

Aether's Mechanical New Tea Set (Inanimate TF, Genshin)

Sandrone knocked once, knocked twice, and finally, with a snarl of frustration, kicked the door open outright. "Aether! Where are you, Aether? You better not be playing some kind of prank on me..."

She crossed her arms and tapped her foot, waiting for Aether to make his presence known. When this failed to occur, she scowled. The *cheek* of it, to invite her to his house without being present. Was she supposed to call first or something? How infuriating.

Since the door was open anyway (though whether it had been *unlocked* was another question), she decided she might as well take a look around. She headed into the living room first, where she spent a second inspecting the strangely-familiar couch before proceeding into the kitchen.

Failing to find anything interesting on the lower floor, she soon ended up upstairs in Aether's (blushing module engaged) b-bedroom.

The bed itself was unusually colorful, and like the couch downstairs, there was something strangely familiar about it that she just couldn't put her finger on. More interesting was the bottle of wine lying half-empty on the floor. Bending down, Sandorne inspected the label.

P____n of F____it_re Tr____or_at_n. Not a vintage she was familiar with.

With a shrug, she took a chug all the same, swilling it around her cheeks before swallowing. It tasted nice – strangely sweet, but otherwise fine. She took another sip and, with a shrug, decided to wait for Aether in the living room. Hopefully he'd arrive before she wound down for good...

Throwing herself onto Aether's colorful couch, she lay back and put her feet up on the coffee table, wondering if there was anything she could do to amuse herself as she waited.

As she scanned the room for a book, however, her stomach started gurgling. She looked down, blinking – she'd experienced many things, but she'd never known her stomach to *gurgle* before. She hadn't known it could – it wasn't like it was a *real* stomach.

She rubbed it with a frown. The gurgling grew a little louder, and with it came a strange heat, which spread out of her belly and through her entire form, as if someone had run her oil supply through a heater. What was happening? She couldn't be poisoned, so—?

With a splintering crack from deep within her core, she doubled-over, throwing herself at the coffee table for support and lay there leaning against it and panting as her body shook like an overpressured boiler. "Nnn~! Wh-what is...?"

Like an old automaton in the crusher, her body folded into itself. Her legs collapsed with a crunch, forced up into her thighs, and her arms followed suit, hands crumpling into her upper arms like tin cans under a boot. She struck the coffee table with a gasp and lay against it moaning. "H-he... Help!"

With a crack, her head left her neck and rolled across the table, coming to a stop on its side, staring at her own decapitated body. Miss Guillotin squealed. “Wh-what?!”

With a pop, her breasts left her torso as well, leaping out of her bodice and rolling around the table as the rest of her body continued to crumple, forming first a cube the size of her head, then flattening, spreading under her like a sheet of metallic cloth.

Her key flew free and landed beside her head with a *clink*. She squeaked.

It wasn't just her torso changing either: her removed breasts spasmed and changed, one hollowing out while the other swelled, its nipple stretching long and thin with an orgasmic tingling.

Meanwhile, her key shook and shook and shrank, its teeth flattening into a small, spade-like shovel. Sandrone whimpered – what was *happening* to her?!

Even as she opened her mouth to scream for help, her lips pursed themselves all on their own, and with a tingling stretched long and thin, curling as they went. Sandrone could only stare, her eyes trembling. It looked just like– It looked just like a teapot's...!

The ribbons of her bonnet flexed and flew upward, fusing together to form a thick red handle, and an awful light-headedness assaulted her, as if someone had cracked open her skull and scooped everything inside out. “Mmmmpfh!”

Her breasts had both sprouted handles of their own by now. The hollowed-out one had become a little teacup, and now it dripped a puddle of itself to serve as a saucer. The other had become a taller, slender pot – it felt full, so full, and after a moment, Sandrone realized it was a milk jug. She watched, whimpering, as they both hardened into porcelain.

Beneath her, the flattened rectangle of her torso and limbs had almost finished changing as well: with a final crinkling, it hardened into a fancy platter with bright, gilded handles, while her key became a golden spoon for stirring the drinks it served.

A searing pain struck her hand: a line sliced its way straight through her brow. A lid. They'd cut off her crown to make it into a lid. She would have screamed if she'd still had the power of speech.

Finally, her eyes glazed over, reduced to painted porcelain, and with that, Sandrone ceased moving entirely.

Trapped in her frozen flesh, she squirmed, struggling to move. *H-help me! Someone help me...!*

Several minutes passed. Finally, footsteps creaked against the floorboards. “What's this?” came the familiar voice of Aether. “I don't remember buying a tea set...”

A-Aether! Aether, you have to help me!

He took a seat on the strange couch and studied her for a second. Grabbing her head by the ribbons, he tipped her towards her former breast. Sandrone squealed as a flow of hot tea poured through her lips and out into the cup. *A-ah! Ah!*

Replacing her head, he picked up her breast and sipped at it, making her squeal at the tingle of his tongue. "Not bad," he said, glancing at the clock. "I hope Sandrone arrives soon, so we can enjoy it together."

Nnnn~!