

Advent's Biggest Fan (Inanimate TF, Futanari)

Futaba couldn't keep herself from grinning as she snuck, carefully, carefully, through the backstage halls of the convention, sniffing the air as she walked for a scent of her oshis—oh, she was close now. So close. She could practically taste them.

As she walked, something hard strained against her tight spandex pants, begging to be unleashed.

Poking her head around a corner, Futaba found herself looking down a long, empty corridor. Taking a deep breath, she stepped around and strolled down it, flicking her eyes over her shoulder as she walked, just in case a security guard happened to catch up with her. She didn't have even the slightest idea what she'd tell them if they caught her.

Approaching the first door she found, she scanned the name on the sign, and her heart practically stopped. "NERISSA RAVENCROFT." She was here! She'd found one.

She went to knock, but her fist came to a stop millimetres from the door. No, no, better not to let them know. She wanted their biggest fan's arrival to be a surprise, after all.

Slipping one hand into her pants, she used the other to open the door. It swung slowly, soundlessly, revealing not a hint of her entrance. Feet sinking into the carpet of the dressing room, she looked around and bit her tongue to keep herself from squealing as she saw who was sitting in front of the mirror. Two tall, black horns, one broken—there was only one person it could be.

The door shut behind her with a clack, and the woman in the chair whirled around, leaping to her feet. "Wh-who are you?" she asked, her beautiful bust rising and falling with her surprise. It looked like Futaba had caught her in the middle of getting dressed.

"Hiiii, Nerissa," said Futaba, creeping forward, her mouth open and her tongue lolling out. "I'm your biggest fan~."

As Nerissa backed away, face white, Futaba's fingers fumbled in her pants. Instinctively, she happened to catch her massive, twelve-inch cock, but that wasn't actually what she wanted this time. Giggling, she found her pocket and pulled out the big pink raygun she had resting inside.

Licking her lips, she took aim at Nerissa—specifically, her chest. "I've been waiting so long for the chance to meet you, Nerissa," she said, taking a step forward. "The two of us are going to have so much fun together." Giggling, she turned the dial of the raygun to the 'DOLL' position and snapped off the safety. "Are you ready?"

Nerissa, her chest visibly rising and falling with her terrified breathing, made a break for it in exactly the same instant. She made halfway across the room before Futaba pulled the trigger and—*Zzap!*—a beam of fizzling pink light flew from the raygun's tip and struck the demonic singer in the side.

With a gasp, Nerissa arched her back and dropped to her butt, where she sat with her arms and her legs spread as a wave of smoothness washed over her figure, leaving her skin as shiny as plastic and not without reason. Her fingers and toes fused into clumps, her boobs and her buttcheeks plumped up, inflated, and her mouth and lower holes fattened into gigantic donuts, thick and fuckable. Finally, her eyes glazed over, reduced to images, and with that the transformation was over: where Nerissa had been sat a cheap, vulgar sexdoll.

Cock threatening to tear straight through her pants, Futaba threw herself forward and snatched the stupid looking thing up. Drooling, she slipped her penis out, letting the thick, veined-riddled rod flop out of her pants, and wasted no time in spinning Nerissa round and slamming her down onto it, digging her fingers deep into its enormous thighs and moaning each time her cock crashed into its cunt.

(Nnn~! Stoop! Stooooooooop! Stop doing that! F-fuuuck! Turn me back, you—Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah!)

Throwing back her head, Futaba came with a wild scream.

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Deflating her new doll, Futaba stuffed her into her pants and marched into the next room of the corridor with her cock still hanging out of her pants, leaving a trail of semen behind her. This time, she found a short, silver-haired woman with a crystalline crown sitting in front of the dressing room's mirror.

"Huh? Who is it?" asked Biboo, turning slowly to face her. "Who's—?" She froze, her face paling, at the sight of Futaba's enormous cock dangling in front of her, dripping fat globs of precum into her dressing room carpet.

"Hi, Biiiiibou," said Futaba, stumbling forward. "I'm so glad I finally get to meet you." Giggling, she raised her raygun and snapped its dial to the 'DILDO' position. "We're going to have so much fun together!"

Biboo barely got the chance to scream before Futaba pulled the trigger, striking her with an unavoidable beam of transformative power. Slamming into the princess's chest, it forced her to her feet and held her there over her chair, her arms pressed into her sides and her legs tight together as it squeezed her and squeezed her and squeezed her, compressing her like clay in a pair of giant hands till she was no larger than Futaba's own cock and considerably smoother.

Face etched into the soft silver plastic of her new form, Biboo could only stare, her scream frozen, as Futaba snatched her up and stuck her to the nearest wall. This done, Futaba grabbed her cheeks, wrenched them apart, and slammed her asshole onto the giant new dildo so hard it almost came out of her mouth. She jerked, cock snapping to erection, as it slipped through her rectum, a giant stream of semen firing from her tip as she jerked and shuddered like a fish on the harpoon. "Nnnn~!"

(Mmmphf! Mmmmmphf! Mmmmmphf! Nnnn~! Mmmphf!)

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In the next room, her new dildo still stuck deep in her ass, Futaba happened to find her favorite archivist cowgirl. “Shioriiii!”

Shiori Novella leapt from her seat with a gasp of surprise and, spinning to face her, promptly froze where she stood, eyes wide at the horrors awaiting her. “Wh-what the fuck?” she cried, a bead of sweat dripping down her face.

Futaba advanced with a giggle. “Shiori... Your lips look so beautiful... I can’t wait to use them~.” She licked her own and giggled. “Hold stiiiiiii~.” Raising the raygun, she snapped its dial to ‘FLESHLIGHT’.

Seeing the gun, Shiori gasped and raised her heads defensively. “H-hey! Hey!” she cried. “Don’t you dare—! Put that away! Put that—!”

A squeeze of the trigger. A zap. Shiori screamed and jerked and started to collapse, her entire body folding in on itself, rolled up like a piece of paper. Her head vanished into her neck, leaving only her mouth behind, while her torso sucked up her arms and legs, leaving only her exposed sex twitching at her end. Her clothes, shrinking, wrapped tightly around her, and turned to sleek plastic, black and white as her hair. Finally, she dropped, striking the chair with a little *plop*.

Giggling, Futaba lowered the raygun, marched over and snatched her up. Shiori had become a large, double-ended fleshlight with the fat lips of her pussy dripping at one end and the equally plump lips of her mouth smacking at the other. Giggling, Futaba aimed the latter at her cock and slowly lowered it to her tip, shivering in anticipation as her glans nuzzled the former archivist’s lips. *Schlup!* A thrust of her hips, and she buried her shaft deep in Shiori’s plasticized mouth—so deep her tip actually shot out the other end.

(Nnnn~! Oh God, stop it! Stop, take it out! You’re going to break me! You’re going to tear me in haaaaa!f!)

Tightening her grip, Futaba raised her and dropped her, raised her and dropped her, pumping her cock till it was harder and more erect than ever, so tightly swollen with pent-up virility that all she could do was throw back her head, screw up her eyes and— “Nnn~!”

Semen exploded from the fleshlight’s far end. Futaba pulled it off with a sigh.

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Only one door remained, and Futaba wasted no time in approaching it. Unlike every other door she’d seen so far, this door had two names on it. Licking her lips, she placed her hand on the knob and slowly turned it.

“Mococo, no! I know you’re jealous, but you can’t keep touching—!”

This time, her targets were too preoccupied with talking among themselves to notice her entrance. Approaching slowly, she sized them up from behind: two cute little dog-girls, one curvy, one skinny, both intensely f–

Fuwawa sniffed the air. “Hey, what’s that smell?” she said, turning. “H-huh?! Who are you?”

“What is it, Fuwawa? Who—Eeeeeehhhh?!” Mococo’s eyes went wide at the sight of Futaba’s cock standing erect before her.

It only made Futaba that much harder. “Heeey, doggies,” she said, stepping forward, snapping her raygun’s dial from slot to slot to slot, one with every step. “I’m Futaba~. I’m your *biggest* fan. Can’t you see?” She lifted her cock with her free hand. “No one’s quite as big as I am, especially when I look at you two~.”

Giggling, she raised the raygun. “I’ve had so much fun playing with the rest of your generation... I think it’s only fair that I finish the collection... Doesn’t that make sense?” She grinned.

“Noeh!” cried Mococoe, pressing herself back into her seat. “Noeh! Stay away!”

“Hehehe... As if.” Raising the raygun, Futaba snapped it at last to ‘ONAHOLE’ and squeezed off two shots in sequence. One, two. Fuwawa and Mococo squealed as the beams struck their chests, a wave of pink light washing over both their fingers and leaving them jerking inside, moaning and screaming as the pleasure scorched their every nerve.

As their eyes rolled back and their mouths fell out, tongues lolling out in expressions of utter lust, the pair froze, faces turned instantly to translucent plastic, one pink, one blue, both exquisitely smooth to the touch. Slowly, the change spread across their entire bodies, freezing them where they sat like the toys they were becoming, and their figures started to shrink, arms and legs collapsing into their torsos even as other parts of their bodies (Fuwawa’s chest... Mococo’s butt...) swelled prodigiously.

Finally, the light faded. Futaba lowered her gun. Where the Abyssgard sisters had been sitting lay two little onaholes, one blue and busty, one pink with wide hips, both with plump, tight pussies.

Her heart pounded as she dropped the gun and snatched them up, holding one in each hand as if planning to make them kiss. “Oooh, you look so cute like this. I can’t wait! I can’t wait! Who should go first? Hmm... Hehe, why not both?”

With a laugh, she raised the pair high, and—

Schlup! Schlup!

Slammed them onto her cock one after another. Harder than ever, a giant spear of flesh, firmly erect, her penis slammed into Fuwawa’s pussy and came out her mouth, stretching it wide around her girth as it disappeared into her sister’s tight plastic cunt and passed all the

way through her to pop out of her lips as well. Together, the two sisters just barely covered her shaft.

(Nnnnn~! Mococo! Nnnn~! Help! Nnn~)

(Fuwawa! Fuwawa! Unnnn~! Ah! AAAAAAh!)

Wrapping her hands around them, Futaba dropped into one of their chairs and started to pump, her chest rising and falling with her labored breath as she slid the plasticized sisters up and down and up and down and up and down, biting her lip with the efforts of holding her pleasure in as the fire grew in her gut, greater and greater and greater, until at last—

Splort!

With a scream of delight, Futaba bucked her hips and came, firing a stream of semen all over her beloved oshis' dressing room.

Falling back, she lay there panting, a thin smirk on her face. "Do you believe I'm your biggest fan yet?"