

A Little Off The Top
A Mercynaries Story from <https://www.patreon.com/SinComics>

Brill leaned against a street lamp and wheezed for breath. He was exhausted from running, despite the frequent breaks. He used to have stamina before all this... this extra weight. His shirt was stretched tight against the new mounds on his chest. Brill wrapped his arm around them, trying to stop their wobbling. It was all their fault. He tugged at the straps on the accursed bra, but like always, it wouldn't budge. It was all this thing's fault! He was at least able to kick off the heels, even if it meant he had to run barefoot through the town. Anything to get away from that damned house.

Brill's rest was cut short by the sounds of heels on the parking lot's pavement. They were back! He peeked around the pole and caught sight of the fiery red hair of his stalker with that... thing on her arm. The blonde couldn't be that far away. He surveyed the shopping center but everything was closed for the night so there was nowhere to hide. And he certainly couldn't hide behind the lamp with these melons.

Staying close to the shops, Brill tried a few doors, hoping one could give him safety from his hunters. He banged against door after door to no avail. Slamming his shoulder into one last door, Brill popped it open and the momentum shoved him through, flopping down, and hitting the ground hard. He scrambled away from the entrance and ducked behind a counter, panting in his new frustratingly petite voice.

A light shone from the back of the shop and he heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Brill struggled to get up but was too exhausted to heft himself off the tile floor, so he slumped back and waited for his fate.

“Oh dear!” A woman's hushed voice came from the back. Her steps sped up and she was soon kneeling at Brill's side. “Miss! Miss! Are you hurt?”

Brill bristled. After a sigh, he managed to shake his head, the long bangs flopping side to side. “No, I'll be okay. I just need a minute. There's somebody out there.”

The woman sternly nodded and put her arms around Brill and hoisted him off the floor. “You're safe here. Do you need help?”

He nodded. “Please. I just need a place to hide for a bit.”

The woman shot a glance towards the door and then helped Brill the rest of the way up. She nodded her head towards the back room and the two shuffled on the way. Brill glanced over at his mystery helper. She was hard to read in the low lighting. Maybe in her late 40s, but her silvery-blonde hair added a few years to her. She had a kind smile, matronly like a teacher that has been at her school for as long as anybody can remember and everybody likes her.

She led Brill to a large chair and he plopped down into it. Acutely aware of how much the motion made his chest bobble about.

“Relax, love. I'll go get you a drink. You sound exhausted.” She put a hand on Brill's shoulder. “My name is Vera.”

As the sound of her footsteps receded to the kitchen, Brill sighed. "My name's Brill. Thanks for your help, Vera. Today has... Today has been something else."

Vera returned with a cup and Brill gulped the juice down. She took the cup back from him and gave him a peaceful smile. "Please, explain what's going on. Are you in danger from those people?"

Brill shook his head. "I've lost them a few times before, but I don't know." He grunted and leaned back in the plush chair and put his bare feet on the footrest. He was too exhausted to try cover up the madness of his tale, so he figured he might as well just get it out.

"This is going to sound crazy, but hear me out..."

"I work for the city, checking properties. There's this house languishing out there, you probably know it. That fancy one, if you take the road past the lake. It's just been sitting there forever and the city is looking to finally take it down and do something with the land. I headed out there in the morning to make sure there wasn't anybody squatting in it and there's nothing dangerous inside for demolition. Just a regular gig.

I get there and am doing my work like usual. But the house, it seems to go on forever. Rooms everywhere and I have to check all of them. Every hallway was lined with rooms and then a room would lead to a back hallway with more of them. The place wasn't in bad shape though, so I was worried some people might be hiding out there. It wasn't spotless, but everything was still in its place, tidy. Most of the places I'm sent to survey aren't tidy.

I'm exhausted searching this maze of a mansion and catch a glance through the window and it's pitch black outside. I had been there all day, so no wonder I was tired. And then... Ah, I'm an idiot. I figured I'd just spend the night. I didn't want to drive down those roads and through the woods at night. There aren't any lights out that far and the last thing I want is to have a deer jump out and I crash into a tree. Idiot...

So I picked one of the rooms. It was upstairs and a bit out of the way, so if somebody snuck into the house at night, I'd have a chance to hear them and get ready before they made it to the room. But the second I hit that mattress, I was out. Soundest sleep I'd had in years.

When I woke up, everything felt... off. The bed didn't have sheets the night before, but now there were some on top of me. And I could feel something under my clothes. I was wearing this bra. At first I thought it was some joke, like some weirdos got into the house and did this to me, but I couldn't get it off. I couldn't undo the clasps and no matter how hard I pulled, I couldn't budge the straps or shift it around. I panicked and my heart was pounding but my chest was throbbing too. It was like, little by little I could feel myself growing, expanding into this damned thing. It felt like it was eating me, but I was filling it out.

That was when I became aware of the house itself. Like it was watching me, closing in. It just gets crazier. I felt like I was aware of all the clothing in the house. Every room had a closet or a wardrobe. Every one of them! I... I must have gotten turned around. I ran through a door to the hallway, but fell into a closet. It was dark inside, but I could feel things wrapping around me, clinging on, pulling me in. I fought my way out, shrugging off everything clawing at me, still fighting to get the bra off. Something was wrapped around my leg and I hit the ground hard. My vision was swimmy, blurry. It was like the clothes tried to swarm me. Dragging me back to the closet, like... Like everything

wanted me to wear it.

My chest was getting worse. I filled out the bra, but they kept growing. I could feel something like that all over as the closet spilled out on top of me. That throbbing all over. The house reshaping me. I stood up again, but some shoes had wedged onto my feet. God knows where my boots went. I toppled forward, just barely catching the bed to save myself from another crash. The heels wouldn't come off but I bashed them against the bed post and they finally popped off.

After that, I just ran. It was too dangerous to try to deal with this inside the house, so I just had to get out of there. I stumbled my way around and eventually somehow made it outside. But my truck was gone! So I kept running. Away from the house. Just... away from it.

As I was running, that's when I saw them for the first time. They were moving around the yard, looking at the house. This redheaded lady and some blonde. They had to be involved with the house. They were the only people I had seen. Then, then I saw them again as I was running out of the woods. They were looking around. I think they're trying to take me back.

I made it back to town. Figured I could lose them. But I would catch glimpses of them searching around. Always where I had just been, scanning around. I've been trying to get away from them all day and that's how I got here and I'm... I'm just so tired. I don't know if I can... Keep going.”

Vera nodded, silent through Brill's tale. She got up and softly put an arm around his shoulder. “This all sounds... Very dangerous. But let me help in any way I can.”

Brill smiled and turned to thank her, but she was already walking over to some cabinets. She rifled around them and pulled out a pair of scissors and a spray bottle.

“Stay still, dear. Let's see if this does the trick.”

Brill leaned forward for her to cut the straps, but Vera instead sprayed him with a mist from the bottle. He coughed and jolted back, wiping the fruity mist from his face and coughing again. “Ugh!”

But he suddenly felt some slack. For the first time, the bra relaxed its grip. Brill picked at the strap and it slid off to the side.

“Y-You did it! How did you-”

Brill stopped and felt like he had his breath knocked out of him. His whole body tingled. Stronger than before. Pressure built up inside him and he groaned. Then, the pressure released and he started to expand, faster than before. Brill's hands shot up to his chest to try to hold them back, but soon, any slack left in his shirt was gone and the already distressed collar started to tear. With one more surge, his shirt split down the front and freed his bust. The new globes thrust forward, cradled in the bra expanding to keep up with them.

Vera leaned in and snipped off the remains of his tattered shirt and flopped it to the ground.

“There! We can't have you walking your path in just a single bra.”

Drained, Brill weakly struggled to lift himself from the chair but he was now wedged into it. “What's- Who are you?!”

Vera smiled and gave a slight bow. “Just a humble servant of the Goddess, dear. She has revealed your divine form and the servants at Déesse Salon are here to help you be your best on your chosen path.”

“Wh-What are you talking about?!”

Vera studied her new charge. “The Goddess has helped you ascend to a higher form. Since she led you here to me, it is my duty to make the most of it.” She happily gripped Brill by the shoulders. “You will excel with all that the Goddess has granted you. I will help guide you and protect you from the hunters and in return, you will help me here and turn this shop into a true shrine to her Goddess's wonder.”

Brill shook her hands off, the following wobbling was dizzying and uncomfortable. “You nut case! I won't help you do anything and when I get out of here, I'll-”

Vera pulled him free of the chair and to his feet. “Tut tut. The Goddess watches over us and will not let you abandon your duties.” She gave the spray bottle a swirl towards Brill and he slunk back.

“Now, dear, let's show you to your quarters. We have a lovely room upstairs that you can settle into tonight. Tomorrow, we work, but you may rest for now.”

Morning came quickly for Brill and Vera was there to introduce him to his new schedule. He was rushed off to the shower, with its sweet, aromatic spray before being bundled up in a fluffy robe and presented to a wardrobe of lingerie and made to select the day's outfit. Brill examined a bountiful bustier and everything there was sized for his new form, like it had been waiting for him. He selected the most modest-looking blouse he could find, only to discover it had but three buttons at the bottom of the garment, proudly presenting his bust for the world to gaze upon. Vera lamented his short hair and presented him with treatments and sprays and an almost unending combing and teasing routine that felt like it was pulling his hair, forcing it longer and longer. But that was nothing compared to her regimen of make-up tips and secrets. Brill was made to replace his make-up every few hours to drill the beautician's art into him and perfect his skills.



The days continued like this, trapping Brill in Vera's game. Dress-up and primping day after day under Vera's watch. Brill tried his best at sneaking off but the shop doors were always shuttered to his touch. Vera could leave for errands, but Brill remained stuck inside, unable to open the doors or windows and with no phones to call for help.

Brill was polishing the mirrors, the barely recognizable reflection bouncing and bobbling back at him, when Vera tapped him on the side.

“Sparkling, dear! Your first customer is scheduled to arrive shortly. I'm so excited for you!”

Brill startled. “Customer?”

“Yes, of course. Let's put all that training to use! I'll handle the more... specialty work and you help our new charge to look her best!”

Brill's expression hinted at the defiant anger and thoughts of outnumbering his captor, but Vera saw right through it. She poked a finger right at his chest and smiled.

“And I know you'll be on your best behavior and represent our shop well. Our work pleases the Goddess and if she were displeased... It would be a shame if you were transferred out of my care and to some kind of unsavory role in this confusing world.”

Brill shrunk back. He wasn't sure what possibilities were out there, but he knew Vera was capable of putting him through anything.

Brill fidgeted on his heels, waiting in front of his station at the salon. He smoothed his skirt and played with his hair until the door chimed and the taps of Vera's heels announced her presence. The boss had an arm around another woman, steadying her and leading her to Brill's chair.

“My dear, this is our client. Miss Aoife is new to town and wants to look her best for her first days on the cheering squad!”

“Cheer-” Brill looked the woman up and down. He felt like he towered over the petite client. Even without his mountainous heels, he would have stood more than foot over her. Aoife's small, sturdy stature conflicted with the outfit of a crop top with a tiny vest, pleated skirt that just barely covered her, and heeled ankle boots pitched inward and looking dainty and frail. Her hair was a dull reddish-orange and her pale skin was flawless and dotted with freckles that brought out her smile. She seemed disoriented, gazing around the shop and unfocused, and smelled vaguely of smoke with a sharp hint of cherry to it.

Brill wasn't sure what to do with her. She was already quite pretty and dressed in an eye-catching outfit so the “training” Vera had subjected him to wouldn't be needed.

“Miss, are you all ri-”

Vera interrupted and gripped Brill's shoulder, with a calm but stern look in her eyes. “Each shop is a shrine to the Goddess. They are places of peace under her protection, and that helps the customers stay in line, knowing they're safe under the Goddess's care. I am quite sure you will treat our client with the utmost care and let her be the beacon to the Goddess she wants to be. Correct?”

Brill shrunk back and nodded. “R-right this way, Miss.”

The cheerleader rolled her head slightly to the side and let out a boisterous “O-kay!” before mincing to the station and plopping down into the padded chair.

Brill rearranged his supplies and grabbed a bottle of sheen. With a few spritzes, he combed out the woman's already flowing locks as she stared into the mirror. Brill set out to work, following the methods that had been drilled in on himself, primping and teasing to add volume.

Vera beamed, pleased with the work, before turning and heading to her office in the back room. Brill continued his work for a few moments before looking around and leaning in close to the woman. The smoky smell was fading, leaving just an intense perfume of cherry.

“Miss, please. Are you okay? Are you hurt? Did somebody... do this to you?”

The cheerleader cocked her head like a confused puppy, but Brill's inquiry seemed to focus her and awaken something. A hint of recognition and light shined in her eyes and the reflection in the mirror suddenly seemed strange.

“I- We were celebrating. The boys- My team. We had won a game. Ended a bad streak for Central. Things had been going poorly for us so we were happy to finally be out on top. Our manager took everybody out for the night to party. My agent was there too. She congratulated me and said it was the start of good things for me. There were a lot of drinks, so I didn't really want to talk business, but my agent said that was fine. She brought some entertainment to the party too. A bunch of beautiful ladies. They could have been models. They partied with us and I just figured they were fans. Everybody was having a really good time. I didn't feel pretty though...”

Brill stopped curling the end of the cheerleader's hair and after making sure the room was clear, leaned back in. “No! Please, focus! What happened at the party?”

Aoife shook herself and regained her calm.

“There was a hookah being passed around. The club was kind of weird, but I'd seen that kind of thing before and everybody was cool with it. Stephie, our kicker, she- He went first. Was small and a lightweight so he zonked out quickly. Then they passed it to me and all the ladies, they cheered me on. It tasted great, intensely fruity. I stopped but they kept cheering and I didn't want to let the fans down and it was a party. The rest of the team tried it too but they kept passing it back to me. It just made you feel really relaxed and good inside, right? My agent said this night was the start of great things for me and I was going to be a star. That's everything I wanted to hear! The rest of the night was kind of a blur, but our fans were all over us. They stayed with the team all night, sharing the hookah, getting us drinks, just super friendly ladies.

The next morning, I woke up with a hell of a hangover back at the clubhouse. Manager must have taken us back there instead of sending us back home because we were in no shape to drive. I felt strange, but couldn't tell why. Checked myself out in the mirror and it was the same cute me. I always bounced back after a night out. Back in college, I was still small but I could go spend all night drinking, grab a nap, and I'd be back to the hottest thing on campus come morning. It drove my sorority sisters crazy!

The rest of the squad was waking up too. We made fun of Stephie for going down first last night but we love her. She's just adorable when she gets huffy. Then the manager called us over, said it was a really important practice so the team should study up. I went to join them but he called me aside and introduced me to Miss Vera. Said she had special training to test out and that I could help the team if it went really well. Of course I wanted that! Oh! Do you cheer too? You're totally a cutie. I'd love to have you on the squad and we can-”

Brill snapped in front of her eyes. “Please, stop! She's the one doing this to us! Vera is-”

The clack of heels against the tile floor rang out from the back of the salon and Brill cursed to himself. He quickly snatched a few bottles of makeup off the counter and held them in front of his client. The cheerleader seemed suddenly mesmerized by them.

“Now, I use the deeper pink myself, it's more bubble gummy, but that doesn't mean you have to as well.”

The clacking stopped and Vera beamed with pride at her student. The cheerleader seemed overwhelmed by the choice and she fidgeted in her seat, her locks bobbing up and down with her dancing.

“Miss Brill, excellent work so far. Why don't we keep things simple for our lovely charge and go for the one in the middle. She'll be up for these important choices a bit later.”

The cheerleader sunk back in the chair with a contented sigh. She seemed relieved to have the choice made for her. Brill nodded and put the other bottles away before starting his painting.

Brill finished her lipstick and Vera held out a smaller mirror.

“Well, Miss Aoife, how does it look? Quite adorable, I must say. Your squad will be jealous!”

Aoife giggled. “I'm thrilled!”

Vera smiled and pat Brill on the shoulder. “Miss Aoife and I have to do some special training off-site, so you're done for the day. Please enjoy your evening and she'll be back for another appointment tomorrow. We'll all get together again soon!”

Aoife hopped out of the chair and gave Brill a mighty wave, followed by a curtsy. “You do lovely work! Thanks so much!” She pattered behind Vera as they left towards the back.

Brill cleaned up the station, marked off the supplies for restocking, and turned towards the back of the salon with a chill. Had he done the right thing or had he just doomed that woman? Man? Was he as responsible as Vera for her suffering?

He shuddered as he ascended the stairs back to his quarters. He had just gone along with his orders. But there was something about this shop that made it so hard to say no. Like a voice in his head trying to break him. Brill kicked off his heels but felt uncomfortable without them. He sighed and slipped on the slippers that had a lower heel and that stopped the dull through at the back of his feet when standing flat on the ground. Tying his hair back and surveying the closet for a suitable dress to lounge in, Brill resolved himself to keep the client safe.

The next morning, Aoife burst through the salon doors, full of energy. “Brilly! G'morning, hot stuff!” She ran over and wrapped her arms around Brill's waist. He could immediately feel a difference in her and stepped back.

“Miss Aoife, you... look different.”

She looked even curvier today. Her top stretched out, any hope of her skirt covering her dashed at the slightest movement and her hair a more vibrant red. That smokey cherry perfume was back and as strong as the day before.

“Different?!” She suddenly seemed panicked and fret back and forth on her boots.

“N-no. Not like! You look adorable. I can just tell you practiced a lot yesterday.”

All troubles seemed to drain from Aoife's mind. “You bet! I got back to the clubhouse and the rest of the squad was sooo jealous.”

Vera gave a quick golf clap. “Brill, my dear, I'll entrust you to your work while I plan today's schedule for our dear client.

Brill nodded and Aoife was already on her way back to the chair.

A few spritzes of product and Vera gave her approving nod and left the pair alone. Brill leaned in and wafted away Aoife's perfume.

“Aoife! Are you okay? Are you in there?”

The client shuttered. “What would be wrong?”

“Is your team okay? Did anybody come after them?”

Aoife shook her head. “I don't know if they met with their agents, but mine just works for me alone. I can trust she's looking out for the best deals for me!”

“You have to ditch your agent! She's trying to transform you! Or she's at least allied with Vera. Escape if you can!”

Aoife seems confused but at least thought over Brill's warning. “I couldn't let the girls down! We're going to be the best football team! Wait. Football squad. Cheering...”

This wasn't going to be as easy as Brill had hoped, but he'd seen a hint of change in her eyes. “Tell you what. I have some new nail polish you can be the first to try, but you have to promise me, you won't smoke any more. It's uh... Bad for your glow. Dulls your hair and grays the skin. I'd be so sad if that happened to you.”

Aoife looked hurt for Brill and nodded in agreement.

As the blow dryer stopped, Vera returned to the front of the salon.

“Ah, Miss Aoife! Another stunning performance! Now, are you ready for some more training?”

“Can do, Miss Vera!”

Vera bowed and waved her arm towards the back. She turned away before stopping and motioning back.

“Brill, love, won't you join us?”

“Y-Yes, ma'am.”

He tottered back to them and joined the two in the elevator. The ride was quiet, save for Aoife's soft humming to herself. The elevator sank for some time before shuddering and then stopping. The doors opened to a sparkling white gym and the air felt different. Brill looked around and could feel he was some distance from the salon.

Aoife rushed over to a peg on the wall and swapped out her vest. She now sported a satin silver one with “CCC” emblazoned on the back in bright green. She gave Brill a flirty wink before heading to the mats.

Vera smiled. “What do you feel about the uniform, dear? We're trying a few new ones. The Clovers sounds much more fitting to our lovely charge than the Centurions, no? Our squad leader is leading a re-marketing push for her city. Very civic-minded!”

The cheerleader was surprisingly flexible given her stature and showed off flips and jumps few would dare in heels. It was difficult for Brill to look away. He knew what she was a few short days ago, but Brill found himself enchanted by her. She was beautiful and had no shame about her new form's bouncing and jiggling or showing plenty of skin.



Vera bowed forward slightly and grinned. “Exactly the reaction we were hoping for. Miss Aoife will spread the good word of the Goddess. Her divine plan for the client is working and she will lead a team to thrill and entrance the public. A joy to behold for one and all.”

Brill was stung by her words. He wasn't able to save Aoife, but he hopefully planted something in her mind to one day drive her from her agent or save her teammates from worse changes. Brill could see a future where Aoife's fame led her to grander things and a split from the agent. Once separated, there would be hope that somebody out there would find her and free her body as well.

For now, Brill would stay at the salon, keeping watch over others and fighting for their freedom from within.

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