

HOW I BECAME...  
by pwatson1974  
with help from 'Stevie'

A feminine figure sits at a small desk, a glowing globe of light circling slowly above. A sheet of blank paper rests in on the desk, a pen resting neatly beside it. The paper stoically resists the thousand yard stare it's subjected to. *Why is Master making me do this? I don't want to remember that time. But, well, he wouldn't be Master and I wouldn't be...me, if that mattered, would I? Fine, Master, for you.*

'I suppose it all began when we were celebrating achieving the next milestone...'

Years earlier, two men, let's call them Steve and Marcus that being their names, sit in a private booth in one of the many university bars. Empty glasses already dot the table as both try to unwind. The louder of the two gesticulates, waving his half-full glass around to emphasise the point he thinks he's making. Blonde hair stylishly cut and filled with glittering green sparkles of light, dark green shirt open at the collar and showing off his physique. "...and then, just as I was sure I'd fail, and probably take out the east wall again, I remembered, grabbed the pennywort and hey, presto, disaster averted, milestone achieved and I never have to even think about transubstantive alchemy again!"

His companion nods along in black and white, shirt pressed but already showing signs of crumpling, his black hair lying flat against his scalp. He takes a draw of his half-empty drink.

"Sorry, sorry, been going on about myself again. Just feels good to be at the next level, you know? I know, I know, that's not technically the right word but you try saying shupernashulum after a few of these! So, whatever, how about you? How's you been doing?"

Marcus shrugs, "Same old, same old, plodding along, made the next supernaculum, you know how it is."

"And a congrats your way as well." he lifts up his drink, "As if there was any doubt."

"As if." the glasses clink together, "So, what's next for you? Going to continue enchantments?"

Steve sips his drink, suddenly thoughtful, "I don't know, really. Maybe some travelling? I guess I hadn't thought it through, concentrating so much on passing alchemy," he shrugs, "Something new, something different..."

"New and different, you say." a smirk spreads across his thin lips, "I think I can help with that."

Thinking he has a destination in mind, Steve leans forward as Marcus beckons him closer and closer across the beer-stained darkwood table. "Oh, really? I'd love to hear it."

Marcus beckons him closer still, encouraging him to lean in conspiratorially close. "Feminastas." he whispers, a spark leaping between them. Steve jerks back, the magic flowing through his body like warm honey, sparkling, tingling inside him.

"What the?! Marcus, what the hells...?!" he pats himself down, instinctively trying to follow the traces of the spell, but, it's everywhere, filling his body. Tingling with the magic from fingertip to toenail. He stares down at his hands start to melt, his fingers becoming more slender, skin smoother, slightly smaller. He racks his mind for the counterspell but it's too hard to concentrate as he feels his hips flaring, skin becoming smoother and softer all over. His face tingles as his jawline softens, licking fuller lips. His clothes shift along with his body, fitting snugly to his new figure with fuller hips, shapely legs, narrow waist and a pair of pronounced bulges against his shirt, the nipple clearly visible. Steve puts his hands on his suddenly-developing chest to try to stop it, but his breasts push out regardless and he pulls his hands away before someone gets the right idea, casting a wide-eyed 'what are you doing' look at Marcus as his hair tumbles in loose curls to his much slimmer shoulders. His thighs press together as he feels the magic melting into his crotch, melting away into his hips, long-lashes fluttering as he squirms, reacting in embarrassed pleasure as it diminishes and, with a final moan of desire, it's gone. Blank skin temporarily rests there for an instant before its feminine counterpart flowers in its place. Steve grasps the table, closing her eyes with a gasp, her body shivering as new, strong, like really strong, sensations flowing out from her new sex.

"Keep it down, Stevie. We don't want to make a scene." Marcus leans back with his drink.

Steve brushes some hair from her deeply flushed face, breathing faster as she tries to ignore the increasing feelings. She gives a dark look across the table. "That was...not cool." she says in a new, higher, breathier voice, a slight quaver as she tries to keep control, but a quiver in her new pussy sends her eyes closed and a slight gasp from her mouth.

"Definitely new and different, though, right?"

"Touché." she looks around, but no one seems to be watching, so at least the embarrassment of being changed like this, into a woman, doesn't get worse.

"What the lady wants, she gets."

"You're hilarious." she replies sulkily, sitting back in the chair, trying to calm down. With limited success.

"Thanks."

Steve brushes another strand of hair from her face, taking another deep breath to steady herself.

"Having trouble with that? I can fix it if you like."

"I'm a little wary of your 'help' now." she mutters, but after another distractingly good feeling from her hips that causes her to bite her lips, "Okay, fine..."

"Good girl."

She shivers. *I shouldn't do that. She thinks, I mean, I'm not a girl. Ok, so I am, but I'm not. And then she feels the magic flowing into her head. Of course he'd use more magic. I'll probably be bald when this is done.* She takes another shallow breath. *What was that rush at that? I didn't see that coming at all. 'sigh' This day just gets more and more confusing.* Her hair pulls inward, melting, sinking through her scalp. *Of course, I'll probably be as bald as Heather Douglas by the time he's done. Bah!* She doesn't try to stop this change, not that it made much difference last time, but feels the warmth sinking down into her head, pulling her hair inwards. She tilts her head, feeling a little light-headed, and weird, like her head is softening, which makes no sense as Marcus is just removing her hair. The softness persists, if anything getting stronger, until with a soft gasp, her face sinks into it. She starts, her head...jiggling as she does so. Her wide eyes vanish away, her lips pursing together, pressing into what looks like a kiss before they press closer and closer until they're merged into something else entirely. The light-headed fuzz gets stronger as her brain seems to be softening with the rest of her head. Her lips tense, feeling strangely yet familiarly hard. She turns to glare at Marcus, which loses a lot of its power, given it's coming from a breast sat on top of her shoulders.

After a few seconds of ineffective glower, she raises her hands to her 'head', as if trying to confirm what she can already feel. She shivers at the touch, all three nipples tingling and poking out in a way that sends further embarrassment through her. But it's so hard to think. Especially with slim hands fondling over her soft, sensitive 'head'.

"Enjoying yourself?"

Steven's hands jerk away, suddenly remembering that not only isn't she alone, but she's in public and just feeling herself up, a definite flush coming to her skin. *Fuck! How did I forget where I even was?* She folds her hands in her lap, bowing her tit in embarrassment. *God, this is so embarrassing. The change in genders was one thing, but this? And it's so distracting, so, so hard to concentrate. Impossible to focus on how to undo this.*

"You didn't answer my question." she 'looks' up, distracted again from her reality. She starts to realise she can still see, still hear, despite having an apparently normal, if large, breast for a head. It takes a few moments to recall what she'd been asked. Slowly, a hand makes its way up again. It carefully, lightly touches the side of her former head, but even that sends a shiver through her which accidentally causes some jiggles. She tries to think. How does she feel about this? She should be mad, obviously, this sort of thing is WAY over the line for a prank, but, she doesn't feel upset. It's hard to think about why it's bad, not just because it's hard to think of anything like this, but because it feels so good to her. She's not used to the strong, strange feelings of feminine pleasure.

"No answer? Ok, let's get out of here and we can get you back to normal." Marcus takes her hand as he raises and she follows without thinking. It's just so obviously the right thing to do, to follow her

bettens. She follows meekly, not pulling her hand back, not even thinking of trying. And each step sends a ripple through all three of her breasts. And each shiver sends another slice of pleasure through her body as she moves, not acknowledging the stares following her. It's not that she's unaware of them, they're just not as important as following Marcus' lead like she clearly should. She follows him through the dark streets, getting closer, leaning into him as they walk, resting her tit on his shoulder, neither making the slightest effort to turn her back.

They reach Marcus small accommodations, stepping inside. He looks over at her as the door closes, "Well, I guess you must really be liking that. I'm not good enough to spell you this long against your will."

*That's not, that couldn't be it. It's just, I can't focus, and, I'll fix it soon, I just, feels so much easier to follow the motion of your hand and walk that way, turning to face you, even though I don't even have a face any more. Still, looking at you soothes those thoughts. Just the sight of you. With a head and everything. Something I don't have. People need heads. And I have a tit. No head, just a big flabby tit. People need heads. I have a tit. No wonder I haven't tried to turn back. That would be wrong. That would mean I was a person and people have actual heads, not tits jiggling on their shoulders.* That thought makes sense as if flows through whatever part of her tit is being used to think with. It makes her simultaneously more relaxed and more excited, nipples all tingly as her stance becomes more feminine and provocative one hand on her cocked hip. *Yes, that feels right. What kind of thing would have a tit instead of a head? It's obvious, isn't it? A toy would. A toy would have a tit instead of a head. A toy to be owned and used by its betters.* Her right hand comes up, lightly caressing her former head, tracing down to her collar, and then to her other tits, squeezing it through her clothes. The thought of being a toy makes so much sense to her. It's the only answer that really follows in her titmind. Because her Master wouldn't do anything bad to her. She's his toy, after all, so nothing he does to her could possibly be bad. So it circles around and around. She's a toy because she has a tit for a head and she has a tit for a head because she's a toy, an impenetrable circle of obvious truth. But with one question, *Why is a toy wearing clothes? Clothes are for people. Almost as much as heads are. So why is a fucktoy like me with a tit for a head wearing people clothes? This is wrong. I'm a toy. Clothes aren't for toys, they're for people. I need to correct this. Make things right for Master.* She reaches down, tugging on her shirt, trying to pull it up and over her other tits.

"What are you doing?!" Marcus grabs her hand.

She stops, confused. Marcus is stopping her but she's clearly a toy and toys shouldn't wear people clothes. She tilts her 'head' with a confused jiggle, trying to reconcile the conflicting ideas, but it remains beyond her grasp.

"Steve, what are you..."

It shakes its head. Steve is a person name. A male person name. And she's clearly neither. *No. I'm not Steve. I was, but I'm not a man now, or even a person, and Steve is just a silly name for a toy like me.*

"Ok, I'm officially confused."

*Master can be soooo stupid at times. Even more stupid than a stupid toy like me. It's so obvious I'm just a toy. So why isn't he using me?* It tries to smile. *Silly Master is having trouble remembering what a toy like me is for. I should remind him.* It pulls back, pulling its arm out of Marcus' confused grip, arms now tangled up in its partially removed clothing. It stands back and doesn't try to push its shirt up any further. Instead it wiggles its generous hips, pushing its trousers down so that gravity pulls them off before anyone can stop them.

"Steve!!"

*Master seems shocked. What a naughty, naughty toy I must be.* It is already stepping out of its trousers and pants, taking the opportunity to slip out of its shows and, with just a little finagling, slides the socks off her feet. It seems encouraged by Marcus' shocked expression. It sees his gaze fall upon its exposed pussy. Which makes sense to it. *Master made my pussy, so obviously he should be able to see it, and touch it, and use it... Anyway, toys like me shouldn't have modesty, that's a people thing and I'm just a toy.* It finally manages to squirm its arm free, lifting the top up

and exposing its breasts, presenting itself to its master as a toy should. It starts to rub them slowly, trying to highlight what all three of her tits should be used for. It kicks the pile of clothes away decisively. *Not mine. Can't be mine. Clothes are for people.* One hand begins squeezing its chest, the other moving to the tit that used to be its head, squeezing it firmly to show to its master there's no hint of a brain inside.

“Ok. Steve, enough. That's enough of that!” He start gathering the magic, starting to undo the spell he had previously cast. The toy stiffens in surprise as it feels the magic reaching in to it, trying to undo its work.

*What is Master doing? Trying to make me not a toy? A person again? But, I am a toy. It's so obvious I'm a toy. I can't disappoint Master like that.* And so the toy uses its own reserves to flick out at the probing tendrils on its Master's spell. It wraps the original spell up tight, reinforcing it, resisting all the attempts to unravel the bonds that changed it into the toy it is. *A tit-headed toy like me shouldn't be pretending to be a person, Master. It's not my place. I mean, ok, I was a person, maybe, but that's so obviously wrong now. But...isn't it also wrong to disobey my Master? Isn't it wrong for a toy to even have the magic to try? What am I going to do about that?* Even as it wrestles with these thoughts, it becomes increasingly obvious that the dispelling isn't working, its own magic reinforcing the spell faster than Marcus can unravel it. *Oh, I know!* It changes what it's doing, sending its magic back along the connection forged by Marcus' magic, because its obvious that Marcus should have all the magic. After all, a mere toy shouldn't have any magic. It leaves a little behind, a protective shell around the original spell, making it part of its nature. It isn't someone turned into a toy...it is a toy. *That's allowed, isn't it? That's not a toy having magic, that's just...protecting Master's property.* Marcus' eyes go wide, stumbling back as a lifetime of magic flows into him as Toy stands sexily, one hand on its hips, tit lowered in submission. *My Master may have been silly, trying to get me to be a person, but at least he showed me what I really am, a brainless, tit-headed toy to be enjoyed.*

Marcus blinks. “Wow. You really want this, Steve?”

*Not Steve. Not Stevie. They're people names. Toys don't need names. They're just toys to be used.* It caresses its tit-head teasingly. *Despite knowing I don't need a name, I can't argue with the rest of what Master said. Though, obviously, what a tit-headed fucktoy wants doesn't really matter.* It feels Marcus put a hand on its soft head. It would purr or coo in delight at the touch, if it could, as its skin tingles and it feels its Master in its thoughts. *Oh, hello, Master.* It thinks purposefully, even though it doubts that its Master is listening just to its purposeful thoughts. It just caresses its other tits as it feels Marcus sifting through its thoughts. To do this to a fellow mage would be an invasion of the worst sort, but between a Master and Toy, well, a toy is lucky it's allowed to have thoughts. Marcus pulls his warm hand away.

“You really do want this, don't you?” It just continues to caress itself, all three nipples tingling. “In which case...”

Now, it looks at the paper, its body glowing with a sheen of sweat as it removes one sticky hand from between its thighs. The initially neat script decays into a jagged scrawl down the page showing where its arousal overtook its willpower. It places the pen aside, crumples up the paper and throws it against the already overflowing waste bin. *Fine, Master. Just for you, one more time.* And picks up the pen to begin again, starting the title afresh 'How I Became My Master's Tit-headed Toy'.