

Some Assembly Required (Furniture TF)

(Apologies to the Swedes.)

Is there any sweeter sound than the *ding-dong!* of a suburban doorbell?

"Honey, can you get that?" asked Mary, looking up from the oven. "I'm busy making cookies for the PTA meeting tonight!"

"You got it, hun!" Snapping his newspaper shut, Joseph put down his pipe, adjusted his bow tie, and marched to the door of the quaint ten-bedroom house he and his wife had inherited after the Murders. Opening it, he found himself facing a middle-aged man in dark blue overalls, the name of his employer spelled out by the bright yellow letters on his cap.

"Görgeu mörgen!" said the man, beaming brightly. "Yör yakagey." He pressed a large, flat box into Joseph's hand.

"Ah! You must be the IKEA deliveryman," said Joseph, for anyone who couldn't recognize a genuine Swedish accent.

"Jat's exabacably dat ruthlay!" The man tipped his cap. "Sibnilay heray, please." He plopped a clipboard on top of the package.

Joseph hurried to sign his name, and with a tip of the hat and a happy 'bork bork bork', the deliveryman returned to his van.

Back in the kitchen, Joseph found his wife heating the cookies with a hairdryer. "Why, take a look at this, sweetie. It's that delightful Swedish furniture we ordered from the catalog!"

"Oh!" Dropping the hairdryer, Mary leapt to her foot. "How wonderful! We'll finally have somewhere to sit and eat our weekly meatloaf!" Her smile dropped into a frown as she studied the box in Joseph's hands, however. "Why, it's a little flat for a table and chair though, isn't it?"

Joseph turned the box around and blinked, as if he hadn't considered this. "Oh, that's nothing to worry about," he said, "I'm sure I recall something about 'self-assembly'. Don't you remember, honey? ...Incidentally, have you seen my pipe? If I don't get another whiff of tobacco, I'm going to shoot the neighbor's dog."

Soon Joseph's pipe had been found, the cookies had been packed into the fridge so they'd remain warm for the meeting, and the pair found themselves on the kitchen floor, unpacking their soon-to-be-handsome kitchen table and chair (they already had one chair, presumably).

"Now, let's get this wagon train on the road," said Joseph, rubbing his hands together eagerly. "I can already taste that delicious meatloaf!" Wrenching the lid off the box, he peeked inside and frowned. "...Darling, are you sure we ordered the right kit?"

"What's the matter, honey?" Innocently, Mary looked into the box as well. "Why, this furniture is certainly hard to see! Is it glass?"

"That's because there's nothing there, you daft— We've been gypped!"

Mary covered her mouth in horror. "Oh, Joseph! The horror!" It was horrible.

"Wait a second," he said, taking a deep drag of his pipe. "There's something in here. Instructions, maybe? Hopefully it includes a complaints line..." Snatching the sheet of paper out of the box, he opened it up and turned it around again and again... "Well, I can't make heads or tails out of this nonsense!"

"May I take a look?" asked Mary, sweetly.

Joseph huffed, face red. "What do you think you're going to see that I couldn't? Which one of us went to Harvard, Mary?"

Mary went red herself. "Well, I'm sorry, Harold—"

"Joseph."

"Well I'm sorry, Joseph, but it's not *my* fault Harvard only opened its doors to women in 1955!"

Joseph ignored her, chewing on his pipe. "Fine!" he said at last, throwing up his hands. "You might as well read it! It makes about as much sense as some of the nonsense you spout in the bedroom!"

Mary blushed. "I just don't *like* that duck costume, Harold!" Without another word, she snatched the sheet out of his hands and spun it around. "Why, this is just a simple spell!"

Joseph puffed his pipe like a tramp steamer. "A spell? What are you talking about, woman?"

"Why, a little ritual, just like the ones auntie used to teach me as a girl. Don't you remember me telling you my auntie was a witch, Joseph?"

He snorted. "As if I remember every nonsense story you spout! This is just like the time you told me 'Porta Rica' was part of the US."

"Oh, you never listen!" said Mary. "Yes, it's a spell, I'm telling you. Just like the ones auntie used to teach me. In fact, I think it should be easy to cast it... Just a little incantation and a wiggle of the fingers and hey-presto." She smiled. Joseph frowned. "I can't say I'm very familiar with the language though. Let's see..." She wiggled her fingers. "Hökus pökus!"

Nothing happened.

"A fat lot of use you are," said Joseph, snatching the sheet back out of her hands. "Where'd your auntie study magic? Cornell?"

"You're so mean, David!"

"Joseph."

"*Joseph.*" She folded her arms. "Well, I certainly don't see you accomplishing anything."

Joseph huffed. "Yes, well, we'll soon see about that! I—" he said, standing up, "—am going to telephone the company and demand a refund post-haste!"

Halfway to his feet, he jerked to a stop, unable to do anything more than blink.

Mary stared at him. "Joseph? Joseph?" she said. "Are—are you okay? You're not having another seizure, are you?" As she made to go to his aid, she found herself caught in an invisible web too—with a squeak she struggled to move, but she couldn't do anything more involved than blink.

For several seconds, the two stood there frozen on the spot, unable to move at all. Then, just as suddenly as it'd stopped them, the same terrible force snapped into motion again, wrenching them into new positions. Joseph gasped as he spun around and bent his legs, taking a seat on an invisible stool, while Mary moaned as she stepped back and threw herself forward, coming to a stop poised on all fours, her mouth dangerously close to her husband's crotch. The pair blushed, but neither could change their positions at all.

As they struggled to pull free, a fresh wave of sensation rolled through them. Joseph gasped as it settled in his crotch and his member instantly shot upward, threatening to tear through his pants in the process. Mary, on the other hand, moaned as her nipples hardened and her crotch started to drip, thick drops of drool pouring through her gingham dress and apron with a *plip plip plop*.

Sparkles danced over the pair's strangely posed forms, and in a flash, their clothes dissolved like a flesh in an acid bath, eaten away by a thousand invisible piranhas. As Joseph's sweater vest fell to the floor in melting scraps, his wife's dress smoldered and burned as if on fire. Internally, the pair screamed, though outwardly, there was little sign than the trembling of their eyeballs.

Finally, the last of their clothes dropped to the floor and vanished in a tiny blaze of magical fire. Exposed, their bodies shone in the soft light of the flickering kitchen bulb. Joseph shook, furious. Mary, closer to the oven, sweated, her nipples hard.

As the two of them fought with decreasingly successful to move, a sound like crackling bones filled the room. The pair's struggling ceased as a wave of harsh brownness washed over their forms, turning their skin rapidly to wood, grained and varnished. Starting with their feet, it worked its way upward, leaving every inch of flesh it passed neatly polished and whorled. Inside, Joseph and Mary squirmed, unable even to comprehend what was happening to them.

Stop! Mary cried. *Please, what's going on?! Nn~!* She could only moan inside as it worked its way up her thighs and over her sex, freezing her juices as it turned her nethers into solid oak. Pleasure ripped through her, maddeningly intense.

Nearby, her husband moaned too as the magic reached his own groin. His cock, already intensely erect, grew even more so, growing so hard he wished he could scream. He'd never felt such an intense need for relief, and the further up his shaft the wood spread, the more unbearable the sensation became. By the time it reached the end, he could barely think.

By now, the transformation had reached Mary's nipples, already hard, and she could only moan, wishing desperately to be able to touch them, as they instantly turned a thousand times harder. *Nnnn~! Please....! Make it stooooop!* By the time it finished covering her boobs, she'd all but lost herself to lust. She wanted to explode from sheer pleasure.

Finally, the change finished working its way up their bodies. Passing over their faces, it froze them in their current state: twisted in pleasure, tongues lolling out, and eyes rolling back in ecstasy. It looked like someone had snapped a picture of them in their marriage bed.

For a second, the pair sat unmoving. Then, they trembled again, and from Mary's back sprouted a stem of wood that swiftly unfurled into a large, circular tabletop. At the same time, Joseph's arms snapped up to serve as rests, a pair of slender legs sprouted from his buttocks, and his cock flattened out like a piece of clay under a hammer, forming a seat atop his legs.

With that, the magic died away, and the two of them were left sitting there in silence, unable to protest their fate in the slightest.

H-help! I can't move! Help!

Someone help us! Nnn~!

On the floor besides them, the furniture box and its instruction leaflet vanished in a little puff of smoke, leaving only a few little flames and the echo of ghostly laughter.

Höh höh höh höh höh...