

## ***Mommy's Merch***

Big, light blue machines, boxy and purring with activity, stood stacked around the factory floor like piles of children's blocks. In the shadows of these towers of industry stood two catgirls: one was the blue-haired saibaneko who'd invented the contraptions, while the other was a dark-haired fashionista in a stunning black dress who barely knew the difference between semiotic circuitry and an industrially-lensed multi-type pointer array, the utter fool.

"Merchandise?" said Panchira. "What do nyou *mean*, 'merchandise'?"

"Don't nyou own a fashion line?" asked Seigu, without looking up from her holopad.  
"Honestly, Panty, how did nyou ever succeed without knowing what merchandise is?"

"I know what merchandise is!" snapped Panchira, every hair on her tail standing on end with frustration. "What I want to know is why we're *here*, nya." She pointed at the room's monitor, which showed a bird's eye view of the bustling shopping complex Seigu's *Ship-00* was currently hovering over.

Seigu looked up from her pad with a smirk. "Because Mother told me to come here, nya. And she asked me to bring nyou."

Panchira's eyes widened in shock. "She did? Mommy told nyou to bring *me*?"

"Hmmm? Of course. Nyou didn't think I'd bring nyou for the sake of it, did nyou?"

Panchira puffed up her chest in pride. "Well," she said, smiling a smug smile, "we'd better get to work then, nya!"

She spun to go, raised her pointer, and stopped, frowning in confusion. Slowly, she swiveled back. "What exactly does she want us to do?"

Seigu sighed. "I *told* nyou, nya. Merchandise. She wants us to make *merchandise*."

"Okay," said Panchira, clapping with a smile. "...But why?"

Seigu shrugged. "She mumbled something about 'expanding her revenue streams' but nyou know what she's like."

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In a flash of pink light, the two landed in the very center of the mall... right in the middle of the bustling crowd.

"There," said Seigu, dodging a passing shopper. "This seems like an appropriate place, don't nyou think so, Panty?"

“There are definitely a lot of humans, nya,” replied Panchira, barely avoiding being crushed between a pair of charging shoppers.

Around them, human after human bustled and thronged. They *teemed* throughout the interior of the mall, jostling against one another in their need to get to their destination. No one, however, noticed the catgirls in their midsts--cloaked by their personal ninja-fields, the pair's sudden appearance had gone entirely unnoticed.

As the tidal wave of humans threatened to drown them, Seigu kicked her heels to activate her anti-grav and floated up out of harm's way. Panchira, on the other hand, was a second too slow in acting and only barely managed to pull herself out of the crush by flinging threads at one of the signs hanging from the ceiling.

“Mom,” she swore, dangling like a worm on the hook, “why's it so *busy* here, nya? Haven't they ever heard of shopping online?”

“There's a sale on,” said Seigu flatly. “In-store discounts. Come on.” Grabbing Panchira by the ankle, Seigu floated to the far end of the room and landed atop a beautiful fountain, where she released her sister's leg. A splash sounded from below, followed by a shriek.

“Nyow,” continued Seigu, ignoring Panchira's spluttering, “let's begin. Can nyou see any choice targets, nya?”

Brushing her sodden hair out of her face, Panchira tightened her gaze on the crowd, and her pupils thinned to a pair of sharp slits. “How about... that one?” She pointed a clawed finger at the bustle.

“Nyice choice,” said Seigu. “By all means, nyou first.”

Panchira licked her lips. Reaching into her chest, she withdrew her fashionable black pointer. “Let's see, nya, what should I make outta nyou...?”

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Karin frowned as she entered the mall. Just *look* at how busy it was today! There were so many people around... They were *swarming* the place, like, like hundreds of mice attacking a piece of cheese. She shuddered to think what would happen if a Bakeneko passed by.

Shrugging aside her fears, the mother of two pressed on. She had shopping to do, and no number of people was going to stop her. “Excuse me,” she said, slipping, barging, and generally forcing her way through the crowd by any means possible. “Excuse me, excuse me. Pardon me. Coming through! Excuse me, mom of two here--I've got kids to feed!”

Knocking aside a young woman with an expert swing of her matronly hips, Karin advanced on the grocery store ahead, motherly boobs jiggling, a smile on her face. Only a few more steps and--

The lightning struck her just as she reached the door, snapping her up into the air and dragging her squealing over the crowd. Not a single person seemed to notice what had happened.

Sailing over the indifferent throng, she slammed to a stop just above the mall's fountain. Two catgirls, one blue, one black, stared up at her, both grinning.

"Hello," said the one in black, "we're starting a line of Bakeneko merchandise. Want to take part, nya?"

Rigid with fear, pale and sweating, Karin just about managed to shake her head.

"Aww, that's too bad," said the catgirl. She shrugged. "Oh well, nya!"

"Wait!" cried Karin, finding the strength to move her jaw again. "You have to let me go! You have to!"

"We do?" said the catgirl in black, blinking in surprise. "Wait, really?" She turned to the other. "Is she telling the truth, nya?"

The blue catgirl turned her doll-like face to Karin, who gulped. "*Why* do we have to let nyu go, nya?"

Karin opened her mouth to speak and found no words with which to do so. Instead, she simply gaped.

The blue catgirl grinned. "That's a nyo," she said. "By all means, Panty go ahead!"

"Okay~," said 'Panty', licking her lips and twisting her pointer.

Karin shrieked as the lightning holding her doubled in intensity. She didn't even have time for a final complaint before the force of it struck.

Gasping and moaned, she writhed under the caress of the light as it raised bumps along her skin and made her muscles shiver.

With a brief roar, her clothes ignited, blazing away into cinders in a brief flash of flame. As she squealed and struggled to cover herself, clasping her bloated chest so its fat spilled over and under her arms, she found her skin turning pink. Real pink, not the beige-pink of flesh.

As she watched, moaning in horror, the color spread outward from where the pointer's beam had struck her, covering her body in a matter of moments. As it spread over her face, she found her lips fused together, leaving her unable to produce anything more than a muffled scream. It veiled her eyes as well, though she found she could still see. Unfortunately, that was all she could do: stare as her body started to shrivel.

It started with her fingers and toes, which collapsed like deflated balloons and shot inside her hands and feet, respectively. A second later, they crumpled into her arms and legs, which in

turn took the chance to roll up into her shoulders and hips. In the same instant, her head emptied out and collapsed into her neck. A few seconds later, there was nothing more of her save her torso, turned pink.

Where her head and limbs had been moments ago, holes appeared to reveal nothing more than air: she was empty, utterly empty.

As her leg holes fused together into a single larger one, her form lost its figure, flattened out, and dropped, folding as it fell into a neat little square.

She landed in the hands of the black-haired catgirl, whose touch sent a shiver of pleasure coursing through her form. *Oh my mom, it's even better than sex.* She wished she had a mouth left to squeal with.

"There," said Panty, holding her up so she unfolded, "one pretty pink t-shirt, marked with the Bakeneko Imperial Paw Print™. Ta-da!"

*A t-shirt?!* thought Karin.

The other catgirl clapped. "Well done, nya."

"...Is that sarcasm?"

"Nyo, nyo, nyot at all. But... why don't nyou try it on for me, Panty? I'd love to see nyou in it~."

Panty paled. "Me? Wear *this?! I could nyever be seen in something so tacky!*"

"But nyou *did* make it..."

Panty opened her mouth to respond and closed it abruptly. "Okay fine," she said, flipping Karin over and grabbing her by the rim. "But nyou better nyot take any pictures."

"Promise," said the other, holding her hands up to show they were empty.

With a great sigh, Panty stuffed her hands inside the former mother-of-two, making her squeal internally at the sensation. It felt as if someone were sticking their thumbs up her butthole.

As Panty wriggled her way inside her, stretching her flimsy body wide, Karin tried and failed to moan. It shouldn't feel as good as it did--it had no right being so, so... *erotic*. Simply having a pair of arms slip through her armholes was up there with the greatest sex she'd ever had--it felt like a pair of fat cocks filling both her pussy and anus at once.

"Ugh," said Panty, squirming inside her, "how did that fat bitch make such a tight shirt? Nyaah!"

Karin squealed in her head as Panty's furry ears tickled her neck. It felt like having a vibrator poised just inside her pussy.

For several moments, as Panty struggled and wriggled, Karin lost herself to the waves of ecstasy rolling through her form, stroking the fire in her lost groin till it was so hot she could barely think. Nothing--not even her husband--had ever brought her as much pleasure as this.

Finally, with a pop, Panty's head got through her. Karin orgasmed, losing herself in the instant.

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"There," said Panchira, pulling the t-shirt down over her dress. With a huff, she turned to Seigu.

"Perfect," said her sister, eyes swiveling like lenses. They made a little clicking sound and produced a tiny flash. "Hmmm."

"Hmmm'? What does that mean, nya?" Panchira scowled. "I put the stupid shirt on, didn't I?"

Seigu shrugged. "Well, a t-shirt is nice, nya, but I was expecting you to make something a little saucier. Something truer to your name, you know?"

"Ah!" said Panty, tapping her nose. "I get you."

"Panties," said Seigu, "I want you to make panties."

"I got that, nya!"

\*

Hiro regretted his choice to leave his house. After three days hidden away inside gaming, he'd finally forced himself to go outside, partly to get some sunshine and exercise, but mostly because the game he'd been looking to buy for weeks was finally on sale.

Unfortunately, it was only on sale in-store, and the mall was cramped. So cramped that he was struggling to even move through the crowd. He couldn't take a step without bumping into somebody.

Just as he was finally getting close to the game store, he saw a spark of something pink in the corner of his eyes. He turned his head--opened his mouth to say 'What the hell?', but before a single word could even leave his lips, the bolt of pink light struck him in the chest.

Hiro screamed as the light washed over him, raising every hair along his arms and legs and neck. The next thing he knew, he was flying through the air, over the crowd below towards...

Two Bakeneko sat on the mall's fountain: one blue, doll-jointed; one dressed in a black gown and jewelry. The latter was the one who'd caught him in her pointer.

With a flick of her wrist, she snapped him through the air and into place above her, where she turned him around and inspected him all over. He shuddered at the sight of her roaming golden eyes.

“What do you think, Seigu?” said the catgirl in black. “Did I make a good choice?”

“Let’s see...” said the other, leaning in to study him. “Ah, a big-dicked hikikomori. Nyes, good choice, Panchira. He’ll make an excellent piece of merchandise, nya.”

*M-merchandise?*

“Great,” said Panchira. “Let’s get to work then.” With an insidious grin, she twisted her pointer, and Hiro screamed as its energies coursed through him afresh.

As he gasped for breath, his clothing blazed pink and came apart in a flash of gleaming cinders, floating off on the breeze and leaving him stark naked. He shrieked and tried to cover his crotch.

Too slow. Both catgirls giggled. “Oooh, look at him,” said Panchira, stretching her arm--like taffy--all the way into the air and wrapping her hand around his cock. He squealed as she stroked his shaft with her oh-so-smooth fingers. Her touch alone almost brought him to orgasm.

Just as he was about to cum, however, she released his tingling shaft, and her arm snapped back to normal like rubber.

“I’m going to enjoy wearing you,” she said with a giggle.

Hiro whimpered.

With a laugh, the catgirl twisted her pointer again. Hiro shrieked as the light holding him intensified, raising goosebumps all across his skin. It felt as if every nerve in his body were coursing with electricity, making him want to scream and shiver. It should hurt, but instead it felt good, so good. He almost wished he could grab his cock and enjoy it.

Slowly, under the writhing pink light, Hiro’s skin started to blacken. The colour spread all across his form in a matter of moments, leaving him looking as if he’d swum in ink. As it covered his face, his lips fused together and his screams of pleasure died away. Mind melting in delight, he nonetheless struggled for several seconds longer before the transformation robbed him of all movement.

Floating in the air, bound and black as an especially weird gimp, Hiro found his body changing shape. His arms curved behind his back and fused by the hands to make a ring, while his penis and legs merged and curved back and up to join them. The rest of him simply shriveled, unneeded. Soon, he was as flat and as flimsy as a simple piece of paper.

At last, the tingling stopped, and he realized it was over. The Bakeneko lowered her pointer, the pink lightning vanished, and he fell, wishing he could scream.

She snatched him out of the air before he could hit the ground, and the feeling of her nails biting into his... skin? made him want to scream in delight. His whole body felt so pent-up, so sensitive; her touch alone made him want to cum himself.

"There," said Panchira, turning to the other, "one pair of pretty pink panties, marked with the Bakeneko's Paw Print™. Ta-da!"

*P-panties?!*

"Very impressive," said Seigu, "it's a simple design, but I'm sure it will sell well, nya."

"Simple?" snapped Panchira. "I think nyou mean 'elegant'."

Seigu waved the issue aside. "If nyou like."

Huffing, Panchira turned back to Hiro, and a big, mirthful expression filled her face as he tried to scream in fear. "Mmm~, let's see how nyou feel to wear, nya~."

Placing him on the edge of the fountain, Panchira hiked up her dress and slipped off her sleek black panties. Hiro could only stare, wanting to scream and flee, as her fingers approached him.

Contact was a crash of bliss that knocked all his thoughts out of order. The next thing he knew, her hands were tight around his straps, and she was raising a leg, ready to insert it.

*Please, don't--AH!*

The entrance of Panchira's leg through one of his holes jammed a spike of pleasure straight into Hiro's brain. It felt as if someone had plunged a dildo up his ass and straight into his prostate. If he'd still had a mouth, he would have wailed in pleasure.

Giggling to herself, the catgirl raised her other leg. *Its* entrance was just as orgasmic as the first--Hiro could barely process it.

Having slipped both her legs inside him, Panchira tightened her grip on his straps, making him mewl in pleasure, and pulled him up her.

The strain of her thighs spreading his holes wide struck Hiro's mind like a hammer. He wanted to draw in a deep breath and scream in delight, but of course, he could do nothing more than wait and let his thoughts crash to pieces around him.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the catgirl pulled him up and up and up, straining his flimsy fabric body with the size of her hips and ass. He felt as if he were being pulled on the rack, only instead of pain, he felt only ecstasy.

On top of the strain, he could feel his former-penis wedged deep inside her snatch. Fused with his legs, it had been driven thong-tight into her folds by her tugging. The pressure felt better than any kind of masturbation--it felt as if she had her lower lips tight around his manhood, and in a certain sense, she did. It was bliss.

His former face, meanwhile, was covering her ass. It felt as if she were sitting on him, her titanic cheeks smushed right against him.

This impression lasted exactly until she decided to *actually* sit, at which point Hiro found himself crushed beneath her ass for real. Nothing could compare to it--she flattened him, reduced his mind to a miserable film of struggling thoughts and pleas struggling to escape the weight of her behind. It was too much, far too much. Within a minute, he struggled to form thoughts.

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"Okay," said Panchira, wiggling her butt to better smush it into the bench beside the fountain. "That's another potential piece of merchandise sorted. Panties--tick! Nyow what?"

"I think it's my turn nyow," said Seigu, hopping off the top of the fountain. Landing on the bench beside Panchira, she stepped down onto the ground and raised her arm. A series of cracks appeared along the saibanetic limb, running from fingers down to elbow. With a crack, it split and opened, revealing an array of pointers, all spinning in a circle where her arm bone might have been. After a few seconds, they snapped to a stop, and the pointer at the very top shunted forward a little.

Seigu studied the bustling crowd, dragging the pointer she'd selected from one potential target to another. Finally, her eyes tightened--she licked her lips. "Nyou'll do," she said, and fired.

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Shiro stood in a little alcove away from the teeming crowd, carefully positioned so no one could see him from behind. Having made certain he was safe, he reached into the pocket of his hoodie, pulled out his phone, and opened its camera. Raising it, trying to make it look as though he were browsing the web or something equally innocent, he swept it over the crowd ahead, searching for the best target.

After a few moments of this, he picked out a curvy blonde walking past, her tits and ass jiggling beneath her clothes. He licked his lips and pushed a button. The camera snapped without a flash or a sound, and the blonde walked on without the slightest clue that Shiro had just added her photo to his spank bank.

He took a few seconds to admire the picture, wanting nothing more than to slip his hands down his pants right where he stood, before turning his gaze back to the crowd and searching for his next target. As he looked, his heart pounded in his chest--the hunt was almost as fun as what followed.



Just as he settled on a busty brunette, he saw something flash in the corner of his eyes. Was that... *pink?*

The pointer's beam struck him before he had a chance to cry. His phone hit the floor as he shot into the air.

Yanked off the ground and hauled through the air screaming, Shiro flew over a crowd that seemed utterly unaware of his plight and came to a stop floating near the mall's fountain. Two catgirls, one in blue, one in black, looked up at him, smiling. The sharpness of their fangs made him want to whimper.

"What's nyour opinion of this one, Panty?" said the blue one. "Think he'll make a fitting prototype?"

"Mmm~," said Panty, staring at his crotch and licking her lips hungrily. "I'm sure he will. Just look at that bulge, nya~. Nyou picked a big-dicked one too."

As the Bakeneko laughed, Shiro found himself whimpering. Two little tears fell from his eyes to strike the ground below.

The blue catgirl laughed. "Aww, what's the matter, nya?" she asked, lowering him towards her. "Nyou were having a lot of funny playing pervert nyourself, weren't nyou? Isn't it only fair that someone else gets to perv on nyou?" She raised a claw hand and swiped it, tearing his clothes to shreds with a single swift strike. As they fell in tatters to the ground, he squealed and struggled to cover himself.

The catgirl laughed, and her tail whipped forward. As he watched, sweating in fear, its end bulged, and its tip popped like the cap of a bottle. Beneath was a perfect plastic pussy, exactly like a fleshlight's.

Before Shiro could figure out what this meant, the Bakeneko's tail struck like a scorpion's, slamming itself hard onto his cock.

Shiro gasped--the Bakeneko's false pussy felt so tight he could barely believe it. He squirmed, moaning pitifully, as she pumped his cock with it, pumping it up and down his cock till he was lacquered in precum. Each motion sent a wave of pleasure rolling out of his cock and through the rest of his body.

Second by second, pump by pump, Shiro's ecstasy grew greater and greater, till he could no longer hold it. Cock as hard as it had ever been, he screamed and went to cum--

--only to find himself frozen in the instant before orgasm, cock so terribly hard, balls so terribly pent up, yet unable to claim his release.

"There," said the catgirl, "that should be hard enough."

Staring, unable even to look away, he watched as the blue saibaneko extracted his cock from her tail, gave him a sharp smile, and twisted her pen.

Shiro felt as if he'd been struck by lightning, he wanted to scream, but he couldn't move his lips at all.

Instead, all he could do was stare, locked on the precipice of orgasm, as his body started to shrivel, fingers sucked into hands that were folding into arms. Limbs and head collapsing into a torso that was sinking his crotch. His whole being sucked--like water down a drain--into the all-consuming girth of his cock, which was so, so hard, so hard it should hurt.

It only took a few seconds for his penis to assimilate the rest of him. Looking down at his new body from his own cock's tip, feeling its hardness throughout his entire form, Shiro tried and failed to scream.

Now he watched, wanting to whimper, as his cock hardened even further, flesh turning to light blue plastic, veins disappearing to be replaced by seams. Soon enough, there was nothing organic left to him. Even his mushroom of a tip, though he couldn't see it, had become a sleek bullet.

At last, the pink light faded and he dropped with a *clack* to the ground. As he lay there on the floor of the mall, only a meter or two away from the now giant feet of the crowd, he wanted to scream aloud. *What have you done to me?! What am I?!*

Stooping, an insidious smile on her face, the Bakeneko picked him up. "Mmm~," she said, licking her light blue lips. "There," she said, "one beautiful blue vibrator, marked with the Bakeneko Paw Print™. Ta-da!" She tapped his tip.

If Shiro hadn't been inanimate, he would have frozen in horror. *N-n-no, no! You can't do this to me! You can't--!*

"What do you think, Panty? Do you think I could sell a line of vibrators like this?"

"Hmm, well, that depends," said Panty. "Is it any *good*?"

The saibaneko smiled. "Let's see, nya..."

Her thumb caught Shiro's switch. As she pressed it, he screamed as if she were squeezing his cock. *Oh my mom, it feels so good, it feels so good, it--*

Then she flicked it with a *click* and his mind exploded.

All at once, an earthquake's worth of energy went rolling through his body, shaking apart all his thoughts and sensibilities like an ill-constructed city. Shiro squealed wordlessly, unable even to properly think. He was so overwhelmed he didn't even notice she was guiding him towards her pussy.

The entrance of his plastic shaft into her lower lips was far greater than he could ever have imagined. Shiro had slept with a couple of women, but neither of them compared to this even

in the slightest. Her pussy was perfect--perfectly fitted, perfectly wet--and his whole body was a cock, a giant, throbbing, vibrating cock, just perfect to fill her. So he did.

As he slammed into her depths, a trail of blazing ecstasy went coursing through his shaft and into the powder store of his mind, igniting it in a single orgasmic explosion. His remaining thoughts scattered, shattered like porcelain. His sight turned bright pink, all-consuming. He lost himself in it.

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In, out. In, out. Seigu played with the vibe for almost a full minute, her pussy pouring a small waterfall's worth of juice.

Finally, she came with a shiver and a yowl, followed by a sigh of delight. Panchira giggled.

Extracting the vibrator from the tight grip of her pussy with a sound like a plug popping free of a drain, Seigu used her other arm's cleaning attachments to sterilize and dry it, before handing it to Panty. "Well?" she said. "What do *nyou* think?"

Panchira giggled. "I think it'll sell, nya."

Seigu stood and clapped her hands. "Great," she said, "then I guess we can move out of the prototyping phase into mass production, nya!"

Contacting her saucer, she raised her hand and snapped.

Pink light, bright as one of their pointers' bolts, filled the mall, earning a chorus of screams from the hundreds of gathered humans.

When it finally cleared, the two found themselves back on Seigu's saucer, in the workshop where they'd started.

Floating above them was a giant cardboardium box as blue as their surroundings. Every few seconds it shook, as if something inside were jostling. If you listened closely, you could just about make out the sound of screaming.

"Okay," said Seigu, approaching a switch on the wall. "Everything's prepared, so let's get started." With a grin, she pulled the switch.

A low, insistent purring filled the room, as one by one, the many boxy machines whirred into life.

As Seigu and Panchira watched, big grins on their faces, pink lightning arced between the box and the machines, and in a little flash a young woman appeared naked and screaming above one. She hung there for a second, flailing and squealing, before dropping inside. The machine's hatch closed with a *schunk*, and it purred even louder.

A few seconds of whirring and purring later, the hatch on the base of the machine snapped open and a pretty pink t-shirt, pre-folded and marked with the Bakeneko Paw Print™ dropped out to land in an open box below. It wasn't long before a second shirt followed it.

Nearby, another machine was taking in terrified humans and plopping out pretty, pink, paw-printed panties, which rolled down a conveyor and into a neat pile at the end.

Finally, a third machine slurped up screaming men and women before spitting out long, hard, vibrators, each with a Bakeneko Paw Print™ on their bullet-head tips. (Below, beneath the symbol, you could just about see their faces etched in expressions of terror.) One by one, they rolled on their sides down a slide and into a little box.

"There," said Seigu, standing back and smirking. "Three nyew products, perfect for Mom's nyew line of merchandise."

"Great," said Panchira, smiling a big smile. "...Nyow what?"

Seigu frowned. "Hang on," she said, raising her pointer finger to her head, "I'm getting a call. ...Hello? ...Hi, Mom. Nyes, I'm doing well, thank nyow. Nyow nyew merch is being produced as I sp--" She paused. "Nyow want *what?* How much?! Urgh..." She groaned. "Fine, okay, Panty and I will sort it. Bye. Bye-bye. Nyes, love nyow too. Bye."

She dropped her hand.

Panchira stared at her. "What was that about?"

Seigu sighed. "Mom wants us to make *more*, nya."