

STEVIE'S WORLD: CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

by Paul Watson

Steve stomps into the apartment, shaking snow off his boots before he kicks them off, a dark scarf around his neck and over his mouth, a woollen hat jammed down over his ears. He hangs his thick overcoat up and slouches into the warm room. There's a fire in the hearth, which is more than a little unusual because the apartment doesn't have a hearth and the superintendent certainly would have words with anyone setting a fire in one, even if it did exist, which, to be clear, it didn't. Lights twinkle on the fir tree that dominates its corner, taller than the ceiling was this morning, baubles of red, gold and silver dangling and reflecting the twinkling lights all over the room. Red and white striped candy canes hang from the boughs, golden bells tinkle and tinsel hangs along the edge of every surface as well as from the ceiling. In short, it's a festive wonderland as much as an apartment.

"Marcus!! What are you...it's only the 1st!"

"Exactly. It's December, so it's time for Christmas preparations."

"Preparations! This place looks like Santa's Grotto! And the fire...how?!" he stammers.

"You know a magician never reveals his secrets."

"Yeah. I know that. Very well."

Marcus smiles. "Don't forget to open your advent calendar."

"Advent...Marcus!" But Marcus is ignoring him, as usual. It's only his apartment. Officially, anyway. He rolls his eyes. "Fiiiiine." he digs his finger into the festive scene, pulling out the cardboard window. Inside the small square is a pipe of paper folded and folded to fit. Steve pulls it out and unfolds it to read 'A Stevie on the fir tree'. "A what?! Marcus!!! Don't you da..." but the warmth is already flowing through him. His clothes melt away, dark patches of smooth skin spreading over his body. His body becomes more svelte, feminine, her rear becoming cutely heart-shaped. Her long fingers grip at her swelling chest, nipples hardening as she pinches them. She pants slowly, her lips swelling, hair falling down to her narrow waist in twisting braids that swish against her bare back. Her manhood melts away, the smooth skin left between her legs melting as her puffy lips flower out, her fingers stroking along the slick skin. "Marcus! What do you think you're..." Her voice catches as the warmth continues to swirl within her. She feels pressure all over, phantom hands squeezing her body. The room starts to swell, dizzily fast as she shrinks and shrinks. She stops at barely one foot tall. "Marcus! Don't you dare do this to me! Don't you daaaaare!" But the warmth, and by extension Marcus, doesn't listen. Instead Stevie feels soft, downy wings growing out from her shoulder-blades. Her hands pull together in a prayerful pose in front of her, her folded hands between her breasts as her legs spread open against her will. Her long toned legs get thinner, stretching out front and back until they meet, melting together into a single open cone from her waist down. Her protests, or moans of desire, depending on who you ask fall silent as her body stops moving at all, a sheen spreading over her body.

Marcus saunters back into the room and plucks up the plastic angel from the floor where she stood. He lifts her up to the top of the tree and slides her skirt down over the upper branch. It's probably a good thing Stevie's just a silent plastic decoration at this point, given exactly where the top of the tree is entering to keep her securely in place.

"There. Just what was needed." he steps back, admiring his handiwork. Stevie doesn't reply, not just because she's a plastic tree topper, although that certainly does explain a lot of her silence, but because her mind is otherwise occupied by the blissful feelings filling her.

Three weeks and a little more later, Marcus and his 'family' gather around the table. Sarah sits just to his right, Lucia next to her. Opposite them are Charles, his shirt open enough to expose the top of his muscled chest, blonde hair in short curls. If he had an orange scarf or a talking Great Dane, he'd be mistaken for Fred Jones. Richard, by contrast, is wiry and dark, the long guitar-fingers that Sarah and Stevie have learned to appreciate in other contexts wrapped around his wine glass. "Is Steve not joining us? Or even Stevie?" Rebecca asks.

“Oh, Stevie is around.”

“And by around you mean stuffed and roasted and about to be served?” she says, eyeing the turkey suspiciously.

“Don't be silly. I haven't made Stevie into the Christmas turkey.”

“This year.” Charles murmurs loud enough to hear.

“Quite. This year, the festive feast is provided from a lovely, and very enthusiastic, fan named Becca. I might even invite her to one of our get-togethers. Depending on how she reacts to this, of course.”

“We're still eating someone.”

“Nah.” Richard replies, lazily waving the glass around, “We're eating a turkey. It just used to be someone.”

“That makes no sense.”

“Lucia, you're embarrassing me.” Sarah whispers, “Just eat drink and be merry. For tomorrow it might be you on the table.”

“No way. No how. Nosirree.”

“Sure, you say that now.”

She tenses.

“Sarah, stop tormenting Lucia, at the table.”

“Just at the table?”

“Please, for me. Or I won't punish you later.”

“Don't you mean you will?”

Sarah smiles broadly, “He absolutely does not mean that.”

“So, Stevie?” Lucia asks, her skin colouring.

Marcus nods up at the tree. “She's supervising, but I can bring her down to join in.” He tugs the angel off the tree, setting it at the other end of the table. The plastic sheen fades away from its face, Stevie's half-lidded dark eyes blinking and then opening really wide as she sees her fellows around her, giants to her tiny frame.

“Mmmmmmmmmarcus!” she squeaks, “What are you doing?! It's not Christmas...” she stops, looking around, “it can't be. There's no way I've spent that long...fuck, it is, isn't it? I've been out of it all that time? You wouldn't...you couldn't...of course you did. You've kept me impaled on that tree for three! Whole! Fucking! WEEKS?!! You utter, utter, utter, utter bas...” the plastic sheen returns as she stops moving, mouth frozen in mid-curse.

“I don't think Stevie is in a partying mood.”

“You will turn her back, though, right?”

“Of course. When I pack the rest of Christmas up.”

“And that will be?”

“Oh, we're very traditional in this house. Everything gets put away on Twelfth Night.”