

Invaders Ensemble, Part 4 (Clothing TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma?!)

The city almost seemed quiet now she'd finished her ensemble. Perhaps it was just the earbuds she'd put in, but Panchira liked to see it as a sign she'd completed her mission: all her prey had been captured and transformed, therefore the world had hit the mute button. Or something.

Whatever the answer, one thing that was certain: having finally finished her outfit, there was only one thing left to do before she could call her vacation complete. Try it on!

To do this, she'd settled on a nice, out of the way plaza in the middle of a busy city center as her location of choice. Hundreds of humans milled around her, entirely unaware of her thanks to her ninja-field, and thus they took no notice whatsoever as she stripped off her standard black dress and rummaged in her cleavage.

The first item on the clothing menu was, of course, the one that had given her her name: the panties. Specifically, Rainbow Yurika, a pretty pink pair with a deep maroon bow. Slipping a finger through her straps, Panchira hoisted her out of her boobs and grinned at the overwhelming wave of fear and panic tickling her psycho-whiskers. *N-no! Put me down! What are you doing?! Heeeelp!*

Panchira chuckled darkly. "What do nyou *think* I'm doing, nya? Nyou're nyice a pair of panties nyow, remember? What did nyou *think* would happen to nyou?"

Yurika stopped squealing in her head for a second. *N-no. You can't mean— You're not really going to—*

With every word out of the former magical girl's head, Panchira's smile grew that little bit wider. "Nyou really shouldn't be surprised, nya. Nyow, let's see..." Pinching Yurika's straps, she gave her a sharp stretch. The panties' protests cut off, replaced by a wild scream of pleasure.

Nnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Nnnnnnng!

Snickering, Panchira gave her one more tug for good measure and, without further fanfare, raised her leg. As the first of her feet slipped through Yurika's waiting holes, the ex-magical girl's cries grew louder and louder: to her, she wasn't just being wrapped around a leg – she might as well have had it forced all the way through her, from mouth to anus.

Nnnnnnn~! Nnnnn~! Stoooooop!

With a smug chuckle, Panchira raised her *other* leg. The screams this earned from her victim were even louder than the first.

It took quite some tugging to pull Yurika past her thighs, which wedged in the poor panties' holes like a pair of tree trunks in a hosepipe. But in the end, with a final pop, they were

through, freeing Yurika's face to smack straight into Panchira's generous buttocks and cling there, suckered tight, as she screamed and pleaded to be let go.

Plucking her fabric, Panchira released her with a snap. "Nyot bad, nya. Nyow for the bra." She stuck her hand back in her tits.

Ruthkhanian Nye Pardomshiha's response to being yanked out of Panty's cat-space was slightly more coherent: *Turn me back, you monster! Don't you dare hurt the princess!*

Holding her by the straps, Panchira let her swing side to side in the wind. "Why would I hurt my nyew blouse, nya? That would just be stupid."

She's not your blouse, she's—

"Well, she looks like a blouse to me, nya. What do nyow know, anyway? Nyow're just a stupid bra, remember?" This actually rendered her silent for a second. Panchira licked her lips. "And that's all nyow're ever *going* to be from nyow on, nya. Fufufu."

Nn~! You bi—

Panchira thrust her arm through the straps; Ruth cut off with a gasp of surprise. Snickering, Panty slipped her other arm through, and as Ruth wailed at the feeling, yanked her tight against her boobs.

Nnn~! Ah! Ah! G-get them out of me! Get them out!

"Oh, we're nyot finished yet, nya." With a chuckle, Panchira seized the poor bra's straps and tugged them tight, stretching them almost to breaking as she fought to clasp them. Ruth screamed, screamed like she was on the rack.

Nnnn~! Nnnnnnn~! Let gooooo!

With a click, Panchira finally managed to clasp her. Releasing her straps, she adjusted the bra's cups and looked down at her with a smug smile on her face. "There," she said. "Nyow nyow can hold them all by nyowself."

Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Oh God, they're too heavy! They're too heavy! T-take them out! Take them out! I'm going to tear! I'm going to—

With a roll of the eyes, Panchira slammed her hand back into her chest and pulled out her next victim:

L-let me go! cried Kiriha, dangling from Panchira's hands as a pair of fancy, white-orange stockings. *You can't leave me like this!*

"Nyo?" said Panchira. "That's too bad, nya. I guess I might as well enjoy it while I can then!"

As Kiriha spluttered in disbelief, Panchira raised her leg and casually slammed a foot inside her. At once, Kiriha's spluttering changed to an entirely different and considerably more erotic flavor, the kind that, had she still had a face, would no doubt have been accompanied by a lot of blushing and sweating. *Ah! Ah! Ah! Nnnah~!*

Licking her lips, Panchira dug her hands deep into Kiriha's mouth, coiled her soft fabric around her fingers, and, with a grin of amusement, yanked her as hard as she could, driving her toes deep into the end of Kiriha's body.

Since the end of Kiriha's current body was mapped to her former vagina, this resulted in quite a reaction from her.

Releasing the mouth of the stocking with a snap of elastic, Panchira snatched up the other one and did something very similar to it. This time, she went slow though, sliding her foot gently, gently down Kiriha's length, and enjoying the feeble whines of pleasure this induced in Kiriha. With every inch through her feet passed, the princess's whines grew that little bit less coherent.

Finally, her toes reached her end again, and Panchira paused for a second, wiggling them inside her and savoring the blissful screams radiating from her stockings' mind before releasing her. She made a satisfying snap, and broke into mindless whimpers. *Oh... Oh... Oh... Oh...*

Now she had her stockings on, it was time for the socks. With a plop, she thrust her hand deep into her cleavage.

Nn~! T-turn me back! Turn me back! Heeeeeeeelp! Sanae the ghost squealed, dangling from Panty's hand as two tiny white socks. *Turn me baaaaaack!*

"Hmm." Panchira cocked her head. "Nyou know, nyou're nyot very scary for a ghost, nya. Aren't nyou supposed to say boo and give me chills and stuff? Actually, who wants their socks to give them chills? That would be terrible."

Sanae didn't seem to comprehend her, which perhaps wasn't surprising – Panchira barely comprehended herself.

With a shrug, she raised her leg again, tugged Sanae's tight, elastic mouth, and, as the former ghost screamed in wild ecstasy, gave her something even worse to scream about: *Schup!*

Nnnnnnnah~! Sanae's voice rose higher and higher as Panchira's foot disappeared inside her, stretching her poor fabric tighter than ever around it. Sanae was only supposed to go up to the ankle, but Panchira yanked her quite a distance beyond it, making her new sock squeal as her toes dug deep, deep, into what had been her vagina. *Nnnnnn~! Stop!*

Panchira released her with a snap and picked up her other half. "Ready, nya?"

She wasn't.

By the time Panchira finally released her, Sanae's screaming had almost stopped, replaced by a weak, wordless moan that barely resembled human speech.

Chuckling smugly at it, Panchira gave her toes one final wiggle and turned her attention to the next of her victims: Ruth's precious Princess Theia.

L-let go! Let go! D-don't you dare touch me, you monster! Theiamillis squealed in her hands as Panchira shook the blouse out, grinning at the way each little ripple in the wind made her voice break.

"Don't touch nyou? Should I just drop nyou in the dirt with all the trash, nya?" She turned the blouse around so Theia could see the cigarette butts and old pieces of chewing gum littering the square, at which point the princess changed her mind pretty quickly.

"Fufufu. Nyo, I think nyou'll much prefer being wrapped around me than nyou would lying on the ground and being stomped on by pedestrians. Nyow..."

As Theiamillis spluttered her response, Panchira raised an arm and thrust it inside her.

At once, Theia's protests changed tone: *St-sto-Nnnnnnnnah! Nnnnah! Oh! Oh, get it out of me! Take it out, please!*

Chuckling, Panchira tightened her grip and forced her arm a little deeper. Her fingers burst out of the sleeve to the sound of utter ecstasy.

Being the generous sort of Bakeneko, she gave Theia a moment before she continued. As the princess's moans finally settled into panting, she raised her other arm, and without waiting—

W-w-wait! Wait! No—

—thrust it straight inside her too.

Nnnnnnaaaaaaaaah!

Forcing her arm through the sleeve, Panchira yanked the blouse into a place and smoothed it out, enjoying its whimper as she smoothed the creases out of her fabric. Finally, she reached for the buttons.

The instant her claw caught one, her new dress screamed like she'd been stabbed. *Nnnah! D-don't—! Don't touch me there! Don't touch me!*

"Hmm? Oh, I forgot nyour buttons are nyour clit, nya." Panchira chuckled darkly. Seizing one, she wrapped her fingers around it and rubbed, hard, earning a whine of tortured pleasure. Still chuckling, Panchira forced it through the hole and moved onto the next one, making Theia's pleas a little louder with each button she did up.

Nnnnnnn~! Nnnnnnngh! Oh, please! Please—Nnnnnnnnnnaaaaaah!

Panchira licked her lips and buttoned her a little harder.

By the time she finally reached the collar, Theiamillis sounded less like a princess and more like a thirsty whore. Even when Panchira finally released her, she continued to moan and whimper, which perhaps wasn't surprising given how many copies of her clit were being rubbed by her fabric.

Oh please... Oh please... Oh...

"And nyow for the final piece," said Panchira, who'd already moved on. "The shoes!"

She yanked them out of her cleavage and tossed them straight to the floor: two yellow-orange heels with matching ribbons. *O-ow! Hey! D-don't do that—!*

"Why nyot, nya? Shoes are meant to be on the floor, aren't they?" Grinning, Panchira raised a foot, wiggled her toes (earning fresh screams from Kiriha and Sanae), and forced it into the waiting shoe's mouth.

Nnah! Shizuka gasped like she'd deepthroated a baguette. Snickering, Panchira pressed down, forcing the high heel's heel even harder into the floor and transforming her whining into even louder splutters. *Nnnnnah~! Ah! Ah!*

With a sickly grin, Panchira pressed harder, worming her feet deeper and deeper down Shizuka's throat and making her muffled whines of terror a little louder with every inch. Finally, her toes reached the end, a part of Shizuka's new body corresponding to both her vagina and her clit, and just like that, the landlady's screams became orgasmic: *Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh God! It's too much! It's too much!*

Panchira shivered as she slipped her foot into her other half.

At last, it was done. Grabbing her pen, Panchira zapped a random passerby into a mirror. Drawing herself tall, she took a deep breath and studied herself in the glass, her eyes growing wide as they took in her new clothes. This was it, this was what her whole vacation had been for!

"I look... I look..." She frowned. "I look like I'm nyot wearing any pants, nya."

The wind whistled past; she clenched her legs and shivered.

With a snarl, Panty shattered the mirror. "How did I forget to make *pants?*!"

Gritting her teeth, she turned and marched into the street, intending to ransack the first boutique she reached.

Naturally, with her earbuds in, she didn't hear the truck until it hit her.