

COSPLAY CONTINUUM

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



More often than not, the android known by the designation of Yorha No.2 Type-B didn't know what to do when presented with an artifact from the human era that she had never seen before. Already had the war with the machines ended. She had died once, been brought to life, and now she traveled the world seeking a new purpose; something that wasn't easy for an android that had been created to destroy.

She had seen many interesting things during her travels thus far, but this? “**A ball?**” The android glanced over at her floating companion; an AI-imbued device known as a Pod. Because it didn't have any relevant data, however, it remained quiet. 2B found this ball suspicious because it looked relatively new – and considering she had founded it among some ruins? Had a machine lifeform created it?

The ball itself was *odd*. Split into halves, the top portion was a bright red, and the lower portion white. Otherwise, there was a white button in the center between the two halves, one 2B was wary about pressing in case it was some kind of explosive device. Fortunately, that wasn't the case though, and the reason she knew this? *It accidentally rolled out of her hand.*

“**Crap!**” The android shouted as she recoiled, shielding her face from what she assumed to be the worst. A small explosion could still deal some damage, and now that YoRHa had been obliterated? It wouldn't be very easy to fix up her body if she received damage. It was fortunate that there didn't appear to be any explosions in the end, but instead? From where the button had been, a red light shot out and struck the android.

And 2B? She was sucked inside.

“Where... am I?” From the android’s perspective, her surroundings had merely changed from a desolate wasteland to what appeared to be a dark and dreary cityscape, the sky covered, chain fences everywhere, and neon lights brightening things up otherwise. The shift in settings had been so instantaneous that 2B couldn’t even process what had just occurred, and she was left stunned by what appeared to be a locale occupied by living, breathing humans.

Not that she had yet to see any. When the machine lifeforms mimicked humans, their efforts had always been shoddy. This place was dreary, but it certainly didn’t give off that impression. **“Wait. Pod!? Where are you, Pod!?”** Unfortunately, it likewise appeared that her closest companion had not made the jump with her, leaving her completely stranded. Everything else appeared to be in tact, but she removed her visor and pushed it back against her hairline to better examine these surroundings with her own two eyes.

Unbeknownst to 2B, not much longer after she had pulled that visor back? It began to crawl backwards and unwind, parting down the center as its blacks became white and its thickness diminished. The two halves of the visor had become small ribbons, which in turn wrapped around bunches of her hair that became a pair of rear horns in terms of style – the first indication that something was amiss with her circumstances.

“Whatever brought me here is scrambling my hardware. I can’t access any of my additional functions...” Unaware that anything was awry, she raised gloved fingers to the side of her head as she did her best to bring up any relevant data about this unfamiliar locale. The database that was stored where a ‘brain’ should have been on a human, however? She was having difficulty accessing its contents.

This was because, plainly put, there was no longer a database *there*. 2B’s computation abilities were quickly being limited not because she was suffering a data drain, but because the alternative to a database was being constructed from its components, technology turning to muscle as an honest to goodness human brain took shape within her cranium.

Look, no one said this transformation was going to be sexy. Sometimes you need to describe a brain taking shape.

It didn’t leave the android dumber, her base intellect had been retained, but all of the perks she might have received from her digital brain? Well, those were essentially erased entirely by this change, leaving her head aching and her vision blurry. The latter was basically inevitable in the end because her enhanced vision had been tied to her processing power.

Without the latter, her ability to perceive could only diminish to quality of any old human. 20/20 vision was the best she could hope for, really. In exchange for this dip in vision quality though? The artificial gleam to the android's eyes began to wane as their color shifted from a piercing blue to a more tender green.

Though, this wasn't the only place where a change of color could be seen. Her hair, an uncanny white as all YoRHa androids tended to sport, had been rapidly darkening with consistency. No strand was left light while another was dark, and instead it simultaneously bled into brown before shifting towards a raven black that incidentally still complimented her outfit quite well.

Her hair, though? In terms of style, the change there was most striking. The backs had already been tied into devil's horns with those white ribbons, but things progressed further now that her mane had been dyed black. It lengthened dramatically, lengths droopy by design and curling towards her shoulders (*had it been completely straight, it likely would have hung a little ways down her back*).

Yet, while it had grown on the whole? There was a section where it had shortened so much that it appeared *shaved*. The left side of her bangs had been buzzed into a design that looked like teeth with how it interacted with her regular hair, while the right side hung long and drooped forward. The look of the hair screamed '*punk rock*', but music wasn't really something 2B had knowledge of. Or she shouldn't have, but her mind was undergoing changes of its own.

"I'm thinkin' I need to find Pod... Pod... Oi, who's that?" Speaking to herself, an almost Yorkshire accent had littered her verbiage, dialect subtly shifting towards something more casual than the proper manner of speech she had initially been programmed with. And as she spoke? It became evident that it wasn't simply her eyes and hair that were undergoing a repurposing upon her head.

2B's face was narrow by design, but now it was rounding ever so slightly. Cheeks became just a little plumper, but by contrast, her typically plump lips were becoming flatter. Her nose wriggled to the point that the woman almost felt a sneeze coming on, which was incredibly odd because she had never sneezed in her short life. That sneeze never came, but the cause had been a reduction in her nose's size. On the whole, her face appeared far plainer than it had before.

"Oi! What's happenin' here!?" The woman suddenly wobbled on her high heels, and her mind processed the cause as two completely different issues as she threw her arms out to maintain balance. She had begun to *shrink*, and that was the most obvious cause to explain it away.

But her mind? She wasn't even processing the steady dip in height, instead her thoughts were elsewhere. **"These stupid heels...! I told 'em I couldn't walk in these!"**

She'd forgotten how to stand in heels properly. It was startling, because as an android she had been programmed to perform every foreseeable task in heels, be it running across the desert or sliding through the snow. But that knowledge? It had basically been stolen from her, and from her perspective she was more like a babe standing in heels for the very first time.

But just because her mind was interpreting things that way, didn't make the shrinking any less apparent. Her limbs, her torso, her hands, her feet – it was all collapsing, pulling inwards as her chubbier cheeks grew even rounder, and her green eyes grew even wider. She wasn't merely shrinking, her appearance was becoming far *younger*, and *far weaker*. 2B's android body had been composed of the most durable and powerful parts imaginable, and yet steel was swapped out for bone, and reinforced muscle was swapped out for tender, human flesh.

Her height plummeted to beneath five feet, and the figure she had been created with was reduced to a potential that had not quite been reached. In terms of age by human standards, she appeared to be around fourteen and stand at about four feet and ten inches, and her breasts and rear had regressed to match. It was a shame that her plump thighs and even thicker ass had to take the L like this, but they tightened and pulled in towards her body, while her breasts above ultimately amounted to little more than a few handfuls that could barely be seen through the translucent window at the dress' breast.

"I'm gonna fall... Are they gonna show up, or what?" Her voice higher and her accent thicker, the girl tugged at her costume which, miraculously, had remained tightly fit to her body. The leotard, the skirt, the gloves, the boots – even though her limbs, hands, and feet had shrunk dramatically, it all still fit as if it had been fashioned for her body. Though the fact that her boots still fit did not mean that she could properly stand on them now. She was still wobbling to and fro.

"Huh? Who'm I waitin' for again? I was lookin' for someone...? Wasn't I?" With her body repurposed, it was now her *mind* that struggled to properly comprehend her situation. Why was she here? In Spikemuth? Was this place called... Spikemuth? **"Eh...?"** So why had she forgotten that? Had she not grown up here? Taken the gym challenge to save this place? Er... gym challenge? That was...? Grown up? Androids didn't...

Androids weren't real though?

They were just fictional constructs in science fiction media, *Marnie* was sure of that. Everything clicked into place from there. Her name, her age, her overall identity; even why she was standing out there in a costume that showed off far more of her thighs than she was comfortable with, wobbling in heels she could barely stand in.

Members of Team Yell had thought it'd be good for the Spikemuth Gym if they took some good photos of her and decided cosplay of this game character was just the look that would help sell Spikemuth as a tourist spot! Marnie honestly couldn't remember the name of the character or the game, nor did she really care – which might have been the greatest tragedy of all, all things considered regarding her old identity.

**“MARNIIIIIE! YOU LOOK SO
CUUUUTE!”**

“YEAH, MARNIE, YEAH!”

And here came the cavalry. Team Yell in all of their... *glory*, she supposed? Most of them had cameras, and while she hadn't thought about it too much before, now it all felt kind of... embarrassing? Dressed in such a weird costume! She couldn't help but blush and turn her face to the side, the most expression she'd shown upon her features in days as she pouted.

“Just get it over with, would ya!?”