

## ***Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 9 (Inanimate TF, Petrification, NIKKE)***

Red Hood woke to the clanging of distant hammers.

Sitting up, she sat there with her eyes shut and groaned, wondering exactly what had happened to her. The last she remembered, she'd been out patrolling the wilderness, looking for the source of an anomalous energy signature. They'd all assumed it was the Raptures, but now, looking back...

A jolt of pain struck her head. Wincing, she made to rub her temple, but before her hand could reach her head, it came to an abrupt stop with a jangling of chain links.

Her eyes snapped open.

Wide awake and alert now, Red Hood found herself in a tiny, stone brick cell, just large enough to contain her. She'd been bound to the rear wall, the manacles around her wrists chained to the brickwork. Overhead, a few thin threads of light wove their way through the bars of a tiny window. In the distance, a motor grumbled. Slightly nearer, something dripped.

Belatedly, she realized she was naked. *Great*, she thought, gritting her teeth. They'd taken her weapon, of course, but she'd have hoped they'd at least leave her *clothes*.

Grimacing, she studied the harsh iron door ahead of her. She could easily kick it down, or tear apart the bars behind her and slip through the window. Only... for some reason, she couldn't break her chains. Gritting her teeth, she tried again, tugging as hard as she could, but no matter how much she put into it, she couldn't make them do much more than rattle, spilling dust. What had happened to her? Was she malfunctioning?

For several minutes, she tried over and over again anyway, tugging at her chains till the jangling of their links overwhelmed her thoughts. Finally, deciding she couldn't pull them from the wall, she decided to target the manacles themselves: grabbing them, she squeezed, trying to bend apart the metal, but it simply refused to budge. She might as well have been a normal human.

Snarling in frustration, she thrashed and swung and flailed and shook. Finally, just as she was about to injure herself in her fury, something clanged on the other side of the bulkhead door.

Red Hood froze. In her hurry to escape, she'd completely forgotten the possibility that her captors might still have something they wanted from her. Sweating now, she bit her lip and wondered whether she could fight them off. Her legs were still unbound, mercifully, so she might be able to kick them, but if they'd come prepared to interrogate her properly. Swallowing, she steeled herself for the worse.

With a great groaning of rusted hinges, the door swung open. Red Hood tensed, her eyes tightening as she readied herself to strike.

Hitting the wall with a clang like a bell, the door revealed a shadowy figure, masked and robed. As Red Hood watched, her head cocked in sudden reminiscence, they strode into the room, a briefcase swinging under their arm, turned, and carefully closed the door behind them. Red Hood could only stare—she'd seen them before, she knew she had. So where...?

Recollection blew through her head like a sniper round. *Now* she remembered what she had happened. The anomalous signature...! There hadn't been any Raptures there at all, only... She clenched her fists. Only this... person, if that was even the right word, who'd dispatched them all with the ease of a cat catching mice. The last thing she remembered was them appearing behind her, hand raised to strike her neck. After that, there was only darkness.

For several seconds, she and the masked man simply stared at each other, silently sizing each other. Red Hood had no doubt that resistance was useless now—even if she hadn't been weakened, her captor was clearly capable of overpowering her. Her only recourse was to knuckle down and endure whatever they had in mind for as long as it took to escape.

"Glad we're on the same page," said the masked man, their voice strangely androgynous. Red Hood flinched—wh-what did they mean?

Ignoring her confused, the figure took an emphatic step forward, knelt, and placed their briefcase on the floor, where they popped its clasps with a pair of sharp clicks. Opening it up, they rummaged inside—Red Hood struggled to see what they were doing, but its contents were hidden from her sight.

The masked man chuckled. "Here," they said, turning the briefcase to face her. Revealed were a row of syringes, each filled with a differently colored fluid. There was one for every color of the rainbow.

Though she refused to let herself show it, Red Hood couldn't help but fear a flash of fear at that. What exactly were they planning to do to her?

After several further seconds of deliberation, the figure finally reached into the case and plucked from its embrace a needle filled with a bright red fluid. Squirting some from the tip, they pushed the case out of their way and shuffled forward, the syringe still raised, its contents dripping like blood from a fresh wound. Red Hood stared, her eyes growing wider with the second, as it filled her vision, growing till it consumed her entire world.

She realized she'd been frozen. "G-get away from me!" she cried, kicking her legs at them. "Stay away!" The figure flickered out of their path without even appeared to stand, and before she knew what was happening—

It was like she'd been shot, or possibly struck by lightning. Her eyes snapped to her arm and went wide with shock as she saw the needle sticking out of it. Even as she watched, too stunned to react, the figure depressed the syringe, forcing that shimmering red fluid straight into her leg. She gasped as her veins started to burn with its color.

Finally, some volition returned to her. With a snarl, she kicked at her captor, but they and their needle both vanished before her leg could reach them. Reappearing on the other side

of the cell, they stood, casting the emptied needle aside with a smirk. (But... how could she *tell* they were smirking, when they were wearing a mask...?)

Unfortunately, she had more serious issues to deal with at the moment. Even as she locked eyes with the figure, ready to scream all manner of obscenities at them, she felt a fresh burning in her arm and looked down to see something terrible: the fluid was *spreading*. Already it had lit up all the veins in her arm, and now, as she stared in stunned terror, it passed her shoulder and rolled rapidly through her torso, spreading across every inch of her exposed form. Soon, it looked like someone had pumped her veins full of neon.

“Wh-what the hell is this?” she said, finally finding her voice. “What the hell are you doing to me?”

The masked figure simply stood there and chuckled, as if at some private joke.

As the substance spread through her body, the unearthly red glow slowly faded. The *feeling* of it inside her grew no less intense, however—if anything, it grew stronger. It was a tingling sensation, as if she’d left her leg hanging at an odd angle for too long, only a thousand times more intense. It was as if someone were stabbing her from the inside with thousands of tiny needles.

Screwing up her eyes, she jerked and spasmed on the spot, snapping left and then right as one swift jolt of pain seized her after another, tugging her nerves like a puppet’s strings. She screamed, though the sound came out as something slightly other than pained, and there was a very good reason for that:

To her horror, it was strangely erotic.

As the sensation coursed like lightning through her body, making her every cell feel as if it were about to explode, Red Hood realized she was *gushing*. Forcing her legs apart, she gaped to see the waterfall between them. It was like something out of a hentai—she’d never imagined anyone could squirt so furiously.

With a clang, her manacles hit the floor, having apparently seized the initiative to unclasp themselves. In the moment, she was barely cognizant of it—all she could focus on was sating the inferno of desire raging uncontrolled through her form.

As the masked man watched, their head cocked in what might have been concern and what might have been amusement, Red Hood slipped one hand between her legs and used the other to grab one of her exposed breasts, tweaking the nipple hard even as her fingers delved deep into the moist cavern of her sex. Before she knew it, she was panting and moaning like a dog in heat, desperately fighting to sate her overwhelming urges. But no matter how hard she fought the flames, all she succeeded in was fanning the flames.

She threw back her head and wailed like a whore, her entire body spasming with pleasure.

Even as she gave in to her desires, however, something cut through her lust and snatched her attention downward: a sparkle in the corner of her eyes, like the tooth of her dear commander when he gave her a smile. She looked down. And almost screamed.

There on her stomach, just under her belly button, was a patch of shimmering gold, smooth and hard to the touch, as if King Midas had taken a liking to her midriff. She couldn't believe what she was looking at.

Heart thudding even faster now, she made to touch it, to slip her fingers under it and peel it off, so that she could return to something resembling normality. But it refused to budge—no matter how hard she tried she couldn't get her fingers underneath it. And now, just as she thought it couldn't get any worse, it began to grow, spreading swiftly over her stomach, as if someone were actively trying to gild her.

"N-no!" Her eyes snapped to the man in the mask. "Make it stop! Make it stop!"

He simply ignored her.

Sweat dripping from her face, Red Hood struggled, slamming her back into the wall as she fought to escape the gold. None of her actions made a difference, of course—indeed, the harder she fought, the more the stuff seemed to spread, and soon enough, it was lapping against her breasts, threatening to wash over them. Screaming, she scratched at it, trying to peel it off her, but all she did was make tiny grooves in her new screams.

Then the gold reached her boobs, and an intense, overwhelming pleasure, like nothing else she'd ever felt through her in an instant, mind-melting in its speed. She screamed again, clasp her breasts as if planning to crush them. It was like someone had compressed hours of groping into a single instant—the ecstasy was unbearable.

Her eyes rolling back, her face flush with a bright erotic blush, she barely noticed that the gold had started to spread downward, swiftly coating her stomach and rolling down, down, down towards...

When it struck her pussy, it did so like lightning: a single, incomparable, mind-shattering strike, intense in its energy, explosive, so strong she couldn't think a word through it. Orgasm didn't do the sensation credit—it was like a lifetime of sex, all compressed into one instant. She squirted like a hose, screaming like she was being murdered. Her hand snapped to her pussy as if magnetized, fingers sliding deep into her changing folds, and like them was transmuted, turned to solid, frozen gold. She couldn't move it an inch, but it might as well have been a vibrator. The ecstasy rolling out of her pussy could have melted her.

Even as her mind came apart, shaking beyond its limits, the gold continued to flow over her form. Finishing off the curves of her buttocks and her breasts, it spread through her shoulders and hips and down her arms, fast, leaving them sparkling and smooth as the rest of her altered form. With one hand, she groped and with the other she fingered, touching herself furiously, right up until the very last moment. With her legs, she kicked and thrashed, shuddering as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure passed through her, until at last the gold touched them and left them as inanimate at the rest of her.

Finally, the metal spread up her neck and crossed her chin. She had an instant to react, just an instant, before it coated her. A single instant, and she wasted it: in her lust, she couldn't do anything but throw back her head and scream at the pleasure rushing through. And so, as if the wind had changed, she froze that way, unable to assume another expression. Her orgasm-warped features sparkled in the light spilling through the bars.

With that, her change seemed to be over. Red Hood, trapped in both her body and an inescapable maze of pleasure, could do nothing but lie there on the floor of the cell, one hand groping a breast, her fingers dug deep into what had once been flesh and was now solid metal. Her other hand had its fingers deep in her sex, where it had set off an endless earthquake of orgasm vibrations. And it never seemed to stop, no matter how much she wanted it too.

*Nnnn~! Oh...! Oh...! Oh...! Please, someone—commander! Anyone! Someone make it stop!* She wanted so desperately to cum, but the river was blocked at the source, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't make it flow. All that was left was to scream in her head, scream and thrash impotently, struggling to get out. Her body had become like an iron maiden, only instead of pain it seemed to bring her endless pleasure. She wasn't sure if it was better or worse. *Someone help me!*

Standing over her, the masked man looked down with a smirk of amusement.

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They placed her on a trolley. A normal industrial trolley, exactly the kind you would expect to see in a warehouse. In her current pose, she only just fit.

Once her captor's minions had her on it, they pushed her through the facility like nothing more than a common crate. Riding along, unable to escape, Red Hood was left to shiver in pleasure, moaning each time the trolley hit a bump. It felt like being stabbed with a spike of solid ecstasy.

After several minutes of this shockingly mundane torture, the trolley came to a stop, bumping one final time in the process. Her vision pink and blurry, Red Hood heard the place they'd arrived before she saw it: clanging, as if of hundreds of hammer. A heavy sloshing sound, as if of something being poured into a great bowl. And a hissing, as if of thousands of flying sparks. The realization of what it must mean reached her mind only an instant before her vision returned:

Before her sprawled a vast foundry, all pipes and stacked skeletal machines and the witch's cauldrons of crucibles, bubbling with liquid metal.

Slowly, the knowledge of what they planned to do to her set in. If Red Hood could have screamed, she would have thrashed and writhed and wailed loud enough to be heard on the other side of the country.

Approaching a nearby conveyor belt, the masked man's minions pushed her trolley up a ramp and unceremoniously dumped her onto the belt. Rolled onto her side, she squealed in surprise as the impact sent a shock of sudden pleasure coursing through her form. All she could do was moan inside, unable to bear any more.

From behind her head came a clunk as one of them pulled a lever. And with a grinding and a hissing of steam, the belt jerked into life. Red Hood gasped as she started to move, slowly at first but swiftly picking up speed, till she was rolling down the line like an item at the checkout. She wanted to scream and cry and fling herself to safety, but all she could do was sit there and watch as the machinery approached. *Stop! Stop! Please, someone help me! Get me off!*

Just as swiftly as it had started, the belt jerked to a stop, and something swung overhead. Red Hood couldn't actually look up, not without the ability to move her head, but she could flick her gaze just high enough to gain a hint before it descended. *No!*

The claw cut her from all sides at once, digging its harsh steel edges into the soft skin of her body. Red Hood screamed as a fresh round of pleasure ripped through her, threatening to tear through her mind entirely. The next thing she knew, she was up in the air, caught between the harsh grip of the claw and gravity as it swung her through the air of the metalworks, aimed towards... towards...

It shone like the sun fallen to earth, a great orange circle, blinding to look at it, as it brimmed and bubbled in its pot. A giant crucible, filled with molten metal, large and hot, and just waiting for her to drop right into it. She screamed some more, of course. Not that it made any difference.

The crane came to a stop, its claw swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. Finally, however, it stilled, giving Red Hood a handful of seconds to look down at her destination before she was sent to reach it.

*Please!* she cried, thoughts louder than ever now. *Please, someone! Help me! Help me! Help—!*

With a clank of shifting metal, the claw opened, and Red Hood dropped. Her fall was a timeless instant—it couldn't have lasted less than a second, yet to her it seemed to last for eternity.

Then she struck the crucible. It was like slamming into a hot bath from great heights, a heated swimming pool from the very highest diving board. The impact rolled through her like the shockwave of a nuke, threatening to blow her mind through her skull and reduced her every thought to dust. She screamed, lost to overwhelming pleasure.

And then the second wave hit her: heat, like a nuclear fireball, mind-melting, thought-scorching, nerve-burning. It set her alight, forced her to such extremes of sensation she felt as if she were coming apart entirely. In an instant, all her previous concerns: all her desire for help and fear of what was to come vanished, replaced by a single, overwhelming new focus: the heat, the heat and the pleasure. For a final moment, she managed a faint

resistance, the last dogged residue of a lifetime of fighting. And then, in the face of it all, she simply gave in to it. And screamed as raw ecstasy surged through her form.

So strong was the pleasure, so mind-breaking in its intensity, that she barely noticed she was coming apart physically as well. As the heat spread through her, exciting every atom of her altered body, it swiftly lost what little resemblance it retained of her previous self. Sinking slowing into the molten gold surrounding her, she came apart like an ice cream in the sun: her face slid from her head till her expression was all but unrecognizable, her breasts sloughed from her chest and left her embarrassingly flat, and her fingers and toes fused into separable lumps before breaking from her arms and legs entirely. Slowly, second by second, she spread out, a human puddle, assimilated by the hot broth of the molten metal around her. It barely even took a minute.

As she bubbled and swirled through the ocean of metal now inexorably mingling with her body, Red Hood barely retained the sense to notice what had happened to her, let alone protest it. As far as she was concerned, she was drifting through herself, drowning in a bottomless pool of utter delight, incomparable to anything else she'd ever experienced. She wanted nothing more than for it to last forever.

Sadly, it couldn't. Soon enough, she felt a feeble suction from below and, in time, herself drawn down towards it. Sucked towards the bottom of the cauldron in pieces, she passed through the gap in an arbitrary order: first ears then fingers then nipples then nose then strand after strand of separated hair, and finally her buttocks and her breasts, split apart and then squeezed back together so that they rubbed so intensely she wanted to scream all over again.

One by one, they poured from the crucible and into the molds waiting below, where a conveyor belt hauled them away and held them as they cooled. And slowly, Red Hood's parts began to cool.

As the heat faded, so too did the pleasure, replaced by a terrible sense of being cut up and squeezed into terrible new shapes. Face pressed against her butt and one hand fused to a breast, the former NIKKE could only moan as her sanity returned to her. *Wh-what happened? Where am I now? Why do I feel so strange...?! Someone, help me!*

As if on cue, the masked figure appeared again. Bending down, they grasped one of her pieces: a former foot with a nipple wedged between the toes, and raised it, as if to let her see.

In their hands, they held nothing more than a piece of gold bullion, gleaming in the lights of the metalworks.

Red Hood screamed.

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Incident Report: Case 69-149

Name and Details: Unknown, Age Unknown, Female

Personal Circumstances: Victim is a woman of unknown identity, speculated to be in her late teens to mid-twenties, whose exact identity has yet to be ascertained.

Discovery: On 03/03/2025, an investigation into local pawn shops' involvement in money laundering uncovered a bar of gold bullion which, on close inspection, appeared to bear the image of a woman's face. The bar was immediately transferred to the detectives of Operation Thousand Strokes, whose own investigations soon uncovered a number of similar bars, all believed to be made from the same transformed woman. Attempts to collect the bars are currently underway, though progress has been slow, owing to difficulty distinguishing the bars from normal bullion at a distance. Nonetheless, 56 bars, believed to represent approximately half of the victim's total mass, have currently been recovered.

Current Location: The parts of the victim in the possession of Operation Thousand Strokes are currently stored in Akihabara Station's evidence locker. The remaining bars have yet to be located.