

Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 4 (Inanimate TF, Ayakashi Triangle)

Matsuri tugged her skirt down as she hurried through the street, wincing each time the night wind flipped it up again. Forcing it flat, she groaned in annoyance. She couldn't wait to get home and change out of her uniform—school was bad enough when you *didn't* have to stay late to take care of an ayakashi lurking in the basement.

As she reached the end of the street, the wind roared, blowing leaves from the trees as it blasted her with its breath. Worse than the pantyshots was the chill of the cold, which penetrated her skin like a thousand icy needles. Why did the girls' uniform have to leave so much exposed?

The wind died down a little. Sighing, she released her skirt and smoothed it out, pushing the fabric back down over her panties. When she got home, she was going to run a nice hot bath, throw herself into it, and stay there until tomorrow morning, no matter what anyone said about it.

This decided, she took another step forward.

Something breathed in the darkness behind her.

Matsuri froze, her body tense and ready to fight. For a moment, she thought it had merely been the wind, but every instinct she had was telling her there was something more to it. Swallowing, she turned in the direction of the sound.

To her right stood the gate of the town's old graveyard, its harsh black bars bounded by a loop of dark chain. Peering through the gaps, Matsuri squinted into the darkness. She could see... *something* in there, but even her keen eyes couldn't make out exactly what.

With a frown, she leapt the gate and landed on the graveyard's stone path. If there were an ayakashi of some kind lurking among the headstones, it was her duty as an exorcist ninja to hunt it down and destroy it before it had a chance to wreak havoc. ...Of course, she didn't *know* it was an ayakashi just yet. Maybe it was just a stray cat... She certainly hoped it was—she'd had enough fighting for one day.

Silent as her training allowed, she crept through the moonlight gravestones, slipping past sepulchers and under the arch of two decaying old oaks. She could sense the presence of the ayakashi nearby, but it was impossible to pinpoint it. Whenever she thought she'd found its trail, it slipped her senses and vanished entirely.

Circling the mausoleum at the center of the graveyard, she felt the presence vanish again. For a moment, she paused, scowling as she struggled to find it again. Maybe she should have gone home and taken that bath while she'd had the chance—at this rate, she was going to be up all night searching.

Just as she thought she was never going to find the ayakashi again, a twig snapped behind her. Whirling, she stared into the dark.

Two bright, feline eyes greeted her, accompanied by a smile so large it could have swallowed her whole. Matsuri froze.

That was all it took. Before she could react, the ayakashi struck: with a whip-like crack, something stabbed her in the shoulder. She stumbled back, her heart pounding, just in time to see the creature withdraw its stinger.

Cr-crap! This is bad! The wound itself wasn't bad, just a pinprick, but she could *feel* the poison coursing through her system. In seconds, her breathing was ragged. Her vision swam, blurring and shifting. She turned and ran, but her legs moved as if they belonged to someone else. Finally, she caught her toe on the edge of a stone, and with a great crash she struck the ground. She tried to force herself back to her feet, but it was impossible: her hands had lost all their strength. All she could do was lie there and moan as the creature crept over to her, its enormous footsteps shaking the ground as it walked. How had she ever failed to track it before?

The last thing she saw was its golden eyes and glinting smile. A second later, her vision dissolved, and everything went dark.

Matsuri woke to a terrible, pounding headache, as if someone had taken a stake and were hammering it into her brain. Rolling over in the dark, she felt cold stone against her skin and heard the jangle of chains. Overhead, something dripped. She tried to move her wrists and found she couldn't separate them.

Sitting up to the best of her ability, Matsuri blinked until her vision finally returned to normal. Looking around, she found herself sitting in a small stone cell, one which seemed like it must have been a closet in its former life. The door ahead was wood, which was promising. If she could just break her chains, she could kick it down and escape with ease.

For some reason, she was wearing her ninja outfit now, which was disconcerting. She didn't remember switching to it before she'd been caught. Stranger still, it appeared to have been retailored: she blushed to see just how much of her cleavage and her thighs the stupid thing now showed off. If her neckline were any lower down, people would be able to see her nipples!

As she struggled to get the manacles off her wrists, a thought occurred to her: what kind of ayakashi kidnapped people and chained them up like this? She knew for a fact that some ayakashi did *really* strange things with their victims—the breasts on her chest were a clear example of that—but she'd never heard of one that stripped them naked and chained them up like this. Just what kind of pervert ayakashi was she dealing with?

The lock clicked, and the door swung open with a creak. Matsuri sat up with a frown, heart thudding faster with the second. Perhaps she was about to get an answer.

Instead of an ayakashi, it was a man—or a human at the very least—who marched into the room, silent down to the footsteps, their faces concealed by a blank, impassive mask, like the back of a plastic spoon. From their hands swung a large, metal briefcase, which they placed on the floor with a clunk. Kneeling before her, they popped its latches and opened it up.

“H-hey!” cried Matsuri, suddenly aware of how compromising her position was. “L-let me go, you perverted freak!” She tried breaking the chains again, but all she achieved was making them jangle loudly. Her heart pounded even faster. What was going on? She should be able to break these chains easily—what exactly had that drug *done* to her?

Even as she thrashed and jangled, the man in the mask calmly opened up his briefcase, revealing two large rolls of hypodermic needles, each carrying a scintillant fluid. Matsuri stopped struggling to stare, her eyes wide, as the man extracted a bright yellow one, gave it a little squirt as a test, and turned back to her, his black mask as impassive as ever.

Sudden terror filled Matsuri’s veins. She struggled even harder, skin running with sweat. “St-stay away from me! Stay away from me, you freak! Don’t you—! Don’t—!”

The needle penetrated her skin without a sound, but that didn’t stop Matsuri from releasing a wild scream. There was no pain, only a strange sensation of tingling, as if she’d been injected with a bolt of liquid lightning. It surged through her system with speed, leaving her veins sparkling through her skin.

From behind the man’s mask came an androgynous chuckle. As Matsuri snapped to face them, her eyes wide with fright, he stood and produced a small key. Raising it high, he took another step towards her.

She wanted to shout at him. To scream and kick and punch him, but the electricity coursing through her nerves made it impossible to resist. All she could do was screw up her eyes and moan, whimpering in—not pain, but not quite pleasure either—as his poison did its damage to her body.

With a click, her manacles came undone. They struck the floor with a clang, and the man in the mask flickered backward a couple of steps, out of range of her attacks. He was overly cautious: even with her wrists unbound, Matsuri struggled to stand, let alone to assault him. Her body felt as if it were burning up from the inside.

As if sensing her struggles, her legs moved on their own. With a gasp, she found herself throw to her feet, jerked upright, and held there, her legs suddenly stronger than they’d ever been before. No matter how hard she tried to bend them or move, they refused to budge. It was like they’d turned to steel.

More laughter, faint and distorted, sounded from behind the man’s mask.

“Shut up!” cried Matsuri, gritting her teeth in frustration. “Shut up and—”

As it had taken her legs, so the poison also seized the rest of her body. Slamming her lips shut, it forced her up onto the tiptoes of one first, while her other it bent upward till the heel almost touched her butt. Her arms, it raised, bringing her hands together and curling the fingers till they formed a cute little heart, just over one of her nipples.

This done, it returned its attention to her mouth. Pinching her lips, it bent their edges upward, curling them into a ridiculous, exaggerated smile. She struggled to stop, but it was impossible. “Sc-screw y-you...!” she snarled through gritted teeth.

The man in the mask simply chuckled under their breath.

For several seconds, Matsuri remained frozen in this ridiculous new pose, struggling desperately to move, yet unable to even wiggle her toes. Even gravity had no power to help her; she should have collapsed after a second or two off-balance like this, but instead she remained fixed where she was, unable even to topple over.

The man in the mask inspected their watch. “Any second nyow,” he said, voice so contorted Matsuri could barely understand it.

Her heart thudded in her chest. “A-a-any—any s-second until—”

Terrible pressure struck her back and her front. Two great waves of it, like she’d been caught between a pair of continental plates.

In the face of their influence, her body couldn’t hold out for even a second. With a resounding *splat*, it flattened, squished flat, and *now* the pleasure came, now the pleasure came unending, a ceaseless flow of the stuff that surged through her nerves and left her flat new body burning, red-hot and alight with desire. In her head—she couldn’t talk now, of course—Matsuri screamed and screamed anyway, pleading for someone to grant her release, or failing that, to end her. The pleasure was too much to bear.

As it finished flattening, the edges of her two-dimensional new form pulsed and produced a thick white fluid. It flowed outward, creating a large outline around her, and, once this was done, ballooned sideways from her mouth, forming a large bubble in the air. Two fins of the stuff also stretched out of the back of her feet, and as she toppled backward, they kept her upright.

As her body finished changing, Matsuri desperately squirmed, struggling to move and figure out what had happened to her. She couldn’t move her eyes anymore—they were fixed in place as part of her body, just like the rest of her, but she could still look about, just a little, just enough to look around and see what had happened to her.

She remained stood in the same pose as the pressure had caught her in, of course. Whiteness surrounded her on all sides, with a giant oval of the stuff jutting out near her mouth. Now that she looked, she saw it was a speech balloon. There was text in it as well, though it was almost impossible for her to read it. She strained all the same, heart pounding—or feeling like it was, anyway. What did it say?

'Hi, I'm Matsuri! Can you help me lose my virginity?' (And beneath it, in smaller letters:)
'Purchase a copy of Matsuri's Maiden Voyage today!' (An arrow pointed in-store.)

Matsuri stared, uncertain how to proceed. What—what exactly what was she reading? What had happened to her? What was going on?!

In the darkness ahead, the masked man chuckled. "Let's get you in place," he said, voice quiet.

Matsuri wanted to shiver. *In place...? Wh-what does he mean...? What does...?*

Before she could find out, the man in the mask grabbed her, grabbed her like she weighed nothing whatsoever, and, carrying her under his arm, hauled her out of the cell and through the halls of what seemed to be an abandoned school building. The next thing she knew, she lay against the wall of a van. Its engine started with a flatulent blart, and she flew onto her sides as it set off.

Lying there, her only light the gap in the rear doors, Matsuri shivered in terror. *What are they doing with me now?*

They placed her outside a store with glass windows, its shelves lined with colorfully decorated boxes. Though she'd only visited the place a handful of times before, Matsuri recognized it instantly as one of her city's many video game stores. She shuddered to think what this might mean for her.

The masked man's subordinates, a pair of young women who really didn't look like they should be involved in this kind of business, had placed her outside in front of the store's windows, fully exposed to the concourse of the shopping mall. Matsuri could only shiver in terror. She was right in the open, all exposed. What if an ayakashi decided to attack her?

By the time the first shoppers started to arrive, she realized she had bigger problems to deal with:

The first shopper to pass her was a young mother with her child. Flicking a glance at Matsuri, she turned her nose up in disgust and hurried her daughter past her.

The second was an older man with a bulging belly: his gaze lingered on her for several seconds as he passed, clearly sizing up her form. It didn't take Matsuri long to realize why: looking down, she flushed as she remembered just how exposed her body was. Not only had her kidnapper put her into a slutty version of her own outfit, but he'd also posed her specifically to show off as much skin as possible. She blushed as she peered into her own enormous cleavage. This was ridiculous! She couldn't be out in public like this! Everyone was going to— Everyone was going to see her.

She looked up and found a pair of young men staring at her, one's eyes locked on her breasts while the other's ate up her thighs.

St-stop! Stop it, you freaks! Keep your eyes off of me! She struggled to move her arms and cover herself, but of course her new nature as a flat piece of cardboard made this a little difficult. All she could do was stand there and drink up their attention without resistance, letting anyone who wants to look at her look *exactly* as much as they wanted to.

It might have been bearable if it were only one or two people, but soon the store was packed, and half the eyes in the crowd of passing shoppers wanted to get a good look at her: as man after man sized her up, eyes boring into her breasts, Matsuri wanted to burst into flames. She'd gotten pretty good at dealing with the male gaze since her transformation, but that didn't mean she wanted to stand around posing like a gravure model. *Stop it!* she thought each time she caught a new person looking. *Go stare at someone else, you perv!*

Worse than the ones who simply looked were the ones who needed to touch her too. The first were a group of teenaged boys who, after five minutes of egging each other on, finally sent one of their members to put his hands on her boobs. *He* looked disappointed, as if he hadn't realized that a piece of cardboard would be flat. *She* wanted to scream in lust—it felt as if he were groping her as hard as he could. How could she possibly be so sensitive like this?

One by one, every teen in the group had their turn with her. And no sooner had they moved on that a greasy young man in a hoodie decided to sneak a touch while no one was looking. Matsuri screamed as he rubbed her thighs and, oh so curiously slipped his hands between them, rubbing her flattened pussy through the painted image of her skirt. She screamed, wishing she could throw back her head and wail at the ceiling as the pleasure of it surged through her, searing as fire. Her nerves felt like they were going to catch flame.

After the fourth attempt by a horny teen to grope her, the store's owners rather wisely decided to bring her inside instead, where they could keep a closer eye on her. And, appropriately enough, this gave Matsuri her first look at why she'd been brought here in the first place.

I-Is that...?

On the back shelf of the store stood row after row of game boxes, each bearing the same art of a scandalously-dressed kunoichi struggling to pull down her skirt as she flashed her panties at the camera. "Matsuri's Maiden Voyage!" read the title.

Matsuri stared in stunned horror. *Th-that's me...! That's—! Why am I in a video game?!*

A monitor overhead was playing the game's advertisement. "Hi, I'm Matsuri!" cried the girl on the screen, bending over and wiggling her butt at the camera. A hand flew in from offscreen and spanked her, making her squeal in pain—no, pleasure—even as her buttocks and her enormous breasts jiggled with the impact.

As the real Matsuri watched in stunned horror, the video put her digital counterpart through all forms of torture, spankings, nipple tweaking lactation. As she watched, her doppelganger ended up on a farm in a cowgirl outfit, moaning as suction cups latched to her jiggling

breasts. Even as milk spewed out of her teats, the farmhands lined up behind her, cocks bulging through their jeans.

She wanted to throw up in disgust. *What kind of disgusting, perverted game is this?*

On the screen, her doppelganger moaned as a pair of enormous men took her from both ends, slamming their cocks deep into her butt and her mouth as she screwed up her eyes and moaned in pleasure. Her boobs swung; her asscheeks rippled. Her belly bulged as her partners pumped it full of cum.

It didn't stop there. In fact, it didn't stop at all. As they placed her in the corner, Matsuri could only stand there and watch as her digital counterparts moved through one disgusting, degenerate activity after another, taking a cock in every hole and letting them cover her in semen. Each time the scene finished, the scene would replay the advertisement from the start. "Hi, I'm Matsuri! Can you help me lose my virginity?"

Matsuri writhed in disgust. *What kind of game is this? How can they show something like this in public? ...How do you even play it anyway?!* The video continued to flip from one gratuitous scene after another, offering little in the way of answers.

Despite this mystery, there was no question about the game's appeal. As she stood there and watched, still shocked, man after young man—and several young women, even—marched into the store, snatched a copy off the shelf, and carried it to the counter with zero sign of shame whatsoever. *Who buys h-games like this in person?!* cried Matsuri, wanting to die of secondhand embarrassment.

The firsthand embarrassment was far worse, of course: the thought of all these people, all these horny young men, getting to do things to *her* body that she wouldn't have allowed anyone to do in a million years, made her want to throw up.

And all she could do was stand there and watch it.

In the end, the store ran their promotion for over two weeks, leaving Matsuri standing silent in the corner, forced to watch as copy after copy flew from the shelves and took what remained of her dignity with it. At first, she tried to keep count, but the first night spent standing there alone robbed her of the ability. She spent the entire time terrified of the ayakashi in the darkness pouncing at her with those enormous teeth, and by the time the doors opened again in the morning, she was practically grateful to see the owner. She would have *let* people grope her by that point. Anything was better than being on her own in the dark.

Finally, as the promotion came to its end, the store brought down its display. The video was changed, the copies of her game were moved to a different shelf, and Matsuri found herself carried out back, where a normal dumpster lay waiting and open.

W-wait, she thought, as realization arrived. *W-wait! You can't do this to me! I'm a person, you can't just throw me away!*

The assistant carrying her didn't seem to hear that, unfortunately, because he tossed her into the trash as if she were a basketball.

No! She screamed as she landed on a trashbag. Take me out! Take me out! You can't just leave me in here! Please, come back! Don't–

The lid of the dumpster slammed shut with a thud, casting her into a tight, silent darkness.

Incident Report: Case 69-29

Name and Details: Matsuri Kazamaki, Age 18, Female?

Personal Circumstances: Victim is a member of the Kazamaki Family, a 'ninja exorcist' clan supposedly operating out of Omiko City. Victim was reported missing on 09/07/2024, after leaving school alone. During interviews, the victim's family and friends mentioned their concern that the victim had been attacked by an 'ayakashi', but we believe this to be nothing more than rural superstition.

Discovery: Following some impressive investigation work on the part of Agent Porsche, the victim was retrieved from a garbage dump in eastern Tokyo, where they had apparently spent several weeks buried. Prior to this, the victim is believed to have been delivered to and used in her role as an advertisement by *Joisutikku* gaming store in Akihabara, a location consistent with other Case 69s. In this case, the initial discovery of the victim's state was made much easier by the existence of a pornographic video game starring the victim and sold solely by *Joisutikku* gaming. The store's owners claimed to remember neither the victim's delivery nor the arrival of the related games—as a precaution, all remaining copies were seized as part of the investigation.

Current Location: Stored in Akihabara Station's evidence locker.