

The World Needs More Sex Dolls

“Sex dolls?! ...*Special* sex dolls?! What do nyou mean, *special* sex dolls?!” Pointer held to a smooth blue ear, Seigu struggled to keep her voice down. “I make *billions* of sex dolls every day, nya! What’s wrong with them? ...What do nyou mean they’re not ‘special’?! How am I supposed to make them ‘special’?! ‘Figure it out nyourself’?! Nyaaaah!”

Sighing, she pinched the bridge of her nose. “Okay, okay, nyou know what? I’ll handle it, nya. Nyes, nyes. ...Okay. Goodbye, Mommy. Nyes, nyes. Goodbye. Goodbye. Bye.” Hanging up, Siegu groaned and tossed her pointer out the window.

Slumping into her office’s chair, she drummed her fingers against her desk and ran some mental calculations.

Special sex dolls? What even did that mean? The only thing Mommy had made clear was that she wouldn’t accept any old transmuted humans, which immediately wrote off most of Seigu’s Prey Farms. Some of the free-range ones, including Earth itself, might be suitable, but she doubted it. Sex dolls from there were already one of the Store’s bestselling products, so there was no chance Mommy would see them as ‘special’.

What other options did she have? Well, there were the *truly* free-range Prey Farms, whose inhabitants had been raised in utter ignorance of their status as livestock, but they were few and far between, and prey from them fetched a high price. She didn’t want to waste them on one of Mommy’s wacky vanity projects.

Groaning, Seigu stood and marched to the office’s large hardlight window, where she looked down on the light blue boxes and towers that formed the skyline of City-00, Planet Seigu. As she watched, one of her Pawships sailed past, carrying its box of cargo into orbit and the Cat Flap that floated there. Focusing on the relevant patch of sky, she had her saiba-eyes magnify and enhance it till she could make out the swirling pink rift in spacetime as easily as if it were meters away.

Ah, she thought, *there’s an idea*.

Extracting another pointer from her cleavage, she shook it and held it to her ear. “Hello, ‘Fuku? It’s Seigu. Get the *Kitty Hawk* ready. We’re going to do some *procurement*, nya.”

Three hours later, the *Kitty Hawk*’s main screen swirled with the blazing pink lightnings of the Nyar Gate as the ship sailed the stream between Creations. On the bridge, Seigu reclined in her chair, tapping a claw against a nearby console.

At last, the whirlpool of pink light on the screen opened wide, replaced by a black expanse of stars which was itself replaced moments later by a blue-green globe lathered in clouds.

A second later, this too was replaced: by a set of big, red letters reading ‘WE’RE HERE’.

“We’re here, nya!” said Captain Seifuku, somewhat redundantly.

“Oh, are we?” said Seigu, raising an eyebrow.

‘YES,’ replied the screen.

Closing her eyes, the saibaneko let her mind sink down through the *Kitty Hawk*’s sensors, down, down, to the satellite grids and communication networks of the planet spinning below:

World M24-2016-13. Thirteenth in a sequence of near-identical Alt-Earths the *Kitty Hawk* had discovered and recorded. It and every other world in its possibility-packet provided an interesting insight into how the Bakeneko’s own Earth might have looked 100 years after its discovery (had the Empire had never invaded): technology had advanced at a terrible pace, then promptly gone rogue; social issues had been solved and replaced by new ones; humanity, as ever, remained charmingly incompetent.

(The Robot Rebellion in particular was an outcome that always made Seigu chuckle. Who let themselves get beat up by their own toys?)

In short, despite its marginally more advanced tech, it was just like most of the other Earths that bobbed in the Dreaming Sea.

As Seifuki and her crew handled the routine checks, scanning the local star cluster to make sure they hadn’t accidentally stumbled upon, say, some kind of Nigh-Omnipotent Squirrel, Seigu peered at the alternate Earth through a thousand, thousand cameras and smiled the crescent smile that practically characterized her species.

She loved high-tech Earths like this one.

It meant she could do things *like* this.

Taking the mental equivalent of a deep breath, Seigu charged up her mind and sent it coursing through the technological network of the planet down below. Like a bolt of lightning, her psyche crashed into satellites, shot along deep-sea cables, and arced through the air between wireless terminals. Her mind spread in a web across the world, and a billion devices appeared in the back of her head, where she seized control of them as easily as clasping her fist.

Through innumerable cameras and microphones, she watched and listened as humanity reacted to losing control of its toys. Across the world, every machine more complex than a steam engine had either stopped working or refused to accept any new input.

The result, of course, was complete and utter panic.

Pulling her head out of the etheric sea, Seigu turned to her subordinate. “Fuku? Take us in.”

Under Seifuku's skillful command, the *Kitty Hawk* descended like a stray umbrella, spinning slowly out of orbit towards the planet down below. As it spun, the ship released its attendant fleet of child ships, scattering them like seeds from a pod. They spread out from their mothership, fanning out in the direction of the world's largest cities and dispersing their own child ships to handle the smaller towns and settlements. Seigu didn't intend to leave a single one untouched.

All in all, it was a pretty standard invasion for her.

Like many Earths, the planet had no official capital, so Seigu set the *Kitty Hawk's* own target as the place of most cultural/economic importance: the site of the United Nations' headquarters, New York. Dispersing the clouds above the overgrowth metropolis with its descent, the giant blue saucer settled into place above the Big Apple like a second sky.

From the cameras and optical implants of the city below, Seigu saw her own ship's underside from the view of millions of panicked humans. Their screams of horror made her shiver in pleasure.

Telling 'Fuku to take five, Seigu seized control of the *Kitty Hawk* herself. She'd decided to manage this part of the invasion personally.

Threading her consciousness through the enormous saucer's channels, she found the thousand plus Very Small saucers still waiting in its hangars and launched them with a thought. As they dropped, Seigu allowed some of the city's defenses to fire--purely so the people below could see how futile resistance was.

In the streets of the Big Apple, thousands of people watched as smaller saucers dropped from the larger one's base. sprouting long, noodly limbs and tails as they fell. Landing atop buildings and in the middle of streets, they sat still for a single, drawn-out moment, like a thousand cats readying themselves to pounce.

Then the zapping started.

*

On the other side of the planet, Hana Song growled in frustration as her micro-missiles slammed uselessly into the side of the cat-like walker. It was walking over the rooftops of Butan as if on a casual stroll, paying zero attention to anything she was doing. Every few seconds, a lance of pink light would fly from its tail and strike something in the distance. D.Va didn't need to look to know the results--she'd seen it happen too many times already.

As she pelted the alien spacecraft with a barrage of shots from her fusion blasters, the walker continued to studiously ignore her, turning its attention instead on a nearby office block. She watched, heart pounding in her chest, as it arced its tail over its head and fired a beam of dazzling pink light straight into a window, making the whole building glow like a lightbulb.

A bead of sweat dripped from D.Va's forehead.

She had to act, *now*.

Gritting her teeth, she thrust her mech's controls forward. "Boosters engaged!" Jets roaring, it shot into the air, sailing across the street towards the walker.

Midway there, D.Va twisted the controls so the whole controls flashed red and punched another key to confirm. "Nerf this!" she cried, launching herself out of the cockpit.

Landing on a nearby roof, she watched as her mech sailed through the air, bright green light seeping from the cracks in its armor as its reactor went into meltdown...

...and stopped, caught mid-flight in a bubble of pink energy projected from one of the walker's limbs. With a casual flick, it launched her mech into the air, where it exploded in a futile burst of light.

The next thing she knew, the walker was beside her, and pink light was filling up her eyes.

D.Va screamed as the city around her vanished. She felt a strange sense of vertigo, as if she were falling, and then--

--all of a sudden, she was standing naked in a strange blue room. Before her was a sheet of something like blue glass. On the other side was something like a control room, all light blue and strange.

From behind her sounded grunts of annoyance and whimpers of fear. Something knocked her forward, and Hana slammed into the pane of glass before her. Groaning in pain, she tried to push away, but whatever was behind her pressed her tightly against it.

With difficulty, D.Va managed to turn her head. What she found was a crowd of people, all jammed together as if on a packed train. Only they were naked--all utterly naked.

It took her another second to realize *why* they were packed so tightly together. The wall against which she was pressed was one of four extending from floor to ceiling. They were boxed, caged.

In her chest, Hana's heart pounded.

*

As the cat-like saucers descended from the sky, landing around the city on their strange, stilt-like legs, Mercy spread her wings and took flight. The air resonated with the fearful whispers of the people milling beneath her. The spacecraft's arrival had drawn everyone outside to find out what was happening.

Landing with a clack on the cobbles below, she watched as one of the alien walkers raised its tail over its head like a scorpion, sparks of pink light fizzling around its tip. As she went to

move, it fired a beam of blinding pink light into a group of spectators. For a second, their screams filled the air--then they vanished, leaving nothing more than their clothes.

A bead of sweat dripped from Mercy's forehead. Her heart pounded in her chest.

As the walker adjusted its position, aiming its tail at another group of panicked civilians, Mercy leaped into action. Heart pounding, sweat lacquering her face, she raised her caduceus blaster and fired, spraying the walker's smooth blue underside with shots.

They struck it and fizzled uselessly, leaving no sign of damage whatsoever--not even a blast mark. All the same, the walker didn't fire.

As the crowd took the chance to flee, Mercy recharged her pistol, readying herself to fire again. All she had to do was distract it, keep it occupied long enough for the crowd--

With an electrical whine like a group of cats yowling, the walker turned its tail on her.

Mercy gasped.

She had time for nothing else before the beam of pink light struck her.

*

Above the streets of Cairo, Pharah flitted between saucers, firing off rocket after futile rocket. To her frustrations, they seemed to do little more than irritate the invaders, who batted at her with their long, noodly limbs as if they were trying to swat a fly.

As she dodged and wove, one of the walkers turned on its nearest comrade, knocking it off balance just as it was going to swing.

The sight told her everything. They were playing with her, she realized. Playing to see who could swat her first.

This realization stalled her for a second. Just the briefest instant, but it was long enough, long enough for the backstabbing walker to take advantage. Pharah cried out in shock as its giant limb crashed into her. The force of it knocked all the air from her lungs.

Instead of being sent flying, she found herself stuck to it like a mosquito to flypaper. She struggled, trying to pull her aching body free, but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't manage it.

The next thing she knew, the saucer's limb retracted, bringing her closer to its main body. Its fifth limb--the tail--coiled over its hull to face her. Pink light glimmered at its tip. An instant later, it was all Pharah could see.

As the pink light faded, the saucer turned its paw over. A suit of armor slipped from its grip and tumbled empty to the streets of the city below.

*

Tracer rushed through the streets of King's Row, peppering the legs of the walker above her with fire from her pulse pistols. "Take that!"

Ignoring her fire, the saucer flicked at her with one of its limbs. Tracer cried out as the bulky appendage slammed into her and stuck, lifting her off the ground as if she weighed nothing.

As the walker's tail arched over its head to finish her off, Tracer's chronoal harness activated. In a little flash, she vanished, flung backward through her personal timeline, out of the walker's grip, and onto the ground again, uncaught. Blinking out of the path of another swinging paw, she aimed another volley of fire into the saucer's hull.

Recoiling as if stung, the walker turned its attention away from her. Making a strange sound, like an electrical giggle, it crossed the length of the street in a single great stride, bringing itself to stand over a group of feeling civilians.

Tracer's heart jumped. "No!" she cried, blinking rapidly towards them.

Too slow. Pink light burst from the saucer's tail, and with an electrical scream, the civilians vanished, leaving only empty clothes.

Tracer arrived an instant later, grit her teeth, and sprayed straight up into the saucer's base. As she fired, one of its limbs came flying towards her--she was too slow, too off-kilter to dodge. It crashed into her like a battering ram, hauling her off the ground and into the air.

Breathing heavily, Tracer activated her harness. The saucer vanished into the distance. She was back on the ground, unrestrained, running towards it--

--straight into the path of the other limb shooting out of the alleyway.

Tracer didn't have time to react. She crashed into the saucer's paw and stuck there as if glued.

It had set a trap, she realized belatedly. It had *baited* her.

An instant later, the limb recoiled with a snap, dragging her screaming through the alley and back to the saucer. It held her to its base, and a hatch opened in its center, shining bright pink.

Tracer screamed as she flew into the light.

*

Seigu smiled as her walkers finished clearing the skyscraper. Leaving offices full of clothes fluttering empty to the ground, she sat back in satisfaction.

Time to check the fleet's progress, nya. Like a diver emerging from a pool, she extracted her head from the *Kitty Hawk's* sensorium.

"Fuku?" she said, snapping her claws to attract the smaller catgirl's attention. "What's our progress?" She could check herself easily enough, but she had to make 'Fuku *earn* her paycheck. "I told nyou to keep me updated."

"Huuuh?" said the little captain, looking up from the game of Mousetrap she and the bridge crew were playing. "Oh, wight." Standing straight, she saluted so hard she almost knocked her cap off. "The invasion is progressing smoothly, nya. 59% of the planet's human occupants have been successfully Picked and Shipped for Juicing and Processing..." 'Fuku trailed off, giggling in glee, as one of her officers tripped the trap.

Seigu had heard enough though. She could read the figures herself. "Excellent," she purred.

*

Hana Song cried out in panic as she slid down the tube. She scrambled in panic at the walls, crying out for help, but they were slick as butter and afforded no purchase at all.

From below her came a *schunk*. She looked down to see a hatch had opened ahead of her. Something was squirming down there. Something with tentacles.

D.Va fell screaming through the hatch and at the last second, she slowed, landing with a cry of shock in a tight, glass tank...

...and in the many arms of something robotic and squidlike.

As she screamed in horror, one of the tendrils plugged her mouth. Another slammed into her vagina, and a third plunged into her anus. As she squirmed and bucked, struggling to produce anything besides a muffled moan, another pair of tendrils--these ones ending with cups--slammed into her breasts, covering her nipples. Several smaller tendrils coiled around her arms and legs, squeezing and caressing and keeping her from resisting.

As Hana Song struggled, tears pouring from her eyes, the tentacle in her mouth *bulged* and sprayed something down her throat. She gagged instinctively, but it was too late. The substance tasted like juice, incredibly sweet, and as it settled in her stomach, D.Va flushed with sudden heat. Her cries of panic turned to moans of desire.

All at once, the tentacles inside her and around her started to vibrate. The pair in her pussy and anus started to pump too--in and out, in and out--without the slightest hint of mercy. At the same time, the pair on her nipples tightened, and an electrical shock passed through her breasts. D.Va screamed, long and hard and muffled.

The squid machine didn't stop. If anything, it worked harder.

As D.Va lay in the machine's awful embrace, crying half in fear and half in utter ecstasy, her skin became slick with something like sweat, only pink and faintly luminous. It trickled down

her body, pooling at the base of her tank. D.Va was producing it faster than it could drain--soon the juice was tickling her feet.

Arranged in a square around D.Va's own tank stood another eight identical ones, each hosting a squid-bot and a woman, each connected to the ceiling by a tube. Around these stood another sixteen, also identical to the first nine. Around *these* stood another twenty four, and so on and on into the hundreds, then the thousands.

In total, there were 10,000 tanks in the saucer's Juice Plant. It was a measly number, really. The mothership's had millions.

*

Mercy struggled as the conveyer hauled her forward, dragging her into the mouth of the bulky blue box ahead of her. Darkness blanketed her, making her shiver. Strange pink lights flickered on and off around her, accompanied by an ominous purring.

Electricity, pink as bubblegum, struck her from all angles, making her arc her back and scream in surprise. As it coursed through her flesh, she found herself forced to stand and bend over. Her legs slammed together, while her arms bent back, curving as though she were imitating a two-handled teapot.

A wave of sudden heat went roaring through her body, making her scream in fresh delight. Her pussy felt as if it were burning.

Another wave came a second later, starting in her feet and rolling upward. Looking down, she saw something happening to her feet. Her legs were bulking up and fusing, simultaneously compacting into a rigid square shape, while her skin turned as sheeny as plastic. She gasped as the change spread up to her hips.

As the pink light finished her legs, Mercy's buttcheeks and breasts suddenly exploded in size. She screamed as the feeling of them jiggling, each slight wobble sending a wave of new pleasure coursing through her, until at last her skin turned to plastic and the mad shaking ceased.

At the same time, her arms were contorting, becoming less curved and more rigid, while her hands fused with a torso largely hidden by her own assets. *Handles!* she thought madly. Her arms had turned into handles.

As she struggled to get a better look, the lightning snapped her head forward and held her there, unable to move. Like a dentist inspecting her teeth, the light opened her mouth wide. An instant later, her lips puffed up so large that practically concealed it. She felt a similar feeling in her anus and vagina, and realized to her horror the same thing had happened there.

Sitting there, unable to move, Mercy realized she couldn't feel her heartbeat. Moments ago it had been pounding.

Slowly, the lights dimmed, and the purring died away. The door of the machine snapped open, and the belt hauled her forward into the queue of waiting sexual relief stations.

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Pharah gasped as the box's door closed on her. Gritting her teeth, she renewed her struggling, pulling hard against the sticky substance of the belt. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get free.

Around her, little lights appeared like stars in the sky, only bright and moving in disconcerting patterns. A strange purring sounded, growing louder with the second. Pharah stopped moving, frozen in sudden fear.

The lightning struck her less than a second later, setting her body alight with its vivid pink glare. She threw back her head, crying out in mixed lust and panic, as the machine ripped her body off the belt and laid her flat in the air.

Struggling inside a sarcophagus of light, Pharah felt a sudden pressure afflicting her from all angles. The tension only intensified the feeling of pleasure coursing through her body like wild electricity. She screamed, vagina spurting.

All of a sudden, Pharah's body tightened, and she found she could no longer move at all, save her eyes. Her legs were stuck together, her arms were held against her sides, and her mouth was stuck open in the middle of an orgasmic scream.

Around her, the false night of the box's interior seemed to swell. Pharah didn't understand what was happening. Was it growing?

Turning her gaze back to herself, she saw her skin changing, turning the deep blue of her armor and shiny as well. The change spread upward from her feet, followed by a change of shape: she could only watch her legs round into a single smooth cylinder and her arms flatten against her sides, leaving little more than an impression on her surface. She couldn't see the same happen to her head, but she felt it. It felt like cramming her skull into an impossibly tight helmet.

A second later, the sensation passed. Pharah found she could still see, though she could no longer feel her eyes moving.

As the light dimmed and the purring quietened. Pharah's body turned till she was upright. In her haze of stunned pleasure, she found herself wondering how that was possible. When she'd entered the box, she'd been too tall to stand.

Slowly, the light lowered her back to the conveyor, which stuck to the flat base of her cylindrical new body and held her tight even as the door opened and it carried her outside.

Before her lay a line of big, stylized vibrators, all just as vibrant as herself.

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Tracer floated, being poked at by a catgirl. A bolt of purring pink lightning coursed through her body, holding her suspended in the air. They had stripped her of her weapons and her clothing--everything except her chronal accelerator, which they appeared to be interested in.

"Wow," said the catgirl, poking Tracer's exposed breast with a thin blue stick. "I didn't think dese humans were advanced enough to have time-twavel tech." She giggled. "How do you think we should play with her, nya?"

"Oh! Ooh!" said another catgirl, bouncing on the spot. "We should put a big, shaky vibe in her pussy and loop her so she keeps cumming." She licked her lips at the thought, making Tracer flinch.

"Ehhhh, that's pretty vanilla," said the first catgirl. "I think we should send her to the juicing tanks and use her as an everlasting battery, nya."

"Oooh! Good idea, nya! But what if we do mine instead?"

A bead of sweat slid slowly down Tracer's cheek. She had to act--quickly!

Waiting till the catgirls were thoroughly lost in their argument, she activated her harness. In a whirl of rewinding time, she found herself standing in the corridor outside the room. Still naked, unfortunately, but at least she was free.

For the barest instant, she stood there, expecting to hear some cries of shock at her escape. ...All she actually heard was the two catgirls arguing.

Shaking her head, she rushed away.

Heart pounding, breasts shaking beneath her harness, Tracer rushed through a corridor of smooth blue plastic. As she ran, she found herself sweating with anxiety. What was she *doing?! She had no idea where she was, let alone what she could accomplish. Where even was she?!*

Deep breaths, deep breaths. Calm down. Re-orient yourself. Emily. She had to find Emily.

Tracer skidded to a stop in the center of a four-way intersection. Breathing heavily, she studied her three options. There were holographic signs flickering by the ceiling, but none of them made any sense whatsoever to her. She might as well pick a course at random.

Before she could make any choice at all, she heard a series of yowls echoing from behind her, followed by footsteps growing closer with the second. She guessed her captors had finally noticed she was gone.

Well, guess it's now or never, she thought. Taking a deep breath, she rushed to the right. The walls of the new corridor flew past her as she blinked.

All of a sudden, the corridor terminated in a featureless block of the same blue plastic that made up the walls.

Heart pounding, Tracer glanced back. She could still hear her captors in the distance. Their footsteps sounded closer with the second.

Internally, Tracer swore. What was she supposed to do *now*?

In frustration, she slammed her fist against the blockage--

--and it split apart, parting like a valve in a vein.

With a deep gasp, Tracer hurried through it.

On the other side of the door was a vast chamber, greater, *far* greater, than any room Tracer had ever seen. *Woah*, she thought. *You could fit the whole of King's Row in here several times over.*

As the strange door sealed behind her, she took a curious step forward, all her anxieties forgotten. Before her was a banister of light blue glass. She was on a balcony, she realized.

Below her was a factory. That was how her mind interpreted it, at any rate, though in truth it looked little like any factory Tracer had ever seen. For one thing, the assembly lines existed in three dimensions, their conveyor belts--if those glowing blue pathways *were* conveyor belts--running up and down like escalators. The only visible machines were the bulky blue boxes that sat at the ends of the lines and the spindly gates--like metal detectors--that ringed the pathways to them.

As Tracer stared, stunned into inaction by the sheer scale of what she was looking at, a scream sounded, growing louder with the second.

Tracer blinked. Was it coming from above her?

A number of pipes of blue glass descended from the ceiling, one for every assembly line in the room. As Tracer watched, a shape dropped screaming out of one of them and landed with a splat on the conveyor belt beneath.

It was a woman, Tracer realized, as the figure on the belt cried out and tried to pull herself free of it.

Tracer's heart pounded. Was--was *this* what they'd been gathering people for? To bring them here?

She clenched her fists. She had to do something. She had to help!

Before she could make a move, another scream sounded from above her. Followed by another, and another, and...

As she stared, eyes wide in horror, person after naked person tumbled from the pipes on the ceiling and landed on the conveyor belts below. The second a belt had someone on it, it started to trundle forward. Soon enough, another person would fall and land on the belt behind the first. Soon the air was thick with the sound of people screaming.

Tracer was breathing so hard it hurt. Looking left and right, she tried to figure out what she could do. Was there any way to get down there and help them?

She ran to the right, where a short set of stairs led down to another balcony closer to the belts. Hopping onto its fence, Tracer paused there, wondering where to go next. Not the conveyors themselves--by the way people were struggling to pull free of them, it looked as if they were made of gum.

Her eyes settled on one of the gate structures that ringed the nearest belt. It was just close enough to reach, if she blinked.

She took a deep breath. Her legs tensed.

She jumped, and her blink snapped her through the air. Landing hard on the top of the strange gate, she wobbled for a second before regaining her balance. The gate itself didn't move even the slightest. It might as well have been made out of stone.

Making sure she was stable, Tracer turned her attention to the belt beneath her. A young woman--brown-haired, freckled, cute--glided towards her, struggling to free herself from the conveyor.

Tracer's heart pounded in her chest. *Okay, how am I supposed to do this?* All of a sudden, her actions seemed hasty. Even if she could get someone off the conveyor, how was she supposed to get them to safety? She couldn't exactly *throw* them. Maybe if she--

Before she could settle on an answer, the gate beneath her started humming. Tracer gasped and almost lost her balance as it vibrated beneath her, threatening to throw her off. Large bolts of pink lightning arced between its sides, forming a literal electric fence that those on the conveyor had to pass through.

Crap, crap, crap! thought Tracer. *Quickly, you've got to do something before--*

--the woman beneath her screamed as she hit the gate.

At once, the woman's cry of panic turned to an equally loud yet somewhat higher-pitched cry. One that made Tracer flush as she realized where she recognized it from.

Beneath her, the brunette moaned in ecstasy as her breasts pulsed like a pair of ringing bells. As Tracer watched, eyes wide in shock, the woman's chest swelled and swelled till it was three times as large, her breasts larger than her head, shockingly round and firm. Her nipples poked out, hard and fat.

As she passed through the gate, the brunette moaned and clutched her new chest in shock, only to release a fresh cry of lust at the feeling of it in her hands.

Tracer watched, white with shock, as the young woman rolled off down the conveyor belt. Another woman was already approaching--she'd hit the gate any second.

Trembling like the machine beneath her, Tracer took a deep breath and recalled herself back onto the balcony. Standing there, shivering, she watched as the second woman struck the gate and squealed as her own chest pumped up just as fat as the first's had.

Tracer's heart hurt. What was she supposed to *do?!?*

As she stood there trying to figure out the answer, the brunette reached the next of the gates positioned along the belts. Tracer flinched as the woman's screams became orgasmic again. This time, it was the woman's butt that was swelling, forming a thick pair of cushions that lifted her up on the conveyor.

What's going on here? thought Tracer. Her head hurt from sheer confusion. What kind of factory was this? What were they *doing* to people? Had they really abducted so many just so they could... could pump up their boobs and butts?!

As Tracer struggled to figure out the answer, the freckled brunette climbed a little inclined and reached the bulky blue box waiting for her at the end of the line. A hatch on its side snapped open, admitting her screaming form. As it slammed shut behind her, Tracer stood on the balcony in shock. *Now what?* she thought. *Now what?!*

Like the gates before it, the box began to judder and hum, releasing a low, sonorous purring, like a cat enjoying a good scratch.

And from inside the strange machine emanated an intense, orgasmic scream, so strong even the box couldn't contain it. As Tracer listened in horror, it grew louder and louder and louder, till at last--

--it cut off.

Slowly, the humming of the machine died down. Sweat dripping from her brow, Tracer scurried along the balcony so she could see the other end of the machine. She arrived just in time to see the hatch open and the belt lurched forward, carrying out...

...it looked human, but it wasn't, not anymore. It was a parody of humanity, a woman puffed up into a figure of pure fertility. A depraved toy, with blown-up breasts and an inflated ass, and a mouth and a vagina like a pair of doughnuts. Seams ran all over its form, its obvious cheapness adding to its depravity.

On the balcony, Lena Oxtan started to hyperventilate. I-i-i-it was a sex doll. They were making people into sex dolls.

Her mouth curled into a grin, and she shivered. She almost wanted to laugh.

It was all too much. All too absurd to process.

How could this happen? How could they *do* this?!

She watched as another woman passed into the box. And another, on the line behind her. And yet another, on the line behind her, and so on. The conveyors seemed to be carrying an endless supply.

Eyes boggling in their sockets, Tracer took in the factory anew. There must be fifty or more lines, each processing a person every half a minute. The sheer scale of it made her want to throw up. How many people were they going to do this to?!

She had to do something. She had to do something--quickly, quickly, before anyone else could suffer.

Taking a deep breath, she went to leap back over the banister. Just as she went to jump, however...

"Hey! Dere she is, nya!"

Tracer's heart almost stopped beating. She snapped her head to the upper balcony, where the two catgirls from before were standing and waving a pair of vibrators aggressively. "Hey, get back here!" shouted one. "We decided to go with the first idea!"

Ignoring them, Tracer turned and ran, her naked soles slapping against the cold plastic of the balcony.

Only... there was nowhere to go. It led straight to a dead end.

Trembling, she turned to face her pursuers. They were descending the stairs now, grinning smugly at the prospect of having cornered her. All she had to do was wait for them to get close, then she could recall right past them.

At the bottom of the stairs, however, the catgirls came to a sudden stop. "Hang on," said the slightly more sensible one. "She can do that weird rewind twick, wemember?"

"Nyo," said the other.

"I don't think we can go back vevy far though, nya. Maybe if we just stand here, she won't be able to get past us!"

"Oooh, clever!"

Tracer's heart lurched. *It's okay*, she thought, gritting her teeth, *all I've got to do is run and blink past them!*

“Oh,” said the more sensible catgirl. “Also, I’m going to go stand, say, five meters or so back at the top of the stairs, just in case, nyou know, she suddenly exhibits the ability to teleport past nyou. Nya.”

“Wow, so smart!”

A bead of sweat dripped from Tracer’s brow, landing with a splat on the plastic flooring below.

With a scream of frustration, she turned and threw herself onto the banister, leaped from it, and blinked onto the top of the nearest blue box. Ignoring the screams of ecstasy emanating from inside, she ran, leaped, and blinked again, landing atop the next nearest machine.

“Hey!” cried a voice from the balcony. “She’s taking an approach I didn’t specifically predict and counter! ...Stop it!”

Tracer turned her head back just in time to see the lead catgirl tense her legs and *leap* across two whole lines in a single bound. With a gasp of shock, Tracer turned and ran.

“Oh nyo nyou don’t!” cried the catgirl.

A hand shot past Tracer’s head, attached to an arm that had stretched like taffy. Before she could react, it turned and coiled around her, wrapping her in a ribbon of doughy catgirl flesh. With an elastic snap, it retracted, dragging her back towards her pursuer.

She cried out in panic. She had to blink, recall, anything!

“Ah ah ah!” said the catgirl, wagging her finger in admonishment. “Nyot unless nyou want me to bweak nyour timey-wimey bra-thing, nya.”

Tracer’s heart sank all the way to her feet. They knew--of course they knew. If they broke her chronal harness, away from anyone who could repair it...

For a moment, she wrestled with the possibility of blinking anyway. Maybe being unstuck in time would be better than whatever these monsters had planned for her.

The catgirl holding her smiled and refused to give an answer. “Nyow,” she said, “let’s just turn this off before nyou make any stupid choices, nya.” Reaching into her cleavage, she extracted a slim blue wand and tapped Tracer’s harness with it. Tracer gasped as it sparked with pink lightning. “*There*, nyow they’ll be nyo more rewinding or teleporting, nya.”

No! thought Tracer, renewing her struggling. It didn’t work--the catgirl’s arm was firm as iron.

Giggling, the catgirl walked to the edge of the box on which they were standing, holding Tracer up so they could look over the edge at the lines of terrified people beneath them.

“Nyou know,” said the catgirl, “as fun as it would be to put nyou into an orgasm-loop, since nyou decided to run in *here*, I have a better idea~.” She grinned.

It took Tracer a moment to catch the alien's meaning. "No," she said, "you can't--"

"Sure I can!"

And before Tracer could say another word, the catgirl pulled back her arm and thrust it forward again, stretching her limb all the way over the room to the start of the conveyor belts. For a moment, she held Tracer there, dangling and shaking above the belt below her.

Then her arm uncoiled and retracted with an elastic *snap!* Tracer dropped, screaming.

She landed on her hands and knees on the belt, and it deformed like a trampoline, making everyone on it scream as it shot down and up again. Tracer expected it to send her flying towards the ceiling--instead, the sticky substance of the belt held her tight. So tight she couldn't pull herself free no matter how hard she tried to.

Pushing herself up as far as she was able, Tracer looked, quaking, at what awaited her. The first of the electrified gates was only meters away from her. Even as she watched, another woman passed through it, squealing as if mid-lovemaking.

Ahead, on the blue box at the end of the line, the catgirl had stretched her torso and legs as tall as a palm tree to get a better look at her. "Have fun," she said, giggling. On the balcony, her partner laughed too.

Heart pounding, Tracer tried to shout for mercy, but the only sound she could produce was a single, feeble whimper.

The gate ahead hummed and arced. As Tracer quivered, the belt lurched forward, carrying her into its grip.

For the briefest instant, Tracer sat inside it, frozen into stillness. Around her, the gate vibrated and hummed, little arcs of pink lightning running up and down their lengths. The sound grew louder and louder with the second, until at last--

--the lightning struck.

Tracer screamed as it coursed through her body, making her skin glisten with an insidious pink flare. An intense feeling of pleasure shot through her limbs and settled in her chest, making her squeal at the sheer ecstasy of it.

As she knelt there, caught in the beams, body blazing with threads of pink energy, Tracer's chest pulsed and stretched, bloating like a pair of balloons on a gas pump. She could only stare, eyes trembling in their sockets, as her nipples perked up into a pair of little mountains, hard as rock and aching, *aching*, for someone to touch them. Even as she goggled at them, the breasts behind them pulsed again and doubled in size in an instant, lifting up her harness and stretching its straps to near-breaking. The weight dragged her back down to the belt, and the impact sent a fresh wave of ecstasy rolling through her figure. She screamed again, loud and ecstatic.

And then, just like that, it was over. The lightning had stopped--the belt had moved forward. She panted, red-faced, and sweating as if she'd just run a marathon. It was over. It was over.

Her chest tingled. Shivering, she looked down at it. Her chest, which had hardly been small to begin with, had bloated into a pair of firm orbs each a little larger than her head. They felt so big, so full, so *sensitive*--the touch of the factory's air alone was enough to make her whimper. She couldn't imagine what would happen when she *touched* them.

Since her hands were glued to the belt, she settled for squeezing her arms inward instead, squishing her swollen chest between them.

The feeling made her scream afresh.

Up on the box, the long catgirl giggled. "Enjoying nyourself, nya? Don't worry, dere's still more to come!"

Tracer shivered.

The next gate was just ahead. Tracer had barely a second to react before she was inside it. As before, its tall blue pylons started to hum, growing louder and louder with every second that passed, until--

Another scream left Tracer's mouth as the next wave of lightning struck her, setting every nerve in her body instantly aflame, *especially* the nerves in her thighs, her hips, her ass.

As she gasped and struggled to reach back and clasp herself, a hundred little bombs of pleasure went off in her asscheeks in sequence, making her whole body shudder with the force of them. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw her cheeks stretching, growing a little fatter, a little rounder, *fuller*, with every second that passed, just like her breasts before them. The tides of pleasure flowed down into her groin, where the sheer heat made her scream, liquid spurting out of her pussy.

Just as soon as it had started, the experience was over. Tracer found herself dragged forward, her swollen cheeks quivering like a pair of fat, round puddings. Their wobbling made her whimper in pleasure. It felt so good, so impossibly good.

Before her loomed the box and the long, stretched-out catgirl. Even as Tracer watched, the alien snapped back to normal. "End of the line, nya," she said with a giggle.

Tracer struggled to respond.

In the end, she didn't get a chance. Before she could even form a word, the door of the box snapped open, and the belt jumped forward, carrying her inside. An instant later, the hatch slammed shut behind her, throwing her into darkness.

For several seconds, Tracer simply knelt there, quivering in fear. Was this it? Was this where they made a doll of her? What exactly was going to happen?!

From all around her, quiet at first but growing louder with the second, came a deep, sonorous purring sound. The box started to shake. Tracer trembled.

All around her, on the walls, the ceiling, little pink lights snapped into being. They were dim, but they revealed enough to make Tracer shudder in fresh fear. The interior of the machine was smooth and organic, all curves and tubes pulsing like veins. A strange, complex tracery covered this surface like the scrawling of a madwoman--it was this that the pink light was coming from.

As the purring of the box grew louder, so too did the light. Certain points in the arcane circuitry shone particularly brightly, so bright they hurt her eyes to look at.

It was these the beams came from.

They struck all at once, making Tracer scream as much in shock as at the feeling of their energy coursing through her flesh. She snapped into the air, coming free of the belt with a sticky *schlup!*, and the beams twirled her around so it seemed she was sitting on an invisible chair.

As their light caressed her, making her want to whimper at the feeling, Tracer felt a sudden force on her legs. The next thing she knew, the light was forcing them upward--up and wide to expose her sex--and holding them there, so she couldn't move them no matter how hard she tried.

Struggling against this, she felt a similar pressure on her arms. These, the machine raised and bent, as if it wanted her to hug someone. Tracer recognized the pose from the first doll she'd seen made, and the recognition made her scream with fresh horror. "Let me out! Let me out!"

From outside came only ringing laughter.

Now the beams shone with a fresh burst of intensity, and Tracer joined in their chorus with an orgasmic scream. She was burning up, she felt. Burning up from inside. The lightning coursing through her had ignited her--she was sure to combust any second.

What she actually did was float there sweating and moaning as the pink light groped her swollen assets. She felt like a piece of clay in the hands of a particularly lascivious potter. It was molding her, she realized. *Molding* her.

All of a sudden, she felt a fresh pressure in her lips. Her scream changed like a distorted radio signal as her lips spread wide and round and puffed up instantly, as if injected with filler. She tried to scream again, but the only sound she could produce was a deep, pleased moan.

Down below, she felt a similar tension in her pussy. It was burning now, she was certain of it. Burning and--ironically--pouring like a fire hose.

Staring at her poor, burning crotch, she wide as her lower lips open wide and round as her upper ones, puffing into another big, fat 'O' to match. The sight made her want to whimper, but of course she struggled to do that.

As her vagina finished puffing into a fat, sexdoll's cunt, Tracer felt another fresh spasm of energy flow through her. It spread through her skin like a wave of pins and needles, making her want to gasp and shiver in the grasp of the light.

A second later, her skin started to shine as if polished, as if someone had dumped her whole body in a big vat of varnish. The change started in her torso but spread rapidly to her limbs. In a matter of seconds, her entire figure was sheeny.

Accompanying this plasticity was a strange feeling of lightheadedness. Tracer felt suddenly as if her skull--no, her whole body--was empty, being held up solely by the energy coursing through her. The tension was incredible, like sitting on the very edge of orgasm. If she could have moved her lips, she would have moaned. As it was, she could only sit there, floating inanimate in the air.

A few little bolts of pink lightning were arcing over her figure now, making what she could only assume to be finishing touches. As she watched, a couple struck her hands, fusing her fingers together so her arms appeared to end in a pair of cartoon mitts. Another pair of bolts did something similar to her feet.

Next, a wave of rolling energy went coursing through her form, and where it passed it left lines in her skin. Lines running along her legs up to her pussy. Lines running down her arms and to her neck. Lines crisscrossing her breasts like a pair of little intersections. Seams, she realized in shock. *Seams*.

Finally, a bolt struck her belly button, and with a pop it inverted and swelled into a big, plastic cap. Like the kind you might see on a dinghy or a pool toy.

With that, the pink lighting dimmed and the intense purring died slowly away. Tracer floated softly down to the belt again, where she sat on her swollen behind, unable to move in the slightest.

There was a *schunk*, and the hatch ahead of her slid open. The belt snapped forward, carrying her out into the light again.

Ahead of her, upside down, was the grinning face of the catgirl. She had stretched her body in an arc to reach the belt, and at the sight of Tracer, she giggled. "Wow, just look at nyou, nya. Nyou're so much prettier as a doll than nyou were as a human." Chuckling, she brought her palms together and spread them to produce a holographic square, which fizzled with static before resolving into Tracer's reflection.

Except, in place of her body, there was merely a doll. A big, pumped-up sex doll with over-inflated breasts and a bloated ass and two fat pairs of lips, swollen and round, perfect for taking cocks. On her pumped-up chest sat her chronal harness, barely clinging to her form.

Tracer wanted to burst into tears.

The catgirl laughed. "Well, enjoy nyour nyew form, nya." And with a snap, she retracted out of view.

For a moment, Tracer remained sitting there, wanting to scream in frustration and whimper in fear. Then the belt jumped forward again, dragging her with it. A dark hatchway lay ahead, just waiting to receive her. She dreaded to imagine what might be coming next.

Her last thought, before she passed into the darkness, was of Emily. *Emily*, what had they done with *Emily*?!

Behind her, the factory continued its work with a cacophony of zapping, purring, and screaming.

*

On the bridge of the *Kitty Hawk*, Seigu sat immersed in a game of chase. She was remotely piloting a saucer, driving it in walker mode through the streets of an emptied New York City, hunting the last couple of humans who'd yet to be abducted. It was a game she'd played a thousand times on a thousand worlds, but it never lost its appeal no matter how many times she played it.

Just as she cornered the unfortunate couple in an alleyway, Seifuku's shrill voice interrupted her thoughts.

"What is it, 'Fuku?" she asked, putting the saucer on standby and pulling her head out of its senses.

"Nyou asked me to keep nyou updated," 'Fuku replied smugly. "So I'm updating nyou."

Seigu sighed. "Go on then. Give me nyour report."

'Fuku grinned. "The Harvest is almost complete, nya. 99.99999999% of the humans on the planet have been successfully Picked and Shipped, and 63.2% have been successfully Processed and Packed."

Seigu nodded along absently, checking the figures against those in the *Kitty Hawk's* databanks.

As Seifuku said, 63.2% of the planet's population had been Processed by her fleet's factories. 5,688,000,000 out of roughly 9 billion. The remaining 3,312,000,000 would be finished by the time they returned to Planet Seigu.

Of this harvest, 5% (that is, 450 million humans) had been sent to their onboard juice plants to offset the invasion's energy expenditure. Another 5% had gone to factories making the various miscellaneous products Mommy had asked for (everything from sex relief stations to

vibrators to lube). The remaining 90% (i.e. 8,100,000,000 people) were being put towards Mommy's main order. Every single one of them would be made into a 'special' (read: extra-dimensional) sex doll. 5,119,200,000 had already been transmuted, deflated, and packed for delivery.

As always, the numbers made her so wet.

"Perfect," she said, fingering her pussy. "I guess we're almost finished here, nya."

Flinging her consciousness back into the walker on the ground, she zapped the human couple onboard and ordered the craft to return. "Aaaand that makes 100%. Let's get out of here, nya."

*

Corkscrewing its way back up into the orbit, the *Kitty Hawk* gathered up its child ships, counted heads to make no one had been forgotten, and finally slipped through the Nyar Gate and back to its own universe.

Behind it, the Earth turned slowly, silent.

*

"Come on, come on. Pick up the pointer, pick up--Hey! Hey, Mom! I finished nyour special order.... Eh? The special sex doll order nyou asked me to fulfill. ...Eh?! Nyou don't nneed them?! Then *why* did nyou ask me to make them in the first place, nya?! ...What do nyou mean 'the true reward is the journey'?!"