

Kana into Bra (Inanimate TF, Oshi no Ko)

Kana screamed as the catgirl straddled her, sticking out her tongue and all but drooling in her face. "Get away from me!"

"Aww, what's the matter, nya~. Don't you *want* to be a bra?" Pulling back, the catgirl laughed and reached into her cleavage, from which she retrieved a long purple wand. "Come on, just think of all the fun nyou're going to have holding up my boobies!"

Kana shook her head and squealed. "Nooo! Get away!"

With a frown, the catgirl shrugged. "Wow. Some people just have no taste, nya." She raised her wand. "Oh well!"

Kana screamed as a bolt of lightning crashed into her, flinging her into the air and incinerating her clothes in a single blinding instant. She screamed again as her body lit up, every cell tingling as it if were fighting to escape her flesh.

Eyes wide in horror, Kana curled her legs up and around till they formed a large O behind her. She then threw her arms over her shoulders to join up with her ankles. Squirming to escape her new pose, she gasped in horror as her limbs started shriveling, twisting in on themselves and shrinking till they looked less like a human's limbs and more like the straps of a—

She screamed. The catgirl burst into laughter.

As Kana wailed, her body continued to shrivel, head sinking into her neck, while her torso sucked up what remained of her thighs. Her chest, on the other hand, fatter and fatter with the second, absorbing the rest of her body in its effort to reach a new size. It was almost as if it wanted to match the swollen bust of the catgirl...

Finally, all that remained of Kana was her boobs and her limbs. The former flattened out into a pair of smooth cups, a bow the color of her hair formed between them, and with that she fluttered unmoving to the ground, wanting to scream yet unable to make a sound.

Snatching her up, the catgirl stretched her playfully, each slight tug sending ripples of ecstasy rolling through Kana's body. *Stop! Stop!* She cried, lost on the edge of orgasm. *Stooooop!* Even this simple test was mind-rendingly good.

The catgirl simply chuckled. "If you like this, let's see how you like being worn..."

—

Tiny, Invincible Planet (Goddess, Vore)

The hall bustled thrummed with the excitement of people who'd come to see the exhibit, which lay concealed beneath a veil in a little glass display.

"Hello, everyone," said the man in charge of the exhibition. "Thank you all for joining us here today. For centuries, man had dreamed of owning tiny, invincible planets which we can touch and poke and use to play golf or whatever. Well, today I'm here to announce that man need dream no more! Beneath this veil lies the world's first invincible miniature planet. Behold!"

He pulled away the veil to reveal the cage was empty. "Golly!" he said, "it's a little smaller than I remember it."

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Melanie laughed as she marched out of the hall, tossing and catching the tiny invincible world like any normal ball. She couldn't believe she'd gotten out of there undetected.

"What shall I do with you now, my pretties?" she asked, holding the green and blue marble up to her eyes. The world's magical forcefield kept her fingers from damaging it, but she hoped its inhabitants were terrified of her anyway.

Since no one could answer her, she moved to tapping her chin in thought. "What should I do with you...? What should I do with you...? Hmm... How about I play a game of marbles?"

She threw herself to the floor and placed the tiny marble on the ground as if she intended to flick it. Before she had a chance, she realized there aren't many games you can play with only one marble. She snatched it back up.

Frowning to herself, she rolled the stupid thing back and forth between her fingers, as if it could provide an answer itself.

Actually, maybe it could... Leaning in, she brought the little planet—it really did look like a marble to her ear. "What do you guys think?"

If that had an answer, she didn't hear it.

Frowning even deeper than before, she plopped the planet in her cleavage and rolled it around.

Finally, she came to a decision. "Eh, on second thoughts, a tiny, invincible planet isn't really that useful, is it? On the other hand, I'm feeling a little curious... I wonder how long it will take to..." And without another thought, she tossed the stupid thing into her mouth and swallowed it whole.

Rubbing her belly, she strolled on without a care in the world.

—

Hololive into Marketable Plushies (Inanimate TF, Hololive)

Gura frowned as she shuffled into the changing room with the rest of Holomyth and Council. “Why do you have to do this stupid photoshoot anyway?” she asked, holding up the skimpy swimsuit they’d assigned her. It was only marginally less revealing than the rest of their outfits.

“It’s just a sponsorship thing,” said Mumei.

“Yeah,” said Calli. “We’ve done things like this a thousand times before.”

“Not like this!” cried Gura, gritting her teeth in frustration.

Despite her protests, the group soon finished changing into their less-than-concealing swimsuits, and they passed through a door into a neighboring room. There, a man with a particularly bulky camera gestured for them to line up side-to-side in front of it.

“How should we pose?” asked Kiara.

The photographer shrugged. “Eh, anything is fine.”

No sooner has Kiara and the rest of the group exchanged a look than he snapped a picture.

Or that was what it seemed he was doing, anyway. But as the flash of light from the so-called camera struck their skin, the gathered vubers found themselves experiencing a strange kind of tingling. As they threw themselves back in surprise, the surrounding room exploded in size, as if they’d stumbled into the castle of a giant.

Looking down, Kronii squealed inside to see her body compacting, crushed till her arms and legs were little more than cylinders sticking out of an equally reduced torso. By the time she’d stopped, she was barely a tenth of her former size—only her boobs retained their size.

Their heights weren’t the only things they were losing though. At the same time, the skin had turned a coarse matte and gained a network of stitches—it crisscrossed their breasts and ran up and down their limbs, providing an excellent explanation for why they suddenly felt so stuffy.

The idols stared at each other's shrunken bodies in shock, and as they did their eyes changed to nothing more than simple buttons, like the eyes of cheap teddy bears.

Finally, their mouths and their lower holes alike plumped up till they were nice and fat and round. Not all of them had seen holes like these before, but those who had screamed inside in terror.

Putting his camera away, the 'photographer' approached and snatched Calli up. "Hehe, you guys are gonna auction for way more as plushies than you ever made the company as idols. You know how many guys there are that wanna own dolls like you?"

He looked left and right, as if considering something. "Speaking of, I wouldn't mind trying you myself..."

Calli could only squeal as he unzipped his pants.

—

Emilia, Rem, and Ram into Sexdolls via Tentacles (Inanimate TF, Re: Zero)

Emilia sighed as she settled into bed, ready for another night of restful sleep. No sooner had she pulled up the covers, however, than her bedroom window exploded with a crash. She screamed as tentacles, thick and purple, flew towards her bed, but she couldn't get away before it wrapped around her legs. The scent of salt was overwhelming.

Carefully extracting her from the room, the tentacles dragged her out into the open air and held her there, caught in its coiled grip. Trapped, Emilia got her first good view of the monster itself: a vast, tentacular monster, all slick, slimy flesh and tendrils. It had a fat, ring-like mouth, more like a donut than the beak you'd expect from this kind of monster.

As she struggled to escape, she heard two cries from down below and looked to see Rem and Ram rushing to her aid. Unfortunately for both them and her, they didn't get within more than a couple of meters before one of the giant tentacles slammed into them and lifted them screaming off the ground like her.

Emilia's heart pounded in panic. "Subaru!" she cried. "Suba—!"

Something thick and slimy and tasting intensely of salt slammed into her mouth, all but choking her. Emilia squealed, eyes wide in panic, to see a smaller tentacle protruding from her lips, slick with slime and visibly pulsing.

Unfortunately, it wasn't the only one the monster had planned for her. As she struggled to pull away, something nuzzled at her panties. Looking down in utter horror, Emilia could only moan as a pair of tentacles forced their way inside them, slick tips nuzzling at her vulva and slipping between her buttcheeks. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Another pair of tentacles tore away her nightdress and slipped into her bra, caressing her soft, pliant breasts. She squealed and squirmed, lost in utter panic. How could this get any worse?

With a pair of schlups, the lower tentacles slammed into her.

Emilia screamed, loud despite her gag, as they pulled out and thrust deeper, pulled out and thrust, pulled out and thrust, each motion slamming her with a torturous blast of unbearable ecstasy. She shook and squirmed and moaned and shivered, desperately begging someone to save her. From nearby came similar sound as the tentacles had as much fun with her maids.

As the tentacles thrust, the slime they oozed coated her naked flesh and left her skin tingling where it touched. In the middle of the experience, she barely had the focus left to notice it, but as more of the stuff touched her, the more the sensation grew, till there was little she could do to ignore it.

Opening her eyes, Emilia stared, horrified, to find her skin turning as sleek and smooth as her tea set, only soft and pliant to the touch, such that it squeaked when the tentacles squeezed her. Unable to pull away, she could only watch as her entire body assumed this texture.

As it pumped her, the monster squeezed her and squished her, sculpting her like a piece of clay in its grip. It seized her breasts like a corset and lifted them, its slime fattening them till they were big and round and so erogenous the slightest touch made her want to scream. Next, it smoothed out her hands and her feet, leaving her with little more than stubs.

Smaller tentacles traced her flesh, leaving lines in her skin resembling stitches, while another slammed into her belly button and pulled it as some kind of see-through cap that she couldn't even comprehend.

Finally, the tentacles inside her began to pulse, trembling as if on the verge of exploding. A second later, they did, filling her guts with something thick and salty. Emilia's moan died on her lips as they fattened and fused into a single plump donut exactly like the monster's own. A fire spread through her as her lower holes did the same. By the time it stopped, she was unable to think.

At last, the tentacles released her. Emilia dropped and struck the ground with a sad squeak. A moment later, two similar squeaks sounded as Rem and Ram landed nearby, their own bodies reduced to simple dolls like her own.

As the monster trundled away, Emilia could only lie there and groan. *Subaru...*

...Use me!

—

Bully into Victim's Possession (Inanimate TF)

"Oh. My. Gawd. Can you guys see what that slut is doing?"

The sound of Regina's nasally-voice cut through the air and struck Melanie's ears like a knife. Pausing mid-suck of her popsicle, she turned to Regina and her minions with a frown. "What?" she asked, voice muffled.

Regina and co. all burst into laughter. "Oh my, like, Gawd, she didn't even take it out of her mouth! O-M-G, Melony, don't you know how much of a slut you look like?"

Melanie pulled the popsicle slowly out of her frown, leaving a thick line of drool between its tip and her lips. She slurped it up. "Please fuck off."

Regina made a face like someone had shit in her cleavage. "Er, excuse me? Who the fuck do you think you are, telling *me* to fuck off?" Marching over, she slapped Melanie's popsicle out of her hand. "Hah! Enjoy sucking *that*."

Melanie studied her popsicle, lying melting on the ground, and frowned. Several seconds passed before she finally turned back to Regina. But instead of the insult Regina was expecting, all she did was raise her fingers...

...and *snap*.

Green flames, sickly and pale, leapt from Melanie's fingers and swept over Regina's form. She shrieked, desperately trying to bat them out, while her friends turned and ran away screaming.

Melanie, hiding a smile, flicked her fingers upward and sent Regina floating into the air with a scream. "What the hell is going on?!" she cried as fire ate the last of her clothing.

"Just replacing my popsicle," said Melanie. She twisted her wrist.

With an 'urk!' from their owner, Regina's arms and legs snapped upward, fingers spreading into a v-pose. "What the fuck?!" she cried, seeing her breasts and her sex exposed. "What the fuck-?!" She tried, without success, to fight back.

Melanie flicked her fingers again, and Regina's protests froze as her mouth, and the rest of her turned rapidly to ice, green-tinted. She sparkled in the sunlight.

"Oops," said Melanie. "Almost forgot the stick."

With a twist of the wrist, she conjured a large wooden stick and sent it sailing straight towards Regina's exposed vagina. *Schlup!*

A final snap, and Regina's shrank to a more appropriate size. The flames died away entirely.

Snatching the former schoolgirl out of the air, Melanie wasted no time in sticking her between her lips.

"Mmm," she said, sucking hard. "Slut flavored."

Male Reader into Animate Pooltoy (TGTF, 2nd Person Male)

You're lying beside the pool, flipping through a magazine and sipping on a can of soda, when things start to change. First, a young woman pops into a swim ring, then her boyfriend joins her as an inflatable banana. You watch from the sides, eyes wide in shock, as swimmer after swimmer joins them, till stray pooltoys litter the pool like leaves after an autumn storm.

Heart pounding, you leap to your feet in shock. What is going on? What's even happening? Wh—?

Something strike you all over, as if a giant has grabbed you in his hand and *squeeeezed* your entire body at once. You barely have time to emit a squeak. One moment, you're standing; the next...

Toppling sideways, you land in the pool with... not a splash like you're expecting, but more of a splot. Instead of sinking, you find yourself floating on the surface, floating as if your body has become as buoyant as a life raft. Flailing, you pull yourself back to the side and out, water running down the sleek surface of your skin.

Panicking, you look down.

Where you expect to find your flat, masculine chest, you find instead a pair of little breasts. Squealing in a shockingly high-pitched voice, you grab your groin and squeal again to find nothing more than a tight slit your fingers slid easily into. You squeak, stumbling back, and almost trip.

When you turn back to the pool, you find your reflection absent. Where it should be is that of a young woman, her hair white, a figure curved yet not over-generous, her skin as smooth and slightly translucent as plastic—in fact, when you touch it, you begin to suspect that's not far from the truth. Every time you move, you squeak as your taut, rubbery new body squeezes against itself. You've become some kind of animate pooltoy.

Stumbling backward, your heart pounding, you trace your hands slowly down your front, over the curve of your breasts and towards your hips. You squeeze your cheeks, earning a pair of squeaks, before turning your attention to the hole between your legs. You can't really have one, can't you? You wonder what it feels like...

Before you can find out, a hand settles on your shoulders, and you find yourself staring at two women in long, pointy hats.

"Oooh, look at this one," says one, "I didn't know the spell could leave them half-animate like this." She giggles. "I wonder what kind of life she'll live now she's made of plastic."

“Who cares?” says the other, with a smirk. “Pooltoys belong in the pool.” And she gives you a push, straight into the water.

Spot.

Lying there on the surface of the pool, so confused you can barely move, you watch as the pair of women recede into the distance, laughing at the misery surrounding them.

What the hell have you just witnessed?

...And what are you going to do now?