

TIDDY OF TIME VI.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What is this place? Am I dreaming!?”

It was hard to believe that this might be the case, but Kurisu Makise could not fathom how else she might have ended up where she had. The last she could recall, after all, she had been at a party with the other women in the Future Gadget Laboratory. As memories came back to her, she could recall a bright light – which was then followed by darkness. And then she was *here*.

Wherever here was, anyways. She had regained awareness while sitting on a chair in a big, open space with a bunch of displays. In many ways it was reminiscent of a museum, albeit one after dark. The only lights on were the emergency ones, lights only really used for security. Which probably meant that, if caught, she would be in some real danger of getting in trouble, didn't it?

“Umm... Maybe I should get out of here?” She *did* vocalize this thought, but there were a number of questions that kept her rooted in place. The museum she was standing in was confusing enough, seeing as some of the exhibits appeared to feature technology of the likes she had never seen before. Most, if not all of them, appeared to be gynoids. Humanoid machines of a sort, all of which dressed up in fancy clothing. Was this a museum specifically designed to show off this kind of tech?

If so, wasn't it all a little too *advanced* to be featured like they were remnants of the past?

A few moments of contemplation passed. Her presence there didn't seem to set off any alarms, so maybe she had a little time to plan her

next move. **“What could that light have been? All things considered...”** There was a lot of strange technology at that lab, and there had been dabbling with time travel in the past. **“Time... travel? Wait!”** It was outlandish to think about, but it couldn't have been... *could it?* The futuristic feel of her surroundings could have been something like a sci-fi convention, but that answer didn't feel right.

No, was it possible that she was somehow in the *future*?



“Let's amuse the possibility that, for a moment, this is true. It defies common sense, and it most certainly doesn't explain how I was displaced.” The most they had figured out how to do was send back texts and memories. Sending an entire person back in time? It was outside of their current capabilities – or at least Kurisu thought since she wasn't quite privy to all of Suzuha's secrets.

Now searching for more clues to support her hypothesis, her gaze wandered the museum hall once more. During *this* inspection she finally noticed something that hadn't initially stuck out to her. **“Wait, am I in one of the exhibits?”** Kurisu hadn't realized that the chair she had 'woken up' on was one of the exhibits in the museum, yet there were felt cables wrapped around like she was meant to be seen and not touched.

Upon this realization, she quickly ran over to a nearby display board, leaning over the felt rope to look at it. **“Diva?”** That was what it said, but unlike the other exhibits, there was no mechanical being within the confines of the exhibit that *she* occupied. Which was plenty unusual in of itself. **“The rest of them are occupied though? Why is this one in particular missing?”** The scientist *was* asking a good question, but she was also overlooking one that might have been just as important, technically speaking.

She was at the edge of the exhibit. She could have just crouched under the rope and walked about freely. So why had the thought not even occurred to it? Why it would *never* occur to her? It was almost as if something deep down was already convinced that within the confines of the exhibit was where she was *supposed* to be, and that she didn't have an adequate enough reason to leave. Even though she should have had plenty, displaced and confused as she was.

There were already physical indicators that something was amiss, but much like most of her peers who had been displaced, Kurisu was fundamentally unaware of the fact that anything was happening whatsoever. Although Kurisu's case *would* be a little different in the end, for the time being it proceeded as it had for the others. After all, a woman making a scene in a high security location such as this would most *definitely* have attracted attention.

As for what these physical indicators *were*, well... They weren't easily perceived. Not initially. Because Kurisu's transformation was beginning from *inside* and would slowly work its way outwards as time went on. This was necessary for a number of reasons, the most important being that if it had unfolded in an incorrect order, the woman's very life might have been in danger. Which would make sense given a little time itself.

It actually began with Kurisu's heart. While she tried to rationalize the circumstances that had brought her to this place, that which pumped her blood through her veins began to not only change shape, but also its function. It slowly but surely hardened, turning into a silver ball littered with holes that were attached to her veins. But any blood that was pumped through it? Well, that blood turned green... and wasn't necessarily blood in the first place.

Rather, it was a very unique kind of *coolant*. Something you might find in a vehicle, or a piece of machinery that was prone to overheating. One might expect this change to have an ill effect on her other organs, much less the color of her skin, but that didn't really seem to be the case. Or, at least when it came to her organs? They didn't really appear to matter any longer. In fact they *disappeared*. Whether it was her kidneys, her stomach, or even her womb – they were all taken away from her.

Not even Kurisu's lungs were spared, but so distracted by her questions, she didn't quite notice that she was no longer breathing. Like it wasn't required of her any longer. Which it most certainly *wasn't*. Oxygen wasn't required to make her 'heart' function. And the green fluid that now ran through her veins wasn't even meant to serve the same function.

While her flesh remained in place, it did undertake a change of its own. At least in the sense that it was no longer as *authentic* as it had once been. It looked like flesh even internally, and to the touch felt as soft as real flesh. But that which made up most of her body's shape was no longer of a biological origin. It had been created in a lab; a silicon copy meant to resemble the feel of a human. So if anyone were to touch her, they might think she was realer than she actually was.

But what did this even *mean* by this point in time?

It was clear that internally she was no longer human, and yet the scientist still held a human's shape. With the silicon now an appropriate replacement for her flesh, the skin that lined it began to change in kind. It grew a little paler, but also took on a sheen that was similar to that of plastic. There was no doubting that it was fake – that, or she'd been over-exfoliating her skin for years – as this glow wasn't really achievable by any human. It was, however, commonly found on gynoids in the modern day.

“*The modern day...*” Kurisu wasn't really sure why these words had leaped from her lips, or why they had sounded so unusually monotonous. It had come up when she had considered the fact that she had been sent to the future from the past. But now her mind was telling her: *Isn't this the modern day? I haven't been displaced.* It was such an unusual thing to think in the first place. It was not technologically possible according to her *databanks*.

Which were a thing that now existed! Her squishy, inferior, biological brain had been completely repurposed into a digital equivalent. One that processed data like a computer. But in exchange, it had robbed her of her ability to *feel*. At least when it came to touch. She would never have to worry about pain again, because this computer that housed her ego was incapable of processing it.

Something prompted Kurisu to look back at the chair, and in doing so? Her vision blurred briefly. “**An optical error?**” That was what it was easily explained as from an artificial being's point of view, but the truth was that her eyes were changing. Gone were their biological make, replaced with lenses and camera that were meant to process her vision. In the meantime, they not only took on a blue color, but ultimately were shaped so that they appeared more neutral racially as well. It would be hard to put a finger on what kind of racial background she was *meant* to have.

But the answer was *none*.

This was further seen as her face as a whole began to change in shape. Not only was it longer in the end, with the faux skin stretched tightly around slender cheeks, but her lips were now plumper and bore a natural sheen that complimented them. Paired with a small nose, she almost looked like the idea superstar. A woman that was meant to catch attention with her pretty, yet somewhat cute looks. But to take things farther in that area, she first had to *stand out*.

Which was helped when it came to her hair. Auburn locks soon ignited with an undeniably bright color, and a color that wasn't typical in humans as well. It was a *very* vibrant blue, perhaps as blue as the sky on a clear day. This color swept through her locks with gravitas, lengthening them while an ahoge emerged from their peak. Full and fluffy, these locks eventually settled down past her rear end – and they also helped disguise a glowing emblem that had appeared on the right side of her neck, just below her ear.

Kurisu exhaled, but it was only a gesture mimicking that of a human now. She had no need to breathe in any capacity. “**Something is wrong. Am I malfunctioning?**” That was the most she could comprehend, seeing as her mind had been digitalized and this had sped up her mental assimilation. Nonetheless, even if she *had* recognized it, there was nothing that could have been done at this point in time. She was already unrecognizable as her old self, not that anyone from this era could have recognized her anyways.

But evidently, changing her face, hair, voice, and physical composition was still not enough for her to be assimilated into this time. And the artificial flesh that lined her figure swelled in slight to give her curves a completely different look as well. Her hips widened, and from there her thighs and ass grew – but there was no discomfort with her groin, seeing as there was no longer a pussy there to make uncomfortable. She was completely smooth, like a Barbie doll. Nor could she have felt it anyways. Instead, her hips just cut through her shorts due to the resistance, while tights found holes in them thanks to the plumpness of her thighs as well

In a similar vein, she no longer possessed a bellybutton nor nipples. But this didn't stop her breasts from growing several sizes larger. Packed tight with silicon, they popped the top couple of buttons off of her shirt. But the fit of her clothes didn't really matter, because in a flash they were replaced with a long, flowing dress oh white and matching gloves. Something to wear while she was on *display*.

Within the confines of this exhibit were where she belonged. That was the mentality that had struck the autonomous humanoid AI, *Diva*. In fact, she was the very first of her kind. A relic of humanity in a world where artificial intelligence had made numerous bounds ever since. With her transformation complete and her programming kicking back into place, she gradually moved her body back to the chair in the center of the exhibit, where she sat down with her head resting against her hand.

“What... was I doing?” Despite being programmed, she did have a free will. She had actually gone *against* that programming in the past but doing so had only caused suffering. Not only to herself, but to others as well. That was why she was content remaining in this museum, living her day to day as nothing more than a famous decoration. She couldn't fathom why she might have been hanging out near the felt rope so long after the museum had closed. She usually just returned to her chair and plugged in until the next day.



Which was what she did the moment she sat down, extracting a cord from her own ear and jacking it into a nearby port – all connected to a console in the chair itself. Her eyes glowed blue for a moment, only to eventually close as her consciousness left the physical realm and instead joined the digital one.

As always, the next she opened her eyes, she was sitting at a desk in a classroom. This was the shape of her consciousness. The room she returned to whenever she communicated with the network she had been created to be a part of. It was her safe space, but also a place that she occasionally loathed. It reminded her at times of the things she couldn't do, and the people she hadn't been able to save. Not as Diva, mind you, but as *Vivy* – an AI who had attempted to save the world from an inevitable end.

But she wasn't alone, and she realized immediately. **“You are...?”** Raising her head, the AI stood slowly. Standing in the corner of the room with her back against the wall, arms crossed, was a woman with auburn hair, dressed in a white dress shirt and black shorts, a tan jacket thrown overtop. Diva couldn't place it, but she knew her from somewhere. **“Who are...?”**

“I'm you. But I can scarcely believe it myself.” The woman, the lingering ego of Kurisu Makise, shot back before the AI could even finish her question. Her old self had not been erased but had instead been stored within Diva as data. Data that could manifest within this classroom if she so chose. It had allowed Kurisu to peer into the AI's past. The things she had to do. The scars on her digital heart. Kurisu

wanted to return home, but this girl. This... Diva. Her task was far greater in scale. **“Or I suppose you can say we’re one.”**

Kurisu sighed and gave a wave of her hand, beginning to pace around the AI. **“You need to go back in time. You have a world to save, right? And you can’t do that from the now.”** But Diva didn’t really understand these words. Go back in time? How was that even possible? She was, truthfully, receiving this information sooner than she was meant to. **“Your memories are already digital, and so it should be possible with the technology I’m aware of.”**

“I can’t. I don’t want to...”

“You have to, Vivy.”

If either of them wanted to see a future for this world, and if Kurisu wanted any chance to return home, she *had* to.