

The Promotion

A performance review ends with an unexpected surprise. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"Hey Anthony? Can I see you in my office really quick?"

The youthful, trim looking man sitting at the end of the line of desks planted his hands on the spotless surface in front of him with a thud, pushing off to both propel his chair away from the desk far enough to stand up as well as spin himself towards the voice. He energetically hopped out of his chair, pushing it away behind him as he did, sending it into the aisleway behind him. It was performance review time, and he had this in the bag. As he confidently strode toward his manager's office, the only thing on his mind was whether his raise was gonna be big, or *really* big.

The brunette woman sitting at the next desk looked over at the chair spinning adrift in the middle of the office, then turned and scowled at the young man with the short, burgundy hair. She didn't look significantly older than him, but the sleepless bags under her eyes and flyaway strands of shoulder-length hair amplified the apparent age difference between her and her carefree younger coworker. She sighed loud enough for him to hear, shaking her head as she turned back to the paper-covered desk in front of her.

"Come on Lussy... Gotta lighten up a bit." He teased under his breath as he passed, patting the back of her chair as he did.

"That's Illusory to you, dear." She grumbled, fishing a coffee mug out from under a blueprint and taking a long swig.

Anthony rolled his eyes as he covered the rest of the short distance to the office. There was something strange about that chick. She was helpful and all that, but she never really said much about herself. She owned a condo somewhere on the edge of town, lived with someone she only would refer to as her "housemate", and... that was about all he knew? That, and she always wore exactly the same shirt, slacks, and flats that just seemed to look wrong in a way he couldn't quite put his finger on.

He pushed that out of his mind as he tapped his hands to the top of the office doorframe on the way through, preferring to think about what he was gonna do with the bonus he was about to get for his absolutely killer performance instead. The 950 watt surround sound system he'd been looking at would sound *sick* in his apartment.

Illusory looked up from her work as she heard the office door click, scowling over at the closed shades that kept her from seeing into the meeting in progress. The magically disguised reindeer reached a royal-blue hoof-hand into the purse hanging from the corner of the desk, producing a cellphone and typing out a message below the desk.

SmugBro is having his review. Gods do I wish they could do something to make him useful.

A reply showed up in the group chat immediately.

Only need to wish to one goddess, my deer. And since you used the magic word... let me pull some cosmic strings.

The reindeer stared at the screen for a moment, before setting the phone screen-down on the desk.

“Oh me.”

“So Mark, we finally knocking this out?” Anthony asked, casually leaning against the back of the armchair that sat in the middle of the room, facing the desk. The older man behind the desk stared at him for a moment, before gesturing to the chair.

“Sit down”.

He begrudgingly stood upright, circling around the chair before dropping into the poorly padded seat, leaning back in as relaxed of a pose as he could manage.

“So you’ve been with the company for a while now Anthony, and well...” He trailed off, biting his lip as he thought about what to say next. “Your performance this review period hasn’t exactly been up to expectations.”

Anthony’s eyes went wide in surprise, sitting upright with a start and opening his mouth to argue, before thinking better of it. He quickly slumped back in the chair in defeat, realizing this meeting might not go quite the way he suspected.

“Your productivity has been lagging that of your coworkers, and fairly significantly. You’ve been a disruption in the office, and you’ve not meshed well with the team based on all the arguments I overhear when I walk through. We need to talk about making some changes...” Mark trailed off as Anthony felt his head start to get fuzzy. His head spun for a moment, before just as rapidly as it came the feeling was gone again.

Anthony attempted to raise his hand to interject, only to find it stuck to the armrest. He tugged a second time, attempting to free his shirt from whatever it had been caught on to no avail, feeling

his right arm going numb below the elbow. Confusion quickly turned to panic as he attempted to reach over with his left hand to feel for the source of the issue, only to find it stuck as well.

“Some- Something’s wrong-” He blurted out nervously, eyes darting back and forth between his unresponsive forearms as the numbness started to creep upwards

“Mmhmm. Agreed.” The man behind the desk replied, not looking up from the form that he was writing on. “And that’s why I’m going to have to reassign you.”

The concern over being reassigned was the last thing on the young man’s mind as he rocked back and forth in the chair, attempting to free his arms. Each repetition however, his core seemed to only become harder to move, and his dress shirt started to become more and more uncomfortable. He leaned forward with more difficulty to examine the wrists where it all began, and screamed.

“No! With me! Something is happening to me!” He screamed, looking down at the burgundy-brown goo that was oozing out of his cuffs, slowly flowing over his hands. He tried to lift his fingers so that the glossy goo wouldn’t cover them, but defying gravity it rolled up them, covering them and pulling them back into position clasping the armrest.

“You look fine to me.” His boss replied, glancing up for a moment before returning to the paperwork in front of him. “Now your new position...”

Panic over the goo that had consumed his hands overrode any remaining worry about disrespecting his boss in a meeting, and he planted his feet and leaned forward, attempting to stand up and use his legs and core to pull his arms free of whatever was happening. The result was... half a success. He managed to raise himself out of the chair, but his arms were still stuck in the same position, as well as his core! He stood awkwardly, his body bent at the belly and his arms stuck out perpendicular from his torso clasped to armrests that were no longer there for a moment, before he lost his balance, his knees wobbling and sticking together, before he fell forward onto them.

...and kept falling. As his knees hit the ground and stopped he felt his core continue to move, sliding forward along his stuck-together legs until they rested slightly above his tailbone. Confusion mixed with embarrassment as his dress pants shredded to accommodate the motion, revealing two stubs covered in the same glossy brown goo as his wrists, with his cock flopping between them. He blushed deeply in embarrassment as he tried to cover himself, his rigid arms again failing to move, then deeper still as the inability to cover himself started to get him aroused.

“Gotta... get... help...” He moaned to himself, attempting to stand upright again.

He got his right knee a few inches off the ground before a massive cramp set in, feeling like it was tearing his calf in half. He groaned as the feeling quickly spread to his other calf, half in

pain and half in embarrassment of the way it made his growing erection wobble in front of him. The discomfort was short lived, however, as he felt his legs yield to the tension, splitting in two.

The relief didn't last long however, as he tried to move again and found his new legs to be stiff. All *four* of them. He leaned forward as best as his stiffening neck allowed, trying to see past his stiff torso and arms, which seemed to be getting puffier. The belly of his shirt strained, threatening to burst as his lap lost definition, taking on the look of a smooth, padded surface... except for his cock, which twitched as the goo turned a muted pink and once again flowed upwards in a defying of gravity. He oozed a drop of pre as the goo caressed his quivering shaft, feeling it grow larger and harder than any erection he'd ever had before as it stood upright from his lap.

The feeling of a toe leaving the ground and a *wheel* touching back down caused everything to suddenly click into place.

"I- I think someone drugged... Feels like I'm turning into an office chair..." He groaned as his stiffening neck pulled him back up, pointing his face forwards.

"Mmhmm. Glad to see that you've really committed to supporting the team." The man behind the desk remarked, a calm satisfaction in his voice as he stood up and slowly started around the desk, watching the struggling chair.

"No! I- I'm not-" He protested, wobbling back and forth in place.

As he did the straining dress shirt tore, falling off of his smooth, burgundy-brown torso as it stretched upwards slightly. He squirmed as he felt his neck swelling, the delineation between head and body disappearing as the goo crept up to his face, feeling himself sinking backwards as it worked its way around, his ears disappearing into the padded brown latex surface first. His hair felt wet for a moment, before he stopped being able to feel it at all, followed by the taste of rubber on his lips that signaled what was next. He closed his eyes, body swiveling back and forth as he tried to thrash his surrounded head in one last attempt to resist.

"Hnnnnn-guh!" The new office chair groaned from the mouth in the center of the top panel on its back, finding it sealed over with a layer of latex. Its vision returned as it imagined opening its eyes, feeling its flat face react minimally. It swiveled back and forth in an attempt to do something, anything, causing the generously sized dildo that protruded from its seat to wobble back and forth. The chair shuddered at the sensation of the additional weight, far more than it was used to having. It throbbed as the chair fruitlessly attempted to move its armrests to grab the shaft, desperate to push itself over the edge, before the realization of their situation sat in. A jet of thin, clear lube shot upwards and splattered back down on their seat and lower backrest as they imagined themselves sitting out in the main seating area, just a piece of furniture, painfully erect and *helpless* in front of the whole office, the idea that so recently would have disgusted them now sounding incredibly hot.

The man standing before them waited for the flow to taper off, before producing a towel and starting to wipe them down. They squirmed appreciatively as he spread the lube around, working it into their latex surface, losing themselves in the feeling of his hands and towel sliding over their divinely smooth form.

“Mmm... And you’re *open* to new ideas too! Always good to see that in an employee.” The man remarked, pausing as he reached the front edge of the chair.

The chair raised an eyebrow curiously, before feeling a pair of fingers in the blind spot in front of the dildo, which remained just as erect as it had been before. They squeaked as they felt them trace a sensitive seam between panels of brown latex down to the front edge of the chair, where they suddenly slipped inside. The chair squirmed as they felt what had been their rear stretch around the fingers, instinctually trying to clench muscles that no longer existed to stop the intrusion. They groaned again as the fingers traced their way around the edge of the hole, feeling it painlessly stretch to a worryingly large size before withdrawing.

“Oh my. Quite the over-achiever, I see! I was right to promote you to furniture!”

The chair blushed as he stood up and disappeared from sight behind them, feeling his firm grasp on its shoulder as he pushed them towards the door.

“Now time to show you your new assignment”.

Chair squeaked in excitement as the reindeer girl in front of them wiggled her nub of a tail before lifting her navy latex skirt, presenting herself to them. They squirmed in anticipation as she lowered herself down on their dildo, feeling the needy cervine squeezing them as she went, coaxing an additional squirt of lube from within. Their dildo throbbed as she took in their length, until finally her smooth, cool udder brushed against their sensitive opening, the feeling of fluid sloshing against their empty hole making them wish to be filled.

The caribou repositioned her skirt, brushing out the spots that had bunched up to sit in a smoother, less suspicious way, before leaning back and resting the back of her head against their flat, rubber-covered face. They nuzzled her neck, relaxing as they were buried in her pine-scented floof, before a voice interrupted.

“Ooo... Nice chair Lus!”

“Thanks. And have you seen the best part?”

The chair blushed into the caribou’s neck floof as they felt her lift her skirt, showing off where their dildo entered her. They squirmed as her hoof brushed against their sensitive opening, smearing excess lube on it as she lifted her udder to present their stretchy hole.

“Nice! Mind if I...?”

“Oh gosh, not at all!” The ‘bou replied, more cheery than the chair remembered her being.

The chair squirmed in place as they felt a tongue work its way over their latex slit and the caribou’s udder, before a thin muzzle pushed inside, stretching them out in a way that sent a ripple of pleasure over their surface.

“Oh yeah...” The ‘bou moaned, breathing raggedly. “I’ve gotta get one of these for my study too.”