

Homura wished she still had the power to blush as Madoka regaled her with the infinite virtues of life as a vase. Their transformation had been kind to both of them, but Madoka seemed to have adjusted to her new life incredibly quickly.

“Oh, and you wouldn’t believe how wonderful it is when the Master actually looks at you. I know he does it so rarely, but that just makes it more of a treat! Once, I caught him taking a peek from the end of the hallway, grinning like a mischievous little boy! It made me feel like a debutante at the ball!”

Hearing Madoka speak, all Homura’s remaining little worries vanished just like that. She sighed in delight. Oh, what a wonderful pair of vases they’d make.

As she made to reply with a fond little anecdote of her own, the door of the room swung open with a creak. The two of them stopped speaking instantly to focus on the maid as she entered.

Was she... was she carrying something?

If Homura had still had eyes, they would have opened wide at what she saw in the maid’s hands. As it was, she had to settle for sitting there inanimately, feeling as though she’d fall off her stand at any second.

“Mami!” cried Madoka, voice full of joy. “Mami, it’s so good to see you again!”

In the maid’s hands sat a large vase styled like a Venusian idol. She’d been sculpted to look as if she were wearing a milkmaid’s outfit, its top open to reveal her gigantic breasts. They shone in the light of the room, freshly polished.

“Madoka!” cried Mami, voice rich with laughter. “And Homura, too! It’s so good to see the two of you again!”

Placing Mami on the stand next to the two of them, the maid stepped back and cocked her head as she measured her placement. Finally, she gave her a little twist, just a little, so that she better faced the entranceway, and with that she turned to go, leaving the three of them to enjoy their reunion.

Madoka squealed. “Mami! You’re so beautiful like this! I love how big and smooth your boobs are! And your hair is simply exquisite!”

“Why, thank you, dear,” replied Mami. “I must say, the two of you look delightful as well. Your hair is especially pretty, Homura.”

“Th-thank you.”

“So,” said Mami, in the tones of an aunt greeting her two young nieces on their return from a vacation. “How have the two of you been enjoying your new life?”

“Oh, it’s been wonderful!” said Madoka. “Far better than I ever would have thought possible. To think we started out afraid of it!”

Mami laughed. “I can see the two of us are on the same page, Madoka. And what about you, Homura? Have you been enjoying yourself too?”

Madoka could have overflowed. If she’d been able to, she would have looked away and blushed. “I must say it’s... it’s been more pleasant than I expected. Being rendered inanimate seemed like such a torturous fate to start, but to become an object of such beauty...! It’s the greatest gift I never asked for.”

Mami said nothing for several long seconds, but Homura received the strangest impression she was smiling inside. “And I imagine all the polishing helped sway your opinion, didn’t it?”

Homura practically felt herself crack. “I... Well, it certainly isn’t a negative of our situation, is it? No one could ever suggest it isn’t enjoyable.”

Madoka laughed. Mami chortled. “I have to say, it’s a big improvement to be reunited with the two of you though. I was enjoying myself on my own, but I must admit, it was a little lonely. It’s nice to have someone to enjoy the experience with.”

“It is, isn’t it, Homura?”

“Mmn.”

“I do have to wonder what happened to the others, however,” said Mami. “I assume they’re still in the mansion as well, but—”

At that very second, as if summoned by her words, the door of the room flew open, and in marched a pair of maids, holding in their arms a pair of very special vases.

“Aha!” cried one, a smaller, skinnier vase styled like a malnourished young woman with red hair. “I knew they were taking us to them!”

“Madoka! Mami!” cried the second, mimicking the appearance of a more curvaceous young woman in blue. “It’s so good to see you again!”

“Ah!” cried Mami. “Speak of the devils. I wondered when our master would see fit to reunite us.”

“Sayaka!” cried Madoka. “Kyoko! Wow! The two of you look so amazing! Look at your perfect, featureless face, Sayaka! And Kyoko! Your hair is stunning! I can’t believe how well you came out!”

As the maids placed Kyoko and Sayaka on the two remaining pedestals, Madoka and Sayaka chattered happily about their experiences as vases.

“Oh, it’s been wonderful!” cried Madoka. “Oh, I never could have imagined how fun it would be to sit on a pedestal and do nothing all day!”

“You’re enjoying it as well?” cried Sayaka, voice rich with excitement. She sounded like she’d been waiting for confirmation for quite some time.

“How could I ever fail to?” asked Madoka. “Every part of the experience is just so enjoyable! Standing here without having to spend any energy, getting viewed by the master and his guests... being cleaned by the maids.”

Homura couldn’t help but giggle as Madoka said this. She felt as if she’d received a saucy wink.

“But what about you two?” asked Madoka. “Have you enjoyed it as well?”

Sayaka laughed. “The two of us started out together,” she said. “At first, Kyoko wouldn’t shut up about how awful it was not to be able to eat, but as soon as a maid cleaned her, she stopped complaining pretty quickly.”

“Hey! You’re one to talk!” said Kyoko. “For the first few weeks, she wouldn’t shut up about her boyfriend! Now ask her what she thinks of him.”

“I don’t think any less of *him*! It’s just that, as a vase, I have another man in my life now, and I think it’s more important for me to think of him.”

“Master *is* very important,” agreed Homura.

“Not that she really needs a boyfriend, what with the maids cleaning up every other day,” said Kyoko with a laugh. “Speaking of...” The door swung open. “I think that’s them now. Enjoy yourself everyone...”

Spraying some cleaner onto a cloth, the maid approached Homura first. All she could do was ready her body, infinitely grateful for the way her life had gone.