

A Christmas Gift

Story and art by Telsis





IT HAD BEEN NEARLY TWO YEARS SINCE THAT FATEFUL CHRISTMAS, WHERE TOM HAD WISHED FOR HIS VERY OWN CY-BOT, UNKNOWNLY TRANSFORMING HIS GIRLFRIEND, MELINDA, INTO ONE. HIS HEARTLESS REACTION AND ABUSE OF POWER OVER HIS NEWLY CONVERTED PARTNER THEN LED TO HIS OWN DOWNFALL.

REGAINING HER SENTIENCE, THE MELINDA-BOT TOOK REVENGE UPON HER ABUSIVE PARTNER BY APPLYING THE ONLY UNOPENED PRESENT, A MYSTERIOUS GIFT UNDER THE TREE. A GIANT KEY.

SOMEHOW, BY MAGICALLY INSERTING THE KEY INTO TOM'S BACK AND THEN WINDING IT, MELINDA TRANSFORMED HER WAYWARD BOYFRIEND INTO A VOLUPTUOUS FEMALE CLOCKWORK TOY, WHILST SHE HERSELF REVERTED BACK TO HER FLESH AND BLOOD HUMAN FORM. ALBEIT RETAINING HER EXAGGERATED CURVES.



EVER SINCE TOM'S TRANSFORMATION INTO THE CLOCKWORK TOMARA, SHE FOUND SHE HAD TO OBEY EVERY COMMAND THAT MELINDA ISSUED. THEIR PREVIOUS ROLES NOW REVERSED, THE CLOCKWORK TOY BECAME THE MAID, HAVING TO WAIT UPON HER MISTRESS, CLEAN AND TIDY THE APARTMENT AND CARRY OUT ANY CHORE THAT MELINDA DEMANDED. PROVIDED SHE HAD BEEN WOUND UP, OF COURSE.

TOMARA ALSO FULFILLED THE ROLE OF A SUBMISSIVE LOVER. IN WHICH CAPACITY THEY BOTH DISCOVERED THAT SHE HAD SOME VERY USEFUL ADDITIONAL FEATURES. THEY FOUND THAT SHE COULD EXERT TREMENDOUS SUCTION, FROM BEHIND HER SEALED LIPS. HER FINGERS, TONGUE (WHICH COULD EXTEND SEVERAL INCHES BEYOND NORMAL) AND EVEN HER SELF LUBRICATING PUSSY, COULD ALL VIBRATE WHEN REQUIRED TO PROVIDE SIGNIFICANT ADDITIONAL STIMULATION.

INDEED, THEY BOTH FOUND, THROUGH THEIR BEDROOM EXPLORATIONS, THAT TOMARA'S SNATCH COULD NOT ONLY VIBRATE, BUT ALSO RHYTHMICALLY UNDULATE INTERNALLY. MELINDA MADE GOOD USE OF ALL OF THESE FEATURES, TO THE BENEFIT OF BOTH MASTER AND SERVANT.



AS TIME PASSED, TOMARA NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE. SLOWLY, SHE BECAME EVER MORE ACCEPTING OF HER NEW EXISTENCE. INDEED, SHE STARTED TO FIND THAT SHE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BEING USED AS A SUBMISSIVE, WIND UP PLAY THING.

SHE STARTED TO CRAVE MELINDA'S ATTENTIONS IN BED, SERVICING HER MISTRESS AND IN TURN BEING PLEASURED. IT STARTED TO BECOME AN OBSESSION FOR HER.

THAT IS WHY THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER, TO STEAL AWAY HER MISTRESSES AFFECTIONS HAD CAUSED HER SO MUCH STRESS AND FRUSTRATION.

SIX MONTHS AGO, DEAN HAD SUPPLANTED HER AS MELINDA'S NEW BOYFRIEND AND LOVER. AS THE NEW COUPLES RELATIONSHIP GREW, TOMARA FOUND HER MISTRESS, LESS AND LESS INTERESTED IN THEIR SHARED SEXUAL EXPLOITS, TO THE POINT WHERE HER NEEDS WERE NOT BEING SATISFIED AT ALL.



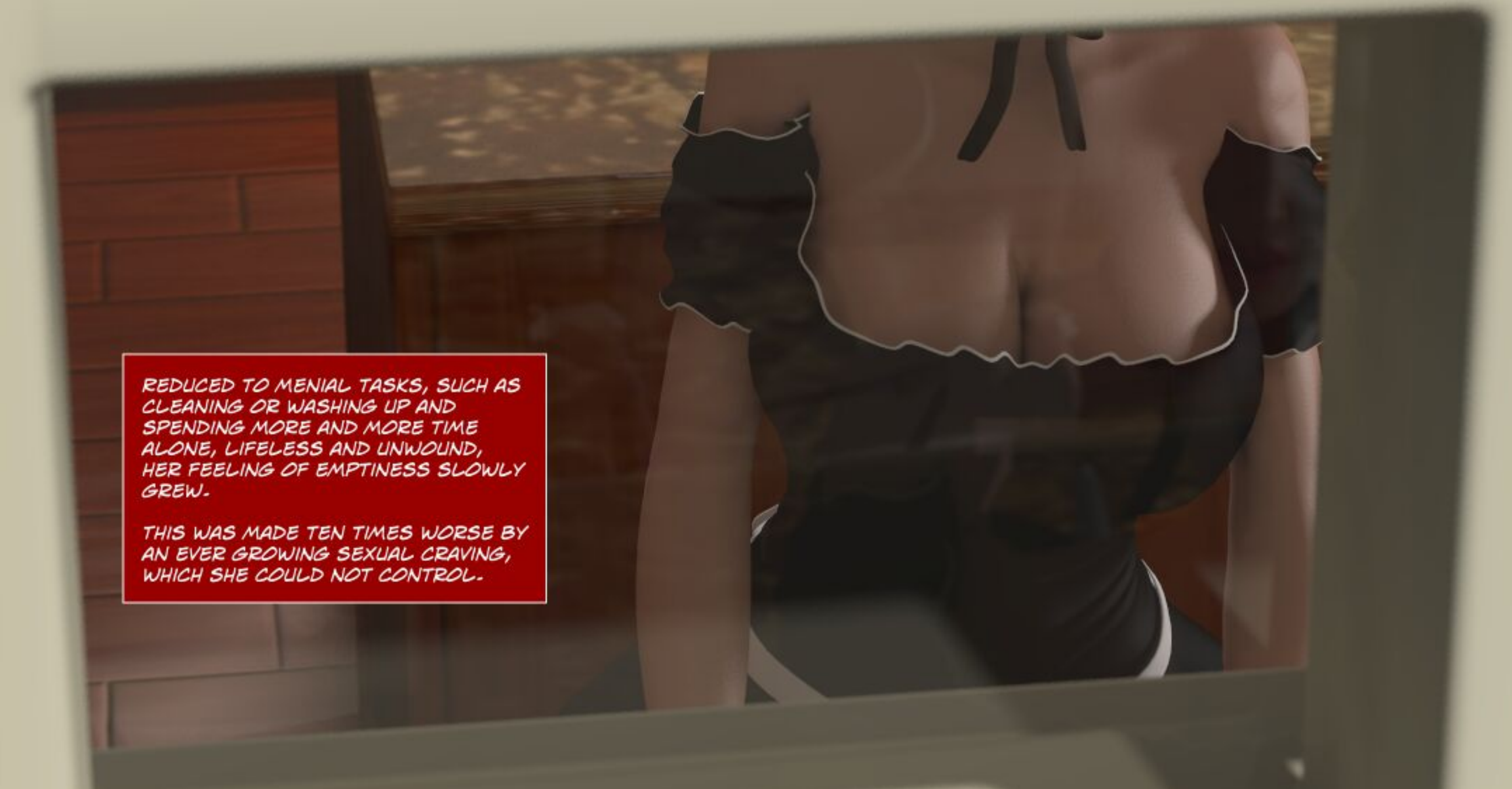
SHE BECAME EVER MORE AWARE
THAT MELINDA SOUGHT OUT THE
COMPANY OF A FLESH AND BLOOD
MALE AND NOT AN OVERLY
SEXUALISED WIND UP FEMALE
DOLL.

EVERY NEAR SILENT CLICK OF HER
CLOCKWORK HEART REMINDED
HER THAT SHE WAS IN FACT JUST
AN OBJECT, A THING, A TOY.



REDUCED TO MENIAL TASKS, SUCH AS
CLEANING OR WASHING UP AND
SPENDING MORE AND MORE TIME
ALONE, LIFELESS AND UNWOUND,
HER FEELING OF EMPTINESS SLOWLY
GREW.

THIS WAS MADE TEN TIMES WORSE BY
AN EVER GROWING SEXUAL CRAVING,
WHICH SHE COULD NOT CONTROL.



A woman in a black and white maid outfit with a large white apron, black stockings, and black high-heeled shoes is walking across a polished wooden floor in a kitchen. She is carrying a small black bag in her right hand. The kitchen features wooden cabinets and a large window in the background.

HAVING PREVIOUSLY RECEIVED A FULL
WIND UP THAT MORNING, TOMARA WAISTED
NO TIME WHEN HER MISTRESS HAD GONE
OUT SHOPPING.

RACING THROUGH HER MORNING CHORES,
SHE BRISKLY STRODE BACK TO THE
BEDROOM. HER CLOCKWORK MIND FIXED
ON A SINGLE GOAL.

SHE KNEW SHE ONLY HAD A LIMITED TIME
BEFORE HER BODY WOUND DOWN AGAIN,
RENDERING HER IMMOBILE ONCE MORE.



THE KITCHEN FELL SILENT, SAVE
FOR THE FAINT SOUNDS OF DRAWS
AND WARDROBES BEING OPENED
AND CLOSED IN THE BEDROOM.

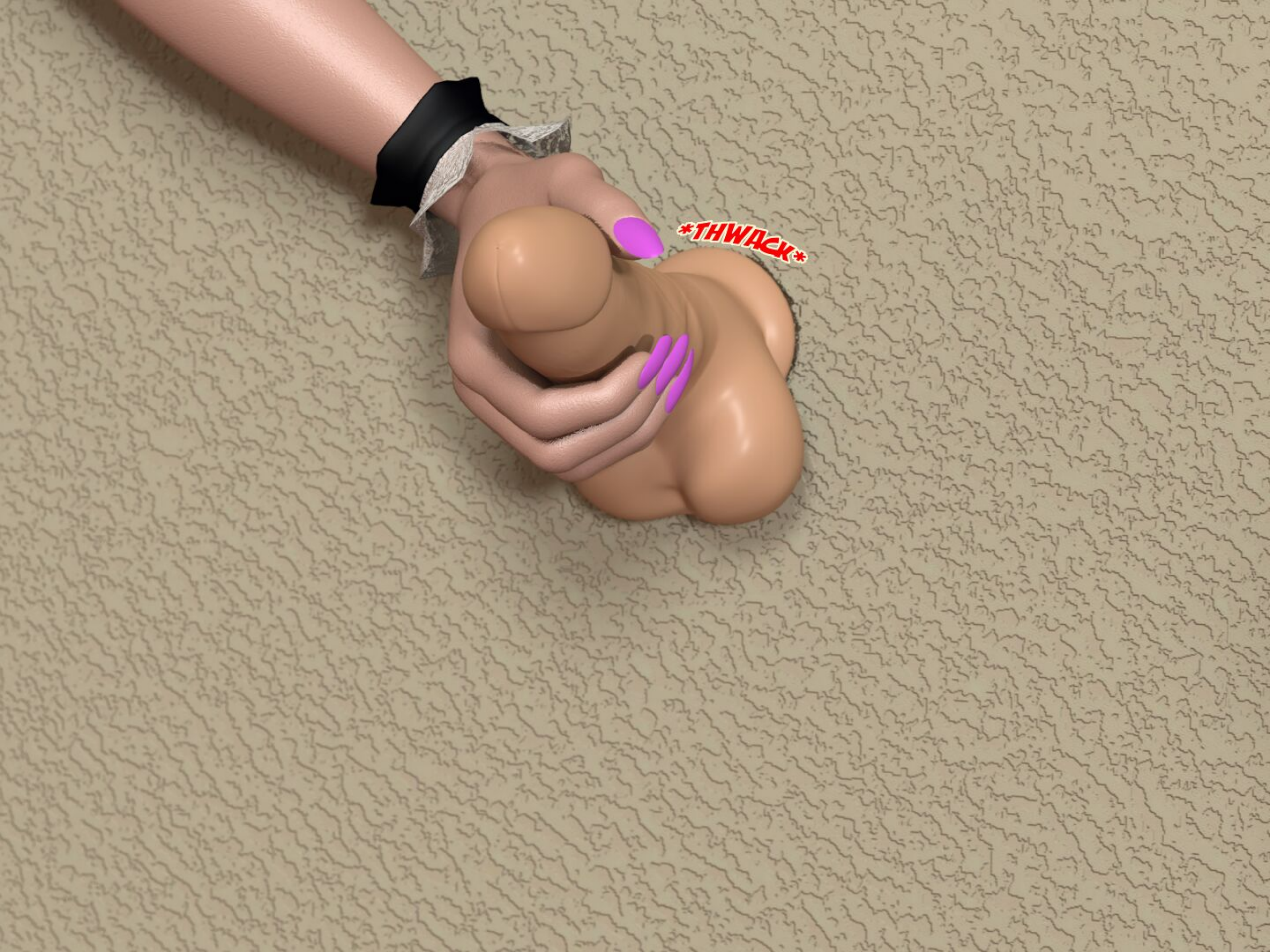
WHAT WAS SHE SEARCHING FOR?

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, TOMARA
APPEARED AGAIN, STRIDING
PURPOSEFULLY ACROSS THE HARD WOOD
FLOORING. HER HEELS CLACKING
LOUDLY ON THE POLISHED SURFACE.





THE REASON FOR HER SINGLE
MINDED DETERMINATION WAS
EVIDENT FROM THE ITEM SHE
GRIPPED IN HER RIGHT HAND.



THWACK



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE TRANQUILLITY OF A NOW SILENT APARTMENT WAS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND MELINDA BUSTLING ABOUT REMOVING HER COAT AND DROPPING HER SHOPPING.

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
TOMARA. NOT AGAIN!



AND RIGHT NEXT TO THE
KITCHEN. HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU.



ITS BAD ENOUGH YOU PEGGING
YOURSELF TO THE WALL,
WITHOUT RUINING ANOTHER PAIR
OF PANTHOSE BY PUNCHING A
HOLE IN THEM.



YOU WONDER WHY I'M
RELUCTANT TO LEAVE YOU
ALONE AND ACTIVE THESE
DAYS. YOU'VE BECOME SUCH
A NEEDY SLUT.



IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE IN
THIS POSITION. IF YOU HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A COMPLETE JERK,
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BECOME A
CLOCKWORK SEX DOLL.



I REALLY OUGHT TO LEAVE
YOU THERE. AT LEAST YOU'D BE
HAPPY, WITH THAT HUGE DILDO
RAMMED IN THAT PLASTIC
PUSSY, FONDLING THOSE
SENSITIVE FUN BAGS.





BUT I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU. SO, LET'S WIND YOU BACK UP AND WE CAN DISCUSS OUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PLANS.

A GOOD WIND AND CLEAN UP LATER.



BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

DEAN AND I, WILL BE SPENDING CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS, SKIING THIS YEAR.

YOU'RE TO REMAIN HERE, OF COURSE.

PLEASE, MISTRESS, I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS STUCK IN THE CUPBOARD. LIKE SOME OLD MOP. YOU COMPLAIN WHEN I'M FORCED TO PLEASURE MYSELF. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I NEED IT NOW.

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISTRESS?





BUT...

I'VE ARRANGED A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU. YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY WHILST WE'RE AWAY AND I'M SURE YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF USE.

WE'RE FLYING OUT TOMORROW, SO THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE. LET'S GET YOU READY, SHALL WE.

MELINDA STRUTTED OUT AND COULD BE HEARD RUMMAGING AROUND IN A SHOPPING BAG AND THEN RETURNED WITH SOMETHING THAT CAUSED TOMARA SOME CONCERN.

YOU MUST BE JOKING IF YOU THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO WALK AROUND IN THOSE THINGS!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY, THEY'RE NOT FOR WALKING IN.





I DON'T LIKE WHERE
THIS IS GOING.

WHILST I ENJOY YOUR
SUBMISSIVE MAID LOOK, I
THINK OUR GUEST WILL WANT
SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...
SEDUCTIVE.



NONSENSE, YOU'LL LOOK FABULOUS. NOW, GO AND SLIP OUT OF THOSE WORK CLOTHES AND WE'LL GET YOU ALL DOLLED UP.

ONCE STRIPPED OFF AND SEATED, MELINDA WENT TO WORK PREPARING TOMARA FOR HER NEW ROLE. SHE TOOK A NOTICEABLE TWISTED DELIGHT IN DRESSING HER FORMER PARTNER, NOW A CLOCKWORK DOLL.

THERE WE GO, THAT'S MUCH BETTER. TWIN PIGTAILS GIVE YOU A MORE FUN AND PLAYFUL LOOK, DON'T YOU AGREE?





TUSH, TOSH, YOU LOOK ADORABLE.
BUT A FORMAL UP-DO STYLE,
WHILST FITTING FOR A MAID,
IS HARDLY SUITABLE FOR A TOY.

I ALWAYS LOOK
RIDICULOUS,
WHATEVER YOU DO.



JUST A LITTLE MORE
THERE, YES. LET'S TOUSLE
THOSE BANGS.



WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN
YOU SAID I'D HAVE COMPANY
OVER CHRISTMAS?

LIKE I SAID, I'VE ARRANGED A
SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU.
SOMEONE WHO CAN APARTMENT
SIT, WHILST WE'RE AWAY.



YOU KEEP COMPLAINING THAT YOU HAVE 'SPECIAL' NEEDS. WHICH IS WHY, AS A CHRISTMAS TREAT, I'VE ARRANGED FOR SOMEBODY TO STAY OVER FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

SOMEONE WHO I GUARANTEE WILL HELP YOU MEET THOSE NEEDS.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO HAVE THESE NEEDS.. ANY OF THEM. I DON'T WANT TO BE A CLOCKWORK GIRL AT ALL.



BUT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE
ENJOYING YOURSELF SO MUCH.
AFTER ALL, EVERY TIME I LOOK
AWAY, YOU HAVE ANOTHER SEX
TOY PLUGGED IN SOMEWHERE.

LET'S GET YOU INTO
YOUR HOLIDAY OUTFIT.

I REALLY SHOULD USE TALC, TRYING TO SLIDE LATEX OVER YOUR RUBBERIZED SKIN. BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAINT THAT LOVELY SURFACE, WHEN HE PEELS IT OFF.

WHY DOES EVERYTHING I WEAR, HAVE TO BE SO TIGHT!



THOSE ARE
RIDICULOUS!

THEY LOOK FABULOUS. BESIDES,
THEY'LL FORCE YOU INTO AN EVEN
MORE ERECT POSTURE THAN YOUR
REGULAR HEELS.



I CAN BARELY STAND IN THESE THINGS! MISTRESS, PLEASE CAN I WEAR SOMETHING IN SHORTER HEELS?

THEY LOOK DIVINE. BESIDES, YOU'LL GET USED TO WEARING THEM VERY QUICKLY, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE TOY SHOULD.



I'M RUNNING LOW, I
NEED WINDING,
MISTRESS!

LET'S GIVE YOU A FEW
TURNS. I DON'T WANT
YOU IMMOBILE.... YET!

click

click



JUST NEED TO CUT AROUND
YOUR KEYHOLE, TO FIT AND...



YOU'RE ABOUT DONE!

I'M TRUSSED UP LIKE A
CHRISTMAS TURKEY!

LOVELY, I COULD EAT YOU
ALL UP, YOU LOOK SO
SCRUMPTIOUS!

NOT A TURKEY, A
TOY!

BREAKING OUT HER MAKE-UP CASE, MELINDA PROCEEDED TO SKILFULLY APPLY VIBRANT COSMETICS TO TOMARA'S FACE.

AND A TOY NEEDS TO BE PAINTED. THAT PLAIN DOLL APPEARANCE IS CUTE BUT I THINK OUR GUEST WOULD PREFER SOMETHING, A LITTLE MORE DECORATED.

SOME NICE RED ACCENTS TO MATCH THAT OUTFIT. ALLURING EYE SHADOW AND OF COURSE WE NEED TO PAINT THOSE SMOOTH POOL TOY LIPS.





SO PRETTY! JUST THE NAILS
TO DO AND YOUR READY.



THERE NOW. ALL FINISHED!



AND VOILA! THE PERFECT
CHRISTMAS TOY.

LIKE A YULETIDE SWEETIE,
JUST WAITING TO BE
UNWRAPPED.

NOW, STAND UP FOR
ME, TOMARA.



I ALMOST WISH I'D PLANNED
TO STAY HOME THIS
CHRISTMAS. ALMOST...

ARE YOU READY FOR
YOUR NEW ROLE?



I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO AWAY, MISTRESS. I'D FEEL SO EXPOSED AND EMBARRASSED IN FRONT OF ANYBODY ELSE, ESPECIALLY WEARING THIS.



TRUST ME, TOMARA, YOU'LL NOT ONLY EMBRACE YOUR NEW ROLE, YOU'LL POSITIVELY LOVE IT!

NOW, LET'S PUT YOUR BALANCE TO THE TEST. COME JOIN ME OVER HERE BY THE FIRE.

I..., I'LL TRY.



VERY GOOD, THAT'S IT, KEEP COMING. I SOMETIMES FORGET HOW QUICKLY YOUR MECHANICAL CLOCKWORK BODY ADAPTS TO MY NEW DEMANDS.

PLEASE STEP OVER THERE, BESIDE THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WOBBLE



NOW THAT YOU'RE READY
FOR ACTION, IT'S TIME TO
EXPLAIN THE NEW RULES.

THESE RULES WILL COME INTO
FORCE THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE
WOUND. YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO
ACT OR REACT IN ANY WAY COUNTER
TO THESE RULES, UNTIL I GIVE YOU
EXPRESS PERMISSION.

YOU WILL AT ALL TIMES
REFER TO YOURSELF AS 'TOY'
AND OUR GUEST AS 'OWNER'.



YOU WILL LOSE YOUR ABILITY
TO MOVE AND ARTICULATE YOUR
BODY AS A NORMAL HUMAN.

INSTEAD, YOU WILL ONLY BE
ABLE MOVE IN SMALLER, JERKIER
MOVEMENTS, MIMICKING A
NORMAL CLOCKWORK TOY.

YOUR SPEECH WILL BECOME
MORE ROBOTIC, YOUR TONE
MORE MONOTONE.

AND LASTLY, YOU WILL OBEY
HIS EVERY REQUEST, YOU WILL
WILLINGLY FLIRT AND SEEK
SEXUAL GRATIFICATION AT EVERY
OPPORTUNITY.



YOU'RE TURNING ME INTO A
CLOCKWORK SEX TOY!

NOT IN THE LEAST. YOU
ALREADY ARE A CLOCKWORK
SEX TOY. YOU JUST DIDN'T
REALISE IT UNTIL NOW.



OH, AND THE THE NAME OF
OUR GUEST IS WADE. YOU
REMEMBER HIM, MY FORMER
BOYFRIEND AND YOUR
PREDECESSOR.

GASPI

PROBABLY THE HORNIEST GUY
I'VE EVER MET. YOU TWO SHOULD
GET ALONG JUST GREAT.



MISTRESS, PLEASE NO!
NOT THAT, NOT HIM!

I'M AFRAID SO, SWEET CHEEKS.
I RECALL YOU TWO WEREN'T THE
BEST OF FRIENDS THE LAST TIME
YOU MET. I'M SURE YOU'LL HIT IT
OFF MUCH BETTER THIS TIME.



MISTRESS, I'M BEGGING YOU...,
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!





I CAN'T BELIEVE I'LL BE SPENDING
CHRISTMAS ALONE. AT LEAST I'LL
GET A CHANGE OF SCENERY.

SURE WISH MELINDA WAS HERE,
ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE WORK
SHE'S HAD DONE. THOSE TITS! MAN
SHE'S SMOKING.

AT LEAST SHE DITCHED THAT
DOUCHE, TOM. WHAT A TOTAL
WASTE OF SPACE HE WAS.

I JUST NEED TO GET RID OF
THIS 'DEAN', GUY, AND I'LL GET
ANOTHER SHOT.

THE NEXT MORNING THE FRONT DOOR
OPENED AND CLOSED, FOLLOWED BY THE
SOUND OF A TROLLEY CASE ROLLING
ACROSS THE HARDWOOD FLOOR.



AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT CRAP ABOUT
'MAKING SURE I USE AND ENJOY **ALL**
THE PLEASURES OF THE APARTMENT'

DID SHE BUY ME A TWO WEEKS
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PORN CHANNEL?

SHE KNOWS ME TOO WELL.

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!





WIND ME

To be continued...