

Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 1 (Inanimate TF, Tomo-chan Is a Girl!)

Tomo's bag swung at her side as she marched under the streetlight, pausing to brush her hair out of her eyes before she ambled on into the night. The wind whipped at her as she walked, a chilly night breeze that left her wishing she'd worn more clothes. She squeezed her bag's strap and marched on, desperate to get home.

Halfway down the street, something brought her to a sudden stop, looking back over her shoulder. Was that...? Was something following her? She turned to look, but she couldn't see anyone.

She shrugged. Maybe it was just the trees in the wind.

A few meters further down the block, she heard the distinctive sound of shoes against stone and came to a stop, looking back again. No, it wasn't the trees. She'd definitely heard someone following her this time. Where had they gone?

Frowning, Tomo took a couple of cautious steps back, her fist tight at her side, just in case she had to throw a punch. Unlike most women her age, she had no fears of traveling alone at night: why would she when she could easily fight off men twice her size? Of course, that didn't mean she *wanted* to fight someone.

For almost a full minute, she stood rooted to the spot, turning occasionally, just to make sure no one was sneaking up behind her. The wind screamed past, rustling the leaves in the tree above. The streetlights flickered, casting strange, ephemeral shadows along the walls.

Tomo swallowed. There was still no sign of anyone about. Maybe she *had* been imagining it. She really hoped she wasn't freaking out over the sound of her own footsteps.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she turned and started to walk ago, looking back over her shoulder with every few meters she walked... just in case.

Somewhere in the distance, an owl hooted, its cry prickling Tomo's nerves. Swallowing, she gripped her bag's straps a little tighter and hurried on, feeling foolish. Now she was just getting scared of nothing. She was imagining things, obviously. If anyone was actually stalking her, they would have made themselves known by—

The rag met her mouth with a thin rasp of a soft cloth against flesh, too quick for her to have any chance to scream. Stumbling back, she gasped—inhaling even more of that awful scent. Her eyes glazed—the world swam. She took another step and tripped, and a pair of large hands caught her. Where...? Where had he—?

The world spun on its axis, all its colors running like paint, and with a sweeping crash, Tomo finally lost consciousness.

She awoke to a pain in her head and the feeling of rope, tight, around her wrists. Groaning, she struggled to sit up and looked around, but her vision was still swimming, and it took several seconds before she could see clearly enough to tell where she was.

She found herself sitting naked in a bathroom with all the furnishings removed. Looking up, she groaned again: there was no window. She struggled against the ropes around her wrists, trying desperately to tear out, but no matter how hard she strained her muscles, she couldn't get through them—she might as well have been fighting steel. Swallowing, she took a deep breath and tried to calm her pounding heart—how could this possibly get any worse?

As if in answer to her question, the door unlocked with a clunk and swung open. Tomo froze, staring into the darkness beyond. Just who...?

A figure stepped into the room: medium height, average building, androgynous, their face hidden beneath a ski-mask. In their hand, they held a small briefcase, which, kneeling in front of her, they placed beside them. As Tomo watched, too stunned even to cry for help, the figure input a code and popped the briefcase open to reveal a selection of syringes, each filled with a brightly colored fluid. Each also came with a little label, but the text was too small for Tomo to read. All she could do was stare at them, her heart pounding a little faster with every second they existed.

The figure plucked a needle from its slot and depressed the plunger just enough for a single drop of sparkling pink fluid to drip from the needle's tip. It struck the ground with a plop, followed barely a second later by a bead of sweat from Tomo's head.

Grunting in satisfaction, the figure stood and stepped over to her.

"W-wait," said Tomo away. "W-wait! Stay the hell away from me, you freak! Stay the hell away!"

Chuckling softly under their mask, the figure muttered something Tomo couldn't make out. Their voice was barely audible; she couldn't even tell what gender they were.

Sliding forward, the figure raised the glistening needle and grabbed one of Tomo's arms. She squirmed, tears forming in her eyes, straining desperately to fight to pull free, to do *something*, but in the end all she could do was watch as he squeezed her arm and found a vein and guided the dripping tip of the needle oh-so-delicately towards it.

There was a brief moment of pain, cold. Tomo gasped and screwed up her eyes, but a second later it was gone. In its place, however, her arm burned, tingling intensely. And with every second, the feeling grew worse.

Pulling back, the figure in the mask slipped the needle back into its suitcase, closed it, and took a seat on the ground, breathing softly. Trembling, Tomo studied its mask, but she couldn't see anything under the cloth. Nonetheless, she had the strangest impression they were smirking.

With every passing second, the tingling in her arm grew a little worse. To her horror, Tomo realized it was spreading, passing rapidly up and down the limb till it reached her shoulder and her hand and set both of them tingling as well. Moaning, she tugged at her restraints even harder.

The effect soon reached her torso, spreading slowly down her chest and making her nipples perk harder than ever. Wincing, she screwed up her eyes and struggled to resist, but the more she fought, the faster the effect seemed to spread, as if it were fueled by her fear. Soon the tingling spread passed her stomach and her hips to her legs, leaving Tomo to gasp in horror as her thighs trembled and her pussy burst with pleasure. She squealed, clamping her legs shut and thrashing on the spot in a desperate attempt to gain some relief. It didn't work.

As the tingling finally reached Tomo's legs, she felt a newer, stranger feeling in her arms, as if they'd been over starched and come out of the wash solid. Snapping her head to the side, Tomo gasped to see what the drug had done to her: her arms had turned smooth to the touch, smooth and rubbery and taut, pumped up, so that they squeaked whenever she tried to move them.

Tomo's heart pounded in her chest. She struggled again, face dripping with sweat, but with every second her arms lost a little more of their strength. Soon it took everything she had just to flex her fingers, and not long after she found she couldn't even do that.

Looking down on her, the figure in the mask chuckled softly, just loud enough to be audible.

"F-fuck you!" cried Tomo, struggling even to get the words out. Her voice sounded higher-pitched than normal, as if she'd swallowed a can of helium. "Fuck you!"

The figure simply chuckled even louder.

Before Tomo could speak again, she felt a pressure in her breasts like nothing before it. If she were older, she might have made the comparison to a nursing mother left to build up too much milk, but as it was she could only stare at them in shock, unable to fully process what she was looking at. "Wh-what-?" Before her eyes, her boobs ballooned. Literally: they weren't just growing larger—she could actually feel the gas entering and filling them, forcing them into perfect spheres, rigid and taut. Her heart pounded harder, though it felt weaker with the second. What was happening to her?

Beneath her, the ground felt suddenly softer, more comfortable too, as if her ass had gained another larger of padding. Looking down, Tomo saw her thighs thickening too and squealed in fresh horror. What was going on?! She was pumping up like a balloon!

A tingling in her hands: Tomo snapped her gaze up just in time to see her fingers sticking together, sticking and fusing into a single inseparable clump of flesh, mitten-like. A similar feeling in her toes snatched her gaze back down to them, and she moaned to see something very similar had happened down there.

Heart thudding, she sucked in breath after panicked breath. What was happening to her? What was this sick fuck *doing* to her?!

Her belly button trembled, and when Tomo looked down she gasped to see it inverting, popping out of her stomach and growing and hardening and turning clear, translucent, till there was nothing more in its place than a simple pooltoy's cap, an inflatable's nozzle, just waiting for the air hose to be inserted.

Tomo screamed.

Now the transformation rolled up and down her figure in waves, lapping at her fringes. It washed away her hard-earned muscle and smoothed out her skin, turning everything to rubber. Thin seams trailed up her arms and legs, as if she'd been stitched together. She found herself spreading the latter, forced to reveal her vagina, and when the masked figure unbound her arms, she opened them as well, holding them wide, as if she couldn't wait to hug her captor. The knowledge of what it was actually for left her trembling in horror.

When the drug reached the crown of her head, it took her hair and bundled it together, squeezed it and fused it, and finally released it as a single clump of inflated plastic, no different to her still swelling boobs. The rest of her head remained normal—for the moment—but that wasn't to last for long.

A moment later, a lightning bolt slammed into her pussy and her anus and her mouth, driving all three holes wild with an intense, impossible pleasure. With every second, the sensation became worse and worse, driving Tomo's eyes back in their sockets so that she couldn't even see the awful transformation happening to her: hidden from her gaze, her three holes puffed up and inflated, rounding out as they swelled till they were thick and plump and fat as freshly-made donuts—pink, as if coated in a sweet strawberry glaze.

Opening her eyes, Tomo saw the plump horror of her lips and tried one last time to scream. It didn't work.

Finally, the drug turned its attention to what remained of her face, smoothing out her nose and leaving a smooth expanse of plastic in its place. Her eyes, the sole part of her to remain human, had just enough time to tremble one last time in horror before the drug took them and replaced with a pair of painted facsimiles, blank and empty as any doll's.

At last, Tomo's struggling ceased entirely.

When Tomo woke from her pleasure induced haze, she found herself trapped in a tiny box, so cramped she couldn't move even a millimeter. Her body felt as if it had been hollowed out and folded like a piece of cloth. She could feel her breasts squished flat against her thighs, and when she struggled to move, it made everything feel even weirder. She squirmed, desperately wishing she could call for help. *Nnn~! Someone!*

Through the plastic window of the box, she found herself looking out on a small store. Strange objects lined the walls and the shelves—thick rods in various colors. Little models of women, brightly colored as well. Hard plastic tubes with what looked like flesh bursting out of their ends. Several minutes passed before she finally started to recognize them. *Sextoys?! Is this a sex store?*

The implications for her would have made her heart pound if she still had one.

Sitting there with little to do but look out of her little box's window, Tomo watched as one person after another entered the shop, snatched something from the shelves, paid, and left. There was a startling variety of shoppers: women young and middle-aged, teenaged boys and full-grown men. All snuck in, furtive as moles, grabbed what they wanted as quickly as possible, and sped out without further thought.

Tomo shivered. She wasn't even in an up-market sex shop—this was the seediest place she'd ever been.

Hours passed, her panic growing a little stronger with every minute that rolled off the clock. How long was it going to be before someone finally came and saved her? She felt as if she'd been sitting around for years, but she was no closer to being saved than she had when she'd arrived here. Someone—someone must know she needed help by now, right? Someone—Jun, her parents, anyone!—must have realized she hadn't shown up and alerted the authorities!

...But... But what could they even do to help her? Would they even be able to turn her back? They had to be able to, didn't they? They couldn't just leave her like this forever? They couldn't! That wasn't—

As her thoughts spiraled into an abyss of panic, the door of the shop swung open, and a young man with short hair and glasses stepped in and looked around, looking nervous. Adjusting the tie of his school uniform, he marched forward, every step cautious, as if afraid he'd step on a landmine.

Tomo watched, her heart still pounding, as he approached the limbless figurines on the other side of the store to start, picking up one tiny, plastic woman after another and turning them around as if picking a piece of meat to cook for dinner.

She tried to ignore him. He was just the latest in a long line of men who'd come in the store over the course of the last few hours, and she had no more interest in him than she did anyone else who wasn't going to help her.

Then he turned to her, and Tomo's brain froze. Placing the onaholes back on the shelf, he marched across the store towards her and snatched her box up, holding her to his face as if planning to kiss her.

Tomo squealed, struggling to pull away. *N-no! No! Put me down! Put me down!*

The young man wasted no time in carrying her to the counter to pay for her.

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Throwing her onto the bed, the young man clambered on after her, his face slick with sweat and his cock erect and dripping. Grabbing her waist, he dug his fingers in deep and dragged her towards him, chuckling as if impressed with him for pulling off such a feat.

As her lower holes slid closer and closer to his cock, Tomo screamed in her head, pleading for the whole awful scenario to stop. *This can't be happening?! This can't be happening! Someone save me! Someone...! Please...!*

His glans nuzzled the fat pink lips of her swollen sex, and Tomo screamed again wishing she still had the strength to throw back her head. A spear, penetratingly strong, surged through her, searing, and lanced her brain from one end to the other. She screamed in utter ecstasy, overwhelmed by an orgasmic flood. He hadn't even entered her, and she was already on the verge of cumming. If the foreplay felt this good, then what would it feel like when he...?

Tightening his grip, he thrust his cock inside her with the force of a piston, slamming his shaft so deep Tomo felt as if she'd been struck by a boulder. She wailed, mind exploding into a searing storm of pleasure that ripped through every thought and memory she had and left her lying there half-mindless, wordlessly pleading for him to do anything but thrust again. Anything, anything, anything, but—

Pulling back, he thrust again. And again. And again, each impact of his cock striking her with a bolt of ecstasy so strong she could process it at all. They flowed through her and filled her, left her feeling as if her arms and legs were full of lava. She wanted to catch fire, to rise, to immolate, to burst. She couldn't think at all. All she could focus on was the pleasure as it grew and grew and grew, until at last—

With one last thrust and a pathetic grunt, her new owner emptied his balls in her plasticized cunt. Pulling out, semen spilling from his shaft, he stepped back and chuckled to himself in amusement, a cock grin, filling his face.

Tomo, on the other hand, felt as if she were falling from the sky. One second, it was as if she'd been immersed in the sun itself; the next, she found herself dropping down to Earth, falling, falling, back into the cold grim reality of her new life as a fuckdoll and all the disgusting horror that dripped from its crevasse. *Nnn~! Nooo!* Mind oozing back into something resembling its former self, she struggled to plead for mercy even as her owner's warm semen drooled from her plasticized vagina. *No, this can't be my life from now on! It can't be! It can't be!*

Wiping his cock on her thigh, the nerd picked her up and turned her over with a perverse-looking grin. Tomo had hoped he'd sated his lusts for now, but to her horror, his cock was already hard and veined again. Even as she watched, he stroked it a few more times, experimentally, clearly checking to see if it was ready for Round Two and, satisfied, he grabbed her and flipped her over, pulling her cheeks apart to reveal the second donut hidden between them.

As his cock nuzzled her holes, Tomo screamed in horror, desperately struggling to pull away and escape. *No! No! Please stop! Not that hole! Not that hole, please! You can't! You—!*

Schlup!

The nerd's penis slammed deep into her anus, stretching the walls of her plastic rectum tight around it and making Tomo scream at a pleasure so great it put everything else she'd felt up until now to shame. Her body burned, non-existent nerves screaming as they struggled to carry the sensation of her asshole being fucked without exploded into flame. Her brain took the brunt of the assault, coming apart under fire and fragmenting into a thousand smoldering shards, scattered and thoughtful. She couldn't even see, the sensation was so great—she might as well have been struck blind.

And then the nerd pulled his cock back a couple of inches and thrust again, slamming her with that burning, mind-destroying pleasure all over again, a sharpened-charge aimed straight at her brain stem. Tomo screamed one last time and lost herself to lust, unable to resist the sheer ecstasy coursing through her.

The nerd's assault continued for another hour or more. Dissatisfied with stealing her lower virginity, he decided to stick his awful cock deep in her mouth too, forcing it so deep she was certain she would choke, and bringing her just about as much pleasure. Finally, his limit reached, his cock vomited up the contents of his balls, leaving her with a mouthful of rich slime to taste for dessert. This done, he turned his attention back to her lower holes, and around and around they went again, till Tomo barely remembered her name, let alone what was happening to her.

Finally, just about she thought she'd lose her mind completely, the door flew off its hinges with a terrifying explosion. The nerd screamed like a pig and shot off the bed, scrambling for clothes, as a squad of armored policemen poured into the bedroom and started beating him mercilessly with their sticks. Lying there on the bed, falling slowly down from heaven, Tomo could only watch in shock. What was—?

As the police carried the young man away, a man and a woman entered the room. Unlike their colleagues, these two looked more like detectives than normal police officers.

Tutting in disgust, the woman picked Tomo up by the back of the head. "She matches the pictures."

"Looks like we were right. Another Case 69."

Hope welled in Tomo's breast. They'd found her! They'd actually found her! She was going to get to be human again!

"Well, nothing we can do with her for now," said the man. "Pop her cap and stuff her in a bag or something. Once we're back at the station, we'll have her cleaned out and stored with the rest of the victims."

As the woman popped Tomo's cap, releasing her air with a thin hiss, Tomo whimpered in shock. Wh-what were they talking about? Weren't they going to turn her back?

"Urgh," said the woman, wrinkling her nose in disgust. "Let's get out of here pronto. I can't stand the smell."

Incident Report: Case 69-12

Name and Details: Aizawa Tomo, 18, Female

Personal Circumstances: The victim is a high school student and the only daughter of her family, who run the Aizawa Martial Arts Dojo. She was reported missing on 14/07/2019, after staying late to prepare for her school sports fair. She was initially assumed to have been the victim of a conventional kidnapping, but this assumption was refined after detectives tracked a vehicle involved in her disappearance to the Ponpu Danpu Sex Shop, in Akihabara.

Discovery: On 28/07/2019, a SMUT team from Akihabara Station entered the home of one Toni Danza, age 19, male, whom they found in the middle of intercourse with the victim. Aizawa had been transformed into a 'love doll' resembling her former self (if much exaggerated in terms of proportions), complete a box bearing her image. As per department policy, Mr. Danza was swiftly detained, and Aizawa confiscated until such time as a cure can be found for her and other Case 69 victims.

Current Location: Deflated and stored in her box in the storehouse of Akihabara Station.