

Cursed Items, Part 2 (Various Inanimate TFs, Konosuba)

As the last of Wiz's would-be customers left the store, the sun slid sadly out of the sky, as if it too had failed to find what it was looking for and had given up out of disappointment. As it fell, its golden rays glinted off the shop's large glass windows, making the merchandise shine and throwing shadows across the street.

Iris, trapped inside Wiz's top, saw none of this, of course. Wrapped around the lich's fat breasts, her regal body reduced to a simple bra, she could do little more than hang there, stretched near to breaking by the weight on her back, and plead feebly for someone to come and return her to normal. Not that she hadn't given up hope of it happening.

Please... she thought, as her wearer stretched with a pop from her joints. *Please... Big brother... Help me...*

"Ah," said Wiz, lowering her arms and massaging her aching back. "Well, I guess it's finally time to close up shop for the day! I can't wait to take my bra off and relax. The straps are chaffing me so badly..."

At this, Iris almost squealed in delight. Finally! Maybe once Wiz took her off, she'd actually be able to turn back.

Locking the door and turning the sign and sweeping up the soot left by an exploding potion, Wiz finally retreated to her quarters in the backroom of the store. There, she wasted no time in tossing off her top and reaching to unclasp Iris's straps. As they came undone, the former princess practically squealed in relief. She'd felt like she was going to snap at any moment.

Slipping her arms out of her straps, Wiz slung her onto the bed, and massaging her back, her gigantic pale boobs bouncing as she rubbed herself. Iris, watching her, couldn't believe she'd ever managed to hold them.

Stripping the rest of her clothes off, Wiz turned and headed to the bathroom, leaving Iris to lie on the bed in a state of desperation. What now? Wiz had taken her off, so why wasn't she turning—?

Just as she thought it would never happen, a ripple of change passed through Iris's altered body: first her straps snapped away, separating back into the limbs that had become them, while her head stretched its way free of her band, and her enormous cups blew back up into a pair of equally enormous boobs. Soon, she sat on the bed, back to normal, clasping herself and panting, watching in relief as her chest finally deflated back to a more appropriate size. "It worked!" she cried. "I'm back to normal!" Leaping from the bed, she rushed for the exit.

Halfway to the door, however, a sound arrested her: the sound of Wiz humming in the shower. "Ah~,~," said the lich, barely audible over the water. "I can't wait to sit down and do some reading..."

It was like someone kicked Iris between the legs. With a gasp, she snapped back and slammed her hands into the floorboards, tingling like she'd been pricked by a thousand needles. "N-no! What's happening now?!" Trapped on her back, unable to move more than shiver, she could only grit her teeth and squeal as a fresh transformation assaulted her.

First her limbs, having assumed their place, snapped rigid, refusing to let her even wiggle her digits. Next, her face, already twisted into a mask of terror, started to slide down her body, passing her neck on its way to her tummy and ending up in the center of her chest as it and the rest of her torso compressed into a small, flat square.

Nnn~! Nnnnn~! The sensations ripping through her body were almost unbearable. *Nnn~! What's happening to me noooooow?!*

With a *ploink*, her left arm instantly hardened into a tall, cuboid column, and not a second later, her right arm followed suit. Her legs soon copied it as well, and with that, her limbs were gone, replaced by four simple, unmistakable pieces of wood. Iris squealed in terror. *What am I turning into?!*

As the last of her head finished compacting into the square of her torso, her former arms pulsed and stretched upward, doubling their height in an instant, and as if this wasn't enough, sprouted two more chunks of wood to join them together. Iris gasped at the air for one final second, and with that, her face sank into the square of her torso, and the transformation came to an end. *Nnn~! What happened to me?! What did I turn into?*

Unable to move, she could only sit and wait to find out. Finally, the shower snapped off, and Wiz returned to the room, wrapped in a towel, and the instant she entered, her eyes snapped straight to Iris. "Oh...? I don't remember putting a chair there."

A chair?! Iris wanted to squeal in terror.

Approaching her, Wiz looked down and frowned, as if wondering whether someone had gone to the trouble of sneaking into her house just to leave her new furniture. Finally, she shrugged. "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter." Changing into a fresh set of lingerie and a negligee, she grabbed a book from the shelf and, returning to Iris—

Seeing the lich's buttocks hang over her face, Iris screamed in terror. *N-no! No! Please! You can't sit on me! Please!* Wiz's butt was even bigger than her boobs!

The lich, of course, couldn't hear a word she was thinking, and soon enough, without mercy—

Squeak!

Nnnnn~! As the lich's ass crashed into her face, making her limbs squeak with the strain of holding her, Iris had little choice but to sit there and writhe, feeling as though her spine would snap at any moment. *P-please! Get off me! Get off me! I can't take it anymore!* She wanted to cry.

Sadly, Wiz was as ignorant of Iris's pleas as she was of economics, and remained steadfastly seated – this was torturous enough, but what really hurt was that she couldn't stay still: every other second, she shuffled from one side of her butt to the next, increasing the weight first on Iris's left arm and leg, then on her right, then back again, and so on and so on, seemingly forever. Each time she did it, Iris wanted to break a little more.

H-help me...! Heeeeeelp!

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"Ah," said Wiz, heading for the restroom. "I could really do with a nice, cold drink..."

She slammed the door behind her, and Iris, still seated on the floor like a good chair, could only squeak as her body shook with a fresh wave of change. *N-no! No! Please! Please, just turn me back to normal! Please, I don't want to turn into anything else! Please!*

The curse, if that was what it was, couldn't care less for her pleas, of course. It simply grabbed her and unravelled her, forcing her body from chair-shape back to human-, and with all the mercy with which a potter treats a piece of clay. "Please!" cried Iris, as she regained her voice. "Please, please! Stop! Stooo–"

Grabbing her by the waist, the magic flipped her onto her back, holding her squealing upside down in the air as it seized her legs and pulled them back to expose her panties. "St-Stop! Stop! What are you–?" She didn't get a chance to finish her protest: a second later, the spell took its hammer and flattened her head, smushing it and the rest of her face straight into her neck. "Mmmphf!"

A terrible pressure welled in Iris's bladder, as if she'd been forced to drink an entire banquet's worth of liquor without visiting the restroom. Even as she tried to squeal in pain, the spell seized her hands and slammed them tight against her sides, working her all around, till she was smooth as a cylinder. And just as she thought the whole experience couldn't get any more embarrassing, it pinched her sex with its pliers and tugged it, tugged it straight through her panties, stretching it till it looked more like a chimney than a human vagina. And with every inch it grew, she screamed a little louder – by the time it finally released it, she'd almost lost herself in pleasure. *Nnnn~! Nnnnn~! Help me! Help me! Big brother...! Heeeeeeeelp!* Her skin shimmered, turning clear and glassy.

Finally, as if she hadn't suffered enough, something fat and round slammed into her exposed sex, plugging it utterly. All she could do was wail in pleasure.

With that, she shrank to a twentieth of her size, and at last the transformation came to an end. The spell released her: Iris dropped, striking the floor facefirst, and, lying there, stared down into the grain of the wood, squirming as she struggled to make herself move. She felt so full, full almost to bursting, and she wanted nothing more than to rush to a toilet and let it all out. *Please!* she cried, writhing in pain. *Please, please, someone–!*

Her body jumped; her contents sloshed. A shadow swept over her. "Oh, what's this?" came the familiar voice of Wiz. "I don't remember leaving *this* here either."

A hand tightened around Iris's body; she squealed, half in pleasure and half in surprise, as the floor shot away from her.

Suspended a million miles in the air, terrified she'd fall and shatter at any second, Iris moaned as the lich studied her closer. "And I *definitely* don't remember buying soda," she said, sounding suspicious.

A s-soda?!

Even as Iris whined in terror, the lich shrugged. "Well, I suppose it can't hurt to try some..."

W-w-wait! Wait! Don't--!

Seizing Iris's cork, the lich tightened her grip and tugged – it took some effort for her to remove it, the thing was so tightly wedged, but in the end she finally managed it: *Pop!*

Iris screamed, losing herself to ecstasy, as the cool air ticked her exposed sex and her contents threatened to spill out of it. *Nnnn~! Nnnnnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Oooo!*

Wiz inspected her for a few more seconds longer and, with one last shrug, threw back her head. As her lips wrapped around Iris's exposed vagina, the former princess screamed in pleasure, mind crushed under the utter bliss of the lich's touch. *Nnn~! Nnnah! Oo! Oooh!*

Of course, that wasn't the end of it: as Wiz tilted her head back, Iris's overflowing contents poured down the spout of her elongated sex and out of its end, leaving her screaming even louder, louder than she'd screamed at any point since her transformations started. *NNNN~! NNNNAH! AH! AH! AH! NNNNNN~!* It felt like peeing, only a thousand times better, and the harder Wiz chugged, the greater the pleasure grew. *Nnnnnnnnnnnah!*

With each milliliter of soda that left her, Iris's ecstasy grew that much stronger, and her energy that much weaker, as if her soul were slowly leaving her through her sex. *Nnn~! Nnnn~! Oh...! Oh...! Please...! Please...! Please, there won't be anything left...! Nnn~!*

Finally, just as Iris thought she was doomed, Wiz plucked her from her lips. "Mmm~," she said, forcing her cork back inside her. "That was delicious! I shouldn't drink it all in one go though. I don't want to ruin my figure." And with that, she planted her on the bedside cabinet and turned to go.

Iris could only sit there, her face planted in the wood, her pussy on fire, and whimper. *Please... she thought... Please... somebody help me...!*