

Campus Catastrophe (Inanimate TF)

Candace hummed as she marched through the campus, her heels clacking, her hips swinging, her breasts flying from left to right like the pair of pendulous sacks they were. Her dress left little to the imagination, but the invisibility charm she'd cast concealed everything. Not one of the students around her, scrolling on their phones as they made their way to class, had any idea that a witch was in their presence.

Licking her lips, she slipped a hand into her satchel and pulled out of a thin wand, which she spun around as she surveyed the multitude of innocent men and women around her, all just waiting to feel her magic. Oh, who should she pick? Who should be the first target of her tricks? There were so many good options. Actually, there were *too* many. How was she ever supposed to decide?

Just as she was starting to get frustrated, her eyes settled on a young woman with curly hair and glasses and freckles... and the *biggest* pair of tits Candace had ever seen on a human being tucked tightly into a frumpy sweater. Staring at her, Candace felt real jealousy for the first time in several years. She folded her arms and pouted with a huff. Well, there was certainly someone who'd make a good target. A nice big dildo would be a suitable form for someone with the arrogance to upstage *her*.

It's okay, Candace, she thought, raising her wand, *once we're done with her, we can hunt down a couple of cute guys and add them to our cup size. Then we'll see who's the biggest bitch in town.* Smiling at this image, she raised her wand, took aim, and whispered the magic words.

Even as the spell left her wand, she realized something was wrong. The bolt shouldn't be moving like *that*, should it? It was... it was flying at an angle, like the girl had some kind of magical defense throwing it off course. How was that even possible? A muggle like this bitch couldn't possibly have wards up, could she? Unless, unless this was some kind of karmic backlash, in which case... Her eyes widened in horror. In which case...

All of this and more ran through her mind in the half a second or less it took her spell to reach the busty nerd, sling around her body like a rocket on course for the farthest reaches of the solar system, and shoot straight back at Candace. *Shit! Shit!* She tried to raise a ward of her own, but there just wasn't enough time for it. Before she even knew it, the spell had crashed into her chest, and a scream escaped her lips as its magic rushed through her, making her every cell tingle with an intense, orgasmic energy.

The next thing she knew, it was like she'd been grabbed by a giant. Wrapping its hands around her, it squeezed tight, leaving her mewling in delight and horror both as it crushed her body like a piece of clay, squishing and rolling her to its satisfaction. Around her, the world grew enormous.

A second later, she struck the ground with a clack and lay there unmoving, magic leaking from every pore of her body. *F-fuck! What happened?!* She couldn't move at all, couldn't even blink or wiggle her fingers, assuming she still had any. Heart thumping like a

jackhammer, she tried to scream for help, melting in embarrassment at the thought of these muggles coming to her aid even as she did it, but she couldn't do that either. All she could do was lie there and stare up at the sky, her tiny body immobile in a world of uncaring giants.
Fuck!

A familiar face appeared above her. And a familiar pair of breasts. What little hope Candace had retained swiftly sank all the way to her toes. *Oh no.*

"I thought I heard something from over here," said the busty nerd in the sweater, kneeling next to her, so that her face filled Candace's entire vision. "Who the hell just drops a dildo on the floor like this though? Where the hell were they carrying it?"

What remained of Candace's pride swiftly evacuated her body. *A dildo?! The spell turned me into a fucking dildo?! Actually, she supposed that made sense. It was still infuriating though.*

The nerd reached out to touch her and recoiled as if shocked. "Fuck, ow, what the hell? Is it one of those shock toys too?" Wrapping her hand in her sleeve, she grabbed Candace by the base and held her up with a frown. Candace felt sick—she could *feel* the magic leaking out of her body. If she wasn't careful, she was going to vomit up the first spell that came to mind.

"What the fuck am I doing?" said the nerd suddenly. "If people see me with this, they're going to think I'm a complete freak." She drew her arm back, clearly intending to throw Candace into a nearby bush.

Unfortunately, the motion was too quick. A bolt of raw magic, fluid as vomit and thick with the nerd's secondhand intentions, spurted from the end of Candace's body. Sizzling through the air like a stray glob of acid, it struck a nearby brunette, who shrieked as she dissolved into a tiny, light blue onahole, plastic glinting in the light of the morning sun.

Candace struck the floor for the second time in as many minutes.

"What the fuck?!" cried the nerd, scooting backwards in surprise. "What the hell just happened?" After a moment of sitting there, eyes wide, she scrambled forward and snatched Candace up again. "Did *you* do that?"

Candace wanted to groan. *Of course I did, you stupid bitch! Now stop swinging me around so much! You're going to make me miscast again!*

Face flush, chest rising and falling, the nerd scrambled back to her feet, hugging Candace to her chest like a baby. Spinning around, she scanned the campus courtyard for something, no, someone. In the end, her eyes settled on a group of tall, handsome blondes with breasts almost as big as the nerd's own. If Candace listened over the sound of her own ears banging, she could just about make out the sound of them gossiping. *Oh?* she thought, curious despite herself. Was she about to witness some good old muggle-on-muggle revenge?

"Hey, Carly!" cried the nerd, raising Candace like a gun. "Let me help you with your pillow talk!" And before any of the blondes could respond, she gave Candace an awkward thrust forward.

The obvious pun had almost been enough to make her throw up on its own, but the sudden motion really sealed the deal: with an awful groan, Candace spat out another fat glob of magic. It flew sparkling across the courtyard, slammed into the alpha blonde's chest, and passed from her to her minions in a chain of prismatic arcs, bright and sparking.

The blondes screamed and threw back their heads, writhing and moaning as their clothing dissolved and the bodies beneath it plumped like dough in the oven, dough squeezed in a series of tall, tight, and mostly rectangular trays.

Finally, with a puff of smoke, the magic dispersed. And where the blondes had been standing were four tall love pillows depicting their former selves lying on their backs in various states of dishevelment, their bodies exposed for all the world to see. Although strangely, no one seemed to take any notice of them save Candace and the nerd.

"Holy shit," said the latter, eyes wide in shock. "It really works." She bit her lip and looked around, blushing madly.

Candace shuddered at the thought. *Oh dear. Am I about to witness some stupid muggle go completely mad with power? Is that what's about to happen?*

Hugging Candace to her chest, the nerd bounced on the spot, giggling madly, and finally made a run for the door of the nearest building. Trapped between Mt. Titmore and Everchest, Candace moaned in disgust. She felt seasick.

Kicking open a door, the nerd threw herself into a classroom, much to the surprise of the teacher grading papers behind the desk. "Hey, Ms. Winnebago! Why don't you try using a laptop, idiot?"

As the unfortunate teacher stared at her, stunned, the nerd thrust Candace in her direction. Volatile magic flew from her tip in a gout of sparkling fire, striking the crown of the teacher's head and rolling rapidly down her figure, melting her clothes as it passed and leaving her curvaceous body fully exposed. She screamed, naturally.

Unfortunately for her, the nerd hadn't simply intended to strip her. As the last of Ms. Winnebago's clothes fell from her body, burning on the floor, she rose into the air with a scream of utter terror. Seizing her arms and her legs, the magic snapped them straight and promptly bent her into a 90-degree angle. Floating there, her eyes wide in fear, she started to stretch sideways, her body pinched and pulled like a piece of gum till each of her halves had become a rectangle of flesh, still bearing her fearful features. Flashing in panic, her eyes darkened and spread, pushing away the rest of her upper half in the process—by the time it came to a stop, only a dark black screen remained.

Meanwhile, her legs had fused together into a single inseparable block then started to segment, the surface of her skin turning the gray of metal and split into tens of little keys, all arranged in rows.

For several seconds, the former teacher continued to warp and twitch, shrinking slowly to a more reasonable size for her new form. Finally, she fell from the air and landed on her desk with a clunk.

"There," said the nerd, boobs bouncing as she chuckled in amusement. "Now you should have a much easier time with all that grading."

Candace rolled her eyes in disgust. *She's even doing the stupid post-transformation joke thing!*

Still giggling to herself in excitement, the nerd turned to go. As she approached the door, however, she slammed straight into someone she clearly hadn't been expecting to see here.

"Oh, hey, Ann. Are you here for some extra tutoring with Ms. Winnebago too?" The second nerd cocked her head, shaking her curly ginger locks, and beamed at Ann innocently.

Ann stopped, and for an instant, and Candace could hear the sound of her heart pounding behind those enormous breasts of hers. *This is going to be a big one*, she thought, mentally preparing herself.

"Heeeeeey, Lucy," said Ann, approaching her with a smile. "I've got something I reeeeeeeally want to show you."

Lucy backed away, blinking in surprise. "A-Ann? What's wrong with you? Why are you smiling that like? Ann? Ann! St-stop! Stay away from me! Stay-!"

Before Candace knew what was going on, she'd been thrust at Lucy's face and straight into the ginger's mouth. The feeling of her lips around her taut plastic form sent her over the edge instantly: with a silent scream, she blew another hot spell.

Ann pulled her out and held her against her chest to watch as Lucy's body and clothing, drenching in her sparkling rainbow magic vomit, shimmered and changed, as her dumpy, nerd body stretched and slimmed and finally, with a pop—

Like a butterfly bursting out of a disgusting liquid cocoon appeared a blue-haired girl with pigtails and a microphone. "Hi, I'm Hatsune Miku!"

"Oh my gosh, Miku!" cried Ann. "I'm so glad to meet you! I'm *such* a big Minecraft fan!" Tossing Candace aside, she threw her arms around the blue-haired girl and gave her a crushing hug, squeeing all the while.

Lying there on the floor, her rigid body still as sensitive as ever, Candace sighed in relief. At least the nerd had forgotten about her for the moment.

Mustering her concentration, she struggled to cast a spell. It fizzled barely an inch from her tip, but that was better than anything else she'd done since being transformed. A couple more hours, and she'd be able to cast a counterspell.

As the nerd squealed in delight, Candace shivered in disgust. She could only hope this ugly muggle wouldn't use her for anything embarrassing in the meantime.