

Fontaine's Fall (Various Inanimate TFs, Genshin Impact)

The bell on the catgirl's tail rang as she skipped through the Court of Fontaine, the moonlight glinting off the cardboardium tank in her paws. "La la la~, la la la~, sneaking through the city, la la la~." Reaching the canal, she plopped the tank on the edge, popped its lid, and casually pushed it over, spilling a shining pink fluid into the calm waters below her.

"La la la~, la la la~, dumping juice into the water, nya." The canal shimmered for a moment before regaining its former color. "La la la~, la la la~, poisoning the water supply, la la~."

Snatching up the empty tank, she spun on her heel and skipped away into the night.

*

The coffee hissed as it entered the cup, raising a plume of steam like a cloud of cotton wool.

Placing the kettle back on the counter, Chiori stooped and picked up the cup. When she sipped, it tasted sickeningly sweet. *Strange*, she thought, making her way back to the shop floor. *I don't remember putting any sugar in it.*

As she returned to her workstation, she ran through the tasks of the day in her head to better prepare herself for them. She had all manner of important clientele lined up, including a private meeting with none other than Captain Chevreuse of Special Security. So she had better make herself presentable.

She took another sip of her coffee. As it trickled down her throat, she felt a sudden tightness in her chest, as if someone had reached a hand into her ribs and plucked her heartstrings. Pausing, she placed a hand on her breast and frowned. Perhaps she'd been drinking *too* much caffeine lately... She placed the cup on her desk and moved on without it.

Just as she thought the sensation would pass, it doubled in intensity. Chiori gasped as she found herself wrenched backward, arms jerking and twitching. Her heart pounded; her skin ran with sweat. *Wh-what's going on-?!* Had she been poisoned?

A strange hissing sound caught her ears. She spun around, searching for the source, only to find to her horror that the noise was coming from her. Looking down, she squealed to see a patch burning pink in her top, a growing gap in her kimono, where the fabric had been eaten away as if by invisible moths. "St-stop!" She swatted at it, but it didn't make a difference, and soon enough, similar holes had appeared all over her outfit. Their edges were pink, just like her sweat.

As she struggled to regain control of her twitching, jerking body, she felt a terrible tingling in her fingers and raised them to find them flapping in the breeze as if they were made of the same fabric as her clothes. Her jaw dropped; a silent scream escaped her throat.

Wh-what-?

Her legs gave way without warning. Striking the floor chest-first, she gasped and struggled to rise, but her muscles refused to obey her. With every second, her limbs felt a little flimsier, a little weaker, but even as they lost their strength, she found them moving on their own. Looking back over her shoulder, she watched in pale shock as her legs curled and joined to form a ring, feet twining like lace till they were neatly tied together. A bead of sweat dropped from her brow. This was— This was impossible.!

A gasp escaped her mouth as her arms shot back in turn, arching over her shoulders as if her bones were bendy as rubber. When they touched her twisted ankles, her fingers wrapped around them over and over until they were inseparable—Chiori couldn't tell where her digits ended and her legs began.

As if her body weren't already warped enough, she found herself grabbed and bent more, spine stretched till it was a miracle it didn't snap. She screamed, though not in pain—instead, the motion struck her with a jolt of pleasure too great for her conscious mind to bear. Screwing up her eyes, she whimpered and shivered as her body continued to change.

Falling free of her shriveling figure, her kimono dress revealed a pair of breasts that, once so petite and graceful, were swiftly becoming a couple of fleshy balloons. Through wild eyes, Chiori watched as they swelled till they were four or more times her former size, and still they kept growing, plumped to ridiculously fullness. She moaned as they jiggled, nipples hard as steel.

Strangely, they seemed to be growing closer too. It took her a second to realize why: to her horror, her head was sinking, sinking into her torso as if her neck had turned to mud. She screamed one final time, and with that her jaw struck her sternum and disappeared inside it as it were no more solid than water. A moment later, the rest of her head followed it. *Splash!*

Looking out from what had formerly been her breasts, Chiori could only moan in her head as she felt the rest of her body collapsing in on itself, her hips sinking into her chest and leaving her little more than a pair of disembodied boobs with spindly limbs sticking out their backs.

She didn't remain in this strange state for long: seconds later, her breasts flattened as if forced through a crusher, leaving only a pair of fleshy cups resembling those of her own bras.

Realization came in a single shattering instant. She tried to scream again, but of course she had no lips. *A bra?! A bra?! I can't be turning into a bra!*

Her former flesh, so twisted, rippled and shimmered, taking on a bright amber orange with red accents and an adorable floral motif. Brown ribbons—the exact same shade as her former hair—completed the look, and left her looking like a quality piece of haute couture, if a little over-designed for her own tastes.

With that, the changes came to an abrupt end. Her body reduced, Chiori could only lie there on the floor and twitch a little, like a fish on the land.

Someone help me!

*

The bell above the door chimed as Chevreuse stepped into the boutique. “Chiori?” she called, finding the storefront empty. “Chiori?”

She waited for several seconds, to see if the store’s owner would emerge from out back. When she failed to, Chevreuse strode forward, face twisted in concern. What was going on here?

Her foot caught something. Bending down, she found herself looking at a beautiful amber bra decorated in flowers. Her frown deepened. It was strange for Chiori to leave her merchandise lying around like this.

Holding the bra by the straps, Chevreuse approached the store’s backroom and poked through her head through the doorway. As expected, there was no sign of Chiori. Wherever the couturier had gone, she certainly wasn’t hiding behind the curtain.

Chevreuse hovered for several moments on the threshold, wondering whether she dared risk her friendship with Chiori by snooping. If the fashion designer were still around, it would be an egregious breach of protocol. But if something had happened to her...

With a sigh, Chevreuse stepped backstage.

The first thing she noticed was the cup of coffee still steaming on Chiori’s desk. Marching over, she snatched it up and gave it a tiny sip. Red-hot. If Chiori had made this, then she certainly hadn’t been long gone.

After a brief inspection of the rest of the backstore, Chevreuse hurried out onto the shopfront, her heart pounding faster and faster with panic. She didn’t know exactly what was going on, but it was obvious something had happened to Chiori. If she didn’t find her soon, who knew what would—

Halfway across the floor, her chest pulsed, as if her heart were the skin of a drum, and a ripple rolled through her form that stripped all strength from her flesh. With a gasp, she came to an abrupt stop, trembling as she fought to stay standing. The flowery bra dropped from her hands and fluttered to the floor. She clasped her chest. *What’s happening to me...? What—?*

Her mind flashed back to Chiori’s coffee. Could it have been...? No, it couldn’t be. She’d only taken the slightest sip!

Even as she fought to deny the possibility, the poison coursing through her renewed its attack on her body. She doubled over, clutching her gut, as her face turned red and ran with sweat, while her heart shook like an overpressured boiler.

At last, her legs gave way. With a moan, she collapsed, falling to the floor and lying there on her front, her breasts squished against the carpet, as spasm after spasm passed through her

form. Each came accompanied by a bolt of pleasure so strong it took all her energy to keep from screaming.

As she fought to stand, she found her limbs moving on their own, her arms bending and curving to form a ring behind her head, while her legs arched backward, twisting impossibly to join them. They rippled as they warped, flexing like flags in the wind, and no matter how hard she tried she couldn't tear them free of their new position. Horrified, she watched as they shriveled and shrank, fingers and toes fusing where they met until her limbs became a single, inseparable 'T' of flesh poised over her body. She tried to scream, but she couldn't summon the strength.

A sudden sense of emptiness in her chest dragged her attention downward, and she moaned to see her breasts deflating, flattening into a torso that was itself rapidly slimming. Soon, it was barely half its former width, and worse: she felt her head sinking into it more with every second, collapsing, and dragging her sight down with it. She had just enough time for one last scream before her face melded with her chest and silenced her forever.

For several full minutes, Chevreuse lay there on the boutique's carpet, twitching and spasming as her body lost the remainder of its strength, shrinking into a flimsy scrap of something more like fabric than flesh, unable even to cry for help. Finally, her last scraps of animacy left her, and with one final twitch she shimmered and turned a deep shade of brown accented with gold and red and covered in golden stars.

Lying there, unable even to summon an ounce of strength, Chevreuse struggled to even understand what had happened to her. *What's going on?! What am I so small?! Why can't I move?*

In her panic, her eyes happened to catch the beautiful bra she'd found earlier lying ahead of her. In an instant, realization struck her.

N-no. No. No, this can't be happening—this isn't possible! Someone help! Turn us back! Turn us back!

The door swung open and, as if summoned by her cries for help, a curvaceous blonde stepped into the boutique and looked around. For several moments, she stood in the center of the room, clutching her purse and clearly waiting for someone to come and serve her. When no one appeared, she frowned. "What kind of boutique is this?"

Approaching the backroom, she caught sight of Chevreuse and Chiori. Her frown deepened. "What kind of businesswoman leaves their wares lying on the floor like this?" After a second of thought, a strange look overcame her face. She stooped down and snatched them up, making Chevreuse flinch twice, first as her giant hand approached, and then again as its enormous fingers dug into her fabric.

Nn~!

"Hmm~." Pinching Chevreuse's straps, the blonde stretched her tight. Chevreuse screamed inside as the tautness filled her with a mind-rending pleasure. "This bra and pair of panties

might not match, but they still look rather fetching.” She flicked a glance at the changing room.

Instants later, the door slammed behind them. Unbuttoning her blouse and pulling down her pencil skirt, the blonde unclasped her bra and peeled her panties out of her nethers. Lying there on the bench, Chevreuse could only stare in horror as the woman’s curvaceous body appeared in all its egregious glory. *Sh-she can’t actually be planning to–*

Her thoughts cut off as the blonde snatched up Chiori. Chevreuse stared in horror as her fellow item of clothing found herself raised, pulled taut–

(Nnn~! Ah! Nn~! Make it stop! It’s too much, please–I can’t bear it! Take those awful mammaries oooout of mee!)

–and clasped with a resounding *snap*. Her cups were so full she looked like she’d explode.

“Hmm,” said the blonde, groping herself in the mirror. “Not bad. Now, let’s try the panties…”

Giant fingers reached for her; Chevreuse screamed in fear. *Stay away! Stay away from me!*

The blonde couldn’t hear her, of course, and her fingers stabbed into Chevreuse’s fabric with all the tender mercy of knives. *Nnn~! Ah! Don’t touch me! Let go! Let gooo!*

Pinching her straps tight, the blonde raise one of her enormous legs, her gigantic foot filling Chevreuse’s sky. She screamed as it descended, but she couldn’t stop it filling her–it slammed through her body and penetrated her utterly, leaving her screaming at the feeling of her form warping around it.

A moment later, the woman’s second leg entered her, and Chevreuse found herself tugged up, up, *up*. She screamed even louder. *N-no! No! It feels like you’re in my–! NNnnn~!* Her wails of lust would have been deafening, had she still been audible.

Finally, the blonde released her with a snap, leaving Chevreuse stretched painfully around her groin and rear. The stench of the blonde’s pussy was overwhelming.

“Perfection,” said the blonde, examining herself in the mirror. “I simply *have* to have them. ...On second thought, I don’t suppose the proprietress would mind if I simply took them? After all, they *were* lying on the floor.”

Chevreuse’s heart sank. *N-no! That’s theft! That’s illegal...!*

The blonde didn’t seem to hear her for some reason, and the next thing Chevreuse knew she’d been blanketed by the curtain of a tight skirt. *N-no!*

Buttoning up her blouse, the blonde turned to go with a frown, unaware of the silent voices pleading for help around her.

Furina pressed her hands against the glass with a moan of hunger. “Oh, these treats look simply delectable! I have to try some!”

Rushing through the café door, she frowned to find the business empty. Where were the customers enjoying their pastries? Where were the barristers behind the counter, writing names on cups of coffee? Stranger still were the random items of food sitting in the chairs. She found more of them behind the counter: pastries, cakes, éclairs—all resting on the floor as if served to the mice. What was going on here?

Before she had a chance to figure it out, Furina’s stomach rumbled. Well, perhaps it would be easier to solve this mystery once she had some food in her. Slipping behind the counter (carefully stepping over a large cream cake behind the register), she snatched up an adorable blue fairy cake and hurried over to the nearest table, halting only for long enough to leave some money by the register. She didn’t want anyone to think she was a thief, after all.

Returning to her chosen table, she removed the extensively-decorated muffin currently sitting in the chair and took her seat, rubbing her hands together at the thought of eating such a delicious treat. When she raised the fairy cake to her mouth, she actually had to bite her tongue to keep herself from squealing in delight. Oh, she couldn’t believe how tasty it was going to be!

Somehow, the little cake managed to exceed her expectations. The second she took a bite, her head flew back in ecstasy. Screwing up her eyes, she rubbed her cheek and moaned. She’d never tasted anything so sweet in her life! Just whatever did they put in these delectable little treats?

Her stomach cramped. Furina froze. Lowering the fairy cake slowly back to the table, she swallowed and looked around, sweat dripping from her brow. Surely an up-market café like this would have a restroom she could use...?

She never got the chance to find out. Before she could stand, her gut cramped again, and her heart started to race so fast she worried it would burst. She flushed, her face a bright red, and her skin ran with sweat, sweat that hissed as it dissolved her—

With a scream, Furina leapt to her feet in surprise, her face twisted in horror, as her elegant dress disintegrated like paper in a storm, eaten away by the glistening pink sweat oozing from her skin. As her bodice fell burning to the floor, she covered her chest with a squeal of horror. Her skirt followed shortly after, and she hurried to cover that too, eyes wide snapping from left to right as she checked to make sure no one could see her.

As the last scraps of her clothing hit the floor and smoldered there, exposing her slender figure for all the world to see, Furina backed away from her table, almost stepping on one of the floor muffins in the process.

What was going on? Why did she feel so strange? Why was her sweat dissolving her clothing?!

Her heart pounded a single, intensely-strong beat, and Furina froze as shockwave rolled through her form. With a squeal, she dropped to her knees and lay there trembling and moaning, struggling even to draw a breath, as her flesh spasmed and shook like a scarecrow in an earthquake. What was happening to her?

To her horror, she appeared to be fattening up. Through trembling eyes she watched as her once petite breasts swelled to egregious size, shaking and jiggling as they grew and striking her with pangs of unbearable pleasure in the process. Her nipples, supremely swollen too, stuck out like a pair of fat thumbs, begging someone to tweak them. She covered them with a whimper, moaning as her arms squished her boobs.

Her breasts weren't the only part of her inflating. As she knelt there, trembling and sweating, her entire body bulged like a piece of dough in the oven. The sight of her beautiful figure being so cruelly warped made her want to moan in despair, but the fact her lips and her cheeks were thickening as well made this somewhat difficult. "Nnn~! Someone help! Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Though the café afforded her more than enough space to grow freely, to her horror, Furina found something very strange had happened: all of a sudden, her swelling curves met an invisible wall, a tiny cage wrapped tight around her yet utterly hidden from sight. The only reason she could tell it existed was because of the pressure it exerted when her swelling body pressed against it. Squished, her fattening figure surged with pleasure, making her screw up her eyes and moan like a sow in heat.

Slowly, second by second, Furina's body bulged, her swollen arms and thighs and breasts and buttocks all squished against each other by the tightness of the cage. As it continued to squeeze her, she realized it wasn't the box she'd assumed: instead, it was more of a squat cylinder, and as she struggled to escape, she took on entirely new curves, her bloated legs warped into a circle, along with the rest of her continuous swelling form. Face aimed at the sky, she screwed up her eyes and released a wild moan.

All of a sudden, her cage tightened tremendously. Before Furina could release even the slightest squeak, it squished her like a piece of clay in the hands of an evil giant, her bloated body crushed from human size to no larger than the muffins she'd seen on the table. The majority of her body it squeezed into the roundness of the cylinder, leaving her bloated boobs and her face on top. As if on cue, something dark blue and papery sprang from beneath her and wrapped around her squat new form like an inverted dress, coming to a stop around her swollen bust and head. She tried to moan, but she didn't have the strength.

Something glossy and blue appeared above her. She had just enough time to wonder what it was before it dropped, splattering her face like the world's most overwhelming batch of concealer. She squealed as the world went dark, trying and failing to blink through it.

Trapped in the confines of her own altered body, Furina pleaded desperately for help, fighting furiously to escape herself. *Somebody help me! Help me! Heeeelp!*

Finally, the icing of the muffin rippled, and like ice from the depths of the ocean appeared a decorative teardrop, shiny as a jewel.

With that, the café was silent once more.

*

Navia frowned as she strolled through the city center. Casting her gaze over the streets, she couldn't help but notice how strangely quiet it was this morning. Had she missed some manner of announcement? Had Furina announced another holiday?

Even as she pondered the question, her eyes settled on another little oddity: strewn across the tiles of the plaza were an assortment of random objects in every possible color. She saw water bottles, stuffed toys, even a couple of giant dildos.

Bending down, she picked up a cyan poster and turned it around with a frown—it seemed to be for some kind of erotic magic show. “What’s with all this awful litter?” she asked the air, expecting and receiving little in the way of an answer. “Someone ought to clean this mess up.” She tossed the poster into a burgundy-black trashcan and strolled on without another thought. ‘Someone’ didn’t mean her, after all.

Soon enough, she came to the door of *Crème de la Crème*, her favorite café. The bell rung as normal as she stepped inside, though there was no more sign of anyone in here than there was outside. Only so many strangely colorful objects, strewn across the chair and the floor, as if they’d been enjoying their snacks or waiting in line themselves. “How odd...”

Bending down, she picked up a fairy cake. While the items outside had been completely random, those inside the café all seemed to belong here. She saw cupcakes, croissants, sponge cakes, teacakes, and all other manner of pastries, all adorably colorful and cute, though there was something about their silent presence that disturbed her on some level. She felt as if she’d stumbled into a room full of tiny monsters, all staring at her and waiting for her to show some weakness so they could pounce. She shuddered and turned to leave.

But before she had a chance to leave, she caught sight of something simply delicious: there, on the floor beside one of the café’s many tables sat an adorable little fairy cake covered in sparkling blue icing and topped with a little teardrop candy. Bending down, she scooped it up and raised it to her face with a squeal of delight.

Looking around, she checked to make sure no one was watching. It wouldn’t do for her to be seen eating off the floor, but if there was no one around... Besides, the little cake was simply too delicious looking to pass over.

Slipping a finger into its wrapper, she started to peel it.

(N-Navia?! What are you—Nnn~! N-no! Don't touch me like that!)

Placing the wrapper carefully on the table, Navia raised the fairy cake to her mouth and gave it the slightest little sniff, shuddering as the sweet scent of its icing passed through her

nostrils. Oh, it smelled simply amazing. She couldn't resist it any longer. Opening wide, she took the tiniest, most delicate bite—

(Ah! Ah! Nnn~! Oh—Stop! Stop! Navia! Nnn~!)

—and moaned in delight as the deliciousness washed through her, Squealing, she screwed up her eyes and covered her cheek, shivering as she chewed. Oh, she'd never tasted something so tasty in her life.

(NNNNNN~! Ah! Ah! Nnn~! Navia! Navia—nnnn~! Please, please, please don't—!)

Finishing off the rest of the fairy cake in a handful of quick bites, she slipped into an open chair with a sigh of delight and sat there with her eyes shut, blissed out by her sugar high. Oh yes—she definitely didn't regret coming here.

Several minutes passed before she opened her eyes and remembered her strange circumstances. “Oh, ah, yes,” she said, swallowing something other than cake. “Perhaps I should hurry and fetch help.” She stood and made to go.

She made it all of three paces to the door before her gut went off like a bomb. She doubled over, falling to her knees with an enormous moan. “W-what's happening to me?” It felt as if she'd swallowed her own weapon.

As she struggled back to her feet, legs shaking beneath her, the pressure in her stomach grew worse and worse and worse. She moaned as the feeling spread through her, raking her nerves and turning her skin a bright shade of red, glistening with sweat. Stumbling, she grabbed a nearby table for support and stood there sweating, struggling to regain her composure.

Just as she thought the pressure might have started abating, she heard a strange hissing and looked down to find her elegant dress dissolving like a piece of tissue paper in the ocean. She screamed now, screamed outright, throwing herself backward and clasping her clothes, struggling to hold them together as they came apart like so much sugar paper, falling from her body in burning strips and tatters. In seconds, she almost as scandalously naked, all her generously-endowed curves on full display. Pressing her back against the wall of the café, she placed one arm over her chest and the other's hand over her genitals, whimpering as she tried to conceal all her most private assets. “Wh-what is—Ooooh~!”

Another little bomb exploded in her stomach, spreading a heat through her form that put everything she'd felt so far to shame in its intensity. Her skin shone, her ears steamed, and when she looked down, she saw her stomach rising, plumped as full and fat as any pregnant woman's. *What's happening to me...?!* She stumbled in her panic, and when she righted herself, she heard her stomach sloshing, sloshing as if it were full of hot water. *Nnn~!* Her sex felt so hot she—

A strange tension seized her limbs. She stumbled forward with a gasp, her heart pounding so hard it was a miracle you couldn't see it through her breasts. Standing there, still fighting to conceal herself, she squealed as her arms snapped backward, curling over her shoulders

and—and *stretching*, stretching till her fingers met her buttocks. She screamed again as her breasts jiggled freely, unrestrained. What was going on?!

Behind her back, her arms squeezed tighter and tighter together, so tight she could barely tell them apart after a second. At the same time, her belly swelled and swelled, growing larger and larger, rounder and rounder, and so intensely *full* that she soon felt it must drag her down to the floor with its weight. The heat was incredible—she felt it in her every inch. And whenever she moved, she heard the sloshing as well, felt the liquid inside her as it flowed from one side of her engorged belly to the other.

Her stumbling came to an abrupt stop as her legs slammed together. Arrested, she could only stand there and moan, her eyes wide in horror, as her swelling belly rolled over her legs and *assimilated* them, drawing in her thighs to feed its growing bulk. Stretching downward, more an ovoid than a sphere now, it rapidly reached her feet and squished them flat, turning them into a some kind of strange base. She squealed and struggled to shuffle them, but she couldn't even wiggle her toes.

Meanwhile, her stomach continued to swell and swell and swell, lifting her chest and her head in the process. Navia watched, too stunned even to squeal at this point, as her breasts bloated like her belly, filling with that same hot liquid themselves. The feeling of it inside them, sloshing from side to side, made her want to scream—she'd never felt anything quite so titillating.

As her breasts finished their own growth, the process spread to her neck, and she watched through wild eyes as it spread rapidly outward, stretching into a long, circular slope, like a shield volcano with its caldera holding her head.

And then, just as she thought the whole awful experience couldn't get any worse, her pussy started to tingle with the touches of a thousand ghostly fingers. Her remaining restraint snapped; she threw back her head and screamed. Wailing in wild horror, she could only watch through trembling eyes as her vagina stretched like a piece of clay on the potter's wheel, stretched long and tall and curved, till its tip came to a stop level almost with her head, pointed forward and opened like a teacup's spout.

A horrible sense of realization washed over her. The bulging of her belly... the hot liquid inside her... the stretching of her vagina. Could she...? No, she couldn't be. It wasn't possible! How could a human being possibly turn into a—

Her eyes settled on the strange objects around her, and her mind's eye flickered with the ones she'd seen outside. She remembered the fairy cake she'd eaten, and how sweet it had tasted. Had it...? It couldn't—?

She screamed, wanting to throw up in horror. "Help me! Someone help me!"

Terrible pressure, from all angles, as if she'd been crushed under a great boulder. Her screams cut off as her jaws slammed shut. The world around her swelled, blown to enormous size in an instant. Meanwhile, she felt ghostly hands working her all over: starting with her swollen breasts, they pressed their fingers deep into the fat and worked them and

worked them, slowly smoothing them flat. She screamed, her cry growing louder with the second, until at last they finished with her breasts and turned their attention to her head, wiping away her mouth like a stain. Her eyes flashed, trembling in fear.

Slowly, slowly, they worked her all over, smoothing out her skin and leaving it harder, shinier, black with golden highlights and little blue jewels encrusting her all over. She was beautiful, the most beautiful teapot she'd ever seen.

Finally, the ghostly hands smoothed away the last of her face, reducing her hair to a simple golden ball on the top of her porcelain new body. Steam rose from the end of her vagina-turned-spout, making her shiver and whimper with ecstasy.

Someone help me! Help me! Help!

The floorboards creaked under Clorinde's heels as she crept into the office. "Charlotte? Charlotte, are you in here?" Her only reply came from the door as it clicked shut behind her. Releasing the handle, she strode forward, a concerned expression on her face.

Six minutes had passed, by her reckoning, since she'd arrived at the office of the *Steambird* newspaper. Six minutes since she'd entered the building to find the reception area and every room adjoining it empty, their usual inhabitants vanished and, in their place, nothing more than strange items: books and newspapers depicting the people taken. Photographs and pictures of them caught in compromising positions, as if a kidnapper and a blackmailer had fallen on the building together and gotten their plots entangled.

Scanning the room, Clorinde felt a sinking sense of despair. She'd hoped that Charlotte at least might have been spared this fate—it would have to have another Vision-wielder to investigate with—but there was no sign of the pink-haired journalist either.

Except...

With a scowl, Clorinde stepped around Charlotte's desk. In the chair she found a simple magazine, a simple pornogr— Standing upright, she coughed to clear her throat and checked the buttons of her blouse. A simple *pornographic* magazine. Not the kind that Charlotte herself would ever indulge in, surely, but the face on the cover was undeniably hers. Charlotte lay on her back, pinned down, her arms and her legs spread by a muscular man, her eyes wide in fright. Flipping through the pages, Clorinde blushed as she read the story, her face growing redder and redder, until at last she cast it aside with a snarl. To think anyone would ever cast her friend in such a vile, perverted story.

Leaning on the desk, she spied a glass of water. Snatching it up, she took a sip to cool down and stood back, gritting her teeth and struggling to think. What should her next course of action be? Something had clearly happened to the employees of the *Steambird*, but the only evidence she had was these strange items left lying in their place. No kidnapper would leave such pornography of their victims, would they? But if not the kidnapper, then—

Just as she was about to leave, lightning struck her. With a scream, Clorinde threw back her head, her body jerking like a puppet as the terrible sensation coursed through her nerves and made her skin writhe and pulsate like it wanted to peel itself from her flesh.

A second bolt snapped her forward, and with a gasp, Clorinde collapsed. Buttocks striking the floor, she lay there and twitched as her skin turned a brilliant pink, slick with great drops of equally pinkish sweat. From her clothes came a sizzling sound—fighting against the unbearable sensation coursing through her form, she summoned all her strength and looked down. And moaned, loudly, as her dress shirt came apart like tissue paper.

With a ping, the fabric holding her buttons snapped, and her boobs burst out into the open, fat and jiggling. She didn't even want to know what had happened to her bra.

Moaning, heart pounding, her face dripping sweat, Clorinde moved instinctively to cover her breasts, but her body refused to allow her. To her horror, she found it shifting on its own, her legs lifting her from the floor, while her arms raised themselves, bent at the elbows. Trembling, her blow slick with sweat, her teeth grit, she took a seat in the air and hovered there, her entire body shaking with the effort of it.

A pained whine escaped her lips. *Wh-what am I doing—?*

As she fought to escape her body's unfortunate new pose, she felt a terrible pressure in her breasts and her butt, as if someone had forced balloons into her curves and started to pump them up. She could only scream as they swelled, only throw back her head and wail at the ceiling, her pussy pouring, her nipples erect, as her body's most egregious assets decided to double in size in a matter of mere moments.

And it didn't stop there. As she moaned in an awful mix of mingled horror and pleasure, the rest of her body copied her curves and thickened as fast as humanely possible. Her arms plumped till they outdid her thighs, and her thighs one-upped them by growing even larger, so thick and so fat they squished against each other like two loaves of bread placed too close in the oven. Screwing her eyes tight, Clorinde released another moan. She couldn't believe how *good* it felt.

As it plumped, her body settled into a new shape like a watermelon growing into a plastic mold. Her hands flattened into her arms they rounded into cylinders while her legs and her buttocks squeezed together, forming a large cuboid beneath her bust. Her breasts, meanwhile, her invisible cage squashed near flat, pinching their sides till they resembled nothing more than a pair of plump cushions, which it forced neatly into place between her fattened arms.

Looking down at them, Clorinde realized what she resembled. *A-a couch... My body looks like a couch!* Following this came a horrifying revelation. She looked around. The missing employees... What if...?

Even as she gasped in fresh horror, the poison afflicting her settled on her head, squishing it flat and spreading it wide, till it and her neck formed the backrest of her new form. This done,

the process took her sides in its grip and stretched her from armchair-width to that of a large couch. She screamed as the pleasure coursing through her grew even more intense.

At last, the process released her sides and started to rub her all over, massaging her warped, aching flesh till she could only moan in pleasure, losing herself to the lust. Smoothing away that last little hints of her humanity—her nipples, her pussy, her mouth and her eyes—it turned her skin to hard, colored leather, and left her sitting there inanimate: a strangely colored but otherwise normal couch, its fat cushions plump and just waiting for someone to sit on them.

Trapped there, her altered body utterly immobile, Clorinde could only sink into despair. Was this what had happened to all of *Steambird's* employees? Had Charlotte really become that awful, disgusting magazine? She wanted to throw up.

What was going to happen to them now? What was going to happen next?

Even as she despaired, the door of the office creaked open, and a young woman with cat's ears and a tail skipped into the room, her boobs bouncing in her croptop. "Wow, it had some pretty fun effects in this building, nya! Hey, is that porn? Wow, and there's a couch for me to read it on too! Yay!"

Before Clorinde could even *think* of protesting, the catgirl snatched Charlotte up, spun around, and threw herself back. Clorinde had but an instant to see the girl's fat cheeks approaching her breasts before—

Splat!

—she landed right on her boobs, squishing them flat. And striking Clorinde with intolerable pleasure. *Nnnn~! Nnn~! Oh, Furina, make it stop! It's too much!*

"Hehe, this is pretty good," said the catgirl, flipping through Charlotte's pages. "I think I'm going to take some time and enjoy myself here, nya."

Clorinde watched as the girl slipped a hand into her short shorts. Soon the sound of schlicking broke the silence of the office.

The new couch moaned in despair.

The catgirl hummed to herself as she stood in the salon doorway, watching with a smile as the last of the clients finished melting into a hairdryer.

Leaving the salon, she turned and strolled through the streets, still humming, her tail swishing playfully side to side while her ears turned each time she heard someone scream. Another cry sounded almost every other second.

As she strolled, her eyes flicked left and right as well, taking in the sight of all the interesting items around her. Most were beneath her notice, but a few proved interesting enough for her to pause and examine them for a second:

On the corner of one street, she found a bottle of green perfume. Picking it up, she sniffed and wrinkled her nose in disgust. Urgh! It was way too flowery for her taste. She cast it aside without a thought.

(No! Nonono! Please, don't let me—!) Crash!

In the middle of the city's shopping district, she found herself nurturing a real thirst. Looking around, her eyes settled on a dark purple bottle speckled with stars. She popped the cap and took a sip. Despite the extravagant design, its contents were pure water. She gulped down it with a sigh of relief.

(Nnn~! Nnnnn~! Ah! Ah! G-get your tongue out of my—Nnn~! Ah! P-please, don't drink me...! Don't drink...! Don't...! ...me... ..)

Satisfied, she tossed the empty bottle away.

The final item of interest she found before she finished her tour was a simple pair of men's undies, white-grey with red accents. Picking them up, she stretched them with a giggle. "Hehe, I think I'll take nyou with me, nya. I know some twintails who'd *really* love a pair of undies like nyou..."

(Nn~! Ah! How—ah!—how dare you! Release me this—Nnn~! Ah! Ah! Let go! Nn~!)

She released the undies with a snap and stuffed them into her cleavage.

Finally, satisfied, she turned and summoned her saucer with a snap of the fingers. As it descended from the sky, she turned back to the city and cocked her head in reflection. Overall, this had been a pretty fun little trip.

Maybe she'd have to visit this world again sometime~.