

Subaru's Convenient New Curse, Part 2 (Clothing TF, Furniture TF, Toilet TF, Re:Zero)

As Rem and Ram marched through the hallways of the manor, Natsuki Subaru rustled like the lingerie he'd become. Wrapped tight around their bodies, two quarters cupping their breasts while his remaining half clung to their groins and butts, he could do little more than squirm and endure it, struggling to keep his mind in one piece as his body writhed in four.

P-please... he thought, as he entered the second hour of being worn. *Please, don't let this last for any longer...* He felt as if he'd snap at any second. Snap and lose what little sanity remained to him.

As the two of them reached the banquet hall and set about dusting, Rem turned to Ram with a strange expression. "Sister," she asked, "am I alone, or does our lingerie feel particularly soft today?"

Ram considered this with a frown. "As it happens, sister, I *had* noticed my underwear felt particularly soft this morning."

Beneath her dress, Subaru squirmed unable to believe what he was hearing. *Of course I feel extra-soft!* he wanted to cry. *It's because I'm a person, not just a cheap piece of cloth!*

Rem and Ram, of course, couldn't hear him. As far as they were concerned, he was nothing more than some particularly silky underwear.

"Perhaps I used a little extra fabric softener the last time I washed them," said Rem, thoughtfully.

"That seems the most likely option," said Ram. "It's not as if lingerie simply grows softer by magic, is it, sister?"

Subaru wanted to scream in frustration.

Several minutes passed in silence as the two dusted away at the trophies and around the suits of armor.

"Sister?" said Rem, at last. "Have you seen Subaru recently?"

"No, I have not," said Ram, somewhat icily. "Have you checked in the manor's garbage? That would be the most appropriate place to search for him."

Rem clucked her tongue.

After finishing with the banquet hall, the two split up, Ram continuing to dust the parlor, while Rem retreated to their quarters for reasons that Subaru didn't fully understand until they arrived. There, she threw off her uniform and stood looking at her bra – as the quarter of him currently serving as her bra – in the mirror. He could still feel the rest of his body, even the

half of it wrapped around Ram, but it was this particular quarter he had his focus on at the moment, especially when Rem raised her hands and cupped it, her touch striking him with a shocking thrill of pleasure. If he'd still had lips, he would have reacted with a gasp. How could being touched by her possibly feel so good?

"It's so soft..." said Rem, sounding disappointed. "Did it shrink in the wash as well though? It's so tight!"

Subaru squirmed, wanting to squeal – even now, his straps felt as if they'd snap at any second. *Probably because of your gigantic tits!*

Rem hugged her chest and blushed, pouting like she'd heard him. Presumably she was thinking the same thing herself.

In the end she simply sighed. "If only I had a bigger bra, one that was just as soft as this though... Maybe one of my other pairs will feel better." Stripping, she tossed him onto the bed and turned to look in her lingerie drawer.

Lying there, watching her butt wiggle as she worked, Subaru felt a familiar tingling. Belatedly, he realized what Rem had said and its implications. *Oh no...*

The two quarters of him present started to twitch, shivering and shifting on Rem's body as if someone had put a live current through them. If he'd still been human, he would have screwed up his eyes and gritted his teeth, moaning as they jumped and bounced and finally, as if they'd finally had enough, slammed together with what should have been an audible squelch.

On the other side of the manor, the half of him wrapped around Ram started spasming as well. The last thing he heard was Ram squealing in shock, and then that entire perspective simply snapped shut, like he'd closed the window on it. In the same instant, the ball of molten *him* floating over Rem's bed surged in size, growing approximately twice as large, for obvious reasons.

Bubbling, it extended a nodule of a limb and stretched it long. A second later, it produced another, and together the two of them curled back and around him, arcing until they almost met up. Meanwhile, two more nodules had sprouted from his top. Arcing overhead, they stretched as well, lengthening till they met up with their counterparts – on contact, they fused with an electrical tingling.

At the same time, his main body, the bubbling fabric mass of it, split down the middle and separated into two distinct halves, each slightly smaller, like an amoeba. For a second or two more, they continued to bubble and float, two formless masses of him, and little more. Then, as if they'd been struck by a hammer, they abruptly flattened out, reduced from balls to what could only be a pair of cups. A bra's cups.

This time, it didn't come as much of a shock. Rem had wished for a bigger bra, and so he'd become her bigger bra. What was there to be surprised about? It was how his curse worked, apparently. He could only hope he was actually big enough for her this time.

Settling back onto the bed, his body trembled and solidified into soft blue fabric, and with that, the transformation seemed to be complete.

Not a second later, Rem released a sigh of despair. "It's no good," she said, seemingly to the air. "I don't have anything better..." Just as she was about to give up, her eyes dropped to the bed, and him, sitting upon it. She blinked. "I don't remember leaving a bra on the bed...?"

Subaru flinched and struggled to pull away, but of course he could do nothing but lie there and let her seize him like the inanimate object he was. On contact, her fingers struck him with a stark blast of pleasure, but he had no way of expressing it, nor of telling her to stop. All he could do was squirm inside, squirm and hope she wouldn't actually put him on.

"Where did it come from?" she asked the room. When no one answered, she simply sighed. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to try it on, at least. It *does* look a little bigger."

And before he could even groan in despair, she slipped her arm through his straps, leaving him squealing as she stretched his body around her. It was a familiar feeling by now, but it was no less intense for it. When she put her other arm through his other strap, he wanted to break down in tears.

Tugging him back, she made sure her breasts were being properly held by his cups (They were – he could feel them. They felt like a pair of boulders.), and with this achieved, reached back and clasped his fingers-turned-straps with a click. When she finally released him, Subaru gasped: he might be a little bigger than Rem's last bra, but it wasn't much of an improvement. He still felt like a one litre tank filled with two, like he'd give in and explode at any second. The pressure was incredible.

Rem clearly thought so too. Turning back to the mirror, she bit her lip. "I guess it's an improvement," she said, cupping and raising him and releasing him with a scream that went entirely unheard. "It will have to do..."

As she returned to her dresser for a matching pair of panties, Ram burst into the room, looking red-faced and sweaty. "Where is he?" she demanded.

Rem blinked at her in surprise. "Where is who, sister?"

"That perverted piece of trash, Barasu!" cried Ram, sounding furious. "You won't believe what he's done to me!"

"Wh-what has he done?" said Rem, already sounding horrified.

Ram lifted her skirt. "He only stole my underwear!"

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Afterward, with both Rem and Ram properly reequipped, the two returned to work. Ram, of course, looked left and right as she made, searching keenly for a sign of him. Why she

assumed *he* was responsible for her underwear disappearing was beyond him – she didn't really think he was that much of a pervert, did she? – but whatever the answer, she was searching with the tenacity of a bloodhound. Fortunately, he couldn't have picked a better hiding place – Ram would never think to investigate her sister's breasts (outside of the lesbian sex he fantasized about them having, at any rate). Frankly he'd prefer to be facing her wrath: holding Rem's boobs was awful.

Despite his tightness, he had enough give for her boobs to bounce inside him, and they took this and exploited it to its maximum. With every step she took, her breasts seemed to bend their legs, leap high into the sky, and swiftly come crashing back down again, forcing his poor tortured straps to restrain their enormous weight. He felt like a dogwalker attempting to retrain a pair of rowdy pitbulls who wanted nothing more than to break away and go running.

Rem seemed less bothered than him, however, and Ram took no notice whatsoever. Whether they were distracted or he was simply playing things up in his head, he couldn't tell, but it certainly *felt* as if he were being tortured. With every step Rem took, he wished a little more for the whole awful experience to end. Why couldn't the curse make the one thing *he* wanted: an escape?

After another hour of work, they came upon the next awful milestone of the whole terrible experience:

"Phew," said Rem, stepping back with a sigh. "That was exhausting."

"It's certainly one of the more tedious tasks we've had to perform recently," said Ram, inspecting the freshly-dusted parlor. The two of them had been through it from top to bottom, leaving not a single speck of dust in their wake. The room could have been freshly decorated.

"I just wish I had a nice, comfy chair to collapse into," said Rem, with a sigh.

Subaru felt a twitch pass through him. *Oh no*, he thought, as his straps started to shake. Why did they have to keep saying this kind of thing?! At this rate, he'd have been every object in the mansion before the week was out!

"Tch, it looks like we missed a spot."

"Missed a spot?"

Ram pointed to the window, where a large and very obvious dust stain remained on the glass. Sighing, she grabbed her duster and leaned in, struggling to wipe it away, but the stain was too stubborn to allow it.

"Let me help," said Rem. Spitting on a cloth, she leaned it to make her own attempt at it, and as she worked, Subaru's body decided it was time to split the scene. Melting, he slithered away from her chest and down her back and around her leg and across the floor into the corner, where the slimy blob of his new form bulged like a balloon on the pump, growing rapidly fatter and fatter there.

“There,” said Rem, “that’ll teach it to stain Mistress Emilia’s windows.” Leaning back, she smoothed down her dress and frowned. “Sister, my, ah, assets, feel rather unsupported at the moment.” Dropping her cloth, she fumbled under her top and squeaked. “M-my new bra! It’s gone!”

“Gone?!”

Rem continued to fumble, searching for her straps like she was trying to give herself a back massage.

“It’s that pervert, Barasu!” cried Ram, looking around wildly. She held her feather duster like she planned to bash his head in with it. “There he is! Look, I can see him outside!” She and Rem practically clambered onto the windowsill in an attempt to look out.

Meanwhile, Subaru found himself ballooning back into human form, his arms and his legs reinflated. Before he had a chance to use his restored mouth, however, the magic of the curse slammed the brakes and switched out of reverse. Abruptly, he slammed to the ground, forced to sit on the floor like a naughty child. Just as abruptly, his head snapped back, swinging his gaze to the chandelier above, and his arms raised themselves, aimed forward at a fixed ninety degree angle, and refused to budge.

Even as he struggled to move, the inflation that had restored him from bra form continued, pumping up his legs till they crushed his penis between them. He would have squealed, but something similar was happening to his face: it was like it had been squashed under a gigantic crusher, flattening and rubbing his features till nothing remained than a messy blur of colors.

His fattening legs, still swelling, struck the walls of an invisible cage and came to an abrupt halt, unable to grow any farther. His arms continued to grow for a little longer before they hit their own limit, but where his legs had formed a boxy base, they became a pair of cylinders attached to his sides. Meanwhile, his face slid down his chest to take up a place between them, and the rest of his torso squeezed itself into a tighter, more cuboid shape. Much like the backrest of a chair, Subaru realized glumly. He didn’t need to guess whose wish the curse was granting this time.

Finally, one last round of plumping and puffing rolled through him, thickening his back and his face and his arms to make sure that anyone who used him would be extra comfortable. With that, he trembled and painted himself with a dark leather exterior adorned by a few lines of silver, and at last, his transformation came to an end.

“No, never mind, it was just Mistress Emilia,” said Ram, stepping away from the window.

“Sister, you really need to have your eyes tested. This is the second time you’ve mistaken someone for Subaru.”

“In my defence, that scarecrow was wearing his clothes...”

"Where else was I meant to put them?"

As they turned, the two stopped chatting to blink. "Was that chair always there?" asked Ram.

"I-I don't recall it," replied Rem. "But I don't see how we could have missed it. It's hardly subtle."

"I don't recall cleaning it," said Ram.

"Me neither," said Rem. "But it can hardly have appeared out of thin air."

"Unless Barasu put it there, after stealing your underwear!"

Rem shook her head, but she didn't argue. Approaching him, she stroked his arm and cocked her head with a frown, looking thoughtful. "Wherever it came from, it looks very comfy, regardless. And I *did* wish for the chance to rest my legs."

W-wait! cried Subaru. *Rem, don't! Please, I'm not a chair! It's me, Subaru! It's me! It's--!*

And with that, she turned, her fingers sinking into Subaru's armrests, and lowered herself onto his face. He squeaked as her asscheeks filled his vision, growing larger and larger, until at last, just as he thought it might never actually happen—

Squeak! Her buttcheeks met the leather of his face, and Subaru released an explosive (if entirely silent) scream, as the weight of her body settled into him. It was like being crushed by a boulder: a soft, floral smelling boulder. *Nnnn~!* He'd never expected Rem to weigh so much! How could she?! She looked like she didn't weigh anything! Certainly not as much as *this!* *Nnnnnn~!*

Ignorant of his plight, Rem happily made herself comfy, shuffling about and sinking her buttcheeks deeper and deeper into his face-turned-cushion. The farther she sank, the more intense the pressure. Soon, Subaru could only squirm, pleading for her to have mercy.

"Well?" said Ram. "Is it comfy at least?"

Rem wiggled a little, shifting her weight from one buttcheek to the other and leaving Subaru whining a little louder each time she did. "Hmm..." she said at least. "I suppose so..."

"Hmm. In that case, maybe I'll take a seat as well," said Ram.

"Eh? What do you mean?" asked Rem.

In place of an answer, Ram took a couple of steps back, and with a smug grin, leapt into her sister's lap, landing with a gasp from Rem and a squeak from Subaru's springs as the extra weight pushed Rem's ass even deeper into his face. *Nnnnn~! Nnn! G-get off of me...!* He would have burst into tears, if he'd still possessed eyes.

"Sister!" cried Rem. "Y-you're crushing me!"

“Are you implying I’m overweight?” said Ram, bouncing in her sister’s lap till Rem apologized. Subaru felt each little jump as a slap to the face, and by the time she finally stopped, he was all but ready to beg her permission himself.

Nnnn~! Please...! How much longer do I have to suffer like this?! How can it possibly get any worse?!

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Fortunately it wasn’t long before Rem and Ram remembered they had an actual job to do. Freeing him of the pain of their weight, they left him to suffer there in silence instead, unable to move or talk or, indeed, do anything other than lament his awful new state. What was he going to be turned into next? He didn’t even want to guess.

It was a good job he didn’t bother, because the answer turned out to be far worse than any speculation.

About an hour after the maids had left, the sound of footsteps came clapping down the hall into the parlor. “Rem...? Ram...?” called Emilia. “Where are you...?”

At the sound of her voice, Subaru’s lost heart did leaps in his chest. *Emilia! Emilia, please recognize me, don’t you? Emilia, please, you have to help me!*

Striding into the room, Emilia looked about and sighed to find the Help not present. “Where are they? I can never find them when I need them...” Her eyes settled on him, and she frowned. “I don’t remember this chair being here.”

Emilia, please! It’s me, Subaru! Your knight in shining armor! Please! Can’t you tell it’s me?!

After a moment, she simply folded her arms and turned away. “I suppose I’ll have to fix that toilet all by myself...” With that, she turned to go, leaving Subaru to sit there in despair.

T-toilet? The instant he processed her words, a terrible feeling welled in his breast (or possibly his cushion). The curse... it couldn’t possibly be triggered by a statement like *that* could it...? Could it...?

Even as he struggled to believe otherwise, pleading with the dark magic infesting him to have mercy, a familiar trembling passed through his form, as if every cell in his body were working up the strength to split and fly free. With every second, it grew stronger and stronger, harder and harder to ignore, until at last, with a terrifying *zzzzip!*—

—the parlor vanished, replaced by the smooth white tiles of Emilia’s personal en-suite bathroom. Heart pounding, Subaru looked around, desperately trying to figure out what was happening. It was like he’d appeared right in the place of the—

As if on cue, the tingling passing through him grew that much stronger, and unable to resist it any longer, Subaru started to change again:

First, his plump cylindrical arms flattened out, temporarily covering his face as they fused into a hard white lid. Just as he cried out at the darkness, however, they lifted, striking what had been his backrest with a *clack*, though by now it was changing as well, becoming thicker, whiter, harder and porcelain: not a backrest anymore, but a tank, a toilet's tank. He could already feel the water sloshing inside it.

Down below, his legs thinned a little, from a squat cuboid to a curving porcelain stand, rounded and smooth. As it bolted itself to the floor, he felt something wiggling behind him, tickling his buttocks with its cool, hard edges, and before he had a chance to wonder what it was about— *Schlup!* It forced its way inside him, deep inside him, leaving him screaming as it wormed its way through his form. *Nnnn~! What's happening now?!* It took him a moment to realize it was a pipe.

As if responding to his internal screams, his cushion-face promptly opened his mouth. And opened it. And opened it. Yawning, it grew wider and wider and wider, and around it his cushion warped, rounding out and deepening till it was practically hollow. He felt as if he were standing with his mouth open, unable to close it. Too late did he realize it had just become his bowl.

Even as he screamed in absolute, incomparable terror, a small silver handle appeared on his tank, and with that, the change seemed to be over.

Footsteps outside. "Now, let's see," said Emilia, appearing in the doorway. "Just where is that plunger...? I— Oh. It seems to have fixed itself. How strange. I didn't realize that was possible."

E-Emilia. Emilia! A thousand visions of what was about to happen flashed through Subaru's mind in an instant, and all he could do was plead in silence for it to stop. *Emilia! Please! You can't! Please! Please! Please! I'm not a toilet...! I'm your knight in shining armor! I'm...! I'm—*

"Well, I suppose I don't need to wait any longer then." With one last shrug, Emilia turned and dropped her skirt, exposing her ass in its tight white panties, its pale cheeks thicker than Subaru could ever have imagined. He could see her labia poking through the fabric, clearly outlined and even plumper than he'd seen them in his dreams.

Then she dropped her panties away, exposing her vulva in full, and the reality of Subaru's situation caught up to him again. *No! No! No, please! Emilia! Emilia—! Emi—!*

Her ass landed on his face with an emphatic splat. "Ahh..." said the target of Subaru's deepest affections. "Finally..."

Emilia!

A second later, something hot and very salty landed in Subaru's mouth.

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Afterward, Subaru didn't think of much. Once Emilia had wiped herself and left, he sank into the deepest despair he'd experienced since being reincarnated. Nothing – nothing – could possibly be worse than what he'd experienced today.

Or so he thought to start. As it happened, all the tea Emilia drank wasn't good for her digestive system, and by the time the day came to an end, he'd seen more of her rear end than he'd ever expected, even in all his wild fantasies of anal. He'd also seen a lot of what came out of it. And tasted it, too. By the time the sun started to set, he was really beginning to reconsider his attraction to her.

After one last round of explosive diarrhea, Emilia washed her hands and made herself ready for bed. Subaru, sitting there in a state of absolute despair, could hear her talking to herself through the door. "It would be nice if my bed were a little comfier. I really need a new mattress."

It was like someone had lassoed him. The instant she finished speaking, he found himself yanked bodily out of the bathroom and drawn through the air, sucked straight between Emilia's legs and into—

Just like that, he was lying on his back, supporting himself with all four limbs. Plumped and plushy, just like when he'd been an armchair, but spread wide instead of compressed. He squirmed, but he still couldn't move, of course.

Approaching him, Emilia frowned. "Strange. The lighting is making the cover look a different color..."

Emilia... Subaru could barely summon the strength to think, let alone beg her to stop. After what had happened to him today, he almost didn't care.

Grabbing his sheets, Emilia slipped under them, making his springs squeak as her butt sank into what had been his chest. He wanted to gasp – it felt like she was crushing him, but she was just so *soft*.

Rolling into him, she pulled up the sheets and settled in, rubbing her head into the face of his pillows and leaving him squirming beneath her. Despite the events of the day, he was still in love with her. And now he was sleeping with her! Or, well, she was sleeping *in* him, anyway. But that was close enough, wasn't it...?

With a sigh, Emilia leaned over and turned off the light.