

Kokona's New Bikini (Clothing TF, Blue Archive)

Shun's spine felt like it was going to snap.

Entering the changing room, she massaged her back, but it made no difference – the ache refused to fade. With a sigh, she looked left and right and, satisfied no-one was watching, opened her locker. Rummaging inside, she pulled out a small plastic box containing a single pill.

Shun chewed her lip. *Saya's youth drug*. If she took it, she'd revert into a child for a few hours and, more importantly, gain some respite from her back pain.

As she went to plop it into her mouth, however, the door swung open, and into the room strolled none other than Shanhaijing's very own Monshu: Ryuuge Kisaki. Seeing her, she raised an eyebrow. "Good morning, Shun."

Shun stifled a squeal. "G-good morning, Kisaki." She hurried to hide the pill.

"What have you got there?" asked Kisaki, eyes sliding to her hands.

She'd been caught! What should she say? What should she say?!

"I-it's a back pain pill!" Half a lie was better than a full one, wasn't it?

"Back pain." Kisaki squinted at her chest. "...I see." Something in her tone made Shun shiver.

With one last squint, Kisaki turned to her own locker and produced a box containing a pill very similar to Shun's own – actually, it looked identical.

"O-oh, are you taking your medicine now too?" said Shun.

"I suppose," said Kisaki.

"Oh, let's take them together!" The instant the words were out of Shun's mouth, she regretted them. *What am I saying?! I don't want her to know I'm taking Saya's stupid youth pills!*

Kisaki simply shrugged. "Alright. On the count of three, then."

Shun swallowed. "O-one..."

"Two..."

"Three...!" Wincing, she popped her pill. Kisaki did the same. Together they took a chug of their water and swallowed.

"There," said Kisaki.

Shun sighed in relief. The drug hadn't taken effect straight away – perhaps there was still time for her to escape before she started changing.

"You know," said Kisaki. "It's strange how similar our pills looked, Shun."

Shun froze halfway to the door. "That *is* strange," she said, brow furrowing.

A twisting sensation uncoiled from her gut and yanked her nerves in every direction. Squealing, she doubled-over, almost headbutting Kisaki in the process.

The Monshu dropped too, clasping her belly and whimpering. "Ah~!"

"Urgh...!" Shun's skin ran with sweat – she felt like she'd become lost in the desert. "What's happening to us?!"

Kisaki groaned. "It... it must be... another assassination attempt. Somebody switched the pills!"

"Sw-switched the—?!" Shun cut off, scenting smoke. Looking around, she gasped to see it coming from her uniform. It was burning, *burning*, being eaten away in patches, as if someone had dappled it with acid. What was going on?! Was it her sweat doing it?!

Kisaki's own dress went up in a similar fashion, and in seconds, the two of them stood naked and panting, fighting to cover their exposed bodies. Unfortunately, they didn't get the chance to do so for long:

Her arms flew forward, forming a neat ring before her, fingers tangling so tightly she couldn't pull them apart. Beside her, Kisaki raised her own arms and threw them over her shoulders as if to feel invisible wings.

"Nn~! What now?!"

"I don't know!"

Shun's feet left the floor.

She should have fallen. Should have slammed facefirst into the tiles. Instead, she remained where she stood, floating in the air, as her legs curled upward so her toes could meet her fingers. Kisaki did something very similar, bending her legs at an impossible angle to form a ring behind her – her face twisted as she suffered under the impossible contortions.

A wave of sensation passed through Shun's body, and in its wake, her flesh became as soft and as light as cloth. She moaned as she flapped, bending and twisting as her own breath rippled her like a flag. *Nnn~!* With every second, they seemed less like living beings and more like items of clothing.

Her arms thinned, losing mass with the second, while her legs spread, growing wider as they flattened, while her head sank into her neck and from there down into her increasingly flimsy torso.

Kisaki's own limbs lost their width as well, reduced to slender straps – her breasts, in contrast, grew larger, much larger, making their owner squeal with their great, jiggly new weight. It only lasted for a second though: with that, her head collapsed into her torso, and the rest of her body followed it – everything save her boobs and her limbs was simply sucked into her bust, bloating them to gigantic proportions. For a moment or two, before they flattened into a pair of large cups.

Shun's legs continued to stretch outward, forming a large triangle ahead of her, even as her head and her torso melted into a thinner one. She closed her eyes, and she never got to open them again. She only lost her sight for a second though: on its return, she found Kisaki had lost the last of her human features – all that remained of her was a skimpy black bikini top.

...A perfect match for the bottoms Shun had become.

Finally, the two started to steam, and the last of their mass left them. Shriveling down to a more appropriate size for clothing, they dropped, striking the floor with a sad smack.

Nnn~! To Shun's surprise, she could still hear Kisaki's voice in her head. *Nnn~! Turn us baaack!*

K-Kisaki! She wanted to cry. *What happened to us?!*

Can't you see?! We've turned into clothing!

N-no. No! That's not possible! It's not...! It's--!

The door of the changing room opened, and who should enter but Sunohara Kokona. One of her eyebrows rose as she saw them. "Someone's left their bikini..."

K-Kokona! Kokona, you have to help us! Please!

Kokona looked left and right, blushing. "It's very skimpy..." She blushed even harder. "I wonder if..."

As Shun watched stunned, Kokona started to undress.

E-eh? Kokona? What are you--? W-wait! Wait, don't...!

Her groin felt warm in Shun's face.