

# CYBERWORN

## COMMISSION STORY

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For the first time in a long time, it felt like the world was at peace.

Okay, maybe not *entirely* at peace. You could remove aliens that wanted to subjugate humanity in secret from the mix ala COVERS, but that wouldn't solve the problems that arose between humans themselves. Humanity was inherently flawed, and whether or not COVERS saw that? Well, humanity should still have been allowed its autonomy to make its own mistakes.

In the end that conflict between good and clothing was something that everyone wanted to put behind them, including the teenaged girl that was at the center of it all, Ryuko Matoi. Not that she could just move on like nothing happened at all like the masses had, no. She had overcome much of the despair she had felt, but at the back of her mind she was still mourning the loss of her best friend, Senketsu.

*That* was why she had opted to stay home alone at the Mankanshoku house that day while the rest of the family had gone out shopping. The one year anniversary of that day was fast approaching, and it had left the girl feeling a *little* down in the dumps. *So* down in the dumps, in fact, that she had been laying face down on her futon all afternoon. Had Senketsu been there he no doubt would have berated her for being so down in the dumps at his behest, but sometimes you couldn't just perk yourself back up no matter how hard you tried.

**“RYUKO I BOUGHT YOU SOMETHING AND  
LEFT IT IN THE KITCHEN BUT I’M GOING  
BACK OUT BYE!”**



Any of the peace that she had been afforded had suddenly been drowned out by Mako's voice, who had yelled a run-on sentence at maximum volume after slamming the front door open, before slamming it shut again. "**Ugh...**" Something that only provoked a tired groan from the depressed teen still hiding in her bedroom. Mako, being her bestie, had no doubt bought her a gift to help cheer her up after sensing she wasn't in a good mood. Not that it wasn't *obvious* that she wasn't in a good mood in the first place, so it probably hadn't been all *that* had to pick up on it.

If Mako came back later and saw that Ryuko hadn't even bothered to fetch whatever gift had been delivered, then she no doubt would have been sad. And the only thing she hated more than being sad herself was seeing Mako sad. So she peeled herself off of her futon finally, sulking into the kitchen while still only dressed in her flannel pajamas. "**I guess this is it...?**"

All that greeted her was a plastic bag on top of the table, the contents naturally concealed until she bothered to open it – which she eventually *did*. Pulling the gift *out* of the bag, though? "**...Huh?**" The feel and weight of it had been vaguely familiar when she had grabbed it, but now that she could *see* it? *Wasn't this definitely a gun?* "**MAKO!?**" Why had Mako gifted her a *gun* of all things!? Where had she found it!?

The gun itself was small, merely a black pistol with the word POWER on the top center sides of the casing, while an unfamiliar emblem was seen on the muzzle. It was somewhat heavy, and the girl turned it over several times while keeping her finger *as* far away from the trigger as she possibly could for obvious reasons. What was strange about the gun itself was that, well, maybe she wasn't well-informed enough about guns to credibly think this, but it didn't really look like any gun she had ever seen, did it?

It almost appeared strangely *futuristic*.

"**There's no way this thing is loaded, right?**" Rolling the gun over in her hand again, she couldn't really make out how to open the chamber. But she was still having a hard time believing Mako would bring her a *gun* in the first place. There was no way it would also have live ammunition in it as well, right? That would just be downright

dangerous! But curiosity still got the better of her, and so she pointed at a hole that was *already* in the floor thanks to an incident with one of Mako's younger siblings and... *CLICK*.

But there was no *BOOM*. "**Phew.**" No bullet fired out of the front of the gun, and there wasn't even a loud sound to give off the impression that it had. This was for the best, and it meant she would *probably* have to talk Mako into returning the pistol at the first chance she had. After all, Ryuko had no use for one and it looked like it had probably costed her a pretty penny.

Just as she had been about to put the gun back in the bag, though? "**OW!?**" She ultimately was forced to drop it as a number of bright blue electrical sparks danced from the weapon and against her hand, feeling something like somewhere between a static shock and something more severe. Her hand was left tingling in its wake. No... *her whole body* was left tingling. "**Just what the hell was that!? Is this stupid thing some sort of prank toy!?**" The idea of someone convincing Mako a toy gun was real didn't really sound all that farfetched, either.

Except that this *wasn't* what had happened.

Because there were immediately signs of *change* midst the woman's appearance, beginning with the area atop her head – her hair. Nothing changed in terms of style *immediately*, but the color of it all was a very, very different story. For it also inherited many, *many* colors all at once. The longest tips were dyed pink, blending into a pastel yellow, and then pastel green, pastel blue, and finally a pastel purple closer to her roots.

It wasn't *until* the pastel rainbow gradient had spread through the young woman's locks that the style of it all changed. Her bangs largely took a straight cut just over her eyes, yet the length on the far left fell down to Ryuko's chest, better highlighting the pink, yellow, and green of the gradient. On the opposing side? Her bangs were shaved away entirely, and combined with how it was ultimately pulled straight and cut very short in the back, ultimately turned the whole hairdo into a split bob with the left long, and the right shaved closer to her scalp.

Ryuko had put the gun back down on the table after the *literally* shocking experience, and yet she seemingly didn't notice the changes to her hair that had not only redesigned it, but also erased the characteristic red bang of hers. "**I need to— YEOWCH!?**" Both of her eyes twitched a moment as she screamed out in pain, the colors of her irises inheriting a purple not unlike the dye that was now in her hair in the process.

The agony was momentary, but even when it faded her eyes were left twitching. “**What the hell was that!?**” She had been rendered blind in that moment, but as her vision returned? It wasn’t quite how she remembered. There were... *words*? Almost like she was looking at a computer screen. A boot up sequence and all that, and as her gaze crossed tech in the kitchen it would immediately identify it and display text explaining what it was. “**The fuck!?**”

Panicked, hands reached up to feel around her eyes, and she could tell they didn’t feel quite *right*. But then again her facing wasn’t *looking* right, either. The eyes, which had already changed in color, now had much sharper shapes with the corners farthest from her nose having risen a touch higher. There were also read markings that had appeared beneath them, likely tattoos. The nose between them was sharper in shape, while her lips? They were now both puffier *and* glossier, distracting from how her head in general now had a much *longer* shape.

She looked a touch older, closer to twenty. And a touch *less* Japanese, like her blood was now *mixed*.

And this was all ignoring the hole that had appeared behind her left ear. Or maybe it wasn’t a *hole* so much as it was a *port*, technology having formed within that seemed to connect to both Ryuko’s eyes *and* brain. “**Is this cyberware? But what the hell is that? How’d I even know what it was called?**” Terminology that should have been completely unfamiliar had filled the young woman’s mind courtesy of the digital assets that had now been built into her skull – yet grooves before her shoulders in her skin soon demonstrated that it wasn’t *only* her head that had inherited mechanical wonders.

Ryuko shuddered, and that shudder soon invited a moan while her body lurched forward. She managed to catch herself on the kitchen table, but it was clear from her expression that she had just experienced something *pleasurable*. Something had touched her loins, and she didn’t really understand what it was at first. And yet it was cyberware itself, and its name and data was eventually fed into the woman it was attached to. “**M-Midnight Lady? Wait, this thing is for...?**” Used for *sex*, it was cyberware that allowed a woman to be sexually active for as long as she wanted. Typically it was reserved for prostitutes, but that didn’t exactly seem to be what Ryuko was becoming either.

Even *if* her brain had begun to fill up with the best ways to please a man or woman in the bedroom. And those instructions were building an arousal that she couldn’t exactly act on at the moment.

Her mental state was becoming increasingly unstable as the cyberwear fed her not only information but *memories* as well. Memories that,

honestly, weren't all that happy. Quite the opposite, in fact. They quickly began to prompt Ryuko to question her own identity, and her voice and mannerisms both eventually softened. Still, a rebel's spirit continued to burn deep within – it just wasn't pointed at the same targets. **"I just don't understand."**

Unfortunately for her, whether she understood or not was an irrelevant fact. Her body continued to change of its own volition, and after a sharp pain around her right wrist found a steel device emerge, housing the Monowire cyberwire, it seemed that her otherwise unchanged figure would be what was altered.

It began with a thinning of Ryuko's build altogether. Her waistline was *already* rather narrow, but it pinched in even more so that the breadth of her hips appeared more abundant. Though, to be fair? Her hips actually *did* widen two inches, ultimately. Her arms and legs were largely rendered narrower in width, and yet muscle mass could still be seen providing them with some manner of definition.

This leanness, for better or worse, likewise extended to the young woman's bosom. Her breasts lost some of their sizing, playing into the otherwise lither design that her body had now going for it as it grew several inches taller. Ultimately her bust was still respectable, but it wasn't as gratuitous as it had been before. *Maybe* it was perkier though. Oh, the things she could think of to do with her tits in the bedroom...

On the other hand, or perhaps on the other *cheek*, her ass actually swelled a touch. The back of her flannel pajamas appeared to grip her rump more tightly with some credit paid to her already widened hips. These cheeks looked tight and squeezable, and as her memory now served it had certainly been grabbed more than once or twice – sometimes resulting in her killing the grabber. But her thighs benefited from this too, plumping beyond the size that they had been known for prior.

Fingers ran across the curvature of her flesh, exploring even under her pajamas while the fingernails, now painted purple, sometimes pressed into her flesh. **"I'm hot."** She said it so matter-of-factly, with so much more confidence than Ryuko ever expressed when it came to her looks. So she didn't exactly bat an eyelash when her clothing then changed to *highlight* just how hot she was.

Pajamas tightened against her skin, and before long both the top and the bottoms had merged into a purple unitard with red highlights – a piece of gear she could now recall was common among *Netrunners like herself*. A cropped, white jacket was fashioned from her sleeves and exposed her shoulders, while the matching shorts below did nothing to

cover her hips *nor* thighs. Black boots and gray stockings otherwise adorned her legs, completing the transition into a brand new outfit. Although from *her* perspective it was incredibly familiar.

**“Night City? Netrunner? I don’t really know what these words mean... Or I *didn’t*, I guess.”** Compared to how the woman had been freaking out over the course of her transformation, she now seemed to be calmly rationalizing out her situation. Her mind was a jumbled mess of information that she was only now able to start sorting out, and they were a mix of memories of the Japanese girl named Ryuko Matoi, and the half-Japanese, half-Polish woman named *Lucyna Kushinada*. *Lucy* for short.



Memories of the latter individual were much more prominent, which made sense because her body was a 1:1 of Lucy’s. If not for Ryuko’s memories still persisting then she wouldn’t have doubted who she was at all, yet those memories *had* to remain so that she could navigate what was otherwise an unfamiliar world. **“I don’t really understand how this happened, but all of my cyberware seems to be functional... It’ll probably be an issue if it breaks, though.”**

Not to mention the issues that would arise if the owners of this home found her. They would no doubt be expecting Ryuko, not *her*. Even if she was technically both of these things, could she properly explain it? She bit her lower lip, mind deep in thought. If Lucy was good at anything, it was hiding herself and running away. She might not be able to convince the family all at *once*, but could she approach them individually? Starting with Mako.

**“I guess that plan will have to do for now, because I won’t be able to get by here on my own.”** As much as she would have *preferred* to. Being a Netrunner back home meant keeping a distance, but she had her own traumas about growing close to others as well. So it definitely seemed like hiding temporarily and approaching all of Ryuko’s beneficiaries individually to try and plead her case would be her best bet at the end of it all. So she took the gun from the bag, just in case, as it was her own Power Pistol, the Unity, and holstered it at her hip.

Unfortunately for her, the force that had changed Lucy now rested dormant within her. But if she was to touch anyone else from this world? She would involuntarily transform them into someone from Night City themselves.