

## ***Russian Chat Roulette (Digitization, Various Series, Viewer-Selected Characters)***

### **Panchira (Clothing TF, Konosuba)**

Sliding into her kitchen, Panchira tapped the transmuter to produce a cup of coffee, dropped to the floor and stretched like a cat, claws out and tail quivering. When she stood, however, she couldn't keep herself from yawning. *Ugh*, she thought, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. Why did she have to endure the suffering of the morning *every* morning?

As the first gulp of coffee slid down her throat, something approximating awakeness sparked in her brain, and with another yawn, she snapped her claws to log on to her computer.

The computer—which, of course, wasn't a discrete machine, but a formless system distributed across the sentient cardboardium comprising her penthouse—activated instantly, producing a flickering holographic screen at a comfortable viewing distance from her eyes. Sparkling a little, it resolved into color. 'GOOD MORNING, PANCHIRA,' it read, in bright, cheerful letters.

"Nyeah, whatever," she said, sweeping the message aside.

The computer, which knew her schedule well, recognized her intent immediately: her email account flew open, baring a deluge of new message. Panchira's groan only deepened as she scrolled through them. "Ugh... Junk, junk, junk, advertisement, junk, junk, tearful plea for mercy, junk. Ugh! Aren't you supposed to have a spam filter, nya?!"

Just as she was about to close the whole thing out of annoyance, one particular email caught her attention. Raising an eyebrow, she tapped it curiously.

The email burst open, filling the window with its words:

**CHATALYST! The latest in digital transformation!**

**Transformation! Hypnosis! Hand-holding! Act out any scenario nyou desire, nyo matter how depraved, and when nyou're done, simply reset back to the starting point and begin all over again!**

**Choose from a selection of pre-digitized prey or upload nyour own! Their lives are nyours to control!**

**CLICK HERE TO PLAY NYOW, NYA!**

Panchira cocked her head. "How is *that* supposed to work, nya?" Automatically, she moved the tip of her claw to the giant 'CLICK HERE', and paused, frowning. What if this was one of those 'fishy' emails she'd been warned about? What if clicking it gave her a virus?

*Eh*, she thought, after a moment. *It's nyot like my computer's connected to anything important, nya.*

The Internet of Things buzzed invisibly around her.

When she clicked the button, the screen exploded again, though mercifully none of her furnishings copied it. Instead, she found herself staring at an array of faces, some familiar, some of which she'd never seen in her life. Cocking her head, she ambled over to her couch and dropped her butt onto a particularly face-like cushion, which squirmed as she made herself comfy. "Hmmm," she said. "What exactly am I supposed to do here, nya?"

'PICK YOUR CHARACTER,' read the screen, in bright, bold, impossible-to-miss letters.

After scrolling halfway down the list, Panchira finally found a face that attracted her attention. It was a blonde, and unlike everyone else on the screen, she looked as if she were actually enjoying herself. As a matter of fact, she looked like she was about to cum.

Curious, Panchira tapped her.

The word 'DARKNESS' flashed on her screen for a second, making Panchira blink and look around, wondering if her lights were about to go out. No sooner had it appeared than it faded, however, replaced by a young woman with blonde hair, wearing a suit of armor that the portion of Panchira's brain dedicated to historical costuming instantly recognized as *highly* inaccurate. She clucked her tongue.

On the screen, the young woman stared at the blank white void surrounding her, eyes wide in surprise. "W-where am I now?" Typically prey asking this question sounded scared, but this one looked as if she were excited by the prospect: her cheeks were already rosy red, and she kept rubbing her thighs together. "Who-who are you?" she added, eyes widening as she caught sight of Panchira.

The Viscountess sipped her coffee and frowned. "Excuse me, but I'm the one who gets to ask the questions, nya. Who exactly are you...?"

"I'm— My name is Darkness," said the girl, still looking around fearfully.

"Well that's a stupid nyame," said Panchira, who lived in a house of glass and threw stones at all her neighbors. "What exactly am I supposed to do with nyou?"

Darkness jerked like a sleeper agent who'd heard her trigger phrase, her face snapping into a ridiculously happy smile. "You can do anything you like with me, Mistress! I'm your personal, pliable virtual companion." Her features snapped back to normal, and she clasped herself with a gasp. "O-o-oh!" she said, her breath fogging the air. "Forcing me to—Nnnn~!"

Panchira cocked her head and stroked her chin. "Anything I want, eh? Hmmm... Take that tacky outfit off, nya."

"Nnn~! How cruel!" cried Darkness, though she still hurried to remove her chestplate and her graves and her tassels. Panchira couldn't tell how much of her enthusiasm was her own, and how much was the program controlling her.

Finally, Darkness's dress fluttered to the ground, and her bra and her panties followed it barely a second later. Standing there, her generous figure fully bared, she hugged her breasts and covered her sex as if embarrassed, though the expression on her face seemed more delighted than anything. "Nn~! How could you debase a noblewoman in such an awful way? Nnn~!"

Panchira took another sip of her coffee. "Finger nyourself."

With a gasp—more erotic than startled, despite the fact she'd yet to move—Darkness extended two fingers and slipped them straight into her pussy, screaming as she wiggled them around and thumbed her clit for good measure. "Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Oh, Eris! Oh~!" Her moans grew louder with the second.

Panchira felt a familiar heat in her own groin. "Nyow cup one of nyour boobs, nya!"

With her free hand, Darkness grabbed a breast and squeezed it tight, moaning even louder.

"Interesting," said Panchira, licking her lips. "So I can have nyou do anything I want, nya?"

"That's right!" cried Darkness, snapping out of character like an actor who'd forgotten her lines. "With CHATALYST, you can have me do anything you like! My body and behaviors are under your complete control! Change my mind or my form or even put me in a completely different environment! It's entirely up to you!"

Panchira's ears twitched. "Environment, nya? Hmmm. Okay, let's try that... You're on the catwalk."

No sooner had the words left her mouth than the white void surrounding Darkness blurred and vanished, replaced by a long walkway surrounded by a teeming morass of voyeurs. Darkness squealed and hugged her naked body even tighter, though Panchira couldn't help but notice her fingers dancing even faster in her sex. "Walk," she commanded.

With a ragged moan, Darkness snapped upright and started to march, her boobs and her buttocks bouncing with every step. Her face blushed deeper than ever, and she screwed up her eyes as if too embarrassed to look, though the trail of juice pouring down her legs told you exactly how she felt about the whole scenario.

As she reached the end of the catwalk, Panchira clicked her tongue. Darkness froze mid-turn, though her curves continued bouncing for several seconds longer.

"I think I'm starting to get the hang of this program," said Panchira. "But I made a bad choice of first character with nyou, didn't I? Nyou're way too into this, aren't nyou?"

Darkness chewed her lip. "H-how can you say such a thing?"

A smile crept onto Panchira's face. "I wonder how nyou'd feel if I brought in nyour friends though."

For the first time since she'd been spawned in, genuine fear flashed on Darkness's face. "M-my friends?"

With a flick of a claw, Panchira opened the character menu again and scrolled down to where she'd found Darkness. Sure enough, two other faces surrounded her: one brown-haired and one blue. "These are nyour friends, aren't they, nya?"

Darkness went pale. "W-wait!" she cried. "Wait, stop! I-I'm the one you're supposed to be tormenting, not them!"

Panchira's smile grew even wider.

With a couple of quick taps, she clicked the others' portraits. '+MEGUMIN' declared the program. '+AQUA'.

And without fanfare, the two appeared on the catwalk too.

"D-Darkness?!" cried Aqua, big tears filling her eyes. "Where are we *now*?"

"What's going on?!" said Megumin, spinning in fear. "Why-why are you *naked*?!"

"W-wait!" cried Darkness, eyes still locked on Panchira. "Please, don't hurt them!" Aqua and Megumin's gazes snapped upward too, and both went pale as they saw her looming over them.

"Aqua," said Panchira, "become a pair of panties. Megumin, become a bra."

The pair barely had time to gasp. Dropping their staves, they jerked into the air, their arms and legs curling behind them while the rest of their bodies crumpled like paper.

Licking her lips, Panchira watched in smug amusement as the two adventurers shriveled, faces pressed into their chests while their limbs thinned out behind them. They squealed, their eyes wide in terror, but no matter how hard they squirmed, they couldn't escape her influence.

Aqua's arms curled behind her back, forming a large ring, and her legs stretched and arched underneath her to join them. Megumin's limbs did almost the exact opposite: her legs bent to form an O, while her arms curved over her shoulders to meet up with her ankles, fingers fusing instantly on contact. As the pair squirmed in terror, their limbs shriveled, while the rest of their bodies flattened, heads collapsing into necks and hips sucked up into chests. Aqua assumed a somewhat triangular shape, while Megumin's bust exploded to thrice its size and then some. Soon, they retained little more of their former selves than the color of their clothing.

Finally, the two dropped, striking the floor with a sad *flumph*: nothing more than a big red bra, and a tight pair of bright blue panties, inanimate and silent.

At least aloud. Though they couldn't speak, Panchira heard their thoughts as if she were in their heads herself:

*Nnn~! I can't move!* cried Megumin, fighting furiously. *Nnn~! Let me go! Turn me back!*

*Heeeeeeelp!* cried Aqua, as teary as you could be when you no longer had eyes. *Someone heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!*

"Darkness," said Panchira, "put them on."

With a squeak of terror, Darkness jerked into motion. Her enjoyment seemed to have died now, extinguished by the sight of her friends' transformations. The despair replacing it was positively exquisite, and Panchira couldn't help but tickle her clit as the crusader slipped her legs through the former priest and clasped the straps of the former wizard.

Aqua and Megumin's reactions weren't much worse:

*Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Oh, stop! Stop!* cried the former. *Take them out, take them out, take them oooooooooout!*

*N-no! No—Nnnnnn~! Nnn! They're too heavy! They're too heavy! Darkness, I can't hold them! I can't hold them, please! Nnnah!*

Panchira chuckled in smug amusement.

Darkness, meanwhile, fixed her with a glare that couldn't have contrasted her earlier happiness more. "Y-you—you won't get away with this!"

"Resume walking," said Panchira, and the crusader back into motion without pause. "That's right, give the crowd a good look at nyour nyew lingerie, nya. Fufufufu."

Darkness squirmed as she struggled along the catwalk.

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### **Taberu (Food TF, Dragon Maid)**

With one hand, Taberu stuffed a man-made pancake through her lips, enjoying its silent screams of horror as she tore it to pieces and licked the syrup from her fingers. With the other, she scrolled through CHATALYST's character list, searching, searching for the prey she was most in the mood for. Where was she...? Where was she...? Ah! There she was:

Her finger came to a stop over the face of a red-haired girl with curling horns. Taberu licked her lips. Plump and spicy—her favorite.

She tapped.

'ILULU', read the program.

With a tiny ‘pop’, the petite dragongirl dropped into existence, her enormous breasts bouncing for several seconds before they finally came to a stop. Eyes opening wide, she looked around, and her jaw fell in horror. “W-what...? Where am I *now*?”

She turned to face the screen, and her eyes became even wider as she took in the sight of Taberu. Leaning over her, the catgirl licked her lips. “Hello, Ilulu~. Ready to eat, nya?”

Ilulu back away, her hands raised defensively. “R-Ready to eat? What are you...?”

Summoning a keyboard, Taberu started typing rapidly. Her fingers danced as she tapped away, each little click making Ilulu tremble a little more in terror.

All at once, the pale void surrounding her vanished, replaced by the familiar scene of the Kobayashi household. Ilulu stared at it, blinking in surprise. “I’m... I’m back home...?”

Before she could ask any other blindingly-obvious questions, there was a pop—no, two pops—and Ilulu was no longer alone.

“E-eh?” cried Tohru, dropping her vacuum and spinning around in shock. “What just happened?”

On the couch, Kanna sat up in surprise. “Lady Tohru, what happened? Did we just get—?”

“It’s Ilulu’s birthday,” said Taberu, typing away as she spoke. “But no one else remembered! They didn’t buy her any presents, and they certainly didn’t get her a big cake, nya! It looks like she’s going to have to make one of her own!” She giggled. “Maybe even *more* than one, nya...”

“E-eh?” cried Ilulu. “What are you talking about? It’s not my—”

Taberu hit a button, and like a professional actor, Ilulu snapped from confused to tearful and angry. Gritting her teeth, she scanned the room, her eyes passing from Tohru to Kanna and back again. “Haven’t you anything you want to say to me?”

Tohru and Kanna stared at her. “I-Ilulu?” said Tohru. “What’s wrong with you? Why are you acting so—?”

“Tohru and Kanna didn’t notice anything wrong, of course,” added Taberu.

The pair’s faces flickered. At once, Tohru went back to her vacuum, while Kanna rolled onto her side and flicked to another TV channel. “Oh, good morning, Ilulu,” said the former. “Did you sleep well?”

Ilulu grit her teeth even harder, flame sacs visibly swelling in her fury. (Internally, of course, she was as confused as ever: *What’s going on? Why am I acting so angry?! Stop! Stop doing this to me!*)

“Fortunately,” continued Taberu, “Ilulu knew a spell that could solve her problem *and* get revenge on the other dragons.”

On the screen, Ilulu raised her hands, and in a flash, a pair of magical circles appear before her, their runes shining as they turned. “If you won’t buy me a birthday cake, why don’t you become it instead?!” With a snarl, she thrust her hands forward, and the magic shot from her palms in a flurry of whirling red ribbons. Tohru and Kanna barely had time to gasp before it cocooned them. They struggled and squirmed, but the ribbons held tight, refusing to let go.

Slowly, their moans of protest became quieter and quieter. At last, with a loud ripping sound, the spell broke, and their chrysalises came apart, revealing...

Internally, Ilulu gasped in horror. *N-no! No! What did you make me doooooo?!*

Before her lay two cakes, giant and human-shaped. One tall with a thick yellow icing and a fondue in the shape of a maid’s outfit: and one short with lots of cream and wearing a cute fondue dress. Their faces, painted in sauce, stared stupidly ahead, mindless.

Back in the real world, Taberu licked her lips. “Ooo, they look delicious, don’t they? Well, there’s only one thing to do nyow, nya...”

She tapped another button, and Ilulu’s mouth dropped open, drool pouring from her lips. “Ooo,” she said, stumbling forward, her belly grumbling. “I can’t wait to cut the cake.” *W-wait! No! You can’t make me eat them!*

Approaching Tohru to start, she raised a hand and grabbed at the maid’s boobs, tugging off a fat clump of sticky, fondue-coated sponge. Cream coated her fingers as she raised it to her lips, opened wide, and—

*Ilulu, wait!* In her own head, Tohru screamed in terror. *Ilulu, stop! Don’t you dare...! Turn us back right this—Nnn~!*

Ilulu forced Tohru’s breast into her mouth, and the elder dragon’s protests melted instantly into a scream of intense pleasure.

After finishing off Tohru’s boobs, it didn’t take long for Ilulu to cram the rest of the dragon through her lips too. Starting with her head, she worked downward, shoveling mouthful after mouthful of rich, creamy cake and fondue through her lips and down into her belly. It bulged, bloating till it was almost as big as her breasts.

Finally, Ilulu popped the tip of Tohru’s tail through her lips and swallowed with a tremendous gulp. “Ah,” she said, rubbing her belly. “Now...” Her eyes turned to Kanna.

The smaller dragon took a lot less time to eat. Since she was lying on the edge of the couch anyway, Ilulu simply knelt beside her, opened wide, and shoveled her into her mouth whole, reducing her to an unrecognizable mush in the process.

*Ilulu, stop! Stop it, please! Stooooop!*

At last, she licked the last of Kanna's cream from her lips and swallowed with a gigantic gulp. "Delicious," she said, falling back onto her butt. Her stomach gurgled noisily, as if something inside it were fighting to get out. *Oooh, I feel so like I'm going to burst! Nnn~! Please... don't just leave me like this...!*

Giggling, Taberu tapped a key and summoned Lucoa and Elma. "Open wide~. It's time for nyour second course, nya."

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### **Shiri (Anal Vore, Butt Expansion, Azur Lane)**

Shiri shuffled in her seat, making it creak ominously beneath her, as she loaded the program and searched through the character list.

"Hmm..." As she scrolled, she scratched her chin, shifting her weight absently from one cheek to the other. Her butt spilled over the seat of her chair, threatening to crush it to dust, not to mention rip through her panties. It looked like it could swallow a man whole, which wasn't an exaggeration—as a matter of fact, it could have swallowed a hundred.

Finally, Shiri's finger stopped, and the list slowed to a halt. Leaning in, she squinted at the screen. "Hmm," she repeatedly, idly scratching her butt (her finger sinking so deep into the flesh you could no longer see her hands). "These two look interesting, nya~."

She tapped.

"SHINANO," read the screen. "MUSASHI."

The character list vanished, replaced by the familiar white void of the program's default environment, and with a pair of pops, two women appeared to fill it. One wore blue and one wore black, but both had fox's ears and tails and two of the most exaggerated figures Shiri had ever seen. Ignoring her own, obviously.

As she sized them up, the two looked around, their faces torn with confusion and horror. "Where are we?" cried Musashi. "Release us this instant!"

"L-let us go right now!" cried Shinano.

Ignoring them, Shiri traced her finger over the screen, making the two yelp as it intersected their bodies. She wondered if there were any special interactions she could trigger? Perhaps if she tickled them enough, she could get them to take their clothes off? Well, there was always time for that in the future. In the meantime, she had a very special urge she wanted to fulfill...

Drawing up the hologram's keyboard, she started to type: "Shinano and Musashi are in the washroom together. They've just finished showering, and their bodies are still soaked beneath their towels."



The world of the rippled and stretched, pulled like a piece of taffy, making Shinano and Musashi gasp in surprise as it warped around them. Finally, it snapped back into place: not as a bright white void, but as a soapy, pink-tiled bathroom. The two of them spun on the spot, almost slipping in their surprise.

Unfortunately for them, the changes weren't finished just yet. With a pop, their elaborate furisode vanished, replaced by nothing more concealing than a pair of simple towels, one blue and one black. The two squealed, struggling to better conceal themselves. "Wh-what is this?" demanded Musashi, arms digging into the mounds of her breasts. "What are you doing to us?!"

Shiri's fingers danced across the keyboard. "With all the soap around, it's really easy to slip, nya. And unfortunately, Shinano and Musashi soon end up in a very awkward position."

"Wh-what does that mean?" said Musashi, taking a fearful step back. Sure enough, her foot slipped out from under her, and with a squeal, she dropped, landing with a splat on her oh-so-generous ass.

Shinano jerked as if she'd been struck by lightning. "Oh, no! Sister! Let me help you up!" She ran towards her, towel flying from her body... and slipped as well, spinning as she slipped screaming across the floor. "Aaaaii!"

Musashi had an instant to see her sister's generous derrière filling her sight before it struck her, its enormous, jiggling cheeks slamming straight into her face and all but bowling her over. An instant later, she was lying on her back, barely able to breathe, as the weight of Shinano's butt threatened to crush her into the floor. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" She squirmed, flapping her arms and kicking her legs feebly. Not only could she not pull free, but with every passing second, she seemed to be sinking deeper.

Back in the real world, Shiri licked her lips and tickled her pussy. Now for the best part... "Shinano leaps to her feet in surprise..."

Shinano leapt to her feet in surprise, dragging a struggling Musashi with her. Head trapped between her sister's cheeks, the dark-haired shipgirl moaned as she fought to pull free, but it was as futile as pulling a boot out of mud. "Mmmmmphf!"

"Oh no, sister! Don't worry, I'll help you!" Grabbing her buttcheeks, Shinano gripped tight and pulled them as far apart as she was able. Sadly, it didn't work—Musashi remained stuck as a small toy in a curious child's throat. Internally, Shinano screamed in terror: *Make it stop! Take her out of me! Take her out!*

Shiri blushed. Her fingers sped across the board. "Unfortunately for the two of them, instead of helping, Shinano's actions are actually making things worse..."

"Nnn~!" Tightening her grip on her assfat, Shinano wrenched it apart and slammed it shut, wrenched it apart and slammed it shut, wrenched it apart... With each repetition of the

motion, her asscheeks crashed together with a resounding slap, while her sister, trapped, slipped a little deeper between them, squealing all the while.

“Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!” *What are you doing?! Urgh! It’s so hot in here! Let me out! Shinano! Let me out of here!*

“Nnn~! Oh, sister! Sister, I’m sorry, but I can’t stop! Nnn~!” *Make it stop! Please, I can’t take it anymore! Nnnn~! Musashi, help me! Heeeelp!*

As Musashi vanished into Shinano’s asscrack, Shiri’s fingers slipped even deeper into her cunt. She bit her lip and shivered as they danced, faster and faster, moving just like Musashi’s arms and legs as she fought to escape.

“Mmmmpfh...!” With every passing second, Musashi became a little harder to hear. She was in up to her waist now, her arms pressed flat against her sides, leaving only her hands and her legs to keep fighting. For a moment or two, it seemed as if her own prodigious hips might present her sister’s asshole with some difficulty: Shinano screamed, her entire body twisting and writhing, as her sister’s fat butt threatened to block her anus.

Fortunately for Shinano, this didn’t last for long. With one final smack of her cheeks and a pop, the blockage passed: Musashi slipped forward with a scream. And with the widest part of her passed, it didn’t take long for the rest of her to follow, her legs and her tails vanishing through Shinano’s cheeks like strands of spaghetti.

In the end, all that remained was one little tuft of soft white fur, twitching. Then even that disappeared inside, and Shinano’s cheeks came together with one last emphatic clap. She screamed as she orgasmed, body writhing in stark pleasure.

Out in the real world, Shiri snatched her hand from the keyboard and massaged her own bloated buttocks, shivering as she did. Finally, with much effort, she gathered the strength to resume typing. “Things aren’t over yet though...”

Falling to the floor of the washroom, Shinano sat there and moaned, panting for breath and groping her own cheeks like she’d never before noticed them. Her bountiful flesh rippled and rolled beneath her hands, as she dug them deeper, seemed to pulse, shaking them even harder.

Inside, Shinano moaned. *N-no! What’s happening nooow?!*

With a tremendous *boing!*, her asscheeks exploded, doubling—no, tripling—instantly in size. The growth was so intense it actually threw her to her feet, making her gasp as she sank her fingers even deeper into the flesh. “W-wh—?”

*Musashi*, on the other hand, could only scream in pleasure. Reduced to two clumps of fat on her sister’s butt, ecstasy was practically the only sensation she could experience. *Nnnn~! Oh! Oh! Shinano, stop! Stop touching me! I can’t take it! I can’t take it! Nnnnnnn~!*

Listening, Shiri fingered even faster.

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## Seigu (Sextoy TF, Rokujouma)

Seigu stared at the screen as if it were a child, one who'd clearly done something naughty but was refusing to explain what. *Something* was going on with this strange program, even if she hadn't figured out exactly what yet. Saibanetically, she was going through all the drawers, checking to make sure they weren't full of pee.

While one thread of her mind ran a comprehensive virus scan, another was ready to play with her exciting new toy. *So, nyou can summon an almost endless supply of pre-digitized prey and do whatever the hell nyou want with them, huh?* A little redundant for someone like her, who already had an endless supply of prey to do whatever the hell she wanted with, but she could see a few niche applications.

A ding went off in the back of her skull, snatching her focus back to the iteration of the program she'd left running in the background. Ah, yes. She supposed it was time to inspect the results of that little experiment, wasn't it?

Summoning a new screen, she cocked her head and studied it, her ears twitching. The sound they were receiving was difficult to recognize; and the image on the screen was equally confusing to the eyes. It looked like a blur of flesh, being shaken up and down like a sports drink.

"Return the simulation to normal speed," said Seigu. In the corner of the screen, a 'x10000' dropped rapidly down to the 'x1' and vanished. At once, the image and sound became a lot more comprehensible

"Nnn~! Nnn~! Oh...! Oh...! Make it stooop! Make it stooop, please!" Theiamillis Gre Forthorthe, naked, her arms and her legs bound behind her back, moaned as she floated off the dildo, hovered panting and sweating in the air for an instant, and *dropped*, slamming back onto the rod with a scream and a moan.

Seigu frowned. How long had she left the program running for again? About an hour?

With a tap of a key, she brought Princess Theia's motion to a complete stop. Hanging there in the air over the dildo, sweaty and disheveled, Theiamillis panted for breath like she'd been drowning.

Another tap, and the dildo vanished. Theiamillis dropped to the floor and lay there moaning, too beaten even to stand. Seigu didn't know *exactly* what it felt like to spend a subjective year bouncing on a dildo, but she couldn't imagine it was very easy to walk after.

Watching Theiamillis struggle to cover, Seigu scratched her chin in thought. So, she'd proven that the program could accurately simulate a change in the flow of time, as advertised, but what else was it capable of? Hmmm. Opening the character menu, she picked out another toy to play with.

With a pop, Yurika Nijino appeared from thin air. Squealing, she dropped to her knees, looking around in horror. “Wh-where—?” Her eyes caught Theia, lying and moaning nearby, and she paled. “Ai! What’s happening?”

“Hmm...” said Seigu, tracing a lazy finger over the screen. “Let’s see... How should I...? Ah!”

She tapped a key.

With another pop, Theiamillis snapped to her feet, instantly restored to pristine condition. Blinking, she looked around in surprise and, with a squeal of shock, struggled to cover her naked body.

Smirking, Seigu continued to type. “As Theia struggled to conceal herself, she underwent another terrifying torment...”

Theia slammed her legs together and locked her arms against her sides and squeaked, her eyes opened wide. “Mmmn—! Mmmn!” Teeth locked, she struggled to speak, but she couldn’t do that either.

“Th-Theia? What’s wrong?” cried Yurika. “What’s happening noooooow?!”

While Theia might not be able to communicate to Yurika, Seigu had an excellent idea what the princess was thinking: “*Nnn~! Help me! I can’t move! Nnn~! Oh, I feel so hard! Make it stooooooooop!*”

Chuckling to herself, Seigu typed in the next stage of the process and hit enter. With a final gasp, Theiamillis crumpled, crushed like a tin can. Collapsing in on herself, she soon compacted into a smaller, thinner, and considerably more phallic shape, her arms flattened against her sides and her feet smoothed into a base. Her head became a rounded, bullet-like tip, and with that, she dropped out of the air and fell to the floor as a simple white-blue vibrator. *Nnnn~! Ah! Ahhhhhh!*

As Yurika shrieked in horror, Seigu wiggled her fingers and licked her lips. “Naturally, the heat in her groin makes it impossible for Yurika to resist the sextoy before her...”

At once, Yurika stopped screaming, and a strange blush crept over her face. Falling to her knees, she shuffled forward, her eyes locked on the reduced form of Theiamillis, and with a quick glance to make sure no one else was watching, snatched it up. Hugging it to her chest, she scrambled back to her original position and studied it with a guilty look. “Can I really use it? It’s so wrong, but I’m soooo horny.” *W-what?! No! No! Stop it! Stop making me say things!*

“Maybe it’s okay...” Yurika continued. “No one has to know...” Well, Theiamillis did, but Yurika didn’t seem to care about that anymore.

Thumbing the vibrator’s side, she found the switch and gave it a flick, reducing Theiamillis’s thoughts to mindless moans as she shook. *Nnn~! Ah! Oh! Oh! Oh! Nnnnn~!*

Carefully, biting her lip and blushing, Yurika raised her skirt and carefully, *carefully*, guided Theiamillis's tip to the pair of plump lips straining through her milk-white panties. They were already sodden, of course.

*N-no! Yurika! YurikAH! Ah! Nnnnnn~! Oh! N-no, no...! Please don't...! Nnnn~!*

Finally, Theia's tip met Yurika groin. It was like someone had plugged Yurika into the mains—with a scream, her head snapped back and her body started to jerk, her rigid arm working the vibrator over her groin like a robot. “Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahhhh!” Her tongue lolled out of her mouth; her eyes rolled back in their sockets; juice squirted from her sex, leaving Theia coated.

Seigu left them like this for several minutes, carefully monitoring Yurika's thoughts, until at last—

Just as Yurika was about to orgasm, she hit ‘enter’, and with an infinitesimal pop, both Yurika and Theiamillis returned to normal.

Well, mostly. With a fresh scream, Yurika dropped to her knees and desperately fingered herself in an attempt to reclaim the orgasm she'd missed out on. Seigu could only chuckle.

The part of her brain running a virus scan pinged. Turning her attention away from Theiamillis and Yurika, she read the report with a frown. Hmm. Time to tidy things up here.

Turning back to the two of them, she started typing rapidly. ‘The two thought they might have escaped their torment, but as a matter of fact, they couldn't be more mistaken...’

With a moan, Yurika floated off the ground and slammed her arms against her sides, squealing as her fingers were wrenched out of her vagina. Sadly, she wasn't to get her much desired orgasm: instead, she found herself compacted, crushed just like Theiamillis before her, till she was barely a tenth of her former size. *Unlike* Theiamillis, her new form looked less phallic and more... raddish, fat and rounded, with her feet forming a flat, circular stem for her pink new body to sit on.

At Seigu's command, she flipped upside down, and Theiamillis, eyes wide in horror, floated into the air and over her. “W-wait!” she cried, sweating in terror. “Please, don't do it again! Don't—!” Seigu pressed the down key. *Schlup!*

Theiamillis could only scream as the plug slammed deep into her butt.

As the princess of Forthorthe squirming in the air, Seigu tapped another key and had the dark blue dildo resume its place beneath her. Another tap, and Theia dropped, spearing herself on its thick, rigid shaft. Her screams sounded even louder than before.

The last thing Seigu did before she turned away was dial the program's speed up to x1000000. “There,” she thought. “I'll see how they're doing in an hour or two, nya.”

## Ao (Blueberry Inflation, Calliope Mori)

Calliope Mori dropped into the void with a scream of surprise, landed, and looked around in terror. One moment she'd been at home recording her latest stream, when there'd been this terrible pink light, and the next thing she'd known, she was here.

Where was here, exactly? It looked like nothing more than an endless white expanse, devoid of anything, let alone answers. She took a cautious step forward and whirled at the sound of her own footsteps, expecting to find something stalking her. But the void was as empty as it appeared, empty of everything save her.

And the giant catgirl looking down on her like God. "Oooh, nyou're cute, nya!

Calli gaped in terror. "Wh-what—? Who...?"

The catgirl giggled. "Aw, nyou're so confused. Fufufu. I know *exactly* what to do with nyou, nya."

On the bottom of the... window? in the sky, the catgirl's fingers flickered for a series of complex motion. Calli got the impression she was typing on a keyboard, but whatever the truth, she was doing it fast.

Finally, the catgirl raised a hand, and with one last laugh, struck enter.

The void shimmered like a reflection in a pool, and—as Calli practically wet herself—changed entirely. In an instant, the white expanse vanished, replaced by a sprawling hedge maze, its walls covered in blueberries.

"What the hell is this?" said Calli, looking around. The giant catgirl remained in the sky, preoccupied with typing something new on her keyboard. She hit enter.

It was like she were a puppet whose strings had been tugged by the puppeteer: just like that, Calli found herself thrust forward, flung into a walk. Even as she cried out and fought to stop, her legs carried her on a casual stroll through the maze, a quaint ramble through the blueberry brambles. *Stop!*

Left, right, left, left, right, right, left again, right a second time, left once more and then—

She emerged from the corridor of the bushes and into a large square with a fountain in the center. The water trickled audibly as she approached, flowing thick and blue and— Wait. That wasn't water.

Her legs hauled her forward, but curiosity was influencing her now too. Even if she had been in control, she didn't know if she could have stopped herself. Approaching the fountain, she leaned over the edge and squinted at her reflection. Was it full of *blueberry* juice?

Tapping in her ears. A harsh clack. Her lips moved on their own. "Oh, I'm so thirsty!" she said, fanning her face, despite the chill temperature. "I know I shouldn't take a drink from this strange fountain, but I'm simply parched!" *Wh-what? What the hell am I say--?*

And before she could even finish the thought, she dunked her head into the juice and started drinking it greedily, gulping it down like she was dying of thirst. "Mm-mmmm! Delicious!" *Ew! Gross! This stuff is so strong! Stop making me drink it!*

Just as she thought it would make her explode, her body jerked again, wrenching her out of it. Licking her lips, she stumbled back, blueberry juice dripping from her face. She felt as if she'd been given a facial by a smurf.

"What the fuck?" she cried, when control of her mouth returned to her. "What the *fuck?!?*"

In the air, the giant catgirl chuckled and said nothing. But Calli could hear her fingers clacking as they danced across the keys.

Another strange sensation struck her: an intense tightness in her stomach, as if she'd eaten a pot of yogurt that was just a liliittle too far past its sell-by date. Looking down, she clutched her belly and gasped as it gurgled. What the hell was happening to her *now?!?*

With a *glorp* like a primordial swamp, her stomach exploded, stretching the waistline of her dress into a tight black sphere. Gasping, she stumbled back and clutched it, her eyes wide in horror. When she squeezed, her hands sank into the fat, and her belly sloshed as if it were full of water. "What the fuck?!"

Clutching the fountain for support, she stood there and panted, her chest rising and falling as the heart inside it picked up the pace. Every second, her belly felt a little bigger in her dress, which was audibly straining to hold it in now. Finally, with a *rrrrrip*, it split, and her stomach burst out into the cool air of the maze: fat, swollen, sloshing, and blue—exactly the same deep shade as the juice in the fountain.

Calli screamed. Claspig herself, she hugged her stomach and moaned. She looked like she was nine months pregnant, if not more! And she was *blue!* What the fuck was happening to her?! Even as she tumbled through this endless sequence of questions, her stomach continued to bloat like a water balloon on the tap. And to her horror, she realized it wasn't just her belly that was changing.

"Oh-oh no...!" Raising her hand, Calli squealed to see the blueness rising up her arm like a tide. Tearing down the neck of her dress, she moaned to see what it had done to her chest. Both her boobs were the same shade as her belly, and worse, they were starting to look a little bigger too. Were they leaking?

High above, the catgirl cackled. Calli wanted to scream at her.

Before she could express her opinions, however, another pulse of growth from her stomach snatched her attention downward. With a *glorp*, her belly bloated, tearing apart her dress

and raising her boobs with its tremendous new size. Calli moaned, her legs shaking as she struggled to support it—it was like trying to hold an exercise ball full of water. *Nnnn~!*

With an awful tearing sound, the bodice of her dress finally split apart, allowing her fat, blue new boobs to burst out into the open, large as her head with nipples round as her open mouth and squirting, squirting thick streams of blueberry juice allll over her stomach. A similar sound from behind her suggested her buttocks had done something similar, and sure enough the feeling of cool air against them confirmed it.

As the blueness washed up her neck, lapping at her chin like the waves of the deepest ocean, Calli moaned. What was happening to her? Was she was really going to turn into a giant, human blueberry?

“Nyep, that’s pretty much it, nya,” said the catgirl.

Calli moaned.

At last, her legs lost their battle to hold her. Her thighs, plump and juicy themselves by this point, gave way, and with a moan and a scream, Calli dropped to her fattened buttcheeks, striking the ground with a great sloshing of juice. Screwing her eyes up, she wiggled and moaned, partly in pleasure, partly in a vain attempt to get back to her feet. Unfortunately, her rotund new body made this a little difficult.

Squeaking with the strain now, her stomach continued to bloat, plumped to absurd fullness, and assimilating the rest of her as it swelled. Calli could only close her eyes and whimper as it reached car-size, sucking her bloated upper arms and legs inside it in the process. Her lingerie, already stretched taut and soaked, didn’t last much longer, bursting with a pair of titanic snaps and leaving her to moan even louder as her nipples spewed juice all over her gut.

Lying there on her back, rolling sadly from side to side, Calli groaned as her stomach reached her lower arms and legs, pausing only as it reached her extremities. Finally, it hit her neck, the taut skin of the fat sphere striking her chin and leaving her to moan even louder. She kicked (or flapped her feet, at any rate). She flailed (or shook her hands, at any rate). She screamed (or moaned huskily, anyway). She tried to stand, but the juice sloshing inside her made it impossible. Her skin felt so tight she could burst.

Worse than this terrible pleasure was the inferno in her groin. Down below, its labia blown so big they looked more like a rubber dingy, her sex dripped and squirted and finally, as Calli screamed in delight, spewed an endless stream of thick, blue juice, faster even than the fountain beside her.

High above, the catgirl chuckled in amusement.

—

**Ukiwa (Pooltoy TF, TG, 2nd Person)**



You struggle against your restraints and fight to spit out the gag, wishing you'd gone to bed in something more than your underwear. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

On the other side of the saucer's bridge, the catgirl who's abducted you studies her holographic monitor with a frown. "Hmm, how exactly does this 'upload nyour own prey' function work, nya? Oh, nyou just have to use nyour pointer? Well, that's simple, I guess." She plucks a mustard yellow rod from her cleavage and aims its tip at your face, giving you just enough time to squeak before a bolt of pink lightning blasts your vision into pixels.

When your sight returns, you find yourself in something of a pickle: dangling naked from a claw in the middle of a factory, a vat of thick pink fluid bubbling ominously beneath you.

"Nyahahaha! It worked! It worked!" Looking up, you find the catgirl's face hanging over you, studying you through a window in the sky. "Nyow, let's see what we can do with nyou, nya~. I have something in mind already..."

Her fingers start to dance, and before you can cry out in surprise, the claw holding you opens. You scream as you drop into the broth. *Splot!*

The awful pink fluid washes over you, thick and sticky as syrup. You try to fight it, to swim up and break through, but you feel like a fly stuck in a trap. You're gummed! No matter how hard you struggle, you just can't break free.

Your legs kick. Your heart pounds. Your vision blurs as your oxygen dwindles. With a great moan, you inhale automatically, and a heavy mouthful of the awful substance pours through your lips and straight down your throat. Spluttering, you try to cough it back up, but all you succeed in is swallowing more of the stuff. This time, some of it ends up in your lungs.

Fortunately, your captor doesn't intend to let you drown. Just as your vision is about to darken, you feel the cool metal of pincers around your middle, and with a heart-wrenching jerk, you shoot up and out of the bath, spraying globs of pink stuff everywhere as you sail into the air.

Dangling there, swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a clock, you splutter and moan and struggle to regain your composure. The pink stuff is all over you, coating you, a thin slime of the stuff, like mucus. It makes you want to throw up, and worse it makes you tingle: your skin is on fire. Is the awful stuff *acidic*?

Even as this terrible possibility occurs to you, the claw jerks you forward, swinging you straight into the maw of a waiting machine, which swallows you like an iron sarcophagus. Trapped in the dark on a rubber conveyor, too weak to stand, let alone to fight your way out. You feel like you're about to crumple.

As if the machine is aware of your discomfort, robotic arms spring from the walls and wrap around you in a hug. Only, they're just a little tighter than you're comfortable with. Maybe they could loosen up just a little—

Second by second, more spring from the wall and grab you. They wrap around your arms, your legs, even your head. And squeeze as if they're planning to burst you. You scream. Only, it's not as painful as it should be. As a matter of fact, it's actually quite pleasurable. You feel like a tube of toothpaste, as if everything inside you is being forced down, down, down towards your— Oh God!

With a sound like a punctured tire, the arms tighten their grip on you, forcing all the air in your body out of the spout of your shaft. You scream, your eyes rolling back, and writhe as pleasures surges through you—it's the greatest orgasm you've ever had, like you're cumming out ever drop of semen you'll ever produce all at once.

Slowly, the pressure inside you drops, and your body, feeling a little empty about the whole situation, crumples like a deflating balloon. As you collapse, flat, to the ground, hollow and shrivelled, the majority of the robot arms release you. One, however, grabs you by the head, holds you up, and shakes you like a wet rag. As if there's anything left to be shaken out.

Even as the squeezing hands retract, more arms appear from the walls. This second round comes in an assortment of types: cutters, heaters, spray cans, and suction cups. But your attention is on the one aimed at your cock.

It looks a little like a lamp, but when it snaps on, the light is pink and dappled with sparkles. Catching your cock with its ray, it sets it tingling afresh, strikes it and electrifies it, making it snap from its flaccid state and straight back to a painful erection. If you weren't bereft of air, you might have gasped—as it is, you can only dangle and watch as your cock squirts and throbs.

After emptying out the last few drops of semen, your penis twitches and does something strange: turn translucent. Through boggling eyes, you watch as the pink light shines through it, making it glimmer like a piece of glass. No, like a piece of plastic!

No sooner has it changed state than it undergoes a rapid shift in shape as well: like an accordion, it shrinks, squeezed tight. Your glans flattens, sprouting a hinge as it transforms into a hook, while your balls are sucked into your shaft as it rounds into a base. In seconds, your cock is gone, replaced by... Is that a cap?

You don't get long to process this, unfortunately. Not a second later, the rest of the arms crash into you, carrying their cutters and their heaters and their suction cups. Two latch to your chest and fire up, making you squeal as your skin bubbles and tingles. Another pair goes for your butt, and a third pair for your thighs. One, larger than the others, clamps around your head like a salon's hairdryer, making you gasp again as your skull starts to burn.

For the next few minutes, they work you over from head to toe and back again, leaving no inch of you unaltered. Your chest they tug into a pair of petite breasts, your buttocks they swell to match, and your thighs they thicken too. Your arms and legs, they strip till they're slender and smooth and dainty, and your face, they remodel till it's as cute as could be hoped. Your hair, they extend and recolor, leaving it long and white.

Producing two reams of extra plastic, they spin it and slice it into a fox's ears and tail—or an inflatable parody of them, at any rate—and waste no time in welding them to your body. The rest they cut into a neat black-white sailor's outfit, complete with a cyan necktie. As you blush at how cute you look in it, the machine proceeds to the final stage of the process.

A claw pinches your penis-turned-cap and pops it with the sound you'd expect. You can only gasp—it's more sensitive than ever!

As you're recovering, something like a hose wiggles its way through the machine and plants its plastic lips on your cap as if to deliver CPR. You hear the whirr of a motor, and the pipe bulges, and—

Air *pours* through it, through it and your cock, and into your body, making you squeal as it spread through your form. Slowly, your saggy body starts to rise, skin squeaking as it strains to contain its new contents. You, on the other hand, squeal, squeal loudly. It feels as if all that cum they sucked out is *being pumped back into you*.

With a pop, your new ears rise and your new tail plumps, and your thighs thicken as all that extra plastic is put to good use. With another, your hands and your feet burst into shape, thick plastic gloves and socks, digitless. The latter squeak as they touched the ground, and you stumble a little, struggling to stay on them. You feel so lightweight you could float.

Finally, the hoses releases your cap, and another arm seals it. This done, the machine's doors swing open, and the belt tosses you out like yesterday's trash.

You strike the beach with a squeak and lie there moaning. Your body feels so tingly. So tingly and taut. And light. Which is fortunate, or you wouldn't have the strength to push yourself to your feet.

Hot sand scorching the plastic of your feet, you stumble onward towards the water. For some reason, you have the strangest desire to go swimming...

—

### **Kagu (Furniture TF, Honkai Star Rail)**

The Herta had been passing through the breakroom of her Station when the beam of pink light had struck her. Before she knew it the Station was gone, replaced by an endless white expanse, empty as the vacuum of space, and above her...

"Hmm, let's see," said the giant catgirl, shaking a lock of white hair out of her mismatched eyes. "What would be the most most funnest thing to do with nyou, nya...? Hmmm..."

Herta kept her expression calm as she tried to figure out what was happening. She'd been teleported clearly, though to where she couldn't tell. This white expanse had the tenor of a digital environment in its default state, but that was a more worrying realization than a comforting one—how could she have been placed in a virtual construct without her noticing...?

"Oh, I know!" Giggling, the giant catgirl rubbed her hands together and started typing on what was presumably the keyboard as whatever machine Herta found herself inside.

Gritting her teeth, she looked around, preparing for herself for whatever was to come, in spite of the obvious futility. If this truly was a simulation, then her captor could do anything she wished to her. Even...

...send her back home?

Blurring, the white of the void resolved into the familiar scenery of Herta Station's breakroom. She spun around, scanning every detail, but everything seemed to be in order. Had they reconstructed it from her memories? Or had they simply taken a snapshot when they took *her*? She supposed it was academic, really.

Wait. No, there was one detail off. If she'd been placed anywhere else in the breakroom, she would have noticed instantly, but as it was, it was literally beneath her notice. Looking around her, Herta scowled. The breakroom's couch was missing. Why would they have...?

An invisible force seized her arms and her legs, slamming the latter together and holding the former against her sides. Hissing, she grit her teeth and prepared herself. She'd known something was coming, but she hadn't expected it to be quite so—Ah!

She gasped as the same force kicked the backs of her legs, bending them at the knees so it looked like she was sitting. As she struggled to stand straight, it grabbed her arms and did something very similar, bending them at the elbows so her palms hovered over empty air. She tried to snarl. "Just what are you—?"

Before she could finish speaking, another force attacked. But where the previous had come from outside, this one appeared inside her. All throughout her, as a matter of fact, as if she'd become a balloon attached to an airhose. It *filled* her, filled her and stretched her, leaving her to shake and moan in pleasure as her body bloated, plumper thicker and fatter with every passing second. *Nnnn~! Oh! Stop!* With every passing moment, this growing pressure became even stronger, till she was certain she would burst.

Even as the pleasure of it ripped through her, scattering her thoughts and leaving her whimpering in ecstasy, some more sensible part of her mind was studying the process, trying to figure out exactly what was happening. To start, shouldn't her dress have torn by now? Her breasts looked to be twice their previous size, but instead of splitting, her corset remained as strong as ever. As a matter of fact, it seemed to be hugging her even tighter, squeezing her as if it wanted to replace her skin. And to her horror, it appeared to be succeeding.

As she watched in shock, her clothes fused with her bloating flesh, drunk like paint by a sponge. Soon, she couldn't tell where her skin ended and her clothing began—it was like they'd been tattooed on her.

If this wasn't bad enough, her skin seemed to be changing its texture too. Before her eyes, it took on a smoother, glossier texture, as if she weren't looking at skin, and were instead staring at leather.

A terrible idea sparked in her brain. The missing couch. Her placement. The texture of her skin. Could she be...? No. No. She refused to believe it. It was absurd! Why would anyone ever want to—?

Invisible hands grabbed her arms and her sides and tugged her, stretching her pliant body like taffy. Herta screamed—more internally than externally, as talking was becoming hard now—as her body filled the empty space of the couch, leaving her with little doubt what the catgirl intended for her. *No! No! How dare you do something so... Something so ridiculous to me!*

Her legs, already bulked to bursting, fattened and fused to form a thick block beneath her. Her arms, plumped themselves, drooped, flesh dropping till it met the edge of her legs and fused with them, forming a pair of rounded walls for someone else's arms to rest on. Her head flattened out, fused with her neck, becoming a large backrest. And her boobs...

Herta screamed as her breasts swelled, pumped fuller and fatter than any other part of her body, bloating till they filled the seat of her expanded legs, threatening to spill her over arms and smother her face, and then—

Just as suddenly, they compacted, crushed into a pair of thick, flesh cushions, and nothing more.

With that, the change seemed to come to an end. Herta could only lie there and squirm a little, writhing in embarrassment. *How dare you do this to me...! Turn me back this instant!*

Overhead, the catgirl reappeared to laugh at her. "Nyow," she said. "Time for the nyext part..." She started typing again.

Just as Herta dared to think she might be allowed to enjoy her suffering alone, the doors of the breakroom swished open, and who should enter but Caelus and several of his companions. Pausing on the threshold, he scanned the room, clearly searching for a place to sit, and made a beeline straight for her.

If she hadn't been an inanimate object, Herta would have frozen in terror. *No! Caelus, don't! Stay away from me! Don't you dare come any closer!*

Unaware of her pleas, the Trailblazer and his coterie advanced with speed. In seconds, all four of them stood before her and turned, giving her a brief second to glory in the nightmare about to befall her. Eight cheeks, hanging over her like a meteor. *W-wait! Don't! Don't you dare...! Don't you—!*

The leather of her breasts squeaked as the four of them dropped. Herta screamed in abject pleasure.

Atop her, Caelus and his company shuffled, making themselves comfortable on her boobs. Herta could only scream, whimpering inside at every little motion. Tiny wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her body, lashing at her mind and leaving her feeling as if she'd been set on fire. *Nnnn~! Caelus! Ah! Nnn~! Stop! Please, get off of me! Stooooop!*

The Trailblazer simply shuffled back a little, pressing his butt even harder into her boobs.

—

### Tejou (Femdom, ZZZ)

"Now then," said Zhu Yuan, slapping her baton against her palm. "You've been very, very naughty, haven't you, Wise?"

On the bed, Wise squirmed, straining against the handcuffs binding his arms and legs to the posts. "Mmmph! Mmmph!"

Zhu Yuan chuckled. "Time for some punishment~." Licking her lips, she clambered onto the bed.

Internally, of course, the pair's reactions to their situation couldn't be more difficult.

*St-st-st-stop! Stop! P-please!* cried Zhu Yuan, struggling to pull back. *You can't make me do this!* The sight of Wise, lying strapped to the bed before her, his pecs and his six-pack fully bared, and his erection concealed only by his tight, white underwear, made her want to screw up her eyes and melt on the spot. The only thing worse was the sexy cop uniform they'd crammed her into: it showed at least twice as much as it concealed, and the knowledge that Wise could see every inch it exposed made her want to— *Stoooooooooop!*

Wise, on the other hand, stared ahead in silence, thoughts frozen at the sight of the pair of boobs dangling before him. Zhu Yuan's zipper had been falling gradually lower since the start of his interrogation. His cock, in contrast, only seemed to be rising higher.

High above the bedroom-cum-interrogation chamber (and it was mostly the latter, albeit with a bed), the catgirl behind their torment looked down and laughed like the puppetmaster she was. "Nyahahahaha! Nyow put nyour boot on his cock, nya!"

Automatically, Zhu Yuan raised her leg. Wise tensed, but of the two, it was the former who was the most afraid: *No! Nononono! I can't touch his penis! Stooooop! Stooooooooop!*

A click of a button, and she brought her boot down. Wise squealed as it pressed his erection flat. Zhu Yuan, on the other hand, practically exploded. "How do you feel now, you criminal scum? Breaking the law doesn't sound so fun now, doesn't it?"

She rubbed her foot from side to side; Wise moaned.

Up above, the catgirl giggled like a schoolgirl who'd stumbled on a classmate kissing her crush. "Mmmn, I wonder what I should make nyou do nyext, nya...? Hm... Oh! I know!"

Licking her lips, she started typing away again. “Next, Zhu Yuan straddles Wise’s body, bringing her groin dangerously close to his crotch.”

Through clenched teeth, Zhu Yuan screamed. Wise blushed, refusing to make eye contact with her.

Despite Zhu Yuan’s obvious reluctance, her body moved faster. Lowering herself to the bed, she straddled Wise’s legs and turned herself slowly up, up, up, bringing her spandex-covered crotch within inches of his bulge. The two of them squirmed, desperately yet unable to pull away.

“At the last second,” typed the catgirl, “Zhu Yuan lifts herself up...”

Zhu Yuan squeaked as she pushed herself off Wise’s body, holding her pussy over his cock like a guillotine over a neck.

“...And plants her giant ass on his crotch instead.”

Zhu Yuan took a seat, wiggling herself into place and shuffling till she was comfy. Neither her nor Wise’s face could have been redder.

“And then, um, she... starts bouncing him on him like he’s a nyaughty... like he’s a nyaughty horse, nya!”

Zhu Yuan started to bounce, making Wise squirm and gasp each time her ass landed.

“Nyeah, ride him, nya! Nyahahahaha! Harder! Harder! Harder! Hard—!”

Wise gave a sudden gasp and went red, his body trembling as his eyes dropped to his crotch. Zhu Yuan looked down as well. Why did her butt feel so wet all of a sudden?

“Oops. Too hard, nya.”

—

### **Panchira (Various TFs, Silvervale)**

Panchira scrolled through the character list with a scowl of indignation. “Nyo. Nyo. Definitely nyot. Nyope. Ugh, absolutely nyot. Nyo. Nyo. Nyonyonyonyo—!”

Just as she was about to give up in despair, her eyes happened to settle on something that intrigued them. “Hmm...” she said, finger hovering over their portrait. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt, nya...” She tapped.

‘SILVERVALE.’

With a tiny pop, a curvaceous young woman in a black top and skirt appeared in the void of the simulation, her furry ears twitching as she looked around and blinked. “E-eh? What happened? Where am I?”

“Much better,” said Panchira, licking her lips. “After that last batch, I thought I was nyever going to be able to find some decent prey.” Leaning in, she cocked her head, her ears flattening. “Nyow... just what should I do with nyou, nya...? Hmm. Well, I guess I should strip nyou to start.” *Tap!*

With a pop, Silvervale’s clothing vanished. For an instant, she stood there blinking, too stunned to process what had happened, before squealing and struggling to cover her breasts. “What the fuck?!”

“Nyahahahaha! Much better! Nyou’ve got plenty of meat on nyou, haven’t nyou? What if we added a little moooooore though, nya?” *Tap!*

*Bowwing!* Silvervale rippled like a puddle struck by a stone, and when she came by to a stop, her boobs and buttcheeks had doubled in size, spilling out of her arms and audibly wobbling. Silvervale shrieked. “What the fuck have you done to me?!”

“Hmm, nyou’re right, that might be too much for my tastes, nya. Why don’t we try the opposite?” She tapped again.

*Bong!* With a sound like a mallet striking a gong, Silvervale’s enhanced curves—and her original ones—vanished entirely, leaving her flat on both sides. She screamed again—to Panchira’s ears, it actually sounded a little louder than the first time around.

Panchira chuckled. “Much better. But where can we go from here, nya...? Perhaps, now I’ve stolen nyour curves, we should lean into the masculine aspect?” She tapped again.

*Dong!* A thick phallus, long and hard and veined, sprang into being between Silvervale’s legs, accompanied by an equally massive pair of balls. Screaming, she seized it in shock, and screamed again as the pleasure of touching it coursed through her form.

“Hmm, on second thought, futanari are really half-hearted, aren’t they? Why don’t we go all in?” Her fingers whirled.

With another pop, the last vestiges of Silvervale’s female form vanished, her soft front hardening into pecs and a six-pack and leaving him a long-haired, big-dicked femboy.

“Actually, nyevermind, that’s *too* much, nya... Let’s go back to the drawing board.” She hit backspace.

Silvervale’s body blurred as she passed back through her previous changes, instantly reverted to her original form. Hugging herself, she panted for breath, beads of sweat dripping from her forehead. “P-please don’t—!”



But Panchira's fingers were already moving, dancing across the keyboard at speed. "Maybe *this* will work? Nyo nyo, that's terrible. Maybe this? Nyo. This? Nyada. This? Ugh, nyo one? This? This? ...This?"

Caught in the frenzy of the catgirl's indecision, Silvervale snapped from one form to the next, from a human to a fox to a cube of squirming flesh, from an onahole to sexdoll to a dildo to vibe, from a bra to a negligée to a skimpy pair of panties, and from there through every imaginable type of pooltoy, until at last...

"Huh? What's wrong, nya? What's this stupid message say?" Leaning in, Panchira squinted at the screen. Behind the infobox, Silvervale struck the ground as a glutinous pink-blue slimegirl. Bubbling, she struggled to hold her boobs as they slid down her torso. "Ooooooh... Help me..." *Glorp!*

Panchira mouthed the words as she read. Finally, her eyes lit up in anger. "Out of uses, nya? Pay nyow for more?! Nyou scummy, kitschy, piece-of-crap program! Nyaaaaaagh! Uninstall! Uninstall! Unin-? Why is my coffeemaker on fire...? H-hey!"

**THE END**