

My Crystal Ball is Down Here, Part 3 (Mass Absorption/Bodypart TF)

Pigblisters College of Wizardry and Sports: the No. 2 Higher Educational Institute in all of America (after Plumberbutts County Trade School, Florida). A soaring castle of magic and whimsy, with cramped classrooms, mold-infested toilets, and remarkably bookless libraries. Oh, and one of the largest sports stadiums in the world, for which not the slightest expense had been spared in its construction – the only reason the seats weren't gold-plated was because the teachers would steal them to pay for supplies.

Today, that ginormous stadium was definitely going to pay off though: it was the biggest Broomball match of the season, and the grounds were packed with excited fans, their little flags and excessively long scarfs flapping in the wind. Cleaning implements zipped overhead, drawing countless eyes to the sky in search of their favorite players.

For all the starpower in the air, the Broomballers' main competitor was on the ground, and that competitor was Chonyu's bust, which sucked up attention like a black hole as she and her new servant marched through the courtyard of the college. Each step she took, her egregiously oversized bust bounced with fresh energy, threatening to pop out of her top and take someone's eye out. From the way people were staring, they clearly didn't mind the risk though.

"M-Mistress?" said Amelia, struggling to keep up with her. "Wh-what exactly are you planning to do—?"

Chonyu slammed to a stop, her boobs taking several seconds to follow the rest of her. "Hmmm, that's a good question, nya. I hadn't really thought about that nyet." She laughed. "I was kinda hoping something would kinda, like, come out of nyowhere and inspire me."

With a screech like a magical creature of your choice, the bus crashed into the courtyard and slammed to a stop not ten meters away from them. Through the windows, Amelia saw the familiar faces of Pigblisters' top-ranking Broomball team, the Space Comets, sitting in their seats and smoking the finest magic weed. Not a single one wasn't a stunningly attractive, athletic young woman, as was the standard for Broomball teams. Even the coaches were hot.

As the Space Comets pushed themselves out of their seats, already talking and laughing to themselves about how they were going to pound the enemy Sky Bolts into the clouds, Chonyu's ears twitched. Licking her lips, she stepped forward, her boobs visibly swinging from side-to-side as she walked, visible even from behind.

Amelia stared, unsure quite what she was watching. "W-wait! M-Mistress! Mistress, what are you doing?!"

Ignoring her, Chonyu approached the front of the bus and stood there, looking up through its front window: in the driver's seat, a chubby brunette sat flipping through a newspaper, completely unaware of what was happening just below her. The Broomballers themselves

were almost at the door now, talking and laughing innocently among themselves as they marched down the aisle in their colorful numbered robes and—

They never got the chance to reach it, of course. Raising her hands, Chonyu laced her fingers, cracked her knuckles with a series of snaps like someone eating a peanut bar, and, grabbing the bus by the grill of the engine compartment, lifted the entire thing into the air as if it were nothing more than a piece of candy itself.

Amelia paled, her eyes wide with shock, as the Space Comets slid screaming down the aisle to the front of the vehicle. Snickering, Chonyu licked her lips and shook it, making it groan like an old bridge as the players still in their seats came unstuck and rolled down the aisle to join their colleagues at the front. Behind Amelia someone screamed: people were pointing and crying out in horror, but predictably, no-one was actually *doing* anything but taking snapshots with their magic mirrors.

Her grin wider than ever, Chonyu gave the bus a little push into the air, making the entire thing groan even louder. At the same time, she bounced her breasts, a motion almost loud enough to cut through the screaming, and without further fanfare, let go. Like a titanic ship in the final stages of sinking, the bus dropped, fast, into the depths.

Amelia expected it to crush the catgirl like a clump of dough. That was what should realistically happen, right? It wasn't just too big to fit into Chonyu's tits — she'd already seen with her sisters that that didn't matter to the catgirl — it was bigger than Chonyu outright. It should have squashed her like a bug!

Instead, it struck her boobs and, like a letter thrust through a mailbox, slipped straight into her cleavage, crumpling as it passed to ensure it would fit.

Amelia stared. Behind her, someone screamed in shock. It was— It was impossible! It was like the bus had been put through a funnel: the instant it struck Chonyu's cleavage, it compressed, sucked through without resistance.

Well, not entirely without resistance. Two thirds of the way in, the vehicle came to an abrupt stop, sticking awkwardly out of Chonyu's tits, like a funny accident at the hotdog-eating contest. A lucky — if only in relative terms — individual had managed to survive the initial round of shaking, and now she scrambled up to the backseats and started pounding on the rear window, pleading for someone to help her. Naturally, this just resulted in more snapshots.

Wincing, the catgirl grabbed her boobs and started to shake them, swinging them up and down like she was giving the vehicle a titjob. The bus shuddered, groaning, and with one last scream from those trapped inside, dropped, slipping deep into the depths of the catgirl's breasts. They slammed together with an emphatic *smack*, a pair of stage curtains closing on the careers of the Space Comets, and jostled, shaking and vibrating like something inside were fighting to escape.

Chonyu, uncaring, hugged them with a sigh of delight. "Nyaaaaaah~, that felt good, nya." She turned back to Amelia, her boobs throbbing in her arms. "Nyow what, nya?"

“I-I...”

“She put the Comets into her cleavage!”

Only as the cry rang out through the courtyard did Chonyu finally seem to notice the crowd. “Oops,” she said, cocking her head. “I always forget that this happens...”

From above came the warble of sirens as the College’s watch-witches dropped from the sky on their brooms, wands drawn and loaded (with spells). “Down on the ground!” they cried. “Don’t make us hex you!”

Amelia stood frozen, unsure whether she should rush to her Mistress’s side or try to put some distance between them. Who knew what would happen next?

“Down on the ground!” “Arms in the air!” “Do a flip!” The watch-witches’ wands seemed to glow a little brighter with every threat out of their mouths.

Just as Amelia thought her new Mistress would be vaporized – or worse, expelled – the catgirl raised her arm and, perversely, stuck it straight into her cleavage.

For an instant, Amelia thought this was some weird form of suicide – was she planning to absorb *herself*? Instead, she pulled her hand free with a plop, and in it, she held a wand all of her own. Twirling it around her finger, she raised it high and–

Amelia blinked. What was she doing at the college? Wasn’t she supposed to be at home studying? What had she come here for...? Ugh, this was the worst brainfart she’d ever had. ...Was that the witch-watch? What were they doing? They looked as confused as her.

“Oops.”

Just as Amelia was about to turn and head for home, she felt *another* strange jolt of dislocation, and all of a sudden, she remembered why she was here. “Sorry,” said Mistress Chonyu, slapping her playfully on the back. “I’m nyot used to excluding humans from it, nya.”

Amelia struggled to stammer out a response. The crowd and the witch-watch were already retreating – it was like they’d completely forgotten they’d seen a catgirl stuff a bus full of people into her cleavage. ...Just like she had. “Wh-what did you...?”

“Ninja-field,” said Chonyu, shaking her magic wand – it looked less like a traditional one and more like a slender vibrator. “Nyow we can have fun without any distractions, nya.” And to emphasize her pointer, she grabbed a mousy young brunette by her locks and stuffed her headfirst into her tits. She vanished with a schlup, leaving behind only her spectacles.

“O-oh-oh,” said Amelia. She supposed that made about as much sense as anything about her new Mistress. “S-so now what...?”

Chonyu sloshed her tits, and was it Amelia's imagination, or were they still growing? "What do you think, nya? It's time to watch *the big game*."

**

Actually, there wasn't much of a game anymore. Chonyu had kinda ruined that by turning one of the teams into titfat. But there *was* a stadium, and there *was* a big crowd, and as the two of them slipped through it, Amelia couldn't help but feel she knew what was going to happen.

Chonyu walked in a strange, chest-first manner, leaning forward as if she were trying to show off her cleavage to her camera. No one could see her thanks to the ninja-field, of course, but it wasn't without its benefits: each time someone so much as grazed her boobs, they were slurped up in an instant, disappearing into the depths of her tits like they were made out of quicksand.

And the stadium *was* packed. It didn't take the slightest effort on Chonyu's part for her to bump into people: all she had to do was walk, and she could scoop up a small crowd. It was like watching a streetcleaner plow through a line of trash. Things simply vanished, sucked straight inside her.

Not that Chonyu didn't work to make things worse. It didn't take them long to find seats, the catgirl having sent the young couple originally occupying them straight to Lady Jones' locker, but no sooner had they plopped their butts in them than she stood and set off again. "I want a better vieeeeeeeew, nya." Boobs protruding from her chest like the figurehead of a particularly well-endowed ship, she barged straight through the row of people beside them, sucking every person between her and the next aisle straight into her depths and leaving nothing in her wake but sad little flags and discarded bottles of soda.

Amelia, blushing redder with the second, scurried after her, keen not to lose her. She wanted to grab her, grab her and beg her to stuff her inside her as well, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. What if Chonyu refused, just to tease her? What if she *never* let her sink into those beautiful, creamy—? *Nn~!* She couldn't bear the thought.

At last, they reached the very top row of the stadium, a trail of seats left empty in their wake, like the tunnel of a particularly voracious worm. "Hmm..." said Chonyu, turning and scratching her chin. Her boobs were bigger than ever now, stretching almost all the way down to her feet. It was a miracle she could still move at all.

"I-is this better for you, Mistress?" said Amelia, keen to stay on her good side.

"Hmmmmmmmmm... Nyah, nyot really, nya. I can't see *anything* from this distance."

B-but why did you bring us all the way up here then...?

Down below, beneath the clouds, the Sky Bolts had gathered on the pitch, standing and waiting for the Space Comets to arrive. Amelia wondered how long it would be before

anyone figured out what had happened to them – maybe they never would. Maybe it would remain a mystery forever.

Chonyu laughed. “So I could do *this*, nya.” And extracting her thick pink wand from her cleavage again, she gave it a shake, raised it high, and with a great flash of pink light that swirled over the stadium.

A young woman sitting in the row below Amelia rose slowly from her seat, dropping her soda and her popcorn as the threads of light entangling her snatched her into the air like a puppet. She had time to look around, to blink in shock, emitting little squeaks of surprise, and then, just like that, she shot over Amelia’s head and straight into Chonyu’s cleavage. *Schlup!*

She wasn’t to be the only one: a second later, the rest of the row followed her, flying screaming through the air and vanishing into Chonyu’s tits like a string of flag-flapping sausages. As the last of them disappeared with a squelch, the catgirl’s boobs shook, pulsating hungrily, and sure enough, the catgirl soon stuffed another row of treats into their mouth.

One by one, spectators rose, lifted from their seats, and sailed into Chonyu’s boobs one after another. Her magic worked in a grand spiral, starting with those nearest to her and working clockwise down through the stadium, picking up speed as it went, till whole rings of spectators were flowing into her tits into an endless stream of screaming flesh. Amelia fell onto her butt and sat there watching, eyes wide and her face pale, as the catgirl’s boobs swallowed one unfortunate innocent after another, growing larger and larger with every addition.

Finishing off the crowd, Chonyu moved straight onto the pitch, snatching the Sky Bolts straight off the grass and sending them to the same upper division as their rivals. The Broomballers screamed as they shot through the air, tugging at their brooms in a futile attempt to escape, but they might as well have been swimming against the maelstrom: the tug of Chonyu’s magic was inescapable.

At last, one particularly pudgy witch in a black-and-white referee outfit slammed into the catgirl’s tits with a pop like a cork, and with that, the spell collapsed, having run out of targets.

“Nyaaah~,” said Chonyu, massaging her swollen breasts. Pumped full of spectators and players and grounds staff alike, they’d swollen to the size of small houses, spilling over several emptied rows in the process. Amelia could believe they’d fit a bus between them now. “That was good, nya.” Chonyu gave them a little pat. “So, what nyext, nya?”

Amelia swallowed.