

FOUL PLAY

BIWEEKLY STORY 15

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"9S? Did you find something?" The prying voice of YoRHa No. 2 Type-B, or 2B for short, echoed across the hollow room of an abandoned building towards another android. Both had hair as white as snow and were dressed entirely in black (*including what appeared to be blindfolds, but weren't so*). It was standard fare for the androids of YoRHa, an expedition into the City Ruins in pursuit of the denizens of the Machine race that had taken over the Earth.

The one she was speaking to, YoRHa No. 9 Type-S, was designed with the appearance of a younger boy in mind. He sat crouched in the corner, seemingly looming over an item he'd deemed to be of important. "**Yeah, a flower. Isn't your Operator always talking about them? 6O is her designation, right?**" He didn't turn to look, but he could feel his senior droid glaring a hole into the back of his head. 2B was the same as always -- she didn't appreciate having her personal affairs pried into.

Even so, he found something about the flower profusely beautiful. The Earth had largely been stripped of wildlife for so long and it had only recently begun to grow once more; it was hard not to marvel at times. This singular flower, with its five white petals, was unlike anything he'd ever seen before. *'Maybe I'll give it to 2B'*, he thought briefly as he reached out. She'd probably give it to 6O, but she wasn't great at admitting when she was thinking of doing something nice for someone else.

Gloved fingers wrapped around the stem of the plant and gave it a sharp tug, the snapping of fibers crackling as 9S brought the freed flora up before his face. Flowers were really so fragile with how they were practically dead the moment they were taken from the ground without water. This little guy would be thirsty, and it *was*. Just not for water.

About to bring it over to 2B, whom had returned to combing the rest of the building for Machine threats, 9S suddenly screamed out in pain as the plant had done something most unexpected: it had leaped up of its own will, roots taking shape as they plunged through the visor of his right eye and clawing right into his socket. The moment it struck his sensory data flickered and HUD disintegrated, leaving vision clear in his singular eye as if it was completely human in design. 2B reacted immediately, running over as the boy cried out a second time, his voice not only deepening but taking on a much more effeminate moan. **"9S!? What's happening!?"**

For 2B this was a big deal. She could *feel* it: he'd been removed from the YoRHa network, they no longer shared a connection. That meant he'd been taken offline or gone rogue, which to her meant something tragic... she'd have to terminate him. It was her job, she'd done it so many times before. But something wasn't right. Were it as simple as a virus 9S would have remained connected, but he had not. She reached out to grab his shoulder but was forced to immediately withdraw as an electric shock jumped between his body and hers. The glove on her hand was now covered in what looked to be blood, yet there was no wound on 9S at all. Rather, it seemed his coat had begun to turn crimson and melt away, much as his visor did as it turned to blood that ran down his face and neck.

"2B... it hurts! You need to... kill me...!" The boy clawed at the flower on his eye, fingers slipping on the blood as his second eye grew wide and shifted from bright blue to a menacing pink. He'd been disconnected from the network and, the more he felt the flower dig into his body, the heavier he felt. It was like his insides were growing weaker, their integrity more mortal. But that was exactly what was happening. He could no longer be called an android in body, but he wasn't really becoming a human either.

2B knew what she had to do, drawing her sword, yet... it slipped out of her grasp as blood flew along with it. The glove that had reached out to touch 9S previously had begun to suffer the same fate as the boy's own clothes, material shifting to crimson liquid and dripping off her body. Normally her programming would allow her to correct any potential errors thanks to a change in conditions, but her vision suddenly glitched and any of that corrective ability was suddenly lost along with her connection to YoRHa. She'd been infected as well? Could a virus even do something like this? Changing physical material like clothing wasn't something that could be transmitted digitally!

In the meantime, 9S appeared to be clothed less and less as he fell crumpled to the ground, clothing all turned to mortal blood that pooled on the cold and worn cement beneath his body. Pain burned throughout his entire body, originating from the throbbing sensation in where his right eye was. Normally so gentle, agitation suddenly boiled up from the bottom of his throat as 2B hadn't seemed to accomplish what he'd asked her to do. **"I FUCKING SAID KILL ME--!?"**, but the savagery of his voice and verbiage took even him by surprise.

Beneath his bloody coating change began to seize his body that was, while masculine, technically not that of a 'boy'. YoRHa androids were designed with the capacity to shape their own genitalia once they were familiar with their usage even if they couldn't reproduce, and while gS was designed to be a male model he didn't exactly have a dick. Nor did zB have a pussy. It was generally smooth down there, much like Adam and Eve.

Where gS, if anything, should have had a dick, what became of his crotch was quite the opposite. A slit, small at first, split itself across his pelvis as the sides of it began to puff and pinken, depth opening with in as a tuft of white hair grew just above.

Farther north, nipples began to puff up even as blood that was once her clothing thinned and continued to drip onto the ground beneath her. Whatever had passed for a masculine figure was rapidly diminishing as gS' childish frame seemed to fill out with feminine, adult curves. Blood dripped with renewed vigor as the slope of gS' chest it was resting on quickly steepened with newfound growth beneath nipples that both expanded and hardened. She was laying on her side, and so as breasts heaved larger and larger the weight shifted to the side.

But there was a sensation gS had never felt before as well. Or maybe she had felt it before. A strange warmth she'd never had an outlet to deal with In the past, yet elongated fingers caressed budding breasts as the second hand slid towards her crotch even as her posture was involuntarily changed by a hip width that dug into the ground and tilted backward as her ass cheeks began to fill out in a manner that would give her a sultry sway to her step once she'd later stand.

Blood continued to drip and drip, but less and less of it clung to her body as it neared completion. The length of her legs grew as bare toes wiggled in the cool, city air, thighs growing fit and plump as proper blood and flesh replaced the artificial qualities they'd once had. Having plunged a single finger into her pussy, a moan called out from lips that had swollen to match rounder cheeks and narrower brows. But gS stopped herself as she felt another pair of eyes on her, and she rolled onto her back. There was another woman here, one she recognized as a threat. **"What the fuck are you doing here, Five?"**

zB had been caught up in what had been happening to gS to properly process the fact that her own body had been changing as well. Before her very eyes she'd seen a boy android become a beautiful, sexy young woman. gS' white hair danced to the floor as she sat on her side, but as the woman stood once more, completely nude, it spilled down her back. **"gS? What happened to you? Why are you speaking like that?"**

"gS? You always were a dumb little slut, Five, but you at least knew my name. Zero, right?" Wiping some more 'blood' from her breast, Zero scoffed.

o? And who was this 5? It didn't make a lick of sense to 2B, but with Zero's gaze cast on her form she became increasingly aware of the fact that she was now largely naked short of the blood spilling down her body. Why did that eye of Zero's make her feel so... strange? *Warm? Excited?* For the first time in her life, she felt like her heart rate was speeding up. Strands of dirty blonde hair begun to mix in with unnatural weight, these hairs much longer and seemingly infectious, as other strands they touched were plagued with the fate of lengthening and changing in color themselves.

2B's lips pursed not only because she was going to speak, but because their volume had doubled. "**You're not making any sense. After all, that body...**" That body... Why did she find Zero's body so *interesting*? It gave birth to an agitation she couldn't quite describe. A *need*? She never really looked at others in terms of attractiveness, but the word '*hot*' came to mind. 2B didn't know this yet, but she was slowly becoming a woman of cravings that was considered the most lustful of her siblings, so lustful that she would even yearn for her sister Zero.

Of course she also hadn't noticed that the roman numeral for 'five' had etched itself into her forehead, blood parting around it. Eyes of newly borne gold continued to marvel at Zero's naked form as she tried her best to comprehend just why she found it so captivating, stiff body language becoming looser and looser in the process. Tongue licked her lips, the appearance of a mole beneath her left eye gone unnoticed.

She crossed an arm beneath her breasts just in time to better support a growing bust line. 2B's strongest physical features had never been her tits, but as they surged forth one cup at a time, it was that single arm that kept them from bouncing all over the place. Each breast became larger and firmer, dark nipples standing erect as her second hand idly began to twirk one. It filled her with a feeling that she couldn't quite describe. A pleasant longing that made her want to reach down to a pelvis where, much like Zero had earlier, a pussy slit had taken form. But unlike Zero's, 2B's pussy had thicker lips and more unkempt, blonde pubic hair above it. It had seen *much* more use.

Her thighs, already ample, plumped even more as ass grew along with it. She gave it a quick smack, knocking some of the blood that had once been clothing off it in the process before turning her gaze back at Zero. "**You look as strong as ever, Sister. You're making my thighs ache just being in the same room as you.**" Her tone came across as sultry and enticing and she slid one hand against her own thigh. These words... she didn't quite understand where they'd come from, but speaking them felt right. She couldn't even remember Zero's original identity anymore, instead fixating on a new one. 'Zero'. 'Sister.' This woman with a flower for an eye could be no one else. And the blonde herself? Five, the youngest of the Intoners.

"**Oh yeah?**" Zero shot back, reaching for a blade that wasn't present. Where had her weapon gone? "**If you're only here for a fuck you should look around. Unless you know where we are?**" But Five merely shrugged and returned to playing idly with

her own breasts. **"I could just kill you right now, you know."** Zero could and would, and wouldn't bat an eyelash about it. But this place... if it wasn't their world then would killing Five here change anything?

"Feel free to try, but weren't you worried about where we are? How about a truce? Until we figure out where we're at, no touching or killing one another." It seemed Five had the same idea. It was a sound idea even if Five's presence made her skin crawl.

"Fine. But if you so much as touch me I'll cut off your arm, got it?"

"Oh, so feisty. But it's fine. That's one of my kinks too, you know."

"Shut up."