

Mini-Story: Valentine's Lingerie (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Stefan is a sleezy guy who gifts his girlfriend sexy lingerie for Valentine's Day. After she leaves him, he wishes for a sexy woman to be willing to wear it. Unfortunately for Stefan, that sexy woman may soon be him!

Valentine's Lingerie

Stefan grinned as his girlfriend Laurie opened up the wrapped Valentine's Day gift he'd purchased for her.

"Ooh, I hope it's romantic!" she declared as she undid the bow.

"It's *very* romantic," he bragged, licking his lips.

But when she opened the box and took out the prize within, her face fell. It was a set of very sexy red lingerie, complete with garters and sexy stockings for her to wear.

"The fuck is this?" she said.

"It's your Valentine's Day gift!" Stefan said, smiling at her. "Are you gonna put it on for me?"

Instead, he caught the lingerie in the face.

"We're through. That was the last straw, Stefan. I can't believe I wasted a year on you, you fucking creep!"

She stomped out of the room. Stefan followed her, formulating as many arguments as he could - it was just a joke, the real gift would come soon, why did she have to be so emotional? Why couldn't she dress up sexy, that was romance, wasn't it? - but Laurie wasn't having any of it. She grabbed her things and slammed the front door. Seconds later, she took off in her car.

"Fuck," Stefan said. "Another one bites the dust. Shit, who am I gonna get to wear this now? This bloody lingerie wasn't cheap!"

He rolled his eyes and went to the kitchen to grab a beer.

"Maybe a girl at the club . . . no. You've got to work your way up to that, damn it. If only she'd worn it once so I could fuck her in it."

But he'd acted too early, at least that was his conclusion.

"Maybe she was on her period or something, who knows. Ah, I can get a better chick anyway. I just wish there was a sexy woman right here who would be willing to wear that hot get up."

Unfortunately for Stefan, reality saw fit to grant his wish. Something shifted in the air, and the man groaned a little, clutching his head.

“Ugh, maybe I had too many beers bef-”

He halted, looking around the kitchen. It had changed, and not to a small degree either. The enormous mess that he'd always whined at Laurie to clean up for him was suddenly gone, and everything was neat and trim and in its place. There were also recipe books he'd never owned neatly stacked on a shelf, as well as cooking equipment and organisational boxes he'd definitely never owned.

“What the fuck?” he said. He looked around, only to see that the living room had changed as well. It was also clean, with no clothes on the floor or stains on the couch. The couch itself had changed; it was comfier looking, cleaner, and had throw pillows all over it. There were also frames upon the walls, and for some reason they all showed this really hot brunette - one was her in some fashion getup, another was her kissing some guy while hiking, another one had her and some girlfriends out at a club.

“The hell is this?” he said, looking at one of them. “She's fucking stacked. This has gotta be some weird dream.”

Even the colours of the place had changed, becoming soft and warm pastels. Stefan moved to his room, hoping that it hadn't changed either. But another ripple in reality coursed through him, leaving him groaning a second time, and when he raised his head, he was clearly standing in a woman's room. The bed was all neatly made up, and there was a dresser with makeup stuff organised upon it. The cupboards were also full of women's clothing, and that included *bras*. He lifted one and examined it.

“Wow, Double-D's,” he said before whistling. “Nice! Hold on, oh my God, I made a wish for a sexy lady to be here willing to put on that lingerie! My wish is coming damn true, fuck yes!”

He rubbed his hands together, anticipating a hot girlfriend to walk through the door at any moment, ready to put on the lingerie and please him. But then a stray thought occurred; why had *his* room changed? And where was *his* stuff?

That was when the next ripple in reality came through. Stefan gasped, stumbling back against the bed. The box he'd gifted to Laurie opened up again, and the red frilly lingerie rose into the air before his eyes. Something trickled over his eyes, and he realised it was his hair, growing at a rapid rate.

“This isn't possible, man!” he whined, voice cracking.

But it was too late. The lingerie shot forward and collided into his body, and with it came another ripple that left him moaning in a voice that quickly turned into a deadly sexy soprano tone. His clothes withered away, the bra clasping around his naked torso. He cried out, feeling two large masses grow into the cups, but some mystical force lifted him up off of the ground, allowing the underwear to slide up his legs, followed by the sexy stockings.

“Oh God, what the f-fuck is happeningghh!!?”

His new breasts grew in, large and perky and lifted to prominence by the push up bra, but that was not the only change: his waist pulled in and his hips flared, giving him a natural hourglass figure. His body hair shrank into nothingness, and his muscles diminished until he had a dainty and curvaceous form. This was matched by his face, which shifted and altered, leaving him with devastating good looks. In the nearby dresser mirror he could see the hot brunette from the photo frames, big kissy lips and all. Red lipstick rose up from the shelf and darted towards those lips, and he couldn't stop them from painting his lips ruby red. By then, another change was happening.

"N-no! Not my cock! I wished for another woman to fit the lingerie! Not me, goddamn it!"

But it was too late; he whined in unwanted pleasure as his penis shrivelled away, followed by his testicles. A wet opening bloomed into existence, a clitoris already throbbing with a strange arousal forming moments later.

"Ohhhhh," Stefan moaned, writhing on the bed, the new woman's hair going everywhere. "I didn't w-want this! I wish to have a dick again!"

Reality rippled, answering this wish, and the new and very attractive woman sighed in relief. "Thank God, thank -"

But her body didn't change. The bed had expanded, and there was evidence that a man lived here now, what with the clothes and all, but it was still a room with a womanly touch. And he was still stuck with two large, jiggling breasts and a damn fine female body, wrapped up in sexy Valentine's Day lingerie.

"Hey! I wished for a cock, damn it! I wished for some dick!"

"That's a wish I can fulfil, babe," came a voice.

Stefan's body instantly reacted; a warm flush came over him in response to the man's tone. The door to the bedroom opened, and a tall, hunky fellow built like a football player entered, his eyes drinking Stefan's female form in.

"Holy shit, Stephanie, you are something else. Did you really buy that for me?"

"No!" Stefan said, but before he could say another word, his voice was taken over. "*I got it for us,*" the woman purred, sitting up and posing sexily for him. "*I wanted this to be a surprise, Alex. How do you like it?*"

"I fucking love it, babe. Jesus, I didn't expect this!"

He was already hard in his pants. Stefan could see it, and it was making his horny body *wet*. The sensation was alien and wrong but the desire was there. God, it was there and it was so wrong and *hot*. He wanted to protest as Alex came closer, but control of his transformed body had been stolen away from him, and it was like he was a passenger in his own body. Instead, 'Stephanie' had the wheel now, and she rose up to place her arms over Alex's shoulders, pressing her divine body against his and rubbing against his hard crotch.

“Would you like to unwrap me?” she purred. “Or do me while I wear it? It’s crotchless, just for some extra fun.”

He grinned, then kissed her passionately. Stefan’s mind screamed even as he felt so damn turned on by this man, horrified that he couldn’t do anything to stop what was coming. Alex’s hands roamed to his breasts, then down to Stephanie’s ass, cupping it. The woman in control gave a sensual moan.

“I think you should leave it on. I want to fuck your brains out while you wear it.”

“Mhmm, that’s right. You’re my Valentine’s Alex. Now come and make my night.”

Stefan was stuck, his wishes having doomed him, and now he was unable to make another. Instead, he felt his body give itself over to its male lover, and soon he was on his back with his legs spread wide, with a very naked and very virile looking man pressing his hard dick against Stefan’s new entrance. It was everything he wanted out of this night in the worst possible way.

But by the time Alex entered ‘Stephanie,’ the former man could only go along for the ride and experience the compelled pleasure.

And there was a *lot* of female pleasure, as he was filled up. A whole damn lot.

As there would be for the rest of his life. Perhaps it would be some consolation by the next Valentine’s Day.

The End