

DATA REALIGNED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Something has changed, Master.”

Namine perked up at the sound of her Servant’s voice. Still recalling that the speaker, Xion, had been Ritsuka and she herself had once been Kama, she had been put in a very awkward position within the Paper Moon Grail War. Their role reversal aside, Xion didn’t seem to be able to remember her past life. This meant that Namine had been given no choice but to play along until she could figure things out.

“Has it, Xion? By the way, I keep telling you that you can call me Namine.” Namine smiled. Another side effect aside from her changed body was that her personality was different too. She was much sweeter than Kama had ever been. **“It must be important if you immediately returned to me, however... Did another Master and Servant pair finally appear?”** If so, it was possible they were like them. People from Chaldea recast into new roles. Seeing Xion nod, Namine recognized this as a chance. Maybe one of them would remember...

“Along with an entire building.”

“Where... Where am I? Is this the Moon Cell?” Mashu Kyrielight didn’t really understand what was happening. She had been back at Chaldea’s base of operations when something had gone... wrong? She couldn’t remember the full details. But the next thing she knew she was *here*. In a void with walkways made of data. She could only assume it was a space similar to the Moon Cell, but aesthetically it was far different. And her hunch was at least partially correct.

She *was* in a digital space. But it wasn't as fancy as the Moon Cell. Trapped within the computer of a warehouse that had appeared within Paper Moon, she didn't know that one of her companions was standing on the opposite end of the computer she was trapped within. Da Vinci-chan was fumbling around with the terminal in the control room – the very same terminal that housed the computer she was in. **“What should I—? Huh?”**

A sudden change in the environment she occupied deterred the Shielder's question. Because text appeared in the digital 'sky' above her.

ACTIVATING IRIS.EXE...



“Iris.EXE? So I guess this is a digital space.” A program was being activated? Hopefully it wasn't a harmful one. She hadn't been stripped of her Servant abilities and she could summon her shield if need be, but she preferred to not have to fight if she didn't have to. She had to find her Master and anyone else who had been trapped here! The color of the 'sky' suddenly changed to, of all colors, *iris*. **“Maybe it was just to change**

the environment? Huh...”

But a strange feeling washed over Mashu. She felt like she was in danger and went to summon her shield, yet... *No shield appeared*. The program that had been activated *had* altered the skybox, but that was only part of it. Folders of personality and appearance data had been accessed and, while invisible, it was pouring directly into the Demi-Servant's body. Changing its very nature, albeit not in a way that was at all obvious to Mashu.

In fact the Shielder wouldn't find herself aware of *very much* at all, even though there were early signs that something was amiss with her body. **“Hm... No signs of any way out of here.”** She was too focused on looking for anything that might look like an exit. Like a digital doorway or, perhaps, some sort of *terminal*? Admittedly futuristic technology wasn't exactly her forte, and especially not when she had been deposited *inside* of it.

As her gaze flickered about though, something was very obviously different with that gaze itself. Initially it might have been difficult to miss because it was more of a subtle speckled pattern, yet as she searched the speckles multiplied and fused until, finally, the colors of her irises were *green* instead of purple. This alone was *already* striking, but what was equally so was the *shapes* of her eyes. They were a touch rounder, almost more youthful. But they were communicating less of Mashu's usual energy and instead carrying a resting expression that made her seem almost *lethargic*.

Whatever force was affecting her eyes was seeping into the rest of her facial features as well with an utter disregard for whatever effects they were having. The force rounded the woman's cheeks so that they were full and chubby in a strangely *youthful* way, an impression that could only be achieved with simultaneous alterations of a similar nature. Such as? Shrinking her nose for one. Thinning her lips for another. The point seemed to be to strip away any maturity while leaving a fair and cute femininity in its place.

One that was squandered by an expression that seemed perpetually dissatisfied.

Mashu didn't even realize she was making that face. "**On a network like this the only way out would...?**" Nor did the sound of her own voice even hit her ears a *little* funny despite being quieter and significantly softer than what she was used to hearing. There was a sudden understanding of her surroundings that didn't belong, creeping into her mind. She wouldn't have referred to this space as a 'network' before, so evidently there was more going on mentally than a mere numbing of her perception. Or perhaps it was an *acceptance* of her changing perception?

Violet locks scattered, moving as if a breeze had suddenly picked them up and sent them astray. There was no wind in this cyberspace of course, so it should have been anticipated that it would click with the owner of the hair that something had gone awry in that regard. Alas there was *no* indication that this was the case, not even as loosened locks inched well past her shoulders and down past her back's center. Seen first in her roots, even the color soon shift. A gentle, paled chestnut tone soon traveled down the full lengths of these strands, including the bangs that no longer covered one of her eyes.

For a brief moment Mashu felt it. The feeling that something was *wrong* about all this. "**I...?**" But it was *only* for a moment and only because the next round of changes had impacted her in a way that she could sense it in the fit of her clothing. Everything had become *looser*, and to an observer the reason for this wasn't exactly hard to spot. The cups of her

armored leotard had emptied with certainty, nipples exposed since that armor was formed in the exact size of what her breasts were *supposed* to look like.

But her nipples were not only *significantly* smaller, but also closer to her ribcage as if they had *deflated*. Little by little they had done so until naut remained, and a similar level of *drainage* had occurred around her pelvic region; her bare thighs were the perfect example of this since they narrowed until no excess weight remained. Though in a similar vein, her excellently shaped rump became much more compact and clung closer to her with shortened cheeks and, in the end, narrowed hips to boot.

For all that had changed it was odd that the sentiment she felt in that moment was that, well... **“Too tall.”** Something about how things were just made her think her eye level shouldn't have been so *high*. What was going on with her memories? Her *personality*? If this was Mashu then she was acting far too passive even though Mashu wasn't one to overreact too much. But in the end her observations were rewarded with a 'correction'.

If you could call *shrinking* a reward at all. Her limbs shortened along with her torso, her overall height diminishing in tandem with hands, feet, and even a head that shrunk in kind to maintain a proportional balance. She dipped well beneath the 5' mark to about 4'7", but by this point her face was practically all the way into her leotard, and her boots were poking up into her pelvis.

It was *very* fortunate both for her comfort and her ability to move that the clothing she was wearing appeared to glitch out, only to be replaced by an iris-colored skirt and a darker purple top with a lace collar. She also found small feet comfortable in dark blue boots, while butterfly hairpins bound her locks at the sides of her head. In the end she was much more appropriately dressed for the age she appeared. That age being a girl that couldn't be all that much older than *eleven* or *twelve*.



The expression upon the face of the child was a perpetual melancholy. Her thin lips downturned and her green gaze shallow, it was hard to expect that she might say much. **“...A digital space? Where is...?”** Her understanding of her circumstances was lacking. This was not the cyberspace she knew, and yet she could identify her purpose. A single word came to mind, yet she understood both what it meant and what it meant *for* her. **“...Master.”**

Iris.EXE was a NetNavi, a digital construct from another world. She was an existence built on data extracted from another NetNavi that could be considered her ‘brother’. A unique existence that probably shouldn’t have existed, who wasn’t really special in any meaningful way. So why had she been brought here? Wasn’t the war she had been conjured for taking place in a layer above this? She could not commit to it as she was. She needed a Servant and she could sense where she had to go to find one. It was not within the cyberspace. She needed a more *physical* form.

And there was no hope of her old life returning, not with Mashu’s original data now stored in the folders that Iris had been stored within.



“Wait, Mashu!?! Did I just do something to Mashu!?” Up in the Paper Moon’s primary level, da Vinci had made a startling realization while playing with the terminal. She’d accidentally activated a program, but then Mashu’s data had popped up in a separate file? She had no idea it was because she had separated it from Mashu’s existence, turning her into Iris in the process. She just knew she had to get Mashu *out* of there.

“Is there a means... Wait, this factory manufactured CopyBots? And they’re made in the image of the personality data uploaded...”

Despite her genius, the Rider didn’t necessarily fully understand any of this. She didn’t understand how they had arrived in this place, nor how Mashu had been digitized. But removing her from the digital space was of the utmost priority, right? She just had to clear the existing queue and somehow move Mashu’s data— *Oh*, she had mis-clicked something. **“Fairy Leviathan? Is that the name of a unit? I can probably clear it-!?”** Just as she went to, however?

A mechanical arm had reached out from one of the few pods kept in the control room and grabbed the girl, pulling her inside.

Even with her strength as a Servant she wasn’t able to struggle free from the arm, and pulled against the back wall of the pod as the door closed, the girl found herself shackled around the wrists, ankles, and neck so that she was pinned against cold steel. **“What in the world!?”** An *engine* of some sort could be heard whirring to life inside the machine and a light bore down from above. A pale blue light that brought a

tingling to her skin. What was more alarming, however, was what it did to her *clothes*. She could both smell and feel them *disintegrating*, making it so that her small body was entirely naked within the pod.

“These devices are for constructing machine bodies, aren’t they!?” That was definitely what da Vinci had understood about them, but it seemed that they held another feature as well. There was more than one way to build a synthetic body, and they didn’t necessarily require *inorganic parts*. Those could always be fashioned from the *organic* with this machine.

Unfortunately, da Vinci was restrained and was unable to investigate anything that would happen to her body. And so the sight of her small breasts growing larger, albeit *slightly* so, escaped her attention with her skin tingling as it was. They must have grown into *B-cups* up from smaller *A’s*, and this sight of growth was simultaneously shared with her ass and thighs, pelvis pushed a touch farther away from the back of the pod thanks to the swell of her rear adjoined to widened hips.

Her body *appeared* to be a touch plusher, but what purpose did that ultimately serve? It was a question that gained more prominence as the Rider gained more... *weight*? But there was no point in being misled. The girl wasn’t getting chubby or anything like that. Aside from the gains she had already received, her body wasn’t going to balloon any further. But her body became heavier, nonetheless. In fact it *doubled* in just a matter of thirty seconds. *Why*? The only visual indicators were a subtle change in skin quality that made her flesh a tinge darker and unusually shiny – everywhere but *her* face that was.

But these changes were more connected than one might assume. Her significant weight gains and the almost *unnatural* appearance of her skin were products of a shift in biology. Or more accurately put: the *theft* of her biology. From her bones to her flesh, to her very skin, her innards had been replaced with highly durable, synthetic counterparts. Not like a person nor even a Servant, but like a *machine* or *android*. Like the body she had been trying to create for Mashu.

“Ngh... Something is... happening to me...” It seemed that da Vinci had an awareness of her circumstances and yet she could not place them without an angle to look down at herself – which was impossible with her neck shackled. She didn’t even want to address the fact that it felt strange to even *think*, a byproduct of inorganic changes affecting the insides of her skull. Thoughts and memories were digitized, a tiny computer replacing the human brain she had once had. But now in a digital state those memories were much easier to *delete* and *replace*.

The blues of the girls eyes deepened to an ocean shade yet oddly those irises *expanded* to take up more of her eyes. From a technical standpoint this wasn't *that* surprising. Her eyes were replaced by cameras, and the bigger those cameras the better the picture she could receive. And in the end her *overall* face changed in a broader stroke. Lips inflated, her nose sharpened, her jaw softened. Until she ultimately *looked* older in the face. Like a young adult. One that didn't look *anything* like the Mona Lisa, but a young adult, nonetheless.

A small compartment opened in the pod above the woman's head and lowered a small, triangular, crimson gemstone before dropping it on her forehead. It began to glow dimly and *fastened* to her skull, and instantaneously *all* of her hair began to glow with a dark blue. It was difficult to see with this light but it *seemed* that the individual hairs were bonding to each other, splitting into two metallic *tails* of rotating blue and white in the back while the hair of her scalp became a blue dome. Even her bangs shifted into a seashell shape that was colored a lighter, sky blue.

Once the gemstone was affixed and her hair shifted, the da Vinci's mental state became... *unstable*. "*I... Who...? What was I...?*" Her voice temporarily distorted into something hollow and mechanical before correcting into something a little *more* human sounding. Frustrations built subconsciously and this led to a desire to *destroy*? Or at least *fight*. These weren't impulses the Rider had ever felt before. They were the impulses of a warrior.

And yet while her body's transformation had completed, her artificial body was still *woefully* naked. This was when a strange scanner appeared around her entire body, rising and dropping a horizontal beam of light around her entire body over and over in quick succession. Each rise and fall saw steel and cloth form around her naked 'flesh', essentially constructing a new outfit overtop of her like a 3D printer.

What was ultimately constructed was a 'skin' tight, white bodysuit from her neck to her toes as the base layer, whereas blue boots and detached sleeves with golden bangles affixed themselves to her limbs. A blue bikini bottom-like armor piece rode her hips and disguised her pelvis and a matching swimsuit top hung far more loosely around her breasts. While not observable from the front, a dorsal fin-shaped jet was also attached to her back.

The shackles then released her and she stumbled towards the pod's opening door.

What ultimately stepped out of the CopyBot assembly pod was not the girl who had been pulled in, but instead blue, albeit short Replid

woman with an expression that kept teetering between curiosity and seriousness. Carrying a long spear in one hand, there was no doubting that she was the new *Lancer*-class Servant of this War. *Fairy Leviathan* was a military general after all, a notable person of interest from another world. Which begged to question just where the summoning system of Paper Moon was pulling its heroes from.



“Ugh, it’s way too dusty out here. There better be fights I can take underwater...” All of this new information simply provoked a groan out of her. She couldn’t remember her past life as da Vinci at all, believing herself to have just been reactivated for the sake of her position as a Servant. She’d sooner bemoan having to be on land than anything. **“Hm?”** The pod beside hers suddenly popped open, and a CopyBot with brown hair and green eyes stepped out. **“Oh, you must be my Master, right?”** Weird, she looked kind of *familiar* to her. But Leviathan couldn’t really place the feeling *why*.

Somehow the factory had known to spurt Iris.EXE out after all. The girl, now in a physical body, looked around wearily with her expression unchanged before eventually fixing on the Lancer. **“I suppose so...? I hope we can get along.”** Though in a way, while their origins seemed to be different it almost seemed like they were cut from the same cloth. **“...By the way, Lancer. We’re being observed.”**

“It’s no good. Let’s retreat, Xion...” Namine and Xion *had* been watching from nearby. Xion didn’t understand her Master’s need to observe with her own two eyes, but *whatever* she had seen apparently had upset her. She didn’t really get what was going through Namine’s mind. Of course she *couldn’t*, because it was a matter of memories. Neither of the new arrivals showed any signs of remembering anything. It was a dead end for Namine.

It's okay. Maybe in the next pair...