

Miss Kobayashi's Naughty Magazine (Inanimate TF, Hypnosis, Dragon Maid)

As Kobayashi shut the apartment door behind her, Tohru grinned an enormous grin and giggled under her breath. This was finally it! She was finally going to do it!

Dropping her broom, she hurried into the living room and leapt onto the couch, drawing in a deep breath and stretching till she could almost touch the ceiling. Now... how did the spell go again?

Closing her eyes, she rummaged around in her memory and finally found the special words she needed. They trickled out of her mouth like globs of burning spit, and a pale green light filled the room, piercing her eyelids as it danced in streamers around her. When she finally opened her eyes, she found herself surrounded by magic circles, complex and spiraling. She released her breath. It was working! Now she just had to speak the trigger word, and the spell would take effect!

She cleared her throat. "Hentai!"

With a thunderous crack, the magical energy she'd expended collapsed into a point and struck her in the chest, making her squeal in surprise as it coursed through her. "Nnn~! Ah!" She hadn't expected it to feel quite so shocking, b-but she guessed that was what happened when you cast a spell to make yourself supernaturally attractive to someone.

As she struggled to regain control of herself, Tohru's clothing trembled and melted like candlewax, dripping from her body and pooling in a puddle around her feet, thick and gloopy. Heart pounding, she tried to cover herself—she wasn't normally the shy type, but something about losing her scales so suddenly...

Because her hands were over her chest, she felt what happened next more intensely: *Boing!* Her boobs burst to twice their former size, flowing over and under her arms as if desperate to escape. Squealing, she squeezed their fattened new forms. *I-I guess Kobayashi likes them big, huh?*

As she swallowed, she heard another *boing* from behind her and looked over her shoulder to see her asscheeks rippling like a pair of puddings beneath her tail. Releasing her boobs (which took several seconds to stop jiggling), she grabbed them and moaned at how good they felt in her hands. How could they possibly be so erogenous?

Biting her lip, Tohru slipped a pair of fingers between her legs and found herself dripping. She swallowed—her entire body was so pent-up, so sensitive. Just what was the spell doing? She couldn't believe it. Using her free hand, she guided a fattened breast to her mouth and sucked on a nipple, shivering at how good it felt to kiss her own areola.

Just as she thought the whole experience couldn't get any better, she felt a sudden, intense pressure from all around her, as if she'd been vacuumed sealed. It should have come as a shock, but instead she welcomed it. *More!* she screamed. *Touch me moooore!* Heart pounding, her face red, and her entire body lacquered with sweat, she screamed inside as

the magic continued to squeeze her, compressing her till she resembled nothing more than a flattened sheet of squished flesh.

Floating in the air, she spun around herself and multiplied, forming an entire magazine of body parts. And with that, she shimmered and changed to paper painted with her own images. Hundreds of her selves spread across the pages, all naked, all lewd. She could feel every one of them.

Fluttering to the bed, Tohru moaned. *Nnn~! Kobayashi! Kobayashi, use me!*

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“Tohru? Tooohru?” Closing the apartment door carefully behind her, Kobayashi stepped in and looked around. “Tohru?” Where was she? Normally Tohru couldn’t wait to meet her.

Hanging her coat, Kobayashi strode into the living room, expecting the dragon to leap out at her with every step. When she failed to, she started to feel a little worried. Just what was going on?

She found no more sign of Tohru in the living room than elsewhere, but what she did find made her stop and stare. On the couch lay— Her face reddened; her glasses fogged. —a pornographic magazine. Bending over, she picked it up. A p-pornographic magazine staring Tohru!

Kobayashi’s heart started to thud. Biting her lip, she brought the magazine a little closer.

The cover depicted Tohru on her back on this very same couch, naked, and struggling to cover her chest and her nethers in a way that really wasn’t like her. She had a pouty look on her face, like a tsundere finally forced to show love to her crush. *I’ll show you my boobs if you promise not to tell anyone, baka!*

Taking a deep breath, Kobayashi flicked through the pages. The story seemed like generic smut: Tohru cleaned the apartment when an armed robber burst through the door and threatened her. Tohru could easily defeat even the most heavily armed home invader, but instead she chose to bargain with her body, stripping herself and offering herself to the burglar like a common hooker. Naturally, he accepted, and over the span of the next few pages, the robber dragged Tohru to her bedroom—*her*, Kobayashi’s bedroom—where Tohru put up a show of resisting before letting him have his way with her.

Reading it, Kobayashi couldn’t help but realize she was pouring. Sweat and another, stickier, fluid too. Throwing herself onto the couch, she hurried to strip off, both to cool down and solve that other little issue.

No sooner had her sodden panties struck the floor than Kobayashi thrust a pair of fingers into her cunt and went to work. Holding the magazine in her free hand, she flipped the pages with her mouth even as she fingered herself silly, moaning each time her thumb caught her clit.

As the burglar flipped Tohru onto her front and pounded her like a sex doll, Kobayashi released a scream of ecstasy.

Through the pleasure, one little mote of sanity remained: *Wh-what's happening to me? Why am I so horny? Do I really find Tohru so sexy?* She hadn't realized she was quite so repressed.

Soon, her pleasure became too much. As the intruder finished in Tohru's pussy, Kobayashi threw back her head and came with a great scream, her entire body throbbing with the pleasure.

And then, in a puff of smoke, she vanished. *Poof.*

The magazine dropped to the ground, shimmering. Blurring, the figure of the robber vanished, replaced by a redhead with a pair of nerdy glasses. She took her maid on their couch, scissoring her like a sheet of paper.

"Tohru!" read Kobayashi's speech bubble.

"Nnn~! Kobayashi!"

