

Scoping out the living room and kitchen, Centorea made sure absolutely nobody was around. It seemed that everyone made their way upstairs and fell asleep, but she was hyper aware of how her hooves sounded against the wooden floor and double checked at every clip and every clop. Terrified that someone would wake up and call her out for the noise and see what she was trying to hide.

Opening the front door, Cerea grabbed the package and held it tight against her body. Far too embarrassed to let anyone see what she had. She was too embarrassed about her purchase to let anyone else see that she had an order.

It was always hard finding clothing specifically for extra-species individuals, but Cerea was an outlier even among her other centaurs. Particularly with the two airbags on her chest that would hurt her back if she didn't have proper support, but needing to order custom fit bras online just made her feel even more crushing embarrassment. But this purchase was different, or at least, they advertised themselves as such. Instead of needing to give her exact measurements, the bra was inlaid with "special materials" and "cultural magics". And given how her last one snapped during a jousting match and Master needed to hold her breasts up to run straight, she was desperate enough to try anything to prevent further mortification.

Cerea was so nervous and in her own head as she looked around that the centaur didn't pay attention to the address on the box. That one digit was off on the zip code.

Closing the door behind her and locking it shut, the blonde could finally let out a sigh of relief, nobody would see her in here. Wanting to try out her new purchase, Cerea unbuttoned her shirt and took off her bra, she'd only bought it a week ago and already the elastic was pushed past its limits and stitching started to fray. With bated breath, she opened the box... and was disappointed, the bra was of a much smaller size, something that Miia or Meru would wear, maybe even smaller. Trying to see if the "cultural magics" would do anything, she pressed it against her breasts and all it did was show her colossal breasts spill out of the small frame, but after she moved it, she found a leaflet squashed beneath the bubble wrap.

"Hello valued customer-" Cerea skimmed the page, something about Mimic fibers for malleability and Satori hair to understand how to conform to the body. "A-ha, a code phrase." She didn't remember placing that with her order, but maybe it was randomly

generated for each user. "I'm looking for a... hot night?" Her face flushed at the end, was this really- Oh!

Before her thoughts could continue, the bra shifted and changed, growing wider and deeper to properly cover and support her chest, the straps fitting themselves over her arms and behind her back, in seconds it was exactly what she was looking for.

But then it kept going, strands following up her neck, down her arms, and across her equine hind. Her neck was covered by a choker, arms by gloves that were then pulled against her back, and before she could even say something in response, the expanding outfit put a bar gag in her mouth. Wait, no, it wasn't a gag, it was a horse bit. She tried to chew and struggled to get her cloth confinement, but the material was far sturdier than she expected, bending and shifting to lessen all the impacts.

Just what did she order?

She jumped in her skin when she began to feel bizarre sensations across her breasts, as if there was a person toying with them, looking down, she could see the bra shifting and moving with an impression of hands groping her, with her tits being so massive and making the bra expand so much, she couldn't count the number of 'hands' that touched her. Her moans and groans muffled by the bit while her body swayed, part in resistance, part in weakness. The endless hands massaged her, but even worse was how it pinched and pulled at her nipples. Her pink peaks were already sensitive, but her mind was going blank with countless phantom hands toying with her.

The way it held back her arms and bound her body, the growing outfit was treating her like those heroines in those kinky books that Arachne gave her as a gag gift. Using and toying with her human half all while holding her down and treating her like a horse. With her mental state growing weaker and fainter, Cerea could only think about how she couldn't let anyone ever find out about this. Anyone else discovering her like this would be far and away the worst shame in her life. So until this thing stopped, she'd endure it and give customer service an earful that'd last them a lifetime.

Though that was far easier said than done.

The thread reaching down her horse half created a frame where a band shot forward and wound its way around her long ponytail, yanking her head back and pushing her through a masochistic's wet dream. Her tits molested, mouth barred, arms restrained, and hair pulled. The only way it could possibly get worse would be-

Cerea couldn't stop herself from jolting forward and knocking against her dresser, her face growing redder and redder while her ears pointed directly up. The outfit extended and moved to the point where it now covered her crotch and she felt the same touching sensation that still covered her tits. It was like it was feeling its way around her body.

Bucking her hips again and nearly knocking over a stand holding her breastplate, it started to do more than simply tease her with its hands. The simple feeling of fingers pressing against her skin was swapped out by a long and hard toy filling her cunt. Unable to keep herself stable, she swayed on unsteady hooves, drool falling from the edges of her forced open mouth, and sweat covering her body and staining its way through all the normal outfit she still had on that this crazy cursed clothing slipped beneath. The toy just kept digging deeper and deeper into her folds and making her knees weak, even making it ribbed and bumped before it shrank and shot inside of her, treating the centaur to the feeling of being properly fucked.

Feeling herself get more and more submerged in pleasure, Cerea didn't even realize the cloth spun down her legs and began to pull her down against the floor, wrapping around her knees and immobilizing her even further. Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she saw the fabric spreading and molding more and more until it shifted above her eyes and left her in a gimp mask with only a hole for her mouth and ponytail to continue being yanked. The proud knight of a woman now forced to feel her body touched and fucked, being deprived of sight as she felt her first climax of the night build higher and higher before it finally swept in and left her mewling. Though with no time to even breath, it fucked her all over again.

It was a blissful agony.

**Xx Xx**

"Hey, Boss, we got a complaint by a customer. Said she ordered the 'special care' package and all she got was a bra that was big enough to fit her head into." An employee in a ringing office waved over the chief.

"Huh, that's weird, and you checked the orders in the area?"

"Looks like we only delivered stuff to... two houses in that neighborhood in the last day."

"Get the complaining lady her proper order, and get some company credit ready, we might need to give it out if that other person tried on the BDSMimic."

'If she did put it on, how long does it last between activations?'

"I don't remember off the top of my head, just that the beta testers said they didn't get a wink of sleep."