

DAY 1

tap tap tap tap

Irene turned over in her bed, trying to get a little more sleep before it was time for her to wake up.

Tap tap tap tap

Whoever was doing that was really getting on her nerves.

Tap tap tap tap

Irene fully awoke, determined to see who it was. On the window her bed was right next to, there was a fairy there. But this wasn't just any fairy, she knew who this was.

As she opened the window to let her in, she had some questions for her.

"What the hell do you want, Kira?" she asked, frustrated.

"I was... well..." Irene knew that Kira was usually a bumbling fool, but not to this degree "...just wondering what you have planned for today!"

"Why?"

"Oh, no reason..." she was clearly hiding something, Irene could tell.

"If you need to know, my birthday isn't for another four months."

"Can you just tell me what you're doing today?"

Irene let out a deep sigh. "Well, I'm going mountain climbing with Corrin today,"

"Corrin?" Kira frantically asked, "like, your boyfriend Corrin?"

"Yeah? Do we know any other Corrin's?"

At that moment, Kira went into a full on panic. It got to the point that despite knowing how frantic Kira could be, Irene felt like something was actually wrong this time.

"Ok, are you gonna tell me he cheated again? Because that was the WORST way to do a surprise party."

“Ok, no no no...” She started muttering to herself, all Irene could hear was something about “Curse for a curse” but other than that, she was incoherent.

After some panicking, Kira calmed down. “Ok, it’s fine, everything is perfectly fine... Bye now!”

Without giving Irene a *second* to respond, she quickly flew back out the window she came in from,

“She’s gonna get herself killed someday.” Irene said to herself.

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A few hours later, Irene was in the bathroom making sure she looked presentable. She and Corrin had been seeing each other for long enough that he didn’t care how she looked, but it was still something she was used to doing before their dates.

That’s when she started to feel off... She stopped in the middle of putting on her makeup when she felt a strange sensation in her stomach. Not pain, not tingles, something she couldn’t quite identify.

*Hm, I’m pretty sure he used protection last time...* she thought to herself. *No, that’s definitely not it.*

Regardless, she set her worries aside and continued prettying herself up.

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“I keep telling that girl, you don’t hire a dwarf to do yard work!” Irene walked outside to the site of Grunly, a landscaper she hired, and her neighbor Doris, having yet another argument.

“I didn’t do anything!” Grunly exclaimed, manning a berry bush, he turned to Irene. “You oughta find better neighbors.”

“And you oughta head back to yer’ mountain!” Doris shouted.

Irene didn’t see anything wrong with Grunly’s work. “Yeah, sometimes she’s just like that.”

“Off to see Corrin?” Grunly asked, “I can tell by your face.”

“Of course!” she exclaimed. “Actually... you wouldn’t happen to have seen any fairies nearby, would you?”

“I did see two nearby, arguing about-”

“Don’t need to know, sorry! Bye! Stay safe! Don’t give Doris a good reason to hate you!”

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Once she finally made it to the trail entrance, she saw him. Corrin was shorter than her, and always came off as incredibly anxious and timid whenever he was around her. But for her, that’s exactly what she loved about him. Even if they had been together for a while, he still acted like they had just started dating.

But still, that ever-present feeling of something in her stomach started to become apparent. The closer she got to him, the more she felt it.

As she approached, Corrin noticed her and his face lit up in excitement, Irene couldn’t handle how much of a dork he was, it-

*Ngh...*

That’s when she stopped where she was. The feeling in her stomach was starting to become more and more apparent, still not painful, but there was still something there, no doubt about that.

“Are you okay?” Irene knew that high pitched voice anywhere. Corrin had come over to check on her seeing as there was clearly something wrong. “If you’re feeling sick I can walk you back home-”

“No no no, it’s ok.” Irene told him. Looking at his face, she couldn’t help but kiss it, and he gladly returned.

That’s when it happened, when it felt like whatever was inside her finally released. She still had no idea what was happening, and was still trying her best to ignore it, until...

“Why is your face blue?”

That question caught Irene off guard, not knowing what he meant by that. At first, she assumed he meant blue in a metaphorical sense. “What? I’m not sad, I-” that’s when she saw her hands, and they were turning blue.

Before she could process what was going on, she needed to go somewhere private. Her head darted in multiple directions before settling on a nearby outhouse. She could tell that people were starting to stare, so she wasted no time in getting to that outhouse as fast as possible, even cutting someone in line who was about to go in. As she was running over, she couldn’t help but feel as if she was getting... heavier.

Once she was finally inside, she noticed how tight her clothes were starting to feel. In a state of panic, she started to undress, trying to figure out what was happening to her. Right as she was finally able to get down to an exposed belly, she saw that said belly had started to swell.

In fact, her whole body was growing. It had started with just her torso, but now her breasts had gone up by several cups. She looked up at the ceiling and saw that she was slowly but surely approaching the top. As she swelled and expanded, she began to have trouble moving her limbs. Her heart raced as she felt her sides touch the walls of the outhouse. Squeezing her tighter and tighter until...

*CRASH*

The walls of the outhouse toppled down. Her body was laid out, blue and naked for all the town to see. Her once human body was now a sphere with two bigger spheres attached. She laid on her back, eyes up at the sky as she saw a blue liquid start to gush out of her breasts. She couldn't see anyone else, but could hear the gasps of fear of the nearby townsfolk. As she filled with more and more juice, she got closer and closer to bursting, but once she did...

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DAY 2

Irene darted awake in bed. It was morning, everything was normal. She ran her hands up and down her body. It was normal, the same size it had always been, not filling up with... whatever that was. Irene let out a sigh of relief when she realized what had happened.

"It was just a bad dream..." she said to herself.

And so, she went about her day the same way as in the "dream". She went to the bathroom mirror and began to put on her makeup. She started to feel a bit more weary of the date, before telling herself she was just being dramatic. That was just a dream! It's not like...

And then she felt it again.

That same feeling, the same one that caused her to balloon up into a blue juice orb. That started to make her more paranoid, she kept having a debate in her head on whether that was a dream or reality. Maybe SHE was still in a dream.

SMACK

Well, smacking herself in the face didn't prove anything. She decided to just continue on with her day without thinking about what happened last night.

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"I keep telling that girl, you don't hire a dwarf to do yard work!"

Irene stepped outside and felt an immediate sense of *deja vu*. Those were the exact words she heard in her "dream".

"I didn't-"

"Do anything." Irene said, finishing Grunly's sentence the exact same way he finished it in the "dream".

"Ye see that?" Doris shouted, "You've used that excuse so many times she's started prediction' ya!" Doris taunted.

Doris froze, something started to feel strange, like things were diverting off its course while still feeling familiar. She decided to test Grunly.

"Should I get better neighbors?" She asked him.

"Took the words out of my mouth!" He heartily told her, "I guess I am as predictable as that ol' hag says, eh?"

No, this wasn't just predicting, a very similar moment happened in her "dream". A similar scuffle between Grunly and Doris, even though Grunly hadn't done anything wrong. Only, there was one thing missing from today.

"Grunly... you wouldn't have happened to see any fairies around here, would you?"

"None at all, Miss." Grunly told her, "say, yer' goin' to see Corrin, aren't ya? I can tell by your face."

That sure was a one-two punch. First, a definite sign that events weren't repeating, then him asking *another* question he had asked in the dream.

"Ok, sounds good, heading out now, bye!" She frantically scurried out to see him, hoping what happened in the dream wouldn't happen this time.

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Once she arrived at the trail, things started to feel *too* familiar. Corrin had noticed her again, and that same dorky smile that she loved instead instilled an immense fear inside of her.

She froze where she stood, her mind was having a battle on whether to continue moving forward or go away. Around her the whole world was tuned out, nothing in her ears besides an aggressive ringing. At that moment, she almost forgot where she was, until...

“Are you okay?”

That same high-pitched voice as before. Sure, his reason for asking was different, but the question was asked in the exact same inflection. Somehow, despite how nervous she was, she thought of the perfect excuse for her behavior.

“Oh! I forgot something!” she lied, “I... uhm...” she thought for a moment about what she forgot, and that’s when she struggled to come up with an answer. Everything was lining up, everyone aside from her was doing the same thing as her “dream”, she had that same exact feeling in her stomach. The only thing missing was-

“Why is your face blue?”

This time, she didn’t hesitate to run from him. What happened in her dream... no, at this point, was that even a dream? Was she still dreaming? She didn’t know why this was happening, she didn’t want this to be happening. She tried to run back home as fast as she could, but that only made her swell faster. Running became harder, more eyes were on her, why did this have to happen? Why her?

Once she finally made it home, she locked the door and looked down at herself. She had already started to feel her arms stiffen. Everything was happening as it did before. Her limbs started to spread out, becoming harder to move. A warm substance started to flow down her chest. She closed her eyes as her clothes ripped open and her body ballooned forward. Her breasts became larger than her head, her body becoming a perfect sphere. When was this gonna stop? When was it-

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### **DAY 3**

Irene woke up, again. Everything was normal, again. Everything was identical to the first two times she had woken up. No, there’s no way she was having a dream within a dream, right?

“Fool me once, shame on you...” she started muttering to herself, “Fool me twice, shame on me... wait, or is it the other way around?” That’s when she remembered something, an old story she had read years ago.

She scurried over to her bookshelf and picked up a large, green book. It was a storybook her father gave her when she first moved out. After flipping a bit, she found the passage she remembered.

*As such, after the young elf had wronged the wizard time and time again, the wizard had brewed up the perfect curse for him. He would remain in the same day, forever, reliving the same exact sequence of events. The only two people aware of the repeating day would be the elf and the wizard. One who suffers from the insanity of it all, and another who awaits an apology.*

A curse... a curse to relive the same day over and over again... no, it was too soon to say that's what was happening to her. Wait... there was someone who lived in town... someone who specialized in identifying curses!

Hurriedly, Irene rushed out the door, ready to figure out if she really was cursed or not.

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"I keep telling that girl, you don't hire a dwarf to do yard work!"

Irene stumbled out of the house, already tired of hearing that same phrase ad nauseum.

"Grunly, go tell Corrin that our date is off." She told him.

"I'm your gardener, not your-"

"Please, I'm going to see Vella."

"Vella? The elf? She still owes me a pig, you know."

"I DON'T care about your hogs Grunly." Irene wasted no more time leaving, which left Grunly to deal with Irene's neighbor.

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Vella's shop wasn't too far from the trail she was supposed to meet Corrin at, and at the time she was leaving she had suspected he would leave at the same time, which made her *really* nervous about him seeing her come here.

As she entered, a bell sounded indicating that someone had entered. Irene saw how the inside was more neat and tidy than she expected. This was her first time coming here, but she had always heard rumors about how "filthy" and "unkempt" the house was.

"Just a moment!" A raspy voice from the back sounded. The second thing Irene noticed was that contrary to the look of the place, the smell was unpleasant and smoky, immediately explaining the raspy voice she heard from the back. "What'ya in for?"

“Uh...” Irene nervously began, “I... think I might be cursed.”

“Do ya have the coin?”

Irene fetched out her wallet, “how much?”

“Just five silvers, come in the back!”

She checked her wallet, took out five, and placed them on the front desk.

Heading to the room in the back, she realized that *this* is what people were talking about when they called the place a mess. A cluttered room of random trinkets and liquids, and a chair in the middle. Organizing a desk in the back was Vella. She was noticeably tall, with short, silver hair. Her outfit looked thrown together, her appearance in general was a far contrast to how Irene usually pictured elves, but hey, this *was* the first one she met.

“Just sit down there and I’ll have a look at’cha.” Vella motioned to the chair in the middle of the room. “Sorry about the smoke, these things don’t kill us like they kill your folk.”

Irene went to the chair and sat down, immediately put off by how uncomfortable the chair felt. Her heart was racing, wanting to know *what* exactly was wrong with her. Vella finally walked over to her with a small vial of green liquid. Vella opened up the vial, and let a drop of it fall onto Irene’s skin.

“Ow!”

“Hah, if the liquid stings, it means that yes, you ARE cursed.” Vella pulled out a small trinket, resembling some sort of eyepiece, “Now hold still.” She held Irene’s eye open and looked into it with the eyepiece.

“What are you doing?”

“You see, an easy way to see what kinda curses you’ve got is by looking into their eye.”

“So why use the liquid?”

“That just answers the yes or no, not the what.” She spent a few more seconds looking into her eye, “ah, there they are... two of them!”

“Two? I have TWO curses?”

“I guess someone REALLY doesn’t like ya.” the bell at the front of the store sounded, but neither of them noticed. “It seems like you have... a torture curse and a pleasure curse.”



“A pleasure curse?”

“Yeah, at first it terrifies them, but then Stockholm syndrome takes control and you start to embrace the curse.” Vella then saw something else, “and, it seems like one of the curses is activated by a person... and that curse activates another curse.”

“Who?”

“Short boy, looks like a complete moron, but-”

“CORRIN???” Irene figured it out, the first time it happened it was because Corrin kissed her, the second time it was because he asked if she was ok, the third time-

“Irene?” Corrin peaked his head through the door, “I saw you going in here, you looked really nervous.”

“I’m sorry, but you need to leave.”

“Why?” Corrin asked, but before Irene could answer, he then asked the question she absolutely dreaded. “Why is your face blue?”

“Ah... so that’s the curse!” Vella exclaimed, “I haven’t seen the berry curse in years!”

“Berry curse?”

“Yeah, you get all swollen and blue like a blueberry, berry curse!”

“And is that supposed to be the pleasure curse or the torture curse?” Irene had already started to round out at this point, her clothes feeling tighter and tighter.

“Well that depends, what’s the other curse?”

“I... I think the day keeps restarting.” her clothes had already started to tear, and she remembered that her boyfriend was standing there. “Do you have a bathroom somewhere?”

“You think I’m gonna let you destroy my house? If you wanna get off, do it in your own privacy!” They then both heard Corrin start to whimper in fear of what was happening to Irene.

“What do you mean get off? This isn’t the-”

“Oh yeah, time loop is a definite sign of a torture curse. Better write that down.”

Everything was chaos, Irene was swelling up, Corrin was watching in horror, and Vella was being overly casual about the predicament. The only way this could get any worse would be-

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DAY 4

Vella woke up and immediately broke down in tears. Somehow, someone hated her enough to put not one, but TWO curses on her. She couldn't see Corrin again, she couldn't even THINK of him ever again. Who could possibly think of doing this to her?

Then she realized, that was the next step, find out who it was that would hate her enough to do such a thing to her. It didn't matter if they were capable of doing it, or if they paid someone off, she just had to focus on the people she knew.

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"Corrin would never... unless he wanted to break up, but even then this is way too much effort for him..." she thought again for a moment. "I pay Grunly well, no well in hell he's the one... unless..."

Stepping outside, she heard the same exact thing as before.

"I keep telling that girl, you don't hire a dwarf to do yard work!"

"Yeah, sounds good, mind if the adults have a conversation for a minute?" Irene yelled towards Doris in a mocking tone. "You wouldn't have happened to be talking to any fairies, would you?"

"No... why would I?"

"Wizards?"

"Nope."

"Genies?"

"What the hell are you askin' me? You sound like your neighbor."

"I'm just-" that's when she realized something. She DID sound like her neighbor, almost as if...

"Have you been talking to fairies?"

Doris turned around to the sight of Irene having entered her home through the front door.

"Do I seem like the type o' lady to be conspiring with that lot?"

“Wizards?”

Doris couldn't help but laugh at Irene asking her these questions. “Listen lass, whatever you need help with, you can simply ask. I'll certainly be more help to you than your useless manservant-” Doris was interrupted by Irene slamming the door on her way out.

Pulling out her list, she crossed out both Grunly AND Doris. Her list wasn't very long, and she was certain she put down everyone she could think of. But, she couldn't shake the feeling that she was forgetting someone. She also started to realize there was something different about the first version of today, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

“Great, of course you're putting me on a list.” Irene turned around to the sound of Doris opening up her door.

“Well, maybe you'd hire someone to put a curse on me and then blame Grunly for it! So there!”

“That's quite the assumption- sorry, put a curse on you?”

“Yeah, I don't have to keep that a secret because you're gonna forget this ever happened!” Irene was starting to use her curse as a “gotcha” towards people, before remembering the stockholm syndrome thing Vella told her. But wait- that was part of the other curse, right?

“You're cursed?”

Of course he showed up. Loyal as ever, Corrin decided to come to Irene's place when she didn't show up for the walk. Of course, he also had to overhear *that* part of the conversation.

“Corrin, please, you have to leave.” Irene told him, shakiness in her voice. “You're, well, you're kind of...”

“It's okay! I'll help you with... whatever the curse is.”

“You can't! The curse happens BECAUSE of you! I don't know what to do!” Irene had gone into a full on meltdown. After calming down from the outburst, she asked a simple question. “...Is my face blue?”

“Yeah...”

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“Irene, please!” Corrin begged and shouted from outside her door. “I don't care if I'm part of it, I want to help!”

“Please Corrin, just leave me alone.” She told him. “For your own sake, before I...” that’s when she noticed that she hadn’t grown 1 bit. “Wait, when you said yes, did you think I meant that metaphorically?”

“Well, yeah! You seemed pretty sad. Not sure why you needed to ask me if you looked sad but...” Corrin paused for a moment, realizing what she was implying. “But uh... if the curse is just blue skin that... sounds kinda hot!”

If this were any other day, Irene would’ve laughed off what he just said as him being a dork. But that was enough to get her to open the door.

“Look, we’ve done WAY freakier stuff than... blue.” Corrin awkwardly told her.

“Well, it’s a bit more than just... turning blue.” She explained before waving her hand to invite him in. “You’re gonna wanna stand back.”

Corrin nervously stepped inside, keeping his distance from her. “I think it’s starting.”

Irene was beginning to accept what was happening to her. Well, half of it at least. She closed her eyes and spread her arms. She felt all the familiar sensations, her clothes getting tighter, the extra weight being added to her body. Irene kept her eyes closed, horrified by what his reaction might be.

“Cor?” she muttered, trying to handle the sensations in her body, “please just say something. I need you to-”

That’s when she felt his hands digging into her swollen body. Immediate tingles ran throughout her person. Her clothes began to tear, but as she opened her eyes she saw that Corrin’s *other* side had come out and he was tearing the layers off himself. Corrin quickly glanced at her face and gave her a smile. Irene could do nothing more than smile back. Corrin saw the juices beginning to appear from her breast, and wasted no time in drinking her nectar. That’s when the tingles reached a climax. Pleasure quaked throughout Irene’s spherical body, a climax great enough to-

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## DAY 5

Irene woke up again. This was the first time waking up that she wasn’t completely terrified. What she got to experience before the reset made her realize why it was a *pleasure* curse.

Still, she couldn’t help but feel disappointed. Sure, now she knew that Corrin was into that, but he would have no memory of that happening. She would have to tell him again, she would have to experience everything over and over again.

Then, she laid back in bed and realized that even if she had to do the same thing every time, she could go farther with her new curse- no, ability, than ever before. All she got was a mere titty suck before things reset. She started to imagine herself as Corrin's big blue fuckball, him drinking every last bit of juice she had to offer him, the orgasmic feeling of him inside of her as she just gets bigger and-

And then it started.

At that point, Irene fully accepted her situation. She didn't know if she'd ever be able to escape this loop, but she was all in on this new ability. If the mere thought of Corrin was enough to make her swell, she was gonna spend the rest of this eternity having an absolute field day. No, it couldn't *just* be her, Corrin needed to join in on the fun too! She needed to feel the exact things she imagined, she-

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DAY 6

When Corrin was waiting for Irene, a close friend had arrived by her request to deliver a message. When that friend told Corrin that Irene would skip the hike, he was confused. Then, when he was told that she *insisted* on him coming to her home, he didn't really know what he was getting into.

The first sign that something was different was the atmosphere. The lights were dim, the same way they were whenever Irene wanted to "set the mood". Once he saw Irene herself, he could tell that's what she was doing, as she stood there wearing a heavily revealing dress that he was all too familiar with.

"Uh... don't get me wrong, this is nice, but... what about the-"

"Shhh" she sensually told him, "I have something that will be far better than that hike." Corrin, getting in the mood, went in for a kiss before Irene stopped him. "Ah, not yet. Don't want to activate it too late." With that, she led him into the bedroom.

"Activate... what?"

"Long story, let's just say someone wanted to screw me over, either knows magic or knows someone who knows magic, and their way of screwing me over was..." she thought for a moment, "...the best thing that could've happened to me." Closing the door, she brought Corrin into a deep and passionate kiss. It didn't take long for her to feel it activate, and her heart began to race, knowing this was going to be one of the greatest nights of her life.

"Why is your face blue?"

A question that once brought her into fight or flight, now something she was more than willing to answer. "You like big girls, don't you Cor?"

"Well, y-yeah, that's why we're together..."

Chuckling at his dorkiness, she gracefully fell backwards onto the bed, placing herself in the middle right on her back. "Just sit back and enjoy the show."

Everything was still a bit strange in Corrin's eyes, but he obliged. At this point, the blue coloring had spread from just her face to her whole body. However, there was still something changing about Irene's body. After observing for a few seconds, he realized that her belly and her already large chest had begun to rise.

Mmm...

The little moans that Irene had been letting out were signs that she was enjoying this just as much as he was, as he fully figured out what was happening.

"Well, what do you think?~" She asked, a whimper escaping her at the end.

"I... did not think I would ever be into this." He watched as the seams of her dress began to tear. A dress that he wouldn't dare let anything happen to, but somehow it just made it even hotter. He watched as the growth went to other parts of her body. Her arms and legs ballooning and spreading out, becoming harder for her to move. Her body rounding out, becoming less woman and more spherical.

"Well, I..." she moaned a little bit more, "I knew you would... and you definitely know what I'm waiting for."

At that moment, Corrin had fully locked in. Irene had gotten too big for her to see him, but she knew he was doing what she wanted when she felt him on her underside. His arms wrapped around her, his whole body pressing against her, and his blade entering her most precious of areas. Her current state had made it feel the best it ever had, powerful tingles of ecstasy traveling throughout her inflated body. It kept going, every pound from Corrin was another shockwave that felt like heaven. Her breasts started to produce even more juice, faster and faster. With what little mobility she had, she couldn't help but throw her head back in erotic pleasure.

In fact, the feeling was so good that she didn't notice the knocking on her window, and she didn't know there was someone knocking until she threw her head back. As she opened her eyes, she saw what appeared to be a tiny fair, desperately knocking on the glass, trying to get her attention. At that moment Irene remembered *what* was different about the first version of today, something that hadn't shown up any other time.

“Kira?”

~ ~ ~

DAY 7

When she awoke, she opened up her back window. Determined to find Kira and tell her off for spying on *her* intimate moment. After looking out the back window for a moment, closed it and went to get dressed.

Exiting her bedroom, there she was. Kira was right there, fluttering about while also bowing her head in shame.

“You know, I did realize that *something* was different the first time.” Irene told her. “But even when I was trying to figure out *who* could’ve cursed me I forgot that I knew a fairy!”

“...I’m sorry.”

“Why did you even put the curses on me?” She walked over to her kitchen, trying to find something to eat. “I didn’t know you secretly hated me.”

“I only put one curse on, and that was to stop the other curse.”

Irene turned her head, doing a double take. “What do you mean?” That’s when she saw another fairy flying near Kira. “Who the hell is this?”

“That’s Moxie.” Kira told her, “She gave you the other curse.” Moxie had dark hair and an orange dress.

“So... what gives?”

“Well, Moxie gave you the berry curse because... she’s in love with your boyfriend.”

“What you MEAN to say is that I’M the rightful bride to that man!” Moxie corrected her.

“Hold on...” Irene was confused, “so, you wanted to fuck my boyfriend... and because of that you gave ME a curse that makes it better when he fucks me? I’m just trying to understand your thought process, if you even had one-”

“I was trying to kill you!” Moxie shouted. “If enough energy is put into a pleasure curse, it can be fatal. And what’s a more poetic way to go out than my soulmate fucking the wrong person?”

“First of all, YOUR soulmate? Second, I’m *pretty* sure you just confessed to attempted murder.” Irene was getting cocky, hearing the pettiest reason she could have a curse put on her. It had completely gone over her head that if Moxie had put the berry curse on her, then that means...

“That means Kira put me in the time loop!”

Kira, still bowing her head in shame, explained herself. “I panicked! I was trying to think of a way to save you! The first thing I thought of was a curse that would reset the day if you died. Every time you became a berry you would pop, then the day would start over!”

“...and there were no other counter-curses you could’ve used?”

“There were, but I was in a hurry! There were only...”

“Four hundred fifty eight,” Moxie answered for her, “THOUSAND!!!”

“Well then, I guess for the rest of eternity I’m gonna be enjoying my time as a big fuck-berry for Corrin.” Irene said, trying to get a rise out of Moxie. “You do realize he likes it when girls are *bigger* than him, right?”

“The whole reason we came here is to get rid of the curse!” Moxie explained, “Well, the time loop one, but also maybe both.”

“As you can tell... we’re also both in the time loop.” Kira said, “in fact... every fairy is. This curse has been forbidden for years because we’re all immune to it.”

“Alright then! Take it out of me! But also maybe just tone down the berry one, I don’t feel like dying if I’m being honest. I DO like how it feels though.”

“Well, we need to bring you to our queen.” Irene explained, “Only she can remove it.”

Irene sighed, “Well, I guess I’m taking a hike after all.”

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Once they made it to the fairy city, Irene could feel thousands upon thousands of tiny eyes piercing her soul. As Moxie and Kira led her to the queen’s den, she could feel her heart racing. She kept looking behind her back to make sure Corrin wasn’t following, if he showed up *again* then this would all be for nothing. Once she entered the den, the first thing she noticed was that the queen was the size of a normal human instead of being tiny. Before she could notice anything else...

*AH!*



The berry curse activated again, only this time it was completely different. The speed at which she became too big to move happened almost instantly instead of over time. The growth also stopped, suspending her at her current size.

“My apologies,” the queen spoke, “this room has a field around it that amplifies all curses.” She stood up from her throne, addressing the two fairies next to Irene.. “Moxie, you are charged with the attempted murder of a human. Kira, you are charged with the use of a forbidden curse.” She directed her attention back to Irene. “Irene, as the victim of both of these curses. How have these curses affected you?”

Irene thought for a moment, “well, I’ve actually started to like the berry curse. I understand if you have to remove the time loop but... maybe just reduce the power of that one? So like, I don’t die? Also make it harder to activate, this curse will be for Corrin’s eyes only. Also obviously it should be temporary.”

“I can oblige,” the queen told her. “Reduce the severity of the pleasure curse and remove the forbidden curse.”

“Really? Is it that easy?” Irene asked. “I thought there would be some sort of catch, or...”

“Oh, of course there is!” the queen explained. “You think the ones who afflicted you with these curses will get off scot free?”

“Here it comes...” Kira said.

“In order to remove these curses, these two will have to drink from you.” the queen explained.

“...how much?” Irene asked.

“Until they pop.” she explained.

“A-are they gonna die?”

“In this loop? Yes! But when today resets for the last time, it’s all up to chance! Kira has a 50% chance of survival, and Moxie has a 75% chance... since we’re not removing it all the way.”

“But she was trying to help me!” Irene said. Even if she had found Kira annoying and doubted their “friendship”, the last thing she wanted was for her to die like this. “They don’t deserve to die like this!”

“Of course! They deserve to have a chance of death. That’s not as severe, is it?” the queen asked, but before Irene could answer she began the process. “Alright girls, time to drink up!”

At that moment, liters upon liters of juice began to come from her breasts. Irene had to take a moment to regain her composure (as much composure as she had in her current state) and when she opened her eyes she saw Kira in front of her, tears coming from her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," Kira said before moving over to the juice.

"Kira!" Irene begged her not to do it, but it was clear she couldn't convince her. At that point, Irene decided to just close her eyes so she didn't have to watch. She could barely feel them drinking, too distracted by the fact she had also started crying. Right before the reset, she opened her eyes. The last thing she saw was Kira, bloated up in the same way she was. Then...

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DAY 8-DAY 1

Irene woke up the same way as every other day. She could still remember it all, but she tried to figure out if it was all a dream. She focused on the feeling she had always felt before the curse would activate, it was definitely there, but not nearly as pronounced as before. She then wondered about Moxie and Kira, if they were able to make it out alive. She didn't know whether to mourn or feel hopeful. She opened up her back window, the same window Kira arrived from to warn her about what had happened. She thought for a moment, and decided it was best to go about her day as it was supposed to happen.

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The day had gone as it had every other day. Irene was at least happy that it would be the last day she would have to listen to the same shouting match between Doris and Grunly. That's when she found herself at that same hiking trail. The same place where she had first discovered her curse. There was Corrin, standing there with no memory of anything that had happened. His face lit up, excited to see her, and while Irene could still feel the curse getting more antsy, this time it still wasn't enough for it to be activated. Their kiss reaffirmed that, since it was just a normal kiss, nothing that caused her to swell.

"When we finish the trail, I have something to show you at my place." She teased Corrin, knowing from the previous loops that he would absolutely love this.

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It took a little more effort, but it happened. Once they had begun to do the deed, the curse activated. As she expected, Corrin accepted it, and this time there was *no* popping. There was a point that she had stopped growing, and instead began to incessantly lactate her juice, but once they had both reached their climax her body settled down. She was still absolutely massive, but she wasn't growing anymore or releasing any more juice. She was just a big, blue mass. A mass that Corrin had decided to climb up on top of and use as a mattress, all while her bed

seemed to be the strongest bed in the world since it had yet to crumble under her weight. Corrin had crawled up to between her breasts, just enough to see her face.

“So... who decided to give you the hottest curse I’ve ever seen?” Corrin asked.

“Funny, it’s someone who wanted to take you away from me.”

“Really? What does she look like? Because if I ever meet her I want her to know that she’s never getting between us.”

That’s when Irene was reminded of what happened. The person Corrin wanted to tell that to, well... she was possibly dead, along with someone who Irene didn’t value as a friend enough.

“Can you come down here?” Irene asked.

Corrin obliged, and climbed down to her face.

“If you ever see a little fairy with black hair and a red dress, tell her that she’s an idiot.” Corrin chuckled, before Irene told him the next part, “and if you see a fairy with a blue dress, tell her I’m glad to have had her as a friend.”

Corrin nodded his head before kissing Irene, and once he released himself from the kiss, he climbed back up onto her, got comfy, and went right to sleep.

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The next day, more boxes were being checked off. She already knew from yesterday that the curse was still there, only less severe. Waking up in her normal form, she knew it was temporary, and she knew from Corrin fast asleep with his face planted in her breasts that days could move forward as normal. She looked out the back window, and for a moment thought she could see a tiny blue creature flying away. She laid back, reminiscing on her journey thus far, knowing that she could get used to this new life of hers.

“Woah... you’re... back to normal.” Corrin told her.

“Yeah, I am.” Berry curses aside, this position was one she was used to waking up in, and she couldn’t get over how cute Corrin looked resting on top of her.

“How long does it last?” Corrin asked.

“I don’t think we have anything to do today, wanna find out?” she asked in a flirty tone.

In an instant, Corrin had gone from half asleep to fully awake as he and Irene got to work berry-ing her up again, and they would keep doing it time after time for the many years they spent together.