

“TOOOOOOOHRUUUUUUU!”

Tohru froze mid-sweep, expression pained. Creakily, she turned to Kobayashi’s room.

The door flew open, and Miss Kobayashi burst through it, looking not unlike a dragon herself. “Tohru! What’s this?!”

She held up the tattered remnants of a blouse, fabric still sizzling.

“Um...” Tohru struggled to meet her eyes. “W-wait, I can ex–”

“And this?!” Kobayashi held up another piece of ex-clothing, this time the smoldering scraps of what had been a pair of pants.

Sweat dripped from Tohru’s brow. “I... I can ex–”

Tossing the ruined clothes to the ground, Kobayashi retreated to her bedroom and emerged with full arms: item after item of clothing, all burnt and patchy as if they’d been dripped in acid. With a moan of frustration, she tossed them to the floor, folded her arms and waited for an explanation. “What happened to my clothing, Tohru? Why is the only thing I have left to wear *my pajamas?*!”

Tohru looked down at the floor. “Um, I can explain... I, er, visited the Other World for some ingredients, and, um, well... while I was there, I saw this great deal on cleaning potions!”

Kobayashi simply tapped her fingers, waiting for her to continue.

Tohru swallowed. “Well, it turns out, the potions were intended for cleaning armor after battle...” She pressed her fingertips together. “So they were a just a teensy little bit strong for normal clothes...” She pinched the air to emphasize her point.

On the floor, one of Kobayashi’s blouses emitted a plume of purple smoke. Her eye twitched.

Behind her, Kanna waddled into the room and took a bowl of ice cream from the refrigerator. Beads of sweat dripped from Tohru’s forehead.

Kobayashi thrust a finger at the clock. “What am I supposed to wear to work, Tohru? I need to be at work in half-an-hour, and the only thing I have to wear is my PJs!”

Tossing aside the broom, Tohru held up her hands defensively. “W-wait, wait! It’s not as bad as it looks! I know a way to make everything okay!”

Kobayashi cocked her head and waited.

Tohru swallowed. “J-just give me one moment...” She rushed out of the room and returned with a weighty tome. Throwing it onto the counter, she flipped through it like she couldn’t wait to reach the end.

Raising an eyebrow, Kobayashi tossed the remains of her clothes in the trash and approached her. “What are you—?”

“Ahah! Here we are!” Coming to a stop in the middle of the book, Tohru held it up and squinted at the page. Kobayashi and Kanna eyed her curiously.

“Armanius’s Polymorphic Loom,” read Tohru, peeking over the book and grinning. “It’s a spell that lets you create perfectly-tailored clothing out of thin air! ...Well, mostly out of thin air.”

“Mostly?” said Kobayashi.

Tohru pressed her fingertips together sheepishly. “Well, um, actually, it needs a sacrifice.”

“A sacrifice?!” Kobayashi paled. “I don’t need new clothes *that* badly!”

“No, no, it’s okay!” replied Tohru, holding her hands up defensively. “It’s nothing messy like that. What I, um, mean is, it needs somebody to *become* the new clothes. It’s a transformation spell.”

“...I see,” said Kobayashi, expression returning to normal.

Tohru clapped her hands and grinned. “So all I have to do is pop outside and find someone who’s up to becoming your clothes, and we’re good! It’s that simple!”

Kobayashi folded her arms. “And why would you have to look outside when we already have a volunteer here?”

“H-huh?” Tohru blinked. “Wh-?”

Kobayashi stared at her.

Tohru slowly raised her finger to point at herself. “M-Me?! You want *me* to turn into your clothes?!”

“It only seems appropriate,” said Kobayashi, grinning, “seeing as you’re one who destroyed them.”

Tohru looked Kobayashi up and down, bit her lip, and swallowed, face turning redder and redder. Hugging herself, she giggled. “...To become Miss Kobayashi’s own clothes...”

Seeing her expression, Kobayashi’s smile faded. She backed away. “On second thoughts, never mind, let’s find a volunteer and—”

“Aiiiiii!” Squealing, Tohru leapt across the room to wrap her arms around her. “I’d love to be your clothing, Miss Kobayashi! Being wrapped tight around your perfect body... Squeezing your every slender curve! Aii! I can’t wait! Let’s cast the spell right away!” Releasing her, Tohru bounced back, raised the grimoire, and started chanting before anyone had a chance

to stop her. A magical circle formed beneath her feet, spinning faster and faster with each word out of her mouth.

Kobayashi blanched. “T-Tohru, wait! Maybe this isn’t the best–”

Zzzap! A thunderous bolt of lightning cut Kobayashi off before she could say anything further. In the center of the circle, Tohru continued to chant, her heart pounding a little faster with each fresh thought of being wrapped tight around Kobayashi’s perfect body.

At last, she reached the end of the incantation, and the circle flared a violent green, little bolts of lightning arcing up her body to strike the ceiling. Kobayashi squealed and took shelter in the kitchen—Kanna sat at the table and ate her ice cream, looking bored.

As the magic coursed through her form, Tohru released a wild gasp and stumbled backward, heart pounding in shock. She hadn’t expected it to be so intense!

Screwing up her eyes, she moaned as her nerves jerked like a puppeteer’s strings, dragging her left and right and making her shiver in sheer ecstasy. With every second, she felt a little weaker, as if her body were a balloon and someone had let all the air out. Opening her eyes, she squealed to see this wasn’t too far from the truth: even as she watched, her dragon-cup breasts fell flat against her chest, and her arms sagged, falling limp as two strips of fabric. Struggling to raise one, she gasped to see a hole had formed in her palm, revealing nothing more than a black expanse of fabric. She squeaked.

As she started to wonder whether the spell had been a bad idea, Tohru found her head wrenched back to stare at the ceiling and her mouth forced open, as if she were planning to swallow all of Kanna’s ice cream *and* its bowl at once. She gagged, struggling to get out another word. Her tongue lolled, stretched long, and turned as green as her scales.

Second by second, her mouth grew wider and wider, crumpling the rest of her face around till her entire head simply collapsed, shriveling into a hole in her torso and nothing more. With that, she went silent.

At least externally. Internally, Tohru moaned in her non-existent head as the hole that had once been her mouth spread through her entire body, hollowing her out and leaving nothing but empty space. She squealed, feeling suddenly light-headed.

With a pop, her feet fell from her legs as two sleek, black high-heels. Her legs soon fell from her shriveling body themselves reduced to a suit pants, stockings, a frilly pair of panties. What remained of her body barely lasted a second later: with one last pop, her flattened torso separated into three distinct items: a suit jacket, a smart blouse with a tie, and a frilly bra matching the panties her lower half has become. Inside, Tohru gave one last moan of delight.

With that, the spell died, and she crumpled to the floor in inanimate ecstasy.

Lying there on the carpet, unable to do much more than tremble, Tohru looked up and moaned to see Kobayashi standing over her. *Nnn~! Pick me up! Kobayashi! Please~!*

Frowning, Kobayashi knelt beside her. “Tohru...? Tohru?” Frown deepening, she knelt and picked up Tohru’s jacket, blushing red as her bra tumbled from inside.

The feeling of Kobayashi’s fingers against her skin-turned-fabric made Tohru wish she could still moan. *Yes! Yes! Kobayashi, put me on! Put me oooon!*

With a sigh, Kobayashi massaged her temple. “I’m not getting out of this, am I?” Scooping Tohru up, she carried her into her bedroom.

Placed on the bed, Tohru watched eagerly as Kobayashi’s hands went to the buttons of her PJs and froze as she winced. Blushing, she drew in a breath. “If you can still see, you better look away,” she said, turning away.

Of course! cried Tohru, barely hearing a word. Had she still had a mouth, the thought of getting to see Kobayashi naked would have left her drooling.

Blushing, Kobayashi peeled off her PJs and dropped them, exposing her flat chest and her slender hips. Tohru squealed in delight, unable to contain her glee. No, she wouldn’t just be drooling—if she’d still had a mouth, she would have been heard by everyone in the building.

Red-faced, Kobayashi rummaged inside Tohru and extracted the frilly panties and brassiere she’d come with. Tohru moaned as her mistress’s fingers ran over her, making her want to squeal in delight at every little touch. *Nnn~! Kobayashi is touching me! Kobayashi is touching me!*

Giving her a suspicious look, Kobayashi approached the mirror, raised a leg, and slipped it inside Tohru’s panties. The dragon screamed as she felt her thighs stretching the fabric. *Nn~! It feels so goood!*

Planting her other leg in the hole, Kobayashi tightened her grip on Tohru’s straps and pulled her up, up, making the dragon-turned-outfit wail in increasing delight as she rose up her mistress’s body. *Nn~! More! More! Harder! Harder!* When the seat of her panties struck Kobayashi’s sex, she squealed in delight. It felt as if her pussy were rubbing against Kobayashi’s own.

Releasing the panties with a snap, Kobayashi picked up Tohru’s bra, slipped her arms through its straps and clasped it with a click. Feeling the weight of Kobayashi’s little breasts against her cups, Tohru squealed even louder. *It’s like I’m groping them!*

Shivering at something, Kobayashi hurried to slip the rest of Tohru’s body on as well, threading her legs into the stockings and pulling on the pants, slipping on the blouse and throwing on the jacket. Finally, she picked up the long green tie and tied it with a sigh.

Throughout every stage of this process, Tohru watched in eager ecstasy, as happy as a woman whose lover was teasing their way up her body, playing with every interesting part of her they found on the way. By the time Kobayashi had finished tying her tie, Tohru felt as if

she'd been having her nipples pinched and her clit flicked for hours. She moaned as Kobayashi adjusted it. *Nn~! This is even more incredible than I expected~!*

Planting her butt on the bed, Kobayashi picked up the pair of sleek black heels Tohru's feet had become. Tohru herself had forgotten all about them, so feeling Kobayashi's fingers dancing over them made her want to squeal again. *Nn~! They're so sensitive.*

Kobayashi raised a leg and slipped it ever so gently into one of the shoes, making Tohru scream as sheer ecstasy surged through her—Kobayashi might as well have slipped her foot into her sex, her transformed foot felt so sensitive. Grunting at the effort, Kobayashi wiggled into place and started on the second one. “Urgh, they're so tight! Weren't they meant to be tailored to me?” Finally, with a pop, she managed to get it in. Tohru herself screamed in utter ecstasy, wishing she still had a mouth to moan with.

Pushing herself off the bed, Kobayashi stood and marched to the mirror, her every step sending a fresh jolt of pleasure rolling through Tohru's form. By the time her mistress came to a stop, she wanted to scream in utter lust—she felt so good she could barely bear it. She'd never imagined she'd feel so sensitive!

Kobayashi frowned. Cocking her hips, she leaned left and right, then turned around and looked over her shoulder. With each little adjustment, Tohru squealed inside, losing herself to the pleasure. Having Kobayashi fill her body was a greater experience than she'd ever dreamed.

“Hmm, I guess you'll do,” said Kobayashi with a sigh. “Takiya is going to wonder why I'm wearing a full suit today though...” She sighed. “Well, whatever. I've got to get going, or I'm going to be late...”

As she turned and left the bedroom, Tohru shivered with every step, delighting in the feeling of Miss Kobayashi's body. The feeling of her breasts, of her sex and her butt and her thighs. Of her feet slamming her own into the ground. Of her arms swinging her own about. It was ecstasy.

*

As the apartment door slammed shut, Ilulu stumbled out of her bedroom, rubbing her eyes and yawning. Seeing Kanna at the kitchen table, she smacked her lips and fumbled for a word. “What was all that noise about?”

Kanna swallowed a scoop of ice cream with a gulp. “Tohru turned herself into Kobayashi's pants.”

Ilulu rubbed her eyes. “Oh,” she said, tottering in the direction of the fridge. “Okay.” She grabbed a carton of milk and poured herself a glass, which she was halfway through drinking when the enormity of what Kanna had said finally got through to her.

Dropping her glass and snorting milk out her nostrils, Ilulu rounded on Kanna. “She did *what?*”

Kanna's expression didn't change. She shoveled another scoopful of ice cream into her mouth. "Tohru turned herself into Kobayashi's pants."

Ilulu wiped some froth from her mouth and blinked in disbelief. "...Why would she do that? ...Actually, never mind. Of course she'd do that." She rolled her eyes.

Leaving the milk on the kitchen table, she made her way to the living room, where Tohru's grimoire lay open on the floor. Snatching up, she squinted at it. "Is this the spellbook she used?"

"Mmn." *Gulp!*

Frowning, Ilulu scanned the page. She'd never been very good with transformation magic, but she thought she understood the spell's instructions. There were several different versions, including one that targeted inanimate objects (and which Tohru had obviously ignored). There was also one that targeted another person, turning them into an outfit designed to fit the caster. She scanned the latter, cocking her head in thought.

She wondered what it would be like to wear another person... To reduce their entire body to cloth to be wrapped around your figure. ...Take would probably love that, wouldn't he? She giggled at the thought.

The more she thought about it, the more the idea appealed to her. She turned the idea around in her head, biting her lip at the thought of it. Reducing a sentient being to nothing more than a garment for her to wear... A living creature forced into the role of a flimsy scrap of fabric entirely at the mercy of its mistress, with no more control over its existence than any other object...

She licked her lips, feeling heat surge in her flame sacs. Now that she thought about it, turning someone into clothing sounded like a lot of fun~.

Scanning the spellbook again, she mouthed the words of the spell to get them into her brain. She might not be great at transformation magic, but turning someone else into clothes was a lot simpler than transforming yourself. You could even cast the spell silently. Perfect for catching an unsuspecting target by surprise.

Ilulu giggled as the possibilities. All she needed was to find a test subject...

With a hup, Kanna hopped off her chair and made her way in the direction of her bedroom.

"Kanna!" called Ilulu, suppressing an evil laugh. "Come here for a second."

The smaller dragon raised an eyebrow. "Why?" she said, stomping into the living area. "What do you-?"

Before Kanna could finish her question, Ilulu finished the incantation: scarlet lightning flew from her claw and surged along the floor, forming a bright magical circle beneath Kanna's feet. The little dragon froze, blinking in shock. "Ilulu—?"

She didn't get the chance to say anything more before the spell's energy shot up out of the circle and through her flesh, making her stutter and shake like she was being electrocuted.

With a grin of amusement, Ilulu twisted her wrist, and Kanna's head collapsed into her neck, while her torso sucked up her arms and her legs. A second later, her body thinned and flattened out, and with that she fluttered to the ground, reduced from a dragon to a simple one-piece swimsuit.

Leaving the spellbook on the coffee table, Ilulu approached and picked up it. The swimsuit looked like a simple school mizugi, though it was the lavender of Kanna's hair instead of the normal blue, and it came with a frilly white skirt around the waist. Flapping it, Ilulu giggled in amusement. "This is payback for eating all the chocolates Take gave me." With one last laugh, she hurried into her bedroom and undressed, tossing her clothes to the floor.

Stretching the swimsuit's straps playfully, she stepped inside and slipped her feet through the leg holes. This done, she pulled it slowly up her body, a process which proceeded fine until exactly the point she reached her breasts. Coming to an abrupt stop, she tightened her grip on the swimsuit's chest and struggled to pull it over her boobs. It took several tries. "Urgh! Isn't the spell supposed to make clothing that fits?"

Finally, she managed it with a pop. Slipping her arms through the straps, she turned to the mirror and cocked her hips in amusement. Despite the spell's assurances, the swimsuit was painfully tight—she could practically hear it creaking when she moved. Turning around, she wiggled her butt at the glass and adjusted the crotch so it gave her less of a wedgie. This done, she turned back and reexamined her chest.

Cupping her boobs, she lifted them and released them with a sigh. She didn't know why humans made such a fuss about them, but she could tell with a single glance this wasn't going to fly: the swimsuit might as well have been a two-piece for all the flesh it covered. Her breasts spilled out of the sides and, squeezed together, burst through the center as well, two thick hills of fat with an enormous canyon between. She tried to adjust it, but the situation was hopeless—the swimsuit felt as if it would rip apart the instant she breathed out.

Releasing it with a sigh, she marched back into the living room and picked up Tohru's spellbook. Kanna might be a bust, but there were other people in the City. The only question was, who should she pick next?

Tohru felt every rattle and judder of the train as it sped along the rails, the vibrations passing up through the seats and into Kobayashi through her. Each little tremor and bump was a tiny jolt of ecstasy, each *clunk* as they crossed a joint in the rails a blast of delight. Hugging Kobayashi's body even tighter, she moaned, wishing she still had a mouth to drool with. She

felt closer to Miss Kobayashi than she ever had in her life, and she wanted nothing more than to enjoy it forever.

As the train car filled up with every station they passed, Kobayashi found herself forced off her seat to let a pregnant woman take her place. Grabbing one of the handles hanging from the ceiling, she clung tight as the car filled, each stop admitting another swarm of salarymen and office ladies rushing to get to work. Soon enough, the vehicle was crammed: commuters jostled for every available space, no matter how small, bumping into each other each time the train so much as rattled.

Wrapped tight around Kobayashi's body, Tohru had firsthand experience. Each time someone else bumped Kobayashi's body, the impact had to pass through her first. Backs slammed into her sides and bumps crashed into her front, each impact sending a shockwave of ecstasy rippling through her fabric. She moaned, losing her mind to the strength of the sensations. Little pleasure after little pleasure, each greater than the previous. Within minutes, she was on the edge of orgasm.

Of course, not everyone who bumped into her was innocent. Though she couldn't see it as such, Tohru had an awareness of the man standing behind Kobayashi as his eyes explored her rear. Short, chubby, and balding, the man licked his lips, breathed deep, and took advantage of the shifting train car to rub himself against her, pretending he was just another sardine squeezed into the can. Kobayashi grunted but ignored him.

Unfortunately, contact only made him more confident. The next time the train lurched, he took the chance to grab a handful of her Tohru-clad chest.

Kobayashi froze, face pale, but said nothing. Tohru, on the other hand, snapped out of her ecstasy to scream in silent fury. *How dare you touch Kobayashi?! Keep your hands to yourself, or I'll tear you to shred!*

Sadly, this was too much to hope for. Soon enough, the train lurched again, and this time he grabbed with both hands, slamming his crotch against her butt for good measure. Kobayashi didn't react.

Tohru, in contrast, struggled against her own pleasure to protest. The feeling of him against her... of his hands squeezing her breasts turned jacket and his manhood rubbing against her butt turned pants, made her want to squeal in delight, but she fought against it to scream at him instead. *Stop touching her before I—Nn~!—incinerate you!*

The man pulled back, mumbling half-assed apologies, but Tohru was certain he wasn't finished yet. Sure enough, the next time the train lurched, his hands went for her butt.

Kobayashi's knee slammed into his groin behind he got even halfway there. As the perv doubled over, she turned away with a sigh. "The perverts are awful at this hour..."

Around her, Tohru simmered in pride. *That's my Kobayashi!*

Soon enough, the train reached their stop, and with a grunt, Kobayashi pushed herself out the doors. Tohru squealed in delight at the feeling of her walking again. It felt like getting to stretch her legs after hours of sitting.

Leaving the train station behind, Kobayashi sighed as she made her way through the city. Tohru, of course, didn't hear her consternation. She was too busy melting in lust, experiencing every step as a jolt of delight. The best part was the feeling of Kobayashi's cute little butt squeezed tight into her own, and the way it shifted with every step, one cheek moving then the next and so on over and over. Each time, Tohru wailed in delight, ecstatic to get her hands on it and desperate for more. *Touch me! Touch me! Touch me!*

She didn't have to wait long to get it. Shortly after, Kobayashi stepped through the automatic doors of her office building and, after scanning her card, called down the elevator.

As she waited to arrive, an entire crowd of salarymen and office ladies formed behind her, chatting and gossiping about the events of the night or their plans for the day. In their eagerness to enter the lift, some of them jostled against Kobayashi, and Tohru squeaked—partly in lust, partly in indignation—as the feeling. *St-stop—Nn~!—stop treating Kobayashi so carelessly!*

Finally, the elevator arrived with a clunk, and the doors hissed open. Kobayashi hurried inside, not least to avoid being carried on a tide of impatient humans. Her butt slammed into the rear wall of the elevator, making Tohru moan at the pressure, and a second later someone else's butt slammed into her front.

Feeling her lower half rubbing against the rear of a generously proportioned office lady, Tohru shivered and moaned. If she'd still had lungs, she would have been taking deep breaths to calm herself, because a part of her wanted to burst into flame. Crushed tight against Miss Kobayashi's body, feeling the stifling heat of the elevator... it was enough to make her want to explode.

The crowd shuffled backward, pressing Tohru even harder against the wall, and with that the doors swung shut. Tohru, meanwhile, moaned to find her chest pressed into the office lady's back. Kobayashi's bust had never been the largest, but here it didn't need to be: the pressure was more than enough on its own.

As the elevator rose, Tohru sank into a deep ecstasy, unsure if she ever actually wanted to leave it.

Flitting through the air under the cover of an invisibility spell, Ilulu winced at the tightness of her new swimsuit. At first, she'd thought it was pretty funny how much of her body it showed off, but now, with its crotch slicing deep into her ass and only threatening to get deeper, she just wanted to try out something a little more comfy.

Looking down on the streets below, she scanned the humans on their way to work and sighed in disappointment. She supposed she *could* turn any of them into her clothes, but

what was the point? There was no way a human would make a fitting outfit for a dragon. She sped on with a sigh.

Just as she was about to give up entirely, her eyes picked out someone familiar down below. Dropping a little lower, Ilulu squinted... and grinned as she realized who she'd found. "Fufufu~. Perfect."

*

"One kushi-dango please!" Grinning, Elma snatched the stick of dumplings from the vendor's hands and used every ounce of willpower she had to keep herself from stuffing it straight into her mouth.

Scurrying away, she took a deep sniff of the delicious treat and moaned. Her belly rumbled, begging her to feed it, but she bit her lip and kept her focused. *Not yet! Not until I get to work!*

As Elma left the stand behind, she heard a strange sound from behind her, as if a giant bird were whooshing through the air. In her hungry state, she immediately put it out of mind. It was probably just an airplane or something... Coming to an alleyway, she came to a stop, looking left and right and swallowing. Her stomach grumbled, desperate to be fed; she found herself drooling and slurped it up with a moan. No one would mind if she stopped for a quick snack, would they?

Slipping into the alley, she raised the dango to her mouth, sniffed, and practically orgasmed. Oooh, she couldn't *wait* to get it inside her...

The instant she took a bite, she heard a crackle like electricity and spun to see a bolt of lightning coursing through the ground towards her. As she squealed in shock, it struck her feet and formed a glowing magical circle. She froze, mouth too full for a counterspell; she didn't even have chance to swallow before the magical energy struck her. "Mmmmpfh!"

Arcs of crimson lightning dancing around her body, Elma threw back her head and screamed in nervous delight. Every muscle in her body felt as if it were trying to escape her skin.

Flesh bubbling and warping, her body began to change. With a pop, her feet snapped off and morphed into a pair of bright white sneakers. As she stared in shock, her legs follow suit—the magic caressed them all over, making her moan as it flattened them into a pair of bright, white knee-high stockings. "Nnn~! Stop!"

As she fought and thrashed, the magic took her arms and crumpled them into her torso as if folding a pair of socks. She squealed, eyes rolling back. Her dango dropped to the ground, never to be eaten.

Just as she found the right spell to incant, her head snapped back, and her mouth opened wider and wider, crumpling the rest of her head around it as it collapsed into her neck. For a second, it hung there, a strange lump of folded flesh, before vanishing inside her, sucked in like a napkin up a vacuum.

Reduced to a floating torso, Elma twitched and shook, the colors of her work clothes shifting and dancing. Her suit fused with her sweater and took on its color, and her sweater promptly flowed into her flesh, melding with her and turning her all the same color. Her breasts flattened into her chest, and her hips, falling equally empty, crinkled as invisible hands creased them. A patch of bright purple formed like spilled juice on her chest and spread round her to form a large sash.

Finally, with a pop, what remained of her split into two halves: the top and skirt of a bright blue cheerleader's uniform. They fluttered to the floor and landed into a pile, as silent and unmoving as any stack of clothes.

Lying there, body folded in on itself, Elma could only moan as a shadow appeared above her "Fufufu," said Ilulu. "You became a really sexy outfit, Elma."

Ilulu! Her curvaceous body crammed into a one-piece far too small for her, the younger dragon stood over Elma and grinned. *What are you doing?!*

Bending down, Ilulu snatched her up like the outfit she'd become. Moaning at the feeling of Ilulu's fingers against her fabricized flesh, Elma could only squeal in delight as the red-haired dragon placed her back on the ground and peeled off her swimsuit. Stuffing it into her cleavage, she grabbed rummaged in Elma's body for a pair of tight white panties and hurried to slip them on.

As her former sex squeezed the smaller dragon's crotch, Elma squealed in surprise. *St-stop! You can't-!*

Ignoring her, Ilulu grabbed her bra and hurried to fit that too. Elma screamed. It felt as if Ilulu were rubbing her breasts against her own.

Piece by piece, Ilulu slipped her body onto her body, making Elma wail in delight at the feeling of being worn. With Ilulu's legs in her stockings and her hips in her skirt, she felt so *filled* she couldn't imagine it getting worse.

Then Ilulu picked up her top.

Too late, Elma realized what was about to happen to her. *W-wait! Wait! Ilulu, don't! You're too big! You're too big! You're too-!*

Throwing her over her head, Ilulu grabbed her end and struggled to pull her down over her breasts. Elma screamed in torturous pleasure as her upper half were stretched to its limits, pulled so taut she was terrified it would rip. Ilulu's boobs filled her like the greatest meal of her life, filled her so full that for the first time in her life she didn't want any more to eat. *St-stoop! Nnn~!*

Grunting and squirming, Ilulu struggled to finish pulling her all the way down. When she finally released her, Elma's fabric squeaked, straining to contain her bust.

Ilulu lifted her breasts and dropped them with a sigh... “Hmm, at least you’re better than Kanna...”

With a *ding!*, the elevator finally reached Kobayashi’s level, and the doors swung open to release the remaining passengers. Enough people had already left to free Kobayashi from the crush, but Tohru nonetheless felt an intense relief as the last few exited.

Leaving the elevator behind, Kobayashi marched across the floor to her desk. After being stuck in the elevator for so long, Tohru had almost forgotten how good it felt to have Kobayashi wear her as she walked: with her every step, she felt Kobayashi’s body shifting inside her, her thighs lifting her pants, her soles slamming into her shoes, her arms swinging in Tohru’s sleeves. The constant motion sent tremors of pleasure through her form, exciting her fabric flesh till she wanted to wail in lust—she couldn’t get enough of it.

Just as she thought the experience couldn’t get any better, Kobayashi reached her desk and, with a quick hello to Takiya, planted her butt in her chair. As she fell into it, the chair sinking ever so slightly under her weight, her clothing released a silent scream of delight at the incredible feeling of being sat in: it felt like her butt and Kobayashi’s were rubbing together!
Nn~!

Raising her arms—and with them, Tohru’s sleeves—Kobayashi started typing away. Around her, Tohru allowed herself to slip into something of a trance, her mind focused entirely on the soft rhythms of Kobayashi’s body: the beating of her heart, the rising and falling of her chest as she breathed, the way she shuffled in her chair to make herself comfortable. Each little motion brought Tohru a fresh layer of pleasure, like an extra blanket being tossed onto her brain. She soon lost sight of the outside world, descending into the fluffy pink heaven that was being worn by her mistress and owner.

Lost in her lust, time sped by her without pause.

As the day went on, and the sun rise higher in the sky, its bright light pouring through the office’s windows, the building grew hotter and hotter. Salarymen and office ladies alike fanned themselves and complained about the AC, stripping off their suit jackets.

In the end, even Kobayashi was affected. After several hours spent wrapped around her body, Tohru began to taste something new: a strange, saltier taste, unlike everything she’d tasted of Kobayashi’s body so far. It didn’t take her long to realize it was sweat.

Unbuttoning Tohru’s jacket, Kobayashi peeled herself out of it and threw it onto the back of her chair. Tohru herself gasped as cooler air struck her exposed shirt—after so long being stuck under Kobayashi’s body, she barely realized how hot she’d gotten. Her armpits were soaked!

Of course, Kobayashi’s armpits weren’t the only parts of her that were sweating... As the day grew hotter, her feet started to pour, and Tohru’s stockings had no choice but to suck up every last drop as if they were her tongue.

Not that Tohru minded. *Nnn~! I'm drinking Kobayashi's foot sweat! Nnn~! It tastes so good!*

Lapping up every last drop she could get, she settled into a delightful state of bliss.

Boobs bouncing in the embrace of Elma's altered top half, Ilulu fluttered on through the city in search of more interesting targets. Kanna and Elma were both pretty good, but she still felt like she could do better. What she *really* needed was someone who matched her size a little better. At least in the most important respect...

Grin widening, she turned and flew in the direction of the Magatsuchi household.

*

"See you later, Shouta baby~." Closing the front door behind her, Lucoa hummed to herself as she marched down the path and out onto the street, an empty shopping bag swinging from her arms.

Eyes tight, mind focused on her trip to the mall, she never noticed the invisible dragon sneaking up behind her. Not until their feet struck the ground and the spell left their lips, its scarlet lightning surging through the sidewalk to paint a circle beneath her.

With a gasp of surprise, Lucoa slammed to a stop, her feet rooted to the ground. Opening her eyes, she looked down and found herself in the center of a complex magic circle already spinning up in preparation to—

Crimson lightning surged up out of the circle and into her body, making her squeal as it tugged her nerves and caressed her muscles. Arching her back, she screamed at the sky, struggling to regain the control to cast a counterspell. Her teeth chattered, refusing to obey her.

As she fought to regain control, she felt a strange sensation, as if someone were tugging on her horns. *Pop!* She looked up and gasped to see them floating above her head. Even as she watched, they turned a pale white and flattened out, a thin arc forming between them to connect them. It took her a moment to realize what she was looking at:

B-bunny ears?

As if to give her a better look, the spell wrenched her head backward, making Lucoa moan one last intense moan as if forced her mouth open. A moment later, as she choked on thin air, it pulled *up*, hard, and with a terrifying *pop*, her head came free of her neck. Lucoa could only wail thinly in shock.

Like a giant pair of hands, the spell caught her head and crushed it between them like a can of soda, flattening her into a thin ring of flesh less than a centimeter thick. Her tongue, it

pulled out of her mouth and stretched, tugging into a long, red tie. She moaned as it caught the air, struggling to flap it.

With another pop, the spell wrenched off her hands and smoothed them into a pair of long, silken gloves. This done, it took the rest of her arms and stuffed into her torso, pushing her neck and everything else above her bustline in till only an enormous hole remained. Even her boobs it squeezed thin, flattening them into the cups of a glimmering red leotard as she wailed for it to stop, screaming in ecstasy.

Pulling off her feet, it rubbed them all over, slowly smoothing them into leather and plastic. She squealed at the feeling of the magic's hands over her soles, its dancing fingers striking her with a thousand little spikes of pleasure.

Stretching her heels into a pair of literal heels, it moved its attention up to her legs and hips. Wrenching them off her torso with a pair of resounding pops, it tickled them all over, slowly thinning and recoloring them: hundreds of little holes appeared in her changing skin as her flesh reweave itself into fishnets. She squeaked as it worked over her thighs. *N-not there! I'm ticklish!*

Finally, its work done, the magic released her. Lucoa squealed afresh as she dropped to the floor, collapsing like the inanimate set of clothing she'd become. Lying there, she could only moan in pleasure. The transformation had felt so good she was almost eager to be worn. The only thing she wanted to know was who was responsible...

A familiar face appeared above her, and Lucoa released a sigh of relief. *Well, at least it wasn't anyone more troublesome...*

Ilulu bent down and picked up her leotard, holding it up with a frown. "Hmm... This looks a little better suited to my size..." Placing it back on the floor, Ilulu hurried to strip off her cheerleader uniform. A first, Lucoa found the outfit a strange choice, but she quickly put two and two together. *Ah, I'm not the only one, am I? Oh dear.*

Naked, her body jiggling with every step, Ilulu picked up Lucoa's fishnets and stretched their mouth wide open. Lucoa gasped, wincing at the feeling—it felt as if Ilulu had stuck two fingers in her sex and—

Wrenching them even wider, Ilulu forced her leg inside.

Lucoa squealed in delight, shocked at the strength of the sensation. She could barely think, let alone protest, as Ilulu pinched her tight and forced her legs inside her, stretching the feeble fabric of her form till it felt like it tear. As she pulled Lucoa over her butt, the feeling only grew more intense. By the time she released it with a snap, Lucoa was all but ready to cum.

Of course, Ilulu wasn't finished. Bending down, she picked up Lucoa's leotard and hurried to slip inside it as well. Lucoa screamed, rapidly losing herself to the pleasure—it surged through her, thick and hot as lava, threatening to burn her mind out of existence entirely.

While Lucoa moaned in lust, Ilulu grunted and pulled her up a little harder. “Nn~! Why is it still so tight?”

As Ilulu struggled to pull her up over her gigantic breasts, Lucoa closed her eyes and gave into the ecstasy. She could feel Ilulu’s enormous bust inside her, sitting on her own not-unimpressive breasts like a pair of boulders, and stretching her, stretching her mind taut with their size. The pressure made her want to wail in delight—she’d never felt something quite so fulfilling.

Satisfied with Lucoa’s leotard, Ilulu hurried to slip into her heels and her gloves and her collar and tie. Finally, she picked up Lucoa’s horns-turned-bunny ears, hesitating for a second before she placed them on her head. Adjusting them, she turned to face a nearby window, cocked her hips, and gave a sultry little wink. Lucoa practically came.

Ilulu giggled. “Much better~.”

Kobayashi hiccuped as she stumbled home, a half-empty bottle of sake in one hand and Tohru’s jacket in the other.

Lumbering up the stairs, she slipped and ended resting on the handrail. She slid down it like a child down a slide and slumped to the ground, lying with her head against Tohru’s jacket like it was a pillow. Her beer bottle rolled out of sight. “Hehe... Hehe... I’m sleeping on a dragon...”

She might have fallen asleep right there if someone else hadn’t passed her on their way downstairs.

Clasping the railing for support, she pulled herself up and lay against it, breathing heavily. When she looked down, she marveled to see her little breasts rising and falling in her blouse. All of a sudden, her clothing felt so tight, so intimate... She could feel every inch of fabric, every strap and button and pocket, as sensitive as if it were part of her body. It felt strangely erotic.

Blushing, her breathing fogging, she unbuttoned her top with trembling hands and stood there looking down at her own cleavage for several long seconds.

A door slammed somewhere else in the building, and Kobayashi jerked like a startled thief. By the time, her eyes returned to her blouse, she’d forgotten why she’d unbuttoned it in the first place. She fanned her face. “It’s such a hot night...”

Hauling herself up out of the stairwell, she struggled to her feet and stumbled across the landing to her door, she came to a stop and prepared herself to greet the owner of such an esteemed apartment. Only when she raised a hand to knock did she realize it was her.

Kicking the door open, she lumbered inside, avoiding collapsing into a heap only via sheer drunken luck. Making her way past the kitchen, she wobbled into the living area and

collapsed onto the couch with a moan of relief. Her legs ached as if she'd been walking for hours.

Lying there, her brain bubbling, she realized she'd forgotten something important. Hadn't something different been happening today? Something really weird? Was it something she had to fix, or... Urgh! She just couldn't remember. Lying back, she closed her eyes. Maybe things would be clearer after a quick nap.

As she lay there staring at the back of her own eyelids, she heard a door creak open. "Oh, Kobayashi..." came a voice. "You're back late." Who was speaking? Ilulululululu...? Giggling, she opened her eyes to say hello and almost fell to sleep again.

A moment later, her water-logged brain processed what it had just seen and leapt to full awareness. Was... was Ilulu wearing a bunny outfit? Her eyes snapped open; she gaped in disbelief.

Her eyes hadn't misled her. Ilulu wore bunny ears, fishnet stockings, and a bright red leotard, which cupped her breasts in much the same way a glass of water cups the ocean. Her boobs spilled over its sides like dough over the sides of a baking tray—the thing barely even covered her nipples.

Rubbing her temple, she opened her mouth to protest and realized something was wrong: weren't there meant to be more dragons around? What had happened to Kanna and Tohru? Come to think of it, she hadn't seen Elma at work today either. What was going on?

"Heeey, Kobayashi," said Ilulu, holding up a book that seemed very familiar for some reason. "I bet it would feel really good to wear you too, wouldn't it?"

The words slid through Kobayashi's brain with all the speed of treacle. Stumbling to her feet, she took a step forward and almost collapsed in a heap. She felt as if she had a hundred pairs of knees.

Ilulu giggled. "Maybe I'll make you and Tohru into a single maid outfit. I bet you'll go great together." Chuckling like an evil witch, she stripped out of her bunny costume and opened the book again.

Staring at the dragon's swinging tits, Kobayashi gaped like a goldfish. *A maid outfit?* She tried to ask what Ilulu meant, but the only sounds that came out were slurred beyond comprehension.

Ilulu stepped back, flipping through her book. "Ahah! There's a spell exactly for that! Let's see how it works..." She started to chant, a magical circle spinning into existence at the end of her hand.

The strange words spilling out of Ilulu's lips made Kobayashi's brain hurt. With a groan, she stumbled forward. "Hey, stop that," she said, swiping at Ilulu's hand.

Ilulu wrenched her hand back with a squeal, and the magical circle shattered into a thousand tiny shards, all crackling with scarlet lightning. Her squeal soon turned into a scream as the magic surged into her body.

Kobayashi stumbled backward, raising an arm to shield her eyes as Ilulu went rigid, eyes trembling in their sockets. Stumbling back onto the couch, she sat there and stared as the red-haired dragon's head popped off, silencing her mid-scream as it shriveled into a frilly headdress.

It wasn't the only part of her body changing: as Kobayashi watched through stunned eyes, Ilulu's hands and feet popped off as well, the former shifting into a pair of silken gloves and the latter into dark, glossy high heels. The remains of her legs left her torso and flattened out, bleached into a pair of bright white stockings that fluttered in the winds of the spell.

The remains of her arms and legs soon vanished, sucked up into her torso, which spasmed and shook and darkened as her neck collapsed in on itself and hollowed the whole things out. Her pussy, exposed, stretched wide, *wide*, open, fusing with her anus in the process and leaving with only a single enormous hole: the mouth of her frilly black skirt.

Flattening out, her boobs shrank a little and hardened into the cups of a dark corset, while the hole that had been her neck stretched down to show off as much cleavage as possible. Finally, a frilly apron sprouted from her former stomach and tied itself around her waist, and with that, what had been Ilulu crumpled to the ground as nothing more than a sexy maid outfit.

The spellbook hit the floor with a resounding thud.

Kobayashi blinked for several seconds before she finally worked up the strength to stand and figure out what had happened. Approaching the maid outfit cautiously, she stooped and picked it up by the shoulders of the dress.

"Haha... Ilulu turned herself into a dress. Hahahahaha. Heh." With that, Kobayashi's eyes rolled backward in their sockets; she fell back.

By the time she hit the couch, she was snoring.

"KOBAYASHIIII~."

Kobayashi woke to an earsplitting headache. Sitting up with a groan, she sat there on the couch and rubbed her head, barely even daring to open her eyes for fear of the light hitting them.

When she finally plucked up the courage, she found Tohru standing over her, an expression of glee on her face. "Kobayashi~! You're awake!" With a wild giggle, Tohru pulled her into a hug. "Being your clothing was the best thing in the world! Let's do it again next week!"

“H-huh?” Blinking, Kobayashi struggled to process what she was talking about. “Clothing...? What do you...? ...Oh.” The events of the previous day came back to her in a flash. “Oh.”

Belatedly, she realized she was naked. “T-Tohru!” Pushing the dragon off, she hurried to cover her body with a pillow.

Tohru drooled, fingers flexing lasciviously. “It’s okay, Miss Kobayashi! Just let me cast the spell again!”

“W-wait!”

As Kobayashi struggled to pull the spellbook out of Tohru’s hands, she realized her maid wasn’t the only dragon present: Kanna both sat at the kitchen table, sharing an enormous breakfast, while Lucoa busied herself brewing a cup of coffee.

“Ah, Kobayashi!” said the latter, pressing the cup into her hands. “It’s good to see you’re finally awake.”

Kobayashi pushed Tohru off of her. “Lucoa?” she said. “What are you and Elma doing here?”

Lucoa opened one eye and smiled wistfully. “Oh, you could say that Ilulu asked us to visit.”

Kobayashi took a sip of her coffee and frowned. “Ilulu...?”

“Mmn. She’s been making mischief with one of Tohru’s spellbook.” She chuckled. “She should have known it would bite her in the tail though...” She flicked a glance at Kobayashi’s bedroom door: an egregiously sexy maid outfit hung from the handle, looking like something out of a low-budget porno.

It took Kobayashi a second to truly process what Lucoa meant. “*That’s Ilulu?*”

Hopping out of her chair, Kanna hurried over to the door and grabbed the outfit by the hanger. She wasted no time in bringing it to Kobayashi. “Kobayashi, you should wear her!”

“E-eh? Me?” Kobayashi blushed at the thought. Ilulu *did* make a very attractive outfit, but it wasn’t really the kind that fit her, was it?

Elma swallowed a piece of toast with a gulp. “Yeah, you should try her on, Kobayashi. She was way too small for me and Tohru, but she should be perfectly-sized for *you*.”

Swallowing, Kobayashi bit her lip. “I don’t know...” she said. “She’s a little provocative.”

“That’s right, Kobayashi! The only person who deserves to be worn by you is me!” Tohru puffed out her chest proudly.

Kobayashi gave her a long look. “On the other hand, I *am* a little curious.”

“E-eh?”

Standing, Kobayashi accepted the outfit with a frown. "It wouldn't hurt to try her on just the once..."

(Inside, Ilulu squealed in horror. N-No! Put me down! And turn me back! Kobayashi, stop! You can't wear me too! It feels so weird!)

Holding the outfit up, Kobayashi cocked her head and tried to imagine herself clad in such a skimpy little outfit. She found a smile creeping onto her face. *Maybe it wouldn't hurt to be a little provocative for a change*, she thought as she made her way to her bedroom.

(N-no! No! It's not fair! Turn me back! Turn me back! I didn't wanna be your maid outfit! Kobayashi! Kobayashiiii!)