

Spy x Lamp (Inanimate TF, Absorption, Spy x Family)

Loid paused in the doorway and turned back to them with a smile. “Well, it was good to see you, Fiona,” he said, placing his hat on his head, “but I have to leave now or I’ll never get to work on time.”

Fiona Frost almost shattered her teacup. Not that she allowed her expression to change in the slightest. “Oh, that’s unfortunate,” she said, saucer rattling. “Well, I suppose there’s no reason for me to stay here either. “I’ll guess I’ll accompany you.” She made to grab her coat from the stand.

“Oh, you’re leaving already!” said Yor, poking her head out of the kitchen. “Don’t you want to try my cookies? I’ve really improved them!”

Fiona froze, gritting her teeth in annoyance. “I’d rather d—”

Loid shot her a stern glare, his lips already moving through a series of silent words. *It’s fine, you can stay—I don’t need you to accompany me. Besides, it will help with your cover if you get to know her a little better.*

Fiona’s reply would have scorched the air had it actually been audible. *Very. Well.*

Loid left, closing the door behind him with a clack. Fiona remained by it for several seconds longer, staring sullenly at the wood. Finally, she returned to the living room and planted herself on the couch with an internal sigh of despair. Why did Twilight refuse to let her help him...?

From the kitchen came a crash and a squeal. Fiona grit her teeth. And why did he insist she spend time with this... this *inferior model*?!

Just as she was about to stand and offer Yor help (if only to prove how superior she was to her), Fiona spied something on the table which she’d never noticed before. *...Is that a lamp?* Frowning, she picked it up for inspection. It looked like something out of a pantomime: a bright gold lamp, glossy and jeweled. Why would Twilight have something like this sitting in his living room? Was it some kind of rare antique?

Just as Fiona was about to rub it, Yor flew out of the kitchen, a platter of burnt biscuits in her hands, and screeched to a stop at the sight of the lamp. “How beautiful,” she said, blushing. “Where did you get *that*?”

Fiona frowned. “I was just about to ask you—it was sitting on *your* coffee table.” Internally, she scowled. How could Yor possibly not know where an item in her own home had come from? What kind of amateur was she?

Examining the lamp, Yor grinned. “It looks like a genie’s! You should give it a rub, and see if anything comes out!”

Fiona struggled to keep herself from snorting. What a ridiculous notion. The only thing she could do was show her *how* ridiculous it was. Gripping her sleeve, she rubbed the lamp and—

—dropped it with a squeal of surprise as smoke burst from its spout and rose to the ceiling with a thunderous crack, where it congealed as a curvaceous feminine figure in a turban. “What is your wish, o master, ...nya?” Tail flexing, she turned her eyes on Fiona.

First the time in who knew how many years, Fiona lost control of her emotions. Her eyes went wide; her jaw fell in shock. “I-I-I—*what*.”

Yor fell back, spilling her burnt cookies everywhere.

“In return for freeing me from the lamp, I shall grant you three wishes,” said the catgirl-cum-genie, floating down till her enormous boobs jiggled in Fiona’s face. “So, what do you wish, nya?”

Fiona’s composure returned to her in a flash of inspiration. Her mouth curled into a grin. “Oh, I know exactly what I want,” she said, licking her lips. “Turn *her* into Twilight’s penis and make everyone forget about her too!” She thrust a finger at Yor.

Yor had just enough time to squeak in surprise before she vanished in a poof of smoke. “Hehe, done,” said the genie.

“Yes!” Fiona leapt to her feet, clapping her hands and all but dancing on the spot. She’d done it! She’d done it! Now Twilight would have no choice but to take her as his wife instead, and he’d be so much better in bed to boot.

“What’s your next wish, nya?” asked the genie, folding her arms.

“Next wish?” Fiona frowned. She hadn’t thought that far ahead. “Hmm...” She tapped her chin. “How exactly should she take advantage of this...?”

An idea came to her. “I wish to be closer to Twilight!” That way, there’d be *zero* chance of him taking anyone else as his wife.

“You, uh, sure about that, nya?” asked the genie.

Fiona frowned. “Of course I am!”

“Okay, if you say so, nya...” *Snap!*

The living room vanished, and with it, Fiona’s ability to move. To her horror, she found herself stretched, her body warped around some awful, alien surface, and no matter how she fought to escape it, she couldn’t move. Worse, something were stabbing into her face. Something large. Urgh, and she could *taste* it! Urgh, why was it so salty?”

“Urgh,” came a familiar voice—Twilight’s? “What’s wrong with me today? I’ve never had an issue with sexual frustration before...”

S-sexual frustration? Her heart, if she still had one, pounding, Fiona desperately looked around, trying to put the pieces together. Was—was she—?

You have one last wish, remaining, said the genie's voice, clear in her head.

Where am I? cried Fiona.

Close to Twilight, said the genie. *I figured a pair of undies would be best, given your first wish, nya.*

That's not what I wanted at all, you imbecile! Turn me back!

Hehe, okay. All you gotta do is wish it, nya.

Fiona hissed. What a mess. But at least she'd taken care of Yor. *I wish to not be Loid's pants!*

Her vision shifted; her body warped and changed again. Instead of feeling stretched about Loid's crotch, she held as if she were two giant boulders dangling from a cliff instead. And she felt so pent-up, so intensely frustrated she wanted to moan like a whore. *What did you do to me?!*

Made you his balls, said the genie, smugly.

Fiona could only scream. *No! No, you stupid—*

Well, that's my work done, nya. See ya! And with that, the genie's voice cut off.

No! No, come back! If Fiona had still had arms, she would have screamed and torn her hair out.

F-Fiona, is that you? came the familiar voice of Yor. *Wh-what's going on? Where are we?*

Fiona's heart sank. *Oh no. Nononono. Please don't do tell me I'm stuck here with—?*

Fiona—?

Noooooo!