

Magical Girl Memorial (Food TF, Sextoy TF, Body Part TF)

The gathered mourners shuffled uncomfortably in their seats, tugging at their ties and smoothing down their skirts, as the speaker approached the pulpit.

“Dearly beloved,” she said, taking the microphone in hand, “we’re gathered here today to mourn the loss of three of Toshi City’s most beloved heroes...” She started to stroll from one side of the podium to the other, her enormous boobs and gigantic buttcheeks swinging and clapping as she walked.

“First among them is Aka Kurenai, better known to you all as Crimson Fury, the fiery red leader of Toshi City’s defenders.” The speaker came to a stop in front of a picture of a young woman with bright blue eyes and scarlet hair, captured grinning confidently at the camera. “Whenever Toshi City came under attack, whether by giant monsters or evil sorcerers, it was Aka Kurenai who led the charge against them. If not for her heroic actions, scarcely half of us would be here today.”

The speaker paused, flicking a glance at the end of the aisle, where a small squad of men in face masks and suits were setting up a projector.

“Unfortunately,” she continued, picking up the pace again, “it was poor Miss Kurenai’s courage that was to be her downfall... On that fateful day, when the Witch Queen came to Toshi City, she charged bravely ahead as normal, unaware that her opponent had prepared a trap to take advantage of her courage... Why don’t we take a look?”

She gave a nod, and on cue, the men in the masks and the suits started the projector. With a click, its beam swept over the hall, earning a series of murmurs and gasps from the crowd as an image appeared on the screen over the dais.

The speaker lowered her mic and turned to watch as well.

On the screen appeared an empty city street, stretching towards the horizon like a river of asphalt through a forest of skyscrapers. Three people stood in view, one red, one yellow, and one blue, and as the crowd watched in increasing shock, the first of the three charged towards the camera, her magic wand raised and ready to crack someone’s skull. “You’ll never get away with this, Witch Queen!” she cried. “You’ll never—!”

With a hideous *zzzap!*, Aka Kurenai crashed to a stop, arrested by a circle of crackling pink runes as they wrapped threads of lightning around her legs. Screaming, she shook, her eyes wide and her mouth open. Thick beads of sweat flew from her face, while even thicker beads of juice dripped from her panties.

“My, you’re ever so hotheaded, Crimson Fury,” said a familiar voice, speaking from behind the camera. “Perhaps it would help you to... *cool down* a little.”

A snap, and Aka Kurenai started screaming even louder. As the crowd watched in increasing horror—some covering their eyes and turning away in shock even as others stared

entranced, unable to believe what they were seeing—the magical girl gave one last cry of pain (or possibly orgasm) and froze, her skin turning a soft shade of pink.

“Aka!” screamed someone behind her.

In the light of the midday sunlight, Aka Kurenai sparked, sweating, as if she’d spent too long on the beach. And slowly, she started to melt.

Her clothing went first, her stark red corset and poofy magical girl dress pouring from her flesh like wax from the candle and dripping down her legs to pool around her feet as a thick puddle of molten cloth. Spiraling around her legs, it tightened and hardened, forming a large white carton with a matching plastic spoon.

The rest of her followed a second later, collapsing like a snowman in the heat of the desert and slumping into the bowl around her feet. Filling it, she formed three large orbs of soft pinkness, one resembling her head, and two resembling a slightly less wholesome part of her body...

As the former magical girl shrank to a more reasonable size, the camerawoman stooped down and picked the new carton of ice cream up. “Mmm,” she said, scooping a spoonful into her mouth. “Strawberry~.”

With a snap, the projector shut off. The speaker shook her head and smiled sadly. “How unfortunate,” she said.

The crowd stared at her pitifully.

“Alas, Aka Kurenai wasn’t the only one who we lost on that fateful day,” said the speaker, picking up the second of the photographs on the stand. “On top of the Crimson Fury, we also lost Ki Kiiro, the Golden Flash, the fastest magical girl in Toshi City.” She placed her hand on a picture of a blonde. “After seeing her friend and comrade’s fate, she had the sense not to rush ahead without thought for once. Instead, she opted to summon all her strength and bring down the Witch Queen in a single mighty blow...”

Her smile drooped. “Sadly, it wasn’t to work.”

She snapped, and on cue, the projector’s wheels started to turn again. This time, the screen showed two girls, one yellow and one blue. “K-Ki! Key, wait! Be careful!” cried the latter.

“Don’t worry,” said Ki Kiiro, raising her hands. “I know exactly how to take down an enemy like this!”

Lightning, stark yellow, crackled between her palms, and she grasped it and she stretched it, drawing into a great bow.

Raising her free hand, she snatched a fresh bolt of lightning from the air, nocked the bow with it, and drew back its electrical string. “Turn Aka back!” she cried, taking aim at the camera. “Turn her back, or else—!”

“Mmm, you’ve certainly got a lot of energy, haven’t you,” said the camerawoman. “Why don’t I give you a little more?”

She snapped, and another bolt of lightning, bright pink this time, flew from her hands and struck the magical girl in the chest. Ki Kiiro screamed, her body shaking as the extra energy coursed through her. In her hands, her bow and arrow grew even larger.

When the bolt finally broke, the Golden Flash trembled, struggling to stay standing. Her skin steamed like rice fresh from the cooker. “Nn~! You—!”

“Not enough?” said the Witch Queen. Another bolt flew from her hands, making the Golden Flash scream even louder. “No? You’d like some more?” She flung another bolt straight into the unfortunate girl’s boobs.

“Ki!” cried the blue-haired girl, rushing to help her. Unfortunately, she didn’t have much success—she might as well have been trying to hug an electric fence.

With a snap, the Golden Flash’s bow broke and fizzled out, and with a scream, she slammed her arms against her sides and shook like a rocket, her eyes wide and her tongue lolling out pathetically.

“Just a little more,” said the Witch Queen, flinging another arc at her. Ki spluttered and screamed, nipples poking through her top now, her pussy gushing like a fire hose, and her skin soaked with sweat.

Finally, in a flash, her clothing caught flame and disintegrated, leaving her toned, athletic body shining as her flesh turned liquid and started to run, her arms melding to her legs and her legs fusing together. Her head puffed up, swelling like a balloon, and stretching her expression of terror even wider in the process. “Nnnnnnn~!”

“Ki!”

As the Witch Queen stood and watched and laughed, Ki Kiiro continued to grow, taller, fatter, and increasingly phallic, until at last, unable to grow any more, she started to harden instead, her skin becoming a bright, gleaming yellow. Smooth, it glinted in the midday sooner.

“Nnn—nnn—nnnaaah—!” With one last cry of pleasure, her face froze, and with that, she ceased moving entirely and started to shrink till she was no larger than her own former wand. The final magical girl fell to her butt and sat there trembling in terror as the Witch-Queen picked Ki up.

“Mmm~,” she said, running a finger along the length of her giant new vibrator. “I’m going to get plenty of use out of you~.”

The projector snapped off. In the seats, the audience tugged at their collars and struggled to meet each other’s eyes.

“As it happens,” said the speaker, striding towards the first row. “I believe Miss Kihiro’s mother has brought her with her today. Perhaps she’d be so kind as to stand up and show her to everyone?”

Blushing, a curvaceous blonde in the front row sniffled and stood, raising the comically-oversized vibrator high, so that everyone could see it. For some reason, it looked a little wet, as if it had been run under a tap.

When she sat, Ki Kihiro’s mother slammed her legs tightly together and refused to meet anyone’s eye.

Meanwhile, the speaker returned to the dias. “Now, it’s time for the final and most tragic of today’s unfortunate stars: Ao Mizuiru, the Frozen Genius.” She picked up a picture of a meek-looking girl with dark blue hair and spectacles. “A prodigy beyond reckoning, it was Ao’s genius plans that were the bedrock of her and her comrades’ success. Alas, even a wunderkind like her couldn’t possibly have prepared for the arrival of the Witch-Queen. Let’s have a look at how she fell, shall we?~” She clapped, and the projector snapped back on again.

As before, the film seemed to pick up exactly where the previous clip had ended, showing Ao Mizuiru on the floor, trembling in terror as the camerawoman took an emphatic step towards her.

“P-please... Turn them back...!” She sniveled, tears pouring from her eyes.

“My, you certainly deserve your name, don’t you?” said the Witch-Queen. She chuckled. “You’re practically *frozen* in terror.”

In the crowd, some of the audience shared an awkward look.

The Witch-Queen took another step forward. “I wonder what I should do with you, my cowardly little genius? I would like to make you another frozen treat, but I do hate to repeat myself.”

“Please...! Please don’t turn me into an object! Please...! I—I—I’ll let you go! You can transform everyone else!” (Several in the crowd gasped.) “Please, please, just don’t transform *me!*”

The Witch-Queen chuckled. “My, you are pathetic,” she said. “You know what would benefit you? Spending some time with a more confident woman.” She bent downward, clasping Ao’s hand delicately.

Ao stared at her, eyes trembling with hope. “Y-you—you want to recruit me?”

“What?” The Witch-Queen barked a laugh. “No, of course not. I have something far lewder in mind.” And placing her hand on the back of Ao’s head, she thrust it into her cleavage.

“Mmmmpfh! Mmmmpfh!” As Ao squealed, kicking and thrashing, the Witch-Queen grabbed her by the arms and rather casually stuffed her between her breasts, as easily as if she were slipping a piece of cloth into a drawer. The deeper Ao went, the fainter her cries grew, but her kicking and shaking more than made up for it—by the time she was in up to her butt, even the Witch-Queen seemed a little startled by it.

“Careful, you’ll take my eye out, you little—” Grabbing Ao’s thighs, she squeezed them tight and hurriedly forced the rest of the magical girl’s body between her boobs. Soon, all that remained were Ao’s trembling feet, and with one last kick and a plop, they vanished from existence. The camera dropped to the Witch-Queen’s chest as it trembled and stretched.

And with a click, the projector snapped off.

“I was expecting her to only go to my tits,” said the speaker, cupping her boobs and giving them a good jiggle. “But a lot of her seems to have gone to my butt as well.” Turning, she stuck her ass out at the camera and wiggled it and shook it, looking back over her shoulder with a look of amusement. “Whether that will do anything to help her confidence, I don’t know, but it certainly makes me look good in this dress. Like, *damn* girl.” She slapped herself with a laugh.

“Anyway,” continued the Witch-Queen, seeing the mortified expression of the crowd. “I guess that’s enough of the whole faux memorial thing. You guys get the point: your heroines are defeated and your city is *mine!* That’s right! There’s no one left to save! So you better get in line, unless you want to end up like your heroes! Now, what do you say?” She raised a hand to her ear.

With much reluctance, the crowd stood. “Hail to the Witch-Queen...” They said, without passion.

The Witch-Queen snorted. “That’s what I thought.”