

Fate/Apoclothing: Aftermath (Inanimate TF, Fate)

Jeanne:

Jeanne squirmed in her box, her body fabric and flat, as it bounced from one side of the customer's bag to the other. She'd given up on pleading for help—she'd realized swiftly that her new owner couldn't hear her. After spending several hours moldering on the shelf of that catwoman's boutique, she'd finally found herself snatched up by a prim-looking blonde with a mass of a curly hair and—gulp—two of the largest breasts she'd ever seen. Just the sight was enough to make her tremble in horror.

Finally, the shaking and jostling of her bag came to a stop, and the sky parted to reveal a gigantic hand. Jeanne squealed as it drew her up and out, her box ripped open and her flimsy fabric body snatched out into the open. Held there, suspended in the air by her arms turned straps, she could only moan in pleasure as her owner tossed her onto the bed and started to strip off, removing her top and her current bra both and revealing those enormous blonde boobs in all their glory. Jeanne trembled—she'd be crushed.

It wasn't until the woman clasped her straps that she finally realized just what a challenge had been prepared for her, however. As those gigantic boulders settled into her cups, straining her former limbs with their weight and threatening to snap her entirely, Jeanne gave in and screamed and pleaded and shook. *Please! Someone help me!*

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Mordred:

Mordred squirmed, as furious as ever, as the brunette pinched her straps, lifted her leg, and lowered one of her gigantic feet towards Mordred's waiting holes. *Don't you dare, you gigantic...! Keep those fat feet away from me! Away! From—!*

Her silent cries went unheard, of course. The brunette didn't know she was anything more than a normal thong, and so there was little to stop her from inserting her foot—

Nnn~! Ah! Oh God! Oh God, take it out! Take it out! It's too much! It's too much!

—and then the other, slowly pulling a screaming, pleading Mordred up her legs to her hips. As her thighs slipped through Mordred's holes, stretching them wider and wider with every additional inch, the former homunculus lost herself to ecstasy, unable to bear the rush of sensation flowing through her. She felt as if she were going to explode.

Her wonderful journey soon came to a swift and embarrassing end, however. Passing the brunette's thighs, she found herself slipping into a tight little crack, a crevasse of flesh that squeezed her face and her chest and her own former groin, leaving her squealing in horror at the intense scent and the awful humidity.

N-no! No, let me out! I can't stand it here! Let me oooooout! Let me oooooout!

Pulling her tight, the brunette released her with a snap and went about her business as if Mordred didn't even exist.

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Atalanta:

As the pink-haired young woman pulled her down, stretching her fibers taut in the process, Atalanta squealed in protest, wishing she still had the mouth to verbalize her rage. *Nnn~! Stop tugging me like this! Nnn~! It feels weird!*

The young woman paused, as if she could actually hear her. With a sigh, she turned to the nearest mirror. "Urgh, I can't believe he wants me to wear something so tacky. Especially without a bra." She gave Atalanta another tug, making her scream inside in pleasure. "And did he *have* to buy the smallest one he could find? I can't even fit this one over my boobs!"

Atalanta, her former vagina filled with more boobflesh than she'd ever imagined existed in the world, moaned as the young woman gave another almighty tug and—*Pop!*—finally succeeded in pulling her down and over her chest. *Nnn~!*

Just as soon as the pressure on her vagina vanished, she found it replaced by something else. *Nnn~! Oh God! Oh Gods, this is even worse!* Now it felt as if the young woman's boobs were trying to cram their way into her butt.

"Urgh, I can't believe how ridiculous I look," said the young woman, giving her chest a little squeeze. Atalanta's cat-shaped keyhole revealed a pair of boobs they really didn't want to be contained. In fact, they were fighting to squeeze through the hole like dough through a cookie cutter.

Atalanta shuddered. *Please, no more!*

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Semiramis:

As her new owner clipped her with a snap, Semiramis squirmed in righteous indignation. *How dare you?!* she wanted to cry. Only the fact she was currently a lacy black bra kept her silent.

Wrapping tight around her new owner's boobs, her former arms and legs straining to keep from snapping, she growled in frustration as the woman picked out as sleek black dress that perfectly matched her and promptly buried her beneath her. Smothered, Semiramis writhed. The second she got out of here, she was going to burn down this entire city.

Time under the dress passed swiftly, if nothing else. She had only a limited ability to tell what was going on outside: from what she gathered, her wearer was on some kind of date, though

she didn't even want to know what that entailed. She spent the entire evening fighting to escape, not that she could make her presence known.

Finally, her owner and her paramour left the restaurant and retreated home, where Semiramis gasped in relief as the tight black dress was finally ripped from her face, freeing her to see again. *Finally! How dare you imprison me in such a—*

She froze. She found herself hovering over a handsome young man, his body chiseled, his features handsome, and his hands currently in the process of removing his underpants. As Semiramis watched, he dropped them, freeing their contents to pop out into the open.

As she gaped in shock, her owner slipped onto the bed, and Semiramis found herself flying towards something impressively large. *Wait! Wait, stop!*

Smack!