

Francesca's Frilly Fuckup (Clothing TF, Fate)

Francesca skipped through the old apartment block with a tune in her heart and bone in her hand. A tibia, specifically. It had come from one of the guards.

The mysterious magus whose workshop she was seeking had made his home in the basement, carefully concealed by a maze of illusions. But no-one was as good at illusions as Francesca (save perhaps her Servant, but then he was also her, and didn't count), and in the end, it was trivial to dispel them.

Descending the stairs, she looked around, hoping something interesting would appear, but all she found were stacks of dusty grimoires and murky scrying glasses. The workshop was exactly what it seemed to be: the chaotic workspace of a poor, third-rate magus. She closed her eyes and sighed in defeat. She didn't know what she'd been expecting, really.

Just as she was about to turn and leave, however, she paused. There, glinting in a half-open drawer...! Was that...?

She wrenched it open; her eyes lit up. In the drawer sat a large, golden needle, like something out of a fairy tale. Giggling, she snatched it up. It was beautiful! What was such a weak magus doing with a Mystic Code like this? Surely he couldn't have created it himself?

She raised her finger along its length, grinning at the feel of the gold. Finally, her fingertip reached its end, and on a whim, she pricked herself. Perhaps, if she were unlucky, it would be poisoned, and she'd have to switch to another body.

A minute passed, and she failed to keel over, foaming at the mouth. With a sigh of defeat, she tucked the needle into her cleavage and turned to go. Perhaps she'd be able to figure out its true purpose back on the airship.

She made it all of three steps before the transformation started.

Coming to a stop at the base of the stairs, Francesca raised her hand and examined it with a smile. "Oh, what's this?" Her fingers had gone limp, and now they shriveled, collapsing like the digits of an empty glove. "Ooo! Maybe it was poisoned after all!"

She watched with a grin as the process sped down her arm, reducing the entire limb to a loose sack of skin and cloth. It wasn't long before the same had happened to her other arm as well. Flapping them, Francesca giggled. "What a strange curse!"

Her legs trembled; her eyes dropped to her feet. Oh, was the same going to happen to her—?

She struck the ground with an oof. Lying there with her chin in the dust, she struggled to roll onto her back so she could actually see what was happening to her: like her arms, her legs had turned as empty as limp as a pair of stockings. The thought made her laugh – imagine someone *wearing* her!

Her perspective slid downward. It took her a second to realize why, though the cause was obvious in retrospect: her head was sinking into her neck. Her torso had begun to compact as well, her stomach and hips sucked up into her chest, making her boobs balloon to thrice their former size. She laughed – she'd made them large before, but never like this!

Like a dumpling into soup, her head continued to drop, sinking into her torso until it finally vanished into the space behind her breasts. Everything went very dark for a second, and when her sight returned, she found herself looking out from beneath them. They jiggled over her head, fat and round and buoyant. She giggled.

By now, little remained of her body but her breasts and her spindly, shriveled arms. As she flapped the latter, something seized them: taking her legs, it curled them back behind her, tying her toes together with a click. A second later, it bent her arms over what had been her shoulders to join them, fusing her hands inseparably with her ankles. She tried to pull them free, but all she achieved was making them twang like the strings of a guitar.

Now her boobs – her swollen, engorged boobs – flattened like they'd been hammered on an anvil. And yet it wasn't painful: inside, Francesca stopped giggling to gasp in sudden pleasure.

Finally, her boobs ceased to compress, and a strange sense of a fluffiness passed through her, as if she'd been plumped full of stuffing. Her skin changed its color and its texture, assimilating what remained of her clothes and leaving her breasts painted in stripes of black and white.

With that, the golden needle fell to the floor with a clack, and the spell came to an end.

Francesca lay there, confused. She wasn't dead. That wasn't entirely unexpected, but she'd at least expected to be recognizable. Like this, there wasn't anything she could do at all – even if her Servant found her, he might not be able to help her.

She struggled to move, no longer feeling quite so amused. What had the stupid curse *done* to her?

Footsteps on the stairs. Francesca snapped out of her reverie. She felt like she'd been waiting for half a millennium, and that wasn't a crazy comparison for her.

A girl appeared on the steps, her flashlight shining. No, two girls, one brunette, one blonde. "See, I told you we'd find something down here," said the latter.

They spread out, examining the workshop. Francesca froze, struggling to decide whether she'd prefer them to notice her or not.

In the end, they made the decision for her. "Hey, look at this!" cried the brunette. Grabbing Francesca's arm, she yanked her into the air. "Look at this fancy fucking bra!"

B-bra?! thought Francesca. The needle had turned her into lingerie?!

The blonde hurried over, her boobs bouncing. “Why would someone leave such a fancy bra lying around on the floor like this?”

“Who knows,” said the brunette. “Hey, I dare you to try it on.”

“Ew, no way. Who knows whose tits it’s touched.”

“I’ll give you twenty bucks.”

“*Fuck*. Fine.” She pulled her top off.

T-take your hands off me! cried Francesca, as the blonde raised her to her chest. *D-don’t you dare...! Don’t you dare! Don’t you—! Nnnnn~!*

A pair of mountains, a pair of giant, jiggly, soft, warm mountains, crashed into Francesca’s body. She squealed, all but crushed under their weight, but there was no escape, no escape, no—

Seizing Francesca’s former legs, the blonde drew them taut, multiplying the pressure on her limbs a thousandfold. Francesca screamed, expecting them to snap at any second. *Nnn~!*

Her former feet clasped with a click; the blonde released her. The terrible weight, the tautness of her limbs... they, however, remained as intense as ever.

“Hmm,” said the blonde, as Francesca squealed in pain. “I think it’s a little small for me.”

Nnnn~! Ah! Ahhh!