

2B

COMMISSION STORY

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Something had gone *very* wrong.

That much was obvious to YoRHa No. 2 Type-B, or just 2B for short. She had been exploring the City Ruins alongside her assigned partner, 9S, when there had been a strange *phenomenon*. A tear in both time and space had opened before the two of them could even react, swallowing the pair of them whole. Well, no. 2B couldn't even be certain that 9S had been swallowed up alongside her.

She had appeared essentially alone – with only her Pod at her side – in an open field of green with a bright, blue sky above her. Off in the distance she could see a town, but without understanding where she was, much less the locals, it felt like a fool's errand to approach unprompted. **“Readings of the local environment suggest that this isn't even *Earth*. But how could that be?”**

YoRHa might have been stationed on the Bunker in space, and humanity might have settled on the moon, but she didn't know of humanity itself settling on any other planets. She wasn't even *aware* of any other planets that could support human life, especially not in the local solar system. But there were no faults with her systems to suggest that she was malfunctioning, and androids didn't dream in the first place.

“Pod.” 2B didn't need to say any more to the silver box with arms that was floating near her shoulder. It appeared to know *exactly* what she wanted it to do and took off towards the town all on its own. She didn't sense any immediate danger, and even if something *did* appear then the Pod could just fly right back. Sending it alone for a preliminary

investigation was just far safer for her than stepping foot inside without any information to work with off the cuff.



Pod's scouting was slated to take roughly thirty minutes. That wasn't very long in the grand scheme of things, but it occurred to the android that she would likely need to lay low until it returned. She'd had next to no interaction with real humans in the first place. They'd all left Earth by the time she had been created, and so all of her interpersonal relationships had been with other androids like herself. Even if one accepted her without questioning what she was, could she blend in well enough?

"Hm?" On her way to find a suitable hiding spot, however, 2B's plans were temporarily derailed. She had found a small path leading away from the nearby road and hoped it might take her to shelter, though it seemingly weaved into a forest. What had *actually* stolen her attention was what she found *on* that beaten path. While everything around her had been natural, there were signs that a person had recently been down the pathway. Small footprints were the first clue – was it a child?

But they weren't what the android had noticed first. Instead, her attention had been attracted down to the path of brown by a bright *white* resting atop of it in rectangles. It could only be *paper*, and they appeared to be scattered down the pathway at random intervals. Had someone been dropping them accidentally? It almost *felt* like a trap with how oddly consistent their distribution was, but 2B also couldn't imagine how paper could be used as a trap in the first place.

She was also confident enough that she could thwart any attempts that were made on her life if it came to that.

Seeing no inherent risks in taking a moment to examine one of these papers, the woman bent over to pick one up. There wasn't *text* written on it like she assumed there might be, but the paper wasn't blank either. There were drawings. Drawings of two men in very close proximity of one another, drawing closer and closer depending on the panel. 2B understood how much humans valued 'love' even if she pretended not to feel such things herself. On a surface level, these scribbled likely shouldn't have interested her at all.

Rather than drop the paper where she had found it, she held onto it and moved forward. It would have been so easy for her to just ignore the next paper she came across, and yet she ended up retrieving the next one, and the next. The two men depicted on the papers inched closer, with no context provided by empty speech bubbles. It didn't even occur to 2B that her 'heart' had begun to race. She didn't question why she might have been getting into it a little *too* much.

Until finally? She reached a page where the two men kissed. "**KYA!?**" 2B squeaked with a noise that seemingly snapped her out of it for a moment. A sound like that had *never* escaped her lips before, and it was only then that it finally occurred to her that her chest was thumping extremely hard. "**Was... Was I really that invested in this smut?**" Smut? Was that even the right word? It wasn't a word that had even been in her databank until she had spoken it. In fact, a number of words had been filled in that hadn't existed before. Words like, of all things...

Yaoi.

But the android didn't question the emergence of these words. They were simply words that felt as if they had *always* belonged in her vocabulary and, more than that, they felt like words that she used fairly *often*? The woman shrugged it off and approached the next page, but when she bent over *this* time? There was a visual indicator that something had gone amiss. Two, in fact, because these indicators came in the form of the woman's *ears* peeking out from beyond her veil of snowy white hair. They inched longer and, even odder, *pointier*, until they appeared to be roughly five inches long!

2B did not notice this change. She *did* squint upon picking up the next page, however, because she was struggling to read it. Without questioning it further? She ended up using her free hand to pull the pitch black visor off of her eyes, which ultimately restored the vision that had been lacking. "**Odd.**" Even though it was a part of her uniform, she ended up tossing it over her shoulder.

It was a standard issue YoRHa visor. Only the specialized eyes of a YoRHa unit could see through it. So, if she *couldn't* see through it any longer, then that would have meant that her eyes...? Truthfully, her revealed gaze basically confirmed what this line of thinking implied. Her glassy, blue eyes not only darkened – the one on the left to dark gray, while the one on the right to a dark red – but that glass quality appeared to fade as moisture filled her eye sockets. She lost any enhanced vision, because there was no longer anything *to* enhance it.

Just as there was no longer a *databank* stored in a metallic skull. On a fundamental level the very construction of her inorganic body was being altered *into* being organic. She no longer had a databank – and was ultimately cut off from a well of knowledge – because a fleshy, human brain had been made from it, housed within a head no longer supported by a steel frame but instead *normal bone*.

This was a phenomenon that spread throughout the android's entire body, to the point where 'android' might not even have been the best word to describe her any longer. 2B now eyed the page with interest, a *literal* heart beating at the sight of the two drawn men having their hands all over each other. "**What a rush...**" Was it? Had she *ever* felt a rush before? Even though she didn't have a database to draw from, the woman's vernacular continued to become... *interesting*.

Was it *as* interesting as the sight of her hair growing? Probably not, honestly. In the first place, lengthening hair must have meant that more was growing from her scalp, right? This *was* the case, and the growing hair, much like the rest of her body now, was *not* synthetic. It was honest to goodness hair that would grow like a normal person's past this initial burst. While it remained attached to fake, synthetic strands by the time it reached the center of her back, it *all* conformed to this new, biological state once the lengths darkened to a raven black. Her bangs now had a straight hime cut on top, while they reached the top of her chins on the sides.

Little by little it became clear that 2B's identity was being stripped from her with the express interest in distorting her into *someone else*. Someone with odd eyes, long black hair, and pointed ears. "**Is the next page up here?**" If she had noticed any of these facts, then she was doing a pretty *bad* job of making that clear. She was practically *skipping* towards the next of *her* pages on the dirt path while clutching the growing pile to her chest. She had to see what those *sexy hunks* did next!

Considering the fact that the pitch of her voice had heightened, and she was behaving in a way that felt far more openly *feminine* than she usually did, it seemed a little odd that her body didn't appear to be reciprocating that emphasis on her more effeminate spirit. It was undeniably the *opposite*, because every time she took a step towards the next page was lighter than the last – courtesy of her mature figure's mass *lessening*.

This was fairly obvious regardless of where you looked. Her YoRHa uniform left the front of her cleavage exposed, so the sight of her breasts *regressing* in size was fairly plain to see. Not only did the cups of the dress empty and sag, but there was a perfect window through which to

view the meat of her bosom tightening and nipples shrinking away until she only had a pair of *A-cups*. And even then? That size was fairly *large* for who, and *what*, she was in the process of becoming.

“Gotcha— Whoooooa!?” 2B had reached the next page and enthusiastically bent down to pick it up without delay. It was only once she tried to hop back up that she felt herself grow *unbalanced*. She managed to prevent a cataclysmic fall by throwing her hands out to stop herself (and fortunately held onto the pages at the same time), but it never occurred to her to consider *why* she had lost her balance in the first place.

It had been a symptom of her body weight not aligning with what she subconsciously *believed* her body weight to be, for her mind wasn’t *entirely* caught up with what was actually happening to her. In the time it had taken the woman to crouch down? The most coveted physical aspects of her body (by others) had been *lessening*.

The incredibly attractive swell of her ass cheeks deflated, leaving the leotard segment of her uniform that wrapped around to dangle loosely around what amounted to a couple of handfuls comparatively. **“That was weird!”**, she practically *shrieked* once her balance had been restored, evidently none the wiser to what had just happened. **“SH*T!?”** ...Only to shout out a less than ladylike expletive once she set her gaze upon the new page. She didn’t scream because of what was on it. It was just more *super hot yaoi!*

She screamed because she thought she was *falling*! This appeared to be everything she had experienced thus far. The pointed ears had actually been the earliest clue, but 2B lacked the knowledge to know that they belonged to a very *specific* race in this world. One that was known to be *far* shorter than most, and that was the exact fate that had been in store for the ex-android all along.

The woman blinked a *number* of times as she fell. She flailed about at first, but it really didn’t amount to much with how *quickly* her height was plummeting. It didn’t take long at all for her YoRHa uniform to practically swallow her whole, not only because she was becoming vertically smaller, but because she was becoming smaller in *every* foreseeable way.

Whether it was the narrowing of her shoulders, her hips, or even her waistline – she became about as small as a *child*, yet maturity was preserved on her face and in what little remained to her figure despite being *small* as what would be considered a child of any other race. In some ways she was even *smaller*? Did kids have hands so small that they could barely hold a standard issue pencil? Well maybe, but not at

this height. And her feet became *smaller still*, with each toe only about an inch long.

Harvins just weren't any other race. "**Huh?**" That's all that 2B could managed to say when the regression concluded. She was a meager 3'1" in the end, and her uniform was now a jumbled mess of fabric that she was standing in the center of. But she still *didn't care*. She wanted to reach the next page that was just down the path! "**I can't stop here! It was getting really good!**" They were *her* pages, though! She could remember drawing them! She had to *finish* drawing them!

At least the burden of her clothing was lessened, but only because the mass of cloth she had been trapped within lifted, shrunk, and conformed into a new outfit entirely. A black, gothic Lolita style dress with a white, frilly underskirt overtop of white tights. The dress had puffy white sleeves and a bow around the collar. Black maryjanes concealed feet that were now so small that they rivaled a cat's paws in size, while a black hat with a lace trim sat on her head atop a black *eyepatch* that hid her *cursed* right eye!

"**Phew! I can't believe I dropped every page of my manuscript. But I think this is the last piece!**" The young woman's stride had certainly taken a heavy hit over the course of her transformation. She had once been long-legged and tall, but was now the polar opposite, possessing the build of any other *Harvin* woman from this world. Naturally, she couldn't even fathom coming from another world in the first place. "**Hm... Isekai yaoi...**" But the thought *did* inspire an idea for a future story! *Lunalu* haphazardly wrote it down on the back of one of the pages she had picked up.



She continued down the path as if it was one that she had walked time and time again. To be fair, that *was* how she saw it now. *Lunalu* *lived* in the nearby town, but she had a studio out in the nearby forest where she liked to work secretly from time to time. It was like a hidden atelier that was just for her, and it *definitely* helped her concentrate better. Best of all? She didn't need to worry about any random drop-ins like Lowain and his brothers.

"**Hup!**" The Harvin clutched her manuscript pages to her chest with one arm as she stood on her tippy toes to grab the handle of her atelier's door. She was just glad that the Grandcypher had stopped by for a few days so that she could *use* this space in the first place. "**I need to finish the last few pages of this doujin before the deadline tomorrow, and I was not going to finish them on the ship.**"

There were too many prying eyes for just how *raunchy* she planned the finale of her current work.

She snickered to herself as she slipped inside, eager to put the finishing touches on her latest creation.

“HAH!? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU!? I DON’T REMEMBER SIGNING UP TO BE IN A SELFCEST STORY!” A day later, the new Lunalu had returned to the Grandypher with a new, floating robot companion in tow. She wasn’t sure where it had come from, but it was very loyal to her for some reason, and it was *great* for holding her art supplies! When she entered what was supposed to be her room, though? There was another Harvin woman there already. One that was her spitting image! The two naturally ended up in a shouting match, but it ultimately *did* end on a surprisingly *good* note.

“But I guess there’s no better way to research than to experience it myself...”

...It was going to be a weird night, but at least the Lunalus would create a banger selfcest yaoi doujin after.