

The Perfect Throne (Inanimate TF, Fate)

Rin struck the ground with a gasp of pain and lay there, groaning, as the magus stepped forward. "Had enough yet?" he asked, a sickly grin on his face.

Heart pounding, Rin fought for breath. This was impossible. No matter what she tried, she just couldn't defeat him.

But that didn't mean she was going to surrender! Snatching another gem from her pouch, she raised it high, ready to throw it, and—

"Oh, come now," said the magus, raising his hand. "Aren't you sick of this silly fighting?" He wiggled his fingers, and tiny threads flew from their tips and wound their way around her wrists. With a jerk of the hands, he wrenched her back to her feet. Rin gasped as her spine snapped straight, struggling to pull away, but all the strength had gone from her body. She didn't even have the mana left for a simple Reinforcement spell.

"Much better," said the magus, squeezing her chin with a smile of amusement. "Now, whatever should I do with you?" He laughed. "I've put so much thought into defeating you, but I completely forgot about what I'd do with you after! Let's see... I don't suppose you have any requests? Perhaps you'd like to be my adoring apprentice?"

Rin snarled, struggling to pull away. "G-go to hell," she said. "You're crazy if you think I'll serve under you."

"Under me!" The magus laughed. "What delightful phrasing! As a matter of fact, it's given me the perfect idea!" Closing his eyes, he muttered his way through a complex incantation and, hand glowing with a bright azure flame, placed his palm on Rin's brow.

Lightning raced, searing through Rin's nerves. Arching her back, she screamed at the ceiling as her nipples hardened, poking through her top, and her pussy squirted like a busted fire hydrant. "Nnn~! Ah! Ah!" Throwing back her head, she moaned at the ceiling, her entire body shaking and trembling with the pleasure.

Chuckling to himself, the magus lowered his hands and allowed the magical threads restraining her to fade. She gasped for breath, able to move yet incapable all the same, as his magical energy surged through her nerves and left her whimpering and twitching. "St-stop...!" she managed, eyes rolling backward. "St-stop!"

The magus laughed. "Hardly. We've barely even started." He gave his hand a twist.

Rin screamed afresh as her legs snapped, bending at the knees as if she were sitting in midair. A part of her was terrified she'd strike the ground, but instead she remained floating. Summoning all her strength, she strained to look back and found her pigtails growing, stretching and stretching until their ends touched the marble tiles of the floor. Shockingly, they seemed to be able to support her.

Even as she tried to reach back and touch them, to desperately try to figure out what was happening, her arms snapped forward and froze, her clenched fists hovering over her knees. She struggled to move them, but it seemed impossible: it was like all her muscles had simply turned to wood. “Wh-what are you *doing* to me?!” She couldn’t keep the panic out of her voice.

“Don’t worry,” said the magus, “you’ll see soon enough. Now, let’s see if we can do something about that petite little figure of yours.” Raising a hand, he snapped his fingers.

Rin squealed as a fresh bolt of lightning struck her. If she’d been free to move, she would have thrown back her head and shook as it coursed through her body, but as it was, she could only sit there on her invisible stool and moan and shake as the pressure grew within her. It felt as if her body had become a balloon: she could feel herself filling, skin growing tauter and tauter as the magic pumped her full.

Looking down, she watched with eyes of wild horror as her breasts fattened, pushing through her jumper till they looked like a pair of cushions. Her legs, especially her thighs, received their helping of fat too. Thicker and thicker, they grew with the second, stretching her stockings with their fecund new girth.

Screwing up her eyes, Rin moaned in ecstasy. Not only was her body growing curvier, but pleasure scorched her mind as it grew more erogenous too. Even the pressure of her clothes against her body was enough to make her want to orgasm, and with every second it grew worse and worse.

“Now for the climax,” said the magus, raising his hand once more. Grinning, he clenched his fist.

Pressure struck Rin from all angles. Incredible pressure, as if she were being squeezed in an invisible giant’s fist. Striking her erogenous new body, it set her mind alight and reduced her composure to cinders. Opening wide, she screamed and screamed and shook in delight, her body trembling, her pussy squirting,

Taking her hands, the magic squeezed them into her wrist before taking her arms and squishing them thinner in turn, spreading them downward till they joined up with her legs. Legs which, as it happened, were rapidly hardening as her plumped-up flesh turned to something considerably grainier, smooth to the touch, as if varnished.

As the magic rolled up and down her form in a wave of flickering sparkles, her clothes squeezed tighter and tighter till they seemed to fuse to her flesh entirely and, firmly attached, underwent a transformation of their own: her boots and stockings became hard wood, dark, while her top became a layer of stuffed red cushion, bright and soft. Her boobs, melded with it, retained their size and their softness, though they were considerably less jiggly in their new form.

Hardening her twintails into a pair of wooden supports, painted, the magic turned its attention to Rin’s face next. As it flattened her out, smoothing away all her features, she

managed to breach the ocean of pleasure drowning her for just long enough to look down at herself and recognize what was happening.

“Have you figured it out yet?” said the magus, approaching her. Leaning in, he placed a hand on one of her breasts-turned-cushions and pressed down on it, hard, striking her with an unbearable jolt of pleasure. “You’re going to be my chair, Rin. My sexy little inanimate throne, for me to plant my ass on and rest my head on forever. Oh, and just to be clear, there’s no turning you back. Once this spell finishes, the old Rin will be gone—your essence will be trapped in this chair forever.”

N-nnn! thought Rin, fighting to rise through the ecstasy drowning her. *"I... I can't fight it anymore... I'm going to be a chair... A mere chair... I--Nn~! Ah! Ah! Oh God, and it feels... so... good..."*

Like a sugar cube tossed into the ocean, Rin’s mind dissolved until no sign of thought remained. With that, she dropped, striking the floor with a flat clunk. All she was a chair now: a silly, sexy chair, and nothing more.

Settling into his new throne, the magus rested his head on her former breasts and sighed. “Beautiful,” he said, enjoying the sound of her springs squeaking as he shifted, “you’re an excellent addition to my collection. What do you think of that, Rin? Do you enjoy being a chair?”

“...”

“Perfection.”