

## ***Teacher's Pet Panties***

Colin Clockwork shuffled awkwardly in his seat, struggling to ignore the tension in his pants. At the front of the classroom, his teacher, Miss House, stood before the chalkboard, using her wand to tap the syllables of the spell they were practicing today.

"MUL-TI-FORS," said the teacher, tapping the syllables as she spoke. "Multifors. You should all recall the name, because it was the central focus of this lesson's assigned reading. Can anyone tell me what it means?" She turned her wand on the class with a frown.

"Oooh! Oooh! Me, miss! Me, miss!" Hand raised, Camille Candlelight bounced in her seat.

"Camille." Miss House pointed her wand at the girl.

"Multifors means 'many shapes', miss. And it's the most popular general purpose self-transformation spell." She grinned smugly.

Miss House rolled her eyes. "Yes, yes, very good, Camille, though a little beyond the boundaries of my question. Since you're so familiar with the spell, perhaps you'd like to come up here and give us a demonstration."

Camille stopped smiling. "Y-yes, miss," she said, rising slowly. The floorboards creaked as she shuffled to the front of the room.

Taking a stand in front of the chalkboard, Camille turned back to face the rest of the class, closed her eyes, and started to chant under her breath. "Multifors, multifors, multifors..."

Colin crossed his legs and leaned forward as his classmate continued to chant, a cloak of magic sparkles swirling around her form, growing brighter and brighter with every second that passed, until at last—

"Multifors!"

With a crack of thunder, Camille exploded into a cloud of pink smoke. When it cleared, she was gone, replaced by a simple apple.

"Interesting choice," said Miss House. "I can't say it's not appropriate though."

As Colin watched, eyes wide, his teacher bent over, stretching her skirt tight with the fat cheeks of her ass. Colin bit his lip to keep himself from moaning and crossed his legs so hard it started to hurt. A bead of sweat formed on his brow and dripped down his face to land with a little splat on his desk. He gulped. He was *certain* he could make out her panties.

Miss House stood. For a second, she held Camille to her face as if about to take a bite. "Moving on," she said, plopping the apple on her desk. "Multifors is a very flexible spell, but there are a number of inherent limitations it has that prevent it from being used in certain situations. So when we need to get past these limitations, we use..."

Richard Rivers raised a hand cautiously. “Multifors Maxima?”

“That’s correct, Richard. Excellent work.”

Richard sighed in relief when she asked for nothing more.

“Multifors Maxima is the more powerful variant of the self-transformation charm and has a number of features that the normal spell lacks. For one, it allows the user to automatically replace the object they intend to imitate. It also includes a weak perception filter targeting those who perceive the transformed target, discouraging them from noticing anything out of the ordinary. However, it is much harder to cast, and its potency can induce a number of side effects if performed by an unskilled wizard.” She tapped her chin with her wand. “Now, I hope you’ve all been practicing it at home because I want one of you to come up here and demonstrate it.”

The class had been listening quietly already, but a hush nonetheless managed to pass over them. Students looked to one another in concern or else avoided eye contact entirely. No one wanted to go up in front of the whole class and risk embarrassing themselves or worse by casting Multifors Maxima.

No one except Colin, who raised his hand sheepishly. *This is my chance!*

“Colin,” said Miss House, pointing her wand at his forehead. “It’s good to see you volunteering for once. Why don’t you come up here and show us your spellcasting?”

As the rest of the class threw him glances of confusion, Colin swallowed, pushed his chair away from his desk with the screech of chair legs scraping wood, and stood. His heart pounded as he made his way to the front of the classroom.

Coming to a stop in the same spot as Camille, he positioned his hands over his crotch, turned to face the rest of the class, and started to chant.

“Multifors Maxima, Multifors Maxima, Multifors...” Little pink lights danced around his form.

As his lips worked the words, his mind locked on to the image that had made him come up here. It was the sight of Miss House's ass, and the idea of the panties he was certain she wore beneath her skirt. He’d never been so jealous of anything in his life, let alone a piece of fabric.

“Multifors Maxima, Multifors Maxima, Multifors—”

*Goddess*, he was so hard right now.

“--Maxima!”

Thunder clapped in Colin's ears, and a big cloud of pink smoke filled his vision. Instinctively, he raised his hands and opened his mouth in shock, but before he could utter a single word, his legs trembled and gave way beneath him. He tumbled.

Colin fell, and as he fell, his clothes came away like leaves in the Autumn, and his body crumpled like a deflating balloon.

Well, most of him did anyway. The main exception was his cock, which stretched and looped beneath him to meet up with the band his arms had formed in front. The feeling would have made him scream, had his mouth not turned to fabric.

Down and down he fell, and as he did, his body continued to crumple, flesh turning soft and loose and dark and skimpy as he turned into the naughtiest pair of panties his mind could conjure up.

Finally, the pink smoke cleared, and the floor rose up to meet him. He tried to raise his hands and shield himself, but of course, that was impossible. All he could do was fall, right onto his face.

He landed with barely a sound.

For several long seconds, Colin simply lay there, unable to move. Just as he was about to start panicking, something amorphous seized him, wrenched him back up into the air, and forced his flimsy form through what felt like the eye of a needle. Body squeezed as thin as a thread, he tried to scream again and once more was unable.

A second later, he exited the tunnel with a silent, mental cry and instantly found his face slammed into some kind of soft wall.

As Colin tried to pull free, he realized that whatever he'd slammed into was inside him. He could feel his arms wrapped around it, as if giving it a hug. *Goddess*, he could feel his cock threaded through its folds too, like a sausage in a hotdog. The feeling made him want to whimper.

Something sharp pinched his arm and tugged him upward and forward, pulling his face against the squishy wall he found himself planted against. As the flimsy fabric that had once been his flesh slipped deeper into the crack running down the middle of the wall, Colin realized slowly where he was.

*I-I-It worked...*

His teacher's asscheeks wobbled in his embrace.

"Hmmm," said Miss House, and the sound of her voice rolled down through her, carried to Colin as a ripple in her buttocks. He shivered. He knew what was coming next. This was the part where she ripped him off, called him a pervert, and turned him into something awful as punishment. He knew it was coming, but, well, *worth it*.

“I’m sorry class, I must have drifted off for a second there. We need someone to come up and demonstrate Multifors Maxima. Would anyone like to volunteer?”

If Colin had still had eyes, he would have blinked in confusion. What was she talking about? He’d just demonstrated the spell.

For a moment, no one spoke, and Miss House's voice sounded through her ass again. “Virgil, how would you like to demonstrate it for us?”

Colin heard the sound of footsteps, followed by Virgil Vigil chanting ‘Multifors Maxima’. A few seconds later, there was a thunderous crack, accompanied by a clapping sound that rippled through Colin’s body.

“Excellent job, Virgil. You cast it perfectly. Mmm~, you make a scrumptious looking pie.”

Colin didn’t have a heart at this point, of course, but if he had it would have been pounding hard. What the hell was going on? He’d thought she’d turn him back as soon as she realized what he was. So why was she acting like he didn’t exist?

If he’d still had a brow, it would have been dripping with sweat. As it was, he had to settle for sucking up some of Miss House's.

*...What’s going to happen to me?*

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Having concluded the practical part of the lesson, Miss House commanded her students to open their school spellbooks and work through the practical spell instructions provided.

As she finished saying this, Colin felt his new world shifting. The pillars of fat inside him moved, tugging on the strands of his former limbs and making the globes of flesh he was carrying bounce up and down within the constraints of his form. It felt a lot like having someone sit on his face, stand, then sit again and again and so on in sequence.

This turned out to be foreshadowing.

After a few seconds of this torment, Miss House came to a stop. Colin cried out for relief, begging in his head for mercy, relief, anything.

Just as suddenly as they’d stopped, Miss House's thighs shifted upward, and Colin felt a terrible sense of vertigo as he and the ass he was strapped to dropped.

*Nonononono—!*

An empty pair of panties will strike the ground like a feather, which is to say, with less impact than this simile. But a *full* pair of panties...

*Smack!*

Colin felt like hammer and anvil both. As he crashed into Miss House's chair, the weight above him and the cushion beneath him crushed him, squeezing his flimsy fabric body even flatter than it already was.

It should have hurt—it should have been agony. What it actually felt like was the world's tightest, least merciful handjob. Pleasure struck Colin's form and rolled through him like an earthquake, making him want to open his missing mouth and scream in utter delight.

As Miss House shifted in her chair, driving one cheek after another into him, this awful, painful pleasure only grew more intense, until at last it reduced Colin's mind to something as flat as his form. All he could think about was being wrapped round his teacher's ass and relishing in the endless, torturous ecstasy of it.

Time, like his mind, became contracted. The remainder of the lesson passed in what might have been a minute, and Colin spent the entirety of it in a state of absolute pleasure.

Finally, the ringing of the bell cut through his turgid thoughts, and the boulders crushing his body rose into the sky. As the pressure receded from Colin's form, it receded from his mind too. Mentally, he opened wide and gasped for air, shaking at the aftershocks of pleasure still rolling through his form.

"Okay, everyone, make sure you read Chapter 13 for next lesson. See you on Friday!" As Miss House's voice faded, the sound of zipping bags and stomping feet rolled through Colin's mind.

As the sound died away, Miss House spoke again. "Ah, I almost forgot. Let's get you three restored. Reverso!"

*Three? Oh, thank the Goddess, she does know I exist.*

A crack of thunder sounded, and Colin heard the sound of Camille Candlelight's soft breathing coming from nearby.

"Th-thanks for not eating me, miss," she said. A little slap sounded as she hopped off Miss House's desk.

"Reverso!" said the teacher again, and a second crack of thunder sounded. Virgil didn't make a noise as he reappeared, but Colin soon heard the clap of his feet against the floor as he retreated.

Now it was Colin's turn. He held his mental breath as he waited. Any second now, she'd to take him off and restore him.

"Reverso," said his teacher. Thunder cracked, making her fat cheeks wobble in his grip.

As Colin waited in confusion for his body to turn back, two feet struck the floorboards nearby. Someone, a girl, gasped for air.

“Ah, Persimmony,” said Miss House. “I hope two hours as my sock taught you a lesson about authority.”

“F-fuck you!” said Persimmony. Colin heard the sound of boots slamming hard against wood. “...And fuck your stinking foot too!”

As Persimmony’s footsteps receded fast, the dim spark of hope that had kindled in Colin’s mind wavered. *S-she must know I’m here, right? She-she—she must know. She just didn’t want to turn me back in front of the others. She’ll take me off and turn me back any second now...*

With every second that passed without his teacher speaking, Colin’s missing heart beat faster and faster. *What’s she waiting for? Come on, please! I’m sorry—this was a stupid idea. But you can’t just leave me like this!*

Miss House said nothing. All she did was hum, softly and to herself, in the manner one might when they are utterly alone.

If Colin had still had a mouth, he would have whimpered.

Miss House’s thighs moved inside him again, lashing his mind with pleasure as she strained against his straps. He cried out in silent ecstasy and pain as she strolled up the length of the classroom, bending to pick up the things her class had dropped and slamming the bloated cheeks of her ass into his poor face in the process. Crushed by her rear, he wanted to scream.

Soon enough, Miss House retreated to her desk, and as the sound of students’ feet against the floorboards sounded afresh, Colin realized he was in for the long haul.

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The rest of the morning passed in torment and ecstasy. Wrapped tight around his teacher’s ass, unable to move or speak or do anything other than be worn, Colin passed from one painful delight to another as Miss House stretched him, sat on him, pinched him, pulled him. Her callipygian rear showed him not the slightest hint of mercy. As far as she was concerned, he wasn’t a student—he was just a flimsy piece of fabric wrapped tight around her ass.

Finally, however, the bell rang for lunch break, and after seeing her students out, Miss House stood and made her way to the door.

As his teacher strolled through the corridors of the school, Colin squirmed at the feeling of his thighs moving inside him, at her asscheeks rising and falling, crushing him again and again and again.

Soon, the sounds of students chatting and running faded, replaced by the not-too-dissimilar sound of teachers gossiping in the breakroom.

Something pressed into Colin's form. "Hey there, Hufflypuff," said a deep, masculine voice.

"Hello, Forrest~," said Miss House.

As she and the male speaker continued to chat, Colin felt something strange happening. Miss House's body had been warm since she'd started wearing him, but all of a sudden it was practically humid. If Colin were still human, he would have been sweating.

"Say, you should come and teach a class with me sometime," said 'Forrest', who sounded a lot like Evocation teacher Mr Fyre. "I could do with a pretty assistant like you."

"Really?" Miss House laughed a laugh that was practically a giggle.

Instantly, Colin realized he *was* sweating. Only—ech—he could taste it. It was exactly as salty as you'd expect, but with a weird aftertaste of fish too. With every second, it grew a little bit stronger, till Colin started to wish he still had a mouth to gag with. *Urgh, why am I sweating so bad?*

It was almost a full minute before he realized clothes can't sweat. And that there was only one reason 'sweat' would taste fishy.

*Ew! Ew! Ew! Ewww! Oh God, I can feel it soaking into me! Ew!* If he'd still had a mouth, he would have spat and spat and spat.

As Miss House and Mr. Fyre continued their conversation, Colin was left to soak in the awful liquid flooding him. Finally, Miss House sat, and his whole mind simply vanished beneath the waters, drowned by the weight of her ass and the juices of her sex. It was some time before Miss House rose again.

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The more the pair talked, the wetter Miss House got. Soon the two were flirting like a pair of horny teens, while Colin drowned in his teacher's pouring juices, his protests unheard.

Finally, with an encouraging comment from 'Forrest', the pair rose and left the room. Colin could only moan in his mind as Miss House's swinging thighs and bobbing cheeks threatened to tear his sanity apart.

He couldn't tell what kind of room it was the teachers finally stopped in, whether it was a broom closet or the assembly hall—to him, it didn't matter.

What did matter was the sound of the two kissing, followed by the feeling of two hard fingers stabbing into him as they sought the entrance of Miss House's pussy. Colin could only try to scream as they dug into his body, forcing his poor, absorbent fabric into the sodden depths of his teacher's sex. Worst of all, it felt as if it was his cock they were jabbing.

For almost five full minutes, the awful things stabbed into him over and over and over again, driving his poor transformed penis into the depths of House's pussy, while the sound of the two kissing sounded from above. With every minute that passed, the heat grew a little hotter, Colin got a little wetter, and he found himself wishing everything would end a little bit more.

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The rest of the day was a kind of little hell. Colin spent most of it crushed beneath Miss House's ass, with only the time she stood to use the chalkboard as relief. Worse than the weight was the smell and the taste—House's pussy juice had soaked right into him. Like the piece of fabric he'd become, he'd drunk it right up, and now he had to live with the taste until she turned him back or washed him.

Each time Miss House sat, Colin felt as if he'd take a hammer to the skull. The squeezing of his form between her ass and her chair crushed his mind into splinters, and each time she rose again, he was certain he left a piece or two behind. By the time her first afternoon lesson ended, he was struggling to remember how he'd gotten into this mess. By the time the *second* finished, he found it difficult to remember who he was.

By the time the third and final lesson of the afternoon ended, and Miss House stood to clean up her final class's mess, her panties barely remember anything besides the fact that they were a simple pair of panties around a beautiful woman's ass.

"There," said Miss House, dropping the scraps of paper in the wastebasket. "Now for tomorrow's lesson plan..."

Her panties moaned as she walked back to her desk, stretching their fabric taut with every step she took. As she lowered herself in her seat, they squealed in anticipation, before screaming as her fat ass crushed what remained of their mind into oblivion. Lying there, smothered beneath the pillows of her rear, they mingled in the ecstasy that being worn and sat on brought them, barely caring for anything else in the world.

Through the mists of delight, however, came the sound and the ripple of their owner's wonderful voice.

"Hmm, that's odd," said Miss House. Her panties recognized the sound of paper turning and wondered absently what had confused their mistress.

"Colin Clockwork," said Miss House, tapping her nail against the table. "Why does that name sound familiar?"

Her panties twitched in something like recognition. Why *did* that name sound so familiar? For the first time since being put on, they found the strength to turn their mind away from their pleasure and towards their owner's work.

"Colin Clockwork, Colin Clockwork," said Miss House, finger tapping the desk rhythmically. "It rings a bell, but I've definitely never had a student by *that* name in my class. Unless..."



*Unless?* thought her panties. *Unless what?*

“No, no,” said Miss House, “no, that can’t be right. There’s no way a student could cast the spell with *that* level of potency. They’d need to want to be an object so bad that...” She laughed. “It must just be a clerical error.”

Her panties heard the sound of a book closing, and with that, their interest in the situation faded. Curiosity sated, they allowed their mind to sink back into the pleasure of being worn...

...the pleasure that would shape their life until their mistress finally discarded them.