

TITS NOW
by Paul Watson
For and starring Stevie

The door to the apartment slams open, "Tits! Now!" the man in the doorway demands. Bags hang under his eyes, his frame seemingly too small for the creased white office shirt. His pale brown hair lies flat against his scalp, plastered down with sweat.

"Steve?" the man in the upholstered easy chair looks up. Dark curls of hair spill down to his shoulder, a clipped beard covering his dark face. At least today. Marcus changes his look almost as much as he changes Steve's. "You can't just..."

"I've had a very long day, Marcus." he drops his backpack carelessly onto the floor, "After everything at the office, and I don't even want to get into that, the metro was delayed so by the time I got on, it was a cattle car, only worse. So, please, Master, if you would be so very kind, tits! Now!"

"I can't just call up Sarah and..."

"Really? Really really?? How many times have you just...whisked me here when you're feeling bored and/or horny?"

"That's different."

"How is that any different?"

"Sarah's a real person, not my plaything." he smiles warmly, eyes glittering with some amusement. Steve's voice seems to catch in his throat. "But I'll call her."

"Thank you." he manages to croak out.

The phone rings. Steve squirms in anticipation. "Yello."

"Hi, Saz."

"Marcus!" she squeals, "I wasn't expecting you to call."

"Steve's demanding tits."

"Demanding? Our little Steve?"

"I know. I don't know what's come over him."

"Uh-huh. But I bet you've got a very good guess what's *going* to cum all over him."

"Sarah!"

"Oh, too naughty for you? Guess you're going to have to punish me."

"Can you come over?"

"Sure. You know I just loooove helping my sexy-exy out. Half-an-hour?"

"Apparently the metro's borked."

"Oh, so you want something quicker. One sec. 'Becca! I'm going out. Don't expect me back 'til tomorrow at the earliest...Yes, I am. Want to join me?...Suit yourself. But one of these days...Can you look after my phone?...Ok, lover, I'm ready. Do your..."

Marcus reaches into the phone and pulls a pale blonde out of it. An oversized shirt hangs like a tent around her, skinny jeans clinging to her equally skinny legs.

"...worst. Hey, sweeties." she seems completely nonplussed about her mode of transport, settling into Marcus' lap like that's where she belongs. Which isn't that far from the truth. "Is that a magic wand in your pocket? Or are you just that pleased to see me?"

"Why not both?"

She giggles, leaning in close, rubbing a hand through his silky beard.

"Hey! Enough with the flirting! We're here for a reason!"

"Wow. You were right. Our little Steve is getting demanding. He never used to be like this."

"You're right. Shall we improve his attitude?"

"I think you should."

Marcus smirks and turns his attention fully to Steve. His knees tremble as an impossible sensual warmth caresses its way across his body, touching over every inch of his skin. He tries hard to suppress the moan as he feels his clothes melting. Already damp from the journey, they start to run, colours streaming over his skin.

It doesn't take long, probably doesn't take any time at all, before the warmth is sinking deeper, his skin joining that molten flow. Patches of smooth dark skin appear under his real skin, his body changing as the warmth reshapes him. His arms become slender, the nails on his hands longer. His legs become slimmer, toned like a dancer's rather than an office worker. He licks his fuller lips as his features change, his long black hair spilling down his bare back in a waterfall of tightly woven braids that reach all the way down to a rear that is rapidly tightening into a cute heart-shape. She can't hold back the moan of pleasure any more, her voice breathier, in a higher register as her hands go to her hips, feeling her cock melting away into her generous hips, while on her chest, the breasts behind her bullet-hard nipples start to swell and swell. Her fingers explore the blank skin between her legs until her new sex flowers against them in a shuddering moan of pleasure. She sinks to her knees, half in sheer ecstasy, half in muscle memory of what her real place is.

"Why hello, Stevie. How is my favourite toy?"

Stevie keeps her head bowed, legs spread wide apart to conceal nothing from her betters.

"Oooooooh. I'm...I'm good, Mistress."

"Not what I'm hearing. I heard you were very demanding of my sweet baby."

"Sorry, Mistress. Steve just...I just need...please, Mistress, let your toy be your tits."

"What do you think?"

"It did ask very nicely."

Stevie keeps her head down but can't suppress the shudder that sweeps through her body at being called 'it'.

"And you certainly won't mind having more to play with." she tries to hoist up her painfully flat chest.

"And you will?"

"Maaaaaybe not." she replies teasingly pulling her shirt over her head, her nipples throbbing. "Go on, then. Make me into a big bimbo slut, if you absolutely must. The things I do for you, Stevie."

"Thank you, Mistress."

Stevie smiles to herself at the banter as Sarah climbs off Marcus' lap and moves to kneel behind her. Sarah's hands reach around her, pressing against the sides of Stevie's swollen chest, fingers expertly rolling her nipples to a shaking moan. Stevie feels Sarah's chest pressed tightly against her bare back, squeezed close to the woman she used to date before they'd ever met Marcus, yet having no regrets over their changed relationship since.

The warmth returns, her body softening, melting all over, flowing back into Sarah. It all feels so good, so right, like she's returning to her proper place in the world. Being a person is far too much work, far too far above her, better to just let herself be what her master wants, to be nothing but big, soft, sensitive titties to be played with. She bites her lips while she's still able, shrinking away as the pressure on her back grows with Sarah's growing chest, swallowing more and more of her melting body up like the world's sexiest sponge until there's no sign of Stevie at all. It's obvious there are only two people in the room now, although it's arguable to Sarah's tits that that was true before as well, just Marcus and Sarah.

Sarah moans as she holds up her newly massive mammaries. "Always...always so sensi...sensitive." she pants, "Are...are you making them bigger each time? They must be a J cup now."

"Maybe. Is that a problem?"

"Yes, it's a problem! I can still walk! I want to be buried under these things! But, until then, would you like to put these overstuffed puppies through their paces?" she asks with a sultry look up, pressing her breasts together to form a plunging cavern of cleavage, "I want some cum on these tits. Now!"