

Carmina Clothing, Part 1 (Inanimate TF, Princess Connect!)

Nozomi squealed as she rushed down the street, her eyes shut tight and her hands balled into fists. "Please, stooooop!"

Behind, her tidal wave of adoring fans rolled on without the slightest pause. She didn't know if they couldn't hear her or if her cute little cries were simply encouraging them *more*. "Stooooooooop!"

Just as she thought she would be trampled, a hand appeared out of a nearby alley and gestured for her to follow it. "This way!" called a voice, clear over the sound of the horde. "Quickly!"

With a squeal, she threw herself into the alley. The crowd of her fans rushed past with a thunderous rumbling, trampling the spot where she *would* have been standing if she hadn't moved.

Hands on her knees, she panted to catch her breath. "Thank you," she said, too weak even to look up and see who had saved her. "Thank you so much."

"Oh, don't thank me yet," said her savior, chuckling darkly.

Nozomi's head snapped up. "Wh-?"

Before she had a chance to finish, the spell crashed into her chest, surging through her limbs and throwing her head back as she wailed in wild pleasure. "Nnn~! Ah! Ah!" She'd never felt something so good and yet so terrifying.

As she struggled to recover, the magic intensified. Seizing her struggling body, it lifted her off the floor and into the air, holding her there as it took her legs and curled them slowly upward. She screamed, terrified they'd snap, but instead they curved as if they were made of rubber. She could only stare through trembling eyes, heart pounding in terror.

Now the spell took her hands and, bending them just like her legs, curled them around till her hands met up neatly with her feet. She stared in terror as her hands and feet melted like wax over the flame, melted and merged, fused together. With all her strength, she strained and squirmed, but no matter how hard she fought she couldn't tear them apart again. All she could do was wail in terror as her body twisted and twitched, warped in accordance with the spell's bizarre logic.

Before her eyes, her limbs stretched, forming a triangle of flesh, and her entire body crumpled in size, collapsing to barely a tenth of itself. Screaming, her head sank into her neck and dropped from there into her torso, which promptly flattened into a tiny strip of fabric. She shimmered, and what remained of her humanity vanished, painted over, as her entire body turned a smooth shade of red with some neat white highlights.

With that, the magic faded, and she dropped out of the air with a silent moan of delight. Striking the ground, she lay there twitching and moaning, unable even to pick herself up. She couldn't move in the slightest, couldn't even emit the smallest squeak.

As she trembled in terror, a gigantic shadow loomed over her. As it bent down, reaching to grab her, she saw its full bulk and screamed in silent terror. The figure was undeniably a man—she'd known that much from their voice—but their true appearance made it even more undeniable. The chiseled jaw, the muscles, the—the *bulge*! She couldn't have ended up in the hands of someone worse!

Holding her to his face, the figure grinned. "Oh, I can't wait to try you on, Nozomi-chan."

Nozomi could only whimper.

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She spent the next several minutes in darkness, unable to do much of anything. Finally, she felt a pair of terrible fingers tighten around her fabric, and like a fish on a hook, she flew out of the man's pocket and back into the open.

Her form landed limply on what she assumed was a bed, where she could only lie, inanimate, looking up at the ceiling of a generic bedroom. "Now," said her kidnapper, looking down at her with a grin, "let's see how well you fit me." He pulled down his pants.

Up until now, something about Nozomi's situation hadn't quite settled in. She understood, intellectually, that she'd been turned into men's underwear, but the idea that a man might actually *put her on* hadn't even occurred to her.

Now, as her kidnapper's p-p-penis flopped out into the open like some kind of sticky serpent, she found herself stabbed by a fresh knife of terror. *H-help me!* she cried, despite her lack of voice. *Someone help me! Someone help! Please...!*

Nobody answered her.

Bending down, her owner picked her up, pinched her straps, and with a sickly grin, stretched her. Nozomi screamed—it felt as if he were bending her spine.

It got worse. Raising a leg, he forced it into her, stretching her pliant new body around it and leaving her screaming in a kind of pleased pain, her mind unable to take it.

It got even worse. Raising his other leg, he slipped it through her *other* hole, making her scream and wail in wild lust as it threatened to tear her mind apart entirely. Chuckling, he tightened his grip on her straps and pulled her up, up, up, straining her mind and body a little more with each inch she traveled.

And then she reached the *worst* part. Something touched her face. Something hard and sticky and smellier than a fishery. Like a rod, it slammed into her, all but forcing its way through her mouth, and she found herself suckling on it, sucking it unwillingly, her absorbent

new body draining every drop it leaked. She screamed as she realized what it was. *No! No nononono! Take me off! Take me off!*

Her owner released her straps with a dark little laugh.