

Transformative Fashion by Cowkites

“Ryan! Were you expecting anything in the mail today?”

Ryan looked over Melissa’s shoulder, toward their doorstep and down at the small package at her feet. It was unassuming enough; a small gray mailer, the kind one might receive when ordering an article of clothing or two.

“No, not that I know of.”

Bending down and reaching past her girlfriend, Ryan picked up the package and looked at the shipping label. It was addressed to ‘Ryan and Melissa’ specifically and was sent from some company by the name of: Transformative Fashion. Grabbing the package to get a better look herself, Melissa began to tear it open from the side and inspect what was inside.

Losing control of the slick packaging in an excited rush, Melissa yelled in surprise as two pairs of individually packaged underwear fell to the carpet. The couple looked down at the underwear in mild surprise. Ryan reached down and picked up the two see-through packages containing a pair of plain black boxers and a matching pair of panties.

“Hey Ryan, get a load of this...” Looking up at Melissa, Ryan could see a small smile on her face as she brushed her hair out from in front of her eyes and read from a small piece of paper in her hands, “Congratulations on receiving your very own pair of personalized Transformative Fashion underwear, Ryan and Melissa!”

Adjusting the underwear in the bag, Ryan eventually found the personalization of which they spoke: their names were stitched into the butt of each pair of underwear just below the waistband with white thread.

“I think we’d know which pair is which.”

“I don’t think that’s the point Ryan; regardless, continuing on: You two have been selected to try out our new state of the art fashion, that truly makes your deepest desires come true! Simply try on the underwear and see just what we mean; and be sure to wear them together, for twice the fun!”

Ryan had already opened the clear packaging and was feeling the fabric of each pair with his hands, “They certainly feel expensive.” Moving Melissa slightly and closing the door behind him, Ryan handed Melissa’s pair off to her, before stripping his pants off and beginning to pull the boxers up his legs. “They weren’t lying Melissa, these feel amazing!”

Rolling her eyes, Melissa reached over before Ryan could pull the underwear up to his waist and gripped his cock, "Sure you're wearing the right pair?" Ryan ignored the joke and left the boxers at his knees as Melissa lightly kneaded the head of his penis. She only looked at him for a moment from the corner of her vision before returning to the paper in her hand.

"By opening the underwears' packaging, you agree to meet with one of our representatives in a short time to discuss your experiences having worn our latest in Transformative Fashion. Have a good day, and enjoy!"

Removing her hand and giving her thoroughly aroused boyfriend a peck on the cheek, Melissa lowered her skirt and slipped her panties down to her ankles. Not wanting to be the only one not trying on their new clothes, Melissa purposefully bent over with her ass fully exposed to Ryan as she tugged the tight black fabric up her legs.

To tease her boyfriend further, Melissa turned back around and grabbed Ryan's cock again before tucking it between his legs and yanking his boxers up to his waist, "There! Not gonna lie babe, these panties feel really good on my skin. I don't know if it's the situation or the underwear, but I'm starting to get really horny."

"Says the girl who just tucked my dick away." Melissa laughed and squeezed Ryan's crotch through his boxers before running up stairs, leaving Ryan to quickly follow suit.

When Ryan finally got to their bedroom, Melissa had already stripped to just the panties and waited patiently on all fours next to the bed. Judging by the shape in the seat of her underwear Melissa had already stuffed her ass with one of her toys. Ryan could hear the soft hum of vibration and could see how slick her inner thighs were; he had never seen her so aroused.

"Get over here and show me that cock. Your slut wants a good face fuck."

Ryan didn't need to be told twice, as he quickly stripped to just his new boxers and sat on the edge of the bed. Melissa seemed like an animal as she moved between Ryan's legs and began to sniff and kiss his inner thighs, moving closer and closer until she tugged his waistband down and Ryan's large member practically smacked her in the face.

"Oh yes, that's what your dirty little whore needs!"

Running her tongue from bottom to top of his shaft, Melissa then placed her lips to the cock's head before slowly going down, trying her best to touch her lips to the base of Ryan's penis. She tried again and again, picking up speed and getting closer than Ryan had ever seen. In such a pleasurable daze, Ryan had completely forgotten his end of the face fuck and was surprised to find Melissa grabbing his hands and placing them on the back of her head by force.

Ryan had never seen Melissa so riled up and into degrading herself; he thought that he would be more aroused than ever, but found himself just under his normal level. He was close though, and Melissa knew it. Removing her mouth from his cock with a 'pop!', Melissa began to stroke him by hand speaking in between moments of holding out her tongue in anticipation for a facial she was literally begging for.

"Come on babe, cover me in your sticky load. Totally coat me like a sex doll and, like, leave me on the floor!"

Ryan could barely move. He was definitely loving what his girlfriend was doing, yet something felt terribly off. He had never felt so preoccupied during sex in his life as he did now. Eventually, his body won and he felt his cock begin to twitch in Melissa's hand. The constant stimulation to his shaft and Melissa's tongue occasionally running across the head of his penis was just too much. Arching his back Ryan, moaned unevenly, surprising himself and Melissa both as his voice broke and his body shivered.

In a matter of seconds, Ryan went from feeling like a stud to looking down at his shrinking cock dribbling its entire and meagre load down the side of his shaft as Melissa looked on completely and utterly disappointed.

"M-Melissa, I'm sorry. I don't know wha--"

"Well someone sounded like they enjoyed themselves. I'm glad someone did. You're gonna have to teach me how to have a girly little moan like that Ryan. I bet my boyfriend would love that."

Ryan felt his entire face turn red with embarrassment and he looked away to keep himself from getting emotional.

What's going on here? Why do I feel like crying all of the sudden...something must be wrong with me today...

Suddenly a tongue was running down the length of his flaccid member, and Ryan found himself unable to control his reaction as he gripped the sheets and softly moaned.

"I-I'm sorry Ryan. I didn't mean to be such a bitch...I'm just so horny and it felt like I just couldn't control myself. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. In fact, it makes me feel almost as good just to see you squirm like this. I guess I was just hoping for something a little bit...more."

Melissa pulled herself up from the floor and onto the bed, taking Ryan in her arms before pulling him down and onto the pillows, "I'm sorry too Melissa...I know what I just did was a little pathetic...I couldn't control it...I just felt weird and it...kind of came out like that." Melissa smiled

and lightly stroked Ryan's hair, "Why don't you get some rest? I'll just go take care of myself in the other room, okay?"

Ryan wanted to say no, that he could satisfy her; but between the feeling of her breasts on his back and her soft whispers in his ear, his eyes had already begun to droop. By the time Melissa tucked him in he was sound asleep, softly snoring and drooling ever so slightly on his pillow.

Ryan's dreams were jumbled, confusing, and mostly sexual. Unlike his normal sex dreams, Melissa was nowhere to be seen; instead, Ryan found himself alone on his back watching his body shift and change. By the time he woke, Ryan had forgotten the majority of what he had seen, but he knew that it had turned him on to the point of cumming in his sleep. After his earlier performance with Melissa, waking up in a pair of sticky underwear felt far more embarrassing than he would've thought.

Lifting the sheets slightly from his form, Ryan could see the outline to his flaccid cock in his underwear. Again something felt off. Had the underwear always been this tight? He could've sworn the package contained a pair of black boxers, but now he sported a tight pair of white briefs. Rolling over onto his stomach and pulling the covers off him completely, Ryan was amazed by the roundness of his own butt. His more masculine, muscular rear looked far more round and perky than usual. Ignoring his desire to give himself a light slap to his cheeks, he stretched his neck and looked for the stitching. Sure enough, just above his cute butt, his name was still stitched; only the professional looking, white stitching had been replaced with pink cursive.

"Cute butt! Did my little Ryan have a good nap?"

Turning, Ryan could see Melissa at the bedroom door. Aside from her panties, Melissa only wore a white crop top and a pair of 4-inch pink heels. Ryan marveled at how Melissa looked completely like an exaggerated version of herself; lighter hair, thicker thighs, plump rear, fuller lips, even slightly larger breasts.

"Wha-Melissa, what happened to you? You look..."

"Hot?" Melissa giggled to herself for a moment, seemingly lost in thought as she played with her hair, pulling a strand in front of her face and running her other hand down her flat stomach to her crotch, "Well, I got such a strong urge to be naughty earlier, and since you decided you weren't man enough, I took care of myself. I fell asleep for who knows how long and when I woke up...my panties had changed. My name is still on the butt and they're definitely from the same company, but there's so much less fabric now. The underwear must be special. Then I just had such a strong desire to dress like this...and I've been cleaning the house since then. Once I heard you up here moaning and rustling in the sheets, I felt compelled to come see."

Crossing the room to their bed, Melissa grabbed the covers and fully revealed her boyfriend, “Since when was I dating such a twink?” Giggling to herself again, Melissa got down on her knees and began to run her hands across Ryan’s body. Eventually she settled on his cock and smirked. “I see your panties changed too, huh?”

“I’m not wearing panties, Melissa. I-I...” Ryan suddenly felt so flustered to have his girlfriend treating him like this.

“They look like panties to me. Remember when we read that thing that came with them? It’s hard for me to think straight, but if I, like, think really hard I remember it saying that our underwear will make our deepest desires come true; isn’t that right?” Ryan stayed silent as Melissa leaned over and lightly sniffed his crotch through his underwear before lightly kissing it, “So tell me Ryan, why does my boyfriend’s dick look smaller? Why are you waking up from your nap in a pair of sticky panties with thinning leg hair and a pair of puffy nipples? Why is your hair longer and your face softer? Do you secretly, like, want to totally be a little girl?”

Ryan’s eyes widened as he finally managed to assess himself. How had he not seen it all before? His leg hair was almost non-existent; in fact, most of his body hair was gone. His nipples were not only slightly larger, but he could feel how much more sensitive they were. Was he entirely smaller over all? His eyes slowly met Melissa’s and then followed hers down to his semi-erect cock. He watched as she tugged his waistband down and felt conflicted as his now below average cock swung free of its cotton prison.

“I wouldn’t call it pathetic, but most women will totally want more...do you even like girls anymore?”

Melissa’s voice was free of venom, but the words still stung, “My hard on is from being next to you Melissa...well, what about you, huh? Do you just want to be some slut?”

“Yep. It’s obv-clear to me that you’re confl-ted...con...mad by what your panties have done to you. I am totally in love with what I’m becoming! What’s so bad about wanting a thick cock inside of you? To get face-fucked like a dirty little slut. Nothing. Just like it’s okay for you to want to have a tiny penis and wear dresses. Sissy. Does it make you happy for me to call you that?”

Melissa had a firm grasp on Ryan’s cock, and had been teasing it constantly as she spoke to him. It felt humiliating to be treated like this, especially since he couldn’t find the strength to prove her wrong; instead, Ryan humped her hand and gave into the strong desires coursing through his mind.

“Good sissy! Do you want to play with my boobs? Would little Ryan like that?”

Reaching under Melissa's short crop top, he found her nipples almost immediately thanks to her lack of bra; amazed by just how much of a slut his girlfriend had become. Her nipples were soft, a clear sign to Ryan that the sissy he was becoming was no longer remotely arousing to her; he briefly wondered why she seemed so into it.

"Naughty little sissy! Do you know how to ask for permis-for perm-son...do you know how to ask?"

Ryan watched in pure delight as Melissa tucked his cock into his underwear and rolled him onto his stomach, pinning his arms behind his back with one arm she yanked his underwear up his crack with the other and then spanked him. It was a matter of seconds before Ryan's cock began to twitch.

"Mel-Melissa, I-I'm g-gonna cum!"

"Enjoy cumming in your panties, princess. I know how much you like it."

Whereas before, when Ryan had humiliated himself in front of Melissa with his pathetic display of ejaculation, Ryan now effectively soaked his 'panties' in one of the most powerful orgasms of his life. He could hear Melissa cooing above him and lightly patting his rear as the last few drops dribbled out.

"You don't even need me stroking you anymore," Ryan was flipped over again, his arms remaining pinned behind his back, "and judging by the mess you made, you were very much enjoying your spanking. I'm glad to see I could make my little sissy so happy!"

Ryan opened his mouth to weakly protest Melissa's playful name calling, but she quickly silenced him with a finger, "I don't know how long we were out earlier but I noticed another package from the same company at our doorstep. Maybe they'll have a fresh pair of panties for you so you'll have something to wear while I, like, wash these."

Not wanting to argue any further, Ryan found himself being tugged along by the hand out of their bedroom and toward the front door. Did he really want more of what was happening to him; of what was happening to Melissa? It was hard for him to feel like he had a choice as he stumbled after Melissa, the clacking of her heels almost hypnotic to the confused young man.

Ryan peered into the large cardboard box, pushing the packing peanuts aside and taking note of how much more feminine his hands were. Melissa had her arm around his waist and rested her head on his shoulder; he knew she was wearing heels, but even then she felt taller than before. Looking down to his now hairless legs and small, well-manicured feet he realized that it was more likely than he had grown shorter.

“What do you see sweetie?” Despite being nearly as close as Ryan to the box, Melissa had little interest in it beyond urging Ryan to investigate. The rest of her energies were focused in her fingers as they lightly teased Ryan’s sensitive, growing nipples and tended to the growing pleasure emanating from her crotch.

Once cleared of enough packaging filler to see, Ryan could make out a few individually wrapped packages like before. Handing Melissa the packages, Ryan could see that Melissa looked even more exaggerated than before; her lashes had grown long, her hair even lighter to the point of platinum blonde, and her makeup had gone from subtle to almost comically erotic. Her ‘panties’ had shrunk further, becoming a hot pink thong that was slick with her arousal and the crop top that had once given mild coverage could barely hide the nipples of her engorged breasts. She still looked pleased, but Ryan was uncertain if the intelligence that was in her eyes now was as present as it once was. Ryan watched as Melissa walked to the couch. He found himself becoming aroused, his now pathetic member barely raising his still sticky panties as his eyes fixed on her bubble butt.

His gaze found its way to the white, bubble-font stitching on the thong’s waistband, and Ryan felt a sudden desire to relax. His eyes drooped and for a moment it became impossible to read what her underwear said. It hurt him to think; so instead, he invited the feelings in and felt a warmth spread from his crotch. By the time he realized what he was doing, Ryan had already soaked his panties with pee. Snapping back to reality, Ryan found Melissa had already sat down and was cooing to him from the couch.

“Couldn’t hold it sweetpea? Aww...well, like, grab your pac-packa...bag and come to nanny! Let’s get you, like, totally out of those soaked training panties!”

Ryan found himself unable to do anything else aside from what Melissa had asked of him. He hadn’t noticed before but, looking down as he waddled over to Melissa, his underwear had changed again. If not for the thick padding of the pink princess training panties he now sported, Ryan would have practically been peeing on the floor.

“Aren’t your panties just darling? Now hand that to nanny and lie...lay...get on your back on the floor!”

Doing just as commanded, Ryan found himself going blank again. In a matter of seconds he was reduced to drooling around his thumb and grinding his pathetic penis through his training panties as he watched Melissa undress.

Melissa could barely pull the flimsy crop top away from her breasts. Anyone with any kind of strength and desire to do so would have been able to rip it clean off her, as the fabric had already begun to tear from the massive tits forced against them. Looking over her shoulder, Melissa could see her sissy of a boyfriend moaning effeminately and humping his hand through

his absolutely adorable princess trainers on the floor. Part of her was sad that this was how her boyfriend turned out, but she found some great satisfaction in doting on him and teasing his sissified form.

Next she removed her heels, and tugged the stretched fabric of her thong down her thick butt and thighs. As Melissa began to open the first package before her she could hear Ryan from behind speaking between gasps in his now feminine, lispy voice, “Whas...your pannies...say...n-nanny?”

Eager to please her sissified charge, Melissa bent down and picked up the thong she had just kicked free. Stretching the fabric in her hands, she strained to make sense of the bubble-letters before her. She knew that the ‘i’ was dotted with a heart, that much was easy; but the longer she stared the more she realized how stupid the transformation was making her.

“Well sissy, there’s, like, definitely an ‘i’...” She remembered that initially the underwear said their names on their respective pairs, but even her name was becoming difficult to remember. Her sissy had been calling her ‘nanny’ but that wasn’t right.

“B-B...Buh”

She began to wonder just how dumb she was, but that was too difficult to think about.

“I-I-I...B-I...Beh...”

Melissa’s reading level must have become that of a kindergartener’s for her to have been reduced to reading like this. The brief thought aroused her to no end.

“Mmmm...B-I-M...Bim..”

Would men...real men call her a dumb slut now? Wasn’t that what she was?

“B...I know that letter! B-O...B-I-M-B-O! Bimbo!”

Ryan was sucking on his fingers absentmindedly now; Melissa’s pathetic display of intelligence had taken so long that he had already come in his training panties and had begun to grow tired. The next word took her even longer, and by the time she was nearly the end she had begun to drip with pleasure as she imagined being used in every hole of her fuck-toy body.

“S-L-U-T. My name is Bimbo Slut!”

Melissa let out a throaty moan as a shiver shook her body and sent her to her hands and knees on the floor. Burying her head in the carpet and rubbing her sensitive nipples on the floor with her ass raised, Melissa began to finger herself and cursing her love for how useless her long

fingernails made her. She wished to herself that a real man would come along and fuck the rest of her brains out, but that only made her masturbating even less satisfying. In a lust-filled stupor she raised herself from the floor and reached for the package, desperately tearing it open in hopes that she might find something to satisfy her ache.

Tossing aside the majority of the bag's contents without so much as a glance, Melissa's hands eventually found purchase around the thick shaft of a 16-inch dildo. Drooling with glee, Melissa dropped to her back on the couch and imagined being fucked senseless as she got to work taking in as much of the monstrosity as she could. She bucked her hips to the rhythm of her imaginary master and moaned as he called her only by her true name: *Bimbo Slut*.

As she shook with the first of many mind-shattering orgasms, her ass drenched with her own sweat and ecstasy, Melissa took a strange pleasure in seeing her sissy stir slightly in his sleep. His training panties had transformed once more into a thick pair of pink-tinted cartoon bunny pull-ups that were discolored from use. As Melissa's body shivered from delight, her eyes slowly closing from exhaustion, she wished she could've woken the little sissy, had him seen what it would take to satisfy her now, and have him realize how he could never achieve that.

"...don't worry sissy...nanny still wuvs you..."

"...you can see, both of the subjects have become completely transformed. Not even their own families would be able to recognize them at this point."

Ryan's eyes refused to open easily, taking a great amount of effort to even give him a meagre amount of sight of his surroundings. His limbs felt like lead and when Ryan found the strength to move them even slightly, it became apparent that he had been restrained by each of his limbs and neck. As more of the room came into view, Ryan began to remember what had happened to him and Melissa since opening that package.

"...and this would happen to anyone that wore the underwear?"

Pink, leather and fur restraints kept Ryan helpless inside an oversized crib. He wore a soft pink onesie that was tight enough to make his diapered status and small breasts obvious to anyone that bothered to look. Even without the restraints, his legs had been forced apart by the diaper which crinkled with each exploratory squeeze from Ryan. As his thighs pressed against the crotch of the diaper it became more than obvious that he wet himself repeatedly since his last conscious act.

"Not normally to this degree. We had sent specific pairs to little Ryan and Melissa to get a certain result. We had not known that they would respond so well to their degradation." Ryan looked up to see people in smart suits and fashionable attire looking down at him. Some

reached through the bars to poke and prod him, taking pleasure in watching him become reduced to giggling and drooling profusely around his pacifier as they squeezed his soaked diapers and tickled his exposed inner thighs. “Ryan responded better to his sissification than any of our test trials; his underwear had already reached their maximum thickness by the time we found him humping and babbling on the floor.”

Ryan could feel the red on his cheeks intensifying as they spoke of his humiliation so lightly as if he wasn't there before them. He could feel himself becoming aroused, his nipples hardening and showing through the fabric on his onesie. The sissy he had become wanted more attention, and he knew just how to get it.

“Is he obedient?”

“Completely. Ryan has no will of his own anymore. He thinks that he will, but he will always convince himself that he wants what is being commanded of him. As of now, anyone can easily subdue him with a sentence; once he is sold his-” Ryan moaned loudly, looking from face to face as they turned to his interruption. He bucked his hips, eager to draw their eyes as he pushed and a loud fart issued from his diaper.

“Looks like the sissy wants attention. Does the little sissy's tummy hurt? Show us how good you are!”

Ryan could still feel his penis though he knew it was miniscule at this point. He whimpered until one of the adults surrounding him lightly placed her hand on his crotch and began to massage him. He basked in their collective baby talking and cooing as his bowels began to ease and he eagerly pooped his diaper. One hand even squeezed his rear, causing Ryan to moan as the mess he pushed into his thick pampers was pressed against his backside.

“He will wet and mess to get off for now, but eventually he will become completely diaper dependent; which he will also love.”

The hand massaging Ryan's diapered crotch switched to light patting. A young woman smiled down at him as he desperately tried to grind against her hand to no avail, causing him to squirm and whimper as he orgasmed pathetically into his messy diapers.

“And what of the eager bimbo slut?”

Surrounded by people, Ryan could neither see nor focus on Melissa; but as the group left him squirming and messy in his crib, he caught sight of his girlfriend. Although it seemed impossible, Melissa looked even more slutty and dumb than she had before. On her hands and knees on the floor, Melissa had been dressed in a sexy maid's outfit that did little to cover up her engorged breasts or the thick rear she now sported. Her pink and white lace thong had been pulled to her ankles and two large dildos on a machine were pumping in and out of her ass and

pussy. Around her neck she wore a thick leather collar attached to a leash that one of the female staff held loosely.

“As I mentioned before, there are many uses for our transformative fashion. Melissa and Ryan were transformed and greatly humiliated; a fine application on its own. They are also to be sold together to a buyer out of the country as play things. They wanted a baby and a nanny to take care of it. Despite how brainless the little slut looks now, she still harbors a great love for her little sissy and will be compelled to spoil him like the little princess he is.”

Melissa was in no way restrained other than the leash, and that remained lightly held by one of their captors. She was gagged and, judging by the slight bobbing motion of her head, the gag was phallic in shape. Melissa was perfectly content with her place on the floor, getting fucked silly by the machine behind her; staying put with so much room to move, proved that much.

“Much like Ryan, Melissa was very eager for her bimbofication and as such became a bit dimmer than we had originally planned for. If she was any stupider, we’d have to put both Ryan and her in diapers. Thankfully, their buyer was thrilled to hear this as she prefers her play things to be illiterate.”

Ryan had zoned out, no longer listening despite the very important nature of the conversation; instead Ryan watched as Melissa’s eyes began to twitch and she lowered her head to the floor. Drool had collected on her chin and dripped to her breasts as her body shook from the orgasms provided by the machine making a display of her.

“How soon would these be available for purchase? I’ve got a few people in mind who could use some correction.”

As Ryan’s bladder emptied itself again into his soiled diapers, he smiled through his pacifier as people began to surround him. The crotch snap on his onesie was pulled back and several pictures were taken of his face, his diaper, and his full body in the crib. Across the room, Melissa was receiving the same treatment. He sucked absentmindedly on his pacifier as he watched her roll on her back and strip for photographers.

“A set amount per customer will be available for purchase in the lobby once we are done recording the cute couple here. Of course it will take a little while as we’ll need to take a few videos of their speech patterns and orgasms as well; though it should go fast. I’ve never seen a couple be so humiliated and still so eager to please!”