

AI:SSIMILATION II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It certainly hadn't been all that long since *it* had occurred.

The Artificial Intelligence, BB, had been born. *Reborn*? She wasn't really sweating the specifics of the matter, what with so much to do on her hands! All she knew was that she had been uploaded into this program, one simulating a tropical island, and she had been able to commandeer the body of one of the humans that had been visiting it. But BB wouldn't be herself if she didn't spread some of the joy she felt from having been gifted this second chance, and much to her delight? She had access to all of the data files of Servants that had been stored on the Moon Cell.

And she was able to *transfer* them. What it boiled down to in the end was 'who did she feel like bringing to this island?' and 'what poor schmucks would play the parts of the victims'. Was it really *just* playing the parts, however? They really *were* victims, but BB certainly didn't see it that way!

Fortunately for her mischief, she still held the memories of the young woman whose very being she had taken hostage – or perhaps it was better to say 'had been re-shaped into? – Chiaki Nanami. She could recall interacting with each and every guest upon the digital island when they had arrived the day prior, and some of those interactions still stood out even now. They gave her *plenty* of ideas.

“Everyone loves a little *role reversal*, don't they?” As if speaking to an imaginary audience, the AI made posed this question after reminiscing about one incident in particular. An incident where one young woman had made an ill-meaning content about another young woman's chest, setting the two of them off on the completely wrong foot.

Which really *was* humorous seeing as how their rooms had been placed side-by-side.



Come the next morning, Celestia Ludenberg was *still* huffing and puffing to herself from the encounter she'd had the day before. She hadn't even caught her neighbor's name before the scrappy-looking stranger had called her '*flat and uninspiring*' – a very clear shot at the size of her chest! The gambler had hardly even been given an opportunity to protest before the woman – a self-proclaimed mechanic – had slinked away into her room.

And she hadn't shut up all night!

“Oh, I am so going to have a word with her as soon as I get changed.” It hadn't be the sound of talking, yelling, or even music that had kept her up, mind you. It was the sounds of clanging and tinkering, the sounds of a *garage* of all things. Did she even have enough space in that tiny room to make so much of a ruckus!?

Sorting out this issue with the stranger was on the top of Celestia's priority list, and to those ends she had begun to set out her dress for the day. Having just woken up, she was in a black, loose-fitting tank top and a pair of crimson shorts – her usual bedwear. The long fake curls she wore in her hair had yet to even be attached and were hanging from the back of her door.

Strangely, mind you, it was beginning to look like she didn't need such things.

Before any of *those* signs were brought to light, however, there came things that weren't exclusive to the young woman's figure. Celestia's porcelain colored skin wasn't simply for show, and despite its implications it *was* her natural skin color (*although she did touch it up ever so slightly with makeup*). There was no such thing as a pink undertone to *this* woman's skin. Or at least there *hadn't* been.

But perceived health appeared to set her skin awash for the first time in her weathered history as a living being. It wasn't something that the young woman could feel to notice, but from the tips of her fingers to the

cheeks upon her face, the color of her skin just became much rosier overall. Even her nipples, which were traditionally an almost ashen grey color seemed to redden some, and all in all it really took away from the woman's gothic Lolita aesthetic.

More of that aesthetic was ultimately ripped away from her once her short, black hair began to take on a completely different look. Never dyed, the raven tones her locks sported – which matched the extensions she had dangling nearby – were entirely natural. But so was the almost platinum blonde that washed through it once things began to ramp up.

Their colors didn't change all that much, but the reds of her eyes *did* sport a different shine than they had before. It was actually their shapes that were subtly altered more noticeably, soon rounding and growing wider until they held an undeniably Western aesthetic. In a way, it almost looked like she'd been granted something like a Player 2 aesthetic out of a video game.

“I feel a touch off this morning. Perhaps it's because I've yet to have my cup of black coffee?” The woman held her head in her hand, slowly giving it a shake as she dismissed her off feeling as an effect of having just woken up. Even then? Her hands had begun to look different... as did the face it was holding. The black paint upon her nails was wiped clean away, leaving them plain and, perhaps unsurprisingly, cut short to the tips of her fingers.

As for her face? While her eyes already spoke to a more Western European background, so to did the rest of her face cave to this aesthetic. Her jawbone grew sharper, and the lips set upon it swelled so that they were thick and rosy, while the nose affixed just a little higher grew longer in slight and earned a more pronounced point. With raised cheekbones, Celestia was shaping up to be a real beauty. Just... *not* a Japanese one.

Yet everything that had transpired thus far was still relatively tame compared to what was to come. **“Oh my!?”** Shock was just as palpable in Celestia's facial expression as it was the tone of a deepened voice as a strange phenomenon took her by surprise. She had yet to notice her changed color scheme, and yet as the scent of salt water began to waft from her skin, she could not be ignorant towards what was *now* transpiring.

Her height. It was increasing by a rather sizable margin, stretching her limbs and torso as her point of view changed from that of an average sized woman of 5'5", all of the way up to an overtly tall woman of almost 5'8". While three inches didn't sound like a *ton* on paper, for the sake of keeping her body's distribution consistent for a woman of that height, it

also saw things widen. Most notably? Hips and shoulders, each expanding slightly yet it being more abundant in her hips.

Evidently, it seemed like this was all in preparation for a much *greater* cause. **“Oh!? My tits are...!?”** Her... *tits*? It was worth noting that her typically refined disposition was cracking in rear time, something much more casual and comparatively uncouth poking out from these cracks. It was the same feeling that dismissed the growing concerns about her body as they now happened, reassuring her that nothing was ‘wrong’.

Even though it *clearly* was. The chest that she had been made fun of for the day prior was swelling with newfound pride... and *fat*. You can't forget the fat. But they ballooned, quickly filling up her black tank top so that the bottom was hoisted high above her navel (*in turn exposing a new muscularity that had treated her build*). Both breasts became so immense that they almost rivaled her head in size. Big and bouncy, she immediately registered them as a point of pride.

Albeit one she could recall she had *always* had.

To compliment these great ‘achievements’, the fit of the woman's bed shorts tightened around her hips, thighs, and ass as well. Their room had *already* been reduced by hips widening previously, but now the same sort of fat that had given rise to her bouncy babies now plagued the other two regions. Thighs became thick and succulent, fat disguising the new muscle that made her capable of bearing this weight.

While her ass? The cheeks had little choice but to poke up and out of the back of crimson cloth – exposing that the woman slept without any underwear whatsoever. They muffled the hell out of this peak, shorts so tight they were practically juicing them. As a result, the front of these shorts cameltoed the *hell* out of the front. It ended up disguised anyways, because the woman's blonde hair had suddenly *exploded* in length, falling down to her ankles with reach and fluffy thickness.

“Something's... wrong? What's wrong? I don't really *feel* like anything is wrong!” Near her transformation's peak, her lack of awareness had made the ultimate turn into total acceptance. Because Celestia's memories and personality were gone, replaced by those of a very well-endowed, and very *gay*, pirate.

Her energy renewed and her mind clear, *Anne Bonney* was left a little befuddled by her current state of dress. Why was she clad in clothes that looked like she was about to burst out of, like she had put something on that was a multitude of sizes too small? Her huge honkers were hardly even contained by a tank top that had been stretched to the point of

ripping, pulled up to show off her toned tummy. Fortunately, as a Servant? She had a very simple method for fixing this.

“Let’s see. Mary and I are going to the beach together, aren’t we?” With a snap of her fingers, those clothes she was wearing had disappeared. Replaced by a black bikini, short jean shorts, and a pirate’s hat... well, she wasn’t showing off any less skin. But why did *she* care? Anne only cared about spending time with her girlfriend, and Mary would most certainly ogle and fondle her like this! What a good girl!



Despite being so small, Mary *really* loved her girlfriend’s big tits!



Miu Iruma had awoken that morning with none of the complaints that her neighbor had gathered overnight. After all, she had been the one who had thoughtlessly cause all of the noise in the first place, and she hadn’t thought anything of calling Celestia flat, either. She was *always* making inappropriate comments like that and didn’t really think much of the consequences.

Why should she? She was a *genius* after all!

“God. I really don’t wanna go the fucking beach, but at least I can show off my hot bod!” Humble as always, Miu was *also* in the business of getting herself ready for the day. She’d stayed up much too late putting together some tools that would come in handy on the beach, like an automatic umbrella. Maybe she could just catch some Zs while men and women alike ogled her? That she would *not* mind. But first she had to get dressed, seeing as she was in... Well, in her pink underwear. What? You didn’t expect *the* Miu Iruma to dress in flannel pajamas, did

you? Of course she of all people would wear something unnecessarily provocative.

Much like her neighbor, Miu was already under the influence of BB's power – she just didn't know it yet. And it also began with a change in color scheme that was designed to essentially go unnoticed. Similar to Celestia, there wasn't much work to be done with the teen's eyes. They retained their steely blue, and while that color lightened in slight, it was their shapes that stood out. Before long she seemed to be just as Western as Anne was.

The color change *was* out in full force with her hair, however. Miu had long, dirty blonde locks that almost seemed strangely pink under the right light. But now? What washed through it was not indicative of that natural color. Instead there was a silver that almost bordered white, and before long there wasn't even as *much* hair to color as there had been previously. It had shortened to the base of her neck, taking on a choppy style that almost pulled out into a pair of wing or horn shapes behind her.

While this transpired, though, Miu was stretching. “**Not so bad, waking up on an island paradise!**” She could just imagine waking up beside a hot *girl*, or a *hot girl*, or a hot... *Huh?* As far as she could remember, Miu had been bisexual with an aggressively male lean. But she couldn't get the thought of laying with another woman out of her head? How quickly did tastes change!?

While contemplating this inconsistency, changes soon affected Miu's skin. Unlike Celestia, whose entire skin color changed, it wasn't *that* dramatic in the taller woman's case. Instead? She earned a series of blemishes – irreparable scars of varying size that became engraved across her entire body. The most notable of which was one that ran from the right side of her forehead diagonally to the left side of her face, just barely missing her nose.

Continuing to differ in slight from Celestia's transformation, it was not Miu's height that was affected directly after her skin and color scheme were affected. That didn't mean that there wasn't any *change of growth* to consider, but it wasn't yet focused on her height. What it *was* focused on? Well, the thing that Miu held most sacred. The thing she would never wish to trade in a million years.

Her precious figure.

There was very little delay when it came to stealing that which had given her the high ground whenever she derogatorily commented on the figures of other women. The meat that filled her thighs and ass quickly

succumbed, stealing the overall plumpness of her upper legs so that they appeared to be a little lither. When it came to her ass, the emptying of cheeks saw the panties she was wearing sit a little looser – and by the time her hips had narrowed to match, they were on the cusp of falling right *off*.

“Huh? What’s up with my... That’s wrong.” Responding to the feeling of these loosened panties, the teen had immediately pointed her gaze down to try and get a look at the cause. Instead? She saw the cups of her brassiere emptying, for her heaving helping of tits was rapidly drawing closer to her ribs. In practically no time at all, they had been diminished to nothing more than A-cups that left that chest looking rather boyish.

However? It wasn’t her shrunken breasts nor her flat ass that had caused Miu to comment on something being *wrong*. **“Why am I so tall... Huh? Was I tall just now? Maybe I should stop wandering around right after I wake up?”** She’d believed she had found the cause of her confusion, but as the pitch of her voice softened so too did her height diminish. It didn’t take long at all for her to drop from 5’8” to 5’2”, a six inch drop fairly sizable – and something just as worth noting as emptied bra cups... which now even looked more ridiculous at her new height.

But her mind responded in the same way that it had been for a while now. *Oh, that’s normal. I must be imagining things.* It was a mentality that almost left her temporarily stunned, lips pursed open even more than normal because once plump and perky lips had thinned down. On the whole, the woman’s face looked *much* more youthful. But in truth? Miu had actually grown *older*. She was a very petite adult, with a figure that had become *just* as petite.

The old her would have loathed this predicament with her very being, but BB had possessed the foresight to know that Miu would have made *far* too much of a ruckus if she had been aware of what was happening as it was transpiring. The second her tits shrank, she would have busted her room’s door down and run to the nearest person, and that would have been no good.

Because to risk anyone catching on, she would have had to transform them before it was their time. Which would have been a shame, because she wanted to savor



everything at her *own* pace.

When all was said and done, *Mary Read* most certainly did *not* fill out the lingerie combination that she found herself adorned with. “...**Did I fall asleep in this?**” Miu’s bad attitude was nothing short of a dream now, and the personality she demonstrated at this point was both calmer and quiet. That said, she still had *one* thing in common with her old self. A fixation with tits. Despite being so flat herself, she couldn’t stop thinking about Anne’s big honkers! Was that so weird? They *were* together, after all!

With a snap of her fingers, Mary’s petite frame was reclad with a white swimsuit that had a frilly skirt, a headband in her hair. It was simple and pure, playing up to her aesthetical strengths. She *knew* that Anne would love this, and that was the whole reason she had chosen it. Pirates were allowed to look cute, right? And with a knock on the door? She could tell that Anne had already come to get her. Maybe they’d fool around a little before hitting the beach?

Excited to see, she went to fetch the door.

“See? Now everyone is happier! I’m doing God’s work here!” Observing from an undisclosed location, BB seemed to be proud of her ‘problem solving’ skills. Time at the beach wasn’t meant to be spent with frayed relationships, or at least that was how she was framing it in her mind to justify her actions. Not that she wouldn’t have done so *without* justification. **“Now let’s see... Nanami-chan played a lot of video games, right?”**

“What could I do with *that* information?”