

Konosuba: The Cursed Quest (Inanimate TF, Konosuba)

The Adventurers' Guild thronged with people: crusaders and wizards and priests and thieves and knights, all searching the job board for new quests or recovering from their last one. Tankards clacked, spilling beer all over the tables, while the waitresses flitted about with rags and mops, working tirelessly to clean up the spills.

"Kaaaaaaaaazumaaaaa, waaaait! Stooooop!" Eyes full of tears, Aqua blubbered as Kazuma dragged her towards the quest board. "Whyyyyyyy?"

"Because it's *your* fault we're in this mess!" cried Kazuma, jerking her cheek a little harder. "If it weren't for you flooding the Baron's mansion, we would have made enough from that quest to spend the next year in luxury. Now we're 10 billion Eris in debt instead! So *you're* going to make up for it!"

"It wasn't on purpooooose!" Aqua wailed. "You said we had to clean it faaaast!"

Gritting his teeth, Kazuma planted her in front of the board and held her there to keep her from running away. "Stay!" Aqua stopped struggling with a snuffle.

"She's not a dog," said Megumin.

Darkness rubbed her legs together, looking like she really wished she was.

"Now, let's see..." said Kazuma, turning his attention to the board. "What's the quest with the best reward...? Hmm... How about this one?"

He plucked a sheet from the board and turned it to show them. They squinted.

"Slay the Continent Eater?" read Aqua. The scroll had a picture of a giant dragon rampaging through a city, half a castle beneath its left paw. "I-I can't do that!"

Kazuma stroked his chin thoughtfully. "No, you're right. It'd gobble you up before you could even get a spell off." Sighing, he returned the sheet to the board and grabbed another one. "This one seems more suited to you." He grabbed another quest and passed it to her.

"Pet the fluffy bunny?!" cried Aqua, indignant. "What kind of noob do you think I—?"

"No, you're right, that's far too easy for you." Aqua folded her arms with a smug grin. "Besides, it doesn't pay anywhere near what we need. Maybe I *should* send you to kill the Continent Eater."

Aqua's grin dropped instantly. "W-wait! No! Pick the rabbit! Pick the rabbit!"

Ignoring her, Kazuma scanned the board one last time, dismissing one quest after another. He sighed. "The only quests she can actually do are the ones that don't pay enough. She'd have to pet that rabbit a million times to pay her debt."

"I can do that!" said Aqua, sweating now. "I'm great at petting animals!"

Kazuma ignored her. "Hey, what's this?" Buried behind the newer quests was a weathered, worn piece of parchment, buried so deeply he practically had to dig to get it out. "Clean the Guild restroom? Well, that's no— Holy— Look at the reward!" He held it up so they could see.

"100 billion Eris?!" cried Megumin.

"That's enough to buy a palace," cried Darkness, looking shocked.

Hope returned to Aqua's face. "That's—that's enough to pay off my debt, right, Kazuma? R-right, Kazuma?"

"Maybe," said Kazuma. "Depends how much of a cut I take. Hey, Luna!" He flapped the sheet at her. "What's the deal with this quest? Why's the reward so high? ...Don't you have a janitor for this kind of stuff?"

The receptionist strolled over, boobs jiggling. "Oh! That's the quest for the old restroom," she said, taking the sheet from Kazuma's hands. "I'd forgotten this was still posted."

"It's still valid though?" asked Kazuma.

"Well..." said Luna. "I guess we never cancelled it. It's just... well, after a while people stopped trying to complete it, and then... I guess it just got forgotten about."

"Stopped trying to complete it?" said Kazuma. "Why? Especially when the reward's so high? It's just cleaning a restroom, isn't it?"

Luna looked a little embarrassed. "It's a *cursed* restroom," she said.

The four of them stared at her. "*Cursed* restroom?" said Kazuma, expression flat.

"That's right," replied Luna. "Half the people who use it go missing. There must have been twenty or more parties who attempted it back in the day, and every one of them lost a member or two."

"L-lost a member?" said Aqua. Kazuma covered his crotch with a wince.

"What happened to them?" said Megumin. "Was one of the toilets a mimic?"

They all imagined that and shuddered at the picture. Save Darkness, who seemed to find it enthralling. "Ah, to be swallow while in the middle of—"

"No, no mimics," said Luna. "We checked, just to be certain. We don't know *what* happened to them all, just that they were never seen again... Eventually people stopped accepting the quest, so we boarded up the restroom and forgot all about it."

“But the quest is still on offer?” said Kazuma. “Right?”

Luna frowned. “Well, if you really want to take it. But I’d really recommend you—”

“We accept it,” said Kazuma. “Which way’s the restroom?”

Torch in hand, Luna led them down a dank, cobwebbed corridor, past rusting suits of armor and long forgotten swords, until at last they reached a door, marked ‘MEN’s’ in bolded letters and covered in wooden boards.

“Here we are,” she said, torch flickering.

“Great. Darkness, tear off those boards,” said Kazuma. The crusader hurried forward and started ripping.

“Are we sure this is a good idea?” said Megumin, as the first of the planks struck the floor at her feet.

“Did you see that reward?” said Kazuma. “Besides, it’s only cleaning a bathroom. What can go wrong?” Darkness kicked the door open with a thud, revealing nothing more than her namesake.

For several seconds, they stood on the threshold, too frightened to proceed. Finally, Luna crept forward, her torch raised. “There’s supposed to be magical lighting,” she said. I just have to find the— Ah!”

With a little click, the room lit up, revealing a moldering modern bathroom, complete with lightbulbs and urinals.

“...*Magical* lighting?” said Kazuma, squinting at the light switch.

“That’s right,” said Luna, without a trace of irony.

The five of them crept in, boots clapping against the tiles. Luna kept her torch raised, swinging it from side to side, not that there were any dark spots left for anything to hide in.

“Well, this doesn’t seem *too* bad,” said Kazuma, poking his head into one of the cubicles and wrinkling his nose at what he found inside. “I mean, it’s *really* dirty. But it’s not infested by goblins or anything. Are you sure all those other adventurers weren’t crazy?”

Luna folded her arms and frowned at him disdainfully.

“Okay, okay,” said Kazuma. “I get it. Leave it with us, and we’ll have it clean and sparkling before you know it.”

“Are you sure you can handle it?” asked Luna.

“Of *course*,” said Kazuma, giving her a reassuring smile. “There’s nothing the four of us can’t handle if we work together.”

The instant Luna left, his smile dropped. “Okay, Aqua, get cleaning. *Chop chop*.”

“Eeeeh?!” Aqua’s eyes went wide. “B-but I’m a goddess! I don’t know how to clean! I don’t even have any equipment!”

Kazuma planted his back on one of the restroom walls and pulled a pornographic magazine from his jacket. “You can always use your tongue.”

Aqua covered her mouth, looking like she’d throw up.

“D-don’t worry, Aqua,” said Darkness. “You can always use your purification spell!”

“Yeah!” said Megumin. “It should be easy to clean this place with purification magic!”

Aqua breathed hard and nodded slowly. “Th-that’s right. That’s right!” A smile returned to her face. “It should be easy...!”

“A-and if that doesn’t work, you could always m-make me clean things instead!” said Darkness, flicking a pleading glance at Kazuma.

He flipped a page, refusing to look up. “Oh *no*, Darkness. We could *never* force a noble woman like you to clean a restroom.”

Darkness screwed up her eyes and slammed her legs together.

Aqua, meanwhile, approached the nearest cubicle, her enthusiasm rapidly fading again. By the time she’d opened the door and taken a sniff, she looked like she’d rather be swallowed by a frog.

“Come on, Aqua,” said Megumin. “It’s just a simple purification spell! One simple spell, and it’ll all be over with...!”

Nodding, Aqua opened her eyes with a gulp. “Okay...” she said. “Okay... Okay, I...”

“Just take a deep breath,” said Darkness.

“Okay...” Closing her eyes, Aqua drew in a deep breath through her nose.

And went green. Cheeks bulging, she rushed for the corridor. The sound of her retching and the splatter of her vomit made them all wince.

“Good job, Darkness. Now we have even more work to do.”

“S-sorry.”

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Twenty-plus ‘Purifications!’ later, and the old restroom looked about as clean as any well-used restroom, which is to say: not very.

“Well, at least your magic removed the worst of the mess,” said Kazuma, peering into one of the bowls. The water no longer looked like it had come from a swamp, though Aqua’s spells had done very little to remove anything else.

A bucket struck the floor, splashing soapy water all over the tiles. “H-here’s the cleaning equipment Luna promised,” said Darkness. “Do you want me to fetch anything else?”

“No, that’s fine,” said Kazuma. “You’ve done enough.” Snatching the bucket up, he passed it to Aqua. “You, on the other hand...”

“E-eh?”

“Go on,” said Kazuma, pressing a sponge into her hand. “Get cleaning. This is all to pay off *your* debt, remember?”

“B-but—!”

“Don’t worry, Aqua, we’ll help you too,” said Darkness.

“Speak for yourself,” said Kazuma. “I’m going to get lunch.”

“You—you’re just going to leave us here?” said Darkness. “Leave three defenseless young women, alone, in a cursed restroom, to clean the toilets?”

Kazuma scratched his chin in thought. “Yes. Ciao.” And with that, he turned and disappeared down the corridor.

Aqua burst instantly into tears. “But I don’t waaaaaaaant to clean the toilets! I’m a goddess! I’m a goddesssssss!”

Darkness went to comfort her, but Megumin stopped her hand. “Let her. We need more water anyway.”

With much reluctance, the three set to work.

Taking a sponge in hand, Megumin dipped it in the bucket and approached the line of strange ‘troughs’ that lined one of the room’s walls. “What are these even supposed to be?” she asked, bending down beside one. “Are they sinks, or...?”

Aqua sniffled. “They’re urinals,” she said, sounding wretched. “They’re for men to...”

“For men to what?” said Megumin.

After a moment of hesitation, Aqua mimed the motion. Megumin scooted away from the urinal, blushing a deep red. "M-Maybe we should wait for Kazuma to come back and let him clean these."

"Why does it even matter?" said Aqua, still sniffing. "These whole restroom is for men, anyway. Everything in here has seen a—"

"Seen a what?" asked Megumin.

After a moment of hesitation, Aqua mimed the member. Megumin scooted away from the cubicles as well.

"I can't believe he'd force us to clean a disgusting, filthy men's room all by ourselves," said Darkness, practically throwing herself at one of the urinals.

"He's such a piece of trash," said Megumin, struggling to decide what to look at.

"I bet he gets off to it," said Aqua. "I get he's sitting at home now, thinking about us doing this, and getting all—" She stopped; Darkness had started panting.

Megumin, meanwhile, found herself studying something odd. "Were these always here?"

"Was what always here?"

Megumin led them to the end of the row of urinals. The dividers and the piping continued without pause, but the urinals themselves came to an abrupt halt far from the wall. All in all, there were exactly three empty slots left waiting for their porcelain prizes to be installed.

"That's funny," said Darkness. "I don't remember seeing these before."

"I didn't either!" said Megumin. "All the slots were full when we came in! Did the room get bigger too?"

"Wh-what do you think it means?" said Aqua, hugging herself and shivering. "Is it part of the curse? M-maybe we should wait for Kazuma to come back—"

The three of them eyed the empty doorway.

"He's not coming back, is he?" said Aqua.

"No," replied Megumin and Darkness, simultaneously.

"What do we do now then?" asked Aqua, turning her back on the empty slots. "We can't just hang around in a cursed restroom! We have to get out of here before—"

The piping twitched.

Megumin's face went pale. "Aqua! Get away from it! It's—!"

"Get away from what?" said Aqua. "What's—?"

The piping struck with a whip-like crack. Like a long, silver serpent, it stretched through the air and slipped, sinuous, up Aqua's skirt. The archpriest squeaked, rising a little into the air before dropping down again, and for several seconds she simply stood there, slowing turning redder and redder.

The pipe wiggled. Finally, she screamed.

As Darkness and Megumin rushed to her aid, the pipe whipped Aqua off the ground and up into the air, shaking her around as its end like a mouse in the mouth of a cobra—how she didn't shoot off it was beyond their understanding. Finally, turning her upside down, the pipe wrenched her back into the empty stall and held her there, head against the floor, her back against the wall, her legs up in the air. Her skirt fell, revealing just how little she was wearing under it, and—much to the others' horror—how far the pipe had slid into her butthole.

"Heeeeeeelp me!" Aqua cried, squirming and writhing. "Help me! Heeeelp me—Nnnnn~!" Her cries cut off with a wild moan of pleasure as the tendrils of the wall stretched out to grope her, seizing her breasts and tickling her vagina.

Megumin backed away. It *was* like a mimic. B-but, no mimic she'd ever seen did *this*. They just ate people! They weren't supposed to—

"Nnnnn~!" As Aqua screamed, the wall's tentacles tore her clothes from her body and sucked their scraps into the gaps between the tiles. Having removed its popsicle's wrapper, it promptly started licking it, working its tentacle-tongues all over her exposed, sweating body. Aqua screamed even louder.

"W-we have to help her!" said Megumin, though exactly what they were supposed to do in this situation was beyond her. She couldn't exactly cast Explosion...

Even if Darkness could have hit anything, she wouldn't have been much help either. "L-look what it's doing to her," she said, her face reddening as the restroom worked its tentacles over Aqua's body. Biting her lip, she pressed her legs pressed and shuffled on the spot. "It's treating her like a piece of candy."

Megumin swallowed. No, it wasn't just groping her. It was *sculpting* her.

"Heeeeeeelp me! Heelp!" As the restroom worked Aqua's body, rubbing its tentacles up and down and all over her, most especially around her breasts, she seemed to warp beneath its touch, like a piece of clay in the sculptor's hands. Taking her hands, it stretched them downward, forcing her fingertips into the tiles below and pressing her arms together until they seemed to form a single pillar. Her legs, it grabbed and bent down and aroundward, bringing her feet together just beneath her head so that they encircled her entire body. Pressing down on her stomach, it formed a hollow bowl in the core of her torso and

stretched it outward till it reached all the way to her face. Slipping a tentacle into her sex, it forced it wide, and when it pulled out, her pussy remained that way.

“Help–Mmmphf!” Aqua’s voice cut off completely now as the tentacles plugged her mouth. Spread over her body, they continued to squish and squeeze and grope her, rubbing her like she was in need of a desperate clean herself. And as they worked (and Aqua moaned–loudly, despite the tentacles in her mouth), the archpriestess lost what little humanity remained to her.

Slowly, rub by rub and squeeze by squeeze, the tentacles rubbed her arms into a single porcelain pillar, smoothed her face and her breasts into the basin of a large, white bowl, and polished her legs to serve as the rim of it. Her cries cut out with one last moan of pleasure.

Finally, the tentacles rubbed the lips of her pussy till they faded away almost entirely, leaving only the wide slit they’d spread early. With that, they gave her one last little polish and retracted into the wall.

Darkness and Megumin stood there in shock, unable to react. Where their fellow party member had been, there was nothing more than another urinal, bright and clean and just waiting for a man to whip out his–

The pipe plugged into Aqua’s ass rumbled. With a great hiss, water burst from her former pussy, splattering her former face and spiraled down to the hole that had once been her mouth, where it disappeared with a resounding *glugging* sound.

Megumin’s heart had almost stopped beating. “We-we have to fetch help!” she cried, grabbing Darkness’s wrist. “Quickly! We have to get out of here before–”

With a gurgle of their own, the remaining stalls’ pipes started to tremble as well.

Darkness hesitated, but after a second, she followed Megumin. Together, the two of them rushed for the door...

...and slipped on the soapy water Darkness had spilled across the floor.

Schlup! Darkness squealed as one of the pipes slammed up her skirt and straight between her buttcheeks. “Nnnn~!”

“Darkness!” cried Megumin, struggling back to her feet. “Darkness, are you–?”

Schlup!

Something thick and hard and *cold* slammed up her skirt, under her panties, and straight into her butthole, worming deep into the tunnel of her rectum. A terrible kind of pleasure, almost as painful as it was delightful, surged out of Megumin’s ass and through her nerves to her head, which went off like a barrel of gunpowder. She went red–a little whimper escaped her lips.

Throbbing, the pipes dragged them back across the floor, Darkness moaning, Megumin scrabbling at the soapy tiles, desperately trying to get a grip. At last, the pipes whipped themselves, flinging the two of them up into the air and spinning them upside down before slamming them into the wall beside in the stalls beside Aqua.

As her back hit the wall, Megumin struggled to think, but between the pipe in her butt and the blood rushing to her head, it was impossible.

“M-Megumin,” said Darkness. “Megumin.” She couldn’t see her through the divider, but her voice was as clear as ever. “We’re going to be urinals! Just like Aqua!”

“Don’t sound excited!”

A sloppy sound, like boots in mud, snatched Megumin’s attention to the wall. Through trembling eyes, she watched as the tiles warped, producing a ring of little tentacles. Flexing, they worked their way through the air. Towards *her*.

“Dirty, porcelain urinals,” cried Darkness. “For men to–Nnnn~!”

The tentacles wormed their way across Megumin’s form, pawing stickily at her clothes. “N-no!” she cried, struggling to get the words out. “Don’t–!”

With a great rip, the restroom tore her clothing to pieces, exposing her fearfully sweaty body in all its naked glory. She squealed and tried to cover herself, but she didn’t have the strength. The more the blood rushed to her head, the more the pipe throbbed inside her butthole, the weaker she seemed to become.

In the neighboring stall, Darkness moaned as the restroom tore her own clothes away. “Nnnn~! It’s going to touch us too! It’s going to touch us just like Aqua~. Nnn~!”

Her words sent a chill through Megumin’s form. Snapping her head back to the wall, she watched as the tendrils dragged the scraps of her clothes through its tiles, snapping them up like goats devouring lettuce. No sooner had they retracted than the tentacles appeared again, and this time, it wasn’t her clothes they had their sights on.

“St-stop!” she cried, struggling to pull free. “St-stop! Stay away! Stay–!” A tentacle slammed into her mouth, plugging her so hard it threatened to choke her. She squealed and thrashed, eyes wide with fear, but she could no longer get a single scream out of her.

Beside her, Darkness’s screams changed tone with a very similar *schlup!* “Mmm~ mmm~, nn~!”

As Megumin watched through trembling eyes, the restroom took her arms and bent them downward, curling them till her fingertips touched the floor—it was almost like she was doing a handstand. This done, it seized her ankles and bent her legs backward and down, encircling her torso and head. It should have hurt to have them twisted at such an angle, but instead there was only a strange, low-key pleasure, as if she were as pliable as clay.

“Mmmm~ Nnnnn~!” Darkness’s moans grew louder with the second.

Just as Megumin thought things couldn’t get any worse, one of the tentacles approached her vagina. Now she really screamed and thrashed, desperate and terrified, but nothing she could do could keep the warped wall from slipping its cold ceramic fingers inside her and stretching her poor virgin vagina so wide it hurt. A terrible moment of wiggling and pain, and then, just like that, it pulled out, leaving her pussy so wide she could have fit her whole hand inside it.

Beside her, Darkness’s screams reached a peak.

Now, as she watched in absolute terror, the wall’s tentacles emerged all together and, tickling her buttocks, began to work their way slowly down her. They moved in circles, as if they were polishing a trophy, and as they passed down her body, her features went the way of old stains. Her ankles, her knees, her petite breasts, her chin, her face, all the staples of her remaining humanity, all vanished under the brush of the curse as it pressed her stomach into a bowl, washed away all these messy little details, and turned her skin to hard porcelain. She could feel the cold of the change as it spread through her, silencing her pounding heart for good.

Finally, the tentacles reached her arms and working their way down and around them, pressing them together, fusing one into the other, squeezing them, melding them, smoothing them, leaving only a single pillar. As they finished off her hands and withdrew, she felt the tentacles in her mouth throbbing again. Twitching, it forced its long, cold length all the way down her throat and— and out the back of her head, down her arms into the floor where she lost all sense of it. A moment later, it withdrew with a loud plop. She tried to scream, but she could no longer move her mouth. She no longer had lips, or a tongue. It was all gone. All taken from her.

Darkness’s moans had finally cut off too.

For several seconds, Megumin simply hung there in terror, suspended in the air by the pipe in her ass and the pillar of her arms. It was all she *could* do.

This isn’t happening, she thought, mind running in circles around her skull. *This isn’t happening!*

It’s not fair! It’s not fair! came another voice, from her right. *I’m supposed to be a goddess, not a disgusting urinal!*

If Megumin had still had eyes, she would have blinked. *A-Aqua? Aqua, is that you?*

Megumin! Megumin, this is all your fault! Why didn’t you help me when you had the chance?!

I didn’t know how to! cried Megumin, flushing with anger. No, not ‘flushing’--she didn’t like that word. *Why didn’t you move when I warned you?!*

In response, Aqua burst into fresh tears.

From Megumin's left came a new voice, though she had no trouble identifying it. *Nnn~! We're all just urinals now. Dirty, inanimate urinals. Porcelains troughs, for men to urinate in. Oh, could a noblewoman like me have ever ended up in such an awful position?* Darkness sounded overjoyed.

Urinate?! cried Aqua. N-no! No! No one's actually going to pee in us, are they?

It-it's okay! said Megumin, trying to convince herself as much as anyone. *As soon as Kazuma comes back, he'll see we're missing, notice the three extra urinals, and put everything together! Then he just has to find Wiz or something, and they'll be able to turn us back to normal!*

Aqua sniffled. *He will?*

Of course! sent Megumin, trying not to think of the obvious flaws in this hypothesis. *I hope...*

*

None of them had expected Kazuma to return fast, but he still managed to disappoint them. The fact they were underground (...and inanimate objects) made it difficult to tell exactly how much time had passed, but Megumin was pretty sure it had been hours by the time his figure finally appeared in the doorway. It certainly felt like hours.

Kazuma! cried Aqua, as he stumbled into the room, looking around and squinting. *Kaaaazuma! Kazuma, you've got to help us!*

Megumin held her breath and waited. They could all hear each other, but could Kazuma hear them? If not, he was going to have to work this out for himself, and she didn't have high hopes of that. Especially now she'd noticed the bottle in his hand.

Taking another swig of drink, Kazuma stumbled into the room, looking about suspiciously. "Where the hell are they?" he asked the room, poking his head into one of the cubicles. "It doesn't look like they finished cleaning... Did Aqua convince them all to leave...? That stupid, useless—"

Kaaaazuuma?

Still swigging from his beer bottle, Kazuma kicked open every cubicle door and arrived at last at the urinals. "Huh. Were there always this many?"

Megumin's heart welled with hope. *Come on!* she thought. *Figure it out! Figure it out!*

Stepping back, Kazuma sized them up and squinted, head cocked in thought...

Come on!

...and shrugged. "Eh, whatever. ...I really need to take a leak."

Megumin had barely processed her disappointment before he sauntered over to them. Placing his bottle on the sink, he unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants to the floor, followed by his underwear. Megumin had already seen Kazuma's sword, but she blushed inside all the same as it flopped into the open.

Fortunately, it wasn't pointed at her. *K-Kazuma?* said Aqua. *Wh-why do you have your p-penis out? Why are you pointing it at me like that? K-Kazuma? Kazuma?! Kazu-?!*"

A hissing sound filled Megumin's ears. Kazuma sighed in relief.

Aqua, on the other hand, screamed. *Nonononono! Stop! Stop! St-Oh God, it tastes so...! Ew...! It's so...! Kazuma! Kazuma, please! Please please please please! Kazuma! Kazumaaaaaaaaa?!*

With every word out of Aqua's mouth, Megumin's heart sank a little lower. Finally, Aqua cut off entirely, her voice replaced by nothing more than a wordless babble, an incoherent plea for someone to come and save her.

Almost a full minute passed. Finally, however. *Finally*, Kazuma shook himself off, pulled up his pants, and stepped back.

While Aqua continued to cry, Darkness moaned for her own reasons. *K-Kazuma, come back! Come back and use me too! U-urinate on me! Urinate on me!*

Megumin, on the other hand, released a sigh of relief. At least it hadn't been her.

Three steps back, Kazuma paused, winced. "Ugh, again? But I just..." Groaning, he marched straight back over. His crotch aimed at her.

Icy panic froze Megumin's veins. *W-wait!* she cried, unable to believe what was happening. *K-Kazuma, wait! Stay away from me! Stay away! Stay-!*

Kazuma's belt buckle hit struck the tiles with a clang, followed shortly by his pants. His longsword flopped out into the open, and though she'd seen it before, it did nothing—*nothing*—to prepare Megumin for seeing it in this context. From down below, Kazuma's sword seemed enormous. Its shadow seemed to block out the light entirely. *Kazuma! Kazuma, stop!*

Grasping himself, he took aim at her face, and let loose a stream of steaming golden urine. Megumin could only scream as it splashed her. *Stoooooop! Stoooooop! Ew! Ew! Ew! Stoooooop!* It tasted like salted beer, and she hated it, hated more than anything she'd ever tasted. *Stoooooop, please! Kazuma!* If she'd still had eyes, she would have cried. *Kazuma...!*

Despite already emptying his bladder in Aqua, it took Kazuma what felt like several minutes to finally finish urinating. By the time he stopped and shook himself off, Megumin had given up hope they'd ever be turned back and had sunk into a deep depression. This was it, this was their lives from now on. They were nothing more than urinals now. Nothing more

than troughs for men like Kazuma to piss in. She wanted to cry, but she could even do there. All she could do was hang there upside down, moaning inside as Kazuma's golden urine spiraled around her former face and down her mouth, where the rapidly cooling piss disappeared down her throat and through her arms into the pipes below.

How... how can this get any worse?

K-Kazuma! Kazuma! Come back! wailed Darkness, as their party's leader snatched up his beer bottle and sauntered out of the restroom. *Use me too! Use me too! Kazuma!*

How can this get any worse...? Megumin thought.

As if to answer her question, she felt a sudden terrible pressure in her groin, as if she needed to urinate as well. Only, no, the feeling was slightly off. It was less like needing to pee, and more like needing to— *Nnn~!*

Oh Eris! cried Darkness. *I feel so...!*

What's happening now?! said Aqua. Make it stop! Make it stop! I'm supposed to be a goddesssss! This isn't allowed! It's not allowed! It's not—!

All at once, the pressure in Megumin's stretched pussy reached its limited and burst. And water poured from her vagina in a flood, making her scream and scream and wail in lust, losing herself to the intensity of it as it washing over her altered form and down her former mouth, carrying what remained of Kazuma's urine down her throat with it. She screamed, her pussy burning with sensation. Orgasmic moans from beside her told her Darkness and Aqua felt very similarly.

The water only lasted for twenty seconds or so, but the afterglow of it would remain with them for hours.

The door of the restroom creaked as Kazuma pushed it open. "Hmmm..." he said, poking his head inside. "No, no, it doesn't look like they're here. Hmmm." He turned back and threw up his arms in a shrug. "I guess they must have gone on a quest elsewhere."

"Kazuma!" said Chris, putting her hands on her hips. "You're not really going to give up on Darkness so easily, are you?"

"Of course not!" he lied.

As Chris huffed, Yunyun pushed past her. "Kazuma, please! Megumin has to be in here somewhere! Please!" Grabbing him by the arms, she shook him till his eyes bounced in their sockets.

"Alright, alright, alright," he said, pushing her away with a frown. "Maybe it wouldn't hurt to spend a *few* minutes looking for them." He folded his arms and sniffed.

“It wouldn’t hurt you to *try*,” said Luna, somewhat judgmentally. “It was your idea to take this quest, after all.”

At that, Kazuma pursed his lip and pouted outright. “Well, I wouldn’t have need to if... That useless goddess hadn’t...” He trailed off with a frown.

“Don’t worry, Kazuma!” said Wiz, taking his hands in her own and squeezing them encouragingly. “I’m sure that if the five of us work together, we’ll have no trouble finding them.”

“Yeah, I’m sure,” said Kazuma, watching her boobs rise and fall in time with her breathing. He couldn’t get over just how fat and jiggly they—

Wiz caught him looking and covered them blushing. He snatched his gaze away with a frown.

As one, the five of them crept back into the restroom, Kazuma leading the charge with his sword drawn, not that he really expected to get to use it. There was no way this restroom was *actually* haunted. It was such a stupid idea! Aqua and Megumin and Darkness had probably just wandered off... after some booze-soaked, bomb-chucking prince with a thing for bondage. Or something. There was no way they were still *here*, anyway. Where could they even be hiding?

He flicked a glance at the urinals and winced. Damn it, he really needed to go again. He wondered if there were any chance of getting everyone to leave?

Coming to a stop in the middle of the room, Kazuma spun around, aiming his sword at the walls and the cubicles like a compass’s needles. “Okay, we’re here,” he said. “Now what...?”

“Isn’t there a spell you can cast to help us find them?” asked Kris.

Yunyun blushed, looking a little flummoxed. “A-actually, there is,” she said.

“Why didn’t you use it before now?” said Kazuma, which made her blush a little more. She didn’t answer.

Raising her hand, Yunyun palmed the air and closed her eyes. “Detect Person!” A ball of magic formed in her hand and burst like a water balloon, spraying the room with a wave of raw mana.

Kazuma found he was glowing. Spinning around revealed the rest of their impromptu party shimmering with mana as well, including Yunyun herself.

...As was every object in the restroom, from the tiles beneath their feet to the urinals to the dividers and the cubicles and the toilets sitting inside them. Even the mirrors above the sinks shone with Yunyun’s mana.

“That can’t be right,” said Chris, looking around. “How can *everything* in this room be a person? It doesn’t make any sense.

“P-perhaps I cast the spell wrong?” said Yunyun, sounding as baffled as anyone.

“Did you use Detect Things in a Restroom instead, by mistake?” asked Kazuma.

“Maybe I should try the spell too?” said Wiz. When no one objected, she raised her hands. “Detect Person!”

Once again, Kazuma found himself glowing. Along with everything else in this stupid restroom.

“Okay,” he said, folding his arms. “Well, it seems pretty clear to me that there’s nobody actually hiding in this room, so unless anyone has an objection, I’m going to go look for them elsewhere. Ideally at home, in my bedroom. Beneath the sheets. ...I’m going to bed. Anyone want to come with me? ...Out of the restroom, I mean. Not to bed.”

“I think we’re going to stay and search a little longer,” said Luna, folding her arms. The others did the same, and together they hit Kazuma with a four-gun volley of disdain.

“Okay, have fun,” he said, turning and marching out of the restroom.

“What a scumbag,” said Luna, watching him go.

“Forget about him,” said Chris, clapping her hands to draw their attention to her instead. “Let’s start searching.”

*

The four of them searched the restroom from ceiling to floor, poking their head into one cubicle after another and, when that proved futile, getting down on their knees and holding their breath as they forced themselves to look behind the toilets. Unfortunately, this accomplished little more than making them want to throw up their dinner.

Soon enough, the four of them found themselves standing in the middle of the room, unsure how to proceed.

“Well? Now what?” said Luna.

“We can’t just give up!” said Chris. “Every instinct I’ve got is telling me they’re still in this room.”

“But if they are, why wouldn’t our spells detect them?” said Wiz.

“M-maybe Kazuma was right,” said Yunyun, nervously gripping her skirt. “Maybe they did just leave and go somewhere else.”

Chris sighed. "Well, we're not going to get anywhere sticking our heads into the toilets," she said, folding her arms. "Maybe we should retreat for now and come up with a better way to find them. Wiz, do you have any items that might be useful?"

"M-Maybe," said Wiz, as they made their way to the exit. "But I'd have to check my—"

With a thud, the restroom door slammed shut.

The four of them froze. "Wh-what was that?" said Yunyun, cowering behind Chris.

"It was probably just a draft," said the thief, approaching the door. "It's nothing to be worried about." Grabbing the handle, she gave it a sharp tug. Then another. Then a third. Snarling, she put her boot up on the door and wrenched at it, hard, and when that still didn't work stepped back and kicked it. "Okay," she said at last. "Nobody panic."

"We're trapped?!" cried Yunyun, all but throwing up her arms. "What are we supposed to do now?!"

"Just stay calm," said Chris, holding up her own hands in a vain attempt to reassure her. "I'm sure there's something we can do. All we need to do is stay calm and think."

With a snap, the lights went out. Everyone screamed.

"Is everyone alright?" cried Chris, who'd elected to be the voice of reason here. "Quick, someone cast a light! Quickly!"

Wiz's hands sparked with mana, giving them a few brief flashes of light, but before she could get a proper one going, Luna screamed in sudden terror. "Get off me! Get off me!"

"L-Luna!" cried Chris. She made to rush to her aid... And slipped on the soapy water coating the floor. Striking the groan, she lay there with a moan. *Urgh, which idiot spilled this...?*

"Get off me!" cried Luna, voice increasingly panicked. "Get off me! Let me—Mmmmph! Mmmmph!" From her direction came the tearing of fabric.

"Someone help her!" cried Chris, struggling to get back to her feet. She almost thought she'd managed it, and then her hands slipped in the soap again and down she went with a crack of her chin against the tiles. For several seconds, it was all she could do to lie there, her vision full of stars.

Wiz continued to cast, though whether the curse was interfering or she was simply too panicked to do it properly, Chris couldn't say. Sparks flashed, one after another, revealing brief flashes of the room. Chris saw something like Luna above one of the sinks, squished, her naked body wrapped in groping tendrils, tiled. By the next flash, Luna was gone, replaced by a... What was that...?

The sparks went out. Breathing hard, Chris struggled back to her feet, careful to avoid slipping on the tiles. A second later, Wiz's hands flashed and produced a proper light, which floated up to the ceiling and bobbed there, illuminating everything.

A moment later, the real lights snapped on, annoyingly.

Struggling to regain her breath, Chris snapped her gaze to the sinks, to the spot where Luna had been taken. There was no sign of the receptionist whatsoever: instead, where she'd been dragged, there sat a simple bottle, bland and white as everything else in the restroom. Approaching it with a gulp of concern, Chris placed her palm on the nozzle and pushed it down: a sticky white fluid spurted from the tip. She raised to her nose and sniffed it. *Soap.*

Somewhere, as if it at a very great distance, she could hear someone moaning in ecstasy.

Flinging the soap off her palm, she stumbled back, her heart pounding. "I-I think I know what happened to everyone."

"Y-you do?" cried Yunyun.

Chris bit her lip. "The spell was operating correctly," she said, feeling the sweat beading on her head already. "Everything in this room is a person."

Like the tolling of a great bell, dread rolled through the room. The four of them flinched, shaken down to their very nerves.

"A p-person?" said Yunyun, snatching her foot off the tiles.

"How is that possible?" cried Wiz. "The amount of mana you'd need to transform so many people is—"

"Who cares about the mana? Can you undo it?" Chris snapped. "Can you turn them back?"

Wiz's jaw opened and fell. "I-I-I— Possibly, if given enough time, but—"

"Then hurry up and do something!" cried Chris. "Quickly! Before—!"

With a roar, the entire restroom shook, as if in the middle of an earthquake. Yunyun screamed. Chris stumbled and almost slipped back to the floor. Wiz's spell broke and fizzled out with a *zzzzip*.

And the walls of the restroom warped, stretching thick tentacles of tiles towards them.

Yunyun screamed and ran for cover. Chris leapt out of their way like the nimble thief she was. But Wiz, caught in the middle of casting a spell, Wiz could only stand there in shock— And scream as the tendrils wrapped around her. "Help me!" Coiling around her body, they dragged her squealing towards the wall and slammed her squealing into an empty spot between two of the sinks. (Had that been there before?)

“Wiz!” cried Chris, running to her aid. She made it all of two steps before she found she could go no further. Looking down, she moaned to see two tiny tendrils of tile wrapped around her ankles, keeping her from taking even a single step more. “Let go of me!”

“Help!” cried Wiz. Trapped between two of the sinks, she could only struggle and squirm in the tentacles’ grip as they wrapped around her body and suckered to her dress, tearing it free of her with an ear-splitting *rrrip* and sucking it between the tiles like next morning’s toast. Yunyun squealed.

A moment later, the tentacles ripped away Wiz’s bra, allowing her enormous breasts to flop, nipples perky, into the open, where they bounced like fresh puddings. Wiz moaned, flushing red with embarrassment. Chris couldn’t help but blush a little as well.

The room shook again, as if with laughter, and a pair of thicker tentacles coiled around Wiz’s boobs, coiled and squeezed, hard. Wiz screamed, throwing back her head and whining, but no matter how hard she fought, she couldn’t pull free.

On the other side of the room, Yunyun threw herself at the door, pounding hard. Beneath her, the floor warped, and with a loud *schlup*, another tentacle of tiles slammed straight up her skirt. Yunyun squeaked and went a deep red. Then screamed as the awful thing undulated inside her. Chris could only watch in horror.

Another moan snatched her attention back to Wiz. Dissatisfied with merely groping her breasts, the wall extended another, thicker tendrils and wiggled it at Wiz’s pussy, making her squeal as it tickled her clit... before slamming straight into her exposed vagina. Wiz screamed, shaking and whining as it forced its way deep inside her.

As Chris watched in terror, the tentacles worked the lich’s voluptuous body like a piece of clay, squeezing her breasts and rubbing her butt and pounding her poor, poor stretched pussy. Lifting her up off the ground, it held her there in the air, level with the sinks beside her, and casually slipped another tentacle into her vagina. *Schlup!* And then it did another. *Schlup! Schlup!* By the time it stopped, Wiz’s pussy was wider than her head, and her face had gone white with terror. “H-help—!” A tentacle slammed into her mouth and plugged that as well.

Even as it stretched her pussy wide, the restroom continued to squeeze the lich’s breasts, squeeze them impossibly tight, till they looked more like a pair of sausages than the jiggling sacks they’d once been. Stretching them long, it bent them near the nipple and kneaded a little lump of flesh atop each into a thick, brown cross. Chris couldn’t tell what she was looking at.

By now, Wiz’s pussy had become the largest part of her body, and still the tentacles continued to rub it and tickle it, working in circles as they expanded its rim. Taking her clit, they pinched it and stretched it, flattening the end and punching holes in the rest until it resembled a chain. All the while, they continued to grope and smother the rest of Wiz’s body, warping her like clay. Her head, they pressed into her neck, flattening until little remained of her facial features whatsoever. Her arms and her legs, they folded up and into her sides,

rubbing against the curves until they became sharp edges. Where they worked, her skin lost its softness and turned hard, cold and porcelain.

Slowly, Chris realized what was happening. But it wasn't until Wiz's form compacted, becoming flush with the fittings to her sides, that she really allowed it to sink in.

Rubbing over Wiz's breasts, the restroom tickled and teased them and finally turned them to hard metal, bright and shining. And with that, they withdrew into the wall with one last little *plop*, leaving Wiz in her new body, inanimate.

Where she'd been was a sink, a normal sink, with a great bowl and two taps, one for hot and one for cold, and a plug on a chain dangling over the hole of what had once been her vagina.

Chris could only stare in horror, too shocked even to speak. "I—"

A scream of fresh panic from Yunyun snatched her attention away from the sinks.

"Chris! Chris, help me! Heeeeelp!" Impaled on a fat, throbbing tentacle, Yunyun rose into the air with a wail of horror, struggling and flailing feebly to escape. She wasn't having much success. Flexing, the tentacles carried her across the room like a particularly naughty doll, and one of the cubicles flew open to receive her. To her horror, Chris realized it was empty. It hadn't been there before at all, she was sure of it.

Callously, the restroom tossed Yunyun inside it. "Help me!" cried the Crimson Demon, her eyes full of tears. "Help me! Help me! Help—Mmmphf!" A tentacle slammed into her mouth and wiggled its way down her throat. She squealed, looking like she'd choke on it.

Unfortunately, things were about to get much worse for her. Pawing her outfit, slipping up her skirt and down her top, it tightened its grip and wrenched her clothing apart with an enormous *rrriip!* Yunyun squealed even harder, not that the tentacles would let her actually air it.

Finishing off her clothes, they wrapped around her ankles and wrists and wrenched her squealing into the air, where they flipped her onto her front and drew her like a bow, aimed her legs and her face both at the ceiling. Chris winced in pain; Yunyun whimpered tearfully.

Now the floor beneath her ripple like wet mud, and from the tiles rose a pair of thick, silver pipes, bright and throbbing. Flexing, they tickled Yunyun's exposed holes, pulled back, and without the slightest shred of mercy...

Schlup!

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" Yunyun squealed in wild terror.

Her own heart pounding, Chris struggled to pull free from the grip of the floor, tugging and tugging and, when that failed to work, grabbing her knife and stabbed at the tendrils as if

they were alive. Her blade bounced off the porcelain with a crack, not that that made her give her up. Gripping it tight, she tried even harder.

In her cubicle, Yunyun moaned as the tentacles grabbed her legs and bent them backwards. The direction should have snapped them in half, but instead they folded as if they were made of paper. Pressing them from the sides, the restroom soon squeezed them into a tight cuboid of flesh.

Meanwhile, the tentacles in her mouth took it and stretched it, wide, wide, inhumanely wide, pressing her jaw downward till it formed a cavernous bowl, larger than any other part of her body. The top half of her head, it flattened out, smooshing into a large lid. Her lips clacked together as they met.

The remainder of Yunyun's body—that is, everything between her cuboid new legs and her engorged head—the restroom crushed into a formless blob beneath her, which it sculpted into a stand for the rest of her body to sit on. It did leave her her breasts, though it was hard to recognize them: by the time it was done, they looked like nothing more than two strange lumps on the front of her pan. To Chris's horror, she realized she'd seen something similar on every toilet in the restroom.

Finally, the restroom snatched Yunyun's clit from her pussy, pinched it and reshaped it, and finally planted it on her legs as a shiny silver handle. It pressed on it, and a terrible gushing sound emanated from the cubicle.

With a thud, the door slammed shut, and Chris realized she was on her own. She stumbled backward and, to her great surprise, realized she could move again. The tentacles binding her feet had slipped back into the floor and were gone.

Her heart thudded; her brow ran slick with sweat. On instinct, she turned and ran straight for the door, as fast her freed legs would carry her.

If she'd been just that little bit faster, perhaps she would have made it.

About a meter or so from the door, a tentacle shot out of the wall with whip-like speed, coiled around her, and wrenched her off her feet. She flew screaming towards the wall and slammed into it with a thud that jarred every bone in her body. For a second or two, she could only hang there in the tentacle's grip, her vision blurred and her head aching.

Then the tentacles started to tease her. Rising from the tiles of the wall like the limbs of a great sea beast stretching out of the ocean, they spiraled slowly around her arms and her legs and latched tight to her clothes, sucking, sucking hard. It wasn't hard to guess why: an instant later, they retracted with terrible speed, and with an awful *rrrrrip*, her thief's outfit came to pieces, torn apart like so much tissue paper. She could only wail as the wall messily devoured it.

As it finished off the last of her disguise, the tentacles returned to her exposed body, sliding slowly down her naked, vulnerable form. One moment, they were sliding over her shoulders, the next a pair had coiled around her breasts, coiled and tightened. She screamed, throwing

back her head, as if played with her nipples, and as if offended by the sound, the restroom forced one of its porcelain rods straight down her mouth, all but choking her. She wailed—or tried to, at any rate—at the cold of it in her throat.

“Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!” Eyes wilds with terror, she struggled and thrashed and fought desperately to escape its vice-like grip, but with one rod in her mouth and the others wrapped around her limbs, she could barely even move, let alone get free of it.

And then it came for her other end. As Chris watched through wild eyes, a gigantic, tiled tentacle thicker than any she’d seen so far, slipped out of the wall beneath her, and wiggled its giant tip at her vagina.

Her heart did a backflip. “Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!” *W-wait! Stop! Please don’t—! Please don’t put that thing inside me! Please! Plea—*

With a schlup, it put that thing inside her. Deep inside her, stretching her vagina around it like a sock around a leg and leaving her screaming and writhing, her eyes full of tears, her skin covered in sweat, and her brain bursting with an impossible, orgasmic energy. She wanted to squeal—she’d never felt anything so *big*.

Wiggling its way a little deeper inside her, the awful thing started to pump. In and out, in and out, clearly enjoying its fun. Meanwhile, the other tentacles started to massage her body, working their way all over her, up and down, pinching and squeezing and rubbing and teasing, as if she were nothing more than a piece of putty to it. She wanted to scream, as much in frustration as pain or pleasure, but the thing in her mouth was just too thick to get anything past.

Squeezing her hands, it folded her fingers into her palms and crushed her palms into her arms and rolled these stumpy limbs into themselves like sheets of cloth, before stuffing them into her shoulders. It then did something very similar to her feet and her legs, rolling them up and pressing them into her thighs, leaving little sign they’d even existed.

Now it turned its attention her head. Wrenching it back so she could only stare at the ceiling, it planted its tiled limbs on her cheeks and her brow and pushed down, *down*, pressing the entirety of her head down into her shoulders, until all that remained was her mouth, a small hole with a tentacle filling it. A moment later, it pulled out with a pop, and with that, the last remnants of her visage vanished.

For several seconds, she hung there on the wall, a headless, limbless torso with a giant tiled rod in her vagina, while the restroom rubbed away the last of her human form, smoothing her into a smaller, sharper cuboid and polishing her skin into gleaming, lime-green plastic. Finally, all that remained of her old self was her pussy, and this it finished in one final, emphatic motion: pulling out with a *plop!* that left her screaming inside in ecstasy, it stretched her sex into a short, featureless tube, and rubbed it till it was plastic like the rest of her.

With this, the tentacles withdrew, their work done. Chris could only hang there, silent and unmoving, mentally panting in ecstasy. She wanted nothing more than to scream in delight,

or failing that, plead for mercy, but unfortunately she didn't have the power to do either. She settled for despairing instead. *How could I have let this happen?!*

It's okay, Chris, it's not your fault, came a familiar, reassuring voice. *You didn't know it would happen.*

If Chris had still had eyes, she would have blinked in surprise. *D-Darkness?! she cried. Where are you?! We spent so long looking for you...!*

We're here... came a second, dejected voice, which she recognized as Aqua. *We're the urinals...*

Urinals?! Just the thought of it made Chris want to vomit. She didn't know exactly what she'd become yet, but she could only hope it wouldn't be as terrible as that. Is-Is Megumin with you as well?

I'm here... said Megumin, who sounded like she'd spent a month in the deepest dungeons of the royal palace. Chris shivered—just how bad was this experience?

Megumin! cried Yunyun, making Chris jump in surprise. *You are here! Megumin, you've got to do something! You've got to save us!*

What do you want me to do, you stupid-?!

L-let's just try to keep calm now, everyone, came Wiz's voice, sounding even more flustered than normal. *K-Kazuma should come back here sooner or later! And as soon as he does, he'll figure out we've gone missing as well and that we're trapped here in the restroom. Then, he just has to figure out a way to free us.*

And how is he meant to do that?! said Megumin.

Wiz seemed to have no answer.

Kazuma strolled back into the restroom with a bottle in his head and a banging headache. Wait, no. Urgh, he was too tired for this.

"Hello?" he called, flicking on the light switch. "Helllooo?" He looked around: left and right and even down, just in case, but there was no sign of Luna or Wiz or Yunyun or Chris. Or the trio of idiots he'd left in here earlier.

Earlier in the day, he might have been inclined to shrug, assume they'd all gone somewhere else, and turn to leave himself. But now it had happened twice to two different groups of his friends (and Yunyun), and despite his booze and exhaustion-addled state, he was starting to see something of a pattern.

“You’re not *actually* trapped in here, are you?” he asked, looking around again. “...Just yell if you are, okay? I’ll do what I can to save you.”

No one answered. With a frown, Kazuma sauntered deeper into the room, feeling like an idiot. Seriously, what was he expecting? They weren’t going to be hiding in the toilets, were they?

Snorting at the suggestion, he walked into the center of the room and stood there for a few minutes, tapping his foot. If this restroom really *was* cursed, then surely he should see some sign of the spirit haunting it or whatever sooner or later, right? Unless it only targeted girls, he guessed, but that would just be stupid. Why would a ghost only target girls?

He thought about this for a few seconds and snickered at the image of it. Maybe it was a *perv* ghost. Maybe it had Darkness and Megumin and all the rest tied up in its sex dungeon hidden behind a secret door. Wouldn’t that be fun to find?

He shook his head. Nah, that was ridiculous. They’d probably just gone back home to the mansion. Speaking of...

As he made his way to the door, his gut grumbled.

Kazuma came to an abrupt stop, wincing. Ugh, why did he always need to go at the *worst* time? Couldn’t it wait until he was back home...? He sighed. He supposed he *was* in a restroom. It made sense to use it, right...?

Gut grumbling, he turned back to the cubicles, kicked down the door of the last in the row, and stepped inside. As he unbuckled his belt and lowered his bare ass to the porcelain, he thought he heard a voice, far off in the distance, as if someone upstairs were calling for him.

(K-Kazuma! Kazuma! No, no! Please, please, don’t do this! I’m not a toilet, it’s me, Yunyun! Please! Kazuma?!)

Tightening his eyes, he strained.

(Arrggh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Nononononono! Stop! Ew! Ew! Ew! Stooooooooop!)

Funny, he thought, as he reached for the TP. It almost sounded as if someone were screaming.

Closing the cubicle door behind him, Kazuma made a beeline for the exit, stopped a meter short, and turned back to the sink with a sigh. He supposed he should...

One particular sink caught his eye, though he couldn’t tell exactly what about it was that made it special. Either way, he went straight for the hot tap, twisting it with a harsh jerk of the wrist that made the metal squeak noisily.

(Nnn~! Ah! Ah! K-Kazuma! Please be gentle! Please be~Nnnn~!)

Running his hands under the tap, Kazuma reached the soap bottle. Strange, he hadn't noticed it here earlier either. Placing a hand on the nozzle, he pushed down, squirting a fat glob of thick, sticky soap into his waiting palm.

(Nnnn~! Oh Eris, make it stop! I can't take it! It's too muuuch!)

Frowning at how little this had produced, Kazuma did it again. Only then was he satisfied enough with the amount of soap to start rubbing into his hands. Finally, washing it away, he reached for the tap again.

As he twisted it, he was certain he could hear someone squealing in the distance.

Shaking his hands off, he made for the exit, searching and searching for the last item in his restroom routine. Where was it...? Where...? Ah! Right next to the door, he found it: a hand dryer. Without a pause, he placed his soaking hands underneath it.

(K-Kazuma? What are you-?) The hand dryer came to life with a whirr; warm air blasted his hands. *(Nnnn~! Oh! Oh! Oh, it's too good! Nnnnn~! Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah, I've never felt so- I- Nnnn~! Nnn, please, make it stooooop!)*

Annoyingly, it soon snapped off. Kazuma scowled. Why did you always need two goes with these things? He stuck his hands under it again.

(Aaaaaaaaaiah!)

At last, satisfied that everything was in order, he turned to leave the room.

And came to an abrupt stop, wincing at a sudden pressure in his bladder. "Again?! But I just.... Argh!"

Scowling, he strode straight back to the urinals.

BONUS:

The door creaked as Iris Stylish-Sword Belzerg poked her head into the restroom. “Kazuma? Kazuma...?”

No one responded.

Stepping fully into the room, Iris closed the door carefully behind her. The adventurers upstairs had told her Kazuma had come down here to clean this ancient restroom, but it was clear he’d already finished and she’d missed him.

A thought occurred to her. *Unless...?* Swallowing, she approached the nearest cubicle and, as delicately as she could, pressed her hand against the door. It swung open.

One by one, she proceeded down the line, pushing open the doors and making sure Kazuma wasn’t hiding inside. As she opened the last one, she thought she heard a voice calling for help from the distance, but this proved empty as well, and with a shrug she pulled it shut and sighed in relief. She’d been right the first time—Kazuma had left. She didn’t know what she’d been thinking trying to find him down here in the first place.

Casting one final glance over the room, she turned and made her way back to the door. She supposed she’d have to search for him at home...

Something tripped her.

With a squeal, Iris crashed to the ground and lay there, groaning, against the tiles, pushing herself back to her feet. What had...?

Something wrapped around her ankle.

With a squeak, Iris looked back and found a thick coil of... tile? wrapped around her foot, squeezing tight. “L-let go of me!” she cried, struggling to pull free of it. “Let go!”

The entire room shook, as if the building itself were laughing, and another tentacle rose from the floor and coiled around her other ankle. Together, it and its sibling dragged her squealing into the air and held her there, suspended, shaking her like a child’s doll. “St-stop! Stop it!” she cried. “Let go of me!”

As if in response, the tentacles drew back and flung her at the wall, where another group of tendrils were already waiting to receive her. Snatching her out of the air, they suckered her to the wall and clung tight to her, refusing to release her. She moaned as they paw her body, sticking to her dress and tugging, as if they planned to—

Rrrrrrip! Iris’s royal gown came apart with a terrible tearing, and the tiles of the wall ate up the scraps like a goat devouring lettuce. Iris screamed, but only for an instant: a second later, the tendrils returned to tease her. One slammed into her mouth and forced its way

down her throat, silencing her and leaving her on the verge of choking. She thrashed, giant tears filling her eyes.

Working their way around her body, the tendrils squeezed and pinched and rubbed and groped, playing with her petite breasts as if they were the most fun thing in the world and tickling her exposed vagina. She squealed and sweated, squirming and thrashing, but she couldn't escape their grip.

Just as she thought the whole experience couldn't get any worse, they started to tug at her, grabbing her limbs and pressing them hard into her sides. For an instant, she screamed in fresh panic, expecting them to break, but instead they did something even worse: they melted, squished into her sides as if they were made of clay. She screamed even harder.

Pressing her arms into her sides, the tendrils folded her legs up into her torso and delicately touched her temple. She had an instant to scream in terror, and then—

Schlup! Her entire head vanished into her chest, forcing her sight down with it. The tentacle popped out of her mouth with a *plop*, giving her one last instant to scream before her mouth sealed shut for good.

Working her all over, the tentacles squeezed her into a boxier new shape, flattening her sides and her head out, and generally leaving her smoother and plastic. Her vagina, however, they gripped and stretched downward, forcing it into a short, plastic chute ending in a large hole, even as she screamed and screamed inside in painful pleasure. It finished off the awful procedure by taking her clitoris and pressing it into a button, which it planted above her strangely-warped sex.

Finally, she felt a terrible churning, twisting sensation inside her, as if all her insides had been vacuumed up, chopped to pieces, and stuffed back inside her. Only... everything was so sensitive. She could feel pieces of herself pressing against other pieces, and it made her want to scream in pleasure. *Nnn~! Stop!*

Withdrawing, the tentacles hovered around her for an instant, twitching. Then, one of them punched her clit-button with a *click* and a *schunk*. Something fell out of her, fell out of her *vagina*, a feeling she hadn't expected to experience until— If she'd still had a mouth, her screams would have been heard upstairs.

The thing that had fallen from her struck the ground with a sad little thwap and sat there, unmoving. It looked like a little ring of some kind, wrapped in a tight blue plastic, stretched tight. She'd never seen anything like it.

But she could feel it, despite its wrapper. Feel it as if were the most sensitive part of her body, feel it as if it were a second vagina. She didn't dare imagine what it would feel like if somebody actually touched it.

Help me! cried Iris. *Someone help me!*

The bathroom shook a little, as if chuckling.

