

## ***Amazing Apparel Adventure (Inanimate TF, Various Series)***

Panchira hummed to herself as she strolled through the saucer, high heels clacking against the smooth blue cardboardium of the floor.

As she walked, she prided herself on her initiative. A lesser Bakeneko would have taken the teleporter, but Panchira had the willpower not to give in to such luxuries. She was a hard worker! She was happy to walk!

She just wished she'd brought a map. Was she supposed to take the next turn on the left or the next on the right? And urgh—walking in these heels was *killing* her. Why did Seigu have to make all her ships so Momdamned large?!

Half an hour later, she collapsed, panting and sweating onto the bridge of VLS *Kitty Hawk*, pride of the Bakeneko's Transversal Fleet.

"*There nyou are,*" said Seigu, without looking up from her holoscreen. "What took nyou so long?"

Grumbling, Panchira hauled herself into the chair beside her. "Where are we?" she asked, swiping her hair out of her eyes.

Seigu raised an eyebrow. "Well, since nyou decided to take a detour through Maintenance, I've been spending my free time cataloging the planet below us." She flicked a finger, and the ship's main monitor flickered to show a blue-green marble of an Earth. "Welcome to Planet BLEND-54126, nya."

Panchira squinted. "Hmmpfh. I don't see what all the fuss is about, nya. It looks like any old Earth to me."

"Well, nyeither did I, nya. But nyou specifically selected this line of worlds, saying—and I quote—'Seigu, I've found the most wonderful prey, nya!' So I thought I'd come and see what all the fuss is about."

Panchira scowled. "Hmmpfh. I don't remember saying anything like that."

Seigu pulled up a video of Panchira saying that. "Anyway, while nyou've been out hiking, I've been snapping up and probing fresh prey. Would nyou like to see the results, nya?"

Panchira waved a hand airily. "Oh, if I must."

With a few taps of Seigu's fingers, the layout of the bridge shifted. Consoles and chairs and operators alike all slid apart like leaves in the wind, freeing up a large space in the bridge's center. The floor rippled like water, and three rounded plinths rose from the cardboardium, as if to hold three columns. Instead, three tubes of hardlight appeared, gleaming, glassy, and blue. To Panchira's eyes, they resembled test tubes—she supposed that wasn't far off the truth, really.

Seigu tapped away casually at her keyboard. “I’ve been sucking up random batches of prey and sending most of them to the juicers, but I held on to three of the five you listed in nyour report, nya.” She punched a button, and pink light filled the tubes.

The light faded to reveal three girls: one short, brown-haired and cute; one tall, blonde and busty; and one halfway between with dark-hair. Squealing in horror, they pounded on the walls of their tubes, begging to be released. Fortunately for Panty’s ears, the hardlight muffled their voices.

“Let’s see,” said Seigu, drawing up a holosheet. “Mafuyu Hoshikawa, Kaho Hinata, and Maika Sakuranomiya, nya. Those were the main three nyou wanted, weren’t they?”

Tail flexing in amusement, Panchira drew in a deep breath.

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Fashion was *dead*.

Alarmist? Perhaps, but Panchira believed the situation warranted it. A whole week had passed since she’d found the inspiration for a new design, and if *she* wasn’t producing, what did that mean for the rest of the fashion world? No, fashion was *dead*, and Panchira needed a new source of inspiration if she hoped to revive it.

Inspiration such as... transversal clothing. The opening of the Nyar Gate had been a massive boon to Panchira’s business model. She’d only made a few quick forays through the Pussy Hole so far, but the prey she’d acquired on these trips had sold like her old panties! The verdict was clear: normal prey was out; transversal prey was in.

Especially the very special prey that Panchira her little trips had detected. Most Bakeneko weren’t sensitive enough to notice them, but Panchira had the eye of a fashionista—to her, picking out such special prey was trivial. There might only be a handful of them on each version of a planet, but the difference between them and regular prey was too great to be ignored! No, if there was anything that could save fashion, these special prey were it.

Special prey such as these three cute little morsels~.

“I asked if they were the correct prey, nyot for nyour life story, nya.” Seigu scowled. “What do nyou mean ‘fashion is dead’? The fashion industry is *booming*, nya.”

Panchira shook her head and smiled. “Nyo, nyo that’s simply nyot true. I haven’t produced anything in a week. How could it possibly—?”

She cut off. Seigu was giving her a look normally reserved for overflowing toilets.

“Nyou’re aware nyou’re nyot the only fashion designer in existence, nya?”

Panchira huffed. “Well, nyes, but I’m the only one who mat—”

Seigu held up a hand. "Let's move on. Nyou can send me whatever nyonsense nyou were about to say in an email. I nyeed someone to test my nyew spam filter anyway." Hopping out of her chair, she marched to the three girls in the testing tubes. "What are nyou thinking, nya?"

As Seigu approached, the two taller girls backed away from the glass. The shorter one simply tightened her eyes and pounded harder.

Panchira sniffed and scented the delicious smell of resistance. "Well, obviously we want to make them into garments that complement their personalities, nya. Let's take little Miss Hoshikawa here, for instance." She sidled up to the tube holding the smallest member of the trio and pressed herself against the hardlight, smushing her cheek in the process. "She looks like a cute little kitten, but she's really a deeply cynical older woman."

Mafuyu pulled back, glaring.

Panchira giggled. "So, what can we make that'll leave her squirming, nya?" Drawing up a holopad, she flicked through it and threw several of the hardlight sheets to the air, where they spun in orbit around her. Each showed a different type of outfit, from frilly skirts and skintight dresses to onesies and underwear. Smirking, Panchira picked one out. "Oooh, how about..." She spun the holosheet to Seigu. "...a nyice, tight swimsuit, nya?" She giggled.

Seigu waved a hand. "Whatever makes nyou happy, nya."

Panchira huffed. "It *does* make me happy." With a snap of Panty's hands, the spiral of sheets slammed back together and vanished. Grinning, Panchira approached the tube.

Mafuyu and her friends had stopped pleading as Panchira went through her little creative rigmarole, but now they pulled away again, struggling to escape her eye.

"Mufufufu." Giggling, Panchira drew up the tube's holocontrols and made a few tweaks to the settings. "Oh nyes, I think nyou're going to look *very* pretty, nya~. *Boop!*"

With a *zzzap!*, a beam of pink light shone from the peak of the tube and struck Mafuyu in the head. She screamed, shaking like a doll as it vaporized her clothes in a flash of peachy flame. As she struggled to conceal herself, she snapped into the air and floated there, suspended.

In the other tubes, her companions screamed in horror. Fortunately, the hardlight kept Panchira from having to hear them.

Moaning and trembling, eyes rolled back and full of tears, Mafuyu threw back her arms and joined her hands while curling her legs so her feet touched her butt. She hung in this position, shaking and whimpering, as a wave of cheese-yellow washed over her like paint, smothering all her features beneath it.

Finally, her limbs shriveled into four thin straps, she split through the stomach, and the two halves of her new form fluttered to the floor, twitching as they assumed their final shape.

With a *zip*, the beam cut off.

Ignoring the wailing from the other tubes, Panchira threw through the hardlight of Mafuyu's tank and snatched out the skimpy bikini held within. "Oooh, it's simply scandalous," she said, retrieving a bikini hanger from her cleavage and slipping Mafuyu onto it. "Nyou'd have to be a real purrvert to be seen in something like *this*, nya. Fufufu, I bet nyour nyew owner will *love* nyou."

Inside the bikini, Mayufu's anger broke like a dam, washed away by a flood of utter terror. Giggling, Panchira flicked her wrist to throw up some clotheslines and hung Mafuyu from one. This done, she turned her attention to the other tubes.

On the far side of the hardlight, Kaho Hinata and Maika Sakuranomiya had fallen to their butts and pressed themselves as far back as possible, whimpering in shock. Smirking, Panchira stuck her tongue out at them. "Nyouw, what should I do with nyou two, nya? Hmm... Hmm... Oh! I know! I always nyeed more swimsuits, so why nyot go for the trifecta, nya? Fufufu."

In the tanks, Kaho and Maika trembled, looking like they wanted to hug each other and cry. Licking her lips, tail flicking, Panchira summoned the console and input what she wanted with a couple of cute tweaks. "Boop!"

Kaho Hinata screamed as the beam of pink light struck her, forcing her to her feet as it coursed through her limbs. In a flash of bubblegum flame, her cute blue maid outfit (and everything else on her person) vanished, revealing the curvaceous body beneath. As she quivered in the grip of the pointer's beam, her body shook, boobs bouncing.

Panchira giggled.

With a fresh *zap!*, the beam doubled in intensity. Kaho screamed even louder, face red, eyes rolled back and leaky, as she arched her arms behind and curled her legs to meet her butt like Mafuyu before her. For a second, she hung suspended in the air, tears trailing from her eyes and juices from her pussy, before an invisible brush painted her a nice sky blue, and with that, she collapsed, body crumpling and splitting.

As the beam cut off, the two halves of her altered form fluttered sadly to the floor: like Mafuyu, she'd become a bikini, though this one was clearly designed for someone with a much more generous figure.

Without a pause, Panchira turned to Maika. "Nyour turn, nya! Boop!"

Maika screamed as the pointer's beam surged through her, vaporizing her clothes in a wave of bright pink flame.

Unlike Mafuyu and Kaho, her change went a little differently. Instead of arching her arms behind her, for instance, she placed them on her shoulders, though she still bent her legs to squish her feet against her butt. Trapped in this pose, she hung there for a second or two, body slick with sweat, eyes full of tears, and her pussy leaking juices. Waves of wordless horror emanated from her mind, though they were largely drowned out by the thoughts of pleasure accompanying them. Caught in the greatest orgasm of her life, Kaho writhed, body trembling and dripping.

Finally, her skin turned bright pink, washing away all features, and she fell, body already flattening. Unlike the others, she didn't split as she tumbled—instead, she remained in one piece, and a strip of white fabric appeared on her chest to bear her name. With that, she stopped twitching, reduced from a living human to a simple school swimsuit.

“Nyah~, much better,” said Panchira, slipping a hand into the tanks and snatching the two new swimsuits out. Giggling, she held them up for inspection, soaking in the waves of fear and humiliation emanating from their trapped minds. “Delicious, nya~. I bet my customers will love nyou.”

Hanging them up beside Mafuyu, she turned back to Seigu. “Well?”

The saibaneko cocked her head. “Well what?”

“I'm finished here, nya. Aren't nyou going to ask where I'd like to go nyext.”

Seigu looked like she'd coughed up a hairball. “Oh, nyes, of course, I forgot I'm nyour chauffeur. Oh, *excuse me*, my lady, but where would nyou like to go nyext, nya?”

Panchira smiled without the slightest hint of irony. “Hmm, let's see... I hadn't thought of that, actually. Um.”

Seigu looked at her as if she were a clogged toilet.

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The pink swirl of the Pussy Hole vanished, replaced by the less-than-bouncy ball of an alternate Earth. “Welcome to Planet VIRTUAL-2334,” said Seigu, sounding like a taxi driver who'd just reached a particularly obnoxious passenger's destination.

“Ah, excellent,” said Panchira, hopping out of her chair. “I remember this world from my expedition. Nyes, there are a lot of special prey here~.” Her tail flexed playfully. “Nyou've read my nyotes, nyes? So nyou should be able to find them.”

Seigu scratched an ear. “I delete most of what nyou send me, Panty, but fortunately I memorized that particular file.” She sighed. “I'm having nyour special prey sent up nyow. Nyou just nyeed to decide what nyou're doing with them.”

With a flick of Seigu's wrist, additional tanks formed in the center of the bridge to better accommodate the number of prey Panty had picked. In flashes of pink light, they filled on by

one... Soon enough, they contained an assortment of girls in a variety of types and sizes: one had fiery hair, another tentacles. One had a shark's teeth and tail, and one was a detective. One even came wielding a scythe and dressed like the reaper, which Panty thought was pretty stylish.

But it wasn't quite what she was looking for.

"Hmm," she said, tapping her chin and trying not to let the moans of fear from the tubes disrupt her concentration. "I don't know, nya. Nyone of them are really inspiring me this time."

Seigu groaned. "Urgh, nyou make us come all the way here for nyour super special materials and then nyou don't even want them?"

Panchira sniffed. "Inspiration is ineffable, Seigu—nyou'd know that if nyou were an artist. Nyow, bring in some of the others. Perhaps I'll have more luck with them."

Seigu decided to ignore the first part of that comment. "And what should I do with these then, nya?" She waved her hands at the tanks.

"Whatever nyou like," replied Panty. "It's hardly my concern how nyou deal with nyour trash."

"I'll just send them to Juicing then," said Seigu, rolling her eyes. She snapped, and each of the tanks' bases opened up. The girls inside dropped screaming out of sight, down, down to the saiba-tentacles and vibro-probes of Juicing.

No sooner had the tanks' bases closed then pink light filled them once again. In a series of flashes, several more girls appeared.

This time, there were only three of them, all dressed in blue: one had brown hair and wore stars, one had azure hair and wore tartan, and one had pink-hair in two spiraling loops and wore an outfit somewhere between a maid's and a sailor's.

"Sora Tokino, Suisei Hoshimachi, and Aqua Minato," read Seigu. "Nyow, *please* tell me these three inspire nyou. At least a little."

"Hmm." Panchira cocked her head. "Hmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmm." In the tubes, the three girls could only look around in horror. "Hmmm."

Seigu groaned.

Finally, Panchira spread her hands to frame the view. "Panties," she said, at last, snapping her fingers. "*Panties.*"

"What's that?" asked Seigu. "Nyou finally remembered nyour nyame, nya?"

“Oh shush. These three would make an excellent trio of panties.” She licked her lips as the girls in the glass turned to one another, clearly too confused to be scared by her statement. “What do nyou think?”

“If that’s what you think would be best, nyou go with that, nya. Nyou’re the artist, remember?”

Panchira huffed. “Nyes, well, I do think I know best so I’m going to do that, nya. Just nyou try and stop me!”

Seigu rolled her eyes.

Approaching the tubes, Panchria licked her lips and pressed herself against the hardlight. “What do nyou three think, nya? Would nyou *like* to be a trio of the universe’s cutest panties?”

Sora, Suisei, and Aqua recoiled, the latter whimpering.

Panchira giggled. “Nyo? Oh, but just imagine how much fun nyou’ll have being wrapped around some cute cat’s lower half.” Hiking up her dress, she stretched her own panties and released them with a snap. “The girl I’m wearing nyow is having the time of her life, nya. She wasn’t to *start*, of course, but it didn’t take long to break her in.” She licked her lips.

As the reality of their situation set in, the girls in the tubes exchanged glasses of fear and backed away as far as the hardlight would let them.

Panchira’s tail flicked in amusement. “Nyot excited, nya? Well, if nyou don’t want to be panties we could always send nyou to Juicing like nyour friends? Why don’t we take a look and see how they’re getting on?”

She snapped her fingers, and a holoscreen appeared beside her. It flicked and resolved into a vista of squirming flesh, slick with sweat and juices. The sound of muffled moaning filled the bridge, accompanied by the *schlup-schlup-schlup* of constantly pumping tentacles. “Oooh~, that sharkgirl is really taking a pounding, nya.”

The three girls shrieked and leapt back, trembling in fear. Aqua fell to the floor, weeping in terror.

Panchira licked her lips. “Nyo, I didn’t think nyou’d like that, nya. Fufu. Panties it is.” Summoning the console, she tweaked a few settings and... “*Boop!*”

Sora, Suisei, and Aqua screamed as the pointer beams struck them, vaporizing their outfits and wrenching their bodies into the air. Floating suspended, writhing and trembling in the ecstasy of the energies coursing through their nerves, they could only moan feebly for each other, desperately slapping their hands against the hardlight. Pussies spurting, their eyes rolled back in their sockets, and they lost themselves to the pleasure of being changed.

Aqua was the first to show the signs. With a moan that could be heard through the tank, she forced her arms behind her and bent her limbs till her feet met her hands. An instant later, her hair moved on its own, her long locks spiraling around her arms even as her skin turned the deep blue of her outfit. She shriveled, sinking slowly to the ground.

To her left, Suisei moaned as her own body did something very similar, joining her arms together as her hair wove its way around her former limbs. At the same time, her skin had gained the pattern of her former outfit, and her features vanished, melting into the growing sea of tartan. Ribbons of dark blue fabric appeared from thin air to complete her, and with that, she fluttered to the ground too.

Finally, Sora gave a great scream. Having had chance to see the fates of her friends, she knew what was awaiting her, even if she had no way of preventing it. Trembling in mingled fear and ecstasy, she moaned as her limbs curled back and her hair wove around them, as her skin turned the blue of her outfit, and she dropped, crumpling as she sank.

*Zzzip!* As one, the three beams died out.

Pulling her hands out of her panties, Panchira looked into the tanks with a smirk. Three pairs of bloomers, steaming as if fresh from the oven, had replaced the former idols. Where Aqua had stood lay a dark blue pair with pink straps, white frills, and a white anchor in its center. Where Suisei had been: a slim, tartan pair with azure straps, dark blue ribbons, and lots of fancy golden filigree. Finally, where Sora had been standing lay a simple dark blue pair with brown straps and pink ribbons held in place by a pair of golden stars.

As the three twitched a few final times and ceased moving, Panchira licked her lips in amusement. "Purrfect, nya~."

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The bridge seemed to shiver as they exited the Pussy Hole. Before them loomed another Earth, grand and large and magical.

"Welcome to Planet ORIENT-60," said Seigu without looking up from her console. "Another one with lots of special prey that I'm sure nyou'll make me waste somehow, nya."

Panchira wasn't listening. "Well, what are nyou waiting for? Hurry up and summon some!"

With a sigh from Seigu, an assortment of women filled the tanks. This time, there was an even more incredible variety, from poltergeists to kitsune and from fairies to vampires. Some pounded against the walls of their tanks, while others unleashed barrages of futile magical curses. In the end, it made no difference whatsoever.

Looking them over, Panchira wrung her tail and sighed. "Hmm, this time I'm having the opposite problem, nya..."

Seigu frowned. "The opposite problem?"



“This time I have *too much* inspiration! I can think of something to do with each of them! But we don’t have time to zap them *all*, nya. We have to separate the wheat from the chaff somehow.”

With a sigh, Seigu drew up a console and started poking buttons at random. One by one, the floors of tanks opened up and the girls inside them vanished screaming, down to the lascivious tentacles of Juicing.

Several minutes later, only three women remained: a dark-haired, red-robed shrine maiden; a light-haired black-robed witch; and a pink-haired, white-robed librarian complete with a moon on her cap. Interestingly, none of them seemed afraid.

“Reimu Hakurei, Marisa Kirisame, and Patchouli Knowledge,” read Seigu.

Panchira huffed, folding her arms. “Well, I suppose that’s *one* way to separate them, nya. ...Did nyou leave the most human ones on purpose?”

“Nyo, it’s just a coincidence.”

Panchira shrugged. “Well, let’s get to work, nya. It should be a lot easy to decide what to do with them nyow.” Licking her lips, she bounced over to Reimu’s tank, tail flexing in anticipation. “Let’s see... let’s see, nya. Hmm, nyou’re a shrine maiden, aren’t nyou? Doesn’t that nyormally come with an expectation of purity?” She licked her lips. “Perhaps we should have sent *nyou* down to Juicing and seen how long nyou lasted there. Fufufu. Nyo, since that opportunity’s passed, what else can we do with nyou, nya? Hmm. Ah! I have the perfect idea~.”

Reimu glared at her.

Conjuring the tank’s console, Panchira typed away. Finally, she gave an emphatic button press. “Boop!”

Pink light struck Reimu’s head. Arching her back, the shrine maiden screamed.

In the second tank, Marisa leapt at the hardlight, pounding furiously. It did no good—a second later, Reimu’s clothing burnt away, and the shrine maiden’s naked body glistened in the pointer light.

Trembling and shivering, Reimu threw back her head and whined like a wild animal, tongue lolling out of her lips as her face went red with pleasure. Down below, her sex poured like a faucet, leaving a noticeable puddle on the floor of her tank.

Finally, she raised her arms and curled them to touch her shoulders, while her skin turned a shade of glossy crimson similar to her former outfit, and her hair wrapped itself around her arms. This done, she made a single sharp motion: her legs spread wide and continued without stopping, merging with her sides, while her mouth opened wide and her head sank into her neck, leaving her as little more than a tube of fabric. Her arms thinned into a pair of

straps, and with a few more little twitches to complete her shape, the transformation was over. Reimu fluttered to the ground, reduced to a tight, red cocktail dress.

Smirking, Panchira reached in and picked her up. "Oh my, nyou came out *darling*, nya. Fufufu, someone is going to look *very* sexy in nyou."

In the second tube, Marisa gaped, eyes wide in horror. Catching sight of her, Panchira smirked. "What's wrong? Would nyou like to try her on nyourself, nya?"

Marisa grit her teeth and glared.

"Fufufu, I'll take that as a nyo. Well, it doesn't matter to me, nya. Let's skip to the next stage: appropriately enough... what should I do with nyou?"

Marisa's confidence vanished as Panchira advanced, mentally undressing her with her bright, golden eyes. "Let's see, should I go for something complementary? Maybe nyou'd like to be something that goes with nyour best friend?" She smirked. "Oooh, I know~. How'd nyou like to be a pair of nyice high-heels? That would be fitting for a witch like nyou, wouldn't it?" She laughed, loud and spitefully.

Marisa flinched as if struck. Panchira laughed all that much harder. Drawing up the holoconsole, she tapped away eagerly. "Enjoy the taste of feet, nya~! Boop!"

Marisa screamed as the pointer beam struck her.

As Panchira laughed, Marisa's witch outfit vanished in a flash, and the light of the pointer flowed over her body, making her skin sparkle even as she juddered, pussy squirting. With a high-pitched moan, she floated into the air, flipped over, and seized her buttcheeks, spreading them wide to expose her asshole. It trembled and seemed to grow, swelling till it was just large enough to take in a—

A wave of blackness washed over Marisa's form, smothering her face as if beneath a wave of oil. She spun around again, and spread her legs: between them, her clit tingled and grew, inflating into a thin rod of several inches. Though the change in Marisa's skin had cut off her voice, Panchira could see what remained of the witch's lips flexing as she struggled to scream in pleasure.

Next, as if Panchira had flicked her claws and produced a razor wire, Marisa split in two, sliced neatly down the center. Quivering, her twin halves spun again, revealing her former butthole as it reformed into two smaller holes, divided like a cell in mitosis. She spun again, revealing something very similar had happened to her clit.

Finally, Marisa crumpled, squeezed and compacted by a pair of invisible hands. She floated slowly to the floor, and with that the pink light faded. Where the witch had been standing lay a pair of black high heels, each with a bright white bow.

Reaching into the tank, Panchira snatched them out and held them up, smirking in amusement. Inside them, Marisa writhed in pleasure, the feeling of Panchira's fingers inside

her alone enough to drive her to madness. Chuckling, Panchira stroked the new shoes' heels. The psychic scream it produced was almost deafening.

Tail flicking, she tossed Marisa into the pile with her other acquisition, relishing the final squeal as Marisa landed on her former clit. Tuning out of her moans of utter pleasure, Panty turned to the last girl in their tanks.

Patchouli Knowledge glared at her, expression tight.

Panchira chuckled. "Hmm, nyou're a tricky one, nya. Whatever should I do with *nyou*? Hm... Hm..." Yawning, she closed her eyes, stumbled forward, and banged her head on the hardlight. "Ow." She rubbed her temple. "Something about nyou just makes me so sleepy, nya. Hmm, maybe that would be nyice in bed, like..."

"A dildo," said Seigu.

"Nyo, I mean something comfy and wholesome, like..."

"A vibrator," said Seigu.

"Nyo! Something like a pair of comfy socks!" She tapped. "...Oooh, that's a great idea!" She licked her lips. "Let's make her into socks, nya~."

As Patchouli backed away in shock, Panchira summoned the console and input the settings before striking the button to start with a "Boop!"

Pink light coursed through Patchouli's body. She wailed as her clothing blazed away, burnt up in an instant. Exposed, her pale skin shone in the light of the pointer.

Floating into the air, Patchouli seized her legs and spread them wide, revealing the glistening sex between them. As she whimpered and writhed, it stretched, growing wide, while her skin turned even paler than it had been. Like a punctured balloon, she shriveled, head and arms and legs fading into her torso as her pussy grew larger, leaving her a long white tube. Finally, like Marisa before her, she split, sliced neatly in two. With that, she dropped to the floor of the tank, twitching as she reformed into two white socks, each with a cute little moon trinket and a red and blue ribbon.

Panchira purred in delight as she scooped the pair out. "Aw, look at them," she said, holding them up. "They're so cute." She flicked a glance at what remained of Reimu and Marisa. "I don't know if they go with the rest of the ensemble though. Hmm."

Her eyes flashed with the light of an idea; she chuckled. Spreading one of the sock's mouths wide, she forced her arm all the way inside and turned to Seigu. "What do nyou think of my creations, Mrs. Sock?" She bunched her hand up inside it, imitating a mouth. "'Oh, I love them, Panchira. Nyou're the greatest fashion designer who ever lived.' Oh, thank nyou, nya. Nyou're too kind." Chuckling, she threaded her other hand into the second sock. "And what nyou, Mrs... er, Mrs Sock's Sister? 'Oh, I love them too, Panchira! Yay! Isn't that amazing?'"

On Panchira's hands, Patchouli writhed, lost in delight, feeling as if every crevasse in her body had been filled to bursting. And each time Panchira wiggled her fingers... oooh~!

In the command chair, Seigu snorted. "I'm glad to see nyou've finally found a critic who likes nyou."

Panchira sniffed.

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"Here we are," said Seigu, leaning back in her command chair and yawning, "Planet REDO-125." The 'Earth' on the monitor looked quite different to most of the Earths the expeditionary fleet had found, but it would suit their purposes well enough. So long as it had prey.

"Purrfect," said Panchira, clapping her hands. "Have the special prey brought up swiftly, Seigu. Nyou'll find my nyotes on them—"

"I already told nyou I read nyour nyotes. Just give me a second. Jeez."

Ten or so girls of various heights and colors filled the bridge's empty tubes. Their reactions were just as varied as their figures. Some pounded against the hardlight; others closed their eyes and spat futile magic words. Two girls, packed into a single tube, hugged each other tightly—and one, white-haired, simply stood there looking stunned.

"Are nyou using them all this time, or would nyou like me to whittle them down again?" asked Seigu. "We always need more juice..."

"Nyo nyo, I already have something planned for this batch." Panchira chuckled. "Well, most of them, anyway." Approaching the tubes, she summoned the console, typed in a few commands and tapped away rapidly. "Boop! Boop! Booop!"

With a series of zaps and screams and flashes, the girls in the tubes vanished one by one, replaced by nothing more than simple pairs of panties, which fluttered to the ground and lay there sadly.

By the time Panty stopped, only three girls remained: the two in the same tube, and the white-haired one with pointy ears.

"Rem, Ram, and Emilia," read Seigu, sounding bored.

"Purrfect," said Panchira, extracting the other girls and hanging them up neatly. "Nyow for the trinity, nya. Fufufu." Trilling, she approached the remaining girls, sidling up close to the tubes. "Let's see..." she said, pressing her face against Rem and Ram's—they backed away, hugging each in fear. "How exactly should I go about this, nya?" Licking her lips, she turned to Emilia, who flinched. "Who should I start with? How about... Nyou... two!" She whirled to face Rem and Ram.

As Rem and Ram trembled in shock, little tears spilling from their eyes, Panchira entered whatever she had planned into the console, raised a finger, and punched the button to start. "Boop! Fufu, nyou'll enjoy this, nya~."

Pink light filled the pair's tube. They screamed, releasing each other and writhing like poorly-strung puppets as the energy of the pointer set all their nerves alight. In a flash, their maid uniforms vanished, turned to air by the pointer's blast. Its light flowed over their exposed naked forms even as they shivered in its influence.

Seizing the two like a pair of dolls, the pointer spread them apart and slammed them together, squishing their sweat-soaked forms against each other like two pieces of clay. Smushed against her sister, the two moaned and struggled to escape, but their efforts only rubbed them together that much more.

Unfortunately for them, this wasn't enough for Panchira. Clicking her tongue, she drew up the console and made a few alterations.

At once, the test tube expanded, allowing the pointer to pull the maids apart. This done, it flipped Ram upside down... before slamming her straight back into her sister. The maids released a pair of muffled screams as their faces slammed straight into their sibling's dripping sex. "Mmmphf!" Mmmphf!"

Panchira chuckled as the tank shrank back to normal, squishing them even tighter.

Squeezed together, lips forcibly planted against their own sister's pussy, Rem and Ram squealed as the pointer rubbed them together.

Panchira giggled. "Much better."

As Rem and Ram enjoyed eating each other out, the pointer increased its effect. Two muffled screams sounded from the tube as its beam set their sexes alight. The pair's flesh, already red and slick, melted and ran together, and the tank took the chance to squash them into a single, indistinguishable lump of squirming flesh.

Twitching, the clump of a maid-matter shifted. A hole appeared atop it, running all the way down to its base. Slowly, this hole expanded, while the rest of the pair's shared flesh thinned, darkening to black. A second later, it separated several times horizontally, like a joint of meat on the cutting board. The two lowest chunks then split vertically, before shriveling into a pair of black high-heels and blue-pink striped stockings.

One by one, the remaining pieces of entangled maid shriveled and shaped themselves into the pieces of the ensemble. One large chunk became a puffy skirted dress, another a frilly white apron. Two more resolved into gloves and a third into a headdress.

Finally, the pointer's glow dulled, and the clothing ceased moving. Flicking her wrist, Panchira caught it in a web of strings before it had a chance to fall. Another flick pulled it out of the tank.

Where once had been two maids, she now held a single maid's uniform, black and white with blue and pink ribbons for decoration. As pretty as it was, however, the main appeal was more subtle: holding the dress to her face, Panchira listened closely and smirked.

From inside the maid's outfit came the psychic sound of two sisters moaning, screaming in delight at the feeling of being interwoven, of their naked, exposed bodies entangled in the most intimate manner possible. Panchira hadn't merely forced them to 69, she'd stitched them together as exhaustively as her talent allowed, threading hole to hole and g-spot to g-spot. When she stroked them, the pleasure it induced bounced between one sister and the other, amplified like light caught between a pair of mirrors. The screams of ecstasy made Panty smirk.

"I bet nyou'll enjoy being worn even more, nya~. Fufufu. Speaking of..." She turned to Emilia. "Jealous, nya? I bet nyou wish nyour boyfriend were in that tube with nyou. I could have stuck his penis in nyour mouth and made nyou both into a nyice, tight pair of underwear. Mmm~, just imagine spending the rest of nyour existence feeling like nyou're wrapped around two crotches at once." She giggled as Emilia flinched, her eyes wet with tears. "Unfortunately for nyou, I have something else planned already, nya. So. On to business." She drew up the console and hit the relevant keys. "Enjoy nyour nyew life, nya~."

Pink light struck Emilia in the head. She screamed, trembling as the energy seared her brain.

Moaning, red-faced and her eyes rolling back Emilia barely noticed her clothing melting, forming a thick puddle on the floor beneath her. Nor did she notice her legs spread on their own or the puddle of molten clothes beneath her congeal as a metal stand. A helmeted rod of the stuff rose from the middle of it, slowly at first but picking up speed with the second. Emilia was completely unprepared for it. *Schlup!*

Emilia screamed even louder. As she arched her back and moaned at the ceiling, the pointer seized her arms, placing her hand on her chest and slipping the other between her legs, before turning its perverse influence on her curves. Her boobs swelled, squishing against her hands, while her thighs plumped up, rear pressing against the tube. Having done this, the pointer froze her mid-scream, leaving only her eyes to tremble, leaking tears.

Slowly, a wave of smoothness and shininess spread up Emilia's legs as her body turned to fiberglass. Her eyes trembled even harder, but she could do nothing, not even whimper as the change flowed up her form. Coating her swollen new assets like a layer of varnish, it finally reached her face and washed away her features, reducing her hair to a simple plastic wig.

Finally, seams cut themselves into being all over Emilia's form, winding their way around her torso, neck, and limbs. With that, the pointer's light died and it was over.

Chuckling, Panchira drew her own pen. A simple flick was sufficient to draw Emilia out of the tube. Planting her on the floor of the bridge, Panty licked her lips and turned her pen on Rem and Ram. The maids-turned-maid-uniform vanished, reappearing in a most appropriate location.

A psychic scream of utter ecstasy silenced all other thought on the bridge, making the ears and tails of every Bakeneko present twitch. To Rem and Ram, being worn felt like being screwed in every hole at once, and their interwoven minds amplified it a thousand times over.

Emilia herself wasn't in a much better state. Every inch of her body had been rendered hypersensitive by its transformation into fiberglass, and having Rem and Ram wrapped around her made her feel as if her entire body was a single giant clitoris in the middle of being tweaked by a pair of lascivious fingers.

Panchira's tail flicked to and fro in delight.

"Nyou really saved one just to make her into a mannequin?" said Seigu. "Surely nyou could have used any human for that?"

Panchira waved her hand to dismiss the very idea. "Don't be ridiculous, nya. Anyone with half a brain should see the artistry in making their mistress wear them. It's clearly poetic. Don't nyou have any *style*?"

Seigu rolled her eyes. "Nyou're right," she said drolly, "how could I have been such an uncultured swine?"

"I'm glad nyou're showing some humility for once, nya."

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The bridge shook as they exited the Pussy Hole. Panchira, caught in the middle of arranging her new products, went flying from her chair.

"What was that?" she snapped, throwing a string at the ceiling to catch herself. "Are we under attack?"

"Nyo, nyo," said Seigu, sounding amused. "Seeing nyour little balancing act simply reminded me we hadn't restarted the inertial compensators in a while. It's an essential part of their maintenance, nyou know?"

Panchira mumbled beneath her breath.

On the main monitor lay yet another Earth, an island of green and blue and white immersed in a sea of blackness and stars.

"Welcome to DRAGON-1353," said Seigu, amusement rapidly fading. She sighed. "I suppose I'll have to break out the extra-strength tanks for this planet, won't I, nya?"

"Oh, don't whine," replied Panchira. "Nyou should know that the fashion industry has a history of using dangerous beasts as material."

Seigu frowned.

Nonetheless, she did her job. Reforming from the floor, the bridge's tanks flashed with the pink light of three skillfully performed abductions. In the tanks appeared a trio of women: two blonde, one brunette, all with at least one horn and all *very* curvaceous. Panchira struggled not to drool.

As expected, two of the three didn't take their confinement very well. No sooner had they processed their situation than they threw their fists at the hardlight in a futile attempt to escape. Sighing, Seigu doubled the tube strength and turned to Panchira. "Would nyou like to hurry up and zap them before they make a mess, nya?"

Panchira rolled her eyes. "Please. As if we couldn't handle them." Tail flexing, she bounced over to the central tube and pressed her face against the hardlight, smile wide in amusement. The blonde inside stopped pounding to stare at her in rage. "Hello, nya. Do nyou want to know why I've invited nyou here today? Fufufu, nyou're here to take part in a very exciting opportunity! Nyou're going to get to become something amazing~"

The blonde drew in a deep breath and roared. Fire filled the tank. Panchira hissed and bounced away as her cheeks started to brown. "Sh-she tried to bake me, nya!"

Seigu wore a mask of disdain. "Doesn't nyour idiocy have a skip button, nya?"

Ignoring her, Panchira turned her eyes back on the cage. "Let's see... just for that, I'm going to make nyou into something really embarrassing, nya. All I have to figure out is what it is. Hmm. Hmmm. ...Ah-hah~"

She drew up the holoconsole. "Nyou'll *hate* this, nya. Boop!"

On the other side of the hardlight, Tohru shrieked as a beam of pink light struck her. She writhed, locked in delight.

Tohru's transformation went a little differently to the others. Instead of vaporizing her clothes, the pointer forced her to revert to her natural form. Bright green scales coated her growing flesh—she bulged, straining the tank with her growing form.

With a click of her tongue, Seigu snapped, and the sound of the pointer's zapping doubled in intensity. Tohru ceased growing and shrank instead, caught in a strange halfway state between dragon and human. Returning to her human size, she stopped shrinking and puffed up instead, her scales losing their gloss and turning matte as keratin transmuted into plush. Slowly, she ceased moving, body losing all strength and sagging as if hollowed out. This wasn't far from the truth.

Finally, the pointer's beam vanished with a *zip*, and Tohru's altered body crumpled to a pile on the floor. Chuckling, Panty reached in, snatched it out, and held it up. "There, nya. Nyou look much better like this."



From her hands dangled a onesie, a cute dragon onesie with a big stupid grin and a plush tail and horns. The mind inside it raged in pent-up frustration, both normal and sexual. She wanted nothing more than to sock Panchira in the jaw, but the pleasure afflicting her would have made that difficult even if she weren't an inanimate object at the moment.

Panchira gave her a stroke, sending waves of mind-melting pleasure flowing through the former dragon's brain. "Serves nyou right for trying to make me a toast, nya."

"Are nyou finished?" said Seigu. "Did nyou really have to waste a special prey just to revenge a slight, nya?"

"Of course I did! Who would I be if I let anyone try to toast me?"

"Toast?" said Seigu.

Panchira huffed. Smirking, she turned her attention to the remaining dragon-women. Both the blonde and the brunette had assumed an angry pose on seeing the fate of Tohru, but Panchira approached with the slightest hint of caution. "Nyow, back to business, who should I use nyext?" Her eyes snapped between the two, who flinched a little as her gaze caught them. "Fufufu. How about... nyou?"

Her eyes snapped to the brunette, Elma. "Oh, nyes, I know exactly what to do with nyou, nya... *Boop!*"

With an electrical *zap*, Elma's screaming filled the air. Panchira laughed and stepped back to watch.

Like Tohru, Elma didn't lose her clothes as such. Instead, as she writhed in the pointer's glare, they remolded with her form, returned to their natural state as scales, and her body swelled as she reverted to her normal, leviathan size. The tank bulged, straining to contain her, till at last the pointer did its job and shrank her, squeezing till she was even smaller than she had been as a human. Gripping her ends tight, it stretched her straight and forced her mouth wide open. Finally, it sliced her in two.

With a crackle and a fizzle, the pointer's beam died, and what remained of Elma's body dropped to the ground in two parts. Leaning in, Panchira licked her lips and laughed. Where the giant serpent had been coiled lay a pair of dark blue dragon-leather shoes, the perfect footwear for someone as rich as her.

Kicking off her own shoes, she pushed her feet through the hardlight and slipped the pair on, shivering at the wave of emotions radiating from inside them. Elma felt as if Panty's feet were in her mouth, filling her body with their gigantic girth.

Panchira chuckled. "Nyow," she said, taking several emphatic and (deliciously scream-provoking) steps towards the last of the three tanks. "What shall I do with nyou, nya?"

Lucoa stepped back, not quite flinching. Biting her lip, she opened wide and spat a muffled invective at the hardlight. Panchira laughed. "What a *bag* of hot air, nya. ...That gives me an idea~." She drew up the console. "Enjoy~."

With a scream of electricity, the beam struck Lucoa. This time, she screamed, her mismatched eyes trembling in their sockets as the pointer's energy rushed through her nerves.

Like the other dragons before her, she swiftly exploded in size, stretching the containment tank as she struggled to revert to her natural form. Just as it seemed her leviathan length would burst the tank, she ceased growing, caught halfway between her human form and her dragon. With some effort, the pointer flipped her around and had her spread her legs. Lying on her back with her sex on full display, Lucoa gasped and struggled desperately to close them.

Unfortunately for her, the tank had other ideas. As Lucoa scrambled at her thighs, her legs thinned and shrank, shriveling into a pair of straps that curled over to attach via her former feet to her butt. Between them, her pussy swelled and stretched, turning long and thin, while the rest of her body—head and arms and all—collapsed into a simple, scaled cuboid.

Finally, a flap extended from one side of her body and flipped over to conceal her pussy. Where it met her other side, there was a click as a newly-formed press-stud (formed of both her nipples) joined together.

With that, the former dragon dropped to the ground and lay there steaming, a luxurious dragon-leather handbag... and nothing more.

Giggling, Panchira snatched it up and snapped it open, thrusting her fist into what had been Lucoa's pussy. Screams of tortured ecstasy sounded from the handbag's mind as she wiggled her fingers about.

"Purrfect," said Panchira, kicking off Elma. Picking the new shoes up, she stuffed them inside Lucoa and tossed the pair into the pile with the others without a second thought. "Now, where are we heading nyext, nya?"

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They arrived at the next world in line with a sound like a dying turbine. "Welcome to Planet SWORD-9174," said Seigu, scratching an ear.

Panchira rubbed her hands together in amusement. "Fufufu, let's get started, nya."

In minutes, a bright pink light filled the bridge as three individuals filled the tanks at its center. Finally, it faded to reveal three individuals: one slender with long, red hair; one blonde with a curvaceous figure; and one slim with short, cyan locks. As one, they gasped in shock and pounded at their confinement.

"Asuna Yuuki, Leafa, and Sinon Asada," read Seigu.

Panchira licked her lips. "Aw, it's always good to see some nyew prey, nya. Let's get started..." She bounced over to Asuna, who flinched back, wincing in fear. "Hmm, nyou're supposed to be the most popular, but I find nyou kinda vanilla, nya. I would just throw nyou in the Juicer, but I expect my clientele would be disappointed if I didn't do *something* with nyou, so... Let's try *this*. *Boop!*"

Asuna screamed, body quaking as the energy of the pointer coursed through her. In an instant, it turned her clothes to goo and exposed her naked body, stroking her breasts and thighs with its glinting arcs of light. Asuna herself withed, screwing up her face as juices spurted from her pussy.

Dripping from her thighs, her molten clothes formed a puddle beneath her. In the light of the pointer, it turned silver and welled, a rod of steel shooting from its center to spear Asuna right in the pussy.

As she threw back her head in a wild moan of pleasure, the redhead froze, body turned instantly rigid. Her eyes shook in their sockets as curves started to pulse, boobs and buttocks bloating like balloons on the pump. In seconds they swelled to three or more times their former size, jiggling in the face of the pointer's energy...

...before they froze, turned instantly to fiberglass. Asuna moaned. The change spread rapidly outward. As it reached her sex, drying her pussy up instantly, fresh tears burst from her shaking eyes as if to make up for the reduction in fluid below.

In the other tanks, Leafa and Sinon screamed.

Despite their horror, the transformation didn't slow down, however. Washing over Asuna's chin, it spread rapidly to her face, where it smothered her panicked features. The last thing to go was her eyes, which had one last moment of panic before they turned to solid fiberglass.

Finally, seams wove their way around her limbs and neck and torso, and with that the pointer's light died away. Asuna stood steaming in her neck, a normal mannequin caught frozen in a pose of utter ecstasy.

Giggling, Panchira pulled her out and gave her frozen breasts a little stroke. Asuna, trapped in a state of lust, screamed at the feeling of being touched.

Planting aside nearby, Panchira turned her attention to the remaining girls from SWORD. "Nyow for nyou two," she said. "I think nyou've got much more potential than that boring redhead ever did. Let's see... I think I'll start with nyou first, nya." She pointed at Leafa, who flinched back, eyes full of tears. "I already know what to do with a busty blonde like *nyou*. Fufufu. *Boop!*"

Leafa squealed.

In a flash of pink light, her clothing vanished, incinerated, and her naked body floated into the air, suspended by a trapeze of glowing lines. They seized her limbs and pulled them back, wrapped around her breasts and squeezed them, holding her like a piece of clothing on the hanger.

Whimpering as much in delight as in fear, Leafa found herself changing. Curling back, her legs fused by the feet before thinning out, shriveling, spreading out to form a pair of straps joined by two plastic clasps.

Her arms, in turn, did something very similar. Puppeted by the pointer, they arched over her shoulders to meet up her ankles, thinning into a pair of slender straps in the process. As she lost control of her thighs, Leafa thrashed and screamed in panic, but her cries cut off abruptly as the tank turned its powers on her head...

With one last feeble scream, Leafa's head turned a pale green and collapsed in on itself, sinking into her neck and vanishing into her torso. What remained of her lower body followed suit, sucked up into her chest, which was rapidly flattening out, leaving little behind save the curve of her breasts.

Slowly, what remained of her turned that same pale shade of green, and a bright white flower appeared to mark her right boob. With that, Leafa dropped to the ground, silent, inanimate, and steaming: a simple light bra with a cute flower decorating its right cup.

Smirking, Panchira snatched it up and turned to Sinon. "Mmm~, purrfect. She looks amazing, doesn't she, nya? Fufufu, what do nyou think? I hope nyou like her, because I nyeed a pair of panties to complete the set~."

Panchira couldn't hear Sinon's reply through the hardlight of the glance, but it wasn't hard to lipread a 'no!'.  
  
*"Boop!"*

Sinon's scream couldn't really be heard either.

Throwing back her head, Sinon thrashed in the embrace of the lightning, body quaking, hairs on end, tears spilling from her eyes and juices from her pussy. Sniveling, she shot into the air, threw back her arms and curled up her legs. Where they met, they fused, melded together into one inseparable mass of fabric. Sinon whimpered that much louder as she struggled to pull them apart.

Inch by inch, Sinon's limbs turned green and flattened into the slender straps of a pair of panties, while the rest of her body struggled to retain its shape too. Sinon moaned and shook as her head sank into her neck, her entire flattening into a simple piece of fabric. No matter how hard she struggled, it had little effect.

Finally, Sinon's face vanished into the depths of her fabricized chest as if under the water, and what remained of her flattened out and ceased moving. Cyan frills sprouted along her hem, and with that, Sinon dropped: a normal pair of panties.

“Fufufu.” Tail flexing, Panchira stooped and snatched them out. Slipping a finger through a shaft, she spun them around and smirked at Sinon’s screaming. To the new pair of panties, it felt as if Panchira were fingering her. “Fufufu, if nyou like *this*, just wait until someone tries nyou on. Speaking of...”

Turning to Asuna, she threw Leafa and Sinon both into the air and—before they had chance to fall even a centimeter—whipped out her pointer. *Zzap!*

Panties and bra both vanished... to reappear around their friend’s curves, stretched tight by her swollen bust and hips. Three screams of psychic lust made Panchira’s ears twitch. Licking her lips, she smirked in amusement. “Purrfect, nya. What a wonderful display.”

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Another Earth filled the *Kitty Hawk*’s main monitor. This was one of the more extreme ones they’d seen so far, with continents of widely different shapes to the norm.

“Welcome to Planet COLOR-3492,” said Seigu, suppressing a yawn. “We have a lot of special prey on the menu here, nya. Do nyou have any nyou particularly want, or should I bring them all up?”

“Nyo, nyo, bring them all,” said Panchira.

In a series of flashes, women of every type and color filled the many, many tanks Seigu had prepared for them. Some were short, some were tall, some dark-haired and some light. Some even had animal parts, like cat’s ears and rabbit’s tails. Their only common trait was their obvious fear.

At the front of the crowd of entrapped women were four girls: one red-haired, one white, one dark-haired, and one blonde. In unison, they shied back at her approach.

“Hmm,” said Panchira, tapping her chin.

“Well,” said Seigu. “Which ones are nyou keeping?”

Panchira skipped over to her. “Let’s see,” she said, studying Seigu’s monitor. “This one... this one... aaaand this one.”

With a *schunk*, the bottoms of all but three of the tanks fell away, and all but three of the gathered women dropped screaming out of sight and down into the tender embrace of Juicing. Among them were the four at the head of the crowd, who squealed and flailed desperately as they dropped out of sight.

The three remaining women stared at the carnage around them in horror: two of them had blonde hair, one with bunny ears and one a beret; while the other was blonde with glasses and a curvaceous figure.

“Coco Adel, Velvet, and Glynda Goodwitch,” read Seigu, casually pulling up a live feed of Juicing, where the trio’s fellow abductees were already plugged tight and wet.

Clapping her hands, Panchira bounced back down to join the three in the tanks. “Much better, nya. Nyow that we’ve gotten rid of all the riff-raff, I can focus on the diamonds in the rough. Fufufu.” She spun to face Coco. “Nyou know like a kindred spirit, nya. Tell me, if nyou could be any item of clothing, what would it be, nya?”

Coco’s mouth opened and closed as if she didn’t understand what she was hearing. Finally, she said something, though the muffling effect of the hardlight made it impossible to tell if it was an answer or a protest.

“Nyevermind,” said Panchira, waving a hand dismissively. “I know *exactly* what to do with nyou, nya~. Fufufu.”

The pointer beam struck Coco’s scalp. She screamed, as did her companions in the other tank.

With a flash, Coco’s expensive if unprey-made (and therefore worthless) clothing vanished, turned to air. As she struggled to conceal her naked body, the energy seized her and wrenched her into the air. She squealed as it spun her around like a plaything.

Holding her upside down, the light spread her legs and exposed her glistening pussy. She moaned as it tickled her clit, arcs of pink lightning danced around her lips. Energized, her pussy stretched into a long, thin opening, flap forming inside as well. Coco screamed, lost in delight at the feeling.

Slowly, the huntress’s skin changed its tone, turning a dark, carrot orange. Her arms and legs crumpled into her torso, as did her head a second later, sinking into her neck with a final, feeble squeal. For a moment, she hung in the air, slowly crumpling, her body squeezed by an invisible vice into a hand-sized, orange cuboid.

Finally, two rows of brass teeth appeared between her former lower lips, and her clit became a zip to pull them together, binding them tight. This done, the pointer snapped off with a *zzzip*, and Coco Adel dropped to the floor of the tank, no longer a living human but a simple orange purse, highly fashionable.

Smirking, Panchira reached in and grabbed her. “Fufufu,” she said, pinching Coco’s zip. “Nyou’re going to love it when nyour future owner uses nyou, nya.” Giggling, she seized and unzipped her, wiggling her fingers inside for good measure. Coco’s screams of delight made bit her lip in lust.

Throwing Coco onto the growing pile of accessories, Panchira turned her gaze on a quivering Velvet and a stern-faced Glynda. “Let’s nyou nyext,” she said to the former. “Nyour fear is making me so wet I just can’t ignore nyou. Fufu.”

Summoning the console of Velvet's tank, she stroked the settings. "I have an idea for nyou already, nya, but it's so obvious I don't know if I should go through with it." She giggled. "Aw, to the Abyss with it, nya. Let's do it~. Boop!"

Velvet's silent scream filled her tank. In a flash, her clothing vanished, burnt to ashes, and she squealed, struggling desperately to clasp her exposed flesh.

As she fought, tendrils of pointer-light coiled around the tops of her arms, her waist, her chest and other places besides. Velvet screamed as they tightened, crushing her like a juice carton, till at last—with a series of pops—she split into ten or so fragments.

For a moment, these pieces of Velvet hung separately in the air—there was no blood, no gore, only smooth flesh at their end, but this was obviously poor consolation to the rabbit faunus herself.

Fortunately, Panchira didn't have to hear her screams for long. One by one, Velvet's components ran like hot wax, melting and molding themselves into new shapes: her feet became a pair of high heels, her legs a pair of pantyhose. Her arms became two white gloves, while her torso became a dark, glossy bunny suit.

Her neck became a simple white collar, while her head turned into a matching bunny ear headband. They squirmed a little, the two of them all her other parts, just for a few instants before they dropped out of the air. They struck the floor with a sound like heavy rainfall.

The pointer's beam died with a *zzip*, and Panty reached into the tank to extract one of the steaming accessories. She settled on a glove, which she twirled around and slipped her fingers into with a chuckle. A silent scream of delight sounded from within as she pulled it taut and released it with a snap—most of Velvet's parts weren't mapped to particularly sensitive parts of her body, so Panchira had done her a favor and made everything as erogenous as her clit. She'd sure the faunus would have a *lot* of fun being worn.

With a flick of her wrist, she used a number of strings to snatch Velvet out of the tank and fling her into the pile with the others. "Nyou know, I don't nyormally like splitting prey into ensembles like this—it's far too much work keeping all the components together—but nyou were simply too good an opportunity to pass over, nya. Fufufu."

Tossing the last piece of Velvet into the heap, she turned her gaze on the last woman in the tanks: Glynda. "Nyow for nyou, nya. I'll admit, I have fewer ideas for nyou than I like."

She pressed her face against the hardlight, stroking it in place of Glynda's own curvaceous figure. The woman flinched back, face wrinkled in disgust.

Panty licked her lips. "For someone with such an erotic body, nyou're surprisingly chaste, aren't nyou? I bet nyou'd hate being made into something sexual, wouldn't nyou, nya...? Fufufu. How about a..." She grinned. "Nyes, that'll do nyicely. *Boop!*"

Pink lightning coursed through Glynda's exposed body. With a scream, she threw herself against the side of the tank, pounding it with her fist even as she bit her lip to keep herself from cumming.

With a flash, her tight clothing vanished, and the sensual body beneath it spilled out into the world, jiggling and bouncing as the pointer's beam excited it. Glynda herself thrashed, slamming into the walls of the tank in desperation to escape it.

All of a sudden, she snapped straight. With a final, feeble whimper, she slammed her arms against her sides, her legs together, and went silent, still save for the twitching of her eyes.

Slowly, as if suffering frostbite, Glynda's toes turned black. Not a rough black, but a sleek glossy black, like that of the darkest latex. Trembling, it flowed up her feet, swallowing her ankles and spreading rapidly up her legs. Glynda could only shiver, unable to scream, as it consumed her.

Reaching the trapped woman's thighs, the change subsumed her pussy: turning her lips dark and glossy for the instant before it snapped them shut. Having paved over her sex, leaving only a smooth patch of latex, the transformation rolled up over her stomach and up, up, up...

Glynda trembled, tears pouring from her ears, as it washed her breasts and wiped away her nipples, leaving only two smooth black curves in their place. Reaching her shoulders, it spread rapidly down her arms and flowed slowly up her neck, as if taking its time to tease her as it worked over her jaw. When it reached her lips, she managed a single squeak. Only a single, before it smoothed them out and moved onto the rest of her features.

Having blindfolded her eyes, the transformation turned her hair into a thousand strands of glossy latex that melded rapidly with her head, leaving her looking bald. Finally, her former lips plunged into a single sphere around the size of a golf ball, and chains of latex sprouted from its sides, weaving their way around her head and down and around the rest of her changing body. Similar restraints appeared all over her, binding her body tighter, tighter, even as it began to deflate. With a final quiver, Glynda sagged to the floor of the tank, hollowed out, reduced to an empty latex suit.

With a *zzip*, the light died. Panchira giggled. Reaching in, she grabbed the new gimp suit and held her up for inspection. "Fufufu, purrfect, nya. Nyou'll make the purrfect complement to some subby little maid. Oh, just imagine how nyou'll feel when her owner strikes her buttocks through nyou. Just imagine her muffled screams resonating with nyour own."

"Sorry, I'm having a little trouble imagining things at the moment. Could nyou maybe put her on? That would probably help, nya"

"Hmm, well, since nyou asked nyicely... Nyou promise nyou won't just tie me up and leave me though, nya?"

"On Mom's life," said Seigu, crossing her heart.



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“Mmmphf! Mmmphf!” Panchira squealed and shook on the floor of the bridge as the *Kitty Hawk* exited the pussy hole.

“Ah, we’re here,” said Seigu, “welcome to Planet DATE-1503.” She flicked her pointer finger at Panchira, undoing the gimp suit with a beam of bright pink energy.

As Panchira gasped for air, the tanks in the center of the chamber shifted, splitting and fusing until they were exactly eleven remaining. In a bright flash of pink light, multiple girls filled them once again, all as varied as Panchira’s previous pickings. As one, they pounded on the walls or shied back, clutching themselves in fear.

Tail flexing, Pachira advanced, pressing her face against the tank of a short redhead and cooing in amusement. “Oooh, I don’t know what to do, nya. I would like to use all of nyou, but I’m running out of time...”

In the captain’s seat, Seigu frowned. “I can pick some for nyou if nyou like...”

“Nyo, nyo, I know which ones I want. I’m just doing a routine, nya.”

Seigu rolled her eyes. “In that case, can nyou skip it? We don’t have infinite time, nya.”

Panchira huffed. “Nyes, nyes, whatever nyou say, nya.” She waved her hands dismissively. “Let’s see... I’d like to keep these three.” She pointed out a girl with long black hair tied by ribbons, another with dark hair and a clock for an eye, and a third with bright white locks and a completely blank expression.

“Tohka Yatogami, Kurumi Tokisaki, and Origami Tobiichi,” read Seigu. “Done.” She tapped a key.

With a whoosh, the floors of all the other tanks opened, and the remaining girls dropped screaming, down, down to Juicing and all the fun it involved. “Enjoy~,” said Seigu beneath her breath.

The remaining girls whimpered in horror or pounded on the hardlight and demanded to know what was happening. Seeing Tohka shy back in horror, Panchira decided to start with her. “What’s the matter, nya? Nyou look like nyou’re a little confused. Don’t nyou know what’s going on?”

Tohka snapped to face her and shook her head feebly.

Panchira smiled, all fangs. “I’m here to make clothing, nya, and nyou’re my piece of fabric. So, what would nyou like to become? How about a frilly dress? Or a cute skirt? Or maybe nyou’d like to be something saucier... Maybe a nyice pair of panties?”

Tears spilling from her eyes, Tohka pushed away, whimpering. Panchira merely laughed. “Nyo, nyevermind. I know exactly what to do with a cute little princess like nyou, nya. *Boop!*”

Tohka’s screams filled the bridge as she writhed in the pointer’s light.

In a flash of pink flame, her clothing vanished, snatched away, freeing the light to roam all over her form. She squealed and writhed, struggling in its influence, moaning as it tickled her curves and sucked her struggling into the air.

With a scream of horror, Tohka threw her legs inhumanely wide, and they curled behind her to meet up, feet against feet. As she whimpered and squirmed, her arms arched back to join them, stretching unnaturally over her shoulders to join up with her thighs. A fearful whimper escaped her lips as they made contact.

Stretching, the long locks of Tohka’s hair wove their way around her arms and legs, fusing with them each as they shriveled into the tight straps of the piece of lingerie she was becoming. The rest of her, on the other hand, assumed a shade of pink. With every passing second, it grew a little darker, till she’d taken on the color of her own missing ribbons.

As the color reached Tohka’s face, her features vanished beneath as if smothered by a blanket. She struggled to moan, to push herself free of it, but she achieved little more than making Panchira snicker.

Finally, Tohka’s face vanished beneath the velvet, her head sank into her neck, and the rest of her shriveled rapidly. In the span of seconds, her entire body simply collapsed into her torso, leaving little of her former shape save her chest.

For a second, Tohka’s disembodied, fabricized boobs hung in the air, attached only by the straps of her former limbs. A moment later, they flattened as if hammered, reduced from a pair of breasts to two simple supports for them. Ribbons sprouted from her sides, flapping in the energy of the pointer, and with that it snapped off—she dropped to the floor and lay there squirming.

Panchira snatched her up with a smile. “Mmm~, nyou came out looking so pretty, nya.” Licking her lips, she ran her fingers over Tohka’s cups, turning the former Spirit’s pleas for mercy into little moans of delight.

Chuckling, Panchira tossed her aside. “Nyow, who’s nyext, nya?” Her eyes locked a white-faced Origami. “How about nyou...?”

Sidling up to her, she pressed her body against the hardlight, squeezing her boobs flat even as Origami backed away. “I bet nyou’d like to be something saucy too, wouldn’t nyou, nya?”

Origami flushed, shaking her head and insisting otherwise, though the hardlight kept Panchira from hearing.

“Fufufu, why don’t we go for anyother ensemble, nya? I bet nyou’d make a pretty pair of panties.”

Origami gaped.

“Boop!”

A bolt of bubblegum lightning struck the white-haired girl, blasting her clothes into a thousand burning scraps in an instant. With a feeble whimper, Origami threw back her arms and legs, trembling as her hands twinned together and her toes fused to her palms. As they shriveled, flattening out, her hair stretched and wove around them and melded with them in turn. Origami moaned.

As Panchira licked her lips and resisted the urge to play with her, a shade of bright white, the same shade as Origami's hair, washed over the schoolgirl's form and smothered everything else beneath it. Her features ran, melting into one another like candle wax, till at last her head sank into her neck and vanished entirely from the world. The rest of her body didn't last long after that, collapsing in on itself like a deflating balloon till all that remained was a feeble strip of fabric, bright white with blue frills and twitching in silent terror.

With a *zzip!*, the pointer died, and the new pair of panties dropped to the ground, steaming.

“Purrfect,” said Panchira. Reaching in, she scooped them up.

Origami's pleas for mercy washed through her head as she gave the pair a stretch, each touch of her fingers sending a fresh shock of ecstasy rolling through the former schoolgirl's body. As Origami's begging turned to moans, Panchira laughed and cast her aside without a thought. She had one last person to deal with, of course.

Her eyes settled on Kurumi. “Last but nyot least. Nyou're a fan of cats, aren't nyou, nya? Would nyou like to pet me? I bet nyou'd love to scratch my ears, wouldn't nyou?” Her ears flicked as Kurumi grit her teeth and glared at her. “Maybe I should make nyou into a nyice pair of gloves for someone else to pet me with~.” She chuckled. “Or maybe nyot. Maybe nyou'd prefer to be something sexy too~.”

She leaned in even closer, making Kurumi step back. “Nyes, I know just what to do with nyou, nya~. Fufufufu. *Boop!*”

Pink lightning filled the bridge once again. Kurumi screamed as her elegant dress turned to fire and vanished, eaten away in an instant. Beneath it, her body sparkled, exposed and slick. Tendrils of sticking light wove their way down her flesh, coiling around her curves as they sought to encompass her. Where they passed, Kurumi's skin took on a new tone, darkening until it resembled her former clothes. Gritting her teeth, she hissed at Panchira.

The Bakeneko simply laughed.

As they finished their work on her flesh, the tendrils of light unwound into a haze of peach sparks, and Kurumi's legs shriveled, toes sinking into her feet. Staring at herself, she gaped in sudden horror, all the power to resist vanishing from her face. Panchira chuckled.

Slowly, inch by inch, Kurumi's legs folded in on themselves till nothing remained save a pair of stumps. Her arms did the opposite, stretching tall and thin and curving back to touch her shoulders. Her hair coiled around them and fused, leaving her with a pair of straps and nothing more.

As Kurumi gasped and cried out in shock, her head snapped back and her mouth opened wide. It continued to stretch, crumpling the rest of her face around, while her vagina did something very similar down below. Larger and larger, they grew with the second, crushing away Kurumi's head and groin, till she'd become little more than a tube of fabric with two smaller holes for arms on the side.

What remained of Kurumi twitched a few times and turned translucent, shivering as it squeezed itself into a slightly less formless shape. Her new body resembled her torso, at least superficially. If nothing else, she'd retained her breasts—if only as a pair of large cups.

With a *zip*, the pointer light died, and Kurumi crumpled to the floor and lay there twitching. Panchira chuckled as she reached in and picked her up. “Mmm~, nyou came out so smooth and silky, nya.”

Kurumi screamed at her in inanimate silence.

Snickering, Panty stuffed an arm through Kurumi's vagina-turned-hem, turning the former Spirit's screams of anger to moans of utter ecstasy as she wiggled her arm around inside her. “Enjoy that? Nyow imagine what it'll feel like when some cute kitty wears nyou. Way better than just petting one, I'm sure. Fufu.”

She cast the former Spirit into the pile with a laugh.

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The latest in a long series of Earths filled the *Kitty Hawk's* screen, clouds swirling around its continents and oceans. Panchira licked her lips at the sight, like a gourmet faced with a particularly enticing meal.

“Here we are, CLOTH-1531,” said Seigu, absently fondling herself to a livefeed of the Juicing Tanks. “Nyour favorite.”

Panchira clapped her hands excitedly. “It really is! It's so thematic.” Laughing, she checked her watch, whose legs were spread at a late hour. “Tch. I'd love to stay and play here for a while, but we're running out of time. Let's try and hurry up.”

Tapping away, Seigu prepared three tanks and filled them with three shocked young women. One's hair was pure black, one's black with a red stripe, while the last's was pink as the light that had brought her here. Strangely, all three were already naked, as they realized with a series of startled squeals.

“Sorry,” said Seigu, suppressing a chuckle. “Standard biohazard procedure. We wouldn't want any alien parasites on our ship nyow, would we, nya?”

Smirking, Panchira approached the tanks, pressing a hand against the hardlight containing the girl with pure black hair. "Mmm~, hello again, Satsuki~. It's been so long since the two of us have seen one another. I suppose I could have dug the last copy of nyou I met out of my closet, but I thought it made more sense to try and find a fresh one." She giggled.

Satsuki, the only one who hadn't tried to conceal her body, stared at Panchira in incomprehension.

"I wonder what I should do with *this* version of nyou," said Panchira, tapping her chin. "I feel like it should be something really special, but I just can't decide..." She chuckled. "Maybe a cute pair of panties? Or a frilly bra? Or a tight black dress? Ah, it's so hard to choose, nya." She sighed. And a smile came to her face. "Nyevermind. I know exactly what to do with nyou three... Since nyou like skimpy clothing so much, why don't I make nyou into...?"

With a final, delicious smirk, she drew up the command console of the tanks and tapped in a few new settings.

A hideous squelching sounded as the three tanks slid together and squeezed tight, merging with an audible pop, like three long, tubular bubbles. The three girls inside squealed as their naked bodies crashed into one another.

Unfortunately for the three, the new tank wasn't finished. Instead of simply stopping as it was—a single tank the size of three—it continued to shrink, squeezing the girls inside together. Muffled moans sounded from inside as Ryuko's head smushed into Satsuku's chest and Nono found her own breasts squished against Ryuko's butt.

With a chuckle, Panchira adjusted the settings again. The three girls gasped as the tank expanded, freeing them to part. "Don't worry, nya, we're nyot done nyet."

Before the three had a chance to recover, Panchira hit the button to start again. With a *zzaaap!*, a screaming beam slammed into the trio's bodies and wrenched them into the air. They moaned, faces red, pussies pouring, as it posed them in a triangle formation with Satsuki and Ryuko at the bottom and Nonon floating at the top.

Seizing Satsuki and Ryuko's bodies, the pointer spread their legs and slammed their dripping pussies together. The two opened wide to moan, which was convenient: the pointer took the chance to take their heads and slam their lips onto Nonon's rock-hard nipples. Three screams, two muffled, filled the tanks.

Finally, the pointer seized Nonon's hands, extended two fingers of each, and curled them around the back of her scissoring partners to slam them deep into Ryuko's and Satsuki's assholes. The three shook, trembling and moaned as Nonon worked and the others sucked.

Panchira chuckled.

As the three girls in the tanks unwillingly scissored and fingered and sucked, the pointer holding them in the air tightened its grip on their bodies, squeezing them together like a trio

of dolls. Instead of moaning in pain, they squealed in heightened lust, bodies deforming like clay in a potter's hands. Their screams of delight only became that much louder.

Tail flicking in amusement, Panchira watched as the pointer continued squishing, squeezing the former trio into a single, indistinguishable lump of squirming, sweat-soaked flesh. It shook in the pointer's grip, faint moans still emanating from inside.

Taking this piece of erotic dough, the pointer worked it flat and tight, slowly rolling it into a growing length of twitching, mewling flesh-thread, which it took and wove with eager energy. Panchira's ears twitched in delight at the screams sounding from inside it as the tank took what had become of the trio's bodies and knitted it into something plush and comfy. Inch by inch, the garment took shape, the threads turning scarlet as they assumed the right position.

At last, the pointer snapped off, and the object dropped to the ground, still steaming. Panchira's pussy poured as she hurried to snatch it up. Oooh, she couldn't wait to try it on.

Face red, she held the garment up, licking her lips at the sounds coming from inside it. In her hands she held a plush virgin killer sweater: deep red, with a back that dropped almost all the way to the hem and a gigantic cleavage window in the shape of a cat's head.

Steam rising from her own head, Panchira pinned the outfit to the air and hurried to throw off her clothes. All of them, even her socks and shoes. This done, she snatched the sweater up again, hugged it to her exposed chest, and hurried to put it on.

As she put her head through its skirt, three tangled screams of utter, erotic delight sounded from all around her.

Giggling, Panchira wiggled in a little deeper.

Around her, Ryuko, Satsuki, and Nonon wailed in the utter bliss of their entwined bodies. Threaded inseparably tight, their erogenous regions stitched together in the world's closest threesome, they could only moan in their shared headscape as Panchira's touch sent jolts of ecstasy coursing through their nerves. Each little twinge of delight, they picked up and shared among themselves, amplified to orgasmic degrees. When she slipped her arms through their holes, their trapped minds all but collapsed in delight.

Panchira's head wiggled through their neckhole with a pop, earning a mindless scream of ecstasy from her sweater. "Nyaah~," she said, pulling it down tight and adjusting the chest so it best displayed her boobs. She normally kept herself pretty flat by Bakeneko standards, but for an outfit like this...

Taking a deep breath, Panchira willed herself to inflate. Her boobs swelled with fresh fat till they strained to pop through the window of the sweater. Its trapped minds roiled in delight, losing themselves in the warmth of her new chest. She might as well have been making them suck her nipples.

“Purrfect,” said Panchira, running her hands down her new sweater. “Oooh, I’m going to wear nyou everywhere, nya. Nyou’ll be on the cover of every fashion mag in the Empire within hours.”

In the captain’s chair, Seigu tapped her fingers. “Finished?” she asked. “Good. I think it’s about time we head home...”

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Panchira snarled to herself as she strolled through the saucer, heels cracking against the floor like the whip of an angry slaver.

Nyah! How could it have ended this way?! The trip had been going so well: they’d visited all the Earths on her list, picking out a whole ensemble of new items for her to sell at her boutique or add to her personal wardrobe. What’s more, it had given her so much inspiration! She already had plans to visit neighboring universes and lavish her attention on those prey who’d been condemned to the Juicers during this trip. She had so many excellent new ideas she wanted to try out!

So how could it all have gone wrong at such a late stage?

With a groan, Panty approached a nearby door and—when it didn’t open fast enough on its own—sliced it open with a swing of her claws.

An empty storeroom stared back at her. Panchira groaned.

Where was the exit? Nyaaah! Why hadn’t Seigu stopped her from walking?!