

First Time For Everything, Part 1

In a secluded part of the park, Polly lay on the blanket spread out on the grass. She and Steve were cloud gazing and the conversation had become romantic. Friends since childhood, she had always deflected any attempt at a deeper relationship. But having heard her eyes were as blue as the sky touched her in a way she had not expected.

“Really?” she asked, sitting up. Absently she brushed a bramble from the hem of her skirt.

Steve sat up beside her and looked into her eyes. “Absolutely,” he whispered, holding her gaze.

They sat there looking at one another for a moment when Steve leaned forward.

Polly’s heart raced. She tilted her head automatically to the right and closed her eyes. She shivered as she first felt his breath on her lips. As his lips met hers she thought she might lose control. Her arms raised toward him but then she felt something she had never felt in front of anyone else.

Steve breathed in her scent as his lips met her sweet, moist mouth. Her lips remained closed and he did nothing to make them part, enjoying the simple pleasure of her lips against his. Suddenly, her lips dried. He smelled a strange, though pleasing plastic odor.

He sat back expecting her to say or do something as he opened his eyes. Polly’s face was a strange mixture of pleasure and surprise. It was also paler than usual and completely smooth. He looked down at the rest of her. She seemed frozen between moments, her arms about to rise up to touch whoever was kissing her. He touched her hand and it felt like plastic.

He nearly jumped out of his skin. He touched her face. It too felt like plastic. His mind raced. His mouth opened and closed twice trying to figure out what to say when finally he blurted out, “You’re a mer?”

She did not answer. Could not as long as she was frozen in place.

“What do I know about mers?” he thought. What didn’t he know? Experimentation decades ago to find a biological answer to energy conservation had resulted in mers - humans who could transform themselves into a plastic-like polymer. But he thought it still required some kind of agent to start the transformation. How had she transformed here?

His inner dialog lasted but a few seconds because soon he noticed her top two blouse buttons were open and he could see the inner curve of her breast. Libido and curiosity trumped confusion and he reached out to touch her chest.

Polly could not believe she had frozen. It was exactly why she had avoided romantic entanglements. It was extremely rare for her to ever spontaneously freeze. She had managed to keep her identity as a third generation mer a secret up until now through to her senior year of high school. Kissing Steve had been such a rush that she found herself stuck frozen. She should just unfreeze she guessed--try to explain what happened.

With her eyes shut she had no idea what Steve was doing since he had asked his question. Then she felt a hand touch her blouse.

He traced the inner line of the blouse's neckline against her chest. Slowly he screwed up the courage to unbutton the next button, revealing her bra. Another button revealed the bottom of the bra and the catch that held the bra in place.

"I hope," he started, as he undid another button, "you don't mind what I'm doing. I'm assuming if you did you would let me know."

Finally he reached the top of her skirt. His fingers trailed against her stomach from bra to skirt and back. At the bra, he pinched the fabric on both sides with either hand and unhooked the top clasp. Then the next one and the elastic pulled the bra apart freeing her breasts.

Though he was expecting them not to move he was still surprised how her plastic flesh remained unchanged by release from her bra. He cupped one in his hand. "That's so cool," he said. "They are immobile like you are." His fingers trailed along her plastic skin.

Polly thought she heard Steve's breath become shallow. He obviously was not repulsed touching her as she had always feared he might be. He seemed grateful.

Suddenly she heard him jump up and take several steps away. "Oh, is that your ball?" she heard him call out. The moment lost, she shifted back to normal, hurriedly securing her bra and buttoning her blouse. She turned around to see Steve tossing a soccer ball to a young boy who had entered the clearing.

Steve watched the child run off. As he turned around, he saw Polly buttoning up her blouse. "Oh, um, hi," he said awkwardly.

She lowered her eyes, "I'm so embarrassed."

"Oh, no. Don't be," he pleaded. "I should be embarrassed for not restraining myself."

"I'm sure that was curiosity. I'm embarrassed that I couldn't kiss you without losing control."

His face broke out in a huge grin. "Do you have any idea how incredibly sexy it sounds that you lost control while we kissed?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose it is," she considered. "But I would have liked to have finished the kiss in a more fleshy state."

"I didn't mind."

She smiled. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Actually," he whispered conspiratorially. "I'd have preferred not being interrupted."

"Oh, really?"

"In fact, I've never mentioned this to you or anyone for that matter," he said. "But I like looking at mannequins."

Polly paused. "And what would you do if your girlfriend were a mannequin?"

"You won't believe this," He stated. "I'd hope to get the chance to dress and undress her."

"That could be arranged."

He smiled.

"Did I tell you?" she asked. "This was my first time."

"Your first kiss?"

"Yes, but I meant my first time being undressed by someone else." She answered coyly. "And I think I enjoyed it."

"I have an idea."

"What?"

"Let's go to the mall and buy you an outfit and then go back to one of our houses and I'll help you put it on."

"Let me get this straight," she joked. "You're asking if I want to go shopping? And then play dress up?"

"Well? Yeah."

"On one condition," she paused to watch concern cross his face. "First we have to finish a kiss as humans. I want to make sure I can control myself."

"And what do I do if you lose control?"

"Control yourself so I can change back faster."

"I don't know if I can do that," he joked. "Why do you get to lose control but I don't?"

"Because the faster we get the kiss finished the sooner we can go play dress up."

"Why didn't we kiss sooner?" He asked and she laughed.

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Later that Saturday afternoon, Steve opened the door to his bedroom and escorted Polly in. It looked like a typical teenage boy's room with clothes all over the place, a guitar in the corner, posters of rock bands on the wall. There was one exception. One corner was immune to the clutter. Standing in that corner was a mannequin dressed in a yellow sundress, wearing sunglasses and flip-flops.

"You didn't tell me about her." Polly said, feigning displeasure.

"If I had, you would never have accepted a spot in my harem." He joked putting the shopping bags on his bed.

"So am I supposed to stand with her?"

"No, she's relocating to the closet." Steve replied, picking up the mannequin and carefully placing it in the closet. "We do have to hurry though. My folks would flip if they knew I had a girl up here."

"Okay, I guess I get the corner since it's the only safe place to stand." She stepped into the space vacated by the mannequin and placed her feet shoulder width apart. She placed one arm akimbo with her hand hovering just off her hip and her other arm was bent fully up with her hand palm up at around shoulder height. "How's this?"

“Are you sure you want me to fully change you? I don’t want you to get weirded out by it or something.”

“How’s this for positive?” And with that she turned her head slightly and transformed.

He watched with rapt attention as her body stopped moving. Over the course of about fifteen seconds, her skin became paler and smoother. Within a moment she was hard to the touch.

“I hope you don’t mind if I videotape this. It’ll be cool to watch yourself being dressed I think. And you transformed before I could turn the lights on.” He hit a switch and track lights illuminated the corner she stood in.

When the lights came on, Polly wondered how she looked with the light glistening off her plastic flesh. “Is this what it’s like in a display case,” she wondered.

Steve slowly unbuttoned her blouse for the second time that day. As he reached her skirt, he pulled the blouse out and undid the last button. He was careful to accidentally touch her as often as he could without just ravishing her. He slipped the blouse over her raised arm and then down her lowered arm letting it bunch up between her hand and hip before pulling it free.

He reached behind her and grasped the zipper on her skirt. His breath on her stomach drove her wild. After pulling it down, he slid the skirt down her legs. He picked her up and pulled the skirt free with unexpected ease. She wore white ruffled panties with a lacy pattern similar to the one on her bra.

Standing back up, he unclasped her bra and slid it off first her raised arm, then the other. “Oh my,” he exclaimed. “I didn’t expect there to be no nipples. No one ever mentions that about mers.”

He placed his hands on the elastic of her panties and paused. “Ready?” he whispered. After a moment without reply, he started to slide the panties down her legs pausing when he saw her crotch. It was smooth like any normal mannequin’s. “No way!” he exclaimed. “How in the world...?”

She would have jumped if she could when he touched her. His finger ran across her featureless crotch in disbelief. To her was like being touched there normally. Analytically she wondered if being felt up felt the same way.

Composing himself, he said with a laugh, “I guess I still haven’t touched a real woman there.”

He lifted her out of her panties and set them aside. He then rummaged in his closet for a moment and return with a metal brace. He anchored it to a hook in the wall and then clasped it around her waist. “Don’t want you to fall down,” he observed aloud. Once anchored, he removed her sandals.

She was slightly off balance, held upright by the brace. It was a peculiar feeling of motion without moving.

She heard him walk away. A moment later he came into view holding his cell phone. “I’m sure you’ve never seen yourself from all these angles. When we watch this later, tell me how it feels to be naked in a guys bedroom.” A moment later she heard him walk back to the tripod and put the phone on it.

He started to open one of the bags on his bed when they both heard a single knock on the door. Steve nearly wet himself as he tossed the bags on the floor on the other side of the bed. "Go away!" he shouted.

The door burst open and Sarah, his sister entered. "Mom said to get you downstairs to help with the groceries."

"I'll be down in a minute."

"Mom said she 'didn't want to wait one of his minutes either.'" Sarah quoted, "So let's ... Hey, what did Mom say to you about leaving that thing naked? Did I interrupt some sicko ritual?"

"I was just changing her outfit."

"Well, thank goodness. That sundress was so old." Sarah walked up to Polly. "Hey, this isn't your doll. Did you get another one?"

"What do you mean?"

"Wait, wait, it looks familiar. This thing looks like that friend of yours. What's her name Patty?"

"No." He whispered.

"No, right. It's Polly." She turned back to him. "How pathetic are you? You can't even ask the girl out so you get a doll made up to look like her?"

"Anyway, get yourself downstairs before Mom gets mad at me."

"I will, just get out of my room."

"Oh, worried I'll steal your girl?"

"Get out."

"Wait until I tell Mom you got another dolly." She teased as she left the room.

He walked to where Polly could see him and whispered, "Whatever you do, don't move, I'll be right back."

Sarah peaked back in, "Kiss her goodbye later and get downstairs."

Steve chased after her and down the stairs.

Polly was livid. How could anyone treat him like that? In the distance, she heard Steve's mother complain about how long it took him to get downstairs. Polly lost track of time. She noticed that happened if there was no activity around her. She usually placed a clock in front of her when she froze by herself.

A short while later, she heard the door open. The room remained quiet for a moment and then she heard the brace being released. Suddenly the room spun and she was lifted and tilted sideways. This was jerky and careless, not gentle as Steve had been before. They exited the room and entered the room across the hall where she was unceremoniously dumped on the bed. She wondered why she was in Sarah's room when Sarah came into view.

Polly was not sure what to do. If she returned to normal, she would avoid whatever mischief Sarah had in mind. But then Steve would be in trouble for her being in his room.

Sarah looked at the thing on her bed and wondered how to torture her brother further. She thought about drawing stuff on it but knew her mother would be upset with her for that. She would have dismantled it if she could figure out how it came apart. She settled for hiding it. For now, the shower in her bathroom would have to do. Steve was not allowed in her bathroom so he might not think to look there. She picked it up and carried it into her bathroom. Opening the shower door, she pushed the doll into the stall and leaned it against the far wall. After making sure it would not fall when the door was opened, she closed the door.

Polly was feeling indignant but at least nothing permanent had been done. She realized she would lose track of time alone in the stall but felt that would be better than being bored and naked in Sarah's bathroom.