

GACHA SWAP

CHAPTER 7+8: NEW EMBLEMS

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The prince and princess of Askr had been summoned, and with their summoning came confusion. Out of all of those made victim to the Labyrinth thus far these two were certainly the least acquainted with a modern society. Fire Emblem: Heroes took place in a realm of magic medieval fantasy, not even sacrificing some of that setting for glimpses of futuristic technology like Granblue Fantasy.

So to be dropped in the middle of an arcade of all venues? It was confusing for the both of them.

“Alfonse? What are these devices? Do you think they’re powered by magic?” Sharena, the younger blonde sister asked as she glimpsed at the flashing lights of the nearest machine, which was titled ‘Ultra Alley Warrior 5’. She could make out the images of little people fighting, but she didn’t really *understand*. How were these pictures moving? Magic could be the only answer, right?

Alfonse, the blue-haired brother, was not so concerned with the venue nor the machines himself. Words that had echoed through the chamber weighed heavily on his mind. They had to find a door to proceed? To what ends? Was Anna also somewhere in this facility? He had plenty of questions and they were more fundamental than Sharena was expressing. Not that he faulted her for getting so caught up in their dimly lit surroundings. **“I’m not sure. But do you see a door? That girl’s voice said we should look for one right?”** The source of that voice was likely their only means of getting answers so they really had no choice but to abide for the time being.

“Hm... I skimmed the perimeter but I didn’t see an exit. Did you have any better luck when you looked?” The both of them had done a preliminary search when they’d first manifested in the arcade and hadn’t really had a chance to share their findings. Sharena had turned up nothing, and Alfonse? He shook his head from side to side to indicate the same. **“So then why tell us to search for a...”** Her foot suddenly sank into the tiled floor beneath her. A hidden switch!
“...door?”

For a moment she’d thought she’d stumbled upon the means to their escape. Traps like these usually led to secret rooms or doors, right? But that wasn’t really the case at all. Instead glass shot up from the ground not just around Sharena but Alfonse as well, trapping both of them in their own encasement along with a single arcade machine each. For Alfonse it was a machine titled ‘*Azur Lane*’, and for Sharena it was ‘*Sword Art Online*’.

“Sharena!”

“Alfonse!”

The two siblings called out to one another, banging against the glass in the direction of one another, but even *that* was interrupted by the sound of a pair of explosions. Both of the arcade machines had detonated, and while no shrapnel or even nuts or bolts seemed to remain in their place, it filled the two glass containers the two were trapped in with a cloud of different colored gas each. Crimson red for Alfonse, and dark purple for Sharena.

Both of them were momentarily stunned by the loud booms that accompanied the detonations, and they reeled as the limited air in the booths was filled with a strange substance they could not place. It wasn’t so thick that they couldn’t still see one another from where they were positioned in such close proximity, but it *did* obscure their views of one another somewhat.

Alfonse’s mind raced. What was the best plan of action here? The pair of them had been robbed of their weapons upon arrival and they didn’t possess the physical fortitude to shatter their transparent cages with arms and feet alone. Any attempt to weigh options was immediately halted however, thanks to something he’d noticed about his sister.

“Sharena!? Your hair?”

He wasn’t wrong to point it out. Sharena’s long head of blonde hair was a staple for her aesthetic, and it wasn’t unlike the children of the capital to fawn over the beauty and radiance of its coloring. But that radiance was being lessened. Seen most prominently in the braid that acted as if a

tiara across the top of her head, an ominous black had begun to sweep through the length of her mane. Not only that but it was unraveling, braid thwipping away while the messy ponytails she sported at the back took on a straightness not once seen in her hairstyle prior. The reason for the unraveling was immediately clear: *her hair was shortening*.

It didn't escape the princess' notice. In fact, her hands had been frantically running through and tugging at her mane the moment her brother had pointed it out. "**What's happening!?**" taking a handful she could see it pulling narrow, yet even when bound by her own problems those bubbling up for her brother didn't quite escape her grasp either. "**Brother!?! Your hair too! And your skin!**"

She'd called out about his hair first, and so that took immediate concern. He'd just watched his little sister's head of beautiful, golden hair regress into a black bob cut that didn't really suit her (*yet*), and so he had no reason to doubt her calls for concern about his own head weren't unwarranted. Alfonse's hair was blue with blonde tips, a short but fashionable cut that would probably never go out of style for how practical it was.

Or it was supposed to be. But the moment hands reached up to touch what he could not see, he found fingertips touching against uncharacteristically fluffy hair far sooner than he should have made any contact at all. In fact it was a good two or three inches longer, and he didn't really realize what was going on until bangs swept into his eyes. "**White hair!?!**" It really *was* white, a far cry from his usual blue and blonde mix that was continuously lengthening.

Bangs settled between his eyes, almost long enough to touch his nose, and they'd become similarly long on the sides, but it was in the back where length really poured on. A tickling at the nape of his neck invited fingers back there, and even by the time he'd reached back it had fallen farther down his back; enough for him to tug it to the front.

Yet examining this length of untamed white hair invited new shock, because caught up in Sharena's warning about the hair, he'd missed her followup. Standing stark contrast to snow white locks was his skin, which had once been white before and was now now standing out with a rich tan. Hands had already been completely consumed by the coloring, but a look at his wrists saw speckles forming and growing, ultimately merging together. But Sharena had seen it first on his face, a face that was already completely consumed by natural tan.

"**Sharena what is happening to me? What can you see!?!**" His frantic shouting was followed by a cough, and when said cough was dealt with the voice was noticeably higher. "**I can't t-- Gods!?! Am I**

shrinking!?” It was practically a squeak while compared to his usual voice, indicative of the fact that his vocal chords were collapsing along with everything else.

Sharena could only watch in horror as her elder brother, colored bronze with long locks of white, dwindled in stature in the glass box just a few feet away from her. **“Onii-chan!”**, she cried out, not registering her sudden use of Japanese in calling for her brother as she pressed fingers to the glass. She hadn’t taken notice that her eyes had taken new shapes, leaner and more angular by design, but those eyes did notice that her own point of view had begun to regress as fingertips slid down the glass. **“Me too!?”**

Both were regressing, their outfits becoming looser in fit as the bodies kept within were less substantial. For Alfonse in particular there was a growing androgyny to his appearance as height diminished, aided by the fact that his cheeks were looking a little plumper and eyes a little wider as a dull red overcame the entirety of his irises. As the muscles in his arms and legs waned and both hands and feet shrunk several sizes, making the weight of his armor almost unbearable, it was at the very least clear to Sharena what had happened to him. **“Onii-chan, you look younger!”** Not a lot. Maybe a few years? But it was still noticeable.

“Che! What’s that mean? Onii-chan?” The brother should have been panicking considering he was swimming in his own armor, but instead Sharena’s words kind of rubbed him the wrong way and provoked an overly casual rebuke to the word he didn’t understand. He was naturally troubled by the weight of his outfit since he could barely stand upright beneath what was essentially a weighted blanket in comparison to what it had once been, and that didn’t help his mood.

But thankfully help would arrive for both of them in that department.

The armor just felt lighter. *Airier?* There was a reason: the golden plates had dissipated, leaving the two siblings in only the white undershirts they wore beneath the upper layer, arms and hands bare without that layer to cover them. The latter was important for Alfonse, whom had already been in the process of losing his gauntlets thanks to how small his hands had become.

It became a trend of troubling renown for the prince, whose outfit was practically slurped up by an unknown force in its entirety. The threads at the bottom of his undershirt unraveled and before long the entire length of his newly tanned tummy was fully on display, just in time to reveal the muscles there tensing up and looking stronger than ever despite how strength had waned elsewhere.

Overly loose pants deteriorated for the most part, although what remained clung much more tightly to his flesh while dark thighs were aired out into the open, the tightened sections forming into belts that gripped legs in X shapes and forced the flesh of each thigh to bubble over them, revealing that they'd become fatter while seeming leaner. The gait of his hips was just as wide as it had ever been despite the rest of his body shrinking inward as well.

What became of the upper segment of his pants? A mess. The white cloth darkened and thinned while his boxers came to cup his balls painfully in the form of a thong whose brown straps poked up and over his waistline, likewise cupping a rear that was somehow smaller than it once had been while also being tauter and rounder. The rest of the fabric hung loosely against either hip, white lines running down them to resemble the flight deck of a ship.

“Hey what’s going on! What’s going on between my legs!?”

Yelling in a weirdly casual way again, the immediate assumption might be that he was talking about the thong that was not-so-tenderly gripping his dick, but that wasn't actually it. Deterioration of self had clearly been gradually happening to Alfonse and Sharena both over the course of their physical transformations, and slowly they'd begun to act differently as well as *perceive themselves* differently. In Alfonse's mind he could no longer remember having a dick, so the fact that he had one was--

Oh, *never mind*. That feeling was gone, and with it the cock and balls that had been so problematic. The thong now sat flat against *her* groin, and Alfonse's agitation seemed to wane slightly. Roughly in tandem with a sudden itchiness beneath what remained of her undershirt. Seemingly disregarding Sharena's existence entirely (*for Alfonse could no longer remember having a sister like that nor did her new personality care for how strangers saw her*) she began to scratch at the source: her nipples.

“Hey, onii-chan! What are you...?” Sharena had been watching her brother... *no...* that wasn't her brother? Her brother was someone else, wasn't he? But she'd just watched her brother transform? Or... *Huh?* Even though Alfonse had changed right before her eyes, and even though she was changing herself, she was being made ignorant to the fact that it was still happening by force. The person she was remembering as her brother now was a young Japanese man, not the young man that had been standing in the place of that young, tanned beauty.

Sharena's costume had been changing as well of course, but like her 'brother' she was equally ignorant to the fact that it had been changing

in the first place. The material of her white undershirt and beige shorts that she wore beneath her armor had both darkened, with the shorts becoming pure black as they clung more tightly to her waist and upper thighs. They resembled spats in a way, restrictive nature made clear as the fat of Sharena's thighs were bolstered from her own physical transformation. When compared to Alfonse who'd become leaner, it seemed Sharena's figure was growing significantly *fuller*.

The sister's undershirt tightened as the darker coloration revealed itself to be a dark violet, cleavage laid completely bare thanks to the neckline falling down to just beneath them, stopping at an obi that wrapped neatly around her tummy which was decorated with a floral pattern and a white lily centerpiece.

Sleeves of Sharena's shirt detached and slid down either arm as purple bled into them, in tandem revealing her arms were still rather strong of muscle despite the fact she'd lost a good five inches off her height. These sleeves lengthened downward once they reached her wrists, fluttering into lengths that would likely reach her lower legs if idle. All in all her costume had come to resemble a shrine maiden's, albeit one stained in dark colors that suggested a more sinister allegiance.

Much like had happened with Alfonse, Sharena's nipples began to itch. The cloth of the costume that was draped vertically across her breasts had been rather loose despite the overall snugness of the attire, but the reason was very quickly *inflated* into the realm of the known. She did not touch or scratch them like the girl in the opposite glass container was, but physical stimulation was not needed to provoke what was being bestowed upon her. The weight of the newly Japanese girl's chest surged, sudden weight forcing her torso to lurch forward as she used a hand to support herself against the glass. Sharena's breasts had been rather shapely for her age, but as erect nipples poked into the perfect fabric and filled an overwhelmingly large D-cup it was evident that she'd been given a *lot* more to work with.

Almost like someone had decided to make her unnecessary fanservice.

Alfonse wasn't even paying attention to what was happening to Sharena at this point, no longer wishing to associate herself with the troubles of a '*stranger*'. She'd collapsed onto the ground, legs crossed like she was sitting in gym class as fingers reached up the short cut of her undershirt and scratched at flesh that was becoming rapidly plumper and more appealing. Fingers dug into the beginnings of a bosom while nipples became more swollen. It didn't take long for breasts to take shape, a tanned B-cup that looked significantly larger thanks to her shorter stature. Once the itching ceased she stopped touching, girl panting a little from the arousal.

The gas in either box had almost completely thinned now, and once the leftover material from Alfonse's outfit had shifted into a cloak inspired by native fashion, as well as fanciful, futuristic gloves and boots that were reminiscent of some of the gear from Bremerton and Sirius prior, all that was left were the finishing touches. For Alfonse -- no, she identified as *Minneapolis* now -- it was the emergence of a plethora of white lines that were painted across her tanned flesh. They ran up the lengths of either thigh, either shoulder, up both sides of her tummy and a single white line beneath either red eye. A hood appeared around the top of her head and her long mane was tugged into a wild ponytail.

And then the glass trapping Minneapolis regressed back into the room, a door opening on the other end of the arcade. **“Hah! Guess you're still trapped huh? Don't know who you are but try and catch up to me if you can!”** For some reason she felt up to making mischief almost like a child might, and stuck her tongue out at Sharena whom was still trapped. She smacked her own butt mockingly and bolted, leaving the other girl alone to deal with what was to come.

“待つ！” Sharena(?) called out for the other girl to wait in perfect Japanese, the intricacies of the English used by the fleet girl lost on her as her mind had completely slipped into being a native Japanese speaker. She learned some English in high school and was semi-fluent, but the tanned girl had an overtly casual manner of speech that made complete comprehension troublesome.

She didn't even identify as Sharena at all anymore. The name 'Suguha' stood out when she thought to identify herself, but it had seemed wrong to accept that as truth too. At least that was the case until a unsettling chill beset her, causing goosebumps to spread across the entirety of her pale skin.

“私に何が起きたのか！？”

Suguha cried out for an answer about what was happening, but as she did her eyes began to glow red. It wasn't a red like Minneapolis' normal crimson irises; it was much more supernatural. From her point of view it was like a foreign power was invading, corrupting, and her ability to express herself freely was slowly seeped away as she became quieter and quieter.

As her will to resist waned and her body grew cold, the human ears at the sides of her head slid towards the top of her skull. With each inch they moved they became longer, more pointed, and fuzzier with what seemed to be snow white fur. And at the base of her spine? An

appendage shot out from between her shorts and top, white fur running across the length as it became fluffier and fluffier. Suguha had been gifted a fox's ears and a fox's tail as part of the curse of the Fox Flame.

Her glass container did not retreat on its own. Instead purple flames began to swirl inside of it with the fox girl at its core, creating a pressure that ultimately forced all of the glass to shatter and spray across the room. Glass fragments completely busted every arcade machine in Suguha's immediate area.

Despite the spectacle, from the remnants of the purple flame the girl stepped out on wooden sandals. Her body and attire were completely un-phased by the fire even though the floor beneath where the box had once been was completely scorched. Her tail swished from side to side, expression blank but serious. The curse had not robbed her of her identity but it *had* robbed her of most emotion. All she could feel were negative things, like anger at the girl that had just abandoned her.

So that girl needed to be punished.