

House Cat: House of the Invaders, Part 4 (Furniture TF, Invaders of the Rokujouma)

The transport capsule landed with a thunk, cracking the flooring. With a groan, Dr. Ie (House Cat!) slumped, too exhausted even to acknowledge it—finding the last item on her bucket list of prey had taken all the strength she had left after several months of subsisting on beans and paint thinner. Now she was really running on empty: if she didn't get this house fixed up and sold soon, she was going to have to remember she didn't actually need to eat or something.

Fortunately, things were looking up for Dr. Ie (House Cat): at long last, she'd reached the final room of the house (or, at the very least, the last of the rooms she'd chosen to care about): the kitchen. All she had to do was transform one last piece of prey, and she'd be able to put this whole building on the market for a quintillion bells and never have to worry about working a day in her life again, just like Bakeneko were supposed to. Oh, and she could get back into gambling again! She loved gambling!

Imaginary slots already spinning in her head, Ie forced herself back to her feet and turned to examine the last of her special would-be-furnishings. On the other side of the transport capsule's hardlight window stood a young brunette with a disappointingly slender build. (Normally, Ie wouldn't have given her a second look, but she was trying to complete a set here.) Miss Brown-and-Sticky stood with her hands on the wall of the tank, and every few seconds she'd raise one and bang on it, shouting something Ie couldn't hear due to the aforementioned wall. From the look on her face, she wasn't exactly complementing the decor though.

"Don't worry, nya, I'll get nyou all sorted out soon." Grinning, Ie turned away.

Her grin dropped. First, however, she had to figure out what to do with her...

The kitchen, frankly, was a mess—there was no sugarcoating it. Not least because there was no sugar. Or spices, or condiments, or cabinets to keep them in. Nor was there much in the way of a counter to cook on, or a sink to wash up in, or a waste receptacle to toss all the food into once you found out beans really *don't* go with ice cream. Actually, you could barely tell it was a kitchen at all, which made sense because it had originally been a garage. It still had the car in it, even.

Taking a seat on the bonnet of the old Pinto, Ie scratched her chin, her tail swishing from side to side as she thought. What should she make her, nya? What was the crowning feature of any kitchen? What...?

"Ah-hah!" She slammed her fist into her palm. "Of course!" Grinning, she stuffed a hand into her cleavage and pulled out her pointer. She knew *exactly* what to do with her, nya~.

Twirling her pen around her finger, she took aim at the transport tank, and with a tiny, barely perceptible *zzzip!* of juice, it started to melt, forming a thick puddle of glistening plasticky on the floor. The woman inside it, who'd been in the middle of another round of furious banging, fell free and struck it with a splat. As the puddle rolled itself into a ball in the corner, Ie

twisted her pointer, licked her lips, and gave her prey, whose name was Shizuka, a good zap of her own. The brunette rose squealing into the air, flapping her arms and kicking her legs in a futile attempt to stay upright.

With a thin smile, le thrust her arm, and her pointer sharply to the right, and with a scam, Shizuka followed the motion, flying across the room and almost slamming into the wall. At the last second, she came to a stop in the corner and dropped back onto her feet. The first thing she did on touching the floor was try to run, of course, but her body refused to obey her. All she could do was stand there and whimper. “P-please—! Please, you have to let me—!”

le wasn’t really listening though. Smirking, she gave her pen another flick, and its beam lashed like a slavemaster’s whip: with a zap, Shizuka’s apron and all the rest of her clothes caught fire and disintegrated. She squealed and struggled to cover herself, but le wasn’t going to give her that comfort: another twist of the wrist, and her legs slammed together and her arms stuck to her sides. All she could do was stand there, trembling feebly, her teeth chattering in her jaws.

Taking a second to enjoy her prey’s naked body, le strode forward and gave her pointer a little swish. It was only the smallest motion, but Shizuka gasped as if she’d been punched in the stomach. Groaning, she looked down, and her eyes widened as her belly started growing, plumping fast, till she looked pregnant. Her eyes boggled in their sockets.

Unfortunately for her, the swelling wasn’t restricted to her gut: in seconds, her entire body had swelled to match, from her head to her arms to her legs, all thickening like dough in the oven or a sponge under the tap, fattening till they squished and deformed against one another. A moan escaped her lips as her bloating boobs were crushed between the sausages of her arms.

Her body didn’t continue to grow forever, however: soon enough, it hit a barrier, a tall cuboid barrier about the size and shape of, oh, say a regular refrigerator. Appropriately enough, her skin had started turning white as well, especially her face as she figured out what was happening to her. “N-no! No! Please don’t! Please—!” Her lips slammed shut, crushed and muffled by her cheeks, and soon little remained of her face than an incomprehensible smudge of bloated, squished white flesh.

As her growth came to an end, seams spun around her form, dividing it into its new components. Invisible wires cut a slab off her front, and another sliced it in half, leaving a pair of doors. With one final tremble, each produced a simple handle, and with that, the transformation came to an end.

le lowered her pen, letting the beam die with a *zzip*, and strode forward, already licking her lips. As she approached her new fridge, Shizuka’s thoughts came to her clear and crisp. *Nnn~! Nnnnn! What have you done to me?! What have you done?!*

Snickering, le grabbed the fridge’s handle, and the cries grew even louder. But it was only when she wrenched it open and stuck her hand inside that they really reached their peak:

Nnnnnnn~! NNNNNNN~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh God, oh God, oh God, it's like she's in my~Nnnnnnnnnnn~!

With a laugh, le ripped the wing mirror off the Pinto, tossed it inside her, and slammed the fridge door shut. Shizuka's screams became louder than ever.

Stepping back, le took a moment to reflect. Now, with the main feature of the kitchen in place, all that was left were a few finishing touches, and the house would be complete. She could finally sell it and go back to eating real food! Rubbing her paws together, she drooled. Oh, she couldn't wait to taste spam again...

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The front door opened with a squeak, followed by the smack of Dr. le's boots against the carpet. "This way, this way!" she said, leading her prospective buyers into the building. "Come on, I haven't got all day, nyou know."

Her house's would-be-new-owners were a young couple from Hentai looking for a second home: *she* was a janitor who bred butterflies in her spare time, and *she* was a professional macaroni artist who drew bad sketches of dogs on the side. They had a budget of eleven trillion bells.

"Let's start with the living room," said le, leading them to the chamber of biological activity. "Here nyou'll take nyote of the delightful couch and footrest combo that are the room's main feature, nya." She pointed to the sleek blue couch, whose name was Ruth, and the small white footrest at its base, whose name was Theia.

Their thoughts were already clear in her head. *P-please...* whined Ruth. *Please... Turn us back...* Theia, on the other hand, simply sniveled wordlessly.

"Go on, try them out, nya," said le. On cue, the young couple from Hentai took a step forward and promptly launched themselves onto the couch, earning a scream of pleasure from Ruth as their behinds slammed into her cushions.

"Nyot bad," said the blonde one, "nyot bad, nya."

Of course, they weren't done yet: as one, both raised their feet and, in unison, dropped them onto Theia. Specifically, the part of the footrest that had, in a former life, been her vagina.

Theiamillis screamed in orgasmic pleasure. *Nnnn~! Get off me! Get off me! Get offffff...!*

The young couple simply raised their feet and dropped them a second time.

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le pushed the pair into the bedroom with a smile, visibly glancing at her watch as she did so. "Okay, okay, here we are: the main bedroom. As I'm sure nyou've already nyoticed, the main features here are the bed (duh), and this cute little lamp on the bedside cabinet." The

former's name was Kiriha, and the latter's name was Sanae, not that anyone really cared about the names of inanimate objects anyway. As far as le was concerned, they were 'bed' and 'lamp'.

St-stay away from me! cried Kiriha, as the young couple approached. *Don't you dare come any closer!*

Sanae, meanwhile, burst into tears. *Please don't touch me! Don't touch me!*

Snickering, the brunette member of the couple grabbed Sanae's pull cord and, as the ex-girl whined in ecstasy, gave it a sharp tug. The room lit up; Sanae orgasmed.

As her screams faded, the couple turned their attention to the bed, sharing a series of looks that suggested they were both thinking the same thing. In fact, le was thinking the same thing too, but she *really* didn't have the time for an unscheduled threesome today. Not *another* one, anyway. You had to have *some* self-control.

It wouldn't do to let them leave without trying out the bed a little though: "Go on, get on it," she said, give it a try. It's really bouncy, nya."

With a shrug, the couple did as instructed, leaping onto Kiriha's body and bouncing like a couple of teen girls at a slumber party. They even grabbed the pillows and started smacking each other, which was unfortunate for Kiriha, seeing as they were made from her boobs. *Nnnn~! Ah! Ah! Oh God, please stop! Stop! Stop! Nnnnnnnn~!*

The couple, of course, only smacked each other harder.

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Heading down the hall, they soon came to the bathroom, where the pair wasted no time fiddling with the taps of the sink, formerly named Harumi. Seeing as they were her nipples, this was a less than pleasant experience for her: *Nnnn~! Oh God, stop it! Stop! Please, I can't take it anymore! I can't taaaaake it!* In the end, they left her running, which would have annoyed le if she weren't enjoying it too.

Next, they turned their attention to the toilet, whose old name had been Yurika. Unlike the other prey le had purchased, she didn't really react to their presence. She'd been the first to break, for obvious reasons.

"I know that's a little boring," said le, "but I mean, like, she *is* a toilet. Give her a flush, anyway. That still gets a scream out of her."

They flushed her. And it did earn a scream, though it was a weak one that swiftly broke into tears and whimpers.

le shrugged. "I know, I know, I should have used someone tougher."

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The last room they visited was the kitchen, where le showed them all the delicious car parts she'd stuffed into Shizuka—the fridge felt like her every hole had been plugged with the world's largest dildo. *Nnnnn~! Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~! Ah! Ah! Ah! Aaaaaaaaah!--*

Finally, the tour complete, le escorted her would-be-buyers back to the front door. "So, what do nyou think?" she said, standing on the step. "D'nyou wanna buy it?"

"Hell nyo," said the couple. "This place is a dump, Imao."