

## ***Fairy Tail Funpark (Inanimate TF, Fairy Tail)***

Lucy frowned as she poked her head out of the bathroom, half-expecting Natsu to jump straight through her window. When he failed to appear, she sighed in relief. She had a long day of guild work ahead of her, and she could do without any unpleasant surprises.

As she struggled to get the zipper over her boobs, a sound like a cat's purr cut through Lucy's thoughts. Mid-zip, she froze and looked about. *Happy?*

The purring droned on, loud and more intense than any noise she'd ever known Happy to make. What... what was it? Was it coming from outside?

With a frown, Lucy rushed to her bedroom window and stuck her head out into the world...

...and froze.

On the horizon hovered a giant yellow cube.

As Lucy stared, brow furrowed in concern, the titanic box—it must be larger than the town—came to a stop not far from the city's walls. Lines of pink light traced its surface like filigree, flowing over its smooth, rounded edges and pulsing with energy. A low drone, like a cat's purring, emanated constantly from its bulk.

Back in her bedroom, Lucy struggled to comprehend what she was seeing? What was it? Was it an enemy? She couldn't help but think of Tartaros's Cube and shudder. What was it going to do?

As if in response, one of the many dots of light tracing the cube's surface flashed, projecting a window of light in the air. Fizzling, it resolved into the face of a young woman, one with cat's ears atop her head and a malicious smile stretching from cheek to cheek.

"Hello, [MAGNOLIA], nya. My name is Kasetsu of Kasetsu Constwuction and this is a pwe-wecorded message being played for nyour information! Ahem. 'Congwatulation, nya! Nyour world has been selected to become the latest in a line of Doujinland Mini-Franchises™. Princess Doujinshi has already designed an awway of wonderful attwactions to weplace nyour bowing old erections (teehee). As part of this process, the Doujinshi Company has hired us, Kasetsu Constwuction, to handle the rebuilding process! Our FATCAT Constwuctor Ships will deconstwuct and webuild nyour planetawy enviwonment with spectacular efficiency, nya!' Wow! Doesn't that sound fun?"

Lucy's heart pounded in her chest. What was she talking about?

Kasetsu's grin grew even sicker. "Here at Kasetsu Constwuction, we appreciate that such a rapid weconstwuction of nyour local enviwonment might cause some trauma. Please be assuwed that this is an unavoidable component of the pprocess, and Kasetsu Constwuction will do everything it can to maximize the fun of the expewience for ewevyone involved!" The figure licked her lips and tightened her eyes. "We advise nyou nyot to stwuggle, nya."

With a crackle, the window fizzled away.

As Lucy struggled to process what she'd heard, the giant cube's purring deepened to a wowl. With a series of cracks and pops and hisses, seams split the massive box's surface, and it unfolded like a piece of origami. New shapes emerged from the old one: a pudgy cuboid for a body, four stubby boxes to serve as legs; a short, coiled tail; and finally: a head with glowing rectangles for eyes and a sharp, angular jaw like a crusher.

Opening wide, the FATCAT yowled for someone to feed it.

Lucy trembled. Swallowing her fear, she turned and ran downstairs. She'd barely made it outside when the FATCAT made its next move. Floating at an angle to the city, it turned its glowing eyes on Magnolia's streets, and from its pupils burst two bright beams. Lucy screamed as they cut through the city, slicing through buildings and streets as cleanly as a cake and lifting the resultant slice out of the ground with obscene ease.

As Lucy stared, frozen on the spot, the wedge of streets and buildings the FATCAT had cut out of Magnolia rose steadily into the air. Lucy heard the sound of screaming growing distant as the chunk floated towards the spaceship's mouth.

Opening wide, the FATCAT snarled up the chunk of streets and buildings and people like a particularly tasty hotdog. As the last scrap of brick and mortar disappeared inside, its jaws slammed shut, and its belly began to rumble, producing a pink glow as it worked.

At the other end of its body, the FATCAT's stubby spring of a tail uncoiled and stretched. Extending all the way to Magnolia, it came to a stop over the newly-emptied plot, and a bright light shone from its tip. Lucy stared as it painted new buildings into being: smooth white storefronts, the skeleton of a rollercoaster, the squat mushroom shape of a carousel...

Drawing in a deep breath, Lucy tried to calm herself. She—she had to get to the guild. The others... maybe they could—

Twin beams of stark pink light shot over her head and slammed into the ground barely ten meters away from her. She screamed as they sliced sideways, leaving a clean line in the cobbles where they'd passed. It took them only seconds to cut a neat block out of the city.

A pink light suffused the ground beneath Lucy's feet. As she stared, the street shook, knocking her to her knees with a gasp. Windows shattered. Plant pots toppled. Tiles fell from roofs. When she tried to stand, she felt an intense sense of vertigo.

Lying there on the ground, she could only stare, struggling to stand, as the FATCAT's giant, mechanical maw filled her sight. She gaped as it opened wide, the bright pink glow of its insides casting everything in their color. A second later, the vast pink cavern swallowed her.

Lucy trembled. The smooth, plasticky walls of the monstrous machine's belly loomed around them, a row of rings like a giant's ribs running from one end to the other. Screams sounded

all around her, each stabbing into her composure. She tried to stand, but her legs refused to hold her.

Heart pounding, her hand snapped to her keys. She needed to summon someone. Anyone! “Aqu—”

As she spoke, they passed through the first of the FATCAT’s ribs. Arcs of pink lightning crackled between its arches—Lucy felt an intense tingling. She squealed in horror as her keys and everything else on her person vanished, erased.

“N-no,” said Lucy, tears forming in her eyes. “No,” she cried, hugging her naked body, “that’s not fair—!”

The FATCAT’s jaw slammed shut with a titanic crash, cutting off all natural light. All that remained was the awful pink light of its veins. It hurt Lucy’s eyes.

As Lucy shivered, the rings lining the machine’s stomach started to turn, and the purring sound she’d heard before returned with terrible intensity. With every second, the spinning of the rings grew faster, and the purring grew louder, till at last she could no longer bear it. “Stop!” she cried, covering her ears. “Stop!”

Around her, things turned gray. Whimpering, Lucy watched as her apartment dripped to the street, bricks and tiles and wooden shutters alike melting like cheese on the grill. They pooled in the street, forming giant puddles of gray stuff. All of a sudden, Lucy found herself sinking.

With a scream, she looked down and found the stones on which she knelt had turned as liquid as her former apartment. “No!” she cried as she sank into its depth. Squealing, she struggled to pull herself out. It felt like being stuck in mud.

The sound of wind cut through the screaming. Gaping, Lucy looked up and found they’d come to the end of the FATCAT’s ribs. Beyond lay a tangled mess of glass pipes from which several tubes sprouted like a hydra’s many heads. Lucy could only watch as they approached, the sound of their suction drowning out every other noise.

One by one, thick globs of the gray stuff around her flew into the maws of the pipes ahead, slurped up and away like big drops of milkshake. In seconds, thick torrents of the stuff poured through the pipes.

But it wasn’t only the gray stuff being sucked up. Lucy gasped in horror to see people caught in the suction as well. “No!” she cried as they flew screaming into the tangle of the tubes. Heart pounding, face covered in sweat, she struggled to pull herself out of the muck and *do* something. But the more she struggled, the worse she became stuck, and before she knew it, one of the pipes hung above her.

“N-no...” Her hair shot up; drops of the gray flew up and away as well. Lucy flailed as she found herself rising, desperate for something to hold on to.

The last thing she saw was the FATCAT's jaws opening to accept another morsel of city. A second later, the gray gunk covered her eyes and everything went dark.

Lucy tumbled through the length of the gunk-filled pipe for what felt like eternity, spinning and screaming as if she were shooting through the world's worst water slide. The goo of her former home coated her all over. It got in her hair, over her face, between her legs. She couldn't see or hear anything save the roar of the suction. She could barely even breathe.

Just as she thought this would carry on forever, she found herself snatched sideways. She screamed as she shot *through* the side of the tube and down a long, gooey-slide, and into a thick, rubbery belt that rippled as she struck it. It clung to her skin, refusing to release her.

Lying there, still covered in gunk and on the edge of a nervous breakdown, Lucy wiped her eyes clean and looked around. Nearby, the pipes all emptied the gray stuff into a ring of large tanks. The gray stuff flowed fast, but the vats never seemed any closer to overflowing.

Around the tanks spawled lines of conveyors, all lined with people like herself, and all terminating in a bulky, pink box. Lucy could only watch as one person after another disappeared inside them.

*Wh-what's happening?* she thought as a young woman vanished screaming into the box at the end of her own line. *Wh-what are they going to do to us?* Heart pounding, she struggled to pull free of the belt. *What am I supposed to do?!*

As Lucy struggled, the belt lurched again. The man ahead of her screamed as he shot into the box, its door slamming behind him with an emphatic *schunk*. It soon started to purr, pink light seeping through its cracks.

The young man's scream continued for several long seconds, till at last, just like that, it cut out.

Hugging herself, Lucy shivered and wept. What were they going to do to—?! She squealed as the box's door opened again. "Natsu!" she cried, snapping her head around wildly. "Natsu! Help me! Help—!"

The belt lurched forward, throwing Lucy into the darkness. The door closed behind her with a *schunk*.

Kneeling there, trembling and whimpering, Lucy heard that terrible purring sound again. With every second it grew louder and louder, till she couldn't bear it at all. Moaning, she covered her ears.

Beams of pink light burst from every corner of the box. Lucy screamed as they slammed into her skin, instantly setting her every nerve on fire. Like a giant hand, they ripped her off the belt, forced her to her feet, and held her there trapped, unable to pull free. She could only moan as they bent her over, making her stick out her ass and place her hands on their matching shoulders. She whimpered. *What are they doing to me?!*

As if in response, the purring of the machine changed somehow, and the energy coursing through Lucy's nerves shifted. Throwing back her head, she screamed in ecstasy as her sex suddenly ignited—she wanted nothing more than to wrench her hands off her shoulders and stick her fingers in her pussy.

As Lucy panted for breath, her legs slammed together tighter than she'd ever imagined possible, so tight it almost hurt. Looking down, she found them fusing together, melding like two clumps of clay being squeezed into a new shape. In seconds, she stood on a single fleshy pillar.

As she struggled to pull her legs apart, another pressure seized them—she groaned, eyes full of tears, as they compacted into a cuboid. “Stop it!” she screamed. “Stop—Ah!”

An intense feeling in her breasts and ass soon snatched her attention away. Eyes rolling back in their sockets, she moaned as her rear and her chest swelled like a quartet of balloons, bloating into four fat, jiggling spheres that struck her with more pleasure than she could bear. “Nnn~! What are you—?! Ah!”

Screwing up her eyes, she squirmed as her assets plumped, squishing her torso between them. In turn, her shoulders pumped up into a pair of little orbs, while her hands and arms shriveled and bent into a pair of plastic handles. Whimpering, she tried to pull them free, but they didn't even feel separate from her shoulders anymore.

Another wave of tingling washed up from her feet, and where it passed her skin turned smooth and glossy as plastic. As it reached the upper half of her body, Lucy felt a terrible, mind-wrenching tingling in her mouth, pussy, and anus. She tried to scream as the three holes swelled, but the twisting of her lips made further speech impossible. All she could do was squeal in her head.

*Natsu! Natsu! Please! Please help me! Help me! Help!* Her eyes quivered in their sockets for a few final seconds before the light finally reduced them to the flat pair of a doll.

Swishing over her altered form, the beams painted her clothes back on to her and added another pair of handles to her ass. This done, they snapped off.

Standing there, trapped in her own body, unable to scream or cry or protest or fight, Lucy could only whimper in her head as the rear door of the box opened and the belt carried her outside. What had they done to her? What had they done to her?!

Outside, she found herself on one of many belts, all filled with items. Some were like herself, strange pillars, posed bent with their mouths and asses out. Others looked like little women, only plastic and limbless. More still resembled dolls with exaggerated features: fat breasts and swollen thighs and plump lips between their legs. The sight made Lucy want to shiver. *What do they want with us?*

Weaving their way between the tanks of gray stuff, the many belts all came to an end above a large, pink platform. One by one, items fell from their conveyors and struck it, disappearing instantly in bright flashes of pink. Lucy could only whimper as her own turn approached.

The second she touched the platform, the factory around her vanished. For a second, the whole world was pink—she felt herself falling.

A moment later, she found herself planted in the floor of a long white hall. Even as she watched, the walls grew, painted into existence by that same pink glow. Other pillars like herself appeared around her, some of which she even thought she recognized.

The last thing she saw before the roof cut off her sight was the FATCAT opening wide and yowling for more food.

\*

Erza grunted as she shot out of the pipe. Slamming into the sticky surface of the conveyor, she growled and struggled to pull free, but it refused to release her.

*Where am I now?* she thought, looking around. Around stood row after row of conveyors, all full of naked people like herself and all leading to the same bulky pink boxes. She had no idea what any of it meant.

Raising a hand, she tried to use Requip again, but her spell failed as swiftly as it had the first time. Gritting her teeth, she snarled at the sight. What was going on? It felt as if her magic had been drained.

Before she could get an answer, the belt lurched, thrusting one of the naked women in front of her into the box. Erza stared as its door slammed shut—a second later, it started to purr, pink light spilling through its gaps. The woman inside screamed.

Then, just like that, she cut out.

A bead of sweat dripped from Erza's brow. She had to do something—quickly!

Seizing all the strength she had, she tugged hard at her legs, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't pull them free.

Gritting her teeth, Erza groaned and pulled harder. "Release. Me. This. Inst—"

A siren blared, and a strange machine, like a cartoon cat's paw, floated up to the belt. Erza froze as it stopped above her. "Resistance detected," the paw declared. "Westwaining."

Erza blinked. *R-restraining?*

Floating behind her, the cat's paw drew back. Erza had barely a second to process what it was doing before—

*Smack!*

Erza screamed as the cat's paw slapped her ass. It struck hard, and with its impact came a jolt of mind-numbing energy. Erza moaned and fell forward, shivering in ecstasy. She barely even noticed the belt latch onto her arms.

By the time the pleasure faded, it was too late for further protest. The box loomed before her, its door open to receive her. Erza had one final instant to struggle feebly before it slammed behind her.

Lying there in the darkness, Erza looked around, heart pounding. Now what was going to—?

The machine started to purr. As Erza listened, the sound grew louder and larger until it was almost deafening.

At last, little pink lights snapped on all around the box, like constellations in the night sky. For a second, they reminded Erza of Jellal.

A second later, the beams struck.

Erza screamed as she flew off the belt and spun upright. Casting their glow over her body, the beams seized her limbs and spread them wide before plopping her but back on the belt again. She tried to struggle, but her arms and legs were locked tight—worse, it felt as if someone had set her sex on fire. Erza squirmed, sweat pouring down her face, as an even greater amount of liquid flowed out of her pussy.

As she struggled to regain control of herself, something happened to her digits. Casting her gaze to the ends of her limbs, Erza saw her fingers and toes melding, fusing into single, indistinguishable lumps of flesh and leaving her with stubby mittens and socks in place of her hands and feet. She gaped. What were they doing to her?!

The tingling afflicting her hands and feet soon spread up her arms and legs. Where it passed, her skin turned glossy, seams appearing to split her flesh. She gaped as they wove their way up her arms to her shoulders.

As the tingling reached her torso, Erza threw back her head and screamed. All of a sudden, she felt so *empty*, as if her entire body had hollowed out. In desperation, she gasped for air, swallowing mouthful after mouthful. Slowly, she started to feel *full* again.

Unfortunately, she didn't feel the same. Instead of filling her evenly, the air seemed to settle in her chest and her rear. She shivered at the feeling of them jiggling, pumped fat by all the air she'd inhaled. Her breasts received an especially large boost, swelling so large they flowed around her arms. She trembled at the pressure, struggling not to moan, even as a cross of seams spread over them, centered on her nipples.

Down below, her belly button inverted into a neat plastic cap. *Pop!*

Finally, as the wave of glossiness reached her face, Erza felt a tingling in her lips and all her other holes too. Against her will, she puckered them—*all* of them—and stared in horror as her

lips swelled into a thick, plump 'O'. "Mmmphf!" She could feel the same happening to her other holes.

Moments later the wave passed her mouth, smoothed her nose out of existence, and flattened her eyes into a pair of cartoon's, wild in surprise.

With that, the change was over. The pink light died away, the purring faded, and Erza found herself shunted out of the box and away. She struggled against her frozen body as the conveyor carried her on.

*Turn me back! Turn me back, damn you--!*

Striking the platform at the end of the belt, Erza dropped out of existence with a final silent squeak. A moment later, she found herself in what appeared to be a casino, complete with game tables and a bar. She stared, unable to do anything else, as it painted itself into reality around her, and more dolls like herself appeared to fill in the gaps.

\*

Juvia struck the belt with a snarl. "How dare you do this to Juvia?" she cried, struggling to conceal herself. "What have you done to Gray?"

No one responded. Snarling, Juvia struggled to pull herself off the belt, without success.

Ahead of her, a woman screamed. Snapping her gaze to the front of the belt, Juvia saw a little door open on the giant tank in front of them and a young brunette vanish screaming inside. The machine's door slammed shut, and the tank started to purr, shaking on its stand. At once, the brunette's screams doubled in intensity, only to fade out almost as quickly as they'd started.

Finally, the machine stopped purring, and a large pipe drained something thick out of it.  
*Glugglugglug!*

Back on the belt, Juvia shivered. Sweat dripping from her brow, she looked around for something to help her. If she could use her magic, she could turn into water and defy this cursed belt's stickiness, but it felt as if something had drained her energy. No matter how hard she tried to cast a spell, she couldn't.

The belt lurched forward again, hauling another woman into the mouth of the strange tank. As her screams filled the air, Juvia struggled even harder.

A moment later, the purring ceased, and the machine's door opened again. This time, it was a redhead's turn to squeal as she shot inside.

As the door slammed shut, sweat dripped down Juvia's face. *What is--? What is Juvia supposed to do?* Without the power to cast, what option did she have?



Liquid poured—*glugglugglug*—out of the tank. Its door snapped open to receive her. In her chest, Juvia's heart pounded. *Gray! Gray! Help me! Help me! Help—!*

The belt lurched forward, throwing her into the dark.

As the door snapped shut behind her, Juvia gasped and looked around. Pitch black walls surrounded her. She couldn't make out anything.

Something slippery coated the floor. Sticking a finger in it, Juvia raised it to her nose and sniffed. It smelled of... coconut?

All at once, the machine purred into life, and a ring of lights snapped on above. Juvia gasped as they turned, growing faster with the second. Arcs of light whirled across her figure, making her skin tingle and her pussy burn.

Shivering, Juvia struggled to her feet and looked around for an escape route. She didn't know what the machine was doing, and she wanted to get out before she found out.

As she felt the walls desperately for a hatch, Juvia's legs trembled, and she found the ceiling rising. Blinking, she looked down...

...and screamed.

Where her feet had been, there now lay nothing more than a growing puddle of thick white fluid. Even as she stared, trembling in horror, her ankles disappeared into its depths, and the puddle grew that little bit wider.

Screaming, Juvia fell back against the wall and wrenched her foot out to find that it was gone: her leg ended in a dripping white stump. Staring, she whimpered feebly.

Above, the lights on the ceiling turned faster and faster, and the white stuff spread higher and higher up her naked, sweating body. Breathing hard, Juvia watched and groaned as her lower leg slopped to the floor and thick beads of the white stuff formed on her arms.

*I-I'm melting! Juvia is melting!* She wanted to turn and pound on the side of the tank for freedom, but the sight of what was happening kept her rooted where she stood. *I'm melting!* Her eyes shook.

Her legs gave way. With a scream, Juvia dropped, landing with a *splat* in the puddle of her own form. Pulling her hands out of the goo, she shrieked to find her fingers gone. Even as she watched, the rest of her hands melted away too.

Sitting there with her back against the wall, Juvia could only stare, chest rising and falling, thick tears slipping from her eyes, as her arms and legs melted away, leaving her with little option but to thrash. As the white stuff reached her sex, her panic reached an apex.

"Gray!" she screamed. "Gray! Help me! Help—Nnn~!" As her sex melted away, pleasure roared through Juvia's body. Throwing back her head, she screamed for a different reason,

barely even noticing as the wave of glossy whiteness washed over her form like a coating of paint.

She sat there for a moment or two, a pillar of white slime vaguely sculpted like herself. Big globs of former hair dripped from her head, while her breasts slipped down her chest to mingle with her sex. Finally, she gave one last moan of lust and collapsed, sinking into a shapeless mess on the floor.

The lights on the ceiling continued to turn, stirring her former body till she was smooth and consistent. By the time it stopped, she filled the tank to the halfway point.

*Oooh*, thought Juvia, scarcely able to think. Her entire body felt as if it had been wrapped in on itself. Her upper lips felt as if they were pressed against her lower ones. Her fingers felt as if they were inside her pussy. Her butt felt as if it had an entire leg stuffed inside it. She wished she still had a mouth to scream with, but it felt as if it were full of her too.

Finally, the lights of the ceiling came to a stop. With a click, a drain opened beneath her. Juvia moaned as she slipped away, mewling at the feeling of the grate through her body. Down she poured through a long pipe and away.

A minute later, she spurted into a thick tank filled with liquid people like herself. She felt every part of them, from their nipples to their pussies to their cocks to their mouths. Every part of her was pressed into every part of them, and every part of them all burned with an intense, erotic heat. She wanted to scream.

'LUBE' said the sign on the tank.

\*

Mirajane and Lisanna squealed as they dropped out of the pipe. Landing together on the sticky belt of the conveyor, they screamed and hugged each other closely, unable to fight.

"Wh-where are we now?" asked Lisanna, throwing her gaze about wildly. She saw conveyors lined with people like themselves and ahead: a row of boxes, purring as they worked. Every minute or two, the belts would jump forever, shunting another unfortunate into the maws of the machines.

The two watched in horror as a plump redhead disappeared into the box at the end of their own line. The door slammed shut behind her, and the machine started to purr. The redhead's screams sounded for several long seconds before she finally went silent.

Lisanna shook. "Wh-what are they doing?!"

Mirajane wished she had an answer.

Unable to pull free of the belt or use their magic in any way, all the pair could do was cling to each other in desperation, hoping that someone, *anyone*, would come to their aid.

No one came.

Finally, the door of the machine opened again, the belt lurched forward, and the sisters screamed as they found themselves in the dark.

*Schunk.*

Lying there, hearts pounding, the two looked around in panic, but all they could see was the smooth interior of the machine and the faint glow of the tracery running over it. As Mirajane renewed her struggles against the belt, trying to pull her knees off its gummy surface, a number of tiny pink lights lit up the ceiling of the machine. The two froze, stunned.

A moment later, hundreds of tiny beams struck their bodies. As one, the sisters screamed. It felt as if a lightning bolt were coursing through their nerves.

Against their will, they jumped to their feet. Lisanna threw her hands against the wall of the box and leaned against it, sticking out her rear. Mirajane, on the other hand, straddled her from behind, screaming as her pussy slammed into her sister's butt.

"Mira?!" Lisanna struggled to speak. "Stop!"

"I-I can't!" cried Mirajane, pulling back her hips to thrust again. "I can't!"

A fresh bolt of lightning struck their forms. The two screamed afresh before going silent as their faces snapped straight ahead and their mouths split into bright, beaming smiles. Their eyes widened in delight too, though their pupils shook in protest.

Slowly, their faces paled. Whiteness washed over their chins and all the way down their necks, spreading over the curves of their chests and asses and down, down their legs in instants. At the ends of their limbs, their hands and feet did the opposite: turning a dark black and melding to form the thick clumps of hooves.

As Mirajane continued to pump her hips, other spots of blackness appeared all over them, growing swiftly into corsets and reins and saddles, while two tails matching their hair sprouted from their rears.

Finally, a pair of dark panties formed between Mira's legs and sprouted in turn a large black shaft, thick and hard and plastic. She pulled back.

*Lisanna!* Mira thought-screamed.

*Schlup!*

*Ai!* If Lisanna could have moved her mouth, she would have screamed hard enough to be heard in Alvarez. Pleasure rocketed up her spine and slammed into her brain, instantly igniting an explosion of utter ecstasy. *M-Mira is... Mira is... Nnn~!*

Unfortunately for Lisanna, Mirajane couldn't stop. Drawing back her hips, she thrust again and again, making her sister's cheeks ripple with the force of the impact.

With a *ding!*, the pink lights snapped off, the machine's door opened, and the two found themselves carried outside—Mira still thrusting—and onto a large platform. As they touched it, the factory vanished in a flash.

A moment later, the two found themselves on a similar platform. Unlike the previous, this one was filled with bucking horse-girls and -boys like themselves. As they struggled to escape, a mushroom of white plastic sprouted from the center of the platform and grew to blanket them in shade.

Slowly, the platform started to turn. Trapped, Mirajane and Lisanna could only stand there and listen to its jaunty tune.

\*

Levy squeaked as the belt lurched again, carrying her another meter closer to the machine. Whimpering, she watched in horror as the door slammed shut again. The screams of the young blonde who'd vanished inside lasted for several long seconds... before cutting off—just like that—silenced in an instant.

The machine purred, whirred, shook and grumbled. Finally, with a *ding!*, a little hatch opened on its side, and a slim magazine rolled out onto a nearby pile.

Levy whimpered as the machine's door snapped open. "No—!" she cried, struggling to pull free of the belt. "N-no, don't—!"

*Schunk.* Levy's world went dark.

Kneeling there in the cavern of the machine, Levy hugged herself as she looked around and moaned. What was going to happen to her?!

A light snapped on above her, and a beam swept over Levy's figure. She squealed as it traced her body, hugging her hips and groping her exposed breasts. What was it doing? What was it doing?!

The light snapped off. Around her, the machine hummed and shuddered and whirred.

As Levy hugged herself in fear, a bulky cylinder dropped sideways from the ceiling and slammed into a matching drum rising from the floor. As one, they started to turn... moving towards her with terrifying slowness.

Levy froze, her scream caught in her throat. "N-no! No! Stop it! Get away from me! Get away from—!"

Something slammed into her ass, kicking her straight towards the rollers. Levy screamed as her hands slipped between them and were crushed flat in an instant. Instead of pain, a

terrible, overwhelming pleasure rushed through Levy's body. She threw back her head and moaned as the rollers sucked her between them, flattening her head and the rest of her in instants.

The first pair of rollers passed her into a second pair, and these in turn passed her to a third. Each pair rolled her a little smoother, a little slimmer, till she looked a little less like a woman and a little more like a long sheet of paper.

Emerging from the rollers, she passed under a set of lasers. One bleached her white, removing the last traces of her former identity, while the second sliced her into a stack of neat sheets, each exactly the same size.

Sliding into place beneath a third light, Levy lay lost in delight as it fired. As its beam struck her, her mind exploded—all at once, she was back in Phantom Lord's guildhall. They'd beaten her, dragged her into their dungeons, stripped her, and now they stood over her with eyes full of hunger, a crowd of men who wanted nothing more than to abuse her in every way imaginable...

As the printing process finished, the machine passed the stack of sheets to a binder that glued them together. Its work done, the machine pushed the magazine out, where it rolled down a conveyor and onto a stack of other, similar publications.

Inside, Levy lost herself to the first of many orgasms.

\*

"Hey! Get the hell offa me!" Cana cried, struggling to pull herself off the belt. She fought as it lurched forward, carrying her into the mouth of the machine.

*Urgh, great*, she thought as it slammed shut behind her. *Now what?* She wished she still had her cards so that she could *do* something.

A light snapped on overhead, and before Cana knew what was happening, a beam struck her in the chest. She screamed as pleasure coursed through her form, body quaking at the strength of it.

Against her will, she rose to her feet and stood there, heart pounding, sweat dripping from her skin. "Hey! What are you—Nnn~!"

Screwing up her eyes, Cana moaned as an intense pressure formed in her breasts. Looking down, heart pounding, she found her boobs swelling, nipples rising on a tide of bloating flesh. "Nn~!" She slammed her legs shut. What the fuck? Why did it feel so good?

Watching her breasts swell to the size of beach balls, Cana cupped them and gasped at the feeling. Instead of lumps of fat, they felt like sacks of water—when she raised them and dropped them, she even heard them slosh. She wondered if it would feel good to—?

Cana's arms fell limp—her boobs dropped. It felt so good she barely even noticed her arms shriveling. Down below, her legs did the same, folding up into her torso and leaving her floating unsupported.

As the last of her limbs faded away, Cana's nipples twitched and stretched, turning a bright silver. She moaned as they swelled, forming a pair of large taps—exactly the kind you might see on a keg. Down below, her clit silvered and turned into another.

All at once, the pressure in her boobs and her bladder became unbearable. *Fuck! Cana swore. Fuck! Fuck, someone drain me! Someone drain me!*

Finally, her face froze in an expression of utter lust, and her skin turned to smooth, pale plastic. With that, Cana stopped moving entirely.

Lowering her to the floor, the pink beams snapped off, the machine dinged, and the door opened to let her outside. Lost in the pleasure of the intense pressure filling her, Cana barely noticed herself roll out of the machine and onto a large platform. Only as the world turned pink did she come back to her senses.

When the light died away, Cana found herself sitting on a smooth white countertop. Ahead of her sprawled tables and chairs, game tables, and one-armed bandits. Cana could only stare. Was she in a casino?

Nnn~! And when was someone going to—ah!—empty her?! Ah!

\*

Wendy squealed as she dropped out of the tube. Landing on the belt, she sat up and looked around, tears forming in her eyes as she wiped the white stuff off her arms. “Carla!” she cried. “Carla!” The only response she got was the screams of the people around her.

Shivering, Wendy struggled not to wail. What was happening? Where was she? Where was Carla?!

All of a sudden, the belt beneath her lurched. Wendy screamed in shock, as did the people on the line ahead of her. The woman at the very front screamed especially loud as the pink machine swallowed her up. Its door slammed behind her with a sound like a falling ax.

Wendy whimpered as the machine started to purr. “Carla! Carla!”

For several minutes, she simply knelt there, unable to think of anything to do, as the box swallowed up one person after another, and the belt lurched forward, carrying her closer, closer, closer, until—

The open door loomed over her. Wendy stared into the darkness beyond. “Carla!” she cried, struggling against the belt. “Carla! Carla! Carl—!”

She shot forward. *Schunk!*

Lying there in the darkness, tears pouring from her eyes, Wendy sat and looked around and whimpered in fear.

An array of pink lights snapped on above her. Looking up, Wendy raised a hand to shield her eyes from the glare. A second later, six sharp beams of light struck her flesh, forced her into the air, and posed her like a doll. Whimpering, she struggled against their grip, but all she accomplished was making herself squirm a little.

All at once, the strength went out of her body. Falling limp, Wendy struggled to breathe and cry to help. “Carla! Caaarla!” What was happening to her?

As she tried to make herself move, her fingers tingled and fused together, while her skin turned to something far coarser, something more like fabric than flesh. Her eyes quaked as the change spread up her arms.

Her arms weren’t the only things changing. As she tried feebly to kick, her toes fused into feet that were themselves shriveling, leaving her with a pair of thick stumps where they’d been. As with her arms, the change spread swiftly in the direction of her torso, turning her smooth flesh to fuzzy fabric held together by nothing more than a few quick stitches.

“Carla!” cried Wendy, heart pounding. “Carla!” She could only scream as the light reworked her torso, threading stitches into her fabricizing skin and replacing her nipples with buttons.

“Carla! Car—!” The light reached her mouth. Wendy’s cries cut off as it stitched her lips together. “Mmmpphf! Mmmphf!”

Moving on, the light wiped away her nose and reduced her eyes to a pair of black beads. Finally it swept over her hair, reducing her beautiful locks to thick blue yarn, and nothing more.

At last, the Wendy doll dropped. Falling limply on her side, she lay there whimpering and shivering as the machine’s door opened and the belt hauled her outside. “Mmmphf!” The factory floor vanished in a flash, and Wendy found herself sitting neatly on a shelf, one doll among many.

Below them stood a row of targets.

\*

The second the park opened, catgirls poured through the gates. Saucers choked the sky and the landing pads alike. Down on the ground, Main Street bustled with guests, the shoes of thousands of catgirls clapping against its smooth, white tiles. A squeal of excitement sounded every other second.

“Nyaaah~,” said Ichi hugging her girlfriend’s arm as the two strolled along. “What shall we try first, nya?”

Ni's cock twitched beneath her skirt. "Hmm," she said, tapping her chin. "How about... Oooh! Oooh! The carousel!"

Ichil giggled. "Okay, nya. The carousel it is." Grabbing her girlfriend's hands, she dragged Ni across the street towards the giant mushroom of the carousel. Horse-girls of every hair color and body type stood in a ring on its platform, among them a curvaceous blonde with a flower in her hair and a slimmer girl with short, lavender locks.

Ni's eyes shot straight past them. "Let's try those two!" she said, pointing to a pair of horse-girls with stark white hair, one bent over while the other took her in the rear.

Ichi snickered at the sight. Licking her lips, she jumped onto the back of the bent horse-girl, gripped her reins, and snapped them with a 'hi-nyah!"

Her partner took up a position behind the horse-girl with the strap-on. Licking her lips, she hiked up her skirt, massaged her cock to full erection, and slipped it with a giggle between the horse's cheeks. "Mmm~."

With a jingle, the carousel started to turn, and as it did, its horses jerked to life. All at once, the horse-girl with the strap-on thrust her hips forward, slamming her plastic cock into the ass of her unwilling mount, before pulling her hips back... and inadvertently slamming her ass onto Ni's cock. "Nyah!"

As the carousel picked up speed, Ichi and Ni clung tight and laughed. Beneath them, their mounts rose and bucked, bucked and rose, rose and bucked.

They also trembled, as if trying to escape their own forms. To Ichi and Ni, this was the best part of the experience.

\*

After emptying her balls in the white-haired horse-girl, Ni dragged her partner through the streets of the park to something like a dingy, sweet-smelling cavern. Cards shuffled. Dice rattled. Game tables covered the floor, all made out of wooden human figures, posed lewdly. One especially large table's legs consisted of a ring of women on their knees, all eating each other out.

The casino also offered a number of sex toys for its patrons to make use of it--these turned out to be far more appealing to the twintail than any kind of card game.

Kicking aside a green-haired doll in a cowboy hat, Ni snatched up a red-haired one and wasted no time slamming her cock into all of its plastic holes, making its inflatable body squeak with the force of the impact and leaving the mind inside to lose itself in tortured bliss.

Ichi, meanwhile, sidled up to the bar to purchase a refreshing mug of frothy water. Slipping into a seat, she watched with a smirk as the bartender grabbed a glass and seized one of the tap-nipples of the highly-feminine keg. Tightening her grip, she gave it a sharp yank, and a torrent of frothy liquid poured from the keg's swollen breast.



Watching her mug fill, Ichi giggled. Though there was no outward sign, the keg's mind was losing itself in delight as the pressure in its breast escaped. As froth dripped over the sides of Ichi's mug, the keg experienced a mind-breaking orgasm.

Of course, the second the bartender released the tap, the pressure started growing again, forcing the keg out of her afterglow and back to the awful tension of being pent-up and horny. Ichi laughed.

Behind her, her girlfriend pulled back her hips and thrust into the red-haired sex doll's ass with a "nyaaaah!". Pulling out, she sighed in delight, snatching at the doll's hair to wipe off her cock.

This done, she threw the doll aside, leaving it to lie there, face down, semen dribbling out of its asshole.

\*

As they strolled on, the catgirls heard the characteristic *zzzap* of a pointer in sports mode and turned to find a little shooting gallery with plush dolls filling its shelves: a tiny blonde one in white; a slightly bigger one with red-hair and yellow ribbons; a third with bright pink-hair and little golden wings...

At Ichi's side, Ni squeezed her cheeks and gasped. "Oh my *Mom*, they're all so cute! Ichi! Ichi! Nyou have to win me one! Come on, nyou're such a good shot!"

With a sigh, Ichi tossed some bells over the counter, snatched up a pointer and took aim at the targets.

*Zzzap! Ding! Zzzzap! Ding! Zzzap! Ding!*

As Ichi dropped her pointer with a smile, the Bakeneko running the stall approached her. "Well done, nya. Which prize would nyou like?"

Ichi turned to Ni, who stood bouncing on the spot.

"That one! That one! That one!"

Skipping to the back, the stall-keeper snatched a little blue-haired doll off the shelf and passed it to the catgirl's girlfriend with a smile. "Enjoy!"

Grinning and giggling, Ni bounced on the spot and hugged the doll so tight Ichi worried it would burst. "We're going to have so much fun together, nya!"

In its head, the little doll whimpered.

\*

The more attractions they visited, the more pent-up the Ni became. By the time they'd ridden the rollercoaster, explored the hall of mirrors, and conquered the trials of the hook-a-duck, her balls had swollen to the size of grapefruit. Her cock poked out of her skirt, hard and long as a ship's prow.

Finally, Ichi decided enough was enough. Taking her girlfriend's hand, she dragged her straight to one of the park's many, many pleasure venues. There were more of them than they were food stalls.

The particular venue she'd chosen seemed especially popular. Catgirls filled its cushions and recliners, all making use of the sex aids on offer: evergreen onaholes, serpentine purple dildos, deep red vibrators. Others made use of pornography—as they passed, Ichi saw one twintail cumming all over a doujin about a slender, blue-haired woman being ravished by her captors.

Against the far wall of the main room stood a long line of public relief stations, squat pillars in the image of women and men bent over, their asses stuck out and inflated, their breasts and penises swollen, their holes all plump and fat and perfect to take a nice cock.

Guiding her girlfriend down the line, Ichi passed one station with short, white hair and a jade-haired station with a golden circlet to pick out a blonde one in blue instead. "Oooh," she said, "this one's still a virgin, nya! Nyou're going to be the first to get to use her!"

Ni moaned.

Grabbing the complimentary bottle of lube plugging the relief station's anus, the catgirl squirted the stuff all over her hands, giggling at the reaction of the many trapped minds inside. Intermingled and overlapping, locked in an everlasting orgy, they responded to her touch with an outcry of pleasure, losing themselves to an even greater height of ecstasy.

Turning back to Ni, the catgirl took her cock in hand and spread lube all over it. "There nyou go!" she said, as her girlfriend shivered in delight. "Have fun!"

Sweating, panting, Ni stepped forward, seized the relief station's handles and—

In its head, the relief station begged for mercy. *Please don't! Please don't! Please don't do it!*

—thrust. *Schlup!*

Ni moaned. The relief station did also, albeit internally. Giggling, Ichi stood back to watch as her girlfriend thrust as hard as she was able, making the relief station squeak and wobble with the force of her pumps.

Finally, with a grunt and a sigh, she came, pumping the station's mouth full of lots of sticky semen. Extracting her cock, she wiped it on the station's breasts with a smile... before sidling around it and taking aim at its *other* holes. *Schlup!*

"Nyaah~," said Ichi, fingering herself at the sight. "I love visiting the theme park, nya~."

