

## ***Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 5 (Roboticization, Chainsaw Man)***

Moonlight spilled across the Public Safety Office's facade as Makima stepped out into the night, wrapping her jacket tightly around her.

As she set off for home, her buttocks rising and falling in the tight confines of her pants, the wind came whipping past her, rustling her hair and making her look back with a frown. Strange. She thought she'd caught something. Just out of the corner of the eye. There, heading into the nearby alley.

Squinting, she sniffed, but there was no stranger scent on the wind than the scent of cat and fish. Scowling now, she approached it, her trigger finger raised, her expression set. With every step she took, the smell became a little harder to overlook.

Reaching the mouth of the alley, she paused for a second, preparing herself, and finally stepped around the corner.

What she found was a cat snacking on a piece of stolen tuna. Seeing her, it hissed, its ears flat and its fur raised, before snatching its prize and scurrying up over the wall and away.

Slowly, Makima lowered her finger.

Returning to the street, she stepped out of the alleyway with a frown, pausing for an instant to study the moon hovering ominously above. Had her eyes tricked her? Was it an illusion? She sniffed again, hoping to catch another suspicious scent, but there was nothing more on the wind than the smell of the night itself: cold air and distant smoke and the faintest whiff of petrichor.

Frowning, she resumed her journey home. Perhaps she was simply being paranoid.

As she turned the street corner, however, the lamp throwing her shadow across the street and into the trees like a blanket, she caught it again. *There*, undeniable now: the faintest trace of movement in the corner of her eye, and with it, the scent of seafood and cat. She raised her finger without pause. "Bang."

A crater appeared in the bushes across the street. And something shifted in the darkness, thrown out of its hiding place like a great bird disturbed by a noise.

"Bang." A tree collapsed with a crunch of shattering wood. "Bang." A streetlamp crumpled and fell, striking the sidewalk with a crash of glass. "Bang." A crater appeared in the wall of an old warehouse.

And then, just like that, the shadow was gone again.

Makima kept her hand raised, her finger pointed, turning, turning, turning slowly until—

*There.*

“Bang.”

The shadow flew as if hit by a cannon, struck the side of the nearest building, and collapsed without a sound.

Lowering her finger, Makima approached it slowly, a frown on her face. Bending down, she took a hold of its dark cloak and wrenched it off it to reveal...

...a piece of paper?

Scowling now, she picked it up. Someone had scribbled on it in jerky, scarcely legible handwriting. “Surprise...?”

Lightning struck her head and annihilated her consciousness.

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She snapped back to awareness with a groan. Vision blurred, she struggled to move and found to her horror she couldn't. She stood in a large glass tank, mechanical manacles wrapped around her wrists and her ankles, holding her straight. Another, larger, restraint clung to her waist, suspending her in the air. No matter how hard she thrashed she couldn't escape any of them.

Beyond the glass, the nature of her prison was obscured. She saw the hint of machinery, of tanks like her own, conveyors. Where was she...? She'd never seen a factory like this. Just how had they managed to bring her here, let alone kidnap her in the first place?

Even as she sought for answers, the machinery above her started to whirr, engines building slowly up to speed. Makima thrashed with renewed force, fighting desperately to pull free, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't even make her restraints wobble. It was like all her strength had left her body. What had they done to her—? Her contract—

The roof of the tube opened, and from inside descended a number of tiny robotic arms, each carrying a needle of silvery fluid. As Makima watched, her eyes wide in frustration, they descended. Two paused by her upper arms, two by her thighs, two by her lower legs. Then, with scorpion speed, they struck—all at once.

Where the needles dug into her, a terrible tingling sensation shot through her nerves, making her feel like a poppet pricked by a thousand pins. She screamed, screwing up her eyes tight and thrashing and shaking, as the feeling transformed from something painful into something considerably more... Nnn~! By the time the needles retracted, her face was flush, her nipples erect, and her vagina squirting juice all over the floor of the tank. Fortunately, it had a drain.

Following the pleasure came another wave of tingling, this one even stronger than the first. As it rolled up and down her body, like a water flowing from one side of a tank to another, it came accompanied by a terrible sense of stiffness, as if she were slowly turning to stone.

She grit her teeth and hissed, her eyes twitching as she fought it, but no matter how hard she tried, the process continued its work without pause. Seized, her legs slammed together and clung tight, while her arms slapped her sides and stuck there, refusing to budge. Her head snapped straight too, forced to stare ahead, unmoving. Soon, she couldn't even open her mouth to protest. All she could do was flick her eyes about in fury.

The tingling grew worse, far worse. Soon it felt as if someone had pulled out all her nerves and were plucking them like a guitar strings. Only, instead of the pain she'd expected, it was strangely pleasurable instead, as if her entire body had suddenly become hyper-erogenous. Despite, or perhaps because of, her petrification, her nipples remained rock hard and erect, while her pussy continued to twitch and squirt, coating the floor of the tank in her juices. The urge to stick something in it, to take her fingers and jam them as deep inside as they would go, was impossible to resist, and yet... She just couldn't do it. All she could do was stand there, writhing in her own pleasure, growing steadily hornier and hornier and hornier.

*Wh-what is happening to me?* With the tingling came a growing sense of internal cold, as if her skeleton had been replaced by cold metal. *What is happening to me?!* Her vision cracked and tore, sparking like a glitched monitor. She tried to scream, but her mouth wasn't allowing it.

The ceiling of the tank opened once more, and the robotic arms descended again. This time, each came tipped with what she recognized as a laser, and as they worked their way slowly down her body, they opened fire with a *hiss*.

Makima screamed inside, though not in pain. Horribly, dissonantly, there was no pain—only that terrible sense of growing, growing pleasure.

Traveling down her form, the lasers left lines in her skin like seams in a plastic doll. Reaching her feet, they turned on their heels and continued their work upward, leaving her covered in a complex network of lines and channels. Ending at last with a pair on her face, they came to a stop just under her eyes and left her wincing at the feeling. Their work complete, they promptly disappeared into the ceiling.

More arms soon descended to replace them. Unlike their predecessors, these ended in claws and suckers. Clamping her arms and legs, they tore them free of her torso with a pop, as if they'd never been anything more than prosthetics. Internally, she could only scream in terror, feeling like a doll torn apart by a naughty child.

As the first arms removed her limbs, another suckered the skin of her back and lifted the entire thing away as if it were nothing more than a panel. In the reflection of the glass, she saw her internals exposed fully: not the bones and muscles she'd expected, but nothing more than cold metal and circuitry. She stared, her mind frozen in terror. What was she even looking at? H-how could—?

Another pair of arms went to work on her pelvis, detaching it and everything attached to it with a single resounding *clunk*. She gasped inside, her heart—assuming it was still a heart—pounding furiously. Even as the arms carried it away, she could still feel her pussy burning.

Not long has the machine spirited her body parts away than it returned them, albeit altered, silver glinting through their cracks. Piece by piece, it reassembled her, snapping her widening hips back into her chest and leaving her to scream at the pleasure of her pumped up sex. Her arms and legs looked less like a human's and more like a marionette's, and she could hear their ball-joints creaking as they were reconnected. Her backplate snapped into place with a crack—the new one came with several ports for the machine to connect to her, and it wasted no time in employing them: with a series of clicks, cables slammed into her sockets, and she squealed in fresh pleasure electricity passed through them.

Even as she writhed in delight, two giant clamps snapped to her nipples and suckered tight. She mewled as their pipes gurgled, and she felt a terrible sense of fullness in her breasts, as if they desperately needed milking. Through trembling eyes, twitching and robotic, she watched as they fattened, growing bigger and bigger, fuller and fuller, rounder and rounder and jigglier with filler. Finally, the clamps pulled away with a snap, leaving her nipples thick and leaking. Internally, she mewled.

While she'd been distracted by the work on her breasts, a pair of needles descended from the ceiling and stabbed her ass and thighs, which rapidly swelled as well. By the time the last of the arms retracted, she had an exaggerated hourglass figure, exceedingly jiggly. She moaned as the motion of her newly-enhanced assets struck her with wave after wave of pleasure.

With a snap, another cable slammed into her neck. She had just an instant to react before its contents filled her, washing away her mind beneath a tidal wave of data.

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--emulation mode."

Makima snapped awake with a sultry moan. Gritting her teeth, she strained and tugged, but no matter how she pulled, she could barely even make the chains rattle. It was as if all the strength had been sapped from her body. She tugged anyway, snarling now, fighting simply to prove she could fight. It made her boobs wobble and her buttcheeks bounce, but she was used to that—it was the price of having such a well-endowed body.

Movement in the shadows. She snapped her attention to them, sniffing, and scented that distinct scent of catfood and fish again. Tightening her eyes, she stared into the dark. She couldn't actually see anything, but the sense of a presence was unmistakably. Besides, she'd heard someone speak. "I know you're there," she said, keeping her voice as calm as possible.

The shadows shifted, and a specter stepped out of them. Cloaked and masked, their entire body concealed, they shuffled across the floor towards her, breathing hard. They sounded as if they'd spent their entire life smoking, right from the womb. "Oh, you do, do you?" they asked. "What else do you know? Do you know where you are?"

Makima decided to humor the question, looking around to see if there were any clues in the little prison cell she found herself in, but if there were, they were beyond her ability to perceive. Red clay bricks, commonly used throughout Japan. An A60 bulb, also standard. The sound of a cicada chirping outside. All told her little more than that she hadn't left the country.

"Do you know how long you've been here?" the figure asked, before she could answer.

Makima made an educated guess that it hadn't been too long since her kidnapping. She didn't feel hungry, to start, though it was possible they'd been feeding her intravenously.

Though she hadn't answered aloud, the figure chuckled anyway, as if amused by her thoughts. "Do you know how many times we've had this conversation?" they asked.

Makima froze. How many times they'd...? How was it possible they'd talked before? She didn't remember anything like... Had they been editing her memories?!

Even as she sank into a fresh spiral of horror, her captor strode forward with a laugh. "Okay," they said, in that strange, androgynous voice of theirs. "That's enough of a personality test. Let's try your *main* function again."

She cocked her head. "My main function?"

The specter smiled. "Cease personality emulation mode."

Makima's mind went blank. She ceased struggling and lay back, unmoving, like a puppet with no strings.

Chuckling, the specter opened their cloak to reveal a pair of generic pants, which it promptly tossed to the ground, revealing in turn a pair of dainty, feminine legs. And a *massive*, veiny cock.

As it sprang out into the open, hard and erect, Makima twitched. A targeting reticle appeared in her sight and snapped straight to it, scanned it and estimated its length and girth and current state of erection.

Stroking themselves, the specter produced a remote and with a single press of a button: detached Makima's manacles. This done, they approached her with a smile, raised their shaft, and aimed its precum sticky tip at her mouth. "Initiate sex-bot mode."

Makima twitched, ever so slightly. "Good morning, master," she said, her voice toneless. "Would you like me to begin fellatio?"

The specter giggled childishly. "Ooo, nyes please." They thrust their shaft even closer to her face.

Crawling forward, Makima took it in her hands and stroked it a few times, delicately, running her slender fingers up and down its length, tracing the veins and feeling every little pulse of ecstasy.

Opening wide, she licked her fattened, thickened lips with a preprogrammed rigidity, closed her eyes, and forced her mouth down the length of the specter's shaft. The figure shivered; she felt their cock twitch in her mouth, triggering a subroutine designed to analyze her partners' responses and optimize her performance with them. An engine in her chest kicked on, quietly whirring, and without further delay, she started to suck.

Like a machine, she worked her lips up and down the specter's shaft with a rigorous enthusiasm, the kind of consistent passion that no human being could ever possibly fake for more than a few seconds. Her lips moved like a piston.

Between them, the specter's cock grew harder and harder, its veins throbbing till it seemed certain the whole thing must burst.

And then, just like that, it did. Semen shot from its tip and through her tightly suckered lips, filling her cheeks and leaving her swallowing as fast as possible in an attempt to keep even a drop from spilling. Fortunately, her stomach was especially design to store it, and she could swallow liters of the stuff before she had to be emptied.

The specter clearly intended to challenge that, because they grabbed her shoulders, forced her down, and continued to cum with the force of a garden hose. By the time they stopped, Makima's vision had started to flash red, warning her she was reaching her internal limits.

At last, with a sigh of relief, the mysterious figure plucked their cock from Makima's mouth and shook it off, wiping the last drop on her face. Stepping back, she stuffed it into her pants and zipped them back up.

"Hmm, that should be enough testing for nyow, I guess. It's about time to send you to your new job, isn't it?"

Makima knelt there, unmoving, waiting for her next instruction. As a sexbot, she had no opinion on anything her owner said unless it gave her a reason to suck more cock.

Looking down at her, the figure stroked their bulging cock. "Well, maybe just one last time..." They coughed. "Erase the last half an hour from your memory, please. Then initiate personality emulation mode."

Makima snapped back to awareness with a groan. Wh-where was she? She tried to move and found herself restrained. What was going on?

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Makima strolled through the office building with the immense confidence of a businesswoman at the peak of her power. As the CEO's personal assistant, she had more control of the company's operations than anyone else in the entire company, even the CEO

himself—entire divisions lived or died according to her whimsy. Careers could be ended; lives could be ruined. She had almost complete control.

As she strode through the halls, her enormous breasts strained to escape the tight-fitting blouse she'd crammed them into it, making its buttons shake with their immensity. Down below, her equally titanic buttocks fought to do something very similar to the pencil skirt she had wrapped around them. If she made a wrong move, her entire outfit would come apart like a piece of tissue paper.

Just as she was about to reach the elevator, the door of the men's room opened and one of the new employees poked his head out. Naturally, she recognized him immediately. Hiro Suzuki, one of their new interns. Shouldn't he be off fetching someone coffee?

He clearly recognized her too. "Oh, hey, it's that fuckbot. Er, how do you—?"

Makima froze. "Excuse me," she said, marching towards him, "just what did you call me?"

"Shit, shit," he said, seeming entirely unafraid. "How do I...? Oh! End personality emulation; activate sexbot mode."

The instant Makima heard the words, all anger left her expression. As did every other emotion. "Awaiting your orders, master."

Hiro pumped his fist. "Fuck, it worked. Okay, okay, come into the bathroom with me, you curvy fucking slut. Fuck, you don't know how hard it makes me watching you strut about like you're actually in charge here."

Makima followed him obediently into the restroom, where he dropped his pants and boxers and held up his thick, veiny cock. He looked like he was ready to cum already.

"Suck me," he said, thrusting it at her.

"Yes, master." Without a pause, Makima lowered herself to the floor of the men's room, opened wide, and wrapped her thick, synthetic lips around the rigid shaft of the man standing before her. Tightening her grip, she started to suck. And suck. And suck. Slurping and sliding her tongue around his shaft even as she groped his balls with her free hand. It was the first time she'd fellated this particular user, so she didn't have much data on his tastes, but the way he screwed up his eyes and bucked his hips as she vacuumed his shaft gave her plenty of information to work with.

Soon, she felt her user's cock begin to throb, signalling that its owner was near release. As she speeded her rhythm, preparing to finish off, he gasped and managed to speak. "W-wait, wait— I wanna finish in your cunt."

Obediently, she ceased sucking and pulled away. Turning, she bent over, pulled down her skirt, and, looking back over her shoulder, gracefully took a seat on his cock, forcing the plump lips of her artificial vagina down his shaft and holding herself firm as he grabbed her

shoulders and started to pump. Her cheeks clapped and rippled each time he slammed into her.

Digging his hands into her shoulders, he squeezed tight, pulled back, and thrust again. And again, and again, and again, each thrust a little more emphatic than the last. The sensors in her vagina, equally as sensitive as those in her mouth, picked up the change in his pace, in the rising of his heartbeat, in the way his cock seemed to be throbbing a little harder with every thrust.

“What’s the matter, you stupid toy? Aren’t you enjoying yourself?” Grabbing her hair, he tugged hard.

Naturally, this triggered the subroutine managing her vocalizations. “Oh, yes!” she cried. “Harder, master! Fuck me harder! Harder!”

“Yeah, that’s right,” he replied, slamming another thrust into her poor, pliable pussy. “Take this, you fucking slut!” Again and again, he slammed his cock into her. Again and again, over and over, until at last—

With one last thrust and a loud, resounding grunt that bounced off the tiled walls of the restroom, he came, filling her tight, synthetic sex with a rich helping of semen.

“Ooo, master,” she wailed, as he pulled himself out of her. Shaking in pleasure, she collapsed to her knees and lay there with her face on the floor and her ass up in the air, ready for him to use her again. “Please, use me more! Please, master!”

He inspected his watch with a sigh. “Maybe on my next smoke break,” he said. “Lunch is almost over.” Stepping over her like she was little more than trash, he opened the door and almost bumped into some other interns opening it.

“Hey,” he said. “The slut doll’s here if you wanna have a go with it. Don’t worry, she’s already in fuck mode.”

As he slipped out, they stepped into the room and looked down at her. Makima looked up. She knew all their names and preferences of course—they were all regular users of her.

She also knew how hard their cocks were growing in their pants at the sight of her. “Ooh, masters,” she moaned, “please, won’t someone fuck me?”

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Incident Report: Case 69-46

Name and Details: “Makima”, Age Unknown, Female

Personal Circumstances: Victim is the head of the Public Safety Department’s Tokyo Special Division 4. She was reported missing on 20/10/2024, after failing to report to work for three days.



Discovery: Following an intensive investigation requiring extensive efforts on the part of multiple officers, the victim was tracked to a scrapheap in western Tokyo, where she had been salvaged and shared among the scrapheap's own employers. According to said employees, the victim had been found on their morning arrival several weeks prior, having apparently been dumped in the night. Despite an extensive review of the scrapheap's security footage, no culprit has yet been identified.

Current Location: Working as a janitor in Akihabara Station.