

CHROME EX

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Whatcha got this week, choom? Anything good?”

It was Rebecca’s *favorite* day of the week. Shopping day! Of course, being the eccentric Night City woman that she was, that shopping day of hers involved checking out the arms store and the associated Ripperdoc to install any of the tech she wanted to add to the rig that was her own body. Cybernetics weren’t the future these days, they were the *now*. And with the eddies she got as an Edgerunner it wasn’t all that difficult to afford the latest and greatest once in a while.

“Say doc, the fuck’s up with this chip? Never seen one colored so plainly before.” Perusing the Ripperdoc’s cybernetic wears, among them was a small chip that looked as if it was supposed to be inserted directly into the frontal cortex. Maybe to help with memory or processing issues? It wasn’t labeled or anything of the sort, so she honestly didn’t have the foggiest idea *what* it could be. It was just half black, half white.

The ‘doctor’ in question gave a shrug and tapped at the side of her head. She wasn’t the talkative type which was Rebecca’s preference. She didn’t exactly want or need some bitch working on her cybernetics that would talk her head off the whole time. Being incessantly chatty was *Rebecca’s* job, not the other way around! **“Put it in and see, huh? This better not scramble my goddamn brain!”**

Despite the woman’s attitude, the Ripperdoc just gave a wave and disappeared into her office. **“Come get me if you wanna buy anything’, huh?”** That was how the shopper had taken it, anyways. Sighing, Rebecca ultimately slotted the chip into the appropriate

indentation on the side of her head. If it contained anything harmful then the security she had installed *should* catch it before any damage was done. Antivirus and all that. Or at least that would be the case if there was a virus onboard.

Which, technically, there *wasn't*.



“The fuck’s all this? Combat data?” There didn’t *seem* to be anything harmful, just a bunch of information she could barely pass as it flickered through her mind. Looked like a bunch of movement and weapon wielding data, though for something more proportionately full of chrome? Was this like a super big, super important company’s weapon build? If so it’d probably fetch a *huge* fucking price! But did her Ripperdoc know that?

But as Rebecca went to eject it... **“Eh? Why won’t it come out!?”** Press as she might on the button that should have ejected any inserted chips, the chip not only remained rooted but continued to feed information into the twenty year old’s mind. **“OUT! GET OUT, DAMNIT!”** And it was having more of an effect on her than anyone could have expected.

It was *immediately* noticeable upon her skin for a number of reasons. For like a filter had suddenly been applied and was gradually being pulled up and across her body, a healthier pink color was applied starting from her feet. Since she was visiting a Ripperdoc she *had* stripped down to just her undergarments in case she needed anything installed, and that made the color change all the more obvious as it traversed towards her head.

But it didn’t *just* bring a perceived health to Rebecca’s otherwise pale-blue flesh. As it passed over the pink tattoo on her right leg? That tattoo was erased, leaving the spot that had once been covered with ink the same color as the rest of her skin. This was a trend as it continued up her tummy, even pinkening the lips of her pussy beneath her blue underwear in passing. The same was true of her nipples, and with time? It traveled both down her arms and into her face.

In these areas specifically? There were indentations in the tiny woman’s body typically. Indicative of the cyberware she had installed, they were a fairly common sight in Night City. Proof of augmentation to your body, really. Some wore these lines with pride while others hid them, but this edgerunner was in the former camp. Or at least she would have been *had* these lines remained, yet skin filled the cracks to give her an even

complexion without any blemishes *nor* tattoos, and in the end her skin could only be seen as *pristine*.

But Rebecca herself? Well, it was hard for her to notice what was happening with her body when she was so fixated with what was happening *in her head*. The chip did *not* cease its barrage on her ego, and the more data that poured in the harder it was for her to turn away. Her eyes were squinted shut and it almost felt like her brain was going to *fry*. But it wasn't, and in fact? Her brain itself was adjusting to better accommodate this information.

Even if that meant it would no longer possess any organic traits whatsoever.

With everything going on mentally, the area that enclosed that brain of hers began to change beyond the color of her skin. “**Ugh... So much fucking info!**” And protest as she did, the woman still bore the burden of ignorance. Even as the colored lenses of her cyberoptics became less eccentric in color, pinks and greens giving way for white sclera and bright blue irises. They looked *much* more natural, and yet if you got close it would be easy to see that they still weren't biological eyes. They were lenses feeding visual data to her mind, which had almost entirely been converted into a tiny computer housed within her skull by this point.

She swayed back and forth a touch, this change to her brain momentarily blocking off access to her nerves before the connections reset. Though her nervous system, much like everything else, was no longer biological. Nor were her *bones*, since they hardened into a titanium steel frame beneath skin that could only be perceived as false with how the rest of her body was turning out. But this new frame of hers was *twice* as heavy as her regular one, and she immediately felt the exhaustion hit her.

“**Ugh...**” All she could muster in response was a groan. It felt like she was being weighed down, just barely able to stand upright with her posture slouched. But that posture soon turned stringier as her mediocre height was ultimately enhanced by these new bones stretching. When all was said and done she had grown to a height of 5'6”, which was a pretty substantial jump from the paltry sub-five foot height that she was notorious for considering she was *twenty*.

Still swaying under the weight of her body, Rebecca squinted. “**Huh? Was I always so... tall?**” And where had all of the pep in her voice gone? She sounded unusually dry and monotonous. But as she questioned this, some of the new data that was being ejected into her

mind reaffirmed that she *had* always been this tall. And little by little she soon found herself regaining her strength to boot.

As her posture straightened and the burden of her titanium frame felt less imposing, the color of her bright green hair was compromised next. It *naturally* wasn't her natural hair color, but even then the color that seeped into its place couldn't really been seen that way either. Because this colorless white was not only far too healthy looking for its color, but... Well, could it be described as *healthy* if it wasn't *real*?

Rather than a simple change in her hair's color, the quality of it and the origin were different to. This wasn't hair that would naturally grown from her head. It was a counterfeit that had been installed. This was further proven as any length past her neck was cut away, leaving her with a bob that drew attention to just how small her face still looked despite her height.

Though with the sudden appearance of a beauty mark on the left side of her face, beneath her lips, that smallness was promptly addressed. The lips that were so close to this black spot wasted little time after the fact, and while they had been pencil thin prior they quickly swelled to a shiny and attractive plumpness. The roundness of her cheeks dissipated some too, leaving her face leaner on the whole. And while the colors of her eyes had already changed, their shapes did narrow to present her with a more mature look.

The overloading phenomenon that had been caused by the microchip no longer seemed to be causing as much of an issue for Rebecca as it had been prior, and in fact her head seemed to be clearing. But not so much that she noticed her body had been changing, nor that the slot where she had inserted the chip had *disappeared*. Not that it mattered because the chip had been absorbed *into* her. **"I should run a diagnostics."** A totally normal human thing to say, surely.

But there was plenty about the woman now that *wasn't* human. Internally she was not flesh and blood, but steel and synthetics. Even her blood was now just a coolant to be pushed around by a motor that was her heart. Lengthened fingers stretched, but they did not move in response to the final set of changes that plagued her. Ones that saw her develop a figure that was much worthier of her new height.

Beginning with her chest, which had *always* been a little lackluster. Not that this appeared to be the theme much longer, not as a specialized silicon saw they sizes bloat and her nipples engorge to a much larger coin size. While her tits didn't take on an *excessive* size, blowing up to D-cups was still a gratuitous improvement to what were once B-cups at

best, and the blue, skintight bra she wore stretched diligently to keep them contained – barring the depths of her deepened cleavage.

In the end it wasn't her breasts that were going to steal the show, and in a sense that was no different from how Rebecca's figure *usually* was highlighted. She had always known that she was an ass and thigh girl instead of a tits girl, that was why she didn't wear pants! But her increased height had left her lower area to appear a little less abundant. Which had to be fixed.

Wordlessly she raised an eyebrow at the sensation of her knees buckling, unsure of what had caused it. But it was of course her *hips*, or at the very least how they had suddenly swung wider to greatly surpass even her shoulders in width. While this might have seemed excessive, it was *absolutely* necessary to accommodate the deposits of silicon that were injected mysteriously next.

Because they saw both her ass and thighs expand *exponentially*. The false skin around her upper legs was pulled to its absolute limit as thighs burgeoned and jiggled with a firm yet squishy weight, skin shining with its new appeal as in their now rotund shapes they would easily draw the eye of anyone gazing upon the woman. But her ass was *equally* as impressive in the end, the arch from her back into her cheeks so ample that you could probably rest a bowl on it without it falling over. Of course with an ass *this* big, her skintight underwear was wedged well within those big cheeks – but the discomfort didn't bother her in the slightest.

About to readjust herself after this additional weight had altered her posture, the woman(?) suddenly let out a low murmur of a cry. A number of ERROR messages had popped up all over her visual monitor, and a strange electrical current began to flow throughout her body from the pump that acted as her body's core. "Reassigning...?" Was it a question or a statement? Either way, something internally had taken issue with her *appearance* even after it had seemingly completed its transformation.



In the end though it only really amounted to a subtle change in her new body's color scheme. A dark black bit at the white of her bob haircut, and strand after strand was inevitably dyed in its color just as it was previously changed to white. Before long all of her hair was this significantly darker color now... Well, aside from her non-existent pubes, because why would an *android* have those?

The new blues of her eyes were dismissed as well, as a bright gold soon shone in their place. But what really made them stand out was the color of her *skin*. Blessed with a fair and pinkish tone prior after how pale her original body had been, uneven speckles of a tanned brown now scattered across her from head to toe. Few at first, before the error she was facing could resolve itself they had multiplied into the tens, hundreds, and thousands. They were so plentiful in the end that they overlapped and created a consistent, tanned appearance to her body that had its own appeal.

That said, the skin was still *just* as fake as it had been before.

“My memory... was it somehow corrupted?” As Rebecca's body had changed, it was something that had become increasingly apparent. That she had been becoming calmer and more reasonable. And as she spoke at that moment? It had clearly come to a head with the added effect that she couldn't quite seem to recall anything else in the process. From *2P's* perspective there was an error in her memory, and with a quick scan it was easily corrected.

But where was she? The last she could properly recall she had been in the city ruins, and now she was inside what was comparable to a human store? And it didn't seem to be run down at all. And her clothes... why was she only wearing underwear that looked so ripped and torn? The comfort didn't matter though, not to an *android* such as herself. **“I am missing data. I should scout and attempt to figure out my circumstances.”**

That made the most sense. She couldn't proceed without at least knowing where she was, but some of the technology in this place... she had no data on it. Were humans here? Could this have been the moon, where they had all been said to have fled? *2P* didn't have any answers to these questions of course, that was why she needed to leave. And so she did just that, promptly leaving the Ripperdoc's office and heading into Night City proper half naked and without a weapon. Not that an android of her ability would *need* one.

Mind you, there was one hell of a confused Ripperdoc left when she stepped back into the shop and realized her favorite customer was gone.

Along with that weird chip that she had just found on the side of the road... Oh well, it had probably been worthless, right?

She'd just have to ask Rebecca about it the next time she visited!