

IT'S FOR CHARITY!
By Paul Watson
For and starring Natashainpieces

Natasha stands just off-stage at the hotel's charity event. She tugs on her black skirt for what seemed like the thousandth time, adjusting her white blouse to make sure there aren't any embarrassing slips, neither easy given these clothes feel a size too small, her generous proportions straining them already. She fidgets in heels that are a little too high for her liking, resisting the urge to touch the professional bun her pale blonde hair has been pulled into for this show. She doesn't even want to be here, she mentally complains, but she was voluntold she was taking part and so she's taking part. "It's for charity." her boss had kept on saying, as if that made everything alright. Still, it's for a good cause, she guesses, and it won't hurt to have such a clear demonstration of being a 'team player' on her worksheet.

The singers from the lounge are finishing up. She looks across the stage at the magician she'd be working with. She's barely met him. There've been no rehearsals. Not even a get to know you beer. She isn't entirely sure what she's been voluntold for, but as there was a cabinet involved, judging from the large rectangular shape under the tarp beside him, it's going to be something more than just holding props. The singers finish; they bow; they take the applause; the MC strides to the centre of the stage.

"Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen, a big hand for the Sessions Singers. Before the next act in our charity extravaganza, I just wanted to update you on the total. So far, your generous efforts have raised..." he pauses. One heartbeat, two, three, "...over half a million dollars!" The applause thunders through the theatre. Natasha is less impressed than the audience. Half the clientele here can just drop that from their accounts and not notice it immediately. Some of the others wouldn't notice at all. Still, it's for charity. "And now, for your further entertainment and delectation, the Master of Magic, Marcussssssss Strange!"

The magician walks out, swaggering in dark confidence, his suit crisp and as black as his slicked hair and pointed beard. A red cummerbund is the only concession to colour in his outfit. He pushes the tarp-covered cabinet centre stage and holds out his arm towards the wings. Natasha steadies herself, puts on her best face and totters onto the stage, keeping the wobbles to as little as possible and miraculously not twisting her ankle before she reaches him.

He takes her hand, steadying her. She gives him a slight relieved smile. "And your name, my dear?" he asks, although a glance at the badge pinned to the chest of her straining blouse would tell him that. Still, he'd asked and is keeping his intense dark eyes on hers, rather than lower down like every other man.

"Natasha." she squeaks.

"And you work here?"

She nods, "On reception."

"And we haven't rehearsed this trick, have we?"

She shakes her head, "No. Which is making me a little nervous."

"Don't worry. You just have to look gorgeous. I'll handle the tricky bits." A faint blush colours her cheeks at the stage flattery. "So let's see what we'll be doing to you for the appreciation of the crowd." He takes hold of the tarp and motions for her to do the same. Natasha's stomach flutters at the phrasing and the implied danger. They pull on the tarp, yanking it away from the tall rectangular cabinet. The surfaces sparkle with glitter, the cabinet divided into four vertically arranged boxes, a gold star on every face. A set of six blades as wide and deep as the cabinet rest against the side by their handles. Natasha gulps nervously as she takes it all in, the slits in the box seeming very clear where those blades are going.

"I'm getting in there, aren't I?" she asks.

"That is the idea. I'm a little too broad shouldered to make it work. But not just yet." he opens the doors, revealing the black interior, impossible to tell how deep it goes. He indicates for Natasha to take one side and turns it this way and that to show the audience, before setting it back straight.

“You can get in now.”

Natasha looks at the cabinet, gulps and climbs inside, turning around to face the audience, putting on her receptionist's smile. She grips the edges of the cabinet to provide balance.

“Now, we need to hide the lovely Natasha so we can let the magic work.” He starts closing up the doors, starting at her feet, each one closing with a soft click. Natasha starts to figure out how the trick works, where the hiding place is, but can't find anything in the dark.

“How do I get out?” she whispers as Marcus reaches for the last door.

“Don't worry about it. It's self-working. You don't have to do anything.” he closes the door leaving her in darkness.

Natasha looks down, three lines of light tracking across her body, running just above her knees, across her stomach and at her neck. She swallows hard. She hears the blades clash together outside, jumping in shock. The bottom line of light goes dark, a cold hard edge pressing against her thighs. She takes a deep breath. She's just imagining it. If the blade was really there, and really solid, she wouldn't be able to avoid it. It just *feels* really real. The blades slam through the cabinet. She feels a line of cold through her legs, just above the knee. She gasps, her breath coming in short pants, until she wriggles her toes in the tight shoes, reassuring herself that what she thought she'd felt couldn't be what actually happened.

The second slot goes dark, the edge pressing the blouse against her belly, followed by a coldness slowly sweeping through her as the blade edges its way through the cabinet.

Finally, the third slot gets filled with the blades, feeling them on her neck. At least she understands why her hair had to be done up. The blades move, a cold karate chop into her throat, her startled gasp strangled.

She can hear the mild applause from the audience, somewhat blunted by the cabinet around her.

There's a click, a lightly vertiginous feeling of movement and a soft thump from below her, which doesn't make sense given her body is below her. More applause. More muffled thumps around her. More confusion. Then she's moving again. Clicks below. A thump and a click above her, then another.

The door covering her feet opens, the air conditioning moving the air over her skin. Then she feels the door over her chest do the same. Then her hips are revealed, a ripple of applause and cheers coming with it for reasons she doesn't understand. And finally the door in front of her face opens, stage lights flooding in, giving her a wonderful view of Marcus' thighs. She looks up, confused, the audience cheering. It's only when the full length mirror is moved into her vision she can see what's happened. Her hips rest at the top of the cabinet, just above her chest, then her head, mouth open in a surprised 'o', and finally her feet.

“Oooops, that's not right.”

“What was your first clue, genius?” she demands angrily, fear breaking through the professional distance she had been determined to preserve.

Marcus pulls a black cloth from his tuxedo pocket, draping it to cover the front of the box containing her chest. Natasha shivers.

“What did you do?”

Marcus smiles down at her, pulling the cloth away to reveal her blouse has vanished, replaced by the skimpiest spangled bikini its legal to wear outside of specialist gentlemen's clubs.

“Hey!” he raises the cloth up to cover her hips. “Don't you dare!”

And removes it to reveal an equally miniscule thong barely covering her hips.

“You bastard! I'll...” Marcus lowers the cloth in front of her face, cutting off the light. Her protests turn into incoherent gurgling, the cause quickly revealed as he pulls the cloth away to reveal a gag filling her mouth, strapped tightly to her head.

“There. That's that unfortunate costume mix-up resolved.” He smiles to the hoots from the audience, ignoring the glare from below his waist. “And we can get on with the show.” He closes the doors, plunging Natasha back into the dark. She hears the clicks of latches being undone, her body once more rearranged. Again the doors are opened to applause as she finds herself staring out from stage level. Her box is rotated to show the other three boxes spread across the front of the

stage.

“Enjoy the front front row seat, Natasha. I’ll be back for you after the auction.”

Natasha spends the next five long hours stuck in the boxes. Her jaw starts to ache around the gag. She's gotten bored of trying to cover up her breasts as they strain at the flimsy cups that barely cover her nipples. She can see when the audience gets bored as their eyes track to whichever box is their favourite. A surprising number seem to like her feet, stuck in their high heels. Larger, much less surprising, numbers of gazes are drawn to her barely concealed chest and sex. Any who gaze at her face swiftly get a glare to curse them, and any member of their bloodline, yea, even unto the seventh generation, and swiftly look away.

The other acts perform, ignoring the living figure in the boxes, some treating them as perfect stools to lean on, but none acknowledging the occupant.

The MC walks back on just after the blue comedian's finished his act, which made liberal references to the helpless figure scattered around the stage and which box he'd prefer to take home if this wasn't a charity gig so he wasn't getting paid, “Well, ladies and gentlemen, the donations have risen to a million and a half, but I know you can go higher. Especially as the auction’s about to begin.”

The audience quieten. Those who’ve stayed this late eagerly waiting for their chance to bid.

The lots start small, but each goes for several hundred, the bids more to show the bidder’s wealth and generosity than any value they place on the items. Only when the items become collectibles, one of a kinds rather than high-end merchandise, does the bidding become real, and fierce. The auction goes on and on, so many people having things to sell for charity. Natasha just waits for it to be over so she can be restored to normality and collect her overtime.

“Well done, everyone!” the MC calls, “We’ve broken five million, but for the last few items, we’re going to need an expert on stage, so, without further ado, let me welcome back, Marussssss Strange!” The audience applaud as Marcus takes to the stage.

“Ok, people,” he says into the microphone, “the moments you’ve been waiting for, the starring pieces of tonight’s charity auction.” He lifts up the box containing Natasha’s feet, “Who wants to start the bidding?”

Natasha’s screams and protests fail to penetrate the gag filling her mouth as the bidding rises on her feet.

Several minutes of wildly increasing bidding follow before... “Going once...going twice...sold!” a tiny gavel comes down, “Now, sir, do you want all of the contents of this box?”

The buyer shakes his head, “Just the feet. And the shoes.”

“As I thought.” He holds the cloth in front of the box. Natasha gasps, feeling her legs getting pins and needles before the feeling vanishes entirely from just above her knees to her ankles. Marcus pulls the cloth away and the winning bidder pulls out Natasha’s feet, still in their high heels, but without any leg attached. Her eyes bulge in shock, muffled protests spilling around the gag as she watches her feet taken back into the audience. She squirms in her boxes as she feels her shoes peeled away, fingers tracing along her soles as she scrunches her feet to escape and then she feels a tongue licking her feet, sucking on her toes, so much so that she almost misses the box containing her chest being placed on the auction table.

“Now, I’m afraid I can’t include Natasha’s costume in this lot. You’d be amazed at how much such a tiny piece of cloth can cost.” he holds the cloth in front of Natasha’s chest and pulls it away to expose her breasts. She immediately covers up, her hands pressing into her chest as they cover her. The audience boo. “Naughty Natasha.” Marcus chides, covering the box with his cloth. Natasha feels the pins and needles covering her arms and then the plunge into blank nothingness. Marcus removes the cloth, her breasts once more on display. “So, who wants to start us off on this treasure chest?”

The bidding is even more frenetic, quickly surpassing the absurd price paid for her feet, and climbing up and up, until the gavel falls. The winner approaches the stage, “Any requests for your winnings?”

Natasha splutters at that, but the winner’s requests are soon actioned, her body fading away behind

the cloth, her breasts swelling like balloons. He pulls them out of the box, a treacherous moan floundering against the gag as he carries his armfuls of prizes back to his table. She bites her gag as she feels him pinching and pulling at her nipples, teasing them until they harden enough to be sucked.

“Annnnd the final prize of the night.” Natasha’s hips are carried to the table, the cloth whisking away her thong without any further preamble, the bidding starting and once again, climbing and climbing and climbing until the gavel falls at the highest total of the night. Natasha’s thighs and stomach vanish at the bidder’s request, leaving just her generous hips filling it. The bidder takes these out, not even waiting to get back to his table before his fingers probe into her sex, the gag muffling her howls of outraged pleasure.

Marcus restacks her empty boxes in what she thinks is the correct order, but, really, who knows? She pants into the gag as the assault on her remaining body parts continues. He lifts up the box containing her head and carries it to the stack. “Now, just to put you back together and...”

“Hey!”

He stops at the voice from the audience.

“What about the last box?”

“What about it? We were only auctioning the three boxes, this one’s necessary to restore Natasha.”

“Yeah, well, ten million for that box. I want a blowjob machine.”

“Sir, I really can’t...”

“Twenty million.” a different bidder shouts from the other side of the room.

“This isn’t for...”

“Thirty.” the original bidder responds as everyone ignores Marcus’ denials.

The bidding spirals until, “One hundred and fifty million.”

That silences the other bidders, along with the rest of the room. Marcus turns to the MC, who looks across the room at the manager who is already on the phone. A signal passes from phone to manager to MC to magician. Marcus unfurls his cloth.

The last thing Natasha hears as the cloth covers her sight is, “Sorry about this, Natasha, but it is for charity.”