

Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 8 (Pornography TF, Nagatoro)

“N-Nagatoro!”

“Hey, Senpai! C’mere! Ahahaha, look, I’ve got you in a headlock! What’s the matter, can’t you escape?”

“N-Nagatoro!” Neck trapped in Nagatoro’s arm, Senpai scrambled to escape, struggling feebly against her. Just as it seemed he might succeed, he tripped and toppled, dragging Nagatoro down to the floor with him.

Thump!

For several seconds, the two of them simply lay there on the floor, frozen, their lips scarcely a centimeter apart and their faces so red they looked like they might melt. Then Nagatoro leapt off him so fast it almost seemed she’d teleported. “I need to... I need to—” Steam rising from her head, she rushed for the classroom door.

By the time she reached the restroom, her heart was pounding so hard she thought it might explode. Slamming the cubicle door behind her, she leaned against it and breathed in and out, in and out, struggling to calm herself. She and Senpai had almost... Arrrgh! She felt like she was going to catch fire!

No part of her was hotter, of course, than the special spot between her legs. Biting her lip, she lowered her hand to it instinctively, slipping her hand up her skirt and pressing two delicate fingers against the soft cloth of her panties. Naturally, they were soaking.

A minute passed as she stood there in silence, her breathing quiet, her fingers firm against her lower lips, tips sticky. She bit her lip. Her heart pounded. Outside, in the corridor, footsteps smacked against the floor.

Finally, she could restrain herself no more. With a gasp, she stuck her fingers deep into her pussy, pushing straight through her panties as she fought to sate her lust.

*

Collapsing with a sigh, Nagatoro slumped against the toilet, her panties round her ankles and her petite chest rising and falling as she recovered her breath. She was no closer to calming down than she had been when she’d entered, but at least her pussy wasn’t on fire anymore.

Wiping herself off, she pulled herself together and made her way out of the cubicle. As she washed her hands, however, she caught a glimpse of something in the corner of the glass: something bright pink. Frowning, she turned towards it.

One of the restroom’s windows had been opened, allowing a soft breeze to flow into the room and rustle her skirt. Still frowning, she approached it, her head cocked. Had it been

open when she came in? They didn't normally leave these windows unlocked, let alone wide open. What if some perv like Senpai (*Nn~!*) were to find it and sneak in? They could do all sorts of things to her.

Taking the handle in her hand, she pulled the window shut and twisted it to lock it. This done, she stepped back with a frown, her hands on her hips. There. Now what should she do? She supposed she should head back to Senpai, but the thought of seeing him again so soon left her wanting to flee back into the cubicle. Maybe she'd just hang about here for a few more minutes and let her heart stop racing all over again.

The restroom door slammed. Nagatoro almost hit the ceiling. She'd forgotten other people could come in here!

When she turned to see who it was, however, she found to her surprise that it was no-one. Had someone just been poking their head in? There were perverts everywhere at the moment, weren't there? Maybe she should just leave, before anything else strange happened.

She grabbed the handle and tried to twist it, but it refused to budge.

Nagatoro's heart leapt. "H-hey!" she cried, trying harder. "What the hell?!" Tightening her grip, she tugged and shook, and when that failed to accomplish anything, resorted to stepping back and giving the thing a kick. Still, the door remained firmly shut.

"What's going on?" she said, stumbling backward. Why would someone lock the door? More importantly, what was she supposed to do about it? She was trapped!

Wait—! The window! She could escape through—

No sooner had she turned to face it than she froze, her heart thudding harder in her chest than it had at any point in her masturbation session. Before her stood a shadow, garbed in black, its shrouded body looming over her like the grim reaper himself.

Trembling, Nagatoro stumbled back, striking the locked door behind her. "St-stay away from me!" she cried, voice cracking as she struggled to raise her fists. "Stay away! Stay—!"

The shadow swept towards her like a raven towards a mouse, and as its talons wrapped around her arms, Nagatoro's vision slipped into the black.

*

She awoke to the feeling of something cold and hard under her butt and something even colder and harder around her wrists. Fighting to sit up, she blinked her eyes blearily and squinted into the dark. Where was she? Some kind of prison cell? What had happened to her? Her head still hurt. Had she been drugged?

To her horror, she realized she was completely naked, her entire body exposed for anyone to see. Squealing, she struggled to cover herself, but her hand made it only halfway there

before the chains binding it to the wall snapped taut. A pair of harsh iron manacles bound her to the wall, and no matter how hard she tried to pull free, she couldn't break them.

Hissing, Nagatoro looked around, her heart racing faster with the second. What was going on? Where was she? What were they planning to *do* to her?

A bead of water dripped from one of the cold gray bricks over her head. Somewhere in the distance, a rat squeaked. The only light came from a little window, barred, behind and overhead. Even if she'd been able to break her chains, she wouldn't have been able to climb through it.

Shivering, she pressed herself into the wall, sweat dripping from her forehead and tears beading in her eyes. What was she supposed to *do*?!

Before she could decide on an answer, the lock of the door opened with a click, and into the cell stepped the shadow from the restroom. Nagatoro lurched with a gasp—only sheer fear kept her from screaming.

Ignoring her terror, the figure crept into the room and closed the door behind it. A metal briefcase dangling from one of its hands, and as Nagatoro watched in horror, it approached the center of the cell and planted it on the floor, stooping to undo the latches. The briefcase clicked as it swung open.

"Wh-who are you?" cried Nagatoro. "What's going on? Where am I?"

Ignoring her, the shadow reached into the case and rummaged inside. Nagatoro froze, staring in fear. Wh-what was it doing? What was it searching for?

As if in response to her thoughts, the shadow paused and turned the case to reveal its contents: a row of syringes, each filled with a different brightly-colored fluid.

Terror lanced her body. "N-no!" she cried, pressing herself against the wall. "No! No! Get away from me!"

The shadow didn't show a visible reaction, but on some level Nagatoro knew it was smirking. Reaching back into its case, it extracted a syringe containing a bright orange fluid and, raising it, depressed the plunger. A bead of whatever awful substance it contained dripped from the tip and fell to the floor with a splat, where it smoldered like lava. Nagatoro could only tremble and whimper.

Pushing its case aside, the shadow shuffled towards her, needle raised. She screamed and pressed herself farther back, as far as she could go, but nothing she did could prevent the monster reaching her. Finally, it raised the syringe and—

When it struck, it moved lightning fast—the needle was in Nagatoro's arm before she even knew what had happened. She screamed as the substance spread through her, burning as bright as a fire as it poured through her veins, threads of magma weaving their way through her crust.

The shadow darted back, its needle empty, and slipped it back into the case without a word. Nagatoro would have screamed, but the fluid spreading through her made it impossible for her to think. As it traveled through her body, it brought with it a terrible tingling sensation, like pins and needles, but a thousand times more intense. When the cool air of the chamber brushed against her, it took all her effort to keep herself from screaming; it felt as if her skin had suddenly become as sensitive as her clit.

Slowly, the substance spread from her arm through the rest of her, leaving her glowing like an active volcano. Just as swiftly, it faded, and for an instant Nagatoro dared to think the awful experience was over.

Then things started in earnest.

In a flash, a fire ignited in her sex, a fire a hundred times more intense than anything caused by kissing Senpai. Screwing her eyes tight, she screamed and thrashed, shaking and sweating all over as a spasm of changes passed through her form and churned her like an earthquake turning the skin of the Earth.

Her arms slipped out of their bindings. In her panic, she didn't even question how this was possible. Squealing, she grabbed at herself in a desperate attempt to stop the energies coursing through her, but no matter what she did they continued without halting, growing faster and faster with every second, quicker and more furious, till her flesh bubbled like soup on the stove. She screamed again, just in case it helped this time.

Like a puppet whose strings had been plucked by its master, Nagatoro leapt to her feet and stood there, trembling, her eyes full of tears, as her body waved like a piece of paper in the wind and started to flatten, crushed to paper thinness. As she fought to breathe, the curse or magic or whatever was affecting her squeezed her unresisting body even tighter, forcing all the air out of her lungs and pinning her where she stood like a beetle to a display. She tried to scream, but she no longer had the breath for it.

As it forced her flat, something seeped out of her sides. For a terrible moment, she thought it was her blood, but the truth was infinitely more confusing: it was white, white and matte, like liquid paper. As she watched with wild eyes, it spread rapidly, pooling in the air itself and forming a large white rectangle around her unmoving body. She tried to tear herself free, but the substance moved with her as if it were part of her, flexing, till she no longer had the strength left to fight.

Like the piece of paper it resembled, her body promptly bent and folded in on itself, turning her vision black as her face slammed into her thighs. A second later, she folded again, and again, and again, till she was reduced from human size to that of a sheet of A4. Falling, she stuck the ground and lay there twitching, unable to raise even a single note of protest as her altered body twitched and warped. Blinded, she couldn't tell exactly what was happening. It was like a terrible dream.

Actually, it was far worse than a normal dream. As she lay there, the blackness parted like a part of stage curtains, and she found herself lying on a luxurious, heart-shaped bed with

burgundy sheets. She was no longer naked, though given how she'd been dressed, she might have preferred to be: a set of tight black lingerie, skimpy and frilled, wrapped around her curves, suggesting more than it concealed.

In any other set of circumstances, she would have hurried to cover herself, but for some reason, she simply lay there on her side, head resting in the palm of her hand, and her eyes locked on the door of the strange room, as if she were waiting for it to open. And finally, it did.

Into the room stepped a man. A tall, muscular man, blond and handsome. In general build, he was exactly the opposite of Senpai, though Nagatoro couldn't help but blush a deep red as he approached her, bulge visible through his tight, denim pants. Internally, she stammered in embarrassment. Outwardly, her mouth curled into an inviting smile, the kind that said, without saying a word at all, said 'come here, handsome. I've been waiting~.' It couldn't have been more flirtatious.

The blond in the doorway smiled back at her, and the instant she saw the expression, Nagatoro knew what was going to happen. *W-wait! No!* she cried, as the man unbuttoned his shirt and stepped towards her. *Wait, no! I don't want to lose it to you!*

His belt struck the floor with a clang from the buckle, and his pants followed it, then and his underwear both. As his cock sprang out into the open, all twelve vein-riddled inches of it, Nagatoro's mind twirled into a paroxysm of terror. *No! No! Stay away from me! Stay away!*

Externally, of course, she couldn't have been more encouraging. Pushing herself up, she licked her lips and purred. "Mmm~, you look like you've been waiting a long time for this..." With a thin chuckle, the blond crawled onto the bed, the silky red sheets sinking beneath the bulk of his form. Internally, Nagatoro screamed and struggled to escape, but her body simply flipped onto its front and waited, expectantly, as her new partner wrapped his hands around her hips, pulled himself towards her, and—

Schlup!

*

Only afterward, lying on the bed in a puddle of his semen, did she look up.

Instead of the ceiling she'd expected, she found herself looking through a window back into her former cell. The shadowy figure from before loomed over her, blown to gigantic size, so large he could have swallowed her. He held her new world like a portrait, and all she could think of, as she lay there looking up at him, was how easy it would be for him to reach in and crush her.

H-help me! she wanted to cry. *Please, let me go!*

Chuckling to himself, he folded her new world in half, casting her back into the darkness once more.

*

For a length of time she couldn't measure, Nagatoro lay there trapped in the darkness, unable to move whatsoever. The 'freedom' she'd gained in their strange red bedroom was gone, and now she felt as if she'd been flattened all over, reduced to a sheet of herself and tucked under someone's arm as they went about their business. Stranger still was the feeling of being layered—she felt as if there were several layers, all stacked in a pile, and as the person carrying her walked, they all rubbed together, till she wanted to go mad with lust. How could she possibly be so sensitive?!

Fortunately, they didn't intend to carry her forever. Before Nagatoro could go crazy with pleasure, they came to a stop and placed her on a slope, leaving her feet (or her base, at any rate) pressed against some kind of barrier, the only thing keeping her from sliding down to the floor. She squirmed, desperate to escape, but her altered body remained as inanimate as ever. And so all she could do was lie there and listen as her captor turned and abandoned her to her fate.

For another silent eternity, she simply sat there and listened, rigid with terror, waiting for someone to come and save her. *Gamo-chan! Yoshi! Sakura! ...Senpai! Someone saaaaaave me...!*

Fate, of course, loves its irony.

After hours and hours, possibly days, of lying there and listening to the sounds of what she assumed were a store, she heard footsteps approaching her.

At once, Nagatoro's thoughts slammed to an abrupt halt, and for several seconds she simply sat there listening as the steps grew louder. Finally, they came to an abrupt stop. She squeaked in terror.

And then someone touched her, making her wail in wild horror as they plucked her from the shelf and raised her and, slipping their dirty fingers inside her (*Nnnn~!*), parted her sheets.

Light returned to Nagatoro's eyes. Once again, she found herself in her body, lying on that awful red bed in that awful red bedroom. And above her, looking down with a blush on his face...

S-Senpai?!

...stood Senpai, his cheeks flushed as his eyes roved over her body, drinking in every inch of exposed flesh.

S-Senpai?! If Nagatoro had been able to do anything but lie there, she would have turned the brightest shade of red. As it was, all she could do was lock her eyes on the door and purr expectantly. "Are you ready?" she asked.

Senpai reached for the corner of her world, and Nagatoro felt a strange sense of time passing, though nothing actually appeared to change. At least until the door handle turned,

and the door itself swung open, and into the room stepped that familiar blond, his cock comically erect.

N-no! thought Nagatoro. What was going on?! He... he wasn't going to do her again, was he?! Was she stuck in some kind of time loop?!

Senpai reached for the corner of the world and turned it again. The man stepped towards her, hand already reaching for the buttons of his shirt. Sitting up, Nagatoro found herself smiling; encouraged, the blond started to undress. Inside, she could only watch in terror as his clothes dropped to the floor. Outside, overhead, Senpai turned even redder. With a fearful glance over his shoulder, he snapped Nagatoro shut.

S-Senpai! she cried, as the world went dark again. *What are you doing?!* Tucked under his arm, she felt herself bouncing as he rushed off. She didn't have long to wonder where before the clatter of a till and the jangle of coins gave her her answer.

"Th-thank you," said Senpai. Nagatoro could only listen in horror.

The world started to shake as he tucked her under his arm again and set off. She could only hope he was taking her somewhere helpful.

*

When he finally opened her again, they were somewhere she didn't recognize. Out in the woods. Certainly nowhere she wanted to be. *Senpai, what are you doing?!*

Pinching her edges, Senpai looked down at her and breathed in and out, over and over, his heady breathing fogging his glasses. Cheeks flushing red, he bit his lip and swallowed, looking left and right, over and over and over again, as if afraid someone would catch him. Nagatoro didn't know what to make of it. What was he so afraid of?

The answer, when it came, was so disgusting she refused to believe it. With one final look to check he wasn't being observed, Senpai placed her on the ground and unbuckled his belt. Dropping his pants, he slipped his hand into his underwear...

...And out into the open slipped Senpai's cock, all nine rock-hard inches of it.

For several seconds, Nagatoro could only stare at it in shock, unable to truly understand what she was seeing. Was she...? Was she looking at Senpai's...? If she'd still had control of her body, she would have turned as red as a can of red paint (the reddest). She would have screwed her eyes tight and covered her face and collapsed into a ball, whimpering. She would have screamed. As it was, all she could do was lie there on the bed of her little world and stare at it. *Th-this can't be happening! It can't... It-*

Wrapping one hand around his surprisingly impressive shaft, Senpai took the other and pinched her corner, bending it ever so slightly as he turned what she was slowly realizing was her page. Time, frozen, thawed rapidly, and with a squeak from the door, into the room

stepped the same muscular blond from before. Nagatoro squeaked as she realized what was happening. *N-no! Senpai! Senpai!* Senpai, of course, couldn't hear her.

Slowly stroking his shaft, Senpai turned her pages one by one, and the familiar scene she'd already gotten used to play out in sequence: the blond entered, stripped off, and clambered onto the bed with her, his massive penis leading the charge. She flipped onto her front and wiggled her butt at him, daring him to take her. Overhead, Senpai stroked faster and faster.

As he pumped himself, little gasps and whimpers slipped out of Senpai's lips. "N-Nagatoro... Nnn~!" He tightened his grip and gave himself another jerk, his balls swinging beneath his shaft.

Another flip of the page. Something nuzzled Nagatoro's pussy. Inside, she moaned in terror. *No! Not again! Senpai, stop! Stop turning my pages!* Externally, she only winked at the man encouragingly.

Senpai's hand spasmed. The blond thrust his cock inside her. And though it wasn't the first time he had, the knowledge Senpai was looking down on her, getting off to it, made it a thousand times worse than the actual first experience. As the blond forced himself deep into her sex, Nagatoro screamed in lust and terror. *Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah! How can this be happening?! Senpai! Senpai, make it stop!*

Senpai only jerked even harder.

Picking up the pace, he flipped through her pages even faster now, barely taking the time to savor the experience, clearly desperate to reach the climax of her suffering. And soon enough, he did: with one last flip of a page he arrived on her final one: a double sheet spread where she screamed as the blond came in her, planting hundreds of his seeds in her fertile womb. Nagatoro screamed, in-character and out, screamed and lost herself to a wild, racing orgasm.

Something thick and salty splattered her pages.

Incident Report: Case 69-76

Name and Details: Hayase Nagatoro, Age 18, Female

Personal Circumstances: Victim is an 18-year-old high school girl currently attending Kazehaya High School, who was reported missing on 02/01/2025. Interviews with the victim's friends and schoolmates confirmed that she had been alone with one Naoto Hachiouji immediately prior to her disappearance, making him the investigation's immediate suspect.

Discovery: Investigation of Naoto Hachiouji led detectives to realize he was a regular customer of Henshin Hentai Store (See the report on Case 69-70), resulting in the case being transferred to Operation Thousand Strokes. Shortly after, the victim was located by

Agent Mitochondria while sweeping Mr. Hachiouji's bedroom, in the form of a pornographic magazine. Both the victim and the suspect were immediately brought into police custody, where extensive interrogation of Mr. Hachiouji revealed he had arranged the victim's transformation himself, was responsible for a series of unsolved murders dating back as far as 1963, and was part of a Satanic cult plotting to kill the Prime Minister. Mr. Hachiouji is currently recovering in Akihabara Hospital, awaiting trial.

Current Location: Akihabara Station's evidence locker, following cleaning.