

Aether's Ancient New Bed (Furniture TF, Genshin Impact)

The door swung open with a creak from the hinges, allowing a sharp shaft of light to spill into the hall and reveal the motes of dust that littered its stagnant air.

After a second, a figure stepped into the gap, silhouetting herself against the radiance of the doorway. Looking left, then right, she stepped inside and closed the door behind her and stood at the base of the stairs, looking up, as if expecting someone to come down them at any moment. Several moments passed before she decided no-one was planning to welcome her.

With a huff, she planted her hands on her hips. "Aether!" she called. "Aether! ...Where are you, you little brat?" When he still failed to respond, Citlali sighed. "Don't tell me I've come all the way here, and he isn't even in? Why would he leave the door open? Isn't he worried about thieves?"

Since there was no-one to stop her, she decided to take a look around. Poking her head into the mansion's living room, she planted her butt on the plump orange couch, put her legs up on the armrests, and, when that started to bore her, hopped off and went rummaging through the drinks cabinet instead. "He won't mind if I try one or two," she said, slipping a couple of bottles under her arms.

Popping the cork of the oldest vintage, she threw back her head and took a long, deep chug. "Ahhhhh~."

By the time she'd finished the bottle, she was starting to feel a lot more comfortable in Aether's mansion. As a matter of fact, she'd had some fun ideas: Aether might not be here yet, but he was certain to come back eventually, and she was going to be in the *perfect* place to surprise him when he did. She giggled as she climbed the stairs, imagining the look on Aether's face when he opened his bedroom door and found *her* lying on the bed in her underwear. He wouldn't know what had hit him.

Which made it somewhat ironic that, on striding into the bedroom, it was her own jaw that dropped. "H-huh?" she said, looking around. "Did I get the wrong room?" She checked the rest of the floor, just to be sure, but no, there was only one candidate. This was definitely Aether's bedroom.

...Only, where was the bed?

As she struggled to resolve this mystery, Citlali plucked the next bottle from under her arm, popped the cork with her teeth, and started chugging. Well, if Aether didn't have a bed, she'd just have to lie on the floor for him...

It wasn't until she'd swallowed that she realized how strange this latest bottle tasted.

Raising it to her eyes, she squinted at the label. It was faded and worn, almost impossible to read, but she could make out a *few* letters. *P___on o_ ____ituri__t_o_*. ...Not a brewery *she'd* ever heard of.

But it wasn't a *bad* taste, so she chugged another few mouthfuls (and then a few more for good measure), and having emptied the bottle, wobbled unsteadily. "Ooh... Maybe that was a *little* too much."

Stumbling, she slid to the floor, sending the empty bottle and all the rest she'd picked up rolling across the boards. Groaning, she managed to push herself up and look around, but she didn't get much farther. All the drink she'd drunk was doing something to her gut: with every second, she wanted to throw up that little bit more.

Falling back to the floor, she flopped onto her back and lay there moaning as the tension in her stomach spread slowly through the rest of her. Seizing her nerves, it whipped them like a puppet's strings, and with a squeak and a gasp, she snapped upright again, lifted off the ground by four harsh, rigid limbs. "E-eh?" she stared, staring blearily at her own cleavage. "What's...?"

Her legs spread wide, and her arms swiftly followed them. She tried to move them back, but she didn't have the strength—it was like her limbs had turned to stone. "Nnn~! What's...?"

The tension in her gut grew greater with the second. She felt like a balloon, like someone had stuck a pipe through her belly button and started pumping her full of helium. Staring past her breasts, she gasped to see her belly swelling, growing so fast she soon looked several months pregnant.

It wasn't the only part of her swelling. The larger her stomach grew, the bigger the rest of her torso became as well. *Especially* her breasts, which had soon become so big they cut off her view of the rest of her. The feeling of them wobbling in the cool mansion air made her whimper in pleasure. "Nnn~!"

Her hands and her feet rounded out into lumps, while the limbs attached to them simplified into curled trunks. Meanwhile, her head started to stretch: horizontally and vertically, but mostly the former, widening and flattening till it formed a large rectangle behind the rest of her bloating body, which itself continued to grow, larger and larger, thicker and thicker, until it had become a giant slab of flesh capped with a pair of plump boobs. Finally, it and her limbs simply hardened, instantly transmuted from flesh to smooth white wood.

Struggling to look over the mountains of her own breasts, Citlali could only stare at her altered body shimmered and changed again, the colors of her clothes spilling like paint and washing over the rest of her. By the time they'd stopped, it was obvious, even in her drunken state, what she'd become, though she still couldn't quite process the implications.

A b-bed?! How did I turn into a bed?!

As she struggled to move, the sound of a door creaking open came from downstairs. "Helloooo?" came the familiar voice of Aether. "Is someone in here?"

Aether!

Several minutes passed before he appeared in the door. "Hmm, I guess not," he said, looking around. He squinted at her. "...I don't remember buying this bed, either."

Aether! It's me! Citlali! Please, you have to help me!

Finally, with a shrug, he kicked off his boots. "Oh well." And with that, he threw himself at her.

As Aether's body slammed into her mattress and her pillows, Citlali broke into a squeal of utter, orgasmic pleasure.