

Michael's New Gaming Chair

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

Stacey gets more than she bargained for when she throws away her boyfriend's favourite bean bag chair.

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Stacey stared down at the old bean bag chair with disgust. Michael had gotten it as a gift for his fifteenth birthday...ten years ago. It was old and manky, not to mention ugly, she hated having it in their apartment. It was bad enough that he insisted on having multiple gaming consoles set up at once, covering her lovely shelves with ugly hunks of plastic and wires that totally clashed with her cottagecore aesthetic. The chair was the final straw.

She had asked him time and time again to please at least replace it. Maybe with something in beige or cream rather than the ugly neon green. At least then it wouldn't be such an eyesore but he refused. Her boyfriend insisted it was 'lucky', such a childish belief. When they had first started dating she found his childlike whimsy and quiriness cute. Now they just tired her.

She had hoped he would outgrow video games and all the trappings that came with them once they got older. They were almost thirty now after all, it was time to stop living like a teenager and man up! She wanted to be a wife and mother after all! Her clock was ticking and here her boyfriend was spending all his time shooting people in games, yelling into a headset.

The more she looked at the beanbag the more she hated it. Her lips twisted into a grimace and suddenly she found herself moving. She grabbed the ugly old thing and hefted it up over her shoulder, coughing at the awful musty smell wafting off it. Today was garbage pick up and Michael wouldn't be home until late; it was the perfect time to make the choice for him. She had given him more than enough chances.

With glee she chucked the old thing into the skip behind their apartment building and sat, sipping a cup of coffee on their balcony until the truck arrived. She couldn't help but grin gleefully watching the truck dump the skips contents into its back. The neon green passed by in a flash but it was still easy to spot amongst all the black and orange bin bags.

"Good riddance." She smiled, leaning back and feeling more relaxed than ever.

Michael would be annoyed when he got home, she was sure. But he would get over it. Even if he stayed mad all evening all she'd need to do was put on that pretty pink negligee he liked and she was sure he would forget all about that silly little chair. After all, there was no way her boyfriend could possibly consider a ratty old bean bag chair more important than her lovely self. Lucky or not. Little did she know how wrong she was.

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“Stacey?”

“Yes?”

“Where’s my gaming chair?”

“Your what?” She said innocently, coming into the living room to see Michael staring at the patch of floor where the bean bag usually sat. Her lips quivered slightly, struggling to hold back her smile. The room really did look so much better without it.

“I threw it away.”

“You what?!”

Michael spun around looking genuinely horrified, as if she’d thrown away his first born child rather than an old chair.

“It was gross and ugly.” Stacey sighed, crossing her arms over her chest, “I asked you so many times and eventually I decided enough was enough.”

“That chair was lucky!” Michael hissed, “I always won when I was sitting in it.”

“That’s stupid and you know it.” She scoffed, “Besides, it gives you a good excuse to stop all this silly gaming nonsense. I have a set of darling teacups we can display on those shelves that will really make the whole room look cohesive.”

“I promised myself I wouldn’t...”

“Wouldn’t what?”

Michael didn't reply, it seemed he was speaking with himself. His hands were balled into fists, his teeth grit together hard.

“Just this one time, magic will be okay.” He told himself and Stacey raised an eyebrow.

Magic? Did Michael seriously believe in magic? Perhaps she needed to reevaluate this relationship; her boyfriend was even more childish than she thought if he believed in that sort of fairytale junk.

She opened her mouth to say something but the words died in her throat as Michael outstretched his hands. She blinked in shock, realising with a start that she was frozen in place!

“You should know to respect other people’s things.” Michael growled, “So I will show you some respect, I’ll make you understand what that chair had been through all these years.”

Her heart was beating wildly now, why couldn't she move? And why did her skin feel strangely soft and spongy all of a second? She strained against the invisible force holding her enough to tilt her neck down to watch, in horror, as her skin began to turn a familiar shade of neon green. Not only that but it was taking on an odd texture. Almost like fabric.

The force pushed her legs together and she was helpless to do anything but watch as they slowly melded together, as did her arms to her torso. Her clothing seemed to disintegrate into the air, nothing but fibres that instantly turned to dust and then nothing. Her whole form was going numb as the shape became more indistinct and then; she expanded. From the inside out she could feel herself growing. Her hourglass figure soon replaced that of a bottom heavy pear, then a beach ball!

Her vision swirled, disappearing for a moment as her head melted down into the rest of her amorphous form before her vision slowly returned to her with a green haze over top. She didn't feel human anymore, in fact she was sure she wasn't even a living being. Her shape was all wrong and yet, she was fully aware and feeling. She could feel the hardwood floor beneath her, and the cool breeze from the window against her fabric skin. She could even feel the vibration of footsteps through the wood as Michael slowly stepped forward, towering over her.

“There, much better. The room looked empty without you.” He said with a sly smile.

Stacey tried to move but found she couldn't, her muscles had been replaced with something small and soft, she felt oddly full and yet strangely weak. She couldn't move on her own violation but she found if she tried she could see in any direction. Her vision swivelled trying to take stock of her new, fat, strangely shaped body.

A familiar flash of neon green met her eyes and she turned her vision toward the mirror on the wall. The angle was odd but she could see Michael, standing over...his bean bag chair! How had he gotten it back? No wait, judging by the positioning...that was her! Somehow she had been turned into a beanbag chair!

Michael laughed as if somehow sensing her realisation despite her inability to vocalise it. He ran his hands over her soft surface and despite herself Stacey felt a shiver move through her, a metaphorical one if not a physical.

"You do feel nice and firm. I'd forgotten how squashed all those bean bag balls had gotten. I'll remember to restuff you from now on." He grinned.

Wait, he was going to leave her like this!? He couldn't do that! What would he tell people when they came looking for her? She tried to rage but again found she was stuck, immobile. Just another piece of furniture.

"Well, time to test you out I think!" Michael chuckled.

He turned around so his back was to her and then bent his hip, ass slowly descending toward her surface. Oh no! He was going to sit on her and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Even though she no longer had a face it felt as though he was about to crush hers beneath his cheeks. As they finally made contact Stacey wished she could wince or resist in some way but it was impossible. Her pliable fabric surface immediately complied with the curve of his ass, welcoming him onto her new body.

The tiny foam balls inside her all moved to accommodate his weight, adjusting to the contours of his ass to perfectly cup it. Immediately she was hit with a wave of what she could only describe as...manly scent. It was a smell she was familiar with, when Michael came home from the gym. Normally she hated it, it meant he needed a shower. But now it was simply because of the proximity. This was Michael's natural smell and it was oddly alluring, even comforting in this trying and confusing time.

"Ah yes, that's better."

He wiggled his hips, crushing his ass back and forth in her new cushy form. Even through his jeans she could feel the shape of his ass pressing into her. Her loose bean filled form meant that it wouldn't leave an impression and she felt oddly sad about it. As he leaned back into her fullness she could feel not only the curve of his ass but the contours of his entire body.

It was oddly satisfying, being able to feel the full length of his form and appreciate the muscles of his thighs and the broadness of his shoulders. Had Michael always been so strong and well defined? How had she never noticed?

The sound of music blared; she recognised it immediately. It was that stupid shooting game Michael loved. She always made him play it with the sound off which was reasonable really; who wanted to listen to gun shots and yells all the time? Now though as he sighed happily and turned up the volume as much as he liked she couldn't help but notice the strange rhythm it had. It was soothing, like the bass of a drum at a club. The sound of the gunfire didn't bother her at all.

"You made a great gaming chair." Michael said after a while. "So comfy, so soft."

He pressed himself harder into her and despite everything Stacey couldn't help but enjoy the sensation. It felt like a massage, her whole body was loose and pliable. The balls inside her shifted at the slightest move of Michael's body and she could feel each and every one as they pressed and shifted against her inner lining. It was sternly sensitive, almost like having her folds stroked.

"Not so bad is it?" He teased, "Oh wait, you can't reply. Oh well, I can tell you're enjoying yourself anyway."

Stacey hated that he was right; why was this so damn comfy? Perhaps she was tired of holding herself to such high standards? It was nice to let loose, literally, in this form her muscles couldn't tense and she couldn't hold her head high. Pride was overrated anyway, who needed to hold their head high when they could experience the ultimate relaxation?

She settled in, letting her mind go blank as Michael enjoyed his game. She was right about one thing at least, throwing out that beanbag chair was the best thing she'd ever done. If she had kept it, she never would have known the pleasure of being sat on and crushed beneath Michael's firm ass. Perhaps things really do happen for a reason.

“I think we’ll have a nice long gaming session don’t you think?” Michael teased, “Then maybe I’ll boot up the X channel and have some me time. Don't worry, cum doesn't stain this sort of fabric, much.”

A thrill passed through Stacey at the mention of him masturbating on her. It should have disgusted her but the idea of having his bare ass pressing against her was just too enticing. She couldn't reply but sent positive thoughts his way. Perhaps they could have the best of both worlds, she could have her aesthetic and when Michael wanted to game she could be his chair. Yes, things really do work out the way they should.