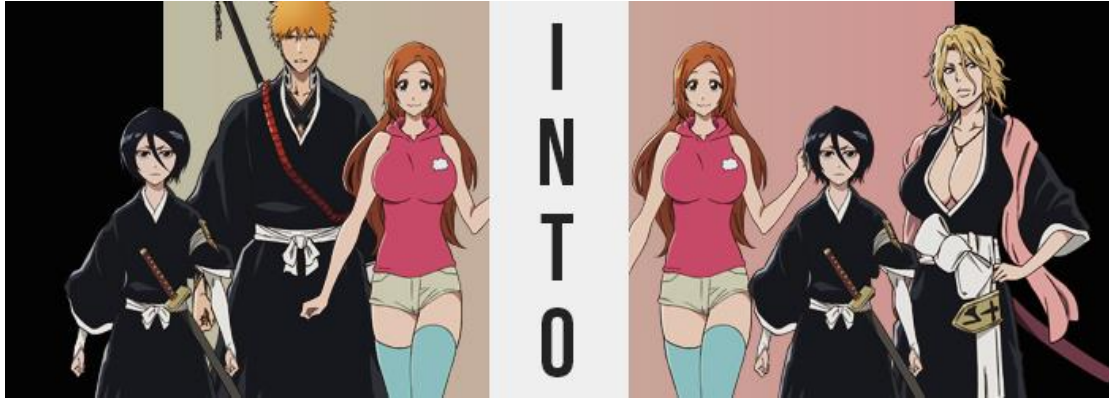


MISHAP OF SOULS

BIG STORY #22

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm? Where did *those* go?”

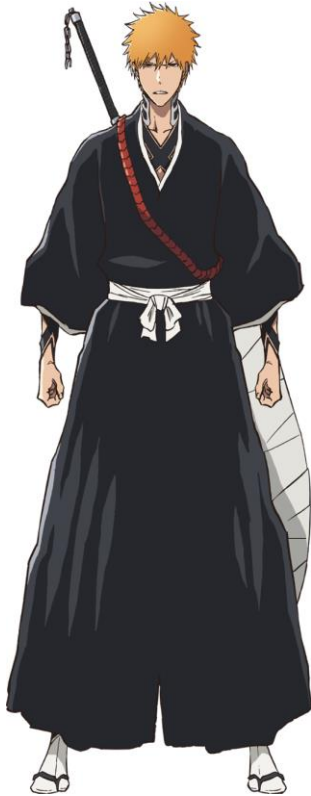
It had been a few weeks since the war with the Quincy had come to an end and Urahara had finally returned to his shop in the human world. The kids had been running it just fine in his absence, but upon taking inventory late at night he had come to an unfortunate realization. Some of the items that should have been in the storage room *weren't* there. A defective batch of experimental Gikongan that had been sent to him from Soul Society before receiving a notice *not* to sell them. The shop owner had already attached labels to them to be sent out to a testing group in town, but he'd *told* them not to give them out.

Apparently the artificial souls that they carried did not interact properly with the consumer. In fact they didn't seem to work at *all*; being custom made to occupy a Gigai with the soul of a copied personality that the creators had taken in secret. Urahara didn't really know much more than that, but if they were *too* dangerous then they would have asked him to destroy them, right? “**Hmm... I'm sure they just got moved elsewhere. I'll ask Jinta and Ururu in the morning.**”

They wouldn't have forgotten *not* to send them out, right?

Ichigo Kurosaki had slept in the following morning, only to step out of his room and find a small box in front of his bedroom door. “**Huh?**” It looked like something from Urahara's shop. After the battle with Yhwach had come to an end everyone had been in resting mode for a few weeks, but it seemed like Urahara had finally come back to the human world,

huh? Rubbing at the back of his head, the teen brought the box back into his room and opened it.



“**Gikongan?**” Inside was something that resembled a Pez dispenser with a bunny for a head along with a note that he quickly read. “**Please test this on the house. Don’t worry, it’s completely safe?**” Or so the note *read* but Ichigo still eyed the Gikongan with hesitation. This wasn’t the first time that he’d been sent something from Soul Society to ‘test’. But to be fair nothing had ever gone wrong in the past. At worst his soul would just be separated from his body briefly and he could force whatever artificial soul that had occupied it out.

Or so he assumed.

The boy sighed and rubbed at his head again. “**Might as well just do this quickly.**” With a popping noise he opened the dispenser and consumed the ‘candy’ that had come out. The effects were immediate – his soul was torn from his body, and he found himself staring down at an unmoving body on his bed. “**Uh...?**” Shouldn’t the artificial soul have sprung to life in his body by now? Maybe it was a dud? Oh well, there was no harm in that. Time to just re-enter his— “**HUH!?**”

He'd been about to do just that when, while idly gazing at his unconscious body on the bed, he noticed something bizarre about his physical self's appearance. Streaks of *black* had begun to weave their way through his hair before his very eyes. “**What the hell!? What’s happening to my hair!?**” Did the candy have some kind of weird hair dyeing side effect? No... It wasn’t *just* the color, was it? His spikes were gradually matting back down against his scalp, and it all looked *longer*. Like chin length? His bangs swerved to either side too, with one very long piece swerving between... his... eyes...

Ichigo blinked, for as he watched the bangs on his physical body lengthen? A thick stretch of black hair could be perceived between his own two eyes. As in the eyes of his spirit form. “**Shit!**” Hands immediately reached up to feel what he had feared. It wasn’t *just* changing his physical body – it was changing his spirit body to match in tandem. Something that became more alarming when he realized he recognized his new hairstyle. “**That’s Rukia’s, isthn’t ith!?**”

Attempts to vocalize this newfound realization had been met with resistance that prompted his words to lisp. Observing his physical body, the reason was obvious. His lips appeared fuller, poutier, and glossier – and that had been reflected on his spiritual form. But more than that, the voice he even lisped with sounded higher and familiar. Closer to that of the young woman he had realized his hair resembled. That resemblance grew even *more* obvious gradually.

“Cut it out!” Ichigo took notice of that fact as well. His face slowly rounded in shape. Eyes seemed to grow in size while irises darkened, and brows thinned. His nose seemingly collapsed in on itself to look thinner than it had before – changes he could all feel happening to the body he presently occupied as well. Strangely though? The weight of his Shinigami uniform felt a little more excessive than normal. **“I look like Rukia!”** Sounded like her, too.

But it was still more like someone had slapped Rukia’s face onto Ichigo’s body... largely. Clothing actually felt a little heavier because all of the muscles upon his body had been retracting. He retained an overall fitness, but the rippling strength was visually gone. And even then? He was still much stronger than toned skin suggested. It was just that the amount of space that muscle had to cover was *rapidly decreasing*.

“No, no, no!” He could both see it happening to his physical body and feel it happening to his spiritual one in tandem: his body was *shrinking* and rapidly at that. Down, down, down... All the way to a meager 4’9”. Somehow his uniform had refitted to accommodate a shorter torso and lessened limbs, but his physical body wasn’t so lucky. Arms and legs had pulled into his sleeves and pant legs, and his shirt had almost swallowed his neck. Yet when looking at the shirt more closely...

Didn’t it look like his nipples were hoisting the shirt up? Just a *little* bit, but he could also feel it under his robes. His height and head were identical to Rukia, so then did that mean that he was... **“...Crud.”** Ichigo hadn’t even realized that his mannerisms, including *how* he spoke, had slowly been falling more in line with the Rukia he knew. So at the realization that his chest had puffed up into a pair of A-cup breasts, something that should only have been found on a *woman*, he didn’t react as strongly as you might expect.

Rather than comment aloud now, Ichigo merely groaned at the sensation of the back of his hakama pants becoming a touch tighter. His rump had bloated a few inches, taking on a small peach shape that flowed into fuller thighs – something that could barely be perceived through the pants of his unconscious self. **“Mmnggh!?”** Unfortunately, however, *she* was unable to stifle an odd noise that came about as she felt her loins

compact and push inward, a woman's pussy taking away the last of her perceived masculinity.

“This can't be happening...” Rukia Kuchiki stared down at the sleeping *Gigai* on the bed – a carbon copy of her current appearance aside from the fact that her small body was dressed in Ichigo's oversized clothing. She held a hand forward and flexed her tiny fingers as if she was still doubting what had happened. Because deep down? She still recognized herself as *Ichigo*. But she also identified as Rukia now. It was a very jarring feeling.



Not only was her appearance identical, but her mannerisms and thoughts as well. She processed all of this information in the same way the real Rukia would. Case in point? Looking back down at the rabbit head on the Gikongan? She couldn't help but think about how *cute* it was. It was giving her a very fluttery feeling in her chest. **“S-S-Stop it!”** It wasn't like barking at her own feelings would help anything!

She'd have to report this to someone, which meant jumping back into her transformed body. Still, she could tell the moment she stood up that entire outfit would slide off thanks to her size difference compared to her whole body. **“Maybe I can steal some clothing from Yuzu or Karin...? What would look cute— GAH!”**

She had to stop thinking about cute things!



“How did they even know I was here?” Looking down at a Gikongan with a cute bunny head, Rukia Kuchiki was full of questions about its arrival outside of the room she had been renting in a local Kurakara inn. Typically when she was in the human world she stayed with Ichigo or Orihime, but on this occasion she was doing reconnaissance work for Soul Society. With everything that had happened over the past few months she wanted to give everyone else a break.

The plan was to visit them when her work was done though!

The package she'd left on the desk in her inn room was very obviously from the Urahara Shop. Gikongan were useful for separating her soul from the Gigai

body she was using, so if they had found some way to make the process less chaotic then she supposed there would be no harm in trying it, right? “**Bottoms up...**” She wasn’t expecting anything to happen once the Gigai she’d been using hit the ground. She’d been wrong on that front though.

No sooner than she had ascertained the truth that her spiritual body had been separated from the Gigai did she note that it wasn’t stirring to life with an artificial soul. “**Hm? Defective?**” Sometimes new ideas just didn’t pan out as planned so she couldn’t fault the creator if it didn’t work. But looking at her Gigai’s body a touch longer, collapsed on the floor while dressed in a simple, white dress, Rukia’s brow arched. She wasn’t sure if she was seeing what she was actually seeing.

But it almost looked like the base of her skirt was gradually creeping up her legs to show more of her thighs?

Incidentally she also found herself having to lean forward a little more gradually to maintain the view of her Gigai that she’d had initially. It took Rukia a moment to piece together that this was a weird thing for her to have to do, as well as identify the cause. “**Wait...**” Was she *growing taller*? Both her Gigai and her spirit form were both doing the exact same thing. Limbs and torso alike were lengthening, stretching her frame so that not one or two, but *five* inches were added to her overall height – rendering her 5’2”.

Rukia was left in awe. She had always wondered what she might look like if she had grown taller, but being a Shinigami meant that she couldn’t really grow taller. Had the recipe in the Gikongan somehow overwritten that? “**I’m truly taller...**” She was lucky that her Shinigami uniform had grown in size to accommodate her somehow else she might have had the same issue that her physical body currently was. The dress was sleeveless anyways, but the skirt? It barely reached past her crotch at first.

At first, because moments later it pulled up even *higher*, although in this case it wasn’t at all the result of a change in her height. That didn’t mean that it wasn’t because the girl wasn’t growing though. It just meant that she wasn’t growing in the exact same way. Her white dress’ skirt still hid a great deal of things, but Rukia could definitely *feel* what was happening.

“**Oh!?**” Her spirit body actually stumbled as a result of it. Hips had been pulled wider as if something had grabbed her legs from their insides and yanked them outwards. It certainly wasn’t a *comfortable* feeling, but it was a necessary change considering what bled in afterwards. Her ass and thighs alike could be seen and felt *bloating*, her Gigai’s laying posture

slowly rising on the floor thanks to the increased fullness of her ass. “*Erm...*” Her skirt was pulled enough up that she could observe her underwear, and how her Gigai’s rump being so full had practically flossed her panties into her groin. *That* would be uncomfortable when she dove back in.

Rukia was fidgeting. That was out of character for a woman who was always so calm, and yet the energy coursing through her body was somehow more abundant than it typically was. “*This is so weird!*” This energy had begun to come through with her words, but there was something about her vernacular too. It was more casual somehow? Weird as it all might have seemed to the girl; it grew increasingly stranger.

Her body *also* continued to grow, but this time— “*Wah!?*” Knocked off balance out of nowhere, she clumsily stumbled forward but caught herself short of tripping over the simultaneously changing body on the ground. While correcting her posture she could *feel* the problem, and by the time she forced herself upright? “*My breasts are huge!*” They bounced to attention within the folds of her uniform, some of her now *F-cup* cleavage spilling out. They’d grown so quickly that they were bouncing, whereas on her Gigai they had torn the neckline of her dress directly down so that most of their mass spilled out.

Between the sound of her voice and the shape of her body, Rukia was already piecing together a truth she wasn’t certain if she could accept. But her mind also felt a little... *airy*? She was having a hard time concentration, which was a personality trait of the young woman she was becoming. “*O-Orihime!*” When she finally put two and two together, however, she couldn’t help but blurt out her surprise.

She’d realized thanks to the view of her Gigai’s face. It could be felt happening to the face she was wearing as well, but little by little it was molded to be a perfect match for her human friend’s. Lips grew fuller and heavier, eyes enlarged and brightened to orange; her face as a whole lengthened and thinned. And in the end? Locks of hair grew all the way down to her ass, pooling around her head on the Gigai before it all light up a dark orange. She was the spitting image of Ichigo’s new girlfriend!

“*I-I’m Orihime!?*” That much *had* been obvious all along since she’d watched her Gigai change to match her new form the entire time. Her new curves



had torn right through the human clothes that her Gigai had been dressed in, while her Soul Society uniform had changed to fit in soul form. But this begged an important question: was that Gigai not a Gigai anymore? Orihime was a living human. She *felt* like a living human. It felt much more like her soul belonged to a living person.

A loud grumble sounded from both her stomach and her body's stomach at the same time. **“Th-This isn't a good time to be hungry!”** *Orihime Inoue's* bright and energetic personality had *clearly* replaced Rukia's old, more serious persona. But there were more terrifying implications about this. She was hungry so she'd definitely need to get food before finding Ichigo or *someone* who could help her. Her clothes would be a problem too, so should she just find them in soul form?

But the most terrifying aspect...

Why was she craving the most bizarre of food combinations?



“Gikongan? I don't really need these, do I?”

The real Orihime Inoue had been surprised to find a package from the Urahara Shop in front of her home that day herself, and she was even more confused about the contents. Unlike Ichigo she had never needed to enter a spirit form to use the powers the Shun Shun Rikka granted her, so she wasn't sure *why* a test Gikongan would be sent to her. **“I guess the data with a living human would be helpful?”** That was as good of an excuse as any in the end. She'd seen Ichigo and the others use them enough in the past to know what to do if something went wrong.

And so it went down the hatch without a second thought. Not that Orihime was a 'second thought' kind of girl anyways. The sensation of her soul being sundered from her body was a little jarring, but at least she'd had the good sense to use it while sitting on her bed! **“I think it worked, right?”** But looking down at her unconscious body on the bed... wasn't another soul supposed to occupy it? **“Or maybe not...?”**

She was also dressed in a Shinigami uniform. Was that supposed to happen? It fit a little too snugly in some places as well, namely around her chest and— **“Wah!?”** The front of the uniform suddenly unfolded to show a little bit of Orihime's cleavage. Why had it... done... that...? On the cusp of asking that very question, her orange eyes went wide. Her

posture was slowly slouching forward, prompting herself to continuous pull up with her back. But it felt so hard to do, almost like her breasts weighed too much?

“EEP!” The light eventually went on in her head. That was *exactly* what was happening. Her already *huge* F-cup breasts had been growing larger! That was why the uniform folds kept opening and why more and more of her tits were shown – there was simply more tit to be shown in the first place! **“What’s happening? Why are they getting so big!”** The sound of tearing cloth finally forced her to look down at her unconscious body. Her real body was changing too!?! *K-cup* flesh had finally torn straight through her hot pink, sleeveless hoodie and flopped out into the open, eye-sized nipples and all.

Orihime squeaked at the sight, unaware that the heft of the tits she was currently burdened by no longer felt so burdensome. The entire front of the uniform was open to show off her cleavage, and the weight felt *completely* natural. Her balance had also been restored as well, though it *did* have a little help. Her back muscles had tightened considerably to support the weight of her bosom and her lower half, well...

Both her thighs and her ass had bloated a handful of inches thicker as her tits had engorged, but Orihime had been so fixated on the swell of her chest that it hadn’t exactly struck her in the way it should have. Even though the cleavage of her ass was sticking up and over her shorts, whereas the fabric of her thigh highs was gripping plumper thighs so extremely that tears had formed in their tops. Within her hakama pants none of that could be felt. The girl was in a bit of a tizzy though.

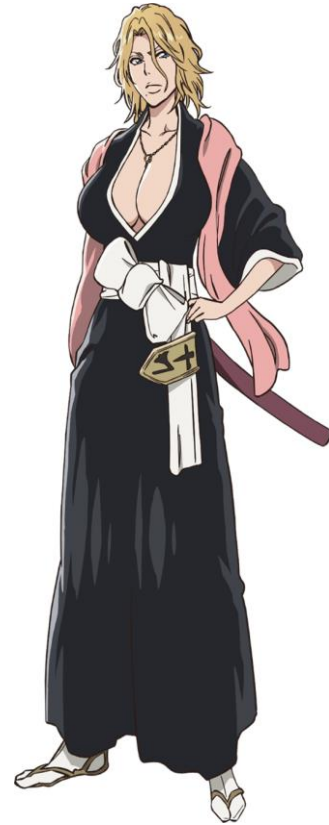
Or was she *literally* dizzy? Had the flavor of sake been on her breath before? **“Hic!”** Before she could wrap her head around things any further, a hiccup escaped the girl’s mouth just as a black beauty mark appeared beneath her lips on the left side of her face. Lips that promptly swelled, *doubling* their original size in a matter of seconds so that they were about four inches thick. Her nose increased in size a touch and her eyes narrowed and darkened. Looking down at her body, those eyes went wide. **“Wait a sec, don’t I look a ‘lil like...?”**

A certain Shinigami. Her face looked *much* more mature and there was no notable features that reminded her of what she *should* have looked like. Something that additionally wasn’t helped by her hair. Hair that was shortening to her shoulders and growing wavier by design. The orange lightened towards a blonde with bangs parted in either direction. **“I’m looking like Rangiku!”** It almost felt weird to say, like she was shocked about her *own name*.

There was still one change left in the cards for her though and she could both feel and see it, yet the latter was more obvious. Watching her *Gigai* she could see her sweater pulling away from her shorts, more and more of her bursting flesh like a slightly pudgy tummy coming into full view. Her body had grown taller, from 5'2" to *nearly 5'8"*.

“Oh... My tits should *not* be flopping out like that.” With her laidback personality perhaps it wasn't *that* surprising that *Rangiku Matsumoto* would be more concerned by the sight of her Gigai's breasts having torn through Orihime's old shirt on the bed than the fact that she had been transformed into an entirely different woman altogether. It was difficult for her to care much about it, really. She was *hot*, right? So... It was an issue that would have to be dealt with, but she didn't really have the energy to freak out about it.

There was something else on her mind anyways. **“I could really go for a drink! Some sake would hit the spot right now...”** She felt *way* too sober for all of this. But she couldn't leave her Gigai like that, could she? With a sigh she jumped back into the shell, the body stirring to life and tits bouncing around as she sat up on the bed. **“Do I even *have* any clothes that would fit laying around? My old tits were big, but these bad girls...”** She lifted them and dropped them to jiggle. **“They're a cut above.”**



Rangiku *really* needed to get her priorities straight!