

The Criminal's Collection, Part 1 (Sexdoll TF, Vtubers)

Ceru Foxhound whistled as she marched through the street, swinging her baton like she was looking to bash some skulls in.

As she turned the corner, someone screamed. An alarm sounded. And with a crash of shattering glass, a man in a mask burst straight out of the window of the bank, a big bag of conveniently-label swag ('\$') over his shoulder. Gun smoking in his hand, he charged in her direction, seemingly unaware of her.

Ceru pursed her lips. Why, if it wasn't a cute little criminal~. She drew her taser. "Mmm, what a naughty boy. You better put that toy away before you hurt someone, or Mommy Ceru will have to—"

With a startled scream, the thief raised his gun and shot her. A tiny bolt of pink light flew from the pistol and slammed into her gut. She doubled over, gasping like she'd been punched.

Stumbling back, Ceru dropped her taser and clasped her belly. There was a strange emptiness in her gut, like she'd skipped breakfast *and* lunch, and it wasn't going away – in fact, it was getting worse.

As her taser struck the floor, her would-be-killer skidded to a stop. "Shit! Shit! I-I thought you had a real gun – I didn't think I—"

Ceru stumbled backward with a groan, her legs trembling. With every moment, the emptiness seemed a little emptier – it spread through her, leaving her whole body just as hollow as her stomach, and as it reached her head, she swooned, her vision blurring. Just what had he shot her with?

She struck her knees, and with a squeak, bounced off them and onto her butt. Sitting there on the pavement, she panted, struggling to fill the aching hollow in her lungs and regain control of her limbs so she could actually stand up. But no matter how hard she tried, they refused to obey her.

The warble of a police siren rolled down the street. The gunman spun. "Shit. Shit shit shit shit *shit*." Turning back, he grabbed her arm and wrenched her off the ground as if she weighed nothing. And with that, he made a break for it, running with her dangling from one hand like some kind of lost child.

"H-hey!" cried Ceru, as her butt bounced off the sidewalk. "H-hey! St-stop! O-oh! Oh! Ooo, it feels good..."

She kept up these protests and/or moans for the rest of the block, but by the time they reached the end of it, speaking had become all but impossible. Her lips had swelled, bloated like they'd been pumped full of filler, and her jaw had locked open, refusing to close. Her throat tingled like she'd eaten something she was allergic to.

Her mouth wasn't the only part of her affected either: her limbs creaked, fighting against her to open, stretching wide till it looked like she was hugging a big pillar. She squirmed, struggling to force them shut, but it was futile: she was locked in her current pose, no matter how embarrassing it was.

It was a familiar position, though it took her a second to remember where she'd seen it. With her arms and legs spread open and inviting like this, she almost looked like a—

As if to confirm her suspicions, her fingers and toes tingled like they'd been poked with a thousand needles. Before her eyes, they squeezed tight together, tighter and tighter until at last, with a pop, they fused together, replaced by a single inseparable clump of flesh, one for each limb.

Oh...! Oh...! It was like she was turning into a—

She squealed, but all that came out of her mouth was a rubbery squeak.

They turned a corner into an alley, and the gunman threw himself against a wall and stood there panting, listening to the warble of the sirens. Finally, the cop car sped past, and the sound receded into the distance. He exhaled.

Ceru wanted to beg him to explain what he'd done to her – to confirm that it was as salacious as it seemed – but her lips refused to form words anymore. “Mmmphf! Mmmphf!” Squeaksqueak. Squeaksqueak.

His eyes dropped to her, and with a snarl, he flung her at the wall. “Shit. Shit. Shit. How do I reverse this?” He fumbled with his gun, which on closer inspection looked like something out of an SF flick. “If they find out I zapped a cop, they'll make me the fucking chair.”

A sudden tightness in Ceru's chest. She whimpered as she realized what was happening. If she was becoming what she thought she was, then her assets would definitely need a little more—

Boing!

With a squeak of straining plastic, her boobs exploded, doubling in size in an instant, and stretching her uniform tight around them in the process. Her eyes widened at the sight of them – they were so big, so perfectly round... They barely even looked human.

Another bomb went off in her pants, striking her with an overwhelming blast of pleasure. She screamed, in her head if not aloud, as a giant doughnut forced its way through her pants, and with a final pop, burst through them, revealing its pinkness. It took her a second to realize she was looking at her pussy.

By now, an undeniable glossiness had overcome her, as if someone had coated her in varnish. Her clothes too, had undergone a similar process, clinging to her skin as if they were made from cheap plastic. Seams wove themselves up and down her skin, and with a pop, her belly button inverted into a large, see-through cap. *Pop!*

She blinked one last time, and with that her eyes refused to close again. *Oh...! Oh...! Oh my, it's true! I'm a sexdoll! A big, slutty sexdoll!* The idea made her want to whine in delight. Oh, it was so *naughty*.

The gunman cocked his head, listening. The sirens had all but faded now, Ceru realized.

Finally, he shrugged. "Screw it," he said, stuffing his gun into his pocket. "If I can't turn you back, I might as well have some fun, right?"

Ceru squeaked as he unzipped his pants.

Oh, Master~!