

# SENPAI'S MAID

BIWEEKLY STORY #70

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*“Haaaaaaaah...”*

That long and dejected sigh had escaped Mashu Kyrielight’s lips as she navigated the streets of the Shinjuku Pseudo-Singularity all by her lonesome. It wasn’t the *real* article, merely a replication of the Singularity created by Chaldea after Ritsuka’s adventure there. It was created for training and reconnaissance purposes, or at least for building the relationship between Ritsuka and his Servants.

...So why had he taken off with the summer version of Artoria Alter? **“Is this what they call ‘maid mania’, where young boys are just really into maids?”** Mashu had definitely noticed that he’d been spending a lot of time with Maid Alter as of late. Did she somehow appeal to his sensibilities? Was he just attracted to maids? **“It’s not like I can just be a maid myself, I wouldn’t have the first idea where to begin.”**

Honestly, though? Shielder had it all wrong. Ritsuka had been spending time with the maid by her own request. Apparently, she wanted to hone her sniper skills, and she just wanted the boy to increase her talents using his Command Seals during practice sessions such as these. But because Ritsuka hadn’t communicated this to Mashu, she’d simply been left with this big misunderstanding.

And, unfortunately, that misunderstanding would have *consequences*.

**“Excuse me? Is anyone here? No... I suppose they wouldn’t be.”** Mashu had stepped into what was advertised as a maid café on the sign outside. Of course, since this was just a Shinjuku *replication*, there



were no people here to be dressed as maids for her to ask questions of. Blinded by the word ‘maid’ on the sign outside though, she’d missed the part of the sign that said ‘robot’ in front of it. **“I was hoping to become a maid? Or... Or at least learn how! But...”** If it meant making her senpai happy, she was willing to try anything.

At her words, though? The maid café suddenly came to life. The dim lighting grew brighter, and things began to move around in the background. Maids!? No... They were machines created to look like maids, weren’t they? Golems? Were they hostile? They didn’t seem to be, at least at first.

But they were surprisingly agile and strong, so much so that the Demi-Servant didn’t hear one come up behind her. It grabbed Mashu up wordlessly by the sides and carted her towards the back room. **“H-Hey! Let me go! What are you doing with me!?”** Squirm as she might, she couldn’t seem to break free despite her Servant strength!

And before she knew it, she’d been tossed into some sort of large, metallic tube. **“STOP I-!”** Mashu jumped forward to try and get out before it was too late, but the eyeless droid had the door between them close before Mashu’s hand could reach. And the inside of the tube came to life with bright purple light not long after. **“Wh-What!?”**

The light didn’t dim, and in fact Mashu herself lost her ability to struggle against the door. Since it was on a diagonal incline in the back, her motionless body simply fell limp with her back against the back wall, all while a panel behind her lit up to life. It was hard for the Shielder to do much of anything. Move, talk, even think – almost as if her very being was somehow being muffled.

An almost endless number of cords crept out from the pod’s back wall like a bed of snakes, wriggling to the sides of her arms and legs, while a very big cord erupted from just behind her back. In a method that appeared *incredibly* painful, in tandem with each other all of the cords plugged into the flesh and blood Mashu’s body. Even though she was

paralyzed, this was still unsettling enough to force her mouth to cry out in fear and discomfort. “**GYAAAAH!?**”

The cry continued, for right after the pain an electric signal reverberated through her flesh and bone from every single one of the cords that had pierced her, disintegration her clothing and armor all at once while her body convulsed violently in response to the electric stimulation. But, gradually, over the three minutes that followed where she was subjected to this torture, the shaking finally started to still.

It was strange, Mashu managed to think once the sensation wound down, her body... she couldn't really feel it, and what she could felt *incredibly* cold. Not that she had much energy to question it further – if anything she felt so, so exhausted. *Like my battery needs to be recharged.*

### *...Battery?*

While one would *naturally* assume that no human requires a battery to function, one look at the area around where literally any of the cords had fastened would reveal that whether or not Mashu was human, or would be shortly, was something that could fairly be questioned. After all, the skin around these space had dramatically hardened and, depending on where the cord was laden, changed color.

It might have been better to say that they didn't pierce her skin anymore but had instead been inserted into *sockets* like you might find on any machine. The 'skin' around them was slightly raised, and the color and sheen that possessed her 'flesh' was spreading further across her body – the feelings of coldness and absence spreading with them.

For her arms, her fleshy color drained from just below her shoulders to her wrists, skin taking on a mechanical shine while the skin on her forearms raised into an incline that halted at her elbows. Elbows that, mind you, were shaved away to reveal golden ball joints in their place like a doll's. The area around her wrists raised like cuffs with pink undertrim, almost giving the impression that her arms were now wearing laced sleeves, while around her shoulders skin turned purple and puffed out around additional, black ball joints that were within full views. As for her hands, fingernails were absorbed into what became copper fingers, and the palms themselves were black to resemble gloves.

As for her legs, black was the only color change apparent whatsoever beneath the peak of her white thighs. Blood drained and ran cold once this darkness settled into place, the same exposed ball joints born of her kneecaps while the toes of her feet fused together to become the toes of

what look to be a pair of metallic mary janes. The fact that her legs looked like leggings was uncanny, much as her arms looked to be gloved.

As for her torso, it too was quick to resemble a garment without *actually* being one. The core of Mashu's gut hardened and solidified first, pinching in from every angle until it was little more than an oversized ball meant to allow some sort of waist movement, while the flesh above and below it turned white as well.

Below the ball, her hips flared out and darkened as still took hold where skin had once been – turning the very same purple as her shoulders while thinning into layers that hung to the sides with a metallic, white trim. It looked very much like a skirt, and it was help by the space in front rounding off to look like a maid's apron which hide the fact that her rear and pussy had filled in so that they were non-functioning. By now it was so very apparent that the girl was beginning to resemble the maid machines in the café more and more.

Above, the remnants of her belly held the same white as below, but a purple ran both below and around the sides of her bosom. Her big tits, on the other hand? While whitening, they appeared to slightly compress in size and her pink nipples faded so that they didn't exist at all. The space between her cleavage filled out with a groove left between the two breasts to resemble a fold in a blouse, a diamond in between the middle and a cute collar around her neck the same purple as the sides and bottom. All in all? It was definitely a maid's uniform in general appeal.

Still immobile, Mashu's neck stiffened as the phenomenon climbed her neck and crept into her face. Her lips? They were turned up into an unshakable smile of silver while the mouth they were connected to tasted of steel and filled in until there was no teeth or tongue – leaving her mouth little more than a hole to speak through. The girl's cheeks hardened, and her ability to smell was stolen as her nose flattened away into the flat panel that was her face.

But, then again, that wasn't the only sense she was stripped of. Her eyes had been closed, and her eyelids sealed together once her eyelashes fell free. Eventually they were little more than a part of her forehead, leaving her face a creepy caricature with only a mouth for responding to her goshujin-sama's requests.

Fortunately, some of that eeriness was abated thanks to her hair. It was the only part of her body that *didn't* turn into metal, but the fibers that constructed each hair were still demonstrably artificial. Light violets were overcome by a dark purple that grew shaggier in the back, inevitably pulled up into a pair of cute twintails. While, in the front? Her bangs took a long, hime-fringe that disguised where her eyes would have

been if she'd had any. *But she didn't.* That said, metal did appear on top of her head. A white headdress with a pink fringe that sported a futuristic edge, connected to what looked like a pair of headphones around Mashu's ears. But, beneath them? There were no ears to speak of.

Where there had been only a temporary darkness before, light was soon restored. Not visually, for Mashu no longer had eyes, but she could perceive her surroundings using a constantly active scanner that traced the world around her and could sense both other machines and biological life. She could 'see' the door to the assimilation tube opening, and using her strength as a maid golem, she pulled herself out with ease.

Every motion of her body felt stiff compared to... compared to what? Within her digital memory, things felt as if they were askew. As if something important had been deleted. As if her databank did not include all of the information it should have. But the very fact that she thought of her memory as something that could be 'deleted' and not 'forgotten' spoke to how much her interpretation of her own existence had changed.



Mashu didn't even perceive herself as human anymore. She was a *machine*. A *golem*. A *robot*. A *maid*. She had been created to serve, and so even though she'd been curious about those deleted memories, she instead deemed that concern as unnecessary and jerkily moved into the dining area of the café to join the other maids where she would deactivate until a guest wandered in.

**“Mashu!? Mashu, are you here!?”** About an hour late the sound of a human boy's voice rang out, and so all of the maid machines within the café whirred to life once again – much to the boy's surprise. It was Ritsuka, his face showing concern. They hadn't been able to contact Mashu for an hour now, and this was the last place she'd been according to the tracker on her shield. **“Maids? Robot maids?”**

Of all the machines in the room, one in particular moved to greet Chaldea's Master. One with silver skin, with her black hair pulled into twintails. It was Mashu, or at least the maid that had once *been* Mashu. **“WELCOME TO OUR CAFÉ, GOSHUJIN-SAMA...”** She bowed, metallic hands in

her lap, as that robotic voice cooed cutely from the gap that functioned as her mouth.

Much to Ritsuka's surprise, the maid reached out to take his hand, and with all her strength she began to pull him into the store... towards the back room. The maid knew this boy. She couldn't remember from where, and she couldn't remember how. But this she knew: if he left, then he would never come back. So she had to make *sure* he stayed.

*Even if that meant making him a maid as well.*