

BACHELOR PARTY
by Paul Watson
For and starring Natashainpieces

Natasha tugs uselessly at the edges of her ridiculous outfit, trying to make it fit at least enough that she's not in danger of spilling out the first time she take a breath or bends more than an inch over. *Of course he wanted fucking bunny girls serving at the party. Sarah, I am going to kill you for this! 'Oh, pleeeeee 'Tasha, it'll mean soooooo much to me.' And like a sucker I bought it!* She hears a repeated snap of summoning fingers, puts on her best hostess smile rather than the death glare she's internally perfected and turns towards the groom. An array of already finished bottles sprawls across his table as he sprawls across the chair, shirt undone at the collar and down his chest, legs spread wide.

"Oi, come on, darlin', we're dying of thirst here!"

Natahsa carefully places the bottles onto her tray and struts towards him in her stupidly high heels, once more cursing her best friend for having this bright idea and her for agreeing to it. "You rang?"

"You rang what? Come on, 'Tash, play the game."

Her practiced smile breaks, "You rang, 'Master'?" she sneers out, pouring her contempt into the word.

"Much better." He smirks, either not noticing or not caring, and she's not sure which is more likely with the meathead.

She sighs, mostly internally, and leans forward to place the drink on the table with its mates. She feels a hand patting her stupid fucking bunny tail and shimmies aside before it can get any further and before she can lose her cool completely and slap the grabby bastard. *I'm not getting paid enough for this. Fuck, I'm not getting paid at all. Sarah, you die for this. It'll be for your own good. I promise. He'll just break your heart. Or your face.*

She feels a hand on her shoulder and all the tension and burning rage drains out of her. Her head lolls forward as a warm voice slowly enters her subconscious, bypassing her mind altogether.

"There we go, 'Tasha. Go nice and deep for me."

The groom laughs.

"Dude, shut up! Do you want to spoil it? You've been such a good girl, 'Tasha, but I need you to do more."

"Morrree..." she slurs.

"That's right. Good girl. Such a good girl."

She smiles at being praised.

"But you can do better, be a better girl. You just need to be more obedient."

"Bidenmnt."

"Good, good. You're going to be in a magic trick, Tasha. When I ask for a volunteer, you'll volunteer for me. And because you're such a good girl, you're going to follow all the instructions you're given from the moment I ask for a volunteer all the way through until you're restored. Is that clear to you, 'Tasha?"

"Flow struction til storrrred."

"Good girl. And you'll do that. You'll follow your instructions no matter what they are?"

"Yessssss."

"Good girl. And as a reward for being such a good girl, as you obey, you'll get hornier and hornier. Obeying makes you happy. Obeying makes you horny."

"Beying happy. Beying horrrrrny." She repeats.

"Good girl. Such a good girl. And just like now, even though you'll obey, you'll know what's happening, you just won't think about why you're doing it. You'll just continue to obey. No matter how much you protest."

"Beyyyyyyy."

"Good girl. And, as before, when I remove my hand you'll wake up and have no memory of this. Just...gone, like smoke, but you'll follow these instructions, won't you?"

“Yessssss.”

“Good girl.” He removes his hand from her shoulder. Natasha blinks, raising her head.

“Oh, it’s you, Marcus. Are you sober enough to keep your boy out of trouble?”

“Hey.”

“Talking to the organ grinder, not the monkey, Chaz.”

“I’ll talk to him.”

“Yeah, sure.” She walks off to get another round of drinks on the tray.

“You’ll ‘talk to me’, will you?”

“Yeah, cut it out. Until the trick starts, she’ll resist. I fucking told you that. The more you push now, the harder it’s going to be to get this to work. So keep it in your pants until then, huh?”

“Oh, come on, I saw her just now. She’s totally out of it. It won’t...”

“Dude, just stop. You want to fuck her? Want a nice big happy ending to your last night of freedom? Then. Do. What. I. Fucking. Say.”

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus pushes a cloth covered something into an area that’s been kept suspiciously clear all night. He’s dressed up, too, pulling off the full evening dress far better than the groom. Natasha looks up from the bar, finally getting a few minutes to grab a beer for herself. Hopefully she’ll catch a break now. Marcus whips the cover off, whirling it dramatically before letting it fly into the wings. The wide cabinet revealed stands about eight feet square across, the front a shiny black that ripples a little as the cloth waves past it. Marcus turns it around, revealing the back looking a lot more solid in the same bright red as the sides, which are only a couple of feet wide. Marcus returns the cabinet to face front. “Ladies and...” the small, decidedly unisex audience complains loudly, “...sorry, gentlemen.”

Tasha snorts quietly.

“For your entertainment tonight, I shall be performing some magic. I just need a volunteer.”

Tasha’s heart drops as he says that. The awful realisation that she’s the only woman here, and so, whatever she might think on the subject, she’s going into that cabinet and will have to trust Marcus and these drunken sods not to accidentally stab her to death. The former is a little easier to trust than the latter. She downs the remains of her beer, making her way towards the slight rise that counts as a stage.

“And here she comes now, give a big hand for the lovely Natasha!” they applaud, and wolf-whistle, as she walks up, her costume riding up. “Thank you so much for doing this.”

“Did I really have a choice?”

“Of course not.” he smiles at the secret joke, “But thanks for not making me prove that.” he reaches for the catch on the cabinet front.

“Aren’t you at least going to tell me what this is?”

“A good magician never reveals his secrets.”

“And are you a good magician?”

He smiles and swings the door open, revealing a dark interior without anything else of note. “You’d better hope so. Take your shoes off first. We don’t want you scratching anything.”

Natasha kicks the shoes off. “I’m not taking anything else off.”

“Of course not.” He gestures to the cavernous interior.

Natasha loudly rolls her eyes and clambers in, ignoring just what a great view she’s giving everyone. She turns around to face the small audience. “No tying me up, Marcus? You’re slipping.”

“I can if you want me to...”

“Not a chance. Not after last time.”

A loud ooooooooh comes from the crowd. Natasha smiles sweetly as Marcus closes the front of the frame.

“Ok, cut that out!”

The ooooooh changes pitch and dissolves into laughter.

“Tasha, put your hand on the screen, please.” a hand print emerges, stretching the shiny material around it. “Good girl.” the hand print withdraws, returning with two raised fingers. Marcus smiles,

pulls a bowie knife that's far too big to be hidden there out of his sleeve and thrusts it into the screen. The handprint vanishes. A scream comes from inside the illusion.

“What the fuck?!”

Marcus loops his wrist around, the knife slicing a smooth hole out of the black latex. “Calm down, Tasha, I'm not going to hit you.”

“Didn't seem like it!”

“Just put your hand through the hole.” a hand emerges slowly from the tear in the material. “Good. Other hand.” Much more tentatively the hand pushes out. The knife loops around the splayed fingers and the hand erupts outwards as the disc falls away. “Face.”

“What?”

“Put your face against the sheet so I can cut a hole in the right place.”

“Seriously?”

“Don't you trust me?” silence. The hands twist nervously. “Tasha, I'm not going to cut you.”

“...You'd better not.” her face presses against the flat sheet, pressing it out. The knife slowly traces around her face, a slight nervous whimper muffled by the latex until it's cut away and Natasha pushes her head through the hole up to her neck, her blonde hair somewhat dishevelled from the passage through the sheet.

“Foot.”

“Seriously? How do you expect me to stand up like this?”

“I'm the magician. It'll be fine.”

“Sure, sure, but if I fall over, I'm suing your arse off.” At the bottom of the cabinet, her toes push out the latex. Marcus cuts around it and Natasha's stockinged foot emerges. Marcus grabs it and pulls it through up to the ankle. “Hey!” he tickles his fingers along her sole, her visible parts squirming. “Stop that! You're going to make me fall over!”

“Other foot.”

“How? I can't fucking fly!”

“Fine. If you won't cooperate...” he slashes the knife near to where her foot should be and reaches through, bringing the other foot out.

“Hey! You arsehole, I...” a puzzled look crosses her face, “why aren't I falling?”

“Because I am a good magician, it seems.” he smirks, “Now, as fun as this is, that wasn't really the trick.”

“It wasn't?”

“Fraid not, Tasha. First, observe that the latex has 'healed', sealing itself around 'Tasha...’

“Hey!” she struggles to pull her hands out but the holes have indeed closed up preventing any movement either way, “Let me go!”

“...but that's hardly the best part.” He bends down to grab her foot, ignoring her protests and casually raises it up to the top of the box, watching her eyes go wide as it slides smoothly past her head.

“How...? What...?” she giggles as he tickles the raised foot.

“Because I'm a magician.” He takes her hand and crosses it to the other side of the screen. Then, as Natasha is still trying to work out what's going on, he turns her head upside down and lowers it down to the bottom of the cabinet.

Natasha feels a little flushed as Marcus casually rearranges her, spreading her randomly about the screen, each time she's moved seeming to tug directly on her clitoris.

“Of course, I'm not a selfish person. So, why don't we invite the guest of honour up to have some fun?”

“What?!” she struggles to find words as the groom swaggers towards her. He puts his hands on her cheeks and moves her head to just below his belt.

“Steve, no, just no.”

“Oh, come on...”

“Dude, no one wants to see your cock! And you don't want it to get bitten off before your wedding!”

Natasha glowers up and gnashes her teeth, quite pleased to see him pale slightly. At least until he

pushes her head down to the floor and poses for photos with his foot on her hair.

And then the others make a parade up to play with her. She stops protesting, struggling to hold back any sign of enjoying it as she's manhandled around the screen.

Eventually, Marcus shoos the others away, Natasha's face flushed, her lip almost permanently in her mouth, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps, her body scattered over the screen, nothing where it should be, "Everyone enjoy the interactive magic?"

"Yes!!!"

"No!"

"Really, 'Tasha? You're looking a bit flushed down there. Let me help you out." he reaches down, pulling her head back up the screen. She glares at him as he slowly moves her parts back to more or less their original positions, keeping quiet and just waiting for it to be over and released. "Now, let's move on to the really fun part."

"The what?!"

Marcus pulls out the knife and presses it a foot below her chin, tracing out a pair of holes.

"Hey!"

He ignores her, reaching through, pulling Natasha's plump breasts out through the holes, her nipples sitting erect and hard.

"Marcus, you fucking fuck! What the fucking hell do you think you're fucking doing?!!!"

"Such language." he moves the knife lower and slices off a small circle around her exposed pussy lips.

"Eeeep!"

"Now this might..."

"Don't you fucking..."

"Getting bored now, 'Tasha. Playthings should be seen and touched but not heard."

"Playthings! Get me out of this fucking thing right..."

Marcus covers her mouth with his hand, removing it to reveal the wide open plastic 'O' of a mouth more suited to a blow-up doll than a woman, Natasha's glaring eyes going wide with shock as she tries to speak. "Now, as I was saying, this might sting a bit." he presses the knife deeper, the point piercing Natasha's skin. Marcus loops the knife around, making a shallow cut, the screen sealing up to the edges of the cut, framing her sex in the middle of the hole. Marcus squeezes her breasts and pushes them to opposite sides of the cabinet, before pinching her sex and raising it up. "So, once again, time to open things up to audience participation. Chaz, no fucking! Got it? Just stick to licking and fingering."

Natasha's eyes go wide, her nostrils flaring as the audience approach.

Again the groom takes first turn, taking great delight in tweaking her nipples, dragging her heavy breasts around the frame by them. Natasha tries to tell him to fuck off but her plastic mouth refuses to move. He leaves them just above her hands, so the photos look like she's cupping her own breasts and moves on to her sex, sticking his finger inside her and tugging her around.

"Hey, Marcus, is her cunt like your magic hat? Going to pull a rabbit out of it?"

"Why don't you try it, Chaz?"

For a moment, Chaz looks nonplussed, not quite as surprised as Natasha, her eyes wide as saucers, but he smiles, drags her cunt up to shoulder height and sticks two fingers in. "What a shock. She's loose as fuck." A third finger. Natasha shakes her head. A fourth. He pushes his whole hand inside her. Her eyes go wide, her silent mouth ignoring her commands to scream. He pulls his hand out, rolls up his sleeve and, despite Natasha's silent pleading, pushes inside her, his hand...his wrist...his forearm...his elbow, stretching her out. For once, she's almost glad of her silent mouth, almost, because it keeps the scream inside. "Nice. She might even be able to take me all the way in."

The collective eye roll goes unseen as he swaggers back to his seat.

The gaggle of other guests take their turns. Most have fun squeezing her breasts, groping her repeatedly as they move them about. Some suck at her nipples, or pinch them, or pull them as painfully pleasurable handles or leave bite marks on her skin from nipping at her tits. The others are much more interested in her apparently cavernous pussy, stretching her out further and further,

ignoring her silent protests. Beer bottles vanish between her lips, then a champagne bottle before the groom shouts out.

“Hey! Stop that, I'm not fucking a bottle bank!”

Natasha's immediate bite back, that even overcomes the heavy arousal clouding her body, doesn't make it past her fake plastic lips.

A gruelling half hour of 'fun' later, Natasha is exhausted, sheened in sweat, her pussy glistening with pent up arousal. Her breath comes to her in sharp gasps through her wide open plastic mouth, her body on fire with need, no matter how much she tries to suppress it. “Onto the next stage.”

She manages to widen her eyes. *Next stage? Fucking next stage? What's left?!*

Marcus walks back to the cabinet and re-rearranges her body back almost to normal. “Enjoying yourself as much as we are, 'Tasha?”

She gives him the best withering look she can manage, but Marcus seems immune, casually pulling the bottles back out of her slick pussy lips, ignoring her silent attempted howls. He places them beside the cabinet, seeming to take more care of them than their living container.

“Now, nothing up my sleeve...” his hand covers her sex. She feels a pinch and tugging and tries to gasp as Marcus dangles her pussy from his fingers, the screen not showing any sign it used to be there.

“Dibs!”

Natasha catches Marcus' eye roll. “Fine. Chaz has called dibs.” He picks up one of the beer bottles, flipping it up to catch it by the neck. He places Natasha's sex into the base. She shivers as her warm flesh blends into the cold glass. She wants to ask how, or why, but mostly how, but Marcus just casually tosses the bottle across the room into Chaz's waiting hands. “As a bonus, the bottle won't run out of beer as long as she's kept happy.”

Chaz grins, fingering Natasha's severed sex, “That won't be a problem!” he smirks, waving the bottle as he weaves out of the room.

Marcus puts his hand over her mouth and pulls away, holding her plastic mouth and leaving blank skin covering her face below the nose. He flips over another bottle settling her mouth in place.

“Who wants this?”

Natasha tries to raise her hand but has considerably more trouble moving it around the screen than everyone else seems to have had.

“Ok, Steve. All yours. Do you want it back to normal? She might bitch a lot.”

Natasha tries to give a glare that implies bitching would be the very least of Steve's problems if she gets her mouth back. Steve shakes his head.

“Good decision.”

Natasha's eyes go wide as she feels Chaz slam into her sex with all the care and skill of a drunken wrecking crew. Her dislocated parts shudder, the clumsy treatment feeling unnervingly good.

Steve takes his prize, leaving the room. Natasha feels his finger slipping into the plastic mouth, each touch on her lining feeling like her clit's being played with while Chaz continues to baldly fuck her.

“Oh, Steve, before you go, don't lose that. I'll need everything back to restore 'Tasha.”

“Why didn't you tell Chaz?”

“Like he'd listen. Besides, I know where that part'll be. The rest of you can take a warning and take care.” He plucks one of Natasha's breasts off, letting it jiggle in his hand.. He flips it over, revealing a glistening pair of pussy lips on the back before casually tossing it into the group. Her other breast follows, their recipients fighting their way free, their pinches and gropes adding to Natasha's overwhelming arousal.

“So all the fun things have gone, what next? I mean, who's going to be that interested in her feet?”

“Funny you should ask.” he twists Natasha's foot, pulling it away. “I want a Fleshlight.” the foot shimmers seeming to melt in his hand, stretching out into a short plastic tube, capped with Natasha's quivering sex. She stares at it, feeling his hands on her foot but watching them gripping the plastic. She thought she couldn't be shocked anymore tonight, but, that's her foot! “Anal beads.” Natasha's pieces buck as she watches the fleshlight melt into a string of shiny beads, “Condom. Club

sandwich. Beer.” she feels her body wracked with pleasure, overwhelmed as it follows Marcus' instructions, changing as he directs, until he tips the beer bottle to his lips, her eyes rolling back. “Just remember to keep something left over so I can restore 'Tasha. Foot.” the bottle melts back into what looks and feels like her foot.

“Why didn't you tell Chaz and the others about this?”

Marcus shrugs. “They've already got the fun parts. They'll be happy enough.” He tosses the foot out, followed by the other foot and her quivering hands. “Don't get too ambitious. You can only create about that much stuff. So no, you can't make a dream girl out of Natasha's parts.” he pauses, “Unless you team up to create some unholy hybrid monstrosity, of course. Please don't do that. I don't need the church after me...again. It also makes it harder to get 'Tasha back together if I've got to untangle her first.”

Natasha blinks at that, still panting heavily as more and more people begin to fuck her separated body.

“So, what's next? 'Cause I see one part left and a lot more than one of us.”

“Oh, no, that's mine.”

“What?! We get nothing?!”

“Of course not. I just want to make sure I keep some part for myself.” he stabs the knife into the screen, slashing across it. He reaches into the darkness behind the screen, rummaging around and brings out Natasha's leg from the knee down, capped by a glistening pussy. It's quickly snatched away. A thigh follows, then her other leg, equally bisected. Forearms follow, snatched up by the dwindling crowd. Her upper arms follow, leaving only four guests left. First out of the screen are her hips, her crotch still smooth as if there was never anything there. Hands swiftly grab it, cradling it, giving her pale cheeks a slap before leaving, Natasha squirming as she feels them being squeezed on the way out. Her stomach follows. Marcus pokes a finger into her naval, stretching it out into yet another fuckable pussy. Finally, Marcus pulls out her chest, blank flat skin where her breasts should be.

“I don't suppose you'll share?” he gets a disgusted look in return. Natasha tries to scream as she feels something entering her arsehole...wherever it is now, “Didn't think so. I tried, 'Tasha.” She doesn't look very convinced, even more so when he places the knife on the flat skin that should hold her neck and splits her right down the middle. “There you go. And with the biggest pieces, you have the bigger canvas to play with. Have fun. Be imaginative.” He pulls Natasha's head off the black screen, tucking it under his arm, the pussy at the end of her neck quivering.

He carries her back to his room, feeling a near constant shuddering as she feels all her other pieces being used, mostly with little care for her wellbeing, more like sextoys than parts of a real person.

Marcus closes the door to his room, leaving Natasha on the bed as he gets undressed. He picks her up. “Now, you'll enjoy this, 'Tasha, because I'm going to fuck your brains out.”

Natasha doesn't even try to protest, exhausted by her evening, and just waiting to obey, as Marcus lifts her up and slides her down his cock. She feels it sliding up her throat, an odd choking sensation that soon passes as the cockhead pushes deeper into her, pressing through her skull and into her brain. She's not sure how she feels it, but it's hard to be sure of anything when you have a throbbing cock piercing your grey matter. And then Marcus drives his full length into her, jerking as he cums quickly, directly into her head. Her eyes roll back, her dismembered body shuddering as she descends into darkness.

She blinks awake in an instant, morning already, finding Marcus already dressed, “Ok, 'Tasha, can't have you lying in bed all day, time to get to work.”

She looks up at him confusedly, trying to ask what he means, trying to somehow process what's happened to her. He either misses the signal or chooses to ignore it.

“Bag.” and she feels her head melting, opening out, her skin feeling rough, briefly itchy, as she transforms into a cloth tote bag emblazoned with her face on one side. “Good girl.” A warm feeling of satisfaction comes over her at being complimented by her owner. “Now let's go and get the rest of you.”

Most of the collections are straightforward enough. Either her original sexy bits were returned, soiled but more or less intact into the cavernous bag, or she'd been converted into simple sex toys. Of course, there are always exceptions...

"Jesus, Jack, at least deflate her first!"

The air hisses out as the Natasha doll, that, she thinks, used to be her right thigh, the crude plastic likeness deflating before her eyes. Jack looks a little sheepish, as well as deshevelled as he clumsily stuffs the deflated plastic into the bag. The door closes.

"I don't know, some people don't know how to treat their toys." The bag agrees as her contents rub along inside her.

And...

"Here." he passes over the fleshlight, his robe tenting, "I, uhm, I, she's not fully intact? That's not a problem is it?"

"It'll be fine, Col."

"Really?"

"Sure. You didn't fuck it all up."

Colin let's out a sigh of relief and closes the door.

Flashback to the night before: Colin lies spent on the bed, the fleshlight resting beside him, his naked body covered in sweat. He groans. "Damn, I'm spent. What I wouldn't give for a blue pill about now..." the fleshlight shimmers, collapsing in on itself. He picks it up. "Oh, very useful. Maybe if I could have the pill and something to use it..." he smiles to himself. "Fleshlight." the pill expands once again in his hand. He pinches the clit, tugging at it until it pops off the fleshlight, "Now, this should be the pill..." the sensitive nub of flesh hardens into a blue diamond pill while the rest remains in his hand. "Down the hatch." he pops the pill into his mouth and gulps it down.

Also...

A couple of squares of chocolate drop into his hand. "Really, Donald?"

"I was hungry!"

"Fine, fine. No harm done, I guess." the door closes. Marcus snaps the chocolate in half, dropping some back into the bag and munching on the other half. "Don't look at me like that, 'Tasha. It's not like it makes a difference how much of you's left as long as some is. Mmmm. Don does have good taste in chocolate."

And also...

Marcus knocks on the door and waits. And waits. "Oh, come on, Carl, don't do this to me, even Chaz cooperated. Fine. I'll come back, but you'd better be here when I do." The bag feels a nervous shiver run through its immobile form at the thought of a piece not being present, trying to remember what Carl had taken. "Ok, 'Tasha, onto the next." he moves along the hall and raps on the next door. Muffled conversation follows. Marcus' foot starts to tap as he waits. "Brian, I know you're in there. I don't care what you're doing, I'm just here for 'Tasha."

The door creaks open. A dishevelled mass of hair emerged first, followed by Brian's pinched face and a hand holding a full condom.

"I am not taking her off you like that. Clean it up."

"Right, uhm, uh, swallow." the condom convulses, its contents draining away before it's dropped into the bag.

"Clever. There's hope for you. Especially if you found someone to hook up with here."

Brian nods nervously.

"Do you know where Carl's got to?"

A furtive glance back into the room before he shakes his head.

"Brian, are you lying to me?" one dark eyebrow rises, "Carl's in your room, isn't he?"

"Sort of."

"Sort of? Fine. I don't care. I just need his part of 'Tasha."

"Yeah, uhm, that...might be a problem."

"Oh, really? Why?"

"It's...complicated."

"Of course it is. Look, I don't care if you're gay and..."

"I'm not gay!"

"Ok, whatever. I just need his part of 'Tasha and I can fuck off and you can...go back to whatever or whoever you were doing."

"It's not like that."

"I still don't care. Just let me in."

"I'm naked here."

"For fuck's sake." Marcus pushes into the room, thrusting the bag at Brian. "Just use that to cover yourself...up?" he stops, a familiar figure burying herself under the sheets, "'Tasha? How did? Ok, I'm going to need an explanation. And possibly a drink."

Flashback to the night before: Brian jumps at the knock on the door to the adjoining room. He drops the vibrating fleshlight, sending it tumbling off his stiff cock onto the bed. "That's not the bathroom!" he shouts out.

"I know." a feminine voice replies, "Let me in."

Brian pulls on his discarded boxers stumbling across the room to the door, trying to remember who had the room next to him. He unlocks the adjoining door, opening it up and stares. Filling the doorway is a voluptuous nude woman, leaning one hand against the doorjam in an awkward attempt at sexy nonchalance, one thigh crossing over the other to hide her modesty. Brian blinks. She looks familiar, but he can't quite place her.

"Well, aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Uh, sure, sure, come in." he looks past her into her room as she breezes past but doesn't get a clue to her identity, not even any clothes strewn on the floor. "Look, don't take this wrong but..."

"Brian, it's me, Carl."

"Carl? But..."

"Call me Carol, if it makes it easier."

"What? Makes what easier?"

"Well, there's only so much a girl can do for herself, you know."

"So much..." his eyes widen, "...you want me to fuck you?"

"Is that a problem?" her eyebrow arches quizzically, looking down at his boxers.

"No, no, but...how?" he asks lamely.

"Do you really want to waste time talking?" she asks, "Or can you think of something more interesting we could be doing with our time?"

"I...I...I don't have a..."

"Oh, really? Give the man a condom, Natasha." the fleshlight on the bed shimmers, pulling in on itself, the plastic thinning into a thin latex sheath.

Back to the present: "Ok, I don't need a blow by blow..."

"Oh, we did that, too." Carol replies impishly, "Several times."

"Ok, ok, I get it. Can I have Natasha back, please, however you ended up looking like her?"

"Do I have to? I look exactly like her, now. I could be her, for a few days at least..."

"No. Just give me her part back."

Carol pouts. "Fine. Let's go next door. I don't need Brian getting a look at my junk."

Once in Carl/Carol's room, with the door securely closed, she reaches over her shoulder, feeling around, "Oh, it's stuck, I guess..."

"Don't bullshit me, Carl, Carol, whatever. You can take it off, or you can just get in the bag and become part of 'Tasha when I restore her."

Carol seems to take just a little too long considering that option, "Ok, ok, Jesus, you're grouchy

early in the morning.” she fumbles around, unzipping along her spine and sliding out of the suddenly floppy skin, “Goodbye, curves, I hardly knew you.” he mutters, hugging his thin pale skin. “Thank you.” Marcus huffs, scooping the pile of cloth-skin into the bag. “Can you, I don't know, maybe...do something like that to me again? Maybe...?” “Really?” “I, uhm, I liked it, it felt, I don't know, good...right, even. I don't know.” “We'll see. If you're good.”

Shortly, after all the pieces have been collected, Marcus returns to his room, emptying the bag over his bed, “Such a lot of perverts we're friends with.” he remarks, looking over the array of toys, “Although somewhat lacking in imagination...” he crumples the bag up, letting it melt together and drops Natasha's head onto a spare patch of bed, “Now to get you sorted.” the assorted toys shimmer, shuddering as they flow back to their original shapes, leaving Natasha dismembered across the bed. “Now, it's a good thing everyone was so cooperative, 'Tasha, because if one of these wasn't here, you couldn't be fully restored.” he picks up her sex, rubbing the slick lips with his thumb, “And, as that's what Sarah's paying me for, we go to plan B.”

Natasha's eyes open wide, staring up at him.

Marcus pulls out a gold ring from his pocket, “I think she really wanted it to end this way, anyway. Payback for sleeping with Steve.” He rubs the ring up against Natasha's sex as she tries to deny ever sleeping with that asshole. Her quivering lips melt away into the ring until there's only the ring left. Marcus rolls it between his fingers, Natasha trying to scream as if he was being as playful with her clit. “Now to get the rest of you back together.” he puts the ring back in its place, the pocket lining rubbing teasingly against it, and begins to reassemble her on the bed.

Soon, Natasha lies quietly squirming on the bed, her mouth still plastic, smooth skin between her legs. “Now, 'Tasha, I'm going to restore your mouth. And when I do, you're going to remember everything, and you'll be quiet while you process it.” he covers her mouth. She feels her lips loosening, her tongue rising from the plastic surface, and the memories resurface, all the hypnotic commands embedded in her mind coming to the fore. She feels a surge of panic that quickly dies in a surge of feeling good, feeling pleasure, feeling happy at obeying her master. Until she's restored, she has to obey. Obeying makes her happy. Obeying makes her horny. And she won't be restored until her sex is unmerged from Sarah's wedding ring. And until she's restored, she has to obey. Obeying makes her happy. Obeying makes her horny.

“You're a fucking bastard, Marcus!”

“I am. And you're my little 'Tasha toy, to do with as I will, aren't you?”

She struggles with the answer, trying to keep the truth buried inside her, but those damn commands force it out. “Yes, Master. I am your 'Tasha toy.”

“Good girl.” he puts his hand between her legs, her body convulsing as a plastic doll pussy appears, as sensitive as the one in the ring, but so obviously fake, “Now, be a good girl and get ready. And behave nicely, at least in public. Or do I need to unzip you and let Carl cosplay you for a few days for you to get the message?”