

AISSIMILATION IV.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Stupid Mikan! I bet it’s all *your* fault we were shorted at dinner. Your fat ass probably ate it all!”

“N-No! I hardly even ever eat my share for that reason...”

It wasn’t at all unusual to find Hiyoko Saionji and Mikan Tsumiki arguing. Well, did what they were doing *really* count as ‘arguing’ in the first place? The short, blonde, kimono-clad girl was engaged in some good old fashioned *bullying* – something she had been subjecting the dark-haired nurse to ever since the lot of them had found themselves on the digital island where they were supposed to be frolicking during their Virtual Summer Camp.

There were probably better things for them to focus their energy on than that, though. Had Hiyoko ever considered the possibility that if Mikan ended up dead, she would probably be the first one to end up blamed? But in her mind? She just couldn’t *help* it! Mikan was just so bulliable! She never ever stood up for herself and she was always tripping and ending up in ridiculously lewd situations as a result. She was practically *begging* for it, and honestly? The fact that the nurse was like that in the first place kind of *pissed her off*.

Of course, it wasn’t at all a good arrangement for Mikan. She was tired of being pushed around, and even at that moment she had been knocked onto the sand of the beach as Hiyoko pulled her hair. **“I don’t really believe you~! You deserve your *punishment*!”** Mikan winced at the younger girl’s words, as if she was bracing for pain. No one ever came to help her. No one ever— **“GYAAAAAAAAAH!?”**

“Enough of that! How about you two start getting along~!?”



Hiyoko didn't have a *clue* what had just happened to her. She'd raised her hand to slap Mikan, but just inches away from her face *something* had struck her. She'd been launched a *long way* down the beach, landing behind some rocks in a pile of sand that had *thankfully* cushioned her fall. It almost felt like someone had arranged that pile on *purpose*, but she had a hard time believing that. **“Geh!? What just *hit* me? That wasn't the stupid rabbit, was it!? But she didn't stop me from hurting her before...”**

Monomi also hadn't struck her as the type of weird... mascot... thing... to use violence in the first place. If anything, she probably would have just *cried*. If only she had been easier to bully, then she could have had *two* targets!

It took the blonde a minute to pick herself up after the fall. **“If I'd been in the real world, that still might have killed me...”** Thankfully she had some leeway because everything was virtual. Still, it pissed her off! How dare someone meddle with her plans to bully Mikan until snot was pouring down her nose! *W-What? Why would I do something that mean to someone? ...Eh?* There were about a *million* reasons as to why she'd do something mean to someone. Most of all that she *liked* doing it.

Hiyoko was an aggressively mean person, likely using that meaner side to disguise her own insecurities. So, then, why had she pondered her own intentions for even a second? It was so very *unlike* her. But she really didn't know the half of it, and could it really be considered 'unlike her' if *who* she was... was being compromised in real time? She just hadn't *realized*. Nonetheless? She did eventually, at least briefly. **“Huh? Wait...!?”**

What she finally noticed was something that had been slowly occurring ever since that out of character thought had crossed her mind. It had been a somewhat slow process, but her height had been slowly been pushing *upwards* – something that wasn't necessarily a *problem* from the perspective of a 4'2" tall girl that had always been more than a little jealous of everyone that was taller than her. **“Holy—!? I'm getting *taller*!?”** Was it a side effect of being launched across the beach? If so, then she *supposed* she could give it a pass.

By the time she had noticed? She had already gained about five inches, lifting her to 4'7" and making it so that more of her legs were bare, and so her arms were sticking farther out of her sleeves. In terms of clothing malfunction? There were additional problems that could be observed and felt as she continued to rise. Her feet were becoming too large for her sandals, for example, and the sides of her kimono appeared to be pressing out as both her hips and her shoulders widened (though the former clearly became a little wider than the latter).

“Hehehe... How tall am I going to get!? Am I turning into an Amazonian beauty?” Hiyoko’s uncertain stutter went unaddressed as she seemed to subconsciously find it *embarrassing* to say something like that. Even so, her height *was* still building. She passed the 5’ mark, and by that point? Her kimono appeared as if it was *several* sizes too small for her, like an adult wearing clothing meant for a child. She’d been forced to kick *off* her sandals by the time she reached a peak of 5’4”. **“O-Oh dear, my clothes... Eh?”**

The girl opened her eyes wide with shock, unknowingly revealing that her orange eyes had not only dulled to brown, but that the shapes of those eyes appeared rather *peculiar*. Indentations formed in her once monolid eyelids, and they had become less pinched in their corners so that she appeared *Western* rather than Japanese. In fact? Similar traits had emerged in her face as a whole. A sharper nose, a thinner yet longer face, fuller lips. She didn’t look at all like herself in her face.

More like a young *European* woman that was likely around the age of *eighteen*. With even paler skin than normal somehow.

What had caused Hiyoko to ‘Eh’ again hadn’t been her face, however. In fact, she didn’t even know it had changed. She’d been prompted not only by how soft and deep her voice had become, but by *how* she was speaking. She’d stuttered again, and her words were so *proper*. **“Why in the world am I speaking like this...?”** Even as she contemplated an answer, her transformation showed no signs of slowing down.

The sight of her thick, blonde twintails *thinning* was difficult to miss, all while their lengths shortened and a pastel blue spread throughout all of her body’s hair – including a bush that had grown several inches beneath her underwear. Before long, the bows in her hair fell out, leaving thin, blue hair to only reach just past her shoulders. It was a change that the girl probably *should* have noticed. And yet, strangely? She didn’t in this instance.

It was a trend that continued even as her body began to undergo some far more apparent shifts, both visually and in terms of comfort as they had to reckon with the size of her *super* small kimono. **“And why**

would I wear something so... small?" In fact, as evidence that her mind was changing in line with her body grew, the young woman seemingly became more concerned about *what* she was wearing rather than what was happening within it.

It was namely a lot of *swelling* that made it practically impossible for her kimono to remain folded against her body the way it had been thus far. Her relatively flat bosom expanded *rapidly*, flesh passing the space beneath nipples that grew in kind, ultimately pushing their size until they were a pair of perky *D-cups* that unfolded her kimono's top to show off her cleavage. **"O-Oh. See? It doesn't fit..."** Yet, that cup size seemed *normal* to her. What wasn't 'normal' from her perception was that she was wearing something that didn't fit her, *nor* did it match her color wise.

Hiyoko was so tall that the base of her kimono had raised to show off most of her thighs. That made it all the easier to see that her thighs had begun to swell too, making use of the extra space afforded to her by her widened hips. They practically doubled in size, but *that* growth wasn't as eye catching as the expansion of her rear. Hiyoko's butt had been just as flat as her breasts had once been, but in a similar fashion they jiggled to life as weight pooled into her cheeks, lifting the back of the kimono until her cheeks were completely bare – revealing her panties wedged right into her crack.

Fortunately, the matter of her clothes was promptly addressed. Everything she was wearing was torn away, leaving her a blushing mess when she was temporarily rendered completely nude. **"A-Ah!?"** But seconds later, she wasn't even sure why she had cried out. She was wearing *her* swimsuit, right? A dark teal bikini held up by sturdy straps bound to a gold choker around her neck. A matching skirt with gold trim was draped around her waist, revealing her right leg and held up with gold chains, while translucent teal was draped around her arms. Her hair was even tied into a braided crown, her bare feet now lifted onto blue sandals.

"Oh no. We got separated..." With no understanding of what had just happened to her, *Marianne von Edmund* looked around the beach as if she was searching for something – or someone – in particular. She could recall heading down to the beach with someone. Someone very important. Someone whose presence she was *pinning* for. A woman shorter



than herself, with pink hair and a large bosom. But her name wasn't quite there. "**Mikan...?**" Was that the name of the girl she was looking for?

No, that *wasn't* it.

The meek-looking woman with bags under her eyes grabbed her parasol, which had appeared propped up against one of the nearby rocks at some point. "**I should make sure I use this. My skin is so fair that it burns easily...**" And if she'd returned to the group all *red*, then that would have been *super* embarrassing. The person she was supposed to be with would definitely stand up for her if such a thing happened, but... She had to find her first!

But where to even look? The beach was long and there were some rocks in the way. If she just walked around then, then... "**UWAH!?**" When trying to navigate around the larger rocks however, Marianne ended up tripping over a much smaller rock. She caught herself, but if anyone was nearby then they *definitely* would have heard her cry out. Maybe the person she was looking for would find *her* instead?



"H-Huh?" Mikan opened her eyes after hearing a vaguely unfamiliar voice mentioned something about Hiyoko and herself 'getting along'. Well, after that and the sound of a screaming Hiyoko clearly getting farther and farther away. But when she opened those eyes? There was no one there. No mysterious young lady, nor no bully. It sounded almost like she had been dragged off, but... "**C-Could that really be the case?**" The Ultimate Nurse *supposed* that she *was* trapped within a digital world. Impossible things could happen there, right?

She doesn't like to be alone though. I need to go find her! Mikan blinked, and those thoughts lingered in the back of her mind until just *what* she was thinking finally clicked. "**Wh-What!?**" Hiyoko hadn't struck her as the sort of girl that didn't like being alone. In fact, she seemed more like she *preferred* it. And she absolutely did *not* need to go find her! The one being bullied would never go seek out their bully!

...But what if their dynamic was changing?

The young woman's *body* certainly was, even if she didn't immediately notice as much. That was because what was happening would have been most evident beneath the *bandages* that the girl wore around her left

arm and right leg. She had cuts and scars aplenty – thus the need to obscure them – but any damage was undone. Red turned to a light pink that seemed to be a healthier shade than her usual complexion was, though this inconsistency was evened out by the rest of her complexion smoothing and vaguely darkening to a pinker hue as well.

In fact, there was a whole lot of ‘pink’ present, the rest much richer in shade than the paler variation that had tickled her skin. It could be seen more in her long hair than anywhere else – as dark strands lightened to a bubblegum pink and, much like Hiyoko’s had, *shortened*. They pulled up to the center of the young woman’s back where her evenly cut tips curled slightly outwards. Even her bangs lost the almost ‘hime-style’ their cuts possessed, now resting loosely above a pair of eyes that inherited the *exact same* shade of pink.

“D-Did someone protect me? *No way! Do I look like someone that— E-Eh!?*” Where had *that* come from? Mikan *never* asserted herself like that, and she certainly wasn’t the type of girl that believed she could protect herself. She wasn’t especially strong, or at least she wasn’t *supposed* to be. And yet? The muscles of her arms bulged ever so slightly, while beneath her nurse’s uniform her pecs, abs, and legs all hardened in kind. She *felt* strong – and that was what had prompted her outburst, even if she still consciously rejected it.

That said, there was a price to be paid for becoming stronger. The two changes didn’t *actually* correlate, but it almost seemed as if her bone was what had been fashioned into muscle instead; or, at least, the *length* of those bones. Her height dipped ever so slightly, shrinking her hands (which became surprisingly calloused as if she was wielding a heavy object regularly) and feet to better suit what became her 5’0” height. This loosened her bandages too, not that they were needed any longer.

Her pink eyes went wide as if she had just realized something. **“*Why am I being so hard on myself? That’s not like me at all.*”** Wasn’t it more like the way she was acting in *that* moment wasn’t like her at all? Yes, but she didn’t appear to see it that way. She didn’t even notice that her voice was deeper and not as jittery. As she spoke? More significant changes in her face became increasingly obvious. Her pink eyes widened until they looked just as *Caucasian* as Marianne’s, while her lips swelled to *double* their original size until they were nice and pouty. Her face slimmed and chin sharpened, until she couldn’t *possibly* be mistaken for the girl she’d been before.

In fact? Technically, she was *nineteen* at this point; several years older than she had been before.

“Hey!?” Mikan practically *barked* with surprise as she both suddenly stumbled forward *and* noticed the buttons on her pink shirt beginning to strain. By the time she straightened her posture? The top two buttons popped off, providing a lengthening view towards her deepening cleavage. Her breasts were swelling within the depths of her uniform, not just doubling, but *tripling* in size until they were *F-cups* that practically opened her shirt entirely. She made an aggressively annoyed expression, but not for the reason she *should* have. **“What the hell am I wearing? This fit is uuuuuugly.”**

The woman’s tastes had changed just as quickly as her body had, seemingly. The nails on her fingers and toes had become meticulously manicured, gloss had made its way onto her lips, and even the slightest bit of blush had made its way onto her cheeks. All signs that she cared *immensely* about her appearance. Even though Mikan was a girl whose self-worth had been practically non-existent.

“Ugh, and it’s giving me a wedgie.” It definitely *hadn’t* been before, but that was just a sign that her tits weren’t the only part of her figure that had expanded. She just couldn’t really see *past* them now without making an effort in order to see that not only had her more muscular thighs been padded over with softer tissue, but that her ass had bubbled into a heart shape as well. Luckily, that wedgie was alleviated without any effort on her part. **“Whoa, I’m naked— Uh, no I’m not? Am I hallucinating? Is it the summer heat?”**

She felt like she’d just hallucinated being naked for a second, but that hadn’t been the case. Just like with Marianne, her old attire had briefly disappeared, and it had taken a second for her ‘model’ to be refreshed with something else. A largely red bikini with pink and black lace around the cups, tied by a black strap around her neck. Red ribbons were tied around her ankles above her matching sandals, and hoop earrings appeared beneath pink hair that had been pulled into long twintails. Rounding off the look was a pair of pink-lensed sunglasses resting in her hair, and a parasol she didn’t even realize had appeared in one of her hands.

Hilda Valentine Goneril gave her head a very hearty shake, her pink twintails bouncing around from the movement while the slightest jiggle could be observed in her swimsuit-clad bosom at the same time. **“Just what was I thinking!? I can’t leave Marianne alone! She doesn’t even know anyone else!”** In a way? She kind of liked being with someone that relied on her.



When it came to work? Hilda couldn't care less. But taking care of Marianne wasn't really *like* that. The two of them were good friends!

And by the end of this trip, she considered asking her if she wanted to be *more* than that. She was just looking for the right opportunity. Which definitely *wasn't* going to be anytime soon if the two of them were on opposite sides of the beach! **"Hold on Marianne, I'm coming to find you!"** But where would she even start? It wasn't like she had a Marianne radar! She needed some sort of direction if she wanted to—

"UWAH!?"

The pink-haired woman *immediately* perked up at the sound of a familiar scream off in the distance. Marianne could be *clumsy* sometimes, and that was the kind of noise she made whenever she tripped over something. It was a little unfortunate if that had been the case, but at least she had some direction now. **"Onwards! To Marianne! ...And then maybe a nap, I've used way too much energy today."**

The sun was going to set soon! She had to hurry up! And so, she ran off in the direction of the rocks in pursuit of her (hopefully) girlfriend!

"Hehehe..." The entire time? BB had been watching Hilda from behind some nearby foliage. She'd been looking to calm down tensions so that *everyone* at the island resort could have a good time. It seemed like her little plan had worked *perfectly* too! **"They're certainly not going to be arguing again anytime soon! Unless it's about who's topping in bed, maybe~?"** Content with how things had turned out, she laced her fingers behind her back and disappeared into nothingness.

There were still plenty of others on the island, which meant that she had plenty of other 'problems' to solve!