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Big Cat Leggings

by Fidget

Chapter 1: Calico

Amy plopped herself down on the couch to watch some TV after a long, hard day at work. At twenty-four, she had recently been promoted to head of social media relations for the local department store chain where she worked, and though she was exceptionally good at walking the marketing tightrope that was modern corporate social media, the young professional still came home at the end of most days completely exhausted.

Before she had the opportunity to fully relax, however, she heard a knock at the door. Hopping up, the petite, 5'2" brunette made her way across the living room and checked the peephole. Outside, she saw a surprisingly tall, voluptuous older woman who appeared to be in her early 40s, dressed in a black pleather jacket, a daringly low-cut pink tank top, and obnoxiously loud leopard-print leggings. The freckles from years of tanning beds were clearly visible on the woman's impressive cleavage, and Amy could tell that she worked hard for her figure by the toned thighs clearly visible through her skin-tight leggings. The outfit was cheap, tacky, and garish, though Amy had to admit that this woman somehow made it look oddly sexy on her curvy, mature figure. She was the kind of MILF that her son's friends would fantasize about for weeks after having them over for dinner, and she looked like she did everything she could to encourage the attention. She was holding a bag and clipboard, and the sharp, almost predatory look on her features was clearly visible despite the oversized sunglasses she was wearing.

It was obvious what was about to happen, but Amy didn't want to be rude, and so she braced herself and opened the door.

"Hi! I'm Karen! I live just down the street, and thought I'd introduce myself! I'm a Brand Advisor for a new, trendy leggings company whose product will absolutely blow you away! I used to always get back pain, but then ..."

Of course her name is Karen, Amy thought to herself, tuning out the majority of her neighbor's monologue. Entirely too familiar with MLM tactics from her own job in social media, after letting Karen talk for a minute or so, Amy interrupted mid-spiel with a polite "I'm not interested", and began to shut the door. Karen, however, didn't seem to want to take "no" for an answer, and had the audacity to slide her foot into the doorway before it could close. Annoyed, Amy opened the door back up, prepared to tell Karen off for her unprofessionalism, but found an opened pair of hideous leggings patterned after a Calico housecat thrust into her face instead.

"Here, just see how soft the fabric is!" Karen pleaded. "If you still don't want them once you've seen how great they feel, I'll leave you alone, I promise!"

"Fine," Amy said, willing to do whatever it took to get this suspiciously sexy older woman to leave her alone. She stretched out a hand to awkwardly pet the blotchy fabric, but was surprised to discover that the leggings *were* remarkably soft and silky. In fact, it was entirely too easy to just stand there, sliding her fingers across the smooth material, enjoying the pleasant tingle starting up in her hand from what she assumed must be the marvelous texture...

"See!? I told you they felt great!" Karen burst out, shaking Amy out of her reverie, and causing her to jerk her hand away from the leggings in surprise. Immediately, she felt an odd sense of loss, and was seized with a strong desire to reach out and touch them once more.

"Can I hold them?" Amy heard herself ask, and then once again felt the bliss of running her hands over the audacious but strangely appealing leggings, as both of her palms grew warm and tingly upon contact with the fabric. Amy was suddenly overcome with a need to feel them on her legs, and before she knew it, she was asking how much the leggings were, and then she was mechanically reaching into her purse to hand over \$50, completely oblivious to the look of satisfied victory on Karen's face.

Instead, Amy immediately began rubbing her hands over the leggings, trying to get as much tingly skin contact as she could with the cheap, nylon-lycra blend material. "Don't you need my size?" Amy asked distractedly, but Karen responded, "Oh, they're one size fits all! They stretch to fit your body size, no matter how big you get!"

Amy thought that was an odd way of putting it, but she was so engrossed in the addicting sensation of rubbing the leggings against her skin that she didn't pay it much mind. She vaguely noticed that Karen had begun speaking again.

"Would you be interested in becoming a Brand Ambassador for Big Cat Leggings yourself? It gives you the power to be your own boss, set your own hours, and work whenever you want, all while giving you the financial independence you've always dreamed of! If you sign right here, I can get you set up with your very own first Big Cat shipment!"

"What? No thank you," Amy responded automatically, not really paying attention, before she shut the door in Karen's face and hurried to her bedroom, excited to try on her own overpriced, tacky, cat-print leggings.

Once in the bedroom, Amy threw herself onto the bed and quickly stripped off the athletic shorts that she usually wore around the house, leaving her in nothing but her loose t-shirt and panties. She slowly pulled the leggings over her feet, and savored the cool sensuality of slowly sliding them up her smooth legs, glad that she had remembered to shave that day. As she continued to pull them up, past her knees, over her slender young thighs, a tingly warmth started around her ankles and followed the cool sensation up her legs as she continued to pull the leggings higher and higher up her body. Finally, she was squeezing them over her hips, feeling them wrap tightly yet comfortingly around her as the gaudy leggings molded themselves to her small curves.

Her skin lit up with pleasure at all of the silky contact, but before she could give herself over to it entirely, she realized that something was wrong. It was as though there was still more skin that should be touching the leggings, but wasn't, and her attention was drawn down to the indentation her panties were making underneath the Calico pattern.

How could she have been so stupid? Amy couldn't bring herself to pull the leggings all the way off to take off her panties; it was all she could do to pull them down to her thighs for the few seconds necessary to grab a pair of scissors, cut her panties off, and pull them out of from between her legs before sliding the leggings back up to nestle snugly against her naked vulva. Finally, all was right with the world, and it only took a few seconds for Amy to feel the pleasurable, sexual tingle of her pussy as the leggings began affecting it just as they had affected every other part of her.

Amy continued to lay on the bed for the better part of an hour, enjoying the feeling of sensuously rubbing her hands up and down her spandex-clad legs. It felt so good to just keep softly stroking herself through her leggings, and inevitably her fingers began to make their way closer and closer to the center of her pleasure, her tingly little pussy, which was itself wrapping Amy in waves of pleasant sexual arousal, thanks to the stimulating sensations coming from the leggings nestled tightly against her nether lips.

Finally, her fingers began to lightly brush against herself, and Amy was surprised by the intensity of the pleasure she felt touching herself through the thin leggings, leaving her practically gasping at even the lightest contact. She was far more sensitive than she had ever been, and as she continued to stroke, she began to press harder into herself against the leggings, wanting more of that sensation, sliding the smooth fabric back and forth through her sensitive labia, before making a startling discovery. There was a cleverly-disguised hole in the crotch of the leggings, designed to stay closed and invisible under most circumstances, but which readily opened when it was time for Amy's pussy to be penetrated.

What an odd design choice, Amy briefly thought to herself, before reaching over to her nightstand to grab her dildo and take full advantage of her leggings' exciting new feature.

The sight of her thick toy sliding through her Calico leggings as it disappeared up into her again and again, combined with the tingly, heightened sensitivity of her needy pussy, quickly had Amy gasping and clenching in orgasm, which she rode out while rubbing her other hand up and down her leg, because her leggings just felt *that good*.

Well, if anything these things are worth \$50 for use as a masturbatory aid alone, Amy thought, collapsing back against her pillow to recover.

Once she had regained her composure, realizing that she was ravenously hungry all of a sudden, Amy climbed out of bed and proceeded to eat most of the food in the house, before finally settling down to watch some TV in peace. So much of her attention was focused on enjoying the warm, tingly feeling in her legs, hips, and thighs, however, as she continued to run her hands across the soft fabric, she found herself completely unable to follow the plot. After a few more hours indulging in the new, addicting sensations coming from the lower half of her body, Amy decided to call it a night.

As she got ready for bed, Amy couldn't bring herself to take the leggings off, and instead found herself sliding under the sheets still wearing them, savoring the feeling of her high thread count sheets rubbing

along the silky fabric. It seemed like every action she took while wearing the leggings was charged with sexually, and she found herself buzzing with tempting arousal once again from the constant, tingly stimulation. Deciding to forgo enjoying herself for the time being, she rolled over, and quickly sank into a deep slumber, full of erotic dreams.

Waking up the next morning after the best sleep of her life, Amy immediately knew that something was wrong with her, something was *different*. She sat up, and noticed that her center of balance was off. Her chest felt oddly heavy, and upon looking down, it appeared that her small breasts were pushing her pajama t-shirt further out than they usually did. That wasn't all, she discovered as she stood up in surprise, almost losing her balance in the process - her oversized shirt, which normally hung down almost to her knees, was up around her thighs. Amy was taller, or at least her legs were longer, which explained her unfamiliar sense of balance, and her thighs and hips felt thicker as well as she ran her hands over her legging-encased legs in what had already become a habitual motion. *In fact*, she thought, moving over to stand in front of her full-length mirror, *I look a bit larger and a bit curvier all around*.

She pulled up her shirt and confirmed that her breasts, which had been small A-cups, had swollen to be at least a small B, which would give her visible cleavage for the first time in her life. It had never occurred to Amy to feel inadequate about her body before, but she couldn't deny that the extra mass in exactly the right places looked good on her, and she was torn between an uncharacteristic feeling of pride at her leggier, curvier look, and a feeling of violation at having this budding sexiness thrust upon her without her consent.

Amy had known that there was something unnatural and dangerous about the way that the leggings had affected her, but it had felt so good that she hadn't really cared, and she never dreamed that the pleasant, innocuous tingling sensation she had been enjoying for the past twelve hours would trigger an actual, physical transformation. As Amy stood there, still absentmindedly rubbing her legging-clad legs as the itch of arousal in her pussy tempted her with another masturbation session, she could no longer deny the truth - the leggings were changing her, in body and in mind.

Amy took the opportunity to focus on how she was feeling as she gave in to the urge to stroke herself through her leggings once more. She noticed that the pleasant tingly feeling of the Calico fabric against her legs had begun to fade somewhat, and in its place she noticed what felt like a hunger for... something... growing within herself. As she continued to slide her fingers over her tingly pussy lips through the luxurious material, her fingertips once more began to play around the hidden opening in the fabric, and it wasn't long before she was clenching in orgasm again. The sexual release took the edge off her arousal, though, and allowed her to start getting ready for work in time.

Amy hated the idea of wearing the leggins to the office, but she knew that she wouldn't be able to remove them, and quickly found that she couldn't even bring herself to wear pants over them to cover up their hideous, blotchy pattern, which itself was somehow starting have an ironic appeal to her, like a joke so bad it was almost good. Her small bras felt a bit uncomfortable on her swollen, sensitive breasts, so she decided to do without, going instead with an opaque blouse that felt a bit tight over her larger frame and left about a half inch of midriff visible on her longer torso.

She felt oddly drawn to heels that day, so she dug around in her closet until she found a pair that nearly worked with the outfit that she had cobbled together. Overall, the look was quite bold for her, but she didn't really have any other choice, and the thought of the extra attention she might get wearing it sent a small tingle through her. Amy spent more time in front of her vanity mirror than usual that morning, feeling especially sexy as she applied thicker lipstick, mascara, and eyeshadow than she had in months.

All day at work, Amy kept getting glances from her coworkers, both male and female, though it was the male attention that fueled her arousal and tempted her to act out in uncharacteristic ways. When the new intern, only two years younger than Amy at twenty-two and fresh out of college, came into her office to ask her a question, Amy was unable to stop herself from unbuttoning the top button of her blouse, watching confidently as his gaze dropped to her small cleavage, and looking him knowingly in the eye as she delivered her answer to his query. She felt herself flush with powerful arousal watching his cute little cheeks turn pink in embarrassment as he backed into her door on his way out.

Once he left, Amy cringed in embarrassment herself at her shameless behavior, cursing herself for her indiscretion and unprofessionalism, and knowing that an accusation of sexual misconduct in the workplace could easily end her career. *He didn't look offended though*, she thought to herself as her arousal at the situation got the better of her, and she slipped a hand down behind her desk to rub at her pussy through her leggings once more, teasing her fingers around the hidden hole that led directly into her depths. *He looked interested*.

Her shame at her behavior toward the intern was nothing compared to her self-consciousness when some of her female coworkers took it upon themselves to comment on her out-of-character look, however.

"Hey boss, that's an... interesting... choice of outfit you've got on today," one of the junior staff snarked.

"Hey, it's 2020! Athleisure is the name of the game," Amy responded, trying to sound confident even as she winced inwardly at just how tacky her leggings had to look in a professional environment, especially combined with the almost risqué nature of the rest of her outfit and makeup. Even so, once she left the room Amy found herself absentmindedly rubbing her hands over her Calico leggings as though nothing had happened, enjoying the tingling sensation even as it continued to slowly fade, almost as if the leggings' seductive essence were somehow being absorbed by her own body.

Over the next few days, Amy seemed unable to prevent herself from continuing to grow and swell into what was undeniably a ripe, sexual maturity, thanks to the stupid cat leggings that she still couldn't bring herself to take off, or even stop rubbing herself all over, for that matter. Her breasts had expanded into full C-cups - not the cute, perky little C-cups of someone her age, but somehow instead the swollen, protruding, post-childbirth C-cups of a sexually experienced older woman, with large, dark areolas and thick, sensitive nipples. Her waist had stayed thin, ostensibly to emphasize her hourglass figure, but her ass and thighs had swollen as well, thick and toned. The leggings had no problem

swelling alongside her enhanced assets, even lengthening as her legs continued to grow and her overall height increased, and they continued to feel wonderful as the slick fabric hugged her pronounced curves even more tightly.

Amy had quickly become unable to hide her physical changes from her coworkers, and she burned with embarrassment as her new, larger frame and stature became the hottest office gossip. When asked about it directly, Amy had fibbed that, according to her doctors, she was undergoing a late hormonal change, almost a second puberty, and that her hormonal fluctuations accounted for her height gain as well as her new, increasingly voluptuous figure.

That explanation couldn't account for her continuing to show up to work every day in the same pair of leggings, however, and the increasingly concerned faces of her female coworkers at the constant sight of the garish Calico pattern continued to weigh heavily on Amy's mind, even as she looked at her outfits each morning in the mirror with increasing fondness. She wore the leggings day and night, rubbing and stroking herself through them constantly, never taking them off, but somehow they never seemed to get dirty, no matter how often she got dirty in them as her masturbation sessions became more and more common and her sex drive continued to ramp up.

She hoped her hormonal explanation would account for her behavioral changes, however, since her desire to naughtily show off her new assets had grown just as her assets themselves had, to the point that Amy had gone to the mall the previous day specifically to buy clothing to show herself off, though she had convinced herself that it was merely to replenish her wardrobe, most of which no longer fit her larger, broader, bustier self. She also found herself drawn to red lipstick and dark eyeshadow, and began painting her nails for the first time in her life, bright red, of course.

As she looked into the mirror each morning to apply her makeup, Amy was surprised to discover that the leggings' changes hadn't been limited to her body. Her face was beginning to look older, more severe, with barely visible smile lines and even the slight beginnings of crow's feet starting to form in the corners of her eyes. Her face had somehow lost most of its youthful cuteness in favor of a sensual, angular maturity, and Amy could have sworn she suddenly looked thirty instead of her sprightly twenty-four.

Even so, Amy found herself constantly filled to bursting with a vivacious, exuberant sexual energy that seemed to grow stronger the longer she wore the leggings. The initial tingling sensation had continued to gradually fade, until she couldn't feel it at all, though it still felt wonderful to slide her hands over the smooth material tightly wrapping her skin. That odd hunger had continued to grow in its place, however, a gaunt, almost feral need that strengthened into an overwhelming predatory instinct whenever she was around her male coworkers, and particularly her young male coworkers. She found herself showing off her swelling body more and more confidently to the men in the office each day, and found them reacting to her flirtation with increasing interest.

Amy noticed that she wasn't throwing herself at the men like a silly young girl, however; it was more like a careful, calculated seduction, almost as if she were some sort of predator stalking her prey. And, with each successful step of the hunt, characterized by the young men paying more and more attention to her curvy, mature body, and reacting to her innocent-seeming flirtations more and more strongly in

spite of themselves, Amy felt herself growing increasingly sexually frustrated, finding it more difficult to resist initiating the physical contact that her hormonal, MILFy body craved.

Each night she would cringe at herself, and agonize over her embarrassing behavior, but the next day she seemed even more unable to hold herself back. She continued to feel the most drawn to the cute little intern, who was finding himself deeply affected by her confident flirtations and the sight of her busty figure, to the point where he would already be sporting a tasty looking erection whenever he came into her office to talk with her. Each time, looking pointedly up at him from under eyelids heavier and heavier with eyeshadow, Amy would unbutton or pull down whatever shirt she was wearing, tempting him with more and more of her soft flesh as her breasts continued to grow larger, fuller, and rounder each day. Eventually, the young man began seeking out excuses to come visit her, and at that point Amy could take stalking and toying with her prey no longer, and gave in to her instinct to pounce.

In preparation for the intern's next visit, Amy completely removed her bra, leaving her large breasts pressed, heavy and full, against the thin, translucent material of her blouse, the shadow of her darkened areolas clearly visible through the thin fabric. When the intern entered her office a few minutes later, Amy smiled as his eyes immediately dropped to her chest, and she again unbuttoned the top button of her blouse, giving the boy the appealing eyefull of freckled tit-flesh that his virile young body craved. This time, however, once Amy was sure that she had his full attention, she stood up, walked past the startled young man, and shut the door. Turning around, she slowly backed him into the wall, ruby lips smiling flirtatiously under eyes smouldering with devilish intent.

"I really like you, *she glanced down at his nametag* ... David. Do you like me?" She fluttered her lashes innocently, relishing the sensation of sliding her smooth, legging-clad thigh against the rougher material of his khakis as she leaned her heavy breasts into his chest. She had initially been somewhat shorter than David, and much more petite, but now, two inches taller than him at 5'8", she looked hungrily down into his eyes and savored the look she saw there, one of innocent fear at the helpless arousal he was experiencing in her presence, and at the overwhelming need he was feeling for her body.

"Yes, Ms. Stevenson, I like you a lot," the boy stammered as Amy began to gently stroke the bulge extending partway down his inner thigh with a single, bright-red fingernail.

"That's very good David," Amy responded, leaning down and placing her soft cheek against his, so that her bright red lips could whisper directly into his ear. "I think we should spend some time together alone. Do you want to spend some time together?" she whispered, adding another fingernail to her stimulation of her prey's eager, susceptible member.

"Y-yes, Ms. Stevenson."

"Then meet me in the maintenance closet in five minutes," she husked, giving his dick a squeeze.

"Don't be late."

When he met her exactly five minutes later, as promised, Amy wasted no time opening up her blouse to his hungry eyes, and her pussy gushed at the look of shocked amazement on his inexperienced face at the sight of the swollen tits hanging heavily off her chest in all their glory. She gently grabbed his head and pulled him down to her naked breasts, and the young man immediately buried his face in her generous cleavage, making Amy's knees go weak with sensation as he greedily sucked on her thick nipples. In the meantime, Amy unfastened his pants and pulled out his fully erect dick, which throbbed against her hand as she continued to stroke it. Finally, she pulled his face away from her chest and sank down onto her knees, aware of the pleasant coolness of the maintenance closet floor through her silky leggings.

She looked up at him with smoky eyes as she wrapped her soft red lips around the tip of his cock. She could tell from the look on his face that she had completely subdued her prey, and that he was completely at her mercy as she continued to lick and suck and stroke.

God I love this, Amy thought to herself as her cute young toy began to lose control from the intensity of her stimulation. He came quickly due to his inexperience, but Amy loved every second of it; it was like she was somehow feeding off his youthful energy as he continued to empty himself between her ruby-red lips, and she savored the sight of his eyes looking down at hers with an expression of panic combined with irresistible, undeniable ecstasy.

Once he had finished, Amy stood up and tucked him back into his pants, before wiping a drop of his semen off the corner of her mouth and sensuously licking it off her finger. David started to open his mouth, but she quickly pressed a red fingernail against his lips.

"Shhh, sweet boy," she whispered, as his hands ventured up to heft and squeeze her heavy breasts once more. "Did you have a good time with mommy today?" He nodded, looking up at her with wide eyes, clearly still craving her flesh even though she had just made him cum.

"Good. Maybe we can do this again sometime soon, if you keep this a secret." David nodded again, and slowly, regretfully left the storage closet to go back to his desk. A few minutes later, after buttoning her blouse back up, Amy did the same.

When she got back to her office, however, Amy found herself entirely too keyed up to get back to work. She once again indulged in the addicting sensation of stroking her pussy through her Calico leggings, and though the warm, tingling feeling was gone now that the silky material had fully worked its transformative powers on her MILFy body, the pleasure was like nothing she'd ever felt, augmented by the thrill of her sexual conquest. She reached into her purse, glad that she'd decided to start taking her dildo to work with her, and less than a minute after sliding the thick phallus into the needy hole hidden in her leggings, she was gripped in the throes of the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

As she slowly came down from her climax, however, she realized that, as good as her orgasm had been, she wouldn't be satisfied with a plastic dick for much longer. She had tasted how good a younger man's cock could be, and she needed more.

And thanks to her new leggings, she knew exactly how to get it.

End of Chapter 1

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