

MACHINE UPGRADES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What method did they use to create *her*?”

**“Not even they can control her, but what if they create more?
She’s still attacking *our* children.”**

Pixels flickered within a void that was *clearly* not present in the physical world. It was a void of white without any clearly defined structures; a domain that was only for digital signals, whether they had bodies in the real world or not. In a way this was more akin to a ‘hive mind’ for the Machine Lifeforms that had invaded Earth all those years ago in search of... *something*. Their motives still remained a mystery even to those who opposed them.

Those of *YoRHa*, the organization of androids that had chosen to get in their way, had repeatedly caused *disruptions* in the plans of the two entities that *did* occupy that digital space. The two Girls in Red that were floating about with blank expressions upon their faces were the ones speaking to each other. They were effectively the ultimate will of the Machine Lifeforms, carrying their motivations while *individual* wills stirred in the ‘hearts’ of their people.

You could say that, in a sense, they were the real ‘villains’ from YoRHa’s perspective. YoRHa had been annoying, but they had failed to create an android capable of doing any lasting damage to their plans... until recently. Something had happened and one of their androids had transformed into a pink-haired entity that called herself ‘Dorothy’. She was much stronger than anything that had come before, and so the Girls in Red were looking for an answer to that.

“Hold. Adam retrieved one of the needles that they used. We may be able to replicate it.”

“Oh?”



Despite having an appearance that looked strikingly like one of the android of YoRHa, Adam – and by extension his brother, Eve – were actually Machine Lifeforms made in their image. They already believed that they were stronger than YoRHa’s androids but had been working behind the scenes to help increase their power. **“Even so, we will not be taking this voluntarily.”** The bespectacled machine was walking through the Forest Kingdom with a vial in hand.

After finding a sample of the serum that YoRHa had used to create Dorothy, the Girls in Red had instructed a factory to create it in bulk to use it on their own kind. It had next to no effect on the machine lifeforms that lacked human structure, but Adam and Eve... Despite the orders given to them, both men had been reluctant to do so. After all, they had seen the footage. That android was stronger now, but she had lost her sense of ‘self’.

Unfortunately, the Girls in Red would not allow any sort of disobedience for long.

A gloved hand reached up to smack his neck all of a sudden. **“...What?”** Adam had noticed too late. *Something* had been watching him, and now he could hear the hopping steps of a lesser machine leaving off in the distance. The sharp sensation in his neck that had prompted him to bring his hand up, as it turned out, had been a small *dart* containing drops of a liquid that was *very* familiar to the serum he’d uncovered. But the bulk of it must have ended up entering his body. **“So, that’s how it is, is it?”** They wouldn’t accept *any* amount of disobedience, evidently.

Alarming as this was, Adam *had* possessed some questions about the serum’s usage upon a lifeform that was structurally similar to a man. Neither Eve nor himself had developed genitalia, considering them unnecessary, even though they presented in the masculine. He was a *man* in the strictest sense regardless, though. The only example of the serum working had been used on a female android, and she had turned into a different woman.

What, then, would happen if it was used in a *man*? He was afforded an answer fairly quickly. He pushed up the glasses on the bridge of his nose with a groan. “**So, ‘sex’ – whatever that means for a Machine Lifeform – does not play a factor in the outcome, I suppose.**” All he had to do was glance downwards to confirm that, where he could see the front of his button-up shirt pushing forward, folds straining so that a gap opened between the upper buttons. His firm chest had *swollen* and continued to swell further, forming a pair of perky, *C-cup* breasts.

Adam had the thought to touch them, but he had more self-control than that. If his brother had been in the same situation, he imagined he wouldn’t have had the same control himself. “**Just how much am I going to *change*?**” He winced mid-sentence, not because he’d heard his voice shift for a moment but because his knees had buckled all of a sudden. The tight fit of his pants was working against him. His hips had widened, stretching the waistband of his pants and forcing the belt around his hips to dig into them.

It was uncomfortable, and that discomfort certainly didn’t improve. Much like when his breasts had grown just moments before, he felt a similar phenomenon apply itself to his thighs. They thickened, stretching those pant legs until the stitching on the sides frayed and tore so that flesh could push through. A similar story became true *behind* him, with the seam running down between the cheeks of his ass splitting in kind, forced by that ass jiggling into a firm yet bouncy, heart-shaped butt. It was much more notable than his breasts.

Or, well, *her* breasts.

“**Did it have to go *that* far? Even my voice...**” There was a husky and deep, yet strictly feminine ring to it. But she was more reacting to the feeling between her legs. Something had *opened*; a *pussy*, obviously. Because her form hadn’t possessed genitals in any sense before, it was a wholly unrecognizable sensation. Even so, Adam’s calm demeanor remained in control. She wouldn’t allow herself *to* lose control. That was why she had calmly accepted everything that was happening, recognizing there wasn’t anything she could do about it anyways.

Ultimately? Her face hadn’t looked *that* out of place against her more feminine form. Even as her height dipped slightly and her waist pinched in to give her silhouette more of an hourglass shape. But any masculinity was ironed out of those facial features with time. Her face, gradually, was stretched longer as her lips thickened and were painted pink. Chiseled lines smoothed away, her nose grew, and her eyes narrowed while irises turned red between lashes that lengthened a

couple of inches. She looked *beautiful*, but she also didn't look a thing like the man she had once been anymore.

Not even her hair was spared from the fate of being rewritten. "*Hm...*" That was the strongest reaction she could muster as her red eyes peeked up, acknowledging that the color of her already long hair was darkening from silver to *black*. It was already long, so it didn't necessarily lengthen. The biggest change was in how it was styled, particularly with his bangs parted to the sides with one longer length down the center. A bright blue emerged not only in a strand of those centered bangs, but it glowed amidst the entire under-layer of the hair that fell behind him, too.

Considering how she was dressed, with even her slenderer hands still wrapped in gloves, she hadn't noticed that her complexion had darkened significantly towards a shade of mocha, his nipples and lips turning an even darker brown contrastingly. The nanomachines in the serum finally made that skin color change more apparent though, because it finally altered her clothing.

The comfort and practicality of the casual clothing she'd taken a liking to was erased. It all darkened and merged, becoming a black, armored leotard around her torso with a cutout that left the insides of her breasts exposed beneath an armored choker with a blue light. Matching, black armored gloves seemed to attach to the leotard on the sides, while thigh high boots of a similar armor design reached up to her thighs while leaving those sensual upper legs bare. Even the cheeks of her ass were practically bare behind her.

"*Ngh.*" There was one final moment of discomfort as something *attached* itself to the base of her spine. A long, robotic tail with a scythe-like hook at its end stretched about eight feet behind her, while a headpiece appeared in her hair that almost resembled a menacing crown. If anything, as she was now? The woman appeared quite *intimidating*. There was something *nice* about that. She certainly *felt* much stronger than she had.



“**Now I need to learn how to live as a woman...**” She retained more recognition towards the man she had been before than she had initially expected. It was as if his will had carried over into her *new* will as *Indivilia*, a Heretic construct that remained aligned with the Machine Lifeforms. Of course, those two girls wouldn’t have allowed for one of their assets to break free. Not that it really mattered to the Heretic herself much. In fact, she felt fairly flippant towards her new fate.

Indivilia clicked her tongue with irritation. While there was a vague sense of familiarity with it all, the way her body *bounced* with each movement was bothersome. She supposed it was fine, though if her breasts had been *any* larger, she might have had more of a complaint. “**I suppose I should go seek her out then.**” Because if the Girls in Red had sent a machine to inject *her*, then...

She could only assume that her ‘brother’ was now a ‘sister’ that shared in her fate.



Compared to the intellectual Adam, Eve was more of a traditional ‘jock’. Not that he identified as such, but he kept his hair short, walked around without a shirt to show off his muscular body, and didn’t really sweat the small stuff. He was the muscle in a sense, not that Adam couldn’t take care of himself. When it came to the serum that the Girls in Red had wanted them to take? Eve had simply refused to take it because Adam had told him not to.

“**I’m bored. When the hell is Adam getting back?**” Eve had been left alone in the City Ruins and was stationed in one of the many buildings. Even if YoRHa had gone looking for him, they would never find him with how many buildings there were to check. Even so, he didn’t *like* being put on standby. He was the type of guy that wanted to smash stuff whenever he was given the chance. “**Hm?**” Wait, wasn’t there—

He noticed the presence of another Machine a little too late, and the next thing he knew? There was something sharp sticking out of his neck.

“**Uh... Okay? What was the point of hitting me with this little thing?**” Eve crushed the dart he’d found within his hand, thinking someone had been trying to kill him rather than what had actually

happened. The nanomachines in the dart were *already* rapidly spreading throughout his body though, and he would quickly recognize their effects. After all— **“Huh!?”** It would have been pretty concerning if he *hadn’t* noticed the initial change.

That was because it was so *dramatic*. While Adam had only suffered a touch of height loss over the course of his own transformation? Eve’s stature dropped before anything else, and with much more significance. He must have lost at *least* five inches in a matter of seconds, which felt more like he had fallen than anything – even though his feet were planted firmly on the ground.

Of course, this was how he could immediately recognize the truth of the matter. **“I shrunk!?”** It was hard *not* to acknowledge that truth. His armored pants were dangling loosely off his legs now, while his gloves slipped off and his boots felt *roomier* than before. **“Wait…”** It had taken him a little longer to put two and two together, but he *did* eventually get there. **“That serum!”** That was the only thing that could have altered his body, right?

It was, and it didn’t slow down just because he recognized it. His voice had slowly slipped higher in pitch, while in the process his face gradually softened, losing its chiseled lines like Adam’s had. Eve’s own face ended up looking a little more youthful, with a sharp chin and lips that bloated several times thicker than they had been before. A fiery crimson stained a sharpened gaze, almost serving as a contrast to how round his cheeks ended up being.

“Ugh, she’s going to be mad at me for taking it, even though I didn’t do it... on... purpose?” The sound of his voice *was* concerning, but he ended up fixated more on the sight of his *hair*; namely that he shouldn’t have been able to see it at all because he had intentionally cut it short. Yet now? Not only had his bangs swung between his eyes, but he could feel them tickling his shoulders and burning a bright *red*. The crimson hairdo that reached to his ass was *thick* and *messy*. **“How different do I look!?”**

Eve had only really acknowledged just how different he appeared in terms of his height before, but looking down at his build *now*? While his strength didn’t actually weaken (and in fact he felt even stronger) the chiseled muscles of his torso and arms seemingly melted away while his waist pinched in. His hips were forced out too, but only a few inches within pants that no longer fit him for multiple different reasons.

“I guess I’m becoming a woman!?” It was almost like the nanomachines had *intentionally* waited for the perfect moment to etch the slit of *her* new pussy between her legs. The (now) woman shuddered

at the feeling, but was hardly afforded an opportunity to think too much about it. Her thighs bloated not even seconds later, but the design of her pants held their weight back uncomfortably. The same could be said of her *ass*, but the thick, bubbled cheeks that had blossomed there managed to peek out above her pants as if to provide some sort of *cleavage*. **“This feels weird.”**

Although, speaking of *cleavage*... If she had been wearing a white, then she probably would have had some legitimate cleavage not long after. The fact that she was shirtless actually made it easier to notice that her nipples were swelling puffier, leading the charge that would eventually lead to her breasts forming in kind. At first, they were little more than a pair of soft and squishy mounds, but those mounds become hills, cliffs, and eventually formed a *canyon* between what could best be described as a pair of *melons*. Her new *H-cups* were *heavy*, but they still had the perkiness needed to sustain them even if they did bounce with even the slightest movement.

“Ugh...” Those breasts ached a little for whatever reason, and she felt a little annoyed being shirtless at that point. Fortunately for Eve though? Moments after the markings on her right arm disappeared, the nanomachines fashioned a whole new outfit for her. A thing, translucent black leotard that covered her body that you could still see her nipples through, though those nipples were soon protected by black, steel plates with red accents.

In a way, her armor resembled Indivilia’s. The armored gloves weren’t as thick, and the boots stretched into clawed feet with red ends. Red accents actually decorated it all over. She *did* groan as two weapons extended from her *shoulder blades*: prosthetic extensions with large cannons on the ends that had mouth like a pair of beasts... just above a black, pronged tail that swished behind her. The messy-haired woman didn’t even really comment on all that, though. It felt... natural, albeit inconvenient.

“I have a huge pair of tits, yet I’m still bored.” In many ways, *Nihilster* was very similar to the man she had once been. The preservation of her memories aside, this second Heretic had a lot in common with Eve. She didn’t like to be bored and had no qualms with destroying things whenever it suited her. But she was a *lot* rougher around the edges than he had been, and that was saying something.

Woman or not, she popped a squat in the middle of the floor of the ruined building with a groan. All she could *really* do was wait for her sister to return, and who knew how long *that* would take. **“This body feels weird as hell, too.”** She felt *adjusted* to it, probably because she was programmed to be, but she ended up groping one of her huge tits with curiosity.



“Sensitive.” Or so she mumbled before beginning to play with the other one too.

She might have gone all the way if not for—

“Are you having fun, Nihilster?” The sound of metallic heels clacking along the floor accompanied the voice – a voice that should have been unfamiliar to Nihilster but she immediately recognized it. That was her *sister*. Or, well, the woman that had *been* her brother. Apparently, their systems had been tweaked to acknowledge this regardless of the form that they took.

She even knew this dark-skinned woman’s name. **“Indivilia!?”** She hopped up into a standing position while pulling her hands away from herself. Apparently doing *that* would have to wait until later. **“Nah, not really fun. I was just a little curious! Ain’t you curious about your own body? After all, looking like that...”** Well, she *was* pretty hot, right? She’d probably had similar thoughts. **“Wait, when did you even get back!? Did you end up... exploring?”**

It was Indivilia’s turn to groan, this time towards her sister’s behavior. She would have been lying if she hadn’t *considered* it, but they had responsibilities to take care of. There was no time for them to sit around touching themselves... or at least that was what she’d been telling herself to derail her own curiosity about it. **“...We have orders. A group of YoRHa androids have landed nearby and they want us to eliminate them. Probably to test our new power.”**

“Fuck yeah!”

“But keep in mind we’ve yet to fight in these forms, so to hold back until we better understand what we can do.”

“Fuck no, I’m going to blow them the hell up!”

Evidently, it didn’t matter how much they had changed. In a strange way, the most fundamental dynamic from their past lives had remained the same.