

STEVIE'S WORLD: CHRISTMAS BOOBLES

by Paul Watson

Steve looks around his festively decorated apartment, especially the parts that didn't used to be there, like the hearth, or the huge tree decorated in tinsel and fairy lights. "I only went out for lunch." he mutters as Marcus comes in with a fresh batch of decorations, and a red jumper with a twinkling reindeer on the front. Behind him, with smaller boxes come the three spirits of Christmas: Becca, energetic, bouncing along with eagerness, her shoulder length red curls bouncing against a white jumper with a Christmas tree on the front; Sarah, winking conspiratorially at Steve as if she knows something he doesn't, which she might, woollen snowflakes covering her black jumper, pale skin and white blonde hair a contrast to Becca's outdoor tan, even in winter; and finally, Lucia, who's not taking part in the festive themed clothing, her long dark hair hanging straight down her back, with Latin features.

"Oh, look, all of Marcus' favourite victims in one place." she says, "Gosh, I wonder if something is going to happen to them."

"Lulu, no spoilers!" Sarah chides.

"You're just here to decorate the tree with me." Marcus smiles reassuringly, but no one misses the twinkle in his eye.

Lucia puts her box down sceptically.

"So, we're just helping put decorations on the tree? Nothing else?" Steve asks.

"You'll just be helping decorate the tree." Marcus insists, which isn't quite the same as answering the question, or making Lucia any less suspicious.

"Ok. Sure. Let's decor..." he stops as he feels his clothing melting, dark skin appearing in spreading patches. "Marcus!" But it's too late and he knows it. Mind you, it was probably too late the instant Marcus got whatever twisted idea he's implementing. Steve blushes with embarrassment as he changes in front of his ex, her roommate and a very enthusiastic student who Marcus recruited, his hair getting darker falling down his back in a spreading cascade of braids. He bites his lip to keep the moan from how good this feels from escaping, as if anyone in the room is fooled. His rear jiggles as it plumps out, the moan finally escaping as his manhood melts away and her pussy flowers on her wider hips. Her slender hands reach to her chest where her breasts swell and swell, easily dwarfing every other woman here, and even her own head.

"Happy Christmas, Stevie." Marcus smiles, putting a Santa hat on her head to make her appropriately festive.

"And I need to be naked for this because...?"

"Because your Master Marcus always likes his toys to be naked?" Lucia suggests.

Stevie's blush deepens at the reminder.

"Well, in that case..." Becca grins, pulling her jumper up over her head, her bare breasts bouncing with the movement as it reveals the animal track tattoo winding across her side and under her waistband, and the tan lines where her bikini usually resides.

"Oh, we're starting the party already?" Sarah asks, pretending to be shocked before she joins in, her tiny pierced titties joining the naked party. "Come on, Lulu. Don't get left out."

Lucia tries to look away as Becca slides her jeans and panties down, the tracks continuing around her thigh. "I am quite fine, thank you."

"Peer pressure! Peer pressure!" Sarah starts, Becca quickly taking up the chant. For a moment, Stevie forgets her own situation before the warmth returns.

"Marcus!"

The others stop pestering Lucia, watching in rapt fascination or practiced, teasing amusement, as Stevie's arms glisten, flow and melt away, leaving her softly panting and with shoulders so smooth it looks like they never had arms there at all.

Stevie tries to protest, honestly she does, but the warmth ignores her, legs melting, lowering her down and down until her butt rests on the floor, keeping her upright through lots of embarrassing, demeaning practice at doing so.

"Mar..." her head melts, rendering any remaining protests moot and mute as the naked torso shudders with newly unrestrained pleasure.

"Can we..." Becca asks, her intent clear. Marcus smiles and as Stevie's bucking hips melt away, followed by her stomach, Becca strokes her hands over Stevie's swollen breasts, biting her lip as she feels the former woman up as the warmth reduces Stevie down to nothing but a pair of big round tits in her lap. Becca's breath comes in cute little aroused gasps as the breasts continue to melt, shrinking into themselves, dwindling down until she can close her hands around them, the proportionally gigantic nipples getting harder and harder as Stevie slips into her role. Marcus takes one breast from her hand, inserting a wire hook adorned with a loop of sparkly thread through the dark skin. He dangles the breast from the loop, spinning it slowly and pulls some gold glitter from the box of supplies, dipping the breast into it, making Stevie's breast glitter and sparkle. He hangs it from one branch of the tree and repeats it on the other boob, Becca giving it a last squeeze before she reluctantly hands it over. It finds its home on the other side of the tree, putting as much separation between the former parts of Stevie as possible.

"So," Marcus turns to the three women, still there, "who wants to go next?"

"Mememememe!" Becca's hand shoots up and she moans, long, loud and lustily as her body melts away.

Marcus dusts her breasts with silver glitter, fixing the wire in place through a shuddering nipple and hanging them up on the tree.

Sarah licks her lips, giving Marcus a deep kiss, pressing her naked body against his woollen jumper.

"Do me." she whispers, before she feels the warmth flow through her. Her pale perky a-cups get a dusting of red glitter, the thread looped around the bars in her nipples, before they hang higher up the tree, smaller than either of the other women's.

"So, just me left." Lucia says.

"Ready to join them?"

Lucia's eyes flick over the tree. "How long are you planning on keeping them?"

Marcus smiles, as that isn't a 'no. "Sarah needs to be back at work on Monday. Becca's finished her finals so there's nothing else for her before Christmas. And Stevie, well, Stevie's Stevie, so she might get packed up with the other ornaments."

"And how long do you plan to keep me?"

"I was planning on letting you go home with Sarah."

"Sounds goo...wait, as a person or as Christmas boobles for our tree?"

"Oh, that's an interesting idea. And definitely a catchy name for them"

"No. Definitely not."

"How about if it's Sarah we're talking about? I'm sure I can smooth things over with her office."

"I..."

"Don't you want to know what the fuss is all about?"

"I..."

"And it will be just for this weekend."

"I...you really should be a salesman." she blushes brightly, hugs herself and licks her lips, "Ok. I'm in. Just for this weekend."

Marcus gives a theatrical bow and Lucia experiences the intense warmth filling her body, melting her down, scattering her thoughts, her doubts, her pleasure and reducing all her sensations to just the air over her bare breasts, the green glitter clinging to her, tickling and stimulating her, and then the painfully pleasurable bite of the wire before she joins the others on the tree.