

# ***(L)Acing The Exams***

## ***Siggy Commission for Deadtom***

Jessie was queen bee of the local college campus. The uncontested girl in the eyes of every single boy on campus, that is except for a certain studious student who had more concerns in mind than hoping for a futile match with the hottest broad in school...and when you looked at it from afar, it was understandable why this man held zero interest at all in Jessie's allure.

While the ditzy airhead was more concerned with putting on shows both in and out of her profession as head of the cheerleaders club, Josh was happy with his lot in life; playing games and reading comics when he wasn't busy studying for upcoming exams and working hard to ace projects. And where Jessie remained arrogant and narcissistic, Josh held a patience and understanding for almost everyone he met, quick to make friends and help others, he was the direct opposite of Jessie. From their looks right down to personality, the two couldn't be any further apart with the only thing that they had in common being the courses they, or rather Josh, studied in.

Ordinarily, a young gal like Jessie would run into a wall sooner or later. After having spent years sleeping around with random boys that caught her fancy and not taking her education seriously, she was bound to eventually reach a point where the threat of expulsion and other serious consequences would shake her back to reality in the hopes that maybe, just maybe it wasn't too late to turn things around.

But no such hope would come for the unfeeling Jessie, no salvation in purifying her vindictive streak or righting her twisted outlook on life where everything and everyone was supposed to suck up to her. To her, life was a game. And as long as she had her looks and wonderful voice, nothing could hold her back...not when she had exceptionally powerful individuals at her beck and call. Not those who commanded vast riches but rather, the arcane forces of witchcraft and alchemy.

Sharing in her tormented world view was her aunt, while barely around in the home, had made sure to lend her dearest Jessie the tool that would help her through life should she ever find a need for it. And thanks to a lack of supervision and proper training, said tool had become the spoiled boat's crutch in life. But what was this powerful tool that enabled what should've been a highschool dropout to prosper all the way into college?

A spellbook, one containing some of the most powerful and twisted spells known to practitioners of the art. It could subvert wills, change people and even manipulate reality to some extent. But thankfully for the rest of the world, Jessie lacked the means and experience to cast such powerful magics, preferring to stick to simple hexes that would render their victims trapped in whatever forms she so desired. It was one of the

simplest spells to cast and quickly became Jessie's favorite. But with a warning from her aunt to never be caught using such spells in public, her antics were few and far between. Made even more rare once the vapid girl had come of age and was instantly roped into the vices and carnal pleasures of lovemaking.

As for how she managed to maintain her place in educational institutes despite her terrible knowledge base, it was all thanks to her aunt's unintentional book of cheats that the precocious brat had managed to stay the course without floundering. If she needed to ace a critical exam, then all she needed was to have one of the smartest boys in school do it for her, and when faced with her allure and promises to be with her, it was all too simple to wrap them around her fingers, ready to do her bidding. But that still didn't answer the 'how' behind it all.

With midterms coming up soon however, the methodology behind Jessie's sinister trick would soon be revealed to a certain classmate of hers with the brainpower she needed to become the ace in the hole she so desperately needed if she wanted to pass her exams. Normally she would've looked for someone more...tame....but when Josh seemed to be the only one in their course with a surefire chance of passing the exam (and definitely not because all other options had mysteriously vanished...), her options were limited to one single person. She knew she stood no chance in hell of passing this without Josh's 'assistance', and while she was a dull bellend who knew more about the myriad sex positions created by the wild denizens of the Internet, there remained a level of tact and cunning in the minx.

And so, a week before the exams were set to begin, Jessie was ready to hatch the plan she had been going over for days after getting her boy toys to scout out Josh's daily routine, hiding in wait near one of the locker rooms the oblivious nerd always walked by on his way to the cafeteria.

All it took was for a ring of the phone from one of her 'agents' before a strong yet slender pair of arms bursts forth from the locker room, grabbing ahold of a bewildered Josh before he could say anything and retracting back inside just as fast as they had emerged with their prey safely contained in their grip.

That was the last time anyone on campus would ever see or hear from the Engineering student ever again...

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**“W-Wait! Please d-don’t hurt me! If it’s money you want then take it! Please!”**

It was a pathetic sight to see Josh in the instant he had come to his senses enough to realize he had been dragged inside the boys locker room. He had heard of thugs making the rounds extorting money from the helpless but never actually believed in it much less expected himself to fall victim to one such case after not hearing or seeing a pip of it across the campus. But now here he was, cornered and trapped after being roughly grabbed by the collar before being shoved inside a place where no one could find him.

By the time the doors slammed shut and footsteps began to approach him, a defenseless Josh could do nothing but flail his arms in panic against the burly jocks he was expecting to come at him with their fists bared.

Except no bully worth their weight would be cackling madly in the high pitched voice of a villainous songstress, nor would they be about his height with a well endowed body that seemed more suited to be on the front page of a gravure magazine. With long flowing locks of auburn hair done up to appear asymmetrical framing a very familiar face, it didn't take long for Josh to drop his guard and wonder what the number one girl on campus was doing in front of him with a sneer on her face.

**"Hold on a sec...Jessie? What...you...what're you doing in the boy's locker room?"**

**"Y'know for a man, you're as much of a wimp as you look Josh! I knew you were a total pussy, but seriously?! Throwing you around was totes easy!"**

As embarrassing as it was to realize he essentially had been manhandled by a girl, Josh wanted nothing more than to get out of there. He didn't want anything to do with a harlot with a reputation as bad as Jessie's. From what he heard of her, she was a calculating woman who forced her will upon everyone else. And when she needed favors done, one of her many fans would rush forth to answer the call of their queen. While he couldn't deny she looked amazing, the filth beneath it all was enough for him to distance himself from his fellow classmate. Figuring she would never look upon him favorably, Josh was confident he wouldn't get himself entangled in whatever naughty business Jessie usually busied herself with...until now that is.

But why would she bother to seek him out? What could he possibly have that would grab her attention so hard as to personally lay an ambush for him? Whatever the reasoning was, Josh had no intent of figuring it out.

Try as he might to leave however, Jessie seemed one step ahead of him. Allowing Josh to pass her by before the unfortunate man realizes he's trapped when the door knob refuses to budge against his attempts to forcefully twist it open. An effort that only serves to send Jessie into another fit of laughter, cementing the fact that he was well and truly trapped into Josh's mind as she sighs in defeat before turning to face his triumphant captor.

**"Quit trying to run dweeb! So long as my lovely boys hold their ground, you'll find that all the exits are sealed until I give the say so! Why so eager to run anyway? Aren't you interested in lil ol me?"**

**"You know I've got more important things to worry about than you right? I mean...sure, you're sexy and all but...you're far from being my type of girl!"**

**"Yeah, yeah. Quit it with the high and mighty talk when you were just squealing like a bitch...I've heard that shitty nerd speech a hundred times now...anyway~ I've brought you here today cuz I need your help."**

Raising a brow at that, Josh shifts uncomfortably as he moves his weight from foot to foot, unsure of how he should be feeling on the matter. Jessie needed help? From the likes of him? He didn't have the strength nor the looks to cater to her personal lusts so the only options left were academic ones...typical.

But this was also an opportune moment he couldn't let go of to bite back against the condescending bitch, Josh takes a firm step forward to cement his unwavering boldness to stand against Jessie, broadening his shoulders while puffing his chest out. If she thought she could have her way with him without resistance then she was sorely mistaken.

**"What help? Oh, lemme guess...you were too busy sucking off the football team again to actually study? Yeah, serves you right! What makes you think someone like me would help you anyway? All you do is backpack others and...wait, what're you doing?!"**

At some point during Josh's furious tirade, Jessie's attention had drifted, and then from there, a sigh escaped her lips before she began to get to work. Eager to shut the angry nerd up, the salacious girl moves to unbutton the clasps holding her skirt together before letting the pleated fabric slide down her long shapely legs, showing off plump creamy thighs covered in slick, smooth skin. And in between those gelatinous pillars laid a sight many men had already graced their eyes with at some point or another after meeting Jessie; lace pink panties that showed their age from how stretched and taut the lining had become alongside the way it presses into the young woman's foul taint easily; showcasing the curves of her thick labia and the indents of her used folds leading up to an itching clitoris. The effects of which were already proving more than effective by the tent Josh was pitching in his pants and the intense blush on his face, eliciting a giggle from Jessie as her scorn for the man only intensifies further.

*'Heh! Virgins are an absolute piece of cake to nab! Show em a little of the fun stuff and they can't stop drooling~'*

With Josh's wide eyes enraptured by the slow reverse rise of the curtain that were Jessie's panties, the bold lady knew she had the man in her grasp, dumbstruck and oblivious to the trap she had prepared for him as she prods at her snatch with a purposeful finger, forcing out a fresh load of precum that stains the material while masking her moans with a low hum, an enchantment she had memorized by heart; the words that enabled her to cast her favorite hex, the reason behind her less than legitimate scores in tests and exams.

In one single maneuver only made possible by one with complete mastery over every last inch of their own body, Jessie spins on her heel while bouncing off the floor in one solid push off her feet, unlatching her old panties from around her girthy hips before shooting each leg through the holes undisturbed one after another in a smooth motion that suggested practice, gyrating her hips to the side so her panties come off without ever touching the rest of her legs.

By the time her shoes hit the floor, Jessie had already sent the impromptu projectile spinning in her fingers flying toward Josh's face, catching him square in the eyes and nose, sending him reeling backward in disgust as he snaps out of his blissful stupor and into a fit of rage.

**"The fuck is wrong with you? Is this, oh god, it's wet! You goddamn animal! You can seriously forget about getting any help!"**

**"You absolute idiot! Did you actually think for a sec that I was asking for your help?.get real!"**

**"Fuck off Jessie! Once I get this crap off my face I'll...wait...where'd it go? I can't feel my...what did you do to me?!"**

**"And now the fun begins~ Make sure you refit my undies good alright?! I can't wait to try you on~"**

By now Josh was in full panic mode after the fluffy pink fabric in his hands had begun to fade away, slipping out of his grip like putty before his fingers followed suit, blending into the writhing mass that were supposed to be Jessie's panties. He had expected to pull the rank smelling thing off of his face in one fell swoop, but after meeting some resistance until eventually being left unable to pry his own hands away from his distorted face, adrenaline was in complete free flow now, barely hearing a word of Jessie's taunts as he stands there in the middle of the locker room grasping madly at his own face in an attempt to rid his being of the foreign invader, elbows flailing like some mangled mannequin all while his hands continue to shrink away beneath his thick jacket as the once solid flesh and bone holding his meatsuit together unwinds into more of the inanimate pink threads that made up Jessie's perverse article of clothing. Assimilated into the roiling mass that resembled an angry jellyfish more than a simple pair of weathered panties.

Refit? Wear me? These words from Jessie's smug lips had been enough for Josh to realize what was happening to him, but before he could utter another word, his mouth stiffens up before filling in with something soft that tasted like paper. It was a repetitious maneuver that made him want to throw up his guts, but try as he might, nothing could come through besides muffled chokes and groans, terrified and blinded, Josh was spared the sight of his face steadily losing definition beneath the pseudo mask; eye sockets going gaunt then sealing shut, a broad nose crushed inward with cartilage turning into brand new fluid resistant padding, chin and jugular outlines rounding out to complete a round, bloated shape and last but not least, his open mouth frozen open mid shout as a pink tendril lashes out of the open hole, whipping

around in the air before retreating back inside, forcing Josh's balloon like head to jerk backward while his throat bulges with the excess mass, turning pink and smooth as body hair pops free off their pores wherever the pink wave spreads like tiny black missiles...but without a throat to funnel air through and his vocal folds vanished, there wasn't way for Josh to make a sound. Rendered blind, deaf and mute, trapped in complete darkness while only being able to feel the rest of his body continue to distort and change. Just like all the other victims that had fallen to Jessie's perverse cravings...

Striding around the changing human, the perpetrator links her posh lips. She loved watching people lose their bodies, lose themselves. While her dear aunt had taught her restraint, using this every once in a while wasn't all that bad, was it? She was technically helping herself after all, if it meant she passed her tests and rid herself of obnoxious girls who thought themselves better than her, then that meant one step forward free of troubles, giggling as she swiftly kicks Josh's rapidly destabilizing legs out from under him before grinning madly at the sight of his shoes and socks flying out from beneath him as he collapses, not with a heavy thud but with a comical '*bwoomp*', as if an inflatable doll had hit the ground instead of a red blooded human male. A fitting description considering the fact that Jessie felt like she had kicked a flimsy rubber pole than a solid leg.

She had seen the pride of girls reduced to fluffy cotton filling, ugly faces puffed up and erased under a tide of plastic, leather and silk. She had seen beautiful bodies emptied out and rendered lifeless to serve their true purpose adorning her own as fashionable clothes and skimpy lingerie. And what she loved to turn big brained nerds like Josh into for her nefarious purposes were panties, more specifically, using them to reform her favorite pairs when they grew too old and worn after too much fun in the bed or elsewhere. Bonding their flesh and blood bodies with the enchanted fabric that acted like a voracious parasite; feeding off its host until nothing but itself remained...with the exception of their minds of course, how else would she be able to pass if she wasn't able to commune with them through a magical link? Although she always did change her lovely little boys back considering they bowed to her wholeheartedly, Josh's futile resistance and name calling had left her feeling a tad bit more...vindictive, than she usually would be.

Kicking a side Josh's now emptied out jacket, Jessie squeals in delight at the sight of two freshly formed holes where the former nerd's arms should've been. Not even waiting for the writhing tendrils that were his fingers to finish taking shape as the elastic binding that would ensure her new panties didn't just immediately rip apart, Jessie hoists the now deformed and drastically shrunken form of Josh into the air, loving the way his soft, silken form twitches under her grip while leering at the crazed nub of pink that was all that remained of his head. It was like looking at a pair of panties with a built in dildo...which was more than enough for the crazed magical minx to enact the image in her mind as she slots her long creamy, stocking clad pillars through Josh's armholes before slowly pushing his head up inside her moist snatch, trembling in ecstasy as she feels the former humans tiny head go mad inside of her, knocking, rubbing and sliding across every inch of her slick innards. It was intense, amazingly so. And with the man's former legs resisting their new place as

the band of elastic that would encase her bubble butt slapping against her very sensitive derriere, it was impossible for Jessie to last for more than a minute.

**"Mmmahn! Oh! F-Fuck me! Josh...y-you're...making me commee!!!"**



With a throaty moan and an ecstatic giggle mixed in, Jessie juts her hips out while spraying poor Josh in a liberal spurt of lubricant, basking in the orgasmic afterglow that's made even better as she pulls down her newly repaired panties in time for the nub in its middle to unwind and spread out, tickling her pussy while letting her know the final part of the transformation was complete...

Where Josh once stood earlier, the only things left to remember him by were his disheveled clothes and belongings left haphazardly tossed around the floor of the locker room after Jessie's interference. And instead of a 21 year old young adult, there hung a flimsy set of sexy pink panties between the seductive thighs of the college's most infamous bitch. Dripping with precum and steaming with bodily heat as she slaps the taut body of Josh against her attractive lower bits, enjoying the feel of fresh material against her naughty bits.

**"There we go~ So much better when you can't talk! Now then...gotta establish the link before poor pooppy boy goes crazy~"**

Muttering another incantation under her breath to connect the still intact mind of her victim with her own, Jessie inspects her nails while the ethereal voice of Josh echoes in her mind, evidently relieved to have his sight and hearing restored to him, none the wiser to the fact that he could now only speak with his inner voice after being robbed of his physical form. All he could feel throughout the process was an incredible numbness spreading across every last inch of him until suddenly, pleasure overwhelmed his feeble mind. It was intense and came in bursts, but the climax would arrive in the form of his head being wrapped up in an encompassing blanket of euphoria, it was comparable to a masseur with enormous hands rubbing him down like putty in the hands of a sculptor.

And when he inevitably came? All that remained was darkness and slow creeping dread amidst the stressful force pulling at him from all sides. Humans were social creatures, not meant to endure long periods of isolation. So when he couldn't even hear his own voice in an endless void filled with unseen hands pulling on him like a rubber band? It didn't take a genius to know how scared he must've been. One moment he had insulted Jessie and the next, she had tossed her used underwear on his face, underwear that wasted no time in consuming him while he felt his very being reshaped against his will.

Until the world was suddenly brought back into focus all around him before he could lose himself any further. He could see, hear and feel himself again!

**"Oh god! F-Fuck! Light! W-What was all that?! Jessie! Jessie?! What did you...what're you doing up there?"**

**"Hii~ Like the view yet? You were totes amazing by the way...feeling anything different with your body yet? It's gotten quite the makeover!"**

**"M-Makeover? What're you-hey! Get your hands off my face!"**

**"No can do! Plus, you're mine now so you can't really order me around...as if a dweeb like you could do it in the first place...anyway, take a good look around...I'm not gonna tell you shit since you're so smart and all."**

Taking a cursory glance around the locker room wasn't necessary for Josh to realize that something was terribly wrong with him. For one, he couldn't move his limbs or even shift his neck to ward off Jessie's titanic fingers. And while he could see, his vision felt...stretched, as if he was viewing the world through an ultra wide monitor. And the confirmation to his previous fears brought about by his new field of view being centered around and below Jessie's waistline was nauseating. If he still had a stomach, he would've emptied its contents for sure.

He had indeed been turned into Jessie's panties, and he was powerless to do anything about it. And as if she could sense that tickle of despair running through his mind, Jessie cackles as the fingers rubbing against Josh's new face roughen up, probing and digging deeper into him, raking manicured nails against his cotton lace hide.

**"Nice to see you finally get the message~ With this, there's no way you're butting out from helping me...that is of course...you wanna go back to being alone in that darkness again?"**



Hearing that sparks anxiety within Josh's mind, he didn't want to go back to being some mute soul trapped alone in the dark, never knowing what crept around him. Just that brief taste of hell earlier was enough, he didn't want to go back there, not again.

**"N-No! Please! Not that place again! I'll help! I'll do anything!"**

**"Kehaha! Chillax! You're making me sound like some evil witch or something. Once the exams are over, I'll turn you back so just keep your silly little head in the game...and if you're a good boy...ahahn~"**

**"Jessie? What're yooogh?! Mff!"**

Fingering herself through her panties, Jessie sighs euphorically against the combined pleasure of her own sensitive lips being rubbed and the tingle of warmth radiating from the sounds of Josh choking and gagging on her fingers as they sank into his folds, pushing past them to probe at her vagina. All while soaking him in the disgusting warmth of her damp fluids once more. But while it was horrid, Josh was horrified to realize that whatever Jessie had done to him had also altered his senses as a wave of bliss accompanied the disgust. It was as if an ingrained love for being bathed in Jessie's juices had been implanted into him. A directive that could not be ignored.

Prying her fingers away while leaving a delicate bridge of pussy juices dangling between her fingers and Josh's soaked fabric, the humiliated nerd was more than aware of the new balance of power that decided where he stood with Jessie; she had control of everything. Now that he had been rendered as nothing more than an inanimate set of girls underwear, he needed her. And if he didn't help her pass the upcoming midterms due in a few days time. He could kiss goodbye to his days as a normal human being, never again able to play games or savor the foods he loved.

**"There we go~ Didn't that feel good? Tell me how wrong you were to say all that shut about me without thinking, hmm?"**

**"I...I was wrong..."**

**"Wrong what?"**

**"I was wrong Jessie! I was wrong to insult you! I'm sorry!"**

**"Much better~ Now, how about we go say hello to the boys outside hm? They've been awfully good to me...and good boys need to be rewarded...don't you think so *Josh*?"**

He didn't have anything else to say to that, simply staying silent as Jessie strides out of the locker room with a confident sway to her hips, rapping her knuckles on the door in a rhythmic pattern, the fledgling witch abandons her skirt and the pile of her latest conquests clothes on the floor of the locker room for whoever came after to clean up, exiting into the embrace of her adoring public as she gloats of her victory to them while whispering sweet promises for a worthy reward to the many jocks that had covered all exits to the room. Even when insults directed at him were thrown around, Josh had to stay silent, all while wishing Monday would arrive faster as he watches from his less than satisfactory view down below, prodded from all sides by itchy hands and throbbing tents that served to moisten the slit of his owner, feeling that shameless tingle of pleasure all throughout his being upon being touched by Jessie's love secretions...

*'How could this even happen to me...'*

*'Face it dweeb! You're loving this as much as I do...no matter what you say or think! Who knows, maybe once we're done...we could try it for real? Once you've known my splendor of course!'*

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After that traumatizing experience in the locker rooms, Josh would have plenty of time to get accustomed to his new positions in life as Jessie's favorite set of panties. A point she would make to drill into the former nerd's memory as she began to wear him every single day, even to bed. She got off on feeling his shame and disgust, and whenever he stayed silent for too long, she would purposefully nudge her groin into something hard or secretly sneak a finger down below when no one was looking to stimulate her living underwear. Even degenerate acts weren't out of Jessie's purview as she took to urinating on the poor man, who could not help but relish in her warm fluids. It was disgusting, disgustingly euphoric, but Josh could not resist this new mental programming of his telling him to enjoy it all.

And very soon over the next 3 to 4 days or so, this mental conditioning would start to bleed into his psyche. Where he used to despise Jessie for what she had done to him, a budding love for the black hearted ditz was soon becoming apparent when he would find himself daydreaming about her whenever he was left alone, either when she disrobed for a bath or during one of her purposeful abstinence from masturbation. It was something Josh hoped would ease and fade away once he returned to being human after the tests were over tomorrow.

But being stuck in this humiliating form while being used so thoroughly over the past few days under Jessie's ownership had done a number on Josh's ability to remember certain topics and recall scientific and mathematical formulae, hampering his ability to relay reliable information to Jessie. With a special link spell, he could see what she could see, and as his eyes scan over what should have been an easy to pass paper, the confused nerd would find himself stammering while handing out answers that sounded half hearted and confusing. As if he himself had little clue as to the solutions his own mind was relaying to him.

*'Seriously?! If I end up flanking I'm gonna fucking wring you hard! Screw that! I'll just toss you aside and let you rot!'*

*'I-I'm not doing this on purpose! Its suddenly...really hard to remember stuff...but I'm sure these are-'*

*'Just...shut up...I'll do the rest myself! And until I get my results, you're staying stuck between my legs!'*

Unable to speak but thankfully not tossed into the void, Josh would find his stay unexpectedly extended by Jessie's temper tantrum, sticking true to her words once the time was up and she was free to leave. No one seemed to think much about Josh's absence, and while she continued to make use of her sentient underwear, inevitably she would have to take him off when he started to smell terrible much to Josh's relief. Not one to do her own laundry however, the dry cleaners would simply do him up and send him back to Jessie's dorm room, neatly folded and slotted away amongst the many other piles of underwear and lingerie she possessed.

And as time wore on, Josh's mute hell would continue on in complete silence and isolation. Stuffed away in a comfy prison to forever remain...occasionally bathed in warm sunlight or glaring LEDs whenever Jessie picked through her collection for stuff to wear. But even when he heard muffled cries of jubilant celebration for having passed her midterms, there remained no mention of his name. And without the ability to speak, he couldn't remind her of their still connected minds and of her one sided promise to return him to normal...

**"Hmm...what to wear today~ Ah, how could I forget! These ones are totes my faves!"**

He wasn't sure how much time had passed or who Jessie seemed to be talking to. But the sudden pleasurable prod against his still inanimate frame informed him of her touch, that she had finally picked him once more, had she finally remembered? Could he really return to being a human?

But alas, all the hoping was for naught when the oblivious girl immediately scoots over to the toilet before settling her pillowy ass down on the cold rim, pulling Josh down to her ankles while giving him a good view of her supple belly and heaving bosom. It served to remind him of his fate, that he was simply underwear, meant to be worn till the day he could no longer serve to do just that. Maybe it was the isolation...or perhaps the constant mental tampering, but somehow, Josh didn't seem to mind being Jessie's loving panties. With her now being completely oblivious, he could experience her touch and warmth whenever he wanted, and with his disgust at being used like a wet cloth long gone with his embracing of that concept, it had become something of a replacement for the video games and comics he once loved as a human.

From one of the brightest minds of the generation, a naive little minx had reduced that soul into becoming nothing more than simple panties eager to do their job, and as the months flew by, Josh would soon find his

soul and will conforming to Jessie's own in line with his...or rather her physical shell. Instead of fresh material, she had been trained to take on the faint outlines of Jessie's crotch after so much use. And with some custom add ons in the form of frills and embroidery, it was safe to say that Josh had effectively become an extension of her owner. Echoing her will as she moves to stretch alongside Jessie's spreading legs for a lewd selfie in the mirror.

But when the time next came for Jessie to renew her hunt for an intellectual mind to take the Finals for her, the panties clinging tight to her folds would be just that; plain clothes waiting for her command to renew them once more with yet another unlucky man...who might or might not share in Josh's fate to be forgotten both by the world and their wearer...

***THE END***

