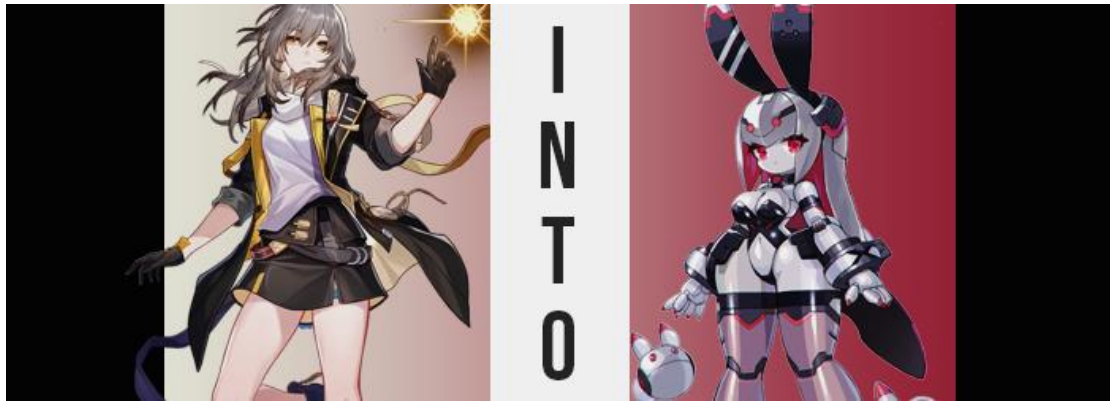


H-INTELLITRON I.

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The Simulated Universe.

It wasn't something that many people got the "pleasure" of experiencing. It was a system constructed by Madam Herta and other members of the Genius Society to help collect important data related to the Aeons and any number of other topics that felt relevant at the time. The Simulated Universe, true to its name, was an artificial construct. Something akin to a digital world that could be dove into by an outside source to take on the many, many challenges that awaited inside to gather that data. But this digital combat space was not something that could be challenged by just anyone. So, in the end...

Enter the *Trailblazer*. Stelle's relationship with, or ties to, the Stellaron made her the perfect subject to challenge the Simulated Universe. It was something that the Nameless had been doing for quite a while now, in fact. The Galactic Baseballer considered herself to be something of a professional at it now. If there was anyone else challenging it out there, then they still weren't doing it quite the same way that she was. She was the very best, like no one ever was. She also wasn't very *humble*, if that much wasn't obvious already.

The young woman was at the end of what was what she considered to be another very successful run. Had she cleared it in record time? She sure had! **"They really tried to throw some new challenges at me this time, too. I didn't even know they were collaborating with the Stellaron Hunters."** That wasn't a belief she had really come to on her *own*, either. There were a number of signs that suggested a certain *hacker* had worked her way into the Simulated Universe. One

that had ties to the Stellaron Hunters that she had spoken of. *Silver Wolf*.



Stelle knew that the girl had a habit of butting heads with Madam Herta and was often trying to get one up on her. If this wasn't a consensual collaboration in this instance, then Silver Wolf *must* have gotten in on her own. **"Which means it's *probably* a good idea that I'm on my way out."** Because she *definitely* didn't want to get caught up in whatever fallout there would be in the interim. She instinctively went to go click on the logout button.

Realizing a *little* too late that the button didn't look how it should.

"Huh? What did I just click on?"

It was positioned in the *exact* place where the logout button *should* have been, and yet it wasn't the correct button. It was shaped like a silver bunny head. Silver Wolf *did* like bunnies. Maybe a little *too* much, because she wasn't aware that she had recently become obsessed with an MMO game that featured beautiful, bouncy, ecchi bunny girls of a certain *make*. That game had inspired the virus that she'd slipped in. And one that the Trailblazer was about to become the victim of.

Well, she *definitely* hadn't logged out. This left Stelle to bring up the menu in order to try and log out again. Unfortunately for her? Not only was she not afforded the option, but... **"The menu isn't even coming up!?"** This was a development that was *definitely* alarming. **"It's like the plot an old anime..."** Being trapped in a video game was certainly something that had been explored once, or twice, or *one hundred thousand* times in the past.

Typically the protagonists of those stories were given cool powers, though. So, where were *her* cool powers? Stelle had been on the cusp of jokingly wondering this aloud when she was subjected to a strange *jolt*. **"Wh-What gives!? Why am I getting electrocuted!? I'm already a victim!"** Who or what she was trying to reason with, not even the Trailblazer knew. But what she *did* know was that seconds after that shock had been delivered? She began to feel *bizarre*.

For starters? She felt unusually *cold*, but not in the traditional sense of the word? “**Am I getting sick?**” It was a fair question to ask, but her body wasn’t *shivering* or anything. Was it because it was a digital space? She supposed that was a possible explanation, but it was actually more like... *her body was changing to be incapable of shivering*. It was a reality that didn’t make sense early on, but the woman’s skin had undergone a very subtle change.

What stood out to Stelle *more* initially was that the digital space around her appeared to be getting *bigger*? “**Uh... Is someone playing with the world data?**” She’d been standing in the main lobby, which had been constructed to look identical to Herta’s office in the main room. Standing by the desk, she was privy to the sight of the desk growing taller and taller, and she was practically eye level with it after just a moment.

“**Uh... Wait...**” It wasn’t *actually* that the room had gotten bigger, as she realized once she reached a hand out to check the desk. She’d been struck by the realization that her gloves had fallen off. No, it was *more* than that. The hand that had been exposed... her fingers were shorter, and her skin was *silver*. She reached her other hand over to check, noticing hot pink points sticking out of their tips. When the two hands collided? There was a metallic *CLANG!* “**Are my hands made of steel?**”

She dropped one to her side, and there was yet *another* clang as it banged into her hip. Stelle had been even *more* confused by that, at least until she looked down and came to several realizations back to back. The source of the clanging was the first. From the neck down? Her body was now constructed of a silvery steel. One that could still *feel*, but her sense of touch had been dulled substantially. That explained why she hadn’t noticed the secondary problem previously.

The room hadn’t grown. The woman had *shrunk*. Her clothes had become extremely baggy against her body as she’d dipped all the way down to 4’7”, but she hadn’t *felt* any of that because of her now largely metallic form. “**Am I a robot? An Intellitron?**” Like Screwllum? But she was still flesh and blood above the neck, and that didn’t explain why she had *shrunk*. Nonetheless, her body’s flexibility had been retained by the etching of joints into her limbs.

Steel knees soon buckled, pulling the woman away from whatever train of thought she had been on at the time. “**Hop!?**” Hop? Why had she cried out with a *Hop!*? Nonetheless, the buckling had been forced thanks to her hips. Stelle had shrunk considerably, yet those robotic hips flared out as if she was meant to be a much taller woman. They stretched nearly *eight* full inches, and her metallic thighs expanded with

a soft, synthetic jiggle that betrayed the firmness of the surrounding area. It pushed out the sides of an oversized skirt, presenting her with a pair of Hartmann hips that looked *very* out of place with how short she now was.

The state of her robot legs was altered at roughly the same time. Metal indented in roughly the center of her thighs, the color taking a rosier shade as it traveled down towards a pair of feet that brightened to *pink* and lost signs of having toes. Her tootsies were repurposed as a pair of pink robo-heels, while the length of her legs had been painted to look like she was wearing leggings even *though* that was just how her new legs appeared in general. In a similar vein, the steel around what was now a synthetic pussy darkened to black, resembling a thing that barely hugged her gargantuan Intellitron hips and now swollen, jiggly ass to boot.

“Heheh... I’m so *thicc*.” Stelle seemed to marvel at her lower body rather than shown concern towards it, even slapping her ass to feel the synthetic fat within jiggle about. A chubby, metallic hand actually began to paw at the front of her top, seemingly noticing subconsciously that the heft of her breasts within had been *growing*. The orbs were heavy and bounce despite her otherwise cold and hard exterior, but each nipple was contained by dark purple steel that etched around it into what looked strong like the corset a bunny girl would wear.

Her clothes were concealing it at first, yet as the metallic look suddenly began to move through the woman’s face? Her internal temperature rose *exponentially* and these clothes caught flame. The woman hardly batted an eyelash as burning scraps fell from her body, just in time for exhaust to shoot out of two purple plated that rose from her hips. **“Overheating... Must... reboot...”** Not only did the woman’s mind appear to hitch as her eyes began to glow a synthetic pink, but her voice carried a hollow, robot echo now too.

She was powerless to prevent the final stage of her transformation. Her body had essentially succumbed to Intellitron ‘biology’ almost perfect, and so it rested only on her *hair* to conform at this point. And silver locks did mend together, bonding as they stiffened into steel plating that *resembled* a head of long, silver hair. One with a hot pink underside, at least. Her ‘bangs’ were rounded as added, pink camera appeared in where those bangs had once been, while a pair of black bunny ears poked out from atop her head to conceal the fact that her human ones had merged into the sides of her skull beneath her new ‘mane’.

She finally managed to reboot, but her mindscape was now much *different*.

E-BUNN CCHI, an odd model number of an Intellitron if there had ever been one, looked around her no longer simulated, but *very* real surroundings with a rather blank expression. Not that she was easy to read with how cool and metallic her face was. “**Where am I?**” Her voice was just as cold as her expression, with a hollowed, robotic sound to it considering her lack of any biological vocal cords. Despite how cold and firm her body seemed to be *overall*, however? The silver of her chest, rear, and thighs all jiggled like latex. That was wholly intentional, so that she could service anyone who desired her.



The Intellitron, E-BUNN, was the main character of the hentai game that Silver Wolf had been playing. She'd been thinking 'Man, it'd be nice if she was real!' and then realized there was a way to *create* her. This was why the bouncy metal bunny existed in the form that she did now. “**I guess it must be just a HOP and ANOTHER HOP to find someone in need of my services...**” She hopped *as* she said these things, all of the meaty bits pleasantly bouncing with her. She really had no idea where she was or where she *had* to go, but she could feel something *calling* to her.

A master? An owner? She probably wouldn't know until she found it. But Silver Wolf *was* preparing to receive her new Intellitron 'friend'. It was just a shame that Silver Wolf wouldn't receive her *as is*.