

VR AZUR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Technology was always evolving. This was true in every facet of our lives, and it was seldom that you weren't seeing advertisements for the newest shiny thing. Kazuto Kirigaya, on the other hand, was largely immune to these sorts of things. He was a teenager who had survived the Sword Art Online incident. He'd *already* lost years of his life to the newest and most exciting technology as a result of a security flaw that was taken advantage of by a terrible person.

And he wasn't about to get his soul sucked away by the newest smart fridge!

Not that the odds of that were *high* (or really even possible at all). But the point of the matter was that he was understandably apprehensive about testing the latest and greatest gizmos. It was seldom that he made exceptions, but there *had* been one. He had been approached through Kikuoka Seijirou about testing a new VR headset. One that had been thoroughly examined for any potentially life-threatening loopholes and approved after the fact.

Kazuto had accepted the test and had visited their testing facility several months ago without incident. Apparently? They had liked his work so much that just before the final product was to be released, they sent him not one, but *two* retail units for free. **"I bet Suguha would like to try one. I'll leave it in her room."** His intentions were good. He *probably* could have given the spare to Asuna, but she'd participated in the test as well so she might have received her own.

After doing just that, the boy returned to his own room to set up his own device. He more or less recalled how to do it from the test unit, and even

then it was hardly different from his usual VR headset. What *ultimately* surprised him was that, upon laying down and logging in, his *Kirito* data was still present from when he had tested the device. **“I guess I did give them permission to retain my user data.”** And so it wasn’t *that* odd.



While his body remained laying in bed, his digital form had been projected into a white void within the virtual reality space for the setup process. **“They said some games were pre-installed. ALO is included, right?”** But Kirito, being a little impatient, skipped past some of the more *unusually* sounding options. Like one that read ‘ULTRA IMMERSION’, since he assumed that was a setting you’d *want* on for a VR game?

After hitting the ‘next’ option with his index finger, he became confused. His surroundings changed, the void becoming a sprawling and shimmering ocean of blue with a similarly colored sky above. He was floating just inches above water that moved naturally, the device practically threatening to drop him in. **“Woah? What did I press? What game is this, even?”**

Azur Lane VR. And ‘ULTRA IMMERSION’ hadn’t quite meant what he had thought.

None of this was information that the boy had *any* means of accessing, namely because he suddenly found himself locked out of the menus. **“Wait, is it glitched?”** Panic set in. There *were* safety locks to forcibly log someone out every five hours and an external safety someone else could press on the device, but that still meant spending five hours *there* if no one else found him first. **“You’d think these kind of problems would be fixed prior to release...”** He *had* received it early though, so maybe the firmware wasn’t up to date?

Fixated on his predicament as he was, Kirito wasn’t being as observant as he probably should have been though. Had he gone even *remotely* cross-eyed to catch a glimpse of his own bangs, he might have noticed that the black of his hair was *lightening*. Not towards a silver, even though at first it might have seemed that way, but towards a *cotton candy pink* instead. Well, barring a segment of light blue on the leftmost side of his bangs.

This fairly dramatic change of color painted his eyebrows and even his pubic hairs, but when it came to the hair on his head? *Whatever* was happening seemingly *wasn’t* content with merely making the colors of it

all so outlandish. Inch by inch it grew longer, shaggier, and *softer*, its style utterly repurposed from a messy head of short hair to a wide, chin-length bob with puffy bangs – the streak of blue ultimately braided and tucked to the side. The bangs framed his eyes nicely, and those eyes weren't without changed of their own, either.

“Is there anything I can *do*?” Kirito experienced a fairly notable voice crack as he wondered his course of action allowed. It happened just as his dully colored eyes instead became illuminated by a shimmering gold, and the eyelashes that surrounded them grew an additional inch or two. But that wasn't even *all*. The shapes of those eyes shifted so that they were rounded, bigger, and more expressive. This was all just a fancy way of beating around the bush though. They looked like a *girl's* eyes. No, they also looked like they fit a different racial profile. *Caucasian*, perhaps?

Paired with his hair, his veer towards the feminine couldn't have been any more obvious already... though the rest of his face decided to anyways. His nose collapsed to inherit a slightly more button-like shape, whereas his lips pursed as a feminine plumpness saw them forced into a natural pout. Even the overall shape of the boy's face changed so that it was rounder, shorter, and *cuter*. **“I can *do*...? Wait, what was I *supposed to be doing*?”**

What had surfaced as a voice crack before now seemed to be just his *normal* voice, probably because his vocal chords had changed just as his Adam's apple was smoothed away. It was softer and smaller in a sense, and that ended up coinciding with a body that was progressively becoming smaller itself in various ways. But Kirito's height wasn't the *best* measure of this, seeing as he only shrunk a single inch.

It was *much* more evident in more obscure places, like how his fingers narrowed or heels rounded. Even Kirito's waistline narrowed beneath his black shirt, but from that point on? Everything else was either steeped in growth or outright *loss*. **“*Hm*?”** But at least that loss went more or less unnoticed by *her*. Because what was taken from Kirito was her masculinity, gifting her a vagina where a dick and balls had once made it clear that she was a man.

For such a dramatic change, though, it was odd she didn't seem to react all that much to it. This came courtesy of her own brain, which was gradually being *reprogrammed*. Memories of a different background, a different life, and a different role were all being forced upon her. Her old memories weren't removed, fortunately, but they *were* locked away within a mind that was adjusting to her new body.

“Did I have a mission?” Did that mission have something to do with how her shirt felt so tight all of a sudden? *No*, that was a different issue. With her sex changed, her once masculine chest was now swelling with the fat you would have *expected* a young woman to have affixed to her chest. Well, no... She was developing *more* than you would expect, because the mounds quickly ballooned into baseballs and then almost *basketballs*, soft flesh jiggling with her shirt’s neckline pulled forward to show off her supple cleavage and the base of her shirt lifted to show off a cute tummy.

Kirito idly tugged at her shirt without thinking much about *why* it fit her so poorly. Even then, she was struggling with a similar issue southward. Her black pants were growing increasingly cramped thanks to the swelling of tissue both in her ass *and* her thighs, everything burgeoning forth into a softer and shapelier form around her bush of pink pubes. Her thighs in particular pushed against her pants until tears formed in the fabric, flesh peeking through as those thighs nearly quadrupled in girth. And her ass had a sizable heart shape that peeked out and over the hem.

All of this clothing malfunction would have been a recurring problem if it hadn’t been so promptly treated. Her black swordsman attire (of which she couldn’t even remember obtaining now) was stripped away so that she stood there naked for a moment. But piece by piece a new outfit appeared: a white, spaghetti strap gown with navy blue trimmings and white thigh highs that seemed *designed* to show off how thick her thighs were, with a neckline so low in the dress that you could assume the same was true of her cleavage. She obtained matching navy blue gloves and boots, as well as ribbons in her hair that bore the colors of the French flag.

More surprising was the addition of a strange backpack and footwear. The backpack resembled two silver battleships with guns on them that wrapped around her sides, while the boots had little engines affixed to them. Their purpose was on the cusp of being revealed.

The Vauquelin-class destroyer, *Tartu*, didn’t so much as bat an eyelash as she was finally dropped onto the water. Her body didn’t *sink*. Why would it? She was outfitted with the latest floatation and propulsion systems on her feet. She was a *ship girl* after all, created for the very sake of traversing the sea. **“Was I not assigned a partner for this mission? How odd that I’m alone.”** It was clear that she didn’t have the foggiest idea as to what had just happened to her.

But that was hardly surprising. The

‘ULTRA

IMMERSION’ setting had been designed to allow VR users to *live the life of an NPC*, stripping away their own senses of self and projecting the NPC’s own onto them.

Kirito’s personality and memories had all been *temporarily* bottled up. Or, at least, it was *supposed* to be temporary. The

truth of the matter

was that this system hadn’t been tested as thoroughly as it should have been.



So, even if Tartu logged out? She would find her body in the real world had changed into the same appearance, just dressed in Kazuto’s clothes. She’d regain her memories, but her personality would have been irreversibly altered too. Not like any of that occurred to her in the moment. She had work to do. **“It’s our duty to greet new players, so where is she?”**



“Huh? Is this one of those new VR headsets that are coming out next week? Did they send onii-chan some?”

Suguha Kirigaya had returned home a little after Kazuto had and, after grabbing some carrot sticks from the fridge, had quickly returned to her room to put her things away. It was there that she found a boxed VR device on her bed with a note from her brother saying it was for her. She hardly wasted a single moment in setting it up.

Before she knew it? She was within the same white void that her brother had entered about twenty minutes earlier. She was naturally excited about trying out a more immersive headset, because she couldn’t even fathom how that would be possible! But, unfamiliar with the technology, she also made the mistake of leaving the same option enabled when she flipped through the settings.

And even found herself standing over the very same, blue ocean.

Which meant that a fate not unlike what had happened to her brother was in the stars for Suguha. “**How do I log out? The HUD isn’t coming up anymore? Oh no...**” She was more concerned that she had somehow broken the device at first than anything, but at least she was confident that she wasn’t in *danger*. Every modern VR headset came with safety measures in place, after all. The Sword Art Online incident would never happen again. “**Hm...**”

Because there had been no character data to draw on, the girl had manifested in this space in the uniform she’d been wearing when she had put it on in the first place. She liked to wear baggy clothing because she knew how boys ogled at her above average sized bust, but seemingly failed to notice that these clothes were beginning to appear even *baggier* than normal? Especially around her *chest* of all places.

Her chest wasn’t at the scene of the crime for no reason, either. Ever since the scenery had changed, the virtual environment had begun to provide her with the immersive experience that she hadn’t disabled in the first place. Her role would one that was similar to Tartu’s, but it wouldn’t be the *same* either. Had it been similar, the weight of her chest probably wouldn’t have been *diminishing*, would it? And yet that was exactly the case.

The girl’s breasts were gradually regressing in size, and so the front of her top was obviously going to loosen and flatten without anything underneath to support it. Inch after inch was lost, and so her skin had to tighten around their increasingly smaller sizes while her nipples narrowed and shortened too. Before long, Suguha’s cup size was a mere A; and even then, their perkiness didn’t make up for much. They looked more like the size a girl would have at around twelve or thirteen.

Which wasn’t unintended.

“**Whoa!?**” Or so the teen squeaked as she threw her arms out to the sides in hopes of either catching something, or at least correcting her balance. “**What’s going on!?**” Cracks in her voice teased the advent of a voice that might become softer and lighter, but that was hardly as captivating as the sight of the girl’s height rapidly unraveling. If her uniform didn’t fit properly after her breasts had shrunk, then it was *certainly* ill fit by the time she dipped down to a mere 4’10”.

Her top now reached down to the tops of her thighs, and it was honestly a *miracle* that her skirt and panties hadn’t slipped off. There *was* a reason that they had remained affixed, however. Unlike her breasts, the girl’s hips and thighs hadn’t really shrunk *that* much. Rather, at her

smaller height it almost seemed like her thighs were even *thicker*, and so her skirt couldn't slip past them.

Which felt a little *odd*. At this height she definitely *looked* younger. Her face even shared in this, with it becoming much more youthful to reflect the appearance that Suguha had possessed when she was only *twelve* herself. Her figure didn't line up at all with what it had been at that age, though. It was like it belonged to a different person altogether. **"I'm... shorter? Mm... But I've always been this height, haven't I?"**

The girl's voice was consistently softer now. Just as her figure didn't match any iteration of Suguha Kirigaya, neither did her voice. And that spread throughout the rest of her head, beginning with streaks of cotton candy blue that emerged amidst her short, bobbed hairstyle. It didn't take long at all for the color to spread to paint *all* of her hair, even seeing it lengthen to her shoulder. But there was something even odder once that longer hair concealed her ears.

Two pointed, feline ears popped up and began to twitch atop her head, leaving her with *two* pairs.

Changes finally seeped into the last remaining physical signifiers of who she had once been, seeing her face round and her youthful features vaguely change in shape and size. Her eyes lit up with the same icy blue as her hair and her resting expression shifted towards something much more *complacent* comparatively. She looked soft and cute. But she didn't look a thing like Suguha. The blue cat tail that wriggled out from within the folds of her oversized clothing merely added to that.

Her brain had suffered the same fate as Tartu's. She recognized this body as her own and her background as belonging to someone else. If anything was 'wrong', it would have been her clothes, but she was stripped and re-robed within seconds. Left dressed in a *very* short blue kimono dress with detached, navy blue wide sleeves and raised, wooden geta. A navy blue headband with matching bows was slipped into her hair before her cat ears, and she ended up outfitted with equipment that was very similar to what Tartu was. Cannons and buoyancy equipment.

The blue cat ears of the Yuugumo-class destroyer, *Suzunami*, twitched as her feet were dropped into the water and her buoyancy equipment kicked into place so that she remained upright. She was in much the same position as Tartu, utterly ignorant to the fact that anything had even happened in the first place, merely an NPC of Azur Lane's new VRMMO game world. **"Mm... Isn't Tartu supposed to be here with me? Where did she go?"**

Her head moved from side to side as she looked around, her tail swishing about behind her basically in tandem. She could recall being assigned a mission to greet new arrivals, but there wasn't anyone on the water aside from herself. “Where did she— **KYAH!?**” Or at least that was what she had *thought*. Because she believed she was alone, she had been more than surprised to find herself picked up from behind, with a pair of arm pulling the back of her head into a hug beneath a rather sizable bosom.



“There you are, Suzunami! I thought you weren't going to show up.” The cat girl could only sigh upon hearing the speaker's voice. It was Tartu, the one she was supposed to be working alongside. Suzunami didn't exactly like being treated like a child or a cat – even though she resembled both – so be held in such a way was just making her agitated.

She struggled until she was freed, skating across the water in a small circle until she faced the taller girl. “You could at least ask before you pick me up! And I've been here the whole time. Where have you been?” They clearly weren't going to make any headway on *this* topic, largely because both of their minds had been so effectively altered. It wouldn't be too long before they gave up and just focused on their duties.

All while their bodies in the real world finished conforming to the new appearances and personalities that they had developed in-game. There was at least good news for Suzunami: her real body didn't develop *cat features*, but she had still become a younger, blue haired girl in flesh and blood outside of the game. And it was only a matter of time before their parents found their bodies now. But what about other users who received free units? Would they end up in similar circumstances?

Only time would tell, really.