

## Yet Another Trip

**For Kayllik**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

The plan had been to dump his ass. The moment they got back to civilization Jennifer had intended to kick Damien to the curb faster than he could think, especially after that last prank with the bear. He had humiliated her, changed her against her will and used her for his own sick games. So when they finally drove back to their apartment in her beloved city Jennifer had decided it was time for her to take control again only for it all to backfire.

He had left without argument and she had assumed that was that. But after several weeks of unsuccessful dates and even less successful sex Jennifer had done something she had sworn never to do. Go crawling back to her ex. Ever since discovering the pleasure of being transformed and denied orgasm, regular sex just didn't cut it. To her absolute shame, she had to imagine being a pair of jeans or a bag just to get off at all, even with herself. Thankfully, Damien had welcomed her back with open arms and their relationship began anew, but this time, all the power was securely in his corner. She had hoped to be transformed right away but he refused.

"You really hurt my feelings, dumping me like that Jen." He'd sighed, "I have to punish you, it's only fair."

Now they were almost a full month into their new relationship and he hadn't used magic once, no matter what she tried. She had been a good girl, riding and sucking him off whenever he wished, even trying to bribe him with a blowjob if he changed her just a little but no dice. Several times she had simply begged, pleading and pathetic at his feet as he fingered her; the simple touch never enough to fully satisfy. She wished desperately she knew how to trick him but eventually she gave up; she had no choice but to wait until Damien decided she had been punished enough.

At least there was one silver lining; she was back in the city. No more mud or smelly horses. Then Damien suggested they go on another hiking trip and to her surprise, the idea filled her with glee; surely this was it, he would transform her into his jeans again or perhaps his hiking boots! If she was really lucky, a saddle. She could put up with the stinky horse if it meant getting ridden and squeezed between those strong legs again. She agreed enthusiastically only to come home three days later, sweaty and disappointed. She could see the glint of mirth in Damien's eyes, he knew what she had been expecting and enjoyed denying her; it made Jennifer want to scream.

In one last ditch attempt, Jennifer tried to act like her old self, turning down Damien's ideas and deliberately trying to piss him off. Not enough to break up with her, but just enough that he might decide she needed to be transformed into something silent. She even went so far as to say she didn't want to be transformed anymore; that she had gotten over that silly kink and wanted things to go back to the way they had been before their first trip. Damien just chuckled and nodded; he saw right through her lie and Jennifer felt such despair. She began to believe she would never know true pleasure again. That Damien intended to pull her along like a donkey with a carrot and a stick.

All of this came to a head when they decided to go on another weekend trip; this time to a day spa. The sort of trip Jennifer loved and Damien hated but she had talked him into it. She had been a good girl and done everything he asked, even gone camping a second time; she deserved a little pampering. Jennifer hummed to herself as she packed, gently folding her silken robe and placing it into her designer suitcase. She loved that robe, it had been prohibitively expensive but it had been so worth it. It was so soft and silky against her skin and once she had a full body seaweed wrap and an hour in the sauna she was sure it would feel like Heaven. Perhaps she could finally feel satisfied in her own skin.

"How's the packing going, babe?" Damien asked, leaning against the doorframe, "Want any help?"

"No, I am almost finished." She smiled, placing the robe down atop her many outfits.

Damien walked over and his brow furrowed looking at the full case.

"Is this all your stuff? We are only going for a weekend, why do you need six pairs of shoes?"

"To match my six outfits, duh." She shrugged, "Spas are all about relaxation and appearances, and I want to look fabulous. I need options."

"Where am I supposed to put my clothes?"

For a moment she just blinked, she hadn't even considered that.

"You only need two outfits, I am sure we can fold and stuff them in at the sides." She replied after some thought, "It's more for women anyway, nobody is going to care what a guy is wearing. So long as you're not dressed like a slob."

“Let’s just use my suitcase, it’s bigger.” He insisted, reaching beneath the bed and dragging out the ratty old case with the broken front zip.

Jennifer recoiled, there was no way she would be caught dead using that nasty thing. She shook her head vigorously.

“This is a high class place, Damien.” She explained, “If we walk in with this,”

She laid a hand across her louis vuitton..

“They’ll know we are people of class. If we walk in with that they’ll...God I don’t even know.”

Damien took a deep breath and let it out with a shrug.

“You’d been so nice lately I forgot just how much of a snob you are.” He sighed, “Oh well, I guess we just need a bigger louis whatever bag.”

Jennifer squealed at the idea, a brand new designer suitcase! That would be incredible, she was so excited in fact she didn’t take in the amused glint in Damien’s eyes until it was too late.

He placed a finger on the corner of her lips as if to shush her and then swiftly swiped across them.

“Mmmnhf!”

Her lips! They were sealed shut! No wait, not sealed, zipped! Her fingers raced to where her lips would be and found only cool metal in their place. For a second, she was horrified, then Damien’s words sunk in and she felt her pupils blow wide and body quiver. Yes, *finally*. Her muffled cry turned to a moan as a familiar sense of change began to emanate out from the zip to fill her entire body. Her skin began to feel stiff, her vision blurring as her body turned loose and flopping, changing and wrapping to Damien’s will.

Her feet became hard plastic, her skin soft yet sturdy leather and her nails and hair flowed into shiny gold metal that glinted in the morning light. She felt dizzy and blind for a few moments until her senses fully returned to her. She was lying on the bed, unable to

move or speak with Damien looking down at her with a victorious grin. She swirled her vision to the side, catching a glimpse of her reflection in her makeup table mirror. She was the classic Louis Vitton brown patterned with gold and matching metallic zips; she looked fabulous and her lust began almost immediately, knowing she was fully at Damien's mercy.

The first thing he did was unzip her, the sensation not unlike being undressed by a lover but far more intimate; after all he was literally opening her up. His fingers stroked her inner lining and she moaned internally, it was as if her entire inside was her pussy walls; sensitive to the slightest touch.

“Hmmm, you really are good quality, perhaps I should have made you a bit bigger though, might be a bit of a squeeze.”

He continued to inspect, opening up all her little pockets and running his fingers inside to search for extra space. She was in Heaven, those fingers constantly teasing and each time she thought she couldn't get more exposed he found some little hidden pocket or crevice to investigate. He even pulled out her handle to inspect only to roughly shove it back in. The force of the blow sent ecstasy flowing through her bag form, now that she was aware of the stiff, metal rod inside her she could not ignore it. It was like being impaled on the hardest, most wonderful cock at all times. Even though she was empty, it gave the illusion she was already full so when Damien approached with a bundle of clothes she was ready to wail.

Steadily he filled her with all manner of things; clothes, books, shoes, games; all of them pressing against her inner walls and stretching her leather just enough to create a slight, pleasurable burn. Damien's scent began to permeate her thin, soft lining. That indescribable musk that was so male and enticing. Normally only detectable when her nose was at the nape of his neck or they hadn't changed the sheets for a while. It made her feel as though he was filling her up and doubled the pleasure she was feeling. Jennifer was sure she would be wetter than she had ever been in her life if she were in her normal woman form. God, she might even be cumming already. She could not wait to get to the spa so he could turn her back and she could cum properly for the first time in months. Maybe while they were there, he could transform her into a towel to wear in the sauna, oh that would be so wonderful. She suggested it, as soon as his fingers made contact with her zipper and she knew he could hear him; but Damien just laughed.

“No, I don't think so Jen.”

He zipped her up quickly, laying a palm down on her top to squash her closed enough to finish the job. She was so full, stretched right to her limit. The overstimulation, it was too

much! How was she going to survive all this ecstasy? A few hours without release would be torture.

“Oh it’ll be more than a few hours.” Damien said wryly, clearly she had thought those things a bit louder than intended.

*‘What do you mean?’* She whimpered, so fully and stretched she could barely think straight.

“Well, when I turn you back there, where will all my things go?” He asked, “No I think you’ll have to stay a bag for the full weekend, it’s only practical. Besides, I have organised some other company.”

*‘O-other company?’*

“Yes, you didn’t think you were the only one of us to date other people when we broke up, did you?”

If she had a heart, Jennifer’s would be pounding in her chest.

“Sandra is so lovely, and very into voyeurism. Perhaps you will be as well after this weekend, when you’ve watched me fuck her into the bed half a dozen times.”

Oh. Oh.

Damien withdrew her handle and rolled her off the bed toward the door. A whole weekend as a bag, watching Damien fuck another woman who knew she was hidden somewhere in the room. Jennifer didn’t want to admit it, but the idea made her hot.

“If you’re a good girl, maybe I will change you back on the last day and you can join us.” He teased.

Jennifer was sure her bag form quivered at the thought; yes, she very much wanted that.

*‘Please let me join you,’* She cooed, *‘I’ll be a good girl, I promise Damien.’*

“Master.”

*'I promise master.'*

Damien smirked and wheeled her toward the door.

"I know you will be, you don't have much of a choice, do you?"