

Magical Girl Hazing

Sakura's heart fluttered as she climbed the apartment's stairs. With each creaking step, the Trinket Friday had given her bounced on her petite chest. Dangling from a slim golden chain around her neck, it took the form of a heart-shaped amethyst the same color as her hair. Even now, she had to clasp it to confirm it was still there.

She'd always wanted to be a magical girl. Always! Even from when she'd been little. She'd been reading stories of their escapades ever since she could read, collecting figurines and posters ever since she had money. She'd spent hundreds of afternoons writing fanmail, begging, pleading, for the chance to join their ranks.

And now, finally, her dream had come true! She couldn't believe it! She'd finally made it! She'd finally become a magical girl!!!

Jumping over the final step with all the enthusiasm of an unnecessary exclamation mark, Sakura paused at the top of the staircase and took a deep breath to calm her nerves. A long corridor stretched before her. Suppressing the urge to run, she scurried to the end of it as fast as she dared, counting off each door she passed as she went. 7-1, 7-2, 7-3, 7-4, 7-6...

Finally, she came to the door at the very end of the hallway: 7-13. This was it—this was where Friday had said to come.

Taking a deep breath, she raised a hand and knocked.

For several seconds, there came no sound save the echo of her knock resounding in her ears. She bit her lip, dug her nails into her palm, shivered on the spot.

Just as she was about to explode, the door clicked and swung open.

"Sakura!" cried the green-haired girl on the other side. Before Sakura had a chance to pull back, Friday surged forward, arms spread wide, and wrapped them around her shoulders. She squeaked in surprise as the older girl's breasts pressed into her smaller ones. She couldn't help but feel a pang of envy—Friday was every guy's favorite member of the Holy Days for a reason.

Finally, Friday pulled away and grinned. Virid Friday: fifth of the Holy Days, and one of the most famous magical girls in Daitoshi City. Her Trinket—an emerald tree—hung between her breasts, scarcely visible. "I'm so glad you came," she said, taking Sakura's hand in her own and squeezing it. "Come on in! I'll introduce you to the others!"

With a wild grin, she skipped into the room, dragging a blushing Sakura with her. As she followed, heart pounding in her chest, Sakura's eyes widened at the opulent apartment the Holy Days had made into their base. She'd always known the top magical girls were rich, but she'd never expected something like *this*. There was an enormous, fully-stocked kitchen; an indoor garden; even an indoor swimming pool!

In the very center of all this luxury sat a black leather couch. As Sakura stood stunned, Friday skidded to a stop in front of it. "Hey, everyone, here she is! The newest Pink Saturday! Go on, Sakura, say hello!" She pushed Sakura forward.

Five pairs of suspicious eyes looked Sakura up and down. Swallowing, she raised a hand in a feeble wave. "H-hello. It's nice to finally meet you all."

"She's a lot shorter than I expected," said the white-haired girl on the far left of the couch, resting her head in her palm.

Silver Monday, thought Sakura, wanting to faint. *So mysterious!* Her Trinket on her wrist was a clear crescent moon.

"Yeah!" cried the redhead to Monday's right. "Why'd you bring us someone so scrawny, Friday?"

Crimson Tuesday! thought Sakura. *So fiery!* Her Trinket was a flaming ruby.

"I-I-I think she's cute," said the dark-haired girl in the middle of the group. She shrunk back as Tuesday glared at her.

Violet Wednesday! *So shy!* Her Trinket was a purple teardrop.

"Ugh, your standards are terrible," said the blue-haired girl to Wednesday's right. "We want someone strong, not someone cute!" She glared at Sakura. "I could crush her with a single hand."

Azure Thursday! thought Sakura. *So strong!* Her Trinket was a sapphire in the shape of a lightning bolt.

Finally, like a supplicant bowing before a magnificent queen, her gaze dared to settle on the magnificent blonde at the far right end of the couch. *Golden Sunday!* she thought, feeling as though her heart would burst at any second. *S-so inspiring!* Her Trinket was a glorious golden topaz, like a little crystal sun.

Sunday gave her the kind of look usually reserved for examining strange wounds. "Well," she said at last, "since she's here, I suppose we might as well test her. She can't be any worse than the previous Saturday."

Sakura flinched. The previous Saturday? Had there been other candidates before her? Friday hadn't mentioned any.

...She couldn't mean *the* previous Saturday, could she? The Saturday who'd sacrificed her life to save the city from Dr. Shokushu? She watched the others' reactions, but none of them, even Friday, seemed especially shocked.

Tuesday even laughed. "It would be hard to be as terrible as *her*."

Blinking, Sakura looked from one girl to the other. "Are you—are you talking about the last Pink Saturday? The one who—"

"Got turned into Dr. Shokushu's personal fucktoy and left us to clean up all her mess?" said Tuesday. "Yeah, that's the one."

Sakura flinched. "F-f-fucktoy?"

Tuesday laughed. "Aww, Pinkie here doesn't know how to read between the lines. That whole story about her tragic last stand and the big sacrifice she made to save the city...? That's the lie our PR agent came up with to spare all you civvies from the truth." She beckoned Sakura closer. "Lemme tell you a little secret, Pinkie. None of the villains we fight kill people. *None* of them. You know what they actually do?"

Sakura shook her head with a feeble whimper.

"Well, mostly they fuck them. Creatively. Like, sometimes they throw them into tentacle pits. Sometimes they brainwash them. And sometimes they turn them into sex toys. Stuff like that. Buncha pervs."

"T-tentacle pits? S-sex toys?" Sakura's eyes boggled in their sockets. "Y-you can't be s-serious..." She turned to Friday, expecting her to deny it, but the older girl only nodded sadly. Sakura swallowed. "Wh-what happened to the previous Saturday?"

"Dr. Shokoshu turned her into an onahole," said Monday. "And sold her off as part of a batch, all identical. It took us three months to find her. And when we did..."

Sunday frowned. "Let's just say she'd found something she liked more than being a magical girl."

Tuesday made a circle with her hand and moved it back and forth before her mouth.

Sakura covered her own in horror.

Tuesday gave her a sickly little smile. "Look at her, she was expecting this to be like her Saturday morning cartoons. Thought she was gonna wave her magic wand and banish all the bad guys with the power of love."

She and Thursday burst into laughter.

From the end of the couch came a clap from Sunday. With a shared huff, Tuesday and Thursday settled into silence.

Frowning, Sunday turned her eyes on Sakura. "The previous Saturday's fate was unfortunate, but it's a risk we take as part of our line of work." She sounded strangely bored with the whole situation. "If you want to join our team, you'll have to pass a test to prove you can handle what our enemies will throw at you."

Sakura swallowed. “Wh-what kind of test?”

Sunday’s expression didn’t change. “Many of our enemies possess powers of transformation, hypnosis, corruption... It’s essential that, should you fall victim to one, you prove capable of surviving it without breaking. Wednesday?”

“Y-yes, Sunday?” The dark-haired girl scurried over so Sunday could whisper something in her ear. “Y-yes, that’s possible.”

“Perfect,” said Sunday, clapping her hands again. “Then it’s decided.” She turned her impassive eyes back to Sakura one final time. “As your test, you will spend a day as each of my team’s panties. If you can survive without losing your mind, you can join my team.”

Sakura blinked as Tuesday burst into laughter.

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“V-V-Violet Wednesday! Transform!” With a flash of purple light, Wednesday’s clothes melted and reformed as a cute little witch’s outfit, complete with pointy hat and wand.

Seeing her, Sakura swallowed. She knew that Wednesday had the power to transform things, of course—it was her most famous skill! ...But she hadn’t expected it to be used against *her*. Staring at the magical girl’s wand, she felt like a bunny staring down the barrel of a gun.

“Wh-whenever you’re ready,” said Wednesday, looking uncomfortable with her role.

Tuesday rolled her eyes. “Whenever *you’re* ready,” she said. “Come on, we haven’t got all day.”

“R-right. ...Sorry.” Wiping a little tear from her eye, Wednesday raised her wand.

Sakura swallowed. Was she really going to go through with this? Did she really want to be a magical girl this badly?

Heart racing, she flicked a pleading glance at Friday. “I’m sorry!” said Friday, looking like I wanted to give her a hug. “I told you there’d be trials!”

Sakura had to bite her tongue to keep herself from whimpering.

“R-r-ready?” asked Wednesday, raising her wand.

“Come on and zap her already!” cried Tuesday. “Jeezus!”

Sakura swallowed. “I’m ready!” she said, trying to sound confident.

With a little nod, Wednesday bopped her on the nose with her wand. “T-transform!”

For a second, nothing happened. Just as Sakura was about to ask if something had gone wrong, a violet lightning bolt crashed through the ceiling and struck her in the temple. She screamed.

All of a sudden, she felt so weak, so flexible, as if her spine and all her other bones had turned to paper. With a thin shriek, she wobbled on her unsteady legs and toppled like a puppet with no strings.

As she fell, her legs crumpled beneath her like a pair of thigh-high socks. Striking the polished wooden floor with an 'oof', she looked over her shoulder to see them shriveling out of her empty shoes, being sucked up into her thighs. With a gasp of horror, she tried to pick herself up and grab them, only to find her arms had lost all their strength as well. Even as she watched, they stretched long and thin and spun themselves into a pair of thin pink ribbons.

Heart pounding, skin drenched in sweat, Sakura tried to scream and succeeded only in producing a pathetic little moan. A second later, her head collapsed into her neck, which sank in turn into the depths of her shoulders. When she tried to scream again, she found she wasn't able—looking down, she saw no mouth, only a smooth expanse of soft, pink fabric. Her eyes boggled.

For the next several seconds, Sakura shifted and spasmed and contorted amid the pile of her emptied clothes like a caterpillar in the midsts of its chrysalis. In the darkness of the depths of her shirt, she could barely even see what was happening to her—all the same, she felt it. Felt her back seized and forced into a 'U'-shape, with her head at one end and her sex at the other. Felt her arms grabbed and forced forward to meet up with her changing groin. Felt herself snatched and dragged into the air as if she weighed nothing. Watching the darkness fall away, she shrieked at the sudden light.

Finally, floating in the air, she watched as her Trinket—her special Trinket, the Trinket that made her a magical girl—floated out of her clothes and melded with her front, fusing with the patch of fabric that had been her vagina as a simple red heart symbol.

With that, the lightning died away. With a silent scream, Sakura floated to the ground.

"Monday," said Sunday, "you're up first. Try not to damage her."

"Don't worry," said Monday, ominously. "I'm going to take good care of her..."

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Sakura lay at the bottom of Monday's handbag, crushed beneath her compact and her lipstick. With every step the magical girl took, her bag bounced, and Sakura bounced within it. Lying there in the dark, confined space, she felt as if someone had locked her in the tiniest little box and left her there to starve. *Help!* she wanted to cry. *Help!* Of course, she couldn't speak in the slightest.

After a nightmarish little eternity, the bouncy stopped, and Sakura heard the click of keys within a lock. Had they reached Monday's apartment? For an instant, her curiosity at finding out where the mysterious Monday lived overwhelmed her terror at what was to come.

"Moom!" cried Monday. "I'm home!" It was disconcerting to hear her say something so mundane.

"Welcome home, Hina," came a matronly reply. "Did you have fun at school today?"

"Uhuh. I'm going to my room."

"Of course, dear."

If Sakura had still had a face, she would have frowned. So far, Monday's home life sounded pretty ordinary.

A few bounces up the stairs later, she heard a door slam behind her, followed by the *zzip* of the bag being opened. Light washed into her little box, and the giant face of Monday loomed into view above.

"Well..." said Monday, sounding bored. "Let's get you out of there."

Two slim fingers pinched Sakura's reduced form. She squeaked in her head as they dragged her out into the open.

Holding her up, Monday gave her a thin smile. "Very cute," she said.

As Monday studied her, Sakura took the chance to look around. Monday's room looked much like her own, minus all the magical girl posters and figurines. Despite her situation, Sakura felt a little unimpressed. Overall, Monday's room was pretty boring.

"Well," said Monday at last, "let's see how well you fit me."

She flicked her arm, sending Sakura flying through the air. She screamed as she landed on Monday's bed.

Lying there, her lost heart racing, she watched as the silver-haired magical girl dropped her skirt and her tights and reached for the plain panties beneath them. Her butt cheeks were as pale as the rest of her, but—in her head, Sakura gulped—she'd never realized how *big* Monday's butt was.

Kicking her current panties aside, Monday turned back to Sakura and snatched her up with callous indifference. Returning to the mirror, she held her up and stretched, making Sakura want to squeal. It felt as if someone was playing with her clitoris.

"Hmm," said Monday. "You're a little small for me. Eh, whatever."

And without another pause, she stooped and raised a leg. Sakura had barely an instant to react before it came crashing down into her.

Aiii! As Monday's foot slipped into her body, Sakura screamed like she'd been electrocuted. It felt as if someone had stuck their fingers in her buttocks!

A second later, another foot entered her. Sakura screamed with double the intensity. It felt like someone had stuck a pair of *bollards* in her buttocks!

As if this wasn't bad enough, Monday proceeded to pinch her straps and draw her up, up, up, making her load larger with each inch she passed. Sakura wanted to scream, to thrash, to resist, but all she could do was wail in her head as Monday's thighs stretched her to breaking point.

Finally, she came to a stop, feeling as if she'd rip at any moment. *Please*, she wanted to beg. *That's enough!*

"Tch," said Monday, giving her a tug like a tweak of the clit, "I *knew* you'd be too small." She sighed. "Urgh, this is gonna be a trial for *both* of us." She tugged again. Sakura screamed as she found herself upward, stretched even wider, strained even further, as Monday drew her, with some effort, up and over her fat cheeks.

At last, Monday released her with a snap. "There," she said. "We got there in the end, didn't we?" She gave an empty laugh.

Sakura wanted to whimper. She felt as if someone had put their hand on the back of her head and thrust her into Monday's rear. The feeling, the smell—it was impossible to bear. She wanted to pull free, to gasp for breath, anything! The worst part of it all was the sheer size of it. She felt as if her arm-straps would give at any second.

H-help! she thought. *Help!*

Monday pinched her, pulled her back, and released her with a snap. "Phew," she said. "After all that effort, I really need to sit down."

It took Sakura a second to process this. Oh no... She hadn't even *considered* that aspect. *No! No!* she cried as Monday crossed the room to her desk. *Nooo!*

The plump cushion of Monday's chair rose to meet her like the Earth meeting a skydiver. Unfortunately for her, she had no parachute. *Smack!* Impact sent a wave of torturous pleasure flowing through Sakura's form. She felt as if someone had bent her over and slapped her butt with a cane.

Worse than the impact was the pressure that came a second later as Monday relaxed and put all her weight onto her. Trapped between Monday's ass and the seat, Sakura felt like a wad of gum crushed beneath a boot.

Mmmph! Mmmph! Even her *thoughts* were muffled.

“Ahhh,” said Monday. “Much better.”

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Sakura couldn't tell how long she spent trapped between Monday's ass and the chair, but it was long enough for her to start thinking it might just last forever.

Fortunately for her, it didn't. After an indeterminable span of pleasurable pain, the pressure on Sakura suddenly lightened, and she rose into the air again.

Monday yawned. “Wow, it got dark quickly. Guess it's time for bed.”

B-bed? thought Sakura, a spike of curiosity rising from her torment-addled brain. Monday was famous for her mysterious nighttime activities! Surely, she wouldn't just go to bed.

With another yawn, Monday stretched and threw off her school blazer. This done, she turned and grabbed her quilt. The motion of her thighs made Sakura want to wince.

Throwing aside the cover, Monday gave one final yawn and threw herself into bed without the slightest care for her unwilling underwear. Sakura could only scream in her head as the mattress crashed into it, slamming a boulder of ecstasy into her poor, unprepared head.

Moments later, Monday's ass weighed down on her, crushing her into the fabric. The pressure made Sakura wish she could whimper.

This had to end soon, right? Monday—she was a famous night owl! She wouldn't spend the whole night in bed, would she?!

“Good night~,” said Monday, as if to herself.

The cover rose, throwing Sakura into darkness.

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In the end, Monday *did* spend the whole night in bed. And much of the morning. Only when her mom banged on the door did she finally wake up and rise.

“Hina! You're going to be late for school!”

Groaning, Monday rolled over.

Freed from the pressure of being sat on, Sakura gasped for air with the desperation of a half-drowned man. Unfortunately, that was all the relief she was to get. She could only cling to her wearer's ass, unable to do anything, as Monday prepared herself for school.

She only hoped it would be a little more exciting.

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Monday's school life turned out to be as boring as her night life. As she lay crushed beneath her wearer's ass for the fifth lesson of the day, Sakura found herself wondering if there was *anything* to the mysterious image of Monday. Aside from being a magical girl, she was normal in every way.

At last, the school day came to an end. Instead of heading home, Monday returned to the Holy Days' meeting place, where Tuesday stood waiting with a mischievous smile. "Come on, come on," she said, "what took you so long? It was supposed to be my turn half an hour ago."

Monday threw her a frown. "Relax," she said, "you'll get your time with her. What are you so excited about anyway? She's only a pair of panties..."

Tuesday merely smirked. "Just hurry up and get changed."

Soon enough, Monday was in the bathroom. As Monday peeled her off, Sakura felt an intense sense of relief, like the kind you get from relaxing after a long day of work. If she'd still been human, she would have thrown herself on a bed and lain there for a week. How could being a pair of *panties* be so exhausting?

If Monday had the answer, she didn't bother to supply it. Within minutes, she had Sakura wrapped up in a gym bag and ready for Tuesday. "Here," she said flatly, "knock yourself out."

Tuesday giggled. "Oh, I will."

Sakura wished she could gulp.

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The gym bag opened with a *zzzip!* Tuesday's face loomed into view above, a wide grin already on her face. "Well, well, well," she said, "what do we have here? Why, if it isn't a cute little pair of panties and nothing more~." She giggled.

Sakura shivered as the magical girl pinched her, wrenching her out of the bag and up into the air. Being swung from side to side made her feel like throwing up.

They were in what appeared to be a trash compactor, though on closer inspection, it was probably Tuesday's bedroom. Cans and wrappers covered every surface, while mysterious stains of every shade painted a vibrant rainbow on the carpet.

"Hmm," said Tuesday, raising Sakura to her face. Frowning, she gave her the slightest little sniff... and immediately burst into laughter. "Hah! I knew it! I knew that boring whore wouldn't do anything exciting with you."

Sakura's missing heart pounded. What was Tuesday implying?

A broad grin split Tuesday's face. "Don't worry, I'm not a bore like Monday. You and I are going to have a lot of fun together." She licked her lips.

Sakura wanted to shiver.

With a flick of her arm, Tuesday cast her aside like the pair of panties she'd become. "First of all, I guess I should put you on, huh?" Her hands went to her skirt.

Sakura could only watch as Tuesday dropped her skirt to reveal the most ragged pair of panties she'd ever seen. Moments later, they hit the floor as well, and Tuesday seized her with a mischievous grin. "Hey, just so you know, it's been a *few* days since I've showered, okay? You don't mind, do you? Just say if you do."

Sakura wanted to scream. Of course she reminded she didn't want to be pressed up against Tuesday's awful, dirty—

"Great!" said Tuesday. "Up you go then!" Without another word, she bent and raised her legs, slamming it through Sakura's hole like a tree into her anus. Sakura tried to scream and failed as the magical girl raised her other leg and slipped that into her as well. Being pulled up felt like being pulled on the rack.

Fortunately, Tuesday's ass and thighs weren't quite as big as Monday's, so being strained by them wasn't *quite* the torture it had been before. *Unfortunately*, everything else was worse. Tuesday's ass reeked of sweat and piss and shit, as if she hadn't wiped the awful thing in weeks. Even as she struggled to process this, Sakura found her face slammed right into it, the folds of her fabric slipping between Tuesday's cheeks. All at once, her horror at the *scent* vanished, replaced by the awful reality of the taste.

Ech! she wanted to cry. *Take me off! Take me off!* If she'd still been human, she would have hacked and spat desperately. She wanted nothing more than to get the taste out of her mouth.

Tuesday, however, merely gave her another tug up. "Have fun," she said, picking up her skirt.

Sakura wanted to scream.

Pulling up her skirt with a satisfied sigh, Tuesday marched across the room and pulled out a chair. Sakura had barely an instant to process the seat filling her sight before it slammed into her, striking with an irresistible blast of pain-mingled-pleasure. *Stop it!* she thought as Tuesday wiggled her butt and giggled, forcing her even deeper into the chair and sending little waves of delight coursing through her flesh. By the time she finally stopped, Sakura was insensate.

"Now," came Tuesday's voice, high-pitched and mocking, "what shall I do today? Hmm."

Sakura wanted to whimper. *Doesn't she have school or something?*

“Ah, I know! I think I’ll make myself comfy and spend the whole day masturbating! That sounds fun, doesn’t it—oh, no one’s here. Haha, for a second I thought I wasn’t on my own! I’m such a goofball!”

She lifted her butt and slammed it back down into the seat again, hitting her panties with another mallet of ecstasy.

“Let’s see…” Tuesday continued, “what kinda stuff shall I watch today…? Hmmm.”

Sakura heard the sound of keys and a mouse.

“Oooh, this looks good,” said Tuesday. “Lemme put it on speaker just in case anyone else wants to hear it.” She snorted.

The sounds of moans and the slapping of flesh filled Sakura’s fabricized ears. It might have been bearable on its own, but what followed wasn’t: all of a sudden, Sakura felt so humid, so moist, as if she’d gone from being wrapped around Tuesday’s crotch to lying in a swamp.

A second later, the taste of something like intensely-salted fish washed through her, overwhelming her taste buds as surely as if it had been forced into her mouth. Sakura gagged, wishing she could cough and hack and splutter. What was—? Oh God, no! Please don’t let it be—!

“Wow,” said Tuesday. “This video is so hot. I’m so glad I found it.” And before Sakura could process these words, a pair of giant fingers slammed into her front, diving deep into her fabricized sex and forcing it into the fleshier pair of lips behind it. Sakura screamed as the taste of fish doubled instantly in intensity.

For several minutes, Tuesday’s fingers stabbed her again and again, diving into her and out of her as if trying to test her strength. With each jab came a sudden sharp blast of pain, accompanied by another flash of that disgustingly salty fish taste. Sakura wanted to cum and retch all at once.

Finally, just as Sakura thought she would break, the fingers drew away. If she’d still been human, she would have panted in relief and thanked her wearer for their mercy.

“Oh wow!” came Tuesday’s voice, “there’s a whole collection of videos just like it. I’m gonna cum so many times!”

Sakura whimpered.

“Th-thank you, Tuesday,” said Wednesday, voice feeble.

Lying in the open bag, feeling used and soiled and wretched, Sakura experienced a small flash of relief as Tuesday passed her into Wednesday’s care. Of the seven Holy Days,

Wednesday had a reputation as one of the nicer ones—only Friday and the former Saturday were more renowned for it.

Sakura remembered the way the magical girl had apologized to her before she'd transformed her. Even if she was a necessary part of this trial, she didn't seem to relish it.

"Take care of her," said Tuesday, turning to leave with a laugh.

"O-oh, I will," said Wednesday. Her face dropped to the bag, looking down on Sakura like a giant. "H-hello, Sakura," she said. "I h-hope you're okay. Don't worry..." She raised the bag to her face, and her mouth spread in the sickest grin Sakura had ever seen. "I'll take very good care of you." She giggled.

If Sakura had still had eyes, she would have blinked.

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Wednesday's room reminded Sakura of her own. There were posters of magical girls on the walls and matching figurines on all the shelves. There was one major difference, however, though it was a subtle one: the room smelled distinctly of fish, as if she lived beside the ocean.

As she surged inside, throwing the door shut behind her, Wednesday's face had turned visibly red, and she was panting for breath as if she'd run the whole way here. That wasn't far from the truth, actually. Why was she so excited?

With a high-pitched moan, Wednesday tossed her and her bag onto the bed. Lying there, Sakura watched in shock as the other magical girl threw off her uniform as fast as she was able. Finally, utterly naked, she disappeared into a closet.

Seconds later, she emerged holding two little devices, like violet-shelled eggs. Holding one up, she gave another feeble moan...

...before slamming it between her legs and up into her pussy. Sakura could only stare in shock. What was she doing?

Moaning and panting, Wednesday forced the little inward till it was all but hidden from view. This done, she picked up the other, slightly flatter egg, and pushed a button on its side. A buzzing filled the air. Wednesday screamed.

Dropping the second egg with a moan, she collapsed to her knees, trembling and panting. "S-so... soo..." She took a deep breath and pulled herself upward using the bed. Leaning on the edge, she locked her eyes on Sakura. "Sakura-chan... I'm so happy we're going to get to play together~." She giggled again.

As Wednesday raised her sticky finger to grab her, Sakura wanted to pull away and scream. What was going on? What did she mean?!

Seizing her by the straps, Wednesday raised her and stretched her. Bringing her to her nose, she sniffed deep and moaned loudly. "Oooh... Tuesday's smell..." She screwed up her eyes and took a long, deep whiff.

A second later, she jumped to her feet and scurried across the room to her mirror. Face flushed, breathing deep, she raised a leg, wiggled her toes, and slipped them into Sakura's open hole with a moan.

Sakura herself had been hoping she'd be used to it by this point, but the feeling of Wednesday's lithe, pale leg entering her made her want to scream louder than ever. How could it be so painful and so pleasurable at once?

As Sakura's mind crumbled in the face of this sensation, Wednesday raised her other leg and slipped it inside her too. She gasped and whimpered as she pulled Sakura up.

Watching Wednesday's privates grow closer with the second, Sakura noticed—through the haze of pleasure—that the scent of fish was growing stronger with the second. All of a sudden, she realized what she was smelling. *N-no! No!* she screamed in her head, trying madly to pull away. It didn't work—before she knew it, her face was flat against Wednesday's ass, her arms pulled taut around her waist. The scent of fish was overpowering. Worse, she could *feel* Wednesday's sticky pussy pressing into her other side as if they were scissoring.

Releasing her with a snap, Wednesday moaned feebly. "Sakura-chan..." she said, looking like she wanted to burst into tears. "Don't you think you look good on me?" She took a deep breath and blew it out as fog. "Does it feel good to be worn by me, Sakura-chan? Does it feel good?"

Her fingers flexed. Breathing deep, she turned back to the bed and snatched up the little egg-shaped remote. "I wish we could stay together longer, Sakura-chan... But don't worry, I'm going to make the most of the time we have together..."

W-wait, thought Sakura. *Don't!*

With a final moan and a giggle, Wednesday flipped the remote's switch.

Sakura squealed as the vibrator went off behind her—with it right next to her fabric, it might as well have been inside her. Tremors of ecstasy rippled through her fabric, making her want to squeal and moan and thrash.

"Sakura-chan..." came Wednesday's breathless voice, "S-Sakura-chan... Ah!"

If Sakura had been wet before, all of a sudden she was drowning. The only mercy was that it was her lower half Wednesday was leaking against, rather than her face.

For the next several minutes, Wednesday lay beside her bed twitching and moaning while her panties found themselves shaken and flooded till she could barely form a thought. Sakura felt like a submarine being crushed by intense pressure. She could feel the rivet in her head giving in and bursting free, one by one, thought by thought.

Finally, Wednesday screamed, her hips bucked, and a torrent of sticky, salty juice flooded Sakura's fabric. All she could do was slip beneath it and drown a little, mewling in pleasure.

Holding her to her face, Wednesday gave her a dreamy smile. "Did you enjoy that, Sakura-chan? ...Would you like to do it again? I have so many other toys we can play with..."

Sakura wanted to snivel. She had *more?! How could things get any worse?!*

"Don't worry," continued Wednesday, "I know your face is at your back, so you didn't really get to taste me... I can solve that *really* easily though..."

Giggling, Wednesday turned her around.

"What's with that expression, weirdo?" said Thursday, looking down at the shorter Wednesday like the archetypal bully. "Did having to wear someone make you wanna cry?"

"N-no, Thursday," said Wednesday, almost inaudibly. Without another word, she thrust the bag containing Sakura into the taller girl's hands, turned, and sped away without another word.

Sakura saw Thursday roll her eyes. "Freak," said the blonde, shaking her head. She snorted. "Now... lemme get a closer look at you..." Raising Sakura's bag to her face, she gave her a deep sniff and frowned. "Fuck, did none of the others wash you? Fucking pigs."

With a frown of disgust, she zipped the bag shut.

It wasn't long before it opened again. This time, Thursday didn't bother to speak to her. She simply reached in, snatched her up, and tossed her into the pile of dirty laundry without another word.

For almost an hour, Sakura lay there in terror, unsure exactly how terrified she should be. Thursday wasn't really going to put her through the washer, was she?

Five minutes later, Thursday picked her up and tossed her into the washer. Sakura could only scream as clothing after piece of clothing landed atop her, crushing the strength out of her. As she lay there smothered beneath the pile, the door closed with a click, and the machine started to turn with a whirr.

She couldn't see the jets of water that followed, but she heard the hiss of them firing, and she felt their waters a second later. It seeped into her fabric with an acidic flavor that made her want to retch in disgust. Urgh, it was horrible!

As the washer's drum picked up speed, Sakura found herself (or rather, the clump of sodden clothing she'd become glued to) moving. Before she knew it, she found herself rolling,

carried up the side of the barrel, and left to fall down again. Slamming into the base of the floor of the drum, she cried out in shock. Scarcely a second later, she fell again, and again, and...

The constant tumbling made it impossible for Sakura to tell how long she spent in the machine. Between the soap on her tongue, being slammed into the bottom of the drum, and the crushing pressure of the other clothing on top of her, trying to think bordered on impossible. All she could do was give in and wait.

Finally, *finally*, the spinning slowed. Sakura struck the bottom of the drum one final time and barely even noticed the avalanche of clothing that proceeded to land atop her. It was over! It was *over!*

A second later, the door opened with a click, and Thursday wrenched her out into the open, paying her no more attention than any normal pair of panties as she added her to the basket. Before Sakura knew it, she hung pegged from a line outside in the warmth and the air. It might have been the nicest part of her hazing so far.

Soon enough, however, Thursday returned for her. Plucking her from the line, she held her up and smirked. "I guess I have to actually put you on at some point, huh? It's not much of a trial if you just hang about on a line all day, is it?"

Sakura wanted to gulp. She knew she'd been hoping for too much.

Grinning, Thursday carried her indoors. "You're lucky," she said, once they were in her bedroom. Dropping her pants, she tossed them on the bed and reached for her current underwear. "You dried out just in time for today's gym session." She laughed.

Sakura, on the other hand, merely whimpered.

Stretched tight around Thursday's muscular thighs, Sakura felt like screaming. Each time Thursday's feet slammed into the whirring treadmill beneath them, her thighs rose and fell in sequence, pushing and pulling Sakura's fabric, straining it till she was certain she would rip.

With each repetition, a blast of painful pleasure washed through Sakura's body, making her wish she still had a mouth to moan. It hurt, but at the same time, it just felt so good. If she'd still been human, she would have been on her knees, shivering and whimpering, unable to move a muscle. She wanted nothing more than for the experience to end.

Worse than the movement was the sweat. Thursday might be an athlete, but she sweated like a nerd who'd never run before in her life. Within five minutes of the session starting, Sakura found herself drenched in Thursday's acrid sweat. She could taste it, taste every single drop of it.

If it had merely passed through her, it might have been bearable enough, but since she was fabric, she absorbed it like a sponge. With each second, she sucked up more and more of

the stuff, becoming wetter and wetter, heavier and heavier, more and more puffed up and bloated. She felt as if she'd just gorged herself on the world's saltiest buffet. She wanted to throw up.

At long last, the whirring of the treadmill died down, and Thursday's thighs ceased to strain her quite so cruelly.

"Phew," said the blonde. "That was a pretty good warm-up."

Sakura shivered.

By the time the session came to an end, Sakura felt less like a pair of panties and more like a used dishcloth.

In the changing room, Thursday peeled her off with an audible sucking sound and held her up, a smug grin on her face. "Phew," she said, wrinkling her nose. "I forgot how bad I sweat. I suppose I should wash you ready for Friday, shouldn't I?"

Sakura felt a faint flash of relief.

Friday's smiling face appeared in Sakura's sky like the sun. *Friday!* she wanted to scream. Friday had always been kind and encouraging to her. Friday wouldn't dream of torturing her like the other members of the Holy Days had.

"Hello," said Friday, giving her a big, happy smile. "I hope the others haven't been treating you poorly."

Sakura wanted to burst into tears. *They have!* she wanted to scream. *They have!*

"Aww, poor Sakura," said Friday, pulling her out and squishing her against her more-than-bountiful chest, "don't worry, I'll take care of you."

Holding Sakura against her chest like a baby Friday hummed as she strolled across her room to the mirror. Of all the Holy Days', it looked like one of the plainest, second only to Monday's generic one. In fact, it looked barely used, as if Friday didn't even sleep here.

As they reached the mirror, Friday held Sakura up by the straps and giggled. "I hope you don't mind me saying this, Sakura, but you're as pretty a pair of panties as you were as a human."

Sakura didn't know whether to feel complimented or not. As it happened, she was too focused on Friday's figure in the mirror. Of all the Holy Days, Friday was certainly the most... well-endowed. She had the curves of a fertility idol, with all the male fans such curves brought. There were even rumors that she moonlighted as some kind of p-p-pornstar, but Sakura refused to believe it. Friday was far too wholesome to be into something like *that*.

“You’re so pretty,” repeated Friday. She blushed. “I know you were probably hoping for a vacation—I know you’ve had a long week—but I hope you don’t mind if I try you on... just to see.”

Sakura gulped. She’d really been hoping Friday wouldn’t wear her—Friday’s hips were even wider than Monday’s! But, if it was just for a second, it wouldn’t hurt... right?

“I hope you understand,” said Friday, placing her on the bed. Soon enough, her skirt lay on the floor—the swollen cheeks of her rear bobbed as she pulled off her panties.

Snatching Sakura up again, Friday pinched her straps and raised a leg, wiggling her toes playfully. Sakura felt prepared for it this time. When Friday’s leg slammed into her, she managed to keep herself from screaming. Mostly.

As Friday’s thighs spread her little holes apart, however, she found herself reconsidering her position. *St-stop! Stop! It’s too much!*

Friday, of course, couldn’t hear her. With a little grunt, she tugged Sakura up, stretching her straps wide before releasing them with a snap. Sakura screamed at the feeling. With her arms wrapped wide, wide around Friday’s hips and her face squished against Friday’s giant butt, she wanted to whimper.

“Oh my,” said Friday, kindly stroking Sakura’s fabric. “You make me look so much better than I was expecting Sakura. ...Would you mind if I took a little walk in you? I’m sorry, but I do enjoy my nightly strolls.”

Sakura felt too stretched to think. ...*Nightly strolls?*

Taking Sakura’s silence for an answer, Friday hummed as she changed her other clothes. Sakura couldn’t see exactly what the other girl put on, but she felt a pair of something tight squeeze her. Was Friday wearing a pair of short shorts?

“Mmm~,” said Friday at last. “We look *divine*, Sakura.” There was something different about her voice. She suddenly sounded so much... seductive?

She took a step, and Sakura heard a long heel strike the ground.

*

Sakura felt the chill of the nighttime air as Friday strolled, clack by clack of her heels against the sidewalk, through town. With each step her wearer took, Sakura’s anxiety grew a little bit worse. Where was Friday going? Was this really just a walk?

After twenty or more minutes, Friday finally slowed her pace. “Here we are~,” she said in that strange new voice of hers.

Wh-where are we?

If she listened, Sakura heard the sound of laughter and a buzz that reminded her of the neon lights of the store across the street from her home. Where were they?

A second later, footsteps sounded. Heavy footsteps. A man's?

Friday stepped forward too. *Clack!* "Hey there, handsome~. Looking for someone to spend the night with?"

Sakura's fabricized heart stopped beating. *Wh-what?*

For a second, the man didn't respond. "I might be," he asked. "How much do you charge?"

"Mmm~, " said Friday. "That depends. Five for this. Ten to put it between these. Twenty to put it in *here*." A pair of fingers jabbed Sakura in the crotch. "And *thirty* to put it in here..." Friday's fingers stabbed Sakura in the back of the head, driving her face between the asscheeks before them.

As Friday's hand pulled away, Sakura wanted to splutter. *Wh-what? What the hell is going on?!*

"Twenty, huh?" said the man. "That's a pretty good deal. Is that with or without a—?"

"With, obviously," said Friday, suddenly all business-like. "It's forty if you want me without."

The man laughed. "Okay, okay," he said. "Forty it is."

"Perfect~, " said Friday, all seductive again. *Clack.*

*

The sound of bedsprings creaking drove a spike of fear into Sakura's trapped mind. Where were they? What was going on?"

"Now," said Friday, "let's get down to business." The pairs of shorts squeezing Sakura pulled away and dropped. Moments later, another piece of clothing struck the floor. Then another.

Just as Sakura thought it was her turn, Friday lurched forward, making Sakura's fabric strain. The bedsprings creaked again.

"How do you like my panties?" asked Friday, voice like honey. "Do they make me look cute?"

The man on the bed snorted. "They're too cute for a whore. No offense."

Friday laughed too. "Just imagine you're fucking one of those cute magical girls~."

The man chuckled. "Magical girls, huh? I tell you what, that, er, Fertile Friday or whatever she's called—I've always kinda wanted to see how tight her snatch is. Hey, you kinda look like her, you know that?"

“Everyone says so~. Would you like me to do her voice?” She giggled. “Virid Friday! Transform!”

The man laughed. “That’s a good impression. Say, you’re going to take those things off though, right?”

“In time. Don’t worry, you’re going to get what you paid for.” Friday crawled forward, her thighs straining Sakura’s fabric.

Sakura herself wanted to scream. She felt as though she’d boarded a bus to a normal, everyday location, only that it was actually a one-way express to Hell. What was going on? How could *Friday*–kind, motherly Friday–be a prostitute? She wanted to moan.

“Mmm~,” said Friday. “I can see why you’re in such a hurry. Look at those big, pent-up balls... I bet you’ve been waiting weeks for a pretty woman to empty them.”

Friday lurched forward again, and something *hard* slammed into Sakura’s rear, wetting her fabric with something salty and sticky. She tried to pull away, to retch at the taste, but all she could do was lie there and endure it.

“Soooo big,” said Friday. “Mmm~, I can’t wait to get it inside me.”

Before Sakura could protest, a pair of fingers seized her. She found herself dragged back down the length of Friday’s leg and flung against the bed like any normal pair of panties. Lying there, she looked up just in time to see something long and hard and veiny loom into view above her. It looked like some kind of vast fallen tree.

It took her a second to realize what she was *really* seeing.

To her left, she saw something equally horrifying: two plump lips of flesh, already wet and sticky. As she watched, transfixed, Friday slipped a pair of fingers between them and shivered. When she pulled them out, a long line of grool connected her tips to her lips. “Go on,” she said, “take what you paid for~.” The line broke, splattering Sakura.

With a grunt, the man moved. To Sakura, it felt like watching a continent shift. He was so large, so bulky, so–

The man’s cock entered Friday with a wet, fleshy sound that made Sakura want to cry. Friday herself gasped in delight, though Sakura couldn’t help but notice it seemed a little bit exaggerated.

A second later, the man started to thrust, and the wet rhythm of cock striking pussy soon filled the bedroom. Sakura could only lie there in disgust, half-transfixed, half wanting to throw up. She could hear Friday’s boobs bouncing with each impact.

Finally, just as she thought the whole experience couldn’t get any worse, the rod of flesh above her twitched, the veins along its length bulging, and with a grunt, the man gave one

final, spirited pump. Friday threw back her head and screamed at the ceiling as if she'd been stabbed.

Just as Sakura thought it was all over, the man pulled back...

...and a large, masculine hand, scrabbling against the bed, seized her.

One moment, Sakura lay on the mattress; the next, she found herself wrapped around something hard and wet. It slammed into her like a battering ram, distorting her form around it, and went off like a fire hose, spraying her with its contents. Sakura screamed as the taste of salt overwhelmed her. *Nononono! Urgh! Stop! Stop it!*

As the flow died down, the pressure on her tightened. Wielding her like a tissue, the man wiped her all over his cock, picking up every stray drop of semen and pussy juice in the process. By the time he finally stopped, the stuff soaked her. She couldn't escape the taste no matter how hard she tried.

Holding her up, the man frowned. "Shit, sorry," he said to Friday. "I just grabbed the closest thing."

Friday smiled. "It's okay," she said, "in fact, I think they look cuter this way~."

Each slap of Friday's shoes into the floorboards of the apartment sent a shiver of anticipation rippling through Sakura's fabric. It was finally over! It was finally over!

From her place in her little gym bag, she heard the door of the Holy Days' meeting place swing open with a creak. A second later, it slammed shut, and with a *zzip!*, the light returned.

The first face she saw was Friday's, as friendly as ever. After the events of last night, Friday had taken her off and asked her if she enjoyed it. She'd even suggested Sakura come with her the next time she went out. "I bet my regulars would just *looove* a cutie like you~." Sakura had wanted to throw up.

The next face she saw was Wednesday's, which had returned to its shyer, less perverted state. There was no sign in her expression of the freak who'd tormented Sakura three days ago.

"S-Shall I turn her back now?" asked Wednesday, looking at someone nearby.

"Hmm," came another voice, which Sakura recognized as Sunday's. "I suppose you *have* all worn her." She sighed. "Go on, turn her back."

Wednesday's fingers tightened on Sakura's straps, wrenching her out of the bag and into the open air. A second later, Wednesday's Trinket flashed, and Sakura felt freedom returning to her body.

Like an inflating balloon, she swelled in Wednesday's grip, her slim fabric and slender straps bulging as they regained her human mass. Finally, her weight proved too much—Wednesday dropped her, and she fell to the floor, a squirming, swelling clump of mass. It took several further seconds for her to regain her former size.

As her mouth reopened with a sound like tearing gum, Sakura drew in a deep breath and screamed.

Leaping to her feet, naked save the Trinket dangling from her neck, she seized Wednesday by the collar. "You fucking *bitch*," she cried. "I thought you were supposed to be one of the kind ones?!"

She raised a hand to slap her and froze as Wednesday moaned. "Do it," said the little magical girl. "Hit me!"

With a groan of disgust, Sakura threw her onto the couch.

As she stood there, gritting her teeth in rage, she felt a calming hand on her shoulder. "Now now, Sakura, honey, there's no need to get.--"

Sakura round on Friday with a snarl. "And you!" she said, jabbing one of Friday's fat tits. "You fucking whore. Your *john* used me as a fucking cumrag!"

Friday recoiled, looking shocked. "L-Lang—" That was as far as she got before Sakura put a hand over her mouth.

On the couch, Tuesday burst into laughter, clapping her hands and rocking back and forth wildly. "Aww, look," she said, "Pinkie's found her fire."

Appropriately enough, fire flashed in Sakura's eyes. Throwing Friday aside, she marched across the room and seized one of the impish Tuesday's nipples. "How do you like it?" she asked, tweaking it hard. "How do *you* like it?!"

"Ow, ow, ow, ow, okay, okay, okay, okay, I get it, I get it! Let go!"

With a snarl, Sakura twisted hard. Tuesday squeaked.

Before she could go any further, a large hand tightened on her arm. "Hey," said Thursday, "maybe you should calm—"

"Maybe you should use some fucking antiperspirant!" Throwing Tuesday back, Sakura rounded on Monday, who stood nearby, looking a little stunned. "And you..." said Sakura. "You...!"

She paused, frowning. Actually, all things considered, Monday hadn't treated her too badly. Her only real crime was being really boring. "You're really *lame*."

Monday looked genuinely offended.

With a snarl, Sakura grabbed the pink heart of her Trinket, squeezed it hard, and snapped it free of her neck. "Here," she said, rounding on Sunday, "take it. I don't want to be part of your stupid fucking team anymore!"

For several seconds, she stood there with her arm out, red-faced and breathing hard. Sunday stared at her, expression blank.

Just as Sakura was about to toss her Trinket aside and leave, a little smile formed on Sunday's face. Throwing back her head, Sunday laughed and clapped and grinned like she'd just watched the show of her life. "Perfect," she said, giving Sakura a grin. "I think you're going to make a perfect member of the team."

Sakura blinked. "Excuse me?"

Sunday took a deep breath. "I was really worried you'd take it like the last Saturday did," she said. "When we turned *her* back, she came out of it all twee and thankful. 'Ooo', she said." Sunday put on a high-pitched, girly voice. "'Ooo, th-thank you for t-testing me. I hope I was a good enough pair of panties to join your team.'" She shook her head and smirked. "Well, you know what happened to her." She laughed. "Anyway, it looks like you're made of sterner stuff. Congratulations."

Sakura simply stared at her.

"...And it's a good job you are," continued Sunday, "because five minutes ago I got a call saying Dr. Shokushu's attacking a local mall. ...I thought it had been a quiet week."

Wednesday gave a little squeak. "D-did he bring the tentacle robot again?"

"I'm afraid so."

"O-oh no." With a little moan, Wednesday slipped a hand between her legs.

Frowning, Sakura turned from Wednesday to Sunday and the others. Studying their faces, she noticed they all shared the same slight blush. "What the fuck is wrong with you all?"

Sunday had the shame to look embarrassed. "This job... it does things to you. The panty shots... the clothing damage... the tentacles... You don't last long without being a little bit of a masochist... or becoming one." She looked Sakura in the eyes. "Anyway, do you want to be on the team or not?"

For several seconds, Sakura simply stared as Sunday's words sank slowly through her brain. Thinking back, as horrible as being a pair of panties had been, she'd be lying if she said she hadn't enjoyed it a *little*. Was that—Oh God, was that how it started?

She thought of tentacles. It made her bite her lip.

"Fuck," said Saturday.

