

Hard Times Hentai

Ms. Kana Katsushika rubbed her hands together and chuckled as she strolled across the wooden floor of the printing room. "I tell ya, Mindy," said the founder and boss of Hard Times Hentai Co., "this latest batch is gonna make us more schmuckers than the last two combined."

Her assistant, Mindy, scurried behind her boss like a mouse in the shadow of a cat. "Er, yes, ma'am," she said, sweat running down her face. "Although, I--"

Reaching into her jacket, Katsushika retrieved a cigar, lit it, and took a deep drag. "Ahhh~." She blew out a plume of smoke and grinned. "Demand is at an all-time high. An all-time high, Mindy!" Her voice thundered--Ms. Katsushika was thirty-three and female, but twenty years of smoking had given her the weathered tones of a middle-aged, male investment banker. "We're gonna sell these issues at a premium, I tell ya! A premium!"

Mindy hugged her clipboard to her chest. "Certainly, ma'am," she replied. "Although, if I might interrupt, I would like to discuss certain irregularities in our ah, supply ch--"

Ms. Katsushika stopped so abruptly that Mindy almost crashed into her. "Ahh~." She took another long drag of her cigar. "You see this contraption, Mindy?"

With a frown, Mindy peered over her boss's shoulder.

Before her stood a leviathan of metal plates and pipes and gears. It was the size of a bus, with a hopper on one end for raw material to enter and a little hatch, like an oven door, at the other for the finished product to exit. It was called the Press, and it was the keystone of their business.

"Y'see this bad boy?" asked her boss, giving the machine a hearty smack on the side. "With this machine, our company revolutionized the hentai industry, you listenin' to me, Mindy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mindy, nodding attentively.

Ms. Katsushika smirked. "No more cheap, mass-produced magazines with the same plot a thousand times over... With this machine, we make the good stuff. Unique stuff. Real artistry, made from the most special kind of material, you know what I'm saying?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mindy.

"Good," said her boss, releasing another puff of smoke. "Now, let's go meet the pervs who wanna jump into it."

"W-w-wait! Ma'am!"

With a big grin, Katsushika turned and strode past the Press, through the open doors at the end of the printing floor, and into the little room where their volunteers waited...

...where she came to another stop.

Eyes tight, she took her cigar from her mouth. "Mindy?" she asked, voice calm. "Why is there no one here?"

Mindy gulped.

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"Whaddya mean no one showed up? How could no one show up?! We always have a crowd of volunteers." Slamming her desk, Katsushika fixed her assistant with a glare. "You're certain about this, Mindy?"

Clutching her clipboard to her chest, Mindy looked away awkwardly. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but we simply didn't receive any applicants this time. ...I did try to tell you."

With a groan, her boss threw her hands up in the air. "How the hell are we supposed to print our special transformed hentai when no one shows up to be transformed?!"

To that, Mindy had no answer.

Pinching her nose, Katsushika stood and made her way across the office to her window. "No volunteers..." she said, looking out at the city below. "I don't believe it."

As her boss stared out of the window, Mindy shuffled on the spot. Katsushika might not have seen it coming, but Mindy's reports had been pointing out the possibility for weeks. Every crowd of volunteers they'd received over the course of the past three months had been slightly smaller than the previous one. While there was a surprisingly large number of attractive men and women willing to show up and have themselves permanently converted into stacks of highly-personalized hentai magazines, there certainly wasn't an *endless* supply of them, and in her attempts to capitalize on demand, Katsushika had tapped what did exist out. There weren't any good-looking pervs left in a hundred-mile radius.

At the window, Mindy's boss pinched her nose and groaned. "This is a disaster... How are we ever going to meet demand now...?" She whirled around, finger aimed at her assistant. "Ahah! You, Mindy. You're a fine-figured dame--I don't suppose *you* wanna be a couple thousand pages of finest pornography, do ya?"

Mindy eeped. "N-no, ma'am. Not in the slightest."

"Ah, you're no use." With a sigh, Katsushika spun back to the window and pounded on the glass. "Think, Kana, think. There's gonna be *some* way outta this crisis."

Mindy took a cautious step forward. "Perhaps we could come up with an alternative source of revenue?"

Katsushika turned to her and glared as if she'd suggested something traitorous.

Mindy winced. "...Just to tide us over until we can find some new volunteers?"

Her boss frowned. "What kinda alternative source of revenue?"

"Well, we have had a lot of people asking for a tour. Perhaps we could open up the factory and charge people to look around?" She shrugged. It wasn't her best idea, but she was on the spot.

For a second, Katsushika stared at her. Then her smile spread wide and bright as a crescent moon at night. "Oh, *I* get it." Bouncing across the room, she clapped her assistant on the back. "Very clever, Mindy. *Very* clever."

Mindy blinked. "Th-thank you, ma'am." She frowned--she hadn't expected Katsushika to like the idea *this* much.

"Yeah, we'll give people a tour," said Katsushika, rubbing her hands together once more. "We'll give them a *real* close-up tour, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"I-I'm not quite sure I do, ma'am."

Katsushika smirked. "I'm sayin'," she said, "we bring people in an' show 'em how the Press works from the inside, you know?" She tapped her nose conspiratorially.

Mindy blinked. "O-oh."

"This way, this way! Don't be shy now!" Like an over-eager captain leading a platoon of reluctant soldiers, Ms. Katsushika dragged the teeming tour group into the printing room. Men and women of every shape and size to get a look.

"This is the printing room, which is where we, y'know, do our printing. And this is the Press! Which is, y'know, what we do our printing with. How does it work? Do I look like an engineer? It's magic! Literally, come to think about it..."

The crowd shuffled and murmured, as much as confusion as interest.

As Katsushika tried and failed to explain the details of the Press's operations, Mindy scurried from person to person with her clipboard and her pen. "Excuse me? Excuse me, could you just sign this? Could you just sign this waiver? Could you please...? My apologies, it's the standard boilerplate waiver should you accidentally fall into the Press. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you so much."

Mindy collected the last signature at almost exactly the same time as Katsushika finished not explaining how the Press worked. As the latter's signal, they retreated to the corner of the room and out of earshot, leaving the tour group occupied with the Press's controls. "Well," asked Katsushika, "didya get them all?"

Her assistant nodded.

“Great. So whaddya think? Which of them’s our target?”

Mindy gulped. “I, well, I can hardly--”

“What about that blonde over there? You see the one I’m talking about? The one with the *reeeeal* big tits. I bet she’d look great, legs spread, making an *ahegao* face on the cover of our next issue.”

Mindy gulped. “I, well--”

“Or what about that redhead? The one in the suit. She ain’t quite as busty, but she’s got a look about her that says she likes to tease people, you know what I’m saying? Our readers love that.”

Mindy gulped. “I--”

“No, no, forget the redhead. What about that brunette milf? You see her? Over there in the striped top--you can’t miss her. Wow, she’s got a body half our readers would die to get their cocks in...” Katsushika licked her lips, looking as if she wanted the woman for herself.

Mindy kept her mouth shut till it was obvious her boss wasn’t going to interrupt her. “Well--”

“No, no, *there’s* our girl. You see her? You see her?”

Mindy yelped as her boss grabbed her head and aimed her eyes at a young woman with the fashion sense of a librarian and the body of a porn star. Her giant glasses and pigtails couldn’t be more at odds with her head-sized tits and head-*crushing* thighs. Just the sight of her made Mindy want to gulp.

“Well?” said Katsushika. “Don’t just stand there drooling. Go show the rest of these bozos the restroom or something while I speak to our future stack of porn mags.”

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Standing at the back of the crowd, Hana Takiyama blushed as she stared at the bulk of the Printing Press. The sight of it left her half stunned in awe, half red-faced in embarrassment. What was she doing here?

It would be a lie to say that she didn’t like hentai. She’d spent a hundred or more nights reading it under the cover, one hand holding her phone, the other’s fingers deep in the crevasse of her pussy. And when Hard Times Hentai had announced its transformed issues, she’d even snuck out at night to buy one, smuggling it home under a hoodie. It was the only piece of physical porn that she owned, and she still slipped it out from under her bed to masturbate to it regularly.

That was the thing though: she could only read it in secret. She could *only* buy it at night, and she had to hide it away where no one could find it. The idea that anyone might learn she actually enjoyed this kind of stuff was... It was *unthinkable*. She was a straight-A student, not a... a *pervert*. She couldn't be caught touring a *hentai* factory.

Hearing the bustle of the people crowded before her, Hana experienced a fresh flash of fear--she shivered, heart pounding in her chest. What was she *doing* here?! What if someone recognized her?! She had to get out now before someone she knew saw her.

Just as she was about to turn and run, someone tapped her on the shoulder.

Hana practically jumped out of her clothes.

With a gasp, she spun around and found herself face to face with Hard Times' founder, Kana Katsushika herself. The sight of the statuesque woman standing over her, smoking a cigar and grinning, froze Hana where she stood.

"Say," said Katsushika, "you look like a girl who knows her hentai. How'd you like to come work for me here at the factory?"

Hana's jaw dropped. "Me? Work here?"

"Sure," said Katsushika, pinching Hana's wrist and tugging her away from the crowd. "You never thought of workin' in the industry?"

Hana gulped. "I-I-I..." She'd often considered writing her own lewd stories, or even drawing a comic or two, but, but to actually *work* in the hentai industry herself--she went red at the thought. What would her teachers think? Her classmates? Oh god, her *parents*?!

Hana's hand tight in her own, Katsushika led the schoolgirl across the room. "Follow me," she said, pointing to a spiraling staircase that led up to the grid of metal walkways above. "You'll appreciate the view from up there. Might help you make a decision."

Unable to find the words to protest, Hana allowed the businesswoman to drag her up the stairs. She soon found herself looking over a railing at the Press and the printing floor. Katsushika hadn't lied--the view was impressive. Hana couldn't help but notice, however, that the rest of the tour group were filtering out of the room. *W*-were they leaving? What was going on?

"Whaddya think?" asked Ms. Katsushika, pointing at the titanic engine of the Printing Press. "Wouldn't you like to work with a big machine like that every day?" She grinned, and there was something in her expression that Hana didn't quite understand. "Come on, lemme give ya a closer look." Without waiting for a response, she grabbed Hana's wrist and dragged her onto a walkway that led directly over the bulky machine. "This is where the pervs--I mean, volunteers--jump into the Press, you know?"

Looking down at the open hopper of the Press, Hana felt a sudden sense of vertigo. "Th-that's really interesting," she said, "b-but I'd like to get down now."

“Sure thing,” said Katsushika. And before Hana could speak even a single word in response, the businesswoman pushed her right over the edge.

As Hana tumbled backward off the end of the walkway, she had just enough time to open her mouth and start to scream before she slammed ass first into something smooth and cold. With a squeal, she ceased falling and slid backward instead, away from the light of the printing floor and down into the darkness of the Press. The last thing she saw was Miss Katsushika looking down at her, a big grin on her face.

With an ‘oof’, she reached the bottom of the slide and rolled to a stop.

For several seconds, she simply lay there quivering in shock. This wasn’t happening--it couldn’t be happening! Not to her! Not to *her!* Heart pounding, she leaped to her feet and tried desperately to scramble back up the slide, but the surface was too smooth, and no matter how hard she tried she couldn’t get a grip.

Whimpering, she stepped back and looked about. To her front and her sides, above her, and below her, stood nothing more than featureless metal panels. Even as she watched, a sixth slammed into place behind her, cutting off her only escape.

Raising a quivering hand, Hana took a deep breath and slammed her fist into the panel closest to her. “Let me out of here! Let me out!”

As the *clang* of her strikes resounded through the metal, there was a little *click*, and an engine started whirring. Hana fell back with a gasp as the machine started to shake.

All of a sudden, there was a snap, and Hana’s heart leaped as a little camera lit up on the ceiling. A sheet of blue light swept over her body. She froze as it covered her, leaving no inch of her untouched.

Then it faded. “SCANNING...” declared a distant voice. “OBSTRUCTION DETECTED. CLEARING.”

Before Hana could utter a word in response, ten or more little hatches snapped open at her sides and from each burst a mechanical arm tipped with a claw. As she screamed in shock, they grappled her, grabbed her clothing, and wrenched it off her struggling form with a series of loud ripping sounds.

“No!” cried Hana, as two of the arms tore her top in half and snatched away the pieces. A second later, another clipped her bra--it fell to her feet, and as she squealed and grasped her chest, another hand swiftly snatched it away from her.

With terrible efficiency, the arms tore away her dignity, ripping away her skirt and panties and socks and shoes without the slightest hint of mercy, and dragging away the scraps as if to keep them as trophies. In seconds, she was left standing there naked, clutching her chest and whimpering. She hated it--she’d always hated how lewd her body looked.

Finally, the arms shot back into the walls, dragging the tattered remnants of her former clothing with them. Above, the light snapped on again. Hana yelped, tears dripping from her eyes, as it caressed her body like a lascivious hand. She felt it working all over her, from her toes to her crown--she felt it exploring all her deepest nooks and crannies.

At last, the light snapped off. "SCAN COMPLETE," said that distant voice. "PROCESSING."

Hana's heart hurt. What did that mean?! "Please!" she cried. "Let me out! Let me out! I don't wanna be pornography!"

No one responded.

With a *schunk*, the panel in front of her snapped open, revealing a pair of gigantic rollers.

Hana's jaw dropped. She thought she felt her heart stop. With a little gasp, she took a step backward. "N-n-no... No. No!"

(Behind her, there was a little click as a mechanical leg tipped in a boot, emerged from the wall. As Hana stood there shaking, it aligned itself with her butt, wound slowly up, and...

...kicked her right in the ass.)

Hana screamed as she shot into the rollers. In her panic, she stuck her arms out to grab for safety--as a result, they were the first part of her to enter the press. She cried out in horror, expecting a terrible pain. Instead, there was only a dull, tingling pleasure as it squeezed her fingers till they were twice as long and flat as paper. She screamed.

Like an angler reeling in a fish, the fingers turned and dragged her between them. As she struggled to pull free, they drew in her arms and crushed them flat. Before she knew it, she was on her knees, her chest pressed against the lower roll while she tried to keep her face away from the second one. It didn't work.

With a sudden surge of speed, the rollers snapped her between them, flattening her head and chest in a single crushing instant. Hana squealed--or tried to squeal--as a blast of sheer pleasure roared through her body. It felt as if someone were caressing her boobs and tweaking her nipples as hard as physically possible.

Oh God, she thought. *Oh god, it's so good!*

All she could do was lie there, her upper body squished between the rollers, as the machine wound the rest of her in slowly. If her arms had still been free, she would have jammed her fingers in her pussy. As if was, all she could do was wait till her waist reached the rolls and they flattened her ass and hips and sex in a single orgasmic instant. *Oh God!*

Like a hungry diner slurping up a strand of spaghetti, the rollers sucked the rest of her in almost eagerly. The squishing of her feet sent a final wave of ecstasy tingling through her form, leaving her trapped there, flat and stewing in her own orgasm.

With increasing speed, the roller sped her on. Out of one pair and into another. Out of this second pair and into a third. With increasing speed, she passed down the chain, her flattened body seeming to grow flatter with every pair she went through. Up they took her, and down, and side to side. They coiled her around them and squeezed her between them and passed her on without a single shred of mercy. Hana felt like a rubber band stretched almost to breaking point.

Through her orgasmic daze, she realized the machine wasn't simply stretching her--it was shaping her as well, thinning her width to match the pages of the magazines she would become. For a moment, a jolt of terror struck her, before she passed through the next pair of rollers and fresh ecstasy washed all her fear away.

As the machine chewed and stretched her like a piece of human taffy, Hana felt herself losing focus. As pleasure welled through her form and settled in her brain, she drifted away from reality on a cloud of fluffy ecstasy. The machine didn't hurt--if anything, it was comfy. It was like falling asleep in a tight, warm bed.

If Hana could have moved her mouth to yawn, she would have.

Drifting into dream, Hana found herself experiencing one of her recurring fantasies...

Her school shoes clacked against the tiles of the pavement as she walked beneath the bright light of the lamppost. Holding her school bag tight, she drew in a breath and sighed. She'd had a long day of schoolwork, and she wanted nothing more than to go home and study and crawl into bed and finger herself to one of the hentai she'd been saving. The thought made her dream-self bite her lip.

As she looked up at the twinkling lights of the night sky above, one particular star grew suddenly brighter, brighter, brighter--

In the dream, there was no time: one minute it was like any normal star, the next it was so close that it blinded her. With a gasp, she raised a hand to shield her eyes.

"Vasquily-boba-lay..." said a voice from the star. "Demimisquay-va-va-jay?"

Her dream-self stood there in confusion at this, though her real-self was pouring in anticipation.

All of a sudden, the light grew brighter, and Hana found herself floating up in the air. As she rose, her dream-self screamed for one reason, and her real self screamed for another. *Yes!* she thought, riding the high of ecstasy. *Oh God, yes, abduct me! Abduct me, you horny alien!*

The light became impossibly bright, so bright she could see it through her eyelids. A moment later, it faded, and Hana found herself sitting in the middle of what could only be a flying saucer.

As she looked around, heart pounding for two different reasons, a shadow loomed over her. Hana spun to find herself staring at something half-octopus, half-mushroom. Its lower body was a squirming morass of tentacles, all phallic-tipped and leaking. "Vasqily?" it said, advancing on her. "Vulvazay-squish?"

A tentacle stroked her breasts, and Hana whimpered--half in fear and half in utter ecstasy.

The alien seized her, tore apart her clothes, groped her, harsh and without mercy. As it slipped its tendrils into every hole it could find, Hana threw back her head and moaned in intense pleasure.

At the same time, however, she felt another set of feelings, very distantly: a sense of being cut into a thousand plus thin sheets; of being sprayed on, printed; of being stacked and glued together. By this point, however, she was in too much ecstasy to care.

Finally, with a hideous scream, the alien came, filling her every hole with its awful semen and leaving her coated from head to toe. No sooner had it retracted its tendrils than she found herself falling down, down, to land on something soft like grass.

Lying there, panting for breath and covered in semen, the last thing she felt before the whole sequence started again was another strange sensation: a sense of being picked up, pinched, and flipped through like a magazine...

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Mindy returned to the printing room to find her boss at the end of the Press, tapping her foot and listening to its whirring. Mindy gulped guiltily. "Y-you got her in there then?"

"Huh? Oh yeah," replied Katsushika. "Pushed her right off the walkway. Haha. You got that tour group occupied with something?"

Mindy nodded.

"Good. We don't want 'em leaving till we get that milf in this thing at the very least."

The Press dinged, and its whirring started to die down.

"Ah, great!" said Katsushika. "Let's see what our bespectacled slut ended up as."

The hatch on the end of the machine opened, and the conveyor dumped a stack of magazines in the output tray. At the sight of them, Katsushika's eyes lit up. "Hah, take a look at this, Mindy." Snatching one off the pile, she stuffed it into her assistant's hands.

Mindy blinked. 'HARD TIMES,' said the magazine, just like every other issue they'd ever published, "Issue #349, Starring: Hana Takiyama.' Beneath this was a picture of the schoolgirl with the spectacles sitting in the arms of some kind of alien, her clothes torn and tentacles wrapped round all her limbs. One hovered over her mouth, ready to plug it, while another lay caught in the act of slipping into her panties.

'No! No! No!' said the speech bubble emanating from her mouth. 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' said the thought bubble rising from her head.

With a gulp, Mindy pinched the corner of the cover and flipped the book open. On the first page, the schoolgirl was walking home at night when the fly saucer approached her. For all her curves, she looked innocent and naive, though she couldn't have been *that* sheltered if the Press had wrung *this* scenario out of her.

Heart pounding in her chest, Mindy turned to the second page, cheeks reddening, and read as the spacecraft sucked Hana up. By the third, its pilot had set about tearing away her clothes and having its way with her.

For ninety more colorful pages, the creature exploited every one of the young woman's orifices in exquisite detail, before finally, it grew bored of her. The final page was a portrait of the schoolgirl lying naked in the middle of a crop circle, *slathered* in semen, an expression of broken lust on her face. The sight made Mindy blush as much as it made her shiver. She wondered what the schoolgirl was feeling now, experiencing this over and over...

Snatching the magazine out of Mindy's hands, Katsushika flipped through it and chuckled in amusement. "This is pretty hot stuff," she said, sucking on a fresh cigar. "Looks like that little slut had a mind to match her body, haha."

Mindy frowned guiltily.

"Anyway," said Katsushika, tossing the magazine back onto the pile. "Box these up and move them to QC, will ya?"

As Mindy went to work, Katsushika took a deep drag of her cigar. "In the meantime, I'm gonna figure out how to get some more of those whores into the Press."

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Yui Suzuki frowned as she followed the guide through the factory. The brunette mother of two had enjoyed the odd hentai magazine ever since she'd been a teen, and when she'd heard the Hard Times factory was opening its doors to guests, she'd decided it might be a fun way to spend her lunch break.

But now that she was here, she was rather unimpressed. Where were the artists? The room where they drew? The, ah, reference materials they used to make their products? She'd known about Hard Times' special production techniques of course, but she'd assumed they had something *else* to show too. So far the only interesting part of the tour had been the Press, and they hadn't even gotten to see it in operation.

"Now if you'd like to follow me through this little doorway here..." Ms. Katsushika sounded as enthused as ever. She clearly had a passion for her business, even if the fine details weren't all that interesting. "Through here, we have our Quality Control room."

Yui perked up. Quality Control room?

Leading them through the little door, the owner of the company brought them into a small room with a couple of desks, at which a pair of chubby men--one with glasses, one with pimples--were sitting and reading hentai. They looked up and grunted as the tour group entered, before dropping their eyes back to their porn.

"This pretty pair are Daiji and Daiju," said Katsushika. "They're our professional pornossuers, don'tcha know? These two are responsible for checking all our porn is up to scratch. Ain't that right, Daiji?"

Daiji, the one with glasses, made a sound like a pig squealing.

"Haha, that's the spirit. Say, what are you reading today, Daiju?"

Daiju, the one with pimples, gave a response like an ogre farting and flipped around the magazine on his desk to show them. Yui and the rest of the tour group leaned in closer for a look: the magazine showed a busty schoolgirl in the grip of an alien's tentacles.

With a sigh, Yui pulled away. She'd been hoping to see some cute men, not overly-curved schoolgirls. She didn't know why she was surprised though.

As the rest of the group picked up copies of the schoolgirl's issue to read, Yui backed away and looked around the room, wondering if she could find something more to her own tastes. Surely, they couldn't be publishing just the *one* issue today? To her annoyance, it seemed like they were.

Just as she was considering leaving, Yui felt a tap on her shoulder and turned to find Ms. Katsushika herself standing next to her, a big smile on her face. "This issue ain't quite to your tastes, huh?" she asked, shaking a copy of the schoolgirl's magazine.

Yui smiled politely. "Not quite," she said. She almost flinched as Katsushika stepped closer to her. Something about the businesswoman's expression seemed strangely predatory.

"Lemme guess," said the owner, "I bet you're more into yaoi, eh?"

Yui blushed. It was true, she was a massive fujoshi, but she didn't like to *admit* it.

Seeing her expression, Katsushika laughed. "Hey, hey, no need to be embarrassed. You're in good company, y'know?" She smirked. "Say, how'd you like to come up to my office with me? I could share some of the yaoi I've got in my secret stash."

Before Yui could refuse, Katsushika grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her out of the Quality Control room. In seconds, they were back on the printing floor. "Quickest way to my office is up these stairs here," said the businesswoman, pointing to a spiraling metal staircase.

"If you, ah, say so?" said Yui.

With a deep-bellied laugh, Katsushika surged ahead. Yui struggled to keep pace. She wasn't as young as she'd once been.

At the top of the stairs, Yui took a step onto the net of metal walkways that ran over the printing floor and felt a sudden jolt of vertigo at how high up they were standing. "This is quite the view," she said, grabbing a railing to steady herself.

"Sure is," said Katsushika. "Say, why don't you take a look over here? You get a great view of the Press from the end of this walkway."

With a frown, Yui followed the businesswoman to the end of a walkway that terminated abruptly over the open hopper of the Press. "This is where our volunteers jump in," said Katsushika helpfully.

Looking down over the edge at the giant machine below, Yui experienced a fresh jolt of vertigo. Shuddering, she clung harder to the railing.

"Ah, what a beautiful view," said Katsushika. "It's wonderful, ain't it? Say, you wanna get a closer look?"

Yui turned to face the owner with a frown. "What do you--?"

That was as much as she got to say before the woman kicked her over.

With a scream, Yui tumbled off the walkway and into the mouth of the machine. She cried out in shock as her ass struck smooth metal and she slid downward, still wailing, into a tiny, grey chamber. The only source of light came from the hopper through which she'd entered.

From above came Katsushika's booming voice. "You alright down there? Enjoy the experience, haha." A series of clangs sounded as the businesswoman retreated along the walkway.

Panting for breath, Yui forced herself to her feet. "Hey!" she cried. "Hey! Come back here! Let me out!"

A click sounded, followed by a whirr. Yui jumped the gate through which she'd entered closed with a *schunk*. Around her, the machine started to thrum like a jet engine.

Slowly, Yui remembered where she was.

"Oh God," she said, voice weak. With a squeal, she threw herself at the wall and pounded it hard. "Let me out! You can't make me into hentai! I have a family!" The impact of her fists made the wall ring like a bell, but no one responded, and the thrumming continued to grow louder.

At last, there was a *click*, and a little lens on the ceiling lit up. Looking up at it with a gasp, Yui flinched as it flashed a bright blue. The beam caught her entire body, coating her in its glare.

“SCANNING...” declared a distant, dispassionate voice. “OBSTRUCTION DETECTED. CLEARING.”

With a series of clicks, hatches opened on the walls to her sides, and Yui screamed as a number of mechanical arms burst out of them to assault her.

As the mother of two cried out in shock, the many arms grabbed her clothes, seized them, and tore them apart like paper. She squealed as two ripped away her skirt, gasped as another pulled apart her stripey shirt. For a second she stood there in little more than the frilly black lingerie she'd bought to surprise her husband, before the arms snipped through that and dragged its pieces away as well. She screamed.

In seconds, she stood utterly naked, child-bearing hips and milk-heavy breasts fully exposed. The air was cold, leaving her nipples erect. Shivering, she tried futilely to cover herself, squishing her boobs beneath her arms in desperation.

At last, the arms retracted, and the lens on the ceiling lit up again. Yui shivered as she felt it working her over, its insidious light tracing every square inch of her skin. She even swore she felt it slipping inside her...

Finally, it snapped off. “SCAN COMPLETE. PROCESSING.”

With a terrible *schunk*, the wall ahead of her snapped open, revealing a pair of gigantic rollers. Yui gasped as they started to spin.

Shaking, heart pounding, the mother took a fearful step back--

--and cried out in fresh shock as something slammed straight into her ass. With a yelp, she flew forward, right into the rollers.

As her head slipped between them, Yui cried out in panic. Instead of crushing her, however, the rollers simply flattened her, smushing her skull as if it were a simple lump of putty. Yui squealed--or tried to squeal--at the feeling. It made her feel as if her pussy were on fire.

Spinning on, the rollers sucked the rest of her between them. Yui tried to moan as she felt her breasts squeezed flat--it was like having her husband grip them as hard as humanly possible. The feeling of the drums flattening her ass and hips somehow managed to be even more orgasmic. It was like having the most sensitive region of her body compacted into a single, ultra-erogenous pancake. If she could still have moved her lips, she would have been drooling in delight.

Now, as her feet slipped the rollers, she felt another pair seize her head and drag her body forward. Squishing her even flatter than the first pair, they fed her into a third, which squashed her even tighter. This stuffed her into a fourth, which crushed her again and

squeezed her thinner with a pair of horizontal rollers too. With each set she passed through, Yui grew a little flatter, a little thinner, and--perhaps most importantly--a little longer. Soon she was a several meter long strip of compressed human, wrapped and coiled around tens of spinning rollers, growing even longer with every set she passed through.

With every fresh round of squeezing, a new jolt of pleasure assaulted her. It felt a lot like her husband's giant cock slamming into all her holes again and again and again. Ecstasy surged through her--she lost track of where she was. Like a balloon, her tortured mind floated up out of reality and into the soft, warm haven of her fantasies...

She sat on a chair in the corner of a hotel room, staring at a bed on which two handsome young men lay naked. Neither was her husband.

As she licked her lips and slipped a hand into her skirt, the young men caressed each other and kissed. Kissing soon progressed to groping, and groping to outright sex. Still she sat there, red-faced, pussy dripping, even as one of the beautiful young men slammed his cock into the other's waiting ass.

Soon the men came. Yui lay on the verge of orgasm herself--her pussy burned.

As if sensing her lust, the men on the bed beckoned her to join them. Heart pounding, Yui rose--panting, sweating, pussy pouring--and stumbled over to the bed like a sleepwalker. Moaning feebly, she let them pull her between them, let them roam their hands all over her body, squeeze her breasts, and cup clumps of her assfat. She moaned as one tweaked her nipple, twisting it between his fingers even as he kissed.

Things progressed with dreamlike speed. The next thing she knew she was on her knees, lips around one of the beautiful men's cocks even as the other gripped her ass and slammed his own shaft hard into her pussy, again and again and again... Pleasure tore through her--she screamed in utter ecstasy.

Through the delight of the dream, however, she felt a second set of strange, dissonant feelings. Tension, as if she were spread impossibly thin, followed by a series of strange, painless incisions that left her feeling in a thousand or more pieces. As she lay there scattered, something gathered them up and shuffled them, and there came a sense of wetness as if someone were spraying her. She couldn't make sense of it.

In the end, she didn't have to. Orgasm rocked her, and she lost track of everything beyond her little dream.

*

Katsushika grinned to herself smugly as the Press dinged and the hatch on its rear opened to expel the finished product. As she watched, two tall stacks of magazines rolled out into the output bay. "My," she said, "you certainly made a lot of copies, didn't ya?" *No surprise, given how curvy ya were.*

Snatching a copy off the top on the nearest pile, she smirked at what she found on the cover. 'HARD TIMES. Issue #350, Starring: Yui Suzuki.' The milf lay on her back on a bed, the shadow of one cock looming over her face even as another lined up to enter her pussy. The expression of lust on the flattened woman's face made Katsushika smirk.

As she flipped through the magazine, Katsushika's smile grew wider and wider. "Not bad," she said. "Too many cocks for our average reader, perhaps, but I'm sure your fellow fujoshi will just eat your copies up."

Placing the copy back on the pile, she signaled one of her employees to move them to QC, before turning aside and heading back to the tour group.

Now, time to do something about that redhead in the suit...

Asuka Watanabe, founder and president of Money Shot Publishing, could only glare as her chief competitor led her through the factory.

"And *this*," said Katsushika, "is the breakroom. ...This is where we, y'know, take our breaks." She shrugged lamely.

Asuka wanted to scream at her. What kind of business are you running, Katsushika?! She'd joined the tour in the hope of learning secrets, preferably the kind that'd let her stomp Hard Times into the ground. What she'd *actually* found was a half-empty factory and no sign her competitor knew what she was doing whatsoever.

As Asuka smoldered, Katsushika picked up a box on the breakroom table. "And *this*," she said, "is our community biscuit tin." She popped it open. "I'd offer you all a biscuit, but, y'know, you're not employees, so..." With a shrug, she slipped one into her own mouth and devoured it with a crunch.

With a silent groan, Asuka turned and slipped away. Forget the tour--there were no guards, so she was going to do some snooping of her own. Starting with the machine at the core of Hard Times' business...

Creeping through the corridors of the factory, she soon found herself back in the printing room. Double-checking to make sure no one was around, she made her way to the Press in its center and stared up at it, like a child at a cruise ship. The giant machine left her feeling strangely overwhelmed. How exactly had Katsushika found the witches to enchant *this* monstrosity?

Cautiously, she approached the Press's control panel. It was startlingly complex, with more buttons and dials than Asuka could count. Most of them were assigned to a section labeled 'Fantasy'.

From what Asuka understood of the giant lump of magitech's operations, it worked by a form of telepathy, delving into its material's minds to summon their greatest fantasies, which it then used as the base of the magazine they'd become.

Based on this, she assumed these controls influenced the exact nature of the fantasy printed. Hard Times, of course, would want to tweak the final product to better match their readers' expectations. It was certainly something *she'd* want to do if she had access to their behemoth.

Studying the panoply of options available would have made most people blush, but Asuka was a seasoned pornographer and a dominatrix on the side. There was a dial for 'Foreplay', another for 'Cocks', a third for 'Cumshots', and so on.

One of the dials was labeled 'Bondage'. Curious, Asuka flicked it all the way to the far end. A digit on the machine's monitor increased, but otherwise, nothing notably happened.

With a frown, Asuka stepped back and sighed. This was useless--she wasn't learning anything from down here. She needed a closer look.

Asuka's eyes roamed the room and settled at last on the stairway leading up to the walkways above. *Of course*, she thought. *A bird's eye view might help.*

(...As she made her way to the stairs, she failed to hear the sound of footsteps behind her.)

Soon enough, she stood on the end of the metal walkway that ran over the machine. Holding tight to the railings, she peered over the edge, down, down at the machine's giant hopper and its gears and its pipes. *Well*, she thought, *this is certainly a better view, but I'm hardly learning anything new up here.* With a sigh, she went to go.

The walkway behind her creaked. Asuka froze where she stood.

Swallowing her fear, she turned slowly, and found herself face-to-face with Katsushika...

...s mousy assistant.

"Excuse me," said the spindly young woman, clutching her clipboard to her chest, "I don't think you're supposed to be up here."

A bead of sweat dripped from Asuka's forehead. "Oh, I'm, like, sooo sorry," she said, doing her best innocent bimbo, "I must have gotten lost. Can you, like, take me back to the tour group?"

Katsushika's assistant tightened her eyes. "Do you think I don't recognize you, Miss Watanabe?"

Asuka's heart stopped. *Shit, shit!*

“My boss might not care to research our competitors, but believe it or not I’m willing to take the time to educate myself.”

Shit! Asuka laughed a fake laugh. “W-well, you caught me,” she said, wiping some sweat from her brow. “So I guess I’ll just, er, be going now. I didn’t learn anything anyway...”

She made to leave, but the assistant blocked her way. “I don’t think so.”

Asuka swallowed. “H-hey,” she said, “let me pass!”

The assistant gave her a strange look. “You know, I wasn’t really on board with my boss’s plan... but you being here is a fortuitous coincidence. It’d be a missed opportunity just to let you leave...”

Asuka found her heart pounding. “Wh-what does that--?”

The secretary pushed her softly in the chest.

For a second, Asuka teetered on the edge of the walkway, eyes wide, arms spinning. Then, with a scream, she slipped backward off the edge and down, down into the mouth of the machine.

“Sorry,” said the secretary.

Asuka landed with an ‘oof’ on a smooth silver slide and slid down it, screaming. A moment later, she came to a stop in a small, metal room. With a scream of panic, she jumped to her feet and tried to clamber back up, but the slide’s surface was too smooth for her fingers to grip.

As she backed away, heart pounding, a panel cut off her escape route with a *schunk*. She yelped and pounded on it, but the metal refused to budge.

All of a sudden, something behind her clicked, and Asuka whirled just in time to see a blue light snap on above her. As she went to shield her eyes, its beam poured all over her, coating every inch of her skin in its glare.

“SCANNING...” declared a voice in the direction of the control panel. “OBSTRUCTION DETECTED. CLEARING.”

With a series of clicks, mechanical arms snapped out of hatches on all the walls around her. Asuka shrieked as they grappled her, seizing her suit jacket and tearing it apart with terrible ease. As two carried away the remains of her top, another pair went for her trousers and a third for her shirt. She cried out in shock and batted at them with all the force she could muster, but it didn’t seem to make any difference whatsoever. In seconds, she was naked.

As the arms dragged away the remnants of Asuka’s clothes, the light on the ceiling snapped on again, and she gasped as it roamed over her naked form. It made her feel oddly embarrassed, as if she’d gone on stage in her birthday suit.

“SCANNING COMPLETE,” announced the voice. “PROCESSING.”

With a terrible *schunk*, the wall ahead of her opened to reveal a pair of giant rollers.

Asuka’s heart felt as if it stopped beating. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” With a cry of panic, she turned and pounded on the walls. “Let me out! Let me out! You can’t do this to me! You can’t do this! ...I don’t wanna be hentai!”

There was a whirring sound from behind her, and something slammed into her ass.

With a cry of shock, Asuka wobbled precariously. She almost slipped straight into the rollers ahead of her, but fortunately, she managed to stop herself at the last second.

...Unfortunately, she overbalanced and toppled backward instead.

Landing with a grunt on her ass, she could only lie there stunned as another pair of arms emerged from the wall and grabbed her ankles. As she stared, jaws open in shock, they dragged her forward, guiding her legs into the giant, spinning drums.

“N-no! No! Nononono! Stop! Sto--!”

Schlup! Asuka’s feet slipped between the rollers, and the cylinders flattened them in a single, orgasmic instant. She squealed, body bucking, as an explosion of pleasure ripped through her form.

As she lay there moaning, the rollers continued to turn. Slowly, slowly, they drew her between them, crushing her ankles and sucking in her lower legs without pause. Struggling to overcome the pleasure flowing through her, Asuka grabbed her thighs and tried to pull herself free, but all she accomplished was shaking herself about a bit.

Squishing her ankles, the rollers sucked in her thighs. As they slammed her sex flat, Asuka experienced a blast of delight that made her throw back her head and squeal like a whore. “Oh God! Oh fuck me!”

Lying there, moaning, tears in her eyes, she could do little to resist as the drums sucked in the rest of her. Slowly, they slurped up her chest and her arms. The last thing to go was her head, her eyes rolled back in pleasure.

As the giant drums crushed her poor, moaning head flat, Asuka was dimly aware of another pair taking hold of her feet. Seizing her flattened legs, they stretched them on into the machine.

On and on, the rollers dragged her and stretched. Soon she was little more than a ribbon of flesh, tens of meters long, all coiled around and trapped between tens of pairs of rollers. She wanted to pull free, but the pressure was just too strong.

Worse than the pressure was the pleasure. As the rollers worked her form, squeezing her thinner, flatter, shaping her into the paper she was soon to become, pleasure coursed through Asuka's tortured body and into her mind. It wrapped her, cocooned her, swaddled her in its cottony embrace, and smothered her poor, blissed-out brain into a delicious little dream...

...Her heels clattered against the steps of the apartment building's stairwell. It wasn't her own, a part of her recognized dimly, so it must belong to one of her clients. Not one of her business's clients, but one of the many submissive men and women she visited as a dominatrix.

Ascending the stairs, she came to a stop outside a door and knocked on it, once, twice. She couldn't help but notice how much her hand was shaking.

The door swung open. On the other side stood a statuesque woman over a foot taller than her. "Well, well, well," said the woman, looking down at her smugly. "If it isn't little Asuka. What are you here for today, *pet*?"

A fire ignited in Asuka's groin. She shuddered and looked down feebly, unable to find the strength to speak.

"What's wrong?" asked the taller woman, mockingly. "I can't help you if you don't tell me what you want."

Asuka quivered. "I-I--"

The woman seized her jaw and forced her to look up. "Say, 'fuck me, Mistress'. Can you do that? 'Fuck me, Mistress', that's all you have to say."

Asuka's pussy was so hot it hurt. "F-fuck me, mistress," she said, beneath her breath.

With a smirk, the woman grabbed Asuka by the shirt and dragged her inside, slamming the door behind her. "Louder," she said.

Asuka screwed up her eyes. "F-fuck me, Mistress!"

Her Mistress looked down at her and smirked. "Much better. I'll fetch my tools, shall I?"

Time flipped like the page of a book, and Asuka found herself bound and trussed. She lay on her Mistress's bed, shackles round her ankles and wrists, and a gag in her mouth, unable to do anything but squirm in delight as her Mistress stroked the length of the long, black dildo and guided it towards her pet's waiting ass.

Schlup!

"Mmmphf!" squealed Asuka for the first of many times.

As Mindy heard the ding of the machine and watched the stack of hentai roll out of its output, she experienced a guilty thrill, like a straight-A student skipping class for the first time.

With a smirk, she picked up the top copy. 'HARD TIMES, Issue #351, Starring: Asuka Watanabe'. The cover showed their competitor's owner trussed like a pig on a bed, a gag in her mouth, and a pair of fat dildos in both her other holes.

Mindy smirked. "Serves you right for snooping," she said beneath her breath.

All of a sudden, the printing room's door crashed open. "This way, this way!" cried Ms. Katsushika. "This way for the final part of the tour."

Slipping her copy of Asuka back onto the pile, Mindy turned to face her boss with a frown. Katsushika stood at the head of a baffled, murmuring crowd, leading them into the room like a professional showman, as if they hadn't seen the printing room already.

As the crowd milled about, Mindy scurried over to her boss. "Ma'am!" she whispered. "What are you doing? Haven't they already seen this room?"

Katsushika smirked. "Ah, yes," she said, "but I've had a very clever idea." She tapped her nose and hurried off, leaving Mindy to stand there blinking.

"This way, everyone!" Waving her arm, the businesswoman skipped over to the staircase leading to the walkways above. Standing at its base, she gestured for the crowd to go ahead of her. "Go on, you go first. That's right, up you go!"

Mindy's heart sank. "O-oh dear."

As the crowd filtered up the stairs, Mindy scurried over to her boss. "M-ma'am!"

Katsushika simply smirked at her.

Waiting for the last of the group to step onto the stairs, Katsushika took to them herself, a big grin on her face. "Come on, everyone, hurry along!" Heart pounding, Mindy followed behind her.

Up above, Katsushika herded the crowd onto the walkway leading to the Press. Standing behind them, she smirked and winked at Mindy. "Now, *this* is where our volunteers enter the Press for processing. Why don't you lean forward and take a closer look? Just be careful not to fall, haha!"

Packed into the walkway, the crowd teemed and jostled. With Katsushika at their back and a drop at their front, there was barely enough room for them to stand.

All of a sudden, Mindy's boss turned to face her. "On the count of three," she said, spreading her arms wide.

Mindy blinked. “Wh-what?”

“One... Two... *Three!*”

With a cry, Katsushika charged the tour group and tackled them like a rugby player. As one, the crowd cried out as it was forced closer to the edge.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Mindy copied her boss. With a high-pitched cry, she slammed into a young man on the back row, forcing him--and everyone in front of him--closer to the edge.

For several seconds, Mindy and her boss pushed against the crowd. Those at the front were fighting to stay on, those in the middle had no idea what was happening, and those at the rear were too stunned to fight back.

At last, a high-pitched scream sounded as the first of many toppled over the edge. It was followed by another, then another, then another, then... Once the first few had gone, the rest of the crowd went swiftly. As everyone in front of them dropped into the Press, the remainder finally found the strength to fight back. Of course, by that point it was too late--all it took was a couple of quick shoves from Mindy and her boss and the unfortunate survivors vanished over the edge as well.

(The last to fall was the blonde Katsushika had pointed out at the start of the tour. Mindy wondered if her boss noticed the coincidence.)

As the screams faded away, Mindy lowered her arms and took a deep breath. “I hope it doesn’t jam,” she said meekly.

Katsushika laughed.

Back down on the printing floor, the two approached the controls of the machine. Mindy tried to ignore the cries for help coming from inside it.

“Hmm, someone’s been fiddling with the controls,” said Katsushika, turning the Bondage dial back to neutral. “There. Now, let’s get this started.”

With a big grin, she punched the Press’s start button.

There was a *click*. Mindy took a step back, looking up at the Press, as the giant machine started to thrum and whirr. With every second that passed, the sound grew a little stronger, a little louder--as did the cries for help emanating from inside.

Mindy tried to ignore them.

After a couple of minutes of build-up, the whirring reached a peak. The Press’s monitor flashed red. “SCANNING...” blared its speakers. “OBSTRUCTION DETECTED. CLEARING.”

A fresh round of screaming sounded from the machine.

“Y’know, I bet they’re packed pretty tight in there,” said Katsushika, casually. “Must be pretty embarrassing for them.”

Mindy let this pass without comment.

The warning on the Press’s screen vanished, replaced by a blue loading bar. It took a little longer than normal to hit 100%, but soon enough the bar was full: “SCAN COMPLETE. PROCESSING.”

A fresh round of panicked cries sounded from inside the Press...

...and died out slowly, as one by one its occupants passed into the rollers. Soon there was only silence and the sound of spinning drums.

Humming casually, Katsushika made her way to the end of the machine. Mindy followed dismally behind her.

For several minutes they stood waiting by the output, Mindy sweating while her boss tapped her foot. Mindy wondered what it must be like to be squished and squeezed and rolled into a long sheet of paper with a bunch of other people. She hoped she never had to find out.

At long last, the Press dinged. “Ah! Here we are,” said Katsushika, stepping forward.

The Press’s output door opened, and a stack of hentai mags rolled out. Followed by another stack. And another stack. And another. And...

“Oh my,” said Mindy as the tray threatened to overflow, “I’ve never seen it output so many. I’m surprised we didn’t run out of toner.” She laughed at her own joke feebly.

Katsushika chuckled. “What did you think would happen when we threw so much material into it?”

As the thirtieth or so stack rolled out into the output tray, Katsushika snapped a copy off the pile closest to her, held it up to her face, and snorted. “Hah! Take a look at this, Mindy.” She thrust the copy in her secretary’s face.

Mindy blinked.

HARD TIMES, Issue #352, Starring: Chika Tengan, Hotaru Akagi, Katsuo Murano, Izumi Ohashi... The names went on and on, filling all the free space on the cover.

Below this was a group of naked, sweating bodies, male and female alike, all tangled up on the floor of what could only be Hard Times’ very own printing room. Mindy couldn’t count how many orgasmic faces she saw--among them was the blonde, lying on her back with her legs spread as a handsome young man thrust his cock into her sex.

Beneath this in turn, a special title: *TOURGY IN THE PRINTING ROOM!*

Mindy found herself snorting as well.

Katsushika had picked up another copy and flipped through it, nodding as she read. "Not bad, not bad. It lacks the personal touch of a single-person issue, but that's okay. We've got so many copies anyway... I think we'll sell them at a discount. What d'you say, Mindy? Mindy?"

Mindy snapped back to reality. "Oh, sorry," she said, closing the copy in her hands and looking aside, red-faced.

"Forget about it," said Katsushika, tossing her own back onto the pile. "Grab a couple of guys and have them move these copies to QC. Once you've done that, meet me in my office. We've got a lot of work to do, Mindy."

"We--we have?"

"Of course we have," replied her boss, clapping her on the back. "We gotta organize our next tour!" She laughed and rubbed her hands together greedily. "Hard Times Hentai is back in business!"

Mindy gulped.