

Shalltear and Albedo's Bedroom Backfire (Furniture TF, Overlord)

Pressing her ear to the door of the bedroom, Shalltear cocked her head and listened to the sounds from the other side.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

At the fourth moan, Shalltear's lips curled into a smile. She opened the door and stepped inside, careful not to make even the slightest noise.

The room's occupant was taking no such precaution: with each step Shalltear took, their cries became a little clearer, a little louder, a little more erotic. “Oh! Oh! Oh, Lord Aaaaaaaainz...!”

By now, Shalltear could almost make her out: a tall, curvaceous, black-haired figure... buried in a literal *pile* of body pillows, each bearing the image of their lord and master.

“Lord Aaaaaaaaaainz...!” Seizing one, Albedo buried her face in its chest and breathed deep, though what she was planning to smell – beside her own sweat – Shalltear couldn't begin to guess.

Enough was enough. She coughed, as if to disguise a snicker.

The moaning stopped, and from the bed came a wave of killing intent, prickling her skin with little beads of sweat. It was like she'd walked into a furnace.

“Get out,” said Albedo, and there were knives in it.

Shalltear planted her chin in her hand. “Oh, my apologies, Albedo. Am I interrupting something?”

The succubus clenched her fists. “Get *out*.”

“Aw, what's wrong, Albedo? Did I interrupt your alone time with Lord Ainz?” Approaching the bed, she picked up one of the love pillows. “Wait, this isn't Lord Ainz. It's just one of those disgusting substitutes perverts who can't get a *real* man use.” *That* should get a nice reaction from her.

“They're as real as your boobs,” said Albedo.

“You *bitch!*” Shalltear's eye twitched. “My breasts might be fake, but at least I'm not a disgusting old hag!”

“A hag?! Oh, that's it!” Leaping out of the bed, Albedo charged her. “I've had enough of your insults, you pathetic little—”

Shalltear gasped as a vice-like hand tightened around her throat. “Ah!” Snarling, she kicked back, aiming for the fat hag’s fat tits: after a couple of tries, she got a good hit on one, and with a gasp, Albedo dropped her and grabbed a pillow instead. It struck Shalltear’s head and exploded; feathers went everywhere. She took the chance to kick Albedo in the cunt.

Fifteen minutes of this cartoonish violence later, and it was quickly becoming apparent that neither of them would be the victor. Backing away, they squared up, wiping the blood from their noses and spitting out loose teeth. With a creak, the bed collapsed, joining the rest of the room’s furniture as a pile of scattered debris.

“Well,” said Albedo, panting for breath. “You’re tougher than you look. I never thought a little girl like you would be such a strong fighter.”

Shalltear snorted. “I thought an old maid like you would be better at knitting than at brawling.”

Albedo glared. “I suppose there’s no use in fighting. Let’s shake and make up.” She held her hand out.

“Agreed,” said Shalltear, raising her own.

And as she made to seal the deal, she drew the trump card she’d been casting behind her back and slung it straight at the hag’s ugly face—

—right as Albedo did exactly the same. Their spells met with a crash and exploded, filling the room with vivid pink light.

Shalltear struck the wall and slid to the ground, smoke rising from her body, as Albedo hit the floor on the other side of the room. Together, they lay there and groaned, wondering what the hell had just happened to them.

With a cough, Shalltear struggled back to her feet. “What—” She snapped, hacking up smoke. “--What the hell did you just do to me, you decrepit old crone?!”

“What did I do?!” Albedo lurched to her feet with a snarl. “What did *you* do to me, you disgusting little slut—?!”

“Hag!”

“Whore!”

“Witch!”

“Jailbait!”

“Virgin!”

“Faketits!”

“C-cow...!” Shalltear cut off with a frown. She felt strangely queasy, like she’d made the mistake of drinking from someone poisoned. Clutching her head, she stumbled back as the world whirled around her. What was going on—? What had Albedo done to her?

Unfortunately, Albedo wasn’t in much of a place to answer, because she was wandering around and moaning like she’d drunken herself silly. “Oooh... You obnoxious little... Just what spell did you cast on me?”

Shalltear gulped. “What spell did *you* cast on me?”

They locked eyes; a rare second of sympathy passed between them.

“Polymorph,” said Albedo and Shalltear, simultaneously.

Like a puppet whose strings have been jerked, Shalltear threw herself forward and landed on all fours. “H-hey!”

On the other side of the room, Albedo fell back onto her hands and feet too. “W-what is this—?”

Shalltear squirmed, struggling to move, but her body refused to obey her; it was like she’d been hit by a petrification spell, only—

With a series of cracks, her bones shifted inside her. She squealed, screwing her eyes up at the pain, and with a final, emphatic *snap*, her head shot back so it was aimed at the ceiling, almost breaking her neck in the process. “Nnnah!”

Albedo, meanwhile, gasped as her own head bent forward, slamming her chin into her disgustingly swollen chest. With every second, the fat mounds seemed larger than ever, and Albedo’s cries soon cut off as her mouth disappeared behind them.

Shalltear, on the other hand, was experiencing something terrible: not only had her padding vanished, but her natural breasts seemed to be shrinking with the second, growing smaller and smaller, till her chest was flat as a plank of wood. “Nnn~! You bitch, what are you doing to me?!”

“Mmmphf!” Albedo’s voice could barely be heard from behind the mountain range of her breasts.

With another chorus of bonesplintering cracks, Shalltear’s arms and legs snapped straight than ever, so straight it actually hurt to hold them in the position. Her hands and feet bunched up beneath them, forcing her up onto their points and leaving her whimpering at the pressure. “Nnn~!”

A similar sound came from the other side of the room: Albedo’s limbs were doing something like her own, snapping straight, thinning out, assuming a sharper, more cuboid shape, even as the body sitting atop them plumped up with fresh fat. And it wasn’t just a little chub: soon

Albedo was so plump Shalltear actually started to feel bad for her. Her clothing creaked as it strained to contain her flesh.

The snap of her spine snatched Shalltear back to her own troubles. It felt like she'd thrust her butt into the air. Looking back, she squeaked to see her rear end stretching, rising from her hips and thinning as it spread, so that by the time it stopped it was less a pair of cheeks and more a rectangle of flesh wrapped in poorly-fitting clothing. Her panties poked from under her dress, exposed for all to see. "H-hey!"

Albedo continued to grow, plumper and rounder with the moment. But just as it seemed she'd keep swelling forever, her growth hit an abrupt limit: her flesh stopped like it had hit an invisible wall, and, squeezed against it like a melon in a mold, took on a more cuboid form. Her head, too, assumed a rectangular shape, spreading like paint smeared across a wall.

Shalltear's own head snapped even farther backward, making her scream at the pain in her neck. As she writhed, struggling to escape her torturous position, a terrible pressure attacked her from above and below, as if she were being squeezed between a pair of pistons. It didn't affect her entire body: her buttocks and her limbs were mercifully spared, but her head and her torso were crushed neatly between them, squeezed into another cuboid of flesh, a cuboid so thin it was almost a rectangle. She screamed at the pressure in her head. "How am I not dead? How am I not deeeeeead?!"

A fence of flesh sprouted from Albedo's knees and stretched tall, forming another wall at the end of her body, very similar to the one made by her head. Seeing it, Shalltear finally realized just what the spell was doing to her. *A bed?! Why a bed?! I didn't-?! Oh. Oh no.*

When she'd cast the spell, she'd done it in a hurry, without bothering to specify what Albedo should become. In the absence of it, the spell was clearly working from their context: they were in a bedroom full of shattered furniture, so why shouldn't Albedo become a bed to replace it?

Another wrack of pain rolled through her, making her twist and writhe in agony. The only question was... what was Albedo's spell doing to *her*?!

By now, her limbs had finished squeezing into blocks, and her buttocks had flattened into a tall, slim wall. Albedo's boobs, in contrast, had become inhumanely large and round. So big and jiggy they must weigh more than the rest of her body. Now their growth reached its limit as well though, and the invisible mold squeezed them into a new shape, a flatter, squarer shape, perfect for a pair of pillows.

"Nnn~!" As Shalltear whined, their outfits shifted around them, their clothes tightening almost to tearing, stretched and thinned as necessary to fit till they wrapped them like presents, squeezing into their flesh and fusing with their skin. Shalltear squealed as her dress washed over her face, blinding her for the briefest instant before it melded with her skin. Speech became impossible. *Nnn~!*

She soon regained her sight, though what she saw wasn't encouraging: Albedo's own face had vanished, reduced to a pattern in the whorl of her wooden headboard. Her dress, meanwhile, had woven itself into her bedsheets and pillow cases.

Shalltear couldn't see herself very well, but what she could see was depressing: her dress had merged with her buttocks as a dark purple cushion with strips of burgundy and white around the edges. When she realized what it was, she almost squealed. A backrest. She was looking at a backrest.

A few final spasms passed through her, and with that, the transmutation seemed to come to an end. Her beautiful body, personally crafted by the Supreme Being Peroroncino, was gone, replaced by a fancy wooden chair. The worst part was, it was so *recognizable*: no-one could see it without guessing what had happened to her. *Nnn~! This is so unfaaaaaaair!*

As the last sparks of the spell faded, Shalltear screamed inside, writhing and shaking in fury, though all she achieved was making herself wobble from leg to leg, producing a faint clacking sound.

Albedo couldn't even do that: as far as Shalltear could tell, the succubus was completely inanimate. *S-serve you right, you fat bitch!*

Not that this made her own situation any more bearable. She wanted nothing more than to break the curse and escape, but without a mouth, she couldn't speak, let alone cast an actual counterspell. All she could do was sit there and wait and hope someone else broke it for her. And that they did it before they *sat* in her.

"Hello...?" A familiar voice from the doorway.

If Shalltear weren't inanimate, she would have frozen in terror. No. No. No-one could see her like this. She'd rather *stay* this way than let anyone know it was her.

"Lady Albedo? Lady Shalltear? Are you in here? The Homunculus Maids said they heard some strange noises..."

Shalltear squirmed. Who was it? She recognized that voice, but who—?

"Hmm, it doesn't seem like they're here... That's strange. I wonder what happened to the furniture... Everything's broken except for..."

A hand settled on Shalltear's backrest. If she could have moved, she would have struck the ceiling. *G-get off me!*

"It's weird," said the voice, and now they stepped forward, and the shadows slipped from her face to reveal her razor smile. "I don't remember seeing *these* before," said Lupusregina.

No! No! No! Nooo! Of all the people who could have found them, Lupusregina was possibly the worst. Not only was she skilled enough in magic to figure out what had happened, but

there was zero chance of her turning them back, not when she could have some fun at their expense.

"My," said the werewolf, "what a *fancy* chair. It's strange... It almost reminds me of something... I just can't figure out *what* though."

You bitch! thought Shalltear. *You know who I am! Turn me back already!*

Ignoring her, Lupus turned to Albedo. "And such a beautiful bed. I've never seen one with such *plump* pillows before." She picked one up and squeezed it, and though it didn't do anything to her, Shalltear nonetheless flinched in sympathy: she could only guess what it felt like to have your boobs plumped.

Placing the pillow back on the bed, Lupus tapped her chin in thought. "I wonder what I should do... After all, this chair and this bed have such beautiful designs. It would be a shame to leave them here and let Shalltear and Albedo ruin them with their next stupid fight..."

Nnn~! You bitch!

"Hmm... I know what to do. I think I'll take them back to my own room. I'm sure I'll appreciate them a lot more than Albedo would."

Don't you dare! Don't you dare! Turn us back! Or at least turn me back!

"The only question is... How am I meant to move them...?"

"Well, that was easy." Lupus clapped her hands with a smile of satisfaction. "I thought that would take forever!"

Beside her, Albedo writhed in frustration. Not only had she been caught out by Shalltear and turned into a bed. But now she had to suffer the torment of this wretched upstart as well?! The second she got her body back, she was going to feed her to Kyouhukou!

"Hmm," said Lupus, inspecting the clock on the wall. "It looks like my shift is at an end. I wonder what I should do now..." She marched to Shalltear. "Perhaps I'll read a book..." She returned to Albedo. "Or perhaps I'll take a rest..."

She planted a hand on Albedo's sheets, making her writhe with internal fury. *Don't you touch you, you disobedient little—*

"On the other hand, I'm not feeling sleepy. And it *has* been a while since I..." Lupus grinned, and Albedo's fury melted into fear. What was she planning? "Perhaps Carne village will have someone for me." With a mad chuckle, she turned to the door.

Carne Village?! thought Albedo, in a panic. What is she talking about? Who's she planning to find there?!

She didn't have to wait long to find the answer: twenty minutes later, the door of the bedroom flew open again, and into the room marched Lupusregina, dragging behind her a handsome young man. "Alright, meat," she said. "Are you ready...?"

"P-please," he cried. "Please, don't--"

With a laugh, Lupus tossed him at her. Albedo screamed as he landed on her mattress, making her springs squeak as his disgusting body sank into her. *Nnnn~! G-get off me!* As if that wasn't bad enough, he caught her breasts with his elbows, leaving her screaming like he'd tweaked her nipples. Whining in fear, he scrambled backward, squishing them between his body and her headboard. Albedo didn't know whether to scream or gasp for air.

Lupusregina advanced, stripping off another item of clothing with every step. As her panties hit the floor, she leapt onto Albedo, spread her claws, and tore her victim's pants off.

"N-no! No!" he cried, pressing himself even farther back and making Albedo whine inside like she was the victim. "P-please, I have a wife! I have a wife!"

Ignoring this, Lupus lowered her face to his cock, pursed her lips, and kissed him almost delicately on the tip. His shaft snapped to erection like she'd pumped him full of viagra.

With a smirk, Lupus pushed herself upward, raising the dripping slit of her sex till it hung over the spire of his manhood. It drooled like a dog, wetting his cock like a big, meaty bone.

"P-please...!"

Lupus dropped with a smack of flesh on flesh.

As the werewolf violently fucked her latest victim atop her, Albedo screamed like she was being drawn on the rack. With every bounce of Lupus's hips, her springs squeaked and her frame creaked, and her pillows shifted under the weight of their bodies. Worse, Lupus was picking up speed, moving faster and faster, till Albedo could barely tell where one bounce ended and the next began. Her spine felt like it would snap at any second.

Worse than the pain was the knowledge of what she was missing out on. She wanted it. She wanted it herself. And the harder they fucked, the stronger her desire became. *Nnnnn~! Lord Ainz! Lord Ainz! Nnnnnn~! Why couldn't it be her and Lord Ainz making her the springs squeak?! Nnnn~!*

For the next five minutes, Lupus bounced on the man's shaft, making him gasp and Albedo whine. When he came, she gave him a potion to restore his virility and immediately set about bouncing on him again. Afterward, she flipped him over and tied him to her bedposts and fucked him in the ass with the largest strap-on Albedo had ever seen. By the time she finished, he was practically begging to be killed and eaten, and fortunately, Lupus didn't plan to disappoint him.

As she licked the last drops of blood off her lips, she turned to Albedo with a grin full of teeth. “What an amazing bed... I’m so glad I brought it...”

Albedo burned with pent-up lust. Lord *Ainz*...

Shalltear watched, as rigid physically as she was in terror, as Shalltear finished cleaning up from her long, messy lovemaking. She didn’t do a good job: by the time she gave up, there were so many fluids on Albedo’s sheets it was hard to tell what color they’d been to start with.

“Ah,” said Lupus, throwing on some dog bone PJs, “that was *exhausting*. Maybe I should do something a little *less* exciting to calm down before bed.” She glanced at Shalltear.

A stake of ice speared Shalltear’s heart. *Crap! Crap! Crapcrapcrap!* She’d been spared Lupus’s torments so far, but only because the werewolf was more focused on Albedo – she didn’t dare imagine what Lupus had in store for *her*.

Unfortunately, she didn’t have to. With a smug smirk, Lupus marched towards her, tracing her finger across her bookshelf and wiggling her rear as if it were her best feature – was it just Shalltear, or was it looking a little bigger all of a sudden?

“Hmm...” said Lupus, her eyes bouncing between Shalltear and her books. “I wonder... What shall I read today? Hmm, how about a gothic romance as a cute, submissive vampire who gets dommed by a big mean werewolf? That sounds like fun...”

Shalltear wanted to snarl at her. *You think you’re so clever, but–*

The last word froze on her tongue as Lupus grabbed the book and approached, her buttocks filling Shalltear’s vision like the sun fills the sky. It felt almost as threatening to her.

Lupus stooped, bringing her buttocks closer and closer, till that taut, bone-printed fabric was the only thing Shalltear could see. At the last second, just as she was about to scream for her to stop, the werewolf froze. “Hmm. On second thought, maybe I’d prefer something a little less spicy...”

If she’d still had lungs, Shalltear would have sighed in relief. *Oh, Lord Ainz, thank you! Thank you! Thank you–!*

“Actually, nah, this is fine.”

Lupusregina’s asscheeks crashed into Shalltear’s face, instantly flattening her cushion with their size and their weight. Under the assault, Shalltear’s mind cracked and collapsed: in an instant, all sensible thought vanished from her, replaced by the overriding sensation of the weight of Lupus’s ass. *Nnnnnnnnah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Get off me! Get off me! Get ooooooooooff!*

Her legs creaked, straining to support the werewolf's weight. Just how many men had the fat bitch eaten?!

"Hmm, there's something strange about this chair..." Lupus shuffled from side to side, making Shalltear creak even louder and reducing to dust those few parts of her mind that hadn't already been crushed. "No matter how much I shuffle, I just can't make myself comfortable..."

Nnnnnn~! G-get... Get... Get off me...! Get off me, please!

"Well, I guess it doesn't matter. A chair is a chair, even if it is a little stupid and ugly."

She lifted herself and dropped again. And as her ass struck Shalltear's face for the second time in as many minutes, a silent scream escaped the vampire's lips. *H-help me! Help me! Heeeeeeeeeelp meeeeeeeeeeeeeee...!*

It was hard to tell how long Lupus spent on her in the end. It could only have been a few hours – it was already late, and besides, Lupus barely got halfway through her book. But for Shalltear, trapped beneath her, crushed under her ass like a disgusting little bug, it felt as if Lupus sat on her for a hundred years.

She didn't sit still either. Unable to find a comfortable position, she switched constantly, folding her legs, unfolding them, spinning around and sitting on her at right angles. At one point, she even turned the whole way and straddled her, resting her arms on her backrest as if it were the most natural thing in the world. To Shalltear, it felt like someone using her asscheeks as a shelf. *Nnnn~! G-get off me...*

Worse than the weight of Lupus's ever-shifting body was the feeling it induced in her. The longer Lupus sat on her, the stronger the strange sensation flowing out of her face and through the rest of her body, leaving her burning like she'd hit with a fire spell. It took her a long time to recognize what it was, and when she did, she wanted to scream in terror.

Lust! *Lust!* Lupusregina sitting on her was making her feel horny!

It was almost worse than being turned into a chair. Not only had she been reduced to a piece of furniture, but on some level her body was enjoying it! She was just like the vampire in Lupus's book. A stupid, submissive slut who wanted nothing more than to be used as an object. *Nnn~!* It wasn't fair! It wasn't faaaaaaaaaaaaaair!

At last, Lupus slammed her book shut. "Is that the time already?" she asked, stifling a yawn. "I should really be tucking in for the night..." She rose, and the absence of her weight was better than any healing spell.

Oh, oh, thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

“Hmm,” said the werewolf, pausing. “I really can’t be bothered to walk all the way back to my bookshelf though... Maybe I’ll just leave it here instead...” She grinned.

And before Shalltear could react, the doorstopper landed on her face, instantly crushing the sense she’d regained back to dust again. *Nnnn~! Nnnnnn~! Take it off! Take it off meeeeeee!*

Lupusregina chuckled. “Good night, Miss Chair. I’ll read some more in the morning.”

Nnnnn~!