

# The Pink

**For RobeBop**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

The worst part about seasonal work is the lack of choices. Charlotte hated working the carnival each summer, but so did everybody else so there was never much competition and the pay was decent in an effort to draw people in. Still, even as she collected her cheque for the week after a gruelling eight hours running various game booths she was trying to decide if it was worth it. The constant screams from the rides, the snotty children, the constant need to smile and look happy when she was so tired she felt as though she could fall asleep at any moment; it was a nightmare. And sticky.

Charlotte had no idea how or why but somehow, carnivals were always sticky. She suspected the ever present popcorn and cotton candy were the culprits. Mixing with her heat and sweat in the air it created a cloying, sticky miasma that got into every nook and crevice on her body. No matter where she worked, even if it was one of the game galleries far from the snack stands, she would always end up sticky and gross by the end of the day. And though everybody else swore she was crazy, Charlotte was sure her glasses got fogged by it as well. She stuffed the measly paycheque in her pocket and started walking home, reminding herself that the slip of paper ensured she had food and roof over her head for at least another month. As she walked, she grimaced, feeling the bare skin of her thighs stick slightly and rub together as she walked. She could not wait for a shower.

By the time she returned home it was early evening and the sun was bathing the street a warm, welcoming orange. Her crappy little share house was crumbling and old but anywhere looked good in this light. She turned the key in the lock and called out, surprised to find herself alone. When you live with three other women, having the whole house to herself was a rarity. Deciding to take the small victory she stripped off as soon as she was inside, peeling the sweaty clothes off with a sigh of relief and bundling them into the washing basket in the tiny cupboard of a room that passed for their laundry. Enjoying the freedom and taboo of walking through the shared living area totally naked Charlotte grinned, making her way to the bathroom for a much needed wash.

A glint of purple caught her eye as she walked and she paused. Draped across the couch was her roommate Jess' favourite robe. Purple and fluffy, it was the envy of all of them. Jess never let anybody touch her beloved robe; Charlotte could only imagine how wonderful and soft it would feel on her naked skin. She bit her lip; she couldn't very well wear it while she was all filthy like this but maybe, she could sneak a little wear in after a shower? Jess would never have to know and she could throw it in the wash right after so she wouldn't need to feel guilty about her naked skin touching it. It was naughty...but she'd had a long day. If all she was asking for in return was a short wear of a comfortable robe surely that wasn't too bad? Decided, she rushed to the shower to get clean and ensure she had ample time to lounge around in the robe undisturbed before the other women got home.

Just as she was waiting for the hot water to heat up she noticed it; stuck to her ankle. A small ball of pink fluff. At first she thought it was cotton candy but as she reached down to pluck it from her skin she found it felt closer to real cotton than any sweet. It wasn't sticky, having seemingly attached itself to her by static or some other force as it came away easily without any issue. It felt as soft as sheep's wool and Charlotte squeezed it a few times between her fingers; it was even softer and more lovely than Jess' robe! As she pinched it

between her fingers she gave a shocked gasp as it came apart, a small piece staying on each finger only to grow back to the same size.

“Uh oh, what if this is some sort of germ!” She gasped, swiftly sticking her hand under the lukewarm spray and trying to wash it off.

The fluff clung firm. She hopped into the shower proper and began to rub her hands together, frantically attempting to remove the strangely adhesive substance. All she managed was spreading it to her other hand. Tiny flecks flowed into the shower water, landing on her feet, legs and stomach only to stick and grow. It was odd, even in her panic Charlotte could not help but notice how lovely and soft it felt, even soaked through with water it was as bouncy and fluffy as before and the longer it stayed on her skin the less worried she became. Even as she felt it seeping into her skin, mixing with the blood in her veins she didn't worry. It was so soft, it felt so nice on her, why was she concerned again? It felt...good, the pink...whatever it was, she liked it. A lot actually.

She carried on with her shower, rubbing the fluff into her hair and shoulders like soap, soon her whole body was speckled with the pink substance and she moaned, enjoying the gentle touch on her skin. It almost felt like sacrilege to cover it up but she knew that wonderful robe was waiting for her. She dried herself off, happy to see none of the fluff was rubbed off by her towel. Then, just as she was hanging the towel up there came a sound, a click from the front door and Charlotte's heart sank. One of the others had just come home.

“Hey! Anybody here?”

Of course it was Jess, she had lost her only chance to wear that robe! Dammit!

Pouting, Charlotte wrapped herself in a towel and went to get changed, picking out her favourite jeans and white shirt with her matching white rimmed glasses with the thick frames. The tight outfit pushed the fluff still clinging to her body tight against her skin. There was enough now that she could almost pretend she had the robe on anyway.

“Evening.” She greeted casually, walking back into the living room to find Jess already in her robe, her work clothes thrown haphazardly all over the living room.

A stab of irritation; at least when Charlotte had stripped off it had been when she was alone in the house and even then, she had the self awareness to feel a bit shameful about it. Jess had no such qualms apparently., sitting there, presumably naked under that fluffy purple robe.

“Hi,” Called Jess as she unbound her braids, letting her wild pink hair flow free, “how was the carnival today?”

“Awful as usual.” Charlotte sighed, not really paying attention to the conversation.

She couldn't stop staring at that robe, she desperately wished she could wear one just like it. The pink fluff under her clothing seemed to shiver, sending sparks across her skin. She felt her eyes go blank and then, as if in a trance, step forward to run her fingers sensually over the side of the robe making Jess jump.

“Uh, are you okay?” She asked, looking a little flustered, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

What was she doing? She felt strange and light headed, there was something she desperately needed. Something the pink inside her and on her skin was urging her to do.

“Not you, the robe. It’s so, so pretty...” Charlotte cooed, “I want to wear it.”

“Sorry hun, this one is all mine.” Jess said teasingly, face still pink as her hair.

Suddenly, Charlotte found herself filled with a desperate need. She didn't just want that robe, she needed it, or one just like it. She had to know what it felt like. The fluff on her skin began to dissipate, sinking into her skin and she suspected; her mind. For a moment the world was a pink haze and she reached out as fluff coated her finger tips, this time to touch Jess's bare shoulder where the robe had slipped. The pink spread to the other woman instantly, spreading far faster than it had on Charlotte.

“What the he-oooh...oh that feels...nice.” Jess's expression went from shocked to blissed in a matter of seconds as the fluff spread over her entire body.

She moaned, eyes glassy before they too turned pink and her body began to warp and change. It should have been horrifying, Charlotte knew that on some level but...she couldn't help but feel slightly aroused watching as her friend and roommate transformed before her eyes. Limbs becoming soft and flexible until all that remained was a pile of pink fabric; a robe. It was nearly identical to Jess' purple one, just pink in hue. Charlotte picked up her friend in wonder, revelling in the fluffy material.

*'I feel so strange...but good.'* Jess's voice echoed through her mind, she was still in there, in robe form.

That same feeling of taboo passed over Charlotte and without thinking she began to strip off.

*'What are you doing?'* asked Jess's voice, but it sounded strained, almost husky.

“I-I don't know what's wrong with me but I...I just have to wear you!”

The fluff was gone from her body now, at least on the outside. Charlotte could feel it though, somewhere deep inside her, ready to come out at any moment. She slipped one arm into Jess' robe form and she swore she felt them both shiver. It was exquisite, that soft fabric on her skin, it was like the fluff, except it was subtly warm and covered so much more of her. Jess was not speaking but Charlotte was keenly aware of everything the woman was feeling. How Jess was trying really hard not to enjoy the feeling of Charlotte's plump ass rubbing against her, or the slight scratch of her pubes against her front.

“Wow, Jess.” Charlotte moaned, “You feel *amazing*.”

She really did, the material was fluffy, yet thin enough that it settled into the crevice of her ass easily, rubbing together as she walked in the most delicious way.

*'I can taste you...'* Jess' voice whimpered, *'S-so good, mmmm.'*

The fact that Jess was getting turned on by the bizarre situation as well set Charlotte's mind at ease. She felt as though she was floating in the sky, with clouds brushing against her breasts and legs as the robe gently wafted against her skin. With a girlish giggle she began to dance about the room, arms outstretched, swirling slowly to let the fabric brush against as much of her body as possible. She felt free as a bird, or at least she would if there weren't a steadily growing heat between her legs juxtaposed against the cold wooden floorboards against the soles of her feet. Were it not for that grounding sensation, she could truly lose herself in how lovely the robe felt on her. Jess had no such issues, seemingly entirely focused on treasuring every inch of skin she came into contact with. It wasn't audible of course, but Charlotte was sure she was moaning with delight at every movement.

"What on Earth are you doing?"

The voice made Charlotte freeze in place; she had been so distracted she hadn't even noticed the door unlocking a second time. Emma, one of her other roommates, was standing there with a bewildered look in her eyes, arms laden with shopping bags all stamped with the logo of a local designer shoe shop.

"Oh, nothing." Charlotte blushed, "Just...enjoying my new robe."

"It looks comfy!" Emma replied with a bubbly smile, "So soft and comfy!"

She laid down her latest shoe haul and pouted.

"Aw, now I wish I'd bought slippers as well."

The idea sent Charlotte's mind racing; if she had a pair of fluffy slippers made from the same material as Jess' new robe form, she would no longer have to feel those cold, hard floorboards. She would be surrounded by fluff all over, oh, it would be wonderful. Once again she started to feel that pink substance inside her rear to the surface, a great need to have pink fluffy slippers filling her until it was the only thought left. Emma was sitting at the dining table with her back to her, humming a ditty little tune, completely oblivious to her friend approaching. Charlotte reached out, the fluff coating her fingers like downy gloves only to freeze as Emma swore.

"I bought the wrong size! I swear these fit in the store, help me out won't you?"

Charlotte blinked, temporarily breaking out of her trance. She felt oddly drunk, as if every thought had to wade through a molasses of arousal and primal instinct.

"Okay." She mumbled in a dreamlike voice, taking the second shoe, a ballet flat and dropping down to her knees before Emma to help slip it on.

Emma sat with her leg extended, pretty toes pointed ready for Charlotte to slip the shoe on. The ballet flat was black with a silver trim but as Charlotte gazed at Emma's foot, envious of

her smooth skin and pert toes she felt the fluff begin to rise again. It flowed from her onto the shoe, staining the black fabric a vibrant pink. With her other fluff coated hand she firmly gripped Emma's ankle, sliding the shoe on and watching as the pink fluff began to sink into her friend's pale skin.

"That's weird." Emma blinked in surprise, raising her foot up to inspect it, "I was so sure I bought the black ones...oh wow, they are really comfortable."

She blinked a few more times, pupils dilating as the fluff spread from her ankle to join the shoe, creating a boot of pink fuzzy fluff. Like Charlotte and Jess before her, Emma at first seemed shocked but then took on an expression of lust. Her cheeks dusted pink, then her face, then neck; fluff spreading across her body at a rapid pace.

"Ooooh, what is this?" She mumbled, "I feel so...floppy."

The blonde went limp as her body too began to shift and change. At first Charlotte was worried, she was getting much smaller than Jess did and she could feel the other woman's concern radiating out of her robe form. But then realisation struck as Emma took her final form; cylinders of fluff with a foam bottom; a pair of pink, downy ugg boots. Charlotte picked them up almost reverently, turning to admire them from all angles. She could feel Jess' arousal at watching the change take place as well as Emma's at her new form.

*'Oh fuck, a shoe, I'm actually shoe.'* her voice was wonton, *'I've always wanted this, to surround a pair of feet, fuck, Charlotte how did you do this?'*

"I don't know." She replied honestly, "I didn't know you had a thing for feet."

Embarrassment flowed from Emma; clearly humiliated at having her fetish discovered but unable to hide her pure arousal. Charlotte hummed in thought; that did explain Emma's obsession with shoe shopping she supposed. Another wave of need flowed down her body, making her pussy quiver slightly. It was so wrong, she knew it would be one big tease to Emma, even more than she was doing to Jess but the idea was just too hot.

"Can I wear you?" She asked huskily, a gentle moan and wave of lust was her only answer.

She took that as a yes.

Charlotte sat jersey down on the ground, stopping for a moment to grind her ass into Jess and treasure that fluff caressing her soft ass cheeks. Jess was in heaven, soaking up every bit of pleasure and begging her to grind harder. It was tempting to keep going but the need to have those uggs on was even stronger. She stretched out her legs, taking the first one and slowly sliding it on until her toes pressed snugly into the tip.

*'Oh fuck, oh god.'* Emma devolved into babbling, if she focused Charlotte was sure she could feel the boots twisting ever so slightly, or perhaps it was just her imagination.

By the time the second boot was in place, Emma was a wailing mess. Charlotte had never been into girls before but hearing both Jess and Emma moan in her mind, knowing they

were loving her body so much turned her on immensely. Emma was especially loud, she was sure the woman would be cumming now if that were possible for a pair of shoes to do. The thought sent a shiver down her spine, the sensation coiling in her lower stomach and slickness began to form at her folds. It dripped into Jess who sighed contently, soaking up as much as possible.

Charlotte flopped back, laying on the floor with her eyes closed; so lovely. Almost all of her skin was touching that warm, beautiful pink fluff now. It was all over her, inside and out, every inch of skin it touched felt pleased, like a lover's fingers trailing across her skin. Her pussy began to drip with wetness as she got hornier and hornier, the temptation to touch herself growing stronger by the minute. She should get up and go to her room at least, not start masturbating right here on the living room floor. Their last roommate, Leah, could come home at any moment and what would she think, seeing Charlotte laying on the floor with her fingers in her pussy getting off.

A moan escaped her lips; that idea...actually turned her on. After all, Emma and Jess were already here, feeling her get horny and knowing they felt it too only increased her pleasure. Charlotte felt her nipples stiffen.

*'Press them down!'* Jess begged, she did so, pressing her palm into her tit and massaging the fluff of her robe into the skin.

Both her and Jess moaned, never in her life had Charlotte felt such pleasure from simply touching her own tit. She took her thumb and forefinger, pinching the nipple through the robe and shuddering at how good it felt to have the soft fabric pressing into her most sensitive part. She began to pull and tweak, almost milking her nipple to get as much of the robe against it as possible before starting to do the same with her other breast. After a while her hands began to roam, pressing the soft robe into her skin and wiggling her toes inside Emma's boot form. All three of them in absolute ecstasy.

And then came the thought; if the fluff felt this good on her skin, how would it feel inside her? Properly inside her, not seeped in like the other fluff but between her legs? Charlotte shuddered, free hand pressing down and gathering a bunch of the fabric at the front of the robe up in her fingers.

*'What are you doing?'* Asked Jess, though the husky edge to her voice told Charlotte she already suspected.

"Just...ah, let's just enjoy this." She murmured, pressing a finger down forcing the robe between her folds. Normally, doing something like that would dry her out as the robe absorbed the wetness but not this time. She was so sopping wet that the robe couldn't take it and within seconds the fluff was slick and moving along her folds as she stroked. It felt incredible; the slightly rough yet soft texture of the fluff sent waves of pleasure through her and Jess was reduced to nothing but a babbling mess, begging for more, for Charlotte to go deeper.

Her back arched and toes curled, trapping the cotton like fluff between her them much to Emma's delight. Her whole body was quivering as she continued to rub harder, letting the fluff tickle her clit.

*'Don't stop! Please don't stop!'*

Charlotte couldn't even tell if it was Jess or Emma begging, she was too enraptured with the ecstasy between her legs. Each stroke felt better than the last and yet, it wasn't enough, she needed more. More pleasure, more of that wonderful pink against her, *inside her*. Her finger twisted, gathering the bunched fabric around it and moved southward to her waiting hole. It was already slick with juices, so there was no resistance when she pressed it inside. She gasped, as did her friends, the intensity of the pleasure was so intense. For a moment she hung there, buried only to the first knuckle, completely overwhelmed and unable to move but then came the hunger. The need for more and she pressed her finger in as deep as it would go. Pressing the robe against her inner walls and G-spot and wailing. Throwing back her head she arched so much that her entire back was off the floor, her ass and feet pressing down into her friend's new fluffy forms as she continued to pump the finger in and out. She could feel the orgasm building, but something else as well. Her body felt strange, light even and she could feel the fluff beginning to spread all across her until she no longer needed Jess, her fingers were enough. What's more, she could fit more inside her. She thrust her fluff coated fingers inside, hard and fast as she raced toward orgasm. Her vision went pink as she crested. With a final, ragged cry she came, wetness coating the fluff which instantly absorbed it. All her muscles released, relaxing as she collapsed onto the floor gasping for breath.

Bliss was everywhere, her mind couldn't muster a single solitary thought as the post orgasm haze descended. Her muscles involuntarily going limp as she collapsed back on the floor as she sighed in contentment. Her eyes fluttered closed and for a second, she thought she was falling asleep, she felt so light and floppy she must have been dreaming. But, no. She opened her eyes or rather, her vision returned and she tried to move her arm but found she could not. Confused, she swivelled her vision, finding she could move it to any part of her new form. Had she...transformed too? She had been so relaxed by the orgasm she hadn't even noticed her body melting away to form something new just as Jess and Emma had before. Speaking of.

*'Jess? Emma? Are you here?'* She called out mentally, receiving an affirmative answer from both.

She looked around as best she could, switching her vision from collar to hem. It seemed she was now the robe, having replaced Jess who was now a pink sash around her middle, Emma was still in her ugg boot form. None of them could move.

*'That was so hot...'* Emma whispered to them, *'I wish you were still human so we could do it again.'*

*'I've never been so horny. God, I want somebody to touch me.'* Jess moaned.

It had to be the fluff; whatever it was, it was addictive. Even now Charlotte found herself feeling turned on and desperate for somebody to touch her furry body. There was one hope though, one chance for them all to be satisfied. They had no choice but to lie on the floor and wait until the telltale sound of a key appeared in the lock.

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Time passed strangely, Charlotte found herself zoning in and out, perhaps her new robe form's way of sleeping. Then came the jingling of keys and the sound of the front door opening and both she and her two former roommates were fully alert. The sound of heels on hardwood approached and with glee, Charlotte looked up to see her third and final roommate was home. Leah was dressed for running, in tight fitting tights and a sports bra. Judging by her slightly sweaty appearance she had been out for an evening run. Charlotte groaned in frustration as she walked right past, not noticing them at all and heading straight for the shower.

*'What if she wears my old purple robe instead of us!' Jess wailed, 'Oh, I wish I could call out to her!'*

*'She'll wear us.'* Charlotte assured them both, *'We are so cute and pretty, there is no way she'll be able to resist.'*

*'I hope so.'* Emma sighed, *'Her feet are so pretty, did you know she paints them blue to match the highlights in her hair? God I want to taste them...'*

Charlotte was about to call her a perv when she remembered her own lust and just how badly she wanted Leah to wear her as well. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, she supposed. After what felt like an age Leah returned, dressed only in a towel, looking confused at the empty, silent house.

"Girls? Hey, anybody around?" She looked about, finally landing on the robe laying on the floor.

Charlotte watched as at first she dismissed it; a house with four girls was never neat after all, but then her gaze shifted back. Already the pink fluff was working its magic, the allure drawing Leah in so that she felt compelled to pick up the robe. Charlotte resisted the urge to talk, she didn't want to scare her too quickly.

"What is this?" Leah cocked her head to the side, "Wow, so soft."

She rubbed Charlotte's hem between her fingers and Charlotte moaned softly inside her own mind. She watched as Leah's eyes dilated, pink fluff coming away with her fingers when she dropped the hem. She was so distracted Leah didn't even notice her towel beginning to slip, falling to the floor leaving her fully naked and on display for the three of them. Charlotte marvelled at her athletic body, the taut, beautiful ass, the pert breasts, she was so lovely. How had she never noticed? Now she was even more desperate to be worn than before. She simply had to know how that toned body felt up close and personal. Leah was obvious to her lecherous stare, simply turning the robe over in her fingers with a steadily dream-like expression on her face.

"Wow, matching boots too...I wonder..."

*'Yes! Yes, keep wondering!'* Charlotte silently begged, *'Please put me on!'*



Leah glanced behind her, looking for the source of the sound, evidently her begging had not been as silent as she hoped. Not that they were making contact, it seemed Leah could hear her just as she could hear the other girls when wearing them.

“Charlotte?” She called, looking around the room before looking back at the robe. She still had not noticed the fluff spreading onto her hands, sinking into her skin.

*‘I’m here.’* Charlotte replied boldly, *‘The robe, Jess and Emma are here too.’*

“Wha-how?” Leah was blinking heavily now, the fluff was turning her on just like it had them, creating that dreamlike haze around her vision.

Charlotte was thankful for it, whatever the fluff did to their minds kept her calm and pliant, just like she had been. Already she was running her fingers along the sash, making Jess sigh and moan in turn.

*‘We don’t know -ah! Could you put us on?’ Please?’*

“I dunno, that’s a bit weird isn’t it...you’re so comfy though...” Even as she was arguing Leah was opening up the robe and slipping an arm inside.

It was unlike anything Charlotte had ever felt, being filled that way, as she tied Jess tightly around her middle both of them sighed in contentment. It was gratifying, like this was their purpose in life and now they were fulfilling it.

“Oh, wow you feel so amazing.” Leah sighed, stretching backwards to rub at Charlotte’s soft material, massaging it into her plump, peach shaped ass. Charlotte couldn’t get enough, her entire focus went to her back where Leah was touching, pressing her downy fluff into her ass cheeks harder and harder. Charlotte felt tiny bits of fuzz coming off her and sticking to Leah’s rosy ass cheeks, spreading across her just like it had the other girls before. Then all of a sudden, a strange tingle began to spread throughout her robe form, like pins and needles except pleasurable. Her whole new body began to shiver and vibrate and her fabric shifted ever so slightly. After a few moments the feeling faded but as she investigated, Charlotte found her new form had not changed shape. She was still the same lovely robe that Leah was massaging her butt with.

She swivelled her vision around, trying to find some sort of reflective surface to see what change had occurred. Finally, it landed on the polished silver surface of a lamp, the reflection was somewhat warped but it was clear enough that she could see what had happened. Her plain pink exterior was now patterned with leopard spots in various different shades of pink from blush to neon.

“I was uh, just thinking how ah, good you would look as a sexy leopard spot robe and uh, it just...happened.” Leah was moving one hand to her chest now, pressing now on her breasts.

She moved forward, stepping into Emma's boots so that she was entirely clothed in nothing but the fluff. All four of the women now together in ecstasy as Leah continued to touch and moan.

"This stuff is incredible." Leah sighed, "How have we never heard of it?"

*'We need to share it.'* Jess said, voice monotone, she was so blissed out.

*'Yes, share.'* Emma moaned, *'More people, more touching, more feet.'*

*'More pink.'* Charlotte added.

Everybody moaned in response. They all knew it now, how precious their pink was, how important it was that they share it with the world. Leah made her way to the front door, fingers skimming the walls leaving pink fluff in their wake, as did her footsteps. They would walk around town and soon, everybody would join them. Everybody would know their bliss.