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### ***Ruby's Semblance*** (TF, RWBY)

"Ruby, come on, it's not that bad." Yang placed an encouraging hand on her shoulder. "I know you're the only student in our year without a Semblance, but you'll figure it out eventually!"

Sitting there on her bed, her arms wrapped around her knees, Ruby looked up at her sister and sniveled, pitifully. "What's the point in trying? Even Jaune got his before me..."

"Aw, don't be like that!" Yang smiled reassuringly. "Why don't I give you some help? A little more training should bring your Semblance out in no time!"

Ruby wiped her eyes. "You think so?"

"Sure! Okay..." Leaning in, Yang pushed Ruby's legs into a sitting position and took a place on the bed in front of her. Taking her sister's hands in her own, she squeezed. "Now," she said, voice calm. "I want you to close your eyes and focus on pushing allll your aura into your hands, okay?"

Ruby bit her lip. "I-I think so." Having Yang sitting so close to her like this was making her feel strange. Opening one eye just a peep, she blushed to see her sister's generous breasts sitting right in front of her, crammed into the tight orange top Yang insisted on sleeping in.

Slamming her eyes shut, Ruby struggled to focus. It wasn't fair. It really wasn't fair. *Yang* had had her Semblance at this age. ...Yang had been *bigger* than her at this age too, hadn't she? And stronger and prettier and smarter and... Was Ruby ever going to catch up with her? On second thought, all she really wanted was to be somewhere else.

"Focus and push," said Yang, voice calm. "Just focus on me and push, Ruby."

"Okay..." said Ruby, sinking into despair. Focus and push? Was she giving birth? "If that's what you want..." Screwing her eyes even tighter, she focused on the mental image of her sister and pushed her aura down her arms. Internally, she released a wistful sigh. *If only I could be as perfect as you are, Yang...*

"Er, Ruby? R-Ruby! Ruby, stop!"

Ruby's eyes snapped. "Wh-what-what's-?" She froze, mouth agape.

Before her, Yang's body shone with a bright, red-pinkish aura. Flowing down Ruby's hands, it passed into Yang's body and coated her like a bubble of slime, trapping her inside it.

"Ruby! Stop!"

"I-I don't know how to!" cried Ruby. Instinct told her to release Yang's hands, but panic kept her fingers tight. She couldn't make a move.

Inside the bubble of aura, Yang looked somehow looser, blurrier, as if she were a painting yet to dry. With every second, her state grew worse: her features blurry and ran, one breast sliding down her torso while her hair dripping into her eyes. When she spoke again, her voice came out a gurgle, unable to penetrate her fused lips.

"Y-Yang?!" As Ruby watched, her eyes wide in horror now, her sister's body flowed in a stream to her hands and past them, spiraling up her arms, and finally slipping into the neck of her pajama top. Ruby stared, too stunned even to speak. W-what was—?

An incredible pressure, so intense she couldn't bear it, struck her breasts. With a scream, she grasped her chest and fell back, moaning at the feeling. It felt like someone were pumping helium into her boobs!

Through her pajama top, she felt a sudden softness, as if her once flat chest had become a pair of cushy cushions growing cushier with the second. A strange pleasure, one unlike anything she'd ever felt, spread through her figure, and with a *rrrip*, her pajama top came apart. Cool air struck her cleavage. Opening her eyes, she gaped in shock.

On her chest sat a pair of fat boobs, big as balloons. Twice as big as Yang's already impressive pair, if not more so.

Squeezing them together, Ruby bit her lip. "Y-Yang?" she said. "Yang?"

Her new boobs jiggled, just a little.

With a creak, the door swung open. "Hey, Ruby," said Blake. "Did you do something with your hair?"

Ruby looked over her shoulder. Then back to Blake. All of a sudden, the bed felt so hard beneath her butt.

She bit her lip. Maybe if she...

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### ***Princess Panties (Inanimate TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma, Tearmoon Empire, Konosuba)***

Panchira chuckled to herself as she approached the control panel. Today she was going to make some of her finest work so far!

Before her stood three hardlight tanks, each just large enough to hold a human being. Rubbing her hands together, she raised a finger and punched the button to fill them. *Shoop!*

Hatches opened in the ceiling, and from above dropped three short, blonde young women. Panchira chuckled as they squealed and looked around, pounding against the glass in a feeble attempt to reclaim their freedom.

Licking her lips, Panchira turned her attention back to the console, raised a hand, and punched the button marked 'ZAP!' Her captives screamed as lightning filled their chambers. Caught in the light, the three threw up their arms and wailed as if being tortured, their bodies writhing and shaking as endless energy coursed through their nerves.

Slowly, they began to change. The blonde on the left, who wore solely white, went first, shooting into the air and throwing her arms forward to form a large O, as if hugging a tree. Her legs curled up to meet her hands, bending as if made of rubber, and her head collapsed into her rapidly flattening torso.

The others didn't have to wait much longer. Seeing her fellow princess's fate, the blonde in the blue dress screamed as well, and then a second time, even louder, as her own body contorted. To her right, the final blonde—who wore grapes in her hair—squealed as her own arms flew forward and joined together. Slowly, the three shriveled, their clothing fusing to flattening flesh even as limbs shriveled into straps and faces faded into fabric.

With a laugh, Panchira turned off the transmuters, and three pairs of panties dropped to the ground: one white with a hint of blue; one blue with a hint of white; and one that mixed both colors equally, with a noticeable patch of purple by its straps. Despite their differences, all three shared one thing in common: they all had golden ribbons in the shade of their former hair.

Scooping them out of the tanks, Panchira laughed. "Nyou three are going to make a *royal* collection, nya~."

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### ***Make Sure to Wash Behind Your Horns (Inanimate TF, Hypnosis, Futanari, Dragon Maid)***

Elma blushed as she stepped into the hot spring's washroom. She couldn't believe humans actually went around naked with each other like this...

Frowning, she plopped her butt on one of the little stools and looked for the bucket. Filling it with warm water, she closed her eyes and upturned it over her head, drenching her body in a delightful flood.

Where she reached for the soap, however, she frowned to find there wasn't any. Looking around, she squinted even harder. How was she supposed to clean herself without soap?

With a plop, something landed on her shoulder.

Turning, Elma blinked at what she saw. It looked a lot like a— A scream escaped her lips.

Like a penis!

As Elma threw herself back, the penis's owner stepped forward. Tall, curvaceous, with boobs even bigger than their cock and balls, their most distinct feature was nonetheless the fact they were made entirely from soap. Suds dripped from the tip of their shaft, as if it were already wet.

Elma stared in horror. "Get away from me!" she cried, pushing herself back against the wall. "Get—!"

The soap woman's hands tightened on Elma's thighs, spreading them wide, and before she had a chance to resist, the monster thrust, slamming its smooth white cock straight into her—

"Nn~!" Elma screamed at the feeling of penetration. Heart pounding, she flailed for something to grab onto.

The monster, its mouth twisting into a smile that looked carved into its face, simply tightened its grip, drew back, and thrust harder, making Elma scream as it plunged ever deeper into her sex. Thick suds filled her cunt and spilled out onto the floor, and the puffy labia of her vulva had turned a pale white, as if shocked by such abuse.

The monster thrust and thrust and thrust again, each rigid impact slamming Elma with a fresh bolt of ecstasy. Each time, she screamed a little louder, and each time whiteness spread a little further up her body, spreading from her groin over her stomach and her thighs and rolling rapidly over her breasts, freezing their motion mid-jiggle in the process.

Finally, it reached her face, and Elma's moan of orgasm cut off mid-cry as her teeth fused into a single, inseparable bar of soap.

The monster pulled out. For several seconds, Elma—or what had been Elma—sat there panting, her hips rising and falling with the exertion. Soap suds poured from her sex, forming a large puddle on the floor.

Chuckling, the monster reached into her cleavage and pulled out a bar of soap, which she rubbed and squeezed until it took on a slightly different shape. This done, she planted it between Elma's legs, rubbing it into her until the base fused with her soapy new skin.

Fondling her new cock, 'Elma' moaned. She couldn't wait to try it on someone.

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### ***Plasta* (TG, Inanimate TF, Honkai Star Rail, 2nd Person)**

When you decided to attend the convention, you really weren't expecting the Star Rail team to have set up a giant plastic figurine mold in the middle of the hall.

Slipping around the crowd, you watched with keen interest as they slammed the enormous casing shut and pulled a lever to pour in the plastic. It shook, the piping above gurgling and groaning, until at last a *ding* announced the machine was full and with a hiss of steam its pressure started to rise.

Finally, the process came to a stop, and the attendant pulled another lever. The machine snapped open, and out popped a blank plastic figure in the shape of a Honkai character, complete with clothes. Was that Silverwolf?

"Now to apply the details," said the attendant. He punched a button, and a mechanical arms descended from the ceiling to spray paint the blank. By the time they retracted, its identity was clear: it was Silverwolf!

As the crowd claps its approval, the attendant rubbed his hand gleefully. "Now, next we're going to be making a figure of Asta! Anyone want to volunteer to help us?"

You've raised your hand before you even realized it. Your enthusiasm is obvious enough that even the host can refuse it. With a laugh, he calls you over. "Now," he says, pointing you to your place. "Your job is to pull this lever to close the mold. Can you do that? Good, just wait for my signal!"

Hand tight around the lever, you nod and wait. The attendant summons a group of helpers to switch out the mold for Asta's, and with that, he turns his attention to the crowd. "Ready, folks? On the count of three, my beautiful assistant will pull the lever to shut the mold and start filling it with plastic! One..." The crowd joins in with him. "...Two! ...*Three!*"

In your enthusiasm, you pull the lever a little harder than you intended to. So hard that you stumble and fall backward...

...straight into the mold. It slams shut on you scarcely a second later.

As the casing clicks and locks, you throw yourself at the door, heart pounding. Why isn't anyone letting you out?

You hear a click from above; you look up and gasp.

This is a poor decision on your part, because a second later a pipe shoots from above and slams straight down your throat. As it buries itself in your gullet, you squirm in horror, struggling to pull it out, but it's impossible. It's wedged so deep you can only choke.

As you thrash, several more pipes descend. No sooner have they appeared than they all start to gurgle, and an awful second later, something thick and hot fills your belly and coats your face. You squeal, thrashing and fighting your gut fattens, plumped full, and the stuff rises around your feet, heading rapidly for your ankles.

"Mmmphf!" Gagged, you can only moan your muffled moans as the plastic continues to fill you and rise, fill you and rise, pumping your body to breaking point even as it coats your outsides. You squirm and thrash, straining to escape the pressure, but the feeling is unbearable. Worse, it feels good. The bigger your stomach, the more you want to cum.

As the plastic reaches your groin, coating your cock in a sensation so erotic you not only orgasm but snap instantly back to erection, you feel the plastic inside your spread slowly through your body, plumping up your arms and legs too. You moan as your chest fills, growing almost as fat as your belly.

Finally, the pipe in your mouth retracts, freeing you to scream properly. Unfortunately, you don't get a chance: a second later, plastic smothers your face, silencing you for good.

From somewhere outside comes the whirr of a motor, and the mold grows even tighter around your body. You scream as what little room you had remaining to you is snatched away, bending your bloated body into a strange new shape. Your waists and your shoulders crack inward—your hips and your chest snap out. Between the plastic inside you and the mold squeezing you tight, the pressure is unbearable. It's like nothing you've ever felt, so intense you want to scream, and yet so pleasurable you want to moan too. It feels like every nerve in your body is being teased, as if your entire form is a giant cock being stroked slowly towards orgasm.

Finally, just as you think you're about to reach it...

*Schunk!* The pressure drops and the door opens. You can't step out, of course—all you can do is stand there, groaning, as a set of mechanical arms descend from above and spray every inch of your strange new body.

At last, they retract, and you are free to look down at yourself: auburn hair, a white dress, a modest dress. You're posed sitting on a little stool, as if waiting to use a telescope.

The crowd stares at you, shocked.

You can only sit there and blush.

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### **Mt. Dildo (Inanimate TF, My Hero Academia)**

“Sorry, sorry, sorry!” The city shook beneath Mt. Lady’s feet as she hurried through the streets in pursuit of the escaping villain. Cars bounced on the asphalt, windows shattering on their return to the earth, while men and women alike lost their foot and ended up sitting on the sidewalk.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry!” Why had the bastard had to pick *this* way to flee? With a groan of frustration, Mt. Lady over a busy intersection and came to a stop with an earth-shattering crash in the middle of an almost empty carpark.

There, on the ground, she found her target. Fleeing for the one car in the lot, the criminal look back over his shoulder and skidded to a stop, sweat dripping from his brow as her shadow fell over him.

For the first time since the start of the chase, Mt. Lady felt a flash of confidence. *Hah, how do you feel now you smug piece of shit? Think you could run away from me, huh? Urgh, I’m gonna flatten you!* She raised a hand, intending to grab him—

—and froze as he pulled down his pants. *Wh-what?* Instead of a penis, he had a solid purple phallus protruding from his groin. It glinted a little in the sunlight, making her want to shield her eyes.

Too late, Mt. Lady realized she’d never checked the guy’s Quirk.

As she recoiled, searching for an escape route, the man drew back his hips and thrust his prosthetic cock at her. It sparkled, and a beam of bright pink light flew from the tip and struck her in the chest. *Zap!* With a scream, she stumbled backward.

Struggling to regain her balance, she found herself wrenched forward, snapped to attention as surely as a soldier on parade. Standing there with her legs tight together and her arms against her side, she moaned as a terrible pressure assaulted her figure—it felt as if she’d been forced into a mold and it was growing steadily tighter. *Nn~! What’s happening to me?!*

Her feet flattened, spreading into a large base, while her arms squeezed against her body as nothing more than an etching on the surface of her torso. Her boobs and her butt, both so generously-endowed, immediately flattened out as well, squished in the rounding cylinder shape her body was assuming. Eyes tight, she screamed in pleasure—the tighter her body became, the greater the ecstasy.

Seizing her head, the villain’s Quirk smoothed it into a nice rounded bullet shape, smoothing out her horns and her hair and finally flattened out her face as well. By the time it stopped, her terrified expression had been reduced to a mask of ecstasy on her own rapidly plasticizing surface.

Finally, the Quirk rubbed her all over, smoothing out her few remaining bumps and turning her skin to smooth purple plastic. Where Mt. Lady been stood nothing more than an *enormous* dildo, one so fat around and long it would be a miracle if it fit in a tunnel, let alone

a vagina. Trapped in her own body, unable to move an inch, she could only squirm in lust, begging for someone to use her.

With a snort, the villain turned and ran for his car. Mt. Lady stood there and wobbled in the wind, wondering if there was a hole in the whole world big enough to take her.