

Chairs, Love!



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Gallows sighed softly as she wandered into the Vega Complex. Situated a ways south of Shirohoshi Headquarters in Kaiberos City, it was the home of Shirohoshi's CEO, and not somewhere that many people enjoyed going while on business. Pleasure was something the complex was known for, especially with its owner capable of feeding on the energies created by pleasure of all kinds. But if you were called in for business reasons, it was to be praised personally in your off time, or sacked in the worst possible way.

The red quadrupedal gryphon looked around as she passed each of the dungeon-like rooms, ears twitching at the moans that filled the halls. Almost as much as the hardened shaft and heavy orbs that bounced with every step below her. It didn't help her arousal that she was imagining what was happening behind those closed doors, though given the reports she'd been reading over, it wasn't difficult to picture some of the lustful exhibitions.

A little ways into the second floor, she knocked on a large set of double doors before letting herself in. The room beyond was quite well lit by LED lamps. Massive collections of sex toys, restraints, and other items lined each of the walls, along with some cages and bondage tables that were stowed away, leaving the floor mostly clear. It was Nemi's bedroom, and not somewhere she'd actually wanted to be at that very moment. Or any moment, really.

The black latex feline wasn't exactly known for his business proposals. Just for breaking people, for helping willing sapient pets find good owners, and for handling *problematic* clients who hurt people under Shirohoshi's protection. And none of those options pertained to her.

Strangely, Nemi himself was nowhere to be found. Instead, she found a note laying on the pet bed on the floor. It told her to put on the warmers lying next to the note while she waited, and that he'd return soon.

The one-off *on-call* gig wasn't something she'd normally take on her time off, but it was worth enough to buy exactly what she needed, and then some more on top of that. Ten-thousand bit contracts weren't something she could easily pass up.

Gallows looked over the woodgrain warmers and shook her head. Not her usual style, though she did know someone who rather enjoyed the aesthetic. She couldn't place what they were made of, but it clearly wasn't wool or heavy cloth. They felt more like a smooth lycra, despite their hefty weight

As she slipped the tubes over her limbs, Gallows couldn't help but wonder what kind of job he was proposing that involved such a fashion item. An electronica music video? Maybe he'd developed a new fetish?



Unfortunately, she seemed to have stopped a little too long for her own good.

The avian put down a talon, only to hear a wooden *thunk* against the metal floor. A second knock soon followed, causing her to look at what was making the sound. Her feet were stuck in place, her claws turned backward while her hind quarters pulled forward just a bit.

Moments after her front legs stiffened, her hind legs started to seize up as well, petrifying into strong oak. And soon after, all four lengthened just enough to raise her off the ground an appreciable distance, flipping her onto her back in the process.

Her wings soon followed suit, wrapping around and forming into chair arms that connected to her hips, while her back was forced upright at an unnatural angle. Red feathers and fur turned into red velvet cushions, leaving nothing but her quickly hardening cock and balls up in the seat, and her lion tail twitching wildly while still attached to the front of her sitting area.

And just as suddenly as it started, the transformation stopped before taking any more of her into its effects. She was still able to breathe somehow, but any sound she attempted to make was completely lost, leaving her mute in her current state. All she had were her head and tail, and the genitals that were exposed down below. She couldn't even try to tip herself over, as the thick legs were too balanced and heavy for her head movements to do anything.

Mentally, she was panicking, but Nemi wasn't know for doing anything truly dangerous unless you hurt the wrong people. And she hadn't done anything in the recent past to draw his ire.

Fortunately for the gryphon, she didn't have to wait long before her employer came back.

The sleek black cat walked toward her on all fours, his mask-covered face staring blankly at the newly transformed furniture. Then, a palpable smugness came over the feline that made Gallows shudder internally. If she'd still had a spine, it would've been chilled to the core.

Without a word, Nemi climbed up onto her seat and, after removing the lower portion of his hood, began suckling at the exposed shaft sitting in it. Gallows let out silent moans one after another, turned on thoroughly by her situation. Her still organic balls had been churning since the changes started, and her helplessness only boosted her arousal several fold. Nothing more than a living seating arrangement to be sat on, and that's what Nemi did.

Little by little, the small feline coaxed the gryphon to the point of leaking pre from the tip of her shaft. Her beak bent into a grimace of lustful

frustration, with his paws massaging her sensitive orbs, and the cushioning around them.

Before she could be pushed beyond the edge, the small cat stopped, letting her calm down a bit. Then, he opened his legs and sat down on the sensitive rod, slipping it fully into the doll-like hole between his legs. She wanted to thrust back against him, but she wasn't even capable of that. Her cock practically nothing but a living dildo with where it was.

He pressed his hips down once and again, those ribbed walls teasing the gryphon's flesh in a methodical manner to keep her from reaching the peak of bliss. Bringing her just to the brink, then stopping for a few moments to let it die down enough to deny her the release she desired.

With a sly grin, Nemi turned around to the breathlessly panting gryphon and held up the full contract of her one-off gig. She was to stay like that for ten hours for a living furniture exhibition at a local kink show, along with a table and three other chairs that had undergone the same changes as herself.

Blushing, the felavian nodded, before using her beak to sign the contract. It was going to be a rough ten hours, but if she could get a set of those warmers on top of it all, that sort of job would be worth it to her.

Unfortunately for the temporary furnishing, Nemi slipped a chastity cage over her softening shaft, and soon carried her away like the object she had become, ready to be placed down in a mock setting for the amusement of thousands. It was *indeed* going to be a rough ten hours.

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The next day, Gallows found herself waking up in Nemi's room once again. She'd spent most of the previous day at the showing, which went into an unexpected overtime when a famous designer had dropped by to see what was being brought out.

The entire time, Nemi had kept a massive ball gag locked in her beak, and a vibrating pouch attached around her balls. Even as she woke up, the drool-covered red ball kept her jaw open, serving to remind her of her situation. The upholstery of her seat was soaked with precum as it flowed from the pent-up orbs that hung just beyond the rim of her chair body, the constant needy ache barely registering in her lust-addled mind anymore.

Nemi walked up to her, key in paw as he unlocked the metal cage around her cock. But he wasn't done with her yet. The feline took her shaft into his



maw once again, cleaning up much of the lingering spunk that had been left behind with his tongue. The squeaky surface managed to elicit a weak gurgling moan from the chair, her eyes partially glazed over from her lack of real sleep. But what he held up in front of Gallows made her brain get into gear, at the least.

She gave a light nod, and Nemi replaced the cage for the time being. The smug grin on his face was hidden by the mask he wore, but she could feel it radiating off of him like an aura. She had to watch as his paws danced across the screen of her phone, sending a message to her mates to let them know she was okay, along with a few pictures of her situation.

And given their responses, the massive jawbreaker of a gag the feline placed in her beak, and the wood-textured molded hood he was adding on top of it, she had a feeling it'd be a couple of days before she was moving of her own accord again.

