

Ann Takamaki's Cursed Cabin, Part 3 (Inanimate TF, Persona)

The flames crackled in the grate, flickering as the storm outside sent its winds screaming down the chimney and made the whole house creak like it would collapse at any second.

Huddled in her blanket, Makoto shuffled a little closer to the fireplace, wondering whether they would have been better off in a motel.

Haru sat on the floor nearby, sipping cocoa from a dirty mug. "It's a shame we don't have more chairs," she said, flicking a glance over her shoulder.

The sole item of seating they *did* have was the province of Ann, who sat in its velvet cushion with her head buried in a thick black incunabulum. She seemed to be ignoring them, though every few seconds her eyes would glance over the book and a strange expression, almost hungry, would come over them.

It was pretty annoying, but Makoto and Haru tried to ignore it,

With an overly dramatic *clong*, like something out of a Gothic novel, the clock over the mantelpiece struck midnight.

Makoto jumped. "Holy crap, it's that late? Ugh, I should get some sleep, or I'm going to wake up with migraines again." As she made her way to the door, a thought occurred to her: "Hey, have either of you heard anything from Futaba?"

"She's probably just gooning," said Haru, with a dismissive roll of the wrist. "You know what she's like."

"Thank you for making me think of that, Haru." With a scowl, Makoto turned and left.

Upstairs, she rummaged in her bag and scowled even harder. She'd planned to take a shower before bed – she couldn't stand sleeping in her own sweat – but no matter how hard she searched, she couldn't find her towel.

She hurried downstairs again. "Hey," she asked, poking her head into the living room, "does anyone know what happened to my towel? It was in my bag, but I can't find it anymore."

Haru shrugged. "Sorry, I haven't seen it."

"Ann?"

Ann looked up from her book with a sigh, as if it were an effort even to talk to her. "Go take your shower – I'll find you another one." She glanced at Haru.

"...Thanks," said Makoto. Was it just her, or was something about the cabin turning Ann into a real witch?

Oh well, she thought as she left. *Maybe it's just the black mold...*

The rings of the curtain screeched against the railing as Makoto climbed out of the shower. Placing her feet carefully on the mat, she scanned the room for Ann's promised towel and smiled to see one waiting on the railing for her.

Unlike her own towel, which had been plain and blue, this was a fancy one with layered bands of orange and pink and navy and white, filigreed with tiny gold threads that made it look like it had been stitched for a princess – Makoto felt classier just holding it. It was almost a shame to actually use something so beautiful.

Of course, there was only one towel, and she doubted Ann had hundreds of others around, so she had no choice, really. Still, as she wrapped it around herself, she couldn't help but feel a little guilty. She wished Ann had saved it for Haru – *she* would have loved it.

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Wh-what's going on...?!

Haru woke to a sense of compression. She tried to move, but her limbs refused to obey her; all she could do was look around, and only so far as she could without turning her head. Worse than her immobility, was the pressure: it was like she'd been squashed flat, as if she were as thin as a flag on the pole, rippling on the wind.

What was going on...? One minute, she'd been sitting beside the fire, watching the flames and falling asleep, and the next... Where was she, even? It was like she was lying over a banister, her body bent at a right angle. All she could see was darkness, presumably the darkness of her own feet lying in front of her eyes. But how could—?

Before she could further reflect on this topic, someone grabbed her: soft, smooth hands dug into her flesh, tightened, and yanked, wrenching her off the banister and up into the air, where she dangled like the limp, flimsy thing she'd become. *E-eh?! What's going on—?!*

The hands released her, seized her again, carefully adjusting their grip. Finally, they shook her, spreading her, and in the process giving her the chance to see who'd picked her up.

Makoto Nijijima loomed before her, giant, naked, and soaked from head to foot.

E-eeeeh?! If Haru had still been able, she would have gone red and squealed and probably caught fire. *Wh-what the hell was going on?! How could she be dangling in Makoto's hands like a limp cloth? Was this one of those lesbian dreams Futaba had warned her about...?!*

Makoto studied her, looking impressed, and finally, with a shrug of defeat, thrust Haru into her armpit. Haru squealed as she struck its soft flesh.

Pressing down on her, hard, Makoto rubbed her around, first in a circle, then sideways and out. Into her other armpit, and from there over her breasts, making Haru squeal as their nipples dug into her face. *Nnn~! S-stop that!*

As she slid across Makoto's bust, she drowned a little too: Makoto's body was *drenched* in water, and Haru found herself sucking it up as eagerly as a sponge. With every drop, she felt a little wetter, and not just literally: *Nnn~! Oh...! St-stoooooop!*

If anything, Makoto picked up speed: sliding her through her cleavage, she worked her down over her stomach and from there to her back, forcing her face into her shoulder blades. Then she moved to her legs, wrapping Haru's poor, flimsy body around her sodden thighs and down from there to her feet, where she worked her between her toes and scraped her against her soles. *Ew! Ew! Ew!*

Her feet were a relief compared to what came next though: slamming Haru against her ass, Makoto smushed her into her cheeks and worse yet, between them, leaving her squealing in disgust as she used her to floss. *Ew! Ew! Makoto, stooooop!*

Finally, what felt like an eternity later, Makoto yanked her off and shook her. Beaten and dizzy, Haru could only hang from her hands and whine. *Someone help me...*

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Her body dry, Makoto placed the towel on the railing. If the weather were better, she'd hang it outside tomorrow.

She just hoped this one didn't go missing too.