

BB's Big Mistake, Part 2 (Inanimate TF, Fate)

When her third knock achieved nothing more than silence, Melusine decided she'd waited long enough. Placing her hand on the door, she carefully pushed it open, baring the dark confines of Master's unlit bedroom.

After a moment of pause, she stepped inside. "Master...?" she said, looking around. "Master, are you in here?" The door was unlocked, so she'd expected to find him present (if sleeping), but the room appeared empty. Perhaps he'd simply left it open by mistake?

She stood there for a second in the doorway, weighing her options in her head. She *should* close the door and retreat—she knew that was the correct thing to do in these circumstances, but a mote of curiosity remained, begging her to continue. Closing the door behind her, she took another step into the room, her Fairy Eyes revealing everything in sight, no matter the darkness.

The door flew open; Melusine's heart almost leapt out of her chest. She was just about to stammer out an excuse for invading Master's personal sanctuary when she recognized she'd been joined by a fellow invader. "Tristan."

"Ugh, what the hell are you doing here?" said her fellow Tam Lin Baobhan Sith, gritting her teeth as if she wanted to bite Melusine's face off. "Where Master? He's the one I wanted to talk to!"

"Clearly he's not here," said Melusine, carefully controlling her temper.

"I can see that, you dunce! Ugh! Whatever." Turning, she stomped her way back to the door, her heels striking the floor with emphatic cracks. Just as she was about to leave, however, she came to an abrupt stop and turned back. "Hey, what are *you* doing here, anyway?"

Melusine opened her mouth to respond, but no answer came to her. As Baobhan pressed forward, her eyes tightening into an accusatory glare, Melusine found herself stepping back, catching something with her foot as she did. Looking down, she found a broken wand.

The two of them studied it. "What the hell is that?" said Baobhan Sith, squinting suspiciously.

Melusine bent down and picked it up. "It looks like a Mystic Code," she said. "But not one I'm familiar with."

"Whatever," said Tristan. "You still haven't answered my question, Lancelot! What the hell are *you* doing in Master's bed—!"

The wand flashed like an arc welder, producing a shower of violent pink sparks. Melusine and Baobhan leapt back, shielding their eyes as it dropped aflame. Little motes of light landed all over them, igniting tiny peach fires, though it didn't take long for them to gutter out.

"What the hell was that?" cried Tristan.

"I don't know," replied Melusine, examining her arm. What exactly had just happened? Where the sparks had touched her, her flesh tingled, as if it had been burnt, though there was no sign of damage.

"Er, why are we glowing?" said Baobhan, blinking.

Melusine's eyes went wide. It was so obvious it had something slipped past her attention, but their bodies were glowing like a pair of will-o'-the-wisps. Raising her arm, she studied her glistening skin. There was no question the wand had done something to them—the only question was: wh—?

A harsh impact, like the blow of a mace, struck her gut and doubled her over. No sooner had she realized it had happened than she snapped upright again, gasping in surprise. Her arms lurched upright, held tight above her head, and no matter how hard she tried to lower them, she couldn't. She looked as if she were about to dive into a swimming pool.

Nearby, Baobhan Sith found herself doubled over as well. "H-hey!" she cried. "What the hell is going on *now?*!" Before she could get another word out, the magic affecting her *folded* her, slamming her face into her lower legs and leaving her moaning for it to stop. "Mmmmpfh!"

Even as Melusine watched in shock, she gained something to worry about herself. All at once, her legs snapped upward with a sensation that dragged a scream straight out of her core. Wailing, she floated into the air with her feet held high, as if presenting herself to a lover. And just like her arms, she couldn't lower them, no matter how hard she tried.

Next to her, Baobhan's screams grew even quieter as she crumpled in on herself, folded like a piece of paper. A second later, she did it again, and again, and again, till the only thing that remained of her was a squirming square of flesh and clothing, faintly whimpering.

Melusine, meanwhile, found herself squeezed, crushed from the side, as if a pair of giant hands were wrapping around her. Yet instead of breaking, she warped, reshaped like a piece of clay till her arms and her legs were smushed against her face. Her clothing shifted around her, spreading over her eyes and cutting off her sight. But even as it blinded her, she realized there was a place it had revealed. *N-no! Not down there...!*

Her sex tingled in the cold Chaldean air.

The influence of the spell continued to crush her, till she felt so small she could have fit in a human hand. Finally, her sight returned... just in time for her and Baobhan to fall to the bedroom floor. Striking it with a crack, Melusine rolled to stop and moaned. Nearby, Tristan's folded figure writhed with new colors as lewd images painted themselves onto her cover.

J-just what has happened to us? wondered Melusine.

Several minutes passed. Finally, the door of the bedroom opened, and into the room stepped none other than Master Ritsuka. Flicking on the light, he looked down at them and blushed. "Why does BB keep leaving things in my room? And why are they all so lewd?!"

Picking them up, he looked around suspiciously. Melusine whimpered as his touch—it felt far, *far* better than it had any right to feel.

Blushing, Master bit his lip. “Still,” he said. “A fleshlight and a hentai magazine... I guess it wouldn’t hurt for me to try them.”

Melusine’s heart stopped. *F-f-flesh...light?* What is...?

Ignorant of her thoughts, Master slammed himself into the nearby chair and tossed Baobhan’s flattened body onto the desk. (*H-Hey! D-don’t treat me so roughly, you—! And don’t look at me like that either! N-not while I’m...! Ah!*)

(Beneath him, someone else moaned at the weight of his body. *Nnn~!* cried Meltryllis, fighting against all her urges. *G-get off me! I can’t stand it!*)

M-Master! thought Melusine. *M-Master!* She heard the sound of something being unzipped and made the connection immediately. *W-wait! D-don’t do it! Don’t—!*

Ritsuka slammed the fleshlight onto his shaft with a grunt of pleasure, sat back in the chair, and started to pump to the images in the magazine.

Unbeknownst to him, three others cried out at the same time, though not a word of their pleas was heard.