

Asuka's Dorky Downfall

Asuka's eyes slowly opened only to be blinded by bright ceiling lights above her head. Bringing her hand to her face to shield herself, her vision slowly adjusted to her new surroundings. Lifting up her head, she found herself surrounded by the sterile white walls of a hospital room. Various screens and medical devices were placed alongside her bed reading out her vitals and medical information. Considering she couldn't recall arriving at the hospital or even what she had been up to for the past week, the sights and sounds only added to her growing anxiety.

"Ms. Sohryu?" a woman's voice called out.

"Who's there?" Asuka asked back, whipping around her red hair as she looked for the source.

"Pardon me, I'm Dr. Unda Pegi," the voice repeated over the speaker. "I have been assigned by NERV to look after you during your recovery."

"Recovery from what?" she asked, clenching her fists in frustration.

"I think it might be easier to explain it in person. I'll be there shortly."

Moments later, Asuka heard a pair of shoes loudly clacking down the hall outside her room. The door opened to reveal a woman in a lab coat and her blonde hair free flowing behind her back. Holding up a clipboard, she adjusted her green, square rimmed glasses as she casually strolled into the room.

"Ms. Sohryu, I must ask that you remain calm," Dr. Pegi said. "Considering your condition it's best that we do not upset your body with any unneeded stress."

"What condition?" Asuka asked, forsaking the doctor's orders. "Why the hell am I here?"

Dr. Pegi tapped her finger against her clipboard. “Asuka Langley Sohryu. Age 18. Born in Germany. Pilot of EVA Unit-02. Shows ample battle prowess, but is sometimes hampered by her own pride and is quick to anger.”

“Hey I’m talking to you!”

“And I will acknowledge you when you listen to me and calm down.”

Taking a deep breath, Asuka slumped back in her bed. “Better?”

“Much.” Fixing her glasses, Dr. Pegi tucked her clipboard beneath her arm.

“Approximately seven days ago, you and the other EVA pilots combatted a strange, goo-like angel. During the fight, some of its mass slipped through the cracks of your unit and seeped into your plug. Shinji and Rei managed to pull it off of you and defeat it, but not before it left something inside of your body.”

“What kind of something?”

“That is the problem. As far as we can tell it’s some kind of virus, but we have yet to discover any direct side effects other than your long sleep. We will need to perform multiple tests to ensure there are no further developments of the virus. Please stand up so I can give you an in-depth physical.”

“But I feel fine,” Asuka replied, stopping her act of trying to seem calm. “Just get me out this gown and let me get back to NERV.”

“I apologize Ms. Sohryu, this is for your own safety. Now, please stand up.”

Venting her frustration with a small grunt, Asuka swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood up. As her feet touched the floor, she felt a wobbling in her knees from her lack of movement over the past week. Hanging onto the mattress to regain her footing, she felt something was amiss. Running her hand along her mid-section, she felt a bump of fat that’s

wasn't there before. Poking and prodding at the chubby protrusion, she stopped as a strand of her hair fell out of place and swept a line of grease against her cheek.

"Are you feeling alright Ms. Sohryu?" Dr. Pegi asked. "You seem to be acting strange."

"I'm fine," Asuka shot back, holding her arms out. "Just get this examination over with so I can get back to my normal life."

"Very well. Hold still please."

Pacing around Asuka, Dr. Pegi made numerous notes on her clipboard. Placing her stethoscope against the red head's chest, she gradually worked her way down until she passed over the extra padding. Asuka clenched her fingers as the doctor lingered on the growth far too long for comfort. Finally pulling away from her, Dr. Pegi nodded her head and scribbled a few more notes on her clipboard.

"Open your mouth please," Dr. Pegi asked, holding out a tongue depressor.

Surprising herself, Asuka opened her mouth without any resistance. Even as the doctor stuck the depressor down her throat, the fire that had been building up inside of her since she woke up had dissipated. She didn't know what or why she was feeling so meek all of a sudden, but it was something she wasn't planning to get used to.

"No signs of any redness or burning," Dr. Pegi commented, shining a light into Asuka's mouth. "There is a bit of discoloration in your cheeks, but that's probably due to an improper diet or other factors. Tell me, have your front teeth always been so accentuated?"

"My what?" Asuka mumbled out.

"It's probably nothing," Dr. Pegi answered as she pulled away. "I might have put you through some dental exams while you're here. In any case, you should be fit to be released within a few days."

“Great,” Asuka said, slumping back onto her bed. “The sooner I get out of this hell hole the better.”

“Just try to take it easy,” Dr. Pegi said as she walked out. “Keep pushing yourself too hard and you might not even recognize your own reflection.”

“Whatever,” Asuka whispered to herself as Dr. Pegi closed the door. Left alone again, she allowed her fingers to press against her mid-section. Feeling the same lump as before, her fingers unconsciously reached for her hair and twirled about the strands. The act brought a strange sense of ease to her, helping her convince herself that everything was fine and she’d be back to normal as soon as she got out of the hospital.

After a month of being cooped up in her room under constant observation, Asuka was more than ready to get back to work and out of the hospital. She traversed the metal corridors of NERV with a noticeable spring in her step. Her growing frustration for the numerous tests, examinations, and Dr. Pegi herself, had increased her already notorious temper. It felt like she was a sort of science experiment getting poked and prodded at every chance. Returning for a battle training session was just what she needed to prove the doctor and herself that she was back to peak performance.

Asuka’s confidence took a hit as several workers passed by her in the hall. Noticing their glances at her, her smile faltered as she quickened her steps. Hiding behind the next corner, she heard the workers whisper rumors about her condition. Had it been any other day, she would have liked nothing more than to confront them and tell them off. However, it was hard for her to maintain her old demeanor in front of people considering what she looked like now.

As she stood in the corner waiting for the workers to go away, she became painfully aware of the strange sound emanating from her with each breathe. Prying open her mouth, her fingers traced her incisors and recoiled at the feeling of their added length. Pulling her hand away caused several strands of her hair to fall into her face. She sunk her teeth into her lips, muffling a frustrated grunt once she realized that the hour she spent in front of a mirror was all for naught. Brushing aside the frayed locks, she slid her hand against the grease along her cheek she had forgotten to wash off her face that morning. The shimmering skin and unruly hair had been a secondary concern for her that day.

Tilting her head down, she was met with the sight of her own bosom. Her chest had gained a bit of girth at the cost of losing some of their perkiness. Looking past her breasts, she grimaced at the sight of the layer of pudge around her stomach trying to peek out between the buttons of her white blouse. She attempted to pull her shirt down to ensure her chubby belly was hidden, only to feel a slight chill against her butt crack. Reaching back to adjust her skirt against her rear, she breathed a sigh of relief as she heard the workers walk away.

With the coast clear, she took her chance and rushed down the hall. She found herself completely out of breath as she reached the changing room. While she realized that she wasn't at her full strength, she was still surprised how winded she was from the short sprint. Reminding herself that she needed to recuperate after her sedentary stay at the hospital, she slipped inside the changing room.

Asuka's heart sunk in her chest as she was met with a pair of familiar faces. The stoic, blue-haired Rei was just finishing putting on her plug suit. She seemed completely unaware of Asuka's presence, more concerned with assuring her suit was tight in the right places. Shinji did

not offer the same mercy. By the looks of it, he had arrived moments before Asuka. Still clad in his school uniform, he turned to give her a weak wave hello.

“Good to see you again Asuka,” he said. “Are you feeling alright? You look different.”

“So? What’s wrong with that?” she snapped back.

“N-nothing, I was just-“

“Get out of my way,” Asuka said, pushing him aside to retrieve her red plug suit from her locker. “Now turn around or are you incapable of giving a girl some privacy? Freaking pervert.”

“S-sorry,” Shinji stammered out as he quickly turned away.

Finding a secluded corner of the locker room, Asuka began to undress. Taking off her shirt revealed the pale skin underneath she had gained from her long stay indoors. Shimmying out of her skirt and bra reminded her of the lumpy body she had developed, but that was the least of her body’s issues. Begrudgingly pulling down her panties, she saw the small bush of red hair around her groin that matched the errant strands around her belly button and springing up beneath her armpits.

Tired of looking at herself and fearing her teammates would see her newly grown body hair got her to quickly slip into her red plug suit. Her promptness was cancelled out as she glanced at herself in the mirror. The skin-tight suit did no favors in hiding her added weight, prompting her to waste more time trying to rearrange her awkward lumps of body fat.

“Asuka!”

Asuka jumped at the sound of her own name. “Y-yeah?” she asked, turning around to see Misato’s head of long, dark violet hair poking into the room.

“Shinji and Rei are already at the training area. We can’t start without you.”

“R-right,” Asuka replied, sheepishly walking towards Misato.

“Is something wrong? There’s no need to over exert yourself. I know you just got out of the hospital.”

“I’m fine.”

“You sure? Your skin looks kind of pale and since when have you had freckles? “

“I shaid I’msh fine!” Asuka shouted, a few stray drops of spit spraying out of her mouth. Watching the droplets fall to the floor, Asuka covered her face and hurried down the hall. “Let’s just get his over with.”

By the time Asuka and Misato arrived at the training facility, Shinji and Rei were already in their EVA units. Glad to avoid any further human interaction, Asuka entered EVA-Unit 2 and rejoiced at the familiar hum of her cockpit. Free from the judgmental eyes of other people, it was the first time since arriving at NERV where she felt comfortable.

“So, when do we start?” she asked.

“Right away,” Gendo announced over the loud speaker. “Today we will be starting with basic target training. Since you were the last to arrive, you’ll be the first up to the shooting range.”

Asuka smirked, her confidence helping her ignore the sensation of her front teeth digging into her lips. “Easy.”

Maneuvering her EVA-unit, Asuka picked up her rifle and took aim at the angel shaped target at the end of the range. Looking down the sight at the center mass of the target, Asuka’s confidence wavered along with her aim. She strained her eyes in attempt to dismiss the blurriness that plagued her vision, but that just sent a sharp pain through her forehead. A few strands of hair broke free to further obscure her view of the target, working alongside her shaking hands to make what should have been a simple shot more difficult than it needed to be.

“Asuka, please take the shot,” Geno commanded, not even attempting to hide his annoyance.

“I’m going, I’m going!” she shouted back. “Let me just...there.”

Pulling the trigger, Asuka watched the shot go far left of her target. Chewing her lips with her teeth, she fired again, only to glance off the side of the target. Feeling the various members of the NERV staff and fellow teammates judging her performance, her finger rapidly pulled the trigger in an attempt to hit the target. By the time she heard the click of an empty clip, the target was mostly unharmed save for several chunks taken out of its shoulder.

“Asuka, put down your weapon,” Gendo commanded.

“N-no, I just need more ammo. I sure I can-“

“You’ve done enough. Put your weapon down and stand aside so Rei can take a turn”

Asuka begrudgingly complied, placing the rifle back on the rack and stepping out of the way. Watching Rei effortlessly make direct shots at the target was like a cold knife being stabbed into her back. Shinji’s turn only furthered her sinking pride, making her wish she had never come back.

When the time came to end their training, Asuka was more than willing to go home and try to figure out what was going on. Pacing down the hall back to the dressing room, she kept pondering how she could have messed up a drill she had aced so many times before. Unconsciously running her fingers through her hair, she began whispering to herself, “What is wrong with me?”

“That is what I am here to find out.”

Asuka turned on her heels to glare at Dr. Pegi walking up to her. “What are you doing here?”

“As I explained, I am here to observe and aid you during your recovery process. I saw what happened on the shooting range.”

“Sho what?” Asuka asked, her fury making her ignore the spit that flew from her mouth.

Dr. Pegi emotionlessly wiped the spittle off her shirt. “I think I might know something that could help. Please follow me to the examination room.”

Asuka clenched her fingers for a moment, a burning fury taking over the despair she had felt before. Holding the desire to punch the doctor to vent her frustration, she let out an annoyed huff and turned towards the medical bay. “Let’s get his over with,” she said, walking down the hall with a very interested Dr. Pegi close behind. “I just want to go home and forget this day ever happened.”

The halls of NERV had taken on a new atmosphere over the course of two months. There had been no sightings of angel attacks, something that brought a mix of anxiety and relief. Despite this, everyone was still willing and ready to continue practicing procedures and tactics in anticipation for whenever the next attack would come. This was more needed than ever as an unspoken rumor among the staff was that they were down to just two EVA pilots. While Asuka was still in service, everyone was aware of how her state had hindered her performance in her training exercises. Even when in earshot of higher ups or the girl herself, it was hard for them to hold their tongues when it came to discussing her continued employment at NERV.

Rei and Shinji made their way towards the training facility, already in their plug suits and prepped for training practice. As they both recited the battle strategies in their head, they were stopped as they heard a set of footsteps rapidly gaining on them. Turning around, the two of them were met with a familiar sight.

Racing down the hallway as fast as she could, Asuka breathed heavily with each step. By the looks of it, the mere act of shoving her body into her plug suit had been the main reason she had taken so long to get ready. The red suit showed every dip of her chubby belly, a sack of slouching fat that swayed about as she hurried down the hall. Any extra padding that was put on her chest came at the cost of turning them into a pair of lumpy mounds that appeared to be trying to break free of her suit at every possible moment. Running up to her teammates, Asuka stopped to catch her breath and lean her plush rear against the wall.

Taking a deep breath, Asuka looked up to see her fellow pilots dismayed at her haggard expression. The pair of red, A10 nerve clips tying up two of her ponytails only stopped a few of her frayed strands of hair from dangling in front of her face. Pushing aside the errant locks, she pushed up her wide-rimmed, rounded glasses up her nose, grazing them against her greasy, freckle covered cheeks. Taking one last breath, she let out an exhale that made an involuntary whistling noise as it passed by her prominent buck teeth.

“Asuka are you sure you should be joining us?” Shinji asked.

“Of course,” Asuka replied, moving her hand too late to stop spit from flying from her mouth. “I-I might not be at my peak, but I’m still a pilot god dammit!”

“You know that Director Ikari has been disappointed with your last few training sessions,” Rei stated. “There is talk among the council of removing you from the frontlines.”

A shade of red encroached upon Asuka’s face, blending in with her collection of freckles. “That’s why I need to go now!” she shouted, stomping back down the hall with unsightly jiggling affecting her belly and butt. She turned back to shoot the two of them a dirty look at the cost of more of her hair flying in her face. “Get a move on!”

Hurried by the aggressive words, Rei and Shinji ran to catch up to Asuka. They all managed to arrive at the training course in a few minutes, saving Asuka from being asked too many questions about her condition. Reaching the training facility, the group was directed by Misato on the training course for the day. The entire briefing coincided with involuntary fidgeting from Asuka as she felt the wandering eyes of her teammates and the workers over her odd looking body. When the call was made for them to get into their EVA-units she was the first to bolt out of the room to get ready.

The once soothing feeling she had when entering her plug had diminished after several failed training sessions. Instead, the feeling of the LCL liquid surrounding her body brought back the memories of her countless mistakes and missteps that increased with each passing day. Taking a deep breath and telling herself this time would be different, she activated her EVA and followed the other pilots.

Asuka, Rei, and Shinji lined up their EVAs at the starting line as the last minute touches were made to the obstacle course. Clenching her fingers around the controls, Asuka chewed on her lip as she waited for her chance to go. Busy trying to keep stray hairs out of her face and readjusting her suit in an attempt to make it comfortable for her lumpy body, she was caught completely off guard by the starting signal.

Jolting forward, Asuka bumped past Rei and Shinji as she maneuvered her EVA through the course. Her attempt to leap over a hurdle was hindered by a momentary distraction as part of her belly ripped open a hole in her suit. Toppling over the barricade, her EVA went crashing through several more hurdles before coming to a stop.

“Asuka, you need to stop! “

“No, I can do this,” Asuka yelled back at Misato, hurrying to get her EVA back on its feet.

Her attempts to weave around a series of poles started off well enough. However, her movements became more erratic as her glasses slid off her nose and fell onto her lap. Practically blind without her glasses, her awkward movements broke through one pole after the other. By the time she managed to perch her glasses back on her nose, the poles were left in a pile of jagged metal on the ground.

“Stop Asuka! I said stop!”

“SHUT UP!” she shouted back, a flurry of spit spouting from her mouth.

With the rest of the course destroyed, her only option left for redemption was the climbing wall ahead of her. Running off in opposition of the numerous voices calling out for her to stop, her EVA leapt forwards to grab onto the wall. Just as she climbed up the first few feet and an awkward smile formed on her face, a curtain of her own hair falling in front of her face made her miss the next foothold. Falling like a lead weight, her EVA hit the ground below and shook the entire facility.

Shaky hands moving away from the controls, Asuka realized just how badly she had messed up. Pushing back her hair, she tried to stifle the tears that began to flow around her eyes. She had tasted failure multiple times since leaving the hospital, but this one was the bitterest. As she contemplated holding up in her EVA in hopes everyone would just leave, Misato’s voice called out over the speaker.

“Asuka, what were you doing out there? It wasn’t even your turn.”

“I-I’m...shorry,” she meekly replied.

“Get up. You’re going to have to clean all this up yourself before-“

There was a slight crackle over the speaker as someone new came onto the intercom. “That won’t be necessary, at least not for now,” Dr. Pegi called over the speaker. “She can join in on the cleaning efforts after I’m finished with her.”

Asuka’s depressive state was overcome with a fury reserved for the doctor she blamed for her condition. “What’s she doing here?”

“I’m here because Director Ikari called me in to give you a special checkup,” Dr. Pegi replied. “Put your EVA unit up and come meet me in the medical bay. Understood?”

Asuka was prepared to fire back with a string of insults, but in the light of everything that had happened, all she could manage was a very quiet, “Yesh mam.”

Shuffling past her teammates as they took over cleaning duties, Asuka tried her best to avoid eye contact with everyone. The next few moments were a blur for her as she got out of her EVA unit and shuffled through the halls of NERV. In her attempt to ignore the whispers of the workers she passed, she ended up at the med bay before she realized it. Closing the door behind her, she was forced to come face to face with Dr. Pegi.

“Take off your suit and get on the table,” Dr. Pegi said without looking up from her clipboard.

“D-do I have to?” a trembling Asuka asked.

“Yes, it’s the only way I can do a full examination of your body. Besides, we’re both girls. It’s not like you have something I don’t”

“Eashy enough for you to shay,” Asuka mumbled to herself as she began to undress.

Practically tearing her plug suit off, Asuka planted her bare bottom on the examination table. The relief felt from letting her belly and breasts be freed from her restraining suit was offset by her gaze drifting towards her more problematic areas. Lowering her head, she was met

with the bristly red hairs around her belly button that descended towards her groin. Just as she reached out in an attempt to cover up the unruly strands, Dr. Pegi grabbed her arm and lifted it up to examine the bushel of hair that was growing from her armpit.

“Interesting,” Dr. Pegi said, poking the coarse strands with her finger. “Have you always had body hair like this?”

“N-no,” Asuka replied, unable to look Dr. Pegi in the face.

“Have you attempted to shave it off?”

Asuka sunk her free hand into the pudge of her waist. “Yesh, but each time it jusht growsh back fashter.”

Dr. Pegi lowered Asuka’s arm and pulled out a small light. “Open your mouth,” she said, facing minor resistance from the red head. “Yes, it’s just as I suspected. Those two front teeth seem to be causing you some problem speaking. By the looks of it, there’s still some growing they have to do. I’m going to schedule an appointment to get you outfitted with braces.”

“Pleashe no,” Asuka pleaded as soon as Dr. Pegi pulled away.

“I’m sorry, but it has to be done,” she replied, wiping her hand clean with a cloth. “If we don’t intervene now, it could do irreparable damage to your teeth in the long run.”

“You don’t undershtand. Theshe glasshes are bad enough,” she said, her spectacles bouncing against her nose. “If I’m sheen with a metal mouth I...I...”

“I know that it must be alarming to you,” Dr. Pegi said, for the first time all session looking right at Asuka’s face, “but it’s necessary to cull this problem while we can. At least until we can figure out a way to reverse your changes.”

Asuka lowered her head, clenching her belly fat with her fingers. “Well...at leasht if it letsh me pilot again.”

“About that,” Dr. Pegi began, tapping a pencil against her clipboard, “I’m going to recommend that Director Ikari takes you off the team.”

“What?!” Asuka shouted, sinking her fingers deeper into her fat.

“You saw today the kind of problems your compromised state can cause. It’s for the safety of yourself and others that we keep you out of the pilot seat until we can fix this.”

“But I need to pilot,” Asuka said, tears welling up around her eyes. “It’s what I’m good at.”

“It’ll just be temporary and we’ll still keep you on call,” Dr. Pegi was quick to bring up. “I promise things will get better.”

Asuka let out a sniffle as she wiped the combination of tears and grease off her cheek.

“C-can you get me some clothes? I’m going to need them to go home.”

“Certainly,” Dr. Pegi replied, leaving the room and giving Asuka the privacy she needed to let her tears come pouring out unhindered.

Dr. Pegi walked through the quiet halls of NERV with purpose. Her stoic expression was the one constant in the facility in direct opposition to the myriad of changes that had gone on over the last month. Down to only two EVA pilots, the peace that everyone used to revel in was met with a growing worry about their future. No one knew when the next attack would come, but they doubted that they would be able to survive. That didn’t stop Dr. Pegi from continuing her research on her most important patient.

She stopped as she heard someone moving around in what was supposed to be an unoccupied office. Recognizing the labored breathing coming from inside, she knocked on the door. “Asuka, are you in there?”

The breathing became muffled, as if someone clamped their hand against their mouth.

Undeterred by the girl's attempt to remain silent, Dr. Pegi opened the door and stepped inside. A layer of dust covered the desks and computers, showing the hopeless attitude that had spread through NERV had effected cleaning crews. A trail of orange crumbs along the floor that led to one of the desks in the corner. There she found Asuka trying her best to stay still in the hopes that she would be looked over.

The months of inactivity and her worsening condition had made Asuka look like an entirely different person. More of the orange crumbs clung to her greasy fingers, the source coming from a bag of cheese snacks nestled beneath her sickly white arm. Crumbs were scattered across her attire, a large black t-shirt that did the bare minimum of covering her up. The shirt was a temporary replacement for her bra, still lacking a proper way to keep her meaty mammaries from bothering her with every step. The clothing didn't stop her pudgy belly from poking out, showing the patch of red hair that extended from her belly button and trailed down to her groin.

As Dr. Pegi took a step forward, Asuka recoiled in her seat in attempt to fold up her chunky legs. Unfortunately for her, the pair of shorts that tightly hugged her doughy rear began to tear to dissuade her from any further sudden movements. Left without a means of escape, Asuka put down her snack bag to begin running her cheese covered fingers through her hair. The cheesy residue further frayed and dirtied the unruly strands, a combination of lack of self-care and nerves creating a mop of hair that covered up most of her face.

"Asuka, what are you doing here?" Dr. Pegi asked, taking a step forward. Hearing nothing in response, she reached out to lift up the veil of hair in front of Asuka's face. She was met with the sight of the set of wide-rimmed, round glasses perched upon her nose. Looking past

the thick lenses to see Asuka avert her eyes, Dr. Pegi's gaze wandered across her freckle covered, red cheeks. Upon seeing Asuka dig her braced covered buck teeth into her bottom lip, Dr. Pegi took a step back.

"I'm sorry for being so direct," Dr. Pegi said, a rare moment of empathy for the no nonsense doctor. "You're not in any kind of trouble. However, I would like to get you back in my office for your daily routine."

"W-whatsh the point?" Asuka bemoaned, continuing to fidget with her hair. "I-I'm already a worthlesh mesh. I don't shee why they don't jusht get rid of me already."

"You may not be able to pilot your EVA unit, but we have to keep you here. NERV has ordered all important personal to remain on site in-case of an attack. Even if you can't fight, you are still deemed an important asset."

"S-sho that'sh it?" Asuka asked, regaining some of her former fury as tears welled up around her eyes. "I'm justh an assht to theshe people?"

"For lack of a better term, yes." Seeing Asuka rock back and forth in her seat, Dr. Pegi attempted to console her with a gentle pat to her shoulder. "NERV can be heartless sometimes, but that's because everyone is doing their best to protect mankind."

"A-and here I am, a u-ushlessh piecshe of trash," Asuka said, twisting her hair between her fingers.

"Nothing is going to get better unless you try at least," Dr. Pegi said, starting to walk towards the door. "Please follow me to the examination room."

Asuka sat in silence for a few seconds, before reluctantly getting out of her seat. "O-okay...but, can you give me a few minutesh? I w-want to grab shomething."

Dr. Pegi nodded her head. "Very well, I'll meet you in the med bay."

Arriving back at her office, Dr. Pegi didn't have to wait long before Asuka shuffled into the room. She held a backpack close to her chest, clinging to it like her life depended on it.

"What's in the bag?" Dr. Pegi asked.

"N-nothing," Asuka replied, dropping it off in the corner. "W-what do you want me to do first?"

"Same as always, please remove your clothes and get on the table."

While Dr. Pegi was thankful to see her patient listen to her without any of her former ferocity, she couldn't help feeling sorry as Asuka tugged off one article of clothing after another. Completely nude except for her glasses, Asuka sat down on the table. Her pale skin on full display allowed Dr. Pegi to see the scattered freckles that extended down her arms and legs. Approaching the timid girl, she examined every inch of her body, taking note of the greasy sheen clinging to her skin and the various patches of body hair.

Giving a gentle tug to the numerous hairs adorning Asuka's armpit was enough to confirm Dr. Pegi's suspicions about her hair growth. Sliding her fingers up Asuka arm let her get a feel for the extra weight added due to a combination of Asuka's lowered metabolism and depression fueled snacking. Reaching Asuka's head, she opened up her mouth with little fuss to get a better examination at her teeth. The braces were doing the job of negating some of the ill side effects of her front teeth's growth, but it was unlikely they would ever go back to normal.

"Physically you seem to be the same as usual," Dr. Pegi noted, writing down her findings on her clipboard. "Although, your body hair is still coming in coarse and your pores are producing an abnormal amount of oil."

"O-of course they are," Asuka sulked. "C-can I put my clothes back on?"

"You may, we're just about done for now. Although I may call you back in later."

While Asuka began to redress herself, Dr. Pegi couldn't help her curious eyes from wandering over to the backpack. As Asuka lifted her shirt over her head, Dr. Pegi seized the opportunity and walked over to the discarded bag. Opening it up, she discovered a collection of thick textbooks and manuals. Pulling out one after another, she realized they all contained knowledge regarding either the Central Dogma's control center, battle strategies, or maps and plans for the city.

"P-pleashe," Dr. Pegi heard Asuka chirp, "put them back."

"Why do you have these?" Dr. Pegi asked, holding out one of the books.

Staring down at her feet, Asuka ran her fingers through her hair.

"You're not in trouble or anything. This is common knowledge for anyone working on the administrative level at NERV. Although, most people get confused just attempting to read it, let alone understand it."

"W-well I...got bored one day and...needed shomething to read," Asuka admitted. "I'd already gone through my own booksh and theshe were the only thingsh I could find."

Putting the books down, Dr. Pegi took out her clipboard and started writing. "And you had no trouble comprehending them?"

"A-at firsht, but...it kind of jusht clicked after a while." Tilting up her head, a small smile formed on her face. "I-I kept going over it sheveral timesh. It'sh really intereshting shtuff. The varioush shystems and programsh, not to mention the different facshilities that make up the cshity shscape. I managed to find sheveral placshes were they could improve and-"

"Hold on a moment Asuka," Dr. Pegi said, holding up her hand to stop Asuka from speaking.

Asuka immediately lowered her head to stare at the puddle of spit she had left on the floor. “I-I’m shorry I just really get really exshited talking about it. T-the bracshes make my shpeech impediment even worshe.”

“Nothing to worry about,” the doctor replied. “However, I would like to recommend a meeting with the control center workers tomorrow.”

“But I’ve already met them before,” Asuka pointed out, adjusting her glasses.

“True, but always as people on the side. I want you to work with them to see how they do things around there.”

“Why?”

Dr. Pegi showed of a confident grin. “Because I think they’re just the people you need right now.”

Six long months of peace were broken in an instant as the alarmed sounded throughout the NERV complex. Between preparing the long dormant EVAs for combat and going over procedures they had rehearsed time and time again, the workers glanced at the monitors showing the angel stomping through the city. Its egg-shaped body was covered in a glimmering shade of metallic ocean blue. Waddling its way through the streets, it used its fin-like arms to smash anything that got in its way. Perhaps sensing one of the numerous cameras spread throughout the area to observe it, the angel turned its three red eyes towards the nearest camera and let loose a beam of blinding white energy to temporarily stop the feed.

“Get me another camera online!” Misato shouted, taking her spot at the head of the command center.

“On it,” Makoto replied, the bespectacled technician bringing up an alternate view of the angel onscreen.

“The angel is on a direct path to the NERV center,” Shigeru called out, sweat beading down his long hair as he watched the creature creep closer and closer to their location.

“I have word from Commander Ikari,” Maya piped up, typing away at her station. “Shinji and Rei are in position now. They should be ready to deploy in a matter of minutes.”

“Good, this is going to be a tough one,” Misato replied.

“How are we supposed to win with only two pilots?” Shigeru asked. “We could barely handle beating these things with three.”

“Because you’re not!”

Misato and the others turned their heads towards the source of the garbled words. They saw Asuka standing in a doorway, beaming with her metal wrapped teeth. She was outfitted in a similar uniform as the other technicians. The main difference between their clothes and hers was that it was apparent that she had been forced to shove herself into an undersized outfit due to time constraints.

The beige jacket wrapped around her torso had to be left unzipped to allow her to breathe at the cost of leaving her heavy breasts to jostle about. Her skin-tight black undershirt showed every fold and roll of her chubby belly, stopping short just a few inches to cover up the thick red hair lining the underside of her gut. A belt was completely out of the question for her wide hips, leaving her doughy rear to hold up her pants.

Stomping into the room with her mismatched outfit on display, she showed no signs of the meekness that had plagued her since her transformation. Even stopping to adjust her pants and showing off the skin of her pale and freckled arm couldn’t shake her out of her good mood.

Asuka ran her fingers through her unkempt hair, a pair of red nerve clips the only sign that she was attempting to control the wild, greasy locks. Taking her position in front of Misato, she adjusted her glasses and stood up straight to allow the group to see the eager expression on her red and freckled face.

“Ashuka Shoryu Langley reporting,” she said, a few strands of hair falling in front of her eyes as she saluted.

“Wait, she’s going to be working with us?” Makoto asked.

“Indeed,” Dr. Pegi answered, entering the room. Making a quick salute she stood alongside Asuka. “I’ve been watching her progress for a long time now. She might have lost most of her skills for battling on the field, but I assure you that she more than makes up for it with her intellect. I kept her training in the dark to allow her new gift to grow in private, but I’d say it’s now or never that she shows off what she can do.”

“Are you sure you can handle this?” Maya asked. “It takes years of training to even attempt to understand these systems.”

Asuka smirked, a sight that most of them were certain they’d never see again. “Just watch me.” Confidentially strolling over to an open computer console, she plopped her butt down in the seat and cracked her fingers. “Let’s show this angel not to mess with ush,” she proclaimed, paying no heed to the scattershot of spit she left on the screen.

“Just trust me,” Dr. Pegi whispered into Misato’s ear before standing aside to give the team some room.

“The EVA-units have encountered the angel!” Makoto shouted, breaking Misato out of her bewildered state.

“Shinji, engage the target from the right,” Misato commanded from the speaker. “Rei, you take the other side. We’ll try to get through its AT field with a pincer attack and-“

“Hold on,” Asuka said, raising her hand. “Where did you shay the angel wash?”

“It’s in sector 8,” Maya answered.

“Perfect,” Asuka replied, pushing her glasses up. With a few keystrokes she brought up the communication system. “Shinji, I want you to lead the angel towardsh the easht shide. Rei, get ready to unload your weapon into the ground when I shay sho.”

“Asuka is that you?” Shinji asked. “What are you doing the in the command center?”

“Jusht shut up and do as I shay, shtupid!”

“G-gotcha,” he replied, releasing a burst of cover fire to get the angel’s attention.

With baited breath everyone watched the scene unfold. As he was commanded, Shinji kept taking pot shots to lure the angel away. Constantly glancing up at the countdown clock for the EVA-units, everyone tried to remain calm as the angel was drawn further towards the east. Sinking her fingers into her armrest, Asuka chewed her bottom lip with her buckteeth. At the one minute remaining mark, she saw her chance.

“Rei now! Shoot jusht shouth of the angel.”

Firing the entirety of her clip into the street, Rei had to cover her eyes as a gigantic explosion rose from the ground. As the street crumbled beneath it, the angel lost its footing as it fell into the fiery inferno. Flopped onto its back, the angel could only flail around its arms and shoot off stray laser beams as it attempted to right itself.

Seizing the opportunity, Rei and Shinji leapt into the hole with knives drawn. Mirroring each other’s movements, they shoved their blades through the angel’s protective field to deliver a

decisive blow in the center of its eyes. The light that erupted from the angel brought with it a feeling of relief from all those watching. They had won.

“Asuka...how did you...what was,” Misato stumbled, unsure of exactly what happened.

“It’sh shimple,” Asuka replied, adjusting her glasses as she turned towards Misato. “The chity plansh showed off a natural gash shurplush. Admittedly it’sh a washte of vital reshourches, but I think the resultsh shpeak for themshelves.”

“You did very well,” Dr. Pegi said, having to speak up as the others erupted in applause. “Before you get too carried away, I was planning on doing another checkup before we were attacked. If you’d be so kind Asuka?”

“Shure,” she replied, basking in the glory of her well-earned victory. “Jusht give me a chance to change. Thish uniform ish kind of irritating.”

“Very well, I’ll meet you in the usual room,” Dr. Pegi replied. “You did very well,” she added, giving Asuka a pat on her shoulder to send her off in high spirits.

Taking her leave from the command center, Asuka had a spring in her step as she made her way towards changing room. Her journey there was filled with numerous NERV workers stopping her to give her proper congratulations. More than willing to accept her newfound praise, she took longer than expected to reach the privacy of the changing room. Stepping inside she began to undress, breathing a sigh of relief both from proving herself in the command center and getting out of the constrained clothing.

As she pulled off the last of her uniform and got ready to put on something more comfortable, Asuka froze as she heard the door open behind her. Rei and Shinji entered the room, able to see in full detail Asuka’s pudgy body. Glancing over the red hairs adorning her armpits, belly, and groin, they met her with warm smiles. Shaking off what lingered of her

shyness, Asuka allowed them the privilege of speaking to NERV's newest and greatest member of their command team.