

# GUDAGUDA LUCK

## COMMISSION STORY

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The Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki had already ended. Not with a bang but with a fizzle, leaving those who survived to pick up the pieces of what remained. *Some* people had unfortunately died throughout the events, but through persistence (or a miracle) Shirou Emiya and his closest friends had all survived. Rin Tohsaka, Sakura Matou, *and* Illyasviel von Einzbern had all made it and a relative peace had settled over Fuyuki again.

...For a few months, at least.

Rin had been the first one to notice it. Unusual activity in the cavern that had once acted as the location of the Greater Grail. It didn't seem to be so alarming that it had required everyone's attention, at least not *yet*, but it had still been something worth investigating. And Rin had ultimately decided to go and do just that. **"If I don't come back by 8 maybe come find me?"** Those were the words that she had left Shirou with, and not only had 8 come and gone but it was well after 9.

**"This... is a *factory*, right? There's no way someone could have built this without anyone noticing, right?"** The trio that remained had eventually gone to the cavern themselves in pursuit of their missing companion only to find that the area had changed. After stepping through the cavern entrance they had been greeted with conveyor belts, gears, and rusty walkways. It was like stepping into an old factory – and that made its presence all the stranger. If it had just been built then why did it appear so *decrepit*?

**"Illya-chan? Maybe you should go back?"** It had been the small, silver-haired girl that had spoken first, but now Sakura had addressed

her with concern. In her mind it was probably unsafe for a *child* to be in such a dangerous place. It came from a place of good intention, but Illyasviel was also sensitive about being treated like a child. Her red eyes glared daggers at the purple-haired teen and she looked ready to bite back.

Fortunately Shirou noticed before it could happen. **“Ahaha... It doesn’t seem that dangerous. Illya is more capable than you might think!”** This seemed to diffuse things a little. **“The machines aren’t even working. Rin must have just gotten lost somewhere inside.”** He was trying to be optimistic as the three of them began to walk deeper in.



To progress? They had to walk across what seemed to be an assembly line to reach the path on the other side. The machinery wasn’t active so this wasn’t really an issue... or at least it *shouldn’t* have been. **“Huh?”** And yet once all three were on the line everything began to *move*. Lights came on and the track began to slide, bringing the trio away from the path. They couldn’t drop down either, it seemed to be too deep. **“Crap! Hang on!”**

Shirou’s warning was a good one but it didn’t help the three at all when an upcoming three-way split in the track came up. They were all powerless as they were divvied up, sent into separate tunnels to each face their own challenges. Shirou didn’t have the foggiest idea what those challenges might be, but after passing through a red light in the tunnel he was introduced to one of them. **“Wh-Where the hell did my clothes go!?”**

The light had *eviscerated* his clothing!

Not that he had been left with *nothing*, but what he *had* been left with made things even more confusing. A sheathed katana had fallen at his feet after passing underneath an open vent. **“A sword!?”** But what was the point of *that*? It wasn’t like he could really use it to cover up the dick and balls that were now flopping about. Making matters worse was a sudden increase in the conveyor belt’s speed, which made it difficult to process what he passed – much less keep his balance.

Lights blurred past him as he passed through varied machinery. The first? It emitted a pink light that left his skin tingling even after emerging, a cherry blossom flower just barely caught on the machine’s

side at the speed he was going. Shirou was still more concerned about his nudity though. How was he going to cover his... his...? “**H-HUH!?**”

There was a sharp crack in Shirou’s voice upon looking down to see just *how* obvious his dick and balls were standing out. They *weren’t*. And that was the problem. Were they flaccid? No, it almost looked like they were burrowing inside of his body! In a panic he reached down with one hand but it was too little too late. Instead of grabbing anything, *her* finger ultimately probed into a new slit that made her shudder.

“**No way... am I a girl!?**” That much should have been obvious, and in fact? The young lady’s *voice* had already softened to reflect as much. Of course now that she had a young woman’s genitalia, it only made sense that the surrounding areas would succumb to related change. Shirou’s narrow thighs and flat rump were among the first of these regions to feel the effects, and she could quite plainly see them while leaning forward. Upper legs became softer, plusher, skin stretching several inches away from the bone with fat padding them femininely. And what didn’t pour into her thighs? It was slipped into her ass, bloating them into firm peach shapes.

While more abundant than before though? It wasn’t all *that* much. Those weren’t the legs and rear of an adult woman. Perhaps, instead, they were much more suitable for a *teenager*. And almost as if to highlight that? She found herself trying to adjust her posture as her *chest* became a little pudgier above a tummy that had pinched in at the sides so that she had a narrower waist. “**B-B-Boobs!?**” She wasn’t *wrong*. A pair of B-cups had erupted and once she straightened her back she found herself cupping them. Shirou was *obviously* shocked but wasn’t there something she *wasn’t* catching here? From her mannerisms to how she was speaking.

It was all a little exaggerated. *Comical* even.

So distracted by the weight on her chest, she didn’t notice passing through another machine. It bore the same marking as the second one and the pink light was similar. By the time she emerged from the other side her transformation was taking another turn and, unfortunately for her, not *all* of it was physical. *Why am I fondling my chest? I don’t think they’ve grown, have they? Er...* was that the issue? Gently lowering her hands, she seemingly no longer saw a problem with possessing them. Her *mind* was being adjusted.

There wasn’t much recognition of the fact that her height was regressing because of it, not that there were any side effects aside from a slight instability to her posture. Nonetheless she *did* drop about four inches, from 5’6” to 5’2” over just ten or so seconds. This made her curves *seem*

more pronounced, but evidently the machine she had just past through wasn't intent on enhancing them further. It was a machine meant more for adjusting her to match a new *identity*.

The girl blinked, amber-colored eyes losing their luster while a piercing silver settled in instead. Those eyes likewise widened, lashes lengthening on a face that was increasingly more maidenly and decreasingly, well, like *Shirou*. As her features softened she looked less and less like the young man she'd been, nose smaller and lips puffed up. This more circular face of hers was befitting of a teenaged girl – but in all of its cuteness she no longer resembled Shirou Emiya at all. **“Did I hit my head? What the heck was my name again!?”**

Not even *she* could remember! Though the little that remained of her previous self was heading out the door anyways. Spiky, red hair was flattening and softening, growing down to his shoulders as the color waned only to be replaced by a strawberry blonde. The slightest ahoge popped out from the top and she ran smaller hands through this mane without even questioning it.

The conveyor belt had begun to slow down, leaving the girl soft yet still muscular, looking around with confusion. But her memories were slowly coming back (although they weren't the memories she had before) including a reality. The reality that she was not a human, but instead a *Servant*.

**“Uh... So that's how it is?”** A steel hatch had awaited *Okita Souji* when she ultimately stepped off the conveyor belt at the end its path with only a blade on her person. A pink kimono had fallen from that hatch; recognized immediately as her own clothing. It took her a short few moments to get dressed, thoughts fixated on the factory's appearance as she did. Had her transformation not affected her mind then she *might* have fixated on that instead. But *alas*. **“There better not have been any cameras on that ride...”**



The Saber-class Servant gave a heavy sigh the moment she holstered her blade in her obi sash. **“Considering the aesthetics of this place then it must be *their* doing, right?”** But even if she could identify the potential culprit, she still couldn't really remember *how* she'd ended up inside in the first place. **“Was I just investigating it? That sounds like something that I'd do, right? Umu... That must be**

**it?**” Maybe she’d been summoned inside? But she’d have memories of that happening, wouldn’t she?

**“Oh well! Let’s just deal with the problem at hand first!”**

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While Shirou’s conveyor belt had run with blistering speed down the line, that wasn’t necessarily the case for the other two. In Illyasviel’s case the belt had begun to slow after she’d begun to move down a slope. If not *for* that slope she might have been able to move backwards, and yet the incline made it far too difficult. **“Shirou and Sakura are back there but...”** How big could the facility be? If it was a factory then these lines likely went to locations that may not have been the exact same place, but they were probably close?

There *were* some lights down the tunnel she was moving down but the girl couldn’t be sure if they were dangerous or not. Considering how old the factory *looked*? The technology couldn’t have been that advanced. And yet as she passed through the first two – a red and a blue respectively with flame markings on the sides of the machines – she was hit with the reality that there was something *wrong*. Because the red one? Much like with Shirou it had stripped her naked. **“WAH!?”** But only for a split second. Because when she passed through the blue? She was reclothed.

Just not in something that *fit*.

**“This... isn’t really better...”** Putting aside the question of *how* she had suddenly been disrobed and then re-robed again, the ensemble she had been left in was *much* too large for her small body. It was a black bodysuit with a torso lined with leather armor so that it largely retained its shape around her tiny body. On the other hand? It was bunched up around her legs and arms and she was *swimming* in the boots there was no way for her to realistically move dressed in it. It was also *heavy*. **“What am I supposed to do!?”**

Fortunately for her it *would* become easier to move in. Another machine came up, this time emitting a red light that was much darker crimson than the red from before. Unable to do anything other than react, Illya only closed her eyes to avoid getting flashbanged by the glow. But by the time she had emerged from the light? The reds of her eyes almost seemed *darker* somehow. **“I wonder if this is a clothes... factory?”**

Her change of outfit was *sort of* suggestive of it, but before expressing any confidence in that theory something had caught her eye.

Her *hair*. So typically a silvery white, she could now see the tips ablaze with crimson. A crimson that was working its way up *all* of her hair from its tips to her roots. Yet it also *lengthened*, growing so long that it pooled around her feet as she stood. “**Wh-What’s happening...?**” Seeing her bangs swing from a left sweep to a right one where they completely *covered* that eye, she could only sheepishly voice her confusion.

But of course there were things that Illyasviel *couldn’t* see as well. The face that the hair framed appeared noticeably *longer* in vertical length, much of the childishness that had plagued it evaporating in favor of an unparalleled maturity. Her lips swelled into they were plump and perky, her nose sharpened, and her gaze became more intense thanks to her redder gaze narrowing and squinting further. She didn’t look at *all* like Illya from the neck up. And after passing through another machine of crimson light the differences only grew further.

Illya *herself* grew further. “**W-Woah!**” She felt off balance, and the oversized bodysuit seemed to be stretching around her body? These were two phenomena that she didn’t quite understand in the opening seconds, but she soon noticed that the factory roof above her seemed closer as the conveyor belt continued to move downward towards a new machine. “**Am I getting taller?**” She fake-coughed after speaking, trying to clear what she assumed was a frog in her throat with how deep her voice had suddenly gotten.

Not that she was *wrong*. Her meager 4’4” height was rapidly progressing upwards, limbs sliding properly into the sleeves and pants of the bodysuit while the leather armored torso began to press properly against a body that had begun to inherit its shape. “**I feel... strong.**” Both physically, for muscles had swelled as she had grown, and in terms of *confidence*. Nearing a *substantially* taller 5’11” where the height growth would eventually stop, the figure of her taller body was now beginning to fill out so that she didn’t seem to be so hopelessly lanky.

Her hips were forced wider as if they’d been grasped and pulled, forcing a significant thigh gap between them that wasn’t fully filled in even *after* her skinny thighs bloated with a fat that paved over even the abundant muscle that had surfaced there. Each thigh was comparable in thickness to her waist, all sizes highlighted by just how skintight the bodysuit now was upon her person. It didn’t shield the growth of a once nonexistent ass, cheeks pushing out behind her until you could make out the impression of her newly heart-shaped ass’ crack through the leather.

**“My body is so— Mm? What’s wrong with my body?”** With a voice that was consistently deeper now, she had been on the cusp on commenting on how different things were. That was including a change that had jiggled to life, engorged nipples resting atop fatty tissue that had expanded to *perfectly* fit the D-cups of the bodysuit. But she passed through the final machine while speaking, and it *immediately* affected her mind. She came to believe her body had always been that way, but more than that? Her identity has shifted nearly instantly. And a red cape was then born from flames around her shoulders.

While the bodysuit certainly hadn’t fit this woman before, it *definitely* did by the time she had finally stepped off the conveyor belt at its final stop – an area that looked like a distribution sector. She came across as cold and calculating, but she strutted with a nobility that Illyasviel certainly



never would have as well. One hand on one of her wide hips, *Oda Nobunaga*, or more specifically the older, *Demon King* variation, surveyed her surroundings while exuding an unrivaled confidence. **“Now where in the world did I end up? Or should I say *which* world?”**

It was mildly concerning that there was a large gap in her memories. Had she been summoned? Had she boarded that conveyor belt of her own accord? As far as she was aware it had been a smooth ride without anything of interest happening *during* the experience whatsoever. Well, if she *could* recall her past life (she couldn’t), she might have taken comfort in knowing that no one would ever look down on her again. She was a proper, sexy adult woman now.

**“Ah well. I’ll make this work *somehow*.”**

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**“What should I do...?”** Not being a particularly decisive individual, Sakura was more or less paralyzed as the conveyor belt she was being sent down moved towards a machine with a number of big mirrors surrounding it. Were they symbolic of something? In the end she would never know, because from above a large crane came down and



miraculously grabbed her by the collar and tugged her up. “**Wh-Why!?**”

Making matters even *more* confusing was the fact that she’d heard Rin’s voice over a speaker when she first began to rise, but there was something *incoherent* about those words. Was it the speaker? She was more worried about being dropped regardless, so she didn’t dwell on it for long. “**Wait, am I being put down somewhere safe?**” For a brief moment it had *seemed* like it. Unfortunately? Rin’s voice returned, screaming with a NOBU sound that preceded the crane literally *launching* Sakura into the mouth of a machine with a large Nobunaga hat on top of it.

She landed safely on her feet after *sliding* in through the top of the hat. But it was dark and cramped inside.

“**Hello!? Is someone out there!? Can you let me out!?**” Whether it was Rin or not she had heard *someone’s* voice, right? She was hoping that someone would hear her and let her out. But unfortunately the *opposite* began to happen. The machine sounded like it was whirring to life, a crimson glow beginning to fill the chamber as the exit above her was sealed. “**U-Um!? Please!?**” Ever so slowly the panel that had sealed the exit had begun to slide downwards towards the top of her head. She was terrified that she was about to get crushed alive! So terrified that she wasn’t paying much attention to how her skin felt all *tingly* under the glow of the crimson light.

It was so tight in the machine that she couldn’t move her arms either – they were stuck at her sides. The most that she could do was wiggle frantically as she cast a glance up to see just how close the panel was to reaching her head. But the tingling sensation was working preparatory changes throughout her body in the meantime. Sakura suddenly found her bangs covering her right eye, for example, but what she missed was that the *purple* had darkened away so that it was black. Her eyes had also taken on a crimson glow, and her facial structure had shifted into that not terribly dissimilar to the woman that Illya had become, albeit more youthful by design.

The compact space felt a little less compact in some key areas. “**Help! Please! I think it’s going to crush me!**” Not that Sakura herself was aware of it though. Her large breasts had actually given her more space around her chest because they were, well, *less* large. They had shrunk down to perky B-cups at best beneath her shirt. Whereas her thighs and



ass? These areas had all thinned as well so that her figure was far leaner. Mixed with all of the other changes she didn't really look *like* Sakura. She looked like a black haired Oda Nobunaga. A teenaged version. "**Eep!**"

Yet as the panel above finally pressed down on her head, it should have been noted that this wasn't even her final fate. It began to push down on her skull but it also shot a new, more intense tingling sensation through her body. "**What is this going to do to *Nobu!*?**" To *whom*? Why had she referred to herself in *that* way? As much as she wanted to dwell on that, she immediately became confused by something else.

She definitely *was* being pushed down but her knees weren't buckling. It also wasn't painful. Almost like her height was being compressed painlessly but she couldn't see to confirm it. Sakura *was* right. Her arms, torso, and legs were *all* shrinking as the machine pushed down on her. "**Please help *Nobu!* *Nobu nobu* needs!?! *Nobu!*?**" There was *some* pressure in her head. It felt almost like her eyes were about to burst out of her skull.

Maybe that would have been a better outcome than the horrific truth. Her face was becoming *deformed* but not in a grotesque way. It was almost *cartoonish*. Her exposed eye grew into a big, white circle and she couldn't stifle a wide, comical smile that spread across a shrinking face. It radiated big gremlin energy, as did the chants of *NOBU* that she couldn't stop herself from making as hard as she tried. "**N-No! *NOBU* *NOBU!***"

How small was she getting? She had to be below the four foot mark by this point and she was no longer concerned about being crushed to death. Something about this felt *right* even if she didn't want to admit it. Even as the fingers and toes upon her hands and feet shrunk and merged into rounded points for hands and feet. And as the crimson light stole away her clothes? A temporary glimpse of her body revealed no boobs, no ass, not even a slit. She wouldn't need to use the bathroom or anything in this form. While you could call what Sakura was becoming *humanoid* it certainly wasn't *human*.

She neared the 2' mark height wise and the machine began to whirl down. Sakura was restless. She had too much energy. And she could only communicate that energy through more "***Nobu!***". The gremlin wasn't left nude and was clad in a black and red Japanese Imperial uniform – one that those who were familiar with Oda Nobunaga would have recognized. But once she was clad in that ensemble, hat and all?

**“Nobu!? Nobuuuuu!?”** The girl – creature? – that was spat out from the base of the machine where she landed on her face on the platform. It had been so difficult to use the nubs she now had for hands to push herself up, but once she was upright she began to dance and flail around. *What happened to Nobu!? Why can’t Nobu speak!? Why is Nobu acting like this!?* She couldn’t stop acting overly expressive and silly, almost like she was a caricature of a human instead of a regular one. Unlike Okita and Demon King Nobunaga, Sakura had not lost her memories. But she couldn’t do anything like this, as a *Chibi Nobu!*



She did a silly little twirl of confusion, but the pitter patter of approaching footsteps that sounded similar to her own came towards her, prompting her to stop. **“Nobu! Nobu nobu!”** Lo and behold, a carbon copy of herself had appeared, but... No? Was that *Rin*? That was the voice she had heard before. It was a lot shriller than *Rin*’s usual voice. But then again *Sakura*’s own was a shriller version of what it had been. Had the one operating the crane been her? Had she been trying to save her?

**“Nobu!”**

**“Nobu!?”**

**“NOBU NOBU!”**

At the very least the two siblings could still understand *each other*. But what had happened to *Shirou* and *Illyasviel*? Would they be able to communicate with them, *whatever* had become of them? Unfortunately they *wouldn’t* and, in fact? *Nobunaga* would have found herself with a nice pair of subordinates.

A Chibi Nobu could not resist the orders of a Prime Nobu after all!