

YOU BET YOUR...
by pwatson1974
Starring Natashainpieces

Natasha fidgeted with her long black hair in the backstage, twirling it around her fingers with nerves. Brad's hand settles onto hers, giving her a reassuring squeeze. They hear a descending buzzer and a loud groan of disappointment from the audience. The words from the studio don't really carry backstage, but the defeat is clearly etched on the contestant's face as he slumps backstage to be reintroduced to his partner who's busy upbraiding him, waving her one handless arm in his face as they're taken away by the show-runners.

"You ok, babe?"

She nods, not feeling even slightly ok, but, that's just nerves. Anyone would get nervous about appearing on a cable gameshow. "Bit late to pull out now. I'm sure at least one of those things we signed was binding."

"That's the spirit."

A buzzer sounds above them and the show runners guide them through the curtain, never getting into the way of the cameras. The cheers from the audience are overwhelming, a roar of sound hitting them just as they step into a set from a psychedelic 70s dream, a riot of bright garish, clashing colours that she blinks to ignore as they make their way to the contestants' podium. The host walks towards them, his dark suit immaculate and almost out of place. His silver fox hair held in place by an ozone hole's worth of spray, his skin the unnatural orange that only exists in game show hosts, his teeth perfectly pearly white with his insincere sincere smile. He shakes their hands, welcoming them to the show. She notices his eyes flick down to her low-cut top but are back quickly as she answers, so he's already doing better than most of the customers at the coffee shop job this show is designed to free her from.

"And who's going to be answering questions, and who's going to be collateral?" He always asks that, but the answer only ever changes when they get a same-sex couple on.

"I'll be answering." Brad says confidently. Natasha plants on a smile a genuinely fake as the hosts as the camera turns to her.

"And I'll be collateral."

The audience cheer as a blonde hostess in a spangly dress that hugs her figure tighter than her skin leads her around back.

"It'll be alright." she says, not really looking at Natasha, giving the appearance of quoting a script to reassure the 'collateral'. Natasha pretends to be reassured as she strips all the way down, heart quickening as she pulls off her underwear. This all sounded so much more reasonable when Brad had raised it as an option to give them both a new start. Still, she climbs up into the darkened moulded bubble of clear plastic. She shivers as she feels it adjusting to fit her body snugly, holding her in place as the hostess closes the back, sealing her in. The lights blaze, revealing her to the audience, posed as vitruvian woman, arms and legs spread wide, her modesty only preserved by thick frosting on the plastic at strategic points. The thunderous applause, along with the whooping and hollering, is a little muted but still feels like a wave.

Ok. Nothing to do now. It's all down to Brad, just like we planned.

"And so we begin a new round of 'You Bet Your...'" the host says to more cheering, "And now that Natasha is settled in, we'll start Brad off with one...thousand...dollars. Don't forget, Brad, if things start to go wrong, you can always cash in some of your lovely collateral to get back into the swing of things."

Brad nods. Natasha smiles. She wonders why the plastic isn't fogging up, it feels cold against her skin.

Brad starts well. But, like he told her, contestants always start well. There's no tension or audience buy-in if you crash out too early. He's being cagey. Not betting huge sums on topics he can't answer, so he's up to five thousand before the category tricks him and the money tumbles down with a groan from the audience. Brad, schooled repeatedly by the show runners, doesn't swear, but, as she's not

miked up, Natasha turns the air blue in her bubble.

“Brad, do you want to use up some of your collateral?”

Brad looks over at Natasha in the bubble. She smiles reassuringly. This was part of the plan, too.

“I’ll bet a foot.”

His balance rises a thousand dollars and the audience look up as an Austin Powers laser cannon focuses on her foot. She feels the heat building, spiking across her ankle before it vanishes in a wave of ice. In a blacked out bubble beside her, her foot reappears, still and looking unnervingly lifeless up close as that part becomes clear.

“Now, don’t worry, Brad, when you decide to quit, you can buy Natasha that back.”

Brad nods, looking up at her face before the next question comes. Unfortunately, the amount Brad knows about fashion can be counted on the fingers of her one dismembered foot. The laser targets her diminished leg next, an extra three-thousand going to the bank.

The rest of the game rollercoasters between highs as the counter ratchets up and lows as the laser diminishes her further. Left foot. Left leg. Left hand. Left arm. “Trust the plan, trust Brad.” she murmurs. Right hand. Right arm. “Trust the plan.” Stomach. *Well, at least that takes care of the butterflies.* Hips. She feels the warmth there, feeling her lips remaining against the frosted glass, breathing fast and shallow. Chest. Her breasts remain in place, her body in four separate parts, not counting the body assembling beside her. How she’s still alive is a mystery she really doesn’t want to think about.

“Are you sure you don’t want to stop there, Brad?”

Brad shakes his head and continues betting, until it goes wrong again. “Head.”

“What?! That’s not the plan!” she shrieks but no one hears.

“Really? Are you sure? There are three other piece of collateral you could...”

“I bet the head.”

Natasha keeps mouthing obscenities as the laser takes aim and her head vanishes. The world goes quiet and dark for a moment before she can see, barely, through the frosted glass and hear again. The counter ticks up with one hundred thousand dollars.

From that point on, Brad seems on a roll, the money ticking up and up. Natasha tries to breathe a sigh of relief but lacks both lungs and a mouth to actually do it. She starts adding things up, Hundred for her head, fifty for the chest, twenty for hips and stomach... Brad’s on for a million, so they could pay it all off and still have money to spare. At least enough to get both of them out of their current life. Things are looking up. She hears Brad hit the buzzer to quit, feeling good about things now.

“Well, Brad, congratulations. You’ve won one million, four thousand and fifty-three dollars. Now, to buy back your lovely wife’s gambled parts will cost a mere two hundred thousand dollars, so shall we do that now and get you two reunited?”

Brad smiles. “No.”

The host pales under his tan. “What? But...”

“I think I’ll keep her as she is. Those are her best bits anyway and I can do better than her now.”

“But...”

“So I’ll just take the money, thanks.”

Natasha’s eyes would go wide as saucers at that. But there’s nothing she can do as the bubble goes dark. It’s opened, her tits and cunt unceremoniously taken out and given back to her partner. She feels her pussy slipped into his pocket, his hands squeezing her tits as he collects the cheque and walks off with her into his new life leaving her old body behind. “Told you to trust the plan, Tits. Shame I didn’t quite tell you all of it.”