

Star Rail Remaid: Stelle's New Lingerie (Clothing TF, Star Rail)

Cipher rushed through the carriage, pausing only to look back and check she was still following. "Come on!"

Castorice scurried after her, looking back over her *own* shoulder to check they *weren't* being followed. "I am! I am!"

It had been her idea to visit Stelle on the Astral Express. But it had been *Cipher's* to sneak on board and surprise her. Castorice had thought it was a fun idea at the time, but now, faced with the prospect of being caught, it seemed considerably less so.

"Wh-what if someone catches us?" she asked, as they crossed into the next car.

"We'll just come clean," said Cipher, with a shrug. "It's not like we've thieves."

"Y-yes you are!"

Cipher scowled. "Okay, fine, but I haven't stolen anything *here*."

"Y-yes you have! Y-you're doing it right now!"

Cipher paused mid *purr*-loining of a trinket, frowned, and finally snatched it up anyway.

"Look, we're going to be fine. It's the Astral Express, not Saudi Arabia. What's the worst that can happen to us?"

A door opened; out stepped a robot maid. Cipher and Castorice froze on the spot.

The robotic maid strolled past them, her joints whirring as she turned, but at the last second she spun back, one eyebrow raised. "That's strange," she said, "I don't recall this car having a pair of statues on it."

Castorice stammered, sweating like a popsicle in a furnace. "We-we-we're just—"

"We're guests," said Cipher. "Stelle invited us." When you put it like that, it almost sounded true.

The maid covered her mouth. "Oh! Forgive me, mademoiselles – I had no idea!" She curtsied.

Castorice allowed herself to breathe again.

"Of course..." The maid raised a suspicious eyebrow. "Forgive me again, mademoiselles, but it would be remiss of me to allow you to roam the train unaccompanied without proof. Perhaps you'd care to accompany me to Mistress Stelle, so that she might provide her blessing?"

Castorice and Cipher exchanged a look. There went any chance of them *surprising* the Trailblazer. Still, what did it really matter?

Cipher shrugged; Castorice nodded. "Of course," she said. "Lead the way."

The maid robot smiled a strangely mischievous smile. "As you wish, madam."

She led them through the train like she had a deadline, making them scurry to keep up. By the time they finally reached their destination, Castorice was practically panting.

Cipher seemed unaffected. "So, this is Stelle's room, is it?"

"Oui, madam."

"Kinda sparse, isn't it? Hey, where is Stelle, anyway? I thought you said you were bringing us here to speak to her?"

The door slammed with a thunk. Castorice and Cipher both whirled to face it.

The maid machine released the controls with a smile. "Ah, forgive me thrice, mademoiselles, but I have tangled you in a web of deception..."

Cipher snorted. "Oh, yeah? What for?"

With a *schink* like a sword being drawn, something long and black and plastic snapped from under the maidbot's skirt and coiled over her shoulder like a scorpion's tail. Castorice jumped back, her eyes wide. It looked like the head of a vacuum, but she'd never seen one quite so menacing.

"Madam Stelle is, as it were, currently the subject of my sole affections," said the maidbot. "It simply wouldn't do for her to have another's company. Not when she has the privilege of mine."

Castorice backed away, sweating. Cipher, on the other hand, stepped forward, grinning wider than ever. "Oh yeah? So, what are you gonna do then, you busty bucket of bolts? Suck us up with your vacuum?"

The robot stared at her. "...Oui, madam."

And with a snap, her tail struck.

Like a bolt of black lightning, it shot across the room, slammed to a stop over Cipher's head and, opening wide, *sucked*.

Cipher had only an instant to react, her eyes widening in shock, before she shot upward into the pipe. "Hey! What the hell are you—?! Mmmphf!" Trapped in its tight, black embrace, she squirmed as she slid down its length.

Castorice dropped to the floor and sat there, eyes wide, as the bulge passed into the robo-maid's back, and with a tremendous *boing*, her stomach swelled to pregnant gravidity. It shook, bouncing and pulsing, as Cipher fought to escape. "Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!"

"Wh-what are you doing to her?!" cried Castorice.

The robot rubbed her stomach affectionately. "Hmm? Oh, simply recycling her, madam. As it happens, Mistress Stelle is in need of some new lingerie."

"N-new lingerie?!"

Even these awful words wormed their way through Castorice's mind, the maid's belly ceased shaking and shrank till it was flat as it had been to start with. Castorice clasped her mouth with a cry of horror. "N-no!"

The suction sounded again, inverted, and a little bulge swam back up the length of the robot's tail and exited it with a pop: a pair of black and gold panties with white and blue highlights struck the floor and lay there silent.

"There," said the robot, picking them up and folding them. "Now for Mistress Stelle's new *bra*." She turned to Castorice.

With a squeal, Castorice leapt to her feet and scrambled backward, slamming her butt into the wall in her desperation to escape. The maidbot, meanwhile, simply marched towards her, tail coiling like she had all the time in the world.

N-no. No. This can't be happening! In a bout of a panic, Castorice threw herself at her, squeezing the robot's wrist as tightly as she dared. She didn't like to use her curse, but if she had to, she'd—

The robot simply stared at her. "What are you doing?"

Castorice stared back, thinking the same question. Why had she expected her power to work on a *machine*?!

As she threw herself back, the robot's tail struck. It coiled around her, cutting off her escape, and opened wide, a black hole. She slammed to a stop with a scream and turned to retreat again, but she'd barely even taken a single step before—

With a click, the vacuum snapped into life. Castorice screamed as she shot into the pipe.

It was like riding a slide, a tight black slide. Shooting through it, she dropped into a sack, a big black sack, where she bounced to a stop, squealing as she fought to regain her bearings. "Let me out! Let me—!"

The world lit up, turned bright and pink and blinding. As she squealed in shock and tried to cover her eyes, her fingers ran from her hands like drops of melting ice cream. She squealed louder than ever. "Stop! Stop! Make it stop!"

Like wax under a blowtorch, she melted, reduced to a puddle of colorful goo. Whimpering, she struggled to reform herself, but she could barely tell which part of her body was where, let alone what to do with it. *Heeeelp meeeee!*

Something slammed into her back and started to twirl, snatching away the last of her solidity. Finally, the sack in which she splashed tightened, taking on a new shape as it did: Castorice squealed as she flowed into the mold of it, her breasts pouring into two large bowls, while her limbs spilled into two long canals that curled them back and around on each other. She felt like a contortionist.

The sack continued to tighten, squeezing her till she wanted to scream, and in its grip her body regained its solidity. Just when she thought she'd snap under the pressure, the sack released her, and the suction returned. She shot backward, backward and out, up through the long black tunnel and out into—

With a pop, she struck the floor of Stelle's room. *A-ah! Someone help me!*

The maidbot picked her up. "There. One new pair of not-quite matching lingerie." And she turned to face the mirror, giving Castorice an excellent view of her new body: it looked like a fancy, lavender bra. *I-is that...? N-no. No, it can't be! I can't be—*

Whirling, the maid bot placed them on the bed. And with that, she turned and sped out of the room.

H-help me! cried Castorice. *Please, someone help me!*

Castorice! called a familiar voice.

C-Cipher! The former thief lay right beside her. *W-what happened to us?!*

Weren't you paying attention?! She turned us into lingerie!

D-do something!

Like what?! I can't lie my way out of this! I don't even have a mouth!

Castorice trembled. *I-I...*

Before she could finish that thought, the door swung open again. And into the room stepped the maidbot and—

W-was she always so curvy? asked Cipher.

Stelle looked like'd eaten every meal in the dining car, and every single gram of it had gone straight to her curves. They wobbled like sacks of gelatin as she stepped into the bedroom.

“Is Mistress enjoying the benefits of my cooking?” asked the maidbot, glaring brazenly at Stelle’s chest.

“I—” Stelle covered herself and flushed. “When you said it would give me a little boost, I thought you meant a *little* boost. Like, a cup size at most. Not that it would make me a fucking fertility idol.”

“Madam, please, language.” Sailing across the room, the maidbot snatched them off the bed. “Fortunately for you, I’ve procured a new set of lingerie which I’m sure will take the weight of your shoulders.”

Castorice gasped as she realized what the robot meant. *I-I can’t carry those monsters! They’re like boulders!*

“Whatever,” said Stelle. “Just give them here.” She snatched them out of the maid’s hands. “And go outside. I don’t want you ogling me while I change again.”

The maidbot huffed, but she obliged.

As the door slammed shut, Stelle raised them to the mirror. “Why does everything she gives me always come in such strange colors...?”

Stelle! Stelle, it’s me! It’s Castorice! You’ve got to help us!

With a sigh, Stelle placed them on the bed and began to strip off. Castorice blushed as the Trailblazer’s new curves popped out of her lingerie – she looked even *bigger* naked.

She went for Cipher first.

H-hey! Hey! cried the thief-turned-panties. *Put me down, you callipygean cow! H-hey! Don’t you dare–NNNNNNNAH!* Her protests became a scream of terror as Stelle stretched her wide and forced a leg inside her. By the time Cipher reached her thighs, her cries had become practically orgasmic.

Finally, she released her with a snap, and turned to Castorice.

W-wait! Stelle! Stelle! Castorice squealed, struggling to pull away, as the Trailblazer bent down and picked her up. *Don’t do it! Don’t do it! Please, don’t put me–Nnnn~!*

Stelle’s boobs crashed into her cups like a pair of falling mountains, striking her with an instant and overwhelming pang of pleasure. *Nnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oh! Oh! St-Stelle! Stelle, stop it! Stoooooop!*

Instead, Stelle grabbed her straps and yanked them, struggling to pull them far enough to clasp them. Castorice screamed even louder: it felt like someone tweaking her nipples. *Stooooop! Stooooop! Nnnnnnnnah!*

Finally, with much tugging from Stelle and much squealing from Castorice, the Trailblazer managed to clasp her. She let go and, in the process, put all the weight of her gigantic boobs on Castorice: *Nnnah! Ah! T-too much! Too much! P-please, Stelle, take me off! Take me off! I can't take it! I can't take it anymore...!*

F-fuck! Fuck! said Cipher. *When I said I wanted her booty, I didn't mean like this! Nnnnnnah!*

Help! cried Castorice. *Heeeeeelp!*

Stelle turned to the mirror and inspected herself with a frown. "Dammit, she was right. Maybe I'll keep them on for a while..."

No!