



Ivy, formerly Alex, as she remains forever; on display.

[The Bust of Ivy Bellini](#)

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All things considered, it was understandable that Ivy didn't realize she was being transformed; after all, how could that possibly happen? It was fair, completely understandable; in actuality her whole life, save for the past 36 hours, had been spent in a rather mundane world, living a rather mundane life. Now the attractive young woman was overwhelmed, disoriented, and distracted. As such, she didn't really know what was happening, she merely felt something cold and heavy pressing into her fingertips.

Ivy glanced downward at her fingers, some kind of dark, glossy material had not only found its way over her fingers, but it was starting to soak into her skin. The stuff was steadily spreading up her hands like a black puddle being absorbed into a fallen tissue; and she was that tissue!

It took Ivy a moment to process what was happening. This strange affliction both disturbing and yet fascinating held her attention, even though its results were steadily growing by the second and she should have been feeling terror at what was happening. It was only when she began to realize that this could not be a good thing, that her breathing began to intensify; granting her handler, the one that she had only just noticed, a slight bit of bemusement. Ivy exclaimed, "Wha... What's happening, to my hands?" An indifferent 'mmhm... I'd really hate to spoil the surprise!' was the only response from the lady observing Ivy's transformation.

Ivy hadn't really realized that she couldn't move until the woman approached her more closely, sporting a dominant stride, and a distinct lack of gentleness, one of her hands wrested a firm grip around Ivy's neck. While, using the other, she made an adjustment to Ivy's beautiful necklace. This caught the girl's attention, if only temporarily, and her focus shifted for a moment from her increasingly heavy hands. Ivy was not happy, she couldn't remember how she came by the necklace, but she didn't want someone taking it away from her. Luckily for Ivy, the woman only adjusted it on the girl's neck.

Some distant part of Ivy realized that, other than her collar and ear rings, she was fully nude; eliciting a blush. Still not thinking about the fact that she could not really move, Ivy's eyes darted upward, back to her captor; her brain, and mouth were scrambling for the words she wished to utter. Something, anything, any manner of response to the cool breeziness she now felt about her nude body. Besides, Ivy couldn't help but wonder about the woman's arbitrary desire to play around with her necklace, a symbol of her apparent, yet presently unrecognized, slavery.

Somewhat bewildered, Ivy stammered, "H-huh...? What did you just do to my necklace!" Another bemused sound emanated from the lady, which complemented the amused smirk which filled her face, before she exclaimed, "Don't worry young lady, I know you don't remember, but I gave that necklace and those ear rings to you; I am simply adjusting them to look better on you. Besides, in just a few moments dear, you won't need of anything like that ever again, you will always have those items!" Ivy couldn't help but wonder what the woman meant by that. But she was happy that the woman hadn't touched her ear rings, at least not so far.

By instinct, Ivy raised her hands to check her hair, necklace, and ear rings. Or rather, that is what she intended to do, instead she found herself struggling with the unmistakably heavy, and somewhat baffling weight of her hands. The encumbrance was steadily growing with each second, and whatever had soaked into her was quickly advancing up her arms.

After a few moments of shock and then sudden clarity, the realization came to Ivy. Her hands, and by that point her wrists as well, weren't simply frigid, but literally *frozen* as though they were stone; locked up, wholly stiff. Ivy could not so much as move her hands in any way, not wiggle a single finger, or begin to make a fist; as the shiny black glossiness continued to ooze up her forearms. Ivy was now really concerned, she could not move her hands in the slightest; no matter how hard she tried. Ivy's pupils visibly contracted, a sign of her fear which sent a morsel of satisfaction to the woman watching all of this taking place.

Finding it harder to speak, Ivy cried out to her observer, "What's... going on? Why... why can't I... move?" The woman said, to no one and nothing in particular, "You know I hate to take the credit, it seems so vain, so I'll just say that whoever made you did a really great job, you are quite lovely." The woman seemed unfazed by Ivy's plight, instead gazing squarely at the panicked girl's generous and bountiful breasts. Soon the woman's hands echoed her fascination, touching and cradling the undersides of Ivy's increasingly firm breasts; rudely giving them a good bounce, or five, while they still could still bounce; sending intense sensations thru the increasingly immobile woman.

Ivy's state of peril be damned, she had had enough, this was certainly just cause for Ivy to try to uncomfortably, and awkwardly, shuffle away from the woman; unfortunately the attempt was somewhat futile. It was still possible for Ivy to move slightly, but not enough, and for Ivy it was simply too late now. Ivy was embarrassed when she stumbled and almost fell, but as she looked down she was terrified came to the shocking realization as to why her escape was no longer possible.

The same affliction that had turned Ivy's hands into something that almost appeared to be fine black statuary, and which now stretched past her elbows, was affecting her feet. The changes were already halfway up her shins, her feet and ankles were now solid, "Stone?" Even her toes had fused together so that she could never, ever, wiggle them again. Ivy begged the woman saying, "This... this isn't funny anymore, Miss Cordelia! Please..." But she trailed off as Ivy thought, "strange why can I think of this woman's name now, when I didn't remember it before!"

A single raised finger from Cordelia was sufficient to halt Ivy's protest as the woman said, "Worried are you? I'm going to tell you a little secret, Ivy." Her eyes met Ivy's and her voice descended to a smug murmur, "I am not really Cordelia!" She grinned for a moment, one playful finger delicately touching the girl's right arm, which Ivy could still feel even though it was now black and hard as stone. The woman's finger followed the advancing wave of shiny stiffness as it moved across Ivy, while her other hand idly petted the girl's lustrous long hair; for the moment, still hanging there freely and slightly blowing in a slight wind.

The impostor 'Cordelia' continued, "And I'll tell you something else, I also know that you're not really Ivy or, at least, you weren't always Ivy!" Her hand softly caressed the girl's left shoulder as she pulled herself closer to the ever stiffening girl. The warmth of the woman's whispers radiated straight into Ivy's ear as she said to Ivy, "Isn't that right, Alex?"

Ivy's eyes shot wide open when she heard that name, she remembered that name, it had been her name; she was almost sure of it! It was as though some distorted glimmer of hope ignited within Ivy's mind; not for Ivy, but for Alex, she was almost sure she had been Alex! Suddenly Ivy began to remember something; less than 48 hours prior, Alex had awakened for the last time as Alexander Reed. It was all coming back to Ivy, at least she thought she was remembering the truth, her past.

After one incredibly eventful day, one tainted by betrayal, humiliation, and absolute shock; the once manly Alex now found herself as the gorgeous, feminine, Ivy Bellini; a beautiful young woman with no trace of manliness remaining. As the new woman was being transformed into a lovely work of art, Ivy was teased, twisted, and tormented by the sensations of the experience. Her mind, one that once belonged to an ordinary, well-adjusted, human male; if not a bit of a chauvinistic one, was now stuck in a gorgeous female body that was quickly turning to stone.

Like most people, Alex was someone unfamiliar with real magic and he assumed that it was just fiction, and fantasy. And, as anyone with a 'rational' mind would, Ivy now assumed that she was simply teetering on the precipice of insanity. Surely, the girl's memory of being Alex was crazy, and her current predicament was even more insane! Yet Ivy's voluptuous body, voice, and current predicament must surely be proof that magic existed; as she looked down at her breasts she could not deny it, she was Ivy Bellini a voluptuous young woman, and not some guy named Alex!

But Ivy gasped in horror when the realization set in, she really had been Alex, a man; this woman knew it, but how could that possibly be? Ivy's lips quivered, twitching a few times as the wheels in her brain spun, processing the new information which the woman had provided, and she stammered. Ivy asked the woman, "Hhhh... How... how is that possible...? And why is this happening? How could I have ever been a... a man? I'm a woman!" Her tormentor only nuzzled up even closer, enjoying herself as she wrested up two luscious handfuls of Ivy's chest and said, "Well that's simple Alex! Ooops... I'm Sorry... **Ivy!** After seeing something you wrote, I thought you needed something..."

Then the woman cleared her throat melodramatically and continued, "I felt that you needed something beautiful, nice, soft and round! Something to soften your annoying male tendencies and attitude, and to help you emphasize with, and respect, women. And given your current form, you should now easily be able to better understand how women feel!" She punctuated her statement with a pinch of Ivy's nipple, which the former male certainly felt; the grimace on her face, and sudden cry from Ivy, reflecting her pain.

The woman was all but basking in the sensual cry that escaped the hardening girl's lips, her evil enjoyment of the situation, fully obvious to Ivy. Then the woman in a sarcastic tone

made a joke at Ivy's expense, regarding her breasts, the very ones that the woman was fondling, "Nice tits, but most likely fake!" As the woman said this the grin she displayed was evident in the sound of her voice and she said, "Gee, Alex, I mean **Ivy**, does that statement sound familiar? Where could I have ever heard that said, I wonder?"

Alex, or rather Ivy's mind spun; the woman's point of reference was clear as day, if not a bit esoteric, obviously this was aimed directly at Alex's, or rather now Ivy's person. Ivy thought, "You have to be kidding? Was that simple statement the core of all of this? Surely that simple comment wasn't the reason that all of these strange things were happening to her now?" Wishing to defend herself, Ivy started to protest her predicament, only to be forced to fight back another moan as the woman gave another, uncaring, caress to her right breast.

Ivy moaned, "Mmmmm.... That... Th... That, was just some online message! Seriously, you've got to be joking, is that what this is all about?" The woman snapped back as she eased away from Ivy, "Oh, I know, sweetie, you didn't 'mean' anything by it! That's what you guys always say. You were simply having a little fun, at her expense." An unseen gesture caused another gasp from the nubile young girl as Ivy began to feel herself levitate several inches above the floor. The woman told her, "I just felt that, since you liked my friend's breasts so much, you should have a nice bust too," under her breath she added, "or better still, be one yourself!" I came in Cordelia's guise to help you along with that.

A faint sizzling sound signaled the next phase of the sorceress' plan. Unable to really move, looking for the sound's source, and noticing a peculiar tingling in her legs, Ivy was greeted by the sight of her feet doing something weird. Ivy couldn't fathom what she was seeing, they were simply dissipating, vanishing into thin air while she floated there; without them! Her breathing picked up again in fear; divided between her stressed worries, the petrifying material continuing to move up her shoulders, and the sight of her lower extremities quickly dissipating into a fine mist; Ivy was terrified. As her lower body dissolved, just before reaching her breasts, what remained reshaped itself into a stone base for Ivy to rest on. Ivy couldn't see it but even her name had appeared on her 'Base' in gold lettering.

Finding it increasingly hard to speak, Ivy cried out, "Wait Cordelia, or whoever you are... please! You... you can't do this! I... I'm sorry! Besides, I'm not Ivy... I'm... Alex, remember!" The woman said with a grin and wink, "Well yes, I know that you're not Ivy, or at least that you didn't used to be, but you are now, and we'll just keep that our little secret now, **won't we?**" I'm sure that by now you realize that Alex the man no longer exists, he has been replaced by Ivy, you, and soon enough, you will realize that you will remain Ivy forever, You will be admired by thousands of men for your ample 'gifts;' and probably a few women as well.

Ivy's pulse quickened as she considered what the woman had said. She realized that she hadn't really always been Ivy, or at least she hadn't always been a woman, and this woman didn't seem to care! But time was running out for Ivy, and even though she still didn't realize exactly what was happening to her, she certainly knew that she didn't want to find out. Even if Ivy failed to completely grasp the facts of her situation, she was sure it was not good and she was in dire trouble.

Ivy was now desperate to escape, to run away, and despite her inability to move, she certainly intended to try. Even though it might not be very easy, especially considering that she now had no legs, Ivy once again tried, in vain, to escape. Cumbrously attempting to move her now super heavy stone arms, and hands made it nearly impossible and her efforts were essentially in vain. Ivy then began to yell out to her tormentor, both in the hope that the woman would stop whatever she was doing to Ivy, as well as in protest; saying, “No... You can’t... do... this! Please... stop!... I... I can’t... moo... m... mmhph!”

Ivy suddenly found that she no longer had the ability to speak when the strange woman waved her hand. Without warning, Ivy felt her mouth forcibly snap shut and remain that way, no matter how hard she tried Ivy could not open her mouth ever again. Cordelia, or whomever she really was, said to the frightened girl, “O.K.! That’s enough talk from you now Ivy. You are coming along nicely and it’s time to pose you for your upcoming exhibition! After all, you want to make a great impression, don’t you? I’m sure you will be the center of attention! But a bust that can speak would bring a bit too much attention, so it’s time for you to be quiet now!” Ivy wanted to cry out for help, but her days of talking were behind her.

Then Cordelia began posing her new creation, first Ivy felt the expression on her face change involuntarily. Then the next phase began as a mild cramp, painless yet undeniable, occurred throughout what was left of her body. Every inch of Ivy’s muscles betrayed her well-beaten will, involuntarily changing her position, as her pose was magically altered by her tormentor and ‘sculptor?’

Ivy felt her back involuntarily arching slightly, as she hung in the air unable to move. Her torso was now at full attention, thrusting her buxom chest forward proudly, and boldly. Just as her legs had done earlier, her hands and arms began to evaporate. Soon they were gone, almost up to her shoulders. Meanwhile her head and face turned to face the way her ‘sculptor’ wanted, and soon became fixed. Ivy’s lips were now as hard as stone, her eyes momentarily, continued darting around wildly looking for assistance from anyone.

Somewhere along the line, Ivy had come to the rather alarming realization that this substance was no coating, or enclosure, but rather, that she was transforming into a dark and stony substance; some sort of statue. As her flesh was solidifying, even her ability to rebel against what was happening to her; to move, speak, or express her feelings, was being taken away, as well. As the wave of magic transformed her body, there was literally nothing Ivy was able to do to stop it, she couldn’t look around, flee, talk, not even wince! Ivy was becoming a beautiful work of art and she couldn’t deny it.

At this point, the change had passed her midsection and had begun cascading over the very chest that Miss Cordelia loved playing with so dearly, forever fixing it into place. A broad spectrum of strange stimulation flooded Ivy and ricocheted around within her; without any outlet to relieve the tension. Ivy, ever less able to react, in any way, remained perfectly motionless, save for a pair of desperate eyes still darting about wildly in her ever solidifying frightened stone face.

Then the next phase of her transformation began, aided by some magical force, Ivy's beautiful hair was suddenly hefted by dozens of invisible hands, twisting, folding, rearranging, and setting itself into a spherical up do. Her, soon to be stone, coiffure would echo every ounce of her vain beauty, a hairdo that would soon be solid stone just like the rest of Ivy.

Still trying to fight her fate, the only actions that Ivy could still muster alternated between her continual, pointless, attempts at yelling; and trying to look around for help desperately. Her futile attempts at speech only resulted in an unladylike snorting now that her mouth was sealed shut, and even this act was growing more and more desperate, strained, and muffled. Breathing thru her nose, she gasped for air, but soon even that became impossible; as her torso entirely transformed into solid obsidian, growing stiff, while her nostrils filled in and her nose became solid stone.

Even though she didn't need to breathe anymore, she didn't yet realize this, and she felt lightheaded and hopeless. As the change had not yet overtaken them, Ivy's frightened eyes continued darting around hopelessly searching, and pleading, for help. Given that Ivy could no longer make any kind of sound or attempt to ask for help it was all that she could do now.

Ivy didn't know it but, by that point, her pretty necklace and ear rings, the very ones she was so afraid of losing earlier, were now solid stone and, permanently, a part of her stone body as well. No one could ever steal Ivy's necklace or ear rings ever again; but conversely, she would never be able change them, or to wear anything else ever again either. Ivy's jewelry was now a part of her.

Ivy was unable to see the progress of the stone encroaching over her eyes, and face, until it began to interfere with her vision, causing everything to momentarily go black. When that happened Ivy finally had to admit to herself that it was too late. This realization itself was ironically many moments too late, as the changes were permanent and Ivy would remain a statue forever. Eventually, Ivy's sight returned but now her vision was fixed in the direction in which she was pointed, her stone eyes would never move again. Ivy was no longer able to move, in any way, and unable to make any kind of visible protest as the stone had finally consumed her brows, forehead, and hair. Now Ivy was simply a solid mass of stone!

What remained of her arms, and her entire lower half, had finished erasing themselves entirely. All that remained below her breasts was a solid base to which Ivy was permanently affixed. Suddenly, Ivy could see that she was descending from her floating position; soon she would land on a nearby table. When her base touched the table, for a few moments, everything went black and Ivy was alone; stuck in a pitch black, silent place, with no means of escape, and no sensations coming in from anywhere.

The contact of her base with the table completed the spell. This meant that with her now sitting on the table, Alex was fully, officially, and irrevocably, transformed into the stone statue that she would remain for the rest of her existence. Not only had the former man been transformed into a woman; but now the woman was simply an inanimate stone object, 'The Bust of Ivy Bellini.' Her base even had a gold name tag proclaiming who she had once been,

or was supposed to be. The only problem was, for Ivy at least, this stone bust was still fully conscious and still knew what was going on around it; or at least in front of it.

Within the sculpture, he, she, whatever a fully aware female bust is considered; its consciousness had been reconfigured from a normal living biological human brain into some mysterious, magically enchanted, part of an enchanted piece of artwork. The bust would remain aware for however long the lovely work of art survived; perhaps hundreds, or even thousands of years! Immediately the bust felt the warmth of the woman, who was presently calling herself Cordelia, as her hands somewhat predictably began cradling the gargantuan frozen teardrops the bust possessed as its bosom.

Cordelia was amused when she sensed the bust had regained its awareness, and she cooed, “Oh, I see that you’re back!” Cordelia told the statue, “You make such a lovely work of art, Alex, Ivy, **Whatever!** I can’t wait to see how you look on display in a nice museum!” Her discerning finger rubbed Ivy’s, now rock hard, former areola. Where Ivy’s soft nipples had once been, there were now just a couple of shiny hard, smooth, tantalizingly perfect, artistic representations of the squishy, soft, objects that her breasts once were.

‘Cordelia,’ could sense Ivy’s pleasure and stimulation, as the feeling of her touch resonated through Ivy’s static form. The witch was amused by this, as she realized that it was both heaven for Ivy; and at the same time, torture. Since Ivy had no outlet or method of release, the tension was unbearable; yet no matter how intense, it was something Ivy had to bear anyway. With just Cordelia’s trivial touch, within seconds, Ivy felt as though she were going to burst, the sensation was overwhelming all her other senses, and yet; outwardly there was no sign of Ivy’s feelings, as the bust was simply forced to rigidly remain where it had been placed. Within the bust, Ivy was disgusted that this woman was enjoying torturing her like this.

Then Ivy felt a sudden rush, as Cordelia picked up the bust, waved her hand in front of Ivy, and suddenly there was a flash. When Ivy’s vision returned she realized they were now in a different place, and judging by her surroundings; well at least the ones she was facing and could see, Ivy could only assume that she was now in the woman’s home.

The bust that was still technically Ivy, a young woman, one who had formerly been Alex, a young man; entered into full panic mode as it realized it could do nothing to stop the torment the woman was inflicting, this woman was having fun; at Ivy’s expense. The bust knew that it would likely soon be displayed in a museum somewhere, unable to move, and unable to let anyone know that it was conscious, and was not simply an inanimate stone bust.

Then Ivy thought, ‘Surely somebody will come and find me, right? After all, someone must miss me.’ Except the bust was no longer a he, not even a she, it was just a piece of stone artwork that, for the most part, looked like Ivy had once appeared. And since Ivy had formerly been Alex, and she had no friends or family, no one was going to come looking for her. Worse still, since no one would ever guess that Ivy had previously been Alex, she realized that she was in real trouble. Even if someone did go looking for Alex, they would never guess that he had become Ivy. And if someone had gone looking for Ivy, they would

be looking for Ivy the human woman; they would certainly never expect to find her the way she now was, a simple object d'art in a museum.

Even more distressing was the fact that the cursed bust had no idea where it currently was, or where it was about to be displayed; and how, or if, it would ever find a way out of its predicament. The idea of being stuck in a museum as an art piece, on display, constantly being looked at and admired, possibly forever; was both embarrassing, and frightening. What if one of Alex's friends came in and saw her, would they even know it had been Alex. Or worse, what if the real Cordelia, or Rachael; the very girl whose breasts he had commented on came in, would she recognize the stone bust sitting there on display. Ivy felt that this would be the most humiliating and embarrassing thing that she could experience.

This tapestry of unknowns only became more complicated, when her now literal handler, the fake Cordelia, set Ivy down. Ivy felt disoriented as her vision spun, twirled, and rolled, before fading into blurry nothingness as the bust of Ivy Bellini was wrapped into layer after layer of progressively more opaque bubble wrap fabric. The light steadily diminishing before the blurry indistinct image gave way to a simple, dark nothingness. Ivy was now stuck, immobile, in darkness, until someone unwrapped her; it was just too humiliating, frightening, and it just served to reinforce the fact that Ivy was now nothing more than a simple object.

Ivy could still hear 'Cordelia' say to her, even if it was a bit muffled, "Our friend Rachel, you remember her, don't you?" Cordelia giggled wickedly as she continued, "But, of course you do! She's the one with the 'Fake' tits! But not as fake as yours!" Then she cleared her throat, "Anyway, our friend Rachel's gonna get you all set up at your new home. Why, in no time, you'll be mounted and put on display for everyone to enjoy. Well, everyone that is, perhaps; except for you. A lifetime as an inanimate object may prove to be rather boring for you Ivy!"

Without the ability to move, speak, or even protest, and no hope of escaping, or any idea what fate awaited it; the bust could only feel the pressure of 'Cordelia's' hands through the cloth as she cocooned it in ever thicker, wrappings. Ivy could hear her muffled voice of her tormentor saying, "Got to wrap you up well dear before packing you, we wouldn't want you to get broken in shipment!" If she could have, Ivy would have gasped as she thought, "Good grief, she is right, now that I am a statue I could get broken! Then what would happen, would they just throw me away?"

There was a disorienting rustling sound and a feeling of movement, as Ivy was being snugly forced into a container in preparation for shipping. No regard was given for her comfort, vision, or ventilation. But then, could one truly blame whoever was packing her up, for the lack of provisions given? After all Ivy was now simply a thing, a solid statuesque work of art, that didn't breathe, and couldn't speak or move. Besides, would anyone, other than 'Cordelia,' ever know that Ivy was conscious? That the bust could see, hear, feel touch, movement, and think? Ivy realized she was afraid she didn't want to know the answer to that question.

The thought lingered for an indeterminate amount of time, but Ivy's mind tried not to become too preoccupied with it. Ivy realized, and was forced to accept, that this was now her new reality. This was all that Alex, now Ivy, was anymore; a piece of stone artwork, albeit an incredibly sensitive one. Ivy was still fighting off the afterglow of 'Cordelia's' casual caresses, literally only minutes before, their effect made it hard to concentrate. No matter how the spirit and mind trapped within the bust chose to think of itself now was irrelevant, he, she, whatever, was trapped forever as a stone bust.

As a man who had been transformed into a woman a day prior, and then a woman transformed into a priceless, one of a kind, stone bust only moments before; one that was now wrapped in blankets, stuffed into a box, and about to be shipped out to be displayed, Ivy could only wonder what was to become of her, and how long she would have to think about that. And thus began Ivy's new existence, as a simple, yet beautiful, work of art; one resembling the woman that it had briefly been. Every sculpted inch of the bust was beautiful; smooth, nice, and rounded. From its outward appearance, to the obsidian core of Ivy's being, anyone who viewed the sculpture certainly knew that the bust was obviously fake, there was no doubt that this bust was certainly not a real woman, but it was a beautiful piece of art.

Only Ivy, and 'Cordelia,' whomever she really was, and wherever she had disappeared to, were ever aware of Ivy's consciousness. Ivy remained on display for centuries, in various museums around the world. All the while, Ivy was forced to watch whatever life went on in front of her, in her very limited view of the world. Ivy could only stare ahead at whatever the curator pointed her towards, and watch the world go by.

Ivy quickly lost track of how long she had been a bust as she quickly discovered that being inside a building, with no windows; didn't make realizing how much time had past easy. Ivy could only attempt to count the number of times she saw the lights go off each night, then come back on the next morning; naturally she quickly lost count. The only other clue Ivy ever had, was seeing the fashions of the people coming into the museum change over the years. Ivy lived a VERY long "Life," as a statue and may still be residing in some museum, somewhere.

The End