

Megumin's New Spell, Part 3 (Inanimate TF, Konosuba)

Megumin giggled as she stumbled into the mansion, barely able to keep herself on her feet. Slamming the door behind her, she collapsed to the floor with a gasp, grabbed a boob, and knelt there squeezing it, shivering at the pleasure slamming into her head.

After transforming Darkness and Wiz, the first thing she'd done was cast a spell to repair her outfit, replacing it with a tight red dress and high heels, perfect for a night out on the town (presumably—she'd never actually been on one). This done, she'd stumbled home, hoping to enjoy her new body to the fullest.

Just as she was about to start enjoying herself properly, someone knocked on the door—the same one she was leaning on. Megumin flew to her feet with a squeal of terror. Brushing herself down, she double-checked she wasn't leaking and turned to see who it was.

When she opened the door, it was the familiar faces of Chris and Iris that greeted. "Megumin!" cried the latter. "Have you seen Kazuma?"

"Or Darkness?" added Chris, her voice pleading.

Megumin swallowed. As it happened, she knew where both Kazuma *and* Darkness were. Kazuma was upstairs, sleeping off last night's hangover, and Darkness... She shifted on the spot, slamming her thighs tight together, and tried to ignore the voice in her head pleading with her to tell the truth.

"Um, I think they're both upstairs," she said at last, flicking a glance over her shoulder at the stairs. "Do you want to come in and wait for them?"

"Thank you, Megumin," said Chris, as the two of them slipped past her. "...Have you done something with your hair?"

Megumin's ridiculous new curves bounced as she flinched, rippling like jelly. "S-something like that."

As Chris and Iris took a seat in the couch, Megumin hurried into the kitchen, her heart pounding. What should she do now? Kazuma might come down eventually, but Darkness was never going to show herself, was she? Argh! Why had she let them in?!

"Megumin?" called Iris. "Are you still there?"

Blushing, she poked her head into the living room. "W-would you like something to drink?" she asked, trying to ignore the sweat dripping from her face. No sooner had the words left her lips than an idea occurred to her.

"Oh, a cup of tea would be delightful!" cried Iris.

"A drink *would* be nice," said Chris.

“As it happens,” said Megumin, a mischievous smile creeping onto her face, “I’ve just learned a new spell for making drinks. Would you like to see it?”

“Oh!” Iris’s eyes lit up. “I would!”

Still grinning, Megumin knelt on the other side of the table to them and raise her hands as if aiming them at its surface. An especially keen eye could tell where her hands were *really* aimed, of course, but neither of them had any reason to expect anything like that from her. Closing her eyes, she summoned her mana and spoke the familiar words of the spell.

And just like that, Chris and Iris started to glow.

“E-eh?” said the former, leaping to her feet. “M-Megumin, is this supposed to happen?”

“Wah!” cried Iris, flying to her own. “I’m all tingly! Make it stop!”

With a smirk, Megumin spoke the final word of the spell. Before either of her victims could get another out, they shot up into the air, their arms over their head and their legs squeezed tightly together. Raising their heads, they opened wide.

“Megumin!” cried Chris. “Stop!”

Beside her, Iris screamed. “What are you doing?! Kazuma! Kazum—!”

Megumin clenched her fists, and before Iris could get another word out, the two started to spin like clay on the potter’s wheel. Turning faster and faster, their features blurred and ran till they were nothing more than rings of color.

Licking her lips, Megumin tightened her grip, and the couple’s screams grew quiet as they started to shrink, crushing from human size down to something far smaller. As they compacted, their shape changed as well: Chris became a squat cylinder, while Iris’s head stretched into a long, tapered neck, ending with her open mouth. “Mmmphf!”

The two continued to turn, their colors swirling and changing as they did. Chris’s melted away by, replaced by nothing more than the green of her top, while Iris’s body turned a translucent gold with a thick ring of white wrapped around her middle. A dark fluid sloshed inside her.

Finally, the magic faded like smoke in the wind. Megumin lowered her hands, and the pair dropped to the table, their revolutions slowing. By the time they struck it, they’d come to a complete stop.

Where Chris had been sat a simple can of beer, green, and decorated with an image of the thief herself, giving the camera a thumbs-up and a smile.

Where Iris had been lay a large bottle of wine, golden-glassed with an elaborately-decorated label and a big cork in its mouth. It looked like something you’d find in the royal wine cellar.

Megumin rubbed her hands together gleefully. Rushing back into the kitchen, she procured a wine glass, returned to the living room, and plonked it on the table. Now, she thought, licking her lips, who should I try first?

She decided on Chris. Snatching up the can of beer, she gave it an experimental shake and popped the cap. As she raised it to her lips, she heard a familiar voice in her head. *Nnn~! Megumin, stop! D-don't touch me like that...! Nnnn~! Oh! Please, you can't...!* Megumin put it out of delight and let the cool beer trickle down her throat. It was delicious.

Planting Chris back on the table, she gave a tiny belch and snatched up the wine. After a moment of thought, she decided against the glass. Why bother, when she could drink it straight from the bottle? Popping the cork, she threw back her head and took a deep, long chug.

Even as Iris's contents poured down Megumin's throat, her screams slipped through her ears and made her tingle all over. *Megumin, stop! Please don't drink me! Please don't drinnnnnnnk me! Nnnnnn~! Ah! Oh, please! Megumin, stoooooop!*

Placing the bottle back on the table, Megumin exhaled a steamy sigh. Oh, was she glad she'd invited them in now.