

Your Crush's Perfect Sock (Clothing TF, 2nd Person)

The door of the science lab stands before you, unlocked, unbarred, unbolted, requiring nothing more than a soft push to open. Yet it might as well be a steel portcullis, triple-locked and covered in chains, because no matter how much you want it to open, you just can't bring yourself to push it.

Standing there, you feel your heart pounding in your chest like a bomb waiting to explode. In your hands rests a second heart, though this one is made of cardboard and filled with delicious chocolates. Your hands are so hot, you're worried they'll melt them before anyone gets a chance to eat them. You're pretty close to melting yourself.

Through the tinted glass of the door you see her, image shattered till she's all but unrecognizable, though even in this malformed state, she retains some ephemeral quality you just can't put to words. You have to speak to her. You have to. You can't just stand here and stare at her any longer.

Taking a deep breath, you push the door of the lab open, its hinges creaking as you stride into the room.

Megumi stands at a workstation, welding something. It looks a lot like a child's toy gun, but you don't have long to reflect before she turns to you with a frown, and you freeze as surely as if she'd tased you. "Oh!" she says, her eyes widening in surprise. "What are you doing here? I was just about to come and find you."

Sweat drips from your brow and slides down your face, past your nose and your gaping mouth until at last it reaches your chin, from which it falls to the floor with a comical little splat. You swallow. "You were?"

She giggles, and the sound of it turns your heart inside out. "That's right! I've got something to show you." Her eyes drop to your chest and the cardboard heart clutched tightly against it. "It looks like you've got something to show me too."

Instinctively, you try to hide the box behind your back, but it's too late for that now. Blushing like a child caught stealing from the fridge, you stumble over to her and hold it out to her, a devoted servant making an offering to his goddess. "Megumi, will you be my girlfriend?"

She blushes too now. "O-oh," she says. "Oh, I did realize you—" She swallows. "I didn't think you were going to move so fast."

You shy back, your hands trembling now. "I-is that a no?"

She lowers her head, looking ashamed of herself. "I'm really sorry, it's just..." She blushes. "I'm not into men."

A breeze blows through the science lab, rustling the posters on the wall. *The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell!* True, but not very comforting.

You stare at her, unbelieving. “You’re not...?”

She shakes her head sadly. “I’m really sorry,” she says. “I wish I could say yes, but I just can’t...”

“Oh...” You lower the box, feeling a sudden, strong temptation to turn and toss it out of the window. Your brain aches, torn in two directions. Is she telling the truth? Is she just lying to spare your feelings? How could you possibly have failed to notice that Megumi isn’t interested in men? What are you, an idiot?

She must see the defeat in your expression, because she strides forward, her hand raised to comfort you. “Look,” she says, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to—” She turns back, blushing. “Look,” she says at last. “Let me show you what I made for you at least, before you go.”

As you cock your eyebrow, she turns back to her desk and grabs the toy gun she’s been working on. When she turns back, you actually feel a little insulted. Does she really think she can repair your feelings with a toy gun? “What is it?” you ask, a little archly.

“This,” she says, taking no notice of your tone, “is a working matter transmuter.”

“A working what?” You cock an eyebrow. “What does that—?”

“Watch.” Aiming the gun at a nearby beaker, she pushes one of the buttons, and there’s a beep like a supermarket scanner. This done, she turns to the thermometer beside it, squeezes the trigger, and with a flash of light....

The thermometer vanishes, replaced by a second, identical beaker. You can only stare, jaw wide open in shock.

“See?” said Megumi, clearly suppressing a giggle. “I’ve been working on it for months. You wouldn’t *believe* how hard it is to—”

“You turned that thermometer into a beaker!” you cry, feeling like it has to be pointed out. “You turned that thermometer into a *beaker!*”

“Yeah!” Megumi giggles. “It’s pretty impressive, isn’t it? I can make anything into pretty much anything I’ve had the chance to add to my database. And it improves them too! Everything the transmuter makes is higher-quality than the original!”

“Anything into...” Another bead of sweat drips from your face. You swallow. “...*anything?!?*”

All of a sudden, your pants feel a little tighter.

Megumi smiles knowingly. “I knew you’d like it,” she says. You go to protest, but she cuts you off without a chance. “No, no, it’s okay, you don’t have to defend yourself. I know all about your special interests.” She winks.

You blush harder than it should be for a human being to blush. You thought your fetishes were a secret! How can she possibly know about them? Did she hack your computer?!

“Fortunately,” she says, coming a little closer. No, quite a lot closer. Close enough you can feel her breath. “I happen to have some very similar interests myself.”

“W-what do you mean?” you ask, taking an instinctive step back. She only comes up to your chin, but something about the intensity of her expression makes her feel a lot larger.

In response, she raised a leg and places it quite firmly on your crotch. You squeak as her boot catches your penis. “Look what happened to me this morning,” she says, pinching her thigh-high sock. As you watch, she turns it around, revealing a large hole in the fabric, as if it’s been torn by a bush. Looking up at you, she smirks knowingly. “And these were my favorites, too. I wonder where I can get a replacement...”

The implications of what she’s saying give you an instinct erection. You try to speak, but all that comes out is a squeak. The pressure of her boot on your penis is so strong you want to whimper. “A replacement...?”

“That’s right,” she says, leaning even closer, her lips coming within a millimeter of your own. “Now if only I had some special, almost magical way of creating some...”

You’re practically a puddle. “I—I—I don’t know if I— I— I— I mean, that’s not just—”

Smirking, she plants a finger on your lips. “It’s okay,” she says, “I know you like it when you don’t have a choice.”

She doesn’t even give you the chance to deny it. Before you can even open your mouth, she’s raised the gun, taken aim at your chest, and—

The beam strikes you dead in the heart, making it pound as if it’s about to explode. You squeal in surprise and drop your box of chocolates with a moan. Your knees strike the ground a second later, and for an instant it is all you can do to kneel there, your eyes tight, and your entire body shaking like you’ve stuck your fingers into an electrical outlet. You moan.

Through the flood of raw sensation, you manage to find the strength to stop your teeth chattering and speak. “M-M-Megumi, what are you doing?” Your eyes slam tight against. Your jaw clacks, open and shut, open and shut.

“Giving you what you *really* want, of course. You can’t be my boyfriend, but you’ll make an *excellent* replacement for my favorite thigh-high sock. Don’t you like the sound of that?” She smirks. You can only whimper.

“M-Megumi!” Your voice comes out as a croak.

“Don’t worry!” she says, looking like she’s having incredible fun, despite your protests. “I’ve deliberately slowed the process down so you can get as much enjoyment out of it as possible. We’ll start with your shape. That seems like a good place to begin.”

You whimper. What exactly does she mean by—?

It’s like one person has grabbed your head and another has grabbed your ankles. In unison, they tug, hard, wrenching you straight and open. Your chest strikes the floor, your heart still pounding inside it. You try to speak, but you no longer have the strength. You feel so weak you can barely move a finger. “Nnn~! M-Megumi!”

She stands over you, raygun raised—she hasn’t lowered it by an inch. “Hmm... You’re still not the right shape.” Its beam flickers, blue as the open sky, and it does your body ripples like a puddle struck by a stone. As you twist, you can’t help but whine in terror. This is nothing like you read in your stories. Nothing! “I want you to look *exactly* like my old sock.”

Just as you think your situation can’t possibly get worse, something slams into your mouth. You try to scream, but the sound comes out choked. It’s like you’re being deep-throated by a ghost. Possibly a ghost-horse from the way it feels inside you. Whimpering, you slam your eyes tight and struggle to hold yourself together as whatever it is forces its way deep, deep inside you, stretching your poor, feeble throat around it in the process.

Megumi, looming over you, smirks like she’s watching her favorite TV show. “That’s better. Mmm~, you’re going to look wonderful. Now, let’s get rid of those limbs.”

Your fingers, trembling, collapse and sink into your hands. Your toes, wiggling, crumple like old paper. And with that, your arms and legs roll themselves up like old clothes and disappear into your body like they never even existed. Your emptied shoes and socks fall to the floor, useless. You squeal, writhing in horror.

“Hehe, you’re like a cute little worm!” says Megumi. “Don’t worry, I’ll still love you though!” She giggles. “Now, let’s handle your material...”

You suck in a deep breath and go to scream at her, but of course it’s impossible. Your lips are smoothing out now, fading into your face, and as they flatten, a tiny spot of color appears there: dark black. Exactly the same shade as Megumi’s torn sock.

If only you still had a mouth left to scream with.

Megumi jumps on the spot, clapping her hands and giggling. “You look amazing!”

Writhing in abject terror now, you can only watch in horror as the color spreads over your skin, painting your flesh in its shade and smoothing away your features in the process, reducing everything to the same soft fabric. Overhead, Megumi looms larger with the second, a smirk still on her face. To your horror, you realize she isn’t the only thing growing: the entire room is. You’re shrinking!

You thrash and twist and shudder and silently moan, but nothing can prevent the horror that's occurring. You're being crushed, squeezed, wrung out by a pair of giant hands, and no matter how hard you fight it, it just won't stop. With every second, the pressure grows a little stronger, unbearably stronger, both inside and out, you just can't... You just can't...

The object in your throat reaches your anus, and with a moan, you cum, spewing your disgusting semen all over the floor, you dirty little perv, you. A moment later, your cock crumples into your much reduced form, the last sign of your humanity washed away forever. All you can do is lie there like the inanimate object you've become.

Bending down, Megumi snatches you up. Mercifully, you've avoided sucking up any of your own semen. "Oh my gosh, look at you! You came out perfectly! You're just like my old sock! No, even better!"

Hugging you tight to her chest, she strokes you affectionately. You can't help but blush—not least because it feels like she's stroking your cock. *Th-thank you*, you want to say.

She places you on the table, leaving you to lie there and watch, still burning with your afterglow, as she removes her shoe and peels off her sock. Then it's your turn, and you can only moan as she stretches your former mouth wide and raises her foot, ready to fill you, fill you harder than you've ever been filled in your life.

Your crush's leg entering you slices through your mind and leaves you whimpering. You want to cry, but at the same time you can't help but feel a strange sense of pride. You're your crush's perfect sock. And isn't that worth it?