

An Interesting Hike

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

Jennifer woke in a daze; she'd had such a strange dream. Damien had turned her into a saddle of all things and ridden her around the lake all day till she was so turned on she could barely stand it. Vaguely she remembered at the end, when he'd finally pitched camp, she'd been turned back and cumming before she could even stand. What on earth could have inspired such a strange fantasy? She stretched, brow furrowing in confusion when she found her body somewhat contained. Blearily, she blinked her eyes open and found them met with the roof of a tent, rather than her bedroom ceiling. The memories solidified and she sat up quickly, brining her sleeping bag with her. That hadn't been a dream! Damien really did have magic and had turned her into his little play thing yesterday! She had intended to give him a proper dressing down when he turned her back but by the time it had happened, she'd been too horny to think of anything but riding him in return and afterwards too exhausted.

Just thinking about the experience and aftermath made her legs rub together as warmth bloomed between them. She had always been a dom, both in and out of the bedroom and was not one to give up control lightly. Yet, submission, especially forced magical submission had been so delicious and erotic she had to bite her lip to keep from moaning just thinking about it. Not that she could let Damien know that. A quick glance around the tent showed she was alone, thankfully. He always had been an earlier riser. Jennifer grit her teeth, as...nice as yesterday had been in the end she still had to endure more humiliation than she was willing to bear. No, she had to take the reins once more; she couldn't let Damien get the wrong idea about who was in charge in this relationship. She'd already let this get too far, she was sleeping on the *ground* for goodness sake!

"Damien?" She called, kicking off the sleeping bag and clambering awkwardly out of the tent. "Where are you? You never mentioned anything about camping. You had your fun now let's get back to civilisation!"

The morning light blinded her for a moment and when she'd blinked away the glare she was met with the site of a smouldering campfire, a pan of sausages and eggs sizzling away with Damien poking at them.

"And miss the amazing views over the ridge?" He grinned, "I don't think so. This is only the first stop. We have a full day of hiking ahead of us if we want to make it to the next one."

"Absolutely not." Jennifer crossed her arms, "Look, that shit you pulled yesterday won't fly again. Don't go getting any ideas just because you got lucky last night!"

“I think you secretly liked it, given your state when I turned you back.”

“You will *never* talk about that again.” She hissed, stalking forward. Normally that domineering tone would make Damien cave to her every whim but today, he just smirked.

Jennifer felt the blood begin to drain from her face. This is why she had to keep such a firm hand with him, with any man. Give them an inch and they’ll take a mile.

“Oh?” He teased, “And how will you punish me if I do?”

“P-Punish-what are you, a child?” Jennifer scrambled for control over the conversation. “You’re lucky I am even giving you a second chance! Now pack all this up and let’s get going. My feet already hurt and we haven’t even started walking.”

“Very well.” He shrugged and Jennifer sighed, finally, things were going back to the way they were supposed to be.

She dusted off a nearby log as best she could and sat herself down, arms crossed ready to watch Damien work. If he thought she was going to deal with any of this smelly camping gear he had another thing coming. It wasn’t like this was her idea. For the first few minutes she was on edge; Damien still hadn’t explained how he used magic or where it came from, she didn’t want to let her guard down. But after a while, with him doing nothing but obediently tidying items up she relaxed, yesterday really was an outlier.

“Hm, looks like the bag blew away.” Damien mused after a minute. “I’ll have to make a new one if I am going to carry this all.”

Jennifer opened her mouth to ask how on earth he was going to make a backpack out of twigs and mud but never got the chance. In three quick strides Damien was before her, finger outstretched. She knew exactly what was coming and her whole body froze in fear and anticipation as Damien poked her in the forehead, hard. She winced, waiting to feel the hardening of leather but felt nothing. She opened her eyes, embarrassment at letting him fool her burned her cheeks. She stood, ready to give him a piece of her mind but never got the chance; she began to unravel.

Her body becoming thinner, folding in on itself as muscle and bone turned to fabric and metal. Her vision blurred once more and her sense of self altered as her body took on a new shape; not a saddle but something entirely new. When her senses settled, she found that she felt empty; her new form was made up of straps and pockets rather than leather; Damien had turned her into a backpack!

“Ah, wonderful.” He smiled, “How fortunate that I happened to come along a new bag in my time of need.”

The little snake!

“It’s a bit small though, might be a tough squeeze to fit all my gear inside.”

Jennifer wanted to yell at him; whose fault was it that her new bag form was too small anyway? It was slight enough that he had pulled this trick again, insulting her new form when it was his choice was just rubbing salt in the wound. He gripped one of her leather straps in his warm hand and tossed her through the air, sending her sprawling in the dirt next to the pile of gear he’d already gathered. Then he knelt before her and began to stuff things inside. She could feel every item rubbing up against her new fabric folds, as well as his hands pressing against her. Clicking open buckles and adjusting straps. It felt...strange.

Each stroke of her straps reminded her of a lover’s fingers stroking down the curve of her spine; it would have made her shiver were she able. What’s more, as a woman, she was intimately familiar with the sensation of being filled. It was a kind of gratification all its own; a woman could be pleased to climax all over and still not quite be satisfied in the same way unless she had felt something inside her. There was simply no substitute. Jennifer had assumed that, when changed, her new form would not be capable of giving her that kind of pleasure.

She was wrong.

As Damien stuffed more and more inside her she began to feel it welling within her bag form. Each pocket began to stretch as he struggled to fit everything and she wished she could moan to release some of the tension. It was like having her pussy walls stretched, a warm, pleasurable burn that made her whole form ache with want. Finally, he pulled the last zipper closed, she could feel the metal straining; it was delicious.

“There, all ready for a day of hiking.” He dusted off his hands before gripping her strap once more and throwing her over his back.

All the items stuffed inside her shifted as he began to walk, the movement sent waves of bliss through her. It was like trying to walk with a dildo inserted; impossible to ignore. Not only that but now she had Damien’s warm body heat against her back and the constant friction of his arms around her straps. She could feel those broad, muscular shoulders rubbing against her with every step. Desperately, she tried to think about something, anything to distract her; she couldn’t lose herself in lust like she had yesterday. If she did Damien would never respect her again, Hell, she may never

respect herself again. But it was so very hard not to focus on the pleasure her body was currently in; stuffed to bursting, every patch of her fabric skin was being stimulated. It was Heaven. It was Hell.

And it went on for *hours*.

By the time Damien stopped for a break Jennifer was so overstimulated she felt as though she were about to burst into flames. If Damien could just turn her back for a moment, just long enough for her to get off once, twice, alright maybe three times, then she might be able to think straight. It wasn't her fault her control was slipping, what person wouldn't be driven mad by hours of gentle teasing? Not that she would give him the satisfaction of pleasuring her when she was back in human form through, oh no, she wouldn't let him know he'd gotten to her. She'd storm off in a huff, pretending like she'd hated every moment and then fall to her knees once she was alone and finger herself till she squirted.

Jennifer tried not to think about it, being rubbed six ways to Sunday was getting her horny enough, imagining anything more was just making it worse. Damien had finally taken her off and she breathed a metaphorical sigh of relief only to take it back again a moment later as his ass descended upon her. He was sitting on her! Her lust was suddenly clouded by indignant rage; how *dare* he treat her so!

"You know what, Jen?" Damien said taking a swig from his drink bottle, "I think, deep down, you're a sub."

Jennifer felt her rage rise.

"I think you like being treated like an object. You like being. Put. In. Your. Place."

With each word he ground his ass down on her and for the first time Jennifer was glad she didn't possess a mouth; she wouldn't have been able to stop herself from moaning. She could feel the curves of his tight ass pushing down against her, crushing her fabric between him and the items stuffed inside her pockets. It felt so good her mind stopped working completely, rage dissipating and pleasure washed over her in waves.

"That's why you froze when you saw me coming, deep down, you *wanted* this."

'*No...it isn't true.*' She wanted to argue, '*This doesn't turn me on...*'

It did though. Fuck, it turned her on so much. If only she could cum in this form, she'd be in paradise. After he'd finished his break Damien picked her up again, draping her over one shoulder despite the weight. Jennifer's mind and memory became a haze, she was so lost in the sensations of endless sexual teasing she only noticed the sun was beginning to set when Damien dropped her unceremoniously on the ground in the middle of a small clearing.

"Time to set up camp!" He announced, voice filled with glee as he took hold of one of her zips.

Slowly, he opened each of her pockets and Jennifer felt the tight fabric relax for the first time in hours. At first it was a relief but then, he began to empty her. That wonderful feeling of being filled slowly began to disappear. Each time she felt that warm hand slide inside her it would withdraw, leaving her emptier than before. She had thought being teased and full was torturous but this, this was far worse. Now she was empty, laying discarded on the ground and aching to be filled. She had no choice but to lay there, watching as Damien pushed up his sleeves and began setting up camp. She watched his muscles bulge as he hammered nails and gathered fire wood, all the while imaging how it would feel to have them upon her.

Slowly her resolve to storm away was vanishing. She was so horny, she needed to be touched, to cum. God, she needed it so badly it was worth losing her dignity, she'd do anything so long as he touched her again! Just when she thought she was about to go insane, Damien reached over and laid a hand across her flap, gripping her fabric tightly for a moment before-

It wasn't fabric anymore.

It was her breast, naked and aching, gripped in his palm. Rage forgotten she finally moaned as wetness dripped from her pussy. Jennifer's anger and embarrassment disappeared; she was so turned on she couldn't think of anything but Damien's cock and getting it inside her. She needed to be filled again. In a flash she was on him, knocking him flat on his back her hands pinning down his shoulders as she struggled to control her heavy breathing.

"I knew it." Even from his position below her, it was clear who was in control, "You do like being my object."

Jennifer bit her lip. She'd never admit it. Never. She refused to give him the satisfaction, instead leaning back on his hips to unbuckle his belt. She could hear the blood rushing in her ears, adrenaline screaming through her system as with trembling hands she undid the clasp and unzipped Damien's pants so fast the fabric tore at the sides. Already she could see the bulge there, waiting for her. She slipped her hands inside, cupping his firm ass and indicating to him to lift his hips so she could remove his pants. He did so and Jennifer felt a twinge of satisfaction which was extinguished moments later as with a twist of his hips, their positions were reversed.

Jennifer couldn't help but shudder and Damien pinned her hands to the ground beside her head. His legs securing her hips so she was unable to move; her chest rose and fell as she panted, not wanting to admit how turned on it was making her to be at his mercy.

"You know it's true." Damien whispered huskily, lowering his lips to her neck and gently licking at her skin. "You like being used for pleasure. Deep down you're just a sub who doesn't want to admit you like being it when somebody else takes control. Admit it."

"Never." She hissed through gritted teeth, her pussy was throbbing now, wetness soaked her folds so much it was leaking out onto the cool ground.

"If it's not true, then fight me." He teased, pressing the tip of his cock against her aching hole.

The contact made her whole body quiver; she'd never been on the bottom before. Even last night, when they'd fucked under the stars, she had been the one riding him in retribution for his little saddle trick. She'd taken pleasure in knowing she still held some power in their relationship but now that was gone. All she was left with was the pleasure of submission and it was so. Very. Pleasurable. As the tip began to enter her hips stuttered, trying desperately to take in more but Damien's hold wouldn't allow it. That slip was all it took through, Damien's eyes were alight with mischief, he knew how turned on she was.

With one quick movement, he thrust inside her all the way to the shaft and Jennifer came. After being teased for so long she couldn't stop herself, being filled again was too much to bear and her body shuddered as a wave of ecstasy washed over her, leaving her body limp and pliable; ready for more. Damien began thrusting slowly, achingly slow in fact. To her already overstimulated body it was almost too much, she could feel every inch of skin being stretched, her G-spot being brushed, it was too much! She couldn't take it!

Her mind overwhelmed with the pleasure she could do nothing but moan and writhe, taking everything Damien gave her, unable to put up even the most rudimentary defence.

"You like being my object, don't you? My little toy?"

"Yes!"

"It turns you on?"

"Y-Yes, oh Gods, please don't stop."

She was getting close, she could feel her pussy squeezing around the cock, desperate to keep it inside for longer. With a cry Jennifer came again, back arching and pussy pulsing. She could feel juices gushing out of her as she squirted; something she'd never done before. It felt as good as she'd imagined, already she was craving it. Damien gave a groan, thrusting one last time, so deeply it almost hurt. She could feel his cock pulsing inside her, filling her with warm cum and her pussy throbbed in tandem. Exhausted after a day of stimulation and two massive orgasms she flopped onto the ground, eyes fluttering closed as she tried to catch her breath. She whimpered as Damien's weight disappeared and she was left empty once again. Empty save for the juices and cum that were slowly dribbling out of her. The post-coital bliss wrapped around her like a blanket; she didn't even care that she was laying on the ground in the middle of the woods. She was finally sated and without another thought she drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

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When she woke in the morning, she felt gross. Damien has tossed a blanket over her to keep the morning dew from settling on her naked skin but otherwise, had left her where she'd collapsed. The skin between her legs felt sticky with half dried juices and she winced as her hair tugged against the skin. Shame burned through her when she realised what she'd done; Damien had gotten to her again, she'd fallen right into his trap. At this rate, if she didn't do something soon, she'd end up as nothing but his personal sex toy, an idea that both terrified and aroused her. To be at his mercy forever was...unthinkable, for many reasons; chief among them that the more she imagined it the more appealing the idea became.

"Rise and shine, Jen." Damien greeted her, having woken early again, "Better get ready, we've got one more night out here before we finish the trail."

He had this expectant look on his face, as if he were waiting for her to argue like she had yesterday. Well, no cigar this time, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. Instead, she shrugged, using his blanket to wipe herself down nonchalantly. There was no point arguing, they were at the halfway point, either way it was a two day journey back to civilisation she just had to get through it with the least amount of trouble possible. She couldn't give him any reason to use that magic on her again, even if there was a tiny part of her brain that wanted it, badly.

With a huff she threw the soiled towel at him, irritated that he managed to catch it without much effort. She then stomped off to the tent to look for her clothes and boots only to find no trace. Becoming more and more frantic she searched through every nook and cranny, even scouring the clearing until finally she had to concede. Her things were not here.

"Where are my clothes?" She asked finally, wishing Damien would stop smirking, it was unbecoming on that handsome face of his.

“Oh, well, like you saw yesterday. We didn’t have a whole lot of space for stuff when packing up.” He replied, “I had no choice but to leave a few things behind, you were already bursting at the seams, I simply couldn’t have fit anymore in you.”

Her pussy clenched involuntarily.

“You...didn’t bring any of my things? No clothes, no boots? How am I supposed to complete a two day hike *naked*?” She cried, stomach churning. She already knew the answer.

And Damien knew that she knew, if that glint in his eyes was anything to go by.

“Well, my jeans did get ripped last night.” He suggested, “So you do owe me a new pair.”

She swallowed; she couldn’t do this walk naked, not only would it be horrifically embarrassing, especially if they ran into other hikers but practically it was impossible. She simply couldn’t walk all that way on her dainty feet. There was no other option, she nodded. She wanted to tell herself she wouldn’t get caught up in it this time, that she would be able to resist being turned on but it was a lie so bad she couldn’t even convince herself. Being a saddle and bag was hard enough but as a pair of jeans she’d be even closer to Damien’s body, there was no way she could stop herself getting horny. Hell, it was already happening. Her folds moistening in anticipation as Damien’s finger reached out to tap her forehead. A tiny moan escaped, much to her chagrin, she was beginning to associate the touch with pleasure. He really was programming her to be his little sex doll; and she was *letting* him.

Becoming jeans was a mix between her two previous transformations. She could feel her body becoming loose and thin as it turned to fabric but unlike the canvas bag, her denim form felt stiffer, closer to that of the leather saddle. As he had yesterday, Damien left her on the ground for a time as he shaved and packed up camp. Paying her no more mind than any other regular piece of clothing. She was glad for this; it gave her time to get used to her new form. She had closed her eyes this time rather than letting her vision blur and when her senses settled in, she found this form granted her the best viewing options yet. She could focus her eyes at any point, from the cuffs to the waistband, allowing her a 360 degree view of both the outside world and her inner lining.

When Damien finally approached, she felt her metaphorical heart start to race; he was naked from the waist down, thick cock on full display as he gripped her by the waistband. His fingers felt so warm in her belt loops she wanted to shiver.

“My underwear is still all crusty.” He sighed, “And I had to leave behind my others pairs along with your stuff yesterday, guess I have no choice but to go commando.”

As he stepped into her Jennifer realised, with both horror and glee, that his legs inside her was much like the items in her bag form; it simulated that feeling of fullness. Even better than yesterday though, instead of being filled with camping gear she was filled with him; she could feel his warm skin, the tickle of his leg hair and most importantly, his warm, soft cock resting against her crotch. That masculine scent, tinged with the salt aroma of precum permeated her fabric. He still stank of sex from last night, she could even catch a whiff of her own juices wafting off his hair.

His rough hands gripped her fly and zipped it closed, adjusting her waistband before squatting down to reach for his belt. The movement caused a sea of sensations; she stretched over his ass and bunched behind his knees, her crotch pressing into his cock so that it was flush against her zip causing his to shiver at the cool metal. Then came the belt. The stiff leather pressed into her, holding her into place. It was like being tied down to a bed and pleased, except she was unable to cum, only feel his body against her entire surface.

“We’d better get started, eh?”

Oh God, they hadn’t even started walking yet, she had an entire day of this.

As Damien began to walk Jennifer was forced to mould to the contour of his body. Her fabric slightly brushing against itself with each broad step. How had she never fully appreciated just how muscular his legs were? No wonder he was able to pin her down so easily, she could feel that rippling muscle inside her folds now and it made her want to whimper. She spent much of the early hours of their hike ogling every aspect of Damien’s body, especially his tight ass and cock, counting down the seconds until she had human hands again so she could grip them properly.

Her hopes raised when he took a midday break at a small ridge just off the trail. Even she had to admit the view was spectacular, both inside and out. She was just enjoying the sight of the clear skies above them when she felt something poking at her inner crotch. She turned her vision inwards and was met with a bead of precum; Damien’s cock was slowly hardening inside her; if she could have, Jennifer would have cum from the sight alone.

Damien’s hand came to rest on her, pressing his palm down against his growing bulge and groaning. She could feel her fabric, trapped between his rough hand and cock, the taste and smell of it permeated her very core. It was an indescribable and intoxicating sensation.

“This has been the best trip of my life.” He announced, gently taking hold of her zip and lowering it. “I knew you were the one Jen, fuck.”

She ached with jealousy as he took his own length in his palm. She wanted so badly to be in his place, already she missed the feel of him. There was nothing she could do though, save watch as his hand began to pump, engorging his length to its full height. She hoped he came hard enough that she would get to taste some, if she was really lucky, he wouldn’t clean up afterwards and then she could savour the taste all afternoon.

Damien leaned back on his free hand, crushing part of her under his ass so much that she could feel his cleft. He tightened around her, trapping a small amount of her denim inside as his muscles began to tighten.

“You have no idea how hard it was.” He breathed heavily, “Pretending to be a little simp to lure you in. But now, you’re mine. Now that you’ve tasted this, you’ll never want to give it up. I am going to turn you into so many things.”

She didn’t want to admit it but hoped he would. Despite everything she wanted it badly, not as badly as she wanted to cum right now though. Damien shuddered, white seed spurting from his had and down his shaft and hand and finally, onto her. She could taste the salty sweetness of it as her thick denim began to absorb it. The taste was so different in this form; it wasn’t like tasting something on your tongue, where it disappeared after a few moments. Instead, she could feel it soaking into her, even when Damien began to clean himself up after a few minutes he could not take the taste away from her; it was inside her *being*.

He didn’t speak to her again for the rest of the day, instead he took his time. Walking lazily, taking detours to different views and generally acting as if he were a lone hiker. Jennifer began to feel alone, his teasing had been humiliating but at least he’d been paying attention to her. A new fear began to surface, what if he forgot about her entirely? No, he could never. Right?

But the doubt began to take hold as Damien reached their camping spot, still resolutely ignoring her. Humming away to himself as he set up camp and ate dinner. Why wasn’t he turning her back? She was so horny, he’d been teasing her all day and she’d been so good, where was her reward? Finally, he reached for the belt buckle and slipped her off, she mourned the full feeling that came with being worn but hoped she wouldn’t have to stand it for long. He carried her, along with a bundle of other clothes to the river and to her horror, dumped her into the icy water.

Unable to even shiver she had no choice but to bear it. The cold water soaked into her instantly, washing away the last of Damien’s taste and smell much to her sadness. He held her roughly, rubbing her against herself to wash out any further stains and despite the cold water Jennifer started to feel warm. It was like having her legs rubbed together, a gentle teasing touch that made her want to melt. He lifted her from the stream, twisting out the remaining water; it was like having every muscle in her body stretched out for her. By the time he threw her over a trip to dry she was almost glad he hadn’t changed her back. Were she to become human now she was sure he’s simply collapse into a floppy, relaxed heap.

She got one final look at that toned, naked body before Damien turned and disappeared back toward the campsite without a word. Leaving her alone in nature, fabric billowing slightly in the evening breeze. She’d never liked forests before but now that she had been forced to experience the tranquillity of nature, she almost found it relaxing. Were she capable, she almost felt as though she could fall asleep hanging here.

Then came a snapping of twig and shuffling of undergrowth. A shadow crept forward on all fours, large brown eyes glinting in the twilight and Jennifer wanted to scream. A bear. A towering beast of fur and muscle wandered over to her tree almost lazily, it’s great maw open and tasting the air. She couldn’t run or scream, only watch with terror as the bears jaws snatched up her leg and dragged her from the branch and begin wandering back into the woods. Terror filled her; now she

would be a pair of jeans forever, Damien would never find her and she'd be stuck like this, unable to cum forever!

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Damien chuckled inwardly; he'd not told Jennifer he could hear her thoughts while transformed yet. Listening to her struggle not to get turned on every time he transformed her was simply too much fun. He stumbled awkwardly as he dragged her between his teeth, it had been a long while since he'd changed himself but he couldn't resist teasing her a bit more. Besides, it's not as if she could stay mad at him; by the time he turned her back tomorrow morning she'd be so desperate to have him she'll have forgotten all about it.