

Welcome to the Panty Drawer (Inanimate TF, 2nd Person)

The witch's fingers dig into your fabric, striking you with an intense pang of unbearable pleasure. Your former skin, now so sensitive, burns madly as you fight the ecstasy. *Nnn~! Stop it! Stop! Let me go!*

Giggling, your owner opens a drawer, and draws you screaming through the air towards it, the wind buffeting your oh-so-sensitive form and driving you to a new layer of madness in the process. You want to scream—it feels so good. But... no! You can't give in!

Your mistress flings you downward, and you land with a crash on a pile of soft bedding. It would be comfy, if not for your context. As it is, it only fills you with terror.

Looking up, you find your mistress looking down at you, her eyes tight and her grin wide with mirth. "Have fun in there," she says with a grin. "I'll see you in the morning~." She blows you one last kiss, and with that, the drawer slams, casting you into an almost complete darkness. Only the thinnest lines of light through the gaps remain, and it's scarcely enough to let you see anything.

Lying there, you tremble inside, terrified by what's going to happen next. Is this it? Is your life just over now? Are you reduced to nothing more than an inanimate pair of panties for this awful witch to wear, and nothing more? You want to cry. It's not fair!

Even as you sink into the depths of your self, wishing you still had a pair of eyes left to sob with, you hear a new sound. It's the sound of someone *e/se* crying. If you still had the ability to move, you would have whirled around. What's going on—? Is something else in here with you?

Please, turn me back! cries the voice of a woman. *I didn't mean it! Please!*

Turn me back! cries someone else, older, masculine. *This is ridiculous! You can't turn someone into panties just because they got the last seat on the bus before you!*

Melanie, please! cries a younger woman's voice. *I didn't know you were dating him! I didn't know!*

Slowly, realization sinks in. You're hearing the voices of the other panties in the drawer. How...? How is it even possible?

Calming yourself, you struggle to listen closer. The knowledge you're not alone in here makes you feel a little better, at least to start. There's no way this woman has been kidnapping and transforming as many people as it seems, right? Surely someone would notice! It... it must be a temporary thing—yes, by morning she'll have turned you back, and you'll be free to go back to your normal life without anyone noticing. That has to be the case.

Even as you struggle to convince yourself of this, you hear a new layer of voices. They're a little quieter than the first set, but once you pick them out they become all but deafening. You can't ignore them.

Mistress... Mistress, please! Wear me! Wear me!

Nnn~! Mistress, please touch me! I want to be worn! Please, I can't bear it any longer! Let me touch your sweet body once more!

Panties... panties... good panties... good panties for Mistress...

Your heart sinks in fresh terror. What exactly are you listening to? Are these people like yourself as well? Because they sound like...

If you were still human, you'd be gritting your teeth and throwing yourself at the walls by now. *Let me out! Let me out! Please, turn me back! Turn me back! I don't want to be panties anymore!*

Another voice, distinct from all the rest, cuts through the pleading and the mindless begging both. You freeze as it strikes you:

Fufufu, there's no point trying to resist it, silly. The voice sounds coquettish, high-pitched, but there's an edge of experience to it that shocks you. *It's not like she's even going to turn us back~.*

You would bite your lip and swallow, if you still had a mouth to do so with. *Wh-what do you mean? How—how is that possible? People should notice!*

The new speaker giggles, as if this is the funniest thing she's ever heard. *You think someone who can turn people into panties can't deal with that little issue? Please.*

No!

As you sink into despair, their giggling cuts through your thoughts once more. *Hehe, that's right! You're stuck like this forever. So you better get used to it! Your life as a human is over, so why not give in and adapt? Act like the perfect pair of panties you were made to be~. It'll make the whole thing so much easier~.*

You want to throw up. How can she say something so defeatist? *No!* You insist. *No, I can't just give up!*

The other laughs once more. *Who do you think has an easier time in here?* she asks. *The ones who resist, or the ones who give in and accept?* She chuckles. *I'll tell you the answer—it doesn't matter: everyone breaks in the end. But the ones who resist break all that much harder. That guy you can hear gibbering...? He kept fighting for almost three weeks, and now he's barely more intelligent than a normal pair of panties. If you want to keep as much of yourself as you can, you'll give in early, like a good pair of panties.* Her voice fades away with one last little chuckle.

N-no, you think, sitting there in terror. No, it can't work that way! You can't just give in and accept this! You have to fight it... don't you?

Don't you?

Time passes like syrup sliding from the jar. Lying there, listening to the other former men and women around you, you can only fight to keep your own thoughts in order. You can't give in. You can't give in. You can't. You can't. You can't.

Morning comes with a maddening slowness. Finally, however, you hear the sound of footsteps outside the drawer, and with a grinding of wood against wood, it flies open. Lights spill into it, searing your non-existent retinas. All you can do is moan.

Turn us back! Turn us back! Turn us back!

Mistress! Mistress! Mistress!

At once, tens of cries fill your mind as the other panties in the drawer respond to the arrival of salvation and damnation in one single package. Through them all, you hear the young woman's laughter, chuckling madly, before finally giving in and begging to be worn herself.

The witch, of course, looms over you all with an expression of intense mirth. "Well," she says, voice as rich and teasing as you remember. "Who should I wear today? How about you, Stacy?" She plucks out a bright pink pair. "You know, I still haven't forgiven you for looking at my boyfriend, but perhaps some time spent wrapped around my ass will teach you better manners." She laughs. "On second thought, I'm not really in the mood for pink today."

With a smirk, she tosses a screaming Stacy back into the drawer. "Hmmm, what about one of you old pairs, like... Shit, I can't even remember your name anymore." She picks out a bright yellow pair, and you hear it squealing to be worn in a voice that's neither recognizably male or female. "Who were you again? Eh, I guess it doesn't matter. You're just panties now, after all." With a smirk, she tosses them back into the drawer.

"Anyway, I was looking for someone a little fresher today, so how about..." Her face passes over the drawer's contents and finally settles on you. A smirk lights up her face. "Ah, yes. Who could forget about *you*? I still haven't forgiven you for what you did to be, you know. Yes, that's right. Perhaps the first order of business should be your punishment."

With a laugh, she reaches in and snatches you up. You brace yourself, mentally closing your eyes and preparing yourself for her touch—despite your effort, you can't keep yourself from screaming as a bolt of lightning sears your sensitive nerves. How can contact with her possibly feel so good? It's like your whole body is hyper-erogenous.

Still smirking, she raises you high and stretches you, striking you with a bolt of pleasure so impossibly intense it's all but impossible to bear. Feeling it, you start to understand why so many of your fellow captives are desperate to be worn. A few hours of this must be as addictive as heroin.

“Yes, you’ll do for today,” says the witch, slamming the drawer shut with her hip and marching back over to her mirror. Blushing, you realize she’s naked. You knew she was attractive before, but this really puts it into perspective.

Coming to a stop, she bends over, raises a leg, and slips her foot ever-so-delicately inside you. As it passes through your hole, you can’t help but scream in lust—it feels good, so impossibly good, as if she’s wrapping her hands around your cock and—*Nn~!*

Chuckling to herself, the witch raises her other foot and slips it inside you as well, instantly intensifying your pleasure a hundredfold. You scream in delight, flailing and panting and shuddering as ecstasy surges through your fabric flesh, scorching your nerves and threatening to blow apart your brain like a piece of dynamite. *Nn~!* Heart pounding, you struggle to think, to resist, and as you go to assert yourself, the young woman’s voice returns to you again.

Swallowing your ego, you give in. *Please, Mistress! Wear me!*

As if encouraged by your words, the witch tightens her grip on your straps and tugs you sharply upward. You scream as her legs stretch your holes and a blast of utter pleasure crashes into your exposed mind, shattering all your thoughts. The ecstasy is incredible, and it only grows stronger as she tugs you up, up, up, her fat thighs stretching you wider and wider in the process.

The higher you rise, the greater your pleasure; soon, you can barely think of anything but the ecstasy surging through you. It, and the warmth of your mistress’s legs as their fecund flesh fills you, forcing you into a tight embrace. You understand now why the others have chosen to worship your mistress. This is the greatest thing you’ve ever felt, and you want nothing more than for it to continue forever.

At last, you reach your owner’s thighs. Screaming, you wrap around them, fabric stretched tight. *Higher, Mistress! Higher! Wear me, wear me, wear me!* Pulled taut, you strike her asscheeks and squeal in delight, unable to bear the joy of being worn.

Your Mistress’s buttocks were more than worth the wait. Thicker even than her thighs, they stretch you and stretch you, warping your body around them till barely a single thought remains to your entrapped mind. The warmth, the fullness, the humidity, the smell. Sinking deep into her crack, you savor it in ecstasy. This is it—this is what you’ve been waiting for all your life. This is what you were destined to be.

As your former tongue catches the sweet juices of her pussy, your Mistress releases a little laugh and strokes your front almost delicately. “Enjoying yourself down there, are you? You certainly broke quickly.” She laughs. “Well, have fun down there, little panties. You’ve got a long life of being wrapped around me ahead of you.”

You can only shiver in delight.