Chapter 5.

Tom was absolutely miserable as the next few months passed by with unimaginable slowness. Lucy had truly seemed to have willfully forgotten that her boyfriend was still contained in this pair of panties that she occasionally wore out, worked out in, or leaked period blood onto.

If he was lucky... because for most of the time he was in her drawer. Wrapped up in the darkness, snuggled between all the other panties. Indistinguishable from them. Just listless little scraps of cloth waiting for their owner to choose them and stretch our their hollow fabric with her soft warm curves.

Day after day Tom had to enduring the blinding flash as the drawer was torn ipen to see Lucy glance down, hesitate over whether to chose a lacy red thong or baggy old cotton panties. She'd long since stopped winking at him. Even smirking had gone. He was carelessly pushed to the side as she hunted down whichever she'd picked out. And that was that. Back into the darkness as the drawer slid closed. He'd long ago given up on begging for her mercy as she glanced down, not even really seeing him. She couldn't hear him, she'd taken his voice and his humanity.

The drawer had new arrivals too. Sexy lingerie, silky and lace and see-through. All for *him.* To look sexy for *him*. Tom's replacement. God, he seethed and raged but it didn't make any difference. The purple panties remained as still and silent to the rest of the world as any other pair.

Sometimes he was buried under layers of other underwear if he got dumped in first and he'd have to wait days until the smothering weight was lessened, the grayish light gradually getting brighter as day by day panties were taken off. It was uncomfortable, suffocating under the soft layers but he had to accept it. What else could he do? Lucy had forgotten him...

After that first night beneath the covers, as Andrew and Lucy slept in post cotial bliss Tom had spent a nightmare night pressed close to her damp fucked pussy. It leaked, dribbling a creamy collection of their mixed cum out from between her stretched lips onto his face, the fabric absorbing it into the fibres of his new body like he was drinking it no matter how hard he tried to resist. All he could do was wail and stare at the damp pink lips of his ex girlfriend crotch as they plumply pressed against him, stretching him around their mound as they flexed faintly in her sleep, letting another wad of their drying cum slap humiliating against the crotch Panel of his new body. And all the while Lucy slept on.

Come morning the fucker- Andrew, had nestled himself firmly against Lucy, grinding his morning wood over her pert ass- and therefore Tom. A hand snaked around and

Tom moaned in unheard protest as Andrew began grinding him into her pussy. He felt his fabric dryly peel off her skin where he'd become glued to her flesh. It stung.

Her crotch began to warm, a fresh coating of moisture being smeared over him. But he was yanked off and tossed onto the floor, listening helplessly as they giggled and fucked until his overhead voyeurness ended in moans and groan. Then Lucy stepped over him, towering like a giant overhead, long graceful legs like redwoods, waxed pussy staring down at his crumpledform, pink with arousal, hanging tantalising far above. Was she trying to taunt him? Display her nakedness for him?

No.

He waited in vain for her to look down, worry crease her face. To kick this guy out, run back to scoop him up and hug him tight to her chest and beg his forgiven for this drunken mistake. And finally FINALLY transformed him back.

But no. She didn't even glance down at the discarded panties at her feet. She just laughed as Andrew slapped her ass as they headed to the shower. He had to wait, paralysed, the smell they'd imprinted into him a consist reminder of his abject humiliation. He felt cold without her pussy to warm him. God, he'd become so needy and dependent on Lucy.

When they came back, glistening and clean, he couldn't help but envy them, even if the washing machine was an uncomfortable experience. He wanted to be clean too.

They'd dressed and left him there all day, the boredom of being stuck on the floor as the sun gradually moved its shadows. Only in the evening did she finally return, but only to toss him into the laundry hamper along with her other clothes ad she chattered to Andrew.

I bought this hamper...carried it from the car. And now I'm inside it.

So he'd ensured another stay in the laundry, this one made even worst by the yellowish cum stain he'd acquired on his crotch. What had once been his face. Dominating his senses. And what else could he focus on with nothing to see, hearing only their muffled voices sometimes as they laughed and fucked. Whether intentionally teasing him or not, Lucy left him in the depth of her hamper for days, smelling the sweaty stench of her leggings, hearing the distant sounds of Andrew stealing his girlfriend but buried in among her clothes, in the dark, tasting his and her cum, unable to stop it.

Eventually he was washed and tossed back into her panty drawer. She didn't acknowledge him. Not a glance, not a wink or smile as she folded him and set him down among the other panties. At the time she was busy talking to Andrew. Tom watched as he came up behind her, cupping her tits, kissing her neck. Tom fumed, he raged, but he could do nothing.

You fucker, he screamed silently in his own head as he watched his replacement tease his girlfriend's nipples into neat little buds poking through her top as he kneed and pinched. God, how he wishes that was him cradling her breasts, feeling his cock harden in the crack of her buttock, ready to slip his cock inside her.

As they moved to the bed he could hear exactly that as Lucy's joyful moans echoed through the bedroom.

Surely she would be done with teasing him soon? Surely?

For Lucy it was hard to remember that there was a living person stored in the tight little pleats of fabric. He was a pair of panties after all. Ordinary panties. They didn't move or speak, they didn't feel special or anything. It was such a strange feeling. Those purple panties obviously weren't Tom because Tom was human, he talked and laughed. She knew he was then but... she didn't feel it. It even slipped her mind sometimes. Like when her dad had died. It was a fact but life went on and less and less did it impact her days.
But there was a little more to it than that she had to admit to herself. She enjoyed knowing Tom was completely at her mercy. Even when he wasn't being worn he would be desperately thinking about her. God, it made her hot. He was completely helpless without her.

Yes, Tom must be loving this, she told herself. Being dominated, tugged tight against her pussy. But it was becoming harder to care really. This is what he wanted after all. He'd wanted to be her panties. They hadn't even discussed turning him back. They were on break. Other couples saw other people when one had to go live abroad for a year. It wasn't her fault if he'd chosen to live in her underwear drawer, was it?
It was normal and natural to see other people. She wasn't going to live a chaste life while Tom got to live out his wildest dream. Being panties, it was just so weird. Why had he wanted that? He had wanted it... she was pretty sure it had been his idea. Hadn't it?

And, guiltily, she found herself actually having a good time. The freedom to do whatever she wanted, to meet friends, go clubbing again, even to sleep with someone new. It was an intoxicating experience to suddenly not have to be tied down to a boyfriend of five years.

This was just a holiday, she tried to remind herself. Some time apart. But she found herself caring less and less. Her and Andrew were developing a budding romance and she didn't have time to spend thinking about a pair of purple panties. Because suddenly everything was so amazing. Andrew was so loving, so kind. She hadn't had so much sex in years and it was good, so good! They were out dancing and drinking, theatre, museums. She felt alive again. Her and Tom, well... things had just got stale. Now she felt overwhelmed with life.
And each passing day brought her closer and closer to Andrew. It seemed impossible to imagine that only a month ago they were just strangers. Now every day they spent together. They even went on holiday for their two month anniversary and it was only as she unpacked at the hotel did she realise she hadn't even thought about Tom. Searching through the panties she'd packed, she knew she hadn't brought him.
No, she refused to let this ruin their holiday! She felt bad but it was too late now. And besides, what difference did it make? He'd either be in her drawer here or there. He wasn't the right style for wearing under her summer dresses- she'd brought mainly thong.

It wasn't lost on Tom that Lucy spent nearly every night with Andrew now, whether it was at home where Tom could clearly hear them laughing as they watched television together and later having sex, or at Andrew's apartment where they did nearly the exact same thing. Sometimes

he'd be left in the drawer, hearing the silence of apartment, knowing that Lucy was staying at his and wouldn't be back. Those were lonely nights.
But it was nothing compared to when they went on holiday. He was mixed in with Andrew's dirty clothes, smelling his stinking sweaty shorts. Not even the presence of Lucy's dried pussy stain, hidden away on his crotch, protected inside his knotted screwed up body, could distract him. It had long ago stopped being hell. It was just another thing to deal with and survive. But four days in the fetid darkness with no sounds became slowly terrifying. What if there had been an accident? Lucy killed in a car crash? The only person who could change him back would be gone. She explained that the magic's effect had not exactly erased him from people's memories but made him slip their minds. Perhaps it explained Lucy's increasing unacknowledgment of him.
He had only these horrible thoughts to keep him company until he heard the door open and a new voice.
"Yeah, he's still on holiday with his new girlfriend..."
Obviously she was speaking on the phone. It must be Stacey, Tom realised. Andrew's sister. He'd heard her from inside Lucy's jeans and beneath her skirts so he recognised the voice.
'Yeah, Barbados... hmmm."
Barbados, so that's where they were. Rage boiled through him. He'd kill them both. If Lucy wanted to break up with him why not just turn him back and say it. It was typical of hey to be so self-centred!!
"Can you believe this- he messaged me to ask if I'd do his laundry! Typical fucking sexist asshole. Says he wants his gym stuff ready for when he gets back. I was like what didn't you just wash it before you went? But it's too busy with his mind in the clouds since he met his new girlfriend. Mind in the clouds, head between her legs."
She laughed again as she dragged the bag Tom was buried in out from beneath the bed. His surroundings quaked as she carried the bag into her room and added Andrew's dirty clothes to hers. Tom got a brief glance at her- thin like Lucy but with bigger tits, blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, dressed in just yoga pants and sports bra. He felt a flash of shame at being seen like this, so reduced and pathetic by a stranger
But of course she had no idea the scrunched-up panties had ever been a man. Stacey drove to the laundromat, where he was washed. She didn't care if he was too delicate. After washing he was roasted in the drier, seared until he could feel the water steamed out of his fabric as he was rolled around and around in the boiling dimness. Hell. Stacey's hand felt cool as she snatched his hot fabric from the drum and tossed him back her bag.
Lucy and Andrew came back a few days later and she found her clothes folded on Andrew's bed. She flushed to recognise Tom, clean and smelling of lavender. She quickly stuffed him into her jeans pocket and the next day he went to the back of her drawer. She considered saying something but with Andrew in the next room she couldn't risk it. She hadn't been able to speak to him for weeks. Every moment was with Andrew. Which wasn't so bad. She slammed the

drawer shut, unsure why she was pissed at Tom. For putting her in this position in the first place. Selfish asshole and his weird fetish...