

The Collector: Leafa and Sinon (Inanimate TF, SAO)

Leaning back in her chair, Shushuka took a deep breath and kicked hard off the wall, sending herself spiraling across the room. Bouncing from one side to the other like a ping pong ball full of semen, she slid at last to a stop with a sigh of exhaustion. “Hmm, something’s wrong, nya.” Scratching her chin in thought, she slipped a hand into her pants and, without thinking, wrapped a hand around her cock. Frowning, she started to stroke it, up down, up down, until the pleasure of it became impossible to bear and she snapped back to reality with a thick spurt of precum. “Oh, that’s right! I haven’t cum in like twenty minutes! Nyo wonder my balls feel like they’re about to explode!”

Laughing, she kicked herself back across the room to the control console, where she wasted no time drawing up a map and checking how close they were to their destination. “Phew! We’re almost there! I know exactly what to do with the prey from *this* world, nya!” Giggling, she sat back to await her orgasm.

Soon enough, the saucer spun into place above a leafy green and strangely non-digital fantasy world, where it took only a matter of seconds to drop invisible to the surface in search of Shushuka’s specified prey. Licking her lips, she grabbed the controller and took command of the ship’s tentacles-limbs herself, sending them coiling down to the planet below and straight through the window of one of its many buildings.

Watching through one of the nearby cat’s eyes, Shushuka smirked in amusement as she threaded the tentacle through the building’s corridors, upstairs and down hallways, till she found her targets sleeping serenely in their bedrooms. Bringing the tentacles to the ends of their beds, she tapped a button on the console, and without the slightest sound, the tendrils opened their tip-mouths and sucked like a pair of vacuums. Bedsheets flew from the bed, and the girls beneath them woke screaming, eyes wide in panic, as they were caught in the suction as well. Scrabbling at the bedposts for support, they nonetheless failed to save themselves, and soon enough they shot into the tendrils and up the pipes as well, their screams muffled.

Releasing the controls, Shushuka kicked away from the controls and turned to the transmuter line behind her. A slim conveyor threaded through the boxy bulk of the machine, which purred as it warmed up, already hungry for its meal.

From above came a screaming and a jangling as one of the pipes on the ceiling shook. Finally, with a *plop*, two girls dropped from above: one blonde, the other cyan-haired. Both wore green, though Shushuka had no intention of leaving them in it for long.

Slamming into the belt, the pair bounced and came to a sudden stop, stuck like flies to glue. They struggled, but no matter how hard they tried, they couldn’t pull free. Moaning, they cried out for help and, when that failed to achieve anything, turned their eyes to Shushuka.

“Mmm~,” she said, approaching bulge first, her cock straining to tear through her spandex. “Nyou two look so cute, nya. I can’t wait to get my penis inside nyou.” She giggled; the girls on the belt trembled in shock.

"Let's start with nyou first, nya," she said, pointing to the blonde at the front of the queue, whose name was Leafa. "I already know exactly what to do with a big, busty blonde like *nyou*." Giggling, she snatched up the transmuter's control panel and hit the button to start the show. With a whirr, the belt jerked forward, dragging the terrified Leafa straight into the machine's mouth.

Behind her, Sinon whimpered.

Inside the machine, Leafa struggled to escape, pounding on the window as arcs of juice crackled around, building slowly in intensity until at last, with a resounding *ZAP!*...

Leafa flew to her feet, screaming in surprise as the energy coursed through her, making her fingers twitch and her nipples perk, and her boobs bounce as if they were being groped. Throwing back her head, she wailed in utter ecstasy.

And then, just as sharply, she snapped forward, bending over and sticking out her butt, as if she wanted to wiggle it in someone's face. Blinking in surprise, she squirmed, but despite her best efforts, she couldn't escape the position. All she could do was stand there, folded at crotch height, and moan as the transmuter continued to work her over.

Taking her arms, the machine bent them backward, curling them till her hands met up with her shoulders, to which it fused them like one piece of clay to the next, sculpting them till nothing remained of her arms at all save a pair of tight, rectangular handles for her user to cling on to. Leafa moaned.

As her arms were changing, so were her legs: slamming together, they squeezed tight, tight, tighter, growing so close together that it soon grew impossible to tell them apart at all. Instead of a pair of legs, she had a simple pillar, on which her former boots and socks each ran as a single interminable strip of color. She squirmed, but she couldn't separate them.

Meanwhile, a pressure was building inside Leafa's body. Or, more specifically, in her already generously-endowed boobs and butt. As it grew, she squirmed even harder, screwing up her eyes and struggling to fight it, desperate to escape the pleasure forming in her gut. With a squeak, her assets swelled to match it, straining her clothes around it as they bloated like balloons. Her clothes themselves were doing the opposite, clinging tighter to her body than ever before, so tight it soon became impossible to separate them from her skin, visually or otherwise. Soon they were simply color, and nothing more.

Leafa's boobs and buttcheeks weren't the only parts of her swelling, however. As her ass continued to bloating into a pair of gigantic spheres, a large hole appeared in what had been her skirt and panties, revealing the bloated cheeks beneath. These parted, and from between them popped two fat pink donuts, like a pair of mushrooms poking out of the dirt. Leafa squealed as they caught the air, but this cry soon cut out as her mouth hurried to copy them, lips plumping into a fat, round ring themselves. She squealed one last time, and with that, her voice cut off.

Finally, the light washed over her one last time, smoothing away those last few vestiges of her humanity and animacy, turning her eyes to nothing more than a painted expression, her skin and hair to rubber, and generally reducing her to nothing more than a *thing*. With that, a second pair of handles popped out of her hips, and the process came to an abrupt end. The transmuter opened, and the belt shunted her out with a *schunk* of whirring gears.

"Wow! She came out so well!" Giggling, Shushuka clapped her hands—her robo-maid Fabiabot hauled the new relief station off the belt for her and planted it on the ground where Sinon could see it.

As the cyan-haired girl stared in horror, Shushuka guided her throbbing cock out of her pants. "Mmm~, I've been waiting for this for so long, nya." She stroked Leafa's ass, earning a desperate plea for mercy from the mind trapped inside. And with that, she thrust her shaft straight towards the relief station's mouth.

Schlup! Her cock entered Leafa's lips with a squeak of flesh against rubber, earning a squeal of horror from the former elf as Shushuka tightened her grip on her handles, pulled back, and started to pump her hips like she wanted to destroy her.

Squeak after squeak after squeak of rubber against flesh sounded as Shushuka thrust, driving her cock deep into Leafa's rubberized throat and making the entire relief station shake with the impacts. At the same time, pleasure roared up her cock. It wasn't long before she reached her limit.

Balls throbbing, Shushu gave one last thrust and came with an explosive scream. That wasn't the only explosive thing: semen shot all the way through Leafa's body and emerged from her other holes in a torrent of cream, leaving her dripping.

"Nyaaah~, " said Shushuka, pulling out with a pop. "Mmm, that was definitely worth the wait, nya." Wiping her cock on Leafa's face, she turned back to a trembling Sinon and grinned. "Oh, I'd almost forgotten about nyou, nya. Fufufufu. Whatever shall I do with *nyou*...?" She tapped her chin in thought. "A matching relief station...? Or would it be better to make something more disposable. Hmm... Decisions, decisions, nya." Finally, she giggled. "Ah! I have the purrfect idea~." She grabbed the controls and punched away, giggling to herself in amusement.

As Sinon cried out for help, the belt jerked beneath her, sending her flying straight into the transmuter's mouth. She had an instant to scream before it slammed shut behind her, stifling her cries, much to Shushuka's amusement. Watching through the window, the catgirl massaged her cock in anticipation. She couldn't wait for Orgasm No. 2.

Inside the machine, Sinon thrashed in panic, desperately trying to escape the belt as the transmuter built up a charge. Finally, with a crash, its lightning struck her, and she screamed as she flew to her feet, clothing incinerated in a flash of light that left her body, exposed, sparkling and sweating.

Standing there, she moaned as the machine tightened its grip, forcing her arms against her sides and her legs tightly together. A moment later, she started to float, suspended above

the ground. And not for no reason: looking down, she screamed to see her feet had vanished, collapsed into ankles that were themselves sinking rapidly into her lower legs, which in turn were crumpling like empty socks. Soon she had nothing left but her thighs and her knees, and those weren't long for the world either.

Her arms were going to a similar place. Soon, all she had was a pair of stubby, rounded shoulders and curve-capped thighs, bright and smooth. She wanted to cry.

The machine hadn't finished with its modifications, however. As she struggled, it dialed up the lightning, and with another crash, her boobs and her buttocks and her labia exploded in size, pumped fat and gigantic, grossly out of proportion with the rest of her body.

Part of the reason for this contrast was that she was shrinking: indeed, it wasn't long before she'd been reduced to half her former height, and with every inch she lost, she found it harder to move her form. Soon, she'd become no taller than a pencil and found it impossible to move at all. Her figure was frozen, her expression trapped in a mindless mask of lust, and no matter how hard she fought to escape it, she couldn't.

Finally, a wash of color rolled over her, painting her the same bright shade of cyan as her hair. With that, she dropped to the ground with a silent scream of delight and lay there unmoving, her entire body wracked with intolerable pleasure.

The belt hauled her out with a *whirr*, where Shushuka snatched her up and gave the new onahole a great squeak, chuckling to herself in amusement. "Mmm~, nyou came out looking *really* good, nya." Giggling to herself, she guided the sextoy to her cock, licking her lips and squinted as she wiggled its tight plastic pussy around her tip. Inside, Sinon screamed. It only made Shushu that much harder.

Tightening her grip, she slammed the onahole down her shaft and started to pump like a piston, up-down, up-down, biting her lip and trembling in pleasure, jerking her hips and screwing up her eyes as it grew a little larger with every second, until at last, she could bear it no more and all she could do was give one last tremendous thrust and— "Nnnn~!"

Sinon bloated till she looked like she'd pop.

"Oh nyeah," said Shushuka, falling back. "It was definitely worth coming here."