

## ***House Cat: The Great Imperial Furniture Hunt (Furniture TF, Tearmoon Empire)***

Dr. le, House Cat, was homeless.

Homeless. Unhoused. Displaced. Unsheltered. Destitute. Vagrant. A tramp, bereft of living place and employment. As down on her luck as it was possible to get, a pitiful wretch, crushed beneath the merciless wheel of fortune! ...No, not the gameshow, the other one!

There was only one solution:

**Begging!** Hunting down something valuable enough to get her back on the property ladder!

The only question was... what to hunt?

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Her saucer sped out of the Nyar Gate with a satisfying swooshing sound and dropped, down, down towards the innocent not-Earth below, with its rich crop of human beans just waiting to be snacked on.

She'd had to rent the spaceship, of course. Well, more 'borrow' really. Under cover of dark, while no-one was watching. Still, no-one would notice it was gone till long after she got back, and by then she'd have plenty of bells to pay them back with anyway, probably.

Activating the ninja-fields, she brought the saucer down in the vicinity of a large, domed building, which her expert eyes instantly identified as some manner of human habitation, possibly a swimming pool.

Closer inspection revealed it was a school. *Purrfect, nya! Schoolgirls are always popular!* All she had to do was nab and few, and she'd be a homeowner again in no time!

With a clunk, she dropped the boarding ramp and rushed down.

Internally, the school and/or swimming pool seemed even fancier than on the outside. Sneaking through its corridors with her ninja-field on high, le couldn't help but stop and stare at all the furnishings. It was almost a shame she couldn't take them to sell, but who'd wanna buy furniture that *wasn't* made outta people? She crept on with a sigh.

As she turned the corner, a strange scent drifted past her on the breeze. Freezing, she sniffed. Once, twice, then a third time, harder, letting the delicious smell trickle through her nostrils to tickle the pleasure center of her brain. She licked her lips. Mmm~, this was definitely someone worth grabbing.

She took another step and came face to face with a beautiful young woman with long blue hair and an equally long and disgustingly modest white-gold dress. Darting backward with a squeak, le watched, her head cocked as the young woman passed her. She smelled like a

virgin, and better yet: sexually repressed. Exactly the sort of thing her sisters *loved* in their furniture.

Rummaging in her cleavage, she pulled out her pointer, spun it around her finger, and took aim at the girl in the blue-black dress. The only question now was... what should she actually turn her into...? What form would her sisters want this pure, beautiful maiden, who lit up the world with the light of her personality to be—?

“Ahah!” She slammed her hand into her palm. “That’s purrfect, nya!”

With a big grin on her face, she twisted her pen.

Miss Pure and Holy, whose actual name was Rafina, slammed to a stop as the beam of pink light hit her, arcing across her body and wrenching an orgasmic scream from her throat. Smirking, Dr. Ie twisted her pen a little harder.

Rafina’s legs slammed together, earning another squeak from their owner, and she raised her arms as if to protest her innocence, not that this mattered to Ie – if anything, it made her hornier. Giggling, she scurried over, tweaking her ninja-field as she approached so Rafina could see her too. The saint’s eyes snapped wide open. “Wh-who—? H-help!”

With a smirk, Ie twisted her pointer a little harder.

Rafina screamed as her white-gold dress ignited. In an instant, she stood naked, her nubile body slick with her own sweat. Leaning in, Ie caught a bead of it as it rolled down her breasts. She licked her finger – salty!

“P-p-please,” said Rafina, adding some tears to the sweat now. With a roll of the eyes, Ie gave her pen another jerk, and at once the saint’s mouth slammed shut as a fresh bout of change struck her body:

First, her flesh, already so wet, started to run like melting chocolate. Her feet fused together to form a single, inseparable wedge, and stretched outward to form a large, circular base beneath her. Her legs, on the other hand, thinned till they were little thicker than her wrists – by the time they stopped, they barely looked like they could support her.

Fortunately, her changes weren’t yet over: now her arms thinned to match her legs, though the hands at their ends did something stranger: balling into fists, they swelled, blowing up like balloons, and as they grew turned translucent, revealing a mess of coiled filament. Rafina stared at them in horror, big tears trickling down her cheeks.

Fortunately, her crying didn’t last much longer. Not because she stopped being sad, but because it was time for her head to change too: as her torso hardened into gold, boobs bloating even as the rest of her thinned, her cries cut out, and her face assumed a glassy look. A literally glassy look, because a second later it turned translucent, revealing another big tangle of filament. Her hair, meanwhile, rose and fused, turned to a thin cone of a paper, and finally dropped back into place as a lampshade. Her terrified face disappeared behind it.

For several seconds more, Rafina continued to shiver and twitch as her body finished hardening. At last, the shivers stopped, Dr. le lowered her pen, and the beam broke. Where the saint had been standing lay nothing more than a particularly lewd lamp.

Approaching it, Dr. le sniffed her and smirked at the delicious scent of her fear. Slipping behind her, she leaned in as if to whisper in her ear and wrapped her arm around her, planting a hand on a large, golden breast. Her psycho-whiskers caught an instant flash of pleasure – naturally, Rafina's new body was as sensitive as you could get.

Just as le was about to go in for more, she sniffed, and another delicious scent caught her attention. Grabbing the lamp, she stuffed her headfirst into her cleavage and set off in search of the source. At this rate, she'd be housed again in no time!

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She found the source of the second smell in the courtyard, enjoying the sunlight. Creeping up behind her, le licked her lips: compared to her previous prey, this girl was much plainer, with a dull red brown dress and light brown hair, though she was undeniably pretty. le stood and stared at her, head cocked, as she figured out what to do with her.

"Um, hello?" said the girl, whose name was Tiona. "...Can I help you?"

Belatedly, le realized she hadn't reset her ninja-field. "Er..."

"It's just... you're staring at me... It's a little disconcerting..."

le winced. "Can I ask you a question? Which would you prefer to be? A chair or a couch?"

Tiona blinked at her. "I– I'm sorry, excuse me?"

"A couch," said le. "Definitely a couch." She drew her pointer.

The beam struck Tiona in the chest, flinging her backward with its force. She squealed and almost toppled over, remaining on her feet solely because the beam refused to let go of her. With a squeak, she snapped straight and stood there, her arms against her sides and her legs locked together, rigid as a post, though she didn't stay that way for long:

With a gasp, she bent her legs and took a seat on an invisible chair, raising her arms as if to plant them on the armrests. Sitting there, she strained, her eyes shaking in their sockets, a strong scent of fear emanating from her pores to tickle le's nostrils – it made her shiver in delight.

"St-stop!" cried Tiona. "Please, make it–Nnnnn~!" All at once, her screams turned to moans of delight as le twisted her pen and struck her with fresh energy. Just like that, she began to bloat, leaving that plain brown dress creaking as it fought to contain her body.

With a smack, her swollen legs slammed together, squished flat against each other, while her arms fattened into a pair of thick cylinders, so large they stretched all the way down to

her thighs. Her breasts, meanwhile, grew impossibly, blown to the size of a beachballs and stretching her bodice tight around them in the process. It would have torn, but the pointer had accounted for that: with every moment, Tiona's clothes seemed a little less like garments and a little more like a layer of leather upholstery.

Tiona squirmed, squealing like she was being drawn on the rack. "H-help me! Help! Nnn~!" Appropriately, because a moment later le twisted her pen again, and Tiona stretched sideways, growing wider with the second. "Nnnnnnnah!" In a matter of instants, she doubled her width, and a thin line split her from her crown down to toes, not that you could really tell her toes from the rest of the block her legs had fattened into at this point. "Nnnnn~!"

In widening, her head flattened, squished into a giant slab of increasingly leathery flesh with her face drawn tight across it, eyes wide, mouth stretched. She continued to squeal, though it was a little harder now, seeing as her boobs were blocking her mouth.

Her hands flattened into her armrests, her dress stretched to form a skirt around the solid blocks of her feet, and her hair fused with her skin and her clothes as another pair of color on her upholstery.

Finally, with one last moan, her face faded from existence, and with a pop, her breasts detached themselves from her chest and fluffed themselves into a pair of neat pillows.

With that, the transformation was over. Dr. le lowered her pen and approached her new couch.

She'd made the right choice – she could tell that immediately. For such a skinny, plain young woman, Tiona had become a big beautiful couch. Oh, and the fear...! Even now, terror radiated from her, tickling le's psy-whiskers till she shivered. There was nothing like the feeling of a freshly transformed prey girl fighting against the confines of her new body. *Let me out! Let me out!*

Well, maybe there was *one* thing. Approaching her, le stooped to be sure the former duke's daughter could hear her. "Wow, what a pretty couch, nya! I can't *wait* to see how comfy it is!"

*C-comfy?!*

le turned, wiggled her butt in the unfortunate girl's face, and without further fanfare, threw herself backward.

*Nonononono! Wait--!*

*Smack!*

She landed in the very middle of her, right between the cushions, forcing them into the armrests in the process. Tiona screamed in wild pleasure, unable to bear the ecstasy of her touching them.

Chuckling to herself, le shuffled backward a little, picked one of the cushions up, and plumped it till Tiona's screams were practically audible. "Fufufu. Nyeah, nyou're going to make me a *ton* of bells, nya."

She hopped off her, and sniffed. Another scent was already in the air. A few more girls, and she'd be home again in no time!