

SAYING NO

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“Where did 9S go? Was he really that annoyed?”

YoRHa No. 2 Type-B, or 2B for short, looked around the campsite she had set up in search of the male android that she had been traveling with. They weren't on a mission, and there was no way that they *could* be. After all, YoRHa no longer existed, and the thread of the Red Girls had left the planet along with the machine lifeforms that had set out in search of another world. It was a miracle that they had even been rebuilt by their Pods, and that had been almost six months ago by this point in time.

There had been very little friction between the two of them, unlike with A2 who had decided to go off on her own. Those six months had been spent traveling the world together as they attempted to assess the state of the world and confirm everyone who had survived. YoRHa-issued androids weren't the only lifeforms that had remained, and it was imperative that without a looming threat, that they all band together.

Which was incidentally what had led to the disagreement between the two androids. 9S had been insistent that 2B was being too *agreeable* with others. It was a bad habit of hers to accept any request that was given to her, whether it was hunting animals, searching for supplies, or dealing with other threats. 9S had evidently become annoyed by this because it was slowing down their travels and, more often than not in his opinion, they were tasks that the people requesting them could have done themselves.

“You need to learn how to say no, 2B.” That was the suggestion he had sternly made to her before going for a walk from which he had yet to



return. He hadn't even given her a moment to respond with *why* she was like that, and she had hoped that he would end up understanding when she did. Considering the state of the world, she just wanted to use the power she still had for good. And she was none the wiser to the fact that her partner was currently so annoyed that he was doing something he shouldn't have been.

Hacking her systems to upload a 'suggestion'. Just a little one to help her see things his way. He knew it was *very* unethical, but he wasn't planning on leaving it there permanently. It was just a test for about ten minutes, after which he'd explain and show her that she *can* say no. But something went *very* wrong during the process. A program that he didn't recognize just up and *appeared*? And before he could realize, it was *already* too late.

"Hm?" And all 2B recognized was that her systems had begun to run strangely warm.

At least at *first*. Because of how the virus functioned, there had been a bit of a delay in her systems when it came to picking it up, and that little delay had already been *more* than enough for some *inconsistencies* to begin to appear in the android's appearance. You needn't look any farther than the shimmering of a changing silver to gold that swept through the woman's hair, dyeing one strand at a time in a way that also seen those strands *lengthen*, spilling out down past her voluptuous rump where they curled slightly inward. When it came to her bangs, the stretch that was swept leftward continued to sway in that direction, but they lifted *over* her left eye as they lengthened several inches longer.

"Wait... A virus?" That was an alarming realization to eventually come to, but 2B retained her calm for the time being and even attempted to deploy an antiviral process within her systems. This didn't *lead* to her blue eyes developing a golden hue of their own, but that change *did* occur around the same time that these antivirals were activated. Whether or not they would be effective was a *different* matter, however.

It initially didn't *seem* like the case, that much was obvious. In fact, she found herself distracted by something more obvious than hair – which the woman still hadn't recognized *despite* recognizing the threat her systems faced. **"WHAT!?"** 2B *shrieked* with surprise when the folds of her dress stretched forward without warning, her reacting *terribly*

uncharacteristic for a woman that tended to keep her emotions, ironically, *close to her chest*.

The cleavage window that her YoRHa-issued dress allowed practically doubled, stretched by a bosom was growing even more than that. Her cup size *had* been C-cups, which were above average but hardly as eye-catching as everything *below* her waist. But that couldn't even be said to be true any longer, not when her nipples puffed until they were larger than her eyes, and her tits settled at a pair of *G-cups* that looked ready to *explode* out the front of her dress. **“Why are my tits so huge!?”**

Wait, no! That wasn't what she had to focus on! She had to focus on her *systems*, right? But the antivirus wasn't... Antivirus? There *was* a digital aspect to her mind, but it wasn't as robust as that... right? It couldn't be 'infected' with a 'virus' in a traditional way. In the meantime? Her lower body begun to lean in the opposite direction from her breasts... just as her demeanor was clearly leaning in the opposite direction from what it had once been.

After all, 2B had never uttered the word 'tits' in her life and had never planned on it.

It wasn't like the android had possessed a reputation for having a big butt or anything like that among the YoRHa androids when the organization had existed. They were all designed to be attractive in various ways, and it just so happened that for 2B, all of that attractiveness had been packed into her *ass*. Which was what made this issue the 'opposite' to what had happened with her breasts.

Her breasts had *grown*, and yet beneath the skirt of her dress? Her ass and thighs all *deflated* instead. It wasn't dramatically so, and her already wide hips retained their childbearing girth (not that she could ever hope to birth a child), but an inch *was* shaved from her buttocks, while the gap between her thighs widened by a few inches of their own. **“This...? I...? Ugh, what's even bugging me!?”** The fact that the woman couldn't even *realize* what it was, was in of itself, *very* concerning.

Instead of focusing on some of the *obvious* changes to her body, she reached up with a gloved hand to pull the blindfold-like visor right off her face, allowing her golden eyes to take in the light naturally. **“That's better! I couldn't even see!”** A YoRHa-issue android's eyes were designed to see through that blindfold, which meant her eyes no longer fit into that category whatsoever.

Aside from their changed colors though, now that they were exposed it was hard to think that those were even 2B's eyes at all. They were

significantly larger and rounder now, with eyelashes that had doubled in length and number beneath thin, golden eyebrows. Little by little, her face crept away from the shape it had been designed with. Her pink lips, already thick, seemed to thicken further as their natural gloss lightened, and her narrow cheekbones did round until even her smaller nose didn't feel *that* off... aside from the fact that she looked like an entirely different, and perhaps even *more* beautiful, woman.

Amidst all the chaos, it hadn't even struck her that she had lost about two inches of height, although the already imperiled size of her dress made it difficult to notice anyways. **"Ugh! These clothes are totally ass!"** She stomped her foot, but in doing so? A ripple of a strange, bright green energy suddenly ran through her clothes, leading to them glowing the same color and changing shape until, while still a dress, it was a dress of a completely different design.

It was predominantly white, fashioned with what appeared to be striped of steel woven vertically around her body. Black clasps with glowing green in cross-shaped patterns were draped around her breast, but there was a window cut-out to show off her cleavage beneath an equally green gem resting over her collarbone. Her gloves bore the same metallic sheen over their white, reaching up to her shoulders with golden ornaments and green pauldrons jutting out at their peaks. She wore matching shoes with golden guards, but her legs were practically bare beyond one thin strap tightly hugging her left thigh. A winged tiara rested in her hair with a green gem of its own.

"Huh!?! Where the hell even am I?" Whatever the virus was that had worked its way through 2B's body, maybe it had been a little *too* effective. Her memory bank hadn't just been *erased*, but it had been filled with memories that contradicted her prior existence. She didn't even recognize the ruined city that she was standing in. Then again, how could *Mythra* be expected to recognize it? While somewhat akin to an android, as a *Blade* she wasn't *actually* one.

She was an existence from another world entirely, now left on a foreign planet. **"Ugh. Lost and alone? Seriously?"** The blonde stomped one of her heels defiantly, showing off that 9S had at least managed to create a personality where she would say no?



It just hadn't manifested in the way he had expected, unfortunately. **"And I'm in some destroyed, backwater, hunk of junk place without even any beauty supplies!"** And those were important. Eventually something struck her though. A familiar feeling. **"Wait... Pyra!? You're here, aren't you!?"**

A familiar face ended up peeking over a nearby boulder moments later. It belonged to a pretty young woman with red hair and green eyes with an almost identical build to Mythra's. She was Mythra's better half, the other aspect of the weapon known as the Aegis that they two of them were apart of. They were sisters in a sense. **"Sorry... I'm not really sure how I ended up here either!"** But at least the two of them weren't alone? Where *did* Pyra come from, however?

Well... that was where 9S had been hiding out!