

Racecourse Refreshments

The hundred thousand windows of the city of Keishoku sparkled in the early morning sunlight as its citizens roused themselves from bed and forced themselves into their cars and onto buses and from there: to school and work.

The morning commute had reached its peak, and cars blocked the roads from one end to another, when a beam of light lanced the clear blue sky and flattened half the city into smooth, steaming dirt. No sooner had the first faded than a second dropped like Zeus's thunderbolt and set out sculpting this raw material into stands, fences, garages, and tracks. In moments, the flattened half of Keishoku had become a giant racecourse, hundreds of orgasming faces hidden in its track.

As the last of the asphalt finished cooling, a single smaller saucer dropped out of the larger one above and descended with speed. Landing on two noodley pairs of legs, it opened its mouth and spat out something like a wad of bubblegum.

Reforming with a squeal of delight, Itasha spun around and clasped her cheeks in excitement. "Wow! Wow! Wow!" she cried, wheelies screeching as she sped back and forth along the track and finally came to a stop on the very spot where she'd started. "It looks amaaaaazing, nya."

The saibaneko clapped her hands and spun excitedly. Her big sisters were going to be so proud of her!

Resisting the urge to take a spin around the track herself, she hopped onto the roof of her saucer and looked down, hands on her hips, wondering if there was anything she'd missed. "Hmmm... Hmmm.... HHHHMMMMM! Nyah, all this thinkin' sure makes me thirsty, nya!"

Snapping upright, she slammed her fists into her palm. "Nyah! That's it! Refreshments! I forgot all about the refreshments!" Leaping off the saucer, she skated half a mile down the length of the track before skidding to a stop with a frown. "How am I going to handle the refreshments, nya?"

Her eyes turned to what remained of the city nearby, and a smile lit up the Bakeneko's face. "Ahah! I have the perfect idea, nya. Fufufu!"

Hikari had been sitting on the bus, playing a game on her phone, when the saucer dropped out of the sky and flattened half her hometown. She and half the other passengers had leapt to their seats to figure out what was going on, though the answer—generic yet surely accurate—had surely leapt to every mind in the bus: *Bakeneko*.

A moment later, the bus driver made the rather wise decision to get them the hell out of dodge, throwing Hikari back into her seat as the vehicle accelerated. The bus's wheels

screeched against the road; a middle-aged woman squealed as she flailed for something to hold on to.

Forcing herself back to her feet, Hikari moved carefully to the back of the bus and peered out of the rear window. She could see the giant pink saucer turning in the sky, its adorable face blankly malicious.

Squinting, she realized it wasn't the only thing up there. As she watched, eyes growing wider and wider, a cube of pink cardboardium around the size of a house descended from the saucer above and landed with an uninspiring thud on the outskirts of the city. Though half-hidden by the surrounding buildings, it was large enough for her to see as it unboxed itself like a piece of self-assembling furniture. By the time it had finished, what remained in the box's place was an enormous tracked vehicle with a wide, gaping maw...

...and the cutest little pair of fluffy cat's ears.

With the roar of an enormous engine starting, it trundled forward, swiftly picking up speed as it plowed through trees and lampposts and empty, abandoned cars. Hikari shrieked.

As she watched, eyes wide in shock, the vehicle extended a pair of paw-like manipulators, grabbed a car off the road, and stuffed it straight into its mouth. A second later, it snatched up a third, then a fourth, swallowing them like they were tic-tacs, not moving vehicles.

To her horror, Hikari realized the vehicle was growing closer. Heart pounding, she leapt from her seat and rushed towards the driver. "Hurry! It's gaining on us!"

The driver slammed the accelerator, but it had little effect. The factory-vehicle moved like a sport car, not the giant box it resembled. And it *still* seemed to be picking up speed, stuffing every vehicle it reached into its maw.

Before Hikari knew it, the machine was upon them. A goth girl on the other side of the aisle screamed in uncharacteristic fear.

One moment, it was mercifully far away, busy swallowing one of the cars racing behind them—the next, the bus shook with the clang of its claws slamming into its frame. The couple and the pink-haired girl all screamed. Hikari went to too, but it died in her throat as the entire bus shot backward, throwing her forward into the back of the chair ahead, as the bus flew into the factory's mouth like a giant, metal cheeseburger. With a clang, the giant maw slammed behind them, throwing them into darkness.

Before any of them had a chance to react, pink light filled the bus, pouring through every window with an intensity so bright it set off a new round of screaming. Shielding her eyes, Hikari went to scream herself—this was it! It was going to turn them into a litter box!

Instead, she felt a strange sense of vertigo. When it faded, she opened her eyes to find the light gone. The room around them had changed too—it was so much larger now. Throwing herself to the window, she peered outside and found them in a chamber the size of a stadium, several times the size of the vehicle that had been chasing them. Cars and vans

and buses stood on the platforms lining its floor. Even as she watched, an old hatchback appeared on the platform next to their own.

“Wh—what’s going on?!” cried a punk woman. “Where the fuck are we—?”

The vehicle gave them an answer a second later: as she watched, a number of paw-like drones descended from above and turned their attention on the vehicles waiting nearby. In slick flicks of their stubby, ball-shaped digits, they sliced cars and trucks alike into simple metal scraps, leaving their passengers sitting in the ruins of their own vehicles.

Before they had chance to consider fleeing, several glassy tubes descended from above, and the whirr of a vacuum filled the enormous chamber. Hikari watched as a pregnant woman and a busty office lady shot up it, up and away into the depths of the factory.

The passengers removed, the catspaws each formed a hardlight barrier and crushed the sliced-up remnants of the cars into simple cubes, which another tube promptly sucked up and carried to the vast machine at the end of the room. No sooner was the platform clear than a fresh car full of victims teleported in to replace them.

Sweating, Hikari flinched as a group of the catspaws floated towards them. She stumbled back, stuttering in her attempt to shout a warning. Fortunately, the pregnant woman saw what was coming for them and screamed on her behalf.

A moment later, the catspaws’ beams sliced neatly through the bus, cutting through the metal at every angle, as if the entire vehicle had tried to sneak through a high-security compound. Fortunately, it left their bodies unfazed, passing straight through their flesh as if they didn’t even exist. Unfortunately, the same couldn’t be said for their clothes: Hikari squealed as her uniform fluttered to the ground in tens of burning scraps.

Finally, the beams cut off, and the bus fell to pieces with a shriek of tortured metal. Hikari screamed as the ceiling fell towards them, but before it had a chance, a catspaw caught it in a beam and casually lifted it away. Another ensured the walls fell outward, leaving them standing confused on the bus’s sliced up floor.

Hikari knew what was coming next, but it still surprised her. With a *vwoom*, the glass tubes from before descended from above, slipping towards them like an anteater’s trunk towards the relevant insect.

The prostitute screamed. The mother wailed and hugged her daughter. One woman—the model—even threw herself off the edge of the platform. None of it mattered at all, of course, because a moment later, the tube started sucking. It went for the model first, since she was in the process of escaping. Her hair shot up as if caught in a vacuum, and the rest of her followed screaming and flailing.

One by one, the pipe snatched them up and whisked them away, sending them screaming through its length to whatever awful destination it had planned for them. Passenger after passengers shot wailing into its maw: the punk, the goth, a whole squad of office ladies. It drank every one up, as if possessed by an endless thirst.

Just as Hikari dared to think she might be spared, she looked up and found it hovering over her. Falling to her knees, she lay there and moaned as it caught her hair and dragged it up. It didn't feel like a vacuum, not really. It felt more like standing on the edge of a precipice and having the strange urge to jump.

A moment later, she found herself floating. She hung in the air for the briefest instant before shooting upward, slurped up like soda by the tube's strange suction. Shooting through its length, she screamed as she left the factory floor behind her—the last thing she saw was another vehicle teleporting in to replace their bus.

Then she was flying through the tube like one of those old-timey mail system, shooting through the air towards a row of giant glass jars, like a collection of jams.

The tube turned suddenly downward; Hikari found herself flung out. She landed in one of the jars, and threw herself against the wall, pounding for escape. It deformed at her touch—more like cling-film than glass—and when she pushed she found it stretching (though naturally, it refused to give).

Stepping back, Hikari spun to assess her situation. She found the others standing in similar jars around her, either crying in fear or testing the nature of their cages like she had. No-one had any better luck at breaking out.

From her vantage point, she noticed a feature of the tanks she couldn't see on her own: from the base of each extended a large pipe. They spun around each other and spiraled off into the depths of the factory, where they plugged into the same enormous, grinding machine she'd seen from the bus. Every few seconds, it jerked and hissed, its tongue-like conveyor carrying something out. From this far, Hikari couldn't see exactly what was being carried.

As she stared, a hiss from behind her snapped her attention around just in time to see the machine they were attached to whirring into life. In sympathy, her heart started pounding hard, and a big bead of sweat dripped from her forehead. She threw herself at the wall of the tank, screaming, but it deflected her like an insect off a bubble. She pounded on anyway. "Let us out! Let us out!"

With a click, a pipe descended from the ceiling. And crashed into her mouth.

Hikari squealed, struggling to pull away, but even when she stepped back, the pipe insisted on coming with her. Eyes wide, she looked into the neighboring tanks and saw the others passengers squirming as similar looking pipes forced their ways into *their* mouths. Grabbing the thing, Hikari struggled to pull it out, but it flexed in her grip like a living thing and refused to budge.

Before she could try again, she tasted something sweet, so sweet that she temporarily stopped what she was doing to process it. Was it... was she tasting *soda*?

As if in response, some hidden dam burst open, and a surge of sickly sweet and intensely bubbly cola poured straight into her mouth. She squealed a muffled squeal as it stretched her cheeks, forcing her to swallow rapidly or see it shoot out of her nostrils.

Some of the others weren't so lucky. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the goth girl groaning as grape juice spurted from her lips.

Still, she didn't have time to focus on the others. Chugging down everything she could, Hikari looked up in the hope the flow might be slowing. It wasn't. With every second, another bulge of soda swept down the pipe towards her. If anything, the flow seemed to be speeding up.

As she swallowed another mouthful, her stomach gurgled and bubbled like a witch's cauldron, straining as it filled to bursting. She gasped as a bubble of gas rolled up her throat and escaped through her nose. *Nn~! What's happening to me?*

Looking down, she squealed in horror. Down below, her stomach had swollen to the size of a beach ball, its skin turned smooth and brown and vaguely translucent. When she poked it, it sloshed like a giant water balloon. She even thought she could see bubbles inside.

Wh-what's going on? What's happening to me?!

Glorp! She swallowed another mouthful of soda, and sure enough her stomach bulged again, swelling fatter and rounder and sloshier than ever. As it grew, the change in its skin tone spread outward, fattening up her thighs and rapidly reaching her breasts. She squealed as they bloated in the same manner as her stomach, straining with the sudden pressure till she could only throw back her head and moan. When she managed to force her eyes back down again, she found her nipples leaking, a bubbly brown liquid bursting from her teats.

She stared in horror as it dripped to the floor, half of it vanishing down the grill beneath her feet. *Soda? I'm leaking soda?!*

As she stared in shock, the pipe in her mouth picked up the pace. Faced with the choice of swallowing or drowning, Hikari swallowed enthusiastically, sucking up one mouthful of sweet stuff after another. With every gulp, her belly bulged a little larger, and the change spread a little further outward to the rest of her swelling body. She squealed as it plumped up her thighs and squished her fattened pussy between them: her fattened, dripping pussy, from which soda poured like a tide of the darkest nectar. She shuddered at the feeling of it rolling down her legs and plip-plip-plopping to the floor to slide through the grate.

Another mouthful of soda poured between her lips. Hikari grunted and screwed up her eyes—the pressure in her stomach was almost overwhelming. *How much bigger am I going to get?*

Second by second, the soda flowed into her, and second by second, she swelled that little bit larger. Soon the change had reached her head, turning her face as brown and see-through as her stomach. And she could definitely see bubbles this time: real, moving bubbles. She felt like a giant gummy.

The pipe wasn't finished with her yet though. As she strained to pull away, it continued to pump, inflating her body till her bloated breasts and belly and butt were like a quintet of little planets squeezed against the soft walls of the cage. It stretched around them like cling-film, deforming to accept them. The feeling of her nipples rubbing against it made her shiver in delight.

The bigger her body grew, the harder it became to think. It was as if her brain were swelling too, becoming as light and bubbly as the soda flowing into her. She would have giggled at the idea, if the fact she wanted to giggle didn't make her want to scream more.

Just as she thought her belly would burst, the pipe pulled away. Leaving Hikari to gasp for air and groan at the pressure assaulting her poor, blown-up body.

A whirring sound from nearby snapped her attention to the ceiling. What was happening now?

To her horror, she found the ceiling of the tank descending... No, not just the ceiling. Both the floor and the ceiling were closing in on each other like the jaws of a vice. With a gasp, she raised her pudgy limbs to the ceiling and braced her fattened legs in an attempt to prevent them. Of course, her body was so swollen she could barely reach beyond its circumference, so this didn't exactly accomplish much.

With mind-wrenching slowness, the tank caught her and squeezed her in its grip like a giant, juicy stress ball, forcing her arms and head and her legs all into the swollen sphere of her body. Said sphere, forced outward by the pressure, pressed against the soft walls of the tank, which responded by tightening and squeezing it even harder. Hikari moaned as the terrible force assaulting her: she could feel the juices inside her being pressed through her flesh, till at last they burst through any hole they had available. In this case, it meant her pussy and her nipples.

Screaming, Hikari spurted and leaked like no woman ever had before, three fat trails of rich, sticky soda bursting out of her nipples and her pussy to stain the walls of the tank and run down to the grate beneath her. And still the tank continued to squeeze her like a giant grape, pressing her tighter and tighter and—

The greater the pressure, the greater the pleasure. Hikari screamed until the tank forced her mouth shut, and even then she kept on moaning in her mind. *NN~! Nnn~! Oh Mom! NNNNN! Why does it feel so good?!*

As the tank grew tighter, Hikari's bubbling brain slowly came to a conclusion: the pressure was forcing her jelly-like form, half-liquid, through the grate beneath her feet. As the realization sank in, she struggled to escape it, but she accomplished little more than making herself shake and squirt as the tank forced her through.

Finally, the tank's ceiling and floor slammed together like a hammer against an anvil. Hikari screamed in silent, unending orgasm as it popped her mind like the bubble it had become and crushed her body into a mush, leaving her to seep away through the grill and down into the pipe beneath.

Weeee! She thought, sailing through it deliriously. It felt just like slipping down a slide. She'd never had so much fun in her life.

Shooting through the pipe, she came to land in a large vat dominated by something like a whisk. It whirled, blades slicing easily through what little solidity she retained and reduced her squished form to an even thinner purée.

From there, she passed into another machine, which rolled her between its giant barrels, and from there into a third, which squeezed her the thinnest pipe in the world. Like this, she passed through one machine after another, till her body had been reduced to a perfect liquid, fluid as water.

Finally, just as she thought the whole experience couldn't get any worse, she found herself slammed into a tight little cylinder, her entire body compressed into a space barely larger than her hand. She wanted to moan at the pressure assaulting her—squeezed into this ridiculous place, her body felt more erogenous than it ever had before. *Oh Mom. Oh fuck. Fuck! Fuck! Someone drink me! Someone drink me! Someone driiiiiink meeeeeeee!*

The conveyor belt rolled on, carrying the can out of the machine.

The sound of an enormous engine echoed through the city streets. Sayaka swallowed.

"Is it gone?" asked Yukino.

Sayaka risked a glance over the counter of the store and found her sight filled by a familiar shade of pink.

Hissing, she dropped back behind the counter. The Bakeneko's awful factory vehicle was sitting right outside their hiding place!

Sayaka and her girlfriend Yukino had been walking home from school when the world decided to end on them. Having watched half their city be flattened outright, they'd thrown themselves into the shelter of a nearby store for safety.

"What do we dooo?" cried Yukino.

Sayaka swallowed. Casting her eyes across the empty expanse of the store, she found a fire escape hidden behind a shelf that had fallen in the shoppers' rush to escape. "Maybe we can sneak out the back?"

Yukino followed her line of sight and gave her a brief nod. Together, the two of them crawled towards the fire escape.

Sayaka had been worried they'd be discovered while moving the shelf or opening the door, but this worry turned out to be unfounded. The Bakeneko *actually* found them before they

even got there, a pair of catspaws bursting through the window and grabbing them by the scuffs of their necks like a pair of rebellious kittens.

“St-op!” cried Yukino. “Let us *go!*” She thrashed in the catspaw’s grip, but she couldn’t escape its telekinetic embrace. Beside her, Yukino screamed as the machines carried them out of the shop and off towards the factory.

“Sayaka! Help!”

Sayaka shivered, her heart pounding with fear. Just what was this monster-RV going to do with them?

The catspaws came to a stop hovering in front of the factory’s giant pink jaws, giving them a perfect view of the last car it had caught been crammed into its maws. The occupants screamed as the machine’s jaws slammed shut, a flash of pink light escaping from the gaps between them. When the jaws opened again, and the car and its passengers both were gone.

Sayaka shuddered. Yukino whimpered.

Hauling them forward, the catspaws flung them inside like a pair of boiled candies. The jaws slammed shut before they could get to their feet, and a moment later, pink light scoured their trembling bodies.

Sayaka felt a terrible sense of vertigo. When it faded, she found their location had changed. In place of the factory’s maw, they now sat behind two lines of women on a pair of parallel conveyor belts. From ahead came the sound of whimpering and screaming.

Sayaka looked around, heart pounding. What was going on? Why wasn’t anyone trying to escape? Taking a deep breath, she tried to force herself to her feet, which gave her the answer: the belt stuck to her knees like a strip of flypaper, and when she struggled to pull free, the most she accomplished was getting herself stuck worse.

“Sayaka!” cried Yukino. “Help me!” Yukino had landed on her front, and now her generous boobs were as stuck to the belt as her hands. She moaned as she tried to push herself up.

Before Sayaka could respond, the belt snapped forward with a *schunk*, throwing the two women at the front of the queue into the hissing, purring pink box at the end of the conveyor. From inside them came a flash of pink light, screaming, and a hiss like water being sprayed at high speeds.

Finally, there came a *thunk*, and the machine opened to admit the next pair in line.

For the next few minutes, Sayaka and Yukino sat there and watched, too scared even to speak, as one pair of women after another vanished into the depths of the box and seemingly out of existence. Sayaka swallowed. Yukino trembled. Sayaka wanted nothing more than to hold her hand, but she couldn’t even pull her palm off of the belt.

At last, it was their turn. The machine stood before them, its mouth open like the doors of a demonic shrine, and with a *schunk*, the two of them shot inside, the latest in a long line of offerings. The door slammed shut behind them with a clank.

For several seconds, the two of them lay there on their respective belts in silence, wondering what was to happen next. The darkness of the machine offered little in the way of answers, but the obvious absence of all the women ahead of them left them with no shortage of terrifying explanations.

Finally, just as it seemed they might explode from sheer fear, the machine's interior lit up, revealing hundreds of tiny lights, like a house on Christmas. It might even have been beautiful, if not for its awful context.

An instant later, hundreds of beams crisscrossed the chamber like a thousand pieces of pink thread. Sayaka and her girlfriend screamed as their clothing exploded, reduced to tens of tiny scraps in a matter of instants. They squealed and tried to cover themselves, but the belt offered them little freedom.

Fortunately, they weren't to remain stuck to it for long. A moment later, two large manipulator arms descended from the ceiling and snatched the two of them up. "Hey!" cried Sayaka, as it ripped her from the belt. "Hey, that stings you piece of—!"

The arm flipped her over, seized her legs, and spread them wide. Sayaka squealed.

In front of her, Yukino squirmed as the arm raised her high and held her firmly in place, poised as if intending to make the two of them bump uglies. Before it could, the air flashed, and a hardlight disc with a hole in the middle appeared between the two of them. As they stared in shock, it stretched towards Sayaka like a piece of rubber, forming a long, hardlight funnel that terminated—

Schlup!

—in her vagina.

Sayaka squeaked, her face red. "G-get that out of me! Get it out!"

As she fought to regain her dignity, the box's lights lit up again, and a hundred tiny beams struck Yukino like an acupuncturist's needles. "Ai!" she cried as they roamed over her flesh, making her skin glow like a human lightbulb. "Stoop!"

Sayaka stared in horror, mouth too dry to speak. Thick tears formed in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

As she stared, Yukino's body began to change, skin assuming a deep, dark brown coloration: translucent, so that you could see inside her. Only instead of bones and organs, there were only a handful of big bubbles. Even as Sayaka watched, they split into hundreds of smaller ones.

When the big bubble in her head popped, leaving a thousand tiny ones in its place, Yukino's expression changed, replaced by a look of mindless pleasure. "Mmm~," she said, eyes rolling back, tongue lolling out, "Sayaka~..."

Sayaka finally found the strength to speak. "Sayaka! Sayaka!"

Ignoring her, girlfriend moaned some more. Moaned and bulged, starting with her belly, as if she were a water balloon and someone had just turned the tap. The larger she grew, the greater her cries of ecstasy.

Sayaka could only watch, wanting to cry and moan and fight, as her girlfriend swelled in a fat, vaguely humanoid sac of what looked like soda. Her bloated boobs and belly sloshed with every little motion.

Yukino... How could it end like this? It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair!

Before she could express her complaints, the transmuter turned its attention on her. Sayaka screamed as a thousand little lasers lit up her flesh. She squealed and shook in the grip of the manipulator—it felt as if her every cell were orgasming.

As she strained to escape, she found her spine snapped straight and her arms held against her sides. Her legs, in turn, folded back, leaving her vagina as the highest point of her body. She shivered, nipples hard, pussy spurting. What were they doing to her?

She felt a sudden emptiness in her stomach, as if she'd gone a whole week without eating. As she groaned, it suddenly spread, rapidly progressing through her legs and up her torso into her breasts. A moment later, it reached her head, and Sayaka's eyes rolled back in their sockets as the last of her thoughts flitted out of her ears.

Nn~! Nn~! Uh-guh!

By this point, she was so lost in pleasure, she barely noticed her body changing, skin turning translucent and revealing nothing more but empty air. Nor did she notice as the beams adjusted her shape, squeezing her into a tight, cylindrical form and squishing her head into a flat, circular base.

A pincer seized Sayaka's vagina and tugged it, stretching it up, up, like as hose around the pipe of the funnel. Sayaka screamed, shaking in lust—she'd never felt such a deep sense of penetration.

Coming to a stop after a couple of inches, the pincer squeezed her labia into a ring, and with that it released her. Sayaka was left trembling in lust, her body crushed into a tight, erogenous cylinder, her pussy stretched into a something closer to a penis than the organ it had previously been. And of course, her girlfriend hovered above her, tongue still lolling in lust.

Speaking of Yukino: at once, the beams snapped off Sayaka and switched to her, lighting up her body like the target of a thousand snipers. Yukino screamed one last, intense time as they crashed into her skin, and then, just like that—

—she popped.

Sayaka watched as her girlfriend melted, pouring into the funnel beneath her and flowing straight into Sayaka's own pussy. She screamed at the sense of penetration, at the sudden feeling of fullness as her girlfriend pooled inside her. The two of them had shared a bed a lot of times, but they'd never done anything quite as erotic as this. Pleasure flooded her mind almost as fast as her girlfriend was flooding her body. Sayaka wanted to burst.

As the last of Yukino spilled into Sayaka, the hardlight funnel flickered and dissolved, and with that it seemed the experience was over. Almost.

Releasing them, one of the arms disappeared. It returned bearing something Sayaka struggled to recognize right up until it slammed into her hard, glass labia. *Schunk!*

Nnn~! Oh Mom! Oh Mom! Fuck~! Fuck~!

The bottle's contents sloshed as the arm lowered it back to the belt, but thanks to its handy new cap, there was zero chance of spillage.

With a *schunk*, the belt carried them on, and another pair of women entered the machine.

Miyuki lurched as the train screeched to a stop, red lights flashing 'EMERGENCY' on the monitors that normally announced their destination.

Heart pounding, the mother of two clutched her purse to her bountiful chest and wondered what was going on. Had something happened to the tunnel? As the carriage's other passengers muttered amongst themselves, she squeezed her purse tighter and pressed herself back into the seat. A part of her wanted to call her wife and let her and their children know she was going to be late, but what was she supposed to tell them?

Despite her hesitance, her hand went to her phone anyway, but when she pulled it out, she found it had no signal. Biting her lip, she looked around? What was happening?

The train shook. Someone squealed. It took Miyuki several seconds to realize it had been her.

The train rumbled again, and she gasped to feel a terrible sense of vertigo. All of a sudden, the light in the carriage was so much brighter. Looking out the window, she found herself confronted not by the wall of a tunnel, but by the city's skyline. Only, part of it was missing. What was—?

The carriage spun, and something vast and pink appeared at the edge of her vision. Enormous and blocky with a pair of cute little ears, its appearance instantly revealed the source of their emergency. *B-Bakeneko!*

The strange vehicle's 'mouth' opened wide. As she watched, too stunned to react, it shoveled the train's lead carriage into its maw like an... like an enormous baguette! Its jaw slammed shut, snipping the lead car off from the rest of the train, and pink light shone through the gaps in its teeth. A moment later, its jaws opened again. There was no sign of the lead car whatsoever.

With a rising purr, like a feline laugh, the vehicle shunted the next carriage into its mouth. Miyuki screamed.

One by one, the vehicle stuffed the carriages into its mouth and 'swallowed' them whole, until at last, it was time for Miyuki's. As the monster's maw opened before them, one person ran for the carriage's door, but it had been sealed shut, and besides, they were floating high off the ground anyway—no one could jump.

With a grinding of its mechanical limbs, the creature thrust them into its mouth, and its giant, blocky teeth slammed shut behind them with a clang. For a moment they sat there in the darkness, unable to see anything, unable to *do* anything other than count to the beats of their own pounding hearts.

Pink light blasted them; a terrible feeling of vertigo threatened to throw them to the ground. Both only lasted for an instant, but it was enough to wrench another scream from Miyuki's mouth.

When the light faded, she found their location had changed. Now, their carriage sat on a platform—not a station's, but a rectangle just large enough to fit them. Several similar platforms lay nearby, each with a carriage of their own. Catspaws flitted around them in their hundreds, slicing them apart with quick swipes of their claw-beams and tearing apart the metal to get at the juicy humans inside.

Miyuki whimpered.

It didn't take long for the catspaws to turn their attention to them. One minute, they were working on the carriage nearby, the next, hundreds of tiny beams filled the interior of the vehicle like laser lights at a disco. They sliced through the walls, the floors, their clothes, the straps of Miyuki's purse. She squealed as everything on her person tumbled to the floor, and the ceiling above creaked as the paws tore it open. Eyes full of tears, she covered her breasts with a whimper.

Working swiftly, the catspaws peeled open their carriage like a tin of sardines, and guided a glassy tube through the remains of the roof. A schoolgirl at the other end of the car screamed as it slurped her up, sending her flailing towards the ceiling. A brunette office lady soon followed her, squealing all the while. One by one, the tube worked its way through the carriage.

Miyuki and the others ran to the far end of the carriage, but this only succeeded in delaying their fate for a matter of moments. Soon enough, the vacuum tube reached them, sucking up their screams its suction caught their bodies. *Schlup! Schlup! Schlup!*

Miyuki herself wailed as she sailed into the air. Her generous hips and matching rear wedged into the mouth of the pipe, and for a second she lay there stuck, kicking her legs and whimpering at the indignity. Finally, the pipe increased its suction, and she shot up with a *schlup* just like all the others before her. She wailed as they flew down its length.

Through her tears and the glass, she saw their destination long before she reached it: ahead stood a vast tank of plasticky, walls flexing like a bubble in the wind. As she watched, woman after woman shot out of the pipe and into it. Smaller tubes plunged into their mouths and pumped, causing their bodies to bloat and brown like loaves in the oven.

This vision of her fate turned out to be inaccurate, however. An instant before she arrived, the pipe jerked... spitting her into another machine entirely. The lid slammed shut as she struck the cushioned floor. *Schunk!*

Heart pounding, Miyuki spun on the spot. She stood in a tall, glassy tank just large enough to fit her. Strange machinery surrounded it on all sides, and when she stepped closer it spun up, spiraling around the glass wall of the tank like an inverted blender.

Miyuku felt a tingling in her feet.

Looking down, she shrieked to find the floor of the tank had lit up, filled by a disc of pink light that rose even as she started at it. Heart pounding, she tried to take a step back, and when that didn't work: resorted to pounding hard on the wall instead. That didn't accomplish much either.

With terrible slowness, the beam of light rose, washing over her legs and leaving a faintly pixelated pattern in her wake. Only as it reached her knees did Miyuki realize what it was doing to her: raising a leg, she shrieked to see her skin had turned as smooth and pink as the machinery around her.

Wailing in horror, she threw herself at the wall of the tank and pound desperately for escape, a protest that lasted right up until the tingling of the disc reached her sex. In the same instant, Miyuki snapped back, eyes rolling back in her their sockets, and tongue lolling out of her mouth as a tidal wave of pleasure washed through her form and left her gibbering in lust. "Nnn~! Ahhhn~!"

Having converted her sex—and everything else down there—to the same smooth, homogenous material as her feet, the disc swept up her body, rapidly doing the same to her lower arms and stomach and her breasts. She screamed in fresh lust as it rolled over the latter, turning her generous bust, so swollen from her pregnancies, into two fat spheres of plasticky matter.

Finally, the disc rolled over her head, turning her face and her hair both to the same solid substance. She snapped upright, arms against her side, as her face automatically assumed a patient, neutral expression.

Outside the tank, the machinery stopped spinning and fell away. A second later, the glass of the tank itself fizzled and faded out of existence, while an array of mechanical arms rose from the void to greet her, attachments already whirring. They went to work on her body like a butcher or a surgeon or both, slicing panels into her skin and exposing large hollows in what had been her flesh and now looked like plasticky machinery. Opening panels in her thighs, they filled them with mechanical cup dispensers; removing her stomach, they installed a little turntable; detaching her nipples, they replaced them with a pair of giant taps. Her face, they took off, and in its place, added a screen-like mask displaying a pixelated emoticon. In her current state of not-quite-orgasm, it might as well have been a low-quality ahegao pic.

As the machinery modified her new body, a thick, translucent pipe slammed into her sex with the force of a cannon shot. Miyuki jerked back with a squeal, and looked down to see a stream of bubbling brown liquid flowing up and into her. She could feel the cool liquid moving inside her, flowing up into her breasts which soon strained with the pressure. Even as she watched, they visibly swelled—when the arms gave them a poke, they audibly sloshed.

Finally, just as it seemed she couldn't suffer any more indignities, a cable slammed into a hole in the back of her brain, and Miyuki screamed as a stream of new programming poured into her mind like digital lava. Clasp ing her head, she wailed and thrashed, her new body shaking, her new face flickering between expressions of lust and horror, as the machine gunned down her thoughts, popping one part of her former identity after another and burying what remained beneath a pile of new ideas.

St-stop it! Stop! You can't do this to me! I-I-I'm—[SODA DISPENSER]! N-no! No! I'm a [SODA DISPENSER]! I'm a [SODA DISPENSER]! I'm a [SODA DISPENSER]! ...A soda dispenser. ...A soda dispenser. I'm a soda dispenser...

Thought by thought, what remained of her mind trickled away like so much dirty water, leaving the clean metal surfaces of her new brain and the cold, programmed thoughts waiting to fill it like so much fresh soda. Her life, her daughters, her beloved wife, all popped and were gone, replaced by one single word: SODA.

At last, she snapped upright and the cable retracted from her brain with a snap. She slammed her arms against her sides and stood there, expression neutral, as another series of beams painted a waitress's uniform onto her immobile body. Finally, another arm etched a barcode above her pussy.

Her eyes lit up. "Refreshment Drone M1YUK1 waiting for instructions," she intoned, monotone.

The machinery flashed one last time and teleported her to her new home.

Itasha zipped along the track like a rocket-powered roller skater, her engine pounding in her chest, her wheelies spinning madly against the asphalt.

Skidding to a stop in the pit, she wiped some sweat from her brow and put her hands on her hips. “Phew! Who knew that doing a thousand laps of the track in half an hour would be so tiring, nya? Oh, hey, I wonder if my factory is finished yet?” She flicked a glance at her non-existent watch, which didn’t help answer the question much.

Shrugging, she sped over to the nearest refreshment stand. Since the stadium hadn’t been designed with them in mind, Itasha had kinda had to tack them on wherever she could fit them. In this case, it meant demolishing a couple of seats near the top of every section to make room for a large vending machine holding an assortment of bottles and cans. A picture of a young woman, skimpily clad, adorned its side, her expression of fear contrasting the cute pose she’d been painted in.

Ignoring this, Itasha approached the machine’s window and peered inside. Row after row of bottled and canned soda and a smattering of other drinks lay before her, variously priced.

“Wow, I gotta pay for a drink from my own machine?” With a huff, she pulled a bell out of her cleavage and slipped it into the vending machine’s slot.

With a clunk, a can of soda rolled out of the bottom, and Itasha scooped it up. As she popped the cap, she couldn’t help but notice the undeniable sense of bubbly, giggly lust flowing out of the can. It was like walking into a sorority house.

Throwing back her head, she tipped its contents into her mouth and shivered as they poured down her throat to pool in her belly.

“Nyot bad, nya,” she said, crunching the can into a disc and tossing it like a frisbee. “Nyot bad.” She was still thirsty though.

Plopping another bell into the machine, she bought a bottle of soda and swigged it on her way back to the track.

As she strolled, she heard the whirring of servos and realized she’d attracted the attention of one of the refreshment drones she’d ordered. Casting aside the empty bottle with a crash of shattering glass, she turned.

Rolling over to her, the robot curtsied, making its enormous boobs jiggle and slosh. Itasha giggled at the sight—this one looked like it had been well-endowed even before being pumped full of soda.

“Would you like a soda, ma’am?” intoned the drone. Its face flickered and was replaced by a series of options: Plain, Diet, Vanilla, Lemon, Semen, Ice, etc, etc. Itasha punched Plain. “Please insert 1 bell,” said the machine, a slot opening in its sternum. She did.

“Thank you,” said the drone. A hatch opened on its thigh and spat out a small cup, which the machine grabbed and placed on the turntable in the hollow of its stomach. This spun till the cup lay under one of its nipple-taps, which promptly spat out a fat stream of soda. In a second, the cup was full, the tap snapped off, and the drone handed her her drink with a blank expression. “Please enjoy your drink.”

Itasha took it with a chuckle.

Sipping her third serving of soda, she made her way back down to the track, humming to herself at the thought of how much fun she’d have. Her guests were going to be here any minute, and she couldn’t wait to see how they’d react!

Only as she reached the racecourse did she realize what kind of error she’d made. Looking around, she gaped in horror.

“Nyaaaaah! I was so busy with the refreshments, I forgot to make the cars!”