

Secret Inanimacy (Various Inanimate TFs, Mild Corruption, Mild Futanari)

The spell slammed her through three walls before it finally lost its strength. The fourth wall survived her impact, though she still left a noticeable crack.

For a second, Sable the Witch Queen hung like a painting, her body half in the stone and half out. Finally, the crumbling masonry lost its grip on her limbs, and with one last groan, she slid down to the floor and lay there moaning, smoke rising from her beaten, battered body.

Ugh, she thought, struggling to wiggle her fingers. *Those Rainbow Brats really did it this time*. How much power of friendship had they hit her with exactly? She felt like she'd been sucked through a jet engine...

With much effort, she managed to extract her face from the carpet. *That's it... I've had enough of this evil villain shit. I'm going to become a lawyer like mom wanted...*

At the thought of her mother, she clenched her fist, heart hammering in her ears. *No! No! No, I refuse to do anything that old hag says! I'm the Witch Queen, damn it! I'm the Witch Queen!* With a roar of frustration, she resummoned her staff and slammed it into the ground. "I refuse to be defeated! Do you hear me, Rainbow Bitches?! I refuse to let you beat me!"

Of course, the Rainbow Brigade were three walls away and couldn't hear anything. And so with much grumbling, Sable marched back to the battlefield, using her staff as a crutch and whimpering each time she put her weight on her bad ankle.

The tickle of high-pitched, ultra-wholesome voices tickled her ears as she approached the hole in the first wall they'd launched her through. She came to a stop, her head cocked in curiosity.

"Great job, team!" called Sparkling Red. "I don't think we'll be seeing Sable the Witch Queen for a while."

"Not unless you're visiting the hospital!" said Burning Orange,

Sable grit her teeth and clenched her staff a little harder.

"Wh-what if sh-she's still alive?" said Lightning Yellow, shaking like a mouse. "Wh-what if she's just waiting f-for us to let our guard down?!"

Fertile Green wrapped an arm around her and pulled her into a sidehug. "Calm down. There's nothing to worry about." God, what a weird name. Maybe it made more sense in Japanese.

"Indeed." Freshwater Blue pushed her glasses up with a snort of derision. "I doubt the Witch Queen will be in any state to fight anyone for a while. According to my calculations, our final attack will have flung her through at least *four* walls."

“Yeah!” said Burning Orange. “So there’s no need to piss yourself again, Pikachu.”

“I-I didn’t do it last time!”

“You know,” said the pink-haired girl at her side, “some people pay a lot of money for that stuff.” Pretty Pink, the most famous magical girl-cum-streamer in Niji City. *And the biggest slut*, thought Sable.

“Are you selling that too now?” asked Orange. “Bathwater didn’t make enough for you?”

“Don’t be gross, Orange.”

“That’s not a no.”

The final member of the Rainbow Brigade stood at a distance from the rest of the team: Poison Purple looked a lot sweatier than her teammates, and Sable suspected it wasn’t just from the exertion. “I’d let you pee on me, Yellow.”

The conversation died instantly. As one, they all turned to stare at her. Finally, they simply shook their heads and looked away.

“Well, I suppose there’s no reason for us to stick around here,” said Sparkling Red. “Let’s head home.”

“Hell yeah,” said Burning Orange.

And just like that, she did something that changed Sable’s life forever.

Grabbing the gilded jasper at her neck, Orange yanked it free, and with a sound like shattering glass, the magical girl scattered into a thousand tinkling shards of light and was gone, leaving nothing more than an ordinary orange-haired high-school girl standing there in her sportswear. “Thank God, I was getting so sweaty in that outfit.”

“Orange!” Red looked furious. “What if someone’s watching?!”

Orange rolled her eyes. “Oh, relax. This is the empty building district. Who the hell could be watching?”

Sparkling Red sighed. “Yes, I suppose you’re right.” Grabbing the ruby around her own neck, she wrenched it free, and with a crash of breaking glass she was gone, replaced by a scarlet-haired schoolgirl with the pristine look of a class president.

The second Red dropped her disguise, they were all doing it. One by one, they ripped off their gems and tucked them in their pockets, shedding their magical girl clothes to become nothing more than a septet of regular, everyday schoolgirls.

Sable could only stand there, peering out of the hole and gaping in shock. *This can't be happening. All the spells I cast, all the effort I put in to finding their secret identities... and they just strip their disguises off right in front of me?!*

"Alright, let's move," said 'Red', or whatever her real name was. "Just in case anyone *is* lurking around here."

"Jeez, you're such a fucking stick-in-the-mud," said Orange. "No wonder you're Mr. Kyōshi's favorite. Hey, speaking of, will you do my homework for me again?"

"Absolutely not!"

Mr. Kyōshi thought Sable. Homework. A school teacher, clearly. How many high schools with a teacher named Mr. Kyōshi can there be in Niji City? And how many have a scarlet-haired slut like 'Sparkling Red' studying there?

Possibilities filled her head and threatened to overflow her. She could actually find them. She could find their real identities, catch them off guard, do *anything she wanted* to them.

Giggling at the images filling her mind, she slid to the floor and lay there in the rubble clasp the wall and laughing to herself like a madwoman. Oh, she was going to tear their lives *apart*.

Just as she was about to leave, one final, soul-crushing revelation fell upon her:

"Their hair stays the *same color?*"

Aki's tray clacked against the table as she settled into her seat.

The cafeteria rang with noise. Schoolgirls screamed and whined and burst into peals of laughter. Food sailed over the tables. Gunshots shattered the windows. Someone had started a fire in the vegetable counter.

"Aki!" cried Kiki, eyes widening in relief. "Where were you?"

Aki smiled at her. She couldn't take three steps out of Kiki's line-of-sight before the little blonde started to panic. "I'm sorry, I had to speak to Mr. Oshieru about something."

"Oh, yeah, I bet you did," said Mikan, running a hand through her short, ginger locks. "How much you love sucking his cock, right?"

"Mikan!" Midori's mastery of the 'angry mother' face was impressive. "Don't be so childish! Teachers c-can't do stuff like that with their students!"

"Oh, relax, I'm just making a joke."

"It's funny *you'd* say that, Midori," said Momo, without looking up from her fashion magazine.

Midori covered her chest and blushed. "Wh-what does that mean?"

"*At any rate*," said Aki, eye twitching in annoyance. "I'm not doing anything weird with Mr. Oshieru."

"That's a shame," said Saki. "I thought it was kinda hot..." They ignored her.

"Yeah, whatever," said Mikan. "Anyway, lemme copy your homework, Aki!"

"What? No. I already said no."

"Please. Please please please please. Please you *have* to. Mr. Kyōshi said if I missed another one, he'd put me in detention for a year."

"I'm not letting you copy me! Mr. Kyōshi will know!" She wrung her hands. "He and I have a good relationship – I don't want to ruin it."

"Are you sucking him off too?" asked Momo, archly.

"I'm not sucking anyone off!" cried Aki.

Unfortunately, this happened to fall in a lull in the noise. As one, every head in the cafeteria turned to look at her.

Aki sank back into her seat, as red as her transformation jewel.

"Urgh, whatever," said Mikan. "I guess I'll just skip class again. Hey, any of you guys wanna do anything fun after school today? Kiki?" She gave the mousy blonde's shoulders a squeeze.

"I-I'm sorry, I have some reading to do."

"Uhuh. Midori?"

"You're welcome to do some gardening with me, Mikan."

"Fuck *that*. Yo, Aomi, what are you up to this evening? Inventing a time machine, so you can go back and marry Albert Einstein?"

Aomi looked up from her book and adjusted her glasses, all the better to glare at Mikan. "I have a job interview."

"Seriously? *Momo*?"

"I have a stream to film. Also, I don't like you."

Mikan gave her the finger. “Well, fuck all of you guys. Maybe *I’ll* go suck Mr. Oshieru’s cock then.”

“*I’m* free, Mikan,” said Saki. “We could go on a daaaaaate.”

Mikan ignored her.

Aki’s knife and fork struck the tray not an instant before the bell rang. “Well, that was an enlightening conversation, but I’m afraid I have a class to get to.”

“Tell Mr. Kyōshi I died!” yelled Mikan, as she left.

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The wind whipped through the trees, blowing cherry blossoms from their branches, as Sable floated, invisible, to the window of the classroom.

It had taken her the rest of the day to crawl back to her secret headquarters and patch up her many wounds, but it wasn’t the pain that had kept her up all night, it was the *anticipation*. At long last, she was going to make the Rainbow Brats pay for the 108 times they’d beaten her – she’d make them *rue* the day they’d destroyed her first giant monster.

Approaching the glass, she squinted inside. It was hard to tell exactly what year these students were in – all the schoolgirls in Niji City had such big boobs, for some reason – but she was reasonably confident this was that slut Sparkling Red’s age group.

Speaking of, *there* was a scarlet-haired girl in the front row. Even as Sable watched, she raised a hand to answer a question from the teacher and, like the obedient student she was, stood and made her way to the board to write her workings. In chalk, since this show was made in the 90s.

Oh, yes, it was definitely Sparkling Red. She had the hair, the boobs, the obnoxious swagger that said ‘yes, Witch Queen Sable, I *am* better than you.’ Ugh! The little bitch! When Sable got her hands on her, she was going to—

Strangely, despite her suggesting they were in the same class, there was no sign of that annoying Orange. Perhaps she was playing truant, seeing as she hadn’t done her homework anyway. Well, not that it mattered to Sable. Untransformed and unaware, Sparkling Red was like playdough in her hands. It would be trivial to wring the others’ identities out of her.

Now... She licked her lips. How *exactly* should she do this?

Mr. Kyōshi had barely finished speaking than Aki raised her hand. “Miss Akasawa,” he said, “you’ve got the answer to this one too, huh?”

In her seat at the front of the class, right next to Mr. Kyōshi's own desk, Aki smiled with practiced deference. "That's right, sir." *As I had the answer to every other question you've asked in the last half hour.*

Mr. Kyōshi sighed. "Alright, up you come then. Show the rest of the class the answer."

With the faintest hint of a smug grin, Aki pushed herself out of her seat and made her way to the board. Class, as ever, was going perfectly. Not only did she know all of the answers, but she'd proven as much to Mr. Kyōshi and her fellow students forty times over. As president of the School Council, the Chess Club, *and* the Beatboxing Club, she had to set a good example, after all.

Grabbing the chalk, she started to write. They were studying equations today, and Mr. Kyōshi had picked a really difficult one for her to solve, but she was confident she knew the answer:

"...equals MC *squared*." She wrote the little '2' with a flourish and placed the chalk on Mr. Kyōshi's desk with a confident clack. "Isn't that right, Mr. Kyōshi? ...Mr. Kyōshi?"

With a frown, she raised her eyes. And gasped to see Mr. Kyōshi standing there frozen, as grey as a statue. The whole classroom looked the same – she was the only thing left in color and motion.

Magic, she thought, her heart pounding in her chest. But whose?! They'd smashed the Witch Queen through *four* walls – she shouldn't be ready to fight them again yet, so whose...?

She grit her teeth. It didn't matter. Whoever's spell it was, she had to put an end to it, and the only way to do that was–

She rushed back to her desk and snatched her purse from her schoolbag. "Where is it...? Where is it...?" She cast a pencil aside. "Where the hell is it?!"

"Is *this* what you're looking for?" said the Witch Queen.

Aki whirled. Sable sat in the window with her legs up, one arm resting on a knee, and from its hand dangled a familiar red jewel on a gaudy golden chain. Aki's heart stopped – her transformation trinket!

"Here's a lesson for you, Sparkling Red," said the Witch Queen, tossing the trinket and catching it. "If you want someone dead, make sure to double tap them."

A bead of sweat dripped from Aki's forehead. What was she supposed to do?! Without her trinket, she was just another normal teenager with attitude. "Y-you won't get away with this, Witch Queen. A-as soon as the rest of the Rainbow Brigade figure out what happened to me, they'll hunt you down and–"

"Assuming I give them the chance," said the Witch Queen, with a smile. "You must believe I'm very foolish, Little Ms. Red, if you think I'm going to mess up an opportunity like this. Oh

no, I'm going to slice your little group apart as precisely as a surgeon." She extended a finger – the nail gleamed like the blade of a scalpel. "Starting with you."

She twisted her hand, curled her finger. Aki yelped as she shot forward, yanked by an invisible chain. She came to a stop at the Witch Queen's feet, and with another simple gesture, Sable forced her to her knees. Aki fought to stand, but her body refused to obey her – it was like she was wrapped in chains.

Chuckling, the Witch Queen kicked off her high heels and stretched her legs. Running her hand down one, she came at last to the foot and massaged her sole, shivering as her fingers dug into her pale skin. "Ugh, the journey here was murder on my feet. But perhaps you can do something about it."

Aki squealed as her foot slammed into her face. "Mmmphf!" *Ew! Ew! Ew! G-get your disgusting feet away from me, you hag!*

Sable simply chuckled. "Now, let's begin. You're going to tell me what each of your teammates are called, and in return for such obedience, I shall refrain from peeling your skin off. Do we have an agreement?"

"Mmmphf!" *Go to hell!*

"An interesting suggestion. Why don't you give it a try yourself?" Sable twisted her finger.

With a flash of flame, Aki's uniform incinerated. She squealed, clasping her bountiful chest and struggling to cover her equally-puffy sex. "Wh-what are you-?"

The Witch Queen traced a shape in the air. Aki screamed as a scalpel of pain sliced into her lower belly. Looking down, she gasped to see a tattoo inking itself into being: a bright, pink, heart-shaped tattoo, whose curling lines implied infinite corruption. "Wh-what is-?"

The tattoo flashed. Black flames surged from the mark and swept across Aki's body. She screamed, hugging herself and shrieking, as their terrible heat burned through her. It should have hurt – it should have been torment – but instead the flames brought an insidious pleasure, as if they were a caring lover working his fingers over her body. She panted for breath, sweating all over, and grew redder. And redder. And redder. And–

Her coccyx trembled, with a terrible tingling, sprouted a long, pointed tail. Her shoulder blades shook, and from between them stretched a pair of tiny, bat-like wings. Her head rang, and she clutched it and whimpered: her mind was a pot, left to boil for too long, and in it her thoughts and memories bubbled away and were gone over the edge of her skull as froth. With every fresh pang of pleasure that roared through her, it was a little harder to remember who she was or what she was doing here. All she wanted was to bounce on a nice, rock-hard–

With one final bolt of pain, two curling black horns sprouted from her skull, and the flames went out. Aki, or the creature that had been Aki, dropped to her knees and lay there panting, staring at her red-skinned hands as they smoldered on the floorboards. "Ah... Ah..."

“On your feet,” said the Witch Queen.

“Y-yes, Mistress.” Her pussy drooled as she hurried to stand.

The Witch Queen seized her chin. “What’s your name?”

“Wh-whatever you want it to be, Mistress.”

Her mistress and owner chuckled. “How about ‘Demonic Red’? I think that’s appropriate, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Red. She folded her hands behind her back and rubbed her legs together coyly. “...Can we have sex now?”

“Later. First, I want something from you...”

Red swallowed. “Wh-what, Mistress?”

Mistress directed Red to her former desk, where a pencil and a sheet of paper already lay waiting for her. “Oh, just the names of your friends and their classes, please.”

Red released a sigh of relief. That would be easy!

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Midori Ryokucha hummed happily to herself as she strolled through the school garden, her watering can swinging in her hand while her gigantic boobs bounced on her chest like they were also full of water.

The school’s roof garden had existed long before Midori had arrived, but it had been left to molder ever since the exile of the Gardening Club. With no-one else interested in taking care of it, she’d stepped up to the role herself: as Fertile Green, she had a natural affinity for plants, and while she couldn’t use her magic without transforming, she still had green fingers. Well, brown, really.

Leaving the greenhouse behind her, she worked her way down the flower bed, a smile shining on her face as she poured. “Drink up, cuties!” She giggled as the water dappled the flowers like the faintest summer rain, trickling down the petals to soak the soil and nourish their tender roots. Her plants were like her beautiful green babies, and she loved them more than anything in the world. They were the only children she had left – her parents hadn’t let her keep Mr. Oshieru’s.

Reaching the end of the bed, she turned and strolled back to the greenhouse, already wondering what she should plant next. Maybe some lackadaisies? Some ettulips?

Footsteps on the school roof. Midori turned with a frown; she hadn’t seen anyone else up–

The Witch Queen Sable stood with her foot on the edge of the nearest flower bed, a randylion in her hand, its roots still trailing soil where she'd torn it free of the ground. "She loves me..." She plucked a petal. "She loves me not... She loves me..."

With a gasp, Midori's hands went to her mouth.

The Witch Queen stopped picking petals and turned to her with a smile. "Oh, hello, Fertile Green. I didn't see you there. Gosh, this is even such a beautiful garden you've got up here. I especially love the petulantunias."

A wracking shiver rolled through Midori's form. "Please. Please don't hurt them!"

The Witch Queen's smile grew that little bit wider. "Oh, don't worry, dear Green. I promise I won't... I need them nice and healthy for what I have planned here, after all."

A seed of hope blossomed in Midori's breast. "Wh-what do you mean?"

The Witch Queen wagged a finger. "Impatient, aren't we?" She cast a glance over her shoulder. "...Red, if you don't bring me that stupid gem soon, I'm going to spank you!"

"Ooo, Mistress...! You're so mean! Can't you do it anyway? I already have her emerald..."

As Midori stared, rigid with horror, a curvaceous succubus came running across the rooftop. Which wouldn't have been bad on its own – she'd seen the Witch Queen's succubi a million times before. What made it terrifying was the fact she had the face of Aki Akasawa.

"A-Aki?"

"Oh, do you know her?" said the Witch Queen. "Say hello to your friend, Demonic Red."

"H-hi, Midori!" said Aka. "M-Mistress made me into her slutty minion! Maybe if you're good, she'll make you into one too, and we can have hot lesbian sex!"

Midori clasped her mouth and wailed into her fingers.

"Oh, don't worry," said the Witch Queen. "I have something much more interesting planned for Miss Green and Pleasant Tracks of Land here. Did you find her jewel, Red?"

"Here, Mistress." And to Midori's absolute horror, she handed her Midori's transformation emerald. "She hid it under the big pot in the greenhouse, just like normal."

"N-no," cried Midori, all but sinking to her knees.

"Thank you, Red." With a smug laugh, the Witch Queen tossed it off the roof. "Now," she continued, advancing on Midori. "Let me tell you what I'm going to do with you."

The Witch Queen marched over to her, hips swinging with a motherliness even more extreme than Midori's. "Fertile Green," she said, bending down so they were face to bust,

“your powers let you grow and control plants, don’t they? But you’re also a healer. And that’s interesting to me for two reasons: firstly, because it means you might be able to reverse my work here today – something that obviously can’t stand. And secondly, because it suggests you have a very powerful life force.” She pinched Midori’s cheeks. “Which means I get to kill two birds with one stone...” She snapped her fingers.

Glorp!

Midori’s eyes dropped to her belly, which gurgled and groaned like she’d eaten a whole buffet’s worth of tacos. Churning, it tightened, tightened like someone had taken her intestines and tied them in a knot. She doubled over, panting and sweating, struggling even to make even a sound as a thousand jagged bolts of pain lanced through her.

With another glorp, one of the buttons of her schoolblouse popped. And *not* one of the ones covering her chest for once. Instead, it was one of the lower ones, one of the buttons nominally charged with concealing her gut. Unfortunately they weren’t doing a very good job at it anymore, and no doubt this had something to do with the fact she looked five months pregnant all of a sudden.

Midori’s jaw fell. A feeble whimper of terror escaped her lips. “N-no. No. No, not again! Not a *third* time!”

The Witch Queen chuckled darkly. “Oh, don’t worry, Midori. It’s not what you think.”

With a gurgle like a broken toilet, Midori’s gut swelled even larger, rounding into a fat sphere larger even than it had been at nine months. She clasped it and moaned, squeezing it and whimpering. There was no kicking from inside it this time though – instead, it felt like it was full of–

One by one, her buttons popped, allowing her swelling gut to spill out of her blouse. Even as it jiggled in the open it kept growing, picking up speed with the second, fattening and plumping till it was larger even than her pumpkins and still growing, till she could barely wrap her arms around it. Instead of the firmness of pregnancy, it was soft, and when she squeezed it her hands sank into her flesh – stranger still, her boobs grew, as if she were simply pushing its contents upward. “Nnn~! St-stop, please!”

The Witch Queen simply smirked at her.

With every passing moment, Midori grew a little larger, and the tension in her gut spread rapidly through the rest of her, leaving her chest groaning as if her skin were going to split. And it wasn’t just the rounder parts of her body that were swelling: as the stuff spread, her arms and her legs started to thicken out as well, and she ended up stumbling, struggling to breathe, as the weight of her swelling body dragged her to the ground. Finally, with a husky moan, she slipped and collapsed, making herself shake like a giant bag of jelly. “Ooo... Please... Please... Make it stop...”

A terrible *rrrip* as her blouse gave, followed by a pop as the bra beneath it split its straps. It didn’t take long for the rest of her clothes to follow: beneath their ruined rags, her skin shone

in the sunlight, glossy as plastic and slightly greener with every second. Midori's heart pounded faster than ever. "Wh-what-?"

"Did you think I was just making you fat, Midori?" The Witch Queen's smile threatened to cut her. "Nononono, I have something *far* more interesting in mind." She poked her in the stomach – Midori's bloated body sloshed.

"Nnn~!" As she screwed up her eyes and squealed in frustration, her body glorped again, forcing her arms and her legs apart with its girth. Like a human sack of sludge, she sat there and groaned, struggling to move her limbs as her swelling gut swallowed them whole. Soon all that remained were her hands and feet, sticking out of her and shivering.

"P-please..." Even as these final pleas spilled from her mouth, her hands and feet trembled and collapsed, reduced to digitless mittens, then to simple points like the corners of a bag. She moaned, and it came out so deep she sounded like a completely different person. Her altered body wobbled with the force of her sobs.

With one final whimper, like a gas puddle escaping the mud of a swamp, her head started to sink as well, disappearing into her torso with a resounding *plop*. For a second, everything went black, then, just like that, she was looking out of what had been her chest, though by now it felt like nothing more than another roll in her dumpy new body.

Her skin, already so green, settled on a nice, healthy shade of a viridian, and a band of black wrapped its way around her gut. With that, she started to shrink. By the time she stopped, she was a barely half her former height, if quite a bit wider.

"Almost done," said the Witch Queen, leaning over her. "Just one last finishing touch..."

The band of a black around her waist rippled, and the image of a happy flower appeared. And, in bright, bold white letters: 'Fertile Green's Magical Neverending Fertilizer!'

It took Midori a second to fully process what she was reading. F-Fertilizer? The word echoed through her head, deafening. *N-no. Nonononono! No, no, no, you can't leave me like this! Please! Please, you can't--!*

"Red, be a dear and dump this sack of shit in the greenhouse."

"Yes, Mistress!"

Aki grabbed her, and as Midori pleaded for her help, hauled her over to the greenhouse. As she landed in a pile with the rest of the bags of fertilizer, a terrible stench wafted up from inside her. She could have recoiled.

E-ew! Ew! Ew! Ewwwwww!

Taking a deep breath, Kiki Kikuma clenched her fists and poked her head around the corner. Clear. She was safe. With a sigh of relief, she raced down it as fast as humanely possible – given her short stature, this inevitably came off as ‘scurrying’ rather than ‘sprinting’.

Reaching the library doors, she seized them with a palpable sigh of relief, slipped through, and closed them carefully behind her. She didn’t need to lock them; no-one else in the school would come here after school. She was alone – safe.

At least until she had to go home anyway. Then her father would beat her with a paddle and yell ‘ネズミみたいに黙ってる! ネズミみたいに黙ってる!’ at her until she cried.

Creeping through the shelves, she found the coziest corner in the whole wide labyrinth of books, a mousehole within a mousehole, wiggled her butt into a seat, and pulled out her latest novel.

Just as she started to lose herself in the story, the creak of the library door yanked her back to the real world again. She snapped upright, her heart pounding in terror. Wh-what was going on? No-one normally came here after school. She was the only one! So who was it?

She chewed her lip, wondering what to do. Should she get up and investigate? Or should she just remain where she was and hope that they’d go away? She was pretty well hidden, so the chance of them stumbling on her was–

Footsteps onto the other side of the nearest shelf. Kiki froze, barely able even to breathe. What should she *do*?!

Just as she thought she’d explode from sheer anxiety, a book slid off it, and from the other side came the creak of the spine and the rustle of its pages. In the end, without any fanfare at all, the footsteps that had left her sweating all over turned and retreated to the door, growing quieter with every step.

Kiki sat there for several seconds longer, her tiny chest rising and falling with her breath. Finally, she swallowed. It was over. It was over. They’d left! They’d–

“Boo,” said the Witch Queen, right beside her.

Kiki actually leapt out of her boots. (They were school shoes, and they were a size too big for her – she had such tiny feet it was impossible to find shoes in her size.)

“Good evening, Lightning Yellow. Or should I say, Kiki.” With a terrifying grin, the Witch Queen picked her up and planted her in her lap – Kiki squirmed but she couldn’t overpower her.

“Let’s see,” said the Witch Queen, “where did you leave your transformation topaz, Kiki? Oh, that’s right, you left it in your locker, didn’t you? You didn’t think you’d need it here, did you? After all, this is your safe place, isn’t it? No-one can harm you here...”

Kiki tried to speak, but all that came out of her mouth was a wordless whimper. Before she knew it, she was wailing in terror.

"Oh, come now," said the Witch Queen, wiping her tears with a dirty napkin, "don't cry. I'm not going to hurt you, Kiki."

Kiki sniffled. "Y-you're not?"

"Oh, no," said the Witch Queen, stroking her hair. "Why would I do that when I can do something way more entertaining...?" With a snap of her fingers, she conjured a magazine. "Why don't we read something together, Kiki? Won't that be fun?"

"R-read something together?"

With a flick of the finger, the Witch Queen floated the magazine into Kiki's hands, and as she took in its cover, her eyes went wide with terror.

'ネズミ穴,' read the title, emblazoned in salaciously-curling letters over the image of a particularly buxom blonde. She was dressed like a mouse, and a man dressed like a cat was looking at her like he *really* wanted her cheese.

Kiki's face turned the same shade of pink as the woman on the magazine. "It's— It's—"

"It's pornography, dear," said the Witch Queen. "Haven't you ever read it before? My, I know you're the younger member of the team, but I thought you were at least past sex education."

Kiki wanted to be insulted by that, but the magazine's cover had burned itself into her eyes, and she couldn't think of anything else at the moment.

"Why don't we read it together?" said the Witch Queen.

Kiki jerked. "Wh-what do you want from me?" she cried, fresh tears already welling in her eyes.

"There, there," said Sable, leaning in to wipe them. "I want *revenge*, Kiki." She wiggled her finger, and the magazine flew open.

Kiki stared, unable to tear her eyes away, as the story played out panel by lewd panel: men and women in skimpy clothes or naked, coupled, entangled, thrusting, thrusting, *thrusting*. In that span of half a minute, she saw more penises than she'd seen in her whole life.

Turning the page, Sable frowned. "Oh, that's strange. One of the characters is missing."

Kiki stared. There was a white patch in half of the panels, as if one of the characters had been stripped right out of the magazine.

"It must be a printing error," said Sable, with a knowing smirk. "This chapter is supposed to be about him fucking a busty blonde in a yellow dress."

This penultimate word stabbed Kiki in the brain and left her rigid. “Y-yellow?”

“That’s right,” said the Witch Queen. “You know the type, the gorgeous blonde with massive tits who throws herself at the protagonist’s dick and practically pleads for him to let her ride it. Almost the opposite of you, really. Minus the hair, of course.” She gave Kiki’s a tussle.

A terrible inkling formed in Kiki’s head. Once upon a time, they’d fought the Witch Queen in a library, and she’d tried to beat them by bringing monsters out of the books. What if...? What if she could also...?

The Witch Queen leaned so close she could have nibbled Kiki’s ear. “I bet you’d *hate* to be a woman like that, wouldn’t you, Kiki?”

It was all the confirmation she needed. Terror struck her like her namesake and left her shaking, big tears in her eyes and her heart thudding away painfully hard. “Please. Please, not that. Please. Please, I’ll do anything...”

The Witch Queen smiled at her like she was the world’s most innocent child. “Oh, you poor sweet, stupid, ignorant slut.” And planting her hand on the back of Kiki’s head, she thrust her straight into the book.

It was like being dunked in water. Kiki flailed her arms, kicking and fighting to breathe, as the Witch Queen tightened her grip on her hair and thrust her in even harder. The instant her waist crossed the line, the world tilted. Gravity grabbed her and yanked her down, down through a swirling vortex of dark ink and color and into—

She landed with a squelch in a body that wasn’t her own.

The first thing that struck her was how small everything looked. She stood in an alley, just like the one Purple had taken her to that one time with the clown, but *that* had loomed around, larger and more terrifying than anything in the world. This seemed somehow smaller, if no less terrifying for it.

Well, most things looked smaller. There was definitely one – or two – exceptions to that rule and they dangled from her chest, jiggling with even the slightest movement. Just looking at them made her back ache.

A breeze blew through the alley in which she found herself standing, rippling the hem of her brilliant yellow sundress. She clasped her hat with a gasp and turned to face the window – automatically, as if someone had yanked on her strings. At the end of the alleyway stood a young man: a short, slender young man with long black hair that completely covered his eyes, though somehow she could tell they were roaming over her body.

She wanted to lurch back in disgust, but instead she simply stood there clutching her hat and blushing, as if the love of her life had ridden up on a white horse. As the young man approached her, her gaze drifted to his crotch, and she blushed harder than ever to see his

obvious bulge. Her eyes should have widened; she should have gasped in disgust. But instead, she licked her lips and slammed her thick new thighs together.

“So,” he said, approaching fast, “you came back, you big slut. Couldn’t get enough of my cock, eh?”

At the word ‘cock’, Kiki almost screamed in terror. *No. Nononono. This can’t be happening. This can’t be happening!*

Instead, her lips moved on their own: “P-please,” she said. “Please, I can’t stop thinking about it. No-one else’s is big enough anymore...” She tugged her skirt down – to her horror, her panties were soaking.

The young man with the long hair looked up at her and smirked. “Wow, you’re down even badder than I thought. I was going to take you to this cute hotel I found, but if you’re that horny, maybe we should do it right here...”

E-eh?! Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew! N-no! No way! I don’t want to have sex with you! ...Especially not in a gross, disgusting alley–

A moan escaped her lips, so loud as it silenced her thoughts. “Please,” she said. “Please, take me! Take me now!”

“You don’t have to yell.” He was already unbuttoning his pants.

As the monster tucked inside them flopped into the open, what last shred of self-control Kiki had managed to maintain vanished. *Sable! Sable, make it stop! Make it stop! Get me out of here! Please, please, get me oooooooooout! Get me–*

Schlup!

*

Sable slammed the magazine shut with a snort of derision. As funny as it was to trap someone as naive as Yellow in a pornmag, Sable herself was way too deep in the kink pit to get off to something so plotless and vanilla.

“Nnn~! Mistress...! Mistress! Please! Let me cuuuuum...!” Red hopped on the spot like she needed the toilet.

“I bet *you’d* love to be trapped in a pornmag for the rest of time, wouldn’t you, Red?” The succubus nodded so eagerly Sable snorted. “Well, too bad, because you’d still got work to do. Give me her gem.”

Red passed her Yellow’s transformation topaz, and with a flick of the wrist, she flushed it down the nearest toilet. A second flick sufficed to teleport the magazine and its unfortunate new star to the nearest hentai store.

With that, she made her way to the door and the next victim on her list. *Four to go...*

Aomi Sei's pencil skirt creaked as she shuffled in her seat. The other candidates had already been called in now – she was the last one left, sitting there in her uncomfortable plastic chair, and wondering whether she'd die of thirst before they had a chance to call her.

Adjusting her glasses, she took a breath to calm her racing heart. It had taken almost a year of prepwork to get this interview, a long, hard year of study, dedication, and practice, before she realized she'd picked the wrong guide and had to start all over again. So, two years really. Twice what all these other idiots would have done.

From the other side of the door came what sounded like a 'thank you, goodbye'. Aomi's heart hammered in her chest: it could be her turn any second, but her mouth still felt so dry. Would they offer her a drink once she was in there, or would she have to go through the whole interview gasping for one? If there was *any* way to ruin her chances, it was croaking like a frog.

Her hand went to her purse and the sapphire hidden inside it. If she *transformed*, she wouldn't need to find a drink – Freshwater Blue could make as much water as she liked. Did she dare though? What if her would-be-employers came out and saw her? Besides, she needed to pee. What if she drank too much and came back to bite her? What if? What?–

Where was her trinket anyway?

Eyes wide, she rummaged in her purse, but no matter how hard she searched, she couldn't find it. Where had it gone? Had she lost it? No, that was impossible! So where?–

The door swung open; someone coughed. "Freshwater Blue?"

With a panicked gasp, she leapt to her feet and rushed for the interview room – the mystery of her trinket would have to wait for–

The door slammed behind her. Aomi froze.

In the center of the room sat a simple desk, and in the chair behind it: the Witch Queen Sable, Aomi's trinket sparkling in her head.

"N-no," said Aomi.

"Hold on, I haven't even offered you the job yet," said the Witch Queen. "I know it's eternal servitude, but the benefits are amazing. How many jobs come with free dental care in *this* day and age?" When Aomi refused to respond, she snapped her fingers. "Sit down."

Aomi shot into the chair like she'd been magnetized to it.

“Miss Sable! Miss Sable!” A succubus burst into the room, dressed like a slutty secretary. “The Director’s on the line! He wants to speak to you urgently!”

“Tell him I’ll eat his ass later, Red,” said Sable. “Now—”

“R-Red?!” cried Aomi.

“Hi, Aomi!” cried the succubus. “I’m a slutty demon now! Want me to eat *you* out?”

Aomi turned to the Witch Queen with a snarl. “What did you do to her?!”

“What’s the matter?” asked Sable. “Every successful businessperson needs a sexy, red-headed secretary.” With a snicker, she plucked a sheet from the desk. “Now, let’s go through your CV, shall we?”

Aomi swallowed. “Wh-what exactly are you planning?”

“Who says I’m planning anything? You were the one who chose to interview with my company. It wasn’t mine when you stepped through the door, admittedly, but still.”

“Now,” she added, studying Aomi’s CV, “I’m afraid you don’t quite qualify for the role you applied for...”

Aomi grit her teeth. “You wi—”

“...*but* I might be able to find you a different rank in our organization. Nothing quite so prestigious, of course, but I’ll sure you’ll enjoy yourself all the same. Especially if you like *gossip*.”

She snapped.

Aomi flew from the chair as if she’d been *antimagnetized* to it, and came to a rest standing straight, her legs tight together and her arms locked against her side. She tried to move, but it was like she’d been chained; she could barely even open her mouth. “Wh-what is—?”

Sable snapped again. And just like that, Aomi’s business clothes vanished, from her jacket to her skirt. She gasped as her boobs fell free of her vanished bra. Only her glasses were spared, though that wasn’t much of a comfort.

Leaving her chair, the Witch Queen marched over and pinched Aomi’s clit, making her gasp at the pain even as her sex tingled.

The Witch Queen chuckled. “I had a feeling you’d like that. Oh, you’re going to enjoy your new life a lot more than your friends...” She snapped again.

With a crack like settling ice, Aomi’s feet froze, turning a pure, bland white. Her eyes dropped, widened in shock, then widened some more as the change spread like an early morning frost, turning her ankles just as bright as her feet. “Wh-what are you—?”

The Witch Queen planted a finger on her lips. "You'll see. You'll see soon enough." She gave her nipple a final pinch and stepped away.

As the whiteness spread up to Aomi's knees, she squirmed, straining to move, though the most she accomplished was making her rock a little. The change came accompanied by a terrible tingling, as if someone were sticking a hundred needles into her skin, and the closer it came to her exposed sex, the more her pussy burned with the pleasure of it.

When the change finally reached her sex, it exploded. Pleasure sped through her like the shockwave of a bomb, leaving her shaking and mewling as it overwhelmed her brain. Her eyes rolled back; a scream escaped her lips; her nipples grew hard; and her pussy squirted like a fountain.

But only for a second. An instant later, it cut off, frozen solid, and the gap formed between her parting thighs expanded, giving her vagina all the room it could possibly need and then some.

Her sex itself, so pent up and tense it felt like it would explode, trembled and expanded, disgorging a bright, silver pipe, while her clitoris stretched tall and hardened into plastic. She stared at it, eyes wide with terror even as she burned with the ecstasy of the change.

The transformation wasn't content to halt at her sex, however. Even as her pussy expanded, the change rolled on upward, and it passed her waist, it underwent an alteration of its own: now, instead of a harsh white, her skin turned translucent, and through it she saw not muscle or bone, but water, nothing but cool, bubbling water. She felt the horrible urge to pee, and with every second it grew a little stronger.

A gasp of abject terror escaped her lips as she realized what was happening. "N-no. No! Nononono! Wait!"

"Oh, it gets even better," said the Witch Queen.

As the change passed her stomach, an awful pressure struck her chest, as if someone had fit a hose to her lungs and started pumping. To her horror, her breasts started to rise, growing as full and fat as a pair of overfilled water balloons. Her desperate need to pee became even more desperate, and a second bout of crushing ecstasy struck her gut and went curling through her body to churn her brain. "Nnn~! Nn! Ah! Ah! Make it stoop! Make it stoop! Please!"

By now, her boobs had reached the size of watermelons, their skin hard and smooth and see-through, the pressure inside them threatening to tear her apart. She needed to pee so badly she could burst.

The change tickled her neck, making her scream wavered as it reduced her throat to a cylinder of water-filled plastic. She sucked in enough breath for one last scream, but it came out as an orgasmic moan instead, and that was the last sound she managed – a second

later, the spell froze her mouth entirely. Her eyes had only a few moments left to tremble behind her glasses before it finally finished them both off.

As her last shred of animacy left her, Aomi sank into a pit of ultra-sensitivity – her entire body felt like her clit, and her clit felt like a lightning rod freshly struck by a bolt. Even now, it continued to change, her pussy stretching into a pipe, while her finished hardened into a large, blue handle for it. With that, the spell finally came to an end.

With a clacking of high heels, the Witch Queen approached her. Aomi, trapped in her own body, could only stand there and squirm, struggling to pull away. She wanted to fight, to scream, but she had no option available to her. All she could do was stand there and watch as—

“My,” said the Witch Queen, “casting that spell made me so thirsty. Red, be a darling and...”

Red tore off her skirt.

“...get me a cup of water, you cretin.”

“Oh!”

Grabbing a plastic cup, Red bent over, placed her finger on Aomi’s sex, and pressed.

The pressure in her gut, so strong, finally found its release: Aomi screamed as water gushed from her sex, gushed in an endless torrent, and every milliliter she lost was instantly replaced by a hundred liters of ecstasy.

“Ah,” said the Witch Queen, sipping her cup with a smile. “Refreshing. Now, let’s get you in the corridor where you belong...”

“Thanks for watching! See you again next time!”

As her webcam snapped off, Momo fell back with a sigh of relief. “God, those fuckers are insatiable.”

For almost six hours now, she’d been showing off the perverts in her chat, bending one way to show off her cleavage, bending the other to show off her ass, and generally implying that if they met in person, she’d suck on their unwashed nutsacks. Not that this could be further from reality – she’d done meetups before, and she wouldn’t touch the fuckers with a ten-foot pole.

Leaving her chair, she tore her amethyst from her neck, and in a flash of sparkles, became her regular self again. If there was one consolation to streaming as a magical girl, it was that at least no one could recognize her IRL.

Turning her monitor off, she grabbed her pajamas and started to change. As she unbuttoned her school blouse, however, something clicked – she looked up and found her screen crackling with static. “Ugh, are you shitting me?!” Why was she always having technical difficulties like this?!

She hit the off button again, but it didn’t do anything. Just as she was about to start fumbling with the cables, the image returned. Only, instead of her streamdeck, it was–

In an instant, Momo was as rigid as her viewers’ cocks. “S-Sable!”

“Pretty Pink,” said the Witch Queen, smirking at her from the screen. “Or should I say ‘Momo Sakura?’”

Momo swallowed. “H-how did you figure out my identity?”

“Oh, I simply asked your good friend Aki Akasawa,” said the Witch Queen. “She was happy to help me, once I gave her a little prompting.”

Sweat slid down Momo’s face and landed with a plop in her cleavage. “Wh-what did you do to her?”

Sable stepped aside, allowing a second face onto the screen. This one was red with horns and big, cock-sucking lips, but despite that it looked terrifyingly like Aki Akasawa. “Hiiiiiii, Momo!”

“A-Aki?!” *Shit. Shit. Shitshitshitshit.* Where was her transformation jewel? Where was it?

“You should be less concerned about your leader and more about yourself,” said the Witch Queen.

Momo’s heart thudded faster and faster.

“Don’t worry, I’m not planning anything *too* extreme,” said the Witch Queen. “As a matter of fact, what I had in mind was a collab.”

“A c-collab?”

“Fufufu. That’s right.” She twirled her hand in a magical gesture, and just like that, her image vanished from the screen, replaced by the game Momo had been playing. Her heart pounded to see chat scrolling – was she live again?!

She took a second to catch her breath, watching the new messages flying through chat, and trying to figure out what to say. The Witch Queen’s words spun through her head, more and more confusing with each repetition. What did she mean by a ‘collab’? Was it a threat? A joke? Had the whole experience actually happened? Or was it some sort of stress-induced hallucination?

Chat's messages were starting to get a little worried now. Did they recognize her? Did they know this was her real identity, or did they just think she was some random—? “Hey, guys! If you're just tuning in, you picked a great time, because I'm just about to announce my latest promotion!”

Momo blinked. *E-eh?!*

“That's right!” She tried to stop, but her lips moved on their own. “This is my real identity, Momo Sakura! And I hope you've got the lube and tissues ready—” The words spilled out of her mouth as if she'd been waiting her whole life to say them. “—because your favorite e-slut is doing a collab with Niji City's sexiest supervillain: the Witch Queen Sable!”

At once, Chat filled with shocked messages. Half of them thought she was joking; the rest sounded more than a little enticed by the prospect.

This can't be happening, thought Momo. *This can't be happening!*

A loud *whoosh*. Smoke poured past her feet. An exquisitely-manicured hand placed itself on her shoulder. “Hello, everyone.”

At which point Chat *really* exploded.

The Witch Queen leaned closer, resting her breasts on Momo's head. She winced at the weight and the heat of them against her, but she couldn't escape – or do anything but sit there smiling gormlessly.

“Hello, everyone,” said Sable. “I bet you didn't believe my adorable little Momo here when she told you *I'd* be showing up. I bet you never expected her to reveal her real name, either. Don't worry though, by the time we're done today, you're going to get closer to her than ever, isn't that right, dear?”

“Haha, that's right, Sable.” *Help me. Help me!*

The Witch Queen traced a finger down Momo's chest to her nipple, where she worked it in a circle. Momo's legs twitched; she turned red. “Why don't you explain exactly how our collab is going to go, honey?”

“Okay, Sable! It's really simple! In a moment or two, I'm going to stand up, strip off, and show my body to your guys like the stupid slut I am! And then, once everyone's gotten a good look, Sable here is going to turn me into exactly a thousand fleshlights, which will be magically transported to Niji City's sexshops!” *No! No! No, you can't do something like that to me! Please! Please! Please!*

“And how do you feel about that, Momo, dear?”

“Oh, I can't wait! I'm mean, I'm basically selling my body already, right? That's pretty much what I'm doing when I show myself on camera like this. I know I've never *actually* had sex before, but that's only because it's hard to have sex through a camera, lmao. And besides, it

means my holes will be extra-tight for all my wonderful viewers' cocks, right?" She winked at them. *N-no. Nonononono! Please! Please, I just needed the money for college! Please, I don't wanna be sextoys. I don't wanna be sextoys!*

"Oooh, they like the sound of that last part," said Sable, pinching her nipple. "Shall we get started?"

"Sure!" Leaping out of her chair, Momo kicked her shoes off and peeled off her thigh-highs. *St-stop! Stop it! Stooooop!* Piece by piece, she removed her outfit, till all that remained were her scandalously skimpy pink bra and panties. She unhooked the former with a playful smirk, making her chat go wild as she finally flung it aside. Cupping her breasts, she squeezed them for the camera, and, satisfied at least a few of her viewers must have gotten off already, slipped her fingers through the straps of her panties. *No. No. Nononono. Please, not like this! Not like—*

Her underwear slid softly down her thighs and came to rest around her feet. Her sex, exposed, glistened slick and wet in the light of the screen. *No.*

"That's right, give them allll a good look at it," said the Witch Queen, pushing her closer to the camera. "This is what you're going to get to stick your cocks in, remember? Isn't it nice and inviting?" She slid a finger down Momo's front and inside her, making her whine. When she finally pulled it out, a long line of grool followed it.

"Now," said the Witch Queen, pulling back. "Ready to become a thousand cheap fucktoys, Momo?"

No! No! Nonononono! Please! Please, I don't— "Of course I am! I can't wait to be fucked by all my horny virgin viewers!" *Nooooo!*

The Witch Queen snapped her fingers with a smile.

It was like she'd stuck her clit in a plug socket. With a squeak, Momo snapped straight, her nipples erect and her sex drooling, her teeth clenched and her vision swimming. "Nn! Nnnnah!"

Her feet left the floor. Panting, she spread her legs, freeing herself to gush all over the carpet. She raised her arms over her head in a big stretch, like she was making a snow angel, and, writhing with the tension of the pose, started to shrivel. Her fingers collapsed into her hands, her feet sucked up her toes, and then her limbs as a whole simply crumpled like old socks. In second, she floated limbless, limbless and moaning as the pleasure grew stronger than ever.

Her head sank into her neck, into a torso that was already compacting itself, rolled like a piece of clay till it assumed the shape of a cylinder. She squealed louder than ever as her nerves overlapped and entangled.

On the floor, her discarded clothes turned as pink as her panties and bubbled, melting, before flowing into a single large puddle. Pooling beneath her, it rose, a spire of something

like plastic, and started to coat her changing form like chocolate. She gasped as it washed over what remained of her arms and legs, squeezing her altered body even tighter. Finally, it covered her face, and for the faintest instant everything went very dark. When her vision returned, her body looked less like her body and more like a thick pink tube.

In her tight, sticky shell, she boiled, hot and sweaty, her exposed vagina practically steaming in the cool air of the bedroom. If she'd still had lungs she would have panted, but as it was, she could only flex her labia, and only for a few final seconds before it hardened into plastic. *Nnn~! Nnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oh God. Oh God. Oh God, why am I so sensitive?! Nnnn~!*

The Witch Queen plucked her from the air and raised her to her ear. "How do you feel, Momo? Does your new body feel good?"

Nnnn~! N-no! No! Nnnnnnnah! T-turn me back! Turn me—AHHHHHH!

The Witch Queen smiled as she traced a finger around Momo's clit. "I bet *this* does, doesn't it?"

Nnnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! NNNNNNNNNAAAAAAAHH. Stop! Stoooooop!

The Witch Queen thrust her fingers deep inside her.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*

With a smug chuckle, the Witch Queen lowered a finger, and with a pop, Momo split in half. A second later, she split again, then again, then again and again and again and— At last, as she threatened to fill the room, the Witch Queen snapped, and the hundreds of fleshlights vanished into thin air.

Sable leaned in to the camera. "Enjoy~." With a click, she turned the stream off.

Just like that, the stream cut off. Saki, sitting there with her hand round her cock, froze, her heart pounding harder than ever. "F-fuck. Fuck. F-f-fuck." She'd really gone and done it. Sable had turned Momo into a fleshlight. A *lot* of fleshlights. And Saki had sat there and jacked off to it!

She took a deep breath. Fuck, she shouldn't be doing this. Even by her standards, masturbating to her friend's defeat was pretty low. But – urgh! – it had just been so *hot!* Chewing her lip, she searched for the vod, set it to play, and started stroking her shaft all over again. *Nnnnn~!*

As she approached orgasm, a stray thought occurred to her. How had Sable tracked down Momo's real identity anyway?

A pair of soft hands settled on her shoulders. "Enjoying yourself, Poison Purple?"

Saki froze, every inch of her body as hard as the twelve in her hand. "S—"

The Witch Queen clamped a hand over her mouth. "Don't worry," she said, "I won't tell anyone about your dirty little secret. In fact, I came here to give you a gift..."

She plucked her fingers from Saki's lips. "A g-gift?"

"That's right," said Sable, her voice sickly as honey. "Can you guess what it is? It's no trick, I promise. In fact, it's something you'll really enjoy..."

Saki trembled. F-fuck, it was making her even harder. "Wh-what?"

The Witch Queen raised her hand, and with a pop and a little puff of smoke, conjured a fleshlight. A slim, pink fleshlight with a very familiar pussy sticking out of the sheath.

A spasm passed through Saki's cock – a thick glob of precum splattered the underside of her desk.

"You've always wanted to fuck her, haven't you, Saki? Well, now's your chance. Go on." She pressed the fleshlight into Saki's free hand. "Go on."

Saki opened her mouth, muttering mumbled, meaningless half-words. "I-I-I—"

"Go on," said the Witch Queen.

Saki struggled to shake her head. "I-I can't— She's— She's supposed to be my friend...! I-I can't just—"

"She wants it, you know." The Witch Queen leaned in close, till her tongue was practically licking Saki's ear. "That's right, she's still in there. And she's *begging* for someone to stick their cock in her. It's all she lives for now she's a fleshlight."

Saki chewed her lip so hard she tasted blood. "I-I— I don't—"

"She's screaming for it, Saki. *Screaming*."

"I—" She gulped. Her cock felt like it was about to explode. If she didn't do something – anything – soon, she'd— "O-okay," she said at last. "O-okay. If-if— If you're telling the truth..."

The Witch Queen's smile couldn't have been wider. "Of *course* I am." She placed her hand on Saki's wrist and guided it and the fleshlight in her hand to her throbbing, precum-slathered member. Saki's heart leapt as its edge caught her tip.

"On the count of three," said the Witch Queen, raising her arm. "One... Two..."

Saki's heart thudded in her chest. "W-wait! Wait! I changed my mind! I changed my mind! I—"

“...*Three!*” And with a *schlup*, Sable slammed the fleshlight onto Saki’s erect dick.

Ecstasy coursed through her, hot as lava. Momo’s plastic pussy felt like nothing she’d ever experienced – none of the cheap onaholes she’d used in the past could even compare.

“Nnn~! Nnn! Nnn! Nnnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oh God! Oh God, please!”

The Witch Queen chuckled darkly. “I told you you’d enjoy yourself. Now, why don’t I help you along a little?” Seizing the pink fleshlight, she squeezed hard and started to pump – as its plastic lips slammed into Saki’s groin, it took all the strength she had left not to cum right there on the spot. With every fresh plap of the fleshlight against her crotch, the pressure mounting in her cock grew that little bit more overwhelming – soon it was practically painful. But no matter how strong the pleasure grew, the cool relief of orgasm never reached her.

“W-wait,” she said. “W-wait, slow down. Something’s wrong. Something’s wrong!”

The Witch Queen carried on pumping as if Saki hadn’t said anything. “Hmm? What could be wrong, Saki, dear? You’re enjoying yourself, aren’t you?”

“I-I can’t– I need to cum...! I need to–!”

The Witch Queen clucked her tongue. “And why would you ever want that? Cumming is when the fun ends, isn’t it? Wouldn’t you prefer to just keep edging forever...?”

Saki’s eyes shook. This couldn’t be happening. “N-no. No. Please, let me cum!”

The Witch Queen simply smirked at her. “I have a better idea.” She wrenched the fleshlight from Saki’s cock. What it revealed left Saki quaking in terror.

Her cock was harder than ever. Harder and smooth, smooth as plastic. Which made sense, because it had turned a deep purple too, exactly the shade you’d expect to see on a cheap, mass produced dildo.

Saki stared at it, every inch of her trembling. Except, of course, her cock, which was utterly frozen. “I-I–”

“What’s the matter, Saki? This should be a dream come true for you. You’re going to get to be a nice, hard dildo. Just think of all the pussies you’re going to get to fuck.”

She gave the purple rod that had been Saki’s cock a stroke, and a fresh pang of pleasure coursed down its length to batter Saki’s senses. “N-no. No. Please, just let me cum! Let me cum!”

“I think we both know the answer to that question, don’t we, Saki?” She snapped.

A sudden tension, like the tightening of a spring, assaulted her. Saki gasped as her whole body clenched, yanked towards her cock like iron to a magnet. “Wh-what-?!”

Her head dropped, dragging her vision with it, forced into her neck like the end of a crumpled can. Her fingers, too, folded into themselves, crinkling like a sheet of tin as the pressure of the spell forced them into her hands and from there into her arms, which creaked like the hull of an old ship as their shoulders collapsed into her rapidly shrinking torso.

A gasp escaped her lips as her head dropped another few inches. “St-stop! Make it stop please! Nnnnn~! And let me cum! Let me cuuuuum!”

The Witch Queen stood looking down at her in amusement.

For the next minute, Saki’s body crumpled faster and faster, her head and her limbs all crushed into her torso, which folded in on itself like a piece of paper, shrinking steadily towards her hard, purple dildo of a penis. It seemed ever so slightly larger with every passing moment. “Nnnn~! Stop it! Please! Please! Please! Pleeeeee—”

Her face scrunched into her chest, and with that everything became very dark.

When Saki’s vision returned, the world had changed, grown enormous. She found herself standing again, standing rigid and straight, unable to move her body even by a millimeter. Worse, the pressure of her would-be orgasm remained: she felt like she’d explode at any second. *Nnn~! Help me! Please, someone help me! I can’t take it anymore...!*

A giant stepped in front of her. Bending down, the Witch Queen seized her by the legs – or, the shaft...? – and raised her high with a look of amusement. “There, all done. A fitting fate for such a disgusting pervert, don’t you think?”

Saki could have cried. *Please... please... Let me cum! Let me cuuuuuuum!*

“By the way,” said the Witch Queen, as if sharing some passing gossip, “your friend Momo didn’t want to be a fleshlight at all. As anyone who wasn’t a cum-brained imbecile should have known from the start. For that matter, she absolutely hated being fucked by you. For her, it was the worst experience of her life.”

N-no. No. Nonono. Please...!

“Well,” said the Witch Queen, “I’ve got to be going. I’ll leave you two to enjoy yourselves, shall I?”

As Saki pleaded for her to stop, she raised them both, aimed Saki’s tip at Momo’s exposed hole, and with a final smirk of amusement—

Schlup!

Nnnnnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oh God! Oh God! Make it stop! Make it stop! Buried deep in Momo’s cunt, Saki could only scream in denied pleasure. Let me cum! Let me cuuuuuuum!

The Witch Queen snorted; the world spun. They landed with a thunk in the waste bin and lay there amid the stained tissues, pleading for a release that would never come.

Mikan was late for school again. She'd stayed up till six in the morning gaming and only woken from the little sleep she had gotten because her mom had kicked down the door and threatened to throttle her.

Reaching her homeroom, she glanced through the windows and frowned – it didn't look as if any of the others was present today. Scowling, she turned and marched her way back up the corridor – there was no way *she* was going to class if everyone else had skipped it.

As she ambled onto the racetrack, kicking a glob of earth over the track, she wondered whether she should be a little more worried than she was. It wasn't like the others to skip school, and for them all to do it at once? What if something had happened? What if the Rainbow Brigade had been called to an emergency, and she'd missed it 'cos she was dead asleep after her late night gaming session? They could be fighting some big monster now, and who knew if they'd ever beat it without Burning Orange's help? She was the most powerful member of the team!

She came to a stop, scanning the horizon. Well, okay, it didn't *look* like there were any giant monsters in Niji City at the moment. But there were other things the Rainbow Brigade could be fighting. Small monsters! Or Pope Satan! Captain Shipwreck! Ooooooor the Witch Queen! No, wait, she'd been thrown through four walls – there was no way *she* could be up to anything at the moment.

...Maybe they'd all just really, *really* needed the toilet?

As she worked through this conundrum, something landed with a soft thud behind her. She turned, wondering if one of the others had flown back to find her–

–and froze as she came face to face with the Witch Queen. “S-Sable!”

“In the flesh~.”

Mikan stumbled back, her heart pounding faster with the second. Her transformation jewel was in her purse. If she could just get a second to open it up and–

A beam of light shot through her purse's straps – it tumbled. As she yelped in shock, a second beam struck it dead-center, and with a bang it exploded, throwing her make-up and cash and burning scraps of pleather everywhere. Her transformation jewel sailed across the track and *clink-clink-clink'd* to a stop twenty or more meters away. She swore. “You bitch!”

“How rude,” said Sable. “I make a miraculous recovery, and instead of congratulating me, you insult me!”

“Where are the others?” Mikan clenched her fists. “What have you done to them?”

The Witch Queen smiled. "In retrospect, perhaps I should have brought one of them with me, to show you." She clucked her tongue. "Oh well. Suffice to say, they're all exactly where they deserve to be."

Mikan paled. "What the fuck does that mean?!"

The Witch Queen strolled towards her, hips sashaying – seeing the swell of her thighs between her dress and her stockings, Mikan couldn't help but blush. "You know," said Sable, looking down at the racetrack. "It's been such a long time since I visited a racetrack like this."

"I bet it has, you old hag."

"I'm 25!" Sable coughed and recollected her composure. "I'd almost like to try running again, you know."

"Well, why don't you, you fat fucking bitch?!" Mikan flicked a glance over her shoulder. Her jewel wasn't that far away. If she could just back up enough...

Sable's eye twitched. "There's just one thing stopping me... I don't have any sneakers."

Mikan snorted. "So what? All that magic, and you can't find the spare change for a pair of shoes?" She took another couple of steps back, her heart thudding in her ears.

In place of an answer, the Witch Queen simply smiled at her. "I'm glad that you mentioned my magic, dear Orange. As it happens, my incredible powers of transmutations mean I no longer have to buy shoes. I can simply make them myself. From whatever material happens to be available."

She took a step forward; instinctively, Mikan took another step back, a bead of sweat sliding from her brow. "O-oh yeah?"

The Witch Queen's smile grew wider and wider. "Can you guess what color I'd like my new sneakers to be, dear Orange?"

It took Mikan a second to understand what she meant. Realization, when it set in, was like an icicle to the stomach. Sweat flying from her face, she turned and ran. Her transformation jewel was maybe ten meters away now – if she could just reach it, she could–

The Witch Queen's spell slammed into her back and threw her from her feet, sending her flying across the track. Striking it with a gasp, she hissed at her scrapes and struggled to stand, but she'd barely gotten to her knees than all the strength went out of her limbs.

A high heel cracked into the base of her spine, forcing her back to the floor again. Lying there, she squirmed, scrabbling to pull herself out, but she just wasn't strong enough. Her nails burned where they dug into the track.

“You know, I’m in a merciful mood at the moment,” said Sable. “So I’ll give you a choice: which holes would you like me to put my feet in?”

Mikan squirmed. “F-fuck you!”

“Mouth and anus it is,” said the Witch Queen. She twisted her finger.

Mikan gasped as her limbs snapped outward, curling and flexing like her bones had turned to rubber. As she stared, her fingers turned the brightest shade of white and twined together, and her arms and legs thinned out, leaving her legwear to fall to the ground, empty. Just like that, her limbs were gone, replaced by four giant laces. “N-no!”

The Witch Queen snapped.

“Gluck!” Mikan’s eyes opened wide: only slightly less wide than her mouth, which seemed to be wrapped around a giant, invisible sausage. Eyes shaking in shock, she struggled to spit it out, but it was like her jaw was locked – she just couldn’t close it.

And just as she thought things couldn’t get any worse, a second sausage slammed between her buttcheeks. Despite her gag, she managed a squeak.

As her captor chuckled in amusement, the two rods wiggled their way deep inside her, forcing her throat and her rectum wide, wide around them, stretching her poor, abused form till she felt like she’d split at any second. Where the process ended, an awful hollowness replaced them, leaving her wishing desperately for something to fill her.

At the same time, her flesh continued to change: beneath her clothes, her skin had taken on the same shade of orange as her hair, and with every passing moment, it seemed a little thicker, a little tougher, a little less like a human epidermis and a little more like a sneaker’s fake leather. She whimpered.

“Tch,” said Sable. “Let’s get those rags off you.” She jerked her hand, and Mikan’s school uniform tore off her as if yanked and sailed away on the breeze. She gasped as the cool autumn air slapped her exposed backside.

The Witch Queen’s heel slammed back into the base of Mikan’s spine, and with a terrible pop, she split in half. Squealing, she struggled to look back, but instead of the blood and guts she’d expected to see spilling over the floor, her lower half was capped in smooth white rubber. Like the sole of a sneaker.

She thrashed harder than ever.

Now the Witch Queen released her, and with a smug flick of the finger, lifted her into the air. Floating in two halves, Mikan fought to keep squirming, but with every passing moment, movement became that little bit harder. “Nnn~!”

Her stomach and her hips stretched till their rubberized ends took on a slightly more foot-like shape, while her torso and her legs flowed forward to form the natural slope of a shoe.

Meanwhile, her head snapped back, aiming her open mouth at the sky, and her buttocks twisted too, till her well-stretched anus was bared wide at the heavens as well. A searing, splitting pleasure tore through her.

Her head sloughed into her torso, folded out of existence by her rapidly growing mouth, while her anus did something similar to her lower half. An awful emptiness passed through her as her throat and her rectum finished hollowing her out, making space in her for the feet that were to fill her.

Finally, the world around her started to grow. With every second it loomed larger and larger, until at last her panicked mind reached a terrifying realization: she was shrinking.

She lost almost every inch of her height in the end; by the time she finally stopped, she was no larger than, appropriately enough, a pair of normal sneakers. Falling to the floor, she lay there and twitched, pleading inside for someone to come and save her. *Aki! Momo! Midori! Please! Someone! Anyone! Heeeelp!*

A dark chuckling caught her ears; a shadow fell over her. Looking up, she saw the Witch Queen, gigantic, the smile on her face terrifying beyond measure. "Perfect," she said, kicking off her high heels. "Now, why don't I try you on...?"

Mikan screamed.

Wrenching half of her into the air – her upper half, the part bearing her mouth – the Witch Queen slipped her fingers inside her, spread her mouth as far apart as it would go, and as Mikan squealed, force fed her her foot as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Nnnnnah! Ah! Ah! G-get it out of me! Get it out! The farther into her the Witch Queen wiggled her foot, the more Mikan could taste of the disgusting woman's sweat, of the dirt between her toes and scrawled over her sole. *G-get it out!* Worse than her disgust was the strange heat that accompanied it: having the Witch Queen's foot in her mouth felt like having the world's largest dildo buried deep in her– *Nnnnnah~!*

Even as she screamed for mercy, her captor placed her on the floor. It was like taking a smack to the entire front of her body. Mikan's boobs burned, her nipples tingling, and her pussy caught fire, set alight with desire. She screamed even louder.

Chuckling to herself, the Witch Queen slipped her other foot into Mikan's other half, the one whose mouth was her anus, and it felt almost exactly as you'd expect:

Nnnnnah! Nnnnnnah! Get out of me! Get oooooout! Get– Her other half slammed into the track with a smack.

"There," said the Witch Queen, tying her laces with a flick of the finger. "Now, let's break you in a little. A few laps should do it."

N-no...! Wait! Don't–!

Smack! Smack. Smacksmacksmacksmacksmack...

Mikan screamed as her face met the track.

**

By the time Sable had run out of stamina, her unfortunate shoes had run out of sanity. Burning Orange's thoughts had broken up, scrambled, reduced to an endless, incomprehensible whine for mercy.

Demonic Red, who'd been watching from behind a flagpole, hurried forward as the Witch Queen peeled the sodden sneakers off her feet.

Shaking the sweat off, she tossed them to her. "Give them a sniff. I imagine you'll appreciate that."

Red squealed in delight. "Oh! Yes, Mistress!" Snatching Orange up, she buried her nose in them and sniffed, deep, enjoying the delightful scent of her Mistress's sweaty feet.

"Now," continued the Witch Queen, wiping the sweat from her brow with an innocent handkerchief, "I suppose the only thing left is what to do with you, pet."

Demonic Red dropped Orange to scramble over, drooling from at least two holes. "I'm yours to do with as you please, Mistress."

Mistress rolled her eyes. "Yes, I'm aware. But I already have several succubi pets, so I think the most amusing thing to do would be..." She snapped.

Black flames washed over Demonic Red's body. And just like that, Aki Akasawa was herself again. She stared at herself, eyes wide, jaw gaping. "I—"

The memories of the day surged from the depths of her brain and washed through her, turned foul with her restoration: Midori, moaning as she crumpled; Kiki, screaming as she slipped into her book; Mikan... Mikan! Screaming, she seized her head and collapsed, wailing in horror. "No! No! You—"

The Witch Queen smiled. "Oh, are you remembering all the fun times we had together?" She kicked half of Mikan at her. "Did you enjoy her smell?"

Aki fell, sobbing, to the floor.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said the Witch Queen, leaning over her. "Where's that heroic second wind of yours, Sparkling Red? Aren't you supposed to stand up, raise your fist, and tell me how evil will never triumph? I thought you were supposed to be the shining example of a magical girl, but it seems like you're just a normal teenage girl..."

"T-turn them back," said Aki, between her sniffles. "Please. You can do anything you like with me. Just turn them back."

The Witch Queen tapped her chin in thought. “Well, that *is* an intriguing offer. Or it would be, if you weren’t totally in my power already. Why would I trade you for your friends, when I already have all seven of you? Come now, Red, you’re smarter than that. You have to know there’s no way you’re going to negotiate your way out of this.”

Aki simply knelt there and stared at her, big tears in her eyes. It couldn’t end like this. It couldn’t.

“I will give you a choice of sorts, however...” Bending down, the Witch Queen wrapped her hand around Aki’s chin and squeezed. “I’ll turn your friends back... *If* you all agree to become my brand new succubi minions...”

The seed of hope that had sprouted in Aki’s chest wilted and died instantly.

“You know exactly what *that* will be like, of course,” said Sable. Reduced to a brainless slut, all your darkest passions and desires given free reign. Molded into my adorable little minions, incapable of resisting any order I give, no matter how evil. I could make you conquer this city for me, you know. I could even make you my enforcers, send you out to whip all those disgusting mortals into submission for me. And you’d have to know, of course, that it was your own choice, that you’d agreed to it in full knowledge, and all because you were too afraid of the alternative. Oh, and speaking of...”

She leaned in; Aki pulled back, tears pouring from her eyes. “The alternative, of course, is that I little all your stupid slutty friends exactly as they are. As objects, like this poor pair of sneakers. And I leave them like that forever. Forever, with *no* possibility of *ever* being turned back. Oh, and of course, I’ll transform you to match them. I already have the object in mind.” She winked; Aki flinched.

“What do you think, Red? Does spending the rest of your life trapped in your own body, unable to move or speak or do *anything* to stop the endless tortures that will afflict you appeal? Or would you prefer to sell your souls to my devilish little self, even if it means condemning your poor Niji City in the process? And I promise, you would be condemning it. I’m going to have your rake those bastards over the coals.”

Aki stared at her, trembling. The images the Witch Queen had conjured danced in her mind, threatening to overwhelm her. She wanted nothing more than to cover her eyes and cry. She couldn’t— She couldn’t—

“Well?” said the Witch Queen, raising an eyebrow.

Aki sniffled. “I... I...” She swallowed. “I... I’ll do it. I’ll do it.” She wiped her eyes with her sleeve. “Please, just turn them back! Please, we’ll be your minions! W-we’ll fight with you! Please, anything but being—” Her eyes flicked to Mikan. “A-anything but *that*.”

Sable stared at her, blinking. “Wait, really?”

Aki cowered. “I—”

“Are you *shitting* me?!” Grabbing her by the hair, Sable wrenched her to her feet with a snarl. “All those pretty fucking speeches, and you give up just like that?! You disgusting little *hypocrite*!” She flung her aside with a snarl. “Being an object is too *good* for you! Oh no, I’m going to *really* make you suffer!”

Horror lanced Aki’s gut. She raised her arms to shield her face. “N-no! Please! I didn’t– I didn’t mean to–!”

Chuckling, the Witch Queen snapped again, and like a piece of paper in the hands of a frustrated student, Aki crumpled: her arms stretched wide, her legs matched them, and with that they folded in on themselves as she crumpled into a ball. Head smushed against her own generous breasts, she squealed, struggling to pull free, but it was like she’d been smushed by the hands of a giant – no matter how hard she struggled, she just couldn’t resist, and with every moment, the giant tightened his grip, squeezing her smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller and–

Another snap. Aki spun; she came to a stop lying on her back with her sex aimed at the ceiling, and her clitoris tingled like it had been struck by lightning. Pleasure unlike anything she’d ever felt shot through her, scorching, and her clit twitched even harder and stretched, stretched long and tall and thin. Aki screamed.

“Can you guess what you’re going to become?” asked Sable. “Since you’re such a teacher’s pet, I think it’s only appropriate. Of course, once he’s done with you, maybe ‘Red’ won’t be the most appropriate color...”

Aki’s hair stretched and started to curl around her, wrapping her pale, contorted flesh in a skin of a sharp redness. It covered her buttocks, her back, her arms and her legs. And finally, it reached her head.

The last thing Aki saw was the Witch Queen’s sadistic smile. With that, everything went dark.

The classroom door creaked as he pushed it open.

Well, here he was again, back in the classroom. Time for another hard day of whipping passionate youths into obedient office drones~! Mr. Kyōshi sighed as he trudged towards his desk.

Tossing his coat over the back of his chair, he went to take a seat and paused, frowning. Where had–?

Frowning, he picked the apple up and turned it around in his hand, inspecting its bright red skin as it glinted in the early morning sunlight. *Where did this come from?* He supposed Ms. Akasawa must have put it there – she was such a teacher’s pet sometimes – but it was unusual for her to be in so early. Then again, perhaps she had some extra work to do in the library – she’d always been such a dutiful student.

He rubbed it on his shirt till it was nice and shiny and bright, and to the rumbling of his stomach, raised it to his lips. When he went to take a bite, however, something stopped him. He cocked his head. Had he heard something?

A pair of his colleagues strolled past the classroom, their chatter like thunder in these early-morning hours.

He shrugged. Perhaps not.

...Crunch!

Ooo, it's a juicy one~.