

Invaders Ensemble, Part 1 (Clothing TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma?!)

The giant lock fell to the welcome mat with a clunk, allowing the doors of the mansion to open like the gate of an ancient tomb.

Sure enough, it was something pale and ghoulish, with knotted black hair and blurry golden eyes, that crept from between those dark wood doors. It looked like a ghost, but sadly it was Panchira.

“Oh...” she said, raising a hand to shield her eyes from the sun. “The gilded rays of the mother orb... To think I should feel their tender caress on my fair skin once more.” She blinked. “How many nyears has it been, kind stranger? How many aeons hath mine captors seen fit to entomb me?”

Her liberator, ironically, was someone even paler. “It’s been twelve hours,” said Nomi, shielding herself from the sun with a parasol. “Also, no-one said nyou couldn’t go outside. Nyoun were restricted to the grounds, nya. Nyo-one made nyoun put a giant lock on the front door.”

“Oh, *fine*,” said Panchira, picking a cobweb out of her ear. “I nyever should have expected sympathy from nyoun, should I, nya? Being locked up in nyour home would be like a vacation to nyoun, wouldn’t it, nyoun hermit?”

Nomi’s scarlet eyes drilled straight through Panchira’s face and several inches into the brickwork behind her. “I would certainly prefer it to being here,” she said, turning to go. “A reminder: if nyoun spoil another of Hentai’s galas with nyour gossip, it won’t just be house arrest nyoun’re put under, nya.”

Panchira rolled her eyes. “Please. What’s she going to do? Throw me in a real jail?”

“She said she’d make nyoun wear leopard print for a season.”

Panchira somehow managed to become even paler. “...Tell Her Nyajesty I’ll be good,” she said, wringing her skirt like a schoolgirl. “I promise...”

“I doubt that.”

As Nomi flapped her little wings and took flight, Panchira stood and smoldered in the midday sun, feeling as if her eyes would catch fire.

“I nyeed a vacation, nya...”

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To clear her mind after her torturous imprisonment, she decided to take a trip through the Nyar Gate and revisit one of the alternate Earths she’d gone hunting on in the past.

As far as shadows of their own Earth went, this one was pretty close to the baseline. Sure, there was magic and high technology and ghosts and other weird things around, but otherwise, it was pretty close to the modern day (of 200 years prior, anyway).

Dropping down from her saucer, Panchira sniffed the air and picked up all manner of familiar smells. And there, mixed in with all the rest, one particularly nostalgic scent that sent a shiver racing from the tips of her ears to the end of her tail. Standing upright, she licked her lips and pounced, cracking the air like a whip as she sailed across the city.

She found the target (or targets) of her nose in the middle of what, from the bags one of them was carrying, was an extensive shopping trip:

"Hmm," said the shorter, blonder member of the pair, inspecting the row of summer blouses laid out before her. "I can't decide. What do you think, Ruth?"

The legs of her assistant trembled under the weight of the bags in her hands. "Your Highness, I hate to remind you, but you said we were only coming in here for a new bra..."

Theiamillis ignored her. "You're right," she said, after a moment. "I'll just get them all. Ruth, if you could kindly transport them to the counter."

"Y-yes, Your Highness..."

As Ruth collapsed in a pile of pain and shopping, Panchira activated her ninja-field and slipped into the store, her mind already overflowing with imaginative new ideas. Rummaging in her cleavage, she retrieved her sleek black pointer and, twirling it around her finger, took aim at the girl on the ground. "Here," she said. "Let me lighten nyour burdens, nya. For a few minutes, anyway~." And with one last little giggle, she gave the pen a twist.

Lightning, screeching, shot out of the wand's tip, arced across the store, unseen, and before Ruth could so much as get back to her feet, slammed into her poor, abused body, and set her arm and legs a-tingling. With a scream, she snapped upright, arcing her back and wailing at the ceiling – smirking, Panchira extended the ninja-field so that no-one else would take any notice.

To the apparent apathy of the rest of the store, Ruth rose into the air, her body glimmering with flecks of bright pink light. As she screamed again, her clothing ignited, and in a flash and a puff of smoke, her uniform and everything else on her person simply vanished, exposing the slender body beneath as it glistened with panicked sweat. "Nn~! Nnn~! H-help...! P-please, somebody...! Nnnnnn~!"

With a fresh scream, she twisted, her legs bending back to join up behind her, while her arms curled up over her shoulders to meet up with them too. Her fingers, stretched long and thin, coiled around her ankles, wrapping them tight and squeezing and finally seeming to fuse with them entirely. In seconds, her arms and her legs had been paired in individual loops of flesh. "Nnn~!"

They weren't the only parts of her body to be undergoing a change. Even as she sucked in the air for another scream, her lips slammed shut and fused into a seamless stretch of flesh. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Now her entire head rippled and collapsed into her neck, flowing down into her torso as a giant dollop of human sludge till her eyes were looking out of her sternum. Not that her torso was doing much better either: piece by piece it began to collapse, her hips and her buttocks popping out of existence, followed by her stomach. Though strangely, her boobs seemed to be getting even larger, as if, instead of being lost, her mass was simply being sucked into them. "Mmmphf!"

Panchira inspected her watch. Time to speed things up. She gave her pointer a twist, and with a *zzzzip*, the beam crackled with fresh intensity.

Ruth's eyes spasmed with fright, her silenced screams escaping through her pupils, and as she writhed, the remainder of her body all but collapsed out of existence: her arms and her legs thinned till they were little more than ribbons, and her remaining torso shrank into a slender band between and under her boobs, which continued to grow larger than ever. But only for a moment: soon, with nothing else left to affect, the pointer took them and squashed them flat, leaving only two giant cups in their place.

With that, Panchira painted the former servant a deep blue, curled her hair into a pair of ribbons, and without further ado, lowered her pen. The beam broke, and Ruth fluttered to the ground like the inanimate piece of cloth she'd become.

Picking her up, Panchira sniffed her and shivered at the delicious scent of fear pouring out of the fabric. "Ah... That's one, nya... Nyow, where is...?"

As if on cue, Princess Theiamillis returned from the next aisle. "Ruth...?" she said, looking around. "Ruth, where are you? I *thought* you were planning to pay." Huffing, she put her hands on her hips and stomped away.

Tucking Ruth into her cleavage, Panchira bent her legs and sped ahead of the retreating princess. "Nyow, what should I do with nyow, nya...?" She tapped her chin. "Ah-hah! I have the *purrfect* idea~." Licking her lips, she raised her pen, and as Theia came closer—
ZZZZZZzzzap!

The Princess shot into the air with a wail louder even than her servant's, her entire body coursing with arcs of vivid pink juice. Flipped by the force of the beam's impact, she spun several times and only came to a stop when she bounced off the ceiling – floating just underneath, she screamed, writhing and twisting as the energy of the pointer ignited her dress and with a flash of flame derobed her. "Nnnn~! Ah! Ah!" Her naked body sparkled in the pointer light.

Like a conductor directing an orchestra, Panchira gave her pointer a jerk to the left and then the right, making the beam ripple and snap like a whip. Theiamillis screamed even louder, throwing back her head and spreading her arms and legs as if making a snow angel. Sadly, her fate wasn't to be quite so Christmassy...

With a final moan, her mouth stretched wide, wide open, and locked that way as the rest of her head rolled in itself, folded out of existence. Between her legs, on the other hand, the exposed holes of her anus and her sex widened and fused, like two puddles joining, and, as if this wasn't enough, promptly grew even larger, stretching till they were as large as her hips. Her legs crumpled out of existence to make room for them.

Now her arms, still stretched and twitching, did something very similar. Like a pair of gloves being pulled inside out, her finger sank into her palms, and her palms in turn collapsed into her wrists, which then disappeared into her lower arms, and so on and so on, until the process reached her shoulders, where they disappeared into her torso, leaving nothing but a pair of gaping holes where they'd been.

She rippled, and her sweating flesh turned as pale as her missing outfit, thinning till it was as soft and as pliable as silk too. Now she shook again, and blossomed: flowers in sapphire and azure flourished all over her, even as she split down the front and sprouted little buttons of gold.

Finally, her hair tied itself around her waist as a bright, golden ribbon, and with that, the transformation came to an end. Panchira lowered her pointer, and the new blouse fluttered out of the air into her hand.

Snickering, she stuffed her pen away, raised the blouse to her face, and took a long, deep sniff of the fabric. It smelled of lilac and soap and better yet: of sweat. Theiamillis's fear was as rich as could be expected.

Nnn~! St-stop! Let me go! D-don't touch me like that! Even clearer than the scent tickling her nose were the thoughts of panic striking her psychowhiskers. *Stop touching me like that! Stooooooooop!*

Panchira chuckled. "Nyou nneed to get used to it, nya. After all, nyou're going to be touched all over when somebody wears nyou."

W-wears me?! W-wait, you can't be—

"Anyway, time to put nyou with nyour servant, nya. I bet nyou two will go *really* well together!"

No! No, please! No—!

Ignoring this, Panchira took her and folded her up, and with a smug little laugh, stuffed her straight into her cleavage. "See nyou soon, nya!"

Nnnnooo...!

As Theiamillis's voice cut out, Panchira returned outside and opened her nostrils to the air again.

It wasn't long before she caught another familiar scent.