

Cottage Connect, Part 1 (House TF, Priconne)

The sun beat on Sheffy's head like a giant glowing hammer, leaving her brow coated with sweat and her tail and wings dripping. "Wait... Slow down... I'm melting..." Fanning herself, she wiped the sweat from her brow, shook it from her arms, and finally dropped, sliding to the grass with a sad thump.

Pecorine stooped and helped her to stand again. "Why don't we all take a break and cool down?" she said, beaming pleasantly.

"Please..." groaned Sheffy.

Soon enough, the five of them were sitting in the shade of the only tree available.

"Don't we have anything else we can drink?" said Sheffy. "I'm all out of water..."

"Hmm, let's see... Karyl rummaged in her pack. "There's always *this*." She pulled out a large bottle filled with a sparkling pink fluid.

"Y-you want me to drink a *potion*?" said Sheffy.

"Sorry, it's all that's left."

"What kind of potion even is it?" said Sheffy.

Karyl shrugged. "I don't know—the label's too faded to read. It's probably nothing too crazy though. Just a healing or a strength potion." She shrugged.

With a sigh, Sheffy took the bottle from her and weighed it. It seemed suspiciously large compared to the potions they normally used. Still, what was the worst it could do? Popping the cork, she took a sip.

At once, her eyes lit up. Not only was the potion refreshingly cool, but it was deliciously sweet as well, like chilled mead. Before she knew it, she'd thrown back her head and downed a large gulp. And then another. And another. And—

Before she knew it, the potion bottle was empty. "Aw," she said, peering through the mouth. "I wanted to drink more..." Even as she said it, her stomach started gurgling. Covering it with a gasp, she blushed.

"Looks like someone can't handle their drink," said Karyl, smugly.

When Sheffy's stomach continued to gurgle, rumbling like a cauldron on the flame, she folded her arms and huffed. "You must have given me a spoiled potion! You—" Before she could say anything else, she felt something even stranger than mere stomach issues: it was like the tension in her gut was spreading through the rest of her, stretching her arms and

legs and leaving her feeling like she'd burst. Leaping to her feet, she lurched away from the rest of the group, ready to throw up at any second.

"Sh-Sheffy?" said Yuuki. "Are you okay?"

She turned back, legs wobbling. "No, I'm not okay! I feel like I'm going to—" With a sudden gasp, she dropped to her knees and knelt there with her palms against the ground and her chin atop them. No matter how hard she tried to stand, she couldn't leave the floor. "H-help! Help me! I'm stuck!"

As one, the others rushed to her aid. But no matter how hard they gripped and tugged, they couldn't tear her from the grass either—it was like she was rooted to the soil. "Nnn~!" Her heart pounding, Sheffy moaned as her stomach started gurgling even louder. Now her entire body was rumbling like a thunderstorm, and with every second it seemed a little louder. The rest of the Gourmet Guild backed away, clearly scared she was about to explode.

And in a sense, she did: with a scream, Sheffy started to grow, swelling rapidly from human size to something far larger. In an instant, she'd doubled in size, and a second later, she'd tripled. Soon, she was so big she could've fit the rest of them inside her.

As she grew, her body tightened, squeezed into a new shape, as if she'd hit an invisible wall. Sheffy squealed, her eyes wide, as her butt and her sides flattened out and her head were crushed into her shoulders, smoothed out. Her wings, meanwhile, folded themselves over her back, forming a harsh, arrow-like arch. Behind her, her tail stretched to the sky and came to stop pointing upward, rigid.

"H-help me!" As her body changed, Sheffy continued to squirm, fighting to escape the transformation, but with every second, movement became harder, till she could no longer move at all. She tried to scream, since it was the only option left to her, but no sooner had she started than her mouth snapped wide open, forming a tall, rectangular hole, which her teeth stretched to fill. And when she blinked in shock, her eyelids hardened into a pair of swinging shutters.

Several minutes passed before she ceased to grow, but the transformation wasn't over yet. As Sheffy struggled to make one last moan, a wave of change rippled through her, shaking her flesh and making her whimper in her head. It was like someone had stuck a balloon down her throat and inflated it, spreading her innards wide around it. At the same time, her skin hardened and cracked as if she'd spent too long in the sun, transmuted into bricks and planks and, in a few places, glass.

Finally, her wings shivered and broke into tiles, and her tail shook itself into a tall, stone chimney. With that, the change seemed to come to an end. Sheffy shivered inside, wondering what had happened.

"Sh-Sheffy?" said Pecorine, advancing.

“Wh-what happened to me?!” cried Sheffy. She didn’t know where the sound was coming from exactly, though her former teeth swung open and shut as she spoke, as if the force of her voice were blowing them open.

“Oh! / see,” said Karyl, inspecting the empty bottle. “It’s a potion of *house* transformation. That explains it!” She frowned. “...Why would anyone make that?”

“H-how long is it supposed to last?” cried Sheffy.

“Oh, only 24 hours or so,” said Karyl, with a smug look. “In the meantime, we’ve all got somewhere nice and shaded to rest, haven’t we?”

“W-wait!” cried Sheffy, as they approached her door. “D-don’t!”