Spinel knew she was going to die. The oppressive Merak Empire showed no mercy to rebellions, especially failed ones. For the past few months she had been going through hideout after hideout, trying to find a way out of the empire’s tightening grip. But eventually her hideout was found out. She still remembered the vivid scene of the door suddenly bursting and black uniformed people poured in.

At least I would go down with a dignity, she thought. Right now she was inside a van with her face blindfolded. She was probably heading to a public square to be executed. The empire loved to show its fearful populace the price of disobedience.

She felt the vehicle coming to a stop. A harsh voice called out her and others’ names. Imperial Peacekeepers, the empire’s brutal police force led the she and the other captives outside of the vehicle. Several hands touched her body. It was evident they were going to have some fun with her. She did have bountiful breasts and round bubbly ass forming tantalizing curves from top to bottom of her body, making many blush whenever she was in front of others.

She grimaced as some of them fondled her breasts and slightly pinched her thigh. There was a smack as she felt her butt getting smacked. She almost cried out when she felt fingers slipping inside her pussy. As much as she tried not to, she moaned as her body shook. Her face was probably blushing.

She heard the chuckling. There was nothing she could do. Beside the blindfold, her arms were tied behind her back, an extremely strong shackle making it unable for her to resist in anyway. Even her draconic strength was no use. She felt her body getting touched in multiple places, grabbing, fondling, and squeezing her surprisingly plump flesh. She gritted her teeth. At least it would be all over soon.

But as she walked, she realized something was a bit off. Her feet touched a smooth metallic surface. Was she inside? Why would they want to kill her inside a building? And it was awfully quiet and yet not completely silent. Strange sounds came from somewhere. And they all sounded like someone moaning and panting…like they were being pleasured. And then Her nose caught a faint smell of…cum? She frowned, wondering what the hell was going on. Was she inside some kind of a brothel? Was she going to work as a prostitute instead of being killed? But that would be too easy. The empire would know she wouldn’t be humiliated like that.

Suddenly she felt several hands touching her face. Soon her blindfold was removed. She blinked as bright light poured in. Then her eyes grew wide.

It wasn’t she had expected. She was inside a building. A building entrance, to be more exact. A wide metallic shutter door was in front of her. Looking around, she saw her companions, all having the same puzzled expression on their face as they looked around, unsure what to do.

“Welcome to the factory.” Spinel and others turned around as a man wearing a clean suit walked towards them. “I’m Reginald, the head of this facility.” The Peacekeepers who brought her and others saluted as they saw the man, meaning he was probably someone important.

Spinel snarled. The man replied with a smile, infuriating her more

“You must be Spinel. Don’t worry, your resocialization process will begin soon. But first, let me show you around a bit.”

Upon hearing his word, Spinel froze, realizing why she and others were sent here. Resocialization. It was how the empire treated some of its criminals. A “conversion” therapy designed to let the wrongdoer atone for his or her crimes and reintegrated into the society, at least in theory. Everyone knew what it actually meant; sometimes there was indeed a fate worse than death.

The door slowly opened. Gradually the inside was revealed, a long and narrow corridor with glass window on each side. Through the window Spinel and others could see conveyor belts busily moving. There were people on the conveyors, their bodies strapped so they wouldn’t be able to escape. Most of them had fearful look on their faces.

Spinel could see why. Like products they were being transported, while their bodies were being subject to horrific changes. On the right side, Spinel and others saw people getting injected with something. Multiple robotic arms with syringes busily moved. Some screamed, others winced whenever the liquid entered their bodies.

As the belt moved, their bodies began to react to the fluid they had just received. For each person the process was mostly the same: a growth happened in one’s crotch, his cock becoming engorged as it thickened and grew in size until it looked like an equine cock, and his balls also swelling like balloons being pumped of air, dropping all the way to the knee. From the top of his butt a thick fur grew that soon sprouted outwards, forming a swishing horse tail. His fingers fused to form hooves and legs reconfigured into digitigrade stance, making him stand awkwardly with his growing butt protruded outwards. To his anus a rod would be inserted, and he would neigh as his cock would ejaculate. At the end of the conveyor belt he would emerge as a sort of equine satyr with his lower body completely changed into that of a horse. It didn’t matter the person in the belt was male or female, or human or anthro.

The other side was not much different, all becoming changed as a part of the “resocialization process.” In this side people were led into a molding machine. Each of them would be pressed by two plates coming from right and left side that interlocked. When the plates retreated, the person was nowhere to be seen, replaced with a hideous creature whose top body looked exactly like a huge, fat, and throbbing cock, complete with two ponderous testicles hanging below. The transformed creature would soon ejaculate as its body tense with excitement and arousal.

Spinel was speechless. Words failed to describe the horrors she were seeing. She had heard of this so called resocialization process, but this was her first time seeing one actually happening. She thought perhaps those captured were brainwashed or something, yet the reality was much, much worse. People were turning into…something that was too horrible to describe.

Yet it would be a lie if some part of her was not affected to this strangely erotic transformation. Sure, the people at the conveyor belt were getting erased of their humanities, but they looked…oddly satisfied? The satyr creatures rubbed their cocks wildly and ejaculating copious amount of cum as they disappeared from Spinel’s sight, and the cock creatures wildly shook, their erect cock bodies spurting out cum every few seconds and covering the belt with cum. So this was why Spinel could smell a faint male seed outside. She felt her nether region getting wet. The fact she was naked didn’t help. Others were much the same, watching the whole process with a sick fascination, unable to turn their eyes away, their face reddened.

“Enjoying the view?” Reginald smirked, his hands touching her body like the peacekeepers hand done with her. Again her needy and aroused body reacted, making her clench her teeth as she felt her body getting hot.

Spinel grimaced. She didn’t know how she should respond. He could probably see her dripping cunt.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” The man chuckled.

“You bastard.” Spinel growled, still feeling the heat affecting her body. Maybe it was the smell of thick potent cum, or maybe it was the blissful faces of those transformed, but she found it harder and harder to ignore her own arousal. Why was she getting turned on by seeing people treated as objects and turned into something so perverse?

Deep down, she knew the answer. A sickening curiosity gripped her as she watched the men and women giving into the pleasure, moaning even as their bodies were irreversibly transformed into twisted forms. Every one of them were cumming at the near end of the conveyor belt, then being transported into somewhere. What overwhelming ecstasy were they subject to?

Eventually Spinel and others arrived at the end of the corridor. There was another shutter door, which automatically opened as the man approached. “Right this way, ladies and gentlemen.” He said in a mocking tone. “As much as you wish to be like them, your resocialization process will take a different form. I won’t spoil the fun, so enjoy your new beginning!” He laughed.

This time the room had a long conveyor belt. Like the previous belt she and others have just seen, there were people being moved, forced to watch those who were in front of them getting changed before their eyes.

“May I present you…ladypot.” The man said. “I think the name speaks for itself.”

Again the prisoners fell silent. What they were seeing defied their expectations. Spinel and others had all vowed to keep a straight face when death loomed near. They all thought—including Spinel—that they were going to die. But they had never imagined this.

Like the conveyor belt they saw earlier, this belt also had a pressing machine in the middle. Whenever a person went inside, from the exit he or she popped out as a completely changed being…into a vase-like form.

There was a reason the man said the name “ladypot.” What came out did look like a pot, with two handles at each side and a long neck. But there were something else, fleshy parts attached.

On the top of the vase there was an actual living face with mouth, hair, nose, and all other parts necessary to compose one. Its…or rather “her” eyes rolled upwards and tongued rolled from her beak from pleasure, heavily panting. On its body were attached two huge breasts covered with deep blue feathers which sprayed what looked like milk from the swollen teats, and right underneath the two mounds were visible female genitalia stacked together, both vagina and anus gaping and quivering and heavily drenched. Every time the face panted juices squirted from her breasts and vagina. The neck part was covered in ceramic surface with an ornate jewel adorned in the center of the vase.

It was alive. Everyone could see how the face was saying words like “please…” and “fuck me..” several times, desperately trying to pleasure her body with her nonexistent limbs. Of her original body, only her face, breasts, and her genitals remained, the product of the ultimate and literal sexual objectification.

“Like what you see?” The man said, enjoying the stunned look of the captives. “Take a good look, for you’ll be just like this one here.” He said as he squeezed the vase’s breasts, making the avian face moan in pleasure. When he brought his fingers close to her mouth, a long tongue coiled around them and she greedily suck them, her cunt leaking female juice as she did so.

Spinel closed her eyes and turned away. To say she wasn’t disgusted would be a blatant lie. She felt like she was going to throw up. A vase with face, tits, pussy and anus…what kind of sick person would come up with such an abominable depravity?

Yet just like back in the corridor, some part of her was drawn to the lewd scene happening before her eyes. How it would feel like to become like that, she wondered. To feel nothing but mind numbing pleasure, to give completely in to base urges…. The face on the vase looked so happy and content, craving to be pleasured, not having to worry about anything else…

What was she thinking? Spinel looked around, hoping no one had seen her space out. Thankfully her companions seemed to be absolutely shocked at what they were seeing. But soon she saw Reginald gazing at her with a huge smirk on his face. He probably sensed what she was thinking, the blank mesmerized look on her face.

“Place them onto the belt.” As soon as the man finished speaking, the Peacekeepers herded them like cattle and led them onto the belt one by one. Spinel was the first one to step unto the belt. There was no choice but to do as she was told. The shackle still held her arm securely, and the Peacekeeper’s electric baton was a clear reminder that she shouldn’t try to do anything funny. She remembered how painful the weapon could be.

*New subjects identified. Continuing with the resocialization conversion process.* The dry automated voice spoke from somewhere. Spinel sighed. On front of her she could see other terrified people waiting in line to get “pressed” by the molding machine. This was indeed a factory, for every different people were all changed into almost identical products.

The belt kept moving while she was again lost in thoughts, contemplating what would it feel like to be turned into something so depraved and obscene. She heard the loud moans and groans as those in front of her started to change.

Spinel saw the robotic arms with syringes at their tips getting closer. The person in front of her was injected with whatever liquid that was inside the liquid. Instantly she closed her eyes and moaned.

Soon Spinel herself found out why she was behaving in such a way. With her arms still behind her back and legs also bound by shackles, there was no way she could resist at all. The syringes went inside her plump breasts. She winced as warm fluid entered her bosom. The effects were immediate. She couldn’t help but moan, just like others before her, as she suddenly felt her arousal going through the roof. Her body almost felt like it was literally on fire, sweats forming on various parts of her body. An overpowering warmth spread from her breasts to every little part of her body.

She panted heavily, unable to completely rein in her body running wild. Her breasts quickly swelled, becoming even larger than before and sagging downwards and coming all the way to her pudgy belly.

“Mrffgh!” Spinel yelled in ecstasy as her body kept changing. The warmth was becoming nearly unbearable, thundering down on her head with extreme pleasure. Female cum squirted out from her vagina, and soon an acrid smell filled her nose as her legs felt a certain warmth trickling down from her crotch. Yet even her urine smelt of a needy female, her own odor making her turn on further. Like a female in rut she shamelessly sprayed the golden liquid from her pussy, somehow getting turned on as

While she was lost in pleasure, she didn’t notice the two suction cups attached at her breasts, sucking in her breasts a bit. From the inside of the cups small rods came out, pressing unto her slightly inverted nipples. Again Spinel cummed, the electrifying sensation wrecking her body and mind alike. The rods pressed hard unto her nipples, pushing the soft flesh deep inside.

Then the unthinkable happened. For a brief moment Spinel felt a really strange sensation on her breasts. It was hard to put it in words, but it felt like her breasts had partly turned into jelly and were being inserted with something.

That was not far from the truth. When Spinel looked down, she was horrified to discover the rods slowly going inside her breasts. The liquid injected unto her body was more than a simple aphrodisiac, seeping into the depth of her body and changing her.

Inside her body, bones began to turn into malleable rubber-like substance, and her organs and other internal structures followed suit. Her hard scale softened, becoming much more susceptible to be manipulated.

As the small rods applied pressure to each of her nipples, they gave in, the jelly-like surface pushing further inwards as her inner flesh gave way and spread open, the fleshy walls becoming wrinkled as the special liquid injecting from the rod guided the changes happening on her breasts. Spinel writhed as she felt the rods burrowing deeper into her nipples, the insides being permanently widened and covered with wrinkly passages that gripped tightly around the foreign insertions.

As the rods went deep inside her breasts, her areolas were affected as well. The skin around her nipples turned pink and soft, becoming multiple wrinkly and sensitive folds and spread wide open, revealing a deep fold looking exactly like vaginas. On the top of her nipples her flesh rounded into small stumps, soon growing into small pink bumps, becoming clitorises for her two newly formed nipple-pussies.

The changes were too much for Spinel. The inside of her breasts quickly formed deep and wet vaginal passages functioning exactly like her original one down at her crotch. Already she could feel the amplified sensation of having her cunt penetrated. And not just one, but two at the same time. The rods moved back and forth making her newly formed nipple-pussies to squirt out copis amount of female cum.

She didn’t care those behind her watching her lewd display. Nor did she pay much attention to those in front of her being pressed and coming out as bizarre “ladypot.” She was too lost in the pleasure. When the rods exited through her newly formed vaginal slits with audible pops, she whined, feeling suddenly empty.

Then she suddenly realized that now it was she who was about to go inside the pressing plates. Some part of her felt fear, afraid that she would be now forever changed and unable to go back. Yet the intense pleasure she was feeling with her new changed body made it difficult to think anything else. With new female parts her arousal was now greatly heightened, the very air touching her sensitive nipple-slits and erect clitoris making her moan wildly. Her moans mixed with terrified screams were lost as the plates enveloped her.

Eventually the pressing machine swallowed her as the two plates pressed against each other. Spinel felt the crushing sensation of her body being completely molded. Yet there was no pain. A certain numbness took over her body as her limbs retreated back to her body via sheer pressure. First her fingers and toes became all meshed up, the internal structures conglomerating into mud-like substances. Then they all coalesced into clumps, pushing inwardly.

Her entire body became like a clay to be molded. Her arms and legs became stumps and were reabsorbed into her torso. All that flesh had to go somewhere, making her breasts swell out further. Now they were really huge, each almost the size of watermelon. Even her butt was reabsorbed into her body.

Spinel felt like someone were playing with her body. In a way it was, the plates making sure her body take a particular shape. Her neck grew long while rest of her body became nothing more than a lump of flesh. Some other parts still remained though; her huge breasts were still there, as well as her face, vagina, and ass. But they too were affected by the extreme changes her body had gone through. As her body were compressed, her two holes down at her crotch protruded outwards as extra flesh poured in, the skin around the two holes becoming puffier and more wrinkled.

It felt like her body was getting stretched and then suddenly flattened as the molding machine busily finalized her new form. She felt something hard and cold being attached to some part of her body, but it was now difficult to tell which part was which. She couldn’t feel her arms and legs at all. She wasn’t even sure what remained in her body. There were her gaping nipple-slits and two enlarged holes, and her wobbling breasts. She somehow realized she still had face; she felt her tongue move. She could still hear and smell things. But beyond that, her body didn’t respond her command at all.

When she came out of the molding machine, Spinel was able to see herself through the mirror in front of her. She nearly screamed. Even her hyper-aroused body couldn’t hold the horrors she were currently experiencing.

Spinel finally realized why she could only feel certain parts of her body. Gone were her arms and legs. Her torso wasn’t there as well, at least not in the form as she once knew. The image reflected on the mirror was what she had seen before: a vase-like shape with fleshy parts attached.

She still had her face, but what was below could hardly called normal. Her neck—if it could indeed be called a neck now—was now long and thin, covered in an ornate jewel plate. Below was her main ‘body,’ which in reality was nothing more than two mounds that sagged downwards, almost touching the conveyor belt. Another jewel plate covered between her breasts, and right beneath her boobs, her obscene female holes gaped. Below the holes was a flat foot used to support the “vase” that was her.

That was it. Nothing else from her body remained, all compressed into her new body and forever changed.

“What…how…” That was all she could say. For a while she stared at the mirror, completely dumbfounded. Maybe she was hallucinating. Perhaps this was a bad dream, and she would wake up soon. But no such thing happened. Try as she might, her body failed to heed her command.

She thought she was going to cry. The thought of having no arms and legs, let alone a recognizable body, should’ve been devastating. Yet no tears fell from her eyes. If anything, the sole overwhelming sensation she was feeling—or rather starting to feel—was lust.

“Ugh…what…” Her breathing became ragged as her mind started to feel more fully connected to her modified body. With just her anus, pussy, and breasts with newly formed nipple-slits, her mind was bombarded with intense pleasure. Her body felt like it had turned into one giant pussy, which was not that far from the truth with her three quivering cunts at her breasts and lower body.

“Cock…need…cock…” She couldn’t believe what she has just said. Her small body felt so hot. Even the still air made her feel like her body was getting caressed by multiple hands. Her pussies kept leaking female juice, staining the belt.

“Ah, you came out lovely.” Spinel saw Reginald coming close to her as she was coming to the end of the conveyor belt. He picked her up by the breasts, his touch making her cum uncontrollably. “You’ll fit into society well.” He smirked.

Spinel couldn’t say anything. The sensation of having her breasts squeezed was too much. It was like her entire body had turned into an erogenous zone.

“But first, a product test should be in order.”

“Wh..what do you mean?” Spinel finally managed to say something. But even as she spoke, her body shook with excitement. The image of her holes getting penetrated with cocks filled her mind.

“Nothing you won’t regret, my dear Spinel.” He said. “You may come in now!”

The door opened. Spinel smelt them before they came into her view. Her nostrils flared, and her eyes grew wide. Three anthros came in, a wolf, horse, and rat. It was clear what they were here for, with their erect cock leaking pre and hefty nuts swinging below. The horse even had one additional cock sprouting from his crotch. They approached her, all having devious smiles on their faces.

“N, no…stay back…nghh…” Spinel could only whimper as her nose caught their dizzyingly musky scent, so thick and potent that steams rose from their crotches. When their hands picked her up from the belt, Spinel’s three pussies let out thick female cum. The sensation of having her breasts grabbed and fondled was enough to make her edge. Their fingers mercilessly and greedily touched her body, pulling her tongue and making her suck their fingers, of which she gladly obliged.

They sure took time teasing her. The fingers touched her nipple clitorises as well as her holes down there. She felt her all holes getting inserted with fat fingers. Her flesh gripped them, clutching them like vice. It felt so refreshing to have something fill her needy holes. The shame and horror of her changed body were instantly forgotten, replaced by intense lust for the males’ bestial cocks.

Spinel saw the factory workers behind the trio of males, holding cameras and cellphones on their hands, all pointed at her. She knew what they were doing. This scene was probably being filmed now. It would be a powerful propaganda material to have the figure of resistance like her reduced to her current form and be fucked mercilessly.

And the thought turned her on. Their hands kept molesting her, and Spinel kept whimpered, forgetting that the sounds and the looks she were making was being recorded. She knew she was constantly murmuring to the males to fuck her, to penetrate her needy holes and fill them completely. She didn’t care.

Tears filled her eyes as the males inserted their cocks unto her. It just felt good, so good. Her holes could take them all at once; the horse with his twin cocks positioned himself in front of her and rammed them unto her vagina and anus. Her eyes rolled upwards. Her mouth hung open, but no sounds came out, the sudden sensation proving to be too much for the draconian.

But before her mind could process what was going on, the wolf and the rat standing at her each side took their chances as well, grabbing her swollen breasts and plunging their cocks inside her newly formed vaginal passages on her breasts.

The tears falling from her face was not because of shame and shock, but intense pleasure wrecking her body and mind. Her insides were absolutely stuffed as the cocks pushed deep unto her passages. Her inner wrinkly flesh tightly gripped and squeezed on cocks like vice, the tiny little bumps caressing the hefty rods and making sure the male’s thrusts were met with pleasant resistance. Every time the cocks moved, they made her insides stretch, her skin around her pussies becoming looser.

The males grunted in satisfaction as her body swallowed their members all the way to the root. Their huge balls slapped against her body, and they had to restrain themselves from immediately cumming. No matter how they pushed, her holes were always able to go a bit deeper while being impossibly tight. They too panted heavily, fully experiencing her body’s amazing depth and elasticity.

For several minutes the males thrusted in and out of her holes, seemingly filling her completely all the way to her innermost depth. Eventually the cocks could no longer withstand the relentless pressure. The three males huffed and grunted as they all took deep breaths and their balls tensed. Then they came.

Spinel felt it as well. The cocks were now in the deepest part of her body, her inner flesh gripping them with an iron force. She felt her insides getting filled from her four holes at once. She felt like her entire body was being filled with cum, which was not far from the truth considering her changed physique.

The males continued their ejaculations for a while. They continued to move as their cocks squirted thick white cum. Their huge modified balls churned as they were being drained, making sure her insides were filled to the max. Her breasts wobbled as they swelled even further. The cum shot in her anus and vagina made the lower part of her vase body enlarge somewhat as well.

Eventually there came a point where her small body wasn’t able to store all the loads. Soon she felt something sticky accumulating her neck. She winced, and before she knew it, her body instinctively reacted as a massive load erupted from her neck. There was a sticky and somewhat bitter taste on her tongue. From her mouth and nostrils white and sticky liquid burst out, making her cough violently. The males and everyone watching the scene never paid attention to her, the former not slowing down their thrusts at all, and the latter watching in sick fascination. The only sound filling the room was Spinel’s moaning and the slapping of the cocks.

When the trio finally withdrew their engorged cocks drenched with cum and her female juice, thick torrents of cum gushed out from her ravaged holes, all stretched and loosened from the savage mating. The skin around her pussies and anus had darkened considerably, bits of the inner flesh protruding as well as the cocks moved with such a force.

“Ah…fuck…” Spinel barely managed to speak, still drunk from the intense sex she just had. “No…ugh…” It took while for her to realize what had just happened. She couldn’t move her body. The males left her on the floor after the frenzied mating, and she couldn’t get back up. No matter how she tried, her now nonexistent arm and legs failed to heed her command.

“No…ugh…”

The man came close to her and picked her up. Even his touch made her whimper. “Looks like they like you. I should say the resocialization process is a resounding success.”

“No…change me…back…” Spinel said, even as she tried to fight her arousal. Already her holes started to feel empty, her body craving the fulfilling sensation of being penetrated by huge fat cocks. “I..I’ll tell where the other resistance leaders are!” Spinel said in a desperate tone. She whimpered as her pussies quivered, the leftover cum still oozing from them. This was just too much. If she stayed like this, she wouldn’t be able to contain herself. The ecstasy she felt while she was fucked from all of her holes were too much. She knew her body and mind were craving to be fucked again.

“Oh, that won’t be necessary, my dear Spinel.”

The man placed Spinel on the chair, making her face the conveyor belt. She saw her soldiers being turned into vases with face and breasts. They moaned as their holes quivered, begging to be fucked. Spinel watched in horror, finally closing her eyes. Yet she knew her body was getting turned on, her holes twitching excitedly.

“That won’t do.” The man said. “Your friends are here. Shouldn’t you say hello?”

“Spinel! No….”

The familiar voice made the draconian open her eyes. When she did, she gasped, unable to believe what she was seeing. Her closest friends and rebellion leaders—Sate, Kokias, and Io—were all here, naked and standing on the start of the conveyor belt, a purple dragon-avian hybrid, an avian with brightly colored feathers, and a mechanical dragon.

And they too were following the same route she had gone just a moment ago. Her friends screamed in terror as they were strapped onto the conveyor and forced to undergo what Spinel had gone through a moment ago. Their breasts grew large, nipples growing inwards and forming deep passages to form wet vaginal slits, their bodies pressed and molded inside the pressing machine and coming out utterly changed, their arms and legs gone and only having breasts, anus, and vagina attached to their changed bodies.

Worst of all was how they were enjoying their changes. At first they resisted, kicking and screaming, but as they were injected with the strange fluid on their breasts, their expression started to change, trying hard not to feel pleasure from their swelling breasts. They squirmed and moaned as they approached the machine, but Spinel knew their reaction was not from fear, but sheer pleasure running through their bodies.

And when they came out with their vase-like body, looking similar to Spinel, they all had blank lustful expressions on their faces, saying how they wanted to be fucked. Another group of anthros and humans came in, sporting their massive bulges which grew into erection, Spinel’s own mouth watering even while she was shocked to see her friends changed and ravaged.

“No…ugh…ah…” Spinel moaned, her holes again craving to be filled, even after the intense copulation she just had. Her friends yelled in ecstasy, unable to control their hypersexualized body.

“How nice.” The man grinned. “Former terrorist leaders turned into needy sluts, ready to serve the society instead of threatening its security.”

Spinel continued to watch, but try as she might, instead of being furious and devastated, she was getting aroused, her holes leaking female juice. She panted happily when several males came close to her and picked her up. Immediately she squirted out her cum, welcoming the smell of their musky cock. She didn’t care if she and her friends were turned into vase-like objects and getting fucked while the whole scene was being filmed. What could she do? Her modified body’s urges were too great to ignore.

Spinel squeaked in delight as the males shoved their cocks again. The shame and anger she felt were rapidly evaporated, replaced with overwhelming pleasure that washed away her shame and embarrassment in an instant.

A week had passed. Every day Spinel found herself getting used by the males along with her friends. Like products they were placed on one of the factory room, available for the workers to sate their lusts. After first day she lost count how many times she was fucked. Now she found out that her hunger had turned into a craving for cum. Her mouth and holes greedily sucked in male seed, her body feeling so full and rejuvenated after her “meal.”

News spread fast about her and others’ transformation. They had become a stress relief for the factor workers. Her holes were constantly filled with cum, her mouth getting used to the sticky and slightly bitter taste of cum as well. The smell of cum always lingered on her body, now a part of her odor. Her friends were not much different, their vase bodies being grabbed and fucked by multiple cocks all at once, eager to service male and taste their cum.

The workers soon got into the habit of “decorating” Spinel’s vase body, completing her degradation. On her breasts were scribbled words like “slut” or tally marks showing how many cocks she had received. Various parts of her body were adorned with piercing, on her clitoris and on her vaginal folds. Even her anus were not spared, the ornaments a testament to her depraved body and mind, desecrating her body more. Her nipples, now turned into slits, were also pierced, a sign of how depraved she had become.

Spinel too knew what her many piercings meant. Now even her tongue had one, as whenever she moved her mouth she felt something studded inside her mouth. And she needed not to be reminded of her multiple piercings tickling her holes, making her constantly aroused and leak female cum. Even when she was alone, her lust never abated, making her always horny. Even her dreams were orgies where she was fucked nonstop.

Worst of all was how she was getting used to this. The piercings no longer bothered her as they used to. Now she felt empty when there weren’t any cocks penetrating her holes and filling them full of cum. The writings on her body grew more, degrading her further. Yet there was nothing she could do.

But she was yet to realize the ultimate humiliation waiting for her. She didn’t notice how her breasts were slowly growing bigger, and how her body was starting to feel always heavy and tired even after the constant fucking.

Soon she was to find out. It was like any other day ever since she had been transformed: being fucked mercilessly, her aroused and changed body always demanding to be filled to her innermost depth. Her body felt particularly heavy even before the fucking, but with how horny she was, Spinel paid no heed.

And then it happened. As the satisfied males let out their cocks, her holes gushing out sticky cum, Spinel was struck with a very intense sensation. It wasn’t exactly painful, but it sure made her hard to think clearly. She felt even fuller than ever before. It was like her body was stretched out to the max.

She moaned loudly as something seemed to move inside her. She closed her eyes, following her body instinctively move as her muscles contracted and moved on their owns. Her nipple-slits and original pussy spread wide open.

“Mrrfgh!” She screamed in gibberish, suddenly feeling she had to let out something inside her. And she really did. With a pop something came out from her pussies one by one, dropping on the soft cushion she was currently being laid on. Spinel moaned, not out of pain but from intense pleasure. Somehow this felt good, really good.

It took a while to realize what she had just done. In front of her were three wriggling small creatures, having some draconic features mixed with their forms. One looked wolfish with its long snout and fluffy tail, another one ratty with its sleek tail and rodent-like mouth, and the other rabbit-y with its long ears short round tail.

“No…how…” Spinel stared at her babies in disbelief. They were born from her. There was no other way to describe it. On their bellies were umbilical cords stretching all the way to her nipple-slits and pussies.

She groaned as she felt her insides getting full again. There were more babies coming. She moaned as from her insides another trio popped out, her mind being eroded by the immense pleasure. She felt herself giving in little by little, accepting her life. If she could feel like this again, then maybe it wouldn’t be that bad to be fucked. Who knew giving birth could be this mind-blowingly amazing?

When the factory workers came in after hearing her cries, she stared them with her lust filled eyes, begging to be fucked so that she could be pregnant again and give birth to more babies. And the men of course gladly obliged. Her eyes rolled upwards as her holes were again filled, her mind waiting to be bred so she could experience the amazing feeling of giving birth. Reginald watching the scene through a camera grinned, telling the men to get the newborn babies. The factory could always use new workers. Or perhaps they could be raised into becoming his bodyguards or right hand man.

Spinel didn’t care her babies were taken away, only focusing on the amazing sensation of virile male cocks penetrating her holes all at once. And when they cummed, she moaned in ecstasy, somehow feeling her body being fertilized, relishing in the sensation.

A few weeks passed. The factory received newly arrived captives to go through the “resocialization” process. When they arrived at a room, they were shocked to see Spinel in her vase form. They had heard about the famed resistance leader Spinel, who had been gone missing for a while. Now they were to see her again in her changed form.

“Fuck me…need cock…yes…” Spinel moaned, not caring that anthros and humans were watching her with horrified look on their faces. Her vase like body with its sagging gigantic breasts with piercing on her nipples and anus was quite a shock to see. On her nose there was a hook connected to her face that made her nose look like that of a pig, the string making her nostrils gaped.

Even when she was placed unto the conveyor belt, Spinel kept moaned and whimpered, her body dripping female cum on the floor. Again she went inside the pressing machine. While her form was already that of a vase, she felt her body changing again.

It was now her face that was getting pressed this time. Like last time, it didn’t hurt at all even as her face was completely squished and seemingly pushed back to her vase-like body. Her breasts swelled even more, her anus and pussies gaping slightly from the pressure.

When she came out, her face was nowhere to be found, only a tongue lewdly slurping from the tip of the vase. Those who were brought in watched in utter shock, seeing the infamous ‘living vase’ turned into something even more strange and terrible. It was the ultimate sexual objectification of a living being, a female reduced to its breasts, lips, anus and pussies and mothing more.

Few days later she and her friends, Kokias, Sate, and Io, now all turned into vases without faces and only tongues sticking out from the hole, were placed on display inside the shop. Their holes were filled with multiple dildos, loosened by the constant fucking they had received. The skin around their holes were all black and wrinkly as well. Yet they were happier than they had ever been, their minds reduced to think nothing but sex.