

Black Panties

With a sigh of relief, Natasha Romanoff stepped into her quarters, heels clacking against the panels of the floor. Thank God her mission was over--she was exhausted.

As she entered the room, she scanned it automatically for danger: for anyone waiting in ambush, for any traps waiting to be tripped. It might be unnecessary, but the instinct had been carved into her mind by her conditioning. Even in her own room, she couldn't resist the urge.

Fortunately, nothing stood out to her--everything was clear.

...Wait.

Natasha blinked.

Lying on her bed was an elaborately wrapped parcel, complete with a fancy bow, the kind of trussed-up package you saw in shop windows around Christmas.

Eyebrow raised, she picked it up. 'Natasha,' said the label attached to it. She didn't recognize the handwriting.

For a moment, Natasha's mind whirled with possibilities. Who could have left it for her? SHIELD was hardly in the habit of leaving presents for its agents.

She frowned. Most likely it was a trap. Her best option was to throw it and run, in case it was a bomb.

Despite herself, however, she stayed where she stood, box in her hands. It gave time for another, more wholesome possibility to occur to her: could it be something from Clint?

All of a sudden, the box in her hands seemed less like a threat and more like the present it resembled.

With a thin smile, Natasha placed it on the bed, unwrapped its ribbon, and pulled off its lid.

As she went to peer inside it, however, a flash of intense pink light burst from the box and blinded her.

Gasping, Natasha dropped the package and fell back, raising her arms to try and block the light. It didn't help, the brilliant pink glare shone straight through her as if she were made of glass. She could feel it working on her bones, making her insides tingle.

A wave of nausea passed through Natasha's body. She dropped to her knees, eyes screwed up tight, and when she opened them she found the light had faded enough to see. Her whole figure, however, continued glowing bright pink, as if the box had irradiated her.

As she watched, her skintight uniform flared like a dying star and burst into so many burning scraps of clothing. She watched, eyes wide in shock, as they flew from her body, leaving her figure utterly exposed. A part of her moved instinctively to cover her chest in case anyone came in and saw her. What the hell was happening?

Quaking, Natasha tried to stand, to open her mouth and cry for help, but her body refused to obey her. She felt like a novice taking her first tranq shot again.

Her whole body shaking, Natasha forced herself to stand and stumble over to the bed.

She got three steps before her legs gave way beneath her. Landing on her chest with an 'oof', she groaned and looked back to see what had happened...

...and found that her lower legs had blackened and crumpled into something resembling a pair of empty pantyhose.

Her heart pounded--she gasped.

As she sat there and stared, little beads of sweat forming all over her body, the blackness that had afflicted her legs started spreading upward. She could only watch, eyes wide in horror, as the stuff passed over her thighs, first darkening them, then leaving them to shrivel like her lower legs before them.

In seconds, the stuff had reached her groin, and Natasha threw back her head and squealed as an incredible burst of tingling assaulted her naked sex. It felt as if someone were going at her with the world's harshest vibrator, melting her pussy with the sheer strength of its shaking. In moments, she was sitting in a puddle of her own juices.

Unfortunately, the sensation didn't last long. As Natasha came with a long, drawn-out scream, her sex and everything left of her hips darkened into the same matte black substance her legs had become, before crumpling to join them as well. She could only stare, heart pounding.

Feebly, she raised a hand to try and touch her altered groin--

--and stopped instantly as her fingers darkened too, blackening as if from a terrible bout of frostbite. As she watched, breathing heavily, the color spread across her hands, over her wrists, and onward down her arm. A moment later, her fingers simply crumpled like a group of punctured balloons.

She grit her teeth and tried to keep herself from panicking. It didn't work--her heart continued to pound.

Lying there, back against the side of her bed, sweat pouring from her brow, Natasha Romanoff could do little more than watch as her limbs blackened and compacted into themselves. Soon the change started work on her body as well.

As the transformation washed over her chest like a puddle of spilled ink, Natasha drew in a breath in a desperate attempt to scream. In the same moment, the change reached her neck, and her eyes opened wide as she watched her breasts deflate. The sight knocked all the air out of her, and when she tried to draw it back in, she found she lacked the power. Her lungs had gone the same place as her bust.

With a little thump, Natasha's head dropped onto the flimsy cushion of her own crumpled body. If anyone had walked in at this moment, they would have assumed her body was hidden inside some kind of weird matte trash bag. This impression wouldn't last for long though: Natasha's body continued to shrivel, and the color continued to spread up onto her head.

She could only watch, wanting to scream, as the wave of blackness spread over her head, and she lost the ability to open her mouth. A second later, it covered her nose and cut off her breathing, though she soon found she no longer needed to breathe at all.

Another moment later, the black stuff covered Natasha's eyes, and for a second she lay there blind, her world utterly dark. She had time to consider this, to wonder if this was her life from now on.

Fortunately, the blackness soon passed, and Natasha found she could see again, though she couldn't move her eyes no matter how hard she tried. However her new vision worked, it had nothing to do with anything as simple as eyeballs.

As she lay there, unable to do anything more than watch, the world grew around her. Intellectually, she knew she was shrinking, but the impression her room itself was growing was impossible to ignore.

At last, Natasha came to rest on her back on the floor, her body reduced to the size of a piece of paper, if not smaller. All she could do was lie there, looking up at the ceiling and wishing she could scream.

Help!

As if in response, her new body jumped up high into the air and hovered there, still glowing pink. It spun, giving her a view of the box still lying empty on her bed. As she struggled to resist, she floated towards it. In seconds, she was inside, lying on her back again.

The box's lid loomed into place above. She had a second or so to realize what was happening, to try and open her mouth and scream for it to stop--

A moment later, the lid slammed down with a soft thud, throwing Natasha Romanoff back into the darkness.

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She couldn't tell how long she spent in there in the end. After the first hour or so in the box, time became almost meaningless. She couldn't move, couldn't see anything save the dark

walls of her container, couldn't see *anything* that would let her tell the time. All she could do was lie there and ruminate on her fate.

So it *had* been a trap. She couldn't believe she'd been so stupid...

Eventually, after what might have been hours or months, Natasha heard a somewhat familiar voice. High-pitched, playful, it reminded her of...

The Wasp?

"Okay, be back in a second--I've just gotta get changed."

Natasha heard the *schunk* of a door opening, followed by the sound of buzzing wings. A second later, the buzzing faded, replaced by soft footsteps. "Hey, what's this...?" said the Wasp. "Did one of the guys leave me a present?"

If Natasha still had a heart, it would have been pounding. What was going on? Why was the Wasp in her room?

Before she could find an answer, she heard the unmistakable sound of a ribbon being pulled, and a thin shaft of light crept into her cage as someone removed the lid. A moment later, it became a crashing shaft of light that would have made Natasha blink if she still had eyes to blink with. Even so, it still took her vision a second to adjust.

As the glare faded, Natasha found herself staring at the familiar face of the Wasp. #

"Oh," said the Wasp. "A little pair of sexy black panties... Of course. I don't know what I expected." She frowned. "Is this someone's idea of a joke?"

B-black panties? thought Natasha. An icy feeling crept through her new form. No, that wasn't possible--

The Wasp turned aside. "You hear me? I better not be on camera."

A second later, she turned back with a huff. "This better not be some kind of 'subtle' message, Hank."

Natasha tried to flinch as the Wasp's hand loomed into view, nails sharp. *How ironic*, a part of her thought dimly, *that I should be so small compared to her*.

As the Wasp's fingers pinched her... fabric? Natasha experienced a sudden wash of delight. *Ah!* It felt as if the Wasp were pinching her clitoris--she could barely think as she flew out of the box and out into the air.

Regaining some sense of sanity, Natasha looked around. She wasn't in her SHIELD quarters anymore, but rather a pleasant, yellow-painted bedroom. Had the box teleported her?

Holding Natasha to her face, the Wasp gave her a glare. "Ugh, look at them," she said. "Tiny, sexy, black... I can tell a guy bought *you*."

Her words made Natasha want to recoil. Why did she feel so insulted? This wasn't who she was.

The Wasp's expression changed. "On the other hand," she said, tapping her chin, "if these are from Hank..." She blushed, grinning as if about to burst into giggles. "Maybe he'd appreciate catching a glimpse of them when I'm buzzing around."

Before Natasha knew what was happening, she was lying on the bed, looking up at the Wasp as she stripped off her uniform. If she'd still had skin, she would have blushed--the Wasp was surprisingly busty under her uniform.

"There," said the Wasp at last, tossing her current panties aside and stepping forward, so that her naked figure loomed over Natasha's frozen form. "Now, let's see what this pair feels like."

It was only at this point that Natasha realized the nature of her predicament. She wasn't just trapped as an object--she was trapped as *underwear*. The Wasp was going to *wear* her round her awful snatch like the flimsy piece of black fabric she'd become.

If Natasha still had a mouth, she would have screamed for the Wasp to stop. As it was, there was nothing she could do except lie there as the superhero stooped down and pinched her fabric, sending a fresh wave of pleasure tingling through her form. *St-stop! Stop!*

Standing straight, the Wasp pinched her tight with both hands, pulling her wide and smirking at how stretchy her fabric was. The feeling made Natasha want to scream afresh.

At last, with a little grin, the Wasp bent and raised a leg. Natasha's thoughts were so jumbled she barely had time to react to what was happening.

The entrance of the Wasp's lithe little leg into one of Natasha's panty-holes felt like a cock the size of a soda can slamming straight into her pussy. If she still had lips, she would have deafened her captor with the sheer intensity of her outraged scream. *STOP IT! LET GO OF ME--AHHH!* Pleasure shot through her form like a spike into her brain.

Now, still blushing, the Wasp raised her second leg and slipped it into Natasha's other hole. If the entrance of the first had been stunning, this one left her practically insensate. It felt like an even bigger cock slamming deep into her anus, threatening to break her with its sheer girth and length.

Ah! Ah! Ah! If Natasha had still been human, her eyes would have been rolled back in her head, and her tongue would have been lolling from her mouth. She was in ecstasy--tortured ecstasy, but ecstasy all the same.

Tightening her grip on her new panties, the Wasp drew them slowly up her legs. The feeling made Natasha want to squeal--as the Wasp's thighs entered her holes, stretching them even wider, she was certain her mind was going to break. *Ah! Ahhh!* She had difficulty thinking.

Finally, Natasha came to rest around the Wasp's groin, and Natasha squealed as something warm and wet slammed into her face. It felt as if her head had been thrust into a pair of fat lips, slick with warm water.

Slowly, Natasha realized the true horror of her predicament: not only was the Wasp's ass stretching her tight, but her face was smushed right into the bitch's pussy. And she was wet! Urgh, she was so fucking wet! Natasha tried to scream as she tasted the Wasp's juices--sharp and salty--seeping into her. Fuck, she could taste *everything*.

With a pair of snaps, the Wasp released Natasha's straps, making the woman-turned-panties shiver in fresh ecstasy.

"Wow," said the Wasp, "they look better on me than I was expecting." She sauntered over to the room's mirror, her every step stretching and straining Natasha's tight fabric and making the former agent want to whimper.

Coming to a stop, the Wasp did a little pose before smirking at the sight of herself. "Wow, you look sexy, Janet." She clapped herself on the ass, sending a shockwave of pleasure rippling through Natasha's fabric form.

Stroking herself, the Wasp giggled like a schoolgirl. "Just imagine what Hank would think if he could see you now..." She bit her lip and suppressed another giggle.

Natasha felt a sudden increase in temperature, as if someone had turned up her new home's thermostat. It was followed by another spurt of hot, salty liquid, which left her wanting to retch in disgust. *Ech! Urgh!*

As she struggled to get over the awful taste, she could only watch in horror as a pair of manicured fingers loomed into view. *Oh no. She can't be--*

Schlup!

Natasha tried to scream as the fingers slammed into her, punching her fabricized face straight between the pair of leaking lips inside her.

As her face slipped into the depths of the Wasp's vagina, Natasha experienced a sudden flush of heat and wetness that was only intensified by the pleasure rushing through her form. *Stop it!* she wanted to beg. *Oh god, please stop!*

The Wasp, of course, didn't hear her.

With a smirk on her face, the superhero slipped her fingers in deeper, sliding Natasha's face even further into the sodden depths of her pussy. Just as Natasha thought she'd be stuck there forever, the Wasp's fingers pulled back, dragging her with them.

For a moment, Natasha had a respite. She gaped for air to fill her missing lungs.

Only a moment, of course. A second later, the Wasp's fingers crashed into her again, driving her back into the dark of her pussy. Natasha squealed in her head as another wave of pleasure crashed into her.

In, out. In, out. Soon the Wasp's fingers were moving in a rhythm. With it came jolt after jolt of intense, mind-rending delight, leaving Natasha wanting to whimper. It felt as if the Wasp were fingering Natasha's *own* vagina.

Soon, she could barely think. Her mind had become a fluffy pink cloud, all thoughtless delight.

In, out. In, out. In... Out...

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At last, the rhythm slowed to a stop.

Natasha groaned in her head as the Wasp pulled her sticky fingers free. Her head was a debris field--she could barely remember her own name. The only thing she could think of was the tangy taste of the Wasp's juices. She was so soaked she doubted she'd ever lose the smell.

"Oh god," she said, biting her lip and blushing, "I can't believe I got so carried away. These panties are making me so horny." Her hands went to Natasha's straps. "I've got to change--there's no way I can wear them now..."

Natasha wanted to hug her. *Oh god, thank you, thank you.* She couldn't stand to be worn any longer.

"On the other hand," said the Wasp, biting her lip and looking thoughtful, "it'd be super-hot to wear a pair of soaking panties like this in public." She giggled. "It'd be so fucked up, but..."

Natasha could only watch as the Wasp's fingers crept back down to her face again.

Oh no, she thought.