

# Mini-Story: Turned Into Her Chest

By FoxFaceStories

I don't do much these days. It's not a choice of mine, it's a matter of lacking the limbs and muscles to do it. Which is not to say I'm not active: I am often jiggling, bobbing, bouncing, wobbling, and spilling. And I still get out and about often. People are often seeing me. In fact, I'm regularly the centre of attention, and far more popular now than I ever was before I changed; and I was popular then too. That was back when I had a body of my own, instead of being just a body part.

You see, now - and for the rest of my life – I am just a living pair of breasts. A *deeply* ample pair at that, belonging to one Stacey Heywood.

I used to have a name, instead of just being called 'the girls', 'nice tits', 'her chest', and sometimes just 'woah.' I was once called Mike Haver, and I was a twenty-two year old who lived a reasonably comfortable life out in the suburbs, doing all the things young men do, things I don't and can't really do anymore. I had dated a few girls already in my life, with some success. I didn't know that the girl with the biggest crush on me was my neighbour, Stacey. She had a real girl-next-door vibe, even if she lived much further up the street. A petite figure, sweet smile, a bit nervous when talking to boys. She was usually hidden in a sweater, but did have a bit of cute nerd look, with her glasses, her shy nature. I admit I didn't think about her too deeply, she was just nice. But she thought a lot about me. Enough to try a magic spell she'd found to make her and I share a destiny.

Well, it worked, just not in the way she planned. I went to bed an ordinary guy, and woke up without limbs, without eyes, without ears or hair or a nose, and definitely no dick. I was a pair of enlarged breasts, far larger than her previously-small pair. I tried to scream for help, but I had no lips, only sensitive nipples that needed care. The only saving grace was that I could somehow see through Stacey's eyes and hear through her ears, and communicate with her mentally. Other than that, I had become little more than two large bags of sensitive flesh.

Stacey was just as astonished, and came clean with what she had attempted. I demanded she change me back, but she told me that the spell was permanent, and that I would be stuck as her sentient breast for life. I was horrified, but as the days and weeks past, I became resigned to my fate, just as she began to accept it. With me no longer human or male, Stacey began pining after other men, and now, with me as her incredible rack, she had no trouble pulling them in. I simply had to accept their gropes and kisses and suckles, turned on and overcome with feminine orgasms against my will. One day, Stacey stared at me hanging from her chest, and said;

*"It might just be easier for us both if you just accept this and move on."*

I had no choice. These days, she prefers to ignore me most of the time and get on with her life. She prefers to accept all the benefits of getting a magically ample chest without acknowledging the drawbacks. And me? I just have to learn to live as a pair of large, thinking breasts, and get used to the feels I cop.

I suppose it's not the worst life. As I said, I'm the centre of attention, and I'm always on display. And I won't deny the feeling of being sucked on by a man is wonderful enough to ignore the strangeness of it.

Perhaps I could get used to it.

**The End**