

Draconic Decor (Inanimate TF, Dragon Maid)

“TOOOOHRUUU!!”

Tohru leapt back with an ‘eep!’ as her mistress marched into the living room; Kobayashi had been angry with her before, but today she looked practically demonic. “M-Miss Kobayashi! I promise it’s not as bad as it looks!”

She stopped arguing to look and froze, because it looked *really* bad. Their apartment seemed to have been hit by a bomb, which wasn’t too far from the truth, really. The couch stood blackened and burning, the TV shattered and cracked. Even the coffee table had been blown into smoldering scraps.

Kobayashi tightened her eyes. “Toooohru?” she said, tapping her arm as she waited for an explanation.

“I’m really sorry!” cried Tohru. “But don’t worry! I’ll have it all tidied and clean before you get back from work!”

Rolling her eyes, Kobayashi huffed and turned to leave. Tohru held her smile until the door finally shut, at which point she collapsed to her knees with a howl of frustration. How had she let things get so out of control?

Leaping back to her feet, she looked around, heart pounding. She felt like a knight surveying the aftermath of a battle—she didn’t know whether to start cleaning up or tallying the casualties. *Don’t worry, Tohru*, she told herself, swallowing. *It’s all easily fixed. You just need to use a little magic, that’s all.*

Folding her arms, she tapped her chin in thought. Magic would make fixing the living room easy, but she’d have to use the right spell, or things could get even *more* out of hand.

Even as she thought this, a new idea occurred to her: what if, instead of merely replacing the furniture with new copies, she got new and improved versions too? A plushier couch or a higher resolution TV. Things that would make Kobayashi glad the room had been damaged in the first place!

Congratulating herself on her excellent idea, Tohru put her hands on her hips and surveyed the carnage smugly. “Miss Kobayashi is going to be so happy with me!”

A smoldering beam fell from the ceiling.

...Perhaps she should start by clearing up the mess though. Raising a hand, she aimed it at the carnage and spoke an incantation. A magical circle appeared before her, runes twirling around the circumference, and a wave of green light washed over the damaged furnishings like an indoor aurora. An instant later, the damaged items vanished, wiped out of existence like a stain off the counter, along with any other sign the room had ever been anything but

pristine. When she lowered her hand, the living room exactly like it had when she'd woken up this morning. Minus the lack of furniture, anyway.

"Now for the new stuff," she said, taking a step forward. In hindsight, this step was a little harder than she'd imagined, not least because she had no idea how furniture was acquired... or what made one couch better than another. She'd have to make some assumptions, and she knew what her track record was with them.

In the end, flipping through her mental spellbook, she settled on an obscure little enchantment that would make the assumptions for her. Stickley's Automatic Furnishing was designed for this exact situation: it would scan the room, determine what furniture fit it best, and assemble it from the nearest source of materials. It was perfect!

Closing her eyes, she tried to concentrate. Stickley's Automatic Furnishing was a little harder than the previous spell, and she needed to get the entire thing absolutely right if she wanted it to go off without a hitch. Especially if she wanted to impress Kobayashi.

Licking her lips, she started chanting. Another circle, bright green and crackling, fizzled into existence beneath her, its runes spinning with increasing speed as her chant picked up momentum. Little arcs of lightning zipped between it and her body, dancing from her and across the room, illuminating the ghost shapes of the furniture waiting in their future: a nice plump armchair, a new couch, maybe a little lamp to light up the corner? Mouth curling into a smile, Tohru suppressed a laugh. Miss Kobayashi was going to be so happy with her!

Even as she thought of her, the front door slammed open. Tohru squeaked, her incantation breaking off mid-flow. Beneath her, the circle stopped spinning and resumed, stopped and resumed again, jerking like a stuck disc—the crackling of lightning grew wilder and more intense.

Before Tohru could react, she heard a jingling, and the door slammed shut. Had Miss Kobayashi forgotten her keys again?

She bit her lip, struggling to calm her panicking heart. Around her, the spell continued to spiral out of control, throwing wild images of imaginary furniture across the room. She swallowed—she'd hoped to be able to pick it up, but the spell was clearly unsalvageable. Automatic spells were incredibly finicky; she needed to dispel it before something went *really* wrong...

Turning back to her spell list, Tohru picked out an appropriate counterspell and started to chant it. She got maybe three syllables in before a bolt of lightning struck her.

"Eek!" Tohru's eyes went wide as the spell coursed through her body, overriding her nerves and making her twitch erratically. As she tried to regain control, it dragged her across the room like a marionette at the puppeteer's mercy, sliding her across the floor to the far edge of the room...

...exactly where she'd been planning to place the new armchair.

As she slammed to a stop, her body spinning to face their future TV, Tohru's heart pounded in confusion. What was going on? What was the spell doing to her? It wasn't planning to use *her* as material, was it?

To her horror, she realized that was *exactly* what it was doing. As she fought to regain control, the spell forced her down onto her knees and thrust her chest forward, raising her arms to serve as her new... arms.

"N-no! Let go of me you stupid spell! Let me go! Let me—oooh~!"

Before she could escape, an incredible pressure welled in Tohru's core and pushed outward, as if she were a balloon that had been placed on the pump. With it came a wave of pleasure unlike anything she'd ever experienced—she'd shapeshifted before, but it felt nothing like *this*.

As Tohru's eyes rolled back in delight, her body inflated like her imagined balloon, stretching her clothes taut around her as it did. Her legs and her arms thickened like sausages, squishing against each other in the process, while her boobs blew up like a pair of beachballs on the pump.

The spell didn't allow her body to grow freely, however. Instead, it placed an invisible mold around her form, and as she swelled she found herself forced into its shape: it squished her legs together, forming a large cuboid base beneath her, shaped her arms into cylinders, flattened her hands into their ends, and smushed her head into a large, flat backrest, her expression plastered across its front like a perverse decoration. She moaned.

With every little tweak and adjustment came the pleasure, so strong Tohru could barely think, let alone resist it. *Nnn~! Miss Kobayashi! Someone! Save me!*

No one came. Finally, one last wave of emerald lightning danced across Tohru's body, and her scales-turned-clothing shifted once again. A wave of green washed over her like paint, turning flesh and fabric alike into smooth viridian leather, almost like scales. Tohru could only moan at the intensity of the feeling.

Finally, with one last little *zip*, the spell's effect ended. As the lightning faded, Tohru found her pleasure fading and struggled to speak. *K-Kobayashi! Miss Kobayashi! Hello? Anyone?* She tried to move, but she didn't have any more success there. No matter how hard you try, it's impossible to move when your skeleton has been replaced by a wooden frame and all your muscles by stuffing. Looking down at herself, Tohru blushed at the sight. Her boobs had blown into a fat of fat throw cushions squished together in the middle of her lap. And they were the one part of her that was somewhat recognizable!

With a wail of horror, she struggled to move again. *Anyone, help me!*

She heard the creak of a door, opening. Her heart leapt in hope. *Kobayashi! No, wait... That wasn't the front door... Which means it must be...*

Kanna rubbed her eyes as she closed her bedroom door behind her. School had been cancelled, and Kobayashi had allowed her to sleep in, so long as she promised to get up before lunchtime. She'd wanted to stay in bed all day, but she'd barely managed an extra half hour before the rumbling of her stomach sent her up in search of breakfast.

As she approached the kitchen area of their little apartment, however, a strange sight caught her eye. Ignoring her hunger, she approached the living area and found to her surprise that all of their normal furniture—their couch, their TV, the coffee table—had vanished. In their place sat nothing more than a strange green armchair.

Marching across the room, she came to a stop and stared at it. She recognized the shade of green—Lady Tohru's scales were exactly the same color. Had she chosen it?

With a hup, she leapt up onto the chair and shuffled herself into it, pressing herself into the pair of excessively plump cushions. Sitting there, she wiggled till she was comfortable. As far as chairs went, she really liked this one. It felt nice and big and soft, much better than the hard wooden ones they ate dinner on.

(K-Kanna! Get off and fetch help! You need to find Lucoa!)

Something was tickling her, however, a little sensation in the back of her brain that she just couldn't rid of. Hopping out of the chair, she looked around and sniffed. The whole room smelled of magic, strong magic. Had Lady Tohru been casting spells again?

Before she could get an answer, her stomach rumbled and reminded her why she'd gotten out of bed in the first place. With a shrug, she turned to make her way back to the kitchen. Maybe she'd start with a whole bowl of ice cream and a biig bar of choco—

The spell struck her in the back, freezing her in place. Squirming, she struggled to speak as it dragged her back across the floor and brought her to a stop in the corner of the room, right next to the new armchair. Trapped there, she fought feebly to move. What was happening? Who was casting spells on her?

Her tail, trembled in fear, went suddenly taut and stretched, shooting straight into the plug socket on the nearby wall. Kanna jumped in shock—she was used to recharging this way, but to have it happen on its own wasn't something she liked at all. Unfortunately, her body wasn't finished showing initiative. Even as she tried to move, her legs slammed together and her arms plastered themselves to her sides. She tried to tear them away, but they remained planted firmly in place—all she could do was squirm.

“K-Kobayashi! Help me! Lady Tohru...!” No one responded.

Tears forming in her eyes, she felt a terrible pressure squeezing her sides, as if she'd been wrapped into a roll of carpet and it were tightening around her. Squealing, she cried out for help as it squeezed her thinner and thinner, cutting off her cries in the process. She could only plead in her head, desperately hoping someone could hear her.

While most of her body slimmed, too parts survived untouched, namely her feet and her head. The former flattened out and stretched around her legs as a circular base, just wide enough to keep her from toppling over. As for her head...

Leaving her body, the pressure concentrated on her skull, slowly squeezing it down to less than a tenth of its former size and leaving Kanna screaming even more wildly for someone to help her. While the magic shrank her skull, it did the opposite to her hair, lifting it up and spinning it into a conical shade, the perfect crown for her thin new body. Not that Kanna was in much of a position to appreciate how apt it was.

Kobayashi! Tohru! Someone! Someone please help me!

A final wave of emerald light washed crackling over her form, painting her slenderized body a roseate gold and turning her transformed head translucent, though it revealed nothing more than a thin filament. Her tail smoothed into a pink white and plug, and her hair solidified as a smooth cotton lampshade, color unchanged. Finally, a thin white cord with three small black beads on the end dropping from beneath her shade, and with that the magic dimmed and sputtered out like a dying bulb.

With a click, the spell flicked the socket's switch, and Kanna squealed as electricity surged through her form, a familiar sensation turned alien by context. Settling in her skull, it set her brain on fire and melted all her thoughts, leaving her barely able to think, let alone understand what was happening.

Trapped in a bright new world, Kanna pleaded for someone to help her.

"Hello? Helllloo? Is anyone in here?" Standing outside of Kobayashi's apartment, Elma out her hands on her hips and huffed. She might not be a master of human customs, but she was pretty sure you weren't supposed to leave people waiting on your doorstep for more than half an hour!

At last, with an exasperated sigh, she decided to let herself in. "Hello?" she said, poking her head through the doorway. "Tohru, are you in there?" She had to assume someone was home, but whoever they were obviously wasn't keen on responding. "Kobayashi sent me to help you with the furniture!"

Marching into the living room, she came to a stop and looked around. No sign of Tohru greeted her, nor Kanna or Ilulu. Ilulu was supposed to be at work, and she supposed Tohru might have already gone shopping, but Kobayashi had told her Kanna at least was meant to be here all day. Was she still sleeping?

Stranger still, however, was the furniture. When Kobayashi had briefed her, she'd explained all about the damage Tohru had done to it; what this *hadn't* prepped Elma for was all the furniture being gone save for two very strange items.

Squinting, she tried to recall if they'd been here the last time she visited. They looked familiar, but she didn't recall Kobayashi having a bright green armchair or a short rose-gold lamp in the corner. She supposed Tohru must have purchased them, but why had she only bought a chair and a floor lamp?

Concerned, Elma poked her head into Kanna's bedroom, expecting to see her tucked up beneath the sheets. When she found the bed empty, she searched every room in the flat and found them devoid of dragon too. Either Kanna had woken up and sleepwalked out of the house, or something very strange was going on here.

Returning to the living room, she plopped her butt into the new chair and wiggled her ass hard into its cushions. Whatever the answer, it was a *really* comfortable chair. Maybe she should get one like this for her own apartment.

(Nn~! Get out of me, Elma! How dare you sit on—! Urgh! Get up and go fetch help! ...And stop wiggling your big fat butt in my face!)

Leaving the chair behind, she made her way to the door. She didn't know what was going on, but she could at least report to Kobayashi. Maybe she'd have a better understanding of things—it was her apartment after all.

Halfway to the door, the truth struck Elma with the force of a lightning bolt. Literally. Slamming into her back, it wrenched her off the floor like a ragdoll, spun her around, and dragged her squealing back to the living room. "E-eh?!" she cried as it held her suspended in the air. "Wh-what's—?!"

In answer, the magic flipped her onto her back and forced her arms and legs downward. The next thing she knew, she was on the ground, poised on her hands and feet like some kind of strange gymnast. She tried to force herself up, but her body refused to obey her. The spell surrounded her like a cage of lightning, keeping her pinned in one place, no matter how much she wanted to escape it.

As she opened her mouth to cry out again, Elma felt a terrible but very familiar feeling in her stomach. It was as if she'd been eating for hours, stuffing herself with food till her belly could take no more. She felt so full, so bloated, it was almost impossible to bear it. Worse, the feeling wasn't isolated to her stomach—no, she felt it through her entire form. Even her arms and her legs felt stuffed near to bursting.

Eyes wide, she watched in horror as she plumped, fattening as if she'd gorged herself on several sequential buffets. Her torso thickened into an enormous blob, matched only by the squat sausages of her neck and her thighs, and even her neck grew a little plumper. She moaned, husky—to her horror, it felt *good*.

With the growth came a strange pressure, as if she were a sausage being squeezed into a casing. *Wh-what?!* To her shock, Elma watched herself stretched, stomach crushed into a longer, flatter, but no less plump cuboid. The same invisible hands squished her arms and her legs up into her torso, leaving them all but inseparable. Her head too, they flattened into her side, leaving her staring backward, face upside down, caught in a wild look of confusion.

Only her hands and they left separate, though they took the chance to squish them into smooth stumps.

Taking some of Elma's remaining fat, the magic pushed it to her side and stacked it as a long, plump wall. Only with this last addition did Elma realize what she was becoming. *A couch?! It's making me into a couch?!*

Her figure sparked with emerald light, and where it passed she felt one last state change: flesh and clothing, already so distorted, shifted and blurred, turning seamless and soft as the spell replaced her outside with fabric and her insides with stuffing. Elma squealed as a wave of blue drowned her like a tidal wave, leaving her looking like any normal, if very long couch.

Nn~! Why does it feel so good?! Tohru! When I turn back, I'm going to make you pay for this! Nnn~!

Lucoa's boobs bounced like the pair of fat puddings they were as she approached the door of Kobayashi's apartment. She and the younger dragon had been planning to meet for lunch, but for some reason, Tohru hadn't shown.

Now, standing outside her flat and seeing the door open, Lucoa felt a brief flash of worry. Surely nothing could have happened to her, couldn't it?

One eye open, she poked her head through the door and called out. "Tohru? Tohru, honey? Are you in there?" No one responded. With a 'hmmph', she placed her hands on her hips and slipped inside. "Tohru?"

When no one responded again, she made her way into the flat's main area and found the answer to her question lying in plain sight before her. Coming to a stop, Lucoa studied the living area with a smile. "Oh, so that's what she's up to!" She almost laughed.

Kobayashi's normal future had gone, but three new items had appeared in their place, all reeking of magic. Clearly Tohru had been to commission it especially from the Other World. Lucoa had heard the dwarfs had excellent deals on furniture.

Taking a step closer, she studied the beautiful blue couch, bending down to rub a hand over one of the plump seat cushion. "Oooh, so smooth~." It felt like rubbing a dolphin fresh from the ocean. Tohru must have spent a fortune on it.

Approaching the end of the furnishing, she picked up one of the plump throw cushions tucked into the final segment, held it up, and squeezed it like a stress ball, enjoying how firm it felt in her hands. When she released it, it snapped straight back into shape without the slightest deformation.

(Nnnn~! Ah! Nn~! Stop! Lady Lucoa! Lady Lucoa, please! That's my...! Ah!)

Satisfied, Lucoa put it back in its spot and stood back, tapping her chin in thought. Well, now things seemed a lot clearer. Tohru had obviously burnt up Kobayashi's furniture and had to run to the Other World to fetch replacements. That explained why she'd missed their lunch date, though Lucoa felt a little stung that the younger dragon hadn't called her to explain. Well, whatever. She wasn't one to hold grudges. But perhaps she'd pay her back by squatting here until Tohru returned with the rest of her new furniture—she didn't want to leave the apartment empty and unlocked, after all.

Planting her butt into the nice green chair, she wiggled herself into place, enjoying the feeling of the plump cushions against her lower back and butt. Sitting there, she tapped her fingers on the armrest, wondering how long it would be until Tohru returned.

(Ah! Ah! Nn~! Get off me! Lucoa, you fat~! Nnnn~! This is unbearable! It's like she's groping my~Nnn~! Ah!)

As she shuffled, eager to make herself comfy, she felt a vague tingling in her underarms and legs, as if she were producing static electricity. Sitting up, she looked around with a frown. Was it ambient magic she was picking up? She'd sensed the new furnishings were highly charged, but perhaps she'd underestimated it.

Curious, she flicked a glance at the lamp shining brightly in the corner. It looked ever so cute, with its short rose-gold stand and adorable pink plug. She wondered whether the same thought was what had made Tohru buy it. Regardless, it didn't seem overtly magical—perhaps she was simply being overly sensitive.

(Lady Lucoa, help! ...Help me!)

Lying back, she sighed in sudden boredom. She didn't mind waiting for Tohru to return, but she wished the younger dragon had provided something more entertaining, like a television, fir—

It was like she'd grabbed an electric eel. With a squeal, Lucoa shot to her feet and flew forward, mouth gaping in surprise. "E-eh? Wh-what's—?" Searching for the sorcerer who'd attacked her, she found herself flung at the far wall, where the spell holding her spun her around and planted her on her feet. "Wh-who is—?!"

Before she had a chance to finish her question, the emerald lightning surging through her body flared, and with a squeak of surprise, Lucoa found herself thrust down to her knees, her body squished as tightly as she could hold it.

What's this spell doing to me?! she thought, straining to escape its hold on her. She could feel a tingling passing through all her nerves, as if it were trying to rebuild her from the inside out.

Struggling to pull herself free, Lucoa looked up and saw the scene before her in a new light. The green chair, the pink lamp, the blue sofa... Oh no. No wonder Tohru had been late to their lunch date!

Swallowing, she flipped through the spells she knew in search of one responsible. If Tohru had used something quick and simple like Wayfair's Summon Couch or Bob's Discount Furniture, they'd be fine, but if she'd used something a little trickier to undo, like Stickley's Automatic Furnishings...

"N-no need to fear," she said through chattering teeth. "Reversing this should be as simple as reciting a counterspell. She licked her lips, ready to chant the first that came to mind, but before she got a chance, the lightning flared and her jaws snapped open wide. "Uoooah!" *Wh-what is this?! Why do it feel so-?! Nnn~!*

A terrible pleasure ripped through Lucoa's body and mind, moistening her pussy and hardening her nipples. As she tried to fight it off, an intense pressure exploded outward from her gut, shredding her brain with fresh pangs of delight. She squealed as she bloated like a balloon, flesh and clothing alike warping and twisting as the spell forced it into a new shape.

First, her torso bulked up and took on a more cuboid form, like a melon grown in the mold of a plastic box. Her lower legs melded with her thighs, and walls of *her* formed between her upper arms and her shoulders, squeezing her boobs tight between them. Speaking of, her legendary chest had started changing as well, her breasts flipped onto their side and crushed tight so her cleavage formed an impressive horizontal line between them. Her nipples slid around like they were unsure where to stand.

Her hair, meanwhile, did something very similar to her body, growing taller and wider, and yet, at the same time, much shallower, as if it were being spread thin. As the flattened face expanded, her eyes and her mouth turned to shiny glass and fused, while her horns straightened into a pair of long, thin sticks.

Down below, her torso finished growing and slowly settled into a rigid new cuboid shape, clothing and flesh losing all distinction as her surface slowly turned to a layer of smooth plastic, glistening prismatic in the light from the lamp. In the hollow space between what had been her arms and breasts, her boobs had almost finished changing into a bright green DVD player, with her nipples as buttons and her cleavage as the tray. Looking down, she moaned as she realized the implications.

Between her legs, her clitoris detached with a pop and fell to the floor as a simple remote, dark pink. Higher up, her head finished growing, her eyes and mouth now fully settled into their new role as her screen. Her horns, meanwhile, continued to grow and thin, stretching and stretching into a pair of long thin antennas.

At last, her long tail, spared for the final moment, spun itself into a completely normal cable and plugged itself into the waiting socket in the wall, making Lucoa scream in lust as fresh energy flashed through her body.

O-oh! Oh my! This is simply... Oh dear~!

Thoughts of her darling Shouta filling her mind, Lucoa gave into her ecstasy.

“Urgh! What a day,” said Ilulu, groaning to herself as she climbed the apartment stairs. For some reason, her flame sacs had been weighing her down extra today, and when she’d complained about her back, Take had told her to go home earlier. He seemed really embarrassed about the idea for some reason, especially when she’d put his hands on them to show him how heavy they were.

Arriving at their floor, Ilulu opened the door and stepped inside, expecting to find Tohru cleaning up or Kanna watching TV—she was supposed to be off school today, wasn’t she? What she saw instead stopped her in her tracks. “E-eh?”

In place of their normal furniture, she found a set of strange replacements: a long blue couch, smooth and silky to the touch; a plump green chair with a pair of plush cushions; a cute pink lamp, shining despite the daylight; and a yellow-green TV and DVD player, sitting on a gloss black TV stand. The only thing they were missing was a coffee table.

Approaching the center of the living room, Ilulu looked around. What exactly was going on? Why had Tohru decided to replace all of their furniture? ...And why did it all look so familiar?

Frowning, she sniffed the air. Magic. Strong magic. Something had definitely happened here, though she couldn’t figure out what. Finally, with a shrug, she snatched the TV remote off the stand, threw herself back onto the couch, and pressed on.

And blinked in surprise at what she found playing.

“Nn~! Nnn~! Nnnn~! Oh me, it feels too good! Harder! Harder! Oooh, yes~! Harder!” On the screen, Lucoa lay on her back naked, her body slick with sweat, screaming in delight as a gigantic penis slammed in her pussy.

If Ilulu had been more sensitive to human sexual activities, she might have blushed, but as it was she simply cocked her head in curiosity. “Lucoa?”

It took several repetitions before the elder dragon’s eyes finally turned to her. “I-Ilulu!” Lucoa cried, voice breathless. “Please, you have to do—Nnn~!—something!”

“Do something?” asked Ilulu. “Like what? And why are you in the television?”

“Please!” Lucoa repeated, eyes rolling back as the enormous cock thrust again—Ilulu couldn’t see who it belonged to, but whoever they were, they had a big one. “Tohru cast a spell to refurnish the room, but it turned us all into furniture instead! You have to find a way to reverse it, before—Nnn~!” She broke off before she could finish her sentence, head snapping back in utter ecstasy.

It took several seconds for Ilulu to process what she’d just heard. “Tohru cast a spell... and it turned you into furniture?” Leaping up, she looked around, casting a fresh eye on the room. “So that means all these new things are...?” Her mouth curled into a grin.

“Ilulu! Quickly, before—”

Muting the TV, Ilulu doubled over in laughter. “What a big screw-up you are, Tohru!” Approaching the plump green chair, Ilulu planted a foot on its seat cushion. “I wonder what Kobayashi’s going to think when she comes home and finds out what you’ve become!” She stuck out her tongue, hoping for a reaction, but of course Tohru didn’t respond.

(You—you little brat! Get your foot off me!)

Still giggling to herself, Ilulu spun around and threw herself backward into the armchair, rubbing her ass hard into the cushions. “Mmm~, you’re really comfy. Maybe she’ll decide to keep you like this and make *me* her partner instead?”

(Nnn~! H-how dare you talk about Miss Kobayashi like that! She’d never prefer someone like you to a perfect maid like—Ahhh! Stop shuffling! Stop it!)

With a smile, Ilulu lay back and rested her arms on Tohru’s armrests. “Ah~. I could really get used to you like this, Tohru. You make a way better chair than you ever did a—”

Ilulu froze, caught by Lucoa’s expression. The elder dragon had stopped moaning to pound on the glass, expression panicked. Frowning, Ilulu unmuted her.

“—affects you! Once it’s run its course, it’ll become permanent!”

Ilulu cocked her head. “What are you talking about—?” she asked. “Once *what* runs its—?”

She froze mid-sentence, body jerking, her mouth and jaw opening and closing, limbs twitching as if she’d stuck her fingers into the sockets. Gaping, she rose into the air.

“No!” cried Lucoa. “If the spell finishes filling the room, it’ll seal itself! We’ll be stuck like this forever! Ilulu! Ilu—”

Ilulu shot forward, remote flying from her hand. It struck the wall, and the television went blank.

As she floated over to the middle of the room, coming to a stop between the couch and the TV, Ilulu finally found the strength to move her mouth. “Wh-what’s going on—?” As if in answer, the magic flipped her onto her back, stuck out her arms and legs, and slammed into her floor, her flame sacs flopping over the side of her torso in the process. Stuck, red with humiliation, Ilulu struggled to move and found herself trapped in the pose like some kind of perverted statue. She wanted to scream in frustration.

“L-Lucoa! Do something! Help me!” She had to fight to get the words out, and even when she did, she got no response. The TV continued to stare at her, blank and dark as Tezcatlipoca’s mirror.

Shivering, Ilulu grit her teeth. What did she do now?

The spell interrupted her brainstorming session by grabbing her breasts and squeezing them together. Ilulu screamed as fresh pleasure, intense as anything she'd ever felt, crashed into her already oversensitive body. Her nipples hardened; her pussy gushed. She thrashed in the confines of her own form, unable to bear what was happening to her.

As the spell played with her boobs, its lascivious hands turned their attention to other parts of her body, namely her feet and her hands. Wrapping around them, it squeezed them and rubbed them, polishing them away until all they remained were thick nubs. Moving on to her arms and legs, it did something very similar, circling and smoothing till her limbs had become clean pillars. No sooner than they were done did it start work on her butt and the rest of her petite torso, flattening her back and squishing her tummy against it.

All the while, it continued to work her breasts squished them and rubbing them and pressing them together, and finally—seemingly satisfied with their firmness—pressing down on them *hard*, so that she screamed in fresh ecstasy. As the magic pushed them downward, rolling them like two fat clumps of dough, Ilulu screamed and screamed, losing herself to lust—by the time the spell finish, she could barely think a word.

Opening her eyes, she moaned at what she saw: the spell had flattened her boobs into a large round tabletop, her boobs squished together so tightly they formed an almost perfect circle, with only a wedge on each side and a line down the middle to show they'd started separate.

Shuddering at the sight, she found Lucoa's words returning to her with new force: "If the spell finishes filling the room, it'll seal itself, and we'll be stuck like this forever!" Panic lanced her mind. *N-no! No! I don't wanna be a coffee table forever! Make it stop! Stoop!*

Ignoring her pleas, the magic continued to wash over her, a sparkling green aurora. Her final whimpers cut off as it smoothed away her mouth and pressed the whole of her head back into her torso, which it promptly spun into a fancy stand for her flattened breasts.

As she finished changing shape, the magic etched new colors and textures into her: her clothing and skin melded together, becoming smooth to the touch and ashen, while whirls and bands appeared on her surface. Finally, it rubbed her all over, as if applying varnish, and with that, the spell seemed to come to an end.

Forever. With one last zip and a crackle, it inspected its work, clapping its hands at a job well done, and faded with a poof, leaving only a few flickering lights in the air before it was gone entirely.

Down on the floor, Ilulu screamed out for mercy. *Someone help me! Help me! Anyone!*

Kobayashi braced herself as she opened the door to the apartment. When she'd set off for work this morning, it had been in the knowledge she might very well return to find the entire building on fire. So far, she was off to a good start.

Poking her head through the doorway, she called out: “Tohru? I’m home!” No one answered her.

Kobayashi frowned. “Maybe she went out and forget to lock up behind her?” She stepped inside.

As she shut the door behind her, a thought occurred to her: even if Tohru had gone out, Kanna should still be here. “Kanna? Kaaanna!”

Again, no one responded. Feeling a little chill, Kobayashi advanced, checking her watch as she walked. Ilulu–Ilulu should have finished work by now, shouldn’t she? But if she was here, why hadn’t she responded?

She frowned. “Ilulu? ...Ilulu?”

Once more, her only response was the wind through the keyhole. Swallowing, her hands feeling a little clammy, Kobayashi hurried into the living room. And came to a stop, eyes wide in surprise at what she found.

“Wow, Tohru,” she said, resting her hands on the kitchen table. “You’ve really outdone yourself this time.” The living area had been fully repaired and refurnished, with the damaged items replaced by new ones. Kobayashi didn’t know about Tohru’s choice of colors, but in every other respect, the new items were immaculate.

Brewing herself a cup of coffee, she strode into the living area with her cup in hand, feeling like she was too common a person to sit on such luxurious seating. The couch in particular looked like it was made of incredibly expensive, something smooth and blue that looked almost hydrodynamic. Approaching the end with the cushions, she leaned down and pressed on one, enjoying the shiver of the silky blue material against her palm.

(Nn~! M-Miss Kobayashi! P-please, d-don’t touch me like th–Nn~!)

Frowning, Kobayashi picked one of the pillows up and squeeze it between her hands. It felt firm, like a stress ball. Maybe she should take some of her tension out on it later.

(St-st-stop! Miss Kobayashi! You’re squeezing my–Nnn~!)

Turning around, Kobayashi sat down on the edge of the couch, feeling too nervous to really press her butt into the seating.

In the meantime, she leaned forward to inspect the new coffee table. It was a strange shape: an imperfect circle with a line down the middle (she wondered if it could fold). Each half of the tabletop had a giant dark whirl in the grain of the wood, like a pair of giant nipples. Blushing at the thought, she placed her coffee on one and stood.

(Ah! Ah! No, don’t leave it there! Kobayashi, take it off! And turn me baaaaack! ...Or at least use a coasteeeeer!)

Meanwhile, she leaned in and placed her finger on the other one, tracing the tip around the whirl curiously. It was a pretty funny pattern, but then she supposed you often did see weird images in wood grain. One of her colleagues claimed to have seen her dead dog.

(Nnn~! It's too much! Stop, please! I can't take it anymooooore!)

The lamp in the center of the room snatched her attention sideways, and she strolled over to it, belatedly realizing that there was no reason for it to be on. Grabbing the pull cord dangling from the shade, she gave it a tug, and the light snapped off with a *click*. She stepped back to examine it better: pink and white, with a rosy gold pole, it looked absolutely adorable in a way that reminded her of... someone she couldn't quite put a name to.

(Kobayashi! Help me! Kobayashiii!)

Grabbing the pull cord again, she held it up, feeling their name on the tip of her tongue. Who was it? One of her colleague's daughters, maybe? No matter how hard she thought, she could only picture the lamp.

In the end, she turned away with a shrug. If she couldn't remember, they probably weren't important.

(Kobayashi! Kobayashi! Come back! I don't wanna be a lamp anymore! Kobayashi...!)

As she turned from the lamp, Kobayashi caught sight of the TV remote lying discarded in the corner. Whoever had installed the new furniture had obviously dropped it there while setting things up.

Bending down, she snatched it up and flicked the 'on' button—

—and went red with embarrassment as she saw what was on the screen.

“Nnn~! Nnn~! Oh me, it's too good! It's too good! Harder! Harder! Nnn~! Oh yes, baby, harder! AHHHH~!”

Bright red, Kobayashi flicked to the news channel and looked away, legs shut. Wiping her brow, she placed the remote on the table. She didn't know what kind of perverted delivery people would leave their client's TV tuned to such a disgusting channel, but at least the television itself was, ah, high resolution.

Turning back, her eyes settled at last on the final item of the lot: a bright green armchair, plump and plush, and equipped with two equally well-stuffed cushions.

As she approached it, a frown formed on her face. She didn't know exactly what had possessed her to order an armchair of all things, but she was glad she had—the thought of sliding into it after a long day of work, of resting her ass on its seat and her lower back on its cushions, of slapping her arms on its rests and sliding down with a sigh... Why was she imagining it? It was right in front of her.

Approaching the chair, Kobayashi turned and lowered herself. Delicately, delicately, as if using a strange new toilet, her butt wiggling a little as she brought it down to the cushion. At last, her ass impacted the seat with a resounding squeak from the springs beneath the fabric. Gripping the arms, she pulled her onto it proper, squishing the two fat cushions against her back in the process—she shuddered at how good they felt against her.

(Beneath her, Tohru squirmed in several kinds of frustration. Nnn~! Miss Kobayashi! Miss Kobayashi is sitting on me! Nn~! It feels so good! I don't want it to end, but...! Nnn~!)

She shuffled herself into place, planted her elbows on the armrests, and lay back with a sigh, willing her exhausted body to release all its tension. Her body practically melted, but the chair was there to support her, hugging her tight as the plushiest beanbag ever could. She could practically feel herself sinking deeper with the second.

Closing her eyes, Kobayashi drew in a deep breath and released it with a sigh. *Ordering new furniture was the best idea I've had in a long time.* She squeezed the arms and wiggled her butt even deeper. *I'm really going to enjoy breaking in this new chair...*

(Nnn~! Miss Kobayashi is sitting on my breasts! It feels so good—I don't want it to ever stop, but... Nnn~! Miss Kobayashi! Please don't forget about me! I don't wanna be a chair forever! Miss Kobayashi! Miss Kobayashiii~!)

With a sigh, Kobayashi shuffled a little deeper into the seat, and Tohru gave in to an exquisite kind of ecstasy.