

# MEDICINE SERVED

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Oh god, not again. Why does this keep happening?”**

It wasn't like I had an audience. I was just talking to myself at the end of the day, but the issue I was presently facing was one so reoccurring that I might as well have been at wit's end. It was a problem that anyone who had ever used a computer in their lives knew all too well, because there was hardly a piece of technology with an internet connection that was entirely immune to it.

*Viruses.* The bane of the digital age's existence. Or *one of them* at the very least. Midst the rising of artificial intelligence stripping the creative realm of any meaning as it pumps out soulless copies and where scams like crypto and NFTs had been plaguing the environment for years you could say there were more prominent threats than viruses themselves. But in that moment, and during the weeks leading up to it, it was a virus I had been dealing with.

My anger stemmed not from the effect it was having on my computer but because of its *persistence*. At worst it randomly crashed a program every few days, I'd find it with the appropriate software, and then I'd remove it. But it would come back again even if I didn't download anything or took a day off of browsing the web. Checking with references online I couldn't even find anyone with the same experiences I was having.

It was like a brand new computer virus had been targeting me alone.

**“I'm going to remove it and it's going to reappear again... Should I just hard wipe my computer?”** In past experiences that

*would* completely remove any viruses, but the issue was that it would also wipe all of my files. Work and hobby materials would all evaporate along with the nuisance that had been plaguing me, and of course that would have been more than a little problematic. **“I’d have to order an external drive to store and transfer stuff then.”**

It was the only way to save my stuff and even then? I needed about 1TB to do that. External drives may have come *way* down in price over the past five years but that was still an expense I didn’t want to pay. Especially because of one measly virus. I let out a sigh as I ran the virus search and destroy program for what felt like the one millionth time in the meantime.

But something was *different* on this occasion. **“Huh? It can’t be removed? What do you mean it can’t be removed?”** I didn’t get the usual popup saying that the virus in question had been removed, and instead it said it couldn’t be. Well that had technically been true all along, hadn’t it? After all it kept coming back so clearly it wasn’t properly being removed!

**“Where am I going to find a better *virus buster* than this program?”** The one I was using was basically the top of the line in its area. As far as I was aware there *was* nothing better. But unbeknownst to me my words had seemingly triggered *something*. My computer monitor began to emit light – much more light than it probably *should* have been able to emit. **“Is this the virus t—!?”**

But the tail end of my sentence couldn’t be heard. The excess light that had filled my room waned and?

*My room was entirely empty.*

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**“Ow!”** For a moment I had felt like I was falling, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground in... No, where was I? Was what I was laying on technically ‘the ground’? It was a translucent, blue bridge that appeared very pixelated. But then again there was something flat and oddly digital about *all* of my surroundings. It was a big and open space with white walls in the far distance that had blue grid marks on them, and above me on the bridge? A big mass of crimson that bulged and gurgled with a pixelated look.

It almost seemed like something I might have seen in Digimon, Mega Man Battle Network, or any other property set in a digital world in the 2000s. Not to mention I had been subjected to a strange pull when my monitor had lit up... pulling me *towards* the monitor. **“I’m not in my computer am I? Surely I just bumped my head and I’m**

**dreaming?”** That was the answer I *wanted* to believe, that this was just a dream of some kind. Yet after finally picking myself up onto my feet I couldn't help but consider just how real this all felt.

And in the case that this actually was, somehow, the inside of my computer? Then that red mass way above my head? **“Is that supposed to be the virus?”** Had it been causing me so much distress that I couldn't even sleep without imagining it? But of course I still hadn't *fully* convinced myself that this was all a dream. It still felt too real, like...

Well, if I was dreaming I probably wouldn't have subjected myself to any minor discomforts, right? I couldn't recall ever having felt a gurgling in my tummy in any dreams in the past, and I'd let loose one so obvious that I looked down at my own gut to make sure everything was okay. **“Uh!?”** It wasn't, but not in the way you might have expected.

I wasn't the thinnest guy in the world nor was I the heftiest, but the excess mass to my stomach was notably *less* prominent than I remembered it having been even earlier that morning. The front of my shirt was completely flat, and pressing a hand against it found none of the resistance that I was accustomed to by that little belly bulge. Of course this applied not only to my belly, but my arms, legs and face to boot!

**“How did I...? Maybe this really is a dream!”** Because events were unfolding that felt increasingly impossible. Yet another noticeable shift occurred that prompted me to examine myself... as well as catch my pants before they fell off my hips. **“Whoa!?”** Having already thinned, my body seemingly *collapsed* in stature so that my height took a *very* dramatic dip in height down to 5'1”.

This meant that my arms and legs were shorter but also my torso. Clothes were dangling off of me thanks to both this and because my shoulders and hips had narrowed to maintain some semblance of consistency. What I *couldn't* see (at least without a mirror) was that this shrinkage had reflected strangely upon my facial features. I appeared notably younger, no longer an adult but like some in their late teens. Likely around eighteen or nineteen. Which was arguably for the best seeing as that, moments later...

I was stripped naked, revealing skin that was notably paler than it had ever been.

Not by my own hands or even another person. While looking down at my smaller self it was like a pixelated glitch had suddenly rippled through everything I was wearing before it disappeared into nothing.

“**U-Um...?**” I was left in my birthday suit, doing my best to cover up my dick with my smaller hands as I stood in the cool air of the cyberspace with no protection. I was becoming more convinced that this *wasn't* a dream... because why on Earth would I dream *that*?

“**Okay, so I'm *smaller and thinner*...**” And I was experiencing high pitched voice cracks, evidently. But there was a change I hadn't really noted because of, once again, my perspective. It had existed vaguely ever since I'd appeared in this place but was becoming more and more obvious the longer I lingered. My body was growing increasingly *uncanny* to the naked eye.

It wasn't as if my human form had been compromised or anything like that, but rather than looking like a proper, flesh and blood human? There was something *digital* about how I looked. As if my body had been *rendered* like a 3D video game character model. It seemed so realistic to me, at least in terms of my hands and body, that I hadn't even questioned it. But my face? It was much more obvious there and it continued to lean *towards* being more obvious.

Thanks to my *eyes*, anyways. They were large and growing larger, taking up more and more of a face that appeared increasingly smaller as a result. But it wasn't really a matter of them simply getting *bigger*. They appeared increasingly 2D upon my 3D, taking feminine characteristics of a pair of *anime eyes* that were tinted a dark red rather than my their original, more normal colors.

And while they were more feminine by design, that was a quality that was now true of my face as a whole. Aside from seeming more petite just in general, there was a puffy upturn to my lips and my nose had become several sizes smaller. While there was still a roundness to my cheeks, it was clearly that way to give my maw a more girlish curve rather than make me look chubby in any meaningful way. Before long my face was basically essentially that of an anime girl's.

“**But I don't understand... Erm? My voice?**” Those feminine cracks that had previously surfaced were permanent now it seemed, but more than that? Didn't I sound too calm about the changes? I *felt* calm too, not finding the energy to express my shock... and even if I could I would have spoken those words in a serene and comforting manner. I just couldn't help it!

Perhaps the timing had been intentional, for the scope of my transformation didn't waste any time becoming *much* more dramatic seconds later. A pull in my loins prompted my to squeak with surprise and lean forward to examine my own crotch. Delicate, girlish hands that had been hiding my dick were removed in the process, revealing a

shaved *pussy*. **“I’m... a girl?”** Biologically speaking. If an existence that was increasingly digital could be considered ‘biological’ in any capacity.

Directly responding to this new vacancy between my legs, my hips then increased their width and thickness bled into the surrounding regions. I had lost any excess weight to my legs and butt with my previous shrinkage, but now it returned *exclusively* to these areas with a very pointed intention. Thicker thighs and a rounder rear added to my womanly appearance, but my curves certainly weren’t excessive or anything.

I blinked at the feeling of heft upon my chest. **“I suppose growing breasts would be the obvious next development...”** My red eyes merely blinked, observing nipples swelling several sizes larger before weight began to pool beneath them. The skin of my chest was stretched several times over as flesh jiggled to attention. It didn’t take long for them to peak at a modest C-cup sizing, looking quite large with my height so meager. I couldn’t help but give them a curious squeeze, noting a sensitivity that stirred a heat in my loins.

But I pushed that away.

I wasn’t given a choice in the matter because it became difficult to make direct contact with my skin. A glowing purple light ran across my flesh from beneath my chin all the way down to my fingertips and toes. It eventually stopped glowing, but the purple remained – and I could feel it tightly clinging to my flesh. I was covered in a skintight bodysuit now as opposed to being bare, but I also wasn’t wearing underwear either (made evident by how I could see my nipples poking through the cloth).

**“Well that’s a little more comfortable.”** It was better than being naked, but additional pieces to the outfit soon appeared almost like I was experiencing a magical girl transformation. Puffy, beige boots and gloves adorned my limbs and a bulbous nurse’s gown soon clad my torso. Pink adorned the gown and accessories, including the nurse’s cap that now rested atop my head of hair.

But could it be called ‘hair’? Ever since my face had transformed it had been growing and darkening towards a dark purple. Once my new outfit had begun to appear? That hair had hardened into a new style, one with bangs framing my face and a ‘bun’ sticking up behind my head. Yet this purple was no longer hair. It was steel, almost like a helmet. But it was affixed to my body, pink bands and all. Just as the pink visor that extended down from it to cover my eyes, or the headphone like caps that covered my ears while colored beige.

If this new look of mine hadn't already scratched a nostalgia bone, a familiar first aid kit appearing in my right hand did.

**“Meddy...? I’m... Meddy.EXE?”**

Clutching the first aid kit in my left hand, my breathing was steady as I looked over my own body as it now was to the best of my ability. There was no way that this was a dream and I just had to accept it. After all, I'd felt my body changing, my *sex* changing. I was now a girl that was younger physically than I had been before. But I also wasn't *human* even if everything under my elaborate nurse's outfit looked as if it belonged on one.



I was a *NetNavi*, a digital lifeform popularized in the Mega Man Battle Network games. I was basically an artificial person that lived in a digital space, generally created for the sake of acting as companions for humans and dealing with things like viruses.

While I did look and act like *Meddy* though, my memories were still my own. I could recognize everything that had happened to me and why it was wrong.

But what could I do about it? Gloved fingers flexed in and out. **“This is unusual. I don't even wish to leave?”** It was more like I knew that I couldn't. For better or for worse I recognized the digital space as my home, it even *felt* homely. At least, except for that pulsating red *thing* above my head. I felt an almost instinctual desire to be rid of it, which was of course because I was a programmed NetNavi. No NetNavi worth their salt wanted to see a computer virus having its way.

I moved on instinct alone, my new maidenly body knowing the motions by first pocketing my medkit in a hammespace so both hands were free. I held out my palms and what looked like a pair of oversized pills formed in them, and soon after? I launched them with inhuman strength up at the virus where they *exploded*, destroying the virus entirely. While I knew how to heal, it also seemed as if I had a knack for using *bombs* too. **“Phew, that's better!”**

**“...But now what?”** I lived alone. It wasn't like someone was going to find my computer to figure out what had happened to me. Even if they did, could I communicate with them as Meddy? What... had my old name even been? It was probably bad that I'd forgotten. But there was *one* option. My computer was still connected to the internet! So I could

put myself out there and figure things out. Maybe I'd even meet a human that could help me!

**“Help me with what exactly? Oh! Help with busting viruses! Of course!”**

Those memory glitches would likely be an issue though.