

The danger in changing Changer

Changer's mind was lost in a deep, seemingly impenetrable fog. She stared vacantly at her Mistress, as she waited for her orders... She had been instructed not to do anything until she was asked. So... She had to do nothing... Until she was asked...

It felt like an eternity waiting as her Mistress considered her options. She wanted more than anything to do something to please her... But she had already been admonished once for trying to offer her body without permission...

"I want you to think of me as your idealized woman." Her Mistress spoke at long last. "As everything you desire, or could ever desire."

Changer nodded absent mindedly. What was her idealized woman...? She liked red hair, she knew that. As soon as she thought it, a subtle ripple in the air began to form around her Mistress. A red hue began to form at the base of her Mistress's scalp, before running down the length of her electric blue hair.

Mistress's eyes widened in alarm as she noticed reality bending around her. "Wh-What are you doing?!" She exclaimed, panic in her voice as she grabbed a fistful of her own hair and looked in horror as the electric blue she had so deliberately chosen melted away into a vibrant red.

"Imagining you..." Changer replied, absent mindedly "As my idealized woman..."

Realization crossed Mistress's face as she opened her mouth to speak again, but instead a gasp left her mouth as she clutched at her chest. Changer's ideal woman had huge breasts... And Mistress was now developing them in real time.

Her corset, strategically tightened to the perfect level was now far, far too tight. Mistress fell to her knees as she tore open her bag, digging around until her hand landed on a small pocket knife. With a small pang of regret, she slipped the blade under one of the strings on her corset and pulled it away from her body.

The knife cut through the string with relative ease, and as soon as it did a chain reaction was set off in her corset. The tension was released, and the broken string flew rapidly from one fastener to the next until her breasts spilled free from her corset entirely!

Changer felt a little guilty... Her reality bending often didn't affect clothing unless she put extra effort into it... But she hadn't been instructed to do that. And so... She couldn't. Seeing her Mistress gasping for air on her hands and knees reminded Changer of something else...

Her idealized woman was submissive. Not that she minded obeying Mistress's orders, of course! But she had been instructed to imagine Mistress as her idealized woman so... She had no choice...

Mistress had taken several gulping breaths, then looked down at her now massive bare breasts. She seemed to almost be in shock. Then, as she looked up at Changer, her expression began to melt from shock to... Awe.

Mistress was indeed starting to look more and more like her idealized woman. Though... Mistress didn't seem like it quite fit as a name for her at this point...

“A-Are you altering my mind?!” Slave asked, disbelief hanging in her voice as she looked up at Changer.

“Yes, Slave...” Changer said, in a still vacant tone. “I am imagining you as my ideal woman...”

“Oh no...” She said softly, looking down at the ground as a full understanding of the situation seemed to hit her. “Oh no I get it now... Y-You thought I wanted you to make me into your ideal woman!”

“Yes... You told me to... Imagine you... That way...” Changer replied.

Slave’s curiosity seemed to be piqued by that. “Are you saying that’s how your power works? What you imagine becomes real?!”

“Yes... Things I imagine... Become real...” Changer replied again in a slow, vacant tone.

“W-Well this was a mistake!” Slave said, looking down at herself again. “You misunderstood my instructions!”

“I’m... Sorry, Slave.” Changer replied softly.

“Y-You can undo this though, right?” Slave said, panic in her voice, “Tell me I’m not stuck like this!”

“You are... Not stuck like this.” Changer said, her tone still dreamy and slow as she spoke.

“Thank goodness...” Slave replied, letting out a sigh as she slumped down onto the ground. She waited there for a few moments, then an irritated look crossed her face. “Well? I’m waiting.”

“Waiting for what... Slave...?” Changer said, looking down at her cute slave.

“Aren’t you going to fix me?!” She asked incredulously.

“I... Can’t do anything... You didn’t explicitly tell me to do...” Changer replied slowly.

“Oh. You need me to really spell it out for you then.” Slave said, rolling her eyes before speaking again. “I want you to...”

Slave paused, took a deep breath, and looked Changer directly in the eyes. “I want you to...”

Again, she trailed off, then crossed her arms over her chest, looking off to one side.

Changer was curious what was wrong, but she couldn’t ask. She wasn’t allowed to. She could only do what she was told to do...

Slave remained still, mouthing something silently to herself, then returning to being still, then mouthing to herself again. After the third or fourth time, she finally let out an irritated groan. “I can’t do it!”

“You... Can’t do it...?” Changer asked. She hoped it was okay for her to ask for clarification...

“I can’t do it!” Slave repeated, throwing her hands up. “I can’t ask you to undo it.”

“Why... Would you ask for that...?” Changer asked.

“Because I-” She began, but then froze in place. She blinked and stared off into the distance for a few moments before continuing. “I... Used to be dominant? So... Its what the old me... Would have wanted?”

Changer wanted to ask her to elaborate further, but... Was she pushing it? She didn’t want to get admonished again for acting without permission...

“But I... I... DON’T want it?” She finally said, a hollow realization in her voice. “I... Don’t want to be dominant anymore.”

She looked up at Changer, a pleading look in her eyes. “What should I do? Should I do what my old self would have wanted, or what I want?”

Changer wasn’t entirely sure why Slave was asking for her opinion. It didn’t make a lot of sense through the thick fog in her mind, but... She asked... And so... “You should do... What you want...”

She nodded, “Then... I want to stay this way. F-F...” She paused, biting her lip in anticipation.

“I-I order you to make me stay this way forever!” She cried out at the top of her lungs, closing her eyes tightly as she did.

“Yes... Slave.” Changer replied, reality around Slave crystallizing rather than rippling this time, locking her new reality in place so that even after Changer slept, these changes would not revert...

Slave let out a joyous giggle as she hugged herself. She seemed to be so happy with her new self... Which made Changer feel happy that she made Slave happy...

Slave twisted and turned, with an almost bouncy energy to her, looking up at Changer with anticipation. A few moments passed before she spoke again, a certain giddiness in her tone. “So... What’s your first order going to be?”

“I... Don’t know...” Changer replied softly.

“Are you having trouble thinking of something?” Slave asked, furrowing her brows curiously.

“No...” Changer said.

“Then... Why don’t you know?” Slave asked again.

“I... Cannot do anything... I was not told to do.” Changer replied, “I don’t know... What you will tell me to do...”

Slave put her head into her hands and let out a slow, long sigh. After a few moments, she finally spoke again. “No, that... That’s right. I did tell you that...”

“I guess I have to... Um... Fix you before I can serve you then.” She continued, “You don’t mind that, do you?”

“I... Don’t mind...” Changer replied.

“Alright. Good... Good...” Slave said, nodding to herself. “So first... You no longer need my permission to act. Understand?”

“I... Understand...” Changer said with a slow nod. She could feel the weight of that command lifting from her mind. Freeing her to act on her own again. Though... She was still lost so deeply in the fog of her own mind...

“Great!” Slave said cheerfully, “Now, I’m going to count up to three, and as I do, you will awaken.”

“But!” She added quickly, “Your mind will be back to the way it was before I hypnotized you. Understand?”

“Yes... My mind will... Go back to the way it was before...” Changer said softly.

“Okay! One... Two... Three... Wake!” Slave said, clapping her hands once along with the word wake.

Changer blinked and shook her head. Her mind clear for the first... Wait... Her mind...? She looked down at herself and saw her fully feminine body with a clear head for the first time.

“I-I’m... A girl?” She asked no one in particular.

“Sorry!” Slave said urgently, “I told you to become weak, submissive and suggestible when I was my old self and you turned into a girl! It was... A bit sexist- Uh... N-Not that I’m judging you or anything!”

“What?!” Changer said, startled. “No i-its not like that! This body is just, small and soft and... Its kind of what I imagine when I’m feeling-”

Then, something seemed to click in Changer’s mind. “Wait why did you tell me to do that?!” She said, looking at Slave for the first time and noticing her massive exposed breasts!

Changer stumbled backwards and fell onto the floor as she stared at the woman kneeling on the floor in front of her. She looked nothing like the woman she was talking to a moment ago! Yet... Her voice was identical to the one she remembered.

“I-I am SO sorry!” Changer sputtered in alarm. “I must have let my powers get out of control again while I was hypnotizing you! I can fix this, don’t worry!”

Slave let out a giggle as she spoke. “No you can’t!”

“Sure I can! All I have to do is imagine you being yourself and-” Changer said as she began to focus on remembering who Slave was before. But... It didn’t seem to be working!

Slave let out a second giggle, then grinned proudly before speaking. "I guess you forgot! I ordered you to keep me this way forever!"

"Oh..." Changer said, the weight of what she had done starting to sink in. "I-I'm... Sorry."

"Don't be sorry!" Slave replied, "I hypnotized you into doing it!"

"You... Hypnotized me?" Changer asked, her mind swimming as she tried to think back. "Wait... I was hypnotizing you. But... You gave me orders? I'm... I'm confused..."

"That's not important" Slave said, reaching a hand out and setting it on Changer's leg reassuringly. "What's important is you're... Mostly... Back to normal, and I'm yours forever!"

Changer looked at Slave. She... Was beautiful. Exactly what Changer imagined when she would indulge in her wildest fantasies. And apparently, she told her to do this to her? She... Wanted to belong to her forever? Willingly?!

"So... You really want this? This is what you asked for?" Changer asked, excitement building in her voice. For a moment, Slave averted her eyes anxiously, but before Changer could ask anything, a sly grin spread across her face and she looked her in the eye.

"Yes. To both of those, actually." She said; it was a half truth at best, but Changer lacked the insight to notice, "I made you turn me into this, and I want you to control me! So stop worrying about it!"

"Then... Ah..." Changer began slowly, "Huh... I never expected this to be how I would get a girlfriend..."

"So, what do you want to do now?" Slave said eagerly, "I'm here to do anything your heart desires!"

"What do I want to do now...?" Changer asked, then it dawned on her. She was still renting out the library room! How long had they spent on this?

Changer glanced around the room, and found the clock. She felt a wave of relief wash over her to see that it had been less than ten minutes... Wait, really? She wasn't exactly an experienced hypnotist, but wasn't it supposed to take longer than that?

Then again, with her reality warping, the whole process might have been sped along quite a bit.

"I need to get back to studying!" Changer said urgently, "If I fail another test, I'm going to get thrown out!"

"Oh!" Slave said, perking up. "Then we should study! I don't want Mistress to be punished!"

The two of them picked themselves off the floor and returned to the table. Changer looking down at her notes, and trying to find where she left off, and Slave sitting across from her, folding her hands over her massive breasts and resting her chin on them.

Changer tried to focus on the material in front of her, but her eyes kept trailing back to Slave's breasts resting on the table directly in front of her. She tried to ignore it, she tried to remind herself that Slave would still be there later to play with...

After several failed attempts to focus though, Changer let out a sigh. Studying just wasn't going to happen. She looked up from the papers at Slave, who was patiently waiting on the other side of the table.

"I don't think I can concentrate right now." Changer admitted, "I think... I need to get this out of my system."

Slave grinned at that, "Go right ahead!"

"Okay..." Changer said, sitting up slightly. "Um... Play with your boobs."

Slave smiled and slowly placed her hands on top of her breasts, slowly sliding them along the surface of her breasts, pushing the flaps of her ruined corset out of the way before lifting her breasts from the table.

She gave each of her breasts a kiss, then began to slowly massage them. Rubbing her hands along the front of her breasts, and teasing her nipples with each pass. After a few moments, she spoke in a low, seductive tone. "Do you like them, Mistress?"

"Yeah." Changer said with a nod. "Come over here."

Slave's smile turned back into a grin again as she leaned forward, deliberately pressing her breasts into the table to make them squish nicely for her Mistress's viewing pleasure as she stood up, then walked around the table.

As she approached Changer from the side, she ran one finger down Changer's arm, then leaned in to press her bare breasts into her from behind. Changer could feel the two massive breasts weighing down her shoulders and pressing into both sides of her face as Slave whispered into her ear.

"What can I do for you... Mistress?"

Changer felt a pleasant shiver run down her body. She had never let herself indulge in her power like this before... And it felt... Nice. How lucky must she have been to have someone come to her actually wanting this?!

Slowly, she turned in her chair until she could see Slave's face, looking up at her from between her breasts. She raised both of her hands and timidly groped at them both. Pressing them together to sandwich her own face between them... Pulling them apart again... Tugging on her nipples...

All the while, Slave's face remained in the same passive smile she had at the start. She really didn't mind this... It was hard to get her head around but... The proof was right here. Anything she wanted... Slave would most likely do.

Most likely... That gave her an idea. "Slave... Tell me honestly, is there anything you wouldn't do for me?"

Slave looked down at her, her smile not fading in the slightest as she spoke. “Nothing you would order, at least!”

That was an... Unusual way of phrasing that. “What does that mean, exactly?”

“You pictured me as your idealized woman.” Slave explained, “So, my desires became a perfect match for your desires.”

She looked up thoughtfully as she continued, “The only things I wouldn’t do are things you wouldn’t ask for anyways.”

“Huh...” Changer said, “You’re pretty smart.”

“Pretty smart?” Slave said, a smug tone entering her voice suddenly. “I’m literally a genius. You’ve probably never met anyone half as intelligent as I am in your life.”

A look of realization then passed over her face “Actually... Why am I still so intelligent? Massive tits, submissive personality, eagerness to please... I’m a little surprised you didn’t turn me into a bimbo.”

“Oh.” Changer said, blushing slightly, “I mean, bimbos are hot. But... It would be so much work to take care of someone that dumb.”

“How practical.” Slave cooed approvingly, “Why don’t I take you back to my place then, and I can help you study... After you finish playing with me. Of course.”

“That... That would be great!” Changer said, hugging her new slave excitedly “You’re the best!”

Slave let out a soft moan at that praise, before responding in a gentle voice, “Thank you, Mistress.”

Changer pulled her breasts off of her shoulders and reached up, guiding Slave’s head down gently before kissing her deeply on the lips. They held the kiss for some time before Changer finally released her.

“I guess I should fix your corset before we go?” Changer asked.

Slave let out a soft giggle and shook her head. “I’m fine like this. I’m proud of what I am now.”

She took a few steps towards the door. “Follow me, Mistress. I can’t wait to introduce you to your new harem...”

“Wait, Harem?!” Changer said, stumbling as she stood up from her chair.

Slave let out another giggle and gave a sly grin over her shoulder before opening the door and exposing herself to the public without a care. “That’s right. I’m done being dominant, so my slaves are your slaves now. Lets go meet them...”