

Sailor Fuku (Clothing TF, Sailor Moon)

The mannequin struck the wall and exploded into a thousand shards of fiberglass.

“OHOHOHOHOHO~. Well, aren’t you clever?” Pressing herself into the rear of the backroom, the boutique owner grinned like she hadn’t just been cornered. “I thought it would take you little idiots a lot longer to figure out my identity.”

“That’s enough talk!” cried Jupiter, thrusting her wand at the woman’s face. “Show your true face, you disgusting Youma!”

“You tell her, Mako!” cried Mars, who looked like she was seconds away from starting a brawl.

“W-wait a second,” said Mercury, from the backline of their little party. “Shouldn’t we wait for Usagi?”

“There’s no time!” said Venus, readying her own wand. “If we don’t defeat her now, who knows what kind of mischief she’ll get away with.”

Studying them, the Youma laughed. “Very well. I’ll show you my *true* colors!” And before any of them could react, she grabbed the side of her face as if it were a mask, tugged, and—

The Sailor Senshi gasped as her clothing—and her *skin*—fluttered the ground.

“Behold: the true power of... Mannequeen!” Under her disguise, the Youma looked like nothing more than a regular, everyday mannequin, if it were eight-feet tall and had eight spidery limbs. “Prepare yourself to feel my pooooooooowwwweeer!” With a maniacal laugh, the monster stretched its wooden arms, and as the four of them backed away in shock, made a grab for them.

Mars and Jupiter, who’d chosen to lead the charge, promptly took the first blow of the battle. “Hey! Let me go!” cried the former, as the Youma’s hands wrapped around her arms.

Jupiter squealed as its other limbs did the same to her. “Let go!”

Despite their strength, the Youma was too strong to resist, and before they knew it, it had them both off the ground, kicking and fighting to pull free.

“Fufufu~,” said the Youma, in the boutique owner’s deep, noble voice. “You two will make an excellent addition to my next sale!”

“Let them go!” cried Venus, charging forward. But before she could actually attack, the monster raised its two remaining limbs, forced its fingers into the pair’s mouths and, as they squealed in surprise—

It was like watching someone turn a pair of socks inside out. Which was appropriate, because when it was done, Mars and Jupiter were gone, replaced by nothing more than a pair of simple socks, one red, and one emerald.

“Rei! Makoto!” cried Mercury, as her former friends fluttered sadly to the ground.

“Ngh!” Venus, on the other hand, grit her teeth and charged forward. “You’ll pay for that you—Eeek!” She squeaked as one of the monster’s hands caught her ankle and ripped her off her feet.

Holding her upside down, the mannequin chuckled in amusement. “Fufufu. You’re even clumsier than your friends. I wonder what I should do with you...? Ah, I have the perfect idea...”

Grabbing Venus by the neck, it bent her back at an impossible angle, before seizing her arms and forcing them back to meet her feet as well. Minako screamed as if she were being tortured, but she sounded more shocked than in pain.

The mannequin released her arms, but Venus’s hands remained glued to her ankles. Seeming satisfied, the creature raised its hands as if to slap her all over, and drawing them back, crushed her like a piece of paper.

Mercury screamed as Venus vanished from sight. What was it doing to her?!

When the monster opened its hands again, all that remained was a simple pair of plain, orange panties. Mercury trembled as they joined Rei and Makoto on the floor. “Y-you monster!” she cried, raising her wand. “T-turn them back! Turn them back or I’ll—”

“Or what?” said the mannequin, taking an emphatic step towards her.

Mercury swallowed. Despite herself, she couldn’t help but take a step back. Where was Usagi? Why couldn’t she be here too? How was she supposed to defeat a monster like this on her own? “I-I’ll—”

She cut off with a squeak as the monster grabbed her arm. “You know,” said Mannequeen, bringing her blank mask of a face level with Mercury’s own. “I think you’ll make an excellent bra.”

“B-bra?” said Mercury, unable to hide her terror. “St-stop! Let go of me! Let go or I’ll—”

With an amused laugh, the monster wrenched her into the air and, holding her by the throat, bent her arms and her legs behind her. Mercury could only scream, eyes wide in terror, as it joined up her feet and bent her arms over her shoulders and, satisfied it had the right shape, spread its hands for the finisher—

“W-wait!” cried Mercury. “Wait! Please! Don’t—!”

The monster's palms struck her all at once: five simultaneous slaps that seemed to strike her all over, so that she felt the impact in every cell of her body. With a scream, she collapsed in on herself, flattened and crushed, every ounce of strength stolen as it molded her flesh like clay. *Nnnn~! Nnn!* It should have hurt, but instead it felt better than anything she'd ever experienced.

Finally, the monster released her. Unable to scream, unable to move, Mercury could do little more than dangle meekly in its grip, as silent and inanimate as the piece of lingerie she'd become. *Usagi!* she cried, as the creature raised her and laughed. *Usagi, please! Heeeelp!*

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Usagi hummed to herself as she marched down the sidewalk, her purse swinging at her sides. She'd been supposed to meet her friends at the town center half-an-hour ago, but there had clearly been a miscommunication, because they were nowhere to be found. Maybe if she checked the nearby clothing stores she'd have more luck though.

Coming to a stop outside one such boutique, she frowned. On the other side of the window stood a mannequin in the strangest selection of clothing she'd ever seen: a bright blue bra, an orange pair of panties, a red left sock, and a green right one. They didn't go together at all, but for some reason they struck her as strangely charming.

It took her a second to realize why: oh, because they were the colors of the other Sailor Senshi!

With a laugh, she headed inside. She should buy them and show them to the others—she bet they'd *love* them.