

# Getting Punked - Part 1

For Jason

By TheSpiralledEye

*Amy wears the pants in her relationship with Jenny; but when Jenny suggests using magic to transform her into her outfit things take a turn and suddenly Amy is the helpless horny one.*

~

“Oh my God, Jenny. You are not wearing *that* to the club tonight.”

Amy crossed her arms over her chest and gave her girlfriend a withering stare. Jenny shuffled awkwardly in her leather boots; her outfit would have been perfectly fine were it not for the shirt she was wearing over her fishnets.

“What’s wrong with it?” Jenny asked, blinking up at Amy innocently and Amy could only roll her eyes; her girlfriend may have been a hot piece of ass but she was so clueless sometimes.

“Your shirt, hun.” She replied condescendingly, “It’s a Green Day shirt?”

“So? They are punk rock, aren’t they?”

“Honestly, you’re going to get us kicked out of the scene with stuff like that. Green Day are sell outs, everybody knows that.” Amy replied, “Now, let’s go get you changed, this is why I insist on picking your outfits when we go out.”

Jenny sighed and scuffed the heel of her boot against the kitchen tiles of their apartment, her sad face always made Amy squirm. It looked so...pathetic, like a kicked puppy. It wasn't like she enjoyed putting her girlfriend down but she couldn't have her ruining her own image with stuff like that, not to mention her own! She couldn't be seen dating somebody who didn't even know the basics of the punk scene.

“Hey, I am only being harsh because I love you.” She cooed, reaching out to cup Jenny’s face carefully in her hands. “I just know best, I can’t help that. Would you rather I let you go out dressed like a little fool?”

“...No.” Jenny admitted finally and Amy smiled, giving her a deep kiss.

Jenny yielded to her tongue immediately, tilting backwards and submitting to her as she moaned softly. That was one of the things she loved about Jenny, she may not have been the brightest, but she knew her place. It made the relationship so much easier, way less fighting compared to her last girlfriend.

“Come on, I’ll dress you.” Amy offered, taking Jenny’s hand and leading her back to their bedroom.

She ignored Jenny’s side of the cupboard, while her clothing selection had been slowly improving over the last few months as Amy helped her throw out some of the less stylish things, it was still a better bet to just use her own clothes. As she pulled open the doors a move balanced atop the cupboard wobbled, pulled forward by the opening door and Amy barely managed to catch it before it tumbled down on her.

“Oh sorry! That’s mine.” Jenny blushed, trying to grab it but Amy stretched out of her reach.

“What’s this? Maybe my birthday present? Or a toy you’ve been hiding from me for when I’m too tired?” She teased, opening the box fully expecting to find something naughty but instead was met with...rocks.

Shiny, crystals of all shapes and sizes along with sticks of chalk and a few small bottles stuffed with what looked like herbs. The hell? Jenny was red in the face with embarrassment but Amy wasn’t even sure what she was supposed to be looking at.

“What’s all this?”

“It’s...well...magic items.”

Amy blinked.

“Magic items?”

“So you know how I like the occult,” Jenny curled a finger around her dark black hair, “Well I started taking it a bit more seriously lately. Some of the girls on the message boards said I need to be more confident.”

“You could stand to grow a bit more of a spine.” Amy agreed and Jenny winced.

“Well, these are the components for a spell I was thinking of trying with you...a kinky one.”

Amy’s interest was instantly sparked.

“Oh? What sort of kinky spell are we talking about?”

“Well...you usually take the lead in bed so I wanted to for once but I wasn’t sure how so I thought I would make a spell to turn you into my clothes.”

Of all the things Amy had considered she would reply with, that hadn’t even made the list.

“How is me turning into your clothing kinky?”

“Just think about it, you can be there the whole time with nobody knowing, touching me, talking to me, all while I try to go about my day. It would be really hot and I could try and resist you.” Jenny’s cheeks were red for a whole other reason now, “I could learn to be more dominant, trying to fight off your words while I wore you around.”

That did sound pretty hot actually. She could just imagine all the sweet nothings she could whisper into Jenny’s mind while being able to feel her tits and pussy at the same time. Plus, there was no way Jenny would be able to fight off her lust for very long, the girl was putty in Amy’s hands every night.

“This sounds like a great idea.” Amy grinned and Jenny looked at her with awe.

“Really?” She lapped up the praise like an eager dog. “Could we do it now, you were going to change my clothes anyway!”

“Sure, why not?” Amy shrugged, “Going out to the club as your clothes could be a fun new experience and you’re sure we’ll be able to communicate?”

Jenny nodded enthusiastically.

“Good, then I can tell you what to say so you don’t make a fool of yourself.”

Jenny was only half listening, having snatched the box and rushed back out into their living room. Amy watched with amusement as she drew out an elaborate magic circle on the ground in the chalk and began placing the various strange items along its rim and intersections.

“Okay, all you need to do is lay down in the middle.”

“Okay but first, clothes off.” Amy ordered, “I want you to be naked and ready for me.”

She ran a finger along Jenny’s shoulder and watched as she shivered; she wouldn’t last an hour. Jenny stripped obediently, right down to nothing as she kicked her panties and bra across the floor before kneeling near the largest crystal. Amy carefully laid down in the middle of the circle, legs spread so that Jenny was between them and she could gaze down at her beautiful, naked girlfriend as she prepared.

She loved Jenny; she was basically perfect. Submissive and sweet with a body that was made for sin; huge tits and a wide waist with a skinny middle; Amy’s favourite kind of woman. She admired her for a moment before quickly adding.

“And no turning me into anything ugly.”

“Of course not.” Jenny gulped, “Ready?”

Amy nodded.

Jenny began to mutter under her breath and the chalk outline began to glow a faint purple, the shadows in the room seemed to grow and darken till they were pitch black and the whole world turned greyscale, save for the light from the circle. Amy felt herself grow dizzy, almost sleepy as all her muscles relaxed. Her mind was still sharp and alert but her body felt like it was going oddly numb; she couldn’t feel her feet at all and the sensation spread up her legs to the rest of her body until she was nothing but a floating haze.

The numbness turned to a prickling pins and needles sensation as her vision faded to black. It was an indescribable feeling, having her body unravel; turning from flesh and bone to fabric and thread. It felt oddly relaxing, not painful at all, though it was slightly uncomfortable feeling her form stretch and reshape into something new.

Amy's head spun, she felt like she was being tossed in a whirlwind and when the sensation ended she could barely tell up from down. Her vision returned slowly and she found herself staring up at Jenny from an impossibly low angle. She was so flat she was basically part of the floor.

“Oopsie...”

Jenny made a face.

“I think I put your body in the wrong parts of the clothes.”

What?

Jenny reached down and picked up what Amy realised used to be her face, her main senses; hearing, taste, smell and sight were all focused there. She tried to use her sense of touch to make sense of her new form, she could feel a soft lining, stretching elastic and lace...she was a pair of panties!

She focused on the rest of her body, still laying on the floor; her legs had become the fishnet shirt, her breasts the bra to wear beneath it and her torso the tight fitting jeans. Jenny had put her in upside down!

‘You made my face your underwear!’

“Sorry, but that’s kind of hot isn’t it?” Jenny replied, “We should at least give it a try.”

‘I suppose...put me on.’

Amy would have sighed in relief were it possible; she felt oddly vulnerable hanging in Jenny's fingers like this, unable to move of her own volition. Watching as Jenny obeyed her orders as usual at least gave her some feeling of control of the situation. She hadn't realised just how helpless it would feel to be clothing; she was keen to feel in control again.

Jenny stepped into her and Amy quickly forgot how helpless she was. This view was unlike anything she could experience in human form. She could see Jenny's pussy as she

slowly rose up those smooth legs. It seemed to take an age and she made sure to savour every moment as the scents and tastes washed over her. She could smell the pussy juices as she approached and the stretch of her elastic as Jenny's legs filled her holes.

With a snap of elastic, she was in place, tightly cupping her girlfriends ass and mound. The soft, curly hair there tickled her inner lining and Amy wished she could squirm, being tickled without being able to stop it was a unique and oddly pleasurable sort of torture. She had more to occupy her mind soon enough though as the juices she had smelt approaching began to settle and seep into her fabric.

She could taste it, feel the soft folds pressing against her. It was like eating her girlfriend out, something she rarely did but often demanded, except the taste somehow seemed stronger than when it was just her tongue. And of course, she couldn't stop. She had no choice but to sit against her girlfriend's pussy, tasting her and feeling her fabric pull and loosen as she walked.

"Are you okay? You've gone quiet."

*'I'm fine.'* Amy replied feeling shaky, *'Just a little...overwhelmed.'*

Jenny actually giggled.

"Well there is more to come." She teased.

Before Amy could say anything more she felt part of her being lifted up. It was hard to put into words but somehow it felt like her most intimate parts, almost like Jenny was softly handling her womb. All of a sudden, the distinct pleasure of being filled overcame her and she realised Jenny was putting on her bra. Instead of fingers, dildo or a cock though, it was her girlfriends breasts filling her. She could feel their weight and heft in a way she never could have with just her hands. It was...indescribably wonderful. Between her face being squished into Jenny's pussy and that feeling of being filled it was like being sixty-nined...*constantly*.

It was so overwhelming she barely felt Jenny putting on the jeans and fishnets, at least until she started to move. Amy could feel every twitch of muscle, every tiny movement Jenny made, she could feel. It was like having her limbs gently massaged from the inside out. It was all so much, she couldn't seem to think straight; and the fact that she was also somewhat upside down made the whole process all the more confusing to come to terms with.

“What do you think?”

Amy realised all of a sudden that she was in darkness.

‘I can’t see anything, the jeans are covering my uh...eyes Or where my eyes got changed to’

“Oh sorry.”

A moment later Amy felt a soft hand pressing against the zip of her jeans and slowly lowered it, allowing Amy to see out. They were standing before the full length mirror in their bathroom and looking at their shared reflection was surreal. There was only one figure in the reflection; Jenny, but Amy could see the outfit she was wearing. Even logically knowing it was her it took some time for the realisation to sink in.

She had been turned into a fishnet shirt; purple sports style bra, a pair of tight fitting black jeans and of course the matching purple panties. It was a revealing outfit to be sure, but not so much so that she would get kicked out of any clubs.

Jenny stopped on her toes and turned from side to side, stretching out her arms and legs in various poses to get a really good look at Amy’s new form; all while stretching the fabric of her girlfriend’s new body. Amy felt overwhelmed; she could feel every seam, every zip, stitch and swath of fabric as it went from tight to loose depending on the pose.

Jenny grinned, lifting one leg up onto the side of their bath and leaning heavily on it like she was posing for a magazine article. Her legs spread and Amy found herself pulled flush against her hole and clit. She could feel every last soft curve of her girlfriend's pussy rubbing against her, not to mention the small gush of juice that came from her hole as she opened up. She wasn't even turned on yet as far as she could tell and yet Jenny seemed so much wetter than Amy anticipated.

The smell was everywhere, the taste coated what used to be her face; there was no escaping it and Amy was finding herself overwhelmed not only with the intensity but her own reaction to it. Her body was being constantly teased and the taste of arousal literally shoved down what was now her throat. She was getting horny, almost painfully horny and for the first time she realised she had no way to release that pressure. She had expected Jenny to be the tortured one, painfully being turned on by her, not the other way around.

“Oh we look great together!” Jenny beamed, “I am so glad you suggested changing!”

‘Yeah...’

Being in front of this mirror was too much; not only could she feel every inch of her naked girlfriend's body as her clothes but she got to have her cake and eat it too being able to see her dressed up in a sexy outfit. The fact that the front of her pants were still unzipped made the clothing feel even more suggestive. Her vision was suddenly cut off as Jenny zipped her pants back up, leaving Amy in darkness. The lack of any visual stimuli seemed to make her sense of touch, taste and smell double.

"We'd better get going! This took so long I'm going to miss the opening act!" Jenny realised, "Oh this is so much fun! And hot, knowing you're my clothes is actually a real turn on. It's all the thrill of public sex with none of the risk."

She giggled again and Amy was floored by just how put together her girlfriend seemed. She was a melting mess and Jenny barely seemed phased. The only indicator that she was as turned on as she said was the subtle yet constant stream of moisture between her legs and the subtle hardening of her nipples.

Oh, Amy wished she hadn't noticed that last part. It was strange enough feeling like she was getting fucked by her girlfriend's breasts but having those slightly hard nubs pressing against her fabric cups was a whole other level of stimulation. It was almost teasing; because she now couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like when they got fully hard.

The trip to the club was a simple affair, a quick walk down the stairs of their apartment building to the local taxi rank followed by several minutes waiting for one to pull up. Except this time the trip was anything but simple for Amy.

Each step Jenny took stimulated her; there was no reprieve. Her panties would sink into Jenny's folds and out again; the soft skin rubbing against her and forcing more moisture to soak into her lining. While each step down the stairs had Jenny's breasts jiggling. The movement was subtle from the outside, barely perceptible to most but from Amy's point of view cupping her it was practically an earthquake.

Then when she finally reached the rank to wait, Jenny didn't even have the decency to stand still. Her foot tapped, sending tiny vibrations up her legs and into Amy's pant form to match Jenny's humming. Her voice was low and sent reverberations through her chest; it was like having a vibrator buried deep inside her and Amy desperately wished for some kind of release.

Even to be able to moan and writhe would have helped but as it stood she had no choice but to take it; silently as she did not trust herself to speak. The taxi ride was no better;



she was immediately crushed under her girlfriend's weight. Her curvy ass grinding her into the car's leather seats and trapping her between them and her pussy.

"You're awfully quiet."

Amy would have jumped if she'd been able to. It took her an embarrassingly long few seconds to realise Jenny had lifted her phone to her ear so that the taxi driver thought she was talking to somebody. '

'I'm just getting used to this...'

"You sound...funny, desperate almost."

Amy didn't like the cool tone Jenny's voice had taken on. It was teasing, but undercut with a sort of cruelty; almost as if Jenny could sense her discomfort and was enjoying it. But that couldn't be true, Jenny was way too vanilla to be into domming; she was as submissive as they came.

*'I'm just enjoying your body.'* Amy tried to make herself sound authoritative, 'but you're crushing me a little.'

"You sound like you like that."

Jenny shuffled into her seat a little, crushing Amy into the plush leather and she saw stars.

"I know you are..." She said quietly before whispering low enough that the driver couldn't hear. "I can feel it. I feel how turned on you are."

She was; she was getting turned on by having Amy in her power! Amy would never have believed she had it in her. She would have been proud were she not so helpless and horny right now. The ride ended and she was grateful for the cold night air they stepped out into. It helped clear her head a little if nothing else but no amount of cold could cool the heat that had settled in his core.

"Sorry, I can't help it." Jenny giggled quietly to herself as she got in line for the venue. "I...I feel so strangely powerful like this, knowing you're at my mercy."

So she had realised; Amy felt humiliation flood through her. This had been a terrible idea.

'I think we should change back.'

"What? But I just got here, I can't change you back without going home and then I'll have just paid for two taxis to go nowhere. And we will miss the show."

*'I know but I...I feel sort of...'*

"Out of control? Helpless? Horny?"

'... Yes.'

"Good, imagine how hard you'll cum when I do change you back."

The words hit her like a truck; Amy was sure she would have cum right there if the ability to do hadn't been taken away. She'd always gotten off being the strong, dominant one. She hated feeling helpless; the last thing she wanted to do was develop a sub kink! But it was so hard with Jenny acting the way she was while constantly teasing her.

A wave of heat hit her and Amy realised they must have been entering the club. The sound of grungy punk music met her, barely muffled at all by the tight jeans and almost immediately Jenny began to wiggle slightly. She began to add a spring to her step as she started to dance and Amy wished she could moan. It was like having a naked love writhe beneath you, and above you, and inside you; all at once. And she was only barely dancing; Amy would have wept thinking about how good it would feel when Jenny started to move properly.

Jenny also seemed to sense just how turned on Amy was getting and in turn, she started to get wetter. Amy couldn't believe just how absorbent she was. It was one thing to have those pussy juices atop her but seeping into her very being was something else. The flavour permeated her entire being, the flavour was inside her and it was intoxicating.

Because she was still sealed in darkness she couldn't tell where Jenny was going but she could feel everything. People bumped and brushed against her fishnets, once or twice rings and other sharp metal chains caught on the thin threads and for the first time Amy realised just how vulnerable she was. All it would take was one drunken flail and one of those fishnets could tear. She was more at Jenny's mercy than she realised.

For some reason that she could not explain, this made Amy feel all the more hot and embarrassment began to fill her as she realised she was getting turned on not just on her

own helplessness, but how embarrassing it was. In less than an hour Jenny had somehow given her a kink for being the bottom and...that was just humiliating! She could never let her find out or it would go to her head even more than it already was.

Jenny was shaking her ass from side to side now, jumping up and down in the middle of what felt like a mosh pit. Not only could Amy feel the people squashing her into her girlfriend's skirt but she could feel the bounce of her curves.

Her tits and ass were moving up and down, forcing her to stretch and pull along with them. Amy's nipples were getting harder and harder inside the soft cups of Amy's bra and she could feel the skin pressing into her. She felt so full and yet so unsatisfied at the same time. What was worse; Jenny seemed to realise.

"This is getting you hot isn't it, me being in charge for once."

She could speak in the middle of the loud mosh pit and not worry about being overheard; the music was so loud that even Amy was struggling, the vibration of her chest as she spoke was the only way she was able to make out the taunts.

"This is so fun! I never realised how good it would feel to be in charge."

She spun and jumped, making Amy's mind spin with overstimulation.

"And this is just the first song!"

Amy was at her mercy; forced to endure dance after dance of pleasurable teasing. Her fabric absorbed Jenny's sweat as she moved until even the smell of alcohol and smoke from the club was replaced with it. There was only Jenny; her scent, her taste, her touch. Amy wasn't sure how much more she could take. If only she could cum, maybe she could think straight. But she couldn't; she was trapped in this form until her girlfriend decided to give her a break and judging by just how wet she was, and how much fun she seemed to be having, that wouldn't be happening any time soon.