

Tsunderwear (Inanimate TF, Fate)

The door of the parlor burst open with a crash to reveal the pig-tailed fury of one Rin Tohsaka. “Luvia!” she cried, shaking with anger. “Luvia! Where are you?! This isn’t funny, Luvia! What kind of uniform do you call *this?!*”

She tugged at the skirt of the less-than-concealing maid outfit Luvia’s servants had forced her into—there were strippers who wore less revealing clothes. “Luvia!”

“Ohohoho!”

Rin flinched as the world’s most obnoxious chuckle resounded through the room. Gritting her teeth, she spun to face the empty chair sitting in the corner, and scowled as it flickered with the telltale azure flames of a fading illusion.

“Ohohoho!” As the veil concealing her burnt away, Luvigelita Edelfelt smugly reached for the teacup sitting on the desk and raised it to her lips with a smirk. “Ah~,” she said, sipping at it delicately. “Delicious. Ah, Tohsaka. How good of you to join me.”

Rin clenched her fists and grit her teeth. “Don’t you ‘how good of you to join me’, you bitch! “How dare you make me wear something so embarrassing?!”

“Ohohho! How dare I?” Resting her chin in her palm, Luvia smiled a smug smile. “Ohoho. Didn’t you agree to become my maid for a day, Tohsaka? I seem to recall that being the penalty of the bet you lost. You should have known that working as a maid entailed wearing one’s uniform, Tohsaka. Ohoho! ‘How dare you...?’ What a ridiculous quest—”

Rin’s shoe struck her in the face.

Spluttering, Luvia flew across the room and facefirst into a bookshelf, which promptly toppled and flattened her beneath it. Her limbs twitched like a dying cockroach as Rin marched across the room, pulling up her sleeve and massaging her fist for the finisher.

Before she had a chance, the bookcase exploded in a cloud of wood and paper. Luvia leapt back to her feet, tearing off her dress to reveal the leotard beneath. “So it’s come down to fisticuffs. You must have some pride to challenge me in close combat, Tohsaka!”

Rin’s eyes twitched. “Shut! Up!” Bending her legs, she pounced, palms outstretched, and slammed straight into Luvia’s waiting own.

The noblewoman smiled. “Actually,” she said, gripping Rin’s fingers tight, “as much as I enjoy our little bouts of hand-to-hand, I have something different in mind today.”

Something in her voice put Rin’s nerves on edge. She struggled to pull away and retreat, but Luvia’s grip on her hands was too strong to escape. “Let me go, you dumb cow! Let go!” She kicked her in the thigh.

Luvia winced, but she didn't obey. "Why don't I—unf—why don't I show you—unf!—something more—nn!—impressive instead?"

Rin was tempted to stop kicking her. "Like *what?*"

Luvia grinned.

With a vicious snap, her foot slammed into Rin's groin, sending her flying back across the room. As Rin struck the far wall with a gasp, Luvia slipped a hand into her cleavage. "This fine work of Magecraft should be a fitting way to finish you." She pulled out a glimmering pink gem. "Try and catch it, Tohsaka! Ohhohoho!" Laughing like a madwoman, she flung the jewel across the room.

Stunned and hurting, Rin had barely a second to register the giant pink jewel flying towards her, and even less time than that to actually try and catch it. She made an attempt all the same, valiant but doomed—leaping to her feet, she threw out her arms. In practice, this just meant the jewel struck her head. *Boink!*

With a hideous crack, the gem exploded. Rin screamed as a cloud of pink dust consumed her.

Falling back, hacking and coughing for breath, Rin groaned as a strange tingling passed through her form. Luvia's laughter rang in her ears, making her want to clutch her head and take a painkiller. She wasn't in any state to fight anymore—she needed to get out of here before Luvia *really* embarrassed her.

Struggling to control herself, Rin leaped in the direction of the door...

...and tripped as all the strength vanished from her legs, sending her flying into the ground with a tremendous thud.

"Oooh..." Lying there, Rin looked down to see what had tripped her and gasped: her maid's shoes looked as if they'd fused with her legs. When she prodded them, they felt as soft as...

Rin gulped.

"Ohohoho!" Luvia's laughter cut through the fading smoke. "Confused, Tohsaka?"

Rin tried to leap to her feet, but they gave way beneath her, bending as if they were no more rigid than paper. "What have you done to me?!" When she looked down again she found her legs had sagged, falling limp and flat as a pair of empty socks. Her heart pounded. She gulped.

Luvia laughed some more. "You'll see..." she replied, grinning smugly.

Rin resisted the urge to spit at her. Drawing in a deep breath, she looked around for something to pull herself up with, and her eyes settled on the parlor's ottoman. With a grunt, she pulled herself towards it, ignoring the fact her legs no longer seemed to weigh anything.

Grabbing the ottoman's side, she pulled herself up...

...and struck the floor for the second time in two minutes as all the strength went out of her arms. Face striking the wood, Rin looked up at her and groaned. Her arms had turned as flimsy as her pantyhose. She squeaked.

"Ohohoho!" Luvia threw back her hand in laughter like the noblewoman she was. "What's the matter, Tohsaka? Would you like me to give you a hand? Ohohoho!"

Rin winced. What was happening to her body? This was like no type of Magecraft she'd ever seen.

Flipping onto her front, she struggled to throw her arms forward where she could see them. They flapped like a pair of ribbons, long and light and flexible. Even as she watched, they shriveled even thinner.

A bead of sweat dripped from Rin's head. "What are you *doing* to me?"

Luvia chuckled. "Why don't I speed it up and make it easier for you to guess?" With a laugh, she flung a bolt of pinkish light at Rin's chest.

Rin screamed as it struck her, making her body tingle even more intensely. She gasped as the shriveling of her limbs spread rapidly to her torso, as her belly sagged, smoothed out, and her breasts fell completely flat. Her clothes clung to her skin, fusing with her body—soon the only way to tell the difference between the two was their color.

With a laugh, Luvia grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and hauled her shrinking form into the air like a naughty cat. "My," she said, "so light. Have you been dieting, Tohsaka?"

Rin glared. Before she had a chance to retort, her arms snapped back and her hands twined themselves together. Looking back, she gaped at the perfect circle they'd formed.

As her legs curled up to join them, Rin realized what was happening. "You can't be serious!" she cried, struggling to escape. "What kind of sick pervert are you?!"

"You sound upset," said Luvia. "Don't you *want* to get to know me intimately, Tohsaka?"

Rin squinted in disbelief. "What are you *talking* about?!"

"Isn't that why you've always been so cruel to me?" Luvia chuckled. "As a means of hiding your secret affections? That's the kind of person you are, isn't it, Tohsaka? A... what's the word in your language? ...Ah! That's right, a tsundere?" She smirked.

Rin could only stare at her. She *couldn't* be serious.

Luvia smiled. "Well, don't worry. From now on, you can be as intimate with me as you like. You don't have to worry about hiding your true feelings whatsoever. You can open your heart

and show as much affection as you want..." She chuckled. "Well, as much as any pair of panties *can* show, anyway. Ohohoho!"

Rin squealed.

Before she had a chance to say anything more, she felt a terrible crushing pressure on her torso. She gasped in horror as it collapsed, rapidly shrinking into a flimsy piece of fabric. The same pressure struck her head an instant later, pressing it down into the triangle of cloth. When she tried to scream, her lips slammed together and stuck: her eyes shook to see her entire mouth had vanished, replaced by little more than a stitch in her cloth. "Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!"

Luvia threw back her head and laughed.

Like a drowning woman, Rin continued to sink, falling into the depths of her own altered body till she was little more than a pair of terrified eyes poking out of a pair of panties. They shook one last time, pupils small and trembling, and with that they sparkled and vanished, instantly transmuted into a pair of adorable buttons.

Rin shook as Luvia laughed at her. "Oh my," she said, holding Rin to her face like the pair of panties she'd become, "you do look adorable like this, Tohsaka. Should I show you?"

Trapped in the confines of her own body, Rin struggled furiously. *Turn me back, you cow! Turn me back!*

Luvia laughed. "Let's head upstairs. I want to do this in private."

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The lights of Luvia's luxurious bedroom sparkled against the silver surface of the elaborate, gold-rimmed mirror. In the glass, something bobbed in Luvia's hands—Rin didn't recognize it. She refused to.

The item looked like a pair of simple panties. A pair of panties which happened to share the color of her face, with a pair of buttons where her eyes should be and a simple stitch for a mouth. A line of frills running atop them shared the dark brown of her hair, while the backside of the underwear possessed the deep red of her trademark outfit.

Th-that's... Rin wanted to scream. *That's me?!* Her heart felt as if it would burst—the fact she didn't actually have one anymore only made it beat that much faster.

Luvia's golden ringlets bobbed as she chuckled to herself smugly. "What do you think, Tohsaka? Do you like your new look? I think it suits you."

Rin struggled to fight back, but all she managed was to squirm a little. *You cow! I'll get you for this! The second you turn me back, I'm going to make you pay hell!*

Luvia chuckled. "I'm sure you're screaming insults at me now, but I know you'll come to love this in time. After all, it's what you wanted, isn't it, Tohsaka?"

Rin could have exploded.

"Now," said Luvia, strolling back over to the bed, "let's get you in your proper place, shall we?"

...My proper place?

Luvia placed her delicately on the bed, stepped back, and started to unlace her corset.

If Rin had still been flesh, she would have turned a bright shade of red. *H-hey-hey! What are you doing?! Don't-!*

Luvia's corset fell to the floor, followed swiftly by her dress. Removing the rest of her outergarments, she ran her hands over her curvaceous body with a smile. "Enjoying the view from there, Tohsaka?"

No! Put your clothes back on, you mad cow!

Unable to hear her, Luvia simply chuckled. "What's that? You'd like to get a little closer?"

Rin's fabric heart stopped pounding entirely. Luvia couldn't be serious, couldn't she? She couldn't actually intend to put her oooo— Rin screamed as Luvia snatched her up and dragged her through the air like the flimsy piece of cloth she'd become.

"I hope you fit me," said the noblewoman, grinning smugly. "It would be ever such a shame if you were too small for my magnificent body."

Put me down! cried Rin. Put me down! Down you dare try me on, you bitch! Don't you dare try me on!

Bending over, Luvia lowered Rin to the floor and raised a leg. A second later, Rin felt something she'd never imagined she'd experience.

Something was inside her. Something enormous. She could feel it filling her, stretching her holes, straining her fabric body and striking her with irresistible pleasure in the process. Lost in the lust of it, Rin moaned, unable to keep up her resistance. *Nnn~! Nnn~! Urgwahh! Uwah! Stop! Stop it! Oh God, stooooop!*

Smirking to herself, Luvia wiggled her toes playfully. "Enjoying yourself, Tohsaka?"

Stooooop!

With a smile, Luvia lifted her other foot and placed its toes oh-so-delicately in Rin's other hole. Her new panties screamed at the feeling of them entering her, losing herself to the burning ecstasy of it all. *St-st-stoooooooop!*

Having placed her toes in the appropriate places, Luvia grinned and tightened her grip on Rin's fabric, drawing her oh-so-slowly up her legs, one orgasmic inch at a time.

With each little tug, a blast of utter delight struck Rin's brain. She squealed inside, losing herself to the delight. *Stop! Nnn~! Stop! Nnnnnnn~!*

Instead of stopping, Luvia tightened her grip and tugged Rin that much harder. With each inch upward she moved, the legs filling her holes grew that little bit wider. By the time she'd reached Luvia's thighs, their thickness had become all but unbearable.

"Oh dear," said Luvia, looking down with a grin. "It seems I made you a little too small after all, Tohsoka. Oh, but never fear. I'm sure we can get you on with a little effort." She chuckled—

—and gave Rin another sharp tug.

The middle of Luvia's thighs slammed into Rin's holes like a pair of tree trunks. With them came a bolt of raw ecstasy as bright and intense as lightning. It slammed into her brain and stuck there, burning, unbearable. All Rin could do was mewl, her mind lost to the lust.

Luvia tugged her again. This time, the lightning bolt came with a second, no less intense sensation: the feeling of her backside clamping two fat, squishy mounds. Stewing in the pleasure of being strained like this, it took Rin a second to process what she was sensing. When she figured it out, she wanted to throw up.

Her ass?! I'm wrapped around her ass?!

"Almost there," said Luvia, her laughter like the world's most obnoxious bell. "One more tug ought to do it. You do enjoy testing me, don't you, Tohsaka?"

And just like that, without any further warning, she gave Rin that one last, emphatic tug.

Rin's face slammed into something warm and wet, while her backside slipped between Luvia's giant ass and into the fetid canyon hidden inside it. A scent, undeniably fishy, struck Rin's nostrils.

Raw disgust exploded in Rin's brain like a boil. She squirmed in horror, wanting to pull away and throw up. *Take me off! Take me off!!*

"Nnf." Luvia winced. "You're a little tight, Toksaka. I suppose that's only to be expected though, given how shrimpy you were." She chuckled.

Marching over to the mirror, Luvia cocked her hips and grinned at her reflection before bursting into yet another round of laughter. "Oh Tohsoka, look at you. I don't think I'll be able to bring any men back while wearing you! Just imagine me hiking up my dress to show them a pair of panties that looks like a cheap teddy bear! Ohohoho!"

In other circumstances, Rin might have been insulted by this, but at the moment all she could focus on was Luvia's pussy. *I get it! I get it!* she screamed, desperately trying to focus on anything—*anything*—but the taste of Luvia's juices. *Just take me ooooff!*

Sighing in amusement, Luvia turned and strode back to the bed. "Well, nevermind, I don't intend to invite any men over anytime soon anyway." She knelt and rummaged beneath the bed. "I much prefer to satisfy myself."

With a little giggle, she held up something long and blue and hooked. Staring at it, Rin gaped. *Nononono! You can't be planning to—!*

"Ohoho!" Leaping onto the bed, Luvia lay back, spread her legs, and lowered the giant blue vibrator to her sex. "I hope you don't mind if I do it through you, Tohsaka. I would take you off, but I spent ever so long putting you on, and I just don't have the energy."

Rin squealed, straining to pull away, as the giant sex toy grew closer with the second. *You bitch! Take me off! Take me off! Take me—!*

The vibrator's rounded tip poked her in the mouth like a mischievous finger. Rin squealed as Luvia pushed it on further, pressing Rin's fabric face deep into her pussy in the process. *Mmmphf! Mmmphf!*

The salty taste of Luvia's nectar sank deep into her fabric, irreversibly staining her. Rin screamed, unable to bear the taste. It felt like having her mouth pumped full of raw, liquid fish. *Stoop! Stoop! Please!*

"Ohoh, silly me!" said Luvia. "I forgot to turn it on." *Click!*

Rin screamed.

As the vibrator drove its intense energy into her body, her mind shook like a super-charged engine, shook so hard all her thoughts crumbled into dust. For a moment, Rin existed in a one-dimensional universe, her reality reduced to a single, pinprick point of utter ecstasy, unbearably intense, irresistible. All she could do was scream and scream in lust.

Gasping and moaning, Luvia threaded the vibrator even deeper, driving Rin even farther inside her in the process. Rin, lost in lust, barely even noticed. Mind blank, she drank up Luvia's juices as if they were the sweetest thing in the world, barely even noticing as her owner wiggled the vibrator around.

With every little motion, Luvia's breathing grew faster. Finally, she snatched the vibrator away and gasped for breath, skin shimmering with the sweat of her exertions.

In the same instant, Rin's mind exploded back to its former size and complexity. It still took a second for the fog of pleasure to clear, however.

Listening to Luvia's panting, Rin struggled to catch her own breath, even if she no longer needed it. *Stop... stop...* she begged, straining even to form the word. *Please... no more...*

Luvia wiped her brow with a laugh. “Phew! I forgot how intense that is! ...Are you enjoying yourself, Tohsaka? I hope you are.”

The vibrator dropped before Rin even had a chance to respond. *Squelch!*

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Several minutes passed before Luvia finally brought herself to climax. Rin, mind reduced to a quivering mass of lust-soaked jelly, experienced them as an eternity of mindless, unbearable pleasure.

Finally, Luvia drove the vibe’s second head into her clit, and orgasmed with a scream like a witch. Flinging the vibrator aside, she collapsed and fell back panting.

Rin, on the other hand, had a different experience to deal with:

Nectar flooded her. When Luvia came, the gates had opened, and a tidal wave of sticky, fishy-smelling *cum* had exploded out of her awful nethers to bast Rin’s face like a Christmas turkey. She screamed as it coated her, unable to keep herself from drinking up every last drop. The awful substance sank into her without end, leaving every square inch of her face absolutely drowning in the stuff.

Luvia’s breathing formed the beat of Rin’s torment. Only as it slowed did the horror finally abate.

“Ohoh...” said Luvia, sounding slightly embarrassed. It was the first crack in her confidence Rin had heard since arriving. “That was more... intense than I expected.” She gulped.

Leaning forward, she gave Rin’s sticky fabric a poke. “Oh my, you’re absolutely drenched. Tch... I wanted to wear you for my walk. Well, never mind. I’ll just have to throw you in the wash instead.”

Rin could only whimper as Luvia stood and peeled her off.

Rin knew from experience that Luvia didn’t do her own washing. She had her staff do it, of course, like the spoiled bitch she was.

This time, of course, Luvia made an exception. Marching down to the laundry room with a basket full of clothes, she dismissed everyone she passed and calmly closed the door behind her.

Rin tried to gasp for air as the light returned to her. She felt as if she’d been drowning in an ocean of fabric.

Looming over her, Luvia giggled. “Don’t worry, Tohsaka darling, we’re there. I just need to get the cloth-cleaning contraption operational...”

Half an hour of experimentation later, and Luvia finally figured out how to open the washing machine’s door. Rin could only swallow as the giant noblewoman reached for her, throwing her into the drum atop a pile of dirty clothes.

“There,” said Luvia, looking into the washing machine as if through a porthole. “Have fun, Tohsaka. I’ll see you in four hours (or however it takes this awful device to operate). TTFN!” With that, she slammed the door, punched the button to start, and bounced away, ringtails bobbing merrily.

Lying there, unable to escape, Rin gulped inside at the sound of machinery working around her. This couldn’t possibly be worse than being masturbated through... Could it?

With a grumble and a whirr, the world started to turn. Rin screamed inside as she found herself dragged upward.

Hauled up the side of the washing machine’s drum, Rin squealed as gravity seized her. Flipping mid-air, she landed on her back... just in time to see the rest of the pile falling towards her. *Luvia...!*

The basket’s worth of dirty clothing struck her like a house, instantly flattening Rin against the floor of the barrel. Fortunately for her, it wasn’t to remain on the floor for long—within a second, she found herself falling again, falling to land on the cushion of the washing. *...Come back!*

As she ascended the wall of the drum for the third time, she heard a new sound. Scarcely a second later, something hot sprayed her in the face. For an instant, Rin had a flashback of Luvia’s pussy—fortunately, it was only hot water. *...Help me!*

Unfortunately, washing machines don’t only use hot water. As she tumbled once again, something else sprayed her face, something disgusting acrid and bubbly. *Ech!* Rin struggled to escape, but she could do little more than drink up every drop of soap sprayed at her. *...Please!*

The washing machine spun on, growing faster with the second.

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The warm, summer wind caressed Luvia’s hair as she bounced along the garden path. “Ah~. Isn’t it a wonderful day, Tohsaka?”

Rin, lying soaked on the top of a pile of washing, wished she had the power to slap her. *...Turn me back...*

Ignoring her, Luvia hummed to herself. “Ah! Here we are. The washing line.” She chuckled. “I hope you weren’t expecting anything more advanced from a family as traditional as mine.”

Pinching Rin's face, Luvia wrenched her out of the basket and fumbled for some pegs. Rin squeaked as they dug into her fabric, pinning her to the washing line like any normal pair of panties.

With a smile of delight, Luvia stepped back to inspect her. "Perfect," she said, "I'm sure you'll dry swiftly." Her eyes turned to the remaining basketful of washing. "...I think I'll let the staff handle the rest of this." And with that, she turned to go.

Trapped, pinned to the line, Rin could only struggle against her own body in a futile attempt to escape. How could this be happening to her?! She had to find a way to turn back before she lost her mind completely.

Soon enough, Luvia's maid arrived and set about pegging the rest of the washing to the line. Rin could only watch, wanting to scream for help yet unable, feeling embarrassed to have been reduced to such a pitiful piece of cloth.

As the maid left, the wind picked up. It battered Rin's body like a jealous lover, smacking her back and forth and flipping her around till she was all knotted up. Just as she thought she'd stay that way forever, it came at her again, flipping her back in the opposite direction with all the subtlety of a punch to the face. Stunned, she could only flap there, moaning and dizzy.

If there was one upside of her current position, it was the weather: the sun stroked her face while the wind caressed her rear, slowly drying her sodden body. But no matter how dry she got, the taste of soap never quite vanished. She could feel it hiding at the back of her mind, a subtle acridness that she could never quite forget about. To her horror, she realized that was the point. She was a freshly-washed pair of panties—of course she smelled of soap!

As the hours passed and the wind battered her back and forth, Rin found herself drifting off. It wasn't quite like falling asleep as a human. Rather, it was much like forgetting to think out of boredom. After all, what was there to think about when you were a piece of fabric dangling from a line?

Just as Rin started thinking her thoughts would cease entirely, one of Luvia's many maids bobbed up from the mansion. Rin watched blearily, barely processing what was happening, as the maid unpegged one piece of cloth after another till at last they came to her. She gaped as the pegs released her—she'd never imagined it could feel so good. It was like taking off a pair of the tightest stockings after a long day of work.

Holding her up for inspection, the maid looked her over and scowled before tossing her into the basket like the piece of fabric she was. Lying there, staring up at the sky, Rin groaned inside.

How much more did she have to suffer before this was over?

The maid knocked on Luvia's bedroom door three times before working up the courage to open it. Double-checking to make sure her mistress wasn't present, she strode across the room, opened a drawer, and set about unpacking the washing basket.

Rin happened to be on top. Fortunately for her, the maid didn't intend to place her at the very bottom of the drawer. Leaving Rin aside for one moment, she set about sorting through Luvia's heavier items of clothing, hanging up dresses and folding up skirts. Only once these had been sorted did she finally turn her attention back to Rin and the rest of the lingerie.

Rin shivered as the maid's slender fingers tickled her. With the blank expression of a woman who simply wants to do her job and move on, the maid picked Rin up, folded her neatly in half, and placed her in the drawer atop a pile of similar panties. Rin had an only instant—just the one—to lie there, looking up, and read the maid's expression before a pair of light blue panties with white stripes landed atop her, smothering her sight. She could still see a little, but the world was dark and striped.

Moments later, the drawer slammed shut, throwing Rin into complete and total darkness.

Lying there, unable to see and only barely able to make out the sound of the maid working, Rin found the tendrils of panic worming their way into her brain. What now? What *now*? How long was she going to have to lie here in the silence and the dark before someone else came for her?

A door slammed nearby, the sound of the maid leaving. It was the only answer she received.

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It took around half an hour for Rin to lose track of time. Without any external stimuli, all she could do was try to keep count, and that—as she soon found—was much harder than it seemed.

Her desire for order warred within the chaos of her growing panic. She'd keep count for two minutes only to lose track as a sudden flash of horror startled her. When she tried to pick up where she'd stopped, she instantly started doubting herself. Had it been two minutes or three? Two or two and a half? Within half-an-hour to an hour, she'd lost track entirely.

With nothing else to focus on but her growing sense of horror, Rin struggled to think of nothing at all, but it was like trying to get to sleep the night before a big exam—impossible. Her heart pounded. She couldn't focus at all.

The minutes or hours—who knew?—passed in a void of silence, one moment all but indistinguishable from the previous and the next. Unable to face her panic, Rin settled for not thinking instead. It was like drifting off to sleep... a strange, waking sleep in which she could neither move nor act, only stare mindlessly into the dark like the pair of panties she was.

A little spark of panic flickered in her core, impossible to ignore.

H-help me!

Rin didn't notice anyone had entered the room until the first ray of light came seeping into her drawer. With a silent gasp, she snapped out of her trance, mentally blinking at the sudden rush of sensation. *Wh...what--? Where--?*

A giant's hand, cast in shadow by the brightness of the light, appeared before her. Rin squealed as it grabbed her like the simple piece of fabric she'd become.

"Ohohoh!" A boisterous laugh cut through Rin's sluggish thoughts. "Look at you, Tohsaka. Who would have expected to see you lying around, so sad and pathetic? Ohoho."

Rin's brain moved like the gears of a rusted clock. It took several long seconds for her simply to form words. *...Luvia... Turn me back...*

"Have no fear, Tohsaka! I won't leave you alone again. As it happens, I'm in need of a fresh pair of panties..."

N-no... No! Rin could only whimper inside as Luvia raised a leg and slipped it inside her, slamming her with a fresh bolt of mind-rending strain. The pleasure ripped through her, tearing apart what little coherency she'd attained.

Pulling Rin up her legs, Luvia released her with a snap. Face planted in Luvia's groin, Rin could only whimper, begging silently for mercy. *Please... help me...*

"There," said Luvia, running her hands down her figure. "I'm sure this is much preferable to being stuck in a nasty old drawer, isn't it, Tohsaka?"

No! Rin wanted to scream. How could this get any worse?

From above her came a gurgling sound.

"Urgh," said Luvia, rubbing her stomach, "I really shouldn't have had that extra cup of coffee..."

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Luvia's sigh followed the sound of the toilet flushing. "Ah~," she said, standing. "I needed that."

Around her ankles, Rin shivered in disgust. She'd heard everything. *Everything*. She'd never wanted to throw up so much.

As Rin struggled to suppress her disgust, Luvia stooped and pinched her straps, drawing her slowly, inexorably up. Rin had grown so used to being wrapped around Luvia's thighs that she didn't even realize how terrible this was until it had almost happened. Luvia hadn't wiped. Luvia hadn't *wiped*. *Nononono! Stoooooop!*

Like the pair of panties she was, Rin slammed into Luvia's groin and slipped deep into her filthy, unwiped asscrack. A terrible smell, so foul it rendered everything that happened to her before now irrelevant, instantly struck her body and soaked deep into her fabric. Accompanying it, a delightful sauce atop the meat of the main course: the saltine taste of piss, distinct and acrid. It stabbed Rin in the brain like a dagger, reducing her mind to feeble mush.

Sh-she couldn't bear this any longer. She needed to escape. She needed to escape!

Time passed like treacle flowing down an almost level incline. Trapped, bound to her own body, Rin had little choice but to flow with it, riding the tortuously tepid currents like a rudderless ghost ship.

Of course, even the slowest objects can pick up speed over time. As the days passed, they became more and more meaningless. One flipped into the next like the pages of a book, leaving Rin with no choice but to follow the narrative.

For the first week, Luvia wore her every day, taking her off only when she inevitably needed washing and putting her back on again at the first opportunity. Unfortunately for Rin, she needed washing a lot: Luvia showed no shame in wearing her through everything, whether that was lying in bed or going on long sweaty runs. She even kept her dangling around her ankles when she used the toilet, leaving Rin to listen to every awful sound she produced. Worse, she never wiped, forcing Rin to soak up everything left afterward.

These first experiences were always awful, but by the third time? Or the thirtieth? Terrors swiftly lose their horror and become mundane. By the end of the week, Rin's torments had been reduced to chores, more annoying than scary.

By the end of the first month, Luvia only wore her as often as any other pair of panties. It was as if she'd lost interest in her, or possibly forgotten what she'd done to her all together—Rin wouldn't put it past her. Whatever the truth, Rin spent more and more time in the drawer, slowly losing her mind to the darkness and the silence.

Eventually, her prison door ceased to open for her at all. Shortly after, Rin all but stopped thinking.

A noblewoman's laugh resounded through the bedroom.

"Ohohohoho!" Luvia's eyes flashed in delight as she held up the pair of tattered panties. Her maids were on strike, and she'd been forced to scrape the bottom of her wardrobe for clothes—she'd expected to find some of her older, less fashionable clothing, but she'd never expected something as ridiculous as *this*. "What are *these*?" She couldn't keep herself from laughing. "I don't remember buying a pair of panties like these!"

Holding the unusual pair of undergarments up, Luvia studied them in amusement. With their button 'eyes' and stitched-on 'smile', they looked less like works of fashion and more like something a perverted dollmaker would put together to amuse his mistress. She couldn't help but break into laughter again, doubling over in amusement.

Leaning on the cabinet to catch her breath, Luvia held the panties up and gave them another look. Not only did they have a stupid design, but they were falling apart from use too: one of the button-eyes had all but fallen off, and repeated use had left the stitch of a smile gaping. Even the frills running atop its tip hadn't been spared—they looked like they'd been gnawed on by a small swarm of moths.

It raised a question, actually. How had such a kitschy piece of underwear seen so much use as to end up looking like this? She certainly hadn't worn them... had she?

Something squeaked in the back of Luvia's brain, an indignant voice, strangely familiar. For a moment, she almost thought she recognized it.

She swept the voice aside with a smile. Rummaging through her memories was fun, but she could hardly wear something like *this*. Humming to herself, she marched across the room, spinning the panties around her finger, and tossed them into the trash without a second thought.

Honestly, her entire wardrobe was in a state. Perhaps she should treat herself to a little shopping spree~.