

Catastrophic Crime Spree, Part 6 (Lollipop TF, Darling in the Franxx)

The mess hall door opened with a faint creak from the hinges. Poking her head through the gap, Zero Two looked left and right and finally slipped through it, her eyes locked on the giant jar of honey still resting on the table.

Creeping across the room with all the stealthiness of a spider, she clambered up onto the table, ripped the lid off the pot, and, poured its contents down her throat like some kind of crazy bear.

Emptying the jar, she made to cast it aside, remembered she was supposed to be being sneaky, and stopped herself at the very last moment. With a sigh of relief, she placed it delicately back on the table, she turned and crept back to the door like the sneaky honey-thief she was.

As she approached the exit, however, she couldn't help but notice the light shining off the smooth, polished wood. Frowning, she turned and looked back over her shoulder, tracing it to the patio window. Outside, a bright light glinted among the bushes and leaves of Mistilteinn's garden.

Standing, her secret mission forgotten, she hurried back across the mess hall to and peered out of the window. A small pink light frolicked playfully between the trees, zipping left and right and bobbing up and down like a firefly.

Cocking her head, Zero Two opened the door and stepped outside, the strange light glinting off her horns and in her eyes. She didn't know what it was, but it couldn't hurt to find out, right? Maybe if she got a little closer, she'd be able to tell?

Grass crunched beneath her naked soles as she strolled across the garden, her eyes locked on the light. It flitted playfully to-and-fro, dancing around the trees and hiding behind the bushes. Sometimes it moved slowly, and sometimes it darted from one position to the next with lightning speed, like the dot of a laser pointer being used to tease a cat. Zero Two could only stare at it, feeling a strange urge to drop to all fours and chase after it herself.

Finally, as if realizing she wasn't going to do anything quite so crazy, the light stopped flying around at random, came to an abrupt stop, and floated over to her position. Instinctively, she tensed up, ready to leap back the second it proved dangerous, but instead it just came to a halt and hung there, unmoving, as if waiting for her response.

After several seconds, Zero Two realized that was exactly what it was doing. Tightening her eyes, she looked around, just in case someone was about to leap out at her. This *felt* like a trap. It had to be a trap, didn't it? Suspicious lights like these didn't just dance into your life for no reason.

Then again, it was so pretty. So pretty. Maybe she should just reach out and— "Ow!" With a pop, the light exploded. Zero Two snatched her hand back with a hiss of pain, wincing as

pink sparks danced down her limbs and grounded themselves in her shoulders. "Ow! What the—?!"

Lightning coursed through her nervous system. With a gasp, she snapped straight and went rigid, her every muscle frozen. All she could do was stare ahead, her eyes wide in shock, her jaw half open, wobbling back and forth on the spot like a poorly-rooted tree in a fierce storm.

Then she toppled, striking the ground with a soft thump.

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When Zero Two returned to consciousness, she found herself in an environment unlike anything she'd ever experienced: cramped, dark and gray, with smooth stone walls and an undeniable scent of mildew. She tried to stand and look around, but to her horror she'd been chained to the wall. A pair of manacles were wrapped tight around her wrists.

Heart pounding, she sat up and strained, trying to break her chains, but no matter how hard she struggled, she could barely even make them rattle. At last, after several minutes of shaking, she collapsed with a groan, her face red. What was she supposed to do now?

As if to answer her question, the door of her little prison cell opened with a groan of metal, and into the room stepped a masked man, body and face alike concealed. A metal briefcase swung from his hand. Marching into the center of the room, he planted it on the floor and popped the latches with a pair of clicks.

Zero Two could only stare in terror. What was he doing? What did he have in there?

As if sensing her curiosity, her captor chuckled and spun the briefcase to face her, revealing two rows of hypodermic needles, each filled with a colorful fluid. He had a whole rainbow of them, from Richard all the way to Vain.

Zero Two watched a flashback of her traumatic backstory. "N-no!" she cried, pressing herself against the wall. "No!"

The masked man only looked at her and snickered.

With a smile (she didn't know how she knew he was smiling, but she knew), her captor plucked a bright red syringe from the case, raised it, squirted a little, inspected its issue, and finally, shuffling forward, aimed it at her leg. Zero Two squirmed, struggling not to scream.

The needle entered her with the tiniest prick of pain. For a moment, she stopped whining to breathe hard and watch, convinced the worst of it was over.

Then her veins started to burn as if pumped full of lava, glowing a bright orange, like molten metal. Screaming now, terrified, she stared as it poured through her, spreading up her arm and rapidly around her system. As the burning spread, it lost its heat and became something almost soothing instead, a strange kind of tingling pleasure, almost erotic, that reminded her of piloting a Franxx. It made her want to screw up her arms and shiver and writhe, slamming

her legs tight and wiggling. Since that was almost the only thing she could do, she settled for doing it.

As the heat spread through her form, it seemed to diffuse, seeping from her veins through the rest of her cells and leaving her entire body glowing with the heat of it. Eyes tight, she moaned, shivering on the spot as the pleasure grew and grew, becoming stronger with every second. Her nipples perked, almost tearing through her top, and her pussy burned, pouring like a broken dam. Soon she sat in a nice little puddle of her juices, and still the pleasure kept growing stronger, stronger, stronger.

Glistening, her uniform shimmered and changed: from the soft, matte texture of cloth in multiple different colors to a glossy light red, like a strawberry candy. Her skin wasted no time in copying it; Zero Two could only squeal. "What's happening to me?"

From the masked figure's mask came an androgynous laugh.

As her skin reddened, it took on a different texture too: slick and glossy, as if she were turning to plastic. She trembled. No, it was worse than that: she was becoming slightly translucent too.

A sudden snap from her legs wrenched a squeal of her lips—they'd spread, bent at the knees to fully expose her genitals. Moaning, she struggled to slam them shut again, but it was as if they'd turned to ice. She couldn't move them at all.

Standing, the masked man crept behind her and undid her shackles. She went to throw up her arms and strangle him, to wrap her hands around his throat and squeeze tight, but to her horror she found she couldn't do anything of the sort: her arms and hands were locked in place, unable to move.

At least as she wanted them to. From behind her came a terrible creaking sound, and as she watched in baffled terror, they rose, snapping into a pair of tight right angles capped in v-signs. Slowly, second by second, her body lost its mobility and gradually became still, until at last only her head remained animate. Her arms, her legs, her torso and hips, her stomach and breasts, all had become the same firm, glossy red material. It stank of strawberries.

Just as she thought things couldn't get any worse, the puddle of juices beneath her rippled and rose, swirling into a tall tower of liquid, which hardened rapidly into a large cardboard rod—

—aimed straight at her anus. *Schlup!*

Zero Two threw back her head in a tremendous scream, her eyes rolling back in their sockets, her tongue lolling out of her mouth.

And just like that, as if the winds had changed, she froze that way, unmoving as a statue.

For several seconds, she sat there in unwilling silence, straining to move, to fight, to scream, to do anything, not that her body would allow it. Worse, the pleasure refused to fade. In fact,

the longer she sat there, that giant paper rod jammed straight into her exposed butt, the stronger it seemed to grow.

Creaking like an iceberg, she shrank, collapsing from human size to barely a hundredth of it. Around her, the world swelled to utter enormity, growing so large the sight filled her with terror. By the time she stopped, she'd become so reduced she could have picked herself up and crushed herself in a single, dainty fist. She wanted to whimper.

At last, however, the changes seemed to stop. Not that this was much consolation for Zero Two, lying there frozen on the floor of her little cell, unable to even sate the terrible in her sex. With every second, it grew a little stronger.

Closing his briefcase with a snap, her captor leaned down and, smirking (somehow she could tell), picked her up. By the stick. She screamed in utter ecstasy.

Holding her to his face, the masked man looked at her and chuckled in delight. Reaching into a pocket, he plucked a see-through wrapper from his coat and forced it around her, squeezing the ends tight. Zero Two wailed in pleasure as it rubbed her erogenous new body, setting off a thousand tiny firecrackers of pleasure as it contacted her sensitive new skin.

With that, she flew through the air, and without the chance for even a single word of protest, she found herself thrust into the darkness.

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When the light returned, she found herself on the shelf of a store.

Heart pounding painfully hard, she strained to look around. Where was she? What had they done with her? Where had they sent her?

The answer, by the looks of it, was a cute little candy-cum-toy store, though the customer ruined her impression of it. Even as she watched, a bulky man passed her shelf, his eyes locked on the far shelf. He certainly looked like a man who ate a lot of candy, but a store like this was meant for kids, wasn't it? What was he—and all the other men like him—doing in here?

It took her a second to realize. What she'd assumed at first was normal candy, was not normal candy. What she had assumed at first were normal toys, were not normal toys. The shapes were wrong, twisted. They looked less like innocent treats and playthings and more like... more like...

Picking up the effigy of a young woman, her body bright blue and limbless, one of the men lowered her to his crotch and made a sharp jerking motion. His friend laughed and grabbed another in the image of a middle-aged woman, slipping a finger into the large hole between her legs and wiggling it so its tip pressed through her stomach.

Zero Two, watching in horror, could only moan in disgust. What kind of disgusting store was she in?

She squirmed, or tried to anyway, tried to will her inanimate body to bend its arms and legs and leap from the shelf and run away, ridiculous as the idea was. Naturally, it didn't move in the slightest. The only effect of her furious struggles was reminding herself just how thick the giant rod in her anus was... and how *good* it felt to have it wiggling around inside her. She shuddered. *Please... Someone make it stop!*

It didn't stop. For the next several hours, it actually got worse. By the time the sun had started to set, Zero Two felt as if she'd melt and explode and burst into flame all at once. Her body was just *coursing* with ecstasy. It was maddening.

Finally, just as she was about to lose herself, the door of the store swung open, making the bell above clang, and into the shop stepped a sweaty young man with short brown hair and freckles. Standing there on the step, he inspected the wares on offer with a nervous kind of energy, as if worried someone was about to leap out and cuff him just for being here.

After a couple of seconds he worked up his courage and advanced, head snapping nervously from one shelf to the next as he progressed through the shop, sweat dripping from his face. Stuck on the shelf, Zero Two watched with a morbid sense of curiosity. He wasn't looking at her, was he?

He wasn't for the moment. In fact, his actual attention was on an ugly looking doll tucked into the corner of the store. Eyes locked on it, he advanced, giving Zero Two plenty of time to observe the obvious bulge in his pants. Despite herself, she found herself blushing. *You... you pervert!*

Striding forward, his erection leading the way, he passed her shelf. And of course, as luck would have it, he happened to catch sight of her.

N-no! No! Don't look at me! she cried as his eyes settled on her. *Don't look!* She wanted to catch fire.

Despite her pleas, the young man did look. Pausing mid-stride, he snapped to face her like a compass needle and strode closer, eyes locked on her little form.

Whimpering, she struggled to pull away, but she had no choice but to sit there and watch as he raised his hand—his enormous, sweaty hand—and reached for her, ready to take her entire body in his grip. She wanted to scream.

Grabbing her, crushing her wrapper against her skin and setting off a whole new bombardment of pleasure, he wrenched her out of the holder and into the air, where he took her stick and pinched it as he studied her with the hungriest look Zero Two had ever seen anyone give. A starving dog wouldn't look at a steak with such depraved desperation.

Please, she tried to cry. Put me down! Put me back!

Instead, he wrapped his hand around her, squeezed tight (blowing her mind to smithereens in the process) and scurried over to the counter, where she could only lie and listen to the sound of him buying her. She cost a lot less than she would have assumed.

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By the time she saw the light again, they'd arrived at the young man's bedroom. Slamming the door behind him, he locked it with a click and threw himself onto the bed with a squeak from the springs. Only then did he finally reach into his pocket and pull her out.

Staring at the poorly-kept room, with its lewd posters and clothes strewn all over the floor and strange, acidic smell, Zero Two shivered in horror. Just what kind of person did she belong to now?

Her new owner lay back on the bed and raise her with a smile, his eyes roaming all over her tiny, inanimate body. Pinching her wrapper, he tore it off and cast it aside, tossing it onto the pile of empty beer cans and chip packets surrounding the bed. Zero Two whimpered in terror.

Now, bringing her closer to his face, so close she could see every pimple on his nose, he sniffed deep and hard, closed his eyes, and released a long moan. His free hand, fingers flexing, disappeared somewhere she didn't even want to guess. The sound that followed was more than enough of a confirmation. Breathing hard now, the young man raised her to his mouth, leaving her screaming in terror as his enormous lips opened wide and threatened to swallow her. She'd forgotten what she was, of course—he wasn't going to put her inside him. No yet, anyway. No, he hadn't something entirely lewder planned for her body.

Sticking out his tongue, he licked her. Licked her. Hard. Staring between her legs and forcing his fat, saliva-slick tongue all the way up the front of her body, over her dress and her bust and finally her face, which he left so coated she could barely see anything. Several seconds passed before enough of the stuff dripped away to restore her vision, and Zero Two spent every single one of them screaming. Not just in fear, though that was a major part of it, but in pleasure. As the young man's tongue contacted her poor, unresisting form, ecstasy shot through her like a bolt of lightning, surging through her figure and leaving her wanting to burst. The energy was irresistible, unbearable. If she'd still had the freedom to move, she would have thrown back her head and wailed and wailed and wailed, losing herself to the utter ecstasy of being touched.

Sucking his tongue back into his mouth, he savored it for a second, his eyes tight, his missing hand pumped. And then, as if one lick wasn't enough, and it obviously wasn't, he stuck out his tongue and came for her again, rubbing the awful thing all over her front. Pleasure surged, painful, through her limbs. She screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed.

Her owner couldn't hear her, of course. And even if he could, she doubted it would make much of a difference. Ignorant or uncaring of her plight, he simply kept licking and licking and licking and licking, and the more he licked, the stronger the sensations assaulting her became. By lick no. 10, she'd almost forgotten her own name.

One after another they came, slow and mind-shaking, like a series of slow-motion blows to the head. Her never struck her in the same place, not twice in a row: first he'd go for her between her legs, leaving her squealing as his tongue lapped over her skirt and made her scream as it slipped underneath it. Next he'd twist her around and, starting with her head, work his way down, leaving her moaning as he coated her face in his awful saliva. It made her want to scream, but of course all she could do was hang there and take it.

Next, he'd hold her on his side and work his giant tongue up and down her breasts. If they'd still been made of flesh, they would be flopping up and down, slapped in one direction and then the next by the passing of his tongue. As it was, they hung firm in the restraint of her dress, frozen, though the pleasure that hit her was much the same as if they'd been moving. When he worked his tongue around her nipples, circling and circling like a shark waiting to devour a tiring swimmer, the ecstasy came in growing spirals, each jolt a little stronger than the last. She couldn't bear it.

Stop! she cried. *Stop! Please—Nnnnn~! Please stop!* He ignored her, of course. If anything, he picked up the pace, working her body and his shaft faster than ever. And as he licked, it became apparent that something terrifying was happening to her. Looking down, she moaned in horror. *M-my clothes!*

With each lick of her captor's tongue, her once pristine uniform—or what remained of it after their transformation, anyway—became a little stickier, dissolved by the acids of his saliva. All she could do was stare, rigid with terror, as he drew back, snatching away a good portion of her skirt in the process. Her panties, revealed, sparkled in the light.

N-no! she cried. *Stop that! Stop that!*

Ignoring that, he went for her chest and licked away the bodice of her dress, exposing her breasts in her bra beneath it. She squealed.

Inch by inch, he worked his way up and down her figure, until at last her dress and her shoes and her tights were long gone, and the only thing that remained of her original outfit was her simple, strawberry underwear.

Pausing for a second, he raised her to his eyes, and the sound of his other hand working became louder. This little reprieve gave her just enough time to cry out in terror, pleading desperately for mercy. *No more! No more!*

Then he stuck out his tongue and went for her lingerie.

As he slathered her breasts and her groin with saliva, her bra and her panties came apart like tissue paper, dissolved instantly, and as he lapped them away, the cool air of his room struck her exposed boobs and pussy, and a fresh bolt of ecstasy, infinitely more powerful than anything she'd felt so far, struck her head and coursed all the way through her. Body thrumming, she screamed and screamed and screamed, losing herself to her nuclear-grade orgasm. She barely even noticed her captor had stopped licking.

Incident Report: Case 69-45

Name and Details: Unknown, Age Presumed 18, Female

Personal Circumstances: Details unknown. Despite intensive investigation, officers have yet to be able to connect the victim to any missing person reports, or indeed to provide any details of her identity whatsoever. Posters bearing the victim's appearance, reconstructed by forensic artists based on her new form, have been distributed through Tokyo, but they have yet to produce results. Investigations are continuing.

Discovery: As part of Operation Thousand Strokes, officers have been conducting regular checks of stores in the Akihabara area, keeping an eye open for any items with qualities aligning with those of previous Case 69s. As part of one such check of the *Pero Pero* candy and sex shop, Officers Mastodon and Pterodactyl discovered a crate of transformed lollipops, a third of which bore the image of known missing persons. The officers immediately seized the crate and began tracking down those lollipops that had already been sold in a desperate attempt to reclaim them before they could be consumed. While not wholly successful, the officers were able to recover several missing persons, including the unnamed victim, whose was found in the bedroom of one Taro Yamada, 23. The victim was fortunate that her purchaser had elected to pause after licking off her clothes. Mr. Yamada was detained on suspicion of trafficking in transformed persons and released on bail pending further investigation.

Current Location: Due to Akihabara Station's storage room being ill-equipped to store perishables, the victim has instead been placed in the back of the station's breakroom fridge, with a note instructing its users not to touch her.