

# DIGITAL PERSONA

BIWEEKLY STORY #171

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sumire Yoshizawa wasn't really a fan of the rain.

It reminded her a little of the day she had lost her sister and the funeral that had followed, but that was a much deeper reason than what had her feeling down that evening as she stared out her window. She'd *had* plans to go over to Futaba's place for the evening, but a storm had come in so suddenly with such an intensity that all of the trains in the city had been shut down until the next morning. That meant her plans had been *cancelled*. She'd even gone to the trouble of tying up her hair for the night!

**“Oh well. I guess we can just hang out tomorrow night instead!”** She'd *just* finished a quick text exchange with Futaba herself, both apologizing and *vowing* to meet up the next day. Besides, Futaba had given her something during that exchange: a download code for a game she was playing? Digi... something? Sumire hadn't read the full title; she'd just clicked the link and downloaded it from the app store. She'd figure out the name when it was finished downloading! **“I feel like this is the fifth game she's gotten into this month, though...”**

And somehow, *every time*, Futaba had roped her into trying it. The explanation was actually pretty simple though. Sumire had something of a *crush* on her fellow bespectacled high school student. Was this something that she had admitted to her? Absolutely *not*. But it also wasn't something she had even realized herself just yet. Sumire was trying to avoid putting two and two together. A lot had happened ever since Joker had left, and she was still working through how she felt about more than Futaba alone.

*DING!*



**“Oh! It’s... finished?”** Upon checking her phone, the girl was understandably *confused*. She couldn’t find the icon for the game, even though it should have been with her other apps? She searched and searched, only to eventually find it in a weird place. The icon had overlapped the icon for her Metaverse app? Was it a glitch? But even after turning off the phone and turning it back on again... Nothing had changed. **“Well, only one thing to do, I guess...”**

It wasn’t like she’d had to use the Metaverse app in a while. In fact, she wasn’t quite sure if it even still worked. Tapping the app icon with the two of them overlapping was probably the only way to see if there was a way to manually separate them. **“So long as I just do a long press, then it won’t activate either of them... that way I can just check the settings, right?”** That had been her plan, but... her finger had slipped. **“Uh... The Metaverse app doesn’t usually work without Mementos or a Palace nearby, right? So...”**

And yet? Her screen was *glowing*.

**“I hope it isn’t broken...”** Whether or not her phone was working was honestly the *least* of her concerns, though. The girl hadn’t recognized that there was a vague tingling sensation that had begun to spread throughout her body. And that feeling didn’t come about *without* consequence. The dark browns of her eyes, for some reason, reddened until they were a bright crimson – signaling that her body had been ‘infected’ by a ‘virus’. It’s just that this virus, despite her being a living, breathing person, was *digital*.

Sumire wondered if it was just because she was being paranoid and her hands were getting clammy, but she was having a hard time holding her phone? It was almost like it was smaller...? Looking down, she— **“EEP!?”** She’d been startled to find that it wasn’t her *phone* that looked different; it was her *hands* themselves. The girl dropped her phone out of surprise, not even bothering to reach down to pick it up while it *continued* to glow. Her fingers were... longer? And she could see her nails inch longer too. It likewise applied to her palms, and come to think of it...?

She lifted one foot and then the other. She was barefoot because she was still at home, but it felt *and* looked like her feet were larger. **“Um...**

**Wait. Supposing I'm not seeing things, wouldn't it be strange for just my hands and feet to be *bigger!*?**" That probably felt like a strange thing to be worried about, but as a teenaged girl who *was* concerned about her appearance, it did make a little sense. *Unfortunately*, she was provided with an answer to her question almost *immediately*. "***HYAH!?***"

If she hadn't been home alone, someone probably would have come running into her bedroom with all of the strange and loud noises she was making. They would have ended up walking in on a *very* strange sight, though. After all, Sumire was suddenly grappling with the sensation of the shorts and panties that she'd picked out riding up her butt while her simple graphic tee was lifted higher and higher to show off almost her *entire* tummy. "***I-I'm growing!?***" She'd *been* 5'4", but she was probably closer to 5'10" before she stopped growing... and that was only for the time being.

***"I don't understand how this is— COUGH!?*** ***My voice!?*** ***Why does it sound like this!?***" It was so deep and sultry without the girl trying to *make* it sound that way. The alluring ring was a sound that you might expect to hear from an older, flirty woman! ...Both adjectives that did not describe Sumire; or at least so she believed. And yet? Her growth hadn't *merely* been vertical. Her already ill-fit shorts finally had their front button flying off and their zipper yanked down because she was *swelling*.

Her hips had been stretched, buckling her knees and causing her to stumble before she caught herself. "***What is going on with my... hips?***" It was all very tight and uncomfortable, but she still *cooed* that final word like she was *enjoying* it. But there was nothing enjoyable about one's thighs and ass bloating to such a size that her pants had begun to dig *intimately* into her lower half. Each thigh nearly *tripled* in size so that they touched each other between her hips, while her ass burgeoned so much that the back of her shorts finally *split*. But that comfort was eased... "***H-Hey!?***"

Because her shorts were dyed black and spread down her legs and around her feet like an ooze. It was ticklish, but her heels were soon propped up by what had hardened into a black leather pants and boots combo. It made her lower body look *sexy*; much too sexy for a girl that was supposed to be in her mid-teens. "***I look so mature...***" And she *sounded* more mature? Could it have been that she was *actually* becoming a more mature looking person?

Sumire didn't know the half of it, namely because she didn't have a mirror in her room. But her face had slowly been shifting. It had aged while bestowing sharper, fuller features upon her. A sharper, jaw, and

gaze contrasted how soft, full, and *red* her lips became. She looked more like a woman that was closer to *thirty* years of age, and one whose reddish brown ponytail spilled all the way down to the base of her back with her hair dyed blonde. Her pubes developed a similar color, but were trimmed *very* short within the pants which, by the way, she was *not* wearing underwear beneath.

Obviously, so much was changing so quickly that the girl was having a hard time keeping up. She'd only given her hair a subtle acknowledgement, but to be fair to her she couldn't be expected to spare it *too* much attention when her shirt was... lifting higher again. "***The hell!?***" The woman certainly *hadn't* been the type to speak so crassly, nor had she been the type of girl that might have suddenly *groped herself*, but her personality was being tweaked and, honestly?

She had practically been *startled* by the swell of her own teats. Her small yet perky B-cup breasts all of a sudden *ballooned*, giving the small shirt she'd been wearing no choice but to grip against the heavy *J-cups* that had developed after snapping the strap of her bra clean off in the back. Her nipples had escaped that prison and, puffier, could be seen pushing against the top at sizes multiple times larger than they had been before. They were heavy... but not *too* heavy? Looking at Sumire's belly though... you could see how muscles not only etched themselves into her abdomen, but they surfaces across her arms, legs, and chest.

***"They're so big! But that's kinda hot, right? ...Now is not the time!"*** Her top was *clearly* not fitted for such a hefty pair of tits, but the moment she let go – because they were distractingly sensitive – that was corrected. Like her shorts had, what she was wearing melted together into a black ooze that spread across the tops of her breasts *and* her arms and hands. It hardened into leather once more, becoming a pair of gloves, sleeves, and a 'top' that only covered the top halves of her tits so that her underboob and tummy were entirely bare. It was somewhat jarring, but it left her feeling oddly *confident*.

Sumire sighed. "***That has to be the end though, right? What else could even change?***" She probably wouldn't have knocked on wood even if she'd had wood available *to* knock, not that doing so would have uncursed herself. A blue mask was suddenly pressed upon the top half of her face with little interest from the woman herself, featuring five points and a false, vertical eye placed in between her two *real* eyes. That on its own wasn't very remarkable. It was more what the appearance of that mask appeared to *trigger*.

***"...Is the ceiling lower or is it just me?"*** It happened in nearly an instant without any cues that would have tipped her off otherwise. She'd *grown* again, this time all the way up to *8'0"* where that growth stopped

for good. It hadn't led to her clothing feeling tight because that clothing had grown *with* her. She was basically in the exact same state she'd been in when the mask appeared. Just larger. **“...Literally just me. How am I even gonna fit through a... door...?”**

That probably would have been a fair question if there *was* a door. But she was standing on the fringe of a forest, overlooking a canyon? Something about it was uncanny and unnatural. Very unlike anything in the real world.

**“Is this... the *Digital World*?”**

The woman wasn't even sure how she *knew* that word. Despite how dramatically her body had changed, turning her into a tall, beautiful, and sexy *Digimon*, *BeelStarmon* only had memories of her life as Sumire to guide her. Even so, it was like knowledge had been installed into her subconscious. Just enough to get by in a world that was unfamiliar to her, and enough to be able to



*fight* using her new powers as a Digimon. **“...Wasn't Digimon the name of the game *that girl* was playing? Huh?”**

*That girl?* She had a name, right? **“...The hell? Were my memories tampered with? Why can't I remember?”** It *was* definitely strange, but she had a strong feeling that they would meet again sometime soon. BeelStarmon just couldn't have known that moments after her own transformation had completed, Futaba had met a similar fate. It was just a matter of time before she was drawn into the Digital World of the game as well.

**“For now... What should I do? There's a Digimon Village nearby, right?”** But that would mean walking there dressed the way she was. She was slowly getting used to it, but having such a big pair of tits, especially when they were only half covered, while wearing such tight pants around her big ass? She could still recognize that she looked

totally indecent, right? She sighed and waved one of her guns in the air flippantly.

**“...Whatever! I’ll have to get used to it.”**