

A Circepicious Bra (Clothing TF, Fate, Look They Can't All Have Winning Titles)

Circe's heels clacked against the cold metal floor as she rushed through the corridors of Chaldea, a single thought on her mind: finding someone to have fun with.

As she flew down the hall, her eyes flicked from left to right, picking out one person after another: the redhead with the big boobs? No. The blond with the chiseled chin and the cute shoulders? Nah. The pink-haired girl with pigtails? Yuck. Definitely not. Far too boring. Why would she even bother?

Finally, just as she was about to give up in defeat, she spied someone slightly more interesting: a random blonde-haired worker with absolutely *enormous* boobs. Circe had never seen anything like them.

I wonder if she'd have such massive udders as a cow? she wondered, shooting towards her.

Before the blonde had a chance to see her, however, a wave of magic rolled through the room. Circe squealed as it struck her, making her limbs tingle with the energy passing through them.

As if on a cord, she snapped backward with a squeal of surprise. Jerking to a stop, she hovered in the air for an instant, straining against the spell binding her form, and moaned as her legs started to curl upward. *H-hey! Stop! I don't want to practice the splits!* Instead of stopping there though, they began to curl around too, bending till they met behind her back. The instant they touched, her sandals snapped together as if magnetized, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't tear them apart. *Nnn~!*

Now her arms rose on their own, stretching straight and arching backward over her shoulders to meet up with her ankles. She squealed and fought, desperate to make them stop, but the magic that held them was simply too strong. Finally, her fingers wrapped tight around her legs, and refused to budge as well. It was like they'd been welded together.

"Please!" she cried. "Someone help—Mmmmpfh!" She didn't get a chance to finish her plea. Before she could, something assaulted her: it felt as if she'd been thrown into a hydraulic press and crushed: all at once, her torso and head simply collapsed, flattened out—every part of her save her breasts, which popped out of her top and absorbed the rest of her, bloating in size in the process. Soon, they and her limbs were all that remained of her.

As she squirmed, still fighting furiously, despite her current losses, her body underwent another wave of shrivelling: her arms and legs thinned till they were barely thicker than a pencil, and her boobs flattened till they were barely thicker than a sheet of cardboard. Finally, her clothes melded with her skin, fusing with her body as a layer of ornamentation, and with that she ceased to change. Only her wings remained remotely the same, stretching out of her limb-turned-straps to curl around her body.

Striking the ground, she lay there sad and inanimate, struggling to move yet unable even to twitch. *No! No, this isn't fair! I'm the one who's supposed to turn people into things!* She tried to focus and cast a counter-curse, but that didn't work either.

A shadow stretched over her, bringing with it a kind of dim hope. *Help me!* she cried. *Please, you've got to help...!*

The shadow's owner stepped forward, revealing none other than the busty blonde she'd spied earlier. Circe could only squeal as they stooped and picked her up. *C-can't you hear me?*

"Who left this bra just lying on the floor?" asked the blonde, looking around. "It looks so pretty—I bet it's expensive... I wonder if..." With a conspiratorial look, she stuffed Circe under her and hurried into a restroom.

As the cubicle door slammed shut, Circe moaned in terror. *A bra?! I'm a bra?!*

Peeling off her uniform, the blonde unclasped her own bra and placed it on the toilet lid. Only as she unclipped Circe's own straps, however, did the witch realize what she was planning. *W-wait! No! You can't wear me! I'm the queen witch! I'm the queen witch! I'm—*

The blonde slipped her arms through Circe's straps, stretching them taut as she fought to slip her enormous boobs into Circe's cups. The witch could only scream as the awful things filled her, filled her and weighed her down like a pair of giant boulders strapped to her back. She felt as if she were trying to climb a cliff with them—the strain on her arms and legs was torturous.

Adjusting Circe's cups, the blonde stepped out of the cubicle and examined herself into the mirror, cocking her head and biting her lip. "I bet my boyfriend will love them..."

As if on cue, the restroom door flew open, and in stepped none other than a certain ginger-haired Master. *M-Master Ritsuka!*

The redhead stared at her, blushing as she realized she was staring. "I— Um. Th-that's a nice bra," she said at last.

The blonde's shirt flew over Circe's eyes like a pair of curtains. "Th-thank you," she said, hurrying for the door.

Circe could only scream in terror. *No! Wait! Master Ritsuka, come back! Help me! You've got to help me!*

Sadly, Master Ritsuka couldn't hear her.

Circe spent the rest of the day wrapped tight around the blonde's awful chest, forced to carry her ridiculous breasts like some kind of beast of burden. Hidden beneath the blonde's top, she could only groan as the blonde went about her work. And she wasn't exactly a pen pusher.

Stretched tight, Circe screamed inside as her wearer rushed through the facility, breasts resting on the wooden box in her hands, not that this made Circe's job any easier: each time

the awful blonde took a step, the box and the boobs atop it bounced, straining Circe's straps a little more each time. The sensation was terrible—she felt certain that they'd snap. Worse, however, was when the blonde finally put the box down, freeing her breasts to fall and leaving Circe to scream in utter pain and terror. *Nnnn~! Stop! Pick it back up! Pick it back uuuuup!*

The blonde spent the next seven hours carrying boxes, crawling through ducts, and rushing from one side of Chaldea to the other. As her bra, Circe suffered along with her, feeling every bounce of her boobs and sucking up every drop of sweat. Which was a lot—the blonde really needed to use some antiperspirant.

Finally, as the day drew to an end, the blonde returned to her room and unclasped her straps. Freed of her burden, Circe sighed in relief. At least it was finally over.

"I wonder who lost you..." said the blonde, holding her up. In the end, she simply shrugged. "Well, if no one claims you, there's no reason I can't wear you again tomorrow, is there?"

Circe could only whimper in terror.