

9ASS

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All he knew was darkness, but he also knew the inevitable: he had been captured.

Something had gone awry during his latest mission with 2B, and the young looking 9S had been abducted by the two human-like Machine Lifeforms, Adam and Eve. It didn't take long after that point for his senses to be stolen away, for the network of his mind to be infected by the enemy, and that enemy? It rummaged around. In his memories, and what more or less passed as his *heart* and *soul*.

SO YOU WANT TO _____ YOUR PARTNER, IS THAT IT?

9S could hear Adam's voice, but he could not respond. Of course he knew what it was the Machine Lifeform was referring to. What the android wanted to 2B, but it didn't matter.

AND WHO IS THIS OTHER ANDROID IN YOUR MEMORIES? THE RESEMBLANCE IS UNCANNY.

At this, he hadn't the foggiest whom Adam was referring to. Many of the androids looked similar, and at times he'd encountered models that resembled both 2B and himself almost to a T. But he knew the difference – how could he not?

YES, THIS MIGHT BE INTERESTING INDEED...

Adam had done something. 9S wasn't sure what, but a jolt had suddenly run through his body. It was disturbing enough that it stirred him from his slumber. Or perhaps that had been the intention all along?

“HUH!?” His petite body shot up with a start, his surroundings wholly unfamiliar to him. He was at the bottom of a cavern of some sort, that much he could see. But the where of it? Little sense could be made. The walls, the cage; it was all made of an unidentifiable white substance, blocky by design. And other than himself? He couldn't hear much of anything.

The metal that composed his frame creaked with effort as he stood once more, blue eyes looking around without his blindfold to cover them. **“Where am I...? What... What did he do?”** Something had been done, and if it were something that might endanger 2B, he'd have to self-terminate before it could take effect.

Yet it already was.

His frame had already been creaking, but now? It lurched forward, numerous errors popping up upon his HUD as he cried out in surprise. **“What on-!?”** Yet, instead of running a diagnostic to check for the issue as he should have, his hands were guided beyond his control, undoing, and shedding his clothes piece by piece, mind in a temporary trance. His will had been temporarily hijacked, and by the time control had been restored he was *completely* exposed.

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A loud grinding sound filled the air not long after 9S regained control, and despite realizing he had to grapple with his sudden nudity, it was clear that the cause of this sound was much more pressing. After all, looking down at his body? A lot of it was being grinded away as if by an unknown force. It wasn't so much that his frame was being stolen away, but he could see the artificial skin that covered his body being turned to dust and shed right off, like it was being scraped only to reveal the black underlayer.

He had only seen this black steel a few times in the past. It was the container that housed all of his circuitry and fluids, the skin on top of it only there to make him appear more 'human'. But the last time he'd seen it exposed like this, it hadn't been on his own person. It had been on a *different* android, different from even 2B.

“Ahh! GAAAAAH!” It certainly wasn't painless. There were receptors in that skin meant to convey the sense of 'touch' to his mind, so it went

without saying that the feeling of having it removed wasn't particularly *pleasant*. The phenomenon was occurring all over, but at first it was the boy's hands that suffered the most. Skin and nail were shaved right away, revealing the sleek black metal underneath, backup sensors within kicking into place in response. Not only did it not stop at 9S' wrists, but it continued up past his elbows and just below his shoulders, which remained largely covered sans some random lines of black here and there separating it into patches.

The consistency of this peeling was far less so when it came to his legs. His right foot was completely peeled all of the way up to his thighs, where it rose a little higher on its inside. But the left? His skin upon it almost looked like plating in how thin lines fragmented it into larger portions, a single band that consumed the entirety of his thighs the most that was removed.

9S didn't stop wailing. It hurt a lot. "**This *shit* hurts like... *hell!***" Not one to normally curse, he couldn't hold back a number of swears that accompanied a building frustration at this pain. He'd endured plenty before, but this was the first time it had boiled his anger to a breaking point as well.

More of the male android's skin was eviscerated, this time around his chest. Biological accessories like nipples were replicated to resemble a human's, but even they were shaved right off to leave both his chest, and now a bellybutton-free tummy, completely absent of anything *other* than black steel. Skin was spared around the android's waist, but... his *pelvis*?

The disintegration there was among the most painful things he'd ever endured in his life. "**FUUUUCK!**", he couldn't help but cry out, pitch crackling and heightening as the dick he'd developed became naught but dust, along with the balls that came with it. A band of skin was pulled clear off all of the way around, exposing the metal of his hips and even the upper segment of his ass, creating the impression that he was wearing a pair of shorts to those that didn't know better.

And then? The pain subsided, but the android was left exhausted from enduring the side-effects. 9S didn't realize, because it was such a subtle tweak to how they processed their identity, but *she* was now thinking of herself in the *feminine*.

"**What... the fuck *was* that!?**" Her voice was calloused, her sensors going haywire even now as her body and mind's compositions were threatened. She was supposed to be able to repel digital attacks being a Scanner model, and yet she was so caught up in it now that she didn't even think to *try* repelling it.

In the meantime, the Virus – *as it absolutely was* – continued to wreak havoc on both fields at once. Her white hair, usually kept short and boyish considering the desired look of the Scanner models, began to tumble longer than even 2B’s was. Despite being artificial in creation, even YoRHa androids could grow out their hair given time, but they were expected to keep it maintained.

Falling to her butt, this was *not* the hair of an android that did so.

As if setting up for something big, several other minor changes paved way for the inevitable. A mole, for example, rose beneath her bottom lip. It was akin to the mole 2B had, and most models similar to her possessed, and as time went on even more of the girl’s facial features resembled those of the Battle android she idolized. Swollen but upturned lips, for example, or to be seen in how her eyes were rounder and more expressive – even though, as her personality soured further, her expression was left in little more than a scowl.

9S would have completely resembled having 2B’s head plastered upon her body, if not for the long hair and the expression. On the other hand, that body? It seemed to be suffering from further error. Legs wobbled – “***Now what!?***” – and she didn’t seem to have the appetite for it as she groaned, but the cause was quick to note. After all, one’s legs did not regularly stretch in real time, nor did their arms or torso. She sprung up to 5’5”, body supplemented by additional material that had been repurposed from her other parts. And, in fact, the parts she had now? Their make was older, her design not up to *current* YoRHa standard. Had the make of these pieces been regressed to compensate for her increased height? It was possible.

“I’m... The hell is... Why...?” Her motor functions were temporarily shut down, and she was left incapable of movement; all the while, her memories were being deleted as new ones were reconstructed. It was unknown where this data had come from, but it was being implanted in her memory at an alarming rate. So much that she could no longer remember what had happened before she had arrived here.

She’d encountered those two androids in the Forest Kingdom?

“No... 2B and I encountered... me? This shit makes no sense!”



Little sense or no, her body continued to meld. Her ass, skin peeled from most of it, heated up as resources were rerouted into this area. They built up little by little, compounding into additional metal that saw her butt's shape swell both in plain sight where there were no skin, and beneath the patches that had not been scraped away. The result? A very plump bottom that better resembled a human woman's biologically, though not comparable to the heatsink that 2B possessed. Her hips crackedled not long after, forced to make room for this biggened buttocks, but seemingly for no reason, so too did 9S' thighs became grande in width and thickness, stretching the skin that remained even tighter.

And then, finally, came the woman's torso. Almost like the black steel was putty to be molded by invisible hands, the sides of her belly and waistline were pressed in and up, the excess materials instead gathering around her chest, which surged into a pair of round, black orbs that had no jiggle nor nipple, yet were quite evidently meant to represent a woman's breasts; *likely a C-cup*.

“No... Damnit, I was investigating that Machine fucker. He was here, wasn't he? So where the hell'd he go?” Still speaking to herself, the moment her motor function was restored, the worn android held her forehead with one of her stripped hands. Her head ached, but the memory reconstruction had been a success. All she could remember about 9S was that he was a potential enemy. The other one? Her feelings on that one was much more complicated.

Regardless, she needed to escape this eerie realm of white.

2B entered the Copied City, a world of white buildings and replicated shadows, with one intention only. To save her partner, 9S. There was nothing to it beyond that, and more than anything she just wanted to make sure he was safe. Their past? It was... *it was complicated*. All she knew was that he was here, and that she would fight whatever enemy it took to retrieve him.

So naturally, she froze up as a familiar figure approached her. An android that bore a strong resemblance to herself, her body worn and her hair long. But as the two crossed paths, they continued on their way without so much as a word. Perhaps that was for the best?

A2 certainly thought so.

This was a change that would completely alter the tide of history, although not even Adam was aware of that. Or was he? Perhaps, in some distant future, the Machine Lifeforms had found a way to send their memories to the past?

Or, perhaps, this was just an unintended diversion. The world may never know.