

Invaders Ensemble, Part 3 (Clothing TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma?!)

Panchira leapt from one building to the next, producing little whipcracks as her speed broke the air.

Landing with uncharacteristic grace on the roof of a block of flats, she raised her head and sniffed the air again, head snapping left and right as she searched for the familiar scent. She'd been so close – where had it–?

Just as she was about to give up, a shadow swept over her. Scowling, she turned just in time to see something sail over her head. It looked a lot like a twintailed young woman on a broomstick.

Panchira sniffed. *There* it was! There was the scent! No wonder she hadn't been able to find it: it wasn't under her nose, it was *over* it.

Licking her lips, she dropped to all fours and tensed her legs, her pupils growing into a pair of black holes. At last, with a bang like a cannon, she leapt, shooting off the roof of the apartment block and high, high into the air, where–

“Oof!”

With a thud, she slammed headfirst into Rainbow Yurika's side, and with a scream both of them toppled out of the air and down, down into a convenient dumpster. *Thump!*

“Ooooh...” Massaging her head, Panchira sat up and looked around. What had happened? Where was she? And more importantly, where was her prey?

Someone moaned, underneath her.

With a roll of the eyes, Panchira hopped out of the dumpster. “Look what nyou made me do, nya...” Producing her pointer, she gave it a little flick and hovered the unfortunate Rainbow Yurika out of the trash and shook her about to get off all the juices. By the time she was done, Yurika looked like she'd been put through a centrifuge.

Holding her in the air, Panchira tapped her chin in thought. Well, now that she had her, the only question left was: what to do with her? She'd made a bra and a blouse and a pair of shoes and socks. So what was left?

A cool breeze blew through the alley; Panchira slammed her legs together with a shiver. Just as she was about to go back to scratching her chin, a thought occurred to her.

She looked over her shoulder, where her tail was lifting her skirt, exposing her big, unadorned butt to all the world. “I forgot to make panties, nya!” She slapped her forehead. How could she forget the panties? They were literally her namesake!

With a grin, she turned back to Yurika, who'd finally stopped groaning in order to look around and squirm. "Wh-what's going on?" cried the unfortunate magical girl, eyes wide and tearful. "Wh-who are you? Wh-what are you—?"

"Pink," said Panchira, cocking her head.

"E-eh?" Yurika stopped babbling to stare at her, clearly uncomprehending.

"Pink," repeated Panchira. "Nyou'll make a lovely pair of nyice, pink panties, nya. Pink and white, with a big rouge ribbon. Nyes, that'll do *purrfectly*, nya. Fufufu." She licked her lips and rubbed her hands together greedily.

Yurika could only stare at her. "Wh-what do you mean? What are you talking about?" Big tears dripped from her eyes. "L-let me go! Let me go, please!"

"*Later.*" And with one last smug little grin, Panchira gave her pointer a twist.

The beam crackled; Yurika screamed, throwing back her head and writhing as if electrocuted. The lash of the pen's beam scoured her, making her entire body shiver with its passage, and as her screams rose louder and louder, thin wisps of smoke began to rise from her dress. Finally, with a great flash, it ignited and burned away in an instant, leaving little sign it had ever existed, unless you counted the horrified squeals of the naked girl revealed. "St-stop! Stop! Bring it baaaaaack!"

Eyes gliding over the smooth surface of Yurika's body, from her beautiful breasts to the slender trunks of her thighs, Panchira twisted her wand. And with a *zzzzzap!*...

Yurika's arms snapped outward, while her legs came together and stretched straight, leaving her writhing as she fought to change their position. Unfortunately for her, Panchira's pointer still had plans for them: bending her arms backward, it joined them up in a big 'O' behind her and, as if this wasn't enough, took her legs and curled them back till her feet met her hands.

Grinning, Panchira gave her pointer another twist.

Yurika melted. As the beam of the wave washed over her, her skin, already so slick with its own sweat, simply started to run like wax, earning a fresh if very short scream from its owner – it's hard to scream when your lips are running together.

Floating into the air in river of human flesh, Yurika's body lost more of its humanity with every second. Her face and her head melted into her torso, which stretched sideways as mass from her arms poured into it. The wider it grew though, the flatter it became, till soon it was nothing more than a flimsy triangle. Her legs, bent backwards, changed in a similar manner, widening and flattening till they formed a large fold of flesh. Her arms, meanwhile, grew slimmer and slimmer, thinning till they were little more than a pair of slender straps.

Now her skin shimmered, and its color changed. From a natural beige to an embarrassed red, and from there to a bright pink with a few frilly white patches. From her back sprouted

two thin sheets of skin: these stretched long, turned a deep mauve, and promptly tied themselves into a fancy ribbon.

Finally a bright red jewel appeared in her center, and with that, Yurika shriveled to a tenth of her former size and fell limp as Panchira lowered her pointer. Fluttering to the ground, Yurika moaned in her head, begging and pleading to know what had happened to her.

Panchira snatched her out of the air before she could reach the floor and, taking her by the straps, gave her a few quick stretches that left the former magical girl screaming. Snickering, she stuffed her into her boobs and turned to go.

Another scent was in the air, and she wanted to catch its source before they could get away from her.

*

It wasn't hard to find them this time: her latest piece of prey happened to be strolling through the town. Casually, as if unaware a super-persistent, shapeshifting hyper-predator was tracking her every movement.

Which made sense, as Panchira had actually stopped for a quick snack. But as soon as she'd finished, she got right back to the chase, and it wasn't long before she'd cornered her busty new target in an alley.

"Who are you?" cried Kiriha Kurano, hands raised as if planning to punch her.

"I'm sure nyou'll learn the answer soon or later, nya," replied Panchira. "In the meantime, what should I do with *nyou*, nya? Hmmm... Those big boobs of nyours make me want to make a bra, but I already filled that slot. What else is left for nyou...? Hmmm..."

Her eyes lit up. "Ah-hah! I know exactly to do with nyou, nya." With a smug chuckle, she drew her pen and took aim.

Kiriha didn't wait any longer. In the same instant, she threw herself forward, her fist aimed at Panchira's face.

An inch away from her, Panchira's finger twitched, and the princess of the subterraneans came to an abrupt, twitching as if caught in an invisible net. Which, of course, she was.

"Say 'aaaaaargh!', nya!" Panchira twisted her wrist. Lightning flew from her pointer.

"Aaaaaargh!" Kiriha screamed as it crashed into her stomach, making her boobs jiggle as she shot a meter into the air. There, she floated and squealed, writhing like a dying starfish as its energy surged through her nerves and left every cell in her body moaning.

With a flash, her clothing ignited, burned away in an instant, and the body below them sparkled as it turned to thick, fleshy fluid. Kiriha's scream cut off with a final wild moan, and

with that, her melting lips glued themselves together, and her entire head simply slid into her torso.

Unlike her mouth, two other holes didn't close: if anything her anus and vagina grew wider than ever, stretching you could stick a full fist through them. And though Kiriha no longer had a mouth, Panchira could hear her silent screams growing louder and louder with each inch farther her lower holes stretched. Grinning, she gave her pointer another thrust.

Kiriha's flesh rippled like a puddle in the wind. She stretched tall, long and thin, till she shook in the air like a long, fleshy worm. Now Panchira swung her pointer downward, and on her command, a thin split appeared in what had been Kiriha's head. As Panchira lowered her pen, the cut spread swiftly down the former princess's body, slicing her in half like a loaf at the bakery. At last, it reached her feet, and with an emphatic *pop*, Kiriha Kurano simply split in half. Her twin halves wiggled in the air, struggling to get back together.

Enjoying the confusion radiating from her victim, Panchira thrust her pointer forward again, and the widened holes at Kiriha's new lower ends dived deep, forcing themselves all the way through her, from tailend to head. Inside, Kiriha screamed like a victim of torture, screamed like she'd been speared from one end to the other, which, admittedly, was exactly what it felt like for her. By the time the process was done, she was little more than two long sacs of flimsy flesh, reduced to paper thinness by the hollowing of her interior.

Another twist of the pen, and the unfortunate subterranean underwent another bout of change. Now, her skin pulsed and shimmered and changed color and texture: from soft human flesh, to something paler and silkier, white with bands of orange and black spiraling around her, with flame patterns near her ends and jewels stitched in a ring around her mouths.

With that, Panchira gave her pen one last flick, shrinking Kiriha down to a more reasonable size for a pair of brand new stockings. The beam died; the light faded; Kiriha fell from the air and into a waiting Panchira's paws.

Giggling, she raised her new stockings by the mouths, allowing the wind to blow them back and forth for a second. Kiriha, of course, screamed, both at the feeling of Panchira's fingers around the mouths of her former holes, and at the air caressing the rest of her altered body, which was only slightly less sensitive.

Tugging one half of her victim under her arm, Panchira took the other, wiggled her fingers, and without a shred of mercy, thrust her hand deep, deep inside her.

Nnnnnnaaaaaaaah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Kiriha's screams couldn't have been louder.

With a smug grin, Panchira wiggled her fingers around inside her and, finally satisfied, pulled out. "Nyow imagine how good it's going to feel when nyow've got a couple of legs inside nyow, nya..."

Snickering at this thought, she folded Kiriha up and tucked her into her cleavage and turned to the mouth of the alley, where she could already scent the delicious smell of her next victim...

She rubbed her hands in excitement. "Just one more to go, nya~."