

Aether's Fashionable New Couch (Furniture TF, Genshin)

Chiori's heels clacked against the floorboards as she strode into the living room of Aether's mansion. Chin in her hand, she cocked her head and squinted at one item of decor after the next, slowly growing more and more impressed. Who'd ever have guessed that you could fit such a beautiful home into a teapot...?

Just as she was about to turn and head into the next room, she caught something out of the corner of the eye: there, lying in the middle of the coffee table, a large bottle of bright, sparkling wine, like nothing she'd ever seen.

With a cautious look around her, she marched over and picked it up. The bottle looked ancient, truly ancient. There was dust on the glass, and what remained of the label revealed nothing meaningful: *P__ion o_ Fur__t_riz_t__n*. Well, it was certainly no brand she'd ever heard of. There was no date either, but then the age of the glass was self-evident, wasn't it? By its appearance, it had probably been sitting in a wine cellar for centuries before Aether had plucked it from its resting place. It must be exquisitely aged.

Her curiosity getting the better of her, she popped the bottle's cork and took a deep stiff of the wine inside. It smelled intoxicating, heady and fruit and like nothing else she'd ever scented in her life. Blushing a little, she pushed the cork back into place.

As she forced it back into its position, however, an unworthy thought occurred to her. Aether wouldn't mind if she took a *small* sip of the stuff, would he? Only the slightest sip, just enough to make an assessment of the taste. Barely even a drop. He could hardly object to that, could he?

She spent several seconds in indecision, weighing both the prospect and the bottle of wine itself. Finally, drawing in a deep breath, she made her choice. With one last glance at the doorway, she popped the bottle's cork, raised it to her lips, and allowed the slightest sip to drip onto her tongue.

Her eyes snapped open. She almost dropped the glass. It was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. She couldn't find the words to describe it—it was like no kind of wine she'd ever drunk. Both sweet and savory at once, with a hint of bitterness that only seemed to amplify its more positive aspects. Incredible. Before she knew what she was doing, she'd thrown back her head and taken a deep, long chug.

It was down her throat before she realized what she was doing. With a gasp, she lowered the bottle and hurried to wipe the evidence from her lips. How much had she swallowed? The wine was noticeably lower than when she'd picked it up. Hissing, she placed it back on the table. Her only solution was to find Aether and make her apologies. Or leave and pretend it had never happened—yes, as a matter of fact, she quite liked this second option. Placing the bottle back on the table, she hurried for the door.

Halfway across the room, a strange sensation overwhelmed her. With a gasp, she doubled over, clutching her gut as her stomach did somersaults inside her. M-maybe... Maybe it

hadn't been her smartest idea to drink from such an ancient bottle. Who knew what kind of germs it was carrying? Oooh...

Eyes tight, sweat dripping from her face, she snapped upright with a gasp as her body moved on its own. "Wh-what is...?" Just as suddenly as they'd gone straight, her legs bent as if she were taking a seat. Instead of collapsing to the floor, however, she found herself sitting in the air and unable to stand up again. "What is happening?!"

Following the example of her legs, her arms raised and bent at the elbows, as if she were resting them on the arms of an invisible chair. She squirmed, struggling to move them, but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't change their position. It was like they were fixed there by chains.

Now, as she struggled to move her body, the tightness in her stomach turned to a sudden, intense feeling of bloating, as if she'd stuffed herself with a buffet's worth of yogurt. Chiori's eyes slammed tight and her mouth opened in a moan as it assaulted her, leaving her feeling she'd pop like a balloon.

She didn't pop. But she did do something else that was balloon-like.

Opening her eyes, Chiori moaned to see her chest and her stomach and her arms and her legs all swelling, stretching her clothes as they strained to hold her. It happened shockingly faster: one second, she was a normal, slender woman; the next, a doughy parody of herself, all puffed up and swollen. She looked like she'd been stung by a whole hive of bees.

She didn't grow endlessly. Instead, her growth came to an abrupt halt, as if she reached the limits of some invisible container. Impossibly tight, it confined her, forcing her swelling body into a strange new shape. Her head, it forced it down into her neck. Her legs, it crushed into a plump cuboid beneath her, and her thighs it flattened into another short block. Her arms it sculpted into a large pair of cylinders, before pinching her sides and stretching her body to several meters in width. Working her all over, it smoothed her out and simplified her, rubbing her clothing till it was inseparable from her skin. Soon, she couldn't tell where it ended and she began.

Finally, whatever magic was assaulting her grabbed her breasts and—as she yelped inside in horror—plumped them like a pair of cushions. Looking down, Chiori moaned to see that was exactly what they looked like: a pair of big, boxy cushions, half the color of her skin, half the color of her corset. She wanted to whimper, but she could no more speak than she could move.

With that, the transformation seemed to come to an end. Chiori squirmed, but all she could do was sit there in reflection. What had she done to herself?

Several minutes passed before Aether arrived. Poking his head into the room, her frowned at her in confusion.

Aether! she cried. Please, I'm so sorry! You have to help me.

“Strange,” he said. “I don’t remember adding this couch.”

Chiori’s heart stopped beating. *C-couch?*

Meanwhile, Aether made his way towards her. She had an instant of warning before he sat, an instant to sit his buttocks hovering over her, a meteor ready to fall down to earth, and then—

Splat! Chiori screamed as he sank into her.

“Not bad,” said Aether, wiggling his butt into her breasts. “It’s surprisingly comfy.”

Chiori moaned in a mixture of fear and pleasure. *Nnnn~! How is this possible?! Not only was Aether sitting on her, but it felt absurdly good as well. How could this be happening?*

Clearly dissatisfied with his initial choice of position, Aether shuffled some more, rolling from one buttock to the other, and making Chiori whine a little more with each movement. *Nnnn~!* She couldn’t believe how horny it was making her.

Finally, having apparently decided he was never going to get comfortable this way, Aether pushed himself to one of her sides and swung his legs up onto her. Her breast squeaked as his feet made impact, and Chiori herself squealed, losing herself to a paroxysm of pleasure. Not only was he sitting on her, now he was rubbing his feet against her bosom too.

“Ah, much better,” said Aether.

Chiori whimpered in terror.