

The Sea Witch's Treasure (Inanimate TF, One Piece)

The map rustled in Nami's hands as she led them across the beach, the unmistakable glint of potential profit in her eyes.

Robin followed a few meters behind, sandals seeping deep into the sand as she struggled to keep up. Nami had set off the second she'd heard the rumors, without even taking the time to tell any of the others – the lure of gold was simply too much.

"Not much farther!" said the navigator, leaving the beach to enter the jungle that dominated the heart of the island. "It should be just through here," she added, ducking under the leaves of the palm trees lining the faded excuse for a path. Robin crossed her arms and conjured two long lines of them running along the road, and used them to push the trees back.

At last, they came to the mouth of a cave squatting in the brush like an ambush predator. Robin imagined it springing out of its hiding place and sinking its stalactite fangs into their necks.

Here, for the first time since they'd set off, Nami paused, chewing her lip uncertainly. Shadows twisted around their feet; the leaves of the canopy were turning the sun's ferocious plays into a puppet show.

"It's inside the cave?" said Robin, when Nami still didn't move.

"It is." Nami blushed. "It's just that, ah, the rumors said it was guarded by a, um..." She looked away, embarrassed. "...a sea witch."

"A sea witch?" Robin pictured an ugly crone with a mermaid tail and bulbous nose mixing potions in the darkness.

"Exactly!" said Nami, pushing the thought bubble out of her personal space. "I know it's probably just a story, but—"

"I'm sure it is," said Robin, "but even if it's not, we're more than equipped to defend ourselves. What can one ugly little sea witch do to us?"

A smile returned to Nami's face. "You're right." Folding the map, she grabbed her Clima-Tact and squeezed it tight. "Alright, let's do this."

They stepped into the dark, and the cave swallowed them whole, without even chewing.

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Three steps in, and Robin felt considerably less confident. They might be able to deal with a sea witch, but the darkness was another thing. Perhaps it would have been wise to bring a lantern.

Nami struggled on regardless, using her Clima-Tact to probe for the floor. Robin crept carefully behind her, keeping a hand on the wall to prevent her from falling (and several more behind to catch her, just in case).

After several minutes of walking, Nami came to an abrupt stop. "I think I see something..."

Robin hurried to catch up, and followed her gaze: there, not ten meters ahead, a faint light shone around the corner of the cave. As one, they crept closer, closer and closer, till all that was left was to make the turn. "On the count of three..." whispered Nami. "One... Two... *Three!*"

Nami leapt around the corner, her Clima-Tact raised. And gasped, almost dropping it in surprise. Heart pounding, Robin hurried to follow her. "What-?"

Around the corner lay the home of a witch, complete with bed and bookshelf, and cauldron and crystal ball. And on the far side of the room: a large chest, visibly bulging with treasure.

Nami's eyes snapped straight to the latter, of course. "Ah! The rumors were right! There *is* treasure here!"

Robin decided to be the more reasonable one, as usual. "Mmn. But it looks as if the other half of the rumors are true as well." She directed Nami's gaze to the cauldron and the ball and the other witchy furnishings. "...Not that it seems they're here at the moment."

Nami's eyes lit up. "That's true..." Folding her Clima-Tact, she took a couple of cautious steps forward and... promptly lost all restraint entirely. Rushing forward, she wrenched the chest open and squealed like a little girl as big doubloons and golden goblets spilled out onto the floor. "It's beautiful! We're going to get so many berries from this~."

Robin smiled. "Can you carry it, or shall I?" She crossed her hands, and the chest sprouted twenty supple feet and scurried to the exit.

"Hehehe, come back, cutie~, you're spilling them everywhere." Nami hurried after it, struggling to catch the coins pouring from its mouth.

As they reached the door, however, the chest came to a sudden stop, and Nami slammed into it with a thunk. She dropped, striking the floor with an 'oof'.

Robin gasped. An attractive young woman stood in the doorway, her boot on the lid of the chest – she wore a pirate's coat, but instead of the usual bicorne, she had a large, crooked hat.

Otherwise, you never would have been able to tell she was the sea witch.

"Who the hell are you two? And what the hell are you doing with my treasure?!" Her hand went to the hilt of her cutlass.

As Nami scrambled back with a squeal of terror, Robin crossed her arms, readying herself to wrap the strange woman in a hundred of them. “Who are you?”

“Who am I?! You sneak into *my* home and demand to know who *I* am?! I’m Calypso, Captain of the Witch Pirates. Now who the hell are you...?! And *what* are you doing in my secret treasure cave?!”

Nami chewed her lip, visibly sweating. “Sightseeing?”

“Oh, is that so?! And I suppose you were just taking my treasure chest to see all the local tourist spots, were you? Ah, I know what you *really* are though...” She licked her lips and aimed her sword at Nami’s chest. “...You’re in my secret treasure cave. Which means you must be *treasure!*” And before either of them could react, she leapt, swinging her sword in a wild arc. Nami screamed as it sliced her from shoulder to hip.

Robin stared in horror. Instead of the shower of blood she’d expected, something glinting and gold flew from the navigator’s body, spilling across the floor with a tinkling of metal. It looked a lot like a shower of golden coins.

“I-I—” Like a cut purse, Nami exploded, spilling gold all over the floor of the cave. As they poured out of her, the cut Calypso had made grew wider and wider, till at last, the navigator’s body folded out of existence entirely. All that remained were the coins, tumbling with a tinkle to the floor.

One rolled to a stop at Robin’s feet; trembling, she picked it up. One side bore the image of Nami’s face and bust, and the other: her naked buttocks. Face paler than post-timeskip, Robin turned it around and around in shock – only on the third revolution did she realize its lips were moving.

“Touch me,” said the navigator, voice emanating from every coin she’d become. “Touch me, polish me, hoard me, love me.”

Robin dropped it and stumbled back.

“Aw,” said Calypso, grinning. “Sounds like she’s enjoying her new form, doesn’t it?”

“What did you do to her?!” Robin crossed her arms, ready to break the witch’s spine at any moment.

Calypso just chuckled. “I ate the Hentai Hentai no Mi and became a Transformation Woman. I can turn anything I want into aaaanything I want. Even slutty treasure thieves into treasure.” She raised her sword. “Now, what should I do with *you*...? Hmm... Ah!” She licked her lips. “I have the perfect idea.”

Robin clenched her fists, ready to snap the woman in half – if she could kill her, it should break her Devil Fruit’s curse – but—

With a snap of air, Calypso leapt across the room and neatly sliced Robin's arm off. She could only stand there and stare as it sailed, spinning, through the air.

"Hah!" Calypso's sword flew. In a series of neat swipes, she swiftly filleted the spinning arm, and as its pieces tumbled bloodless to the floor, they stretched, turning white and rectangular, and gained line art and color. Robin stared, her eyes wide and trembling. It almost looked like they were becoming pages from a—

Calypso's sword sliced neatly through her, cutting her in half at the waist, and then into quarters, eighths, sixteenths, and— Robin's eyes shook as they and the slim section of her head they still remained attached to spun through the air, and, like her arm before them, began to change.

Her hundred or more pieces stretched, growing large and rectangular, white and blank, but only for the briefest instant before the lineart inked itself out of nowhere and the colors poured like paint from thin air. Lettered and complete, her new pages fluttered to the floor, and with a swish of Calypso's sword, neatly bound themselves together.

Robin's face became the face, which is to say the cover. It bore the image of herself, naked and red and squirming on the lap of a man who looked a lot like her male counterpart from SBS Vol. 56. She squealed, struggling to move, but it was like she was both the paper and its contents — she felt flat, inanimate, but at the same time she sat on the lap of a handsome man, feeling his cock pressing into her thighs. *And* she sat with a beautiful woman on his lap, feeling his cock glazed in the juices of her pussy. It made her want to scream, more in pleasure than anything.

Snatching her new form out of the air, Calypso grinned. Robin squealed as the feeling of her fingers against her paper. *L-let me go! And turn me back!*

"Mmm~," said Calypso. "You came out even better than I expected." And as Robin squealed in pleasure, the witch pinched her cover and flipped her open.

Robin's perspective lurched as it leapt to the first page. Now she was a single person again: herself, as she marched to the ringing door of her house. "Oh, my plumber is finally here!" she said. Or felt she said, since the words only emerged from her mouth as a speech bubble.

On the next page, she opened the door, and suddenly she was two people again: herself and the guy from the cover. Her handsome male twin, now dressed as a plumber. "Morning, ma'am. I'm here to fix the leak."

"This is my favorite porn plot," said Calypso. She scurried over to the bed, tossed her onto the sheets, and as Robin lay there looking up in terror from two different perspectives, stripped off.

Robin squealed as the witch's naked body landed beside her. *G-get away from me!*

Calypso flipped her again: now she stood in the kitchen, her dressing gown all but falling from her shoulders as her other self rummaged under the sink. The heat of their groins flowed through her paper and left her terrified she'd catch fire.

Meanwhile, Calypso's other hand crept between her legs, extended two fingers, and disappeared into her fat, leaking labia. Calypso moaned.

And with her free hand, turned Robin's pages again. On the next, she and her male self were back at the door. "I'm so sorry," she said, unhooking her dressing gown from her shoulder. "But it seems as if I'm all out of money. Perhaps there's another way I can pay you..."

Her dripping cunt; his rock-hard cock; Calypso's fingers on her paper as she turned to the next page and—

Nnnnn~! Nnnah! Robin screamed as her virile twelve-inch cock slammed into her own tight, oozing pussy. Drawing back, she took a deep breath, clasped her own ass, and with a meaty smack, thrust again, making her own cheeks clap. And then she did it again. And again. And— *Nnnnnnah!*

"Oh yeah," said Calypso, fingers dancing in her sex. "Oh yeah, this is even better than I expected. Maybe I should spread even *more* rumours about this place." She flipped the page.

Robin came in her own pussy with a speech-bubbled scream.