

Yurika's Clever Plan (Clothing TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma!?)

Yurika's hands tightened on her staff as she approached Room 106, the floorboards creaking beneath her feet with every nervous step. "J-just a little further, Yurika," she told herself, looking back to check she wasn't being followed. "Almost there."

The door of Room 106 loomed before her like a monolith, its pitiless surface threatening to smother her. Swallowing, Yurika planted her hand on the cool brass of the handle, tightened her grip, and gave it a turn. "Hello?" she called, as she opened it. "Is anyone here...?"

No one answered. She poked her head through the gap. "Anyone...?" Silence. The room stood as empty as a nun's womb.

Yurika's pounding heart slowed, just a little. She took a deep breath and stepped inside, closing the door behind her. "T-time to go through with your plan, Yurika," she said, placing the head of her staff against the floorboards and tracing a strange sigil. In its wake it left a faint glow, like luminescent paint, which lasted for all of a second before evaporating.

She bit her lip, her heart picking up the pace again. This was it! She was finally doing it. She was finally staking her claim on the room...

With one last scrap of her staff against the wood, she finished the sign. It flashed once last time and vanished, utterly undetectable.

Stepping back, she released her breath and started to chant the words of a simple invisibility spell.

Now all she had to do was wait, and Room 106 would be hers...

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Almost a full hour passed before the Room had another visitor. Tucked into the corner, hidden from the world, Yurika screwed her legs together and wiggled her butt, wishing she'd thought to use the toilet before she came here.

Just as she was about to run in search of one, she heard the creak of floorboards from the landing outside. She froze, snapping upright, and swallowed, heart thudding in anticipation. They were here! Someone was finally here!

The doorknob turned. The door swung open with a creak. "Hello?" called a familiar voice. "Is someone in here?"

Is that...?

The door opened in full, and who should step into the room but Kiriha Kurano—daughter of the chief of the People of the Earth—in all her curvaceous glory. Yurika's eyes couldn't help

but fall to the underground dweller's chest. Her prodigious, bouncy chest, tucked snugly into her miko outfit. She bit her lip and smoldered in envy.

Looking around, Kiriha frowned. "Strange," she said. "I wonder why the door was left unlocked. Well, I suppose that doesn't matter now." With a shrug, she stepped into the room proper...

...and her foot slammed straight into Yurika's sigil.

With a *zap!*, light filled the room. Kiriha drew back with a gasp, eyes wide in shock, as arcs of magical lightning coursed from the sigil and up her legs, raising her hair with its intensity. "Wh-?!"

Hidden in the corner, Yurika suppressed a giggle.

With a flash, Kiriha's clothing ignited and was instantly incinerated, leaving her standing there in the nude with her eyes wide and everything exposed. "E-eh?!" Squealing, she hurried to cover herself, wrapping her arm around her breasts and covering her sex. Yurika, looking over, struggled to keep from blushing.

A Kiriha looked around for some means of escape, the spell arced between her and the ceiling like a puppeteer's strings, and she shot into the air with a high-pitched squeal. "Let me go! Release me!"

Yurika's heart thudded. *Here it goes!*

Grabbing Kiriha's legs, the spell wrenched them back and joined them up behind her, entangling her toes as if they were made of rubber. As she squealed, it took her arms and bent them up and over her shoulders, curling them around to meet up with her legs, with which it tied her fingers with the dexterity of a sailor.

"Nn~!" screwing up her eyes, Kiriha struggled and moaned. "You—you'll pay for this!" Shaking, she thrashed, but the spell held her firm. Yurika suppressed a little laugh.

Just as it seemed Kiriha's situation couldn't grow any more embarrassing, her chest pulsed as if about to explode. Looking down, she squealed to see her boobs expanding, blown so large she could only moan. "Wh-what are you doing to me?! Stop! Stop!"

As her breasts grew, the rest of her seemed to shrivel a little, as if all the mass they were gaining were being drawn from elsewhere. Eyes rolling back, she released one last feeble cry, and with that her head melted into her torso. It, in turn, vanished into her breasts, and soon nothing remained of her save her boobs and her limbs.

She continued to shrink, her entire body compacting. Her boobs, flattened out into a pair of soft cups, and her limbs shrivel into straps. Little details: orange ribbons, flame patterns, and magatama appeared on her plain white fabric—the only sign of her former identity to remain.

Finally, the crackle of the magic died away, and with one last sad moan, Kiriha slumped to the ground: a normal, if very fancy, bra.

Yurika's heart pounded so hard it hurt. *It worked! It worked!* she thought. Giggling to herself, she used her staff to scoop the new bra up. Holding her by the straps, she raised her to her face and gave her an enormous smirk. "Hello, Kiriha~. You're not much of an invader now, are you?"

(Y-Yurika?! Turn me back! When I get back to normal, I'm going to—!)

Ignoring her, Yurika stuffed her into her pocket. She thought she heard more noises from the landing. Sure enough, it wasn't long before she recognized the sound of two people talking.

"Let me, your Highness."

"Thank you, Ruth."

Yurika cocked her head and raised a hand to her ear. Was that—?

The door opened, and two familiar figures stepped inside: one short, blonde, and dressed in white, and one tall, dark-haired, and clad in navy blue.

"Hmm," said Princess Theiamillis Gre Fortorthe. "Does something seem off to you, Ruth?"

Ruthkhanian Nye Pardomshiha was a second in responding. "It does, your Highness. It almost feels like a trap..."

In the corner, Yurika froze. *How do they know?! How do they know?!*

Theia sniffed the air and looked around, frowning. "It almost smells as if Kiriha has been here," she said. "You don't think she'd prepare a trap for us, do you?"

"If anyone were to prepare a trap here, it would be her," said Ruth, studying the window. "Of all our competitors, she's the least suited for a physical confrontation. Frankly, we should have expected her to do so before now."

"Can you protect us?" asked Theia, cocking her head.

Ruth nodded. "Fortunately, I took this into account ahead of time, and prepared a variety of defenses against the underground dwellers' Spiritual Technology." Rummaging in her panties, she produced a pen-like device and pressed its button with a click. A wave of blue light filled the room.

"There," said Ruth, slipping the device away. "All Spiritual traps should now be neutralized."

"Excellent work, Ruth," said Theia, throwing her an impressed smile. "Well, shall we claim our prize?"

“Gladly,” said Ruth.

Yurika watched, unbelieving, as the pair strode into the room...

...and straight into her trap. *Zap!*

“Aii!” As one, Theia and Ruth squealed as their feet struck the sigil and its magical energy coursed up their legs to run through their bodies and incinerate their clothing, leaving them squealing and struggling to conceal themselves.

“Ruth! I thought you said you got rid of all the traps!”

“I did! It must be a different kind! M-maybe a magical—Nn~!” The pair’s voices cut out and their eyes rolled back in their sockets as the energy grounded itself in their sexes, forcing a cry of utter lust from their throats. Doubling over, they moaned, unable to control themselves.

Arcs of magical energy crackled between them and the ceiling, dragging them off the floor and holding them suspended in the air. Theia squealed and flapped; Ruth fought to regain control of herself. Neither accomplished much of either before the magic took control of them.

Grabbing Theia’s arms, the spell wrenched them forward and curled them together. It did something similar to her legs, taking them and bending them till it could twine her toes with her fingers like pieces of string.

At the same time, it forced an invisible arm into Ruth’s mouth, muffling her moans as it forced its way down her throat and into her belly. She squirmed around it like a fish on the hook, but no matter how hard she fought, she couldn’t pull herself off of it.

At Ruth struggled to escape, eyes shaking in their sockets, Theia found herself subject to an even more terrible experience: trembling, her body pulsed and started to flatten out, her head sinking slowly even her torso as it stretched into a larger piece of fabric. “Ruth! Ruth! Help me! Help—!” Her voice cut off as her lips fused together, and a second later her entire face simply melted away, absorbed into the stretching shape of her torso. Around it, her arms and her legs shriveled, thinning into straps.

Ruth, meanwhile, moaned as her own limbs collapsed in on themselves, stripped of all strength and rigidity and sucked into her torso till she could do little more than twitch. Grabbing her head, the spell wrenched it back and forced her mouth even wider, thrusting deep, deep inside her, till her whole body bulged with its girth.

Yurika blushed, rubbing her legs together a little. She hadn’t expected the magic to be *this* intense.

With one last little tear, Ruth’s features melted into her like Theia’s, and with that, her entire body collapsed in on itself, shrinking like a punctured balloon. Soon, she was no larger than Yurika’s lower legs, and a strange split had appeared down her front, as if she were an amoeba dividing herself in two.

Besides, Theia continued to shrink as well, growing smaller and smaller, skimpier and skimpier, until at last all vestiges of the Princess of Forthorthe were gone, and where she'd been remained nothing more than a pair of tight little panties decorated with her bows and ribbons. Dropping out of the air, she fluttered sadly to the floor.

With a *plop*, Ruth split in half and dropped too, falling from the air as a pair of complementary socks, dark blue. Together, the two of them landed in a messy pile on the ground, and with that, the magical energy finally faded.

Yurika took a few seconds to catch her breath. That had been way more intense than she'd been expecting!

Finally satisfied she wasn't going to have a heart attack, she used her staff to scoop Theia up and raise her by the straps. Looking at her, she couldn't keep herself from giggling. "I should have expected you'd become such a cute pair of panties, Princess."

(Yurika! You arrogant little...! Turn me back! I demand you turn us back!)

Stuffing her in her pocket, Yurika bent and scooped up Ruth.

(Nn~! St-stop touching me like that! Y-Yurika?! You're the one behind this? But that's not possible! My calculations said you'd never~Nnn~!) Giggling, Yurika slammed her two halves together and folded them.

"This trap has been a great success so far," she said, feeling shocking confident all of a sudden. "I can't believe I didn't think of this earlier!"

Grinning to herself, she had another amazing idea. "You know, you three all look like you're just my size... Why don't I try you on for good measure?"

(You wouldn't dare!)

Struggling to keep herself from bursting into laughter, Yurika placed her staff on the ground and started to strip off, kicking off her boots before removing her dress and placing it neatly in the corner. Left in only those items of clothing she intended to replace, she took a deep breath as she mustered up her courage. It was a little weird to be undressing in front of the others, but then again, they *were* her clothes now.

She picked up Kiriha first. Holding her by her straps, she raised her to her face and grinned at her, enjoying the idea of how she must be feeling.

Kiriha herself was enjoying it considerably less, of course: *Put me down!* she cried, fighting against the confinement of her own body. *Let me go! And turn me back!*

Her protests turned to squeaks of shock as Yurika unclasped her straps. *W-wait, you're not actually going to...! You're not actually going to put me on, are you?*

With a smug little grin, Yurika confirmed all her worse fears. Slipping her arms through Kiriha's straps, she made the underground dweller squeal at the feeling of them inside her. Transformed, she felt intensely, impossibly erogenous, so sensitive she wanted to scream at every slight little movement Yurika made. *Nn~! Enough! It's too much!*

Clasping Kiriha's straps, Yurika bent down and picked up Theiamillis. The princess squeaked inside as she rose, pleading for the magical girl to stop. *Yurika, please! I thought we were your friends!*

Unable to hear her—and having no intention of stopping anyway, Yurika lifted a leg and slammed it into Theia's holes. *Nn~!* Theia screamed as it forced its way through her, stretching her fabric till she felt certain she would burst. *Nn~! Stop! Please!*

Chuckling, Yurika lifted her other leg and forced that into her too. Theia's screams rose so high she could have shattered glass. As Yurika pulled her up, up, up her thighs and on towards her ass, Theia's moans of pleasure broke into a feeble desperation: *Please! Please, turn me back! I'll do anything! Anything! Just don't wear me! Don't—Mmmph!*

Her face crashed into Yurika's butt, her fabric slipping deep into their crack, and with that, she blacked out from sheer horror.

Yurika released her straps with an emphatic *snap*.

Down on the ground, Ruth trembled in indignation. *Th-Theia! Release her, you monster! Take her off this instant! Take her—Hey, get your hands off me!* As Yurika lifted her too, her protests became increasingly panicked. *L-let me go! Let me gooo!*

Ignoring her, Yurika raised a leg. With a soft *schlup* of flesh against fabric, it slammed into one of Ruth's hole and speared her from mouth to what had once been her anus. She screamed, mind exploding with the sensations. *Nnn~! NNNNN~! Ah!*

Yurika, of course, wasted no time in grabbing Ruth's other half and slipping her foot just as deeply inside it. Satisfied, she grabbed the mouths of both her socks, pinched hard, and tugged them tight, making Ruth scream a little louder in lust with each little motion. It felt as if she were swallowing the fattest, hardest—

“There,” said Yurika at last, releasing her final victim with a snap of fabric against flesh. “I can't believe how well this trap worked! A few more hours, and I'll be wearing the rest of the invaders too!” Laughing, she screwed up her eyes and bounced around the room, unable to quite believe how well her luck had turned. “I'm going to win! I'm actually going to win! I'm going to—!”

A terrible shock surged through her sole. Looking down, Yurika squealed to find herself standing on the sigil. “W-wait! No!”

To her horror, she found it wasn't just fear holding her in place. As she struggled to pull her leg free from the sigil, magical energy roared up her leg and through her form, making her teeth chatter and her eyes tremble in their sockets. “N-no!” *I need to cast a counterspell!* She

struggled to find the words, but the magic coursing through her made it impossible, and before she knew it, her lips had slammed shut, cutting off any chance of her saving herself. *No!*

Terrified, Yurika watched as her form moved on its end, bending into a position that better showed off her new clothes. Cocking her hips, she planted her hands on them and aimed her eyes at the door, inviting whoever entered to look her all over. *No!*

A wave of tingling started in her feet and rolled rapidly up her body. Where it passed, she found her completely frozen, her skin turned to solid fiberglass, smooth to the touch and utterly inanimate. *No!* As she struggled to escape, the change spread slowly up her legs, making her scream as it turned her vagina solid. *Nnn~! Stop!*

Arcs of lightning crackled between her and her staff, and shot towards her, warping as it did. By the time it arrived, it had become a stand with a wide, flat base, and wasted no time slamming its other end up her ass.

Yurika screamed.

Freezing her breasts, the transformation spread finally to her head, leaving her eyes blank and reducing her hair to a cheap wig. With that, the magic crackled around her one last time and faded, leaving her trapped in her embarrassing new shape: a cheap mannequin, perfect to display the very lingerie she was wearing.

Trapped in her own body, Yurika roiled in embarrassment. *Nn~! H-how did this happen?! Someone help me! Help me! Anyone...!*

The wind blew through the room; the door marked 106 slammed shut.