

Taste of Her – Prequel

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

'What has happened? Where am I? I can't move! Help!'

The voice echoed into Claire's mind slowly, gently rousing her from her slumber.

'It's so dark but warm...what's that smell? hang on, I can taste it too...'

Claire smiled to herself, listening to poor Max's confusion, she squeezed her legs together, delighting in the cry of surprise he gave in response. She could feel his confused arousal, already her magic was seeping into his mind, helping to condition him better in order to adjust to his new reality as her panties. Deep beneath the blankets, he had no way of knowing she was awake and that extra layer of power excited her. She rolled, feeling the thin, silky fabric across her ass squash into the mattress and listening to the shocked yelp Max made as she did so. He was helpless against her, unable to even move without her body.

'Why can't I move? What's happened to my body!'

He was realising now, and Claire bit down on her lip, fighting back arousal. It was so erotic, knowing she had a man literally wrapped around her, totally at her mercy. Soon, she would control his mind as well as his physical form; he'd be her good pair of panties, begging to be worn. She had been fantasising about doing this for years, ever since her magical ability manifested as a teen. Ever since her sexual awakening when she was younger, she had pretended her underwear could feel her, that secretly it was a man she was wearing. Men, they always wanted women to be submissive; they thought women were just slaves to their emotions and looked down on them. When really, it was males who were weak; they were slaves to their baser instincts and with her magic she would force them to become little more than primal urges. When she had finally learned the spell to do it the temptation had been too much, she knew she had to make her fantasy a reality.

She'd taken Max home from the club and let him fuck her. She'd pretended to be a helplessly horny submissive, letting him dominate her, begging when he ordered and whimpering at his touch. It had all been an act of course; it had been the knowledge that soon, he would be the one begging that had actually made her cum, not his cock pounding into her. She had waited for him to fall asleep afterwards, not that it had taken long. In her experience once men got off, they were asleep before you could so much as clean yourself up.

She had sat there next to him, naked and watching for a long while. Eyes alight with mischief and anticipation. Poor Max had no idea that these were his last few moments as a man, that soon he

would be nothing but an object used to bring her pleasure. When she had finally passed her hands over and watched as his body dissolved first into light and then into the shape of silken blue panties, she had been unable to resist cumming again. A single finger pumping inside her hole while the other cast the spell. The power was so intoxicating, she felt drunk on it as she gently picked him up. Though the mental link she could sense him dreaming, completely unaware that he was *hers* now.

Claire had savoured the moment, sliding him on slowly, making sure to take in all details of how it felt pulling him up her legs to cup her damp pussy. She was so wet from cumming and watching him change she could feel him sticking to her almost immediately. She had fallen into a blissful sleep in the knowledge that he was snug up against her and now they were both awake to their new reality.

Claire schooled her features and then began to stretch, pretending she was only just waking up. It was tempting, very tempting, to tease him but she knew better. She wanted ultimate power over this man, she wanted him absolutely addicted to her attention and touch and that meant doing things right. She threw back the covers and Max's cried out as he was blinded by the sudden light. She sat up in bed, making sure to grind her ass down into the mattress and drink in the confused little moans he gave in response.

'She has to notice I am missing now! Maybe she'll figure it out!'

Clair sighed, finishing her stretching, and getting up with a spring in her step.

"What a lovely day." She sighed before adding, "wow, I must have been really drunk last night, I don't even remember coming home!"

She could feel his despair and it fuelled her as she walked over to her bathroom.

'No! She can't have forgotten me! This can't be happening, how did I turn into...into panties!?''

Claire could feel him, slightly sunken between her folds, practically glued to her pussy by her juices. With each step she took he would tug at her hair and skin, making her even wetter. Max was enjoying the sensations too as her legs rubbed him against himself as well as her soft skin.

'She tastes so...good...this has to be a dream, so maybe I can enjoy it just a little...'

Claire bit her lip, it was already working. He was beginning to get addicted to her taste. Now that he'd had a little sample it was time to start fully breaking him down until he was her perfectly obedient little panties.

When she reached the bathroom she stretched once more, letting him sink just that little bit deeper into her cleft before sliding her fingers under the waistband and slowly peeling him away from her pussy. He was whimpering, already filled with want for her. What a good boy; not that she would ever tell him that. She wanted praise to be rare, for him to chase it desperately.

'No! Claire, it's me! It's Max! Please hear me!'

She gave no indication that she could as he fell around her ankles. Proceeding to kick him across the floor as if he were nothing before stepping into the shower. He'd have a perfect view of her naked body from his position on the floor, he was sure to be watching her wash. It was so tempting to masturbate again, pretending she had no idea he was there but she wanted to save that for later. Instead, she washed quickly, picking up Max roughly, as if without thought as she dried herself and making her way back to the bedroom.

She made a show of opening her drawers, filled with plenty of choice but from his position in her curled palm, Max didn't know that.

"Oh dear, I forgot to do laundry again." She sighed, "I guess I'll just have to wear these to work today as well."

'Oh thank God, I won't be alone.'

Poor naive Max, he was going to spend plenty of time alone in coming days, he really had no idea what she had in store for him.

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Normally, her fifteen minute walk to work was a bore; she'd listen to a podcast or idly scroll through social media on her phone hoping to pass the time as quickly as possible. But today she wanted to slow down time as much as she could. Just walking, knowing that Max was not only feeling every movement but tasting her at the same time was thrilling. His thoughts were alternating between panic:

'What if she never finds out this happened? I can't stay like this forever!'

'I feel so bad, I am being such a perv and she doesn't realise. I can see her pussy so close...'

To horny;

'She tastes so good.'

'God I can feel her ass cheeks rubbing together mhhmmmm...Are women always this wet?'

No, was the answer to his question but of course she wasn't going to say that aloud. Her fantasy was finally coming true and while she could control things like her breathing and expression, she couldn't stop her body from reacting to her desire. She had a man right between her legs and the people she was passing on the street had no idea. It was so naughty; there was the thrill that came from public sex, the idea that any moment you could be discovered and that turned her on but here, nobody would ever call her out. She got all the thrills with none of the risk of another indecent exposure charge from the police. Even now he was soaking up her juices, drinking them in like the little whore that he was. Fuck, there was no way she'd be able to concentrate on work today.

When Claire finally reached her desk, she sat down with much more force than normal. Grinding her ass into the chair and listening to him whimper and moan as his fabric was stimulated. He could not move, he had no way of expelling all the torturous pleasure she was giving him, all he could do was lay down and take it. As the day went on, she enjoyed furthering his torture. He still had no idea that she could hear him. She had a direct line to all his inner most thoughts and feelings, without realising it, Max was spilling all his secrets to her while slowly becoming more and more submissive.

'Her hair is so prickly, I wish she'd shave.'

Rude. She'd teach him some manners. Making sure he was heavily pinned beneath her weight Claire leaned forward, causing Max to stretch and his front to pull against her so tightly some of her hair poked through his lacy edges. She shifted subtly, to anybody around her she probably just looked like she was fidgeting while she typed; little did they know she was sexually punishing Max.

'Oh Gods, I am so stretched...her hair is so sharp...fuck it feels good though, ahhh...'

It was so hard to keep a straight face; only her pure force of will kept her face from turning red with lust. Still, nobody but her was aware of what was happening right against her pussy now. Fuck it was such a turn on. She could not wait to tease him further. The whole day passed like that, with Max hidden between her legs; tasting her wetness and feeling the heat from her pussy. By the time she walked home he was a mewling mess from all the stimulation; the perfect time for a different kind of torture. With a heavy, tired sigh she began to undress, peeling him away from her and listening to

his despair at being out in the cold. She could see her pussy juices staining him all the way through, already turning cold and hard once exposed to the air.

'It's so cold without her...'

Claire feigned a cough to hide her grin, he had no idea. Slipping her new boy toy off she moved to open the hamper, Max dangling between her fingers, the tiny patch of skin contact enough to maintain their connection.

'Oh no, no don't put me in there! Claire! Claire it's me! It's Max, please hear me!'

Enticing as it was to keep listening to his increasingly desperate pleas Claire dropping him; slamming down the wicker lid without a second glance only for her face to split into a grin the moment she knew he could no longer see her. Gods only knew what he was thinking now, discarded with her other clothing. She would leave him there a few days before doing the laundry, and even then, she would make sure to touch him as little as possible. He would be so desperate for her by the time she wore him again she might just cum listening to his gratitude. Fuck, she was so horny, she had to get off.

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Claire could only imagine how slowly time was passing for Max. Every day when she walked past the washing basket in her bathroom, she got wet, imagining him in there all alone, missing her. No longer a man but an object, a play thing for who to do with what she will. It was hard not to look at him whenever she opened it to drop in more clothes. Once she deliberately dropped her ring inside just to give her an excuse to rummage through the clothing 'looking' for it. Ever so briefly her hand brushed across a familiar silky fabric, now crusted and hard from her dried juices.

'Claire! Oh Gods, no don't go, touch me again please! Plea-'

Already so desperate. She owned him body and soul now, there was no doubt about it. When laundry day finally came, she couldn't wait to take him out of the dryer, singing a happy little tune to herself she picked him up, making sure not to react when his voice and emotions flooded into her.

'It feels so good to be touched again, that washing machine was awful.'

She began to gently fold him, ignoring the part of her brain that wanted to strip off and wear him right now. He placed him delicately in her underwear draw, smoothing him under her palm and drinking in his moans and whimpers as she stroked his underlining. Then, without warning she slammed the door of the drawer shut and plunged a finger between her folds to release the pent of energy that had been building.

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Today was the day.

Claire awoke excited, already slightly damp. Today was the day she finally made her fantasy come true in full. Keeping up the pretence that she had no idea he was there, she picked him up. She pretended to think for a while, picking up other pairs of panties and comparing them as if she couldn't decide. Max cried out in despair every time, thinking he was destined for yet another day in the dark drawer without her scent to keep him company. He was practically singing for joy when she finally selected him, groaning as she stretched his waist band a few times before sensually lifting him up her legs. She'd missed him, though not nearly as much as he had missed her. As he rose toward her waiting pussy he was crying out in elation.

'Yes! Yes! YES!'

Even she couldn't keep a tiny, breathy moan from escaping as he came to rest snugly against her mound. Sinking into her folds as she pulled him tight over her hipbones. He was right where he belonged at last and both of them were happier for it.

'Gods I had almost forgotten how good she tastes.'

Claire bit down on her thumb.

'I'm so turned on; God I wish I could cum.'

A soft groan escaped her mouth.

'The sounds she makes, they're so beautiful. Oh, she's getting wetter, yes! More!'

The plan had been to wear him all day, really build up her horniness until she could get home and cum hard but she could not resist any longer. She slid down onto the bed, crushing him beneath her ass as placing a finger atop her mound. Claire swiped the single digit along her pussy through the

panties, treasuring the sulky texture on both her finger pad and pussy. A spurt of wetness accompanied the touch and she quivered.

'Oh god, oh God she's masturbating, while wearing me.'

Claire moaned.

"Fuck these panties are so soft. They feel so good."

'Yes! Yes, I feel good! Never take me off.'

She pushed him deeper into her folds, soaking his fabric so that it could glide along her folds with ease. Her clit burned and she pressed a thumb into it, rubbing in light circles just the way she liked it. With a pleasure filled sigh she collapsed back against the bed, doing her best to hold out as long as possible.

Max was moaning between her legs, making her pussy quiver. This is all she had ever dreamed of, dominating a man so completely that he literally became her object. She was pleasuring herself with his entire form!

"Oh, oh yes, ah!"

She couldn't keep the sounds in as she spread her legs further, pressing max deeper into her hole, letting his silky lining touch her innermost walls. Soon she was pumping her finger in and out of her pussy as deep as Max's tight waistband would allow. Just that fraction of his material inside her felt better than his cock ever had.

Max was drinking in her juices, a moaning, desperate mess, unable to cum no matter how much she stroked or pleased him. He would never know satisfaction like she would; already Claire could feel orgasm building and she started to breathe heavily. She pressed down hard on her clit and hole, pushing the panties as deep into her as she could, so flush they almost became a second skin.

"Oh yeeeeees!"

'Yes!'

She came, juices squirted from her tight hole as she clenched, soaking not only Max but her finger as well. The intensity left her gasping and trembling on the bed as she continued to stroke herself

through it. Regular sex was ruined forever, nothing could compare to pleasuring herself with her new panties. Max was silent, but she could feel his desire and lust for her; he was too blissed out to speak. His mind was mush, malleable and ready for moulding however she saw fit. On shaking legs she stood, walking to the mirror to look at herself. Still naked save for Max, she'd never even finished dressing. The panties looked so good on her, especially stained an even darker shade of blue with all her slickness. She ran a finger over the waistband teasingly.

"That felt good." She mused, seemingly to herself, "I think I'll do it again. Soon."

'Oh yes please, do it now, please I want to feel you cum against me again!'

Claire chuckled, eyes alight with mischief.

"Only if you're a good pair of panties, Max."

There was silence for a beat, then a flood of emotions; shock, hope, humiliation, lust.

'You can hear me?'

"Oh yes, but only when I feel like it, often I don't bother." She grinned, "But I wanted to make sure you knew your place."

'M-my place?'

"You have a new purpose now, tell me darling," She stroked along his underside, "What are you?"

'...panties.'

"That's right. And your purpose?"

'T-to...ah that feels so...I can't think straight...'

"I'm waiting Max." Clare smiled, stroking him harder.

'To bring you pleasure.'

"To bring me pleasure, mistress."

'Yes, to pleasure you mistress. Oh gods, please don't stop.'

She did and he practically wailed.

"You're filthy, I can't go wearing you all day like this." She shrugged, heading toward the bathroom, "And don't expect me to talk to you anymore, you are beneath my acknowledgement, understand?"

'Yes mistress.'

A thrill went through her at the power, fortunately from his position there was no way he could see her grinning as they approached the bathroom. With gleeful eagerness she lowered him, enjoying the tug from her wet hair as he peeled away. Already he was begging her to keep wearing him, just for one minute longer but she ignored his pleas, tossing him onto the cold tile floor in full view of the shower.

"That orgasm wasn't quite enough for me." She mused, half to him and half to herself, "Those panties better step up their game in the future. Oh well, I guess I can touch myself instead..."

She could only imagine his disappointment as she turned on the shower, tilting back her head and moaning as the hot water hit her chest, flowing over her breasts and down to her crotch where it began to wash away some of the filth. She hummed to herself, stretching and letting her muscles unknot under the warm spray; making sure to angle herself as appealingly as possible and show off her breasts and ass. With a careless flick of her wrist, the soap was on the floor and she bent down, giving him a full view of her beautiful peach shaped ass.

He would be missing that ass, the way its cheeks hugged him close when he rode up her cleft. Watching it now unable to do anything must be awful. She straightened, throwing back her wet hair and feeling it slap against her bare shoulders. She began to lather, running her hands over each of her curves in turn, slowly and sensually. It felt nice, almost like a massage. She twisted, making sure to wash every part of her body before placing the soap back on its little shelf and moving her hands to her breasts. They were beautiful and perky, with plenty of weight to make them jiggle as she

moved. Someday, she would have to transform a man into a bra for her to wear; she could put both him and Max on together. Maybe she would even wear Max on the date, tell him what she was planning so he could watch her fuck another man and then reduce him to nothing just like she had him. Oh, just thinking about it was making her horny all over again; she tweaked her nipple, imagining doing the same motion with a man hugging her other tit and rubbing against it as her nipples turned hard. Max would be between her legs, drinking in his juices; each of them jealous of the access the other hand. She could literally have two men fighting over who got to adorn what part of her body while she pleased herself.

“That would be so hot.”

She spread her legs as far as her small shower would allow and locked eyes with the panties, still laying discarded on the ground where she left them. She didn't need the mental connection to know he was watching as her finger flipped between her folds. She began to rub her nipples in time with her strokes, groaning as her pussy clenched around her finger. It didn't feel as good as wearing Max, but there was no way she would ever let him know that. She broke her rule just one last time, staring down at those panties with a teasing smile.

“I-I'm about to cum.” She panted, “I bet you're so jealous. I bet you wish you could taste me right no-aaaah!”

The orgasm took her by surprise, building faster than anticipated as she thought about those panties and what he must be feeling trapped inside them. The loss of control was slightly embarrassing, but it was fine, there was no way he would realise that she came faster than intended. She was still in control.

She would always be in control.

She stepped out of the shower and took her time towelling herself dry before walking back over to her new panties. She stood over him, legs slightly spread so that he would have a full view of her pretty, clean pussy. Claire took her time reaching down, his desperation and horniness hitting her like a wave the moment her fingers brushed him.

‘Please don't throw me away! I'm so horny for you!’

She didn't react, as if she couldn't hear a word and Max's begging continued.

‘No! Claire-Mistress, please hear me! Don't put me in the hamper, anything but the hamper!’

She walked with purpose, slowly and with meaning, each step taking them closer to the thing he feared most. She opened the lid, dangling him from her finger tips for a moment. She could feel his hope as she hesitated, that perhaps she could hear him this time. But then she smirked and dropped him. She heard him hit the empty basket floor with a wet thud. It would be days, maybe even a full week before that hamper was empty and all he would have to look forward to was tomorrow, when she put in those dirty clothes. After that he would be trapped beneath them, unable to even catch a glimpse of her until laundry day.

Already Claire had plans for expanding her collection but until then, she was going to milk Max for all he was worth.