

## “NiER: AUTOMATED GLUTTONY”

### *A YoRHa Battle Report*



<<Warning: Spoilers for NiER: Automata ahead! Opening this battle report requires top-level YorHA clearance!>>

<<Clearance detected.. Unpacking file.>>

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“Hey... What's this?”

Android 9-S, clad in his nanofiber-mesh leather sailor suit and combat HUD blindfold, knelt to inspect the strange object lying in the grass. It was the site of an old battle... the site of a terrible series of violent conflicts.

The site of betrayal.

Behind him, the taller and more feminine 2-B Model straightened, watching as her comrade recovered the heavy black cube.

The time had come, once again, for Android 2B to kill her best and only friend.

She watched him inspect the old black-box from their past mission, and immediately her dozens of secret sub-routines activated. Opened programs: Anxiety, fear, sadness. Compiling file: *Necessity\_to\_do\_what\_is\_right*.

All hail Humanity, she thought, and placed her black-gloved hand on her sword.

The curvaceous, graceful android bit her lip in consternation, pale white thighs grazing each other as she crept up behind her companion. He was just about to access the data... then he paused, as the distant sound of machines clanking caused him to raise his head.

Brushing aside his snow-white bangs from his face, the young android turned to 2-B, who reflexively removed her hand from her sword. "Hey, 2-B, did you hear that?"

"I..." She nodded, although all her monitoring systems had been focused on him, in that moment. This drama had played out a thousand times, although 9-S did not remember it. He was rebooted every time their missions ended, his basic memories uploaded into a new body without the terrible knowledge he was holding in his hands.

*If he accesses that data, I'll have to kill him, again.* She swallowed nervously as his fingers tightened around the black-box. *His look of startled surprise... That innocent expression of confusion. I can't take it anymore.*

But her programming could not be denied. Her core chip-set, the array of programs which defined her personality and objectives, had been made for this exact purpose. She was a weapon, and her purpose was to defeat the machines which had overtaken Earth—and she performed that duty admirably.

But in order to do that, she needed to kill 9-S, every time he discovered the truth. The truth of what they were fighting for... the reality that there *were* no more humans left to protect. That the androids of *YoRHa's* army were a sham, warring for a species that no longer existed.

2-B had grown tired of keeping such secrets.

"It could be a machine ambush," she said, taking the black-box from him and dissolving it into small particles to be stored inside her frame. As long as he didn't ask questions about it... as long as he didn't pry, she wouldn't have to kill him again.

*Please, 9-S.*

*Please, don't pry.*

"Right," he said, straightening into a soldier's posture again. "Let's go check it out. Pod, do some recon for us." His Pod, the tiny drone which accompanied all YoRHa agents, zoomed over the hill to investigate... and 9-S followed it, distracted from the black-box by potential danger.

2-B breathed a sigh of relief. *We just need to keep moving. Keep fighting.*

*And then I can keep my... friend.*

It was a hard word for her to use. She was not accustomed to emotions, but over and over she found herself having *feelings* for 9-S, something that made her scared and uncomfortable. She was an android, a battle-ready composite of programs and nanofibers, not some emotional human girl. She was a soldier.

Still...

Watching his tight little rear ascend the next grassy knoll, watching his small but sturdy

frame break into a jog, 2-B couldn't help but grow a little... overheated.

*It's just my faulty chip-set. I'll need to visit the Bunker for maintenance, soon.* She was not sure where these feelings had come from, but she had to stamp them out. There was no way she could do her job, not when these emotions got in the way. These... strange needs.

Androids were not normally programmed for love, much less for the messy process of romance. But as she chased him through the empty Ruined City, her hourglass-shaped body mincing over ancient wreckage, 2-B felt herself growing hot underneath her black-lace collar. She was growing... obsessed with 9-S, she realized. Hungry for him.

And good soldiers weren't supposed to feel such things.

"What... is this?"

9-S had stopped on the peak of a pile of scrap, the bodies of dead Machine Life-Forms who'd been killed by previous YoRHa incursions. The machine life-forms were a plague upon Earth, deceptively silly-looking creatures with spherical metal heads and beady electric eyes. They'd been created by aliens, but since then had achieved their own sentience... and started doing *very* strange things, in the bowels of the ruined planet they lived on.

Now, the strangeness got even weirder.

A variety of neon signs had been erected, their glowing bulk lighting up the shadows of the old city. They led in a criss-cross path down a grassy lane and into the darkness, and their message was simple: Food lay ahead.

**NEW RESTAURANTS!!!**

**VERY DELICIOUS!!!**

**MUCH FOOD, VERY GOOD!!!!!!!**

"It appears to be... some kind of advertisement." 2-B was on guard immediately. The machine life-forms behaved oddly in some areas, their hive-minds gathering them together to repeat old human rituals. There were the "villager" machines in the desert, the "medieval" machines in the forest... and then, of course, the Amusement Park machines, whose obsession with love and joy was sickening to her.

But this was different. The crude, poorly spelled signs signified something absolutely useless to the machines: food. Machine life-forms didn't eat, much less patronize restaurants. What the hell was going on?

"ANALYSIS," said her Pod, buzzing overhead. "POSSIBLE SUSTENANCE AHEAD. CONCLUSION: ANDROIDS SHOULD INVESTIGATE FOR FUEL PURPOSES."

"Fuel?" 9-S laughed. "We don't *eat*, Pod. I mean, we can—but we don't need to."

2-B nodded. It was silly to even consider eating food, for purposes of digestion—there

were a thousand more efficient ways to metabolize energy. The androids were equipped with a folded-graphene “digestive system,” but it was more of a hyper-efficient internal factory than anything else. It could destroy and convert almost anything into energy... except for a certain type of fish, which she had discovered to her great annoyance when a YoRHa Resistance Member had offered it to her.

“We could at least... check it out, though. Get a little shore-leave.” 9-S looked to 2-B for guidance, his nervous smile making her heart melt. He was so sweet... so kindly. He had no understanding of how close he'd come to death.

*And inspecting this 'food' would make a good distraction from his previous incarnation's black-box,* she thought, her logic circuits racing. She needed to keep them moving—keep her subroutines from activating and killing him once again. Even now, her YoRHa code reminded her it was only a matter of time until he asked to look at the box.

*When he does... I'll have no choice. I'll have to strike pre-emptively.*

*... So, maybe some 'shore leave' would be okay, after all.*

“Very well,” she said, pointing ahead. The black feathers on her elegant black gloves fluttered on the wind. “Let's go.”

“Wow! Really?” He was as excited as a child, hopping from one foot to the other. “This is so cool, 2-B! I've never had 'food' before!”

*Yes, you have,* she thought miserably. *You were unwrapping an old human 'candy' the last time I... The last time...*

Inside the artificial frame of her face, an optics-cleaning gland malfunctioned, and a single tear rolled down her soft white cheek, coming to rest next to the beauty-mark on her chin. She hastily wiped it away.

“Yes. It should be...” She paused. “Fun. Let's go.”

2-B was excited... but also suspicious. “You don't usually go for *fun*, ma'am. I mean, 2-B. Are you feeling alright?”

“Fine.” She pushed past him. “Let's just get this over with. We have a mission to get back to.”

And so the two of them followed the glowing signs, like Hansel and Gretel with their bread-crumbs, into the darkness of a towering bamboo forest.

It was deeply eerie, moving between the vast stalks and finding fresh advertisements erected here and there like glowing tombstones. **FOOD!!!** read one of them, un-imaginatively. **FOOD IS GOOD,** read another. **WE LIKE FOOD,** said a third, and 2-B began to get tremors of unease throughout her anticipation circuits.

“Well,” said 9-S, chuckling, “they *really* know what they like, these machines. Don't they?”

“Yes.” She pushed aside a grove of bamboo stalks and found herself staring in confusion, unable to comprehend what her blindfold H.U.D. was looking at.

*Is that... A restaurant district?*

It certainly seemed to be. Dozens of buildings clustered together in the depths of the bamboo forest, forming an impromptu alley. In between the buildings, she saw machine life-forms clanking along, each carrying a tray of steaming, fresh meals.

Her olfactory circuits booted up, and for the first time in her life, 2-B knew what a freshly cooked dinner smelled like. It was... Deeply intoxicating. Freshly grilled salmon, deep-fried sweet potatoes, medium-rare moose-burgers and everything else the machines had cobbled together hit her like a wave, creating a huge glitch in her oral cleansing units. The android equivalent of saliva began to collect in her mouth, and she swallowed. "This is... Very strange."

"I know! Doesn't it smell delicious? We have to try some!" He pranced down into the midst of the machines, heedless of the danger, and 2-B followed him.

*For an android designed for tactical intelligence gathering, he can be such a sweet little idiot.* She paused to consider why "sweet" had been included, inside her internal log-routines. She was so confused by her feelings that she actually bumped into a large machine carrying an ice-cream cone.

"Oh," she said, her hand on her sword. "Uh... Hello, there."

The machine blinked at her, its red eyes glowing... and then turning a deep, melancholy purple. "FOOD IS GOOD," it beeped at her, its burly metal body offering her the ice-cream cone. "EAT FOOD. GET FULL. FOOD IS GOOD."

"Uhhh... No thanks." She declined, and the machine shrugged. As she watched in surprise, it lifted the cone... and mashed it into its own face, its mouthless features moving back and forth as it smeared the cold comestible all over its head.

"YUM! YUM! SO GOOD. SO GOOD. SOOO GOOD."

"Right, then." She pulled away and rejoined 9-S. "These machines don't seem as... aggressive, as most of the other colonies. Pod, perform a scan on their food. Is it real?"

The Pod clicked and whirred. "INDEED. THE FOOD IS MADE OF ACTUAL ANIMAL AND SUGARCANE PRODUCTS. HOWEVER..."

"Yes?"

"THERE IS AN UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE INSIDE THE FOOD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION."

*An unknown substance...* She hopped out of the way as a particularly large machine waddled past, its body decked with extra metal plates in a strange imitation of obesity. It repeated the same phrase the other machine had, waddling over to a barstool in an open-air tavern and pouring what seemed to be fermented hops all over itself. "GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!"

"This is crazy." 9-S chuckled as he moved up to a street vendor, selling freshly cooked kebabs. "Hey, buddy—how much does this stuff cost, anyway?"

The vendor cocked its head, adjusting its apron.

"FOOD IS GOOD. FOOD IS FREE!"

2-B frowned. That didn't even seem accurate to what she knew of human culture... although the machines, who after hundreds of years had begun to imitate humans, were certainly not the best judges of what was 'accurate' to history. "We probably shouldn't eat any of it, 9-S. It could be... tainted. The Pod says—"

"Oh, come on, 2-B. Nothing that smells *this* good could be bad!" He took the kebab, his tiny delicate teeth stripping off the meat, and he nodded in confirmation. "It *is* good! Here, try some!"

*You idiot...* But she took it all the same. Every warning program in her mind was screaming at her not to eat, that this was a trap somehow. But... This could also be the last time she shared anything with this version of 9-S. After their meal together, she would likely have to kill him.

Again.

*It only makes tactical sense to indulge him... To convince him that everything is fine.* And so she bit into the kebab—and was transported to a world of sensuality like nothing she'd ever dreamed.

Though it was just simple meat on a stick, interspersed with slices of peppers and onions, it was *amazing*. She'd only ever eaten raw fish and the occasional Resistance-squad ration, before—precooked M.R.E. Packets with the taste of sawdust. As she bit into the meat, juices squirting onto her tongue, 2-B was overcome with delight.

"Mmf... It'sh... It'sh... Fantashtic!" She couldn't believe what she was saying. But the warm freshness of the bell peppers... the exotic taste of the meat, unidentifiable and strange... the whole *experience* of eating, of chewing on organic matter with her artificial teeth and then pushing it down her throat with an artificial tongue... It was bizarre. Magical. In all her time with YoRHa, she'd never known such pleasure.

Instinctively, against all the warnings of her interior programs and her military training, she wanted more.

"Right? This is awesome! Another, please!" 9-S had finished his kebab and happily took a fresh one from the rotund cook, who gave them a robotic thumbs-up.

"FOOD IS GOOD! EAT FOOD. GET FAT!"

"Wait... what?" 2-B had another kebab in her hand already, her old one stripped down to the wooden stick and taken away by the machine. "Did he say... Fat?"

"FOOD IS GOOD. FAT IS GOOD. **EAT FOOD!**"

She didn't recognize that word... *f-a-t*. Was it some kind of code phrase? An attack signal? She looked around, but the other machines had continued their charade, either cooking food relentlessly or "eating" it by mashing it into their faces. She searched her internal database for a meaning, and could not find one. "Pod... Access the Bunker's database. What does *fat* mean?"

The Pod paused, its systems downloading data from the orbital Bunker. "FAT: NOUN. ROTUND, OVERWEIGHT, OBESE. POSSESSING EXCESS FLESH."

*Excess... flesh? But why would anyone have extra flesh? That doesn't make any sense—more flesh would be less efficient. Why would anyone acquire more?* “9-S, something's wrong here. These machines are using strange words—Hey!” 9-S, already distracted again, was wandering into the nearby maze of restaurants. “Dammit...”

She followed him, her curvy body bouncing off several machines in the process. As she got deeper into the crowded range of eateries, the behavior of the machines seemed to be getting stranger and stranger. One machine had positioned itself under a soft-serve machine, its entire head buried in soft-serve ice cream as it mimicked guzzling noises.

“MMF! SO GOOD! SO GOOD. GLLK!”

Another machine appeared to be “force-feeding” its friend raw beef, shoving the meat into its companion's “mouth” while the second machine protested.

“NO PLEASE, I AM TOO FULL. I AM TOO FULL... MMM, BEEF...”

*This is madness...* “Pod, go find 9-S. There's no way I can do recon properly, in this crowd.” Her Pod flew off to obey, and 2-B was left to fend for herself.

All around her, machines offered free food—waving more kebabs at her, displaying dishes of sizzling tuna filets and elegant, still-steaming boar flanks. 2-B held up her hand, stifling a small emission of digested gases from her mouth.

“That's enough. *Urrp.*” She felt a new emotion as her body broke down the food into gas and energy: embarrassment. “I don't want any more. No thank you!”

The machines paused... and then all their eyes turned red, at once. “FOOD IS GOOD,” they chanted in unison. “DO NOT DENY FOOD. FOOD IS GOOD!”

*Woah!* The turnaround was sudden and frightening. She could take a few machines of this size, but with all that extra “fat” steel plating, and without her Pod... It would be a tough fight. And if she died out here and got uploaded to the Bunker, who would protect 9-S?

No, she had to eat. At least until she found her friend. Then they could both order extraction from this madness—YoRHa would want to know about this place, and catalogue the insanity of these machines for future analysis. She lowered her hand. “All right,” she said, cautious. “But, one at a time, I'm not even that hungry—”

“**FOOD IS GOOD!**”

“AUGH!” She was swarmed by machines, each one of them carrying a flawless delicacy, cooked with perfect accuracy to ancient Earth recipes. She saw yakisoba noodles, Pho bone broth with chicken and sliced shallots, and even what looked like beef jerky.

“**EAT EAT EAT EAT--**”

“Okay, okay!” She took the plates of food one by one, spooning them down as quickly as possible, all the while looking around for 9-S. Through her blindfold's reactive nano-fabric, she analyzed the best escape routes... but her chances of getting away, without angering the machines and engaging in combat, were in the single-digits. She needed to eat, or be swarmed by enemies.

“Mmf—so much, slow down. I can't... Mmmf, gllp, that's pretty good actually... *Urp...*”

One by one she appeased the strange entities, moving through their crowd without angering a single one. However, there was a problem developing.

Android 2-B was getting full.

Her digestive tract, a straightforward matter-condenser with optimized conversion ducts for energy redirection, was getting overloaded. A super-powered bio-weapon, her body was accustomed to great stress... battle damage, EMPs going off, malfunctions and logic viruses. But she had never been strained from the *inside* before, and as her stomach began to swell under her tight-fitting nanofabric uniform, she felt her shape struggling to convert all the raw organic material.

There were certain... Side effects, of such frantic consumption.

The first was gaseous waste. 2-B's body could only use so much of the compounds she was eating—the iron, carbon and occasional silicon molecules were easily processed. Likewise, the soups and broths could be broken down for their H<sub>2</sub>O content, the sodium absorbed to help rebuild her artificial muscle fibers.

But everything else—the dead cell matrices of cooked animals, the excess carbohydrates of vegetables and the pure, unadulterated cane-sugar of pastries and pies, that was much harder for her to convert. And so, when her body reached the limits of its ability to break down these materials, a back-up program was engaged. Any materials that she couldn't digest were vaporized into gas... and vented through a rear-access port, between her buttocks.

***Frrrtpf.***

2-B went rigid as her skirt lifted, ever so lightly, from the effect of her breaking wind. Her cheeks, which functioned as heat-sinks for the processing powers of her brain, grew overstrained and broke out in an ashamed blush. “Oh... Uh. That's... Different. I have not experienced that before.”

***FRRRttff.***

*The venting... It's getting louder. My entire tract must be stuffed to capacity!* She was mostly incapable of feeling pain, but feeling “fullness” was a different thing entirely. It was a vague, lethargic discomfort, a complete re-directing of her resources to the mere act of digesting.

To her dismay, 2-B found huge portions of her chipset's processing power were *also* being redirected. Her YoRHa software, confused by the strange influx of calories, was fighting to retain control over her body... and it was losing. The wide variety of materials meant that she had to perform molecular scans, efficiency checks, run diagnostics on the stress factors around her guts... It was a hugely absorbing task.

Simply put, overeating was making her—effectively—*dumber* with every bite she took.

“Stupid... machines!” She continued to snatch candies, strips of fried pork, and the occasional leek from the trays around her, stuffing them into her mouth. She was eating so



quickly, with the brutal efficiency of an android, that spare chunks of food were falling down into her puffy black-lace blouse and splattering over her skirt. She was a mess, and she did *not* enjoy being a mess.

“Get out of... my... way!” She pushed through the machines, and their eyes flickered red for a moment. 2-B slowed, and then doubled over, groaning as something inside her buzzed and growled, her body overstuffed to the max with food.

An unexpected sub-routine rose from the depths of her mind, a backup that had never seen use in any YoRHa model. Simply put, her designers had never expected her to use it.

*Running... Excess\_Energy\_Storage.exe?*

*What the hell is—*

She immediately found out. Overburdened and confused by the mother-lode of food inside her, her body had reached the limits of what it could slowly vent from out of her plush rear. 2-B's frame shook and then began to hum softly as her internal organs took the processed food... and began stashing it away as synthetic flesh, adding pound after pound to her frame.

“Oh, no. No, no, no—”

But she couldn't stop it. She tried overriding the program, but her OS system informed her if she cancelled the .exe, then she might shut down... or simply explode from the pressure of her overeating. With this in mind, she fumed helplessly as her powerful, deadly body slowly became wider... softer... and much more *jiggly*.

**Brrrrmft.** Her flat, toned stomach ballooned under her black battle dress, snapping carbon-plated fibers and straining the limits of her bulletproof corset. Never under attack from the inside, the garment showed its crucial combat flaw and popped open under her dress, the widening waistline within oozing out like a tsunami of white, meaty fat. Her breasts, designed to project a limited forcefield and repeal close-combat attacks with their kinetic-absorption structure, ballooned outward and doubled in size within a minute.

Helpless, 2-B scowled and clenched her fists with frustration. As if to add insult to injury, a tiny tracker inside the .exe program monitored the expansion of her bust. *Cup size increased. BB to C. C to CC... CC to D...*

“Gah! What is even the *purpose* of that sub-program? **BRELCH!**”

**Frrrt!**

Meanwhile, her lower body was undergoing changes of its own. Always a little bottom-heavy due to her original model's emphasis on speed over power, 2-B's wide hips widened still further, flaring out under her skirt and becoming an absurd, exaggerated version of her prior self. Her rump thickened and bulged, going from pert with a slight wobble to heavy, broad and cumbersome. And the whole time, it continued venting gas, the obscene smell of the mass-converters' waste product making her wrinkle her nose.

Her thighs, which normally only sported a small bulge over thigh-high combat garters, were on their way to something the ancient humans would have marvelled at. Always a little soft,

layered with protective energy-absorption shields that quivered and shifted when she walked, 2-B's upper legs blimped out rapidly into enormous "radish thighs" which made her knee-length dress seem like a coquettish miniskirt.

***Frrtpf! FRRAPT!*** "Ugh, stop this—*urrrap*, stop this immediately! Emergency override!"

But the program now had a mind of its own, turning her delicate chin into a chubby, overfed underhang of plump synth-flesh. Her cheeks grew softer, puffier, her face wider and more moon-like. Even her arms, slender deliverers of death, became rounder and a little saggy, her biceps vanishing under a layer of android-lard.

Finally, the transformation stopped, her body momentarily satisfied with its last-ditch efforts to protect her innards. She was left a pathetic imitation of what a 2-B unit should be: a fattened-up, wide-bottomed bimbo with absurdly large breasts and colossal hips, and a flabby pot-belly to boot.

For a while 2-B simply stood there, consumed with rage. Then she reminded herself of her duty. Yes, this situation was humiliating—

**FRRptf.**

And smelly. But she was still a YoRHa agent, dammit, and she had a job to do. Moving forward, noticing her own heavy breathing and the way her thighs mashed against each other uncomfortably as she walked, she tried to get used to her own shape.

Then something happened she didn't expect: a new subroutine was generated inside her artificial brain. Were those... pleasure feedback signals? Was she *enjoying* this?

Of course not. It was disgusting, revolting, and her mental processing power had dropped by at least 30% during the feast. But... She *did* have a very impressive "bulkhead" in front, now. 9-S occasionally glanced at her chest during combat, watching the way it bounced and heaved. She suspected he would glance at her a lot more now... and against her will, she found that she actually *liked* that.

"No," she told herself, shaking her head... and pulled up her blindfold, unwilling to watch her panicked H.U.D. remind her of her decreased combat efficiency. Her icy blue eyes surveyed the machine "restaurant district," trying to focus in spite of the food still churning in her guts. "Enough of this. I have to... *urrp*, extract 9-S and get the hell out of here."

"That may be easier said than done."

*That voice...* She turned, and immediately her chubby hand went to her sword.

Standing in front of her was the villainous, mysterious Android A-2, the lost soldier who had deserted YoRHa years ago. The long-haired, blank-faced woman was still wearing her old, shredded combat outfit... but something was different, now.

She was obese.

A-2's body had grown immense, her gently sloping thighs replaced by cellulite-ridden tree-trunks of flesh and her hip-hugging leather shorts nearly buried in the folds of her own artificial fat. Her dispassionate face now displayed three wobbling chins, her chest a shelf of

gravity-flattened teats and her stomach rolling out from under her ragged black top like a cascade of white, meaty flapjacks.

“Hello, 2-B. Enjoying yourself?”

Startled, 2-B lost control of her processes for a moment—and a disgusting, enormous fart blasted out of her, filling the whole bamboo forest with a rank, mechanical smell.

***FWWWWARRRRPpptff...***

Cheeks red as apples, 2-B drew her sword. This didn't seem to alarm the machines, who pushed forward to offer A-2 platters of shrimp, roasted mushrooms and various beverages. Selective but greedy, 2-A grabbed a Sapporo beer—its label was ancient, but the beer was freshly brewed—and a fist-full of cocktail shrimp from the machines.

“I found this place a few days ago. It certainly takes the stress out of... *urrrp*, the whole 'war' thing.” Smirking, she chugged down the beer, belched and began tossing shrimp into her mouth, one by one. Tails and all.

2-B assumed a combat stance... as best she could, given the fact her new body was dozens of kilograms heavier and much, much slower. She raised her Virtuous Contract sword like a samurai ready to duel, breathing heavily as her anxiety overstrained her flabby body.

“You... did this, didn't you? Made this *urrrp* place. As a trap for us.”

“Me?” A-2 laughed, her mouth full, chunks of shrimp spraying out and plopping onto her shelf of bloated belly. Coated in dipping sauce, they slid down the folds of her gut, falling to the primitive cobble-stones beneath her. “Oh, sweet 2-B. I didn't create this place. This is just the machines... doing their thing.” She belched, and waved a hand to indicate the chefs around them. 2-B was revolted to see that her upper arms, long since fattened into uselessness, dangled with bulbous sacs of fat that swayed and wobbled as she gestured.

“You... Monster.” 2-B blinked, swaying slightly as her processing power continued to drop. Bit by bit, her digestive programs were adding more kilograms to her frame... and with each new roll and fold, her mission seemed less and less important. A-2 seemed to be having a lot of fun with this place... why couldn't *she* do the same? A little vacation from endless war seemed alright. Even welcome. And 9-S was here, so at least she had company... Cute, sexy, tight-bottomed company...

*No!* That was when she saw it. An invasive logic virus, slipping between her digestive and pleasure-feedback programs. Something had invaded her, somehow—it was corrupting her mission goals. Turning her into a mindless, greedy idiot.

And with her processing power distracted by overeating, she was powerless to stop it.

“POD!” Her pod flew up, hovering beside her. “G-get help... *urrrp*. I need anti-virus software from the Bunker, immediately!” ***Frrrwumpfft.***

“ANALYSIS,” said the Pod, looking at her with its single camera in a rather... condescending way. “2-B HAS OVER-CONSUMED THE LOCAL CUISINE. SUGGESTION: 2-B SHOULD NOT EAT SO MUCH. 2-B IS GETTING RATHER PLUMP.”

*"I know that, damn you!"* She jabbed her chubby finger at the sky, and the Pod flew off to establish an uplink with the Bunker.

Android A-2 laughed, her great big belly shaking and bouncing. "Do you feel it, 2-B? The solution to all of our... *omf, slurrrp...* Wartime woes." She wiped her mouth, smearing beer-suds and shrimp chunks on her flabby arm. "The answer to our grief. Aren't you tired of killing your cute little friend, all the time? Don't you want to relax... learn to—" She grunted, and a blast of flatulence from her own exhaust port shook the paper lanterns hanging over them. "Relax, a little?"

"Never." 2-B was panting, just the act of holding up her sword making her tired and sweaty. She didn't *truly* sweat, but the cooling units under her skin were venting condensation to try and raise her function levels—she had ordered them to. As a result, she was rapidly growing slick and sticky, her breaths rapid and wheezy.

"Suit yourself. Just remember... We're not fighting *for* anyone. If we were, you wouldn't have to slaughter your best friend like this. Again and again. Forever." She slugged back a fresh beer, her eyes wet and bleary. Was she... drunk? 2-B didn't even know if A-2's model could *get* drunk, but it seemed she was doing her best to try.

"Just because the humans are gone doesn't mean we have to give up!" She saw the machines turning toward her, eyes flickering, and against her will—against *all* her common sense—she took a cruller from one of them, chomping down on it as she spoke. "We have to... *mmff, gllp, URP...* persevere! Glory to humanity!"

"Yes, yes. Glory to..." **FRRRT.** "Humanity. Or something. You realize YoRHa knows about this place, right? They euthanize any androids that find it. Your only safe choice is to stay here... And eat. And *eat*." Her soft voice growing deeper as she grew slowly fatter and fatter, A-2's words seemed to burrow into 2-B's mind.

**Frrt. TOOT.**

*No. It's the logic virus... Something inside the food! Of course! She stared at her crumb-smearred hand, the delicate cloth of her glove stained with grease. They've placed microbots inside the food... miniature machine life-forms, that can hack me from the INSIDE! This is a trap!*

"I will never... Give up. Never be like *urrrp* like you." She spat on the ground between them, as A-2 tossed away the beer bottle and grabbed an entire aluminum keg from behind the counter of a nearby tavern. "You disgust me. Bloated pig! You only care about yourself—yourself, and your own debauched pleasures!"

"Don't knock it until you try it, sweetheart." A-2 tapped the keg with a single flick of her finger, licking her lips. "The war was over centuries ago. We lost... It's time to stop fighting. Accept the decay of YoRHa... and get stupid, lazy and fat with me. You'll see..."

"Liar—" She lunged forward to stab the enemy android, but A-2's camouflage dash activated, carrying her away invisibly. She might be hideously obese and pathetic, but the traitor was still quite swift... in contrast to 2-B's rapidly flabbing shape.

"Damn her. Damn... *huff*, her..."

Left alone without allies or even an enemy to attack, 2-B leaned on the polished red pillar of a *sushi* restaurant, considering her options.

9-S was still out here somewhere... but with the logic virus likely working its way through both of them, changing her goal-driven program into 2-A's lazy stupidity, she was unlikely to find him on her own.

*I'm so heavy. So... Useless.*

*And... Hungry.* The virus was introducing her to a new sensation: Greed. She wanted *more* food, more food indefinitely. Constantly. And maybe some of that beer...

"Stay... on target." *Fwrrt.* Luckily, she had backup. Her Pod descended from the shadows above, projecting a hologram of her Operator—one of the remote handlers who assisted all B-classes in their duties.

Unfortunately for 2-B, her particular Operator was a bit... Eccentric.

"Oh *hiiii*, 2-B! Wow, it's a whole machine buffet, isn't that neat?" Operator 6-O's familiar gushing, over-emphatic tone filled 2-B with annoyance, but she didn't react. 6-O was now her only friend in this madness—she needed every ally she could get.

"6-O, I need you to download YoRHa's newest anti-viral software into my cortex. I have been..." A rancid fart blasted from her rear even as she reached for a Danish, offered by a tiny rolling machine-servant. "Compromised!"

"Oh no! Let me get a video feed on you... Oh. Oh, *my.*" 2-B winced as the Pod's camera turned on her, and 6-O clapped her hands over her veiled face. "You're so... so..."

"Fat. Yes, I am aware." She hiccuped, pulling her blindfold back down. Countless warning signs flashed, reminding her that mental resources were down to sixty percent... and dropping fast. If she kept eating, she'd soon have no more processing speed than a "smart" toaster.

And when that happened... well, she'd find it *very* hard to resist these treats. She was already fighting to keep from gobbling them down like a child in a candy store. Only the thought of rescuing 9-S made her able to focus at all.

"Actually... I was going to say... CUTE!" 6-O squealed like a teenager over the comm line, her glee unable to be contained. "Look at your chubby lil' *cheeks!* And your lovely hips, and... Oh goodness, 2-B, you've really put on a lot of weight in front, too! I bet 9-S will like that..."

"That is not... *urrgh*, a relevant opinion to this scenario." She blinked, wiping saliva off her softened lips as a machine passed by with a heaping plate of barbecued ribs.

*So much food... And it looks so good. And I'm so tired, and so heavy... So warm. I just want to belly up to the bar and eat... eat and EAT AND EEEaaAAAT—*

She shut down the internal logic-line just as the virus reached it, fully converting her thoughts into the relentless gluttony shown by 2-A. "Operator 6-O, I need your help. Please—there's a logic virus in the food, delivered by nano-scale machine life forms. I need anti-virus protocols right now, or I'm going to end up..." She swallowed. "Spherical."

The Operator giggled. "To be fair, that *does* sound super adorable. Just imagine it... With

your little chunky legs kicking in the air and ooh, you'd be so *exposed* in that position! So indecent..." On the holo-feed, 2-B saw the girl's hand slip down below the frame of the video.

Over the comms, a frantic *schlick-schlicking* sound ensued—and 2-B knew exactly what it was. 6-O was notorious for exploring the "limits" of her sensory feedback equipment while working, and had been disciplined for it many times.

*Of course. My only chance at salvation is a raging pervert... Why me?*

"OPERATOR! Get your hand off your crotch and—*urrrp*, send me the anti-virus! NOW!"

"Jeez, okay... Sorry, I just got a little carried away." There was a soft beep as she transferred the data. "That should help. It's not a permanent solution, though. I would advise getting out of there as soon as you can." She snickered. "I would also advise buying a new wardrobe. Golly, 2-B, you're just *popping* out of that low-cut battle blouse, aren't you? Mmm-hmm, looking good, sister..."

"Goodbye, 6-O."

She cut off the comm line. It would have been nice to have an Operator on hand, but 6-O was just as likely to be masturbating as helping with combat diagnostics. And 2-B had enough to deal with, without being ogled by a depraved, childish Operator.

Checking her internal software, she found the logic virus had been halted—she was still hungry, ravenously so, but her mission objectives were back in place. Even better, she was picking up 9-S' YoRHa signal, from nearby. *Good.*

*Time to... get moving. Ugh, moving is so difficult now!*

With great strain, she began waddling downhill towards the heart of the machines' clustered food-stalls, each step making her thighs quake and leaking another quart or two of gas from her rear. As she went, more machines greeted her, offering fattening foods and the same praise over and over.

"EAT MORE! GET FAT! GET FAT AND HAPPY AND **FAAAT!**"

"Yes, I... *urp*. You've made that goal of yours very clear. Now, fuck off."

All the same, she kept eating. Slowly at first, and then with increasing ravenousness as the anti-viral software began to collapse inside her mind. She wasn't winning this battle by abstaining—and besides, the machines would turn on her, if she didn't eat.

And since she was easily five times her normal size now, 2-B doubted she could put up much of a fight.

The whole time, the logic virus whispered in her ear, spinning seductive tales to her. *Why fight? You could just let go... Eat and glut and gorge and maybe take a page out of 6-O's book, pull down your white neo-Kevlar panties and slip your hand into your recreational insertion slot and just touch and touch and touch until—*

"Can't... do that. Need to eat—I mean, find 9-S..." Her brain was getting fuzzy again. Her visual feed was flickering, her processing power diverted to the dual needs of battling the virus and helping to digest the ever-mounting pile of food in her overstrained guts.

Her gas, meanwhile, was getting even worse. Her body's storage routines were packing on kilo after kilo, causing her black high heels to sink into the loose dirt of the area. Nearly a hundred and fifty kilos even *without* added bulk, due to all her combat systems, 2-B was now pushing three hundred kilos... the rough equivalent to five hundred pounds of fat-assed android.

***Frrpppfft...***

It had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that she was having a hard time keeping up with her own shape's shifting girth. Her potbelly had swelled into an apron of fat, similar to A-2's but far more overpacked with solid food. It gurgled and slapped against her thighs as she walked... and those same thighs were becoming so fat, so massively turgid, that she had difficulty pushing them past each other.

*Fat... Possessing excess flesh. Overweight, obese.*

**BRRAAAppptf. *Fwrrt!***

***P'toot!***

She now understood the Pod's definition of the phrase. 2-B was more than fat: she was *colossal*, her battle dress stretching as fast as it could to match her enormous frame. She felt like a Titan-class machine life form, clumsy and stupid, waddling through enemy territory and unable to control the movements of her doughy shape.

*Ugh... And I'm so hot and sweaty, too...* She'd doubled the output of her cooling units to try and increase speed. Now she was dripping with sweat, the sticky perspiration gathering in her folds and fat-flaps. She caught sight of her rear in a shop window and grimaced: her ass was *immense*, jutting out behind her with the hem of her dark skirt sitting on *top* of it. She'd grown so fat that her clothes didn't even cover her mammoth buttocks.

Even her undergarment, ironically the most advanced piece of battle-tech on her body and which regulated a number of her external systems, had become useless. The soft white fabric had disappeared between her beachball-scale asscheeks, and in front, it was slipping into the cleft of her rapidly fattening loins.

After a particularly *jiggly* step, her panties finished their retreat, wedging into the slit of soft hairless flesh between her thighs... and then to her horror, it began rubbing her Recreational Node, the nub of delicate pink meat which had been installed on all B-class androids to help them cope with the stress of war.

*Oh... Oh MY.*

*Oh, holy **shit!***

In typical 2-B fashion, she'd never touched her Node—not even once. Warnings from her Operators that neglecting recreational activities was dangerous had been ignored—she was a *soldier*, dammit, and had no time for 6-O's relentless lascivious attitudes. She had to be focused at all times... not distracted by pent-up sexual programs demanding release from every corner of her code lines.

But now, caught unawares and with sweat-soaked fabric rubbing back and forth against

the Node's hyper-sensitive protoflesh, 2-B was overcome with lust. She was morbidly obese, a sickening parody of a YoRHa agent... but all she could think of, as her panties grew tighter and tighter and panned in her puffy, overstimulated and over-pleasured Node, was how much she wanted a good hard *fuck*.

It was a common activity, on shore leave, for most YoRHa units. There was no victory without sacrifice, and so, her designers had sacrificed efficiency for a little pleasure... but now her own strictness backfired on her. Every added kilogram made the pressure stronger on her helpless, dripping crotch.

“F-f-fuck...”

Bent over, gasping and whimpering, she fumbled underneath her skirt. Wheezing with effort, she tugged and hauled and *finally* managed to pull off her panties, the garment completely drenched in sweat and “recreational” lubricant fluids from inside her body. Converting the panties to light-matter and storing them in her inventory, 2-B panted and leaned against a wall, her sheer mass sending cracks running through the plaster.

“F-fuck *me*, that felt g-good...”

After decades of active duty, the android had finally achieved her first orgasm. And coming hot on its heels, released in a moment of vulnerability... was more gas.

***FWWWWRRRPTFF! “BRLLCH.*** Ugh! Okay. B-back to work...” She whimpered as she staggered towards the source of 9-S' YoRHa signal, the puffy lips of her vulva slick and dripping.

*Pleasure is... so dangerous! I never knew... I never even suspected...* All she wanted was to eat and masturbate. These commands began to drown her better self, the virus taking her over, making her dumber, greedier... Hornier.

*Eat fuck screw glut swallow eat, rut bang hump FUCK—*

“Shutting down... auxiliary pleasure nodes...” But even with the input muted, the virus used alternate channels to dump more pleasure and desire into her central processor. By the time she reached the source of the YoRHa signal, she was a red-faced, salivating disaster, massively overweight and *consumed* with lust.

*This place... It has to be destroyed. It could corrupt the entire Bunker. If the virus were ever to get uploaded...*

Using the last of her common sense, she began activating her Black Box, preparing it for detonation. She was reluctant to kill both herself and 9-S... But they couldn't stay here. 2-A had said it herself: Countless androids had vanished into this maze, before being put down by YoRHa. And for good reason.

*If this virus were to spread...*

Visions danced in her mind of the Operators gorging on human food, tossing each other onto command computer banks and prying apart each others' thighs... Licking and suckling and stroking one another. Dragging all the 9-S units into the room, pulling down their leather shorts and mounting them like animals, gravid bellies flopping up and down on toned, compact



muscular bodies—

A minor orgasm ripped through her again, destabilizing her entire OS. Her vision flickered, and she found she'd dropped her sword. Lost it, somehow. Her heavy weapon, the larger Contract blade, was also gone.

*Clumsy. Getting stupid. Getting...*

***FRRRTppppt.***

*Getting...*

Hungrier. Hornier.

2-B was losing herself.

She found the source of the YoRHa signal at last, inside a building labelled ALL U CAN EAT. Machines bustled in and out, bringing food to their "customer." Naturally, the customer was 9-S—her short, faithful, endlessly useful companion and charge.

Or... At least, he *used* to be.

9-S had succumbed to the virus some time ago. His blindfold was off, lying on top of a stack of empty plates—he'd tossed it away when his body's warnings had grown too annoying to endure. He was eating voraciously, gobbling down cake and pies and entire racks of lamb-chops, his pitch-black suit stained with creams and leftover scraps of food.

He had also put on a bit of weight.

Unlike 2-B, who had become an exaggerated (and *oh so horny*) fertility queen, 9-S was the picture of the classic glutton. His torso, once professional and trim, had exploded outward into a colossal, floor-grazing beer belly, which dangled between his legs and gurgled with barely contained food. He was fatter all over, but his distended stomach was the show-stopper of his new frame: a vast pale sphere, loaded with fat and food, creaking and groaning and sounding as if it were ready to burst.

"Pod... URRP, analyze that sexy little... I mean... Analyze 9-S."

The Pod buzzed up to him. 9-S' own Pod was buried under a pile of discarded takeout containers, struggling feebly to escape. "ANALYSIS COMPLETE," said 2-B's Pod, returning. "HIS BODY IS NOT DESIGNED FOR DIRECT COMBAT. **CONCLUSION:** HE CANNOT SUSTAIN THIS LEVEL OF CONSUMPTION."

***FRRRurrpt.*** 9-S had seemingly suffered the same malfunction 2-B had: his frame, loaded with food, was trying to vent the excess. But from the smell, which reeked of oil and burnt toast, he was failing. His body was collapsing.

"Translate for me," said 2-B. "I'm not... My brain isn't... *Urp.* Me not smart, right now."

The Pod paused, concerned. "**SIMPLIFYING.** WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, 9-S WILL SUFFER A CATASTROPHIC FAILURE OF HIS ANDROID STRUCTURES. HE WILL DIE FROM OVER-EATING AND HIS MEMORIES WILL BE UPLOADED."

*No!* Even in her stupefied state, 2-B recognized the danger of this. If 9-S was allowed to

be uploaded, he might carry the logic virus all the way to the bunker... and destroy YoRHa forever.

*I... Me have to do it.*

*Have to self-destruct him.*

A self-destruct would wipe his memories—the signal wouldn't travel fast enough to escape the blast. And the restaurants would all be destroyed... along with their viral-infested food.

She found herself filled with grief once again, which cut through her greed like a knife. *No. Not again. Not again...*

But there was no choice. “Pod—how long until he explodes?”

“THREE MINUTES, TEN SECONDS. NINE... EIGHT. YOUR SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE WILL TAKE FIVE MINUTES. **CONCLUSION—**”

“I get it.” *Frrt*. She jiggled forward, her mind racing. She had to find some way to distract him until her own Black Box went off... and prevented him from uploading the virus. And she knew just the way to do it.

With a wave of her hand, 2-B removed her entire battle dress. Except for her garters, high heels (now overflowing with cankle-fat) and blindfold, she was nude. And if the virus was doing to him the same thing it had done to her (*rut slut bang fuck EAT*) he would take notice.

*I can't believe I'm doing this.*

“Hey there, sailor,” she said, her soft voice punctuated by a wet burp. “Come here often?”

He turned, slowly swivelling on his bar-stool, which was bent double under his weight. “2-B,” he said, smiling weakly. “I got a little... hungry. I can't seem to stop...” He blinked, farting as he squinted at her. “Why are you... Where's your c-clothes?”

“We don't need those here.” She hacked into his systems remotely and removed his as well, the modest sailor outfit disappearing in a wash of yellow pixels. “This is our chance, 9-S. We can finally indulge ourselves. We can finally... *urrrp*, relax.”

“R-relax? But you've never...” He swallowed, looking down at his stomach. “I, um, I'm not exactly in the best shape right now... **URRAP**. I don't think I can... Perform for you. If that's what you wanted? I... I know it's against regulations, but I really want to—”

“Oh, you'll perform.” She gripped his newly fattened face and looked deep into his eyes, before kissing him passionately, chunks of half-eaten food transferring between their mouths. When she pulled away their combined saliva hung in strings between them. “You owe me that much... After dragging us in here in the first place.” A fierce, passionate grin lit up her features. “You'll perform like a *king*, my fat little... *urrrp*, dildo. Get on the floor.”

“2-B, are you sure—”

Losing her patience, she lifted him and hurled him into a pile of empty plates, his massive naked body quivering as he landed.

"I said... You. Will. *Perform* for me."

She placed one high-heeled foot on his gut, barely able to raise it due to the hanging slabs of fat dangling off her leg. Her garters were splitting, bursting under the onslaught of fat. Grabbing a bottle of *sake* off the bar, she tipped it back, glugging its contents down. The waterfall of liquor only served to make her more dazed and stupid... and more horny.

"Y-yes, ma'am!" He squealed like a pig as she shoved the heel of her shoe into his gorged stomach, eliciting a long fart.

"I told you to—*urrrp, HIC!* To stop calling me that." She hurled the bottle away, hauling up his belly. The logistics of fucking him were nearly impossible—she calculated a five percent chance that they could even get his rock-hard little cock into her gushing, throbbing pussy. But she was willing to try.

Inside her H.U.D., the self-destruct timer was ticking down.

*Three minutes... Two minutes sixty-nine seconds. Sixty-eight...*

She would have to work quickly. If he got distracted and started eating again, all of YoRHa was in danger. She must fuck him... for the good of the mission. For the glory of humanity!

But... also, because 2-B was a ravenous, obese *slut*. She accepted that now. She was a flabby, stupid, greedy, endlessly randy *whore* and she wanted this fat little piggy's cock in her *cunt*. Right... *NOW*.

Heaving up his belly, she lowered herself down, attempting to ride him. There were several false starts—she kept accidentally sliding his shaft into the cleft between her belly and her fat upper pubic area—but eventually, she got it.

*Heaven.*

*My God...*

*This is what heaven feels like.*

Her "recreational node" felt ready to explode. Humping him furiously, her body soaked in sweat and their stomachs slapping together, 2-B lost herself in an orgy of needs, her systems beginning to shut down and leaving room for only two programs.

The first was *EAT\_EAT\_EAT.exe*.

And the second, was... *FUCK\_THIS\_LITTLE\_FAT\_GIGOLO\_LIKE\_A\_QUEEN.exe*

She did so with vigor, hammering her flabby sopping cunt onto his cock over and over. They might only have two and a half minutes, but she was determined to make the most of it. Grabbing food off of fallen trays, her mouth stuffed and her cunt gorged with cock, 2-B rode her estwhile friend as if he were an enormous erotic yoga-ball, grinding her clenching pussy on him and getting rapidly out of breath.

Finally, seconds before her black box went off, 9-S came in a spewing rope of artificial semen that blasted up into 2-B's inner workings like a firehose of sticky, hot delight. Her eyes rolled back and her systems crashed for a moment, her processing power dropping to an

alarming five percent. He had literally fucked her stupid.

As his fluids dripped down her expanding thighs and 9-S' whimpering gasps faded, she leaned down, belly mashing into his as she caressed his jowl-like cheek.

“9-S... You. Good, fat boy-slut. Me... Me love...”

*B o o m.*

...

From afar, 2-A watched the mushroom cloud rise over the city, shockwaves rippling across the land. She guzzled from a bottle of wine, spilling some onto her sloppy, dangling tits as she scratched the cleft off her ass, and swayed drunkenly.

She had monitored the whole thing, of course. Hacking their Pods had been easy with the two of them so obese and distracted they could hardly run a simple recreational-sex program, much less operate at peak efficiency. Downloading the footage into her cortex, 2-A grinned stupidly and finished her wine, passing gas freely as she staggered up and waddled unsteady into the ruined city.

“Well... That was a nice *HIC!* show. Now to hack a few more machines and... *BREHHLP*, start a new Restaurant District.” She giggled to herself, drooling wine down into her sweaty cleavage as she jiggled into the gathering sunset.

“I should have started fighting YoRHa like this... years ago. *Hiccup.*”

*FWRRRRPPtfft.*

After she had wobbled out of sight, the only thing remaining was the stench of her flatulence... slowly fading on the wind.

Up above, in orbit, the Bunker detected the loss of two androids and downloaded their base memories into new bodies. 9-S, as usual, would remember nothing. But 2-B... in her dreams, in the depths of her shut-down fantasies, she would feel the call of gluttony.

And someday, very soon, she would fall to temptation. Giving in to the siren call of her own inner pig, obeying her deeply-buried slut directives and straying from the righteous path. She would grow again... become fat and stupid, horny and drunken once more.

Android 2-A, the “Bloated Rebel,” would make sure of it.