

Wheel of Fates (Inanimate TF, Misc, Various Series)

The murmuring of the crowd rose higher and higher, like storm waves cresting the wall of a bay in the instant before they overflow it. With every second, they grew more and more deafening, drowning out all other sound in the studio, till at last, like a foghorn—

A sign snapped on above the stage. “RECORDING BEGINS IN 3... 2...”

The crowd hushed; the cameras started rolling with a click. A deep sense of anticipation filled the room.

“...1!”

With a click, the cameras rolled. Lights snapped to the stage, and smoke poured from the wings. In the center, a platform rose, carrying with it the star of the show.

Her ears twitched; her tail flexed. She licked her paw and smoothed her hair back, aiming a mischievous grin at the cameras. “Hello, everyone, and welcome to *Wheel! Of! Fates!*”

The crowd roared with applause.

“I’m nyour host, Pachinko, and it’s time to run another group of girls through our special gauntlet, nya! Who’ll survive, and who will fall prey to the Wheel of Fates? Let’s find out together! But first, let’s go to Yuri with tonight’s special prize!”

The cameras spun to face the edge of the stage, where Princess Yuri lay draped over a stylish blue saucer, her body squeezed into a tight green dress. “Hi, everyone! This is the, um, latest Saucer-brand Saucer from SEIGU, nya, and one lucky girl will be flying away with it tonyight!” She beamed. “Is that it? Do I have to say anything else? Pachinko?”

“Haha. Thanks, Yuri!” The camera swiveled back to Pachinko. “Well, without further ado, let’s get started. It’s time to meet tonyight’s contestants, nya!”

Lights snapped one, illuminating the back of the stage, where six podiums stood waiting for their occupants. Above each hung a giant glass pipe, leading up into the ceiling. If you listened closely, you could hear the sound of approaching screams.

Pop!

With a wail of surprise, a dark-haired woman in a short white top and suspenders dropped from the tube and landed with a squeal on the cushion behind the platform. “H-hey!”

“Tifa Lockhart!” With a ding, her name appeared on the podium.

“Where am I? What the hell is going on?!” cried Tifa. “Let me out of here!” She made to run, and slammed straight into a forcefield surrounding her podium.

Pachinko just laughed. “Good stuff. Nyext up...!”

With another scream, a second woman dropped squealing from a tube. This one had light brown hair and purple eyes, which shone with intelligence as she studied her surroundings.

“Herta!” *Ding!*

Grabbing her podium, Herta hauled herself to her feet and looked around, eyes tight.

Pachinko just laughed. “What a doll, am I right, folks?” The crowd laughed.

Another scream of descent; another gasp of surprise on landing: the third contestant was another brunette, though this one looked less intelligent and more terrified. She wore red, and she visibly sweated as she struggled to her feet.

“May!” The Pokémon trainer’s name appeared with a *ding*.

“Wh-what’s going on?” Pale, May snapped her head from left to right. “Where am I?”

Pachinko handed her a map. “If nyou look closely, there’s an arrow pointing to us here, nya.” She raised her mic. “Nyow, let’s meet contestant nyo. 4!”

“Ahhhhh!” The descending scream grew louder and louder until at last a blonde flew from the pipe and slammed into her podium. Pushing herself up, she brushed the hair from her face and looked around with a glare of reptilian malice. “What’s going on?” she cried. “Where am I?”

“Welcome to *Wheel of Fates!*” said Pachinko, bouncing over to her. “How was nyour trip, nya?”

Snarling, the blonde drew in a deep breath, and exhaled a gout of flame. It filled the forcefield around her podium in an instant, transforming it into an enormous pillar of fire.

Pachinko simply laughed. “Tohru!” *Ding!* Twirling away from the enraged dragon, she bounced over to Podium No. 5 and looked up expectantly.

With a high-pitched squeal, another brunette in red crashed into her cushion. Sitting there, she rubbed her head and groaned, before finally opening her eyes and going pale in shock. “Wh-what’s—? H-how?”

Pachinko helped the confused magus to stand. “Rin Tohsoka, everyone! Let’s give her a big cheer!”

The crowd cheered; Rin blushed in confusion.

Leaving her to smolder in the limelight, Pachinko bounced over the sixth and final podium, where a scream could already be heard descending from above.

“Ahhhhhh!” With a wild scream, a blue-haired wolfgirl in a shockingly skimpy outfit flew screaming out of the pipe and slammed into her cushion. Blinking, she looked around in shock, boobs swinging wildly from side to side in a most unrealistic manner.

“Silvervale!” *Ding!*

“E-eh? Wh-what’s—?”

Ignoring the wolfgirl’s confusion, Pachinko bounced back to the center of the stage. “Nyow, with all the fodder out of the way, it’s time to say hello to the real star of the show! Everybody, ready?” She held her mic to the crowd.

“Wheel of Fates! Wheel of Fates! Wheel of Fates!”

Pachinko laughed. “That’s right, nya! Let’s have a big round of applause for the Wheel of Fates!”

As the crowd burst into applause, all the lights turned to focus on the ceiling. With a hiss of steam, it parted, and from the darkness above descended an enormous pointer, thick as a tree trunk.

Hanging beneath it, like the drum mag of a firearm: a colorful wheel decked in lights and listing hundreds of fates, all awful: ‘Toaster’, ‘Bed’, ‘Scratching Post’, ‘Laundry Basket’, ‘Onahole’, ‘Microwave Dinner’. On and on they went, growing increasingly perverse as you moved around the wheel.

Pachinko turned to the contestants, who were staring in confusion. She giggled. “It looks like our players are confused as to how this game is going to work... Why don’t we give them a little demonstration, nya?”

Bouncing over to the side of the stage, she snapped, and the floor parted. A platform rose from below, carrying a redhead in a maid’s outfit up onto the stage. “E-eh?” Wild-eyed, she looked around in horror. “What’s going on—? I was—”

Pachinko giggled. “Nyow, the rules are very simple, nya... At the start of each round, I’m going to give a randomly-selected contestant a challenge. In this case...” Shuffling a deck of cards, she picked one out and stuffed the rest into her cleavage. “Lift up your skirt and masturbate till nyou cum! Nyou’ve got fifteen seconds!”

A countdown appeared above the stage. “15... 14... 13...”

The redhead stared at it in horror. “W-what? You want me to—? I can’t do that!” She looked around imploringly, but no one offered her any mercy.

Pachinko giggled. “If they succeed in their task... well, they get nyothing, really!” She laughed. “But if they lose...”

“3... 2... 1... 0!” A klaxon blared. The redhead flinched.

“They get to spin the wheel, nya~!”

With a hideous click, the giant pointer turned to face the redhead. Face paling, she turned to run, bounced off another forcefield, and landed on her butt. She could only sit there and groan as the wheel started to turn.

“Let’s see what we get!” cried Pachinko, eyes flashing.

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click!

“BAD END: VASE!” cried the stage’s speakers. Without a second of pause, the pointer’s tip began to crackle with juice.

The redhead threw herself at the forcefield surrounding her. “Stoop!” she cried. “Stoop! Let me out! Let me out! Let me out! Heeeelp! Someone he—!”

Zzzap!

A bolt of searing pink lightning flew from the pointer’s tip and slammed into her body, turning her pleas for release into a wild scream for mercy. Arching her back, she snapped her head upright and screamed as it coursed through her, making her entire body shake with its force.

First, her outfit squeezed tight against her body, hugging her as if vacuumed sealed. She screamed even louder, straining her arms to pull it free.

Secondly, the pointer took her arms and planted them against her sides, while slamming her legs together and wrenching her head backward, mouth open wide. All she could do was stare at the ceiling, eyes trembling in utter horror.

Like clay under the hands of a potter, she started to compact, body squeezed by invisible hands into a tight, new, and incredibly erotic shape. Her legs fused together, her arms thinned into a pair of simple handles, and her mouth opened so wide it pushed aside the rest of her face. These were the least noticeable changes, of course: every eye in the audience was on her hips and her breasts, which grew larger with the moment, as if sucking up all the mass the rest of her was losing.

Finally, the pointer’s beam crackled and died, leaving only a few stray splashes of juice to fizzle on the stage. Where the redheaded maid had been standing lay a strangely erotic vase, painted black and white and skin-tone, with a noticeable band of red around its former head.

“Oooh!” said Pachinko. “That’s one we haven’t seen in a while, nya.” She laughed. “But enough of that. I hope nyou all get the idea nyow~.” She turned back to the contestants, holding out her mic as if expecting a response.

“What did you do to her?!” cried May, eyes wide in fear. The rest stared in silenced, jaws hanging with shock and faces pale with horror.

The catgirl just laughed, as if she hadn't heard the question. "Anyway, let's move on with the show, nya! Time for Round 1!" She snapped her fingers, and the platform and the former maid dropped out of sight. At the same time, Tifa's podium lit up. Then Herta. Then May's. Then—

One by one, each of the players' podium flashed. The light passed from one to the next and finally back to the start, losing speed with each cycle, until at last, it came to stop on...

Ding! "Rin Tohsoka!"

"E-eh? Me?" Rin blinked as the catgirl bounced over to her, stepping back from her podium and raising her hands as if expecting Pachinko to hit her.

"That's right!" cried the catgirl, thrusting her mic at Rin's face. "Welcome to the show, nya! Anything nyou wanna say before we start the round?"

"Say—?! What the hell are you talking about? What could I possibly want to say?!" Clenching her fist, Rin pulled back as if about to punch her.

Pachinko giggled, unfazed. "Great to hear it, nya! Nyow, let's find out what nyour challenge is, shall we?" Rummaging in her cleavage, she pulled out a thin card and raised it to her face, squinting myopically. "Let's see... Nyour tour task is—Aw, we're starting off with an easy one—to show the audience nyour boobies, nya!"

Rin blinked. "You want me to do what?"

"Show the audience nyour boobs! Nyou know, just, like, lift nyour shirt—nyou're nyot wearing a bra, are nyou?—and give everyone a nyice good look! Nyou can do that, can't nyou?"

"I—" Rin swallowed. Above, the Wheel of Fates and its pointer turned to her, tip crackling menacingly. "S-sure—"

"Yay! Well, off nyou go, nya!" Pachinko stepped aside, and with a *schunk*, Rin's podium dropped into the floor. Every spotlight in the room turned to focus on her. As did every pair of eyes in the audience, not to mention all their cameras.

Gritting her teeth, Rin screwed up her eyes in frustration, grabbed the hem of her sweater, and wrenched it up, exposing two modest breasts in a frilly black bra.

The crowd burst back into laughter.

"Is that enough?" asked Rin, voice tight, after half a minute or so.

"Hmm?" said Pachinko. "Oh, nyou could have stopped ages ago. The card didn't specify a time."

Rin blinked. "Huh?" Flushing red, she hurried to pull her top down.

Pachinko laughed. "Okay, who's up nyext, nya?"

The podiums lit up once more. This time, the light came to a stop on...

Ding! "Silvervale!"

The wolfgirl jerked back, boobs bouncing like they were spring-loaded. "M-me?"

"That's right!" cried Pachinko, bounding over to her. "Let's find out what nyour task is!" She rummaged in her cleavage; up in the stands, the crowd hollered.

Finally, she pulled out a card. "Hmm... It's looks like *nyour* challenge is... Aw, it's another easy one! ...To do a handstand and hold it for ten seconds, nya!"

"A h-handstand?" Her podium dropped, leaving Silvervale standing out in the open.

"That's right, nya! A simple handstand! Nyou're nyot afraid nyou're imbalanced, are nyou?" She giggled.

Swallowing, Silvervale raised her hands and eyed the floor, visibly sweating. Taking a deep breath, she threw herself forward onto her hands, kicking off the ground to propel her feet into the air. The audience ooo'ed at her tightly-clad ass as the wolfgirl wobbled, looking like she might topple any second.

"3... 2... 1...!"

Pachinko laughed as Silvervale collapsed, panting for breath. "Nyice work, nya! But nyot every challenge is going to be this easy." She licked her lips. "Nyow... who's up nyext...?"

Ding! "Oooh, looks like this time it's May!"

Behind her podium, May flinched, raising her hands as if to defend herself. She kept them raised even as Pachinko bounced over.

"Hi there, welcome to the show nya hey were nyour tits always this big?"

May blinked. "E-excuse me?"

"I said 'anything nyou wanna say, nya?'"

"Um..." May swallowed, looking nervously at the cameras.

"Camera shy, huh? Nyo matter. Let's find out what nyour task is..." Rummaging between her breasts, Pachinko pulled out a card and held it up to her face. "Nyour task is to... Ooooh~, this one's a little trickier! Nyour task is to take this dildo..." She produced a dildo, seemingly from nowhere. "...And stick it alllll the way up nyour butt, nya"

“All—all the way?!”

“All the way, nya.”

May’s podium dropped, freeing her to step forward. Giggling, Pachinko placed the dildo on the floor and flicked it to make sure it was stuck firmly in place. The thing was twelve inches long and riddled with veins—it looked more like a giant reptile’s than anything human.

“Whenever nyou’re ready, nya. Also, nyou have thirty seconds or nyou fail.” A countdown appeared above the stage.

Squealing, May hurried to pull down her shorts and her panties and, flush with embarrassment, lowered herself to the giant dildo.

“Don’t worry about falling, nya,” said Pachinko, “I’ve got nyou!” She stepped back and covered her mouth to hide her giggles.

Still trembling, May lowered herself lower and lower, until at last the dildo’s giant tip nuzzled her asscrack. Biting her lip, she sat there for a second, eyes tight and her face red, as if struggling with constipation. Her entire body rocked with the exertion of holding herself up, and each little movement made the dildo wobble too.

“Fifteen seconds,” said Pachinko.

Squealing, May bent her legs, slammed her ass down onto the dildo, and screamed as it slipped an inch or two inside her.

“Don’t worry, everyone—we made sure it was lubed.” She put a finger to her ear. “It’s not lubed...?”

May screamed as she forced herself a little lower, spreading her asscheeks wide around the sextoy’s fat girth.

“Five seconds,” said Pachinko.

May took a deep breath, chest rising and falling with the exertion. With a scream, she slammed her ass down again, forcing the dildo another couple of inches inside her.

...At which point the countdown promptly ran out, and all the stage’s lights turned red.

“Oooh, that’s the end of nyour time, nya. Let’s take a look and see how nyou did!” Producing a tape measure, Pachinko bent down and measured the remaining dildo. “Seven inches, nya. Which means nyou only managed to stick five inside nyou...”

Which a groan, May collapsed. Falling onto her front, she lay there moaning, the dildo sticking out of her ass like the sword in the stone.

Pachinko wrenched it out like the future king of England. “Anyway, nyou didn’t get it all the way in, so that means nyou failed, nya. And since nyou failed, we get to...”

“Spin the wheel!” chanted the crowd. “Spin the wheel!”

Pachinko laughed. “Nyou got it, folks! Let’s spin the wheel!”

Up above, the pointer turned to lock onto a snivelling May, its tip already sparking. Beneath it, the Wheel of Fates lit up and started to turn, clicking faster and faster with every passing second.

May trembled, eyes full of tears. Pachinko and the rest of the crowd clapped along with the clicking, eyes wide with amusement. Behind their podiums, the remaining contestants stared in horror.

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click!

“RUBBERIZATION!” cried the stage’s speakers.

May flinched. Pachinko cocked her head. “Oooh, another unusual one, nya! Let’s see what it looks like!”

High above, the Wheel of Fates’ pointer crackled as it built up a charge. May struggled to her feet and tried to run, but she made it barely two steps before colliding with another forcefield.

Zap!

A bolt of fizzing pink juice flew across the stage and slammed into the unfortunate Pokémon trainer, throwing her back against her little cage as its energy poured through her, making her sparkle with its light. Under its power, she glimmered and shone. And screamed, quite loudly.

This time, the beam didn’t last long. Fizzling out with a *zzip* and a few little drips, it left May sitting there seemingly unchanged.

On closer inspection, this couldn’t be further from the truth. Up close, her skin and clothes shone, glossy and smooth, without the faintest imperfections. Her eyes looked outright painted on.

Leaning in, Pachinko grabbed one of the brunette’s antennae and gave it a giant tug. Instead of wrenching May off the floor, it stretched to well over a meter, long and trembling and taut. May stared in shocked.

Finally, Pachinko released it with a snap. May squealed as it slammed into her face.

“How fitting!” said Pachinko, standing over the moaning woman. Bending down, she grabbed May’s mouth and wrenched it wide open, impossibly wide open—by the time she stopped, May could have swallowed herself. “Look, nyow, nyou’ll nyever have to worry about a dildo

nyot fitting inside nyou again!” Giggling, she spun May around, slipped the dildo between her cheeks, raised her foot, and—

May screamed.

*

As a pair of catspaws helped a trembling May back to her podium, Pachinko herself bounced into the center of the stage. “Who’s up nyext, nya! Let’s find out!”

This time, the light came to a stop on none other than Tifa Lockhart, who tightened her grip on her podium and fixed the cameras with a glare as they all turned to face her.

Pachinko hurried over. “Hi and welcome to the show, nya! This is the first we’ve gotten to talk, so why don’t nyou introduce nyourself to the crowd, nya?”

Tifa grit her teeth. “Screw you!”

“Good, good! Say hello to ‘Screw nyou’, everyone!”

“Hi, Screw Nyou!” called the crowd.

Pachinko laughed. “Anyway, let’s see what nyour task is...” she rummaged in her cleavage. “Hmm... It looks like nyour first challenge... is to eat this banana!” She produced... a banana!!

Tifa stared in confusion. “You want me to eat a banana?”

“Yep! That’s it, nya. All nyou gotta do is eat the banana. Nyo catches or nyothing!” She pressed it into Tifa’s hands. “Oh, nyou can’t peel it like a nyormal one though. Nyou gotta wrap nyour hand around it and kinda pull it down like—Nyeah, that’s it. Nyou got it!”

Blushing, Tifa raised the banana to her mouth.

“Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!” cried the crowd.

“Whenever nyou’re ready,” said Pachinko. “Nyou’ve got one minute to finish.”

With one last snort, Tifa slipped the banana into her mouth and wrapped her lips around it, clearing intended to take an enormous bite. The instant it caught her tastebuds, however, her eyes went wide in delight. Audibly moaning, she took the fruit in both hands and sucked at it like a starving woman at the teat of a passing cow. Eyes tight, she sucked and slurping, sliding her tongue all around its length and visibly massaging its length, cooing as she worked it up and down.

Above the stage, the countdown ticked slowly down. Half a minute soon passed, but Tifa showed no sign of hurrying. Soon, only fifteen seconds remained, and she still had yet to take even a single bite.

Beside her, Pachinko giggled in amusement. “10... 9... 8...”

The crowd joined in with her. “7... 6... 5...”

Tifa ignored them, sucking even harder.

“4... 3... 2... aaaaand... 1!” A klaxon blared; the stage turned red. And in Tifa’s hands, the banana suddenly trembled, veins throbbing all up and down its length. She opened her eyes, staring in shock, and just like that, its tip went off like a bomb.

Liquid banana splattered her entire face. The crowd burst into laughter.

As Tifa sat there in shock, Pachinko turned to the prize pile with a grin. “A big thanks to Princess Yuri for catering today’s event, nya.”

Yuri blushed and waved away the compliment.

“Nyaturally, since Miss Innuendo here didn’t finish her meal, nyou know what it’s all time for!”

“Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel!”

Pachinko twirled. “That’s right! Let’s spin the wheeeeeeeeeee!”

On the floor, Tifa wiped banana goo from her face and sat up with a groan as the Wheel of Fates’ pointer spun to face. As the giant rod crackled with juice, the Wheel itself lit up, lightbulbs shining as it started to slowly turn...

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click!

“BAD END: VACUUM!” cried the stage’s speakers.

“Oooh~!” cried Pachinko. “It looks like we’ve got our first Bad End of the night! Get ready, everybody! Here we goooo!”

Heart pounding, Tifa leapt to her feet and tried to run. As if to taunt her, the forcefield didn’t stop her like it had May. Not that it made any difference—a second later, an earsplitting *zzzap!* filled the room, and Tifa screamed as a bolt of lightning crashed into her.

Flinging her to the ground, she moaned as she curled up tight, squishing her breasts with the back of her hands and resting on her palms.

“Nnn~!” Trapped there on all fours, she screwed up her eyes and squealed for mercy. “Nnn~! Make it stop!”

Pachiko and the audience simply laughed in amusement.

The pointer's beam flared, and with a fresh scream, Tifa started to contort. Her arms and legs fused with her body, squished into the liquid mass of her torso, while her hands and feet curled in on themselves over and over until all that remained were four simple, plastic wheels.

As her torso compacted into a fat little cylinder, her boobs and her butt flattened against as little more than circles, her neck stretched like a giraffe's and her face collapsed, crushed. Her mouth, on the other hand, spread wide. By the time it stopped, she looked like a hammerhead shark. Her eyes trembled one last time, and with that, they vanished, flattened out of existence.

The pointer continued to squeeze her, compressing every recognizable element of her body into itself until she was completely smooth all over. Her clothes, caught between her and the beam, fused with her body, reduced to a layer of paint atop her strange, plastic form, completely seamless. By the time the beam finally crackled off, it was hard to tell that Tifa had ever been human: where she'd been standing sat nothing more than a canister vacuum, its body painted in black and white and tan, with the hint of nipples and other body parts poking through the paintwork.

Laughing, Pachinko grabbed it and flicked the switch. "Well, looks like someone will have an easier time finishing their meals from nyow on!" With a knowing wink at the audience, she vacuumed up the remnants of the banana, earning a large laugh from the crowd as the last of the goo vanished down the new cleaner's throat.

"Anyway, enough of that, nya!" Casting Tifa aside, Pachinko spun back to the center of the stage. "Tifa can nyo longer continue to play, which means she's out of the game, nya! Our first contestant of the nyight! Who would have known it would happen so quickly." She smirked. "Nyow, that's nyo reason for our remaining contestants to lose hope, of course..."

She spun to face the remaining players, whose faces were a delicious platter of horror and shock and anger. "...*They've* still got every chance to win."

The crowd laughed; Pachinko laughed with them. "Nyow, without further ado: onto the nyext round! Let's see who gets to play nyext, nya!"

To a giggle of music, the lights began to spin once more, spiraling from one contestant to the next. Over a stern-looking Herta, past a terrified May, over a furious Tohru, by a dark-eyed Rin, and a cowering Silvervale. At last, the only podium left flashing was...

Ding! "Tohru!" cried Pachinko, bouncing straight over to her. "Let's all give a big welcoming clap to everyone's favorite dragon maid, nya!"

The crowd clapped; somehow, they made it sound sarcastic.

"So, Tohru," said Pachinko, leaving on the dragon's podium. "How are you enjoying the show so far? Having fun? Missing anyone at home, nya?"

Tohru grit her teeth, flames flaring around her nostrils. “If you touched one hair on Miss Kobayashi’s—!”

“Great stuff! Let’s find out what nyour task is, nya!” Slipping her hand between her boobs, she pulled out a little card and studied it with a smile. “Well, isn’t *this* exciting, nya? The task you’ve drawn has only *just* been added to the deck.” She licked her lips. “Nyour task, Tohru, is to take our brand-new vacuum cleaner—” She aimed a claw at Tifa, or what had been her, at any rate. “—and put it to good use by cleaning up alll the mess on the stage...!”

Tohru looked around, squinting in confusion. “What mess...?”

Pachinko giggled. “Good question!” She snapped.

At the back of the stage, the pipes the contestants had fallen from began to tremble. From inside them came a terrible roaring, as if an entire ocean were flowing towards them. Behind their podiums, the contestants stared in shock or struggled to flee, bouncing off their forcefields as they hurried to escape.

Second by second, the roaring grew louder, until at last it became a deafening scream, so loud no other sound could be heard. And then, at last, its source made its appearance.

With a tremendous splash, slime poured from the pipes, a torrential downpour of the stuff, a tsunami. The contestant could only scream as it slammed into them, washing them off their feet and dragging them screaming and flailing across the stage.

Pachinko, squatting like a cat on Tohru’s podium, smirked as the dragon scrambled to cling to it. “Careful nyou don’t slide off the edge, nya!” She laughed as Silvervale and May struggled to swim against the current.

Half a minute later, the flow finally petered out, and the contestants picked their sodden bodies up and looked around, slime-shocked.

Hopping off her podium, Pachinko hopped across the stage to the prize corner and snatched up Tifa. “Here nyou go, nya!” She tossed her into Tohru’s hands; the dragon simply stared at her. “Oh, and there’s meant to be another little catch to this task, but I just can’t remember it... Eh, I’m sure nyou’ll figure it out though, nya!”

Around them, the slime coated the floor twitched, extending tens of trembling pseudopods. Silvervale screamed as one coiled around her and slipped between her breasts.

Pachinko giggled. “Oh, nyeah. That’d do it.”

As the contestants’ screams filled the air, Tohru hurried flicked on her new vacuum and set to work—mercifully, it didn’t need to be plugged. Holding the canister by one hand, she wielded the head like a knight with a lance. Spinning around, she charged at anything that caught her eye. Tifa vacuumed up slime with a voracious appetite.

“Also, nyou only have two minutes,” said Pachinko, checking a watch that didn’t exist. “Chop chop! Succ succ!”

Grting her teeth, Tohru whirled and charged and thrust, aiming Tifa’s widened mouth at every drop of slime she could catch. Finding May under the assault of an army of pseudopods, she threw herself at them and slurped up every last drop, leaving the Pokémon trainer shivering in shock.

Retreating, she aimed the vacuum at Rin, who found herself caught and spread-eagled as a particularly thick tentacles aimed itself at her sex. Without a pause, Tohru slammed the vacuum’s head between Rin’s legs, ignoring her screams. Pachinko chuckled as the countdown ticked away.

Finally, the clock struck zero. A klaxon blared; red lights flashed.

In the center of the stage, Tohru came to a halt, breathing hard, and looked around her. To her dismay, slime still coated most of the stage and half of the contestants.

Hopping over to her, Pachinko gave her a reassuring pat on the back. “There, there,” she said. “Nyou tried nyour best, nya.”

Tohru grit her teeth and snarled. “How was I ever meant to—?!”

“Shame it wasn’t good enough,” said Pachinko, spiraling away. “Anyway, nyou all know what *thaaat* means!”

“Spin the wheel!” cried the crowd. “Spin the wheel!”

“Let’s spin the wheeeeel!”

Taking aim at Tohru, the Wheel of Fates started to turn, picking up speed with every passing second till it was clicking away like the author at her keyboard. Tohru closed her eyes and looked down—the crowd cheered louder and louder.

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click!

“BAD END: ICE CREAM SUNDAE!”

Tohru’s eyes snapped open—she gaped in shock.

Pachinko, meanwhile, burst into laughter. “Anyother Bad End already, nya? Wow, the Wheel really has it out for our contestants tonyight!”

Heart pounding, Tohru lurched left and right as if looking for somewhere to run, but the forcefield around her kept her neatly pinned in. Above the stage, the Wheel of Fates’ pointer crackled, tips glowing with a giant ball of fizzling juice with grew larger and larger with every passing second, until—

With an ear-splitting *zzap!*, the ball burst, and a beam of blinding pink juice flew across the stage and struck Tohru in the chest. She screamed as it surged through her, lifting her into the air and holding her suspended, her entire body trembling with its energy.

Around her, her maid outfit shimmered in the pointer's influence before turning translucent and melting like sugar. Pouring from her body, it formed a large puddle beneath her, before flowing back upward and resolidifying in the shape of a gigantic sundae glass.

Pachinko laughed. Tohru screamed in terrified pleasure; the other contestants stared in horror.

As the sundae glass finished forming, Tohru's own body began to sparkle as well. As she screamed in fresh lust, her skin turned pale white, bright and milky, and began to run and drip like the melting ice cream it had become.

Not all of her was affected the same way, however: her boobs, blown up enormously, took on completely different tones, one becoming the dark brown of chocolate, while the other became the light pink of strawberry. Her tail, in turn, became a light beige as it snapped straight, erect, and hollowed into a wafer straw.

Finally, her head, still locked in an expression of utter ecstasy, trembled and turned a bright red as it swelled into a giant strawberry. Her hair became the leaves, while her horns curled into a pair of stems, sticking high.

With that, Tohru's altered body collapsed, shrunk to a twentieth of its former size, and she floated down to the ground in silence.

Pachinko, snatching her up, dipped her finger in and licked it. "Oooh~," she said. "Very sweet."

The crowd roared its approval; the remaining contestants simply stared in horror.

Giggling, Pachinko passed the new sundae to Yuri. "Try nyot to save some for the winner, nya!" With that, she bounded back to the center of the stage. "But enough of that—let's get on with the show! Who's nyext to try a trial?"

The lights spun round and round again and again, leaving the four remaining contestants to tremble behind their podiums as it swept over them.

Finally, it came to a stop:

Ding! "Herta!"

The doll-like academic tightened her eyes as all the cameras turned to her. "So it's my turn at last, is it?"

"That's right!" cried Pachinko, hopping over to her. "How do nyou feel to finally get nyour time on the stage?" She held the mic out.

Herta said nothing.

“Good stuff!” With a laugh, Pachinko slipped a hand into her cleavage. “Nyour task,” she said, reading the card with a giggle, “is to seduce Yuri, nya.”

The spotlight snapped to Yuri, who sat up and blinked in shock. “E-eh? She’s gotta do what to me?”

Pachinko slipped the card back into her cleavage. “Off nyou go, nya.”

Scowling, Herta marched across the stage to the prize corner, where Yuri sat in shock, still blinking like she didn’t realize what was going on.

“This probably goes without saying at this point,” said Pachinko, “but nyou’ve got two minutes. Good luck, nya!”

Herta scowled. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. When she opened them again, her expression was angelic. “Hi there,” she said, “I really like your dress?”

“My dress?” said Yuri. “Thanks! I had it made especially out of this super-adorable woman. Every time I shuffle a little, I hear her screaming in ecstasy. Wanna touch her, nya?”

Herta blanched.

“Oooh, nyou’re gonna have to try a little harder than that!” said Pachinko. “Try complimenting her tits or something!”

Herta threw her a despairing look, but when she turned back to Yuri, her expression showed no sign of it. “I really like your... breasts too,” she added.

“Thanks!” cried Yuri. “I hatched with them. Sometimes they’re really big, but sometimes they’re kinda small though, like someone isn’t keeping track of conty-new-ity, nya.” She gave them a squeeze—today they were enormous. “Wanna touch them?”

“I—” Herta froze in disgust. “If you want me to...”

“Nyou don’t wanna?” said Yuri, pulling back with a look of offense.

Herta flicked a despair glance at the countdown. “I—”

“Oh, I get it! Nyou’re into butts instead, right?” With a giggle, she flipped over, sticking her butt up into the air and, incidentally, right in Herta’s face. “Right?”

Herta pulled back, looking like she might throw up. “Get your ass out of my face!”

Yuri’s hopeful smile drooped. “...Nyou don’t like ass?”

Herta threw back her head. "This is impossible!"

"Thirty seconds~, " called Pachinko, smugly. "Nyou gotta be blunter, nya!"

Herta sucked a deep breath through her teeth. "You!" she said, turning back to Yuri with gritted teeth. "I want to have sex with you!"

Yuri blinked. "Oh!" she said at last. "Okay. Why didn't nyou say that from that the start, nya?"

And without a pause, she spread her legs, grabbed Herta's head, and—

"Mmmphf!"

Closing her thighs like a vice, Yuri sat back and purred in delight. "Oooh, that feels good, nya. Nyou should use nyour tongue a little more."

Herta thrashed.

Pachinko simply laughed. "Well, while those two enjoy themselves, let's find out who's going nyext!"

This time, the lights came to a stop aimed at...

Ding! Silvervale!

"Again?!" wailed the unfortunate wolfgirl. "How many times do we have to do this?!"

Pachinko laughed. "Oh, didn't I explain? We're going to keep going until we reach a winner, nya. Don't worry—we won't be here all nyight. As soon as we run through the easy tasks, we're going to start shredding through nyou guys *really* quickly." She smirked.

The remaining contestants (sans Herta, who was a little busy at the moment) stared at her in horror.

"Anyway, back to the topic at hand, nya." with a plop, Pachinko pulled a card out of her cleavage. "Silvervale, nyour nyext task is... Fufufu... to spend one full minute on the Pussy Punisher 6000 without cumming!"

Silvervale paled. "You want me to do what?"

"Nyot repeating myself, nya! Let's get right to the action!"

With a smack of her fingers, Silvervale's podium dropped from the floor, and from where it had been standing rose...

Silvervale swallowed. The device looked a little like a carousel horse... if you ignored the carefully-placed vibrator rods, the multiple straps and buckles, and the electrodes aimed

right at the would-be-rider's nipples. "You—you can't be serious! You're not going to make me ride *that*, are you?"

"Oh nyo, we're just joking," said Pachinko flatly. "Onto the fuck horse, please. Snap-snap!"

When Silvervale still didn't move, Pachinko clapped her hands, and a pair of catspaws snatched the screaming wolfgirl up, stripped her, and threw her onto the Pussy Punisher like garbage into the dumpster. "H-hey! Let me—"

She didn't get a chance to finish. Before she could, the machine's straps flew to life and like a swarm of lascivious serpents, coiled around her limbs and dragged her into place. Silvervale screamed as the machine's rods slammed neatly into her carefully-aligned holes, pinning them into place between them and making her eyes water as they stretched her wide. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Snap! Snapsnap! In sequence, the device's clamps snapped to her nipples and her clit, and Silvervale's muffled screams grew even louder. "MMMMPHF! MMMPHF!" She shook madly back and forth, making the entire thing wobble like a spring horse. "MMMMPHF!" Giant tears flew from her eyes.

Pachinko chuckled. "Nyour time begins... nyow!" Another countdown appeared above the stage. In the same instants, the Pussy Punisher shuddered like an electrical generator starting up and started to buzz...

Silvervale screamed as if struck by a cattle prod. "MMMMPHF! MMMMPHF!" Thick gouts of nectar poured from her pussy.

For the next half a minute, Silvervale thrashed on the device as if she were being electrocuted, shaking it so hard it looked like it might fly from its stand. In the end, however, even she couldn't resist what was happening to her: with one last wild scream, she started shuddering and collapsed, juice pouring from her pussy in a pair of twin waterfalls.

"Ohoh!" cried Pachinko, leaning in close. "Is that what I think it is? Did our little doggy just cum? Oooh, I think she diiiiid~."

With a series of clicks and snaps, the Pussy Punisher's clamps and buckles all came undone, its clamps released her, and its vibrating rods pulled out of her pussy.

Silvervale collapsed, falling to the ground with a moan, and lay there panting for breath, her pussy still pouring.

Pachiko giggled. "Well, there's still twenty seconds left on the clock, nya, so nyou know what that means!"

"Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel!"

"Let's spin the wheeeel!"

Clickclickclick... Clickclick... Click!

“BREAST EXPANSION!”

“Oooh! Anyother fun one, nya~.”

The Wheel of Fates and its pointer swiveled to face Silvervale, who trembled and rolled onto her back, barely able to open her eyes and look up at it. With a hideous *zzzap!*, pink lightning crashed into her, making her writhe on the floor and scream in utter ecstasy.

The effect on her breasts was as immediate as it could get: nipples trembling, they exploded in size, blown into a pair of little mountains as the boobs beneath them rose like miniature globes. Flowing over her torso in a tidal wave of fresh fat, they covered her face and kept on growing, tearing apart her dress and smothering her beneath her own swollen mammaries. She didn't even have the strength to protest.

Finally, the pointer snapped off. “Someone should probably help her back to her podium,” said Pachinko, studying the Grand Canyon of Silvervale's cleavage. She snapped, and the catspaws flew back in.

As the drones carried a moaning Silvervale back to her stand, Pachinko turned to the crowd with a grin. “Time to pick our nyext contestant! Who'll it be this time, nya? Let's find out!”

Ding! “Oooh, it's May's turn again!”

Behind her stand, May squeaked. And not just because she was made of rubber now.

Pachinko smirked. “Let's see what nyour task is, nya... Oh, what a coincidence! Fufufu. May, nyour nyext task—” She licked her lips. “—is the fit all *three* of these dildos all the way inside nyou.”

She produced three gigantic dildos, seemingly from nowhere. Each was as fat and long as the others, a veritable dragon cock.

May quailed. “How am I supposed to do *that?! I* couldn't even fit one, let alone three!”

“Well, I can think of one thing that might help you,” said Pachinko, gibing May's rubberized new boobs a squeak. “I'm sure nyou'll figure it out. Nyou have one minute, nya.”

May's podium dropped; Pachinko forced the dildos into her hands.

Trembling, May took a deep breath and selected one in particular. Biting her lip, she turned it around, as if confused which end to stick inside her.

“If I were nyou, I'd start with nyour mouth,” said Pachinko. The audience giggled.

Ignoring her, May spread her legs, revealing the way her clothing had fused with her body as part of the rubberization process. By all accounts she was naked—her skin was simply clothing colored now.

Grimacing, she aimed the tip of the dildo she'd picked at her pussy, and— *Schlup!*

May screamed as she forced it slowly between her legs, screwing up her eyes and moaning a little louder with each extra inch.

“Aw, don't be such a baby,” said Pachinko. “We made sure to lube them this time.” She touched her ear. “We lubed them this time, right? ...Right?”

With one last tremendous scream, May managed to get the dildo into up to its slightly bulkier base. She groaned. “Is that—is that enough?”

“That counts!” said Pachinko. “Also, thirty seconds to go, nya~.”

Moaning, May picked up the second dildo, opened wide, and deep-throated it with spirit. Tears dripped from her eyes as she struggled not to choke.

In the end, she got it in up to its base too, her lips stretched wide around its solid plastic shaft. She looked like she was struggling to breathe.

“Just one to go,” said Pachinko, chuckling in amusement. “And you better hurry! There's only fifteen seconds left!”

Groaning, May grabbed the last dildo and placed it firmly on the ground. Sucking in air through her nostrils, she strode over it, spread her legs, and slowly lowered her ass to the rod.

“Ah, nyour old nyemesis,” said Pachinko, chuckling. May flushed. “Let's see if nyou can beat it.”

Screwing up her eyes, May dropped the last couple of inches. The dildo's tip penetrated her anus with a schlup, and she moaned again, muffled, her entire body trembling and red.

Chest rising and falling, May slipped down the shaft, her puckered anus gripping the plastic tight, and for a moment or two, it actually looked like she might do it.

Halfway down the rod, she came to a sudden stop, sweat beading on her brow.

“Five seconds, nya!”

May screwed her eyes up tight, drew in a deep breath, and forced herself even further down, her rubber body squeaking with the strain. Despite her efforts, she inevitably came to a stop again.

“Three seconds!”

May moaned, her entire body shaking with the effort she was demanding of it. Lifting herself up, she breathed hard, clearly struggling for strength, and with a great effort, flung herself down. *Schlup!*

May screamed as the dildo disappeared into her asshole, entirely consumed. With a ragged moan, she fell onto her side and lay there panting, her asshole stretching and shrinking as she breathed. No sign of the dildo remained.

“Wow,” said Pachinko, looking down on her. “I don’t think anyone expected that, nya. ...Unfortunately, she was half a second too late. So sorry.”

“Mmmphf?!” With trembling hands, May tried to pull the dildo out of her mouth. It squeaked against her rubber lips as she struggled to extract it. “Mmmphf!”

“Anyway, nyou all know the routine by nyow, nya...”

“Spin the wheel!”

“Let’s spin the wheel!”

The Wheel of Fates’ pointer snapped to face the quaking trainer, and without further ado, the wheel itself began to turn.

“What’ll it be this time, folks? Oooh, I hope it’s something really lewd!” She giggled.

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click! With one last emphatic snap, the wheel came to a stop.

“BAD END: CONDOM!” cried the speakers.

May flinched. “Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

“Oooh, it is!” cried Pachinko, tail trembling in her excitement. “I knew it’d be something super-lewd this time!”

With an ear-splitting zap, the pointer started to charge up. Still moaning, May struggled to her feet, though the dildos wedged up her ass and vagina made movement a little difficult for her. In the end, it didn’t matter—she’d barely taken a step before the beam of juice crashed into her. *Zzzap!*

Still moaning her muffled moans, May shot into the air and flipped onto her back as the dildos vanished from inside her. Twitching, her already stretched ass pulsed and open wide, wide, growing so large it could have swallowed the rest of her body. Speaking of: with a last scream from its owner, the rest of her May’s rubberized figure shriveled like a deflating balloon and collapsed, sucked into the ring of her swollen anus. She shimmered, turning a deep shade of red, and the pointer painted a matching wrapper over her body.

With that, she tumbled out of the air and struck the ground with a sad little *thwap*.

Laughing, Pachinko snatched her up and tossed her over to Yuri. “Well, that’s anyother contestant out of the way! How many are left? Two? Three? I’ve completely lost track. Well, whatever the answer, we’re nyot finished nyet! Before we continue, however, it’s time for a quick commercial break! I’ll see nyou again after these messages!”

“Stay tuned~!”

“Come on down to Slimy Shokushu’s Used Maid Dealership, where we sell the best secondhand maids on this side of the Grand Spiral! We’ve got tall maids, short maids, fat maids, thin maids. Maids with red hair! Maids with no hair (down there)! Nyou want them, we’ll provide them! And the best part, they’re always wet and willing!”

Disclaimer: Maids may not always be wet and willing. Maids may just be pretending to be wet and willing to avoid being turned into cloth. Maids may or not be time-bombs just waiting for the opportunity to destroy everything you’ve ever loved. Maids may or not have already come up with a complex plan to escape, leaving nyou trapped in a cardboard box. Maids may or not be irradiated. Maids may or not–

With a series of snaps, light returned to the stage. Rising on her platform, Pachinko spun around and bowed, fixing the audience with an enormous grin. “Welcome back to *Wheel of Fates!*”

The crowd roared.

Pachinko giggled. “Welcome back, folks! Before we resume the show, let’s give nyou a quick reminder as to who’s playing!”

With a grin, she spun back to the podiums. One by one, their lights snapped back on, illuminating the occupants.

“Herta!” A glare.

“Rin!” Terror masquerading as anger.

“Silvervale!” Utter fear.

Laughing, Pachinko bounded back to the center of the stage. “Well, enough of the reintroductions, nya. We’ve still got half our players to get through, so let’s get this show back up to speed by finding out who gets to play nyext!”

As the crowd roared its approval, the remaining contestants’ podiums lit up one by one, flashing between them until at last they came to a stop on...

Ding! “Rin!”

Behind her podium, Rin squealed as all the cameras turned to her. “How long do we have to keep doing this?!”

“Until we have a winner, nya! Nyow, hold still and lemme find nyou something fun to do...” Sticking a hand deep between her breasts, Pachinko wiggled it around and finally pulled out a card. “Let’s see... Ooooh, anyother fun one to start the second half of the show off, nya.” She chuckled. “Rin, nyour task is to make one of our other contestants cum. Nyou can pick which one.”

Rin went red. “You want me to what?!”

“Make anyother player cum, nya! Nyou can pick which one nyou want. But nyou’ve only got one minute, nya, so nyou better hurry up!”

A countdown appeared above the stage. Rin’s podium dropped into the ground—she squealed.

“Oh, I almost forgot...” Pachinko giggled. “Here’s something to make this a little easier for nyou...”

A squirt of juice shot from the Wheel of Fates and struck Rin’s groin. With a scream, she turned a deep red and doubled over, fumbling beneath her skirt. “No! No! You can’t be serious!”

Pachinko laughed. “Oh, here are some toys nyou can use too!” With a click, the hatch in the ceiling opened, and dildos rained from above. Dildos and buttplugs and vibrators and other, more exotic toys. Pachinko giggled and dodged. Rin and the others squealed and struggled to shield themselves.

As the rain came to a stop, Rin bit her lip and looked down harder. Her legs trembled, as if she were fighting to keep herself on her feet.

Chest rising and falling, she looked from Herta to the swollen Silvervale and, at last, hurried towards the latter. The wolfgirl’s eyes went wide. “Eh?! Why me?” Her podium dropped into the stage with a schunk. Off-balanced, she almost toppled over.

“Just work with me!” cried Rin.

“E-eh?!”

“Please!”

Swallowing, Silvervale dropped to the floor and flipped over onto her knees, giving Rin an excellent view up her dress—she wasn’t wearing any panties, or if she was, her bloated behind had completely swallowed them. Biting her lip, the magus dropped her panties and her skirt, freeing the leviathan of a cock hidden beneath to snap to erection.

“Forty seconds,” said Pachinko, giggling.

Kneeling behind Silvervale, Rin took her cock in hand. With a deep breath, she guided it to Silvervale’s pussy. The wolfgirl screwed up her eyes with a whimper. “Please—”

The instant the tip of Rin’s cock caught her clit, the wolfgirl threw back her head in a wild scream of ecstasy. “Nnn~! Stop!”

“Don’t pull away!” cried Rin, shuffling forward. “Hold still!”

“Thirty seconds!” said Pachinko.

Tightening her eyes, Rin grabbed Silvervale by the ankles and dragged her back. Holding her by the thighs, she guided her penis back into her pussy. The wolfgirl simply screwed up her eyes and moaned. “Please, don’t cum in me! I don’t wanna get pregnant!”

Rin froze and pulled with a plop as the reality of her situation set in. Heart pounding, she looked left and right in search of a solution.

Pachinko handed her a red condom. “Here, use this, nya!”

Red-faced, Rin snatched it off her and hurried to slip it over her penis. Finally, with a deep breath, she thrust again.

Silvervale screamed.

For the next few seconds, Rin pumped harder than ever, making the wolfgirl moan, screw up her eyes, and scrabble at the floor. Her cheeks clapped with every impact of Rin’s cock.

In the end, with one last intense moan, Silvervale jerked as if she’d been punched in the stomach. “Nn~!” At the same time, Rin grunted. Pulling out with an audible plop, she watched as the balloon at the end of her cock inflated, pumped full of semen.

Before her, Silvervale collapsed and lay there panting, a thick stream of grool pouring from between her legs. “Oooh...”

Rin, on the other hand, stared at the semen-filled condom in horror. Was... was it—?

“Five seconds remaining,” said Pachinko, whistling. “That’s actually pretty impressive, nya! ...Kinda sad we’re nyot gonna get to zap nyou, but rules are the rules, I suppose...”

As Rin made her way back to her podium, the catspaws helped Silvervale to stand. Between her bloated assets and Rin’s abuse, she looked like she might never again.

“Since Rin blueballed us all by winning, let’s skip straight to the nyext contestant!” said Pachinko.

Ding! “Rin Tohsoka!”

Rin froze several metres away from her podium. “Wh-what-?”

“That’s right, we can get the same person twice in a row, nya.” Pachinko chuckled. “Why don’t nyou come right back over here and I’ll pick nyou out another task?”

For a second, Rin opened her mouth as if planning to protest, but all the strength soon went out of her expression. With a sigh, she slumped back across the stage to Pachinko.

The catgirl stuck her hand back in her chest with a *schlup* and wrenched out another card. “Let’s see... this time, nyour task is to recite pi to one thousand digits. Nyou have ten seconds, nya.”

“Wh-what? What are you talking about?” Rin backed away, arms raised defensively. “No one can do that!”

“Well it must be possible, or it wouldn’t be on the card,” said Pachinko, with a shrug. “Also: five seconds.”

“This is crazy!” cried Rin. “It’s impossible!”

“3... 2... 1... Ooooh, I’m so sorry, but it looks like nyou’ve failed, nya!”

Rin’s face flashed with fury. “This is insane! Now you’re just cheating!”

Pachinko pulled her eyelid down. “Rin failed, and nyou know what that means, nya! Let’s spin. the. wheel!

Above, the giant pointer swiveled to face Rin. She flinched, raising her hands to shield her face. “Wait! Wait! Give me a second attempt!”

“Sorry, nya! One attempt only! Maybe nyou should have paid more attention in Math class!”

Clickclickclick... clickclick... click! With one last, emphatic snap, the wheel came to a stop. “ARMCHAIR!” cried the klaxons.

“A-arm-?!” Rin paled. “W-wait, you can’t-!”

Zzzap!

The magus screamed as the bolt crashed into her, throwing her back with the scale of its strength. Trembling on the spot, she screamed again as she slammed onto her knees and knelt there, her entire body fighting to escape the pose. Thick tears formed in her eyes.

With a crackle, the beam flared, and Rin screamed even louder as her body started to inflate, pumped up like a balloon in a particularly cramped space. Her thighs fattened, subsuming her legs; her buttocks blew into a pair of enormous spheres, which promptly

flattened against an invisible wall; and her boobs exploded into a pair of fat cushions, exquisitely comfy. Her cock, on the other hand, grew in something other than erection, flopping to the floor like an inflatable sausage, large as a dog.

She screamed one final time as her face swelled as well, until at last a pair of invisible hands squeezed the entire thing flat and silenced her completely. Unable to speak, she could only tremble in their grip as they remolded her some more, squeezing her legs into a tight, square base, reshaping her arms into thick armrests, and flattened her face into a perfect backrest. Her boobs, they plumped up, making sure they were nice and cushy for her eventual user.

Finally, the pointer painted her entire body in a coating of glossy varnish, leaving her to sit there and squeak like the inflatable chair she'd become. Her features, painted on the surface, suggested she was a lot happier with the situation than she was.

As the light died away, Pachinko marched across the stage and casually threw herself onto the former magus's chest. Rin squeaked as the Bakeneko made herself comfy. "Nyot bad, nya." She pressed her feet into the makeshift footrest of Rin's shaft.

Leaping back to her feet, she kicked her over to Yuri. "Well, that's one more out of the way! Only two contestants remain! Who should we test nyext...?"

As Herta and Silvervale braced themselves, the lights blinked between the two of them like a railroad's crossings. At last, with a distinctive *ding!*, they came to a stop on...

"Silvervale!"

The wolfgirl flinched as if they'd announced her execution, her enormous curves rippling from the motion. Breathing, she closed her eyes as Pachinko bounded over to her. It sounded as if she were muttering something to comfort herself.

"Welcome to what might be the final round!" cried Pachinko. "Anything nyou wanna say before we get started?"

Silvervale bit her lip. "Please, just let us go!" she cried. "Haven't you done enough to us?"

Pachinko cocked her head and turned to the audience.

"Nooo!" they cried.

Pachinko shrugged. "Well, there's nyour answer, nya. Nyow, let's see what nyour task is..." *Schlup!* "Oooh, it's anyother really exciting one, nya!"

Silvervale covered her eyes, as if hoping this would help her.

Pachinko giggled. "Nyour task, if nyou choose to accept it, is to survive the Juicer's highest setting for *one* minute!"

“J-Juicer?” Silvervale looked around and the hatch in the center of the stage opened and a circular glass tank rose from below. Thick pipes supported its base, while tens of lascivious tentacles, already flexing, lined its interior walls.

Silvervale stared in horror. “You want me to go in there?! That’s insane! You can’t make—”

The pipe behind her started to whirr. Silvervale had just enough time to look around and blink before it sucked her up, screaming. A few moments later, she dropped out of the ceiling, landing in the Juicer with a tremendous splat. In horror, she banged against the walls as the tentacles coiled around her.

Looking in through the glass, Pachinko smirked. “Nyour time begins nyow, nya!” She snapped, and a countdown appeared above the stage.

Inside the Juicer, the tentacles thrashed about madly. Silvervale screamed, screamed and fought, as the giant, throbbing tentacles coiled around her limbs and wormed their way into all the most private parts of her body. She moaned as a couple slammed into her pussy and her anus, squirmed as another pair coiled around her enormous breasts, and screamed again as a third pair latched onto her nipples. Only when one plugged her mouth did she finally quieten down a little.

For the next half a minute, Pachinko and the audience watched with looks of lust, as the Juicer’s tentacles wrung Silvervale like a sponge. Squirming all over her, they plugged her and pumped, coiled around and squeezed her, slapped her and groped her, and generally abused her generously-endowed body. Instead of bruises, their torment produced a single, miraculous substance: juice, thick gouts of bright pink juice, already sparkling and crackling with energy. As it pooled at the bottom of the tank, the Juicer’s pipes sucked it away for use elsewhere.

“Oooh, she’s really pouring,” said Pachinko, leaning on the glass. On the other side, Silvervale screamed. “This is what happens when nyow use the highest setting, nya!” She giggled. “Let’s see if she can survive the whole minute though. She’s starting to look a little sloppy to me...”

As the tentacles continued to suckle and pump her, Silvervale’s moans lost what little coherency they had left. Reduced to feeble, wordless whines, they finally spluttered out entirely. At the same time, her body trembled, looking somehow gloopier, as if her flesh were losing its structure in the same way as her voice.

Finally, as the countdown hit ‘15’, the wolfgirl gave one last, intense moan, spasmed like she’d been electrocuted, and melted into a pile of dark pink slime at the bottom of the Juicer. It continued to squeeze her, wringing out every last drop of Juice.

Pachinko laughed. “Aw, I guess she couldn’t handle the pressure, nya. What a shame! Well, there’s nyo way she can keep playing like this... Guess we’ve gotta add her to the pile with the rest of the prizes, nya...” She snapped, and with the whirring of a vacuum, Silvervale’s sludgy new form shot up out of the tank and away into the ceiling.

On the other side of the stage, Yuri squealed as it rained on her.

“Well,” said Pachinko, clapping her hands as the Juicer descended. “With Silvervale gone, we have only one contestant remaining.”

Herta tightened her gaze. “‘Winner’ would be a more appropriate appellation.”

“Huh? Why’s that, nya?” Pachinko cocked her head.

The genius jerked, as if slapped. “Because I’m the only contestant left! Who else could be the winner!”

“Huh? Who said it works like that, nya?” The crowd giggled as Pachinko spoke. “Nyo, nyo, I said we’d keep playing until the winner is decided, nya, and we haven’t decided the winner yet, so we gotta keep playing!”

Herta could only blink. “Wh-what are you talking about? That’s inane! How is the winner decided...?!”

“Hmm, well, mostly we just pick one when we get bored, nya. Most of the time we run out of contestants before then though.” She giggled.

Herta could only stare at her.

“Well, anyway, enough quibbling about the rules, nya. Let’s get back on track!” With a laugh, Pachinko reached into her cleavage. “Herta’s nyext task is...” She licked her lips. “Herta’s nyext task is *to run*.”

The genius squinted. “What do you mean?” She flinched as her podium dropped into the floor.

Pachinko laughed. “I should think it’s pretty obvious, nya.”

Above the stage, the Wheel of Fates swiveled to face Herta and spun up, click click clicking away as it charged up its pointer. Herta went white.

“*Run*,” said Pachinko.

...*Click!* “BAD END: BED!” A bolt of blinding pink lightning flew from the pointer’s tip.

Herta, already in motion, only barely managed to dodge it. As she ran across the stage, the bolt grounded itself against the floor behind her with a fizzling crack, and above, the Wheel of Fates spun back into motion, tip already crackling with a second bolt of energy.

...*Click!* “BAD END: SOFA!”

The genius’s feet slammed against the floor as she ran, bolt after bolt of juice crashing into the floor behind her.

...*Click!* "BAD END: TOY CAR!" *Zzap!*

...*Click!* "BAD END: POSTER!" *Zzap!*

...*Click!* "BAD END: LUBE!" *Zzap!*

Her heart pounding, Herta dodged left and right, barely avoiding the careening bolts. Pachinko fell to the floor and clutched her belly in laughter, while the audience snapped shot after amusing shot with their cameras.

...*Click!* "BAD END: TOASTER!" *Zzap!*

...*Click!* "BAD END: TOILET!" *Zzap!*

...*Click!* "BAD END: ALL EXPENSES PAID TRIP TO PLANET CHONYU!" *Zzap!*

After a full ten minutes of this, Herta's pace began to slow. Heart pounding, chest rising and falling with her heavy, labored breathing, she finally failed to dodge that one last little bolt...

...*Click!* "BAD END: FIGURINE!" *Zzap!*

Herta screamed as it slammed into her back. Freezing mid-pose, she came to stop and stood there groaning, her eyes wide with fear as her body moved on its own. Dragged by invisible strings, it snapped backward and upright, forced into a new and incredibly erotic pose.

As her remaining clothing melted, a trembling Herta leaned back and slipped a hand between her legs, screwing up her eyes as her fingers delved deep into her pussy. With her free hand, she grabbed a breast, grabbed and groped herself intensely tight. A shudder passed through her body, and she released a wild moan.

The pointer beam flared, and Herta's body rippled like an inflatable. She moaned as her boobs and her butt exploded, fattening so fast they almost knocked her over. Her screams only intensified as her hands dug deep into her flesh, disappearing into the depths of her egregiously swollen breasts.

Her molten clothing, having pooled around her feet, flowed back upward and congealed around her form as something considerably tighter: a skimpy bikini the color of her hair. Herta screamed again as it sliced into her new assets like a wire through cheese, forcing thick clumps of fat to spill around its edges. She somehow seemed less covered than she had been when she was naked.

Finally, Herta's cries cut out completely, and she froze as a wave of sudden tension washed over her form. Like a lake caught by a snap freeze, every inch of her turned solid, immovable, slick to the touch as plastic. Even her eyes looked as if they were made of glass.

A translucent plastic stand formed like a puddle beneath her feet, and from its center rose a matching rod, thick as a man's arm. With a *schlup*, it slammed into Herta's plastic asscrack, pinning her as solidly in place as anyone had ever been pinned. With that, she trembled one last time and shrank, instantly reduced to barely a twentieth of her former volume. The little doll sat sadly on the floor, steaming faintly as the pointer's juice faded.

"Ahhh~." Wiping a tear from her eye, Pachinko stood and walked calmly over to her. Bending down, she scooped the new doll up and examined her with a look of amusement. "What a dummy, nya~."

The crowd roared its approval.

Tossing and catching the new figure, Pachinko marched over to the prize pile, where Yuri sat up expectantly. With a laugh, Pachinko planted the doll firmly headfirst in her sister's cleavage. "There. Well folks, that brings us to the end of tonyight's show!"

"W-wait!" said Yuri. "Nyou didn't announce the winner, nya! Who was it? Was it the doll-woman?"

Pachinko cocked her head with a frown. "Er... Well, okay, um, it turns out the real winner was inside us all along, nya!"

"Wow, really!" Yuri's eyes sparkled. Just as suddenly, she frowned. "Wait, does that mean we have to share all the prizes?"

"Eh, I'm sure we can work something out. Anyway." Spiraling back into the center of the stage, Pachinko fixed the cameras with a grin. "That's all for tonyight, folks! Tune in this time nyext week, when six more delicious contestants will be competing for the chance to last the longest before losing! See nyou then!"

The camera snapped off one by one, throwing the stage into darkness.