

## **Spidersilk Lingerie (Inanimate TF, So I'm a Spider, So What...?)**

Panchira snarled as she marched through the cavern, cobwebs and sticky slime dripping from all over her. "Urgh! Urgh! This world is the worst, nya! What's with all the spiders?! Don't they know they're only good for making silk?!"

Even as she rounded the corner, another of the awful bugs leapt out at her, mandibles clacking. She flicked her claw and sliced it to shreds with mono-molecular thread before it could get within a meter.

Storming onward, she found herself at a crossroad in the dungeon. "Hah!" she said, a smile returning to her face. "Perhaps one of these leads out..."

As she made her way down the next set of stairs, she sniffed the air and scented the smell of someone powerful around the corner. Cocking her head, she dropped to all fours and pulled out her pointer. Maybe this trip hadn't been wasted after all...

The second the new arrivals turned the corner, she squirted off a juice-bolt. There were two of them in total: one thin and white; the other tall and curvaceous, with long blonde locks.

The juice slammed into the white-haired one's chest and bounced instantly into the body of the second. Their screams threatened to deafen her.

Hopping back to two feet, Panchira watched with a smirk, her tail flicking playfully, as the pair's bodies started to warp. Floating into the air, they did the splits with a scream, their legs curling so their feet met up behind them. Moaning, they promptly threw back their arms, arching them over their shoulders till their fingers met their ankles.

Panchira flicked her pointer, and with a fresh scream from her victims, their chests exploded in size, swelling into a quartet of gross balloons that stood in stark contrast to the rest of their changing bodies. Speaking of, even as their boobs grew, the rest of their figures were slimming: hands and legs spun themselves into straps, while stomachs and shoulders collapsed into their chests. Finally, with one last moan from their owners, their heads melted into their boobs as well, silencing their cries entirely.

For a second, they continued to float in the air, two bloated chests and shriveled limbs caught in their own emptied clothing. One last flick of Panty's wand, and their boobs flattened into four ginormous cups, while their former clothes snapped tight, clinging to them as a layer of color. With that, they dropped to the ground, still squirming.

Chuckling, Panchira picked one up. On second thought, maybe this planet wasn't so bad~.

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## **HoloJuice/Holomyth Juicing (Tentacles, Hololive)**

Gura screamed as the floor vanished beneath her feet and she dropped into the abyss, sharktail smacking at the walls as she fell. Screaming, she scrambled to slow her descent, but the walls of the slide were as slick as oiled glass, and her fingers refused to stick.

At last, with a terrified scream, she dropped out of the pipe and into a glass tank the size of a toilet cubicle. Lying there on the soft, spongy ground, she sat up and groaned and looked around.

Tank after tank after tank of glass surrounded her. A field of them, all stretching to the horizon. She couldn't believe what she was seeing—it was impossible.

In four of the closest tanks stood the rest of her genmates, all naked and vulnerable as her: Calli, her enormous boobs bouncing as she pounded against the glass. Ina, struggling to conceal her privates. Ame and Kiara, both cowering in fear.

And in the tanks beyond them... Gura squinted, struggling to make it out, and squealed at what she found:

Women. Women like herself and her genmates, their bodies naked and exposed and slick with a dripping pink fluid, like cranberry juice. Tentacles, thick and throbbing, plugged their lower holes and their upper, thrusting and thrusting and thrusting and thrusting, till their victim's eyes rolled back in their heads, lost in the utter ecstasy of their torment. If she listened, she could actually hear their muffled moaning.

Stumbling back, Gura smacked against the glass. Heart pounding, she felt the floor shift beneath her, and moaned to see something like an octopus rising from the plastic as if it were water. Eight tentacles, each as thick as the other, uncoiled and slapped at her skin. She screamed and tried to pull away. "No! No—don't—! Don't—!"

With a *schlup*, one of the tentacles slammed through Gura's lips and halfway down her throat. She screamed, eyes wide and full of tears, as a terrible, impossible pleasure coursed through her nerves. *No! No! Get out of me!*

Four more of the insidious limbs coiled around her own and hauled her into the air even as their tips slithered to her chest. As two of them latched to her little breasts, Gura screamed and shook even harder, wild moans escaping her plugged lips. *Stop! Stop it! Stoop!* In the surrounding tanks, her friends screamed and shook in horror as the tentacles had their way with them as well.

Now the tentacles tightened their grip, holding her firm, and one particular thick one rose from below to nuzzle her lower lips. Gura froze, her heart pounding in terror. *No! No, please don't—! Please don't—! Please—!*

*Schlup!* Gura screamed as if she'd been stabbed, ecstasy flowing through her body with the intensity of lava.

Even as the one tentacles forced its thick, pulsing shaft deep into the depths of her tight, virgin pussy, another coiled up her legs and slipped between her buttocks. This time, she didn't even have the chance to appreciate what would happen; the ecstasy came in a crash, as startling as lightning. She screamed and thrashed and shook and spasmed, tears flying from her eyes as the pleasure and the pain both ripped through her like knives, slicing her mind into tiny mewling pieces.

She wasn't alone. Around her, the rest of Holomyth screamed and shook as their own tender new friends tormented their forms, quaking with each thrust and thrust and thrust and pump and tickle.

As the tentacles worked them, squeezing breasts and slapping cheeks and slamming into their holes over and over and over, their skin began to shine with a bright pink fluid. It dripped from their skin and fell down below, where it pooled into the base of the tank and rose till it threatened to wash over their ankles. With a schunk, a valve opened below, draining the fluid in an instant. A second later, it slammed shut, and the liquid started to rise with the same swift pace as before.

Gura and her friends were in too much pleasure to notice.

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### **Ruby to Sexdoll (Inanimate TF, RWBY)**

Ruby Rose hummed happily to herself as she strolled past the alley, eyes closed and a big grin on her face.

“Excuse me... Excuse me, m-miss...”

With a frown, Ruby came to a stop and removed her headphones. She stood at the entrance of a long, dark alley, in which a little girl sat sobbing her eyes out next to a dumpster.

The girl sniffled. “Please, miss, can you help me find my parents?”

“Aw!” Ruby teared up. “Of course I will!” She rushed forward, arms outstretched to pull the girl into a hug. “Everything’s going to be o—”

A cloud of pink Dust hit her face, and she skidded to a stop, choking in surprise.

As Ruby recoiled, the little girl leapt back with a laugh, her visage cracking and crumbling to reveal none other than everyone’s favorite ice-cream-themed mute. “...!”

Ruby gasped. “Neo!”

“...!”

A terrible warmth filled Ruby's body, flowing outward from her gut till it heated her extremities. With a moan, she grabbed the wall for support. All of a sudden, she felt so lightheaded. "Wh-what's happening to me?"

"...! ...!" Neo twirled her umbrella and giggled.

With a moan, Ruby slunk to the floor, where a strange new force seized control of her body. Grabbing her arms and legs, it wrenched them apart and held them firmly in place, as if she were trying to wrestle someone into submission and hug them simultaneously.

"Oooh..." Ruby groaned. With every second, it was a little harder to think. Her head felt so light, and her chest felt so tight, and her butt felt like the world's comfiest cushion.

Raising her umbrella, Neo poked Ruby's chest with a squeak of metal against rubber. Moaning, Ruby looked down... and moaned again to see what was happening to her. Her boobs had blown up like a pair of balloons, stretching her combat dress taut around them. Even as she watched, the fabric tore to reveal a canyon of plasticky cleavage. "Nn~!"

Neo chuckled soundlessly.

As Ruby squirmed in horror, she rose from the ground, lifting from the concrete by her own rapidly swelling buttocks. At the ends of her sleeves, her fingers trembled one last time and fused together before bloating into a pair of fat, plastic mittens. All she could do was stare, her eyes wide in horror.

Just as she thought the experience couldn't get any worse, a bomb went off in Ruby's sex, and she threw back her head in a wild scream of ecstasy. Pleasure ripped through her body, so intense she wanted to burst. Nn~! Just what was happening to her?!

Using her umbrella, Neo pushed her onto her back and lifted up her combat skirt. Something thick and round strained against Ruby's panties, and when Neo pulled them aside, it revealed something that made her want to scream in horror: a fat pink donut, thick and round and invitingly tight. A sexdoll's hole, perfect for a man to put his cock in.

Too late, Ruby realized what was happening to her. "No! No! Nooo! Neo! Neo, stop! Turn me back! Turn me-!"

Finally, the Dust's magic reached her mouth, and Ruby's cries cut off as her lips plumped into a fat donut like her pussy. A second later, her nose flattened, her eyes glazed over, turned to plastic, and her hair melded into a single balloon, inflatable as the rest of her.

Sitting there, unable to do anything but squirm, Ruby could only watch as Neo dropped her panties to reveal the largest, veiniest cock she'd ever seen. *W-wait! Wait! Neo, don't! Don't do it! Don't-!*

*Schlup!*

*Nnn~!*

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### **Morgan Graffiti (Inanimate TF, Morgan the Witch)**

Morgan the Witch frowned as she crept through the old temple. From the outside, it had looked like any other, but inside, she'd noticed something strange: all the hieroglyphics were really lewd!

Pausing at the end of the corridor, she stooped to examine one particularly erotic picture. It depicted a regally-dressed man—a pharaoh?—standing tall, with his hands behind his head and his hips thrust triumphantly forward. His cock, long and erect, aimed at the ceiling, its veins exquisitely painted, as if it were on the very edge of cumming.

Morgan snorted. Just what kind of people would have painted this kind of stuff? Still, it did look pretty enticing... Licking her lips, she leaned in for a closer look.

With a click, the tile dropped beneath her foot.

“E-eh? What was—?” Before Morgan even had a chance to realize what was happening, a giant stone boot dropped out of the ceiling and slammed straight into her butt. Squealing, she shot straight into the wall, passing through the stone as if it were no more solid than mud. “E-eh?!”

She came to a stop halfway into the painted depths, the upper half of her body dangling into the painted world. As she flailed, struggling to pull herself free, she squealed to see her signature red clothing melt and reform into a tight, red, harem dancer's top. She squealed, kicking her legs even harder.

Through the watercolor mists of the painting appeared a familiar figure: tall, noble, erect, the pharaoh chuckled as he grabbed her shoulders. Morgan opened wide, intending to protest—this turned out to be a mistake.

With a schlup, the pharaoh forced her mouth down around his cock and held it in place as she struggled to pull free. “Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

Even as she thought, motion became harder and harder, as if the paint of her new world was slowly drying up again. Morgan squirmed and thrashed and fought and shook, but all she achieved was sucking her master's cock that much harder. Soon, she lost the power to move at all, like the painting she'd become. *Nn~! Let me out! Someone heeeelp!*

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The archeologist frowned as he came to the end of the corridor. He'd expected to see the familiar sight of the Pharaoh Priaphotep's erect cock, but what he found instead was considerably more appealing.

At the end of the corridor hung an ass. A giant, 3D ass of living flesh, complete with legs, still shaking. The archeologist approached, biting his lip at the giant cheeks tucked beneath those taut panties. Nervously, looking over his shoulder, he placed a hand on them. The fat felt firm beneath his hands, firm and inviting.

Swallowing, he pulled them down, revealing a plump donut of an anus.

Dripping with sweat, he hurried to unbuckle his belt.

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### **Cleaning Mistress's Figurines (Inanimate TF, Futanari)**

Ame hummed to herself happily as she reached the end of the corridor. She'd had a hard day cleaning Mistress's property, but now her work was finally done, and it was time to relax.

Just as she was about to head back to her room, she noticed a door that she'd never seen open before. With a frown, she gripped the handle. She could hardly call her work finished with having at least a little look inside, could she now?

The door swung open with a creak, and what Ame saw on the other side made her gasp in surprise. The room was filled by giant glass cabinets, each containing hundreds of... well, they looked a little like candles. White and bumpy and slick, as if the wax had been allowed to pile up for hours upon hours.

With a frown, she marched from one end of the room to the other, inspecting every cabinet she passed and gaining little in the way of understanding. Finally, she came to the very end, and here she found the answers to her questions:

In the cabinet stood a row of erotic, each coated in a thin layer of the same wax she'd seen in the others. Opening the glass, she picked one up and frowned. She hadn't known her Mistress had such a large collection of dolls... Why would she hide it away like this? And why would she let it get so messy?

Shaking her head, she sighed. Well, she supposed it was her job to clean them now! Mistress would be so proud once she got them all nice and shiny.

The only question was how to do it. Some of these figures were *really* thickly coated...

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Several hours later, Ame placed the last figurine back on its stand, freshly polished, and stood back in satisfaction. "There!"

No sooner had she started congratulating herself that she heard the door creak behind her. "Oh," she said, spinning around, "Mistress! I didn't realize you were back already!"

Her Mistress stared past her, ears flat, tail lowered.

"M-Mistress? ...What's wrong?"

"W-what happened to all my figures, nya?"

"I- Well, they were all covered in wax, so I decided to clean them!"

Mistress whirled on her, teeth bared. "You did *what?*!"

Ame paled. "I-I just thought you'd like it if I-"

"Like it?! They're supposed to be covered in semen! What's the point of buying erotic figures if you don't cum on them?!"

"C-cum on them?!" Ame gaped. Why would anyone ever do such a disgusting-?! She saw Mistress's look and swallowed. "I-I didn't know! I'll make sure it never happens again!"

"That's good, nya. Because nyow I'm gonna have to start my collection all over. I wonder where I should get my first doll..."

Ame squeaked. "M-Mistress? Mistress, wait! Don't-!"

The bolt struck her right in the face, and with a scream she threw back as her head as her boobs and her buttcheeks exploded in size, all but tearing through her uniform in the process. It warped to fit her, showing off her cleavage and her ass, squeezing her so tight she could only moan, she felt so erogenous.

As she fought to escape the change, she found herself thrust into the air, her swollen new boobs and shortened skirt rising, the latter revealing the crotch of her sodden panties. Instead of falling again, she froze that way, and with one last moan she froze, her skin turned to solid plastic.

Shrinking, she sank to the floor, and from the ground appear a little plastic base. From its center rose a thin rod aimed right at her buttcheeks. *Eep!*

Lowering her pointer, Mistress stooped and picked her up. "Perfect, nya," she said, carrying her over to the counter and picking out a jar. "Let's get nyou nyice and coated. Plopping her inside, she placed her on a chair and pulled down her panties. Seeing Mistress's cock loom over her, Ame could only squeal in horror.

*M-Mistress! Mistress, wait! Don't do this! Don't do this! Don't-!*

Biting her tongue, Mistress began to stroke. Harder and harder, faster and faster, her balls swinging and her penis throbbing with pent-up pleasure. Finally, she reached her limit: throwing back her head, she released a wild scream.

The last thing Ame thought, before the deluge reached her, was how she wished she'd been slightly less of a hard worker.

A moment later, the tidal wave struck, drowning her in an ocean of thick, salty ecstasy.