

## Catgirl Isekai

Streaking across the asphalt, the lightning bolt slammed its pulsing pink shaft into the side of a passing bus and lit it up like a neon glow stick. For several seconds the vehicle sat there shining, before folding in on itself like a piece of metal origami, changing size and texture and color, until at last...

The lightning faded. The electrical scream died away, and a little box of candy fell to the ground with a soft *thump*.

Footsteps sounded against the road.

“Suwprwise~!,” said Bishoujo, stooping and snatching the little box of candy up. “Hehe, nyou guys didn’t see me with my ninja-field up, did nyou, nya? Hehe. Oooh, I can’t wait to get nyou inside me.” Ripping off its top, she raised it to her mouth. “Hehe, I bet nyou can see me nyow though, can’t nyou? Mmm~, get a good look at my fangs and my tongue, nya. Don’t they look sharp and wet and nyasty? Why don’t I show nyou them up close...?” Throwing back her head, she tipped the box’s contents into her mouth and chewed loudly, savoring the psychic screams of her victims.

Finally, with a great sigh, she swallowed. “Nyah~, what a beautiful day, nya. The birds are shining, the sun is singing... It’s so warm, I could spend the entire day here.” With a happy sigh, she turned her eyes towards the sky and simply stood there for a second, bathing in its light.

Of course, the higher you hold your head, the harder it is to see the ground. With her eyes locked on the sun, Bishoujo didn’t see the approaching truck. And since she hadn’t turned off her ninja-field, its driver didn’t see her either. Charging towards the Bakeneko like a giant metal bull, the speeding vehicle grew closer and closer, until—

“Well,” said Bishoujo at last. “Time to get going. I’ve got a busy day of doing nyothing ahead of me, nya! Nyahahah—”

The truck hit her with a sound like a baker’s fist striking dough.

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Bishoujo woke to the sound of someone screaming.

“Eeek! Help me!”

With a ‘nyah’ of delight, she rolled over in her sleep. What a delicious addition to an already pleasant dream.

As she nuzzled her thighs together in enjoyment, however, a set of masculine grunts and shouts joined in on the action. Eyes still closed, Bishoujo frowned. Someone was in trouble and *she* wasn’t responsible?! What kind of crazy dream was this?

“Heeeelp!”

With a grunt of annoyance, Bishoujo opened her eyes. Smacking her lips, she stretched and twisted, and finally sat up and looked around. Beneath her lay a dirt road of considerably lower quality than the nice smooth asphalt she’d been standing on when she’d been hit by that boat or whatever. On both its sides loomed a forest of dark trees, dank and foreboding and blatantly *not* the nice open countryside she’d been looking at minutes ago either!

“Heeeeeelp!”

Frowning, Bishoujo scraped up some of the path’s dirt and sniffed it. It smelled like dirt, which didn’t really tell her much. Casting it aside, she bounced over to one of the trees lining the road and took a few experimental swipes at the bark. It came apart like bark, which didn’t tell her much either.

“Heeeeeelp!”

Tapping her chin, Bishoujo scanned the horizon. Maybe there’d be some kind of sign or something that could tell her where she—

“Heeeeeelp!”

Bishoujo sighed. “Nyoisy.” Sniffing, she scented the delicious scent of human fear to her left, about twenty or so meters away. Drawing in a deep breath, she skipped off in search of the source of it.

Twenty-one meters later, she found it. A blonde in more leather than Bishoujo had ever seen in her life stood in the middle of the road, swinging a little knife at a ring of small green men with bulbous noses and lecherous grins.

Bishoujo cocked her head. Was she looking at goblins? Goblins didn’t actually exist outside of that one type of porn she wasn’t really into, did they?

One of the goblins, in stark defiance of its own unreality, jumped at the young woman’s leg. Wrapping its arms around her, it clung tight and hung there.

“Hey!” cried the woman, struggling to shake it off of her. “G-get off—” As she struggled to fling off the first goblin, another leaped onto her other leg. With a squeal of shock, she toppled over backward. In seconds, the whole group was on her.

“Hmm,” said Bishoujo, tapping her chin as she ambled over to watch. None of them noticed her—she guessed her ninja-field must still be working.

Already, the sound of tearing leather could be heard. As the woman’s screams changed in tone, Bishoujo sighed and flexed her tail. She *really* wasn’t into this genre...

“Help me!” cried the blonde. “Please, you have to—!”

With a tremendous crack, the goblins vanished, replaced by a fine red mist that rained sadly to the ground.

Bishoujo drew her tail back and stared at it in disgust. "Ewww, it got all in my fur."

The blonde on the ground, lying there frozen, stared up at her and blinked.

"Urgh," said Bishoujo, trying to squeeze some of the blood out of her tail. "I'm nyever going to get this stuff out."

As she turned to try and find a river or somewhere else she could wash, a hand tightened on her shoulder. "W-wait!" cried the young woman. "Wait! Thank you! You saved me!"

Bishoujo simply stared at her, blinking. In her several hundred years of life, she'd never *once* been thanked by a human. Let alone for saving them.

...It actually felt quite nice.

Drawing herself up to her full height, Bishoujo puffed her chest out and grinned. "Nyou're welcome, nya!"

The young woman's eyes settled on Bishoujo's ears, and for a moment she froze, stunned. Shaking her head, she took a deep breath. "Please, how can I repay you?"

Collapsing back to a slightly reduced form, Bishoujo tapped her chin and frowned. Hmm. She wondered what setting her ninja-field was on... "How'd nyou like to be my slave, nya?" She gave the young woman a grin full of fangs.

Instead of screaming in fright and fleeing, the young woman simply drew back, looking a little stunned. "You're looking for a servant?"

Bishoujo cocked her head. She guessed her field had switched to its 'Make Everything Seem Reasonable' setting. She could work with that. "Exactly!" she said, puffing herself back up again. "After all, I saved nyour life, so nyou totally have to serve me forever nyow, right?"

The young woman opened her mouth to deny this and closed it abruptly. "I-I guess..."

"Great! Then it's decided." Bishoujo smiled. "Nyou're my nyew servant... what's nyour nyame again?"

"I-Ir—" The woman coughed. "L-Luna! I'm a rogue."

Bishoujo cocked her head. "A rogue what, nya?"

Luna blinked. "Um, like a thief? I'm really stealthy and... I'm good with knives?"

“Ooooooh!” Bishoujo clapped her fist into her paw. “I geddit! I’m kinda like a thief too, nya.” ‘Despoiler of Worlds’ might be more accurate, but ‘thief’ wasn’t a bad start.

Wrapping her arm around Luna’s body, Bishoujo pulled her in close. “Sooo, I’m kinda nyew here, nya. What kinda stuff is there to steal?”

“Well…” Luna looked a little confused, but whatever doubt she was having about the situation, Bishoujo’s ninja-field was clearly suppressing them. “There’s lots of loot in the dungeons.”

“Oooh, nyou mean like cages and whips and ropes and stuff?”

Luna frowned. “N-no. I mean gold and, um, jewelry.”

Bishoujo frowned back at her. “What kinda dungeons do nyou have here, nya?” She tapped her chin. “Hmm, all the same, I do like the sound of gold and jewelry. Where do I have to go to get some, nya?”

“Well,” replied Luna, “first you need a quest contract from the local adventuring guild. Then you and your party head to the dungeon, and—”

Bishoujo put her finger on Luna’s lips. “Party?”

“Yeah. Like a group of people who adventure together.”

The balloons Bishoujo had been inflating in her head all deflated at once. She slumped. “Oh.” With a deep sigh, she drew herself up again. “Well, I like the sound of loot, so let’s go find the adventurer’s guild, nya!”

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Fortunately, the adventurer’s guild turned out to be barely a scene break away.

Tankards smacked against tankards. Beer sloshed and spilled. Men with more muscles than hygiene clapped each other on the backs and laughed before taking another quaff of their drinks and spilling it down their abs.

In the midst of all this mess, Bishoujo and Luna sat at a little table. “So, in order to take on a quest, first we need to put together a proper party. We can’t explore a dungeon with just two rogues, after all.” She laughed.

“Why nyot, nya?”

“Because, um, well, we need someone to take hits for us to start.”

“Why nyot just dodge? I’m really good at dodging, nya.”

“Um, well, me too, but you can’t dodge everything.”

"I *guess* that's true," said Bishoujo, though the only thing she'd ever encountered that *she* couldn't dodge was light.

"And," added Luna, giving her a reassuring smile, "if we *do* get hit, we'll need someone to heal us."

"Oh, like a doctor?"

"That's right, a healer. And of course, it wouldn't hurt to have a mage as well, in case we need some magical aid."

Bishoujo, who'd been too busy playing with herself to hear that last sentence, looked up and frowned. "Nyou mean like... a vibrator?"

Luna stared at her blankly, so she shook the question aside. There were clearly some things her ninja-field couldn't translate.

"Oh," said Luna, leaping out of her chair. "Speaking of magical aid, there's a mage right now!" She pointed at a green-haired woman looking at the recruitment board. "Quick, let's catch her before someone else does!" Grabbing Bishoujo's wrist, she dragged her across the room.

As the two of them approached her, the green-haired woman looked them up and down and her eyes widened in shock. "Th-the Hero!" she said, claspng her mouth.

Bishoujo shared a glance with Luna. "The Hero?" asked Luna. "Who do you-?"

The mage aimed a finger at Bishoujo's head. "You! The cat-eared savior! The chosen one"

"Oh, so that's why everyone was staring at me," said Bishoujo, squishing them against her head. "I was wondering about that." She frowned. "Chosen by *who*, nya?"

The mage ignored her question. "Please," she cried, seizing Bishoujo's arms. "Let me join your party! My name's Bethany—I'm a seventh-level mage. I'll support you in any way I can!"

For a second, Bishoujo simply stood there, unmoving. Slowly, her mouth split into a grin. "Any way?"

Bethany nodded. "Please, I know I'm not much, but—"

Bishoujo put a finger on Bethany's lips. "Aww, it's okay, nya. We'd be happy to have nyou."

"You mean it?" asked Bethany, voice slightly muffled.

"Sure. Just hold still for one second..." With her free hand, Bishoujo rummaged in her cleavage and finally succeeded in extracting her pointer. "Ah, dere we go, nya." Raising it high, she gave it a little shake—sparks flashed around its tip, lighting up the whole room.

Bethany's eyes went wide. "A w-wand-?!"

That was as far as she got before the pointer's beam struck her. With a scream, she threw back her head and moaned as its effervescent pink light vaporized her clothing. Her naked skin sparkled in the glare.

With a flick of Bishoujo's wrist, she wrenched the mage into the air and—holding her there—twisted her pen to start the next phase of the transformation.

Moaning in delight, Bethany bent forward, straining to touch her toes. As her fingertips connected, they fused together, melded. At the same time, the color of her hair ran like dye in the rain, washing over her skin and leaving it the same shade. Where the color passed, Bethany's skin lost its smoothness, gaining a rough, matte texture less like flesh and more like fabric.

Staring at herself, the mage moaned. Listening in on her thoughts, Bishoujo sensed her utter ecstasy. For the moment it was strong enough to overwhelm the mage's fear.

Like threads making a rope, Bethany's arms and legs twined around one another, melding and shriveling into two long straps joined by a clip. At the same time, her chest and her hips flattened out and rounded, sucking up the rest of her torso in the process. Finally, she shrank, and two thinner straps sprouted from her sides to wrap around and join up with her former limbs.

Grinning, Bishoujo lowered her pointer. The pink light faded, and Bethany—or what had been her—fell to the floor with a soft smack. Giggling, Bishoujo picked her up.

"Well," she said, stretching the bra's strap wide and releasing them with a snap. "I think you'll have a much easier time supporting me like this, nya."

In her hands, Bethany's pleasure was slowly dying, and some of the fear it had till this point suppressed came to the forefront. As she begged to know what Bishoujo had done to her, the Bakeneko threw off her top and wrapped the former mage around her. It took a lot of effort to actually clip her up—she clearly hadn't made her big enough.

As Bishoujo struggled to put her on, the straining of the mage's straps stretched her thoughts back to her state of utter delight. At last, however, Bishoujo succeeded in clipping her tight and threw her top back on top of her. "Much better," she said, licking her lips.

Luna stared at her dumbly, her thoughts subtly massaged into calm by Bishoujo's ninja-field. "Okay," she said at last, "I guess we have our mage." She frowned, as if she understood there was something off about this statement but couldn't put her finger on it.

"Nyow what?" asked Bishoujo.

"Well," replied Luna, looking around and frowning. "We have a mage, so I guess we should look for a warrior to tank for us."

Bishoujo grinned. "Why settle for one when we can have two?" With a giggle, she directed Luna's gaze to a pair of young women in armor, one blonde and one red-haired. Their weapons jangled as they marched into the guildhall. "Wow, look at their breastplates! They don't look very practical, nya."

As the pair of warriors approached the recruitment board, Bishoujo leaped into their path and gave them a great big grin. "Hello, nya! I'm the Hero™. Wanna join my party?"

The warriors shared a glance. "The Hero?" asked the smaller, blonde one

"Prove it," said the taller, red-haired woman.

"Okay I will!" said Bishoujo. Seizing the tips of her ears, she gave them a stretch. "See? Cat ears! Everyone knows the Hero has cat ears!"

The redhead rolled her eyes. "Pah. I could make a more convincing pair of fakes myself. Show me something more convincing."

With a frown, Bishoujo turned to Luna. "What else makes nyou the Hero, nya?"

Luna shrugged. "I think they're supposed to have a special birthmark or something?"

Bishoujo tapped her chin. "A magic birthmark, huh? Okay, I can do that!" Looking over her shoulder, she willed the skin of her lower back to change color.

"Ta-da!" she said at last. Spinning around, she gave her top and wrenched it upward, displaying a dark black "birthmark" in the form of a winged heart made from lots of spiraling curls and tendrils. It looked a little like a bat.

The redhead frowned. "What do you think, sis?"

The smaller blonde shrugged. "Well, the Hero *is* supposed to have a special birthmark. And that's definitely... special."

"Well... Okay," said the redhead, turning back to Bishoujo. "My name's Anya. And this is my sister, Katherine. If you want us, we'll be your sword and your shield."

"Great!" said Bishoujo, grin threatening to cut her head off. "I nneed some of those." The tip of her pointer flashed pink.

The warriors screamed as its lightning struck their forms.

Peeling away their armor like tissue, the pointer's beam vaporized their undergarments and left them standing there in the nude, moaning as its energy worked its way through their nerves and pumped irresistible pleasure into their brains. Squealing, they stuck their fingers between their legs and probed, unable to keep themselves from giving in to their horniness.

Smirking, Bishoujo twisted her wrist.

With two fresh squeals of delight, Anya and Katherine snatched their fingers out of their sexes and assumed a pair of equally lewd poses: Anya fell to her ass, spread her legs, and raised her arms, while Katherine stretched hers high above her head. Standing there, unmoving save to shiver, they hardened, skin turning from soft flesh to smooth, silver metal.

To the sound of Bishoujo's giggling, a wave of silver spread over the pair's bodies, and they ceased to move entirely. As Bishoujo smirked, the sisters shrank. It happened in jumps, as if an invisible giant were striking them with a hammer. With each hit, they changed in other ways too: Katherine's arm stretched taller and thinned out, sharpening into a blade, while her legs shrank and turned golden, a pair of crossguards sprouting from her hips. Beside her, Anya's form flattened completely till it was barely an inch thick, leaving her a silver rectangle half the height of a person.

Slowly, Bishoujo lowered her pen. The former sisters hit the ground with a pair of clangs.

Where the two had been standing only seconds ago, there now sat a longsword with a hilt styled like a naked woman, her mouth caught in an expression of lust; and a shield whose surface had been sculpted into something very similar: a woman with her legs spread and her hands held in v-poses, a mask of undeniable ecstasy on her face.

Grinning, Bishoujo leaned in close. The pair's thoughts weren't dissimilar to what their outward expression suggested, though their lust was slowly dying down to reveal their fear. She smirked. She couldn't wait to see how they felt when someone actually used them.

Stuffing the two new pieces of equipment into her cleavage, Bishoujo turned back to Luna. "Okay," she said, "that's our warriors sorted too. So I guess nyow we're just missing a healer?"

Luna nodded. "Yes, mistress! Oh, look! There's one over there!" She pointed to a young woman with light azure hair and long white robes.

Conveniently, the woman happened to walk over to them. "H-hello," she said, hugging her staff like a comfort blanket, "I-I hear you're the Hero. And you're looking for people to join your party?"

"Dat's right!" said Bishoujo, puffing up her chest. "It's going to be the best party ever, just you wait and see!"

Swallowing, the healer held out a hand. "My-my name is Penny," she said. "I-I'd be honored to join you." Dropping her head, she bowed.

"What do you think?" asked Luna, throwing Bishoujo a glance. "Has she got what it takes?"

Bishoujo scratched her nose with a claw and shrugged. "Eh, I dunno, nya. She doesn't really have the passion it takes to be a member of our special party, you know?"



Luna's expression said she didn't, but she didn't get a chance to say so. "Wait!" cried Penny. "Please! Please let me join! I've wanted to be part of the Hero—excuse me, the Hero's party—ever since I was a little girl!"

Bishoujo grinned. "Oh, is dat so, nya?" Her grin grew wider with the second. "Well, if nyou're that desperate, I think we can maybe find a place for you."

Penny's eyes lit up. "You mean it?"

"Suure, nya. Just lemme unbutton my top..." She popped open her shirt to expose the straining cups of Bethany. "And we'll get nyou in nyour new position right away!"

As Penny beamed in happiness, Bishoujo seized the back of the girl's head and thrust it into her cleavage. The healer's squeals of delight turned to muffled gasps of shock as the Bakeneko's breasts squashed against her face.

With a 'hup!', Bishoujo pushed down hard, forcing the healer's head into her cleavage. The young woman screamed and shook as Bishoujo's breasts squeezed her like a vice.

Seizing the young woman's butt through her robes, Bishoujo gripped her cheeks tight and lifted her up till her legs aimed at the ceiling before forcing her downward, down into her chest. As the healer slipped into her, kicking and flailing in obvious panic, Bishoujo's breasts smacked against her like a pair of hungry lips.

Finally, the healer gave one final kick that sent her shoes flying off before vanishing into the depths of Bishoujo's body with a *schlorp!* and a muffled scream. For a second, Bishoujo's breasts rippled like puddles, before exploding, doubling their size in seconds.

The sound of Bethany's straps creaking could be heard above even the noise of the guildhall.

Licking her lips, Bishoujo seized her new chest and gave it a playful squeeze. This little touch made the former healer's panicked thoughts melt in ecstasy.

"Perfect," said Bishoujo, slipping her arms back into her shirt and struggling to button it back up. "Nyow, is there anyone *e/se* we're missing?"

Luna tapped her chin. "I'd really like a cute elf archer," she said, pressing the tips of her fingers together shyly.

"Hmm, that's very specific. We might have a hard time fin—oh, nyo, nyevermind, there's one right nyow."

Bishoujo's eyes tightened on the door as a slender elf girl with a bow and quiver on her back stepped into the guildhall, looking about anxiously. "Quick! Let's catch her before she runs away, nya!"

Bouncing across the room with Luna in tow, Bishoujo landed with a splat before the elf girl and wrapped a cloying hand around her shoulder. “Hey! Wanna join our party, nya?”

The elf girl shrunk back, trying to escape Bishoujo’s grip. “P-party? I’m just looking for the fletcher—”

“Awww, come on. Think of all the fun times we’ll have together!” Bishoujo avoided specifying what exactly these fun times would involve.

“I-I’m really sorry,” said the elf, “I really need to go—I—”

As the elf slipped out of her grip and away, Bishoujo’s smile slipped off of her face. No—her prey was escaping. Quick—think—what could she say to draw them back? What would get *her* to join an adventuring party?

She drew in a deep breath. “We’re all gaaaaaaay!”

The elf stopped walking away and shuffled back over. “Really?” she asked meekly, eyes slipping to Bishoujo’s crotch.

“Oh nyeah,” said Bishoujo, wrapping an arm around Luna. “And we have sex all the time, even in dungeons, nya!”

Luna was straight, but the ninja-field kept her from remembering this. She nodded eagerly and even gave the elf girl a thumbs-up.

The elf’s eyes snapped to Luna’s crotch. She bit her lip and closed her thighs, blushing. “I-I didn’t realize there were parties like that out there. I-I guess I wouldn’t mind trying it out...” She gulped as she realized what she’d just said. “M-my name’s Sylvia.”

Bishoujo’s smirk lit up the room like a little crescent moon. “Yay! Don’t worry, nya! I promise nyou’ll have *lots* of fun~.” Her hand disappeared into her cleavage. “Anyway, hold still for a second, will nyou?”

“O-of course. Why do you—?”

*Zzzap!* Sylvia creamed as Bishoujo’s pointer lit her up like a chandelier.

With a smirk, the Bakeneko twisted her wrist, grinning as Sylvia’s clothes and weapons burst into flame and vanished completely, leaving her lithe, naked body shimmering in the pointerlight. Throwing back her head, the elf moaned, a fountain of nectar spurting from between her legs as they lost their strength and she dropped to the floor, shivering.

Grinning, Bishoujo flicked her pen upward, hauling the trembling elf off the ground and into the air. As she hung there, shivering, Bishoujo twisted her wrist again, and a wave of green washed over her.

As Bishoujo licked her lips in anticipation, Sylvia's arms moved on their own, arcing forward to meet up before her chest, while her legs curved similarly, the tips of her toes meeting her hands. Her eyes shook in their sockets, while her nipples stuck out from her little breasts, fully erect.

Flowing down her body like paint, the wave of greenness soon coated her entirely. Floating there like a giant humanoid leaf, Sylvia could only tremble as her features melted away, sinking into her amorphous, flattening form. Slowly, the elf shriveled like a plant without water, shrinking till she was little more than a scrap of thin green fabric.

Bishoujo lowered her pen, and the panties fell to the floor sadly. Slipping her pointer back into her chest, Bishoujo dropped her skirt to expose her naked, dripping sex. Snatching Sylvia up, she gave the panties a little stretch, smirking to herself at the taste of the elf's feeble, lust-filled thoughts.

Bending over, she slipped a leg inside her. At once, Sylvia's thoughts turned to screams.

With a giggle, Bishoujo slid her other leg inside and pulled the elf up her thighs, making sure to tug the elf's straps as hard as possible.

Finally, she released them with a snap, raised two fingers, and used them to push her new panties' fabric into the sodden folds of her pussy. She giggled. "Enjoy, nya~."

Sylvia's mind practically melted.

"There," said Bishoujo, reaching for her skirt. "I guess we're all ready nyow, nya?"

Luna gave her a grin. "Let's go!"

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The treasure chest struck the ground with a thump and a jangle. "Phew," said Bishoujo, planting her ass on its lid. "Adventuring sure is hard work, nya."

With a groan, Luna dropped Anya and Katherine. (They two hit the ground with a clang, and Bishoujo smirked at the pang of ecstasy this caused them—they were still all horny from being used in battle) "Actually, Mistress, that was the easiest dungeon I've ever faced." She thought about this for a second. "No, thinking about it, that's not true. It was an abnormally difficult dungeon—you just made it look really easy."

"Well I am the Hero."

"With all respect, Mistress, you defeated the boss with one whip of your tail."

"It was a named attack!"

"'Tail Whip' doesn't really count as a name."

Bishoujo huffed. “Well, what do we do nyow, nya?”

“Well,” said Luna, tapping her chin. “Now we should go and visit the person who posted the quest to tell them we finished it and claim our reward.”

“Okay!” Bishoujo, leaping to her feet. “...Who posted the quest?”

“You don’t know? It should say on the quest sheet.”

Rummaging in her cleavage, Bishoujo extracted a scroll and unrolled it. Her eyebrow furled as she came to the bottom. “It says it was given by the King, nya!”

All of a sudden, Luna looked a little uneasy. “Th-then I guess we have to go and see the King.”

“Great.” Bishoujo stood and grinned. “...What is a king’, anyway, nya?”

Luna’s frown deepened. She looked like she was thinking of running. “They’re the person in charge of the kingdom.”

Bishoujo nodded sagely. “Oh, like a queen.”

“Exactly. Only a king is male.”

Bishoujo frowned. “Well that’s just silly.”

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The guards’ armored boots clanged as they led Bishoujo and Luna to the throne room.

“Wow, this is a pretty nyice place,” said Bishoujo as they walked. “I mean, it’s no Pyramidal Palace, but it’s pretty good, nya.”

Luna didn’t respond.

“Say,” said Bishoujo, giving her a poke in the arm, “what’s the matter with you anyway, nya?”

Luna swallowed. “Nothing.”

Bishoujo tightened her eyes and sniffed.

With the silent efficiency of bit characters in a story, the guards led them through a large oaken door and into the throne room proper, where a long red carpet lolled like a tongue over the marble floor, and a pair of matching banners hung beside the great stained glass window that provided the room’s light.

Beneath this window, a fat old man sat in a worn old chair. The sight made Bishoujo sniff. What was the point of having a ruler who wasn’t sexy?

As they approached, the King's eyes passed over Bishoujo and settled on Luna. "Iris!" he cried. "Daughter!"

Luna's face went red. "Hello, father," she said, averting her gaze.

Bishoujo, on the other hand, blinked. "Huuuuh? What's happening here, nya?"

Leaping out of his throne, the King charged Luna with all the athleticism a fat old man can muster. Twenty seconds or so later, he wrapped his arms around her. "I can't tell you how much joy it brings me to finally see you again."

"What a plot twist!" said Bishoujo, squishing her cheeks together.

Luna mumbled something inaudible.

"Please," said the King, pulling away and grabbing her by the shoulders. "Tell me you've finally given up on that absurd adventuring idea of yours."

Luna sighed. "Actually, we're here to claim the reward for the quest we just completed." She thrust the quest sheet into his hands without another word.

The King slumped. "I see..." he said, releasing Luna's arm. "Then I suppose we should get down to business."

"Nyo nyo, keep going, I was really enjoying nyour family drama."

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The sack of gold jangled on Bishoujo's back as she marched out of the palace with Luna at her side.

"So," she said, as the two of them crossed the drawbridge, "you're actually a princess, huh, nya?"

Luna screwed up her eyes, looking ashamed. "Please don't tell anyone!" She seized Bishoujo by the arms. "Being a princess is awful. It's all gowns and balls and..." She retched. "...Suitors."

"Having lots of people want to fuck nyou sounds terrible, nya."

"I couldn't stand it," said Luna, looking wistfully at the horizon. "Ever since I was little, I've wanted to be an adventurer instead. When I was six, I..."

As Luna rolled out her backstory, Bishoujo sighed and slipped a hand between her legs. All this exposition was making her horny.

“...and now, I’m finally getting to live out my dream! And with the Hero, no less.” Luna beamed.

“Uh-huh,” said Bishoujo. “Say, Luna,” she added, grabbing the princess-turned-thief by the arm, “I think I smell treasure in that dark alleyway over there. Why don’t we go and look, nya?”

“You—you do?” Luna blinked. “Well, okay, if you’re sure...”

With a grin, Bishoujo grabbed Luna’s wrist and dragged her across the street into the alley. As they fell into the shade, she released the princess’s arm and slipped her hand between her legs. Her other delved into the depths of her cleavage.

“I-I don’t see any treasure,” said Luna. “Are you sure—?”

“It’s a little dark,” replied Bishoujo. “Maybe some light will help us find it.”

Pink lightning filled the alleyway, casting wild shadows as it lit up Luna’s form. With a scream, the princess slammed her legs together and her arms against her sides and snapped her spine as straight as a pole. Standing there, locked rigid, she watched with trembling eyes as Bishoujo twisted her wrist—with a flash of pink flame, all Luna’s clothes vanished, leaving her standing there stark naked and sweating.

“So,” said Bishoujo, taking a curious step forward. “This is what a human princess’s pussy looks like, nya.” Giggling, she raised a finger and slipped it between Luna’s lower lips. As Bishoujo wiggled her finger about, the thief’s eyes shivered in the sockets, though she couldn’t open her mouth to express her thoughts.

Finally, Bishoujo pulled away with a giggle. “Nyow it’s nyour turn to do mine, nya~.” With a smirk, she twisted her pen. The lightning surrounding Luna’s body flared.

Though her lips were locked together too tightly for her to make any actual sound, in her head, Luna screamed in utter ecstasy, as if she’d been struck by a violent, burning orgasm. The taste of her thoughts made Bishoujo giggle.

Sweating and shivering, Luna compacted as if squeezed by a pair of giant hands. As she shrank, her skin changed its color and its texture, going from a soft beige to a hard, smooth, pink, till she looked more like a plastic statue than a human.

Crushed by the invisible force of Bishoujo’s pointer, the princess’s arms melded with her sides while her legs fused together and pumped up into a single indistinguishable cylinder. Her head, meanwhile, changed its shape considerably: all her hair and other features smoothing into a rounded, bullet-esque tip, on which her face was little more than an etching.

Elsewhere, between her legs, her little clitoris twitched and swelled till it was the size of a respectable penis. It shook up and down under the force of the pointer’s influence, making an odd clicking sound that made Bishoujo giggle.

Finally, with a sudden spurt of speed, Luna shrank from her reduced height to a twelve-inch rod. The light vanished—she dropped.

Stuffing her pointer back into her cleavage, Bishoujo stooped and picked the vibrator up. “Hehe,” she giggled as she coiled her fingers around it, “nyow nyow you’ll have a much easier time helping me, nya~.”

Thoughts of panic streamed out of Luna’s mind like steam from a broth. Transformed, she was free from the influence of the ninja-field, free to realize exactly what kind of horror had happened to her.

“Nyow, let’s see how noisy nyow you are...” With a grin, Bishoujo flicked Luna’s clit-turned-switch. *Click!* The vibrator started to buzz.

In the same instant, Luna screamed in her mind as if a vibe had been slammed into her own sex. All at once, her thoughts caught fire and burned with a sudden ecstasy even stronger than she’d experienced while being transformed.

It made Bishoujo giggle. “Nyow, let’s get down to busy-ness, nya~.” Dropping her pants, she guided the vibrator’s trembling head to the dripping lips of her sex. “In nyow go! Choo-choo!”

*Schlup!*

As the former princess entered her, Bishoujo’s entire body bucked. Grabbing the wall of the alleyway to steady herself, she panted hard and tightened her grip on the plastic rod. Slowly, red-faced and sweaty, pussy already burning with pleasure, she forced the toy a little deeper into her and screwed up her eyes, moaning in delight.

In the tiny confines of her new form, Luna screamed and wailed with her own wild ecstasy, wanting to scream and thrash yet finding herself unable.

A second later, the vibe struck Bishoujo’s clit—mistress and servant screamed alike, one aloud, one in silence.

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Slamming the door behind her, Bishoujo collapsed onto the bed with a long, drawn-out ‘nyaaaaah’. Rolling around, she stared up at the ceiling. The innkeeper had been so nice, giving her the best room in the building. And she’d made such an excellent pair of socks too.

Pressing her head into the surprisingly-comfy pseudo-medieval bed, Bishoujo smacked her lips and flicked her clit in thought. She was having a lot of fun here in Fantasyville, but she supposed she should really figure out how to get home soon. If she didn’t, all her maids would start to miss her!

How to go about it though...? How to go about it...?

She frowned. What exactly was she supposed to do next? And why was that such a quandary all of a sudden? She hadn't had any problems figuring out what to do until no—

“Oh,” said Bishoujo. Reaching into her cleavage, she extracted her new vibe. “I suppose nyou were kinda the tutorial, weren't nyou, nya?”

In her hand, Luna whimpered silently. The ecstasy of her first use as a vibe had faded, and she'd collapsed into the state of mingled sadness and embarrassment that many of Bishoujo's victims experienced after a little while as an object. In this case, it also came with a sharp tinge of betrayal: Luna had thought—and still did—that Bishoujo was the Hero. Bishoujo really enjoyed the spice this added, buuuut...

“Well,” she said, twirling the vibe around her fingers. “I guess I *could* turn nyou back, nya. It's nyot like it's impossible, and I *could* use a guide.”

Hope welled in Luna's plastic head. Bishoujo smiled.

“But first...” She slipped the vibe towards her pussy. “All this relaxing has made me really horny, nya.”

*Click!*