

The Noble's New Furniture (Inanimate TF, Fire Emblem OCs)

The armor of guards clanked as they marched her into the room, tossing her to the ground as if she were no more than trash.

Elbows striking the carpet, Neve pushed herself up and groaned, struggling to get back to her feet. She'd barely managed to raise her head before the boot of a guard pressed into her back and forced her to the ground again. This time, she struck it chin first and lay there groaning. Her manacles felt tight around her wrists.

With a thump and a jangle of jewelry, Alenea struck the ground beside her, whimpering as she hit the carpet. Like Neve, she tried to sit up, but the butt of a guard's spear knocked her straight back to the ground again. Next time she raised her head, there were tears in her eyes.

"They're here?" said a voice from nearby. "Oh, how wonderful. Let me take a look at them." The curtain at the far end of the room swept open, and into the chamber stepped a beautiful noblewoman, her curvaceous body crammed into a tightly-fitting black dress. Neve couldn't help but blush as she approached, her hips sashaying as she marched across the room. "My, my," she said, bending down. "Aren't you beautiful?" Cupping Alenea's chin, she raised her head and met her eyes. Her imperious gaze bored into the Laguz's terrified face. "It's been a long time since I've since a beast with such superb features~."

Alenea snatched her face away, whimpering, and with a brief smirk, the noblewoman turned her attention to Neve. Swallowing, the penguin Laguz looked away, but a handful of sharp nails digging into her cheeks told her she wasn't going to get away with it. Squeezing tight, the noblewoman wrenched her head back and studied her with a frown. "Hmm, this one isn't *quite* as beautiful as the other, but she'll do for my purposes. Perhaps a footstool, maybe?"

Neve blinked. *A footstool? What is she talking about?*

"We'll start with the rabbit, at any rate," said the noblewoman, stepping backward. "If someone would kindly fetch me my tome?"

Neve heart stopped beating. A tome?! What was she planning to do to them?!

One of the nearby servants handed her a beautiful gilded grimoire. Spreading it open, she licked a finger and flicked through its pages. "Ah, here we are." Raising her free hand, she turned and approached Alenea, her palm aimed at her face. "Hold still, my little bunny girl. This will only take a second. I can't promise it won't hurt, of course, but don't be afraid—you won't have anything to worry about soon." And before either of them could ask what that meant, the noble spoke the magic word: "Elchair!"

Ribbons of magic, bright pink and sparkling, flew from her hand and wound around Alenea's body. "N-no!" cried the Laguz, as they hauled her into the air. "No, stop! Get off me! Stooooop!"

Seizing her like a puppet's strings, they dragged her to her feet and held her suspended there, her arms raised over her head. For several seconds, she squirmed, struggling to pull free, but the spell refused to release her.

Finally, the strands snapped straight. Alenea's legs bent at the knees as she took a seat in the air, while her arms snapped to her sides, curved so that her palms hovered over the open air. She squirmed, still struggling to escape her position, but with every second it became a little harder for her to move. Her legs spread apart, exposing her underwear, and her face turned to stare ahead and locked that way, unmoving. Her teeth chattered, as if she were struggling to scream.

On the ground, Neve could only watch in terror. Just what was this awful woman doing to Alenea?! In a sudden flash of courage, she tried to leap to her feet and fight, but she'd barely moved an inch before a guard slammed her back into the floor again. "Ugh! Alenea!"

The noblewoman's face twisted into a smirk. "Elchair!" she repeated. More ribbons of mana flew from her hands and wrapped themselves around Alenea's form, leaving her shaking, her eyes wide in terror as they bound her and squeezed, so tight her body warped like a piece of clay in the potter's hands. Neve could only tremble.

Just as she thought things couldn't get any worse, Alenea's body pulsed like a skin of a tambourine, and with a great moan, she started to swell, her body rising like dough in the oven, growing fatter and fatter with the second, till her dress strained to contain her bloating form. Her boobs grew especially large, so thick they spilled under and over her arms, fighting to escape them.

Finally, just as it seemed her clothes must split, freeing her bloated body to burst into the open, the growth came to an abrupt stop, halted as if by an invisible wall. And just as suddenly, it reversed, as if— No, it wasn't reversing. Staring in horror, Neve realized the truth: Alenea wasn't turning back—the spell was squeezing her into an even tighter form.

Like a pair of giant hands, the noblewoman's magic took Alenea and crushed her till her clothes were all but inseparable from her skin, crushed her and molded her, reshaping her to its awful master's desires. Her head and her torso, it squeezed into a flat wall, featureless, while her arms it took and pressed downward, forming a pair of barriers around her lap. Her thighs, it rubbed and molded together, fusing them into an inseparable cushion of flesh, while her legs it smoothed out till they were little more than pillars. Touching her buttons, it drew two similar poles from the cloth and stretched them down to the floor, as if to better support her. This done, it smoothed her rear end into the same fat cuboid as her thighs. Soon, of her curvaceous body, the only part that remained was her breasts.

Down on the ground, Neve watched in mixed shame and lust as the spell cupped them in its grip, cupped them and squeezed them together and rubbed them and smushed them, warping one against the other, until at last... It released them with a pop. All that remained were a pair of fat, square cushions.

With this finishing touch performed, the spell broke. The ribbons tore free and dissolved, leaving Alenea's new shape exposed for inspection.

For several seconds, Neve simply lay there and stared at it, her conscious mind refusing to make sense of what her eyes were seeing. It wasn't possible—it simply wasn't. She couldn't actually be seeing what she thought she was seeing, could she? People, people couldn't just become... People couldn't just become...

Yet for all her disbelief, there sat the evidence: where Alenea had been lying sat nothing more than a plump, pink armchair, just waiting for someone to sit in it.

"My, my, how wonderful," said the noblewoman, striding forward with a smile. Slipping around Alenea's enchanted body, she wiggled her butt from side to side and dropped with a squeak of springs into the former Laguz's lap, pressing herself back into her boobs-turned-cushions with a smile. Several seconds passed before she finished making herself comfortable. "Mmm~, how exquisite," she said at last. "I don't think I've ever sat in a comfier chair!"

Neve couldn't hold her tongue any longer. "What have you done to her?!" she cried, straining to stand. "What have you *done* to her?!"

The noblewoman ignored her. "There's just one thing that's missing," she said, sitting back, raising her legs, and kicking off her heels. "I can hardly put my feet up and relax like this, can I?" Her soles hung over empty air.

Only as the guards pushed her forward did Neve realized what was being implied. "N-no!" she cried, as they forced her to kneel. "No, please! You can't—?"

Flipping through her book, the witch came to an abrupt stop. "Ah, here we are," she said. "This will be simply perfect." Flicking Neve a smug grin, she raised her hand.

"No!"

"Elfootstool!" Ribbons of mana wove their wave from her palm and shot straight at Neve's face. She could only scream and struggle as they wrapped around her limbs, tightening their grip on her arms and legs before wrenching her into the air with a squeal.

For a second or two, the spell held her there, squirming but unable to do much more. Then, just as suddenly as it had raised her, it dropped her, forcing her down to her knees. Grabbing her head, it wrenched it back, aiming her face up at the ceiling. Neve could only scream.

Now, just as it had for Alenea, the spell tightened its grip on her, squeezing her body so tight she bent like clay, parts of her spilling over and under her bindings. With every moment, struggling became harder, and the tighter they squeezed her, the worse the pressure grew in her gut: a terrible feeling of pent-up pleasure, as she'd spent a whole month without attending to her needs. Second by second, it grew stronger, shredding her mind with its intensity, till she could only screw her eyes and squeal and moan, barely able to bear it. Her skin felt so sensitive even the slight breeze passing through the chamber made her want to orgasm.

With the pleasure came a pressure in her core, and as she fought to resist, she found her body expanding pumped thicker and fatter with every passing second, till her rising shoulders sucked in her head and her expanding breasts flopped against her arms. Her clothes strained to contain her; in seconds, she'd become a sphere of human flesh, her top and her short shorts stretched taut around her, squeaking with the strain.

Just as suddenly, as if the sculptor had arrived to make sense of her strange new form, she found her crushed, squeezed, compacted into a far tighter, far smaller shape, far more *erogenous* shape. She screamed and screamed, in her head if not aloud, as it forced her chin into her breasts, flattening her face into her neck and smoothing out her nipples and generally squeezing her into a tight little cuboid. By the time it was done, only her hands and her feet remained sticking out beneath her, and the spell wasted no time in smoothing them out as well, polishing them both into a pair of neat wooden legs for the rest of her to sit on. She tried to move, but she couldn't even the slightest—she might as well have been made of stone.

That she couldn't move was only a secondary problem at the moment, however: the ecstasy surging around her felt like a trapped lightning bolt. *Help me!* she cried, mentally whimpering. *Someone, please help me! Help!*

As if in response, the noblewoman leaned forward. "There," she said, closing her spellbook. "She looks much better like this, doesn't she? Placing the book on Alenea's fattened arm, she raised her legs. "Well, let's see how comfortable she is."

No! Neve squealed as the noblewoman's soles flew towards her. *No, please! Don't do it! Don't—*

With a squeak of bending leather, the woman's feet crashed into Neve's flattened face and breasts, warping them around her as they sank into her new form. She spent several seconds moving them about, shifting them left and right in search of the most comfortable position before finally deciding she was satisfied. Beneath her, Neve writhed in delight, barely able to process the ecstasy coursing through her. Having this awful woman's foot pressed against her face felt better than anything she'd ever felt in her life.

"Perfection," said the noblewoman, sitting back. "These dirty Laguz are far better as furniture than as people, that's for certain. Far better."

Neve moaned, struggling to disagree with her.