

Sinful Wears (Man to Female Mannequin TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Adam has been dragged against his will to a lingerie store by his wife Sarah. Adam is not keen to stick around, but will be doing so a lot longer when the shop owner, a succubus who has escaped from hell, decides to have a little fun with him and make him the new store attraction: a gorgeous female mannequin who cannot help but inspire sexual energy among all admirers and passerbys!

Sinful Wears

Adam groaned as his wife Sarah dragged him straight towards the lingerie store. It was a new place she was very excited to see, and it was called 'Sinful Wears' as if that was somehow a selling point, complete with a cursive red sign that seemed to advertise a kind of Luciferian quality. Not that Adam was particularly prudish about some things; he was just looking for any reason possible to avoid going in.

"I can just stand outside," he muttered.

His much shorter wife shook her head, her short brunette hair shaking in the wind. "Nonsense! We agreed in couple's therapy that we would try to understand one another more. That means visiting places that the other party is interested in, just like Rachel said."

"The therapist? You're on a first name basis with her?"

"It's how she introduced herself, Adam. Besides, it's nice to call people by their names. Just like it's nice to come and see what all the fuss with your partner is about."

He scratched at his fiery red hair. He was much taller than his wife, and clearly stronger, but she had always had a forthright quality he just couldn't compete against.

"Fine, fine, I'll indulge in your shopping fetish—"

"Interest," she corrected.

"So long as you go fishing with them.

"Ew, but . . . fine."

He smirked. A victory, at least, however small. Of course, knowing how long a good fishing trip went for, Sarah would try to draw out this shopping venture as long as possible. At least if it all worked out she might buy some sexy lingerie for the bedroom: part of the reason for them going to couple's therapy, and the thing that had convinced Adam to stop dragging his feet on it, was their flagging sexual intimacy. Perhaps he could steer her towards something particularly racy to get their bedroom relationship back on track . . .

They entered the store, and found it surprisingly empty, with just one other customer in the act of leaving. A rather depressed looking woman with gorgeous black hair and a

rather impressively tight black dress was behind the counter, and her eyes widened at the sight of her new customers.

“Come in, come in!” she declared. “I’m Jezebel, and this is Sinful Wears. We’re having a sale on now, if you wish to grab something nice for your partner. And we have some rather delicious items for men to indulge in too, if you wish.”

Adam cringed. Not only was he not interested, but this woman seemed way too desperate. “Uh, that’s a definite no thanks. I’m just here because of the old ball and chain.”

He chuckled until his wife shot him a look. “Adam, don’t embarrass me. I’m hoping to have a look around. I don’t know if I’ll buy anything, but I just love checking out clothing stores, especially new ones!”

Jezebel sagged for a moment, then recovered. “Come with me! I’ll see if I can’t convince you to buy something. I’m the store owner, and you wouldn’t believe the hell I had to go through to get this place up and running.”

She whisked Sarah away, and Adam was grateful for it. He nearly decided to wait outside the store for a bit, but decided Sarah would find out. She *a/ways* found out. Unfortunately for the tall husband, the time continued to extend out and out and out. He would occasionally wander back to Jezebel and Sarah, who was trying on something new, but it was mainly boring stuff, not the racy things he liked.

“Looking for something?” Jezebel asked.

“Y-yeah,” he said after a hesitation. “Something sexy for my wife to wear. She’s, well, she’s a real drag in bed, lately. I was thinking something for her to spice up the marriage.”

“I can sort you out after her purchase, if you wish!”

“Oh, she won’t be purchasing anything, trust me. She never does. She always windowshops.”

Jezebel frowned. “Perhaps . . . I can spare a moment and show you my private collection. You’ll like what’s on offer, and I can help with your wife’s measurements.”

Adam didn’t exactly *leap* at the opportunity, but at least there was a silver lining among the dark cloud of this experience. He didn’t exactly like being seen in a lingerie store - what would his coworkers think?

Still, he followed Jezebel into the backroom. She hadn’t been joking around: there were some very sexy, even naughty items back here. Lots of hose, straps, garters, and lingerie sets that were connected together in ways that could clearly only be intended for bedroom purposes: lots of undoing of belts and undoing of clasps as a form of foreplay. In particular, a lovely black set of lingerie caught his eye; semi-transparent, with lots of tantalising gaps to tease a lover with. He could just imagine his short, attractive wife wearing an item like this, and finally fixing their relationship the old-fashioned way: with a whole lot of steamy hot sex.

“Holy shit,” he said. “That would be perfect.”

“Would you like to try it on?” Jezebel said.

He gave her a funny look. “What?”

“Sorry,” she said. “I communicated that wrong. I’m not from around here. What I mean is, would you like to purchase it?”

He looked at the price card. “Woah, Nellie. Not at that price.”

Her face fell again. “Sir, I can’t recommend enough that-”

“If you drop the price again, maybe.”

“It’s just that the store is struggling, that item’s already discounted.”

He groaned, rolling his eyes in a manner he knew was a little obnoxious. “Well, I guess this place will go under, then, won’t it?”

Jezebel glared, then her eyes softened, and her face drew itself into an overly pleasant smile. “I can give you a discount, actually. I can bring it down a further seventy-five percent. I’d just need you to agree to something for me.”

Adam raised an eyebrow. “What would it be?”

“I’d need to make you a model. You wouldn’t need to change clothes, I’d take care of everything. Most people have an idea that men can’t come in here, and I suspect you feel the same. But if I could just take a picture and work my, well, my *magic*, then an image of a handsome, tall man here would be appropriate. You’d be the sexiest model alive, in my view.”

Adam should have seen all the red flags, but in truth flattery over his appearance had always worked on him. He knew he was tall and handsome, but his red hair was often considered a lot less sexy, and now this woman was saying *he* would draw in the dames?

“You really would,” she said. “Women would love your appearance. Please, let me just use my magic, and I’ll make you the sexiest model around. I promise.”

“No effort needed on my part?”

“None. In fact, I’ll let you have the lingerie for free.”

Adam considered this. Sarah was still trying on clothes, she wouldn’t know.

“Okay, I agree,” he said.

“Fantastic! You just need to sign this waive . . . here.”

She fished out what looked like a surprisingly old contract from her desk and passed it to him. Adam read over the conditions very lightly, skimming most of it. Then, taking her red pen, he signed the bottom line.

“That’s everything?”

She smiled. “That’s everything.”

Jezebel moved and closed the door. “Now, it begins.”

“Do I have to pose or-”

“Oh, you’ll be posing, don’t you worry.”

Jezebel grinned, then raised her hands. Suddenly, flames erupted in a circle around Adam’s feet, before zigzagging within to form a devilish pentagram. Adam yelled in horror, but found himself rooted to the spot; it took him a moment to realise that the fire wasn’t burning him.

“What the hell!?” he screamed.

“What the hell indeed,” Jezebel said, before clicking her fingers. A ring of fire rose up from her feet all the way to her head, revealing her form to be very much other than it appeared. Gone was the short, black-haired woman with the slight goth aesthetic, Instead, there now stood a red-skinned demoness with curved horns from her forehead, a long and thick flickering tail, and gleaming golden eyes with vertical black slits. Her skin was red, her form utterly desirable, with full breasts pushing against her tight black corset top, and her skirt barely covering the tops of her thighs. She was a figure of exquisite beauty, arousal, and terror all rolled up in one.

“Oh my God,” Adam said, shying away from her as much as he could while stuck in the pentagram.

“Just the opposite, actually,” the succubus said with a grin. “I’m from the other place. You know, the bad place. Well, I was from that place. I’m kinda hiding out on Earth now, and have *no* intentions of going back.”

“Please don’t kill me!” Adam pleaded. “Take anything of mine, just don’t kill me!”

She rolled her golden eyes and sauntered forward. “I’m not going to kill you, Adam. I escaped Hell because I didn’t want to be evil and torture people and all that nonsense. I just want to live on the surface and run a sexy lingerie shop - you know, succubi like me still have a niche to fulfil and all that.”

“But - but what are you doing, then?”

She cringed a little. “That’s the thing, Adam. You see, you’re kind of a bad husband. Don’t try to argue; a succubus can smell these things right out. And you also have one strong libido, which is a wonderful thing to indulge in as far as I’m concerned, but can also help me. I really need this store to succeed or I might not make it here among your kind, so I’m sorry to say I’m just going to cause one last piece of mischief to get my store running. This really is a last resort, and unfortunately this kind of magic works best with a participant who has signed a contract.”

She raised a camera, and Adam quaked in terror.

CLICK!

The shutter went, and a printed picture of Adam emerged.

“There!” Jezebel declared, checking the photo. “All done!”

The pentagram dimmed, and her form became that of a human again. She handed Adam the lingerie as per the deal. "Thanks a heap!" she said. "I can't wait to see what you do for the store."

Adam couldn't run out of there fast enough. This time he was the one dragging Sarah instead of the other way around. It would be the focus of a very, very long couples therapy session later on.

Adam had started to wonder if he hadn't just experienced a weird fever dream. Surely demons weren't real? He'd just inhaled too much incense in that room or something. Unfortunately, Sarah hadn't gone for the sexy lingerie he'd purchased for her, but he kept it in his drawer, just in case she changed her mind. Still, he hadn't gone back with her to Sinful Wears, and tried to convince her not to go when he was working, which she promised, even though she looked at him strangely. And that, it seemed, was the end of that. A weird, hallucinogenic experience that he could just imagine hadn't really happened.

That was, until he started to change.

It was subtle at first. His hair seemed a little thicker, and was growing out faster than he liked. He got it cut, but just a few days later it really did seem like the same length. At work, people were asking if he was ill: he wasn't filling out his shirt as much as he used to, though he embarrassingly felt like his nipples were pushing against the fabric rather noticeably. He'd also started feeling warm and flushed at times, his stomach and the area below it churning as if something new was growing there. God knew that his hormones must have been out of whack for some reason; his leg and arm and chest hair was all falling away!

"It can't be from that woman," he told himself in the shower one morning. "It just can't be. Magic isn't real. Demons aren't real! This is all just psychosomatic."

He went to the doctor after Sarah raised some concerns - he even looked shorter, and it was making her worried. His GP prescribed some testosterone pills and some further hormone tests.

And yet still Adam changed. He would wake up alone in bed, Sarah having already left after sleeping in the other room, and find his body further feminised. His chest was sore and becoming rounded, his hips were all the wrong shape. Even his penis was all wrong, like it had been hit by a damn shrink ray or something!

He was starting to panic, and people were gossiping about his appearance at work.

"Losing some weight there, Adam! Watch that junk in the trunk, buddy!"

"Geez, someone needs to wear a bra! Are you ill or something?"

“Hey Trish love, can you sort out these files for - oh, Adam! I thought you were Trish! You've got a bit of a femme chic thing going, I guess!”

It only got worse. Tests showed that his body was dumping an enormous amount of estrogen into his system, and that his chromosomes were irregular, with female XX combinations in the mix. He didn't need a damn test to know that by now, though: he had actual freakin' boobs by this point, sensitive and with big pink nipples and all. His face was getting softer, even beautiful. He had to take time off work and even avoid couples therapy, despite Sarah urging him to talk about his 'hormone struggles' to help them navigate this new concern in their marriage.

“It's okay, honey, you know I'm bisexual. I'll still love you regardless, but you've got to at got to face what's happening to you. We need to get you to a proper specialist and stop denying what's happening. I know we've had our rough patches, but you know I'll stand by you while you fight this.”

Adam was near tears at this point. Being pitied by his own wife felt like the ultimate emasculation, even with the quite *literal* emasculation going on with his body.

“I'm starting - oh God, I'm starting to worry that this isn't a *scientific* change,” he admitted. “I think it might be a *supernatural* one.”

Sarah looked at him anxiously. “Honey, look, you're just panicked. I know you don't believe in that stuff, and-”

“No, I thought I didn't. But that lingerie store you dragged me to, the one called Sinful Wears. Something happened there, something I've been ignoring, but I can't keep ignoring.”

He told her the full story. Suffice to say, she didn't believe him.

“It was probably an episode of something!” she cried.

“Great, so it's just back to this, is it? Back to you not believing me about everything, just like Bethanie!”

“You called her your workwife!”

“It was a joke!”

“She tried to go on a date with you!”

“It was just a work dinner, for God's sake! This is real; I swear I saw a demon lady! She was the one who owned the store. Jezebel!”

But they once more descended into fighting, and Adam found his own hormones so out of control that he just had to leave the room. He was changing more and more, and his damn boobs were so sensitive and sore, and his penis had become so freaking numb.

“I'm going to a fucking hotel,” he said. “And tomorrow, I'm going to that lingerie store and I'm going to prove that woman was a demon. Whoever heard of someone's voice sounding like this? Whoever heard of a guy growing tits in just two weeks! My cock is shrinking, Sarah! Jesus Christ, this is some hell magic right here!”

He stormed out to grab his things, not that half of everything even fit his altered frame anymore. Before he could leave, however, Sarah grabbed his arm - his thin, hairless arm.

"Don't go," she said. "I'm sorry. I'll try to believe you. Just come to bed, Adam. I want . . . I need us to be intimate again."

Adam raised his eyebrows in surprise. "What? Really? Right now, with me looking like this?"

Sarah nodded her head, biting her lip like she always did when she was aroused. "I can't explain it, but I saw you changing, getting ready to leave, and I just felt this strange fire inside me, you know? I really want you right now, Adam. Like I haven't wanted you in months, but now I really *do*."

Adam was struggling to understand just what in the literal hell was going on, when suddenly his own body began to feel hotter and warmer, his arousal growing just as Sarah's had. His small dick hardened, and his nipples stiffened as well, feeling unbelievably sensitive, enough so that he moaned in a quite feminine manner. The man gasped, touching himself and his wife. It was as if a sexual need had suddenly bloomed within him, and it only made his wife more lustful. She moaned, running her hands over his changed form, caressing him and playing with his small breasts.

"Oh God, it's g-getting stronger!"

"For me t-too," he replied. "I fucking need you, Sarah. We'll sort it all out tomorrow, I promise, but let's go to the bedroom."

"Yes! Oh God, yes! I need you to take me, Adam. You're so fucking hot like this!"

And the weirdest part was that he suddenly *felt* hot. The horniness swept over him, overpowering in its brilliance, and it almost made him want his body to change more, to be even *more* enticing and sensitive. The pair made it to the bedroom, already making out, and soon they stripped off their clothing and pressed their naked bodies together in a dance of passion they hadn't felt in *years*.

"Yesssss," Sarah cried as he licked her nipples and rubbed her clitoris. She in turn stroked his small but hard member and felt at his breasts. It was wrong. It was weird. It was alien and foreign.

And it was *wonderful*.

They climaxed together, screaming out from the sheer overload of passion, and Adam erupted inside his wife. It was only a tiny ejaculation, but it felt like a flood in the moment, a sexual rush flowing through his breasts. He moaned as they expanded subtly, and as more subcutaneous fat developed around his hips and ass.

"Oh God, that was too much," he moaned.

“Y-yeah,” Sarah replied. “I don’t know what got into me. It was like . . . it was like you were just radiating this aphrodisiac or something. We’ll . . . we’ll get help for you tomorrow, Adam. I promise. Just stay with me tonight.”

He was too worn out to argue otherwise.

Adam woke the next morning to his wife licking his nipples and playing with his cock. He was instantly erect when he realised what was going on, and made love to her once again. He was too small down there to really do anything of note, so instead they played with his sensitive nipples and made him cum that way. It was only after he cried out in ecstasy and recovered in the minutes that followed that they both realised he had changed further.

His hair was now even more fiery red, and it felt past his shoulders. His face was soft and womanly, and his breasts were lovely C-cups now. He had a waifish body otherwise, beautiful and with nice curves, but not overly generous either. He was a real cutie, equal in height to his own wife. He only had a small nub of a penis left.

“What the fuck?” he said, looking over himself. “This is insane! I told you this was magic!”

Sarah had to admit he could be right, though she had always been an atheist on such matters. How could this have happened so quickly overnight? He was even developing labial lips on either side of his shrinking member, and that went far, far beyond normal hormone changes due to an imbalance in one’s own physiology. Adam had to stop himself from crying - he was so emotional now.

“We need to get you to a hospital,” Sarah said.

“I told you, this is magical!”

“Then just indulge me! They can sort this out and if it doesn’t work, then we look into your magic theory. Please.”

Adam sighed. Sarah was always stubborn. It was part of why their relationship was struggling, though it was also in a rut because he didn’t often go with her to things, he supposed.

“Okay! But then when it doesn’t work, we go to the lingerie store.”

They had breakfast, and Adam tried to ignore how petite and small his body was, and the feeling of having long hair brush upon his shoulders, and his far more feminine voice, which was surprisingly sweet. He certainly couldn’t ignore the wobbling weights on his chest, though it at least helped when Sarah convinced him to put on a bra. She was a B-cup, but his weren’t too much bigger than that. Unfortunately, when they were about to set out, something strange happened.

They became incredibly horny all over again.

“Just one more fuck, maybe?” Sarah said, drawing closer to him. “Just one more, and then we’ll go?”

“Y-yeah,” Adam said, still getting used to his more female body as his hips swayed with his movements. “And then we sort this out. We have to.”

And so they fucked, yet again. This time they were, somehow, even *more* passionate, crying out together in high, orgasmic female tones as they came together. Adam’s penis was almost entirely gone by this point, and his figure even more lovely. His hair was now reaching down to the bottom of his shoulder blades.

“F-fuck!” he exclaimed in the aftermath, naked besides his gorgeous wife. “I’m even shorter than you now! I’m thinner, too! I look like a total chick! My dick is little more than a clit in waiting!”

Sarah swallowed. “We’ll . . . we’ll get you out of here. I don’t know what I was thinking, doing that. I’m sorry. It was like I was a different person.”

They set off, but unfortunately the horniness returned before they made it to the hospital. Adam had to pull over just so they could fuck in the car, putting the seats right down to enjoy one another’s bodies. Once again they cursed themselves, and this time they realised something was up.

“We can’t get to the hospital. We can’t get this checked out. We fuck every time we try! We’ll go to Sinful Wears, just like I’ve been telling you.”

Sarah had to agree. Something was up, and it scared her . . . even if her body remained low-key aroused just from the proximity to her husband. She’d wanted to be closer to him, but not quite like this, no matter how good it felt!

They drove to the location of the lingerie store near the central business district, and quickly got out of the car. Adam felt humiliated to be out in public looking like a woman in baggy clothing, and even worse when some men looked his way with clear interest.

“This fucking sucks!” he said. “I never agreed to this.”

“You do look a bit like a model,” Sarah said. “Maybe that’s it? You’re becoming the world’s sexiest model by turning into one.”

It would explain the sore boobs; they were *still* growing. He strode towards the store, his hips sashaying from side to side, his movements and poise so elegantly feminine it appeared like he was strutting down a catwalk; even the way he flicked a hand idly through his hair, sweeping it to one side, was a resolutely womanly gesture. Sarah elected not to say anything, fearing what was happening to her husband.

Thankfully, Sinful Wears was finally in sight.

Unthankfully, the moment they got close, that unbearable arousal rose up all over again.

“N-no! I have to resist it!” Adam cried.

But Sarah couldn't. The energy was coming from Adam himself, and she swooned at his power. Her loins were moist, her juices literally dripping down her thighs after mere moments, and she grabbed his hand, pleading.

“The alley! Let's go to the alley! I need to f-fuck!”

And so did he. God help him, so did he. They rejoined as if they had never faltered in their love, and it was delicious, perhaps even more so for the taboo of making love in an alleyway. They did so several times, unable to get close to the establishment, and after a near miss with a police officer, the two drove home, shamed and aroused and ready to have sex all over again. They simply couldn't reach their destination, and worst of all, Adam's changes had seemingly finished.

He was biologically female now, complete with a functioning pussy.

And to add insult to injury, his boobs were now impressive D-cups.

The next morning, Adam woke from his dreams of being a man again to the cold reality of what he had become. He could tell the difference immediately. He lowered a shaking hand to between his thighs and felt no penis there, no nub but a throbbing, needy clitoris aching for attention. Just as it had been last night when he and his wife had made love, her squeezing his breasts together.

Only he wasn't a *he* this morning at all. Something had changed in Adam's thought patterns which only confirmed the magical origin of the changes that had been wrought. Adam was now thinking of *herself* as a *she*.

“I'm a woman,” she said, realising it in full now that the changes went beyond her body and into her mind. She knew, logically, that she was a man. She knew she *wanted* to be a man again, yearned for it, in fact. But it didn't stop herself from thinking she was a woman anyway, or regarding herself with female pronouns.

Sarah woke next to her while the new woman grappled with these changes, and one other significant one.

“Adam, are you okay?” she asked, staring at the incredibly beautiful naked redhead beside her.

“No,” she said, wiping her eyes. “I'm a woman, inside and out now. And I'm not even Adam anymore. This is all some sick jock.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked, placing a hand on her arm.

The former male choked out a sob. “My name . . . it's changed, Sarah. I'm not Adam . . . I'm *Eve*.”

It was true; no matter how hard she tried to think of her name as Adam, she could only think of herself as Eve, like this was some perverted Bible creation story reimaged. Fitting, for a succubus to have hatched something like that.

Sarah comforted Eve, but as soon as she wrapped her arms around the busty redheaded beauty, that arousing radiation flowed out of Even and into her. She tried to ignore it, but it grew and grew until she was panting and moaning, touching herself and Eve. The new woman, for her part, tried to resist it as well, but the bliss of making her wife so turned on was turning her on in turn.

“This is j-just to cheer you up,” Sarah said, lying to herself. “Remember couples therapy? Rachel said intimacy could help us understand one another.”

“I - I guess it couldn’t hurt,” Eve replied, also lying to herself. “I don’t understand all these changes. I should have looked at the contract. I feel so sexy, so beautiful, and it scares the shit out of me, Sarah. Just make me feel better. Let me . . . let me please you. Like I didn’t do enough of when I was a man.”

Adam had ignored Sarah too much; her desires, her wants, her particular lusts. He had been a greedy lover. Well, not anymore. Instead, they gave the performance of a lifetime each, complimenting one another as if they read each other’s minds, stroking their respective womanhoods, sucking on one another’s breasts, playing with their partner’s bodies until they cried out in glorious unison, shuddering orgasms hitting them like a freight train barreling down the tracks.

It was a lovely consolation to all that Eve had gone through and was still going through. But it didn’t bring her any answers.

Those would come the very next day.

Sarah had gone to work. Neither knew what to do with Eve just yet. They couldn’t get help for her, and couldn’t just conjure up a new ID for her, and she certainly couldn’t just have her return to work; reality had decidedly not changed to accommodate her own transformation. Sarah said she was “working on it,” but for now Eve just had to stay home - that was, after the pair had enjoyed sex not once but twice before Sarah left.

“I promise we’ll work this out together,” she said. “It’s like Rachel said: no challenge is too big for a couple who communicate well together.”

Eve just frowned and said goodbye. It was true that they *had* been communicating better lately, but that didn’t mean she wanted to stay as a woman, goddamnit! Worse, one who needed to wear bigger bras than her own damn wife!

As she ruminated on this once her wife had left, Eve began to notice something odd. As she moved around the house, doing odd jobs and trying to keep herself busy and not too depressed, she began to notice a strange stiffness in her body, particularly in her arms and legs. It was odd, but some part of her felt that the sexy black lingerie she had purchased for Sarah might help. The logic made no sense, but a deep part of her mind urged her on anyway. The beautiful redhead sauntered to their room and picked out the lingerie, then removed her own baggy hoodie and track pants, as well as her granny panties and casual bra.

The lingerie slipped on so easily, and fit so comfortably. It was like a second skin, matching her gorgeous curves perfectly. Her breasts settled into the cups and it pushed her Double-D boobs up, making them look a whole cup size bigger. The deep line of cleavage it created was perfect, and the matching lingerie was crotchless, as if inviting someone to fuck her while wearing this. She could just imagine it, savouring the feeling of Sarah - or a *man* - playing with the connective straps, of unclasping the bra and releasing her big boobies. Mhmm . . . it was enticing.

She barely even noticed that her limbs were stiffening further, or that it was becoming difficult to move her legs. Instead, she posed without thinking, adjusting her body to take on different positions. She eventually settled on having one hand on her hips, the other behind her head, her chest thrust out and her hip cocked to one side, as if letting the world see her beautiful body.

And that was when she ceased being able to move.

“What!? Fuck! What now!?”

She could only move her eyes and mouth, but soon even those muscles stiffened and became hard, her lips frozen with a sexy half-smirking pout, her eyes open and looking directly ahead of her. Eve tried to fight and move, but could only rock herself in the most minute of ways. It was like she had turned into some kind of display mannequin or something.

Which, of course, was *exactly* what she was turning onto, now that her body had reached this stage. Over the course of the next strange and eerie hour, a helpless Eve was subjected to her body changing to become hard plastic, her skin turning to a pale white. Her red hair remained the same colour, but now had the slightly fake consistency of an otherwise accurate wig. Her blemishes dimmed, her surface smoothing out into a slightly unreal quality. Her eyes lost their pupils, and soon she was left entirely as a mannequin stuck in that pose, her insides no longer organic, no part of her organic, in fact.

Eve tried to scream. She tried to move to grab help. She tried *anything*, but nothing worked whatsoever. She could understand a succubus turning her into a woman for some

sick sexual joke, but what the hell was *this*? It made no sense! What would Sarah think when she returned?

Another hour later, and the door opened. Eve was relieved at least that someone had arrived to help her, only to cry out when she saw who it was. Well, she *tried* to cry out, but her expression was fixed in a sultry gaze that seemed to invite the visitor.

“Well, you turned out wonderfully!” said Jezebel, back in her human disguise as she approached Eve. “I hope this hasn’t been too traumatic for you. I really am sorry. We succubi are magnets for mischief, and I let my worst instincts get a hold of me in my desperation to have the business actually succeed. I promise this’ll work out alright. Trust me, right?”

Eve was unable to scream the stream of invectives that she wanted to.

“Right, you can’t talk anymore. But don’t worry, it’s still you in there! I can see your aura. Let’s get you ready for your new job, mister! The kind of job that will inspire connection, which I’m sure a not-totally committed husband like yourself might come to appreciate! Uh, this may feel a little odd.”

Eve was wondering what could possibly feel odder than *this* when she got her answer: Jezebel began *disassembling* her for storage in a box, removing her legs and arms and even her *head*.

The journey back in the trunk of a car, various pieces of herself knocking against others, was as uncomfortable as it was utterly bewildering.

Eve had a million questions as she was being reassembled by Jezebel. She was back in her succubus form now that it was night, and she claimed it was “more comfortable” to be her “true self while no one was watching.” Eve wished she could say the same: she’d kill just to be a human *woman* right now, instead of a living inanimate mannequin.

“There!” Jezebel said once she was done. “By the fires of hell, you look utterly perfect! Sexy, but not totally unattainable. The lingerie is the true attraction, but your figure is what all women want. I’ve done incredible work here, but so have you: thanks so much for signing my contract. You’ll be the display in the window, attracting customers with your provocative poses, and with that succubi-induced magic from our contract, I’m hoping to really reel them in! You truly are the ‘sexiest model in the world’ now, love!”

She kissed Eve on the cheek, and the living mannequin felt a blooming of pleasure in her core, which disgusted her as much as it surprised her. Unfortunately, she simply had to wait from this point. Jezebel fiddled with the displays of her store, then left into the backroom to sleep for the night, leaving Eve ‘on guard’ with no one to talk to and nothing to do. Nothing but the boredom of no traffic, no ability to lie down, and a mind reeling from becoming a

display item. The horror gave way to more of that boredom, and soon she was counting the seconds until-

Morning.

Eve would have blinked in surprise, if she could blink. Had she been asleep? No, it was more like she'd simply . . . turned off. The store was open now: the lights were on and the sky was sunny out the window. She was still in a sexy pose; her hips cocked, her chest forward, one hand cupping her left breast. But now there were people *looking* at her. Several women and one man. They had just stopped and noticed her, as if drawn by her presence.

No, *she* was the one drawing them in.

There was no way to explain it, but Eve could *feel* it. A sort of . . . enticement rippling out from her body, luring the customers in to see her. A sexual energy that she was projecting to any passerby. It made her aroused too, much as she tried to fight it.

A husband and wife paused before the window, staring at her, their gazes taking in her gorgeous mannequin body, her perfectly formed breasts, the way the lingerie clung to her plastic 'skin.'

"She . . . wow, is it just me, or is that a rather provocative display?" said the husband.

"You're telling me," the wife said. "Do . . . do you think you'd like to see me in something like that?"

The husband grabbed his wife from behind, groping her breasts in a moment of excitement despite their being in public. "Would I ever, my sweet," he said, before kissing her neck.

She giggled, and Eve *felt* her arousal, and the husband's too. She inhaled it right into her inanimate body, and it brought a sense of strange pleasure that grew more powerful as they entered the store, moving quickly to intercept Jezebel and find an item just like Eve was wearing.

No. She refused to enjoy this. Eve had been changed against her will and now was stuck, staring out a store window. More people were looking at her, and one rather attractive college girl was discreetly touching herself, cupping her breasts and moaning sweetly. Eve experienced that same warm wash of pleasant feeling, as if *she* were being touched in the same sensitive places. The girl stepped in.

"Maybe . . . Derek would like it?" she said to herself. "I bet he'd really like it. That and a few other things . . ."

Eve would have bit her lip and moaned if she could, but instead her pent up sexual energy simply exploded into a wonderful orgasm. Her mannequin form shook just subtly, wobbling just a tetch as she absorbed the sexual passion of this woman. It was almost like being a tree, she realised: she exuded sexual radiance into the air (carbon dioxide), and then in turn breathed in their resulting arousal into herself (oxygen, to continue the

metaphor). And as much as she wanted to be full of rage and indignation, to be tortured rather than enjoy this fate, the arousal was just too powerful, and the inner excitement when a new individual passed and looked at her only grew. An older man looked at her, and with giddy glee decided that *he'd* try and indulge himself. Eve could somehow glean his fetishes; he was a crossdresser, and such items would be greatly appealing to him. She trembled almost imperceptibly from the aching, wonderful release as he exited the store, his purchase discreetly in his bag.

"You're doing so well, and it's just your first day!" Jezebel declared. "I'm so happy you agreed to this."

"Fuck you," Eve said. Well, it's what she *would* have said, if she could actually speak. As it was, she couldn't even glare properly.

"Okay, so I know I sort of tricked you, but you were rather dismissive and your wife wasn't buying anything and I was desperate. Succubus from Hell, remember? I'd rather not go back, and I'd much rather be a good girl, but I need a win here. Besides, you're taking in so much sexual energy I bet it's working wonders! Let's pose you even more sexually and see how that goes?"

She moved Eve's form with ease, posing her so that she was sitting down, one leg outstretched, the other raised, her upper half posed so that she looked like she was experiencing an orgasm - one hand clutching back to what could well be a bedpost, the other once more upon her chest, cupping it. The worst part was that Jezebel was right: this not only attracted even more people to the store thanks to Eve's sexual aura, but it brought the new mannequin to greater heights of bliss. She moaned mentally as two girlfriends dragged their boyfriends over, teasing them with how they could look tonight if their boys were willing to pay. And by God, they did. Other people even made out near the store, and a couple even fucked in the alley nearby just as Eve and Sarah had done. She couldn't see them, but she could *feel* them, and it brought her to the most powerful climax yet.

By the end of the day, the succubus' business was finally doing well, and more than that, Eve was having to come down from the sheer amount of ecstasy she had endured throughout the business day. It was almost a relief when the crowd trickled, but the final customer was a businessman looking for an outfit for his mistress, and his excitement alone gave her one little last gasp of sexual energy.

Eve couldn't help but luxuriate in that sensation for a long time while Jezebel packed up the store and closed it. The succubus took the mannequin from the front window and placed her back in the rear of the store.

"You did so well, Eve!" she proclaimed happily, returning to her luscious succubus form. "And just for that, I've got one last present for you."

To Eve's surprise, Jezebel actually began to touch herself, peeling off her clothing and groping her lovely red breasts. She lowered a hand down to play with her pussy, and soon she was moaning. This act of self-pleasure, especially one so close and coming from a *succubus*, was so powerful that Eve was nearly rendered catatonic when both their orgasms came. In fact, she was so full of sexual potency that it actually made her head cloudy - despite it being made of plastic.

"There you go, Eve," Jezebel said, patting her on the head. "I'll put you in something new tomorrow, I promise. You're fulfilling your part of the contract perfectly."

Eve wasn't even sure when her mind turned off, but she was so puffed up with reluctant bliss that she sort of drifted off, as if it were sleep.

Eve 'woke' in a new outfit, one that was now a purple lingerie pair with a sort of transparent fabric that covered the belly. It had almost a sort of Arabian harem girl chic to it, and it was clearly enticing. It was wrong of her to think so, but there was something almost . . . pleasing about looking so good. She was even posed like a harem girl, legs together and hip swaying to one side, her hands above her head and joined together, like she was readying to bellydance to please her master.

It got even more attention than the previous day.

Couples, young women, mature cougars, and even older individuals looking to reignite some excitement in their relationships all dropped by to see what the fuss was about. Arousal was in the air, and there were many touchings, gropings, and pleasurable acts done in secret. Eve was certain her aura was getting stronger - it was just touching the edge of the nearby megamall, and a number of college couples were making out much more passionately than they reasonably would have otherwise. Eve soaked it all in, a magnet for such attraction, and she basked in it like a sun opening its petals to the full power of the sun, gaining life and attention from it.

It was only during a lull, when Jezebel reposed her and praised her, that the mannequin was filled with guilt. Yes, this was pleasurable. Yes, it was a peaceful existence like she'd never known at the office. But she hadn't even *thought* of Sarah today! How could she forget her wife so quickly? Sure, they were going through some trouble, and apart from the magic-induced sex craze they'd had, their life in the bedroom had been falling into disrepair, but they were still married, damn it! Eve still loved Sarah, and wanted to be with her! When would she come? Surely, she must have made the link, already?

But those thoughts were temporarily flooded from her mind as another sexual rush poured into her. A polyamorous group of four individuals visited Sinful Wears, and it was

clear they had a good number of kinks and desires, wanting a number of items that would make their female members sexy, as well as some of the male wear for the bedroom as well. Jezebel was joyous to accommodate them, but the four kissed and touched one another playfully as they shopped, which clearly pleased Jezebel. Eve, on the other hand, was almost put in a vegetative state from the endless displays of affection and arousal. She wanted to touch herself, but thankfully each flirtation brought her closer to the most powerful climax yet. When it burst through her, she felt it radiate outwards. Nearby, a couple who were arguing suddenly started making love instead. A dog nearly ran off its leash to pursue a female canine across the road. An old woman waiting for a bus shuddered with sensations she hadn't felt for years, and allowed herself to feel them again.

And a college-aged girl working at an ice cream store suddenly stared at the young man she was serving. There was a pause, and then she immediately fled her station with him. They couldn't stop it; they needed to fuck each other's brains out. When they did, Eve was positively rapturous. She could *feel* the woman's pleasure especially, and when the climax came, she felt something else as well.

Oh dear. The serving girl had been impregnated. Oh, shoot! But it felt so good, and the woman was too busy moaning in delight. It was just a happy accident, Eve tried to tell herself. The pleasure . . . it was so hard to fight the endless pleasure . . .

The third day was when Sarah arrived. Eve was shocked; she'd been loving the way a couple had reunited since yesterday, having made out spontaneously and then returned to actually start a relationship, starting with some purchases at Sinful Wears. But now, suddenly, there was her wife, short and brunette and pretty, staring through the window. She touched herself, and Eve wanted to be the one to touch her. It took a moment for Sarah to regain herself and step in.

"Strange," she said before she entered the store. "That mannequin seemed so . . . familiar."

Eve cringed mentally. Did Sarah not recognise her? Yes, her form was a little more lovely looking since last time, but she still had the red hairpiece, didn't she?

No, she didn't. Jezebel had swapped it out. It was *blonde* today. And posed as a mannequin, how could Sarah possibly form the connection as to what the mannequin really was?

Still, Eve held hopes in her Sarah. An argument ensued, and she managed to catch the edges of it.

"Magic? I'm sorry, miss?"

“You may call me Sarah, and that’s what my husband said. He was turning into a woman, and he said he signed a contract. He became a red-headed girl with an impressive figure. A nice bust. And he says you did this.”

“I did nothing of the sort! I mean, I don’t even believe in magic. Look, I remember your husband. I just needed him to advertise for our men’s wear selection. See the poster up there?”

There was a poster? Eve had never been turned to see it. God, why were there more customers coming in? She wanted to hear what Sarah was talking about, but now she was flush with heat yet again as a small crowd gathered around her. They were a tour group, at least twenty four people! She was bringing in so many customers, and it pleased her to feel their emotions and pleasure sweeping through her. Inanimate as she was, it made the sensations all the more wonderfully . . . submissive.

No! She had to concentrate. What was Sarah saying?

“I’m sorry. I feel like such an idiot. It’s just . . . I’m worried about him. I don’t know where he’s gone, but he was a woman when we parted.”

“Some kind of medical condition?”

“I . . . I suppose it might have. I’m sorry, I need to get home. I’m feeling a bit warm and flushed.”

“Of course. Look, I don’t know about all this magic stuff, but drop by anytime you need to chat or purchase something nice. I hope you find your husband.”

To Eve’s horror, Sarah left. She tried to call out to her wife, but nothing came out, as usual. The tourists entered, and the bliss that followed was extra reluctant.

But it came nonetheless, and therefore, so did she.

Jezebel apologised, and said she felt sorry for Sarah. That she hoped Eve’s experiences would make her appreciate what a good woman she was, and perhaps show more interest in *Sarah’s* interests. As a succubi, she claimed to have a good handle on sensing these things in relationships. Of course, it was a one-way discussion, since Eve was stuck there, being posed in a lacy red thing that was positively scandalous and barely covered her nipples or her plastic buttcheeks. She could only accept it, feeling that familiar shiver in her core resulting from looking so lovely and desirable.

“I want to hate this,” Eve tried to say. “I want to hate you. Jesus Christ, why can’t I?”

She knew the answer: after four days of experiencing this life, she almost didn’t *want* to go back. How could an office job compete with this? Not just the sexual bliss, but the sense of purpose. She was, in a way, ‘meeting’ so many interesting people and bringing

others together. Romance bloomed in her presence, and relationships mended. Couples branched out to try kinkier things, and women regained a sense of confidence in their bodies. And, yes, a few more little humans were set to arrive in nine months' time when pairs got a little *too* excited. There were even a couple of repeat customers already, and they always waved hello to the mannequin, as if sensing that Eve - identified as such out loud by Jezebel to the customers - was indeed something more than just a doll, but something special. A feature of Sinful Wears who was as much a member as the owner herself.

It was only thoughts of Sarah that kept Eve from simply relishing this experience. She had to fight back. She had to believe that her wife would return, and that things would be okay. She could claim her old life again, fix her marriage, share some hobbies and pastimes with her wife so that they weren't just humming along with no real sense of chemistry. Eve would fix it all even if she had to stay a woman, so long as she wasn't a mannequin!

It was Saturday afternoon. Eve had had a particularly busy day, and was woozy from all the joy she had spread and absorbed in turn. Jezebel was starting to pack up, when the mannequin sensed a new approach. She recognised the sexual energy, and happiness bloomed within her.

It was Sarah again!

"What good timing," Jezebel said, having moved Eve into the centre of the room while she closed the front windows. "I was hoping she'd drop by. Maybe she has a sixth sense of magic, though I doubt it's the hellish kind!"

Eve became worried. Was Jezebel planning to do something to her wife? In that case, she vibrated a little, doing all she could to warn the poor woman. But how could Sarah notice that? She stomped into the store, ignoring the 'Closed' sign, and jabbed a finger right in Jezebel's face.

"No more lies," she said, looking up at the taller woman, uncaring how precarious her situation was. "I've looked into everything, and I keep coming back to it. You *did* take Adam. You *did* change him into a woman with that contract. Where is it? Where is *he*, or *she*, or whatever you've done to him?"

Jezebel smiled, and there was no maliciousness to it. "You really do love your husband, don't you?"

"I do. He drives me up the wall, and we still have things to work out, but I love him."

Jezebel sighed. "That's what I love about mortals," she said. "Despite all the sin and horror and faults, you do come to love one another. And sometimes that love is very strong indeed. Okay, prepare yourself, there's a bit of explaining to do."

She clicked her fingers, and that halo of red fire circled up from her feet all the way to her head, revealing her gorgeous and somewhat intimidating red-skinned succubus figure, horns and thick tail and golden snake eyes and all. Even this transformation fed sexual energy to Eve, who was trying not to get too aroused during this very tense, very worrying situation. Hell, even in her clear shock and fear, evidenced by the way she staggered back, Sarah was still stroking her right nipple without even realising it, further arousing Eve.

“Y-you really are a demoness.”

“I prefer succubus,” Jezebel said. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to hurt you, mortal woman. In fact, I really respect you. I misjudged your relationship; I thought you two were on the rocks and you wouldn’t mind being freed from your husband for a stretch. I guess I misjudged that.”

“What have you done to him?”

Jezebel gestured to the mannequin, and after a moment’s pause as it sunk in, Sarah gasped. She ran to Eve, clutching her, running her hands over her. It was . . . distractingly nice to feel, from the mannequin’s point of view.

“You killed him!”

“What? No, what do you take me for, an actually evil demon? I escaped hell for a reason, Sarah. No, I just sort of . . . changed his state. He’s still aware in there. I imagine he’s feeling a lot of bliss from your touch, actually. He - *she* really, gets a lot of joy from sexual feelings, and exudes them in turn.”

Sarah paused. “Is that why I’m . . . ?”

Wet as a puddle between your thighs? I’d like to chalk it up to moi’s appearance, but yeah, that’s your girl here.”

Eve’s wife glared, jabbing out a finger again. “Turn her back! Or I’ll kill you. I swear I will.”

“Woah, calm down! This was only a short-term contract. Hell, she’s about to turn back any second n-”

It happened. Eve was amazed - why hadn’t Jezebel told her? Was it because she was such a damn mischief maker that she couldn’t help herself? Regardless of what it was, her body became animated again, her organs reforming within her, her plastic turning back to regular skin. Her blonde wig fell away, revealing luscious and fiery red hair. In moments, she was a woman again . . . one wearing some very racy lingerie.

This didn’t matter to Sarah though, who leapt at her with tears in her eyes.

“Adam!” she cried.

They fell backwards, Eve a little unused to motion after a full week without it. Still, she clutched her beautiful bride and tried not to feel aroused at how she was burying her

face in her breasts. The shorter woman raised her head, then kissed Eve passionately on the lips.

“I’m so sorry I didn’t believe you!”

“It’s okay, it’s okay. It . . . weirdly wasn’t that bad. Kind of nice, actually.”

“What!? Really!? How can you say that!? What is this all about?”

Jezebel coughed deliberately. “Um, maybe I should put some tea on, and I can explain.”

The tension was thick in the room, but a good tea had a way of calming things, especially when it became clear that Jezebel wasn’t intending to hurt them or force through any more changes. Nevertheless, Eve was still in her female body, though at least she had covered her form with a lovely silken robe.

“So this was just a way to get your business going?” Sarah said, barely able to believe it.

“It was!” Jezebel said with good cheer. “And it’s finally booming! I was really worried about going under, but the word of mouth has now spread, and people really love this place. I’m a little concerned that things might dip again now that Eve’s back to herself, and soon to be Adam again, but hopefully I’ve made a good headstart.”

Sarah shook her head, trying to make sense of it. “So the contract really was just for a week?”

“Yeah! What do you think I am, some kind of monster?”

“Yes!” Eve declared. “You’ve got horns and a tail! And red skin!”

“Well, that’s kinda racist, man.”

Eve almost fell for it. “Well, I mean - wait, you turned me into a woman, and then a display mannequin! You tricked me!”

Jezebel grinned sheepishly. “Yeah, I guess I was a little naughty there. I’m still learning where the line is among you mortals, and I guess I was desperate. But hey, I’m more than happy to give you the agreed upon check for your time as my employee.”

“I - I’m getting paid for this?”

Jezebel smirked. “You really didn’t read any of that contract, did you?”

“I . . . skimmed it. Wait, I’m going to be a man again, right?”

“Of course, unless you don’t want that.”

The worst part was, it was sort of tempting. Eve really did make a lovely looking woman, and the sex with Sarah had been very hot. And being the object of attention as a mannequin.

"I can't live like that, unfortunately," she said. "But . . . I guess the experience was pretty nice."

She interlaced her fingers with Sarah, smiling at her wife. "And it certainly gave me time to reflect, love. I want to share more experiences with you, and not just pull away."

"I'd appreciate that," Sarah said.

Jezebel clasped her hands together, her tail stirring hypnotically back and forth to show the woman was pleased with herself. "See? It all worked out after all! A relationship fixed, a break from your work, an experience as a woman and as a literal object of sexual power, what more could you ask for?"

Eve considered this. Part of her wanted a return to the mannequin life, just for its simplicity and joy. Part of her didn't want to stop being a woman, at least not entirely. And while she had tried to explain it to Sarah, the other woman just couldn't understand how being a mannequin in a store window could be so utterly *intoxicating*.

It made a rather daring idea spring to mind. The kind of activity she could do *with* her wife, and allow the pair to spend quality time together.

"Actually," Eve said. "There is one more thing I can ask for."

Jezebel leaned forward, curious. When Eve made her proposal, the succubus beamed.

"I love it!" she exclaimed.

And while Sarah appeared hesitant, Eve could see the curiosity forming on her features.

Business at Sinful Pleasures was booming. The store had expanded, and now sold a much larger men's line, perfect for those who were looking to appear smart, professional, and downright handsome for their date. There were also more than a few bedroom items for both genders, though lingerie both casual and sexy dominated the majority of the store. Jezebel's was utterly ecstatic, the succubus finding success and joy in her work, and she routinely gave thanks to the two mannequins at the front of her store, always paired together in lovely poses, their hands upon one another in various provocative positions.

"You two really are the best employees a girl from hell could ask for!" she exclaimed. "You're each getting a bonus when you turn back tonight!"

And while neither could respond to her, they could 'talk' to one another through a mental line of communication the succubus had established.

'Did you hear that, darling?' the handsome male mannequin asked, who went by the name Stuart while he wasn't the female Sarah. *'A raise! A raise for the easiest job in the world. And the sexiest.'*

'Mhmm, I told you this job is great! Oh, look! That couple in their thirties. I bet we can bring them over.'

'I bet we can go further,' Stuart communicated. *'They look like they need to get their hands on each other first.'*

The pair exuded their sexual potency, now twice as powerful that there were two of them, and soon they were in rapturous bliss as it was returned to them. Their auras extended well into the mall, and the bathroom sex alone that they inspired was enough to make the orgasms almost *perpetual* in nature. They moaned mentally, their 'voices' mingling between one another, and it was quite the experience for the pair. They had been doing the job for just a month now, and neither could imagine ever going back.

Which was not to say they were stuck like this. Under the new contract, they would be turned back by Jezebel at the end of each shift, though sometimes they asked if they could stay with Stuart as the man and Eve the woman rather than going back to Sarah and Adam. If they didn't have any visitors or commitments, then the two enjoyed experimenting, experiencing sex and passion and even fashion intended for the other sex, inhabiting the other gender in a way that brought them closer to their partner.

It was a magnificent existence, and the two no longer felt a need to go to couples therapy. Adam adored spending time with Sarah, and she had given up some of her stubbornness now that she had seen the benefits of having an open mind. The married pair got the sense they would be moonlighting as mannequins for some years to come, so long as their friend Jezebel was okay with it.

Perhaps one day they'd even invite Jezebel back to their bedroom for a little experimental fun.

The place was called *Sinful Wears*, after all.

The clothing rubbed off on you, whether you were a mannequin or not.

The End