

ONE SIZE TOO SMALL

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“Where is it? I know that old cow hid it here somewhere!”

Love was a *constant* war, and Kiyohime was among the most dedicated of soldiers. Her passion for Ritsuka was something unmatched - or so she believed, but the number of rivals for her Master’s affections was a plurality that was difficult to keep track of. There were so many that were in love with the woman Master, and if there was an opportunity to foil their chances she would take it without hesitation.

Like, say, *stealing a present that had been purchased for them*. In the bath that morning the Berserker had overheard Minamoto no Raikou, a woman of the same class, talking about how she’d purchased their Master the *most wonderful* of gifts. When it came to rivals in tenacity Raikou was certainly up there. A scary, maternal beast that stood above all. But she was stupid and at such a level that it was exploitable.

Removing the elder woman from her room had been simple enough, and in fact the stars had practically aligned. Master was going out on a farming quest and needed Raikou’s help - *naturally* she obliged. So this gave Kiyohime a rather large window to sneak in and take the gift. The serpent was being played.

She just didn’t know it yet.

“Aha! Hear it is! Now let’s see what kind of ‘wonderful’ gift you purchased *my dear Master, hm?*” The box had been almost very suspiciously easy to find, and of course had been placed that way on purpose. It was under the bed, and on all fours the young Berserker wiggled her booty in the air as she slid it out. It was a small white box

that had been nestled beside a roll of wrapping paper. She was lucky it had yet to be wrapped! But anticipation got the better of her despite knowing it would be in her best interest to take the box and go ASAP. She opened it.

Inside was nothing exceptional. It wasn't even *exciting*. Sitting upright in the box was a small, green brassiere. The sizing would definitely fit their Master, but did Raikou have such bizarre qualifiers for what made a gift 'wonderful'? It wasn't like Ritsuka didn't have a million bras! If anyone would know, it was *Kiyohime!* **“What? This this is so lame! I don't even need to steal this!”** The girl was still a little suspicious and so she picked up the bra to make sure nothing was underneath it. Nothing was, but the bra? It felt oddly *warm*.

Actually... wasn't it looking a little translucent? Like it was fading. *Crap!* **“Waaait a minute! What's happening here!? I just wanted to take it, so where is it going!?”** It was growing more and more invisible in her hands, the warmth from its fabric passing straight into her body. Kiyohime's body began to tremble as it felt as if she was being invaded, and in the back of her head she heard a voice. The speaker wasn't here, but she could hear Minamoto no Raikou.

MY, MY! LOOKS LIKE YOU FELL FOR MY TRAP!

“Wait, what!?” The bra was completely gone now and Kiyohime's hands were empty. She was in a panic. This had been a trap? For what reason? Well she probably would have assumed it had been in the same vein as her trying to steal the gift in the first place: to foil her chances of winning over Master. But what was the trap? Was she now on video stealing? But did that explain the feeling that was now washing over her? The feeling that had originated from the bra she'd held in the first place? No.

“Mff!? Fffmm!? MMFF!?” The disembodied Raikou voice hadn't offered any additional words and Kiyohime has been in the mindset of asking something else to see if she got a response. *But she couldn't talk!?* It were as if her lips had been glued together, and it became difficult to even move her tongue. A taste was filling the entirety of the chasm as any moisture was seemingly absorbed. Latex? Linen? It was a taste oddly chemical-like in nature, but also tasted how she expected new clothes to smell.

Externally her lips had become a dark purple and were, in fact, stitched shut. Which was for the best, because anything resembling a gap within her mouth found itself filled with latex of the exact same color, tongue and teeth ultimately coming to be one with the mass. No longer could she even form a simple noise, she had no way of doing so.

Kiyohime was flailing around in a panic. She didn't understand what was happening or why she couldn't talk. Her head was racing. Should she escape? It would be in her best interest to own up to her sin and get help, wouldn't it? But as she went to take her first step her entire body fell forward as if it had been, *and it had been*, rendered immobile. The Berserker had slammed her eyes shut as she fell forward, expecting the landing to be extremely painful as she couldn't put her hands out to catch herself.

She expected the pain of her knees crushing into the tiling, the sensation of getting winded from her chest smacking against the floor, but none of these feelings came. Instead her body gently fell against the ground as if there weren't a single bone in her body, like she was as light as the outfit she had adorned. *Because this had become the case.*

All of the bones in the girl's body had softened. Her flesh and blood was doing the same thing, the same purple that had spread across her lips taking shape throughout her skin almost as if she were transforming into a life-sized, cloth and latex doll of herself. Her heartbeat was fading for the blood that was meant to be passed throughout her veins was becoming significantly less, until it finally came to a stop without any biological traits that it needed to support remaining.

Her long hair remained but it too had become purple, although the strands differed from the smooth touch of her body in color. They were a darker purple than her 'skin' and almost has a lacier quality to them. And in terms of her body? Every gap had closed, from her ears to her nostrils to her asshole and genitals. Only her eyes remained normal and functioning, for the point was for Kiyohime to full comprehend what was happening to her.

And Kiyohime was having a panic attack, not that it could be seen. Her heart no longer existed let alone beat, and it became a legitimate question of how she was even thinking at all since her brain had become the very same material that her entire body was now made of. It was merely the magic of the spell that had been cast upon her that allowed her consciousness to thrive without either of these things.

She couldn't move, she was powerless. She hadn't even noticed that her clothes had disappeared for she could not look behind her while laying there with her chin pointed forward. She was almost wholly inanimate, and would have been completely so if not for her working eyes.

Those eyes allowed her to perceive, at least, that the work around her was getting incredibly large. '*Am I shrinking now!?*' was the thought she had, and that thought was correct. Her cloth and latex form was very

rapidly shrinking until it was no bigger than a small dog, bringing Kiyo's gaze much closer to the ground and making the door in front of her look like it belonged to a giant. Not that she could do anything to express her shock and fear as it happened. In fact it felt as if she were on the precipice of the end, like whatever curse she'd been afflicted with was about to finally culminate.

Pulling. The beginning of the end came from a tugging sensation that yanked at her arms and legs. Her body was motionless yet her form was being manipulated as it was stretched behind her. The gap between her legs deepened as reaches as high as where her shoulders should have been, effectively splitting her body in two right down the middle other than her head. In the process of doing so the two sides thinned and took on a squarer shape, all while arms merged with the sides of her cheeks and did the same on a higher route. Hands and feet squared as the the appendages on either side merged with one another in a pair of clasps that were obviously meant to click together.

And so Kiyohime's shape was little more than her head with a two sets of straps reaching out behind her. No longer was she humanoid, not that it mattered since she no longer held a human's composition anyways. She couldn't even see what had happened, she just knew everything below her neck felt wrong. Which was fundamentally flawed, really.

She didn't even *have* a neck anymore.

It began with pulling but would end with bloating. As if she still had the ability to do so by filling her cheeks with air (*she didn't*) both of her cheeks had begun to puff up and stretch. Not just a little either, for in a matter of seconds they'd grown so large that her eyes were being scrunched under their bulging shapes.

From the side it was clear that bulging cheeks were only half the problem. Kiyohime's skull, or what still passed as one, was collapsing forward from behind. It was becoming increasingly hollow and two dimensional compared to an actual head, and before long those huge cheeks had hollowed into a pair of giant half-circles.

The front of her skull was collapsing downward as well, the center of her forehead being all but erased as they empty space moved downwards to consume everything, from her nose while stopping at her lips. Said lips hardened as if wires had been run through them to provide support, and while her chin merged with what was now evidently a strap instead of a pair of lips, the same firmness ran through the bottom of her 'cheeks'.

Not that they could be called that. Kiyohime's eyes finally faded into the 'cheeks' themselves, becoming one with the purple. Dark purple hair

found itself draped over the large, circular protrusions to form a lacy, decorative trim. What sat where the serpent girl once had was now little more than an elaborately designed bra, and one that meant to fit a woman of ample proportions.

Kiyohime herself was still conscious, but she couldn't really grasp what had happened. Things had gone temporarily dark when her eyes had disappeared only for her field of vision to grow immensely. She could see through the fronts of the cups of the bra, which overcame her with a sense of dread when she found herself staring at a woman's bare feet.

“My, my. What a very cute little brassiere you’ve become Kiyohime.” There was no denying the owner of this maternally sweet voice. It was Minamoto no Raikou. Wait. A bra? *‘I’m... a bra!?’* *There’s no way!* Such a thing was impossible after all, and if she'd become one how could she still think? It wasn't like clothing had a will of its own! **“You’re surely confused but I left you that way on purpose. Fufu! You’ve been a thorn in my side for too long, so I figured I’d keep you close.”**

The naked woman might as well have been a giant as she crouched down to pick Kiyohime up, her fingers like gauntlets as they wrapped around her straps and pulled her into the air. With her cups pointed at Raikou she could make out the woman's gigantic tits, and upon getting a good look something almost instinctively resonated in the back of the bra's mind. *‘I won't fit on those’*. But even though she somehow knew she wouldn't fit, something told her she still wanted to be worn. The idea of being worn, fitting or not, *excited* her.

That excitement only grew as she found herself pointed away from the woman, her straps slid over Raikou's shoulder. Every point of contact between her fabric and the woman's body could be felt, each motion the equivalent of an orgasm, and as she felt the woman's nipples back into the backs of her 'eyes'? She emotionally climaxed.

Kiyohime was pinned tightly against Raikou's body, and as instincts had told her she was a size too small. She could feel those fatty tits lipping over the sides of her container, warm flowing into her and the taste of the woman's sweat tickling her sensory abilities. Any concerns or complaints Kiyohime had possessed? They'd all melted away. Being worn was the best. Being worn was why she was created. Even though it felt like she was forgetting something, she didn't really care.

She was Minamoto no Raikou's bra, drinking of the woman's girth.

If she could stay like this forever, she'd be eternally happy.