

The Secondhand Store (Inanimate TF)

Kazumi gulped as she descended the staircase, shoes slapping against the steps, palm squeaking against the metal of the railing. Her heart thudded in her chest. The smell of mildew wrinkled her nostrils.

Coming to a stop in the cold, stone alcove that terminated the stairs, she squinted as her eyes adjusted to the dark. Ahead, she picked out a small red door, its paint scratched and faded. An ornate brass knocker in the shape of a cat's head hung from its center.

Trembling, Kazumi seized it and knocked.

Click. A little hatch in the door snapped open. "Who is it?!" said a voice more tooth than tongue. "What do you want?!"

Kazumi gulped. "Is—is this the Secondhand Store?"

The voice paused, as if for drama. "Maybe. So what if it is?"

"I-I know the password." Kazumi drew in a deep breath. "It's... it's 'swordfish'."

The word hung in the air, sharp as its namesake. For a second, Kazumi worried she'd gotten it wrong. She wanted to flee—only the fear of what they'd do to her kept her rooted to the spot.

Just as she was about to scream, she heard a little giggle. "Well, why didn't you say that first, silly?" The little hatch snapped shut; Kazumi heard the clinking of locks. A second later, the door swung open with a squeak like a clown's shoe.

On the other side stood a girl younger than Kazumi. Between her frilly dress and top hat, she looked as if she'd been caught out in the middle of a tea party.

"Come on in!" she said, seizing Kazumi by the arm. "Welcome to the Store!" With a giggle, she wrenched Kazumi inside.

As the door slammed behind her, Kazumi drew in a deep breath. A labyrinth of shelves loomed over her, imposing as the walls of a cathedral and packed full of products. Combined with the dust and the thick stone bricks of the floor, the place looked like a Gothic supermarket.

"So," said the owner, cocking her hips, "what are ya lookin' for?"

Kazumi swallowed. "I-I..." Should she tell her? "I'm looking for something specific."

"Cool, cool," said the girl, expression unchanged, "like what?"

"I don't know..." said Kazumi.

The owner uncocked her hips and tilted her head instead. “Well, that’s a contradiction. Also: not very helpful. How can I help you find something specific if you don’t know what it is?”

Kazumi bit her lip. “I-I don’t know what *she* is,” she said, tears forming in her eyes. “I-I just thought she might be here...”

“Ooooooh,” said the owner. “I see. Yeah, uh, okay, that’s not really our normal thing, you know. But hey, so long as you can pay I don’t mind why you want them. Lemme see if I can help you. What’s her name?”

Kazumi sniffled. “H-Hinata.”

The owner tapped her chin. “Hinata. Hinata. Hinata. Hinata. Hey, that kinda sounds like piñata, doesn’t it? Better hope she didn’t end up as one of them, right? Sorry, that’s insensitive. Um. Lemme just...” Taking off her hat, she reached inside and pulled out a clipboard. “Let’s see if she’s on the list. Not every item we accept comes with a name, but hey, you never know...” She tutted. “Sooooorry, looks like she’s not on here.”

Kazumi shuddered. “O-Oh. Oh.” She sniffled. “Oh.”

“Oh hey hey hey, don’t cry.” The owner stuffed her clipboard back into her hat and gave Kazumi a reassuring pat on the shoulder. “That doesn’t mean she’s not here. We have some photographs too—we normally keep them with the item. Why don’t we go on a little tour and we’ll see if you recognize anyone, okay? Okay?”

Sniffing, Kazumi nodded.

“Okay!” said the owner. “My name’s Gazebo, by the way.” With a grin, she seized Kazumi’s hand and shook it. “Don’t tell the police that. Or do, it’s not like it’s my real name. Now, let’s go look for your... friend? sister? mother? aunt?”

“G-girlfriend,” said Kazumi.

“Ooooooh.” Gazebo nodded sagely. “I had one of those once. Anyway, er, just follow me down here... Ignore the dust—I’m going for this creepy, otherworldly aesthetic, you know?” She led Kazumi into a tight aisle. Items of every type filled the shelves. “Right, here we are. Take a look and lemme know if you see anything, okay?”

Kazumi nodded. Taking a deep breath, she scanned the shelves. A part of her didn’t even want to look.

Her eyes skimmed over bras and panties and condoms and handbags. Skirts and tops and shoes and sextoys: onaholes, vibrators, dildos, and more. Next to each stood a little card listing with a description of the item and when it had been acquired. A few had a picture or a name, but only a handful had both.

“The Bakeneko don’t exactly give us much to work with,” said Gazebo, shaking her head sadly.

Kazumi’s eyes settled on a pair of bright pink panties that seemed especially incongruous in the dank, brown atmosphere of the Secondhand Store. Beside them was a picture of a girl her own age: a brunette with a bright smile on her face. ‘Megumi’, it said beneath it.

“Zat her?” asked Gazebo.

Kazumi shook her head. Nonetheless, she picked the panties up. “These were... these were really a person?”

“Swear on me mom’s life,” said Gazebo, crossing her heart. “Everything here is 100% man-made, in the special way the Bakeneko use that word, if you catch my meaning. Go on, get a sniff of her.”

Instinctively, without even realizing what she was doing, Kazumi brought the panties to her mouth and sniffed them. The scent of her tuna overfished her nostrils. With a ‘ech!’, she thrust the panties back onto the shelf.

“That’s how you can tell they’ve been worn,” said Gazebo, tapping her nose like this was a piece of sage advice.

Kazumi frowned.

The next item she picked out was a bra. Even before she touched it, she could tell it had been worn: the straps looked as if they had been stretched just short of breaking point. Frowning, she turned to the label: it had a picture of a brown-haired young man, but no name.

“Jeez,” said Gazebo. “I bet she gave him a real workout,”

Kazumi had to bite her tongue to keep herself from whimpering.

If the sight of Megumi and Shinji had been bad enough, the third item she found stuck a knife right into her heart:

It was an onahole in the shape of a young woman, its pink plastic a little parody of her form with swollen hips and chest and a lascivious expression on her tiny face. It looked clean, but the scent of semen was undeniable. Whoever this was, they’d clearly been used. A lot.

Heart pounding, Kazumi dragged her gaze to the label... and released a sigh of relief as she read the name. ‘Yui’, it said. There was no picture.

Picking the onahole up, Kazumi gave it a little squeeze and almost dropped it when it squeaked. Face red, she hurried to put it back onto the shelf. “People really buy things like this?”

“Oh yeah!” said Gazebo, puffing herself up. “Our products are real popular, don’tcha know. There are people who really love the idea of screwing a secondhand man-made sextoy like this. Or wearing a secondhand man-made bra. Or...” She trailed off as Kazumi looked at her in horror. “...Oh right. You’re here for your GF, aren’t you? Well, um, I can say I haven’t *intentionally* sold her.” She looked away guiltily.

Kazumi’s heart thudded so hard it hurt. What would she do if Hinata had been sold on? Just tracking her here had taken months of investigation. How would she ever find her again?

As she struggled with this question, she noticed something interesting: tucked into the corner of the shelf was a light blue cardboardium donut. “What’s this?” she asked, picking it up. “Was this a person too?”

“That?” said Gazebo. “Nah, that’s a Bakeneko mind-control collar. We get some of their secondhand tech every now and then.”

Kazumi stared at her in horror. A mind-control collar? Who would ever want to buy something like *that*?

Someone knocked at the door.

“Ex-squeeze me for one sec,” said Gazebo, spinning on her heel and scurrying away. “Who is it?! Whadyou want?!”

Kazumi turned back to the shelf and picked up the pair of panties—Megumi—again. “Can you hear me?” she asked, holding them to her face. She felt silly, but she had to try. “Can you show me a sign you’re in there?”

She thought she felt the panties twitch ever so slightly.

Before she could ask again to confirm, the door of the store slammed shut, and two pairs of feet clacked against the floor, hurrying in her direction.

Throwing the panties back onto the shelf, Kazumi tried to look innocent.

“And this is where we’re keeping all of this week’s acquisitionals,” said Gazebo, gesturing at the shelves.

A blonde in a pink dress stepped past her, a handbag swinging at her side and an imperious look on her face. She scowled as she caught sight of Kazumi. “Is she for sale too?”

“Her? Oh no, she’s a customer. What’s your name again?”

“K-Kazumi.”

“Right, right. Kazumi. Her name’s Kazumi. Kazumi, this is Merryweather. ...Shit, shit. I forgot we’re supposed to use false names. Shit. Forget I told you.”

Ignoring the owner, Merryweather looked down on Kazumi as if she intended to squash her. "If you're not for sale then get out of the way."

Kazumi shrank. "R-right. S-sorry." She scurried aside.

Striding past her, Merryweather sized up the shelf like a piece of meat. "Hmm," she said at last. "Hmm. Hmmmmm. Hmmm. ...Hmmm."

Gazebo elbowed Kazumi. "Merryweather is one of my best customers," she said proudly. "...Shit, I shouldn't have told you that either. Don't tell anyone!"

"Hmm. Hmm. Hmmmmm." Tapping her chin, Merryweather traced her gaze along one row after another, until at last her eyes settled on the pink fabric of Megumi. Her hand struck like a cobra. "I think I'll take these to start. I need a few more pairs. My boyfriend *ruined* the last set I bought."

"Sure, sure, sure," said Gazebo. "Well, we've got plenty more like her. If you'd like to follow me..." Striding ahead, she led Merryweather along the aisle.

Kazumi, on the other hand, simply stood there frozen, feeling as though someone had stabbed an icicle into her heart. "W-w-wait!" she cried. "Wait!"

Gazebo and Merryweather stopped to look over their shoulders. "What? What's wrong?" asked the former. (Merryweather simply tutted in disgust.)

"You were helping me find my girlfriend."

"Oh. Right. Yeah. Your GF." Gazebo looked pained. "Um, well, I would still like to help you, but... as a salesman, I have to be kinda neutral, you know?" Flicking a worried glance at Merryweather, Gazebo scurried back to Kazumi and pulled her into the shadows. "Look, I'd like to help you, but Merryweather is a really, really, really good customer, and I run an illegal secondhand store. I'm so poor they took away my cockroaches! I really, really, really need this sale!"

Kazumi felt herself tearing up again. "What about my girlfriend?!"

Gazebo looked as if she wanted to twist her own head off. "I'd like to help, but if Merryweather wants to buy her..."

They both looked over at Merryweather, who was studying the next shelf in line like an empress inspecting her servants.

"...Well, you might want to hurry up and find her," said Gazebo with a shrug.

Heart pounding in her chest, Kazumi surged past her. Skidding to a stop beside Merryweather, she scanned the shelf desperately, flicking her eyes from one item to the next and reading their labels as fast as she was able.

Bra: Yuji Shimada.

Panties: Unnamed. Brunette, blue eyes.

Skirt: Yumiko Terada. Pink-haired.

Top: Kimi Shiraishi.

With each item she passed over, Kazumi's heart raced a little faster. By the time she reached the end of the shelf, she felt as if she was on her tenth mug of coffee. Sweat dripping from her brow, she scurried to the next one and went through its items just as fast.

Dildo. Unnamed.

Vibrator: Mizuki Seta. Brunette.

Onahole. Yoji Koneda. Black-haired, blue eyes.

Condom. Momo Tamahana.

As she came to the end of the first row, Merryweather threw her a glare. "Urgh. What are you in such a rush for?"

Ignoring her (or rather, not daring to answer), Kazumi rushed from one shelf to another, scanning their contents as thoroughly as she could.

Hinata! Hinata, where are you?

Finally, she came to the end of the last shelf, and her eyes lit up as she realized what she was seeing. There, tucked in the very bottom right corner, lay a skimpy maid's uniform, a little creased but otherwise in good condition.

And there, beside it, a picture of her girlfriend.

With a squeal, Kazumi dropped to her knees and snatched the uniform up, hugging it tight to her chest. "Hinata!" she said, tears streaming from her eyes "Hinata! I'm so sorry—! I-I'll never leave you again! I promise!"

Holding Hinata at arm's length, Kazumi took in the sight of her afresh and had to screw up her eyes to keep herself from bawling. She looked indistinguishable from any other Bakeneko maid outfit. If not for the photograph, Kazumi never would have recognised her. "Hinata...? Is it really you? Are you really in there? ...If you are... will you give me a sign?"

The outfit trembled. This time, it was undeniable.

With a final wail, Kazumi clasped her tight. It really *was* her. "Hinata! Hinata, I'm so sorry! I-I'm so sorry! I—"

Before she could finish, something clicked around her neck.

“Stand up,” said Merryweather.

Blinking, Kazumi found herself standing.

“Now, turn to face me and show me what you’ve got.”

Kazumi opened her mouth to protest. Instead, she turned and held up Hinata for inspection.

Merryweather snatched her out of her hands, held her up, and sniffed. “Well, she’s hardly the finest quality, but I suppose she’ll have to do. I’ll be taking both of them.”

Kazumi found that, with much effort, she could just about turn her head and speak. She looked to Gazebo. “Wh-what...?”

Gazebo shrugged. “Look, I told you she was my best customer. If she wants to buy the magic Bakeneko mind-control collar and put it on you, I’m hardly going to stop her, am I? You know what they say: ‘The customer’s demands are absolute and can’t be defied under any circumstances’.” She snatched a handful of hundred bell notes out of Merryweather’s hands. “Also, I told you: I’m poor! I can’t afford to buy principles!”

Kazumi struggled to speak. “H-help m-me...”

Gazebo looked pained. “Well, to start with: try not to struggle too hard. You’ll activate the collar’s punishment function.”

Kazumi strained to speak. “P-punishment...?” She froze as a lightning bolt coursed down her spine and struck her pussy, igniting it. An intense, erotic heat filled her flesh—flowing up her form, it escaped her mouth in a scream. .

Merrywather chuckled. “You look so funny when you’re cumming. I can’t wait to get you in your girlfriend. It’s going to be so much fun having you around the house~. First things first though, *maid: strip!*”

Sweat dripping from her brow, Kazumi reached for her top button.

In a series of swift, robotic actions, she unbuttoned her top and cast the empty fabric, unclasped her bra and threw its empty cups aware too. As her little breasts dangled freely in the open, she kicked off her shoes and wrenched off her tights, before her skirt and dropping it and her sodden panties both. Nectar dripped from her lips, forming a little puddle beneath her—the more she struggled not to, the harder the collar’s magic worked.

“Put this on,” said Merryweather, forcing Hinata back into Kazumi’s hands.

With a feeble whimper, Kazumi did as instructed. Since Hinata came with no lingerie, Kazumi put her tights on first, trying to ignore their shivers as she pulled them up her legs.

Next, she slipped on Hinata's bustle, followed by throwing on her dress. As she pulled it down, she could *feel* Hinata's fabric shivering against her exposed chest. *H-Hinata...*

After this, she slipped on Hinata's gloves and her cute, black pumps, trying not to imagine what it must feel like for her girlfriend.

Finally, she picked up Hinata's headdress and plopped it on her head to cap off the whole process. Sniveling, she crossed her legs and tried to ignore the wetness leaking down them.

"Perfect," said Merryweather, giving her cheek a playful pinch. "I'm sure my boyfriend will just *love* having a cute little doll like you around the house."

Kazumi whimpered.

"Now, come along, maid."

Trembling, whimpering, nectar flowing drop her leg, Kazumi lurched after her.

As they ascended the Secondhand Store's stairs, Kazumi struggled desperately against her traitorous body, but the more she strained the hotter the heat in her sex grew, and soon she could think of nothing more than pleasure.

The last thing she heard was Gazebo: "Thanks for your custom! Make sure to write me a good review!"