

Senpai Swimsuit

Plopping her ass on the changing room bench, Momo cringed at the smell of chlorine in the air and the sound of splashing water in the distance. Smoothing down her skirt, she swallowed and stood again. A part of her wanted to turn and run straight out of this awful place, but she couldn't muster the strength.

She couldn't muster the strength to get changed either, so she settled for standing exactly where she was and doing nothing. Not making a choice was so much easier than making one, so why bother? She could stay here forever. She liked the decor. Pink, in the women's changing room? So daring!

She was just about to burst into tears when the slap of bare feet against tiles sounded behind her. "There you are!"

Momo spun. "S-S-Senpai!"

"Momo!" said Hinata, putting her hands on her swimsuit-clad hips. "What are you still doing here? You were supposed to be in the pool fifteen minutes ago!"

"I—" Momo tried to find a response, failed, and settled for looking sheepishly at her feet instead. "...I-I couldn't find my swimsuit?"

Brushing a lock of long black hair out of her eyes, Hinata seized Momo's bag and took less than a second to extract the swimsuit inside it. "You mean *this* swimsuit?"

Momo swallowed. "N-no?"

Hinata pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed. "Okay, Momo, you're given me no choice. If you're still too afraid to get in the water, I'm going to have to resort to my last, er, resort." Stuffing Momo's swimsuit back into her bag, she tore a key off her wristband and marched across the room to the lockers.

Momo could only stand there, mouth agape. "L-last resort?" She quivered.

A few moments later, Senpai returned, carrying in her hand a little, star-tipped wand that looked as though it had been put together by a kindergartener. Momo was sure she could see the glue holding the star on.

"This," said Hinata, holding the wand up and shaking it, "is a Wand of Person-to-Cloth. Do you understand what that means?"

Momo shook her head feebly.

Hinata rolled her eyes. "Fine. It means, it can cast a spell that turns a person into clothing. You got that?"

As Momo processed Hinata's words, a terrible sense of fear overcame her. She shrank, shivering and whimpering. "You're going to turn me into clothes?!"

Hinata blinked. "What? No. I'm going to turn myself into clothes. Specifically, your swimsuit. If you wear me, I'll be able to give you lots of handy pointers and encouragement." She beamed.

"W-wear you?" Momo imagined what it would be like to have Senpai wrapped tight around her body and turned exactly the same shade of pink as the changing room's tiles. "I can't wear you! That's... that's so..." She gulped. "...Lewd."

Hinata rolled her eyes. "In what way is it lewd, Momo? We're both girls, aren't we? And neither of us are lesbians, right?"

A sharp breeze blew through the changing room, carrying a pair of discarded bikini bottoms. "...R-right," said Momo.

Senpai smiled. "Then there's nothing lewd about it. It's just one woman wearing her senpai. Nothing lewd about that at all." She grinned.

"R-right," repeated Momo. "Right. Right." She gulped. "S-so, how does it, um, work?"

Hinata cocked her head at the wand as if she'd never really thought about the question. "You know, I've no idea. I think you kinda just have to wiggle it about and—" She gave the wand a shake, causing the star at the tip to produce a shower of sparkles. "Oh, hey! It looks like it's working. Okay, okay, now I just have to tap the target on the head—" She tapped herself on the brow—

—and squealed as a bolt of lightning burst out of the wand and went coursing through her flesh.

Momo gasped and stepped back in horror as Senpai dropped the wand and grabbed her pussy, moaning in a manner that could most definitely be called lewd.

Eyes rolling back in their sockets, tongue sticking out of her mouth, Hinata scrambled at the crotch of her swimsuit till the whole vanished in a flash of blue fire, freeing her to stick her fingers into the pouring depths of her pussy. Standing there, she slipped them deep between her sodden, dripping lips and moaned as she started to shrivel, skin turning a deep shade of blue.

As Momo watched, heart pounding in her chest, her senpai's entire body turned the same dark navy color, and her head and limbs started to deflate, sinking into her torso. Over the span of several seconds, Hinata sank to her knees and collapsed into a pile of crumpled nylon on the floor. With a final squeal of lust, she went silent.

For several seconds, Momo simply stood looking down at her, heart pounding in shock, sweat dripping from her brow. *W-was that meant to happen?* She couldn't tell.

Finally, she mustered up enough courage to kick the sparking wand aside and pick her senpai up. The swimsuit—and it was definitely a swimsuit, no matter how human it had been half a minute ago—sparkled faintly as she raised it to her face. In every other respect, it appeared to be a normal one-piece.

Momo gulped. Now what? Should—should she put it on? Hinata had said that if she wore her they'd be able to talk, but... She studied the swimsuit's crotch and swallowed again. How could she wear her senpai?!

Dropping her arms, she looked around, hoping that someone would spring out of a cubicle or a locker or something to help her. When no one did, she raised the swimsuit again and frowned. "I guess I don't have much choice," she said, unsure if Hinata would hear her.

Hugging the swimsuit/her senpai to her chest, she scurried into one of the cubicles and hurried to strip off her clothes. As she folded them into a neat pile on the bench, she realized that Hinata might be able to see her and blushed afresh. Heart pounding, she undressed as quickly as she could.

Half a minute later, she was naked. Swallowing her fear, she picked the one-piece up and held it to her face again, hoping that Hinata would speak up or that some other miracle would occur to keep her from having to do this. It didn't.

Finally, with a gulp, Momo lowered the swimsuit, spread its neckhole wide, and raised a trembling leg

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Oooh, what happened to me? thought Hinata. She felt as if she'd just finished a Math lesson with Mr. Takahashi. Her whole body felt so... so stretched, so strained, so *strange*. Where was she?

As she tried to figure out the answer to this quandary, something pinched her sides and hauled up into the air as if she weighed nothing whatsoever. She tried to shriek and found she couldn't speak. She couldn't move her mouth at all, no matter how hard she tried to.

Panic welled inside her. She couldn't tell if she still had a heart, but she felt as if it was pounding hard. Where was she? What was happening to her?

A second later, the world turned and she found herself face to face with Momo. All at once, it came back to her: the changing room, Momo's fear of water, the wand... Oh God, she hadn't expected it to be quite so pleasurable... She thought of the way she'd... *played* with herself and would have turned red if she hadn't been an inanimate object. Why had no one warned her it would make her do *that?!*

As she struggled to bury the experience forever, the world shifted slightly again, and she realized Momo was naked. If she'd still had a throat, she would have gulped. She hadn't been expecting this part to be so lewd either.

Blushing, Momo raised her leg and slipped her foot into Hinata's open neckhole. As it entered her, the schoolgirl-turned-swimsuit experienced a flash of pleasure that roared through her mind and left her whimpering in her head. Oh God—it felt as if the world's fattest dildo had speared her from mouth to anus.

No sooner had she managed to overcome this sensation than Momo slipped her other leg inside, and the intensity of it doubled. Hinata's mind caught fire and burned. If she'd still had a mouth, she would have released the loudest scream possible.

Having slipped both her legs through Hinata's body, Momo proceeded to pinch her straps and pull her up, *hard*. Hinata tried to squeal as Momo's thighs crashed into her leg holes, stretching them tight. Just as she thought she'd dealt with this, Momo gave her another sharp tug upward, slamming her sex into Hinata's nylon crotch. To Hinata, the contact between them was electric—it felt like someone had plugged a live wire into her cunt.

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Pulling Hinata's body upward, Momo slipped her hands into Hinata's armholes, adjusted the straps with a pair of snaps, and shifted uncomfortably. The nylon squeezed her breasts painfully tight, no matter how she shifted them, and the swimsuit's crotch... Slipping a finger underneath it, she tried to adjust it, and finally gave up. Senpai or not, this thing was way too sm—

Aii!

Momo gasped and jumped back, almost slamming into the cubicle wall. "Senpai?" she asked, pale-faced.

She heard someone breathing hard, as if they just finished a marathon. Looking around she tried to figure out where the sound was coming from. It took her a moment to realize it was her chest. She looked down. "S-Senpai?"

The response was a moment in coming. *M-Momo?* came senpai's voice. She heard it in her head, as if it were her own thoughts, but at the same time there was an undeniable sense that the voice was coming from her swimsuit.

Can you hear me? asked the voice.

"Senpai?" she asked. "Is that you?"

Of course it is! said her senpai, still sounding a little breathless. *I-I told you we'd be able to communicate, didn't I?*

Momo gulped. "You did, senpai." She bit her lip. "Um, are you okay, senpai? You sound a little worn out."

Senpai's response was a moment in coming. *I'm fine!* she said at last. *I just wasn't fully prepared, that's all. It took me a little by surprise.*

Momo thought back to Senpai's face as she'd stuck her fingers into her sex and blushed at the thought. "Are you okay now?"

"Of course!" said Senpai, still sounding a little breathless. "Now come on, let's hurry up and get into the pool!"

Momo froze. In all the excitement, she'd forgotten the reason why Senpai wanted to turn into her swimsuit. She shivered.

Come on! said Senpai. *Hurry up!*

"R-right," replied Momo. Swallowing, she unlatched the cubicle door and made her way out towards the pool.

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As Momo made her way out of the changing room, Hinata tried to gather her concentration and take back her self-control.

It wasn't easy. Every step Momo took, every little move she made, it all shifted Hinata's flimsy new body, sending quakes of pleasure rolling through her form.

She was too tight—that was the problem. She could feel Momo's nipples digging into her fabric. Worse, she could feel *herself* digging into the lips of Momo's sex—it felt as though they were rubbing their pussies together and worse, as if hers had taste buds. The flavor of fish was undeniable.

The tightness amplified the effect of every little movement Momo made—Hinata was hugging her so tight she couldn't help but be affected.

At last, Momo came to a stop on the edge of the pool, and the low-key pleasure of being walked in faded. Hinata was about to sigh in relief when Momo pinched her chest, plucked it like a bowstring, and released it with a snap.

She had to mentally bite her tongue just to keep herself from screaming.

Wh-what did you do that for?

She practically felt Momo blush. "Sorry, senpai. It's just... you're a little bit tight on my chest..."

Hinata felt a sudden flash of annoyance at her kohai's swollen chest. Perhaps if the little scaredy-cat actually *did* her exercises... *You'll get used to it*, she said at last. *Now come on, into the water! Come on!*

The world lurched as Momo stepped forward. Looking down, Hinata watched as her kohai raised a leg and oh-so-delicately dipped it into the pool. And froze again.

Hinata sighed. *What was that? I told you to get into the pool, not to bathe your feet! Go on, get in!*

She felt Momo shiver. “O-okay.”

Momo dropped onto her knees and slipped onto her butt, a series of motions that sent quakes of pleasure rolling through Hinata’s form. Having accomplished this, Momo pushed herself forward, sliding her legs sloooowly into the water.

Hinata wanted to groan. This was torture. *Come on!*

With a little squeak, Momo jerked forward, flinging the both of them into the pool.

Water struck Hinata’s face like a slap. She felt it enter her, felt her nylon body sucking it up like a sponge and tasted what she could only assume was chlorine. She wanted to hack it up and spit it out, but of course she could do neither.

A second later, her chest breached the surface. From above her came a squeal; from beside her, the sound of Momo’s arm striking the water as she flailed.

Calm down! she cried, struggling to think through the waves of pleasure Momo’s movements were sending through her form. *Calm down! You’re alright!*

Slowly, Momo stopped flailing. If Hinata could have, she would have rolled her eyes—they weren’t even in the deep end yet!

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Momo’s heart pounded as she regained her balance. Stumbling backward, she grabbed the side of the pool for comfort and clung there, catching her breath. The stench of chlorine filled her nostrils. At this end of the pool, the water only came up to her waist, but she felt as if she were one bad move away from drowning all the same.

Okay, came Senpai’s voice, *are we all good now? Are you ready to continue?*

Momo gulped. “I-I don’t think I can—”

Oh come on! Momo, I turned myself into a swimsuit to help you, and you’re telling me you want to give up the second you enter the pool?

“N-no-no—”

Well, what are you waiting for then?

Momo looked around and shivered, trying to ignore the feeling in her crotch. Senpai kept shifting, rubbing against her clitoris. “What should I do first?”

How about a nice, easy length of breaststroke? You can handle that, can't you?

Momo gulped. "I-I guess so." Turning her gaze to the far end of the pool, she took a deep breath and whimpered. "I-I guess."

Great! Off you go then!

For several seconds, Momo remained frozen.

Momo...

Screwing up her eyes, Momo pulled down her goggles and dived.

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As her kohai started to swim, a fresh blast of pleasure struck Hinata's body. *Oh God*, she thought, wanting to bite her lip and whimper as Momo's arms swung and her legs kicked, each motion stretching and tugging Hinata's poor strained body and making her feel as though a giant vibe were shaking in each of her holes.

By the time Momo reached the far end of the pool, Hinata felt as though she'd been edging for half-an-hour. *Oh God*, she thought feebly, wishing she still had lungs so she could open wide and pant for breath.

"I-I did it!" said Momo, sounding annoyingly happy with herself.

Great job! thought Hinata, struggling to form words through her pleasure.

"What should I do next?" asked her kohai.

Hinata froze. What should she say? If she told Momo to continue, it might just bring her to orgasm, but if she told Momo to *stop*, then this entire exercise would be for nothing!

Why don't you try another length of breaststroke and we'll take things from there, okay?

"O-okay, Senpai!"

Hinata's world whirled as Momo kicked off the wall. The water struck her senpai at the same time as the pleasure.

Forty-five minutes later, Momo emerged from the pool feeling like a transformed woman herself. Still red-faced from the twenty lengths of butterfly she'd just completed, she pulled herself out of the water and stood on the side breathing heavily. Her chest rose and fell with her breath, but she no longer felt as uncomfortable as she had when she'd started—Senpai seemed to have stretched to accommodate her.

Placing her hands on her hips, Momo turned back to the pool with a grin. "I did it, Senpai!"

It took several seconds for Senpai to respond. *Y-yeah, you sure did*, came her reply, sounding as though she'd swum exactly as many lengths as Momo. *I th-think that's enough swimming for today. N-now, why don't you h-hurry into the changing room!*

"Okay, Senpai. Um." Momo frowned, pushing her fingertips together awkwardly. "Senpai, are you okay? You sound a little breathless..."

S-sure—sure. Just hurry and get in the changing room, will you?

"Okay, right, you probably want me to take you off, don't you? Sorry."

With an embarrassed blush, Momo turned and scurried as fast as the wet tiles of the swimming pool would allow her in the direction of the changing rooms.

Overall, things hadn't gone too bad. And to think she'd been worried wearing Senpai would be lewd!

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Five minutes later, she finished showering, fetched her things from the locker, and made her way in search of a cubicle to get changed in.

H-hurry, Momo! said her senpai, voice sounding increasingly panicked. *Quickly!*

Momo's feet slapped against the tiles. "Senpai, are you sure you're okay?"

Yes! Just hurry!

With a frown, Momo hurried.

Picking the nearest cubicle, she swung open the door and stepped inside. Throwing her bag on the bench, she turned and locked the door behind her. "Okay, Senpai, we're here. I'll take you off now, okay?"

Th-thank you, M-Momo, replied Senpai. *But that's o-okay...*

As Momo paused in confusion, her swimsuit spasmed like an electrified frog. "S-Senpai?" she asked, eyes wide in shock, "what are—? Aiii!"

Before she could finish her question, Senpai tightened on her breasts, squeezing them as tightly as any pair of hands. Momo cried out in shock as the nylon of her swimsuit worked her boobs, pinching her nipples between its folds and tweaking them like a lascivious lover's fingers.

"S-Senpai?" she managed, face red, heart pounding. "What are you doing—?! Aiii!"

This time, Senpai slammed into her pussy, driving a wedge of fabric deep into her sex. Momo threw back her head and moaned as it wiggled about inside her, searching for her limits. “S-Senpai! Stooooop!”

Instead of stopping, Senpai picked up speed, fondling her breasts even more vigorously and driving herself even deeper into Momo’s sodden pussy. Like a virile young man, Senpai thrust herself inside her—in, out, in, out.

Trembling, sweat dripping from her skin, Momo fell back with a moan, landed on the cubicle’s bench, and lay there shivering, panting for breath.

As Senpai delved into her depths, her pussy grew hotter and hotter, wetter and wetter. If Senpai weren’t already soaked, she would be visibly wet.

M-Momo... came Senpai’s voice, sounding barely coherent. *Momo...*

“Senpai!” Momo cried, struggling to speak without biting her tongue. “Stop!”

Senpai simply giggled madly. And gripped Momo’s asscheeks with two hand-like lumps of fabric.

Heart pounding, Momo realized what was about to happen only seconds before it did. “N-No! Senpai, don’t—!”

With a final mad giggle, Senpai spread Momo’s asscheeks wide and slammed another lump of tussled nylon into the hole exposed between them.

Throwing her head back, Momo screamed.

Collapsing onto her side, she lay there on the bench trembling and biting her lip, shivering as Senpai groped her breasts and pinched her nipples and stuffed ragged cocks of nylon into both her lower holes. With each passing second came a new pair of thrusts, one after the other, timed like pistons, each striking her with a fresh blast of pleasure.

In her sex heat grew greater and greater. Screwing up her fists, she moaned as her sex started to trickle, forming a sticky puddle on her thighs.

The more she struggled to gain control of herself, the harder her Senpai groped and thrust, reducing Momo’s feeble attempts at resistance to futile spasms. Soon, she couldn’t even muster the strength to moan.

Finally, it all grew too much. As Senpai gave one final, emphatic pair of thrusts, the pressure-bomb that had been building in Momo’s sex grew too large to maintain itself—

—and popped.

Arching her back, Momo screamed at the ceiling.

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For almost a full minute, Momo lay there panting. As her chest rose and fell with the effort of her breathing, her sodden, sticky swimsuit of a senpai sloughed off her like wet paper, melting into a puddle on the floor of the cubicle.

Momo watched through bleary eyes as the liquid nylon swelled and condensed into the figure of her senpai, red-faced and dripping with at least three kinds of fluids. A stream of the stuff ran down her leg and pooled by her feet.

Panting for breath, Senpai fell back against the wall.

“W-well done, Momo,” she said, swallowing, “you did r-really well today. How do you feel about another session after lunch? I can use the wand again. If—if you’d like that.”

Shivering, Momo nodded.