declaration as I reached down to grab the base of my shirt and pull it up and over my head. It took a moment to feed *all* of my hair through the neck hole, exposing my large and perky breasts to the cool air of my room... just in time for a pair of dark wings to explode out from beneath my shoulders, while a pair of black horns curled out from the back of my head towards my eyes. **“Ugh...”**

I experienced a brief pulse of pain in my head as those horns grew, but some of my discomfort came from the adjustments to my memories. Flashes of a *very* long life that were not my own... or hadn't been my own... made my wince. But when it cleared? Not only did I have clarity, but I was dressed in the comfort of a *much* cuter outfit. It was fairly simple, consisting of a short, black dress with matching gloves and silver armor pieces across my tits, hands, and elbows. But other than the appropriate undergarments and a pair of thigh high, white boots with gold trim, I wasn't wearing much else.

“Whatever happened, it dared to wrest my sword from my hand!? ...Or perhaps I wasn’t holding it in the first place! Alas!” The swirling rage and self-important that had been building within me finally reached a boiling point, but the moment my hand came into contact with the cold steel of my sword? That anger was *subdued* and that bright red possessed my hair again (pubes included). No, it was still present, it was more like it had been *silenced* as if that voice had taken a back seat. **“O-Oh! Well, I suppose that was going to happen if we were separated...”**



As *Noire*, I was a Primal with a split personality. There had been shades of this condition popping up throughout my transformation depending on my proximity with my weapon, and this was because that whichever personality was dominant was dependent on whether or not I was *with* my sword. **“My sword... Well, I suppose that’s true now.”** I wasn’t even *trying* to fight with reality. I was beautiful, buxom, and strong, and so there wasn’t anything to really complain about in that regard. My old life?

Well, in a display of how little I cared about that, I simply unstuck my blade from the sword, and had it followed me *towards* the computer screen when it began to glow. I posed no resistance to the suction as if I had been expecting it, and eventually? I was pulled inside, blade and all. Reappearing— **“OW!?”** The pained cry that bellowed out when I appeared on the deck of the Grancypher was not my own, but the Primal whose plush lap I’d landed on with my fat ass.

Raziel didn’t look particularly happy with me, but she was lucky my blade was still at my side... and hadn’t landed on her.