

## ***Fate/Stay Clothing***

Panchira's saucer shot out of the wormhole like a gigantic hockey puck, spinning through the sky of the alternate Earth below before slamming into an invisible net and stopping in an instant.

Aboard the ship itself, the Queen of the Cat Walk righted herself in her seat and smoothed down her dress. *Honestly!* she thought. *What an exasperating trip!* If only the pilot had a little more careful navigating that nebula—a few light years to the right, and they would have sailed straight into a neutron star. (That she'd been the pilot herself went entirely unreflected on).

Leaving her chair, she sauntered across the bridge of the ship and came to a stop looking up at the main monitor. The giant rectangle of light showed a monochromatic view of the city down below them, zoomed out, though she could have zoomed all the way into her prey's bedroom if she'd wished.

"Hmm..." Tapping a few keys, she had the computer compile a list of appropriate targets. It painted their pictures across the screen, accompanied by flashing icons to indicate their locations. All in all, it placed around a hundred pins on its map, far more than Panchira could be bothered to count. Clicking her tongue, she had it sort the wheat from the chaff till only ten or so remained. Still dissatisfied, she had it sort again.

In the end, only three icons remained. Scanning their portraits and details, Panchira found a smile creeping onto her face.

"Purrfect," she said, licking her lips. "Let's begin~."

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Hands tight on her bag, Saber strode through the night, her scarf fluttering behind her like a banner on the eve of a battle. Above her, the tree branches creaked in the wind, and the streetlights flickered like a firefly caught behind a set of blinds.

Gripping her bag a little tighter, Saber hurried on, desperate to be out of the cold. She was already thinking of Shirou's cooking and how warm it would make her feel to get some inside her. Practically drooling, she picked up the pace, barely even noticing the shadow stalking her from behind.

A tiny *twang*, like a musical instrument being plucked, and suddenly Saber found she couldn't move whatsoever. "Wh-what? Why can't I-?!"

Before she had time to finish her sentence, the dark storm she found herself at the center of broke, and lightning slammed into her back, turning the entire street a bright pink. Saber screamed as it coursed through her nerves, arching her back and cracking her joints as it wrenched apart her limbs. Waves of light rolled down her form from head down to toes, and beneath it, her clothing glimmering and went up in flame, like a sheet of gauze held over a

candle. As her panties burned away, Saber screamed again, unable to believe quite what was happening to her.

*Wh-what's going on? Who is this? Is it another Servant?! Who could it possibly—?*

At that moment, her boots finished burning away, and her entire body, naked and shining, took the opportunity to leap into the air. Squealing in surprise, Saber struggled to speak as her arms snapped back like she was hugging someone behind her and her legs curled around to meet them, bending her spine painfully in the process. "Release me!" she spat, barely managing to get the word out.

Her assailant, whoever—wherever—they were, refused to answer her.

Saber's hands and feet soon met, and stuck as if they'd been coated in glue. She tried with all her strength to pull them apart, but it was impossible, like the weight of the world was forcing them together.

Before she could renew her fight, the lightning flared, and a new type of feeling assaulted her shackled body. Mind alight, Saber screamed as pleasure flooded her form, as all-consuming as a battle-trance and heady as the resultant blood. Eyes rolling back in their orbits, face flushing a deep red, she squirmed and whimpered, shaking with each fresh pang of ecstasy that assaulted her. She could feel it building, rising in her core, growing stronger and stronger, and more and more unbreakable. She'd never felt something so incredible since she and Shirou—

As Saber lost herself to lust, her body's change continued without her input: her hands and feet slammed together, melded, and her arms and legs stretched like taffy till they met, forming a thin sheet of flesh behind her.

At the same time, her head sank slowly into her neck, and a pattern formed on her stomach: stripes in blue and white, one after another after another...

"Nn~! NNN~! Oh, God!" Saber's core felt like a barrel of powder an inch from a flame—she could feel herself about to explode at any moment. Worse, with every second, the lightning that had seized her form crushed her a little tighter, slowly squeezing her into an even more erogenous shape. She couldn't bear it. "Oh, God!" The powder ignited. "I'm—"

Two things happened simultaneously: first, the supports holding Saber's body in its current shape broke, and she collapsed, shriveling instantly from a human being into a tiny pair of panties.

Secondly, she orgasmed. Hard.

*Nnn~! Nnnn~! NNNNNN~!* Inside her newly flattened head, Saber lost herself to the bliss as ecstasy roared through her mind like an inferno unleashed. Searing away what sensibilities remained to her, it left her a ragged piece of lust, barely able to comprehend what had happened.

Fluttering out of the air, Saber landed on the ground with a sad little *thwup*. Face against the sidewalk, she never saw the person who picked her up, though she felt the prick of their claws against her fabric as they spread her wide and—

*Nn~!* Saber screamed in fresh ecstasy as the first of two giant legs slammed into her poor, flimsy body, forcing her holes wide as it thrust its way through her. Saber wailed, shaking in lust. Even Shirou had never made her feel so satisfied.

A second leg entered her, slamming her with another bout of mind rending pleasure. As Saber struggled to recover, she found herself tugged up, up, up, till the fattened thighs of her owner strained her poor holes even more. She wailed; she felt like she'd been put on the rack.

Finally, the tugging ceased, and Saber found herself wrapped around a fleshy pillar: two fat slabs of flesh at her back, and before her, a little cave, dripping wet.

Despite her lust-addled mind, a few scraps of sanity remained to her. Enough to figure out where she was and what it meant for her. *N-no! Let me out!*

Her new owner pinched her and tugged her, pulling Saber's fabric taut. Her scream cut off, instantly silenced. *Mmmphf! Mmmphf!*

Someone chuckled high above her.

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Raising the TV remote, Rin Tohsoka punched the button and waited, expectant. The TV screen crackled, flickered, flashed—

—and finally died without showing anything more than static.

With a scream of frustration, Rin turned and tossed the remote aside. "What's wrong with this stupid thing?! Why can't I get it working?!" She wanted to grab her head and roll around like a child throwing a tantrum.

Restraining herself for the moment, she stood and smoothed down her skirt instead. "It's okay, Rin," she said, struggling to speak instead of grit her teeth. "You'll get it working eventually. All you need to do is take a little break and come back to it later. I'm sure that'll work perfectly."

Her eye twitched. She didn't move from the spot.

In the end, it was her stomach that settled the argument for her. Gut grumbling, she turned and made her way to the kitchen. Maybe she'd feel a little less stressed after a nice meal...

As she left the living room, she heard a thump like a hammer striking a giant clump of mochi. Pausing mid-step, she looked around with a frown, but she could make out no sign of what

had caused the sound, let alone where it had come from. "Must be the wind," she mused, with a shrug.

In the kitchen, she prepared a hot pan of oil and some eggs. Just as she was about to crack the latter, however, she heard another thump from somewhere else in the house.

Frowning, she turned to the kitchen doorway. Had that... had it come from the living room? Leaving the oven lit, she turned and retraced her steps. She didn't know what was going on, but she really didn't like it. Leaving the eggs uncracked, she went to investigate.

When she entered the living room, she found the TV was on. Someone had set it to the fashion channel, showing a line of models as they marched down the runway. In a flash of panic, she snatched up the remote and turned it off. "Who's there?" she cried, spinning around on the off-chance they were waiting for her. "Come out!"

No one responded, but to her surprise, Rin found her body moving on its own. Whirling like a ballerina, she came to a stop aimed at the TV and raised her arm to point the remote at the screen. "Wh-what?" Even as she fought to stop, her thumb slammed into the on-button.

With a click, the screen snapped back on, and Rin found herself turning up the volume.

"Welcome back to the Tokyo Fashion Show," said the announcer, as colorful dresses swished up and down the screen, "where another batch of models is just about to step onto the catwalk."

Rin struggled to pull away, but her body refused to obey her. It was like she'd been caught in a set of spectral shackles, her arms and legs chained to the living room walls.

"Let me go!" she cried, managing to drop the remote. "Let me go, before I—!"

The last thing she heard was a thin little zap, like someone turning on an electric fence. She tried to turn, to figure out what it was, but before she could move even a single inch, a bolt of lightning flashed across the room and slammed right into her spinal column.

Rin screamed as her nerves lit up like Christmas lights and her body danced like a poorly-strung puppet. Squealing, she shot up into the air, struggling to put out her clothes as they ignited with a flash of pink flame. "Stop! Stooooop!"

Her shoes vanished with a *whoosh*, leaving her stark naked, and with fresh vigor the lightning holding her tightened, spreading her legs wide and forcing them back at an impossible angle. She squealed, though there was no pain, not really—only a strange kind of pleasure, sharp as a knife and equally disturbing to feel passing through her. Rin screamed.

As if to shut her up, the magic grabbed her arms and wrenched them backward, curling them over her shoulders till her fingers touched her twisted ankles. She tried to pull them free, but they remained stuck, as if sellotaped in place. No matter how hard she fought she couldn't get them to come off.

“St-stop this!” cried Rin, looking around for her assailant. “Stop!”

She heard chuckling behind her and tried to look back over her shoulder, but it was hard to turn her head, and becoming harder with the moment. Snapping forward again, she gasped to realize her head was sinking, sinking slowly into her neck as if it were made of mush. “Let me go!”

The lightning danced up and down her form, making a thousand little tweaks to her figure where it passed. Her arms and her legs shrivelled, scrunched into straps, while her boobs exploded as they sucked up the rest of her torso. At the same time, a wave of redness flowed over her like spilled ketchup, leaving her looking severely embarrassed. It wasn't inaccurate.

Soon, all that remained of Rin's formerly human body was a pair of little eyes, terrified, resting on a melting shelf of fabric just above her cups. As she waited for help, they shook in terror, before finally closing and melting away with the rest of her former identity. She dropped from the air, reduced from one of the world's most talented magi to a simple bra, red with dark brown straps and frills.

Lying there on the floor, she trembled inside in fear. What had they done to her?! What had they *done* to her?!

As if to answer her question, a shadow loomed over her. Rin felt a pair of hands around what had once been her own, and she shot into the air as if abducted by aliens. She squealed as they snapped her feet apart and slipped their arms into the holes of her straps, leaving her gasping at the intensity of the sensation. Then their boobs filled her own hollowed-out breasts, and Rin squealed in lust, unable to bear being touched in such an erotic manner. It felt as if she were handling their breasts; no, as if they were playing with her own. Her lost nipples tingled, intensely erogenous. All she could do was moan.

Struggling to recover, Rin barely noticed her new mistress adjusting her. She merely felt a thousand little waves of pleasure as her mind approached the sodden shore of orgasm with speed.

Her owner started to walk, enormous breasts bouncing in the confines of Rin's body. She did the best she could, but it was like carrying boulders: each little leap stretched her a little tauter, and soon she could bear it anymore. She wanted to cum so badly it hurt.

Soon, they stopped in front of what Rin recognized as her own bedroom mirror, though the person standing in the glass couldn't be more unfamiliar. Short, black-haired, with furry ears and a matching tail... and a bright red bra wrapped around her chest, squeezing her generous breasts too tightly.

Rin squeaked. *Is-is that—?*

Her owner groped her with a giggle, and Rin came with a silent scream.

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Closing the door of the cubicle with a sigh, Sakura placed the lingerie she'd selected on the little bench provided and unbuttoned her top, hanging it neatly from the hook on the wall when she was finished.

As she worked her skirt down her legs, she heard the sound of feet outside her cubicle, but for the moment, she paid it no mind: there were lots of cubicles in the changing rooms, and the sound of someone walking between them wasn't suspicious in the slightest.

A moment later, however, the sound of feet passed her again, and she paused in the middle of unclasping her bra to look up, one eyebrow raised in concern. What were they doing out there? Shrugging her head, she removed her bra and started on her bloomers. The air of the changing room felt cold against her breasts.

The sound of pacing feet started again, and this time, Sakura looked up in concern. What if it was some kind of pervert—?

For several seconds, she stood frozen in indecision, wondering whether it would be better to remain silent or speak up and hoping deep down that who whoever was outside would simply keep on walking and leave her alone. In the end, however, they made the decision for her.

*Knock. Knock-knock.*

Sakura flinched. "H-hello?" she said, automatically. "D-do you need help?"

No one responded, and Sakura's frowned in confusion. "Hello?" she repeated, annoyance tinging her tone. If it was just a child playing around, she was going to—

She froze.

She didn't mean to. It wasn't any decision on her part, subconscious, conscious, emotional or rational, that prompted it. She simply stopped moving, as if time itself had frozen around her. She might have thought that was the case if she couldn't still hear people outside.

*Wh-what is—?*

She heard a sound from above her, electrical, like a transformer straining to start. She fought to face her head and see it herself, but the force holding her in place refused to loosen its grip on her.

Light. A blinding pink light pouring down on her from above. What was going on? What was—?!

Lightning slammed into her head and surged straight down her spine, raising every hair on her body on its way to her feet. Sakura's jaw finally succeeded in moving: opening wide, she drew in a deep breath and screamed, screamed like a murder victim. Her nerves burned like they were being used as power lines.

Since she'd already stripped off, there was little for the lightning to burn away, though it wasted no time incinerating her socks and leaving her toes to wiggle madly in the open. Moaning, she floated up into the air, desperately twitching as she fought to regain control.

A foot or so off the floor, she suddenly flipped upside down, and before she even had a chance to protest, her arms flew back and seized her exposed ass. Squealing in shock, she sputtered as her fingers dug deep into the fat, tightening their grip on her most gluteus of maximuses, and wrenching it apart like a pair of stage curtains. She screamed at the pain. No, not the pain. It felt good. Shockingly, impossibly good. She didn't know what to make of it.

Uncaring of her thoughts, her hands dug deeper and tugged harder, stretching her asshole apart and apart, open and open, impossibly open, till it was so large she could have stuck her own head in it. The pleasure this induced was almost enough to drive her insane—she wiggled and writhed, pussy spurting with slick juices. Her entire body burned from the fire in her ass.

Then, as if the rest of her had only just caught up, a wave of fatigue rolled through her form and snatched away what little strength remained to her. With a final moan, she slumped, her head sinking into her neck, and her neck sliding into her torso. Her breasts fell flat, and her legs collapsed, sinking in on themselves. Her flesh, crumpled, turned a deep shade of purple, stark as her melting hair. She was too lost in her own pleasure to notice.

For a moment, Sakura hung in the air, a blob of something halfway between flesh and fabric with a hole at one end and the smushed mound of what had once been a face at the other. With every second, she seemed to grow a little smoother, a little slimmer, a little less like an object and a little more like—

As she shrank to a size better befitting a piece of footwear, a seam appeared in the center of Sakura's form and split her down the middle, leaving her looking like a samurai had decided to take his anger out on her. Internally, she felt as if she'd swallowed the world's largest cock.

For a moment, she hung twitching, neatly bisected. And then, with a pop, she recovered like an amoeba, forming two perfect thigh-high socks, each the color of her hair.

The light died, and Sakura dropped, silent, to the floor. She struck it with a moan, unable to protest her situation. All she could do was lie there, one half of her over the other, and moan in pleasure as she waited for the arrival of her new owner.

She didn't have to wait long. With a *splat*, something landed behind her, and to the sound of bubbling mud, a shadow washed over her form. A moment later, something pinched her—she shot into the air like a prize at the fair. She didn't see who'd picked her up, but she felt their claws on her fabric as they took one of her halves in their hands and wrenched open her anus. A toe, petite, tickled her rectum. She screamed and moaned as if she'd sat on a buttplug.

Slowly, the toe slipped inside her, and with every inch of entrance, the pressure assaulting her mind intensified a thousandfold. Soon she couldn't think, couldn't put even a single word to order. All she could focus on was the fat, thick *leg* filling her poor anus.

Her new owner wasn't finished with her, of course. Soon, another entered her, splitting what remained of her sanity in half like a hammer driving a wedge into a log.

Through her ecstasy, Sakura heard her new owner chuckling.

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In her bedroom, Panchira stood in front of her mirror and smiled in satisfaction. So far, her little hunting trip had been going wonderfully~.

Raising her hands, she ran them down her front, taking the time to cup the cups of her new bra and squeeze them till the pressure made her shiver. A mewling voice, high-pitched and broken, sounded in her head as she touched them: *Nn~! Harder, Mistress! Squeeze me harder!*

Chuckling, Panty continued down, sliding her hands around her waist till they rested on her buttocks. Grabbing her ass, she gripped down, forcing the fabric of her new undergarments deep into her asscrack.

This time, the voice she heard was a little more coherent: *Stop! Nn~! Stop it, damn you! Release me! Release—!* Panchira tuned out. Obviously this little scrap of fabric had more willpower than the average pair of panties.

Releasing her ass, she raised a leg and slid her hands downward again, bringing them to one of the brand new thigh-high socks currently sucking on her lower body. The instant she touched it, an orgasmic scream filled her mind:

*Nnn~! NNNN~! More! More! Fill me moooore! Nnn~!*

Panchira smiled, pinched the mouth of her sock, and gave it a sharp tug, forcing her feet hard into its end. The screams of lust reached such a high peak they became almost inaudible.

With a smirk, Panchira released her sock and turned to go. So far, everything had gone purrfectly.

Now she just had to finish the ensemble~.