

Cursed Items, Part 1 (Lingerie TF, Konosuba)

The royal carriage clattered along with the cobbles with a sound not unlike an armored knight tumbling down a flight of stairs. Inside, Iris winced at each fresh crash, grateful for the plump seating cushioning the impact, though she really wished it could keep her from bouncing too.

Forcing these distractions out of her mind, she rested her arm on the door and peered longingly through the gap in the curtained window. The shopping district of Axel slid past, bustling with people, but none of them were the person she wanted. Where was her big brother? Why couldn't she find him?

Just as she was about to give up hope, she spied something that made her heart leap.

With a gasp, she ordered the driver to stop. The carriage crashed to a halt with one final clatter, and, kicking open the door, she leapt out, a big grin on her face. She'd checked so many places, but she'd completely forgotten about *this* one.

The windows of Wiz's Magical Item Shoppe (ウィズ魔道具店) sparkled in the sunlight.

Telling the driver to leave the carriage running, Iris marched into the store with a confident grin. If Kazuma wasn't anywhere else in the city, he was *certain* to be here!

He wasn't. Closing the door behind her, Iris scanned the shop's aisles and shelves and found, to her immense frustration, that it was completely empty. "Hello?" she called. "...Hello? Is anyone here...?"

No one answered. Even the proprietor seemed to have abandoned the place.

With a sigh, Iris turned. Just as she was about to leave, however, it occurred to her that she might be giving up too soon. After all, this *was* a magical item shop, wasn't it? Maybe it would have something to help her find Big Brother...

Her hope freshly rekindled, she ran from one end of the store to the other, surveying every item on the shelves. They held potions, staves, crystal balls... Portable toilets...? But the one thing they didn't seem to hold was something to help her find Kazuma...

Just as she was about to give up all over again, something caught her attention: a little box tucked at the very back of the shelf, behind an erectile dysfunction potion and a grimoire on magical DIY. It looked like a pretty little jewelry box, though there was something strange about the decorations. They reminded her almost of demonic sigils...

On a whim, she lifted the lid. Who knew? Perhaps it would contain a beautiful necklace or something.

Too late, she saw the label lying half-rotten on the shelf: 'Do Not Open'.

With a boom, the box exploded.

Dropping it, Iris flew back with a squeal of surprise. The box struck the ground with a crash like her carriage, while she hit the floor and lay there spluttering and coughing, struggling to get its smoke out of her lungs. A strange sensation was spreading through her body, and the more she tried to ignore it, the worse it seemed to become: she felt like a little doll that had been pricked with a thousand needles.

Her vision swam, blurring the world like a bad oil painting. Lightheaded, Iris struggled back to her feet and stumbled for the door. She needed to get help. She needed to—

Halfway there, her legs gave up on her. With a squeal, she collapsed, struck the floor again, and lay there groaning. Her entire body hurt, especially her legs. Struggling, she turned to look, and moaned to find out why this was:

Before her eyes, her legs were shriveling. Crumpling like a pair of emptied socks. Even as she watched, her eyes wide in terror, the emptiness spread reached her thighs. Her toes, meanwhile, were turning white, white and strangely soft, as if her skin had been replaced by a layer of the softest snow.

With a fresh moan of panic, she scrambled for the door, whining in her desperation to reach help. But even as she reached for the handle, her fingers fell limp, her hand rolled up, and her entire arm deflated. “N-no!” A second later, her other copied it, and with a squeal, she dropped back to the floor. “H-help me! Someone help!” No-one responded.

Her limbs, strewn across the floor of the magic shop like streamers after a particularly exciting party, had shriveled to almost pencil thinness now. In the end, unable to get any thinner, they suddenly snapped into the air and tangled themselves behind her. Her legs met first, the tips of her former feet touching to form an ‘O’, and her fingers met them a second later: arching through the air, they joined what had formerly been her ankles and stuck there, glued tight. Squealing, she strained to pull them free, but it didn’t seem to make any difference: no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn’t tear them off.

“H-help me! Help me! Heeeeeel—” Her screams cut off, abruptly silenced. Eyes wide with shock, Iris looked down and found to her horror her lips had melted, the top running into the bottom and leaving little for her to scream with. In terror she watched as they slid from her face, and the rest of her features steadily followed them. Soon her entire head was collapsing into her neck, and her torso wasn’t long for the world either:

As Iris writhed in utter panic, her petite chest tingled and swelled, pumped fat by a sudden influx of new matter. She crumpled like an old paper bag, and her mass had only one place to go: her boobs, no matter how she felt about it. Drinking up her head and her neck and her ribcage and stomach, they swelled fast, bloating into a massive pair of jiggling sacks, larger than anything she’d ever imagined herself possessing. Even Lalatina didn’t possess such an impressive bust.

Having sucked up everything save her limbs, her swollen new breasts sat sloshing on the floor of the magic shop for a moment – then, as if they’d been struck by a blacksmith’s

hammer, they collapsed too, crushed flat, pounded into a pair of giant bowls and, in this new shape, rapidly softened out. Looking out from between them, Iris moaned as she toppled, slamming her new face into the floor. Darkness smothered her sight and left her wanting to wail in terror.

Finally, her hair tied itself into a large blonde bow, and with that, it was over.

Wh-what's happened to me...?! Please, somebody help me! Big brother! Kazuma! Heeeeeeelp!

Several minutes passed before anyone answered. "Hello...? Hello? Strange, I thought I heard somebody shouting. I suppose they must have left already..."

I'm here! I'm here! cried Iris, hoping against hope they could somehow hear her. *Please, I'm down here! You have to help me...!*

The thudding of footsteps. The floor shook. Iris squealed as she bounced; it was even worse than riding her carriage.

"...What's this doing here?"

And just as she thought her situation couldn't get any more terrifying, a giant grabbed her. Squealing, she shot into the air, yanked like a fish on the line. If she'd been able to speak, she couldn't have screamed louder.

"Is this one of mine?" The giant turned her in her hands, and Iris found herself face to face with the lich who owned the store. "It looks like it's my size..."

S-size? Wh-what are you talking about...?

Squealing, the lich snapped backward, her eyes wide and her face turning red. "Ah! I bet it slipped out when I leaned down to clean the floors earlier. I must have been walking about without a bra all morning!" She screwed up her eyes and covered her face in embarrassment.

W-without a bra? thought Iris, reality slowly setting in for her. Thinking back, she recalled the strange way her limbs had bent and joined together. The way her breasts had flattened out after they'd grown... A spike of horror stabbed her to the core. *No!* She couldn't be a *bra!* She couldn't be! It-It- She was meant to be a princess!

With a wail of embarrassment, the store owner scurried outback and, dumping Iris on a chair, set about undressing. Iris could only lie there and watch, terrified beyond measure, as the lich's purple gown struck the floor, exposing her gigantic bust...

...and the plain black bra that contained it.

“Oh,” said the lich. “I suppose I *didn’t* lose it.” She stood there for a second, examining herself in the mirror, adjusting her cups, and generally looking thoughtful. In the end, she simply shrugged. “Well, I guess there’s no harm in trying it on anyway!”

If Iris had still had a mouth, she would have squeaked in terror. *W-wait! You can’t wear me! You can’t wear me!*

Unclasping her current bra, the lich cast it aside, freeing her globular boobs to bounce and jiggle freely. Looking up at them, Iris trembled in terror – it was like looking up at a pair of bouncing mountains!

Snatching her up, the lich held her to the mirror and inspected her, stretching her straps and leaving Iris squealing even louder in silent terror. Finally, she unclasped her clasps and, without further fanfare, slipped her arms through her straps. Iris squealed as the lich’s body filled her—it felt as if a rod had been forced from one end of her body to the other.

The worst was yet to come though: even as Iris writhed in pain and pleasure, the lich pulled her back, slamming her breasts into her cups. To Iris, it felt like being smothered, like being crushed between the world’s softest, bounciest boulders. She would have screamed for help, but she just didn’t have the power.

Reaching back, the lich grabbed her straps again and, with much effort, finally managed to clasp her. “Oof, maybe it’s not *quite* my size...”

No matter how uncomfortable Iris was for her, however, it couldn’t possibly compare to how uncomfortable she felt to Iris, who felt like a common mule, crushed under a load the size of a small house. *Nnnn~! Nnnnnnnnn~! St-stop...! T-take me off...! Please...! I can’t~! Please, I can’t take it anymore!* Her straps felt as if they’d snap at any second.

The lich, of course, couldn’t hear her. Studying herself in the mirror, she adjusted Iris’s cups, leaving the former princess whining as her boobs filled her even *more*, and finally, seeming satisfied, stepped back with a smile. “It’s a little tight, but I look good in it...” She blushed shyly. “N-not that anyone is going to get to see me in it,” she added, snatching up her gown.

As the curtains closed on Iris’s sight, she struggled feebly to move, straining her arms against the burden they were carrying. The lich’s boobs couldn’t possibly have been heavier – she felt as if her limbs would snap at any second. *Please... Please...! You have to...!*

“Oh!” said the lich suddenly. “I need to get back to the shop floor! There could be a customer!”

And before Iris could even process what she’d said, the lich set off at pace...

...her enormous bust bouncing like Iris in her carriage. Up and down and up and down and—

Iris, forced to play a role closer to the cart than the passenger now, screamed inside as the weight of her new burden crashed into her again with every passing second, straining her limbs till she was certain they would break.

P-Please! Please, stop! ...Help me! Help me! Big brother...! Kazuma...! Anyone!

Heeeelp!