

Re:Zero Triple Trouble

(Girls to panties, bra and dress TF)

(Re:Zero)

“Come on, turn into ice already!” A shout could be heard echoing throughout Roswaal’s mansion early in the morning, its cause being none other than... Emilia? It was certainly surprising to see such a timid girl yell like that, but thankfully the rest of the mansion’s residents were fast asleep, with only three exceptions - not that the half-elf was aware of their presence anyway. It just so happened that the girl woke up earlier than usual, so she decided to train her magic before Subaru woke up and started causing chaos. She really like the boy, but even she had to admit, her training was somewhat easier without his constant praises, even if the validation she felt was nice.

That, and... she was a bit happy he didn’t see her failing like this. Was this because she just woke up? Well, she was still in her pajamas and not 100% awake but it was still weird! She had a natural affinity for magic, so for her to not even be able to freeze a small leaf? It’s like she was cursed!

Then, an idea came to mind. Maybe she was sick? The world was full of different magic, an almost symptomless illness that weakens a person’s magic definitely wouldn’t be the weirdest thing out there... actually, thinking about it, the girl was sure she heard of something like that from Puck when they were younger, yet there was something amiss with the symptoms present and the book definition, she simply couldn’t put her finger on it.

But that solved the issue! If her magic was limited, she just needed to output more! Without further ado and with newfound determination, the half-elf got her hands together and tried to focus all of her mana in the fingertips, as only a singular thought echoed inside of her mind “Turn this leaf into something else!”

Slowly, the room was filled with cackling pink light... wait, it wasn’t right! Her magic was that of ice, the room should be blue! Emilia tried to abort, but it was far too late, as the ball of pure magic in her hands grew bigger and bigger until the girl’s body could take no more, and with a soundless *boom* it exploded right in her face, blinding the girl in an instant before disappearing in an anti-climatic manner. Everything was back to normal, hell, the leaf didn’t even change, it was a total and utter failure! Although... maybe she should be happy - nothing happening was a much better outcome than her room freezing over!

“Phew, this spell took everything out of me, I think I’ll need a minute to recover…” Emilia remarked as she sat on her bed and sighed happily that there was no mess for her to take care of.

At least, that’s what the girl thought. Yes, it was true that the room was wholly unchanged, but the mage also didn’t stop the spell like she thought she did, it simply missed its mark and escaped the chamber she currently resided in using the only possible escape route - the thin gap between the room’s door and floor. Not only that, the magic worked as intended, albeit in a more chaotic way than expected, courtesy of Emilia’s sickness, changing the previously mentioned residents who currently stood in the hallway, not too far from where Emilia’s room was located.

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It was an interesting scenario to be sure - it wasn’t often that Beatrice left the magic library. All the more surprising was the fact that she seemed to have some business with the two maids who lived in the mansion, Rem and Ram. The duo was about to ask the spirit what could be the reason for her unusual departure, but before they could do so, it was as if a wave of magic made its way through the hall, making all three of the girls panic as they looked over each other’s bodies. Almost instantaneously, their legs gave out and the pair of maids fell to the floor, with Beatrice following close behind.

The first one to change was Rem. Her form shrank quickly as her view lowered and lowered, until all she could see was the expensive carpet beneath her and a bit of Ram who was in a similar situation, the only difference being that her changes were delayed just a tad when compared to her blue-haired sister. The girl tried to call out, but realized quickly that she had no mouth anymore, as if it was removed by magic. As the oni’s height diminished, so did her strength and weight, her torso and limbs merging together while her face extended sideways until finally splitting into two circular cups. Following that was another change, although it was one that Rem couldn’t possibly see, as it only applied to her skin, which merged with the girl’s very own maid attire, becoming frilly and monochrome in its coloring as the pinkish skin gave way to a much more elegant combination of black and white. To finish the changes, her hair shrank even more than the other parts of her body, becoming a cute, blue ribbon nestled between the two cups which were previously Rem’s face.

“Re--!” Ram tried to call out her sister’s name, but before she could even finish saying the three-letter word, her mouth had sewn itself shut, making all and any verbal contact impossible. As she realized this, her body fell onto itself, mimicking the change Rem was currently undergoing to a degree. The oni’s arms and legs slowly moved backward, until they merged together at the tips, while her whole body

shrunk and deflated, becoming frilly and monochrome in its coloring, with the only exception being that of her hair which turned into a cute, pink ribbon atop what used to be her forehead.

The last one to change was Beatrice. Seeing as she was much more powerful than the maids, she was able to protect herself somewhat, albeit not for long, as she was soon overwhelmed by the pink magic that surrounded her. Before she fell onto the floor like the others, the spirit was able to catch a glimpse of what was happening to the duo... or rather, the solo, at this point. Rem was gone, replaced by a black-and-white bra with a blue ribbon in the middle, and by the look of things, Ram was going to join her soon as a pair of matching panties. In a last-ditch effort, Beatrice tried to call out, but the only thing that left her shriveling mouth was a pathetic weep.

The girl had to wonder - if the maids were turning into a lingerie set, what was she going to become? This question would soon be answered, as the girl's body... didn't shrink, at all. With her childlike appearance, it would seem she was already the right size to turn into the desired shape, a notion which was proven true as her body flattened, with her arms emptying and becoming sleeves, while her legs merged into a single limb. Said limb, similarly to the arms, soon hollowed out and shortened, beginning to look more like a skirt with every painfully slow second that passed. Beatrice's face started to withdraw, as her mouth became a collar meant to hold one's neck, while her own one reformed into two straps that connected said collar with the rest of her flat body, with the exception of her chest, which ballooned out a bit, turning into two bowls meant to hold a pair of sizable breasts. To finish things off, the girl's skin was replaced by mostly white fabric, with some frills becoming a purplish shade of pink... and as if to mock the once-powerful spirit and remind her of the humanity she just lost, a small, barely visible yellow-colored bow appeared at the back of the collar.

With her transformation complete, Beatrice fell slowly and without a sound, landing next to the bra and panties as nothing more than as a very peculiar dress - it was almost an exact replica of the one Emilia wore nearly every day, the only real difference being that the purple which adorned the original was slightly pinkier and the appearance of the aforementioned small bow that was surprisingly hard to notice, as its light yellow coloring blended perfectly with the snowy dress.

The three girls all started screaming, trying to do *anything* to help themselves or each other, but without any muscles to speak of, the hall fell silent once again, with three unmoving objects lying smack dab the middle... at least, until one of the many doors present opened wide and a certain half-elf came out.

"I heard a scream! Did something happen?!" Emilia inquired as she left her room, still wearing nothing but her nightclothes. She looked around the corridor, and not seeing

anyone in need, the girl was about to go back and change into something more presentable, but a certain sight caught her attention as she looked down at the floor. Lying there was what appeared to be her dress and a set of underwear she's never seen. Did Subaru drop these when he did laundry? No, it was probably the maids... Still, she moved in closer to check out the discarded apparel.

Emilia, please, you have to help us! The trio of former girls cried in unison as they saw the white-haired girl entering their view with a puzzled face. They shouted and yelled, hoping that the gigantic woman will hear their plea, but it wasn't long until they realized it wasn't going to happen. Sure, she looked directly at them, but there was no recognition in her eyes, not in the least, and why would there be? From her perspective, she just found some clothes. Well, technically, only Beatrice was aware of that truth. The two maids had their own suspicion, but as they were the first to change, they couldn't confirm nor deny what fate had befallen them. Thinking about it like that, the former spirit pitied the girls somewhat, even if her situation wasn't much better.

But not all hope was lost yet! Maybe they were turned into clothing, but she still had her magic! If only she could... cast a spell... oh, right, she didn't have a mouth to do that, did she? And even if she could say anything, clothes can't actually harness any mana or od she'd normally be able to use with ease. This truly was the worst-case scenario! Agh, to think they'd have to spend hours if not days stuck like this, it couldn't get any worse!

No... it definitely could. The spirit thought to herself. Being all inanimate sucked, but she knew full well that clothes such as themselves could only be used one way. Thankfully, Emilia wasn't so indecent as to pick up random clothes off the flo--

"Hmm... should I take it? I mean, it's mine, right? The dress, at least. But these panties and bra... gosh, they look really cute! But I don't have a pair like that, do I? Wait, I have an idea..." Emilia plucked Rem up from the floor and, with a gigantic blush, pushed the cups onto her own two orbs in an attempt to see if it fit. And... it did, almost like a glove! Maybe it was just a tad bit too tight, but this was definitely meant for her, since, as far she knew, nobody in the mansion shared her measurements! With a rather flushed smile, the half-elf picked the rest of the attire up and went back into her room, ready to try it on. Good thing nobody saw her do this, it was so embarrassing to measure herself like that!

But there was someone who did see her, not only that, they saw her from the closest possible angle! If Rem's body wasn't made out of lace, she'd definitely turn crimson red right about now. This was so humiliating, she was basically forced to hold someone else's boobs! Sure, it was through a layer of fabric, but even then... and what was all of that about in the first place? Why was she measured like that? Why couldn't Emilia recognize her in this form? It's almost like she was a bra or

something! But this couldn't be true, could it? Oh, if only Ram was here to help her out, she'd know what to do!

Unfortunately, Ram wasn't faring much better herself. As Emilia was trying out the new bra she had found, the girl didn't even notice that she accidentally stepped on the pair of panties lying next to it - it wasn't until she went to pick the rest of the outfit up that Ram was able to see the world again, not to mention she didn't have to taste the girl's foot anymore. Still, she appreciated the fact that it was still morning, so the elf's feet weren't as nasty as they could've been...

Hurriedly, the trio was taken inside of Emilia's room, as Beatrice hoped *it* wasn't going to happen. Surely, the girl had to have an abundance of great underwear and outfits, she wasn't going to wear something she just plucked off of the ground, right? Then again, it's not like they were dirty or anything...

The white-haired girl locked the door and threw the new dress onto a chair, followed suit by the set of lingerie, and got to work undressing while the silent once-girls were forced to watch as, embarrassingly, they all were positioned in a way that made them look exactly at their wearer-to-be. Seeing as she only had her bedclothes on, it didn't take the half-elf long to take long to strip naked, and before Ram had any time to process what was happening, she felt a giant hand grab her minuscule form and drop her onto the carpet next to the girl's gigantic feet. Feet which quickly left her very limited view only to appear from above and fill the two gaping holes she didn't realize she had until now. Then, she felt her sides being grabbed and with a powerful, jerking motion she was pulled upwards until a giant, fleshy mass stopped the former girl dead in her tracks.

Ram tried to deny her new position, but how could she? She saw it all first-hand, in the mirror in front of which Emilia decided to put her on like the pair of unremarkable panties she was... although, maybe she wasn't as unexceptional as she thought if the girl decided to take her for herself. Few seconds, this process repeated, as Ram was forced to watch Emilia struggle while putting on a black-and-white bra. With her vision stuck at hips-level, she obviously couldn't see all the details, but noticing the small, blue ribbon was enough for her to realize the brasserie's identity. It seemed like she and Rem were twins as underwear too...

No, Emilia, put me down! I'm not a bra!! Rem cried out inside of her own mind, much too used to the feeling of loneliness by now.

Wait, Rem? You're here?! Ram responded, surprised by the new voice that echoed inside of her head.

R-Ram? You're here? But I can't see you!

It seems like we can communicate when we're both being worn...

Worn? Wait, did you turn into underwear too?

Yup, I can barely see a bra from my point of view, you should be able to barely see a pair of panties, that's me. As miserable as their situation was, the girls were happy to be able to talk with each other like this, maybe it was going to make their time as clothes just a tad easier...

Now came time for the last piece of attire. This one was much more tricky to put on than the other two, seeing as it was a full dress with a bunch of different holes and whatnot, but thankfully Emilia was used to putting on this particular gown. Unfortunately, she wasn't able to realize it was in fact a different dress than the usual, as the small, blonde ribbon wasn't big nor colorful enough to pay it any mind. Finishing it off with her socks and shoes, she was ready to really begin her day! Hopefully Subaru has woken up by now!

H-hey, Ram, I can't see anything! The bra cried out as a wall of white eclipsed her view.

Neither can I. Emilia probably put on her dress or something... Ram replied.

That's probably me, I suppose. A third voice appeared, this one much high-pitched than the other two.

Beatrice? Did you turn-- I guess that's a stupid question if you can hear us... Rem tried to break the ice somewhat and make their current predicament a bit more bearable.

It would seem so. And before you ask, I already tried turning back, but there's nothing I can do. We'll have to wait it out, I suppose.

That's... not very reassuring. But how can you be so calm? When I was first put on, I couldn't stop screaming, but you're perfectly fine!

You get used to it after being stuck in the same room for four hundred years... Seeing as the trio had nothing better to do, the conversation continued for a few more minutes before Emilia left the room, as after that, the attire's torture began in full, as they quickly realized how hard being clothes actually was. As a human, you don't really notice all the small, subconscious movements made by your body, since, you're so used to them after years and years of being... well, *human*. Unfortunately, it wasn't the same for clothes. Every small move or jiggle echoed through their bodies, every step shook their world. Yet, even then, the pain wasn't distributed equally. That's not to say Ram was enjoying herself by any means - she was forced

to pretty much kiss her friend's vagina and asscrack after all, but at the very least she didn't have to deal with Emilia's rather impressive cleavage. While the girl didn't mind the size being slightly smaller, the same couldn't be said for Rem and Bea, as their faces were forced to hold the enormous and constantly moving orbs of flesh. With every step, the damn things jiggled, not to mention when the girl used the stairs and her bosom jumped up and down as her position changed.

And it got much worse when their only male friend, Subaru awoke... or at least, the only one that was present, seeing as Roswaal was currently in the capital taking care of his private business. The trio all had their very distinct opinions about the boy, with Rem being infatuated with him while the other two were rather lukewarm, but regardless of their attitudes, the boy always seemed to pull through and do the right thing, hell, without him, some of them would be dead already, so the silent attire hoped, against all odds, that he'd be able to do something, anything, and help them, even if it didn't make any sense when thought about logically. Even *if* he was a pervert, there was no way he'd recognize the dress as anything more than Emilia's clothes, not to mention the underwear which he couldn't even see. He was able to spot something else, however...

"Emilia, have you seen Rem or Ram anywhere? I've been looking for them, but they disappeared!" Subaru complained as he and Emilia made their way into the mansion's kitchen to grab something to eat for breakfast.

"I was actually wondering the same thing... maybe they're in the village or something? Normally I'd ask Roswaal, but he's not here anyway..." The half-elf responded.

"Yeah, you're probably right, I'm sure they're helping out someone in need like the great maids they are!"

The irony of his words stung like a rapier. How could he be so right, yet so wrong at the same time? But... that's what they were. Whether they liked it or not, they weren't oni or spirits anymore, they were simply clothing meant to support someone else...

The day went slowly and quietly. Without any trace of Beatrice or the twins, the pair was more or less forced to spend their time together to keep each other company... and from their perspective, it was definitely a great time! The whole mansion was empty, so they could go a bit crazier than usual, cooking together or simply lazing around on a sofa, hell, Emilia was able to cast spells again! Whatever happened when that giant magic bomb went off, it seemed like it cured her of this weird illness. Not only that, without any supervision, the duo was able to get a bit more... intimate. They didn't do anything dirty of course, but Beatrice could feel Subaru's head on Emilia's lap more than once over the course of the day.

Alas, all nice things must come to an end - it wasn't long before the two lovebirds bid each other goodnight as they changed into their bedclothes, with Emilia having to take her somewhat dirty, newfound attire for a wash. Cooking with Subaru, while fun, also left the previously clean dress with more than a few stains, not to mention all the flour that made its way into the crevices, filling the former girls' nonexistent mouths with the nasty flavor of different powders and other ingredients that didn't taste that well on their own... yet, they were weirdly happy.

They were no longer forced to hug Emilia's plump ass nor heavy breasts, not to mention they were probably going to change back overnight! Surely, such a powerful spell couldn't have that long of a duration! And so, they were thrown onto the laundry pile along with other clothing the maids were meant to clean today as they awaited their release. They waited... and waited, but nothing came. Slowly, the sun arose, yet they were still stuck and nothing more than pieces of a woman's wardrobe. Without the maids' help, Subaru took it upon himself to wash the laundry, and so he spent the morning doing just that... embarrassed somewhat when he got to cleaning Emilia's dress and her... underwear? Well, it was probably hers since it was right atop her gown, but still, it looked more like something Rem or Ram would wear, seeing as the lace looked eerily similar to their maid uniforms, not to mention the ribbons matching their hair. Wait... no, it couldn't be possible, right?

"Huh, these things remind me of Ram and Rem..." The boy commented while he washed the pair thoroughly, an experience the maids definitely didn't enjoy as their mouths and eyes were filled with the ungodly taste of soap. But there was still hope! Maybe Subaru actually recognized them! Maybe--

The boy dropped this train of thought as quickly as he had brought it up, and once he was done with washing the bra, he threw it into the hamper with all the other wet clothes meant to be hanged later, after which he continued to do the same with the matching panties and Emilia's dress.

Still, they hoped that this change wasn't permanent, that they'd change back after drying out, but that never happened. The evening came, and so did Subaru, ready to take back the dry clothes into the mansion as the cycle began anew. In the morning, they found themselves, once again, inside of Emilia's room as they were put on once more, forced to cover the woman's body as their owner went about her day, unaware of the dark truth. Hours turned into days, days into weeks, and soon everyone gave up hope of Rem, Ram, or Beatrice ever coming back. Nobody knew what happened to them, all anybody knew was that they disappeared one day without a trace. At the very least they could still communicate when worn together, although that didn't last very long either. With every day, the girls talked less and less, until they stopped, never to utter another word again, and why would they? It wouldn't change anything, and their conversations only reminded them of the humanity they had lost. Still,

Emilia kept wearing her favorite undergarments as their design reminded her of the pair of maids she so fondly remembered. As for the dress, she one day realized it wasn't the same one she always wore, yet she kept wearing it too, as the small, blonde ribbon reminded her of the bratty spirit who once resided in the magic library.