

Felicia wasn't perhaps the most skilled maid in the kingdom, but that didn't stop her from following her aspirations to the best of her abilities. No matter how many meals she burned, or how many clothes she burned, or how much furniture she set on fire (a lot of her mishaps seemed to involve fire lately...), she was determined to be the best maid she could be.

Even if people kept saying she was better employed on the battlefield.

To improve her skills, she decided it was best to learn from her friend and fellow maid Lilith. That girl was amazing, it was like she never wavered or messed up any task that was handed to her. She accomplished her duties as a maid to the letter and with impressive efficiency. Oh and Lilith was so helpful, she had no problem in guiding Felicia to improve in the areas her maid skill were lacking (which was every single one of them...). To which Felicia was endless thankful for

So when the time came to actually help Lilith for a turn, Felicia jumped at the chance. Yes, she wouldn't be just helping her as a friend, but also a maid. Poor Lilith's outfit was just burst at the seams, so she'd take her measurements for the seamstress to design something more fitting and comfortable.

How was Lilith's outfit falling apart? Well it was due a fact that somehow had eluded Felicia despite how obvious it was.

Lilith was, in colloquial terms, *shredded*.

It was a strange occurrence, how Felicia had never noticed. It was like Lilith's outfit made her look slim and dainty like her, but she could not attribute such *outstanding* physique going unnoticed to her clothes concealing it. Felicia was certain something was wrong with her eyes, and maybe her brain, if she had missed how powerfully built Lilith was.

Seriously. How could she have developed such a body with mere maid work? She wasn't human!

Felicia pushed those thoughts away and focused on her task, taking Lilith's measurements for her new garments. Simplicity in itself, if not for the fact that it was proving to be very... distracting. As Lilith stood in naught but her underwear, displaying every highly striated and prominent mound of musculature, regaling her with the sight of a finely honed body that would be better put to use on the battlefield than doing laundry.

Felicia gulped when first saw the rows of shredded abdominals, the firmness of those pectorals supporting small perky breasts, the roundness of her mighty shoulders, the great size of voluminous biceps, and the sheer girth of those glorious legs.

*Gods, I hope this doesn't awaken something in me.* Felicia desperately prayed even as she forced herself to continue her task. Not that she didn't want to do it, it was more like she had to *reign herself back* from doing something 'inappropriate'.

Like groping those delicious looking glutes...

*No! Bad!*

Felicia's face was flushing with heat every time she had to put her fingers on Lilith's figure. Her skin felt hot when making contact with the hardness of her flesh, and brought tremors through her spine she engraved every last detail of Lilith's perfect body to her memory.

"How many more measurements do you need?" Other people would have questioned how long this had been going on with suspicion. Lilith however just asked with honest curiosity and a gentle smile.

"F-Far from done yet!" Felicia lied through her teeth. She had everything she needed, she just didn't want to stop...

"Well so long as you get everything the seamstress needs!" Lilith said. "It was so annoying, ripping my clothes like that. I wasn't even making that much effort!"

"Guess the wear and tear accumulated over time..."

"I guess. Cause my sleeves just tore apart when I was sweeping the floor, and I wasn't even putting the effort!" She proved her point by flexing her arm and *good gods it was huge*. "This is me putting the effort!"

Felicia felt she was going to faint. The way the flexors rippled and the definition deepened, making those muscle groups push to the surface and split even more...

Those arms were mighty weapons, they made her shoulder bunch up and flex, and her back muscles grew taut in turn, straining her bra.

Felicia *desperately* wanted to touch them, run her fingers all over them, fondle the bicep, *run her tongue-*

She quickly seized those runaway thoughts and stomped on them *hard*.

“Oh, I know!” Lilith brightened up even more. “Take my measurements while I flex! That way they’ll make my new outfit nice and loose! No risk of ripping again!”

Felicia was pretty sure she had accidentally swallowed her own tongue. She had no way to properly reply to that, her mind swirled... and before she knew it she was wrapping the measuring tape around her bicep. Felicia was barely paying attention to the actual measurements; she was more focused on how *amazing* that muscle felt under her grasp. At this point she wasn’t holding herself back, she was openly caressing the muscle under a flimsy excuse she was certain Lilith didn’t believe... but neither did she care, by the looks of it.

Underneath those kind eyes lay something far more... *dangerous*. Exotic. Primal. Something that told Felicia to continue.

She didn’t have to say anything, Lilith merely put her hands on her hips and *flared* her enormous back, spreading it like wings and unfolding a mountain range. Felicia was panting hot breath all over, and Lilith let out an interesting purring like sound that felt more like growling at times.

She put her hands over those tremendously imposing dorsal muscles, she took the measurements and then discarded the tape to caress the muscles, enjoy their sheer harness and magnificent girth. Even with Felicia’s own strength, she found it difficult to make a dent in such spectacularly hard flesh.

Lilith was magnificent, powerful, something beyond human. And Felicia felt her control was about to *snap*.

When the bluenette spoke again, her voice was low and husky. “Got everything you need now?”

“...No” Felicia replied, her voice equally heavy. “Far from done yet”