

# AI:SSIMILATION III.

## COMMISSION STORY

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There were certainly perks to being an artificial intelligence in a digital world. Well, BB already knew this, but living within the Neo World Program was a little different from what the Moon Cell had to offer. She could hide herself away in a digital pocket completely separate from the world otherwise, gaining access to all of the commands that would allow her to reshape more than just the people staying there on vacation, but the shape and nature of the world itself. Not that she would do any of that *before* everyone had changed without good reason. It likely would have caused a headache.

So far she had been feeding data into the Neo World Program from the Moon Cell, which naturally included its Servant summoning system. She had used that to change two victims into Servants, but wouldn't it be a little boring if that was *all* she did? In pursuit of something a little more 'fun', the AI had been looking for new leads. And eventually? She found it. A stash of data that had seemingly been uploaded to the Program accidentally and stashed away.

**“Hmm? What do we have here? Data from other worlds? Or maybe it's more like from games and anime? Maybe I can work with this...”**

She just needed to pick some fun targets.

What about her old juniors?

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**“Asahina-san is as gung-ho as always... It can be a little tiring sometimes, but she means well.”** Early the next morning, like *six in*



*the morning* early, Makoto Naegi had crammed himself in one of the beachside changing rooms along the beach that they were all using for their shared vacation. Aoi Asahina, the Ultimate Swimmer, had invited him out swimming the day before. He'd said yes but... He hadn't expected her to come knocking on his door at 5:30am!

It was already too late at that point though. Naegi was far too nice of a guy to tell her he wanted to go back to sleep, and so he had groggily thrown on his usual outfit and followed her to the beach with a bag of beach supplies as the sun was still in the process of rising. At least the view had been nice if anything?

Once they had *gotten* to the beach the two had crammed themselves into their respective changing rooms. He felt like Asahina might have been more than happy to change in the open considering her personality, but he didn't want to get hunted like a wild animal by the others for seeing that which should not be seen later.

Before he had taken off more than just his jacket though? Something appeared to be off with what those clothes *contained*.

**“Huh? Is something up with my pants?”** Before he had even gotten around to pulling them down along with his boxers Naegi had noticed the waistband of his black pants had begun to feel a little tight. That feeling was alleviated by undoing the front button and pulling down his zipper, but even *then* there had been a little too much tension. Trying to slide those pants down was met with more resistance than normal too. **“That’s... weird.”**

Eyes of dull green looked down as he continued to push. For some reason he couldn't slide those pants down past his *hips*? It took him a minute to put two and two together. **“Wait. Are my hips wider?”** He grunted as he finally managed to push the cloth past that hurdle, and there was no denying that his hips had lengthened several inches wider now that his pants weren't concealing them. But that wasn't even *all*.

His pants got stuck again, this time on his thighs. **“What is going on!?”** It was obvious, really. Those thighs, now shaved hairless, were plumper than they had been before. Several inches of width had already been harnessed, and on some level he recognized this. His thighs were plumper! And yet while he recognized it, there was a voice deep down that dismissed it as odd. *What is unusual about a woman having thighs of this shape?* **“A... woman?”**

Thighs now inches wider, there was a growing discomfort between his legs as they had begun to sandwich Naegi's groin even despite the fact that his hips had widened – and *continued* to widen thanks to a bloating of his ass cheeks behind him. They rose like bread baking in an oven, perfect orbs curling into full, bubbled shapes that betrayed his shorter stature. But then again? While he managed to get his pants down to his ankles, his thighs had practically doubled in girth in the meantime.

**“I’m... a woman?”**

As if to say ‘yes’, the discomfort in *her* crotch waned. For there was no longer anything protruding there.

**“Right, I’m a woman!”** Naegi seemingly hadn't noticed that her dick and balls had been replaced with a woman's pussy, nor that the bush of hair just above it had been shaved away. Daintier feet contributed, ultimately, to a lower body that looked undeniably like one belonging to a woman – and while these new curves almost looked out of place while kicking pants, boxers, and socks off of her feet? They eventually appeared a touch less ridiculous as her height climbed three or so inches.

An elongated torso left the dip from her chest into widened hips seeming a little too dramatic even for a woman's body, and fortunately her shoulders broadened a touch, which in turn prompted her tummy to do the same. It still had a *very* dramatic dip, but it wasn't nearly as excessive and uncanny to the eyes, and actually highlighted the fact that her tummy had become extremely fit and toned? It wasn't *just* her tummy but her arms and legs as well. She had become very athletic.

While things *had* largely firmed up, there was *one* area that instead took the opposite turn. She was in the process of unzipping her hoodie and removing her undershirt with longer, thinner, manicured fingers as it began. Her nipples became bigger and puffier, sensitivity increased almost tenfold as a softness began to spread across her chest beneath them. This softness was quick to amount to a pair of small breasts, but that rapidly bounced and jiggled to attention with all of her clothes now removed. They continued to swell and jiggle for a few moments as they grew larger and larger, prompting her posture to tilt forward as they ultimately blossomed into *D-cups*.

Naegi corrected her posture promptly. **“That was odd... Why did I almost topple forward?”** Her voice was calm and undoubtedly effeminate, likely courtesy of the fact that her Adam's apple had smoothed away as the changes swept into her head. Because her face was so youthful there was a case to be made that she had always looked

a touch androgynous, but as facial features changed any semblance of masculinity was softened away.

Her face had been rendered longer for one, with her chin rounder to give her face a more Caucasian shape rather than Japanese. This was reinforced by the shapes of her eyes, which took on a notably Western design with lengthened lashes. Her green irises were replaced with gold and her brows thinned. Perhaps most notably was how her lips had swelled plumper beneath a more angular nose. Rather than just make her look like a woman though, it made her look *older*. Not that her ample figure didn't already do that, but she really looked like a woman in her late twenties now.

**“Was I getting changed?”** It felt like something that the woman should have been sure of. She was *naked*, wasn't she? And yet a mysterious light had begun to sparkle around her body, slowly generating a swimsuit for her to wear while her physical changes entered their final stage. Such as? Well, spiky brown locks certainly hadn't been meant to retain their original form, for those spikes not only flattened but lengthened, the mass of it all curling near the tips and becoming fluffier while a soft blonde replaced its original blonde. The end result was a wavy style that reached the center of her back, bangs long and fluffy to boot.

She almost looked like a *supermodel* with that blonde hair and sexy, toned body. But not a *human* supermodel. A pair of triangular, blonde-furred ears had emerged atop her head while her human ones had disappeared, and behind her? A long, golden tail began to swish about. These weren't the features of a dog nor a cat, but were instead more relatable to those of a *horse*. **“No... I'm already changed?”**

The woman shook her head. Right, she could *recall* putting on her one white, one piece swimsuit and the translucent, long-sleeved top that did nothing to hide it. There was a hole in the swimsuit for her tail of course, and she was accessorized with a watch, thigh straps, knee guards, and a headband. Everything about her screamed 'ready for the beach', including the pouch of supplies dangling from her tail.

Barring the case of Oripathy that affected her body in a way that was difficult to see, the swimsuit clad *Nearl* felt like she was in pretty good shape. It had been all *her* idea to come out to the beach so early in the morning, and for a number of reasons at that. It would be quieter than going during the day, which was certainly a plus. The less crowded it was, the more space there was for swimming. She could tan on the beach later in the day when there were more in the water. It helped that she was a big morning person too.

“Hmm... I wonder if she’s dressed yet? I can only fathom what sort of swimsuit she picked out for herself.”

Her equine ears twitched in response to the touch of her fingers as she ran digits through her long, blonde hair as she prepared to step out onto the sand. She was thinking about the woman who had agreed to come along with her so early in the morning. She was certainly an *enigma*, but that made her all the more curious.

A flick of her horse tail accompanied her first step towards the door.



“I suppose there’s only one way to find out!”



“Hmhmhmhmmmm! I wonder what time the donut booth opens? It should be *pretty early, right?*” While Naegi had been lamenting his early rising fate, Aoi Asahina was in the highest spirits imaginable. She *thrived* in the early hours, and whether that was a side effect of her athletic lifestyle or her athletic lifestyle was a product of that attitude of hers. At times it could be infectious but even when it *wasn’t* Asahina didn’t really realize that she was burdening others with her energy.

For someone so healthy and for someone whose claim to fame was their athleticism it was odd that she was thinking about donuts right before going for a swim with her bestie Naegi. That was just the kind of gal she was, though. A real, bonafide donut lover! “**Well it isn’t like they’re run by anyone, they’re more like vending machines. Maybe I could get one before we get in the water?**” Which sounded like a terrible idea health wise. She’d already *had* breakfast!

*Would eating a donut be optimal?*

Had eating a donut *ever* been optimal? The confusion on Asahina’s face at the thought that had crossed her *own* mind was obvious. “**Huh? But**

**donuts are so good though! It isn't about being optimal! *But then what is the point? Wh-Why am I arguing with myself here!?*** Why *was* she arguing with herself? Never in her life had she questioned her love for donuts! But at the same time? Never in her life had her blue eyes glowed *crimson* before remaining that color permanently.

All the while, the almost ice cream cone-shaped styling of her brown ponytail had begun to wither and, much like her eyes, inherit a color that should not have belonged. Strands of silver had begun to emerge against the chocolatier coloration, and every strand that was dyed lengthened well down to her ankles. Before long it was as if a wave of silver hair had crashed out behind her as the girl cast off her jacket, seemingly not noticing how this hair tickled her shoulders.

**“I should probably skip the donuts, right?”** *Who was this girl!?* Despite her previous comments she had begun to consider more nutritional snacks if she *really* had to eat something. She did so as she pulled her top up and over her head, finally knocking her hairclip and hair tie out in the process so that the silver hair had nothing to bind it. Some of it crossed her crimson gaze as it fluttered back down, but it didn't register as odd.

Removing her bra revealed something *odder still*. Asahina had a natural tan, or at least she was supposed to, but her breasts were *pale*? She blinked at them for a moment as if she'd noticed but ultimately she was unbothered even though this absence of melanin was spreading elsewhere. Fingers, toes, her neck and face; all had eventually paled, and this completed a dramatic change in color scheme that almost made her look like a different person.

*Other* changes would take away that 'almost', though.

Just looking at the teen's face was enough to see how true that was. Her rounder face was slimming and, like Naegi's, was being stripped of any identifying features that would have made her appear Japanese. Narrowed yet more circular eye shapes were clearly Western inspired, and a more pronounced nose with narrowed nostrils pushed above lips that were only slightly larger than they had been before. She appeared notably older, no longer a teen but instead a young woman.

Despite how chatty Asahina typically was, she'd become strangely quiet. She wasn't usually shy about talking to herself, yet she methodically wiggled her shorts and underwear down to her ankles without so much as a word, her expression rather reserved and passive. Where was her usual energy? Not that this was a question she was asking herself. Free

of her clothes entirely though? It was time for her figure to begin its changes.

Starting with her *height*. It wasn't excessive, but she grew a little taller so that she was roughly as tall as Nearl – perhaps only a single inch shorter? Her hair lengthened with it so that it dangled to the same spot, and this growth left the rest of her body to appear a touch less bombastic with its weight distributed over a wider area now. When it came to her breasts though? They had actually grown a cup size smaller all on their own. Asahina's rack was massive normally and while still quite large, these D-cups didn't reach quite the same scale.

Light began to shimmer around her body as a swimsuit began to take shape, but not before her lower half was properly adjusted to her new age and height. Her hips swung several inches wider in a way that momentarily buckled her knees, this new girth ultimately becoming a canvas for a swell that thickened her thighs to a width comparable with a toned waistline. Her ass cheeks bloated beautifully as well, but that heart-shaped rear was firm with muscle as well. Like Nearl, she was a *very* fit woman.

Swim shorts dyed an ocean blue obscured the sight of her ass and her silver-pubed pussy moments later though, cloth only covering down to the very base of her ass as various straps bound across her thighs. A separate swimsuit top had been fashioned around her chest, cleavage displayed like a product in a shop window. It was done up in white with blue highlights, and cloth flowed down from the bikini top to cover much of her tummy while still exposing her navel. Platform sandals had found her feet, raising her height a couple of inches, and sunglasses with orca decals rested in her hair.

The orca was an animal *very* personal to her new being.

*Skadi* was anything but a social butterfly, which was *exactly* why she had agreed to go down to the beach with Nearl so early in the morning. Not that a being of her origin slept much to begin with, but going when it was quieter was much more appealing to her than during the busier hours. Seeing as she was someone who was born from the sea and had an affinity *with* the sea, it wasn't all that odd for her to want to take a dip, was it? Less odd than wanting to eat a *donut* of all things. In terms of food, Skadi only ate what would give her the most energy for the least intake.

**“...I bet she’s waiting already.”** As far as the silver-haired woman recalled, she had just finished changing into her swimsuit. It wasn’t one she had picked herself but one Amiya had helped her decide on before she had left on this trip. Was it too revealing? That wasn’t a thought that had even crossed Skadi’s mind. It wasn’t even really something that she cared about. But it probably *wasn’t*. Compared to many other swimsuits she had seen this one covered a great deal of her skin.



The second she opened the door and stepped out with her bag in tow she was greeted by a blonde woman with horse ears and a matching tail. Nearl. The woman she had agreed to come along with. From her earliest assessments Nearl seemed to be a largely quiet woman herself and so Skadi hadn’t thought much about coming with her, but she had been waiting? Did she want to go swimming *together*?

Why did this feel a little embarrassing?

Neither of them recognized that they had changed, nor that their bodies had adopted these forms in the real world as well.

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**“Hmm... Who next?”** Resting in the pocket within which she could not be reached, BB had watched the transformations play out that she had set into motion. She had drew their forms from the data of a game called ‘Arknights’, and it seemed like there was *plenty* more for her to draw from to make this the most *interesting* vacation ever. What was harder than deciding who to turn others into, however, was deciding on the victims in the first place. But then she remembered a specific pair from her old class, from her time as Nanami.

**“It might be fun to nip a bullying problem in the bud!”**