

NATASHA'S FIRST DAY

by Paul Watson

For and starring Natashainpieces

Natasha sits at a table near the bar, carefully sipping her beer as the crowd around her finishes heckling the singer off the small stage set up at one corner of the bar. The crowd cheers rowdily as the singer and his guitar leave in a hurry and a hail of drunken abuse and 'critique'. She wonders what she's doing here. The floors are sticky with spilt beer; the beer isn't even as cheap as it tastes; and the clientele look like they were failed extras from *Sons of Anarchy*; but it's close to her work and, on her first day, she'd decided just to go to the closest for a celebratory drink. Bad idea. So just finish this beer, because damn it she'd paid for it, and then to find somewhere with better ambience.

The crowd's laughter draws her attention back to the stage where a man of middling if indeterminate years and a faded tuxedo is getting on the stage. His top hat look battered and the cape, he had a cape, looks even more ludicrous than the rest of his already ludicrous outfit.

Oh, this is going to be a disaster. How bad does he have to be to be performing at a dive like this?

"Oi, Magic Man!" a voice shouts from near the bar, "You got your glamorous assistant yet?" he laughs raucously, making a curvy figure in the air with his hands, "Cause we don't want to see more fucking card tricks!"

Natasha smiled to herself, deciding to stick around to see the show, heading for another drink.

"Were you volunteering?"

"Nah. No one wants to see me in spangly showgirl stuff. Her, on the other hand..."

Natasha looks up from trying to get the barman's attention, "Are you talking to me?"

"About you, love, more than to you but sure..."

"Oh, I'm not sure..."

"I'd be grateful if you did, Miss." the magician says from the stage, trying to regain control of the room.

All eyes turned towards Natasha. She swallowed nervously, "Ok." she starts towards the stage, dodging grabby hands as she makes her way up, "but no funny business, okay?"

"Heaven forbid. I'm not a comedian."

"Not much of a magician, either."

"Yeah, that's what worries me." Natasha mutters as she gets on stage, loudly enough to hear. The crowd laughs, the magician looks pained.

"Well, first, we need to make sure you're in something more suitable for a magician's assistant." She looks down at her plain white blouse and black leggings.

"What's wrong with these?"

He whirls the cape off his shoulder theatrically, holding it up, "We wouldn't want your clothes to get damaged, would we?"

"Uhhmm, sure, I guess." she replies, looking unimpressed.

He holds the cape at neck level, somehow spilling down to the floor, hiding her from the audience.

The cape lowers to reveal the white shoulders of her blouse. He raises it again.

"Get on with it!!"

Why did I come up here?

The cape drops to the floor. The audience cheer. Natasha looks stunned, her sensible office wear replaced by a tiny triangle bikini that a sneeze, or even a deep breath, would tear apart and provides less support than nothing at all, and a cheesewire thong that she can already feel working between her cheeks and lips. Her nipples pebble against the sliver of material in the air conditioning.

"Hey!!!" she shouts in shock, trying to somehow cover herself better than the outfit does, "Give me back my damn clothes! I said no funny business, asshole!"

"There, now your clothes won't come to any harm."

The crowd laugh. Natasha almost bolts, but her keys are in her leggings, and, anyway, any sort of fast movement would almost certainly cause her breasts to bounce free. "Oh, fuck this! I'd be better off naked. Give me back my..."

The magician raises his cape and drops it to reveal her voluptuous body in its pale-skinned glory. One hand covers her shaven pussy, the other struggling to hide her nipples, persing into her substantial breasts.

"Fuck you, you asshole! Give me back my clothes!"

He smiles, "Or what? The only way you'll get them back now is if you do a good job as my assistant. Of course, you could just leave..."

"Fuck you! You are suck a prick." her shoulders slump, the crowd cheering, "What do I have to do?"

"You could start by not covering up. The audience deserves a show, don't you think?"

"No way! It's not my fault that the only way you can get people to notice you is to have a naked woman on stage!" she rages.

"I don't think they're noticing me at the moment, to be fair."

"Well, too bad! They have seen more than enough!"

The crowd boos.

"Apparently they haven't. Are you going to be a good assistant for them? Or not?"

"No. I just want to leave. Give me my clothes back."

The magician sighs heavily, "I tried to be nice. You all saw that, right?" he snaps his fingers. An ornate knife hilt appearing in his opera-gloved hand. He opens it, the blade easily, and impossibly, double the length of the hilt. "Now, as for you..."

"Wait! What are you going to do with that! Get away from me with that thing!" she backs away, clearly nervous. He lunges forward, grabbing her wrist, pulling her arm away from her chest to loud cheers as she's uncovered. "Fine! I'll behave!" she stops struggling, allowing her arm to be taken, moving the other away from her hips as the crowd cheer.

"I know." he presses the edge of the knife against her shoulder, "But I gave you a chance and you threw it back in my face, so we'll do things the hard way."

"Please don't hurt me, please, I'll do anything." she babbles, shocked no one in the crowd is doing anything to stop him.

"That's a better attitude. Try to keep it." he pushes the knife into her armpit, the edge sinking into her skin.

Natasha screams as the blade cuts deeply into her, her body parting easily as the knife moves through her body. Her arm comes away, dangling from his hand around her wrist. Natasha stares, her mouth hanging open like a demented goldfish. Her fingers twitch, wriggling. "What the fuck! You cut my fucking arm off!"

The crowd cheer, clearly loving it.

"Obviously."

"You are a fucking prick, you know that?"

"Ooooh, and you were doing so well." Casually drop the severed, still twitching, arm onto the stage floor and walks around behind her. She seems undecided whether to turn to follow him or not, yelping as he pats her bare arse as he passes.

"It's not my fault you have the personality of a moth!" she shouts, clearly scared but too proud to give in completely. He takes her other arm, casually lopping it off.

"What was that, Venus?"

"Oh, ha ha, very funny. I bet you think you're so clever!"

"I'm not the one standing up here in the buff without any arms, am I?" he smirks. Natasha rolls her eyes.

"How much longer?"

"We'll have to see. Here, hold this." he stabs the knife into her side, the blade sinking in deep.

Natasha moans in pain as it stabs her. "Now, are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes." she pouts in defeat.

"Good girl." he takes off his ridiculous top hat, placing it on the stage, "I'd better clean up after myself then." He slides the arm in his hands into the hat, Natasha shivering as it goes numb as it slowly vanishes inside.

"Hey! I can't feel my arm anymore!" she says in shock at this fresh new impossibility and watches helplessly as her remaining arm slips into the hat.

"Don't worry, sweetcheeks, you'll get them back with your clothes." he pats her cheek.

"Good."

He reaches into the hat, giving it a shake and pulling out a long skewer, "On with the show. Now we have a lot of interesting places we could put this. Do you have a preference?"

"In your eye." she replies, grinning cheekily.

"Sure." he plunges the skewer into her eyeball, driving it out the back of her head. Natasha screams in pain as the crowd cheers. He pulls out another skewer, "Well, she's had her turn. Who wants to suggest somewhere?" The tip of the skewer traces around her neck, circling her erect nipples, her navel and rubs against her pussy lips, evoking a stifled moan. Natasha stands, trembling with fear as suggestions are called out.

The skewer presses against her breast, whimpering as the point sinks into her tender flesh.

"This could take a while. Who wants to help? A dollar a piercing. Anywhere she's not wearing anything."

"What?!" she gasps in shock as the crowd starts to come up to the stage.

"You're right, you're right. I'd better make sure she doesn't run." He reaches around, pulling the knife out of her side. She grunts.

"Put it in her other eye so she can't see what's coming!"

Natasha looks around, her eye glinting with fear.

"Guys, guys, a bit of patience." he walks behind her, slipping one hand between her legs, pressing her body back against him. He rests the knife against her thigh. "Now, keep very still. I don't want to get the cut lopsided."

Natasha nods, holding herself rigid as the knife cuts through her thigh, then the other. Her legs topple to the floor, her weight pressing her pussy into the magician's hand.

Natasha moans, wincing as her legs hit the hard floor, *That'll leave a bruise*. Her body is placed on its stumps on a small table.

"There. Now you can come up." she shifts a little as the magician picks up her legs, feeding them into the inside of the hat. She moans as she loses feeling in them, concentrating her attention on what remains of her body.

The first customer takes a skewer, handing over his dollar. Natasha tenses as he inspects her, and he sees his grin just seconds before the skewer drives through her remaining eye. "Noooo! I'm blind!" she cries.

She can hear the sound of people coming onto the small stage, a rustle of dollars passing before she feels the sharp metal points stabbing into her body.

"Stop, stop!" they stop. Footsteps walk towards her. "This won't do. Open wide."

"Wha..." she opens her mouth to reply and a huge ball gag rams between her lips. She coughs, feeling like there's a pool ball jammed into her mouth, trying to breathe through her nose as it stops her mouth up completely. *Fuck, that thing is huge!* She thinks, her jaw already sore.

"There, that's better. Off you go again."

Natasha looks around in blind confusion, at least until the first skewer stabs into her.

She loses track of the skewers, each point just blurring into the pain filling her. Most concentrate through her breasts and pussy, but she can feel one stabbing through her bellybutton, another through her neck like a Frankenstein's Monster, and another piercing her head from ear to ear. Her whole world just the sensation of being stabbed and the pain associated with it.

Eventually, the stabbings stop. "Wow, you boys really did a number on her, didn't you?"

Natasha moans in agreement.

"It'll take hours to get all those out." His hands take a grip on her shoulders, lifting her off the table. Natasha whimpers nervously as he starts shaking her, the skewers shifting around inside her, moaning in agony and ecstasy as the ones in her cunt and breasts shift, almost not hearing the metallic clatter as the skewers start to fall out of her body. Natasha is too busy being shocked at how close those spikes came to making her cum to pay much attention. She feels herself put back on the

table. The spikes in her eyes are yanked out, blinking as the light filters into her vision again. She blinks, staring at the piles of skewers around her on the table and scattered over the stage.

The magician sweeps the skewers off the table, unfolding the knife again. Natasha looks warily at the knife, trying to move away. The knife caresses her neck, the magician lifting her head off and placing it on the table in front of her hips. The crowd cheers, demanding she be turned around to pleasure herself. The magician holds up his hand for silence. The knife slices downwards twice and Natasha finds her breasts pressing against her cheeks. The crowd is mollified by this and when she howls into the gag as the knife traces a neat circle around her nether lips to remove them, they rise to their feet.

The magician proceeds to carve her mutilated body up like a beef carcass, disposing of each piece into the apparently limitless hat. And once she's reduced to just her head, her breasts and her glistening sex, he bows to the applause.

"Thank you, thank you, but I should clear up my props first." he starts pushing the scattered skewers into the hat and when he's finished that, he lifts up Natasha's head. "If you'd just gone along with it, this is where you'd be being restored. But, you had to opt for the hard way, so I'll be taking some souvenirs."

Natasha's eyes go wide, struggling to protest as her head is dropped into the hat. For a moment, she's falling and then there's nothing. No sound, no light, sensations only coming from her three remaining pieces. She feels gloves squeezing her breasts, lightly tossing them up, a bit of impromptu juggling, before she feels cloth rubbing against them as they're slipped into the magician's pockets. She feels a hand lifting her coochie up, feels a tongue running along her lips before the magician leaves to applause and Natasha starts the first day of another new job.