



Years had passed since Jessie, a good for nothing witch-in-training, had moved on from college. Graduating with colorful grades and excellent pet projects that were definitely earned through hard work and perseverance...and not lies and a small smidge of black magic to make sure the winds of prosperity were always blowing her way...

As if that wasn't bad enough, a string of disappearances seemed to follow Jessie wherever she went. Always smart individuals or rich folk, starting from her mid to late teens in college. People not within her clique who involved themselves with the promiscuous minx would always go off the grid sooner or later. Although the authorities had suspected the girls involvement, they didn't have enough concrete evidence to build up a case against Jessie. And although she wasn't the brightest bulb in the neighborhood, the witch knew better than to meddle with any federal agents who took her aside for questioning, putting on her usual flirty persona to further throw them off their assumptions, thinking of her as nothing more than a harmless harlot who somehow had the 'brains' to make it through college and as the years flew by; university.

By the time the disappearances had stopped just short of half a hundred, Jessie had already cozied herself up to a middle aged man who was also the CEO of one of the city's most well known banking firms. By



performing 'favors' and certain other unthinkable acts on her own accord, the man's feeble mind was all hers to manipulate, allowing her to hog an easy spot way up the food chain with no one to oppose her thanks to the years she'd spent trudging through school to build up a reliable profile...and it wasn't as if anyone in the company knew she was even there to begin with; earning hefty paychecks every month while spending most of her time gathering and maintaining a sizeable online audience through the usual online sites any woman could make money off of if they were fine with throwing away their dignity and shame, values and morals the black hearted witch had long since abandoned.

Day after day, Jessie lived her life in luxury and comfort. Free of worry and uncaring of the heads she'd stepped on to get where she was now as she snapped picture after picture in an endless lineup of raunchy outfits, reveling in the attention gleaned from exposing her beautiful form as and when she pleased. A body that admittedly, had only grown more and more bodacious and sultry ever since her college days.

*If only the soul that populated it wasn't the lecherous snake that was Jessie...*

But no evil could go unchecked forever without being punished, and just like all the other wicked souls before her, karma had its eyes set on the apathetic witch. Waiting for an opportune moment to spring its trap and draw her in.

And a certain victim of the careless witch's many plots would serve as its hand, with which justice would be meted out upon the wicked woman.

Back when she had been nothing but a no name college student struggling to pass tests and submit project work on time, the mysterious vanishings were indeed her doing. All in a bid to ensure she passed all the aforementioned requirements needed for her to graduate and move on with a diploma, degree or whatever else she needed. And the way she did it was through a curious hex that involved transforming her targets into her favorite pieces of underwear with which she could communicate with, gleaning answers for tests or instructions for projects and technical work. It was why the list of missing persons included many big brained individuals from the college and university Jessie went to; they had the smarts Jessie didn't.

On a good day or if the target was cooperative, she would turn them back after she was done with them, setting them loose from the fabric that hugged her body right with a little bit of mind wiping to ensure their mouths stayed shut. But when the target was either uncooperative or wasn't what she was expecting, then she'd be cruel, making sure their senses were ensnared in darkness, leaving them helpless and at a loss for whatever shameless act she would put them through, of which there were many.

Eventually, they would be forgotten. With their auditory and visual senses cut, the boys and girls unfortunate enough to be caught by Jessie and the ring of thugs she had under her beck and call would never be heard from again, losing all sense of self until they simply accepted the fate they had been unfairly thrust into. Within Jessie's armory of lingerie and salacious nightwear, over twenty separate pieces still had bits and pieces of their former human hosts holding on to themselves, desperate to be free one day, clinging to the dwindling embers of revenge they wanted to incinerate the wretched woman with.

But even those with most of their human selves erased remained dormant, unwittingly becoming ticking time bombs thanks to a degradation in the magic which bound them to their current forms. Regular amounts of mana from ordinary magic practitioners like Jessie weren't enough to maintain long lasting hexes like the ones she had used on her victims, meaning that if she were to put on any of the ones who still had an inkling of their identity remaining within, the results could be...unpredictable, to say the least.

It was something every rookie should've been familiar with since it was one of the most basic concepts a magic practitioner ought to know. Except Jessie's aunt; her tutor, wasn't instructor material in any sense of the word. She had cut corners...a lot of corners, only interested in teaching the girl spells and nothing else after sensing the beginnings of an excellent witch within her.

As a result, Jessie wielded immense strength on a whim. Powers that were a danger both to the world and to herself as she continued to cast spells left, right and center without consequence.

And that ineptitude would soon lead to her downfall...where on a certain Saturday evening during yet another of the e-girl's shameless streams where she accepted the requests of whoever had the fattest wallets to pay her with, one of the aforementioned bombs would be primed for ignition as the simple minded witch acquiesces to a fan asking her to wear a school uniform, which she unsurprisingly still had somewhere in her wardrobe albeit a few sizes smaller than her current frame; the blouse and skirt she used to wear in college.

Slipping them on with some effort, Jessie sucks in a deep breath, buttoning up the suffocatingly tight top around her torso before moving on to the skirt, just barely being able to slip it around her broad hips without it cinching too hard against her skin. And for her choice of underwear? Why she just couldn't forget her old favorites; bright pink panties that had miraculously withstood the test of time, snatching it off the rack with a giggle before heading outside and back over towards the camera, intent on giving her viewers a good show while raking in the dough from those mindless dolts.

A lifted leg, a pair of feet through the holes, the subtle brush of silk and lace against porcelain smooth skin, and soon the ill-fitting thing was pressed warmly against Jessie's crotch.

She had been just about to say a few words before her vision blurs, growing hazy at the edges while strange visual disturbances in the form of double vision and discoloration plagues her sight. Then her legs give way, forcing her to fall forwards and knock the camera down, cutting the stream short as her mind suddenly screams in pain as an invisible dagger plunges into the soft flesh, forcing her to choke before her eyes go sideways and her consciousness fades alongside the spastic twitching of her body.

To the naked eyes of an ordinary bystander, the symptoms of Jessie's ailment would instantly make one assume she was suffering from a severe seizure.

But in the eyes of one with the ability to see and manipulate the flow of mana, the uncontrollable spasms was a common sight to see in areas saturated in magical energy borne of intense emotions like negativity, places where the paranormal was the norm. Where normal folk were at risk of falling prey to the supernatural phenomenon of *possession*, when spirits from the other side enter a flesh and blood body with the intent of taking over to settle unfinished business or to tend to their deepest wishes.

Not all forms of possession were malevolent in nature however, not were they all purposeful. Some, like in Jessie's case, could be caused by malfunctioning spells or ancient artifacts. In this instance, it was something like a combination of the two; the volatile hex that could no longer maintain the fading being within the panties she wore which by itself, could be considered a relic of sorts, a memento to times long past. The results of such an accident could've been catastrophic, but thankfully(?) for Jessie, her body was unharmed as



the magic works instead on her soul, pulling it away from her meat suit while attaching the tortured soul of the panty intruder with surgical precision into Jessie's flesh and blood body.

It would take a few more minutes for the stranger to awaken to their new body, but for Jessie, the swap had been almost instantaneous. One moment her eyelids seemed too heavy to keep open, and the next, she just couldn't shut them. Nor could she move the rest of her body. If there was an apt way to describe her predicament, it would be like being strung up like tuna in a net, except the net was invisible and wrapped so tightly around Jessie her fingers couldn't even move an inch.

*'W-What the heck is this?!  
Where...why's it so dark?!*



But it was the view she was stuck with that drew her concern over her paralysis. It was musty and slightly damp...or was that just her? No matter, wherever she was, she could barely make out the round, enormous hills flanking her and the immense cavern that surrounded her on all sides...a cavern with walls that seemed to be moving? And what were those things far off in the distance beyond the light outside the cave rim...

Jessie wouldn't be left guessing for much longer however as her vision suddenly shakes against her will like a camera being flung around haphazardly by a madman. Unable to right herself as the hills began to move at breakneck speeds while the cave walls flutter wildly like immense flyers, allowing for light to finally peer through and momentarily illuminate low standing glimpses of her bedroom, and if she directed her gaze a little lower, she could see her own legs wobbling wildly while jumping from spot to spot as if the floor was lava. All while an animalistic holler vocalized with her own distinct voice disrupts the silence.

*'My...legs! Oh fuck no! This is so totally uncool! Stop this right now! Ectara Stasis! Ectara Stasis!!! Shit! Why's isn't anything working today?!*

Cursing and screaming incantations in a desperate bid to escape her predicament with her mind deep in denial despite the many times her body had spun round to face the mirror, each time displaying the reflection of taut, pink panties wrapped around her hips whenever her forever opened eyes were forced to

glance straight in that direction. All while her body continues to spiral out of control, arching her back while a deep, throaty roar escapes her wide maw with her teeth bared like fangs, spraying saliva and spittle wherever she turns to face with a feral look on her face. Tossing her neck to and fro with tremendous force that sends purple locks of hair flying everywhere. It was as if she'd lost her mind, regressing into a state of primal rage at the sight of her own room with beads of sweat running down over her forehead. And as a loose droplet lands on the cleavage body, the foreign pilot in control of Jessie's body howls, slapping a hand over her mammaries while retreating into a crouching position, spreading her legs shamelessly while attempting to figure out what had spooked her earlier, growling all the way like some dog.

*'Shit! Shit! Shit! This is bad! If this bitch keeps screaming the neighbors are gonna totally rat on me! Hey! Stop fucking with my body and get out! There's only room for one Jessie and you are so not it!'*

"Jessie?!"

Upon the recital of her name, the duo falls silent. With the individual in control of Jessie's body pausing her assault on her breasts to look over her dainty hands in a mix of curiosity and horror, drawing her eyes over her long slender arms and back down over her breasts before looking up towards the reflective mirror leaning against the wall to her right.

"Body...wrong..."

*'You got that right, now hand it over! Repeat what I say and we'll all be happy again; Mentera Chandris. C'mon! Hey! Are you-'*

"Shut..."

*'Hab?! Did you seriously just tell me to-'*

**"I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!!!"**

*'Alright! Alright! Just...stop hurting my body!'*

Slamming her hands to the side of her head with her eyes wide enough for the whites to pop. The stranger in possession of Jessie's body breathes heavily through gritted teeth. Clearly not in the mood for games as the sides of her head begin to throb with an unearthly ache where her shivering hands had struck.

With the voice in her head silenced and Jessie left to rage on her lonesome at being ordered around like a kid, the stranger scours her mind for memories of old, trying to remember who she was. For so long she'd been stuck in the dark, deprived of her senses and left immobile. All she had during that time was her mind to

think things through and keep herself sane. She remembered regretting something, the immense fear of being locked inside the dark, the shame of even thinking she was in the wrong and then a righteous fury that instantly overtakes all other emotions, rivaled only by the fear that had gripped her so for god knows how long. So much so that when her eyes were instantly seared by light and feeling returned to an alien body, she was terrified, lashing out at everything around her as she stared at the carnage of toppled streaming equipment and shattered electronics that weren't lucky enough to escape her rampage. Hearing a click of the tongue from the back of her mind.

And now she was here, back in a world of light, color and sound. Stuck in a body she instantly knew wasn't her own in the house of a stranger.

But the name spoken by the bitchy voice at the back of her mind she could still hear uttering curses under her breath sounded familiar...no, more than familiar. It had stirred her heart and cleared her mind. She hated that name, it made her furious, vibrating with visible rage as that name kept bouncing around inside her head, loosening the metaphorical mud that caught in the gears of her mind after what felt like eons of inactivity, allowing for a gradual flow of broken memories corrupted by stress and time to trickle in and remind her of the events that led to her current situation stuck in the body of her jailer.

Although it was nothing more than a fragmented mess of pockmarked memories and static filled visions, she saw through the eyes of a studious young man with the future laid out for him in a college whose name was lost to her. He'd done well to keep out of trouble and focus on his studies until one fine day he'd been pulled into a locker room, coming face to face with a young lady she felt equal parts admiration and disgust for. Before she did something to him, blinding him with something before the gut wrenching emotions wrought by a physical deformation of his body sends a chill running through her spine, eyes widening upon the awful realization of what had happened to him...to her, as maddened eyes come to rest on the unmistakable face of the witch reflected in the mirror who had reduced her body into nothing more than a simple set of panties she'd cast aside after its purpose was served. Ridiculing her just because she failed to provide the answers to a test on time before cutting off their telepathic link and rendering her blind and mute.

And even though she promised to turn her back if she ended up passing the test despite failing to meet her sky high expectations, she'd forgotten about her soon after a week or two of messing around with her. Remembering the disgusting feeling of being used like a dish rag in her sexcapades, stepped on by unwashed feet and the worst one that still clung to the pores of her new body; left to rot on the floor, covered in grime and other unmentionable fluids until she stank so bad she just had to be washed and tucked away in the cupboards, miraculously surviving the few times Jessie had to maintain her wardrobe, with many less fortunate souls failing to make the cut as they were whisked away to be tossed down the rubbish chute, their presences fading away until she couldn't sense them any longer...it was an undeserved hell of unending darkness that somehow, she still hoped Jessie would release her from.

She thought of her family, her friends, her future...until she couldn't think any more, losing more and more of herself while she was left to rot in the void. Her name, the faces of her parents, who her friends were, she had lost them all to degradation. Even her sense of self had been warped so far to the point she could no longer associate herself with being a man just because the first human body she'd been jacked into after so long had been a woman's.

Not just any woman too...she was older now, but the similarities were there. And if the voice in her head was indeed her, then this had to be Jessie's body she had wound up in, raising her skirt in the mirror to view her old body wrapped snugly around her mature privates with a visible cameltoe pressed up against a damp spot...as salacious as ever...

But it also served to sow the seeds of an idea within her mind, slowly smiling as she ran her hands over her warm cheeks. The tables were turned, somehow, the idiot had trapped herself, left helpless just like she was, except there was something curious about her earlier words that left her excited at the implications behind them. And from her earlier self searching, clearer memories that weren't hers swam by, filtering out the raunchiness, and her eyes narrowed in excitement, pushing herself off the floor while ignoring the voice of Jessie returned to full blast in her head.

*'H-Hey! What're you doing? Hurry up and give back my body!'*

Walking over towards a spacious shelf that unsurprisingly lacked in reading material, the lost souls begins to search for the book she'd seen in Jessie's obnoxiously vivid memories, opening drawers, tossing aside files and other miscellaneous junk until her hands come to rest on a weathered old tome, the sight of which curls the edges of her lips into a wicked smile as her fingers pry apart the cover, flipping through page after page of priceless knowledge...all neatly categorized into alphabetical order for convenience...and from the way Jessie's furious protests turn into meek, panicky begging upon the sight of her aunt's tome in her body's hands as she trots back over to face the mirror, she knew she had hit the jackpot.

*'H-How did you?! No! Put that back! It's not yours!'*

**"I told you to shut up didn't I...know your place worm...think you can still make demands when you're just underwear?"**

*'But i'm not! I'm Jessie! You're the one who should know your place!'*

**"Exactly...you've stuck me in there for so long I don't even remember the faces of my own parents! My own name! Now you're gonna pay for what you did to me...what you did to the others..."**

Perusing the tome past pages and pages of spells and enchantments that made her wonder how stupid this witch must've been to ignore it all until her eyes finally settle on the incantation she was most interested in, the liberated soul closes her eyes while muttering the words from her soul, before chuckling at the sudden silence in her mind, free of Jessie's incessant yelling once the spell cuts off the telepathic link between their minds while nullifying the magic that gave the panties the senses of sight and sound. Eliciting an excited clap from the success of the test run.

**“It actually worked! Peace and quiet...how does it feel to be silenced and left in the dark? But that's not all I've got in mind for you, you bitch. You ruined my life...so you won't mind much if I ruin yours right? Let's see here...ohh I know~ Let's play a little game! Ever heard of Spot the Difference? Of course you have, right?”**



In truth, she knew Jessie couldn't hear a single word she said, nor could witness the sight of her undressing, shedding her skirt while unbuttoning her top to give her body some much needed breathing room, all while her prisoner couldn't even hear herself scream, trapped in a void bereft of light and sound...and humans, being the social animals they were, needed those things if they didn't want to go insane. The same concept applied for astronauts, needing the soothing sound of Earth's natural vibrations being played like ambience on their spacecraft if they didn't want to end up going stir crazy.

While her hijacker kicks off her skirt, Jessie was gnashing her non-existent teeth and foaming at the mouth she could not open. With each button popping off her top, her immobile form roiled with the need to move, burning inside with fear and turmoil. It was a maddening experience that left her crazed in the few short seconds she'd been forced into it, hinting at the torturous conditions her victims endured while they were trapped in such a state for years.

Whistling as she pulls open her top, the vengeful being inspects her host body, cupping a breast before letting it fall back over her chest with a wet slap while a free hand caresses the contours of her heart shaped

rear. But the glee she felt wasn't derived from feeling up Jessie's body but rather what she was about to do to it, glancing over towards the page on the open tone lying on the bed detailing a body altering hex.

*'If the bitch were smart enough she'd have used this long ago...so much power in the hands of one so stupid...truly a waste, but what should I...ahh~ Maybe that will do.'*

Envisioning her old self despite the damage done to her memory, the most the being could remember of her former identity was that he had brown hair with a nerdy aura to his visage, a far cry from the gravure model she now inhabited...but that was precisely the thing; strip away the faux beauty, leave nothing behind. And in a way, her new body would be one that paid homage to her original body, overwritten by lifeless fabric.

*And as for her new name...*

**"Josephine sounds nice...yes...close to my old one I think...but it'll have to do. Now, what were the words again...ah right, *Morphera Chandris!*"**

The moment the incantation leaves her mouth, the newly dubbed Josephine turns toward the mirror just in time to witness her body begin to change as a ripple runs across Jessie's flesh, darkening her pale skin slightly with a peachy hue while her fat laden limbs and torso begin to earn a fair bit of muscle so she didn't look like a human shaped marshmallow as her arms grow toned around the shoulders while her legs shorten, losing most of their plumpness in exchange for a noticeable bulge where muscle presses up against her skin, forming a nice 'line' that runs down her inner thigh gap, all the way down through sturdy calves and enlarged feet. In essence, she was becoming rather...ordinary. Replacing Jessie's exuberant flair with the simplicity of a plain Jane.

Not like there was anything wrong with that after all. Because any ordinary girl could still look her best with a little bit of effort. And as her mature face begins to lose its sensual looks for a more immature visage that promoted sinister innocence instead of overt sexual promiscuity, framed not by silken locks of purple but untreated brown that curls and splays off in random directions as if she'd just woken up from bed. That fact couldn't be made any more clearer, earning a cute twirl from Josephine as she spins on a heel, loving the new weightlessness of her body as most of the bodacious fat that once adorned it flows into her hips, forming a tight, warm core that would certainly please any man despite her looks. Sure, her breasts had gone down a cup size or two, and her ass was no longer a massive cushion, but Josephine couldn't care less. All she knew was that she had successfully supplanted Jessie in both mind and body, taking them all for herself and warping it into her image, just as she had done to her all those years ago. Even her voice lacked the husky baritone that made Jessie's screeching unbearable, speaking in the voice of a cute maiden who'd rather spend her time at the library than under the table with a rod jammed down her throat.

**"Amazing...so smooth...clean...it's like I'm back in my own body!"**



By the time her rosy red irises dull into dark magenta orbs framed by half lidded eyes that blur with the onset of myopia, Josephine's envisioned self had more or less supplanted the bitchy witch entirely. Gone was her voluptuous body, her lustrous head of purple, fashionable mani-pedi nails and noxiously thick layers of makeup. In her place stood the female form of the young man she had wronged all those years ago, smiling warmly while her hands moved to rub at her cheeks, feeling up the new contours of her body before coming to rest by her sides despite the tingle radiating from her snatch as it tightens in anticipation beneath the pink panties that still remained slung around her groin. She would save that itch for later, muttering under her breath while her warm smile goes cold, smirking in triumphant glee once Jessie's voice returns to plague her mind once more.

*'Please! Let me out! I'll do anything! Just...just...what the...who...'*

**"Woah~ Easy there girl. As much as I'd love to keep you locked up to rot away...I don't think it'd be courteous to let you go without at least showing you what I've done to your body...it's quite a makeover if I do say so myself...like what I've done with you?"**

*'Thats...m-me? W-What have you done to my body?!'*

**"Correction; it's my body now...being stuck as you sucks...so you don't mind a little change do you? After all, you're not the one in charge anymore, so you don't get a say in anything I do."**

*'Why are you doing this?! You're not even supposed to be able to do this! Give me my body back!'*

**"Oh poor girl...maybe you do deserve to be stuck in that pitch black hole if you can't even see the error of your ways..."**

*'N-No! Not that! Anything but...look, I'll give you whatever you want! I'll do anything! J-Just put me back inside...o-or turn someone else! You can do that right?'*

**"Sure I can...but I don't wanna...cuz I'm not you, you disgusting snake! Do you have any idea what the hell you're suggesting? And besides, this is all your fault you empty-headed bimbo. If there's anyone to blame for this, it's yourself...now be a good pair of undies and be quiet, before I toss you back in there! We're going on a little trip~"**

*'Wait! You can't just do this to-'*

**"Oh I think I can...and off to the shadow realm you go..."**

Wandering over towards Jessie's spacious wardrobe, Josephine frowns in disgust at all the overly sexualised outfits the woman had accrued over the years before her anger dulls upon the realization that there so many other imprisoned souls she could sense within row after row of panties and bras. But after much searching, she'd managed to scrounge up some good pieces that fit well together while not managing to make her look like a complete slut alongside wide rimmed glasses. Slipping them on naturally thanks to her organic brain that was essentially Jessie's, repurposed to serve as her own.

And once she was fully dressed, Josephine steps out from the wardrobe with a confident pep in her step and a brazen smile on her face, scooping her prisoner's keys off the table before stepping outside the expensive high right apartment flat and pulling out her phone to check the map, pinpointing a good spot that would serve well as the location in which she would mete out her revenge.

Since she loved whoring her body out so much...a seedy place seemed just the right thing. And despite Josephine's reservations about showing up at such a place, the tiny figments of who she once was couldn't help but grow curious at the thought, enforcing the needy urge that plagued her dripping vag as a tiny droplet drips down her thighs, staining the stretch fit pants she had decided to wear alongside a long sleeved crop top that left her warm belly exposed. If anything, it would serve as a great way to indulge her newfound urges while ridding the world of a plague.

**"Just a little while longer...and we'll all be free of her..."**

With her mind set and her body raring to go, Josephine sets off down the street with the path to the sex club perfectly memorized. Enjoying the cool evening air outside as she flexed her legs and took her time walking the roads, letting her eyes rest on the bright neon signs and mesmerizing displays all around her. She didn't even mind the heavy stench of car exhaust and damp pavement. Compared to being stuck in a lightless realm devoid of sound and all other sources of stimuli, this was heaven.

Not too long later, and she would finally arrive at her destination, steeling her nerves before stepping inside the posh building, her ears thumping with the reverberant beats of heavy bass while navigating the winding halls plastered with gaudy posters and warning signs telling those of faint heart to turn back. From Jessie's residual memories, she knew this place to be some sort of hardcore adult entertainment club where sex was allowed out in the open only within the premises, hence the warning. To be standing there meant that one knew what they were getting themselves into, and already Josephine could already hear the raucous of multiple bodies slamming together behind the closed doors before her and the strong smell of aphrodisiac wafting out from between the gaps, clouding her judgment as her eyes go dull and the aching in her loins burn that much stronger.

**"Mmhmhm~ Place is making me feel all funny...Jessie? You can hear me, right?"**

With an increasing mastery over her new body and its magic potential, Josephine manages to partially lift the veil over Jessie, reestablishing their telepathic link, enabling the distressed witch to see through her eyes and feel every single bit of what was about to happen, all while she was left mute and immobile, unable to resist the fate that awaited her as an uncomfortable wetness presses in on her silken form.

**"I want you to see...hear...and feel, every single thing I do...savor it all. Because once im done with you, you won't ever be able to-hey! What the fu-urgh! Ugh! Ugh! Grk!"**

Interrupted mid way through her gloating speech by a touch pair of hands pushing her through the doors and into the mass of intoxicated club goers making out with one another, Josephine soon finds her open mouth penetrated by a man's meaty member, filling her nostrils with the raw stench of semen as she struggles to pull away, clearly she wasn't his first, nor would she be the last.

With the once confident woman losing herself to the mind bending pleasures of being spitroasted as another man comes by, pulling off her pants before unceremoniously tugging Jessie's silken form aside to get at Josephine's sopping wet pussy, her prisoner can do nothing but watch her captor get used like a toy, feeling her resistance fade from Josephine's furious gurgles devolving into vapid moaning, allowing her throat and flower to be violated by the muscular men around her as one holds on to her head while the other lifts her flailing legs into the air, arching her surprisingly flexible spine until her legs were twitching in the air above them, earning a whoop of applause and a grunt of happiness from Josephine as her eyes roll back inside her head from feeling of the first load of spunk shooting inside her mouth, splashing against the back of her throat before sliding down into her belly. It felt disgusting...but it also felt good, appealing to her newfound femininity over her former male identity as her pert lips slip free of the studs pecker, allowing her to catch her breath momentarily before her second partner flips her over, spinning a giggling Josephine around to face him all while she remained impaled on his member, pushing off her reclined position to meet him, wrapping her waifish arms around broad shoulders, struggling to find a grip while her diminutive form bounces in his embrace.

On the other end of the pole however, Jessie was struggling with problems besides being stuck as an inanimate pair of panties. While the human essence within them had long since faded, the young man that had been used to reinforce the witch's former favorites meant that the metaphorical body she inhabited was beginning to plague her mind as such. Feeling a phantom member of her own grow solid and needy, doomed to be forgotten and intended to as she continued to try and struggle, cursing her fate while mouthing incantations in the vain hopes that one of them would miraculously work.

But without her original body, simply saying the words did little other than wasting her breath, wallowing in a despair ridden pit of her own making as her tiny form presses up tight between her owners thighs and her partner's balls, splashing her with ejaculate and other unmentionable fluids. Just like she had done to so many others in the past, forced to endure the hell she tossed others into with a smile on her face.

From livestreaming to being trapped in her own underwear...an unexpected turn of events for sure...but not an unwelcome one for Josephine, relishing in both the fervours of sex and the fact that she could sense Jessie's slipping state of mind as she tussled with the urges plaguing her and the fact that she shouldn't be enjoying this...because after years spent whoring herself out, was this any different from the way she allowed herself to be treated?

By the time the man who'd managed to spend most of the night with Josephine laid her gently over the sheets of the bed within the spare rooms, Jessie was thoroughly soaked, reeking of sex and coiled into a wrinkled heap around her owner's thigh as Josephine twists her neck backward, screaming in passion from the bucketload of cum being shot straight into her womb alongside a grunt of exertion from her partner, giving her a gentle peck on the cheek before parting ways with a wet squelch, leaving Josephine twitching in bed with thick, goopy spunk oozing out of her swollen pussy.

But there was one more thing to do before she could rest, something she had almost forgotten about until she started looking for her pants, catching sight of the wrung panties clinging on to her legs as she picks up her slightly damp pants neatly folded on the bedside next to her.



**"Hey Jessie...how was it? Flapping in the wind, not able to clean yourself up, smashed together like a rag between gyrating bodies...not very fun isn't it?"**

Instead of slipping her moist panties back on however, Josephine slides them off her leg, sighing in ecstasy as she dabs the stiff cloth over her well used vagina, cleaning up as best she could before tossing Jessie aside, landing on the floor in a wet mess, too shocked and humiliated to even process what was happening to her while Josephine slaps her pants back on with a satisfied smile on her face.

**"Consider this goodbye Jessie...from now till the day you're tossed away and left to rot...maybe burnt up in some incinerator if you're lucky, you'll have plenty of time to think about all the shit you've put others through...take care now hm? It'd be a waste if some wastrel got their hands on you~"**

Slipping out of the room with her revenge complete, Josephine beelines it for the exit before anyone else thinks otherwise, ready to resume her life as an ordinary human with some measure of hope that the witch's other victims could also be saved. Even though her punishment was served, that didn't instantly mean the others trapped as inanimate fabric had their cursed fates reversed, directing her thoughts toward possible solutions instead of relishing in the afterglow of her victory, leaving Jessie to her fate as nothing more than an old set of panties left on the dirty floor of some raunchy sex club downtown, intent on getting herself cleaned up...maybe enjoy a little sleep, and then some warm food to savour before getting back into the thick of what she used to do best.

So ends the tale of Jessie the Fledgling Witch, refusing to see the error of her ways as she laid there in the club, tossed, kicked and used like the rags that embodied her rotten persona...

***THE END***