

Tea Party Suit, Part 1 (Clothing TF, Blue Archive)

Mika's dress rustled as she sped through the offices of SCHALE. "Senseeeeeeeeeei? Senseeeeeeeeeei? Where are you...?"

Kicking open the door of his office, she skidded to a stop and looked around, but his chair was as empty as her heart felt. Where was he...? Why wasn't he around when she needed him? "Seeeeeeeensei?"

Just as she was about to give up, her eye caught something that piqued her attention: sitting on Sensei's desk was a plain paper bag, the sort of thing you might bring your lunch to work in. Curious, she went to take a peek inside, but the instant her finger caught the edge of the bag—

"Ow!" She recoiled, sucking her finger with a frown. It felt like an electric shock, or, no, like she'd cut herself, but when she examined her fingertip, there was no sign of blood. Maybe it had been an electric shock after all.

Flustered and embarrassed, she decided she'd had enough. If she couldn't find Sensei here, she was going to go and track him down herself, no matter how long it took her. Huffing, she hurried to the door, but she barely made it halfway there before the sensation spreading through her body seized her: gasping, she came to an abrupt stop, stumbled, and ended up on the floor on her knees, panting and sweating. Her entire body felt as if it were on fire.

What's wrong with me? she thought, struggling to stand again. Had she been poisoned? Sensei wouldn't poison the edge of his lunchbag, would he? Were lunch thieves really that big a deal here?!

Heart pounding, she grabbed the desk and, with it as support, managed to climb back to her feet. She needed to call for help, for a doctor, for anyone, but even as she scrambled for Sensei's phone, a new wave of sensations assaulted her:

With a gasp, Mika threw back her head and screamed at the ceiling as a bolt of lightning ground itself in her sex and went coursing through her body, leaving every inch of her burning and slick. Writhing on the spot, she spasmed and squirted, so intensely overwhelmed she barely even noticed what was happening to her:

Glistening, her clothing started to fade, as if it were nothing more than a mirage and the lighting had finally changed. No sooner had her shoes and her stockings vanished than, like emptied socks, her legs crumpled in on themselves, folded into her body as if they were nothing more than cloth. Between them, her bare pussy, freed of her panties, stretched sideways, expanding till it formed an enormous gap between what had been her legs. The larger it grew, the more it seemed to drip, and Mika's screams became louder with every inch it gained.

Now her arms dig something similar to her legs, fingers crumpling into her palms and being sucked inside her, as if her arms were being turned inside out — she felt the hollowness

spread all the way down to her shoulders. Her head, meanwhile, snapped back, mouth stretching wide open, but before it did, she had time to look down and see what was happening to see: *M-my legs! My arms?! What's happening to me?! What kind of poison is this?!* It was the last thought she managed before her mouth spread to push aside her face, and a fresh wave of pleasure crashed through her, unbearable. If she'd kept her mouth, she would have been screaming loud enough to be heard all the way back at Trinity.

The holes of her arms and her mouth and her sex continued expanding, digging into her, delving deep, and, upon meeting up in her middle, spreading outward, till her entire body was utterly empty, hollow, a flimsy sheet of flesh wrapped around a packet of air and nothing more. When the breeze whipping through the room caught her skin and made it ripple, she screamed even louder, losing herself to the ecstasy. She'd never felt so erogenous before.

With a sound like slicing paper, a gash spread down her front from her mouth to her vagina, and, sliced open, her body simply fell apart. Before it had a chance, its new edges promptly snapped together again, and her nipples and her clit, migrating and multiplying, took up the job of her holding her new halves together. The pressure on them left her screaming louder than ever – she'd never felt so much tension, let alone so much pressure.

A ripple passed through her body, and before she could recover, her flesh turned lighter and softer than ever, instantly transmuted into soft pink fabric. Meanwhile, her nipples and her clit hardened into plastic, and her lips folded themselves into a nice, neat collar. Finally, a pocket formed in her left breast. A literal pocket – the kind you hold pens in. She couldn't have been more bewildered.

Finally, with one last little twitch of fight on her part, her body fell as flat and limp as any inanimate object, and she dropped from the air with a gigantic scream.

Before she could hit the ground, something other than gravity seized her. Yanking her back into the air, it grabbed her former arms and spread them wide, followed by tugging at the edges of her former labia and leaving her squealing even louder.

Satisfied it had gotten all of the wrinkles out, it promptly took her arms and folded them behind her back, bending them till their ends met her new collar. This done, it folded her, first lengthwise and then, as if this wasn't enough, widthwise, reduced her to a mere percent of her former size. She felt like a letter folded up for the envelope. Which was appropriate, because it promptly took her and stuffed her into Sensei's paper bag.

Lying there on her back and looking out of the opening, Mika whimpered. *What happened to me?! Why did I turn into a shirt?! Nnn, and why does it feel so goood?! H-help me! Please! Someone heeeeeelp!*