

Tea Party Suit, Part 4 (Clothing TF, Blue Archive)

Sakurako and Mine crept through the halls of SCHALE as fast as their caution would allow, poking their heads around corners, looking back over their shoulders, and generally expecting someone to start shooting at any second.

“Here, we are,” said Mine, as they finally reached Sensei’s office. “If we’re going to find a clue anywhere, it’s here.”

“Do you really think he has something to do with it?” asked Sakurako. “Of all the people to engage in kidnapping, I never would have expected *him* to—”

“It *has* to be him!” cried Mine, as confident in her assumptions as ever. “All three of them came *here*, right here, before they disappeared! Who else could be responsible?”

Sakurako could think of several potential answers to that, but she decided to keep them to herself. It wouldn’t *hurt* to investigate Sensei’s office after all. So long as he wasn’t in there, and Mine didn’t beat him up.

Fortunately, the room was empty. Creeping inside, the two looked around, their eyes tight. Nothing stood out as out of place though. Certainly, there weren’t any Trinity members sitting gagged and bound. The main occupant of the room was Sensei’s paperwork, stacked in dangerously high piles.

Just as Sakurako was about to call the search off, Mine signalled her. “What?”

“Look at this,” said the Remedial Knight, pointing at the paper bag on Sensei’s desk.

Sakurako looked. “Well, what about it?”

“It might have some clues inside!” snapped Mine, sounding frustrated.

Sakurako couldn’t imagine so – the bag probably held nothing more suspicious than Sensei’s lunch – but in the interest of avoiding a conflict, she walked over to take a look with Mine all the same.

“Let’s see exactly what clues are in here,” said Mine, grinning greedily as she reached for the bag. The instant she opened it, however, she jerked back with a gasp of surprise.

“Wh-what is it?” cried Sakurako, leaping forward to take a look herself, but the moment she touched the bag, she felt an electric shock. Leaping back with a gasp, she sucked her fingers – too late, she realized Mine hadn’t even seen inside.

Together the two of them drew back, wincing in pain. “He trapped it!” cried Mine. “He tried to kill us!”

“Let’s not leap to assumptions,” said Sakurako, though the pain in her fingers was making her slightly more sympathetic to Mine’s suspicions. It refused to fade, and if anything became stronger, leaving her feeling like someone had switched her blood for mercury. She stumbled back, clasping her head woozily. What was happening to her?

“Oooh, that evil–” Mine rubbed her own head, looking like she might swoon. “I’m going to... I’m going to...”

Like a puppet whose puppeteer has grown sick of their dancing, she shot into the air, jerked up towards the ceiling. “Nnnnaaaah!” She squealed in shock as her arms flew over her head and her legs bent back, and both pairs of limbs curled till they met up behind her. “Nnnnnah!”

For a second or two, Sakurako could only stare in horror. Finally, some common sense returned to her: fumbling for her phone, she barely managed to call the first number she found before she lost the use of her own hands.

Yanked into the air just like Mine before her, Sakurako squealed as her own arms snapped outward in a T-pose, while her legs joined tightly together refusing to part. A terrible feeling, half-ecstasy, half-pain, surged through her nerves and wrenched a scream from her lips. She shook.

“Hello?” came the familiar voice of Mari as her phone clattered to the ground. “Hello...? Sakurako?”

As the two of them hung there, twisting and writhing, their clothes bubbled and frothed like sheets of water and finally dissolved entirely, rising from the bodies as plumes of cottony steam. Sakurako squealed even louder – it made her boobs jiggle.

Mine gave a sudden cry and cut off immediately as her head sank into her neck. Like a spoon through pudding, her face slid across her torso, coming to rest between her pelvis and her breasts, and as she stared in terror, flattened out almost entirely. The rest of her torso compacted, forming a neat circle around it, while her arms and her legs split into tens of tiny links.

Sakurako didn’t have much time to focus on her friend’s transformation, because a moment later her legs decided they’d be way more comfortable inside her than out. As she squealed, they inverted, sucked up into her torso, and her vagina and her anus expanded, fusing into a single hole as they stretched.

Her arms, as if inspired by her legs, now did something very similar: her palms sank, forming a pair of deep pits, which traveled all the way down their lengths and left her screaming at her newfound sense of hollowness. As if it wasn’t bad enough, it didn’t stop at her shoulders either: instead, it spread into her rapidly flattening chest, joining up with the gap formed by her anus and vagina and leaving her emptier than ever. She tried to moan, but before she had a chance her head snapped back, her mouth opened wide, and the hollow spread up her throat thinned her head out as well, an instant before it collapsed into a flimsy collar around the open hole of her neck.

Nearby, Mine's facial features had started to spiral around her nose, splitting as they traveled into a series of twelve numerals. Her nose itself flattened and stretched, breaking into three fine hands that swirled to match the time, and with that she dropped to the desk, shrinking as she fell.

Sakurako's transformation lasted only a moment longer. As the last of her eyes faded away, her naked flesh turned a deep, sleek black, and her nipples multiplied into a row of golden buttons. With that, she dropped silently screaming from the ceiling, and fluttered through the air and into the bag on the desk. Not a moment later, Mine struck her with a thunk.

Wh-what's going on?! she cried, as terrified by the fact of her own consciousness as anything.

We've been poisoned! cried Mine. Tricked! Befuddled!

Oh, no, cried a new voice. It took Sakurako a moment to recognize it as Seia. It got the two of you too!

S-Seia?! cried Mine. What are you doing in a bag?!

We've been transformed! cried Nagisa. Into clothing!

Cl-clothing...? replied Sakurako, replaying her transformation. She hadn't really become a jacket, had she? Wait! I managed to call Mari...! She'll be able to help us... Won't she?

The Tea Party's response didn't sound very confident.