

A Futa's Uniform

For Tendertac0s

By TheSpiralledEye

Veronica's futa girlfriend is nervous about her new job, so she allows herself to be transformed into her uniform in order to go to work with her. Then a sexy department head comes and makes everything much more complicated.

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"Stop worrying, you worked really hard to get this promotion, I'm sure you'll do just fine."

"That's easy for you to say."

Veronica flinched slightly, it wasn't like Carla to snap but she couldn't really blame her. After months of working her way into her boss's good graces her girlfriend had finally earned the promotion she had been so hoping for. Even though they'd been dating for over a year now Veronica still wasn't a hundred percent sure what exactly Envision Incorporated did, or what Carla's new position meant but she knew promotions were a big deal regardless of company.

"This isn't like you getting promoted to store manager." Carla sighed, "Joining the Internal Investigation Team is a huge deal. I'll be privy to company secrets, personal files, everything, it's basically as high as somebody in management can go."

One more, Veronica was awed by her girlfriends intelligence. She spent her time selling shoes in a little shop at the mall. It made her feel oddly immature when Carla started talking about her important corporate job at parties and she couldn't even understand what she was talking about. She thanked her lucky stars somebody as amazing as Carla ever took notice of her. She was so driven and intelligent and Veronica was so...Veronica.

"You're amazing." Carla insisted, hopping off their bed and grabbing hold of Carla's hands to stop her pacing. "I believe in you, I wish you would believe in yourself."

"I do." Carla sighed, "I wish I could benign you with me, my own little cheerleader."

She pinched Veronica's cheeks with a grin.

"You're like a little ray of sunshine if only I could put you in my pocket..." She trailed off for a moment, looking into the distance.

For a second Veronica thought there was something behind her but when she glazed over her shoulder there was nothing but a blank apartment wall.

“Are you okay?”

“Better than okay.” Carla grinned, blue eyes sparkling, “I just had an amazing idea. I *will* bring you to work with me today!”

“Is that allowed?” Veronica asked, a little confused, “I thought you said there were all sorts of secrets.”

“There are but you won't understand any of it.” Carla waved a hand flippantly, “No offence dear, but you struggle to follow most conversations. I doubt government techno babble will make much sense to you.”

“Techno-what?”

“Exactly.”

Carla was fishing around in her bag and pulled out a phone Veronica had never seen. It was black and sleek with a blue neon light at the end and a screen layout that looked far too confusing to use.

“This is a new project my company has been working on.” Carla explained slowly, “It's going to be used for spy missions in the future and other intel gathering missions.”

“Oh okay.” Carla nodded, adopting the blank, agreeable look she always did when Carla spoke about work.

“I'll use this to turn you into my uniform, then you can be there all day!”

Wait, what? Veronica was sure she'd misunderstood; it wouldn't be the first time.

“You'll...turn me into clothes?” She questioned, blushing profusely.

She expected Carla to sigh and then explain slowly and simply what she actually meant and then everything would make sense. Instead she simply smiled and nodded. She was serious?

“B-but how?” She gaped.

“Using this app.” Carla pointed to a little glowing icon on the fancy phone. “Using a series of specialised quantum algorithms the system is designed to seamlessly integrate with various data sources in order to transform matter-”

Veronica's mind began to fade in and out, all those words washed over her going in one ear and out the other. Carla continued to explain exactly how the device worked but outside of the occasional term such as ‘infrared’ or ‘radio waves’ Veronica was totally lost. Carla knew too much information overwhelmed her but she must have gotten so excited about the prospect she forgot.

“So what do you say?”

Carla was looking at her so expectantly and Veronica felt guilty. She didn't really want to be turned into a set of clothes but she also didn't want Carla to be mad at her.

“I don't know...”

“Oh please? It'll be fun.” Carla insisted, stepping closer, “Come on, Veronica, do it for me?”

She dropped her voice an octave; the way that made Veronica shiver. All futa's had that effect on her; perhaps it was the extra testosterone they had but she had always struggled to say no to them, especially Carla. Her girlfriend's hand came to rest atop her head, digging into her short brown hair hard enough to twinge slightly; the way Carla knew turned her on. Veronica squirmed a little, trying not to blush as warmth bloomed between her legs.

The idea of being made into a literal object though was so...embarrassing. There was objectification and then...well whatever came after that, this was it. The idea that she couldn't move on her own, being totally helpless as Carla did with her what she wanted...it was a little hot sure but just thinking about it made her cheeks red with shame.

“Do it for me?” Carla asked again, standing close enough that their lips brushed.

“...Okay.” Veronica whimpered, her brain was turning to mush with Carla standing so close and acting so dominant, she could feel the bulge in the front of her pants pressing against her own mound.

“I knew you'd come through for me!” Carla beamed, rewarding her with a deep kiss that left Veronica feeling lightheaded and shaky on her feet.

“W-what do I have to do?” She asked shakily, heart pounding with nerves. “To make it work?”

“Just go to bed and lie down with me.” Carla told her, already busy tapping away at the phone, “I'll just get the program set up.”

Veronica licked her lips, laying down feeling anxious but also a little excited. What would it be like to be worn by Carla? She would be close in a way she'd never thought was possible. The idea turned her on a little if she was honest though that may have been because of the kiss. Carla walked over and pointed the little neon light over her body as a bright light shot out, scanning her form before beeping a few times.

“Yes! This is going to work!” Carla smiled, “Thank you so much, you're a doll.”

Veronica flushed with pleasure, she loved getting compliments for her girlfriend so much. She thought such strong reactions would wear off over time but it never had, perhaps that futa pheromone at work.

“Ready?”

Carla stripped off and laid down beside her, grinning ear to ear and Veronica nodded nervously. Her girlfriend reached over to place the phone on the bedside table next to her and pressed a button, that same bright light shot out and Veronica felt a strange tingle pass through her skin as all the hairs on her arm stood on end. She looked over to Carla for support and comfort and noticed she was hard. Veronica didn't have time to question it or why her girlfriend would find the idea of her being turned into clothes sexy because the moment she laid eyes on it a high pitched whine filled the air and she winced, her squeezing closed in shock.

When she opened them her vision was blurred, that same blue light was everywhere and she felt lightheaded. The world began to shift and warp in strange ways and her body along with it. She closed her eyes again, trying to hold back her nausea only to find she couldn't open them again. Her eyes seemed to be moving, her hair and head changing into a totally different shape to her chest, torso and legs.

It was so strange; she could feel herself becoming weightless; one with the blue light as her body was transformed atom by atom into fabric, leather and metal. The process was not painful, but it was odd; she felt her body parts being split up amongst different shapes; different bits of clothing she assumed.

She was still amorphous, nothing but light and floating threads when she felt the warm skin pass through her. Fingers brushed inside her form and if she could have, Veronica would have blushed. She could feel every inch of Carla's long fingers wafting through her incorporeal form. It was like having her inside her only somehow even more intimate. She felt drawn to the warmth that was her skin and suddenly a part of her felt solid. The part that had once been her arms turned solid once more, stiff yet soft fabric moulding to the contours of Carla's arm, snaking along her back to form another sleeve as her top half became a jacket. What had once been her breasts now hugged Carla's own and in a strange way, it almost felt as though they had become one. As her fabric came to rest against her chest she could feel Carla's heart beating against her skin. The fabric there turned softer, something hard and metal came to cup at her breasts and Veronica realised she was in multiple layers at once. She could feel herself separating out, becoming a bra and blouse to fit snugly beneath the jacket.

As the new layers formed she could feel her consciousness splitting and she realised if she was to focus she could concentrate on any part; the cuff of her sleeve for example or more interestingly, the middle of her bra; Where her nipples were currently hard and pressing into the soft cups. She desperately wished she could keep her focus therefore now but with all the other sensations rushing through her rapidly changing form she couldn't manage.

That dizzy feeling increased as what used to be her head turned even more rigid than the fabric. She felt herself forming into a cap to fit snugly on top of Carla's head and through some mental fortitude, forced her vision to reappear. The stiff cap blocked much of her vision so she focused it downwards where she could finally see what was going on.

Carla was breathing heavily and Veronica felt somewhat self conscious watching her chest rise and fall. With each rise the material that made up her clothes moved with her and Veronica could *feel* it. It was hard to comprehend that those clothes were her, it was her down there being worn by Carla. Not only that but the mass of strange fabric and light was her as well, slowly slipping down to form a pair of panties and a tight skirt.

If she could, she would have gasped. She was familiar with Carla of course, she thought she knew her pussy and cock well but being formed into panties around them was a whole new dimension. She could feel every inch of that hard length as her pantie form tried its best to contain her and she could feel the subtle dampness of her pussy growing each second that passed. As the panties tightened and finished forming Carla gasped, her cock twitched and Veronica could feel the subtle movement in such detail it nearly made her white out from the sheer intensity.

She could feel Carla's shapely ass crushing down on her skirt and pantie form, crushing her into the mattress. As well as her smooth thighs and long legs. She wiggled her toes as Veronica's own feet became a pair of sensible boots. Veronica had never given much thought to feet but now that she could feel those toes rubbing up against her leather lining she realised she would be thinking about them a lot more from now on.

Carla took one final deep breath and the last of the blue light dissipated, leaving Veronica totally transformed. She felt overwhelmed, almost every part of her new surface was touching part of Carla, from the blonde hair tickling the inside of Veronica's hole to her toes way down in those boots. Veronica couldn't help but feel overstimulated and a little embarrassed. She was glad she couldn't blush anymore or she would almost certainly be beet red by now.

"Wow, you fit perfectly." Carla said quietly, wiggling a little back and forth on the bed.

The simple movement made Veronica feel as though she were short circuiting. Carla's ass crushed her further into the mattress, her shoulders pressed back into the pillows and with each roll her softening cock shifted slightly inside her panties. There was too much to focus on, her mind shifted from item to item, forcing the others to the back of her consciousness only for some movement to force her back again.

"How do you feel?"

'Uhhh....uhhhh.'

"I can hear you, you know." Carla teased, "You should like you're having a conniption."

Maybe she was, that would depend, what was a conniption? She did her best to relax, focus on being a hat as that was the least...stimulating. Carla was softening at least which helped immensely. Her emotions were all over the place and she desperately wished she could take a moment to take a few deep breaths to calm herself; but clothes don't need to breathe. Instead she focused on Carla's breathing; the feeling of her warm skin against her bra and blouse. This was a mistake as her focus immediately went to her breasts. Those beautiful, double d breasts that she loved to motorboat so much, even if it was a little embarrassing.

She could feel every inch of them now as her bra form hugged the skin, even the gentle curve of her spine thanks to the backwire. Her focus shifted there and her vision went dark in the gloom under her clothes. She couldn't see them but she could feel those nipples, still stiff against her.

She wasn't panicked or shocked anymore but she was aroused and once again she was thankful there were no physical signs of it to let Carla know. This was embarrassing

enough, if Carla knew she was getting turned on just by touching her body the humiliation levels may well have turned fatal.

Carla sat up, further crushing her panties and skirt into the mattress and temporarily making Veronica's focus pull again before she managed to get a hold of herself as Carla stood. She moved to the mirror so they could both see.

She really did look exactly like Carla's uniform, were she not experiencing it right now Veronica would never believe anything was different to normal. She was made up of a green jacket, skirt and hat over a white blouse and underwear. That tight sensation that had been emanating from what used to be her stomach turned out to be a stiff leather belt with a metal buckle, similar in style and make to the boots.

Carla grabbed hold of her lapels and straightened them; it felt just like when she grabbed hold of the front of Veronica's shirt and pulled her in for a kiss.

"Not too shabby."

'We do look nice together.'

Veronica couldn't believe that crisp, beautiful uniform was her. Not a stitch out of place; for the first time in her life she was perfect. Just like Carla.

"As usual, we'll just have to be careful."

'Careful? What do you mean?'

"Well, because of the way the matter reconstitution works, your atoms are slightly unstable."

'Oh of course.'

Carla laughed.

"To put it simply, we have to make sure you don't get damaged. Stained, wet, all of that is fine but no rips or tears."

"Why, what happens if I get a tear?"

"You're stuck like this. AT least for the foreseeable future until the tech improves."

'WHAT?!'

Veronica could not believe her girlfriend wouldn't mention that before now! She felt tricked but that couldn't be right, Carla would never deliberately deceive her, she must have just forgotten. She was nervous about her first day after all; that had to be it.

'I'm not sure about this.'

"I'll be careful, don't you trust me?"

'Well...yes of course but this is very risky isn't it?'

"No, It will be fine, besides you're making me so happy right now Veronica, you have no idea. It's like having you hug me all the time."

Oh, she liked that idea. And in a way she was, she was surrounding her on all sides, wrapped around almost every part of her. And it did feel nice. Carla was right too, they did look good together. There was something oddly gratifying about looking at their reflection. Seeing how professional but also sexy she made her girlfriend look. Her blouse and jacket were long sleeved and high necked but Veronica was hugging her curves in the most flattering way, to show off her breasts and house glass figure without being overt about it.

The pencil skirt was also form fitting; as Carla turned to face her back toward the mirror she could see the curve of her ass and felt a thrill go through her. Everybody else could admire her shapely ass if they wanted to, but only she was privy to just how round and defined it was. Her panties hugged her peach shaped curve and she could feel her damp pussy and cock snugly against her inner lining. She wished she could shiver to release some of the energy building; she could feel that pussy against what used to be her own. The inner lining of the panties were made from her own folds and it was almost like brushing them together for sex.

In essence, she was constantly feeling up her girlfriend; and soon she would be doing that in public, right in front of her new boss and colleagues. Veronica had never been interested in public sex or voyeurism but now she was slowly starting to see the appeal.

She once again marvelled at Carla's single minded nature; if their positions were reversed Veronica would have been a mess right now. Turned on by the idea of her girlfriend wearing her so much that she would just have to masturbate. Once the thought had occurred Veronica realised that, in a way, she was. The clothes were made of her body and now her pussy was caressing not just Carla's own but her cock as well. Fuck.

"You okay? You've gone quiet."

'...*Fine.*'

Veronica knew her voice was strained, she just had to hope that Carla thought it was due to nerves and not arousal. If Carla noticed she didn't say anything, she was too busy twisting and turning in front of the mirror, admiring her own reflection.

"Well, we'd better get going!" She grinned finally, "Can't be late!"

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Envision Incorporated was a huge building, made of bright silver beams and green glass. All Veronica had been able to gleam about them from Carla was that they were a government organisation where tech innovations were created and improved. Ever since futas were first born and men slowly became rarer, technology around transformation and genetics were their specialty. At first it had been in an effort to return to the world of men and women but after a few generations of women and futas people had learned to accept it and that

technology was now being used in all sorts of new ways; that little phone Carla had used was apparently one of them.

Veronica had only ever seen the outside of the building when occasionally swinging past to drop off a gift or lunch while Carla was working, she'd never been let past the security guard at the front door; so she couldn't help but feel slightly naughty as Carla strode confidently past with her in tow. She wished she could stick her tongue out but she had to make due with her skirt hem rippling in the breeze slightly.

Inside the main atrium was a surprisingly boring looking reception. Oh it was sleek and modern but what office building wasn't these days and Veronica felt slightly disappointed. At least until they got to the elevator; it was huge and mirrored on every wall allowing Veronica, with her ability to shift her vision in 360 degrees, to see every inch of herself from any angle. Carla swiped her security card and clicked one of the levels and took a deep breath; Veronica could feel her heart pounding in her chest, sending little vibrations across the skin of her breast.

Carla fidgeted on the spot, rubbing her legs together and forcing Veronica's focus down to where her pussy and dick were rubbing against her inner lining even more. She wanted to ask Carla to stop but couldn't make the words cum; fortunately as clothing she couldn't either or she'd certainly be close.

"I'm so nervous." Carla whispered, though she didn't sound it, if anything she sounded eager and excited. "Cindy is in charge of this department, she's a dream, Veronica you have no idea. She's everything I want to be one day."

'What do you mean?'

"In charge, confident, cool...sexy." Veronica felt wetness seeping from her girlfriends pussy into her panties at that last word. "She's just so cool and I still can't believe she picked me to join her team."

'*You are already all those things.*' Veronica insisted, feeling a little jealous hearing Carla speak about this other woman with such reverence.

"Not like Cindy."

Veronica suddenly felt a lot less comfortable about all those times Carla had worked late. She was sure her girlfriend had never cheated on her but the way she was talking about this other woman was making her feel...inadequate. Her little position managing a shoe store part time was even smaller and more pathetic than normal compared to all this.

The elevator doors opened with a gentle swoosh and Carla stepped out, boots clicking on the floor. The office space was incredible, like something out of a science fiction film. The floors were polished white, each desk was its own circular cubicle made up of multiple screen displays and the people working there wore fancy headsets and spoke in hushed tones.

They passed screens displaying information Veronica couldn't hope to comprehend; she saw schematics for what looked like weapons and vehicles but also theoretical formulas, something that looked like a string of DNA and something that reminded her of those little diagrams used to show the chemical makeup of substances they did all the way back in high school science class.

'What is going on here?' She asked but Carla ignored her.

Of course, she couldn't exactly have a conversation with thin air.

'Sorry, oh and sorry for that!' Veronica squeaked, *'I...will just be quiet now.'*

Carla casually tapped her belt, a tiny smack. Not painful or even close to it but a tiny show of force. The message was clear; shut up! Veronica did so, she felt bad; she was supposed to be here as a comfort not a distraction.

Carla moved through the sea of desks until she arrived at an office door with the words 'DEPARTMENT HEAD' painted across it in smart, bold letters.

Veronica's collar expanded for a moment as Carla swallowed and then she pressed a hand to the button at the door side and rang the bell. A buzz, then a voice that contained a calm yet authoritative edge to it called out.

"Enter."

Veronica felt the shiver go down Carla's spine and a tiny spurt of wetness dribble from her pussy. Jealousy engulfed her but she said nothing. She was forced to quietly remind herself that it was perfectly normal to still find other people attractive when you were in a relationship; it wasn't as if Carla was going to act on it. She had to let it slide; especially on such an important day.

The office was similar to the area outside but with only a single desk on a much bigger scale. The entire back wall was made up of screens; some showing similar diagrams to the ones outside and others looking like security footage. The woman behind the desk wore a similar uniform to Carla but in dress form and a dark blue hue that complemented her pale blonde hair perfectly. It was tied in a professional ponytail and cascaded down her back and she stood to greet her new visitor. Immediately Veronica was struck by just how intense the energy around this woman was, her eyes were hard, piercing even and even she felt a little intimidated.

"Carla." She said simply, "I am glad to see you are on time, you know how I appreciate punctuality."

"Yes, ma'am." Carla nodded.

Veronica felt a strange lightness pass through her, perhaps the clothing equivalent of butterflies in her stomach. She couldn't help but feel a little worried. This woman, Cindy, seemed too shrewd. Even though there was no reason for her to suspect Veronica couldn't help but feel she might notice something was off with the uniform. Those icy blue eyes looked her, or rather Carla, up and down several times and embarrassment welled inside her.

She felt like she was being examined. If this woman found out what or who she really was the humiliation would be immense for both of them but especially Veronica. A sense of shame made her queasy, why had she agreed to this! What sort of person was such a pushover that they literally allowed the partner to wear them!

Cindy had the same air that teachers back in school did; she'd only just met her and yet the idea of disappointing or upsetting her seemed like a terrible idea. Not only that but she held Carla's professional life in the palm of her hand; she couldn't do anything to mess this up.

"I'm so glad you are joining us." Cindy smiled, walking around her desk and leaning back against it.

Veronica felt Carla's head dip ever so slightly to look at Cindy's long legs. Once again Carla swallowed and Veronica felt a stab of irritation; surely a dress that short couldn't be within uniform rules.

She tried to ignore the twitch of Carla's cock and how it made her feel. Slowly her panties started to stretch as heat and blood flow increased. Carla was getting turned on and in doing so she was teasing Veronica as well. It was so odd, having that cock inside her and yet not. She wanted to hate it, her girlfriend was getting turned on by another woman for goodness sake but it just felt so nice. God, she was pathetic, this was so embarrassing!

To add salt to the wound, she could feel the heat increasing on Carla's skin as Cindy walked closer, like a full body blush. The woman handed Cindy a list of papers and they began to talk about work. Veronica's mind zoned out, focusing instead on all the minute details of her girlfriend's body she'd never noticed before. The subtle way she leaned her hips to the side as she stood, stretching the clothes just a little more in one direction than the other. The heat that gathered as a blush spread across her breasts as Cindy leaned close to examine something. It was all stimulating in the worst way.

Her girlfriend was getting turned on by somebody else, she should be furious not getting hot herself. She flickered her vision back to face the department head and noticed how heavy lidded her eyes were, how sultry her tone had become. What on earth were they talking about? She focused back on the conversation trying to play catch up.

"You know, I have had my eye on you for a while." Cindy mused, "You're quite the dedicated worker."

"Yes." Cindy said breathlessly, clearly eager to please. "I want to go all the way to the top."

"I've noticed, you're driven and dedicated. I admire that." Cindy said with a soft smile.

Her expression was soft but her eyes were hard, still boring straight into Cindy's own and once more Veronica felt her cock twitch.

"It must be hard, working so diligently. I hope you can feel free to be yourself with me...let off some steam."

"Oh..." Cindy licked her lips and Veronica felt all her skin go up a degree in temperature.

Cindy reached forward, hooking a long finger under Carla's chin in much the same way Carla herself did to Veronica most nights. She knew first hand the power of that gesture, it

used to make her weak at the knees. Carla had always been so dominant, she'd never seen her girlfriend act so submissive and flustered. It was...sort of hot.

Normally it was Carla who could melt her with a touch or word. Seeing her big tough futa reduced to a quivering hot mess by somebody else was so sexy in a way Veronica could not quite describe.

"You're blushing." Cindy teased, Carla laughed in a flustered manner.

"S-sorry, I'm just not used to people talking to me like that." She replied, Veronica couldn't help but notice she didn't step away from her boss.

They were standing close enough that Veronica could feel Cindy's body heat.

"Do you like it?" Cindy asked, leaning even closer, "Having somebody else take charge for once?"

"...Yes."

Carla's whole body quivered and Veronica was briefly overwhelmed with the wave of sensation that was having her entire form stimulated. The shiver momentarily distracted her until she felt something firm yet soft pressing against the front of her jacket; it took her an embarrassingly long moment to realise what it was; Cindy's breasts. She was leaning forward, lips of Carla's as they began making out right there in the office!

'What are you doing?!' Veronica cried.

It was one thing for your girlfriend to cheat on you but to do it right in front of her was even worse. Had she forgotten Veronica was here, watching and more importantly, feeling, everything?

'Have you...has this happened before?!' She cried. *'Is this why you were so nervous?'*

Carla and Cindy broke apart for a moment.

"I've never done this before." Carla mumbled before diving back against Cindy, grabbing the other woman by the front of her dress.

"Just go with it." She urged.

'No!' Veronica cried.

Just when she thought her humiliation couldn't get any more, this had to happen. Carla had barely even hesitated to return Cindy's touch and soon their arms were snaking around one another. Veronica tried so very hard not to enjoy how lovely and stop Cindy's hands were as they pressed her harder against Carla.

Did this count as a threesome if only two members knew the third was here? She felt so...naughty; Veronica had never been very kinky, Carla had often joked she was vanilla and

up until now that had never bothered her. She could feel Carla's heart pounding and she ached with jealousy and aerosol. She could feel everything happening between them both but was unable to participate at all, she was the ultimate passive participant and it was torture.

She felt a familiar warm bulge pressing into the front of Carla's skirt. Cindy was a futa as well? Fuck; her panties were sandwiched between two cocks as they slowly got harder, rubbing together.

Everything about this situation was taboo, an affair, in the workplace and a secret third person who had been transformed into clothing. It was all so much; Veronica couldn't figure out how to feel; humiliated, aroused, excited, cautious, it all swirled around inside making her lightheaded. If one could call it that now since she lacked a head.

She watched the two women kiss from her cap and felt a thrum of arousal and stabbing jealousy; she wanted to be in Cindy's place so much; she loved the taste of those lips.

Cindy's hand made its way up Carla's neck and buried itself in her hair. Her long fingernails scraped at the back of Veronica's cap and caused her to metaphorically jolt at just how sharp they were. They had been filed to points and lacquered hard with nail polish. If she still had a heart to beat it would be racing right now. If Cindy increased her grip even a tiny bit there was a real chance she could puncture the fabric and then Veronica would be stuck like this forever!

A new layer of humiliation was added to the pile as Veronica realised the risk made her feel even more turned on. She wondered if Carla was feeling the same, was that why she was moaning so loudly as Cindy backed her into the wall?

The two futa's crushed against one another so that Veronica was trapped not just between two of them but the wall as well. Those dangerously sharp nails pinched her cap and flung it across the room. The situation was disorienting as her vision spun around and around only to settle on the floor. She felt herself split, still just as aware as those hands brushed against her skirt and collar but now she was in the unique position of being able to see everything from the outside as well.

She watched as Carla tilted her head back, yielding to Cindy's touch in a way she never had for Veronica. Not that Veronica had ever tried to be so domineering; it just wasn't in her nature. Perhaps it is something her girlfriend had been secretly craving though because now she was wet and rock hard, ready to go at both ends.

Cindy's hands moved to Carla's belt and Veronica watched as she deftly unbuckled and slid it off in one smooth movement. Immediately her skirt loosened and Veronica was ever grateful she was also the panties. At least those were still tight and form fitting; so much so that she was currently beginning to soak through with Carla's juices.

It was more than just the feel of that slickness seeping into her, she could smell it, taste it even. She had only eaten Carla out a handful of times, preferring to let her cum inside her but now she was overwhelmed with the flavour that was unique to her girlfriend. Precum dribbled from her cock and soaked into the front of the panties as well giving her a wealth of sensations; scent, texture and flavour wise.

It was almost better than sex; not only was Carla inside her but she was filling her totally. Veronica was intimately aware of every swath of fabric that made her up now and which body parts they used to be; her pussy and asshole were currently against Carla as she got more and more horny and the pleasure emanating out of her was indescribably good. She felt owned and dominated in a way she never had before and were she able she

would blush at just how humiliating it was to be so turned on by all this. Including the fact that her girlfriend was getting close to being fucked right in front of her.

Things between the two futas were getting hot and heavy; Cindy unbuttoned Carl's jacket and Veronica felt part of her slide to the floor. Carla was reaching out to touch Cindy's breasts, grabbing the huge mounds and massaging them between her fingers as Cindy growled. It was the hottest thing Veronica had ever seen, watching Carla slowly get undressed by this other, even more dominant futa.

She watched and a second later felt those nails once more as they slipped past the waistband of Carla's skirt and into the panties themselves. Veronica wished she could moan; Cindy was gripping Carla's dick and stroking hard, with each pump she stretched Veronica's panties further and further. It was like a muscle being massaged except for the fact that it sent sparks of pure pleasure radiating out all through her clothing form.

She could feel Carla's whole body start to tremble and she had to break out of the kiss in order to catch her breath as Cindy finally let go of her cock and moved southwards. Veronica felt herself peeled away from the wet hole that had been providing her with so much wonder and for a moment she was sad. A second later though Cindy's finger pushed up inside her girlfriend and Veronica was rewarded with a shower of more juices as they dripped out with greater speed.

"So tight." Cindy noted, "It's been a while since anybody was inside you, hasn't it?"

"M-my girlfriend doesn't...d-doesn't have a...a...oh God."

"That's what you want though, isn't it?" Cindy grinned, slipping a second finger inside, "You're tired of doing the fucking aren't you? You want to get pegged."

"Yes!"

Carla's face when she moaned that word was unlike anything Veronica had ever seen; the expression was so desperate and accompanied by yet another thick coating of juices that drowned out her senses. At least in her panty form, her hat form was still safe, halfway across the room allowing her to watch as Cindy vigorously fingered her girlfriend.

She watched as Carla gave a needy whine as those fingers withdrew only for the sound to turn into a moan as Cindy began to undress her; right there in the office. Those sharp nails scraped across Veronica's stiff fabric, she would have shivered if she were able. Not just because the sensation felt like a lover's nails pressing down the curve of her back and spine but because of how dangerous this was.

As the two futa's stumbled forward toward the desk, their heels came dangerously close to stepping right on her jacket. As Veronica flicked her vision to the article on the floor she looked up and could see up both women's skirts. She could see Carla's sopping wet panties and pulsing cock; Cindy's as well, though her cock was far bigger, almost by a full inch.

They stumbled back, Cindy pushing Carla's blouse off next, then tugging down her skirt. Each movement was jerky, violent and desperate; the futa's clearly couldn't wait to get their hands on each other properly and every move strained Veronica. She could feel her stitches stretching, threatening to break from the violent treatment as she was yanked this way and that.

Every time another part of her hit the floor she breathed a metaphorical sigh of relief, another part of her was safe. And yet, she was starting to feel cold and forgotten. Without Carla's body heat she felt empty and hollow and after so much stimulation she left as though she'd been left a second before orgasm with nothing she could do about it. She was right on the edge, unable to cum no matter how much they touched her and she couldn't decide what was worse; the continued teasing or the deprivation.

Her bra form hugged Carla's tits tight, feeling them shake with movement and the rapid beating of her heart. Each jiggle stretched her tight fabric in the most deliciously wonderful ways and Veronica immediately wondered what it would be like to have Carla wear her to the gym. Then she could feel that bounce in earnest as she ran on a treadmill.

Cindy's hands snaked inside, taking Carla's nipples between her fingers and squeezing, separating Veronica further from the warm skin. The sounds Carla made as her nipples were teased made it worth it though. She never knew her girlfriend was capable of such won'ton sounds. Humiliation once again washed over her like a wave; she was basically having her own inadequacies in the bedroom shown up right in front of her eyes.

Cindy's hands teased for a few long moments before slipping out once more and moving to the back of her strap. Those sharp nails and deft fingers working their magic to undo the hooks without so much as a glance. How many women had this futa seduced to be so adept? Veronica didn't know whether to be horrifically jealous or impressed and a little seduced herself, she decided on all of the above as her bra form was flung through the air. Landing on the ground not far from the two horny futas; forgotten in an instant now that Cindy had unfettered access to Carla's heavy tits.

All Veronica could do was watch as Cindy sucked and kissed at those huge breasts, pinning Carla to the desk with her hips. Veronica's panties were the only part of her that remained on her girlfriend's body; crushed between the two futas. She was soaked in juices and stretched to the limit, her front crushed between two cocks. It was unreal, unlike any pleasure she had ever experienced. She was torn between her lust and her humiliation that she had been reduced to such a state. Cindy's hands were suddenly on her waistband.

'No! Don't take me off!' she begged though she knew it was useless, Cindy couldn't hear her and Carla clearly didn't care enough to pass the message on. She was too embroiled in her own desire.

To Veronica's great surprise though she was not removed, only lowered as Cindy turned Carla around to bend her over the desk. In a way this was almost worse, now she was stretched out even thinner between Carla's thighs as she spread them.

From her cap, Veronica watched as Carla presented her ass high in the air, legs spread as Cindy removed her own panties allowing her cock to tent the front of her short dress for a moment before she lifted the hem up above her waist. She didn't want to watch but she couldn't make herself look away.

Cindy pressed the tip of her length against Carla and the futa reacted as if a live wire had been pressed to her skin, jolting and shivering as she let out a low, desperate moan escaping her lips. A hungry grin split across Cindy's face as she started to push in, forcing Veronica even further down Carla's legs until she simply couldn't stretch anymore. Carla quivered as Cindy continued to push her way inside until finally, the futa's balls came to rest right against Carla's hole and subsequently Veronica.

Both Carla and Cindy's balls were now brushing against her, slowly swaying and rubbing against her inner lightning as Cindy began to move. Carla pushed back against her

but Cindy's hands pinned her down, one of her shoulders the other on the small of her back and she began to pound in earnest.

Veronica couldn't decide if she was in Heaven or Hell. The humiliation of her position, trapped as a pair of panties with a front row seat to her girlfriend's infidelity was awful; but the pleasure thrumming through her right now was unlike anything she'd ever experience. Each time Carla moaned or those balls slapped against her she felt her own pleasure increase. Somehow knowing there was no end in sight, no orgasm to give her relief only added to the torturous bliss.

The panties were her pussy and ass transformed, it was almost as if she was sleeping with them both at the same time. There was no other way to describe it.

The danger as well had her right on the edge. Most of her was safe, spread out across the floor but those panties were dangerously close to ripping. She could feel the strain, the stitches threatening to pop and the elastic in the waistband threatening to snap with each and every thrust. She was on the edge in more ways than one and it all fed into an never ending loop of humiliation and arousal; so much so that she couldn't even tell the difference anymore.

Carla's breaths turned sharp and short and in the shadows beneath Cindy's dress Veronica watched her hole tighten. Cindy was getting close as well, her thrusts becoming short and sharp, angled perfectly to produce the most pleasure for them both. Veronica could feel her balls tightening against her yet she could tell by the guttural grunts escaping the woman's voice she was holding back; trying to tip Carla over the edge first.

Veronica had never heard Carla's voice get so high and desperate, she could barely get the words out as she began to babble and beg for more.

"Oh God...Oh my God I-I'm going t-to-! OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

What little dry fabric remained in Veronica's panties was instantly soaked as Carla came, seed shooting and instantly seeping into the fabric turning the front into a sticky mess. That was the least of Veronica's problems though; Carla's legs spasmed uncontrollably as she came and it was the final straw that broke the camel's back. Veronica felt herself tear at the edges, it was slight but the feeling of her seams coming undone almost did her in a well. It was as close to cumming as she could get and even though she knew it spelt doom for her she couldn't help but revel in it.

A moment later Cindy was cumming as well and Veronica watched in a dreamlike state as more seed dribbled out at the edges of Carla's hole. The two futas collapsed against the desk, breathing heavily until finally they pulled apart.

"Glad to have you on board." Cindy smiled as she straightened herself out, "We'll have to have more of these...reviews. Say, once a week."

"I uh..." Carla stumbled, her legs were still trembling from the force of her orgasm, "I'd like that."

Carefully she began picking up the various pieces of her outfit, and Veronica felt her thumb brush over the small tears in the side of her panties as she pulled them back on. Veronica felt strangely relaxed about the whole affair as Carla redressed. Somewhere in the back of her mind she was sure she was supposed to be upset right now; her girlfriend had just cheated on her after all and got her stuck as an outfit for the foreseeable future.

Perhaps it was the pleasure she had just experienced or perhaps it was the comfort that was being worn again after most of her had been discarded on the floor. Perhaps even the loving way Carla wiped the juice and seed from her inner lining. Regardless of the cause she said nothing as Carla redressed and said her goodbyes to Cindy. The blonde gave her a flirtatious wave before seamlessly becoming a professional once more as she sat down behind the desk.

Somehow, Carla had managed to put all her clothes back on and look just as professional walking out of the office as she had when she walked in. She went to her new desk and quietly patted a hand over her skirt.

“We’ll find a way to fix you.” She whispered, “I...I don’t know what came over me. Cindy is just so hot and it’s been so long since I had another futa take me.”

‘I didn’t realise you missed it so much.’

“Me either and...” Carla hesitated for a moment, ensuring once more that nobody was listening. “Knowing you were there watching and feeling everything just made it so much hotter. I am so sorry, Veronica.”

‘I know it must sound strange but...I am okay with you sleeping with Cindy under one condition.’ Veronica said in a low voice.

“Yes?”

‘Wear me each time?’

Carla chuckled.

“That’s the least I can do. Until they find a way to change you back I don’t have much of a choice, do I?”