

HONKAI STAR RAIL: TROPE CITY

CH6: DIVINE PEP

BY CHALDEACHANGE



While Welt thought that the rest of the Astral Express crew had gone back down to Jarilo-VI, that hadn't actually been the case.

Dan Heng had remained behind and was presently locked up in his room. Was it really all that surprising? After all he had endured during the events while aboard the Xianzhou Luofu he didn't *really* want to go out on any adventures. At least for the foreseeable future. He was aware of the invitation the crew had received regarding Penacony as well. Yet he fully planned on staying aboard the Astral Express during that time.

It was fine. *He* was fine. In fact, much like Welt out in the passenger car he had been using this resting period to get caught up on some reading. Well, in between the *bombardment* of text messages he had been receiving from March 7th while she, Stelle, and apparently even Himeko were down on the planet. **"It's been about twenty minutes... Maybe she fell asleep?"** Fortunately it seemed as if that onslaught of messages had come to an end for some reason.

March *had* been talking about how sleepy she was. But he couldn't have possibly fathomed a truth where she had been suddenly whisked away to another world and transformed into one of its denizens. But just because he couldn't fathom it, that didn't mean he was... *immune*. After all, he shared a phone connection with Stelle just like March had. And that phone had caught his attention as it began to emit a light upon his desk. **"Huh—?"**



Dan Heng had remained seated, but he was now sitting within a pure white room. White walls, a white floor, a white ceiling, a white bed; all of the furniture was white, including the desk and chair he was presently sitting at. **“Where... am I?”** He was confused, but the man’s voice also conveyed a sense of caution as he stood up. His phone had begun to glow and then his surroundings had changed? Was this a trap of some sort? And yet while his body and clothes had

made the jump to *wherever* this was, his phone was nowhere to be seen.

“This is clearly a bedroom of some kind.” It didn’t take a genius to work out *that* much considering the *bed*. But Dan Heng had a habit of speaking to himself while alone – especially when anxious. Then again, perhaps he’d just gotten too used to having to point everything out for Stelle and March? He was a highly intelligent man after all. Or, well, he was *for now* at least.

But times could change.

Maybe I should go exploring!?

“...What? What nonsense am I thinking? I’d be no better than March if I went snooping through the things of a stranger.” For now he remained reasonable, but that didn’t mean that he was untouched by the forces of this world that sought to assimilate him into its ranks, either. His body hid the earliest signs, which took the form of pink marking that appeared like patterned bands around his arms, just above his elbows, as well as a half flower on his forehead that seemed to disappear into his hairline.

He wouldn’t notice these things at all, but then again even if they *had* been more visible? The others hadn’t exactly picked up very much on the fact that they were changing either. **“Hm?”** And so something a little *more* obvious, namely a sharp reduction in the man’s height, was not treated with the same alarm nor skepticism that it probably should have.

He'd *been* around the six foot mark – an unquestionably tall fellow for his apparent age – but in just a few seconds he had dropped sharply down to 5'3". This rendered his pants *very* baggy and bunched up around his knees and ankles, while the sleeves of his shirt and jacket had all but swallowed his hands.

Hands that weren't only smaller in their own right, but now sported digits that were thinner and daintier. Nails were cuter too, but speckles of dirt under their tips seemed to suggest that he was prone to getting dirty or at least didn't care if he looked a little bit disheveled. Which wasn't really Dan Heng's style at all. Her quiet and rational personality aside? He always tried to appear as clean as possible. **"Did something just...? *Haha!* It must be a trick of my imagination..."**

Where had that bubbly and carefree laugh come from?

Beneath the overabundance of clothing that shrouded him, Dan Heng's body took a sharper turn towards the feminine while also beginning to make good use of the extra space in his clothes. Encroaching femininity *could* be made out in his facial features this early on, but it still preserved the idea that he was Dan Heng. It was just a more feminine version of how his face *typically* appeared.

As for what lurked beneath his baggy clothing? A lot of it was actually fairly obvious even *through* the attire. There was an apparent puffiness to his chest that hadn't existed before, and with the shirt so tight by design you could plainly see the shapes of his nipples growing and pushing up against the underside of the tight fabric. Fatty tissue gathered beneath them and surged forward, delivering an abundant softness that gradually amounted to a pair of orbs that were compressed by his shirt.

Not thinking about their growth at *all*, he eventually pulled down the diagonal zipper so that they could spill out, bouncing freely and fulfilling their *G-cup* destinies. **"Whoa! That's way better! I thought I was gonna... gonna... Do I normally talk like this? Feels kind of weird, but...?"** It wasn't just *how* he was talking either. His voice sounded cute and girlish – but that didn't stand out to him as much as the words he was choosing. **"NGH!?"** Or, well, it didn't stand out to *her*.

Rewinding time just thirty seconds or so, while Dan Heng's tits had been growing into jiggling melons his lower half had been filling out in a very similar manner. A bloat had found his thighs and had been stretching them until they were nice and taut. Thighs stretched so thick, in fact, that they were pushing out against his pant legs until the seams were undone at the sides.

This *naturally* compressed against the dick between those thighs uncomfortably. And that discomfort only intensified as otherwise flat ass cheeks jiggled to life too, not only swelling into a firm, bubbled shape but in the process pulling his underwear back so that they had practically been suffocating his dick and balls. Around the time he finally noticed the way he was talking though? That dick and those balls collapsed *inside* of her, her new pussy not as bothered by just how thick her lower half was.

And aside from a surprised moan, she didn't really address it otherwise.

Much of Dan Heng's physical transformation was complete, but her eyes twitched as the last remaining traces of her old identity were erased. **"Hmm... I feel kinda groggy! Did I just...? Oh! I must've just woken up! But..."** It was like there was a heavy fog over the young woman's mind that made it difficult for her to properly process her situation. She made a complicated expression that was enhanced by a growing roundness to her face, a thickness to her lips, and a dramatic change to her eyes that not only saw colors shift to a dull brown but also saw their shapes shift subtly from what was seemingly Chinese to *Japanese* instead.

Short, dark, spiky hair was otherwise out of place upon her person now. But it grew out both rapidly and messily, color lightening *very* slightly until it was a very dark brown instead. Locks spilled out well past her shoulders, falling as far as the base of her plump thighs while bangs were largely pulled backwards aside from some messy and loose strands that danced around chaotically. As clothing scattered into golden sparkles and reformed, this bang hair was pulled into a short ponytail in the back above two much longer twin tails composed of her hair's bulk.

The woman *really* wasn't dressed in much, ultimately. Her arms and legs were nearly entirely exposed. She was barefoot, and the slit white robe she was adorned in didn't really leave much to the imagination even *with* what it covered. You could see her thighs, hips, armpits, and even her sideboob. That article of clothing was bound only by red ribbons that wrapped around her toned tummy, whereas thin, white straps reached around the back beneath her arms.

"Eh? What was I...? Oh! I was *totally* going to go stuff my face with breakfast, wasn't I!?" It might have been a little mean to call *Himiko* an *idiot*, but compared to the man she had been when she had first set foot within the Chaldea Security Organization. The young woman was grinning ear to ear, practically skipping around her room. **"Woah!?"** And tripping over the corner of her couch! If Dan Heng could recognize what had happened to him? He might have loathed just how *March-like* his new existence had become.

Throwing her hands behind her head and inadvertently showing off her shaved armpits, the woman spared a glance to the ceiling briefly though. **“I kinda feel like I’m forgetting something important though.”**

As scatterbrained as the Ruler-class Servant was, perhaps that wasn’t especially strange. It was such a common occurrence to her, really, that she soon shrugged it off and started heading to her door once more. **“Ah well! Must not have been that important if I forgot already.”**



It was early morning! And that meant that the cafeteria would be serving all kinds of goodies.

“That stupid Archer in red isn’t going to stop me this time! I’m going back for seconds and there’s *nothing* he can do to stop me!” They say that the way to a girl’s heart is through her stomach. For Himiko? That was probably the truest thing imaginable. But she also became an apex predator when good food was on the line!

EMIYA would never see her coming!