

Another Bad Wish (FtM, Inanimate TF)

Commission for Kayrne

The nameless genie is back in yet another case of wishes gone wrong, when two female friends are given the lamp and make hasty wishes that see their lives altered forever.

This story is set in the same universe as the original [One Bad Wish](#). Patrons also have access to [One Bad Wish 2](#). Neither story is required to understand this one.

[Sequel Available to Patrons Here](#)

Another Bad Wish

"It's just not fair Connie, why can't I have a man who's perfect for me?"

"I don't know Denise. You'll find him, I promise."

Denise and Connie were enjoying a walk on the beach in their casual clothing. From an outsider's perspective, the two university students were an odd pair: Denise was a beautiful and busty brunette with long legs, a demure smile, and shiny long hair that hung in a graceful curtain down her back. Even her walk was confident and sexy, with her swinging her nice hips and toned behind with each step. She wore a tight black top that emphasised her figure, and denim jeans with rips in the thighs that revealed perfectly tanned, golden skin. She was popular with the boys, and a member of the cheerleading dancers for the uni's football team; The Dragons. However, her high standards and very high libido meant she never held a boyfriend for too long. Despite their high claims of prowess, even the football jocks were not enough to please her sensibilities and expectations, nor could they go as many rounds as her body wanted.

Her friend Connie, on the other hand, was a slightly frumpy nerdy girl who looked utterly out of place besides Denise, except perhaps only in serving a greater distinction of her friend's beauty. She had mousy light brown hair that was perpetually a little frizzy, a set of square-rimmed glasses, a splattering of thick freckles, and a rounded face from occasional overeating. Her shortness made her almost a full foot lower than Denise, and she struggled to keep up with her friend. She wore a red sweater and dark pants, both a little loose to conceal her figure, as she was self-conscious of it. She was not popular with the boys, and hadn't caught a date in a few months. Being in Denise's shadow only made that harder, a fact the shy girl found frustrating at times.

"It's like all these jocks and go-getters think they're so dreamy and attractive - and they often are, at first - but then when it comes to actually being a boyfriend willing to meet my needs, they just can't make the cut."

Denise threw her hands up in the air in frustration. It helped to vent to Connie. She always understood and was supportive, which is why they had remained friends even after she'd won the puberty jackpot, while Connie had not.

"To be fair, Denise, you do have some pretty high *needs* at times," Connie said, smirking. "If Tom Hughes can't keep up with you, maybe you need two boyfriends."

Denise laughed. "Tom had the emotional maturity of a newt. Though he was good in bed. We need to find you a nice, hunky guy to support, Connie."

Connie rolled her eyes. She loved Denise, but it was difficult to get her to realise that not everyone could skate by on her cheerleading looks. Some people had to study, and study hard, because the world had done them no favours. She was about to tactfully say something in response when a hand flung out and stopped her mid-stride.

"Woah. Woah woah woah. Do you see who that is?"

Connie scanned the beach, not sure what her friend was referring to, until her eyes met a sight *no one* could have missed. Lying on her back on a beach recliner, her form luxurious and relaxed, was the most gorgeous woman either of them had ever seen in the flesh. She had a figure that put Denise to shame: a perfect pale hourglass figure topped with vibrant fiery-red hair that spilled out in shiny tresses around her, long enough to reach halfway down her back. Her skin was smooth and supple and without blemish, her lips full without being unnatural, her eyes a hypnotic emerald green. Her legs were long, her face beautiful beyond compare, and a bright red bikini did well to accentuate her curves. Her belly was just slightly swollen with the first hints of pregnancy, but somehow this only enhanced her sexual appeal. Her most noticeable feature (or features), however, was the massive rack piled up upon her chest; two large F or H-cup breasts that pushed out of her already-sizable bra. They were large enough that there was a 'spill' out to either side of her shoulders, spreading out from the force of gravity. Between them, a cavernous cleavage. And yet despite their size, they looked perfect upon her figure, as she read a book. A bodyguard in a noticeable black suit stood just behind her, trying not to gaze at his boss.

"That's . . . that's Joey Heart," exclaimed Connie. "She's the richest woman in the world!"

"And my total hero!" Denise exclaimed. "She's *literally* the most gorgeous woman in the world, she's rich, and judging from all the celebrity gossip and some of her interviews, she's as constantly horny as I am."

Connie couldn't help but smirk at her friend's priorities. "I won't deny, she's certainly . . . ample. But it's not like she's a great thinker or big scientist or something. Hell, doesn't she basically just act as a trophy wife for her husband despite the fact that *she's* the one with the money?"

"Yeah, because she *wants* to."

"Sure. Look, we should get moving Denise before the bodyguard moves us instead."

Denise was struggling to move away, and before either of them could, the lounging billionaire beauty called out, shushing her bodyguard who obviously cautioned against such interactions with the public.

"You two there? Were you after something?"

Denise spluttered. "Oh, I'm so sorry to bother you Miss Heart."

"It's Mrs Heart now," the woman sighed in her sensual voice, before resting a hand on her slightly swollen stomach. "It's usually the done thing when you've given birth to twins and have a third on the way."

Denise went a little red, still awestruck. "Sorry, I'm just - I'm just such a huge admirer, Miss Heart. I follow all your photoshoots, and I love your style, and wish I could be even more like you!"

The gorgeous red head seemed to give a knowing smirk as she sat up, her movements graceful despite the slightly burgeoning belly she now sported. Her large breasts wobbled with each movement, and Connie couldn't help but wish she had a chest like that. Maybe then she wouldn't have problems finding boys.

"Wish, huh?" Joey said, sighing a little. "If only you girls knew what wishes could do. I didn't exactly ask to be known for this." She gestured to her incredibly buxom body. "Still, it's my life now, so I might as well enjoy it. Speaking of, if you'll excuse me, I need to get back to my husband. Damn, I *need* to get back to him."

Her nipples were erect through the red bikini top, and she rose, rubbing her stomach as she licked her lips. It was clear to anyone exactly what that *need* was. Joey Heart's lustful nature for her husband was well-documented in the celebrity columns by now, and she could barely deny it herself, though it seemed to embarrass her for some reason. She made to go, but as she turned, seemed to consider something. She reached into her purse, and took out a golden lamp.

"I'll tell you what girls, you can have this. It's only brought my life a lot of complication, though I guess it hasn't been *all* bad." She stroked her stomach again thoughtfully. "It doesn't work for me, but I guess if *wishes* are what you want, either of you, it may just work. Just be careful with them, or you might just end up like I did."

She turned to her bodyguard, who began escorting her away.

"Thank you! Thank you so much!" Denise called, overwhelmed. Connie, too, was startled, suddenly holding the lamp that had been handed over to her.

"Um, what is it?"

"Maybe a rich heirloom? Maybe it has a new line of her makeup in it or something? You know she models her own company products, right?"

"Yeah, but she was acting like this was weirdly important to her, Denise."

Denise was getting excited. "Let's go somewhere private and check it out!"

Connie shrugged, once again getting caught up in her friend's escapades. She'd hoped to talk about her own boy troubles and general anxiety about an upcoming exam, but as usual, Denise took centre stage. It was becoming a little irritating, but she supposed she *had* just met her personal hero. They headed up the beach to the boardwalk, and found

an area where no one was around so they could examine it. Denise was incredibly giddy by this point.

"Doesn't it just remind you of a magic lamp? The kind you rub and then you get three wishes?"

"I suppose," Connie said. She took the lamp and rubbed her hand alongside it, expecting nothing to happen. Instead, there was a large pink puff of smoke that exploded out from the lamp's end. Connie shrieked, dropping it, but instead it floated in the air as smoke billowed forth, spilling into human form. A woman, scantily clad in a bronze bikini with transparent pink wisps of what could barely be called clothing, was floating in the air, arms folded.

"Greeting, masters," she said. "I am the genie of the lamp, and I have the power to grant you one wish each. Your wishes shall be granted at the same time, and cannot be taken back or reve-

"Ohmigod ohmigod ohmigod!" Denise shrieked, "I wish I could have, like, a hot manbod who could make all the other boys jealous!"

The genie raised her eyebrows. She'd clearly never heard someone make a wish *that* quickly before, not to mention such a thoughtlessly worded one. She turned to Connie.

"And you?"

Connie was flabbergasted and overcome. This woman was real, literal magic, and all her scientific sensibilities had gone out the window. Normally, the nerdy girl would apply logic and reason to her wishes, but instead she simply blurted out what first came into her head.

"Uh, um, I guess I wish I Denise could be more supportive of *me* and willing to keep me closer underwear - I mean under *her* care."

Denise looked to her friend, shocked that she'd made such a wish.

"Connie . . . have I not been a good friend?"

Connie blushed, feeling awkward. "You have Denise, you're awesome. It's just . . . I feel like everything is always about you, and that I never get to talk about my issues."

"I'm - I'm sorry, Connie, I didn't know."

The genie coughed lightly, and the two girls turned back to the magical sight.

"A fascinating pair of wishes. It seems once more that two well-meaning individuals have not made the most intelligent wording of their desires. She grinned a little sadistically. "But from now on, you shall certainly have a 'manbod' Denise, just as Connie will be 'closer underwear'. Enjoy your new lives!"

They both made to say something, questioning what she'd meant, but instead the genie clicked her fingers, and there was a bright light. And then there was just the lamp.

The two girls looked to each other.

“What did she mean by that?” Denise asked.

“I don’t know but - ohhhh - do you feel a little weird Denise?”

“I – Nggggh! Oh God! My face! And what’s happening to your skin? It’s changing colour?”

The two girls began to freak out as the magical changes came over them. Denise’s face began to crack and rearrange. Her soft eyes became harder, her eyelashes shrinking inwards. She clutched her face as her perfect cheekbones receded, and gasped as her jaw cracked wider, forming a masculine jawline. With a shriek, her long brunette hair reeling like a fishing line back into her scalp.

“Oh no! Oh no! What’s h-happening!” she cried as her breasts flattened into two large pectoral muscles. She grasped her form, overcome with the strange sensations of flesh pulling and tugging, her flat stomach developing a powerful six pack. Her arms grew muscles that swelled and swelled, and her spine extended to make her an impressive 6’2 in height.

“I d-don’t - MHPPHH!” Connie cried, only to be muffled. To their collective shock, the nerdy woman’s skin was turning the same bright red as her sweat, and her clothing appeared to be receding into her body, which was taking on a strange texture. Her hair also pulled in, but whereas Denise was left with a short crewcut, Connie’s dissipated entirely. She tried to speak, but her mouth had closed over, and she pawed at it, before realising her fingers were shrinking away too.

“Mhhm! Mmhhmmmm!” she stammered. She could feel her very essence changing; flesh and blood turning to cotton and nylon and polyester. Her entire body was thinning and shrinking, and she struggled to shift her limbs as they shrank into her torso, causing her to topple over awkwardly. Worse, she was beginning to feel quite hollow in her stomach.

“C-Connie! What the *fuck!*” Denise said, and the last word dropped heavily in octave, sounding like a deep brass baritone of an attractive man. The popular cheerleader’s form was now bristling with muscle, bursting out of her clothing and causing it to be discarded on the ground. Light hairs sprouted on her chin, and her hips became thinner even as her shoulders broadened to an impressive width. She grabbed her crotch, tears developing in her eyes in response to a strong pushing sensation.

“Oh God, oh God, I think I’m growing a penis! OH GOD!”

It slid out from between her legs, a pair of large testes right behind them. She now had a very impressive member, larger than any she’d ever taken in.

“I’m a man. Why am I a man, Connie?”

But Connie couldn’t answer. Her limbs no longer existed, and her torso was shrinking rapidly. Her mind reeled, trying to make sense of what was happening to her body as it

retreated in size. Her entire being thinned, now all red and made of little more than clothing fabric. She twisted, the hole in her middle expanding, and a second forming in her chest. Denise saw what Connie couldn't: that her friend was turning into a set of male briefs, coloured bright red.

"Holy shit, you're turning into underwear, Connie! Because of that slip up! And I'm getting a manbod! Fuck, we made bad wishes!"

'I know I know!' Connie communicated, and they were both shocked to realise she did so mentally. There was little time to take it in, however, as both their transformations completed, and suddenly Connie was an inanimate pair of underwear floating in the air.

Suddenly, against her will, Denise moved forward and lifted one foot. Connie flew through the air to allow the new man's foot through one of her holes, then the other, before pulling magically up.

'Oh no! Denise, this isn't fair! I don't want to be wrapped around your -'

But it was too late: the sentient set of briefs pulled tightly over Denise's new manhood, her incredibly girth straining Connie immensely. The underwear moaned mentally, feeling strangely turned on from being stretched, despite the humiliation and embarrassment of her new, unmovable form. Denise herself found Connie strangely very comfortable over her crotch, containing her large package nicely. There was one last shower of pink magic, and the new alpha male with the quarterback-like figure was wearing a set of casual clothing.

"Holy shit, that just happened," Denise said. "I didn't want to be a man! What do we do now?"

'Get the lamp! And stop straining me so much, it feels . . . weird.'

Denise grabbed the lamp, and started rubbing it, but nothing occurred. She continued again, and there was no result.

"Shit, I think we're stuck like this!"

Connie was aghast. Denise was a man, and she was stuck as a pair of underwear, potentially for life. Being a set of underwear was impossibly strange; she couldn't see, but she could certainly feel and hear at least, and communicate mentally with Denise.

'No way. No way! I refuse to be stuck against your enormous penis for the rest of my life! We have to find a way.'

The two former girls tried the lamp again, and again, and again, to no avail.

The crowd roared as Devon ran with the ball. The muscular athlete was the star of the team, and incredibly popular, the envy of all his teammates. His tall, athletic figure dominated the field, and none could stop him.

"GO RED! GO RED! GO GO LUCKY RED!"

The audience roared as he made the touchdown, all of his supporters well aware that he was wearing his lucky red underwear. It was his trademark, something remarked upon by his teammates in the changerooms that spread out to the media, which became something of a trademark for him. They were his 'lucky reds', and he never played without them. And, as his many attractive female dates would attest, he never failed to wear them during nightly activities either.

The buzzer sounded, and the Dragons supporters whooped and cheered at their latest victory. Various teammates ran to Devon's side, lifting him up and celebrating yet another successful win thanks to his leadership and play. The crowd knew it too.

"DEVON! DEVON! DEVON!"

He was taken away, buoyed upon his team's backs, as yet another victory was celebrated by the incredibly handsome and muscular hunk. It was still a little strange to the former woman, once named Denise, to be in this position. Since her wish went wrong, *he* had been forced to adapt to life as not only a man, but the kind of man that made all the other guys jealous. He was fit, muscular, and a total jock; she felt a mental compulsion to take part in popular sport and joke around with the boys, even showing his dominance in a fit of testosterone-fuelled competition. No one remembered who Denise had been; to the world, he had always been Devon, the absolute hunk of a man who all the girls wanted to be with.

And girls he certainly had. To Denise-turned-Devon's shock, he was now one-hundred percent geared towards girls. Whereas before he appreciated his fellow sex's fashion, complimented another girl's style or wished she had it, now their bodies interested him. It wasn't out of competition; the curve of a nice rack or sway of a wide set of baby-making hips made his large penis go almost instantly erect. It seemed his high libido as a woman was just as high - if not more so - as a man, and the monster between his legs wanted to be inside many a busty babe. It didn't take too long before he was ploughing hot girls left and right; they practically threw themselves at him! Suddenly, he was the penetrator, not the penetrated, and it was easy to see a gorgeous girl as another bedding conquest, to the point that he quickly gained a reputation as a ladies' man. Not a chauvinist - being a former woman actually made him an incredibly popular fuckbuddy or bootycall, because from the ladies' perspective he was incredibly in tune with their concerns, what they enjoyed, and was an excellent cuddler and listener.

But thanks to that constantly aroused penis of his, and his immense supply of semen that other guys wish they had, he also was incredibly good at fucking their brains out.

All of this contributed greatly to Connie's irritation. The former nerd girl-turned-male underwear was stuck as she was much like Devon, but Connie's fate was far more

restrictive, being entirely dependent upon her new 'owner.' As a living pair of underwear, her life largely consisted of being tightly stretched around Devon's crotch, pressing constantly against his large dick, which sometimes got aroused and erect for little reason, especially when he slept. This irritated, aroused, and stimulated Connie in equal degree, and despite the frustration, was one of the few things keeping her from madness. The other, of course, was being able to mentally communicate, though only to Devon. Her friend was full of pity for her fate, and wore her constantly in order to help her fulfil her new purpose and keep her company. Thankfully, it seemed that Connie was unable to be torn or broken or stained, though she did need to go in the washing machine occasionally.

She did *not* appreciate this.

And so it was that the two had to learn to live together over the following year; one now an athletic stud, the other his lucky pair of living underwear.

'Great, more cheering for you,' Connie communicated with her mind.

Devon smirked to himself as he found a spare moment after the game. He lowered a hand and pulled at Connie's elastic band.

'Hey, stop that!'

"Oh please, you like the stimulation. Besides, I felt a bit of pride when they were cheering for the 'lucky reds' out there. Admit it, being underwear is weird but at least it has its perks."

'Sure, one of which is having this massive dick in my face all day. Not that I have a face, but it feels like it. Seriously, stop having such random erections!'

Devon shrugged. "I can't help it! High libido, remember? I think it was also part of the wish. And don't act like you don't like it. I can hear you moan in my mind when I stretch you out with my cock, Connie."

'Whatever. I can complain if I want. I'm stuck as a pair of underwear for the rest of my fucking life, after all. God, I'm really going to be hugging your dick forever, aren't I?'

"Looks like. But hey, look on the bright side, we've got a hot night with Liz Perry tonight. She'd got a huge set of tits."

'Okay, as I keep having to remind you: I'm still straight for guys. Second, I CAN'T FEEL EVEN MY OWN TITS ANYMORE!'

Devon lowered a hand to adjust his underwear, causing Connie to groan a little in pleasure at the stretching of her fabric.

"Sorry, I was getting a wedge."

'Don't remind me that I also cover your ass.'

“Okay, look, my point is, I always keep you on during sex, so don’t act like you’re not looking forward to it. I’ll pull my dick out, sure, but I’ll leave you on so you can feel all those nice vibrations and rubbing. You like that, don’t you?”

If Connie could shift in anticipating glee, she would have.

‘It . . . doesn’t sound bad. Just don’t cum on me again. I did not appreciate tasting your gunk on my fabric.’

“Promise. Contact only.”

‘Then sure, I can get excited. Just make her call me out as her ‘Luck Red’ and get her to play with me a little while you go at it. At least make me feel appreciated.’

Devon smiled earnestly and patted the rear of his underwear appreciatively.

“You know I will, Conn. After all, we should get what we wish for, shouldn’t we?”

‘Oh haha.’

The End

Another Bad Wish 2 (FtM, Inanimate TF)

Commission for Kayrne

Thanks to the mischievous genie in the bottle, Denise is now Devon, the hyper virile football star of the college, trapped in male form. Connie, on the other hand, is having to adapt to life as her friend’s living inanimate underwear. Together, the two must figure out how their new lives will operate.

Double post for today! One free and one exclusive! This is the sequel to [Another Bad Wish](#) that I’m excited to post at the same time as the original, both commissioned by Kayrne.

This story is a set in the same universe as the original [One Bad Wish](#). Patrons also have access to [One Bad Wish 2](#). Neither story is required to understand this one.

Another Bad Wish 2

Connie woke, and automatically went to sigh, until she remembered that she couldn’t. Everything was dark, but at least she was comfortable. In these spaces of time after she woke she simply . . . existed. It was almost relaxing in a way. She was just an article of clothing, a male underwear in a closed drawer, folded neatly upon a pile of other underwear below her. Not that the other underwear was ever really used much; Connie only needed to be washed once a week due to her magical existence, and she never became stretched or worn or torn. She was the perfect pair of underwear, able to be

worn by the most well-endowed man at her local college, and contain his impressive package against her soft 'skin.'

For now though, she simply existed. That was basically what she always did, in a way: existed. She remembered having limbs, being able to walk and talk and eat and write and so on. Now, she couldn't do any of that, all thanks to a misspoken wish that left her an article of male clothing destined to be worn by her former friend and now owner for life.

It had all started six months ago, when Connie and her friend Denise were chatting along the beach. Connie had been an ordinary girl, a little frumpy and nerdy, but happy with herself, even if she was frustrated that she didn't have a boyfriend. Denise, on the other hand, was her childhood friend whose puberty had hit her like a truck. She had been gorgeous; a busty brunette that made all the boys stare. But she was between relationships. The two had come across the famous Joey Heart, busty billionaire model, and Denise had been astonished. The woman, who seemed a little irritated at her own life and developing pregnancy, gave them a lamp, hoping that it would bring them more luck than it had her. Not realising it's true power, they later summoned a gorgeous genie from the bottle. Neither could have known how manipulative she would be. Denise wished she "could have a hot manbod to make all the other boys jealous," while a stammering Connie accidentally said "I wish Denise could be more supportive of me and willing to keep me closer underwear - I mean under her care!"

The genie had smirked, and granted both wishes. Now, Denise was Devon, the handsome, athletic, muscular, and incredibly well-endowed member of the male football team. She indeed had a 'manbod' that made other boys jealous, and was having to adapt to being attracted to hot women and having them attracted to him, all while navigating life as an alpha male rather than a busty cheerleader.

Connie, on the other hand, got the far rawer deal. As a result of her silly stammer, she had been turned into Denise's male underwear, a bright red set of briefs that pressed tight against her immense penis, cushioning her large balls, and pressing around his athletic ass. She was a living but inanimate object, capable of hearing and feeling, and a sort of 'taste' when it came to those hairy balls and dick against her. She did have a sense of smell, one that came from absorbing the musk and sweat of Devon's body as he worked out or played his games. And she could, at least, communicate mentally with her new owner. But that was about it. No one remembered her existence, she was now famous only as Devon's 'Lucky Reds' - his lucky red underwear that helped him win his games, and that women often requested he keep around his hips as he fucked them, for 'good luck.'

To say it was a change in life would be a dramatic understatement, and even after six months, Connie was still struggling at times. Her life was at the whims of Devon, and she was very grateful at least that the other part of her wish had been granted; her friend was much more supportive of her and treated her well, even if Connie was constantly supportive in turn - supportive of her friend's huge dick.

The drawer opened, and Connie felt warm sunlight on her polyester.

'Morning, master,' she spoke mentally.

"Oh come on, Connie, you know I'm not your master," a deep, male voice responded.

'Might as well be. After all, you own me now. I'm just a piece of freakin' underwear.'

She was pulled up into the air by strong hands, and despite herself, she couldn't help but feel a little existed. She wanted to shiver - she felt like shivering - as a powerful leg was inserted into her left hole, then her right, and she was pulled up over Devon's thighs. She cooed a little as she felt his balls descend against her fabric, stretching it temporarily, and even moreso when his large dick strained her fabric.

'Oh God, that feels nice. It's nice to be worn.'

"I'm glad you enjoy it," Devon responded. He fiddled with the underwear, adjusting his cock, and something like a hunger stirred in Connie. She tried not to voice it mentally.

"Comfy?"

'Very. What's the plan for today? You aren't going to work out too much, are you? I don't mind getting some of your sweat, but I feel like my head goes all foggy when you absolutely drench me. It's like being drunk.'

"Yeah, you get all silly, I remember. Though I don't think your 'head' goes foggy."

'Whatever. My waistband, or something. You try being turned into a pair of underwear and see if you can get the terminology right. Anyway, what's the plan? Still have that date with Bianca?'

"Nah, I called it off."

'Really? I thought you were hot for her. Actually, I know you were hot for her. Your damn throbbing erection just about tore a new hole through me. I swear, if I didn't magically regain my elasticity, I'd be stretched as far as China by now.'

A large hand patted her on the fabric that hugged her friend's backside.

"Yeah, sorry about that. No, I'm trying to fight this wish, even a little. I've got this annoying compulsion to be such a jock, and it's so weird!"

'Yeah, I can't imagine how weird it would be,' Connie said sarcastically.

"I'm not saying I have it worse, I'm just saying that even as nice as it feels to have sex with a pretty girl or hear those cheering crowds and score touchdowns, it's not the real me, you know? Like, I'm still Denise deep down, even if I can't tell other people that. I still miss wearing cute outfits, or nice bikinis, and hanging out with girlfriends, and being able to open up to people. You know, girl stuff. But acting like a macho jock is something this wish wants me to do, and that means fucking all these girls, and I just want to resist that compulsion as long and as often as I can, even if I want it."

Connie understood that. She had compulsions too, ones she didn't share with Denise. But while her life was difficult, she sympathised with the desire to fight the curse as much as possible. Both of them had discussed Joey Heart, and who she might have been once. A man? An ordinary nerdy girl? It was impossible to know, but she clearly tried to find little ways to resist the curse. Perhaps Denise-as-Devon could too.

'Well, maybe we can just spend the night together, chilling and talking like old times.'

Devon shifted. While Connie was just a sentient pair of underwear now, she had learned over the last six months how to interpret the movements of her friend-turned-owner, and what they could mean. Devon liked the idea.

"That would actually be really nice. We can watch some movies together."

'I can't see.'

"Listen to a podcast?"

'That's better. And I can help keep your mind off all the hot boys with their big dicks.'

Devon paused, midway through putting on a pair of shorts.

"Um, you mean hot girls with big tits, right? Since I'm a straight dude now?"

'Whatever. Just because you're hot for girls now doesn't mean I have to be.'

The excuse seemed to suffice. In truth, Connie was struggling not to give voice to that slowly churning need within her fabrics. The tightness around her leg holes, the stiffness of Devon's deck against her threads.

Devon managed to last only three days before even talking about a hot girl he knew made him hard. True to his word, he hadn't had sex with anyone, even when Pari, the gorgeous Indian girl with the sizeable chest, asked him out. He'd declined, trying to fight against his impulses. Connie felt his strain often; his dick was constantly tensing against her, straining to escape her elastic confines in the hopes of thrusting into some girl. If Connie was still human, she would have been drooling from the sensation of that fat penis-head rubbing against her. It made her groan mentally, and she tried to disguise it from Devon, claiming it was just tiredness from a long day or *'underwear problems, you wouldn't understand.'*

Both of them were growing frustrated, until the third night.

"Fuck!" Devon complained. "I can't keep fighting this! I need to cum in someone!"

He had just managed to take a piss, and had taken several minutes to do so because his dick was so damn hard. At least he was careful with his urine; Connie never

appreciated having his pee sometimes dribble out into her, even if it did taste . . . different, to what she expected. Normal, in a way. But it was the principle of the thing!

"It won't go down! It's been like this for ages!"

Connie knew this well; he had been pushing the limits of her soft fabrics for some hours now, to the point where it had been utterly embarrassing when Devon answered the doorbell to grab the UberEats delivered pizza and was full mast in his trousers, much to the delivery man's surprise.

'You're doing so well, Devon. You've made it three days. Maybe that's all you should aim for.'

Devon stomped around the room, now wearing nothing more than the briefs. Connie felt the strength of his thighs against her, the toned lower stomach across her band. Even his ass cheeks were firm. One thing about becoming underwear she hadn't foreseen was how wonderfully relaxing and comfortable being totally passive could be, particularly on someone else. Still, she was getting a little turned on by that throbbing erection.

"I can't do it, I can't!"

Devon reached down and rubbed Connie against his dick. Her fabric wrapped around his massive shaft, and her mind became briefly foggy with anticipation.

'Ahh . . . Devon, what are you doing?'

His thighs clenched against her lower fabric, and she felt his balls practically pulsating with produce. God, he was really, really turned on right now.

"It's another compulsion, Connie," Devon said, voice verging on desperate. He gave a manly grunt as he rubbed up and down his length penis, pressing Connie's material against him. "I need to jack off! I need to jack off into *you!*"

'Wait - what? Into me?'

A powerful hand descended and clenched the cotton fabric around Devon's ass. It made Connie give a mental yelp. She could feel sweat beginning to exude from her owner's genitals, soaking into her. It had a pungent taste, and a powerful, magnetic scent. At least, those were her closest approximations of taste and smell, now. In truth, they were far more powerful, like they were heightened as compensation for the loss of her sight and ability to move.

"Yes, into you! I'm sorry Connie, but it's stronger even than the need to fuck a hot chick. I know you've been around my hips when I cummed inside a lot of women, but this is different. I need to masturbate *into* you."

'What? Why? Can't you not?'

Another manly grunt. Devon felt delirious, his muscles taut with concentration. "No," he finally said, "I'm sorry, I can't. I need to cum into you. I need to squirt my jizz all over you."

Connie's mind raced inside her inanimate form. This was insane; this had never happened. She was more and more turned on by his straining cock, and every stroke over his powerful hand pressed her closer against his manhood. But it was wrong, wasn't it? But then why did it feel so good?

'But it'll be all . . . sticky! I didn't like this stuff as a girl, and I can't even wipe myself down. Won't it soak in and get all crinkly in my fabric?'

"I - ahhh - I don't know, Connie! I'm sorry, but - oh fuck - like you said a few days ago, this is one of those owner situations. Guys masturbate into their underwear right? I think this is the wish forcing me to do this, but I don't know why! Ohhh!"

That's when Connie realised. It wasn't Denise's wish, it was *her own*. She had wished also for Denise to be "more supportive" of her, and in her new form, that meant not just remaining a good friend, but pleasuring Connie in the only way living underwear apparently could be; by being jacked off into.

'Oh no, this is my doing.'

"What? How?"

Connie didn't know how to proceed. It was a good thing underwear couldn't blush, but then again, she was red all over already.

'Um, I wished for you to be more supportive. And . . . well, feeling your big dick against me is actually really, really nice.'

Devon was silent for a moment.

"Wow, okay."

'Yeah. It's embarrassing.'

"Don't be."

'It's an underwear thing. You wouldn't understand.'

She could almost *hear* the smile from Devon. "Actually, I *do* understand, Connie. I understand a lot. Because right now my balls are so damn full of jizz they're aching to explode, and I bet you're just aching to feel that explosion, aren't you? Be honest."

'I am. Oh fuck, Denise, I really am. I didn't mean to wish for any of this, but I want you to rub me against you. I want your hot cum on my cotton!'

"Thank fuck, because I was going to cum all over you anyway!"

His hand gripped even further around Connie, making her gasp mentally, feeling wonderfully passive putty against her friend, her owner. It was incredibly fucking sexy, and it only reminded Connie of how much she had missed out on sex when she was a

human, having gone through a dry period for several months before she was transformed. But this was better than any sex she'd had before; it was like she was at the whims of a primal, masculine forth, and she was fully wrapped around it, at the mercy of it, helpless and submissive to it. His sweet-tasting sweat soaked into her lining, and its smell was pungent and powerful. Fingers gripped her material and pulled it right around Devon's cock, so that she was now tight against his mast, bunched around it, being penetrated by it.

"Oh fuck! Jesus fuck you feel so damn good Connie!"

'You - ahhh - too Devon! This is - Ohhaarhhhh - the best sex I've ever h-had!'

"Good, because I'm gonna fuck you more than once tonight!"

'Oohhh p-please! I want that so, so bad!'

The grip over her tightened, stroking up and down. Devon thrust his hips as he stood, enhancing the feel against her, stretching Connie even further. They were both so near a crescendo, and each could sense it in the other. Devon's balls were thrumming with content, and Connie was nearly delirious with want.

'I want your cum on me! I want to taste it so bad Denise!'

"Call me Devon! Beg me to cum on you!"

'Please please please cum all over me Devon!'

"I will! I'm going to jizz all over you, you dirty pair of underwear. I'm going to - Aahh aAHHH OOHHHHh!"

His balls tensed, and for just a split second, Connie relished in the moment that was about to happen, like standing before a wave and knowing it was going to crash over you. His dick stiffened straight.

And then it pulsed.

"OOhhhhhhhhh!" Devon moaned, as thick wads of semen shot from her enormous penis, load after load staining his underwear.

'Mmhhmmmmmm!' Connie responded, incapable of words. Load after load splattered into her, warm and wet and sticky and wonderful. It tasted so different from the few blowjobs she had given as a human; far stronger and sweeter, and every taste of it only erupted her in orgasm. And then, to her astonishment, as Devon's balls tightened once more, and a fourth load of his seed came firing into her fabric, Connie shivered.

Actually shivered.

'Ohhh God I just - aahh - m-moved!'

"You did! I felt it!"

'S-so m-much cum! You're f-filling m-me uuuupp!'

It was true. Her surface was utterly splattered. Already, wet splotches of cum were spilling down Devon's leg. His balls had certainly been full.

'Mhhhm, that tastes real good, Denise. I mean, Devon.'

"You like that, did you?"

'Mm-hm. I'm still - ahhh - coming down from it. That was . . . a lot. Woo! I can barely think. It was nice feeling you just wrap me around you. I felt so submissive.'

"You liked having a master?"

'Maybe. Thought I guess I like to think of you as my owner. Just like I'm you're Lucky Reds.'

Devon laughed. "Oh damn, I feel so much better now. Maybe, even if I still have to fuck a few girls a week, you can help 'bring me down' like that a few times a week as well?"

Connie thrummed with excitement. Now that she'd finally given into the desire to be cummed into, she found herself suddenly free to express that want again.

'Or maybe . . . more than a few times a week? I think - I think I'm absorbing your semen anyway, so I'll soon be clean. I still only need a wash once a week if that's the case. You can - well, you can cum in me anytime, Devon.'

Devon rubbed her slowly softening penis, and Connie purred mentally in his mind.

"I think I can support you that way, Conn. That's what you wished for, right?"

It was.

From that day, Connie began to embrace her new life as a pair of male briefs. It was a life of total passivity, but in a way, that's what made it rewarding. She no longer had to worry about going to work, or waking up on time, or making enough money, or taxes or bills. All she had to be annoyed about was the occasional wet rollercoaster ride of a washing machine service once a week. She didn't even have to worry about relationships; she had Denise, though when they were intimate together, he liked to be called Devon. Their shared masturbation sessions were a source of incredible sexual pleasure to Connie, and the feeling of her owner ejaculating into her always made her cry out mentally, just as she savoured the taste and smell and texture of his cum, and the way it soaked into her along with his sweat.

As the weeks after that fateful day passed, she found more and more to enjoy about her new life. It wasn't necessarily what she asked for, and occasionally she was irritated that she couldn't add to a conversation that Devon was having, or move independently,

or see through a set of eyes. But being wrapped around Devon's cock, or firm against him while he fucked another woman, was enough for her.

In some ways, life as a pair of underwear was not unlike a holiday at a tropical resort: all the activities were planned, there were no worries or real world cares, and she could simply relax in the presence of a handsome man.

And, of course, there was plenty of sex. And that was perhaps enough for Connie, to enjoy the rest of her life as Devon's 'Lucky Reds'. Goodness knows he was going places, and she'd always be with him, bringing him good luck, and being pleased against his cock. She had a feeling she was going to soak in a lot of jizz from her owner's balls in their many shared years to come.

Or rather, to cum.

The End