

## ***Tomo-chan's New Sportswear, Part 2 (Clothing TF, Tomo-chan)***

The sun glistened in the sky like a yolk in a bowl of fluffy miso, not that Carol could see it. She had her eyes on the ground – or the pair of boobs hiding it, at any rate – counting her steps as she ambled out of the schoolyard. “Fourteen steps... Fifteen steps... Sixteen steps...” Her breasts bounced in her jumper, swinging up and down with each increment.

Just as she was about to reach the gate, she struck an obstacle. Blinking, she stepped back and looked up, her gaze sliding from her own magnificent chest to one that was almost just as impressive, if in an entirely different respect: for all Carol’s chest was soft and bouncy, this one was flat and hard, hard as a bone. Cloaked in a tight white shirt whose buttons were visibly straining to contain it, it was clearly the chest of a man who did a lot of working out. Or possibly steroids.

“Hey, hey, hey! Why don’t you watch where you’re walking, little missy? A tiny thing like you might get hurt wandering around without looking, you know?” The impressive chest belonged to a man in a school uniform, albeit one unshackled in such a way as to suggest the exact opposite of scholarliness. He was six and half feet tall, though at least a foot of this height belonged to his pompadour and thus required him to be looking skyward to attain it. Also, he had a clone, who was only five feet even after accounting for his hair.

“Hey, hey, bro,” said the shorter of the pompadour twins. “Why don’t we show this little cutie what happens to cute little pieces of meat when they wander into bad neighborhoods?”

Carol looked around. She hadn’t even left the schoolyard.

Pompadour #1 squirted some hairgel into his palm and rubbed it into his locks in a disturbingly erotic manner. “You know what, bro? I kinda like the sound of that.” With a chuckle, he bent down, bringing his eyes level with Carol’s. “What do you think of that, you little cutie? You wanna learn howta ride a motorcycle?”

“No, thank you,” said Carol. “I already know how to.” And with that, she slipped past them towards the schoolgate.

This induced something resembling a short circuit in the pompadour twins, who stared for a second, spluttering and blinking, before rushing to catch up with her. “H-hey! Hey!” cried Twin #2. “Where the hell do you think you’re going, you little whore?!”

“Yeah?! You ain’t going anywhere until we say we’re done with you,” said #1. He grabbed her by the arm. “The four of us—”

“Three, bro.”

“The *three* of us are gonna go straight back to my place and order a nice take-out, you know? Or else.”

At which point Carol pulled a gun on him, and the balance of power did a back-flip. “Sorry,” she said. “I already have dinner plans.” In anyone else’s mouth, this would have sounded like a pithy quip before the finishing blow, but from Carol’s, it simply sounded like a statement of fact, not least because that was all she’d intended it as – she’d ordered pizza. “Sorry.”

And with an earsplitting zap, she shot them, once each in the chest. *Zap! Zap!*

The pompadour twins wilted like flowers in the desert sun.

\*

Tomo was in the middle of getting changed when the doorbell rang. Frowning, she threw on some clothes and hurried to answer, a little more certain who was ringing with every step.

Unsurprisingly, it was Carol. “Toooooomooo-chan!” Throwing herself into a hug, she squeezed her tight. “Tomo-chan! I got you another giiiiiiift!”

“*Another* one?” said Tomo, already wincing at the idea. Carol had bought her so many gifts recently, and while none of them were terrible, they were all a little weird. It was starting to make her feel uncomfortable. “What did you get this time?”

Pulling back, Carol rummaged in her cleavage. And rummaged, and rummaged, and finally with a giggle, produced a pair of large sports socks. “Ta-da!” she cried, waving them in Tomo’s face. “I brought you soooooocks!”

“Thanks, Carol,” said Tomo, accepting them with a sigh. She didn’t really want them, but refusing them would just make Carol sulk for the next hour, so it was better to just get it over with. “Look, Carol, I appreciate the gift, but if you’re going to keep getting me things, what I really need is a new sports thong.”

Carol stared at her. “A new... *thong*?!” She made a motion with her hands, bringing them together and pulling them apart, as if she were twining a cat’s cradle.

“What are you doing?” asked Tomo. “Is that meant to be a thong?”

“Mmn.”

“Well stop it.” She scowled. “Please, if you wanna get me any more crazy gifts, just get me a nice new sports thong. ...And make sure it’s a strong one.” She winced. “The last one I got didn’t even last a week...”

“A strong one...” said Carol, tapping her chin. “A strong one... Hmmmmmm...”

The lightbulb of an idea popped into existence over her head, though it took several seconds of flickering before it shone with full power.

\*\*\*

Jun came to a stop in the middle of the schoolyard, frowning at the sight of something approaching from afar. It looked a little like a fluffy pink cloud. A fluffy, pink, *jiggling* cloud. “Juuuuuuuun~!” it called, waving its hand. “Juuuuuuuuuun~!”

“Oh, hi, Carol,” he said, as she skidded to a stop in front of him, her chest taking several seconds longer than the rest of her body to stop moving. “Do you need something?”

“Juuuuuuun?” she said, wrapping her hands around his arm and squeezing, the disparity between their heights making her look like a child who wanted to show her dad a cool picture. “Can I speak to you in private for a second?”

Jun blushed. “Is this, er, is this something to do with Tomo?”

“It is!” cried Carol, eyes sparkling. “It *is* to do with Tomo!”

He blushed even harder. “Well, er, okay, in that case, I guess I can’t refuse...” With a gulp, he allowed her to drag him back into the school and round the corner into a broom closet. It was only barely big enough to contain them, and he winced to imagine what it would look like if anyone found them together in it. “So, uh, what is it?”

“Tomo needs a new sports thong,” said Carol, looking up at him like a puppy.

He stared back down at her like a considerably older dog – possibly a dead one. “...A new sports thong.”

“That’s right!”

“And... you’d like me to buy her a new one, or...?”

She blinked. “Oh, no! I want you to become it!” And she produced a gun, a bulky pink raygun, like something that had fallen off the back of a flying saucer. “Say ‘thoooooong!’”

“Th-thong?!” Junichiro raised his arms to shield his widening eyes as the raygun’s tip started to sparkle. With a *zzzap!*, a beam of light flew from its tip and smote him in the chest, incinerating his clothes in a flash of fire and smoke, and making him scream as its energy surged through his system. “Nnn~! Ah!”

As Carol lowered her raygun with a smirk, he floated into the air, bumping his head on the ceiling in the process. His body felt like a big balloon, fat and round and pumped full of helium, a little closer to popping with every passing moment. “Wh-what is...?”

His arms shot back, as if he were trying to hug someone behind him. This had the effect of pushing him away from the wall, especially when his legs curled up to meet them, and the side-effect of slamming his crotch straight into Carol’s face, which had always been too close to it for comfort. Blushing, she backed away, looking more embarrassed by this than her turning him into underwear.

“Nnn~!” He whined as his hands and his feet twined themselves together. “Nnnn~! C-Carol! Carol, stop!”

“Sorry, Jun,” said Carol, who seemed to have recovered from her facecrotching. “But Tomo said she needs a *strong* sports thong, and you’re the strongest guy I know! Besides, you don’t want anyone *else* to be that close to her genitals, do you?!”

“Why don’t you just buy her a regular pair?!” Jun cried.

Carol blinked. “Oh!” She slammed her fist into her palm.

Unfortunately, Jun didn’t get the chance to say much more, because a second later his lips crashed together and fused, leaving him with little more than a smooth sheet of flesh where his mouth should be. As he squirmed, eyes taking up the burden of his protests, his entire head started to sink into his neck, sucked inexorably downward into a torso that itself was rapidly stretching outward, flattened into something more closely resembling a sheet of triangular fabric than part of a human body. He looked like a kite – a big, muscular kite.

But only for a moment. *Nnnn~!* Even as he wailed in pleasure, his biceps and triceps and quadriceps and penticeps and hepticeps and all his other miscellaneous muscleasea collapsed like punctured balloons, all of the air and steroids squished out of them, till nothing remained but a kind of a sad, fleshly cloth. This soon started to shrivel too, thinning till all that remained of his former limbs were the slender straps of a skimpy pair of tight, spandex–

*N-no*, thought Jun, struggling to process what he was seeing. *N-no! No, it can’t be! I can’t be turning into a pair of panties! I can’t! It’s not...!*

Reality, of course, disagreed. Over the span of the next several seconds, his transformation passed through its final stages, the last of his head disappearing into his neck, while his legs finished fusing into a single large crotch covering. His naked flesh, exposed and glistening with sweat, shimmered and, without warning, changed color, going from the beige of skin to the healthy green of his school uniform, with a short band of brown around the top to represent his hair.

With that, everything came to an end. He shriveled down to a more reasonable size, fluttered out of the air, and landed, with fanfare, in the hands of Carol Olston, who clasped him to her breast as if he were her newborn baby. “Juuuuuuun! Juuuuuun, you came out a-ma-zing!” Giggling, she hugged him tight, crushing him against her endlessly-bountiful mammaries. “Tomo-chan is going to *looooooooove* you!”

Jun, shriveled, fabricized, crushed, and now with his face being smushed into his girlfriend’s best friend’s rack, had a little difficulty formulating a response to this comment. What he ended up with was something along the lines of: *Gsjhf?*

Carol giggled. “Come on! Let’s get you to her! I bet she’s desperate for her new thong!” And with that, she tucked him into her purse and set off, boobs jiggling bouncier than ever.

In her purse, Jun could only lie there and quiver, feeling as feeble as the simple piece of fabric he'd become. *Gllsdhfsh?!*

\*\*

The doors of the changing room flew open with a crash. "Toooooooooooooomo-chan!" cried Carol, marching inside with the clamor of a whole band. "Tomo-chan! Guess what *//////////* got you...!"

She held up her purse.

Tomo, who'd been caught in the middle of taking her socks, simply stood there with her foot on the bench, staring. "...A purse?" she asked, once she'd recovered from the initial shock.

Carol shook her head with a giggle. "No, no! It's *inside* the purse!"

"...Well, are you going to take it out, or...?"

"Oh!"

The dark sky of Jun's prison-world opened, slit with the *zzzip!* of a man opening his fly. In the gap appeared the familiar face of Carol, her eyes closed and her smile wide, followed by her hand, seeming similarly excited somehow. Wrapping its fingers around Jun, who squealed in delight, it wrenched him up and out of the purse and back into the cool, harsh light of the outer world. *Nnn~! C-Carol! Carol, what...?*

As she held him there, limp as a mouse in a cat's paw, he spun, coming face to face with that of his girlfriend, who stood staring at him with a deepening blush. "C-Carol," she said. "You know I said a *sports* thong, right?"

Carol pouted. "This is a sports thong!"

"They're not normally that skimpy, Carol?!"

"Oh. Well, it's too late now! Are you going to put them on or not?" She pressed herself so close to Tomo the two were almost kissing. Jun ended up squished between their busts, which brought him about as much pleasure as you'd expect from a boy in his position.

*Nnn~!*

Swallowing, Tomo pulled back. "F-fine, fine," she said, struggling to meet Carol's eyes. "Give them here."

Jun squealed as she snatched him from Carol, stretching him for an instant before the latter's fingers released him.

“Okay,” said Tomo, giving him a little stretch herself. “I’m putting him on…” She dropped her gaze, ready to proceed, and abruptly snapped upright again, staring at Carol. “Are you just going to watch?!”

“Yes,” said Carol, smiling innocently.

Blushing almost as red as her hair, Tomo swallowed and undressed, leaving Jun to lie on the changing room bench and watch as she exposed one layer of her beautiful body after another. First she peeled off her socks, revealing her muscular legs. Then she pulled off her sports pants, leaving Jun to gape at the curve of her hips and thighs and the panties tucked neatly between them, which she wasted no time in removing as well: as their skimpy white fabric slid down her legs, Jun stared, overwhelmed with sensation, at pair of plump lips and the little mess of red hair sitting above them.

“Oooo,” said Carol, apparently in sympathy.

Tomo snapped her legs shut. “Don’t say ‘oooo’!” she said, blushing even redder. With a huff, she snatched him up.

*T-Tomo!* As he shot through the air, his feeble plastic body quivering like a string, Jun wanted to cry out and scream. *Tomo! P-put me down! Tomo! Please, I’m not just a stupid pair of panties!*

Tomo raised a leg, ready to insert it, and gave Carol a sudden, suspicious look. “These things are clean, right?”

“Of course!”

And with one last frown, she stuck her leg inside him.

As Tomo-chan’s leg slipped through his form, Jun released a scream of painful delight. Never before had his body been subject to such an intense pressure. She might as well have been forcing her arm up his butt.

*Nnn~! T-Tomo! Tomo, wait! W-wait...!*

If anything, she started to move quicker. Raising her *other* leg, she slipped its foot through his other hole, and as he lost himself to the mindless delight of being filled, she tightened her grip on his straps, took a deep breath, and tugged and tugged and tugged and—

*Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!* Pleasure and pressure, each only slightly less mindrending than the other, tore through Jun’s body and threatened to rip his mind to pieces. *Nnnnnn~! Ah! Ah!* By the time he reached her thighs, he felt like a rubber band that had been pulled to its limits, as if he’d give in and snap at any second. *Nnnn~! T-Tomo! Please...!*

“Nnn,” said Tomo, wincing as if in sympathy. “Why is everything you bring me always slightly too small, Carol?”

“Maybe you’re just gaining weight?” She laughed as Tomo glared at her. “Kidding!”

Gritting her teeth, Tomo gave him one last little tug, and as Jun lost himself in delight–

*Pop!*

–he shot up, clamping her ass with a resounding *smack. Smack!*

Like a pillow, her ass smothered him. He’d never imagined she had one, not really. Not in the way Carol and other girls had one. As far as he’d been concerned, Tomo’s butt was barely bigger than his own.

He must have been blind, because the thing that filled him now was a monster, a pair of giant, jiggly boulders that strained his fabric tight as she pulled him taut around them. He felt like a man clinging to a cliff-face, his arms stretched to their limits yet incapable of doing anything but supporting him. Twitching, as if at any second, their strength would finally give in and he’d snap. He was a rubber band wrapped around a mountain. *Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah, oh God! Tomo! Tomo, please, take me off! Take me oooooooff!*

The weight of her asscheeks was nothing, however, when compared to the feeling of her pussy. Jun squealed as his fabric pressed against it, slipping partially into the crevasse of her labia and emerging slick with something that definitely wasn’t water. It took him a second to even realize what was happening: the truth of his situation was so dire it didn’t quite get through to him at first. Only as the impact of her ass started to fade, freeing up his mind to focus on other things, did he realize what he was touching.

Despair poured through his mind like a stream of turgid water, carrying with it little sticks and rocks of horror that, flowing with it, promptly jabbed him in the soul. *No. No, this can’t be happening. This can’t be happening! I can’t be touching her down there! Not yet...! Not–!* Worse than this metaphor was the more literal wetness of Tomo’s oozing sex. With every second he lay exposed against it, another drop of juice squirted out of her lips to soak him – it tasted like pee, and it made him want to vomit. *Please, make it stop! Carol! Carol, make her take me offfff!*

“Well, what do you think?” said Carol, cocking her head curiously.

Tomo pinched him and released him with a snap, making him squeal in painful pleasure.

“Well, they’re a little tight, like I said, but I guess otherwise they’re not too bad...” She winced. “Ugh, I feel like they’re rubbing me a little though.”

“Rubbing?” said Carol, cocking her head even further – it was a wonder she didn’t topple over.

“Yeah,” said Tomo, tugging him down slightly. “It’s like they’re moving about or something! It’s crazy!”

“That *is* crazy!” said Carol, snapping upright again.

And was it his imagination, or did she wink at him?

“Are you winking at my thong?” asked Tomo.

Carol turned and left without another word.

\*\*

It didn't take long for Tomo to throw on the rest of her exercise outfit, which consisted of little more than a ratty, well-worn sports top and a pair of matching pants that weren't in a much better state. If Jun had still been able to speak, he would have told Tomo to hurry up and throw them out already, but as it was, he had more important things to focus on.

As Tomo pulled her sports pants over her legs, Jun's world became very dark and worse: tighter than ever. Wrapping around him, the form-fitting nylon squeezed hard against him, pushing his own, already overpressured body even harder into Tomo's flesh. He whined inside as he slipped into the cracks of her anus and her vagina.

Finally, with a snap, she released them, and with that, there was little left for her to do than slip on a pair of sneakers and head into the gym, where a long day of exercise awaited her, and an equally long day of torture awaited him.

*Please*, he thought, as he finally realized where she was going. *Oh, please no! Tomo! Tomo...!*

Tomo, of course, wasn't exactly listening to her panties' opinions.

Marching into the gym, the swing of her legs pulling his fabric, releasing it, then pulling it taut again, she left him squealing into the void as he shifted around her hips. It seemed as if, with every little movement, he were being pulled a little deeper into her asscrack and her sex. *Tomo!*

He couldn't tell from the darkness of his position exactly what her routine consisted of, but whatever the answer, its effects on him were terrible. Her walking had been enough, but the movement of her legs accelerated rapidly: whether she was running laps or jumping on the spot, he didn't know, but it didn't matter, because with every second her body shifted inside him, driving him mad as pulled him tight and released and slapped him. *Nnnnn~! Tomo!*

Worse, it didn't take long for her to work up a sweat. The faster she moved, the wetter her skin became, and nowhere was this truer than between her asscheeks and her legs, which accumulated moisture like a pair of swamps in the rain. Overflowing their banks, they gushed into him, forcing his extra-absorbant fabric to drink up every drop they produced. The taste was unbearable, like filling his throat with seawater, and worse, it refused to go away, clinging to his body and mind as if he were permanently stained. *Ugh, get it out of me! Tomo!*

Now, she dropped slamming her ass into the floor, and leaving him to whine in utter ecstasy as he was crushed between her buttocks and the mat. *Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Stooooo!*



Obviously, she didn't. In fact, she wiggled her ass until she was comfy and remained firmly in place for several minutes more, presumably doing push-ups or something. Jun didn't know and had little ability to care, his senses being overwhelmed by the weight of her ass and the taste of her sweat, not to mention *the fact his face was an inch deep in her vagina...!*

Several minutes passed before she released him from this torture. "Phew," she said. "That was a pretty good warm-up."

Jun whimpered.

\*\*\*

By the time Tomo finished her routine, Jun barely remembered who he was, let alone what had happened to him.

Peeling him out of her sex with a *schlorp* like pulling tape, Tomo slung him onto the bench, where he lay sweaty and dripping, looking more like a used dishcloth than something that had been wrapped around a human body. *Ooooooooooooooh...*

As Tomo headed for the showers, who should poke her head into the room but Carol, looking suspicious. Approaching the bench, she bent over him, her expression curious. "Wow, Jun, you're really sweaty!" She giggled. "Do you understand that Tomo is a girl now?"

Jun, if he'd been human, would have nodded and would have cried.