

HONKAI STAR RAIL: TROPE CITY

CH2: OBJECT OF OBSESSION

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Blade had been nowhere near the ship used by the Stellaron Hunters when Silver Wolf had accidentally triggered a very nefarious trap.

He was still away on personal business, hiding away on the Xianzhuo Luofu with Kafka essentially acting as his babysitter. That personal business *had* more or less been wrapped up by this point with Jingliu hauled off to confinement after a necessary reunion. But before they returned, Kafka had seemingly run back to the ship to respond to personal summons - leaving Blade to his own devices in the meantime.

Not that this amounted to much. He wasn't the kind of man that gravitated towards busy locales. The *opposite*, really. Rather he had decided to remain in the small building that the two had been using as their base of operations. **"I do not understand why she didn't just bring me with her."** It had made very little sense to leave him behind, but Kafka being Kafka must have had some ulterior motive. Maybe Elio had requested that he stay behind?

Blade didn't really *care* all that much though. So long as he didn't suffer an *episode* she didn't need to be with him, and having had one the day before it was unlikely that this would happen. He didn't care about waiting either, because for a long-lived race a day might as well have been a tiny drop of water in a huge ocean. So he just sat in silence while expecting the day to pass without any incident.

But an incident *did* occur. His phone began to chime loudly from the table it rested on nearby and he reached out to grab it. But it was only ringing because of the virus Silver Wolf had activated spreading to his phone. By the time his fingers *touched* the device? There was a flash of light and, aside from the phone, the room was left completely empty. Not a person to be seen whatsoever.



“**Hm?**” Not one to overreact by any means, Blade’s brow twinged once he found himself standing in an unfamiliar environment. It wasn’t so unfamiliar that he felt out of *place*, but it wasn’t the room of the base he had been in seconds ago. From his perspective the world around him had just suddenly *shifted*, leaving him at a loss as to how to proceed. “**What power caused *this*?**” If anything he was concerned about what manner of entity might have had the power to move him elsewhere instantaneously.

Standing in the room’s center, there was a desk with a computer on it nearby. There was a door, a comfortable looking couch, a bookshelf... It didn’t just *resemble* an office but was clearly, undeniably one. But for *who*? The name on the desk’s nameplate wasn’t exactly legible. The title beneath it, however, *was*. “**Commander?**” So was this some sort of military office? Was it related to the IPC? He was likely in real trouble if so.

But why did saying ‘*Commander*’ stir something within him?

It was a strong feeling that he only associated with a select few. Blade could recognize what it was, of course, but he wasn’t sure how it applied here. *Yearning*. But usually it was a yearning to *fight*. That wasn’t what the yearning he felt in that moment was. It was far too *sweet*. Sickeningly so. The man gave his head a shake, clearly oblivious to something that surely *should* have been obvious since his bangs obscured some of his vision.

But as the hairs dangling in front of his eyes began to lighten in color to a silver that was not all that different from the hair color of a certain

hacker in the Stellaron Hunters (and the unintended culprit of this entire debacle). From red-stained tips to the dark blue scalp, it was all silver before long. Silver and *growing* – spilling in a straight style past his shoulders as bangs fluffed up and filled in to cover his whole forehead. “*Hm.*”

It seemed that Blade *had* noticed something, and yet what he had noticed was surprisingly *not* his hair. There was a white, button-up shirt on the sole couch in the office. He’d noticed it because it *hadn’t* been there when he had last observed it. Because it wasn’t a change to him personally, he wasn’t ignorant to it. Marking it as suspicious he began to walk towards the couch. But the closer he came to it? The faster his heartbeat, oddly, thumped. Was he anxious? No, he was *excited*?

The trip to the couch was taking longer than it should have, too. It was as if every step he took was shorter than the rest. And his pants and sleeves were bunching up around his elbows and knees? And his jacket was hanging looser and looser upon his frame? Even Blades bandages were unraveling, revealing no wounds nor signs of decay underneath them whatsoever. While the man himself seemingly *couldn’t* address it, there was no denying the sight of a body that was well over six feet tall diminishing to a meager 5’2”.

Feet slid out of oversized shoes and socks, leaving them behind without a second thought. The same energy was given to a fallen glove and unraveled bandages from within his sleeves. Not only did the man appear to be *shorter*, but an obvious femininity encroached over his flesh in every capacity. The most obvious was changes to his face. Rounder cheeks, bigger eyes, longer lashes, and fuller lips that were oddly turned up into an almost unsettling *smile*. “*Commander...*”

There was a girlish chirp to his voice as he uttered that title again. It made him feel warm. The sight of the shirt made him feel *warmer*. Blade was essentially acting on impulse alone. He hadn’t noted his changed size, but he had begun to *strip* all on his own. His jacket was the first thing to be shed, revealing narrowed shoulders and a narrow waistline... *as well as flesh pushing up against a black undershirt*.

It may have seemed like there was just an unusual bulge beneath the cloth initially, but what pushed forth slowly lifted the base of his shirt as more and more mass accumulated. The shapes of swollen nipples could be seen poking up and leading the charge, a woman’s tits fully forming upon a muscular chest that was hardly as muscular any longer. Blade, eventually, pulled off this undershirt as well – exposing bare DDs to the interior of the office.

“I wonder if it smells like Commander?” Finally reaching the couch, the Stellaron Hunter had bent down to pick up the shirt with slender, petite, manicured fingers. With his ass raised into the air it was simple enough to note that the bloat had brought him more than a pair of perky breasts. His ass cheeks were so abundant that this rump pushed his pants over the edge along with his undergarments, everything falling to pool around his ankles and revealing equally plush thighs and a dick that was... *smaller* than it should have been beneath hairs shaved into a heart shape.

But was that at all surprising? Everything that had happened to him so far was indicative of the idea that his sex was changing. And while at this juncture his cock and balls *had* retained their form, upon raising the shirt up to *her* nose to deeply inhale the scent embedded in the fabric more or less sealed the deal. They folded into her new pussy which, aroused by the scent of the man on the shirt, even moistened the crevice.

Which was odd because, technically? Internally the woman was no longer a biological lifeform. She was something closer to an *android*.

She exhaled after taking that sharp inhale, widened hips curling as knees buckled thanks to the peaking intensity that Blade felt. **“It really does! It smells so, so good!”** What passed as her ‘heart’ was beating rapidly. She was *very* excited by this development. And she was even more excited as she put it on, pulling it over her head where, strangely, a yellow bow and metal headpiece had appeared in her hair once it was pulled over top.

“The Commander’s office! And his... SNIFF... shirt!” If Blade had been considered unstable *before*, then the NIKKE he had become may have been equally unstable in a completely different way. *Modernia* seemed to be ecstatic about the fact that she was dressed only in an oversized t-shirt; the same one that belonged to her beloved commander. There was no reason for her to lift the collar and take such a big sniff (revealing that she wasn’t wearing any panties in the meantime) but she *had*. It almost gave her something akin to a high.

NIKKEs were essentially battle androids, but *Modernia* wasn’t acting much like one. They still had their own unique personalities that were surprisingly human. It just so happened that her own personality involved a deep, *deep* affection for the Commander that led her. So much so that



she had snuck into his office and put on his clothes. Well, he'd already caught her and asked her to stay put for a moment.

She felt so warm and safe in his shirt! **"I wonder if he'll let me try on even more of his clothes when he gets back from his meeting!"** But of course she wouldn't stop there. She was *already* barely dressed after all. **"And then maybe after... Maybe he'll let me fool around!"**