

PARTY REPLACEMENT III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Alisa Mikhailovna Kujou had been just as restless as Masachika had been for the three days after the supposed beach party had taken place. It bothered her that she had selective amnesia about that night. If she could remember, then she would probably at least *understand* why she had felt so drawn to the local naval base. She had no issues with the local navy at all, and considering their status, the Kujou family was on good terms with them.

And yet, she had never visited that place before. Sometimes they hosted events nearby, like on the beach for their summer beach party, and at Christmas time they'd run a Christmas-themed party at a local restaurant, but aside from passing it by near the beach sometimes? She'd never stepped foot on its premises. That was until *that* day. She was standing at the base's entrance.

It had actually been a full day since Masachika had visited the base himself, but because he hadn't *told* Alisa about going in the first place, she'd had to give it her best guess. "**Kuze *must be here, right?***" He hadn't turned up at school that day, and after talking to his sister, she didn't have a clue where he had been. In terms of places that he *might* have gone? Well, she knew full well that he'd been grappling with the same compulsions that *she* had.

They were almost supernatural; something that couldn't be explained by common sense. Perhaps in the end they wouldn't have been able to hold out much longer even *if* they hadn't visited at their respective times. The whole 'return to the naval base' idea was simply a safeguard in the programming of the nanomachines to make sure anyone infected could

return *to* have them removed, and it hadn't been designed to use to entrap anyone.

Unfortunately, the local navy base was using it that way.



“I don’t believe I really understand. You’re saying we were infected by... something? And not only do we need to get it removed, but Kuze is already here receiving treatment?” Upon entering the base, she had asked to speak to someone higher up in the chain of command. But she hadn’t expected to be introduced to a young European woman... and one dressed in a revealing cheerleader uniform at that. She had introduced herself as *Casablanca* at the time. **“I don’t think that makes much sense.”**

How could it? It sounded like something from a science fiction anime! And she had other questions that she hadn’t even gotten *around* to asking. Like if these Ship Girls were such a big secret, then why were they allowing them to infect strangers? **“It didn’t make much sense to me at first either... I don’t really disagree, but I’ve seen it firsthand!”**

Casablanca, of course, was unwillingly concealing that she *was* Masachika. She simply had to play along according to what was expected of her for her two-week tenure.

It made sense to her now why the higher ups had asked her to delay going to the stadium that evening, though. They wanted her to talk to Alisa herself. Was it to prove to her she wouldn’t be able to do anything? ...But she couldn’t deny she was a little *eager* to see the outcome. **“Would you like to participate in a demo period yourself, Miss Alisa? If you just sign this contract, we can take care of things! Just for a two-week period, and then you can decide if you’d like them removed or not once you’ve seen that they’re real!”** *I wonder what type of Ship Girl she’ll become? I hope she’s cute...*

Casablanca had pushed a contract over to Alisa across the desk, and the girl had quickly read it over. Naturally, there was a confidentiality clause attached, but she also still didn’t believe the woman was telling the truth. **“Fine. I’ll sign it, but only because I don’t believe these ‘nanomachines’ exist.”** Even if she didn’t have any other explanation for her memory lapse, this still felt much too bizarre.

After signing on the dotted line, the woman led her to a small room. Its resemblance to a prison cell or penance room was unmistakable, but apparently it would just be for a few minutes as a safety precaution. Casablanca also reassured her that it would be painless, and that it would probably be better if she remained standing throughout the process. Much like Masachika, Alisa was *really* beginning to wonder if she was being *pranked* for some reason.

The woman left, leaving Alisa alone with her thoughts. Something had been bugging her about all of this beyond the fact that it just felt so unbelievable. She replayed the events of the last thirty minutes back in her mind. She had come to the naval base, spoken to a soldier, been redirected to Casablanca, introduced herself, and... **“Wait. Did I introduce myself to her? I don’t think I mentioned my name to the soldier at the entrance, either.”** The cheerleader had also acted *very* familiar with her, almost like she was... **“Kuze!?”** Hadn’t she said that Kuze was getting ‘treated’?

But if she was *actually* Kuze deep down, then why hadn’t she just *said* that? Was it possible that she was wrong? Either way, she’d have an answer to that question one way or another shortly.

As had been the case with her hopefully boyfriend-to-be, there were a few moments between when the door closed and when the nanomachines would activate. It hadn’t exactly been explained to the girl *how* they worked. She had been told *what* they could, but any actual explanation of how they accomplished it had just been handwaved with ‘they’re nanomachines’. Did they have to activate them from somewhere safe? Were they autonomous? How exactly were Masachika and her transformed in the first place? They claimed it was an accident, so how could they willingly change her now?

Of course, Alisa *still* didn’t believe the story. **“Maybe Kuze is just playing some kind of prank on me?”** Everything would have made sense if he was *in* on it, right? But he also wasn’t the pranking type, so that made it kind of improbably, right? Was there an outside party trying to get the best of her? Maybe they were attempting to get a laugh at her family’s expense considering their renown? All of these theories hinged on one particular truth, though: that all this talk about ‘nanomachines’ and ‘transformations’ was just a hoax.

Naturally, she was forced to reconsider this assumption once they activated. Well, they already *had* activated, but it just so happened that they were targeting aspects of her appearance that might have been a touch difficult for the young woman to immediately notice. It wasn’t like the changes were particularly *minor*, either; it was more like they were

just in a place that she couldn't easily check, even if she hypothetically stripped down. Namely because it was all happening within the borders of her *face*.

Mind you, it was those borders that shifted first. Alisa cheekbones widened subtly, while his chin was lifted so that it had a shorter but broader shape overall. Still feminine, but it was almost like it leaned more into a completely different genetic palette. This tweak led to her facial features being tweaked seconds later, like her lips thickening but flattening, or her nostril flaring. By the time her eyelids pinched in further in the corner and her blue eyes dimmed to a chestnut brown instead, it was almost like...

Had the *Japanese* side of her bloodline become stronger? The girl had been half-Russian, thus the blue eyes and the vaguely Caucasian shape of her face, but that mixed blood had become pure, and with it she lost any and all facial resemblance to the girl she had been before. In fact, she almost looked a little *older*, like she had moved through her teens and into her early twenties instead. And while this had all been very difficult for the young woman to notice?

It *wasn't* as difficult to notice that something was off about her *hair*. **"H-Huh—!? COUGH!?** **Since when were my bangs brown!?"** Her brown, wholly Japanese eyes went wide the moment something else occurred to her as well. She had coughed, and now her voice sounded *different*? A *little* bit deeper, although still a woman's voice. Fingers delicately reached up to pinch bangs that weren't *only* darkening from silver to a more standard dark brown before her very eyes, but they were inching a little longer and shifting in position to cover more of her forehead. **"Wait, but then...!?"**

Alisa had to put the matter of her voice *aside* for now, because her hair was much more concerning. She treasured her hair and took good care of it, so she reached over her shoulders with both hands to pull it all *over* them so that she could get a better look. There was hope in her eyes for a split second. It was still silver! But that hope waned when she noticed the brown seeping downwards from above. Within seconds it had crept through *all* of her hair. **"Is... it shorter too!?"** She'd spent so long growing it out, but now it was an inch or two shorter? And cut somewhat... choppily.

The implications of this *didn't* escape her. **"This means... everything I told was correct!?"** Thus far, she had been able to act within her means. She *had* been told that she would still have control, after all. But the edge to how she spoke was slowly fading in a way that she didn't notice. She would gradually become more subservient not only to others, but her own fate. But that wouldn't stop her from reacting when,

say, her uniform's fit clearly began to become poor. Part of this *was* due to her height, as it crept a little *lower*. She'd been quite tall for a girl of her age at 5'7", surely due to the blood from her Russian father. But as that blood had been extinguished? It seemed that nothing remained in place to prevent her from dipping down to a shorter 5'4".

“Wait, this is really real... I can hardly keep up with it. Am I shorter?” Alisa's personality had *already* been conditioned to not shout unnecessary, so her skepticism was being expressed much more calmly. The height different meant that her uniform had been a little looser in the vertical sense, but moments later she was left with the feeling that it was becoming *tighter* instead. Take her underwear as a key example.

The woman *didn't* wear panties that were so small that they'd dig into her butt. That would have been way too uncomfortable! And yet? Her face contorted into an expression of discomfort when it felt like the back of her undergarments was suddenly tugged *up* into her ass crack, giving her a wedgie that wasn't at all helped by a stretched waistband. **“My butt...?”** Her butt *was* part of it.

It was more of a double whammy that came courtesy of her ass *and* her hips. Those hips had ultimately swung several inches wider, not only stretching that waistband but also lifting the skirt at the sides... just in time for the the *back* of her uniform skirt to lift as well, although it was moved not by her hips, but by her pale ass cheeks burgeoning with an added helping of weight. They ended up jutting out an extra *three* inches, causing the malfunction with her panties.

Unfortunately, those panties weren't the only undergarments disturbed by the flesh that wrapped around suddenly *swelling*, though. **“A-Ah?”** Alisa didn't really know *what* to say that wouldn't have been indecent, something that was suddenly a problem for her to do. *While working, I need to uphold higher standards for myself.* **“...Working?”** What job was she doing, exactly? Either way, she simply stared down, slack-jawed, at the no brainer explanation regarding why her *bosom* felt unusual heavy, and her bra unreasonably tight.

Her tits were *growing*. She'd been proud of how perky her C-cups had been before, but they very quickly, and very uncomfortably, surpassed that more reasonable cup size. Much like her butt, they bloated enthusiastically, though at the cost of her bra straps digging into her shoulders, and the clasp into her back until inevitably? It *snapped*, allowing her to breathe a sight of relief. **“Phew...”** Mind you, she was still left staring down at a pair of *E-cups* where the top buttons of her blouse had come undone, revealing her deepened cleavage. **“They're big. And heavy...”**

But that weight not only felt bearable, but it also felt *normal*. Like she had weathered it her entire life. At the very least she would no longer be burdened by clothes that no longer fit her. The nanomachines made quick work of her school uniform, instead replacing it with a classical, brown maid's uniform with a white apron and matching headdress. Well, maybe it wasn't *that* classical. The white-frilled skirt was *very* short, and the white tights she'd been given dug a little *too* much into her thickened thighs. Was this related to the 'work' she'd thought about prior?

“Wow! Your breasts are so big! I’m a little jealous, honestly! Mine are pretty average, right?”

The moment that the woman's clothing had finished changing, Casablanca *threw* the door to the small room and grabbed the transformee's hands to pull her out. The woman that had once been Alisa that was now dressed in a maid uniform stumbled out, evidently still a little stunned about what had happened to her. But because Casablanca had already experienced this, she knew just what to ask to help snap her out of it. **“Could you tell me what your name is, Miss Maid?”**



Her... name? It was supposed to be something *foreign*, wasn't it? Did she have foreign blood in her family tree somewhere? That *felt* true, but it was too specific of a detail for her to properly recall if the navy wanted its nanomachine-created Ship Girls to behave. No, the name that came to mind was— **“Choukai. ...Is that really my name?”** *Choukai* naturally didn't sound completely certain. She'd never uttered that name before in her life. But the memories she needed to function as Choukai were quick to help her adjust.

“Yes, that's correct. I have an assignment to work at a local store as a maid for the next two weeks, don't I?” Alisa *was* still in there deep down, and she could guide her actions so long as they didn't reveal her previous identity, but it was like those actions were fed through a 'Choukai filter' that made her act like her new persona would. **“And you're... Casablanca, correct?”** She'd wanted to ask if

Casablanca was Kuze, but of course the programming wouldn't *let* her do that.

“**Right!**” Casablanca gave Choukai's hands a squeeze, even pulling her closer. “**We may have different assignments for the next two weeks, but we're going to be roomies in the Ship Girl dorms, so I hope we get along!**” Both of them were thankful for *that*, at least. Choukai was still assuming Casablanca was Masachika, which meant that the two of them would be in familiar company... even if they were wholly unfamiliar. Choukai *had* been struck with a vaguely concerning feeling, though.

Casablanca was so cute like this. And *she* felt good. So, what if she didn't want to go back?

Would it bother either of them if they made that choice at the end of their two weeks? Would they want to *remain* as Ship Girls?