

Pierce My Heart

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Over the last few days Andrew has learnt a lot: that his girlfriend is a witch, that she is quick to anger and is happy to punish him for cheating.

Originally, Andrew had gotten together with Rosa for the usual reasons, she was blonde, bodacious and most importantly, crazy about him. He'd always been a smooth talker; never able to understand how other men struggled to get the attention of women when really all it took was a quick search of their socials, a cursory google of all their hobbies and a few choice compliments to get them into bed. Rosa had been no exception; and he could certainly put up with a few weeks of pretending to like yoga and new age music if it meant getting to tap that beautiful ass. When she had asked him to go steady he had said yes without hesitation, never intending to truly commit. Norally, he wouldn't risk it but the sex really was fantastic; she was so tight it made him feel twice as big when he plunged inside her. But no sex, no matter how fabulous, could ever keep him chained to one woman; so when a hot redhead at the bar asked him to come round the back, who was he to say no? His only regret had been forgetting to clean the smudged lipstick off his cock before Rosa got home and saw him in the shower. Catching him, quite literally, red handed.

He had tried to explain his point of view, how men just needed to be able to sow wild oats, how settling down just was not natural but she wasn't having any of it. Andrew had never been a one woman sort of guy and now, he was not a guy at all. He barely remembered the transformation really, he had been too preoccupied with the shock of seeing that strange sparkling dust appear from nowhere inside her palm. When she had blown it in his face it had sent him coughing and spluttering; glittering particles sticking to his skin inside and out as he accidentally breathed it in. There was a taste of metal, like steel between his teeth and then he'd started to go numb. That's where his memory got foggy though. He remembered being stiff and cold, feeling his muscles and body all seem to solidify as he shrunk down until his vision was nothing but a pinprick in the darkness.

Then came the warm feeling of skin, fingers, holding him and he began to realise he was not only small, he was positively tiny. His little round metal body was adorned with a single, glass gem. Oddly enough he could still feel his cock, or something like it; something hard and straight sticking out from behind him that seemed to curve oddly back on himself to meet the metal body. Even as his

vision returned he had been confused, looking up at Rosa, held between her finger tips, it was a surreal experience to say the least.

'What have you done?'

"No. Talking."

'Wha- no you listen here you bitch, you're going to tell me exactly-hey! Hey, what are you doing?!'

He learned hard and fast that disobeying Rosa while in this form was a very bad idea. She had taken him to the sink and dunked him under the icy spray. In his tiny metal form the cold seeped in almost instantly. The cold water blocked off all other sensations, leaving him unable to even shiver as he was assaulted on all sides. Worse of all, through the rages, bubbling water he could see the dark shape of the plug hole below him. It would be so easy for her to drop him down into those dark depths, unable to ever escape. The threat was clear.

"Learned your lesson?" She asked, taking him away from the spray and holding him up to the light.

He said nothing and she smiled.

"That's more like it. Now, let's put you on."

That is when it had clicked; he was a *piercing*. Not the worst thing she could have turned him into he supposed, he could have wound up as a shoelace or something. Surely she wouldn't keep him that way forever, a few days of dangling from her ears wouldn't be so bad. At least her skin would keep him warm. Except...she wasn't moving him toward her ear. No, instead, she was sitting down on the floor away from the mirror entirely, angling a little compact between her legs as she shimmied out of her skirt and panties.

No...

No, surely not!

He watched with a mixture of horror and arousal (old habits die slow) as Rosa spread her legs and slowly moved him toward her waiting pussy. He wished he had the option to groan feeling his tiny hinges move, that curved piece of metal at his back was pulled away as he got closer and closer to her warm, felt folds. He had never noticed the tiny hole in her clit, a piercing hole. For a moment, he had been irritated at the secret, she'd been holding out on him. But then that thought fled his mind as he felt his curved metal push inside her warm skin. He could taste her all around and his metal warmed instantly by her body heat.

“There.” she gave him a little stroke and her body shivered in response as his metal form pulled at her sensitive skin. “If you think I am only good for pleasure, let’s see how you like it.”

That had been three days ago now, or was it four? He had lost count. His existence was reduced only to the brief moments when he was able to see outside, the rest of his time was spent nestled between her folds with only her underwear for a view. He had spent a great deal of time moping after the first few hours had passed; he was bored, unable to do anything to while away the hours and so he had learned to find new things to look forward to.

He may have just been pretending in order to get her into bed before but now Rosa’s morning jog and yoga class were the highlights of his day. He loved how the stretchy nylon hugged him close to her body and how her folds stretched and moved in such interesting ways as she assumed each pose. He could hear the sounds of other people outside, muffled but there and oddly enough, he started to feel a sense of pride. He had always known Rosa’s pussy was lovely of course but now that it had become his home he knew it was perfect. Her folds were perfectly smooth and silky, the skin a beautiful blush pink and her hair neatly maintained. With him as her precious adornment he knew for a fact that nobody else could compare. As she thrust her ass into the air, performing downward dog Andrew felt his sense of superiority swell. How many other women were in this room right now? With their bodies on full display, not even suspecting he was here and besting them all.

They had just finished up yet another morning of yoga and now she was stretching, getting ready for the job home. They still had not spoken since the cold tap incident but Andrew was starting to feel impatient and more than a little worried. What if she had forgotten about him? Now that he could no longer talk, let alone flirt, with whomever he pleased it was just Rosa for company. He was starting to feel lonely and a little...guilty. As she went about her daily life without a second care in the world for him Andrew realised that maybe his attitude had been a little cruel. What he wouldn't

give for a little affection right now or even just some acknowledgement. She began to job, the weight of her ass pressing against the back of her pussy every so slightly with each heavy step. Her folds shifted, rubbing against each other as she ran in long strides. Each time pressing against him on alternating sides. It felt lovely. He knew what to expect and yet it was never disappointing. The pleasure started off small, like a pleasant massage but then began to grow until his whole form felt hot. Each stroke of her pussy lips against him felt teasing and wonderful. He had tried to resist at first but after several days he had given in, decided to enjoy the feeling, it was the only real attention he got. Unfortunately, clit piercings could not cum, for obvious reasons. So as he was pleased the ecstasy had no release, nowhere to escape to. He simply had to continue to let it build until his mind was nothing but pleasure and he was unable to string two thoughts together. It took hours to come down from such a pleasure high, normally at least but today it seemed, things were different.

He was awash with desire and lust when all of a sudden he felt the soft fabric of Rosa's panties disappear. He was blinded by the light reflecting off her bathroom tiles and he felt dazed, still teased and on the edge. The sound of water made him startle but then he felt the telltale damp heat of steam in the air and finally realised where they were.

The shower.

Unlike that cold tap with its threat of the drain, Andrew had learned to love the shower. It was sad, to have her strong scent washed away at the end of the day but as he was literally now part of her body, no amount of water could leave him totally bereft. Rosa stretched and sighed, stepping under the spray and letting the warm water wash over him. It gathered in that neat hair, dripping down and heating his metal surface. This was all standard but then, a hand approached, a single finger reaching out and resting on his tiny gem decoration.

"How are we feeling?" She cooed, for a moment he feared a trap.

'...Can I talk?'

It was strange, even though he wasn't really talking, he swore his voice had a scratch to it even mentally; a roughness from disuse.

"You may." She replied lazily, gently flicking him up and down.

'I've learned my lesson.' He insisted, *'I'll treat you better, I'll never cheat on you again.'*

"Hmmm?" She was rubbing him harder now, after all that teasing from her jog it was getting harder to think straight, he was so horny.

'I promise! Please turn me back!'

"No," She sighed, "I don't think I will just yet. I want you to really give me more of an apology."

'H-how?'

"By letting me do this."

She was pressing down harder now, pushing the back of his metal down onto her clit. She moaned and Andrew drank in the sounds, she was just *so soft*. She hadn't done anything sexual since transforming him, this was wonderful, God he could not wait to see what it felt like when she came, to be privy to every tiny little quivery and shake. Just the thought made him twice as hot.

But then she stopped. And Andrew couldn't hold back a desperate, mental wail. A sound she could evidently hear. He giggled, finishing her shower and roughly drying him with the towel.

"I have a hot date tonight," She told him, "Ever since my asshole of a boyfriend walked out I have been feeling so lonely. Not to mention turned on and there is nobody to help give me release..."

'I could! Oh please touch yourself again, it felt so nice.'

"No, I want a real man to pleasure me." She replied, "And Jonathan is just the fella, don't worry though, you'll get front row seats. Now let's get you looking perfect."

She took out her scissors and gently trimmer her hair, even brushing it down with a tiny comb until her pussy looked perfect and the hair perfectly framed his glittering tiny form. Then she delicately, *oh so delicately*, took a tissue and polished his front, swirling circles across his gem until it looked no

different than a diamond. It was like a relaxing massage, all his nerves and tension from before melting away, he could stay here forever. By the time she was finished his rigid form was as relaxed as a tiny ball of metal could be. She did other things, they fell into the background; his lingering horniness had been muted by the relaxing massage but it was still there. Thanks to his precarious position he doubted it would ever go away.

Andrew caught sight of himself in the mirror, his polished form catching the light at every angle, nobody could deny his stunning beauty. It was nothing on her pussy of course, that was the real star of the show but knowing he adorned her so well, filled him with a sense of pride; perhaps he really was making things up to her now. Then the world disappeared behind a pair of soft, silken panties. There was lace pressing against his front that was somehow just rough enough to keep his focus as she walked out and sat in the car. He hated it when she drove instead of walking; rather than the pleasant brush of her folds each moment he was crushed beneath her, pressed deep into her softness and pinned down by it. He was thankful for her short skirt and the cool breeze that moved under it when they finally arrived at their destination. He could hear muffled voices and a strange scent on the air; after so long without his regular human senses he was beginning to forget what the world felt and sounded like; everything went through a filter of Rosa. Because of this it took him a moment but then he realised what it was, food. They were in a restaurant, probably for her date. It was only then that he realised he had not felt hunger for days, at least not the conventional kind. Nor had he felt tired or thirsty, he had moved beyond those things now, all he needed was Rosa. Maybe that's what he had always needed? He should have treated her better; the idea of being without her at all now that he had become so used to her scent and taste...it was unthinkable. As she sat down, once again squashing him under her weight Andrew made a vow; he would do anything to keep Rosa in his life, even if it meant staying this way forever, at least he would have her. But if he changed back, oh he would treat her so well, he would shower her with such affection. The idea of other woman now abhorrent.

A shiver ran through Rosa's body; there was a male voice speaking, she was laughing. Andrew racked his brain for where he had heard that voice before and to his horror realised he knew; it was Jason, Rosa's ex. He had seen him in pictures; a musclebound, roided up idiot. Once he had shown up at a party trying to win her back and Andrew had been forced to chuck him out on his ass. At the time he had thought the man pathetic, chasing after one woman like a complete dog. He now knew better of course, Rosa was worth humiliating one's self for, hell, maybe she had once transformed him as well and he knew the pleasure that was adorning her body.

"Oh Jason," She giggled, "I forgot how funny you are."

Andrew stewed in his jealousy; he wanted to make Rosa laugh and feel at ease, he wanted to make Rosa feel a lot of things. The dinner seemed to stretch on for an age, all through it Andrew was forced to listen to Jason flirt with his girlfriend. Not only that but he had intimate knowledge of just how charmed Rosa was by him. She was always subtly damp between the legs as all women are but now more slickness was slowly seeping from her hole and walls, turning his folds slick. She shifted in her seat, voice becoming huskier as the night went on. She leaned forward, pressing him fully into her pussy as she kissed Jason across the table. Her smell and feel were everywhere, it was torture, Andrew was sure he'd be cumming right now were he able. So despite his jealousy, despite the anger when he heard Jason suggest coming back to her place, he cheered. He needed her to cum, he needed to feel it.

He was not the only one either, judging by just how much wetness was seeping into the panties around him. The pungent smell blocked out all others, the wetness permeating everything around him. There were no distractions, there was only Rosa.

When they got back to her house the door had barely closed before Jason was on her. His bulge pressing into him, the manly musk wafting through both his clothes and Rosa's. Normally, that would be a turn off, but the way it made Rosa whimper and shiver made it so sexy. Andrew found he liked the smell, or perhaps he simply liked it because she did. Jason's hips rocked against hers, pressing him deep into her clit and making her shudder, breathing turning shaky as they continued to kiss. Andrew's whole world was shaking, both beneath him and above as Rosa continued to get more turned on and her clothing was removed.

His jealousy went into overdrive as he heard the telltale sucking sound that meant Jason was teasing her nipples. He wished he could be a nipple piercing as well, then he could feel them harden. He missed the taste of them under his tongue. When he turned back he vowed to spend a full hour exploring them with his tongue to make up for lost time. That bulge began to grow as it pressed against him only to disappear as hands shuffled southwards. Rosa's skirt disappeared, followed by those soft silken panties, they were ripped off so quickly he barely felt the scratch of lace. No longer blinded by the fabric, Andrew was greeted by a dark room, lit only by the ambient light of the moon filtering through the window. Jason was pulling off his boxers and kicking them away. He was moving so fast he barely had a chance to take in his length before it was pressing against him, the base of his cock pressing his piercing form deeper into her folds and making Rosa shudder. Andrew felt his pride swell knowing he was giving her pleasure but he couldn't help but be annoyed at Jason, he didn't even notice him! And he knew from experience that his piercing form was not particularly subtle.

They were stumbling toward the bedroom where Rosa flopped back dramatically on the bed, spreading her legs wide and putting him on full display. Andrew could not describe the emotion that went through him as Jason's giant form looked down at him with hunger in her eyes. It was some strange mix of arousal, humiliation and anticipation that made him wish he could shudder, if only to release some of the pent up energy.

"I never knew you were so kinky." Jason rumbled, kneeling at the foot of the bed and leaning over close enough that Andrew could feel his hot breath.

"I am full of surprises." Rosa smiled.

"So am I."

A tongue, warm and rough, licked over his surface. Andrew was instantly overwhelmed not only with his own pleasure but Rosa's as he increased the pressure on her clit. She moaned and sighed as Jason feasted on her pussy, gently scraping his teeth over the clit and teasing it with his tongue. Unknowingly pleasuring Andrew at the same time.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!"

Andrew felt his metal hook begin to heat as her clit turned hard; she was getting close. The smell of her wetness permeated the air so thickly Andrew could barely smell anything else. She was so close and he was just along for the ride, desperate to taste her release. But once again he was denied. Just as she was on the precipice she cried out.

"S-stop! I don't ah- don't want to cum till you're in me!"

He stopped immediately, leaving Andrew mentally wailing as satisfaction was denied to him once more. He wanted to feel her cum more than anything in the world. Jason climbed up her body, his rock hard cock hovering just above Andrew before slowly lowering to slide between her folds. Back and forth, achingly slow. The skin of his member brushed against Andrew at every thrust and he could feel Rosa struggling not to cum after being so over stimulated.

"Please." She begged and Andrew begged right alongside her.

He did not care that some other man was fucking his girl right now, he just needed some form of gratification, even if it came through her. She raised her hips, tilting them in such a way that Andrew found himself ever so slightly raised up. In one direction, he had a perfect view of Rosa's naked body, giant compared to himself now her breasts were like mountains and those lovely lips were so far away. Still, after so many days unable to fully appreciate her it felt like a gift from God himself. Then in the other direction, approaching almost in slow motion, was Jason's cock. Andrew watched, full of nervous excitement as it came to rest against her hole. He had a perfect, up close and personal view of her pussy as it began to part to allow the length inside. Perhaps it was his current size messing with his sense of scale but Andrew was sure Jason was bigger than him. His jealousy grew, especially as Rosa shivered and writhed before he was even half way in, she'd never done that for him. Still, the movements swiftly divested him of such thoughts. The feeling of her pussy clenching around that cock sent vibrations up and into his now burning hot metal form. Finally, Jason was fully sheathed, his body leaning in close and blocking off the light so that there was nothing but the sensation of skin on every part of his surface. Then they began to move. He thrust slow at first, gripping her hips tight against him, pulling her to him while he watched her moan. A moment later he pulled back, giving Andrew a perfect view of both of them now as Jason knelt, thrusting his hips forward and into Rosa. He was a silent observer squashed between them as they fucked, the air was thick with the scent of sex and he had never been more turned on in his life.

Then one of Jason's hands slipped from her hip, moving toward him. It was a feather light touch, a gentle press of his thumb that once again blotted out Andrew sights but it was well worth the trade off. The way Rosa's clit trembled under the touch, the way she positively wailed in pleasure as he began to stroke Andrew, and by extension her clit; they were utterly delicious. He kept up his ministrations, bringing her closer and closer to the edge until Andrew could feel her getting close. Her pussy was pulsing beneath him as all her muscles went taut and for a moment she was totally still as Jason ploughed into her.

"Oh! Oh!! Ah...Yes!!"

Andrew drank in the sounds and felt her clit bulge as orgasm swept over her; his jealousy at her ability cum overrode every other sense and he let himself get washed away by what pleasure he could achieve. Her orgasm seemed to go on forever and Jason had far more stamina than Andrew thought possible. He fucked her through it, and then another before finally tumbling over the edge himself.

A drop of cum fell over top of him as the man pulled out only to be wiped away by Rosa's gentle fingers. Judging from the sounds above him, she licked it off. As they fell to sleep, exhausted from their love making Andrew was left in dark silence with nothing but the residual ecstasy for company. He truly had been a fool to risk losing Rosa, he vowed to do everything right when she turned him back. Surely she couldn't be considering keeping him this way. Right?