

***holoPorn* (Digitization, Bimbofication, vTubers)**

Calli's seat squeaked as she settled back into it. "Okay guys, I'm back-I'm back! Did I miss anything?" Adjusting her camera and her mic, she turned to her second monitor and squinted at Chat, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Sitting back, she slipped her headphones back on and picked up her controller. "Okay, everyone let's get back to playing some Among—"

The screen went blank.

As Calli blinked in shock, every light in her apartment snapped off. She looked around, eyes twitching in annoyance. Ugh, was it a power cut? Of all the times for one to happen...

With a little crackle, her main screen snapped back on. Calli sighed in relief. She might have to restart her Stream Deck, but at least she hadn't had to wait an hour to get the power back.

But as she focused on the monitor, she realized something was wrong. "Hey, what the—?"

A bead of blue light appeared on the screen and swelled into a comical cartoon cat's face. As she blinked in shock, it laughed at her, vicious giggles emanating from all her speakers. She flinched back, even paler than normal.

Once again, everything went dark.

For a second or two, Calli simply sat there, heart pounding, staring at her screen. What the fuck was going on? Had she been hacked? What the fuck—?

Someone tapped her on the shoulder. "Say cheese, nya."

Calli screamed as the pink light consumed her.

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Gura sat in the center of a little white room. In three directions stood featureless walls, blank and white. Where the fourth should be lay a window into an endless, empty void. She had about a meter to move in any given direction.

Face slick with sweat, she looked desperately around. "What's going on...? Where *am* I?" Her heart pounded in her chest. "Hello? Is anyone out there...?"

Just as she was about to start pounding on the walls. Pink light filled Gura's eyes once again. She yelped.

"Hehehe, look at them, nya. They're so cute."

The voice came from the direction of the window. Instinctively, Gura turned.

A giant face filled what had been the void. Two bright eyes with thin, slit-like pupils stared into Gura's soul. She gasped and backed away, sweat dripping down her face.

The giantess laughed. "Aww, look, they're all scared, nya. Hehe. What's the matter? Do nyou think I'm gonna eatcha?" She leaned in to give them a view of her teeth. Her sharp, pointed teeth.

Gura whimpered.

"Let us go!" cried someone familiar. It took Gura a second to recognize it as Kiara. Wh-where was she? The voice sounded as if it were coming from somewhere to her right. Were—were the others in cells like this too?

The giantess giggled. "Nyo way, nya. Why would I ever let nyou go when I went to so much trouble to catch nyou? Do nyou know how hard it is to travel to other universes, nya?" She leaned back, revealing a pair of furry ears. "Nyo way, nya. Don't nyou know how much NFPs like nyou guys are worth?"

"NFPs?" said Gura, instinctively. She didn't understand what she was hearing at all.

The giant catgirl snapped to face her, golden eyes filling every inch of Gura's vision. "Nyeah, NFPs. Non-Fungible Prey. They've been really booming for a few months nyow. I hope I'm nyot too late to make a profit! (I don't really know how they work, but I heard the word 'blockchain' and I really like blocks, nya, so.)"

"Wh-what do you mean?" cried Ina, from somewhere on Gura's left.

"Hmm... The catgirl tapped her cheek. "How should I explain it...? I guess I kinda digitized nyou, nya. Nyeah, that's it—I turned nyou into computer files!" She beamed, as if they should be happy at this.

"What the fuck are you talking about?!" cried Calli.

Gura's heart sank into her gut. Wh-what are did that mean? How could you turn someone into a computer file? It was—it didn't make any sense.

The catgirl giggled. "Want me to prove it, nya?" She raised her paws and tapped away. "Let's see... Edit... Clothing... and set to..."

With a little pop, Gura's clothing vanished in a puff of pixels. She screamed and struggled to cover herself. Similar cries of shock sounded from the others.

"Ta-da!" said the cat giant. "There's lots of other fun stuff I can do with nyou too, nya. Lemme connect your windows to start..."

Gura squealed as her little cell moved, throwing her to her knees in the process. With a thunk, it slammed into something on her right, and the relevant wall vanished to reveal a red-faced, naked Kiara. The two of them stared at each other in shock.

Seconds later, Kiara's right wall vanished to reveal Calli, and Gura's left disappeared to reveal Ina and Ame. The five of them looked between one another, faces slick with sweat or pale in shock.

"Nyow, like I said," continued the giant catgirl, "there's lots of fun stuff I can do with NFPs like nyow guys. Stuff lllllike... *this!*"

All at once, Gura felt a terrible pressure in her breasts, as if they were a pair of balloons on the verge of popping. Looking down, she watched in horror as a wave of pixels washed over them and they *grew*, exploding outward and jiggling like puddings. In seconds, they'd quadrupled in size, dragging her tiny frame even closer to the floor in the process. She squealed and struggled to clasp them, but she couldn't keep the giant, jiggling things from slipping out of her hands. *Boing!*

From around her came cries of shock. Snapping her head left and right, Gura gasped to see something very similar happening to the rest of holoMyth. Calli, Kiara, Ina, and Ame all squealed in mixed terror and lust as their chests—of various sizes but none *gigantic*—simultaneously decided bigger was better and swelled as if competing to outpace one another. Within moments, the eight mounds of heaving titflesh had quadrupled or more in size, fat pink nipples poking out, hard and pointy. Calli in particular ended up with a pair of boobs larger than her head, her swollen nipples spurting out dairy.

The catgirl threw herself back in her chair, shaking with laughter. "holoMyth? More like holoMoo! Nyahahaha!"

"Stop it!" cried Ina, wrapping her tentacles around her swollen boobs. "Turn us back!"

"Huh? What's wrong? I thought nyow guys would like having bigger boobs. Just imagine how many viewers nyow'd get streaming with them!" She giggled. "Is it because nyow're unbalanced nyow? Do I nyeed to pump up nyow rear ends too?"

"No!" chorused holoMyth.

"Too bad, 'cos I'm already doing it, nya! Boop!"

Gura squealed as her butt fought to escape itself. Falling onto her swollen chest, she looked over her shoulder past her tail and squeaked as the petite buns behind it decided they needed a little more dough. Rising faster with the second, they soon bloated into a pair of thickened fuckcakes, smushing against one another and making her whimper in the process.

From her left and right came moans and squeals as the rest of holoMyth's asses adapted to modern beauty standards. Ina squealed, grabbing her already plump cheeks and squeezing them as they grew, while Calli fell back on and moaned as her butt swelled beneath her.

“Stop it!” cried Gura, struggling to think through the process. “Please!”

The catgirl picked her nose. “Nyeah, I guess that’s big enough, nya. I don’t wanna make nyou guys unrecognizable. It’ll be way harder to get people to buy nyou if nyo-one can tell who nyou are.”

Gura whimpered. *Buy us?!*

Nearby, Ame sniffled as she struggled to contain her swollen chest. “Wh-what are you going to do with us?”

The catgirl frowned. “Like, I said, nya, I’m gonna sell nyou. I’m sure there’re lot of cats who’d like to own genuine NFPs of holoMyth! Nyahaha! Aaaaaand if nyot I guess I’ll just delete nyou.”

As one, the five of them went silent. “D-Delete us?” said Calli.

“Nyeah.” The catgirl picked her nose. “Runnin’ NFPs is really expensive, nya. Nyou guys consume a lot of energy.”

Ame whimpered.

“Anyway,” said the catgirl, tapping away at her keyboard, “let’s get to the part where I make a lotta money, nya. First, lemme minimize nyou.”

Something clicked, and Gura shrieked as their combined cell collapsed in on itself, instantly shrinking to the size of a matchbox. The five squealed as the box squeezed them tight, crushing their swollen bodies together into a brick of squirmy, mewling flesh. Gura moaned—she could feel Calli’s boobs in her face and Ina’s tentacles between her buttocks.

“Nyow, let’s see,” said the catgirl, clicking and typing away. “NFPs... NFPs... come on, there’s gotta be somekitty out there who wants to buy some hololive NFPs. Urgh, why’s this site full of Monkey Kings?! They’re so ugly!”

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For over an hour, Gura and the rest of holoMyth lay squished together in their tiny little cage, unable to do anything more than squirm as their captor searched for someone to buy them. She wasn’t having much success.

“Nyaaagh! What is it with this site? Why doesn’t anyone want to buy my NFPs?! Can’t they see how much intrinsic value they have?! Right click my ass! Hey, why’s that Monkey King so cheap? Market crash? Whaddyou mean there’s been a-?!”

Finally, after half an hour spent rolling on the floor and crying, their captor stumbled upon something interesting.

“...holoPorn?”

The word cut through Gura's tormented body. *holoPorn? Oh, no, please don't let it what it-*

"...buying genuine NFPs of proven hololive members to build a digital brothel of digital pornstars that nyou can fuck whenever nyou want... Wow, nyeat!"

Gura whimpered.

Another click sounded, and the world swelled in size. Gura and the others gasped as they found themselves free to move again.

"Hey," said the catgirl, leaning in to squint at them, "so I finally found someone to sell nyou guys to so I'm going to sell nyou guys nyow okay bye." *Click.*

Bright pink light filled Gura's eyes and consumed her whole world in an instant. She shrieked as the cell and the other members of holoMyth vanished, squealed as her body turned to light and shot into the void like a laserbeam. She flailed for something to grab on to, but all she found were giant chains of cubes trailing endlessly into the void. Her friends' screams sounded around her, barely audible.

An instant later, the light and the feeling of flight vanished, and Gura found herself back in her cell in exactly the same position she'd been in before. The others sat around her, looking exactly as confused as she was.

The only difference, so far as Gura could tell, was the window that formed the front wall of their cell: where the giant catgirl had been loomed a void again.

"Wh-what happened?" said Ame.

The void vanished. "Mmm~, why hello there, nya~," said a second giant catgirl, her face filling the screen like Mt. Rushmore. "Ooh, nyou *are* genuine. Good. I got nyou on the cheap, but I hate having to deal with counterfeits."

"Let us go!" cried Ina. "Please!"

The second catgirl chuckled. "Pfft, there's nyo way that's ever going to happen, nya. I'd sooner dump nyou in the recycling bin than turn nyou back." She laughed. "Did nyour last owner tell nyou who she was selling nyour too, nya? Never mind, I'll tell nyou anyway: Welcome to holoPorn, nya! That's right, nyou're my pornstars nyow! Nyahaha! Don't be upset, it's the logical step up from nyour previous jobs, nya. Fufu."

The five of them whimpered.

"Nyow, let's see... Nyour previous owner gave nyou a little boost, which is fine, but I don't want nyou nyaked. Nyou nyeed to start with clothes so my guests can strip nyou off."

She tapped away at her keyboard, and the five of them found themselves flung to their feet and held upright with their arms at their sides.

“St-stop it!” cried Kiara.

The giant catgirl only laughed. “What should I have nyou wear, nya...? Hmmm... Hmmm... Hmmm...” She turned her gaze on Ame. “Nyou, I think, would look great as a sexy secretary.” She tapped away, and Ame squeaked as a cloud of pixels swarmed around her body and pieced themselves into a pair of pantyhose, pencil skirt, and a tight white top that strained to contain her swollen boobs. She struggled to stay balanced on her ridiculous high heels.

The catgirl laughed. “Nyow, for nyou...” She turned her eyes on Calli. “How about a trashy groupie?” She licked her lips.

Calli strained to escape the invisible shackles binding her as a swarm of pixels coiled around her and settled as a pair of skinny jeans and a painfully tight corset. Others plastered themselves to her skin as tattoos: stylish love hearts; arrows pointed at her holes; words like ‘whore’ and ‘slut’ and ‘fuck me’ and worse. Calli stared at herself in disgust.

“Nyext...” The catgirl grinned. Ina squirmed and struggled to pull away. “I know *exactly* what to do with nyou, squid-bunny~.”

Pixels spiraled around Ina’s straining form, wrapping themselves around her torso and legs as a dark pair of pantyhose and a leotard with a cute little cottontail. More of them landed on her head, stacking themselves into a bunny-ear headband.

The catgirl giggled as Ina struggled to keep her boobs in her new top. “Nyow, as for nyou...” She turned to Kiara. “Since nyou’re such a fan of fast food, nyou can be a mascot, nya.”

“A wh-?!”

Kiara barely managed to get the words out before a cloud of pixels smothered her. By the time they dispersed, she was all but unrecognizable: they’d painted her skin a stark white; given her ridiculous puffy shoes and gloves, a colorful leotard, even a bright red nose. When she clasped her cheeks and screamed in horror, her voice came out strangely high-pitched.

Finally, the catgirl turned her eyes on Gura. “As for nyou... hmm... hmm... A sexy fisherman? Nyo nyo... Something to do with octopi? Eh, nyo, that’s nyour friend’s niche. Um, maybe a sexy can of tuna...? Eh, to the Abyss with it, I’ll just make nyou a slutty schoolgirl, nya.”

Gura squealed as the pixels swarmed her like a cloud of blocky locusts, wrapping around her body and solidifying as a layer of soft cotton. When they vanished, Gura looked down and gasped to find herself with tanned skin and wearing a classic sailor fuku, albeit with a skirt so short it failed to cover her crotch and a *shirt* so short it failed to cover her underboobs. An arrow had been tattooed on her stomach—looking over her shoulder, she found another on her coccyx. ‘Fuck Me’, they read, pointing exactly where you’d expect them to. A school bag hung from her shoulder, a strip of condoms dangling out of the flap.

The catgirl laughed. "Perfect," she said, clapping her hands in excitement. "Oh my Mom, you're adorable. Every cat on this side of the Spiral is gonna wanna buy nyou five." She giggled. "Okay, okay, let's focus. A few more things and nyou'll be ready to upload." She tapped her cheek. "To start with, let's figure out nyou defaults."

"D-Defaults?" said Kiara, sounding like Goofy.

"Nyeah, I mean the thing nyou do when nyou're nyot doing anything else. Like, if someone clicks to view nyou, what should they see nyou doing? Hmm..." Her eyes flicked to Calli. "Hehe, I've got a great idea for nyou, nya..." She tapped away excitedly.

With a squeal, Calli thrust one hand into the air, pointer and little finger extended in an imitation of a bull's horns. The other, she stuck inside her skinny jeans. *Deep* inside her jeans. Finally, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

The rest of them watched, sweating in terror, as Calli fingered herself and moaned, thrusting her free hand into the air every other seconds. Every ten or so, she flickered almost imperceptibly—it took a moment for Gura to realize why.

The catgirl cackled. "Perfect, nya! Okay, okay, nyow, what about nyou...?" She looked at Kiara. "Oooh! Oooh!"

With a flash of pixels, a long red balloon appeared in the air before Kiara and twisted itself into something obscene. Grabbing it tight, she stuffed its tip deep into her mouth and sucked hard, working the shaft and squeezing the balls with her hands as she did. With a moan, her eyes rolled back.

"St-stop it!" cried Ina, tears pouring from her eyes.

"Oooh, I know just what to do with nyou too, nya." *Click*.

Ina's tentacles moved of their own accord. Coiling around her limbs, they hauled her into the air and spread her legs, before penetrating her holes with a series of resounding *schlups!* Ina squealed as they pounded her every orifice, pumping in and out, over and over in a loop maybe ten seconds long. It restarted before she had a chance to cum.

The catgirl laughed. "Hmm," she said, turning to Ame. "Nyou're a little trickier, nya... Maybe if I...?"

With a click, an office desk appeared behind Ame. Blinking in shock, she planted her ass on its edge, raised a leg, and mimed sucking a cock. With her free hand, she grabbed one of her breasts, fondling it for the amusement of her viewer.

Gura shuddered.

"Nyow," said the catgirl. "As for nyou..." *Click!*

With a little pop, a giant dildo, twelve inches at minimum, appeared in Gura's hands. She stared at it, eyes trembling in shock as her hand guided it down, down... "No! Don't-!"

Schlup!

Gura squealed as the giant rod slammed into her, spreading her labia and the tunnel beyond them wide. As it crashed into her depths, a blast of undeniable, irresistible ecstasy coursed through her form, making her judder like a puppet and stick out her tongue and moan. "Uaii!"

Face red, she pulled the dildo back out and slammed it deep again, making her body buck with the force of the impact. As it entered her, the nodule on its side crashed into her clit and started vibrating, turning the hammer blow of ecstasy into a thousand tiny little shockwaves. Gura screamed, trembling in lust.

For the next ten seconds, she pumped and pumped and pumped, growing hotter and hornier, closer and closer to orgasm, with the second, until at last—

Time snapped like a closing book. Gura's hand, and the dildo inside it, teleported back to her crotch. Her burning on the very edge of ecstasy, Gura gaped in wild shock. *No! No! Let me cum! Let me cuuuuum!*

"There, that should do it," said the catgirl outside the cell. "Nyow, let's get nyou uploaded..."

The tip of the balloon-cock slammed into the back of Kiara's mouth with squeak after comical squeak. Her lips, slick as their lower counterparts, lacquered its length with every dramatic suck, while her hands worked its shaft and squeezed its inflatable balls.

With every second, Kiara's motions became faster and faster, till at last she snatched the balloon out of her mouth and mimed giving herself a facial. Not that you would have been able to tell, given her makeup.

As she threw back her head and slumped in acted ecstasy, time snapped back to its starting point with the elasticity of a rubber band. She thrust the balloon back into her mouth once again, just as she had been for the last three terrifying weeks.

Trapped inside the confines of her body, Kiara could only watch herself, the unwilling viewer of the world's least entertaining porno. If she'd had control of herself, she would have turned bright red, screwed up her eyes, and screamed. Instead, she could do nothing more than observe. That and grow hornier and hornier.

For whatever reason, the fire in her sex didn't cool when the rest of her reset. Nor did it leap over the edge into inferno. No, it just kept getting hotter and hotter, maddeningly hotter. She wanted to touch herself so badly it hurt!

As the fourth week came to an end, Kiara found herself melting in lust, stewing in a cauldron of her own pent-up desires. Thought had become as impossible as making ice in a volcano—she wanted nothing more than to scream and erupt.

As if in response to her prayers, the walls of her cell blurred, turned pink, and she found herself flung through the chains of blocks again. Even as her mind went wild in shock, her body kept repeating the same ridiculous motions. *Squeak! Squeak! Sq—!*

Zzzap!

With a crackle like lightning, Kiara found herself in a restaurant of white plastic walls, with tables and chairs grown out of the floor. The balloon in her hands had gone, though the heat in her groin hadn't.

Catgirls surrounded her on all sides, talking, walking, sitting, and eating. Some of them glanced at the new arrival and smirked, but most paid her no attention at all.

Lost in a pit of confusion and lust, Kiara barely noticed herself moving. Like a character in a cheap animation, she slid across the floor and came to a stop beside a table. Four catgirls looked up at her.

“Hey, everybody! Welcome to McDoubleDs! I'm Krazy Kiara—” She did an airplane impression. “—and I'm here to take your—hyuck!—order! What'll it be today folks? The Boob Burger? The Fries-with-Benefits? Or maybe you'd like a closer look at your waitress first?” She tugged down the hem of her leotard, exposing her pale cleavage.

The catgirls burst into giggles. “Do a chicken dance!” cried one of them.

Kiara found herself laughing. “Okay, folks, you got it!” Folding back her arms to imitate wings, she spun away and stuck out her butt, wiggling her fat cheeks at the table. “Cluck! Cluck! Cluck cluck clutch! Bacaw!”

The catgirls laughed uproariously.

As she wiggled her ass to and fro, something deep inside Kiara broke. *Ah hah... ha ha...* She giggled. *Because I'm a bird! Ahahahaha!*

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Ina whimpered as the pink blockscape faded, and she found herself back in a tight white cell. For a moment, she thought she might get some relief, but it wasn't to be so: with a trio of *schlups*, her own tentacles slammed thick and pulsing into her orifices, making her screw up her eyes and squeal in horror as a fresh round of pleasure wracked her unwilling form. “Mmmphf!”

The face of a giant catgirl loomed in the window of her cell, biting her lip and red-faced in ecstasy. “Oh nyeah,” she said as Ina probed herself. “Oh nyeah, dat's the stuff, nya.” Her arm pumped up and down like a piston.

Buried in a mound of her own pent-up delight, it took Ina a second to realize what was happening to her. Inside, she screwed up her eyes and wailed in horror. How could she have ended up in such an awful situation?

A second later, she reached the end of her loop: her tentacles gave one last mighty thrust—she mimed cumming. Inside, she only grew a little hotter.

Outside the cell, the catgirl collapsed, panting. “Nyaaa... dat felt good, nya. Hmm. I wonda what else I can do with nyou...”

As Ina watched in horror, the catgirl’s sticky fingers started tapping at the keyboard. All at once, Ina found her tentacles retreating, snapped out of her holes, and her arms and legs slammed rigid against her sides as she returned to a default pose. The catgirl tapped her chin. “Hmm... How about...?”

The white walls of Ina’s cell pixelated and became dark red curtains. Beneath her feet appeared a stage; before her face: a pole. Blinking in surprise, she reached out and grabbed it. Her body moved on its own, lifted a leg, and started to twirl.

As the catgirl tapped away, men and women appeared in the seats around the stage. Most pointed and laughed, while a few openly masturbated.

Her enormous breasts bouncing from side to side with each twirl, Ina flinched in the face of the erotic shockwaves striking her. *Nn~! No!* This was almost worse than screwing herself with her own tentacles.

“Hmm...” said the catgirl. She typed away.

The strip club vanished, replaced by a casino. Ina found herself striding between the tables, a platter of drinks in her hands. Her swollen butt bobbed with every step she took.

“Nya, dis doesn’t work either.” The catgirl scratched an ear. “Nyou know...” she said, “just playing with nyou alone is kinda boring, nya. I wonder if any of nyour friends are still available to rent?”

A tap returned Ina to her cell. She squeaked as it shrank around her, crushing her into a tiny cube of squirming, red hot flesh.

“Ahah!” said the catgirl, licking her lips. “Dere’s still one available.” Giggling, she tapped away. “Aaaand *pay*, nya~.”

A few more clicks, and Ina’s cell expanded to full size again. She gasped for breath as her body returned to normal.

“Nyow, let’s join you together...”

The right wall of Ina's cell vanished, and she found herself staring at the tanned form of Gura, her skimpy schoolgirl outfit barely covering her nipples. The two of them shared a fearful glance.

Gura! ...Help!

Gura's eyes trembled.

"Hehehehehehe..." The catgirl giggled. "I have so many ideas for nyou two, nya." She licked her lips. "Nyow, let's start by changing nyour clothes... They don't quite fit anymore." She tapped.

In a blur of pixels, Ina's outfit changed a little. She squeaked as her leotard tightened into a dark, latex corset, and her pantyhose vanished, replaced by long black boots and a pair of fishnet stockings. A black whip appeared in her hands, while her tentacles coiled and snapped dramatically.

"Much better," said the catgirl. "Nyow, let's set the scene... It's a dark night, and nyou're walking home from school..." Tap. Tap. Click.

Ina found herself floating in a void of swirling clouds.

"...when a portal opens in the sky..."

Space sliced itself open, ripping a bleeding gash in the void before Ina. Against her will, she floated forward, dropping through the hole and into the air above a moonlight city. Cackling madly, she floated down to the street, where Gura Gawr sat looking up at her, quaking in obvious fear.

"...and a tentacled monster descends from above..." The catgirl licked her lips. "She lands before nyou, tentacles squirming—" Ina's heels touched the road. "—and, well, nyou can probably guess what happens nyext, nya~."

Ina's tentacles shot forward, lascivious and wet, and crashed into Gura's body without the slightest hint of mercy. The shark/schoolgirl's eyes widened in their sockets as three thick, pulsing limbs wormed their way into her holes, plunging down her throat and up her vagina and anus. She whimpered, red-faced, as they thrust, pumping in and out, in and out, with a vile, heartless mechanicalness.

As her friend's muffled screams grew louder and louder, Ina watched, wanting to whimper herself. *Stop!* she cried, desperately willing her tendrils to stop. *Stoop! Leave her alone!*

Ignoring her, her tentacles pumped that much harder, thrusting and thrusting and thrusting. Ina felt the warm holes of the Gura's body as they delved, and with each thrust of her extra limbs came an insidious bolt of ecstasy. She quivered under the influence, straining not to give in. How could she ever enjoy doing something so horrible to her friend?

“Mmmphf!” Gura’s moans struck her ears, and Ina’s brain caught fire. She bit her lip, shivering in delight.

Stop... she thought, mouth curling in a smile. *Don’t...* Her tentacles crashed into Gura’s holes with a thick, wet slap, and raw pleasure coursed up their lengths to slam into Ina’s mind. She shuddered, biting her lip, as her fingers crept between her legs. Her ecstasy only grew as she resisted.

Schlup! Schlup! Schlup!

Nnn~! Mmmore! More!

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Ame squealed inside as the blockspace faded, depositing her in an office of smooth pink plastic. It had all the normal features: a desk, a chair, even a potted plant for the atmosphere. The only unusual aspect was the material.

“Hmm,” said a new voice. “Nyou’re nyot quite what I was expecting...”

Amelia spun to face a catgirl in business formal. Her tight clothes clung to her body, emphasizing her generous curves... and the extra-generous bulge between her legs.

Tapping a cheek, the catgirl returned to her computer. “Maybe I should have read the description *before* renting nyou. I see... nyou’re part of a set, aren’t nyou, nya? Tch. I just wanted a normal secretary.” She sighed. “Nyevermind. I can make do. All I nyeed is to make a few tweaks to nyour parameters. Let’s start with nyour age. I prefer my secretaries a little more...” She licked her lips. “...motherly.”

With a tap of the catgirl’s claw against the keyboard, Ame found herself growing taller, her curves swelling even further to inhuman proportions. Somehow, even as her boobs bloated into a pair of exercise balls, she managed to stay on her feet, and her already straining secretary’s outfit managed to keep from bursting. The pressure on her mind though...

Nnn~! Screwing up her eyes, Amelia whimpered. Her panties were digging tight into her sex and between her asscheeks, while her skirt hugged her bloated butt like an over-possessive lover. Her shirt did something very similar to her breasts, clinging so tight her swollen nipples threatened to tear right through the fabric. (That she wore no bra went without saying.)

“My, my,” said Amelia, rubbing her cheek automatically.

The catgirl smirked. “Much better. Nyow, let’s test out the hardlight option.” She tapped again, and Amelia felt ever so slightly heavier.

A sound cut through her thoughts: fabric falling to the floor. She turned and found the catgirl had dropped her skirt, exposing the throbbing member she’d hidden inside it.

As Amelia blinked in horror and tried to back away, the catgirl tapped another button on her keyboard.

“My, my,” said Amelia, lips moving on their own. “Allow me to help you, ma’am.” Kneeling, she raised her hands to the catgirl’s lips, already wetting her lips for what was to come. Stretching them wide, she took the catgirl’s cock in her hand and guided it to her mouth like a delicious baguette. Inside, she struggled to pull away, but it didn’t have an effect: fat, veined, and salty, the penis slipped between her lips and slammed into her throat. She would have choked, but the program controlling her kept her focused. Tightening her grip, she drew back with a moan, leaving the catgirl’s veiny shaft coated in her saliva.

The catgirl shuddered, gripping her desk and squeezing her eyes tight in delight. Encouraged, Ame’s body went back in for a second suck. *Succ!*

As she worked the monster’s shaft, Ame watched from the prison of her own head, trapped, wanting to mewl in horror. *Stop...! Stop...! Please, don’t make me...* But the more she sucked, the harder it became to focus. A strange heat pervaded up her, threatening to undercut all her thoughts. Her brain felt as if it were being boiled, slowly melting into a mindless, unthinking soup.

With each suck, the feeling grew a little worse.

As her hand moved on its own to massage the catgirl’s shaft, Ame felt the last wall of her resistance crumbled, half-melted. With a moan, she gave in to the lust.

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Calli gasped as the endless chain of blocks slipped out of sight. Where was—? Where was she now?

She looked around and found nothing more than darkness. Despite it, she had a terrible feeling she wasn’t alone. Something was out there. Something was watching her.

Whirling around, she caught a hint of light in the distance. No, more than hint—hundreds of little lights glimmered at her through the darkness, roaming over her figure like a thousand hungry eyes.

Wait.

A spotlight lit up her form—she moved on her own, raising the mic that had appeared in her hand to her mouth. “Hey, everyone!” she cried, waving her free hand at the hundreds of catgirls in the crowd. “Are you excited to be here?”

In response, she got a chorus of giggles. “Nyeah!”

“Today, we’re gonna be starting off with my new hit single: *Fuck Me in the Pussy!* You guys ready to hear it?!”

“Nyeah!” cried the crowd.

“Alright!” replied Calli, dropping her pants and lowering the mic. All of a sudden, it seemed to be experiencing some feedback issues.

Bzzz. Schlup!

Calli screamed.

Forcing the head of the mic-turned-vibe into her pussy, she held it fixed there and moaned as it worked its magic on her. A thousand tiny shockwaves rolled through her form, making her jerk and spasm like a victim of electrocution. Throwing back her head, she screamed like a banshee, trembling as the fire inside her roared, turned inferno.

Giggles and laughs and the sound of snapping photos rolled over her from the crowd. With great effort, she managed to open her eyes and look: they were laughing at her, laughing and taking photos and masturbating and— Another lightning bolt struck her pussy, and she moaned as time collapsed, crushed into a flat plane.

When it finally resumed, she found the crowd cheering. Panting for breath, she pulled the microphone out and raised it to her mouth, trembling and sweating even as she licked her lips to speak.

“You guys—” She panted. “—enjoy that?”

A chorus of ‘nyeahs’ rolled in from the crowd.

Calli—or Calli’s body—laughed madly. “Then you’re gonna love my next song! It’s called *Oh God, Let Me Cuuum!* and it goes like *this!*”

With a wild scream, she slammed the mic into her clit and held it there as it buzzed. As the crowd screamed in delight, an earthquake rolled through her body and mind alike. She bit her lip, turned red, and threw back her head, eyes rolling in their sockets as the ecstasy seared her exposed brainstem. It grew stronger with every second, yet she just couldn’t. get. over. the edge!

Thought by thought, Calli crumbled.

*

With a flicker of pixelated light, Gura reappeared in her cell. Slumping to the floor, she lay there moaning, holes sore, body twitching in exhaustion.

Four other figures lay around her, but she didn’t recognize this for much the same reason, she was struggling to recognize anything at the moment: her brain was a stew of pent-up lust unable to focus on anything other than getting off.

Let me cum! Let me cum! Please, please, please! Let me cuuum!

Her friends' eyes twitched in the sockets of their frozen bodies, expressing a very similar sentiment.

Looking down at the five of them, the giant catgirl laughed. "Wow, it looks like nyou guys have really enjoyed nyour first two months! I know / have! I didn't expect nyou to be quite so popular!"

Giggling, she leaned in close to the screen. "Say, which would nyou prefer? Should I turn nyou back or should I just let nyou cum? What do nyou think?"

She tapped a key. Gura found she could move her mouth. Sniveling, she drew in a deep breath...

"Let me cuuum!"

The rest of holoMyth shouted in agreement with her. "Let us cum! Please!"

The catgirl laughed. "I guess nyou *do* deserve a reward. Why don't I let you help each other?" *Tap.*

Just like that, the five of them could move again. Gura collapsed with a moan and snatched up her skirt, fingers delving greedily for her sex. Around her, the rest of holoMyth did very similar.

To her horror, however, she found it wasn't doing anything. No matter how hard she wiggled or tickled or tweaked or even smacked, she couldn't push herself over the edge.

The catgirl laughed. "Ah, ah, ah!" she said, wagging a finger. "I said I'd let nyou help each other, nyot nyourselves! Try pairing up instead."

Time froze. Gura stared at her friends in horror, her desperate desire to cum warred with what little shame she had left.

Then Kiara threw herself at Calli, her ridiculous rubber nose squeaking as she buried her face in Calli's muff. Calli herself screamed, throwing back her head and collapsing. She lay on the ground twitching as Kiara ate her out.

As Gura struggled to breathe, Ina's tentacles snatched up Amelia. Coiling around her limbs, they wasted no time plunging into her. One slipped between her breasts and slammed into her mouth, while another pair wormed their way around her thighs, squeezing tight as they sought as her lower holes.

Panting for breath, Gura struggled to stand as the sound of schlicking filled the room. The rest of her team was fully occupied—no one remained to spare any attention for her. Sniveling, she whimpered. The fire in her sex felt as if it would incinerate her.

“Aw, nyo,” said the catgirl. “Nyou left the sharkgirl on her own! Nyou guys are so mean! Come on, why don’t nyou share the love...?” Giggling, she tapped a button.

Like a quartet of puppets, the rest of holoMyth jerked into the air and flew across the room, slamming into Gura in a tide of jiggling flesh. She moaned as Ame’s boobs smothered her face, squealed as Ina’s fat ass landed on her stomach. Gloved hands grasped her breasts, and a pair of lips—Calli’s?—kissed her lower ones, and Gura wailed as a tongue slipped into her depths, a thousand times better than any pair of fingers.

The star in her groin went supernova instantly. Orgasm ripped through her form, making her shake and moan and whimper. Drool dripped from her lips to land with little splats in the puddle of juice that had pooled between her legs.

Like a tidal wave, ecstasy rolled over her mind and washed across those few pieces of her that remained. Names, memories, all vanished, lost to the endless, smothering thirst of the ocean, and in seconds, she was as blank as an empty beach: a digital pornstar styled as a shark-slash-schoolgirl, desperate to be fucked in every manner imaginable, and nothing else.

Quivering, Gura struggled to beg for more.