

A Teasing Holiday

For Kayllik
By TheSpiralledEye

After being turned into a bag Jennifer is forced to watch as Damien finds a new person to transform and pleasure.

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Jennifer wished she could groan as Damien laid her down on the floor. He'd filled her up so much that her seams felt like they were about to burst. Being a bag has its upsides, she'd learned that on their little hiking trip but after hours of being full and teasing with no release in sight she felt like she was about to go mad.

'Please, I'm so horny, turn me back and fuck me.' She begged, *'I promise I'll be a good girl and let you change me right back afterwards.'*

"And have my clothes all over the floor?" Damien gasped incredulously, "No way. You're staying right here all weekend."

'A-all weekend?' She squeaked. *'I can't handle that, please! I just need a little release.'*

"Hmmm, like this?"

Damien flicked the metal clasps on her front up. His fingers turned the metal warm in seconds and Jennifer was sure if she could have melted under his touch. He opened her up and it felt just like having her legs spread. She could feel the gentle, perfumed breeze wafting against her inner lining as Damien opened her and it was like feeling the breath of a lover against her pussy lips.

'S-stop.' she begged, *'I can't take anymore teasing...'*

"If you're sure." Damien chuckled before taking out a few articles of clothing and closing her back up, "Probably for the best, I have company coming anyway."

'Sandra...'

"Yes, in a manner of speaking."

Jennifer was about to ask him what on Earth that meant when there came a knock at their hotel door. Already she was seething with jealousy, imagining the hot beauty that would be on the other side of that door. So when Damien swung it open to reveal a sandy haired man who looked like he'd just stepped out of the pages of a surfboard ad she was perplexed to say the least.

“Sanders, great to see you again.” Damien smiled, “Come on in.”

“Thanks for inviting me,” Sanders blushed, “I uh, ever since that night at the club I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.”

It was like a record scratch; Jennifer’s mind was desperately trying to play catch up with what she was seeing. Damien was gay? Bi at least? Since when?

“The first time can be pretty overwhelming, this time you’ll be able to savour it.” Damien smiled, leading Sanders in and gently pushing him down to sit at the foot of the bed.

He was acting as if she wasn’t even here and Sanders didn’t seem to know she was here at all. Without eyes she could hardly avert her gaze even if she wanted to. She had to admit, she was curious to see where this was going. A moment later, Damien’s finger shot forward tapping Sanders on the forehead and in an instant his clothing started to unravel. As if guided by invisible hands, threads and strings flew in all directions, unravelling and knitting itself back together in a new shape. She watched, metaphorically holding her breath, eager to see what the transformation looked like from the outside but to her shock, only Sander’s clothes seemed to be changing.

No, that was wrong; his body was changing but it wasn’t becoming fabric or leather like she had. Instead his body was wrapping, the skin stretching as he gasps and shivered in his whirlwind of strings. Jennifer watched in horror and mild fascination as the nipples on his chest turn large and pink, the skin and muscle beneath them slowly beginning to inflate into two bouncy, round breasts.

“Oh! Oh wow...” Sanders groaned, “Mmmmhh...”

He leaned forwards, cupping the breasts in his hands and pushing his ass out on the bed as it too swelled, lifting him ever so slightly higher off the bed and his legs wiggled together. Damien was turning Sanders into a woman! Right in front of her too, and from what she could tell from the way Sander’s face blushed pink; it felt *good*.

“Open up your legs,” Damien said firmly, “No point in curling up like that, it’s more fun to watch.”

“O-okay...”

Like a whore in a porno he leaned back, bracing himself on the bed and spread his legs wide just as his hips finished stretching. Staring down between his legs as his chest rose and fell with each breath. The movement became jerky and quick as his cock began to shrink. Something that Jennifer would have thought most men would find terrifying but Sanders only moaned in pleasure as the appendage shrivelled and disappeared.

She had to admit, watching his balls recede back up into his body and a pink, womanly flower take their place had her feeling pretty hot as well; then again, she had been in a state of constant arousal for hours at this point.

Sanders’ dirty blond hair spilled over his shoulders as they began to slope and his hands went to his face, feeling only the curve of his jaw as his face began to turn soft and feminine. As his body seemed to settle into its new curvy shape the threads which had been

dancing around him began to flow back together. Instead of a shirt and jeans though, they formed into a pair of lacy, sheer panties; crotchless and lined with frills and a matching sheer bra with holes to allow his diamond hard nipples to poke through.

“Nice to see you again, Sandra.” Damien rumbled, hand going to his fly. Jennifer had been so distracted watching the transformation before her she hadn’t even realised Damien was getting hard.

“Fuck, Damien-”

“That’s the idea.” He chuckled, Sanders, not Sandra, just shuddered.

For the briefest of moments, Damien’s eyes flicked to her with knowing. He knew she was watching; Jennifer wouldn’t be surprised if she could sense the jealousy emanating off her in waves. What had this Sandra done to deserve getting fucked.

She sat there, motionless and forced to watch as Damien climbed onto the bed and angled himself against Sandra’s new hole. She shivered, hips bucking desperately as he slowly slid inside and they began to fuck. Jennifer knew she could direct her vision elsewhere, try to look out the window but even then she would be forced to hear them. Sandra’s wonton moans, the slapping of skin against skin. No, she had to watch. Sandra came twice and quickly too as Damien thrust into her without mercy.

It wasn’t just Sandra she was jealous of either. Now that she knew what it felt like to be an object she found herself envious of the ones closer to them. As a blanket she could feel their bodies crushing into her, absorbing the scents and fluids that would fall onto her surface. As Sandra’s clothes she would have been able to feel them both, being pressed between them until she couldn’t even see the light of day. Even the pillows would have seen more stimulation than her stupid suitcase form.

When they were finished her spirits raised somehow as Damien pulled out and approached her.

‘Let me join,’ she begged as soon as his fingers touched her case, ‘I don’t even mind sharing, just please give me some relief. I’ll do anything.’

“You can’t do anything.” Damien whispered, grabbing a fresh shirt, “Not unless I let you.”

With that he was gone, back to the still recovering Sandra and poking her in the forehead once more. Instead of turning her back into a man though, Jennifer watched with a bitter, envious heart as his skin started to turn soft and pale as his body was transformed into fabric.

His features disappeared into a polka dot pattern until what laid on the bed was no longer human but a pair of spotted boxer shorts.

“You got juices all over my clothes,” Damien scolded her, “Naughty naughty.”

It wasn’t fair! How come she got to be worn around all day? At least as a piece of clothing she could have the smell and touch of Damien’s skin on her. Even better, as boxers she would be able to feel that length inside her. Full as she was right now, that was a satisfaction

unavailable to Jennifer in her bag form. She could only imagine what Sandra was going through right now; having that cock so close but hanging loose in her folds. It wasn't a tight pair of pants, she would be able to feel his cock hanging, swaying slightly as he walked so that it brushed against her inner folds.

With a sigh he fell back on the bed and Jennifer imagined what it must feel like to be crushed beneath that taut ass. She had never been so jealous in her entire life. Surely he would change her back soon, perhaps treat Sandra to a show just like he had for Jennifer; turning her into a woman again and fucking her brains out before transforming her into another piece of clothing to be worn. Oh yes, she really hoped that was the case.

It turned out to be wishful thinking though. As the days passed and Damien enjoyed his spa weekend it was only Sandra who got to know the joys of transformation. Jennifer watched on jealousy as she changed from boxers to a towel and rubbed all over his wet body after a shower. Then after that a blanket, lucky enough to be hugged close to his body and warmed by his skin for an entire night; all while she sat, discarded on the floor.

To add insult to injury, as the days went on Damien slowly emptied her, all his dirty clothing going in a plastic bag across the room. Jennifer was so desperate she even found herself jealous of that. At least that bag was filling up rather than emptying, and the clothing inside it would smell of Damien rather than laundry soap.

The sunlight pierced through the curtains as dawn arrived and Damien began to stir, yawning and stretching out with a content smile on his face like the cat who got the cream.

“What a wonderful.” He sighed, “So cosy, I should sleep naked more often from now on.”

He got up, gathering the blanket in his arms for a few moments before tossing the bundle in the air. Suspended by magic, the threads began to twist and turn in the air, knitting themselves back into the shape of a human, a man.

Sanders fell down onto the mattress with a thud, bouncing slightly on the springs with a huff of laughter. Jennifer couldn't help but notice he was half hard.

“Have a nice weekend?” Damien asked with a wry grin.

“Y-yeah...wow, that was amazing. All of it.”

“And Jen, how about you?”

Jennifer had gotten so used to being ignored it took her a second to realise the words were directed at her. Sanders blinked in surprise and a moment later Jennifer's vision began to swim and go dark for a moment as sensation returned to her. After so many days of deprivation even the cool air felt wonderful as it brushed against her bare skin. A moment later she blinked; she had eyes!

She was kneeling, naked on the floor of the hotel room breathing heavily as a deep blush of embarrassment and arousal spread across her skin.

“What the hell! Has she been here the whole time?” Sanders gaped, his face turning beet red, “She saw...everything?”

“Oh yes and I bet she’s jealous as hell and badly in need of some release. Aren’t you Jen?”

“Oh God yes.” She breathed, getting to her feet shakily; she’d almost forgotten how to use them.

She took a few steps forward and fell into Damien’s arms, wrapping her arms tightly around his neck with a happy sigh. It felt so good to feel skin on skin contact again. She pressed her naked body to his and felt the deep rumble of laughter in his chest as he raised an arm. Just as quickly as before Sanders was turning to fabric, a quiet moan escaping his lips before his mouth was no more and a sexy blue bra was all that remained. Jennifer shivered, she didn't even need to look at it to know it was her size.

“You’ve been a good girl, Jen.” Damien hummed, laying a kiss on her shoulder, “Time for your reward.”