

KASUMI'S MISSING TUTOR

(Girl to panties TF)

(Persona 5)

Makoto's eyes opened abruptly, only to find her view shrouded in absolute darkness. Did she wake up in the middle of the night again? It sure felt like it, with the soft bedding she could feel herself laying on top of. Yet, something told the girl this conclusion wasn't right, and reluctantly, she had to agree with her subconscious. Recalling the events of the previous day, the last moments she remembered were that of Mementos, as she, along with the other Phantom Thieves were fighting a bunch of high-level shadows and... she... was hit by one of their spells? Unfortunately, her memory was hazy past that point. It seemed like the mystery was solved, then - she got attacked, lost consciousness, and her friends transported her somewhere else, most likely someone's bedroom, if she were to guess. She couldn't lie, it was a bit embarrassing to play the role of a damsel in distress, but it was preferable over getting herself killed.

I should probably tell the others I'm fine now... Thought Makoto before standing up... or at least before trying to do so. To the girl's horror, she realized that she didn't have any autonomy over her own body. Was she in sleep paralysis? She never had one of those before, but it was the only possible explanation the girl could think of. That didn't last long, however. Unable to move, all that was left for her was to think and feel, which would have to suffice as some sort of distraction from the terrifying thoughts of powerlessness. Although... something didn't seem quite right. At first, the brunette disregarded the feeling as nothing more than the aftermath of their fight... but she could ignore it no more. Her form felt foreign, in the worst possible way imaginable. She felt thin and flimsy, her legs and arms were linked at their tips, and she possessed no bones or anything solid to speak of. It was as if someone cartoonishly deflated her body, turning the student into a flaccid pancake of sorts. What the hell happened to her? Was she... was she dead? Was this the afterlife?

As if on cue, the ceiling split open, flooding the bedroom in heavenly light and blinding Makoto momentarily. Truly, it seemed as if her life was over and she was about to be taken to the pearly gates. But in that case... why was there a giant face staring at her? Not only that, a face she seemed to recognize, albeit with some difficulty. The rays of light which illuminated the room were blocked by said face, or rather, a whole body at this point of a petite-looking, redheaded girl, cloaking the unmoving girl in shadow once again, this one much more bearable.

Then it dawned on her - that's right it was one of Ren's friends! If she remembered correctly, her name was... Kasumi? She didn't know the girl that well, but it was certainly a big coincidence, considering she was supposed to tutor the girl tomorrow... or today, judging by the sunlight that poured in, a night had passed since their trip to Mementos.

Makoto was, understandably, rather frightened. On one hand, it was somewhat soothing to see a friendly face, yet this revelation brought along its fair share of questions too, totally eclipsing the positives. The most obvious being, why did Kasumi tower over her like it was nothing? Unfortunately, it seemed like she wasn't going to get any answers, as the girl's junior reached out her massive hand, grabbing Makoto without any hints of recognition, not even a word or a surprised expression, it was as if the brunette wasn't even there... but that couldn't be right, Kasumi looked directly at her! How could she not see anything amiss with the situation the two found themselves in? How could she be so oblivious? Makoto tried to scream at the ditz, but once again, found out how truly powerless she was, as no words left her mouth... if she even had one, that was. The idea that she couldn't even be certain of something so simple and silly... were they able to, the girl's eyes would flood with tears.

But, of course, all of that was currently out of the realms of possibility for the brunette. All she could do was wait in silence, hoping for salvation, or at the very least, for her questions to be answered. And answered they were, as no sooner than the girl's form was moved from the place of her slumber, she was able to catch a glimpse of the "bedroom" she was laying in. Her guess was correct, it was just as she had feared. The pieces were there - the size difference, the soft bedding, the absolute darkness - Makoto already solved the puzzle the second Kasumi's face appeared, but she pushed the possibility into the back of her mind in fear of it becoming true. For the last few minutes of her life, she was stuck in a panty drawer... and that realization led the brunette to make another one, this one about her new form. It just made too much sense-- yet once again, she was afraid of actually bringing it up, opting to wait in silence to be proven correct one more time.

Without even looking at her senior, the redhead threw the girl onto the carpet below. As expected, Makoto didn't even make a sound - her body was much too light for that. The giant casually stepped into the brunette, barely grazing her form with two sets of petite toes. While the realization was quite the somber one, that didn't mean the Student Council president was going to go down without a struggle. She ranted as loud as she could to resist, but without the ability to move, any ideas about fighting became pure folly. Deaf to Makoto's cries, Kasumi simply grabbed the hopefully-still-a-girl by the sides and with a singular, jerking motion thrust her senior upwards before coming to a halt, courtesy of two giant orbs of flesh. The girl then went and picked up her bra, although she needed some external help to actually put it on in a timely manner. And so, the redhead turned around and looking back, used a big mirror to aid herself with the annoying task of fastening the small, annoying hooks.

As she did, Makoto was granted the ability to appreciate what her new form had become overnight - gone was the cute brunette she was so used to seeing, replaced instead by an unremarkable pair of panties, its black-and-beige design similar to that of her school uniform, with a brown waistband seemingly meant to represent her hair. And... as soon as the girl saw what had become of her, yet another thing entered her view.

With her face partially wedged up the redhead's butt, her sight was similarly limited, the notion made even worse by the sudden appearance of a checkered skirt which made the girl return to darkness once again, this one only slightly illuminated by bits of sunlight peering from below. There was no going around it, Makoto had to finally accept the harsh and distressing truth, she had become a pair of panties - Kasumi's pair, to be precise.

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The next few hours were a nightmare. Becoming simple cloth, completely unrecognizable as a human was bad enough, but actually used as such was, without a shadow of a doubt, the worst experience the girl has ever had and was probably going to have. She didn't talk with Sae very often, and especially not about her work, but from the little she heard about different methods of getting information out of convicts, nothing came even close to this. Despite knowing better than anyone that it was futile, the once-human girl didn't give up her soundless plight. She thought back to her awakening as a persona user. Maybe this would yield similar results? Maybe Johanna would come to save her somehow? Sure, it wasn't the Metaverse, but the pair of panties was desperate enough to try anything to get herself out of this situation. But, as with every attempt thus far, she was met with radio silence. If anything, her day was slowly getting worse and worse.

Kasumi just went about her day as she always did, not really paying any attention to her underwear, unaware of the pain she was inflicting upon the person that was meant to tutor her. Every single step resulted in a chain reaction - as her legs moved, so did her briefs, although the constant action was much more noticeable by the latter. Since Kasumi's ass and thighs were Makoto's whole world, every move was like a small earthquake with the girl's face in the epicenter. This along with the amount of sweat produced, was a guaranteed recipe for nausea if the panties had some way to actually throw up.

Yet, even that pathetic feeling was better than the actual lessons. As a plus, Kasumi's body didn't move nearly as much when sitting, but it didn't matter when the brunette's face was stuck between a rock and a hard place, or in this case, her wearer's ass and a cheap, wooden chair. For the first time, the once-human girl was glad to not have bones anymore, otherwise, they'd quickly crumble into dust when met with the unprecedented weight of the redhead's bottom. The pressure was like something out of this world, there was no way a human could survive being squished under something like that, yet here she stood, perfectly fine, or at least as fine as she could be, given her current situation.

Oh, that's right. She wasn't a human anymore, was she?

Her new body was made specifically to serve one purpose and one purpose only, hold her wearer's privates so that nobody could see them, and on that front, she was doing a great job, and she hated that. If she were too big or too small then maybe she'd be taken off, at the very least! It sucked, but she'd rather spend the next hours in someone's bag, shrouded in darkness than hugging her underclassman's ass! But no, she just had to be the perfect size to serve Yoshizawa!

But the worst was still to come - it was school, after all, and it just so happened that Kasumi had her PE lessons today, ones she was actually quite eager to attend, seeing as it allowed her to break in the comfy new pair she found, not to mention relax somewhat before the upcoming tutoring session.

For better or for worse, Makoto learned of her upcoming torture beforehand, thanks to one of her wearer's remarks earlier while she talked with her still human classmates. At first, the

pair of panties was somewhat glad to learn this crucial information, as it meant she had at least some time to prepare herself mentally, but, unfortunately, as with all things related to her transformation, it could not be without its drawbacks. This knowledge was a double-edged sword, one which damaged the once-human girl's psyche in a yet unexplored way. The PE lesson hasn't even started, yet the fear of it beginning was overwhelming. If that's how it felt to be worn, she could only imagine how tortuous phys ed would be, especially since her wearer wasn't one to slack off. All she could hope for was that this nervousness was unfounded - it wasn't that uncommon for people to stress out simply because they assume the worst-case scenario, right?

Thinking back, maybe she should've gone with her gut...

Gym class was hell, pure and simple. Being hidden under a skirt was bad enough, but it at the very least gave the undies a lot of room to breathe, but being hidden away under a layer of sweatpants... yeah, it definitely felt the part, at least in terms of temperature. In a matter of minutes, she went from a relatively dry pair to basically drowning in Kasumi's sticky sweat, and to be frank, this wasn't even much of an exaggeration. If someone found her lying around, they'd probably assume she was dropped into a sink or a pool, as every fiber of her being was salty and wet, with some parts absorbing other liquids as well, ones she'd rather not talk about out - the nausea was strong enough as it were. How much did this girl exercise? Sure, maybe Makoto wasn't an athlete, but her underwear was never this wet, despite hours spent training in Mementos, or even when they infiltrated Futaba's castle, which was a literal desert! Speaking of which... The girl had to wonder, what were her friends going to do? Surely, there was no way they'd find her in this state, right? For all she knew, her owner had already crossed paths with some of them while walking through the school corridors, yet there was no reaction, not that she could blame them - she definitely wouldn't think it was even possible to become underwear had she not become a pair herself. What will the Phantom Thieves do without her? Will they just keep looking for their missing teammate until finally giving up and moving on with their lives while she's stuck with Kasumi for years to come?

These thoughts filled Makoto with nothing but despair, but at the very least, they let the pair of panties ignore the increasing pain and moisture she felt being wrapped around her wearer's assets.

Thankfully though, the torture came to an abrupt end, courtesy of the school bell - not that what came after was that much better, of course. Kasumi didn't sweat as much anymore, and her body moved much less, but the fact remained, she just finished a PE lesson. Her body was still sweaty, and Makoto was still wet from the whole ordeal. For a second she hoped that the redhead would have a spare pair to change into, seeing as her current one must've felt pretty nasty, yet it seemed the athletic girl didn't mind in the least. By the time the next lesson ended, the student council president was already dry, which was somewhat of a relief, though it didn't change the fact she was still full of nasty salt and other not-so-fun things the evaporated sweat left as a reminder.

Then, came the time of reckoning. The moment Kasumi was waiting for since she woke up and put on her perfect new pair of panties - the tutoring session! She was so happy to finally meet Makoto in person and learn new things!

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“Seems she’s not picking up...” Kasumi commented while letting out a big sigh. The girl was waiting to meet her senior. With Ren playing the role of an intermediary, Makoto agreed to tutor Kasumi after school, as, unfortunately, the girl was somewhat falling behind in her studies due to her extensive training routine. She waited... and waited... but Makoto didn’t come. The girl was regarded as a pretty much perfect student, so this situation threw Kasumi for a loop. It wasn’t *that* late yet, only half an hour or so, it was still very likely that something simply came up, delaying their meeting, so the redhead decided to start studying the basics by herself, hopeful for her rescuer to come, and save her from a bad grade, unaware of the terrifying truth that her senpai was much closer than she could’ve possibly imagined.

“If she’s not here in 15 minutes, I’m going ho-- Ugh, maybe I shouldn’t have eaten that old ramen...” The first-year ignored the growl produced by her stomach as Makoto panicked. She heard it loud and clear, the nasty roar served as a fair warning before the storm that was about to hit her. A warning that... didn’t really serve its purpose, seeing as she was unable to do anything about it, except brace herself to, once again, be put through a tremendous amount of pain and nastiness by her ditzy and oblivious underclassman. Unfortunately, there was simply no way to be prepared for anything when the explosion happened right where her face currently resided.

PPFFFFRRRRBBBBBBBBBBBBBT!!!

“Oof, that’s a nasty one... hopefully these panties don’t tear...” The redhead commented as she tried to understand her algebra homework. As a small positive, it was true that the pair remained nice and without any holes, but the same couldn’t be said about their psyche... The toot did quite a number on Makoto’s senses, as she could not only hear but also feel and smell every single bit of it, right at the heart of the explosion, which not only left her nostrils full of a foul smell that’d normally knock someone unconscious (not that she had that privilege, of course) but also her skin... or rather, her fibers feeling rather wet once again, although it wasn’t a stretch to think the girl preferred the nasty sweat over the yellowish liquid that filled her nonexistent mouth.

Makoto was getting ready for her owner to finally come home and take her off, or at the very least to get her ass from the agonizingly solid chair and sit somewhere more soft, but it turned out her supposed-to-be pupil got rather engrossed in the learning process even without her help, opting to spend the next hours in the library as the equations present inside of her textbook made more and more sense.

It wasn’t all fine though, there were a few moments of weakness, one which more often than not ended with somewhat cutting remarks towards the poor brunette, who could do nothing but listen to them. It wasn’t her fault things ended up like that! She really wanted to help her kouhai out and explain these things, but she simply couldn’t! Oh, Makoto felt so pathetic at this moment, probably even more so than any other. Even if it wasn’t as physically painful as some others, the pitiful irony of being berated like that after everything she went through, by Ren’s friends, no less... it’s like fate was making fun of her. Yet, with no way to voice these

complaints, the girl waited in silence until the clock hit 7PM and her owner went home and put the stinky pair on top of a gigantic laundry pile to be washed like the piece of clothing she had become.