

Tea Party Suit, Part 3 (Clothing TF, Blue Archive)

Seia crept into the office like a stealthy little fox, or possibly a similar animal – it was kind of ambiguous. Looking around, she frowned to see the room empty; she was certain she'd seen both Miku and Nagisa enter before her.

Biting her lip, she returned to the doorway and stood there on the threshold for a moment, wondering what she should do next. She'd had the strangest dream last night, but she didn't know what to make of it. In the dream, Miku had transformed into a shirt, Nagisa a pair of pants, and herself into a tie. And Sensei had worn them, as if they were nothing more than clothing. Was it meant to be a metaphor for him using them in some way? For him manipulating them? But why clothes? Why clothes specifically? She couldn't make sense of it.

Just as she was about to retreat, her eyes caught something on Sensei's desk: a paper bag.

She worked her jaw. In the dreams, it had been a paper bag they'd all been stuffed into as clothes. Was its presence here a sign of some sort, or...? Unable to decide, she crept forward, intending to look. Even if it only contained Sensei's lunch, it would at least give her some answers.

Reaching the bag, she pinched the edges and peeked in, her heart pounding in anticipation. What she saw made her freeze in utter shock: in the bag lay a cute pink shirt and a matching pair of suit pants.

A bead of sweat fell from her forehead. It splattered the shirt, leaving a tiny patch of wetness. Wh-what was going on? In the dream, Miku and Nagisa had been transformed into clothes just like these. And the only thing missing was the thing *she'd* become: the tie. But what—?

As she struggled to think properly, a sharp pain struck her fingertip, as if she'd caught it on a needle. With a gasp, she snapped back and sucked on it, wondering what had happened. Was it the bag? Had she cut herself on—?

A shock struck her body, rippling through her system like a punch to the gut. With a gasp, she collapsed to her knees and lay there, hands trembling, unable to stand again. Her body simply refused to obey her.

"Wh-what's happening—?!" Her teeth chattered as if she were freezing, but she felt so hot, so hot, as if she were running a fever. It was especially bad between her legs, which seemed to have turned into a sauna.

Whimpering, she finally managed to get back to her legs. Breathing hard now, panting like she'd run a marathon, she stumbled in the direction of the door. She needed to get help, whether from the other members of the Tea Party or Sensei or anyone. She needed to get help before—

She tripped, but she didn't strike the ground. Instead, she came to an abrupt stop, floating in midair, as if her body weighed no more than a balloon, and with a sudden shocking wrench of the spine, snapped rigid, her arms over her head and her legs fixed together. Eyes wide, she squealed, struggling to pull free, but it was like trying to break a pair of iron manacles. Her body felt like a rubber band drawn taut. "Nnn~!"

Even as she fought, the force holding her in the air tightened its grip and pulled her as hard as it possibly could, leaving her squealing as her body stretched like a piece of gum. Her clothes, drawn equally taut, smoldered and flashed, vanishing into a puff of smoke and flame. Her slender body, fully exposed now, glistened with her panicked sweat as she screamed and screamed and stretched and stretched. "Nnnnn~! Help me!"

Drawn from one end of the room to the other, Seia whimpered and whined, her protests a little weaker with every moment. By now, she could barely move at all: only watch, through trembling, tear-filled eyes, as whatever curse afflicted her took her tail and her hair and, wrapping them around her, painted her from crown to foot in their color. "Mmmphf!"

Still it continued to tug her, drawing her longer and longer, thinner and thinner, distributing all her mass into a thin smear of gold in the air. And at last, unable to pull her anymore...

With a snap, Seia collapsed to tenth of her former size, and dropped to the floor as a simple, everyday tie in the bright gold of her hair. Floating across the room, she landed in the paper bag on the table and lay there, limp and unmoving and wracked with utter terror. *N-no! No! It came true! It came true! How?!*

S-Seia?! came a familiar voice. Seia, is that you?

Nagisa! Nagisa, what's happening?!

We turned into clothes! cried the voice of Miku. Seia, what are we meant to dooooo?!

Even as Seia fought for an answer, footsteps marched towards them. And whose familiar face should appear overhead but the scribbled one of Sensei.

Sensei! cried Miku and Nagisa.

Seia couldn't help but be a little more concerned. *S-Sensei?*

"Hmm," he said, looking down. "I guess my new uniform arrived. ...I don't remember ordering it in these colors though."

N-new uniform?!

Placing the three of them on the desk, he started to undress, leaving them squeaking in a tangled mix of emotions as he revealed his chiseled pecs and what he was hiding under his pants. *S-Seia, look away!*

He grabbed Nagisa first, unfolded her, and, holding her by the hem, popped her button and unzipped her fly.

Nnnnn~! came Nagisa's voice. *Nnnnnn~! Nnnn~! Stop! Nnn~, it's like he's touching my...!*

Then Sensei stuck his leg in her, and Nagisa's screams became all but deafening.

Having pulled up pants, zipped her and buttoned her, Sensei left Nagisa whimpering and turned to Miku instead.

W-wait! cried Miku. *Wait, please, don't–Nnnnnnnah!* As Sensei's arms slipped inside her, her screams became painfully loud. And they only grew that much louder when he turned his attention to her buttons. *Nnnn~! Oh! Oh! Oh! Sensei! Sensei, stop–! Ohhhhhh...!*

Finally, it was Seia's turn. As Sensei picked her up, she whimpered – his touch alone made her body tingle. *S-Sensei! Sensei, please! Don't! Can't you hear me?! Don't you–Nnn~!*

As Sensei wrapped her around his collar and tied her in a knot, an explosive orgasm went off in her core. Seia could only scream, losing herself to the bliss of it. It felt better than anything she'd ever felt in her life, and the tighter he tied her, the stronger it became. By the time he released her, she'd been left on the edge of drooling. *S-Sen-sei...*

Adjusting Miku's collar, Sensei checked his watch. "Tch, I'm going to be late. I'd prefer not to be seen in pink, but, eh, it's too late to change." He turned to go.

The Tea Party, wrapped around him, could do little more than mewl in pleasure.