

Ann Takamaki's Cursed Cabin, Part 5 (Inanimate TF, Absorption, Expansion, Persona)

Makoto lay on the bed, hard and rigid and erect, still slick with the juices of her new mistress's sex, and whimpered in her head as the shadow paced before them.

Futaba, Haru, and Ann – the real Ann – lay on the bed beside her, a pair of exercise shorts, a towel, and a simple pair of panties, respectively. Objects. Objects, just like her, a dildo. Lying there was all they could do.

The floorboards creaked as the false Ann returned. "Well," she said, looming over the bed like the giant she was to them. "Are you ready for the next stage of your journey?" She raised a hand to her ear, as if expecting them to answer, and when they didn't, laughed like the witch she was. "What am I doing, asking you questions? You're inanimate objects – it's not like you can answer me."

Makoto wanted to scream at her. *You bitch. You bitch, turn us back! Turn us back! Turn us–*

The false Ann had already moved on to other things. "Oh, I know it's silly, but I do so enjoy myself... Shall I tell you what's going to happen to you now? Or should I just show you...? Hmm, why not a bit of both?" She snapped.

From her shadow extruded dark shapes, clotted pillars of shade which writhed under the ceiling of the bedroom. There were three of them in total, and as they settled into solidity it soon became obvious why:

"Oh, is that the real me?" said the false Makoto, stepping forward with a smug expression. "I kinda want to try her out myself..."

Makoto squealed as her doppelganger touched her.

The false Haru and Futaba seemed similarly entranced by their counterparts, snatching them up and stretching them and shaking them. "How does it feel, to know we're going to replace you?" said the false Futaba, giving the exercise shorts a sharp tug.

"I can't wait to dry my ass with you," said faux-Haru, flapping the towel.

"Alright, that's enough playing around," said the false Ann. "I've got places to be, people to fool..." She turned back to Makoto. "But first, we need to finish our disguises."

There was a hungry look in her eyes; Makoto shivered. *Wh-what does that mean?*

With an insidious smile, the false Ann snatched her real self from the bed and stretched her till it almost seemed she might snap. At the last second, she released her, and with a laugh, did something Makoto wouldn't have expected in a hundred years: stuffed her into her cleavage. Ann sat there for a second, half in and half out, and was promptly sucked up like a strand of spaghetti.

False Ann doubled over with a moan, clasping her chest and shuddering and moaning. “Oh! Oh, it feels... Nnn~! Nnnaah!” She snapped upright, and somehow her chest looked even larger than normal. “I feel... *complete*.”

Makoto quailed. This wasn’t happening. This wasn’t happening. They were going to *absorb* them?!

Even as she pulled back in fear, the other doppelgangers stepped forward and snatched up their counterparts. She watched the false Futaba take the real one and force her into her buttocks, while the fake Haru seized her counterpart-turned-towel and rubbed her till she melted into her hands.

Finally, it was Makoto’s turn. Instead of grabbing her like the others, however, her own doppelganger did something disturbing: throwing herself onto the bed, she raised her feet, held them over Makoto’s head – or tip – and, as Makoto squealed, fighting to escape her new body, lowered them into her with a smack of flesh on plastic.

Nnn~! Makoto squealed as her doppelganger rubbed her. Her new body felt as erogenous as the body part it resembled, as her copycat’s feet slid up and down and up and down her, she could only writhe in trapped delight at the pleasure of being touched.

At last, it grew too strong to bear. With one final scream, she gave in and came, and as the pleasure of it urged through her form... melted, dissolving into the soft soles stroking her.

“Enjoy your new lives,” said the false Ann. “We’re going to enjoy yours.”

Ann, the real Ann screamed as her doppelganger walked. Strapped to her copy’s chest as two giant mounds of jiggling meat, she wanted to moan and whimper with each little bounce and shake. Her own weight was her main enemy; her copy didn’t wear a bra, and every time she took a step, Ann felt her own tremendous mass in full, like it had been dropped on her head. If she’d still had a spine, it would have broken it.

If that wasn’t bad enough, her clone insisted on giving titjobs. And not only did her lovers keep spraying her with their semen, but they always took the chance to tease Ann’s nipples too. It was torture.

*

Futaba, trapped beneath her false-self’s shorts, wanted to scream as the pressure of their panties. Like cheesewire, they sliced into her fattened new flesh, digging deep into her cheeks, sinking deep into her crack, and generally leaving her feeling like the ass she was. The only thing worse than the panties was the smell. Oh, and the sweat. And the way her doppelganger’s lovers smacked her in the middle of s—Ow!

*

Haru moaned as she slid towards her classmate's pants, fingers gliding over their hem and wiggling their way into the darkness inside, where they wasted no time finding the scratchy jungle of his crotch and there, hidden inside it, like a columnar ruin: his penis. As she wrapped around it, soaking herself in his precum, she wanted to wail and cry and scream, but of course she could do nothing, nothing but stroke it.

This can't be happening to me. It can't be happening. It can't be—

Fap. Fapfapfapfap...

*

This can't be happening, thought Makoto, as her owner raised her again. Raised half of her, at any rate – the other remained planted on the floor, face buried in the sole of the shoe wrapped around it. The pressure was immense, but it was a lesser concern at the moment than the cool air caressing her other half. And the gigantic penis throbbing erect beneath it.

Please, thought Makoto. *Please, d-don't do it! Don't make me! Don't—*

Her doppelganger dropped her. Slowly, not harshly, though to Makoto it didn't matter. She hit the penis all the same, sole to member, face to shaft, as she rubbed against its precum-slathered skin, a single thought filled her mind:

Why didn't we just go to Hokkaido or something?!