

# IMMORTALITY REDEFINED

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



“**Hm, and what am I supposed to do with this?**” Having chewed and swallowed the first piece of pizza she’d ordered, the immortal C.C. examined a compact disc that had been sent with her dinner. She wasn’t speaking to anyone in particular since she was merely alone in Lelouch’s room, but it was something better spoken than internalized. “**Pizza Hut’s special Vocaloid promotion? Insert into a computer to see if you’re a winner?**” That was quite the description that was inscribed on the disc label, the only things making much sense to her being ‘pizza’ and ‘winner’. Could she potentially... win *pizza*?

Opening the tray on Lelouch’s laptop, the immortal let some famous last words pass her lips. “**I suppose there’s no harm.**” The tray buzzed shut, and it was the last thing C.C. said before the computer screen blinked and both she and her outfit disappeared, the pizza that had been in her hands falling to the floor.

She wasn’t gone though. *Technically* she was still in the room. It was just that she didn’t pop up again until the program’s loading screen went away and it displayed what looked to be a digital space with white grids for walls and flooring, everything with a bright blue background. And standing in the center of that digital space was C.C. herself, a look of confusion naturally on her face. The woman could be observed from the real world through the computer screen but from her point of view she was trapped from every side in a bizarre digital landscape.

“**What?**”

C.C. had seen enough shit in her extraordinarily long lifetime to steel her emotions for the unknown, and so her disorientation wasn’t one

expressed with chaos. She merely looked around, golden eyes seeking an exit of some sort while she pondered how eating pizza or inserting a disc into a computer could cause this. The only thing that could possibly have powers like this was a Geass, and due to the emblem beneath the bangs on her head she was resistant to their effects.

Perhaps in response to the sound of her voice, or perhaps it was something that would have happened automatically, a large text bubble suddenly appeared before her face. Without a screen it didn't make sense to her that such a thing could even show up, but then again very little of this was typically plausible.

## **CORRECTING VOICE TO MATCH THE PROFILE OF 01.**

...or so it read. But it didn't make a lick of sense to C.C at first. **“Correcting voice? What could that possibly...”** Her wondering was interrupted. It felt as if something had been shoved into the back of her throat, and she gagged a moment with a staggering noise that didn't reverberate properly out loud. There was a weird metallic ring to it, and it became more evident as she tried to talk. **“What is happening to my voice?”** It was almost cold and robotic, but there was something melodic about it too. Either way it didn't sound like anything natural vocal chords could make.

## **CORRECTING GARMENTS TO MATCH THE PROFILE OF 01.**

Whether her suspicions were correct hinged on what happened with this new dialogue box. It didn't take long though, before a chill ran across the entirety of her body from her shoulders to her groin to her toes. Her outfit had somehow been erased, leaving her completely exposed. She was thankful there was no audience, but if anyone had walked into Lelouch's room at that moment they certainly would have received a show courtesy of his computer screen. **“As I thought. These notifications are affecting my body. No... everything about me.”**

A voice wasn't simple to change. Nor was removing someone's clothing instantaneously without their notice. She had to ponder if this was a Geass once more, or was it one of Charles' new toys? Either way, it posed a monumental risk to her existence if it was toying with her like this. Did she have any options? She wasn't aware she was on a screen, so it didn't occur to her to call out. All of the walls, the floor, the ceiling... it all looked the same. There were no indicators of any doors.

**“Ah!”** A gasp, perhaps too feminine in sound for the usually solemn C.C., was provoked by the sensation of something suddenly rubbing up against her groin. With her breasts at a size that wasn't overtly too impressive she could see over them by leaning forward a bit, and in doing so she was able to see that a pair of rather plain panties had found themselves wrapped around her crotch. The white and blue stripes could only be considered the most basic of Japanese lingerie, but it didn't matter anyways for her view gave her a front row seat to the apparition of a short, pleated black skirt from what looked to be a series of digital cubes. Even stranger, what looked to be audio jacks were embedded in the front while the pleats almost resembled piano keys.

...Like data materializing?

But things didn't stop there. More and more of these cubes began to swarm around her now half-naked form. A white, sleeves top shaped around her torso complete a long blue tie, shoulder length sleeves of black reaching up from the backs of her hands like gloves while keeping hands themselves bare. Strange buttons or perhaps LED lights covered these hand-less gloves on both sides, and her fingernails were painted the same bright blue as the tie. Thigh highs now came up to her thighs, but didn't really sit right. They were too small and pinched her thicker legs to the point of flesh crowning around them, but said thigh highs ultimately revealed themselves to be part of her new boots.

Not even hair was spared as locks of green were tugged into tight twin tails by hair clips decorated with magenta wire in a square frame. A pair of headphones finally muffled C.C.'s ability to hear, but try as she might she couldn't pry them off. **“Are they stuck!?”** There was a clear excitement to the immortal's voice that hadn't been there before. She was sounding less curt and more bubbly and energetic, maybe even scatterbrained.

## **01's COSTUME IS INCORRECTLY FIT. ADJUSTING BODY TO COMPENSATE.**

The dialogue box wasn't wrong. The thigh high boots gripping her thick thighs a little too tightly was part of it, but the white uniform shirt looked like it was meant to cover her whole upper body only for it to squeeze her sides so that her stomach was left bare. Even the skirt dug into her hips, certainly designed for a girl that was smaller, younger, or both.

C.C. wasn't aware the text had changed though. She was prying at the futuristic headphones upon her head to the point that fingers kept slipping off, her motions less and less restrained with each attempt as a

fiery passion built within the core of her personality. Ignorance did not stop the inevitable though, and before long she started to reap the *benefits* the text spoke of.

Thighs were first, their girth collapsing as what were potentially the Immortal's two greatest charm points waned into obscurity. Her butt always stuck out in the tight pants and shorts she opted to wear, but it was deflating to something more reasonable like the butt of your average high school girl -- that said, it still held reasonable firmness and shape, not that it could really be seen through the skirt. Hips tucked inward slightly as well, allowing her skirt to rest comfortably without any potential chaffing.

The only other area that required comfort was her torso, and space was alleviated in C.C.'s top by a combination of factors. A loss of height was one, several inches shaved off as her tummy collapsed inward to naturally allow the shirt to cover more. The other? Her breasts. She didn't typically pack anything impressive in her shirt, but the lumps regressed to better fit the pre-defined cups of her upper wear. What's more, the Geass-shaped scar beneath her left tit leveled out to create an unblemished surface.

**"I shrunk? I'm really becoming this 01 person..."** Who *was* that anyways? It didn't sound like a name. Then again for her to question things that sounded like names she'd really be the pot calling the kettle black.

## **FINALIZING 01'S FEATURES.**

Her face suddenly tingled as if a million tiny needles were massaging them in their entirety. Little data square spread across the surface, bright blue in color, and when they disappeared the flesh beneath was unequivocally altered. They made her skin look more youthful while also modifying both her race and facial structure. As they popped around her eyes, golds became to blues and rounds became slanted as she looked more Japanese than European, nose wrinkling up into a smaller shape as lips became pursed into a much more natural pouting shape. To say she seemed more expressive with these features was an understatement, and a blue glow swept through her hair to accommodate, permanently dyeing the color to match the various other sky blues scattered throughout her attire.

The final nail in the coffin was a tattoo. It was the numbers 01 in red ink upon her right shoulder, and once it was affixed it began to glow dully. That glow caused something to seemingly short circuit in C.C.'s brain, and it hesitated to process information for a moment as her 'settings'

were 'reset'. "I am... I am... C.C... still..." But voices in her head said otherwise. She was a Vocaloid. A digital life created to sing and dance with her artificial voice. But the immortal could still, on some level, resist it. As long as she kept this thought in her mind, she wouldn't lose herself.

**"Did C.C. leave my computer on? What a fool, wasting electricity like this."** A loud voice boomed. It was close, so close that she felt like it was being yelled in her ear. But it was familiar. It was definitely Lelouch.

**"Lelouch!? Can you hear me!? I'm right here!"** With her new voice and energetic mannerisms she didn't sound like herself at all, but she could only hope he could hear her. After all, if she let any of these memories slip than she might--

## **DARKNESS.**

Outside, Lelouch removed his finger from the laptop's power button after the screen had gone dark. That was strange, had someone been talking to him? Maybe C.C. had left a video open?

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**"Hm? What's this? A desktop helper?"** The next day, Lelouch turned on his computer to check his email. C.C. still hadn't come home, and so he wondered if she'd left him a message. But there wasn't anything, just a digital avatar girl with blue hair that looked to be smiling in the corner of his desktop.

**"Hello! I'm Hatsune Miku, your personal Vocaloid!  
Let's make beautiful music together!"**

He was going to have to uninstall that.