

Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 2 (Inanimate TF, TG, Onimai)

Mahiro screwed up his eyes and covered his crotch as he hurried to the restroom. *Urgh! This is awful! How do girls handle this? And why couldn't Mihari make me a drug that helps me hold it in? Argh!*

Throwing himself through the door, Mahiro flung himself into the nearest cubicle and pulled down his panties just in time to avoid the inevitable. As he relaxed with a sigh and a trickle, he heard the sound of someone else entering the restroom, though in his current state he barely registered it. Only when the creak of the door was followed by a pair of heavy boots striking the ground did he sit up and take notice.

What's that...? he thought, leaning forward. *Those don't sound like women's footsteps...?*

A part of him wanted to hold his breath and pretend he wasn't here, but the trickle of urine coming from between his legs made this somewhat futile. Frowning, he tried to stem the flow, but it refused to slow, and besides, he supposed anyone creeping on him would already know he was in here. He decided to hold his breath anyway, just in case.

The boots sounded again, growing closer with the second. Mahiro frowned. Just what was going on here?

As if answer to his question, the boots slammed to a stop right in front of his cubicle. Mahiro froze, his heart pounding. Looking down, he could see them through the crack between the door and the ground: two large black boots, as ominous as the hem of the grim reaper's cloak. He swallowed—if he weren't already peeing, he would have started.

As his flow slowly trickled to a stop, Mahiro drew in a breath as quickly as he could and hurried to pull up his panties. He didn't have time to wipe—he was going to crawl straight under the wall and get out of here as fast as possible.

He didn't even get the chance. No sooner had he left the seat than the cubicle door flew open, kicked with enough force to almost flatten him against the wall. He flew back with a squeal of horror, arms raised to defend himself, as a tall figure, darkly-dressed and masked, stepped into the cubicle and grabbed him.

"Nooo...! No! Stop!" He squealed as the man wrenched him out. "Stoop! I didn't even get to wash my haaaands!"

A needle stabbed into his arm, and Mahiro's vision went blurry. "Wait..." he cried. "Wait... I'm not even... a..."

He blacked out.

Mahiro woke to the smell of mold and the sound of dripping water. It made him want to pee again.

Sitting up with a groan, he went to rub his head and found he couldn't. When he tried to move his hands, his wrists came up against a barrier of cold steel, and no matter how hard he fought to get past, it refused to release him.

Heart pounding a little faster with every passing second, Mahiro fought to look around. Not only were his wrists bound, but they were shackled tightly to the wall as well, to the point he couldn't even stand. He wanted to cry out in frustration.

Worse, whoever had imprisoned him here had also taken his clothes, leaving him sitting naked and exposed in a cold, damp cell, with his virgin pussy on display for any pervert who happened to pass him. Whimpering, he slammed his legs shut. What should he do? What should he do?!

He considered taking a deep breath and calling out for Mihari, futile as it was likely to be, but before he had the chance the door of the cell swung open, and in stepped the masked man from before, face concealed yet visibly smiling somehow. He carried a large briefcase, and as Mahiro watched through trembling eyes, the figure knelt and placed it on the floor. It opened with a click, revealing an array of syringes, each containing a distinctly colorful fluid.

Reaching into the case, he traced his finger down the row until it last it settled over one containing a bright blue mixture. With a smug chuckle, he plucked it from its place and gave it a tiny press, so that a tiny drop of blue fluid seeped from the end of the needle.

Mahiro couldn't see his face, but once again he sensed that terrible smile. He swallowed. "K-keep that thing away from me! Don't you dare come any closer...!"

The masked man approached her. Mahiro whimpered, struggling to pull herself away. "St-stop~! Don't~!"

With a silent laugh, he grabbed her by the thigh and held her there, grip firm, as he found the vein and drove the needle in deep, deep, depressing it with a smug grin. Mahiro squealed and thrashed, but he couldn't get him away. All he could do was lie there and take it.

At last, the masked man pulled back, his syringe empty, leaving Mahiro to sit there and moan, eyes full of tears, as the strangest feeling passed through his form. It felt as though someone had filled his veins with lava—every part of him felt hot and bubbly. He wanted to explode.

As he fought to keep his body from bursting into flames, the sensation roared from his feet up to his nose and made him scream with wild ecstasy. His nerves felt as if they'd been electrocuted, and his body was so erogenous he wanted to melt. Even the slightest breeze was enough to make him shiver in ecstasy. If his hands had been free, he would have...

All of a sudden, Mahiro realized his hands *were* free. With a gasp of shock, he realized he could lean forward—he wasn't bound to the wall anymore. Pulling away, he looked back over his shoulder to see how it had happened...

...and screamed in shock at what he found.

M-my hands!

His hands were gone, dissolved, leaving only rounded nubs at the ends of his arms instead. As he watched, eyes trembling in fear, the change spread, sinking slowly down his arms, as if they were being eaten away by an invisible monster.

Even as he struggled to calm his pounding heart, he felt another tingling in his legs and looked down to see his feet had vanished as well. He screamed, shaking his body with the force of his panic. "Stop it! Make it stop!" Sweat poured from his head and ran down his front, lacquering his body in his own fear.

As his limbs dissolved, the tingling spread through the rest of his body, and Mahiro moaned to see the room around him growing larger, swelling as if it were a balloon. For an instant, he thought it was all in his head: that his senses were being played with, and he were merely seeing the results. A moment later, he realized the truth: it wasn't in his head, though the room wasn't growing either. He was shrinking. He wanted to throw up.

Not every part of his body was losing mass at the same rate as the rest, however. Even as the majority of him shrank, other parts of him blossomed. Unfortunately, they weren't quite the parts he wanted to:

First, he found himself lifted up from the floor by a part of asscheeks that had suddenly decided he wasn't comfortable enough. Swelling fast, they raised him like cushions, leaving him sitting on a pair of fat, round globes, thicker even than Kaede's.

As his ass stopped growing, he looked down and saw his chest fighting to match it. His little breasts, always so small, were rapidly growing, fattening so fast he worried they'd burn. Before his eyes they ballooned, blown into a pair of fat sacks, so large and jiggly and firm that for a moment the sight of them actually overwhelmed his panic. He wished he still had hands, so he could reach out and grope them. Then he remembered the situation he was in and screamed again, his entire body shaking with panic.

There was one last part of him left to grow, and unfortunately for Mahiro it was one of the more sensitive parts of him. Just as he'd gotten over his breasts, something kicked him in the groin, and with a scream he looked down to see his labia swelling, pumped thick as a swim ring. His clitoris blew up as well, searing his mind with sensation as the air brushed against it. He certainly wouldn't have any difficulty finding it anymore.

At last, a terrible tremor passed through him, and where it rolled, ecstasy struck Mahiro's brain. It felt like being struck by an orgasmic earthquake, and it crushed every last ounce of resistance he'd maintained, instantly flattening what remained of his sanity. Arcing his back, eyes rolling back, he screamed in delight, tongue flopping out of his mouth as he gave into

the pleasure of it. A second later, his face froze, along with the rest of him, and with a shimmer of sparkles, turned a light blue, the same color as the fluid in the container. With that, the room ceased to grow.

Lying there on the floor of the cell, his tiny new body burning with pleasure, Mahiro could only moan as the masked man reached out and grabbed him, the touch of his gloved hands sending spasms of ecstasy coursing through Mahiro's form and leaving him to scream again, mind lost to the feeling of it.

S-someone, he thought, through the haze of pleasure clouding his thoughts, *someone please help me...*

When Mahiro finally returned to consciousness, he found himself trapped in another cell, albeit one very different to the one he'd awakened in. Unlike the previous cell, he felt nothing restricting his hands, to start, though he suspected this was largely due to the fact he no longer had any. In time, his entire body felt as if it were being squeezed tight, wrapped in a plastic sheath that conformed to his body. His hyper-erogenous, ultra-sensitive body. *Nn~!* He wanted to scream.

The plastic was translucent at least, and the box surrounding it had a window, allowing him to look into the outside world. Squinting, he struggled to overcome the pleasure and focus on what was on the other side, though the plastic left it so blurred he couldn't make heads or tails of it. What he did see wasn't encouraging.

Are those... are those dildos? He swallowed. *Am I...? Am I in a...?*

A terrible cold spread through his form, as if someone had stuffed an icicle up his pussy. Suddenly, his strange new form made more sense. He couldn't believe he hadn't recognized it before. *I'm an onahole?! He wanted to scream.*

Panic spread through him, searing as lightning. He tried to thrash, but of course he couldn't do that either. Of all the things in the world he could have become, there was nothing, nothing, worse than a man's sextoy. The thought of someone *using* him... it made him want to vomit. The idea of a man taking his... his *penis* and putting it inside him made him want to... *Ah! How do I get out of here?*

He struggled and squirmed that much harder, but of course it made no difference. His new body had about as much ability to move as his box did.

As the seconds ticked off the clock, Mahiro's panic grew stronger and stronger. With every second, his fear of someone coming in and snatching him off the shelf became worse. Soon, he could think of nothing else.

Finally, just as it seemed he'd explode from all the tension, the doors of the store opened, and who should step in but two very familiar faces.

At once, Mahiro's plastic heart stopped beating. *No. No! What are those two doing here?! Someone help me! Someone get me out of here!* He struggled even harder, not that it helped.

"Are we really doing this?" asked Yuta, poking his head into the store.

"Of course we are," said Minato, flicking a lock of hair out of his eyes. "Don't be a baby—it's only a..." He trailed off and swallowed. "It's only a sextoy store."

Mahiro wanted to cry. *No! Go somewhere else!*

Ignoring his silent pleas for them to leave, the two marched through the store, eyes flicking from left to right and back. They went to the sexdoll aisle first, and Mahiro had a moment of relief as they turned away from him.

Unfortunately, they didn't stay there for very long. After a few minutes of browsing and muffled giggles, their eyes turned back across the store to him and the onaholes, leaving Mahiro to tremble in fear as they made their way across the shop towards him. *No! No! Nononono!*

Examining one of the nearby shelves, Yuta plucked a box from it and turned it around, frowning as he examined it. Minato did the same, struggling to hide his embarrassment as he read the description on the back. "Are these... are these things based on real people?"

"Real people?" asked Yuta. "No way, they wouldn't let them make them based on *real* people."

"But this one says it's based on Megumi," said Minato. "You know, that girl in Mahiro's class."

Yuta paused for a second before responding. "Wait, really?" he said, taking the box from Minato and scanning the description himself. "No way, it *is* her! This is her! Look it's got her name right here!"

"That's crazy," said Minato. "Do they have anyone else from our school here?" The two scanned the shelf.

As their eyes neared her, Mahiro's heart sank lower and lower, all the way down to his nonexistent boots. This wasn't happening. This *wasn't* happening. It just couldn't be allowed.

"Holy crap, look," said Minato at last, inevitably. Snatching his box off the shelf, he raised it so Yuta could see as well. "They've got one based on Mahiro!"

"O-on Mahiro," said Yuta, eyes wide in disbelief. "That... That can't be right, can't it? L-let me see it!" He snatched the box out of Minato's hands, and his eyes went so wide they looked like they'd fall out of their sockets. "I-it... it *is* her!"

For a moment, the two stood in silence, holding him between them and biting their lips. Mahiro couldn't see their crotches, but he had a feeling he knew what they looked like too.

"We've got to buy it," said Minato, at last.

"No way!" cried Yuta. "What if she finds out?"

"Relax, she's not going to find out," said Minato. "It'll be our little secret."

"Y-you don't want to share it, do you?"

"Well... No, not really, but I don't see a second one."

With a huff, Yuta gave in, and the two of them made their way to the counter and purchased her. Tucked under Minato's coat, Mahiro could only moan inside as they carried him out of the store, ready to inflict who knew what kinds of torment on him.

Please... someone save me! Mihari! Kaede! Anyone!

*

Finally, Minato and Yuta found a spot where they were comfortable: a distant corner of the woods where no one had the slightest chance of stumbling on them.

Seated on a stump, Minato pulled Mahiro's box out from under his jacket and held it in his hands for a second, as if afraid to open it.

"Go on," said Yuta, sitting nearby. "You didn't buy it as a collectible, did you?"

Minato shook his head. "N-no," he said. "It's just... I don't know, it feels weird now that we've actually got her in our hands."

Yuta huffed. "I didn't spend so much money on her just so you could chicken out. Give her to me." Snatching Mahiro's box out of Minato's hands, he struggled to tear open the lid. Inside, Mahiro screamed in terror as Yuta's giant fingers slipped through the cardboard and started to tangle with the plastic.

No! No! Stop! Stay away...! He wanted to cry, but he didn't even have that power.

Finally, Yuta succeeded in getting a grip. Pulling the plastic packaging out of the box—how Mahiro wished he had a different kind of protection—he ripped it apart and allowed Mahiro to fall out. Minato barely managed to grab him before he hit the ground. "Careful!" he cried. "You're going to get her dirty!"

"Jeez, sorry."

As Minato squeezed him tight, a blast of unbearable pleasure struck Mahiro's body. He screamed inside, unable to bear the sensation of those lascivious fingers as they coiled around his firm plastic breasts and buttocks, his thumb unwittingly catching his clit and sending him into a paroxysm of ecstasy in the process. His heart pounded in pleasure.

“S-so...” said Yuta, staring at her. “Who’s going to...?”

Minato swallowed. “Y-you use her!” he said, tossing Mahiro into Yuta’s hands. “You were the one who wanted to buy her!”

Mahiro screamed at the unbearable pleasure.

“Wh-what? I did not! You were the one who wanted her!”

“Liar! It was clearly you!”

Yuta raised Mahiro as if planning to throw him back, then lowered him with a frown. “Maybe we should play rock paper scissors for her, or something?”

Minato swallowed. “Yeah. Yeah, okay,” he said, holding out his hands. “Ready?”

“Rock-paper-scissors... Rock!”

“Paper! Hah! I win!”

Yuta tossed Mahiro into Minato’s hands again. “I thought you didn’t want to be the first one to use her.”

Minato frowned. “Oh, right.” Shrugging, he unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants, allowing them to fall to the ground with a clack from the buckle. As Yuta turned away, blushing, Minato grabbed his underpants and pulled them down too, freeing a surprisingly large cock to spring out into the open.

Staring at it, Mahiro could only scream in terror. He’d never seen something so huge! Even his own comrade had only been half its length.

“W-well?” said Yuta, covering his eyes. “Go on!”

“I am! I am!” Swallowing, Minato raised Mahiro to his tip. Mahiro screamed in terror as his gigantic glans nuzzled his plastic labia. *N-no! Not like this! Not like this!* He wished she still had real eyes to cry with.

Tightening his grip on his waist, Minato forced him down, downward, and Mahiro screamed even louder as the other boy’s cock slipped into his pussy, stretching it wide around it until Mahiro felt certain he’d tear.

Nnn~! Nnnn~! Stop! Stop it, please! I can’t take it! His rubber body emitted little squeaks as Minato forced it down his shaft.

Finally, with a *pop* and a *schlup* and a silent scream from Mahiro, his body slipped all the way down the length of Minato’s cock, his thighs slamming into the base of Minato’s penis with a *smack*.

In the same instant, pleasure ripped through Mahiro's body, so mind-shreddingly intense that he couldn't hold on to a single thought. Like a gigantic blade, it cut through his brain and coated everything it passed in a thick layer of impenetrable pleasure, cloying. Mahiro could barely even remember who he was.

Grimacing, Minato tightened his grip on Mahiro's little body, raised it high, and dropped it with a *schlap* of plastic against flesh, leaving Mahiro to scream as that blade ripped through him again, cutting through what little remained of his sanity. All he could do was scream inside, scream and scream and relish in the sensation. He didn't have the coherency left to resist any longer.

Eyes tight, grunting with exertion, Minato raised Mahiro high and dropped him and raised him once more, each rise and fall of his tiny plastic body striking him with a fresh pang of intense, unbearable delight, so raw it ripped aside all other sensation and left him tingling as he struggled to prepare for the next one. Not that he could—as Minato got into a rhythm, the bolt came faster and faster, blurring into one another, a single interminable, endless ouroboros of orgasm, body wracking and destroy. Mahiro, the idea of Mahiro, vanished entirely in the face of it, and for several minutes, he was reduced to nothing more than a piece of plastic for Minato to fuck and fuck and fuck and—

Finally, Minato reached his limit. Throwing back his head, he gave a wild grunt and thrust his hips forward, cum exploding from his tip. Mahiro's stomach bulged as he struggled to contain it. He tasted every drop, of course. Every thick, salty drop. He'd never tasted anything so salty before.

Breathing hard, Minato pulled out of him with a plop and hurried to shake off his penis. As he pulled up his pants, still shivering in delight, his friend uncovered his eyes and turned back to face him. "Are you done?" Yuri asked, clearly unbelieving.

"Y-yeah," said Minato, breathing hard. He held out Mahiro for Yuta to take.

"Ew, you got her full of your cum," said Yuta, tipping her so it poured out onto the forest floor.

Minato shrugged.

"You're the worst," said Yuta, unbuckling his pants.

Mahiro could only moan at what he saw awaiting him.

Incident Report: Case 69-16

Name and Details: Mahiro Oyama, 14?, Female?

Personal Circumstances: Victim is a middle school student currently attending Yotsuba University Affiliated Junior High School, who was reported missing on 05/06/2024, after

disappearing while on a trip with her sister to the local shopping mall. Like many other Case-69s, she was initially assumed to have been the victim of a conventional kidnapping, until interviews with customers of the Ponpu Danpu Sex Shop in Akihabara raised the possibility that she and several other girls missing from her school had been transformed and sold there. (Note: Questions have been raised regarding the victim's true identity. Additional investigations are currently proceeding.)

Discovery: As part of a series of investigations under Operation Thousand Strokes, agents have been carrying out interviews with customers of the Ponpu Danpu Sex Shop (See File #11 for further details). On 12/06/2024, agents Yamamoto and Queen interviewed Yuta Sakurada and Minato Senkawa, fellow members of Miss Oyama's school who reported visiting the shop and purchasing a masturbatory aid in her image. Further investigation confirmed the agents' suspicion that Miss Oyama had been transformed, and they confiscated the masturbatory aid in question as per procedure. Mr. Sakurada and Mr. Senkawa were released after questioning.

Current Location: Stored in her box in the storehouse of Akihabara Station.