

Clothes rustled and hangars clacked against bars as shoppers explored the boutique, eager to get their hands on the latest items of fashion. The cash register dinged, the doors of the changing rooms slammed, and bags swung as customers left with the apparel they'd acquired.

Watching this chaos from her advantageous if rather unusual position, Chun-Li resisted the urge to groan.

She really wished she hadn't accepted this assignment.

The sergeant's mug slammed against the desk with a thud. "Alright, alright," he said, fingering his cigar, "let's go over the plan one more time, huh?"

Above, the room's sole light buzzed, its flickering casting wild shadows through the smoke of the sergeant's cigar. Stubbing it into the ashtray to his right, he patted the pimply young man to his left on the shoulder. "This man is a wizard."

"I am," said the young man, nodding confidently. "It says so on my card."

"And as a wizard," the sergeant continued, "he has access to a wide variety of magical powers."

"I do," said the young man. He pushed his glasses up his nose. "Those of us in the business call them 'spells', actually."

"My proposition," said the sergeant, "is that we use this wizard's powers to disguise you so you can better spy on our target. Is this acceptable to you?"

"It is," said the young man. "Oh, sorry, you were talking to her. My bad."

On the other side of the desk, Chun-Li folded her arms and huffed. "I suppose I'm not opposed to spying on someone... But I'd prefer to fight her honorably."

"Yes, that's what I thought you'd say," said the sergeant. "Unfortunately, I prefer not to have superhuman martial artists roundhouse kicking themselves all over my patch, so I'd kindly ask you not to resort to violence."

"He's right," said the wizard, nodding with a sageness that really didn't suit his appearance. "Violence is *never* the solution. Magic, on the other hand, is like duct tape! You can use it for anything! Blocked toilets? Magic! Excessive rabbits? Magic! Trouble with the yakuza? You guessed it: magic! Magic is the solution to all of life's problems and has no hidden costs whatsoever!"

"Hidden costs?" asked Chun-Li?

"Yeah, they're really painful. They don't exist though, so it's okay."

Chun-Li frowned. That *didn't* sound suspicious.

The sergeant waved his hand to move the conversation on. "The target has been repeatedly sighted visiting a clothing store in one of the local malls." He flicked Chun-Li some photographs. "Whether she's scouting the place out or just looking for a new outfit is up in the air. That's why we want someone on the inside."

"I suppose that makes sense," said Chun-Li. It explained the sergeant's hesitation too—as much as she wanted to fight her, she couldn't risk confronting her in a public place like a shopping mall.

She tightened her eyes, caught in a web of indecision.

The sergeant took a deep drag of his cigar. "If you don't want to do it, fine, I'll get one of my men to. But I won't support you confronting her in public. You can either work with me or you pursue her with your own resources. You'll have no further help from my department."

Chun-Li huffed. "Fine," she said. "What kind of disguise do you have in mind exactly? A shopping assistant? Remember, she's liable to recognize me."

The wizard giggled. "Don't worry—I thought of that!"

The light flickered, casting the sergeant's face in shadow. "We have something a little more extreme than that in mind..."

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Candles crackled around the circle of pig's blood as the wizard raised his hands and chanted at the ceiling. "M-M-Magic! Magic!" The sergeant had provided an empty cell especially for the ritual.

Chun-Li, standing in the center of the circle, looked around and winced. She couldn't believe she was actually going through with this. "Isn't there a better way?" she asked, flipping a glance at the doorway, where the sergeant stood smoking. .

He shrugged. "Eh, probably."

"We begin!" cried the wizard, bolts of what was presumably magic arcing between his hands. "Magic! Magicmagicmagicmagic..."

As the rather literal magic words left the pimply young man's mouth, a strange feeling overcame Chun-Li's body. Shivering, she clasped herself, goosebumps covering her skin.

"Okay now take your clothes off," said the wizard.

"What—?!" Chun-Li spun around, eyes wide open. "What do you mean, take my clothes off?!"

The wizard looked at her like she was stupid. "I can't turn you into clothes while you're *wearing* clothes," he said, shaking his head. "That would be incredibly redundant."

"I'm not going to take my clothes off for you!" snapped Chun-Li, covering herself automatically.

"Well I can't stop the ritual," said the wizard, so unless you want it to go increeedibly wrong..."

Chun-Li hissed. "Fine!" She hurried to remove her combat boots.

The sergeant handed the wizard five bucks.

Chun-Li's clothing rustled as she hurried to remove it. "There," she said at last, tossing her underwear to the ground. "Are there any *other* conditions you haven't mentioned?"

"As it happens, the spell also requires you to touch yourself," said the wizard, shamelessly.

"Fuck you! Just hurry up and get on with it!"

With a huff, the wizard waved his hands about vaguely. "Ohhhh magicmagicmagicmagicmagicmagic..."

As her chanting filled the air, the room's candles flared. The circle on the ground glowed a bright, peachy pink.

"Oh magicmagicmagicmagic..."

As the lights grew brighter with each word out of the wizard's mouth, the tingling afflicting Chun-Li's body tripled a thousand times in intensity. She gasped and clasped herself as her nipples turned to diamonds, sticking into the air like two little mountains. Pressing them down, she screwed up her eyes and moaned.

The sergeant handed the wizard another five bucks.

Tightening her grip on her breasts, Chun-Li moaned as her pussy tingled madly. Releasing her breasts, she grabbed it at once, squealing at the ceiling as her fingers set it aflame.

"F-fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Nnn~!" All she could do was moan as her legs lost their strength. With a gasp, she opened her eyes and shrieked to find the floor flying towards her. *Smack*.

"Please keep your arms and legs inside the circle," said the wizard.

Bunched up on the concrete floor of the cell, Chun-Li struggled to get up and looked over her shoulder.

What she saw made her gasp:

Her feet, and the lower legs above them, had turned black. Even as she watched, they darkened and turned shiny, leaving them looking like nothing more...

...than two simple black shoes.

Chun-Li winced. Struggling to remember how to control her breathing, she stared as a pair of long heels stretched out of her... heels, and the glossy black stuff her skin had turned into wormed its way up her legs. It lightened as it spread, leaving her legs looking only a little darker. Finally, it came to a stop around her thighs and hundreds of tiny holes appeared in the fabric. Face white with horror, Chun-Li realized her legs were turning into pantyhose.

With a pair of pops, her feet detached themselves, and Chun-Li shuddered as an alien sensation washed through her head. Looking down, she caught her feet (or the pair of high heels they'd become) and gave them a little nudge with the stubs capping her legs. Despite their detachment, she could feel the floor through her soles as if they were still attached.

All of a sudden, Chun-Li dropped back. Landing on her boobs with a grunt, she looked from side to side and found her hands had gone limp, hollowed out and flat. As she stared, sweating in shock, her skin lightened, turning from its natural shade of beige to a stark, alabaster white. The color spread up her arms like paint, stopping just before her elbows.

With a pair of pops, her hands fell off, reduced from human limbs to nothing more than a pair of gloves.

Chun-Li swallowed. "St-stop the ritual!"

"Magicmagicmagicmagic—sorry no can do—magicmagicmagic..."

With the stubs of her lower arms, Chun-Li succeeded in flipping herself over and throwing the wizard a glare. When she looked down, however, she saw a red spot appear like a dot of blood on her chest. Unfurling, it blossomed like a rose and washed over her, spreading rapidly over her chest. In an instant, it covered her breasts. In seconds, it coated her stomach. In less than a minute, it reached her sex—she squeaked as she felt her pussy stretch, opening as if to take in the largest cock in the universe.

"Stop the spell! Stop the spell!"

"Magicmagicmagicmagic—sorry, can't hear you—magicmagicmagic—"

The redness reached the end of Chun-Li's stub arms, and she watched as they collapsed in on themselves, crumpling into her shoulders and leaving only a pair of holes for someone else's arms to slip through.

Down below, her sex continued to stretch, expanding into a massive hole wide enough to contain the thickest pair of hips. Chun-Li shuddered. In the process it all but sliced her in half, leaving the pantyhose her legs had become to lie there and twitch. She felt a strange feeling where in her butt—had her asshole become their opening?!

As her sex finished expanding, her torso fell flat like her arms before her, starting lower down. In a wave, she hollowed out: hips and stomach and breasts all collapsing till at last, with a comical pop, her head fell off as if she'd been guillotined.

She watched, unsure how to react, as her neck inverted into a hole like her arms and a floral pattern painted itself over her former torso. Within seconds, all that remained of it was a normal qipao.

A terrible realization struck her. Her head was next. Her *head* was next. What was going to happen to it?

As if in answer, her lips slammed tight together and turned a bright red, as if daubed in scarlet lipstick. She puckered them in sheer shock... and squirmed as she found she couldn't open them.

The redness washed out and over her, covering her cheeks and her nose in less than a second. As it reached her eyes, the world went dark, as if she'd forced her face into a pair of stage curtains. A second later, the color faded—she could see again. She tried to blink in shock and found herself unable.

No sooner had her sight returned than she found herself shrinking, collapsing in on herself. Within a second, she lay flat on the ground looking up at the ceiling and unable to do anything but.

She didn't know if she still had a heart, but she felt like it was pounding. She didn't know whether to be confused, angry, or upset. What had her head even turned into?

As the flashing of the circle died down and the candles all went out, the sergeant stepped forward and slipped a finger into her... ear? With a frown, he hoisted her into the air, her entire head dangling from his pointer.

"Wow," he said, "I didn't expect that to work. And you're sure she's still in here?"

The wizard shrugged. "Eh, mostly."

"S'good enough for me, I guess." With a shrug of his own, the sergeant gestured a couple of men into the room. "Bag her up, boys, we're going shopping!"

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The boutique bustled like a particularly fashionable beehive.

Spread across the store, Chun-Li could feel every hanger stuck inside her body. Her face-turned-mask, dangling from a hook near the front of the store, had an excellent view of everyone entering and leaving. It didn't make her feel any better though.

Why do I feel like I've been tricked?

As Chun-Li ruminated on her situation, a woman with dark hair and an eye patch entered the store. Dressed in casual clothes and wearing her dark hair down, she was almost unrecognizable. If Chun-Li hadn't been here for her specifically, she never would have recognized her at all.

Juri!

She watched, her lost heart pounding, as the assassin casually strolled through the store, a handbag swinging at her side as if she were any normal woman. Pausing, she inspected a wall of bras, pinching the fabric of a particularly fluffy pair and smirking.

Chun-Li gulped (or imagined herself gulping, at any rate). Her suspicions were right—Juri was here. Now all she had to do was get this information back to the police somehow.

...How the hell was she supposed to do that?

As Chun-Li struggled to think of an answer, the dark-haired woman approached her. Looming over Chun-Li's reduced face like a giant from a childhood story, Juri smiled a smile that sent shivers through Chun-Li's fabric. "Oh my, I just *love* the look of this mask. This pattern is just so stylish. I wonder—" She licked her lips. "—if there's a matching outfit... say, a nice qipao."

Chun-Li didn't have a heart anymore, but she could feel it pounding all the same. *Does she know? How can she know?!*

Grinning, Juri slipped her off the hook and held her up, stretching Chun-Li's straps till she wanted to scream.

"Mmm~, " said Juri. "So stretchy. So tough. They must have made this from some *reeeeally* strong material."

She knows! Chun-Li struggled to... struggle. What was she supposed to do when she couldn't even move? She couldn't even scream for help!

The world spun as Juri twirled her around her finger. Grinning, she marched along the aisle, heading straight towards Chun-Li's former torso... "Oh my," she said, slamming to a stop right in front of it. "This is exactly what I was looking for~." Licking her lips, she raised a hand and playfully stroked Chun-Li's chest.

If Chun-Li had still had a mouth, she would have squealed. It felt as if Juri were massaging her breasts.

Scooping Chun-Li's torso off the hanger, Juri raised it to her head and buried her face in what had once been Chun-Li's cleavage. The former fighter squealed in her head, wishing she could wail. She wanted to writhe in ecstasy—how could being touched like this feel so good?!

Giggling to herself, Juri slipped the qipao back onto the hanger and folded it over her arm. "Let's see if I can find the rest of the ensemble."

Chun-Li whimpered.

It didn't take long for Juri to find the rest of Chun-Li's body. Gathering Chun-Li's arms-turned-gloves, legs-turned-tights, and feet-turned-high heels, the assassin marched to the changing rooms, giggling with every step.

The curtain swished shut. Chun-Li found herself hanging in pieces from the wall. In inanimate silence, she watched as Juri stripped off, baring the slender yet sensual body hidden beneath her casual clothing. The assassin wore a set of sexy black lingerie, as flimsy as if woven by a spider.

Smiling, Juri ran her hands up and down her form, tracing them over her breasts and hips and butt. Finally, she turned back to Chun-Li with a smirk. "Now, let's see how you fit me, Dumplings~."

This cute little nickname broke the back of Chun-Li's hope. *She does know.* It was a trap. She'd been set up.

Juri giggled. "Oops. I didn't mean to give the game away just yet. Oh well. Sorry, Dumplings, I know exactly what you're up to." She smirked.

As the last of her hope crumbled to dust, panic welled like bile in Chun-Li's altered gut. She wanted desperately to fight, but she couldn't even move, let alone kick someone. What was she supposed to do?!

"I gotta say, I much prefer you as fabric, Dumplings. It's much better than having to listen to you yabber on about what a terrible person I am." She laughed. "...I kinda miss the banter though. Eh, whatever, I'll get over it. Let's try you on~."

Chun-Li swallowed.

With a thin little giggle, Juri picked up her pantyhose. "Let's start with these, shall we?" She pinched their hem and pulled them.

Inside, Chun-Li screamed. It felt as if Juri were fingering her asshole.

"Y'know, it's a shame I can't *hear* your screams," said the assassin. "Oh well." Lowering Chun-Li's pantyhose, she raised a foot and—

Chun screamed in shock as Juri's foot slipped into her butt and wormed its way through the tunnel of her former leg. She could feel every inch of Juri's toned, muscular limb and thick, bulging thigh.

Still chuckling to herself, Juri raised her second leg and slipped it inside Chun-Li too. As she gripped the pantyhose's mouth and pulled them up, a blast of utter agony and ecstasy ripped

through her unwilling outfit's mind. Her former anus stretched around Juri's gigantic hips, Chun-Li could barely keep herself from losing her sanity. It felt as if every nerve in her butt were coursing with electricity.

Juri released her outfit's anus with a snap, leaving Chun-Li to whimper in her head. "There," she said, looking down smugly. "Enjoying yourself, Dumplings?" She gave her ass a playful smack.

Ecstasy rippled through Chun-Li's form. She wished she could moan.

"Now," continued Juri, still grinning that intensely smug grin. "Let's try on your dress~."

If Chun-Li had still been human, she would have struggled to fight. *Stop!* If having her tights worn felt like this, what would it feel like for someone to put on her—?

Raising the qipao high, Juri pinched its hem, giggled like an imp, and slipped it over with her head, just like that.

—qipao?

Ecstasy struck Chun-Li's sex like the world's fattest dildo. She screamed in utter ecstasy and lust, losing her thoughts to the strength of the sensation. It felt as if a wave of fire had washed over her brain, burning away what little coherency remained.

As Juri tightened her grip on what had been Chun-Li's labia, the former fighter mewled in silent lust, unable to process the sensations rolling through her. All she could do was moan in her head as Juri pulled her down, down, over her breasts and butt and around her hips. She could feel them inside her, stretching her, contorting her, straining her poor, feeble nerves till he was certain they'd give up.

"I betcha feel good, don't you?" said Juri, running her hands down her front and in doing so squeezing Chun-Li against her body even harder. The former fighter moaned as Juri's nipples stabbed into her, striking her with two fresh jabs of pleasure. "I bet you're having a lot more fun being worn than you ever did fighting... Isn't it fun, Dumplings? Don't you *enjoy* having your body wrapped around me like this?"

Her words floated through Chun-Li's brain like leaves on the wind. She didn't have the strength to respond to them at the moment.

"It's okay," said Juri, teasingly. "You don't have to answer. I know how you feel~." She laughed. "Let's get the rest of you on..."

Slipping on Chun-Li's gloves, she snatched Chun-Li's mask off the wall and threw it over her mouth in an instant. Chun-Li gasped as she felt two plump, wet lips kiss her, followed a second later by a cheeky lick of Juri's tongue.

Chuckling (the sound buffeted Chun-Li's form like the wind against a sail), Juri traced a finger down one of the dark high heels. Chun-Li whimpered at the intensity of the feeling. Why did her feet being stroked feel so good?

Juri licked her lips. "I bet you'll *really* enjoy *this*."

Chun-Li barely had a second to process these words before one of Juri's feet and all its wiggling toes slammed into her own former foot. It shouldn't have been erotic—it had no reason to be—yet for some reason it felt like the best thing in the world. His silent scream's pitch raised once again as she lost herself to the hurricane of pleasure blowing through her.

For the next few minutes, Juri simply posed in the mirror, swinging her hips from side to side, running her hands down her body, and generally making Chun-Li want to moan in utter ecstasy.

Finally, Juri smiled in satisfaction. "What do you think, Dumplings? You think you make me look good?"

Chun-Li couldn't have focused to answer even if she *had* still had a mouth.

Juri laughed. "You wanna know what I think? ...I think you make me look like shit!" She clasped her hips and laughed like a witch. "You don't fit me at all! You're way too tight! Whoda thought a chunky woman like you'd end up so small? And I can't *stand* your style. A flowery qipao? Pffft. I wouldn't be seen dead in it!"

She laughed. "Don't worry though, Dumplings. I'm gonna buy you anyway!"

Giggling, she peeled off Chun-Li's mask and started to strip off.

"I know exactly what to do with a tacky outfit like you..."

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Stuffed into Juri's bag, her hands and feet literally folded into her pussy, Chun-Li had little choice but to whimper and wait as Juri returned home, step by orgasmic step. Mask planted in her own bodice, she could see nothing more than darkness and feel little more than her own erogenous flesh.

Just as she thought she'd lose herself to the pleasure of having her legs stuffed inside her own snatch, Chun-Li heard the familiar sound of a door creaking open.

"Ah, home sweet home," said Juri. She giggled.

Chun-Li whimpered.

Something slammed into the bag. She spun and rolled and finally spilled out of it, landing in a heap on the smooth leather surface of what could only be Juri's couch. It looked like a dog had used it as a chew toy—it had more holes than a field full of moles.

The couch creaked as Juri's ass slammed into it beside her. "Ah," she said, leaning back and wrapping her arm around Chun-Li as if there were old friends. "It's good to be back. You like the place? I killed the owner—his corpse is in the toilet."

Chun-Li struggled to focus through the haze of pleasure assaulting her.

Laughing madly, Juri slapped the couch and leapt back to her feet. "Anyway, I guess I should get round to doing that thing I said I was going to do to you. ...Did I actually say what I was going to do? I don't remember. Eh, it doesn't matter—you'll figure it out as we go along."

Chun-Li gulped. What was she planning?

Snatching her up, Juri hauled her into the kitchen and threw her onto the table. "Scissors, scissors, come on, there's gotta be a pair of scissors here somewhere." She rummaged in a drawer.

Chun-Li's heart stopped. *Scissors?! What did she need scissors for?*

"Ah hah! Got them!" Juri pulled out a pair of giant silver scissors, spread them apart, and licked the blade with a smirk. "Now I just need a needle and thread..."

The realization of what Juri was planning made Chun-Li want to shiver. She was planning to *modify* her?! She couldn't be serious, could she? How would that even work—? Would... would... would she still be able to turn back?

"Yay! I found some!" Snapping up right, Juri bounced back over to the table and plopped the things she gathered beside Chun-Li: scissors, needles and thread, patches of scrap fabric.

Staring at them, Chun-Li wanted to scream. She was serious! She was planning to take her apart like a pair of old jeans!

Pulling out a chair, Juri plopped her ass down and picked up Chun-Li's pantyhose. "Let's get started," she said, raising the scissors. Licking her lips, she opened and closed them. *Snick-snick! Snick-snick!*

No! screamed Chun-Li, struggling to thrash and fight. *No! You can't do this! I'm human, not some piece of cheap fabric! Don't you dare touch me with those—*

Snick!

Twin blades of stainless steel sliced through the crotch of Chun-Li's pantyhose as if they were any normal piece of nylon. Chun-Li screamed—it should have hurt, but in reality it was the opposite. An explosion of pleasure swept through her form from where the scissors had cut. She wanted to whimper. *St-Stop...!*

Juri only chuckled, raising the scissors for a second cut.

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The next few hours passed in an agony of ecstasy as Juri tore Chun-Li apart like any normal sheet of cloth, leaving her lying in twitching scraps atop the kitchen table. Separated for the second time in as many days, all she could do was lie there and whimper, desperately wishing the transformation would end.

But, of course, it didn't.

No sooner had Juri finished cutting her than she picked up the needle and succeeded in threading it on her first try. "Hey, look at that! Maybe I've got a chance of gettin' into heaven after all."

Picking up one of the scraps of Chun-Li's legs (and making the former martial artist whimper in the process), she stabbed the needle straight through her fabric and set about sewing. "Doesn't this just needle ya, Dumplings? ...Get it? 'Needle'?"

For another hour or two, Juri stitched with an industriousness Chun-Li never would have expected the assassin to possess. She might have been impressed... if she weren't lost in the ecstasy of her own remaking.

Each little stab of the needle... each little squirm of the thread... Chun-Li felt them as if it was her nerves Juri was sewing with. Ecstasy ripped through her form like a pair of the sharpest scissors, dividing her mind a thousand times over with the pleasure of it.

Lying there in Juri's hands, Chun-Li found herself reduced to an incoherent babbling. Each time Juri's soft fingers twitched, she mewled in delight, feeling like a little dog being pet by a loving owner.

Harder... Mistress... Oh...

Juri giggled as she stitched, licking her lips in anticipation.

Moonlight poured through the window of the apartment, the only source of light in an otherwise pitch-black room.

Juri's scissors hit the table with a clatter. Leaping from her seat, she rushed for the light switch. *Click!*

"It's alive!" she cried. "It's aliiiiive!! Muwahahahah! Ow, my fingers are really sore."

On the table, Chun-Li shivered and twitched like an electrified fish. Juri's cries of delight had disturbed the congealing soup of her mind, restoring her to something resembling sanity. *Wh-what-? What happened-?*

A sense of wrongness struck her instantly. Her body felt as if it were crumpled like a piece of old paper, everything scrunched up and stuck in places they shouldn't be. Her face felt as if it were smushed against her crotch, and her asshole felt as if it had been stretched wide open. The sensation made her want to moan in horror as much as in lust. What had Juri done to her? What had Juri *done* to her?!

Giggling, Juri bounced back over. "Whaddya think, Dumplings? Like your new look? Actually, I guess you can't really see it very well, can you? Hmm, maybe I should try an' put you on..." She stripped off.

Chun-Li could only whimper as Juri snatched her up. *Please, no more!* Hadn't she suffered enough?

Snatching up Chun-Li's face, Juri raised it to her own as if to give it a kiss and smirked. For a second, Chun-Li thought the assassin would use her to cover her mouth again, but the truth was much worse: stretching Chun-Li's... arms?, she lowered her to her crotch and raised a single leg. Her toes wiggled as she aimed them for Chun-Li's mouth.

W-wait, what's—?

Schlup! Juri's leg slipped into the artificial hole formed by Chun-Li's arm and face, stretching the former taut in the process. Chun-Li screamed at the strain.

A second later, Juri's other leg entered her with a similar level of pain, and Chun-Li found herself moving up... up... up...

The higher she got, the more the strain increased as Juri's muscular thighs stretched her fabric body harder. *Stop!* Chun-Li cried. *Stop! Please, please sto—*

Her face crashed into something moist.

For a second, Chun-Li couldn't react. The new sensation was simply too overwhelming. It was like rolling over on the beach and finding yourself staring at a tidal wave.

Two thick, fleshy lips, hot and wet and sticky, kissed Chun-Li's fabric face. She smelled fish, tasted salt—it was so intense she couldn't quite believe it.

Worse than the feeling of Juri's sex, however, was what was happening to her own. Chun-Li felt as if her pussy had been stretched around two fat, jiggling globes. It took her a moment to realize what they were exactly.

She's sitting in my vagina?! She's sitting in my vagina! The fullness made her want to squeal.

Giggling, Juri grabbed the edge of Chun-Li's anus and stretched it even wider before forcing her way in headfirst. Chun-Li screamed at the sensation of Juri's body entering her. *Stop! Stop!* It was too much! It was too much!

With a little pop, Yuri's head (and breasts) burst through a hole Chun-Li didn't know she possessed. This reduced the pressure on her anus a little... but only a little. She still felt as if she'd sat on the world's largest butt plug.

As Chun-Li squirmed in her trapped delight and terror, Juri slipped her arms through someone made of what remained of Chun-Li's body. To the fighter herself, it felt like the world's most erotic back massage.

Finally, Juri slipped her feet into Chun-Li's own, which seemed unchanged from their state as shoes. That didn't make the sensation any less extreme than the first time though.

Aiii! Get--nn~!--get out of me! Get oooout!

Laughing to herself, Juri found her hands down her figure, making Chun-Li whimper as she stroked her fabric. "There. Now, where's the mirror...?"

She bounced into the apartment's bedroom and struck an appropriate pose. "Whaddya think, Dumplings? Don't I look like da belle of da ball?"

Chun-Li could only stare at the glass in utter horror. She couldn't see herself in the mirror. She couldn't even see the qipao and mask the wizard had turned her into. Wrapped around Juri's body was something she didn't recognize whatsoever: a catsuit and matching jacket stitched together like Frankenstein, scraps of fabric crudely sewn into a barely coherent whole.

Staring at it, Chun-Li whimpered. *Wh-what have you done to me?!*

"Whaddya think?" Juri repeated. "Oh that's right, you can't answer, can ya? Hmm. That's kinda awkward. Half the fun of this is knowing how much you hate it. Hmm, maybe I should hire that wizard again to turn ya back. Then again, given what I've done to ya, he might have a little trouble with that." She laughed.

Fresh horror struck Chun-Li like a rain of crushing boulders. How *was* she supposed to turn back? Her body had been ripped apart and rebuilt like an old car. If the wizard turned her back now... Chun-Li wanted to throw up. *No-no...*

Just like that, what little hope she had left vanished like smoke in the wind. *Please, you have to put me back together! Please, please, you have to fix me!*

Juri, of course, couldn't hear her. "Well, whatever," she said. "Just knowing how much you must hate this is more than enough for me. Enjoy your new life, Dumplings... Or maybe I should call you Patchwork from now on." She laughed. "Whatever, who gives their shitty outfit a name anyway?"

Raising a hand, she slapped herself on the ass, striking Chun-Li's poor, stretched sex with the equivalent of a twelve-inch dildo. She screamed in her head, lost in lust, unable to bear the sensations coursing through her. *Stop! I surrender! I surrender! Just turn me back to*

normal! Just turn me—Nn~! With every jiggle of Juri's asscheeks, her pleasure grew a little stronger. *Nn~! Enough!*

Juri turned away from the mirror, grinning in amusement.

Chun-Li, meanwhile, whimpered in horror. How was she ever going to get out of this?