

Takamaki's Torment (Blueberry Inflation, Futanari, Persona)

Ann Takamaki squirmed in her seat, struggling against the tight plastic restraints that bound her to the chair. Arrayed before her lay a wall of screens, each flashing with erotic imagery. Though there must be more than a hundred of them, the pictures they displayed were all very similar: it was a picture of her, Ann Takamaki herself, impossible to mistake for anyone else.

And yet, at the same time, there was something clearly wrong with the Ann on the screens. She was blue to start. Blue and growing slowly larger, larger, larger, a great blue balloon being pumped full of water (or something much worse—she didn't care to speculate). Occasionally, one of the blueberry Anns would pop with an enormous *bang*, splattering sticky blue stuff all over the cameras. A second later, these screens would fizzle with static, and when the picture returned, another Ann would have replaced them. Oh, and the videos weren't just replaying—no, she'd been paying attention to that, making sure. No, it was a different Ann each time.

One by one her clones swelled, rounding into blueberry fullness. And one by one they popped, throwing juice all over the camera. Each time, she flinched as if she'd been slapped.

"Please," she said, struggling to close her eyes. Something—magic, Telekinesis, she didn't know—kept her from doing so. "Please, I've had enough."

"Look at it, Ann," said Princess Futanari, leaning over her. "Look at *nyou*self. That's *nyou* on those screens. Do you see *nyou*self?" Ann whimpered, but the catgirl simply chuckled. "Nyou seem to have made a habit of becoming my big fat blueberry, nya. I wonder why: is it a coincidence, or have *nyou* just got a gene that makes *nyou* extra juicy? Got any ideas?" She nibbled on Ann's ear, making her squeak in surprise.

"I-I don't know!" cried Ann. "Please, I don't know anything! You've got to let me go! I don't know anything about any of this!"

"Aw, what's the matter, Panther?" Futanari leaned forward, resting her chin on Ann's shoulder now. Her hands, freed up, crept under Ann's own and wrapped around her breasts, squeezing them through the silky bodice of the maid outfit they'd forced her into. "Don't *nyou* like the idea of being a big, sexy blueberry? It clearly suits *nyou*." Ann shivered, and Futanari's smile grew even wider. "Don't *nyou* like the idea of being pumped all thick and fat with juice, *nyour* skin stretched so tight it could tear at any second, blown so big *nyou*'re just about ready to—?"

On the screen, one of the Ann's burst with a tremendous pop, spraying juice all over the walls of her cell. Futanari's counterpart wasted no time lapping it up.

"Please," repeated Ann.

Giggling, Futanari slid around her, coming to a stop leaning over her, boobs dangling in Ann's face. She could feel something hot and heavy resting on her knees too. Something

pulsing. “Mmm~,” said Futanari, and the thing on Ann’s legs trembled. “Well, if nyou don’t want to join the rest of the bunch, nyou’re going to have to do more than just beg me, nya. It’s going to take a lot to make me break a winning pattern like this.”

Tears in Ann’s eyes; she sniveled. “What do you want from me?”

Futanari clambered up onto her lap, pressing her breasts into Ann’s face. The hard thing between her legs stabbed into Ann’s stomach.

For a second, Futanari paused. Then she hugged Ann’s head tight and started to climb, climbing till she stood on the chair with her feet straddling Ann’s thighs.

Her penis smacked Ann’s face, flopping against her cheeks. Ann whimpered.

“Nyou can probably guess what nyou have to do,” said Futanari. She bucked her hips a little, prodding Ann’s cheek with her tip. Her enormous balls swung too and fro, sloshing. “Go on, nya.”

For several long seconds, Ann simply stared at her, eyes wide, face pale with terror. The cock planted against her throbbed, veins visibly pulsing. A thick bead of precum dripped from its tip and dribbled down Ann’s cheek, from where it felt with a tiny plop into her cleavage. “If I do, will you—?”

Futanari winked. “Maybe. Maybe nyot. But unless nyou’d like to end up as a blueberry *for certain~...*” She pulled back a little, allowing her cock to point straight ahead, aimed at Ann’s mouth like a cannon.

Ann swallowed. Breathing hard, she opened her lips and... Paused for a second, screwing up her eyes as disgust and terror warred within her. Finally, with a feeble whimper, she opened wide and forced her lips around the stinking shaft before her, sliding them all the way down its long, hard length and trying to ignore the feeling of it throbbing inside her.

Futanari shivered.

Breathing deeply through her nostrils now, Ann forced herself farther down Futanari’s cock and back again, down and back, down and back, back and forth, forth and back, consistent as a piston—by the third motion, she’d left Futa’s penis as lubricated as one as well. The Princess herself helped, squirting out a little precum, which mingled with Ann’s spit and left her wanting to gag. Clutching the arms of the chair tight, she forced herself forward again, again, again. Each time, she wanted to throw up a little more.

Sucking and sucking and slurping and slurping, sliding up and down and up and down, endlessly drinking the length of Futanari’s shaft, Ann moaned to feel it growing harder inside her, pulsing like a stick of dynamite in the cooking pot, ever half a second away from exploding.

And then, just as she started to hope it might never come, the inevitable: she slurped her last slurp, Futa twitched and released a moan. Her cock throbbed, a cannon loaded, and without further fanfare, fired its payload.

Semen filled Ann's cheeks. Liters of the stuff, cloying and salty and pumped there in an instant, faster than she could possibly swallow it. It stretched her cheeks and spewed from her lips and poured out of her nostrils, splattering her thighs even as she struggled not to choke on it.

Futanari pulled out with a plop, shaking herself off as Ann collapsed, hacking and spluttering.

"Nyot bad, nyot bad," said the Bakeneko, wiping her tip on Ann's dress. "I think I'm gonna do the blueberry thing anyway though, nya."

Zap!