

CHRISTMAS BOXES
by Paul Watson
Starring Natasha in Pieces

Natasha strokes a hand through her long blonde hair. She raises her third, fourth, it can't be the fifth can it, glass of sparkling wine. It's not as if she's paying. She adjusts her strapless black minidress before it slips too far and shows everyone more than she intends. The festive music pounds around her, sleigh bells mixed with everything. Tinsel sparkles off every possible surface and a good portion of the staff, fake snow piled into the corners around the tree.

The night's entertainment is walking around the tables, his sleeves rolled up to show nothing hidden. He leans in close, pulling coins out from ears, and some other places when presented with the chance; cards shuffled and cut; predictions made; minds read; a red ball leaps from hand to hand without actually being seen to do so; all the tricks of the trade. There's a cloth covered something by the tree. She can't tell exactly what it is, but it's obviously something for when he moves to bigger things later in the night. She hasn't seen anyone who might be his assistant for the whatever it is, though, so it can't be anything too dangerous or too tricky.

He reaches her table, leaning over her, which means he's staring down her deep cleavage, his hands on her shoulders. "Hello, ladies and gentlemen, I'm the Mystery Guest, which is a far better name than Steve, we can all agree, and I'm here to entertain you. Along with my faithful helper, Spooky." "Spooky?"

A twist of white cloth pokes out of his hand, moving from side to side. "Hello, Spooky." Spooky nods. "What do you think of my current assistant?" Spooky turns towards Natasha and bobs in a nod. "He likes you."

Natasha giggles, the wine having it's expected effect. The cloth leaps from the Mystery Guest's grip, diving into her dress. She blushes a bit, feeling it squirming on her chest before it pokes up again between her breasts, looking around.

"Spooky! I'm sorry, Miss. He gets like this sometimes. That is very naughty. You come out of there right now!" Spooky shakes no and dives back into Natasha's cleavage. "I am so sorry. Perhaps I can coax him out?"

Fuelled by the alcohol, Natasha looks up at him. "He's probably very cosy in there. You might have to drag him out."

"You're sure that's ok?"

Natasha presents her chest up to him. "Go for it."

"Well, if you say so." he pushes his hand between her breasts. Natasha breathes more quickly as he reaches deeper, his hand, then his forearm vanishing. Her chest quakes. "Oh, he's a rascal that one."

"Ah-ah-ahhhh-uh-huh." she pants, before he pulls his hand out, dragging the white cloth out.

Followed by lacy black fabric tickling Natasha's chest as her panties and bra pull out. She colours nicely. "Ohhhhh!"

"I'm sorry, Miss. Spooky, that was very naughty." Spooky looks as much the opposite of chastened as a twist of cloth can. Natasha pulls on the top of her dress, looking down to confirm that if that isn't her underwear trailing behind the handkerchief ghost, something's removed hers anyway. "I'll put them..."

Natasha waves him off with a lecherous drunken grin. "It's fine. Maybe you can put them back on later..." she beckons him closer "...before you take them off properly." she whispers in his ear.

He arches an eyebrow questioningly and she smiles back at him.

"Well..." he steps back and moves on to the next table. Natasha watches him go, well, more accurately she watches his cute arse go, adjusting her dress before it slips far enough down to be considered a malfunction rather than décolletage..

Two, or three, definitely not five, probably, glasses later, as the meal is being cleared, the microphone shrieks into life, "Wow. That was bad. Sorry." The Mystery Guest steps to the side, "This working now? No more duelling banshees? Good, good. I've been hired to entertain you good

people. And especially the bad ones. And I think I've been doing a pretty good job up to now. No one say anything!" the audience gives a ripple of laughter, "Of course, there's only so many ways I can impress you with my sleights of hand. So I'd like to ask a very pretty, and brave, lady to volunteer to give everyone a bigger show. And, just like Cinderella, I have some clothing that if she can fit in, she'll be the one true assistant for tonight." He holds up Natasha's underwear. After very little encouragement, Natasha waves her hand and weaves to the front.

"I think those are mine."

"Oh, really? Then they'll fit?"

"Well, duh."

"Wanna prove it?"

For a moment, Natasha hesitates, Then she snatches the clothes and turns to leave. "Hey, no going outside and getting your substitutes on. I know that trick."

"But...I...they..."

"Step into my changing room." He places a hoop on the floor.

Natasha looks at it, then him. She raises an eyebrow.

"It's perfectly safe."

Still looking sceptical she steps into the hoop. "Now what?"

"Turn around. Although I'm sure most of the audience isn't too bothered by the view they're getting."

Natasha blushes and turns quickly.

He lifts up the hoop, draping sparkling fabric down to the floor.

"You're not going to vanish me, are you?"

"Now why would I get rid of my assistant when she hasn't even got dressed yet?" He raises the hoop higher until the cloth covers Natasha up to her neck. "Now, let's make sure you really are Cinders about to go to the ball and not one of the sisters." he drops the hoop. The audience applaud and holler as Natasha's dress has completely disappeared but nothing has replaced it.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!" Natasha's blush extends over her chest as she tries to cover herself.

"Whoops. I thought you'd change faster." he yanks the hoop back up, covering Natasha again. This time he lowers the hoop more gradually, revealing the straps of a bra over her shoulder. Lowering further reveals the lacy cups doing a poor job of providing concealment or support to her stupendous bust. Further still reveals a bare stomach and then more lace clinging to her hips. Finally it reaches the floor to show her bare toes.

"Well, looks like the glass slipper fits. Fair Cinders, would you like to go to the ball?"

"Why, kind sir, I'd love to."

"Just what I wanted to hear." he whips the hoop above her head and lets it fall, revealing Natasha has vanished from the stage.

"HEY!" emerges loudly from under the sheet.

The Mystery Guest bows to the audience and sweeps the covering cloth away, revealing a cabinet almost perfectly sized to hold its current occupant, five doors open to reveal Natasha inside, manacles holding her legs spread, her arms pinned by another pair of shackles by her side, the collar around her throat attached to the back of the cabinet. "Ta-da!"

"Very impressive. But you could have warned me!"

"I thought I was very clear you needed to be brave to volunteer. I just didn't mention the specifics. However, as you can't perform the traditional duty of checking your cabinet for trap doors, false body parts and the like, perhaps we should let someone else do that? Where's the boss? Should probably get someone with authority to do it."

Natasha briefly tries to protest before giving in to her predicament. The silver-haired boss walks up, not hiding that his stare is much more over concentrated on Natasha's captive body than on checking for tricks.

When satisfied, the boss stays on stage to make sure nothing tricky happens, and the Mystery Guest starts closing the doors on the cabinet."What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?"

Natasha swallows. "I..."

"Don't worry. Harming my volunteers gets a guy a bad rep." he closes the top cabinet, trapping Natasha inside. "Sir, can you hand me those blades, please?"

"Blades?!!!"

"I can hardly chop my lovely assistant up with a celery stick, can I?" he turns to the boss, "Do those seem solid to you?"

The boss raps on the metal sheets before nodding his acceptance of the fact that they do seem to be decidedly solid.

"Oh, wait, could you hold them for just a sec? There's a promise I need to keep." he opens a side door.

"Hey! What gives?"

"Well, you did say I could take these off once I'd put them back on you..."

"What?! No! Nononononono!!!"

"Come on, Natasha, we had a deal." he reaches into the open door.

"Don't you daaaaaaaaare!!!!" Natasha screams as she feels the air conditioned breeze directly on her skin as he pulls her scanty garments out. The door slams shut, muffling her protests.

"Now, sir, can I have the blades?" he asks, stuffing Natasha's clothes into his pocket.

Natasha fumes, tensing as she feels the sharp steel just above her knees. "Stop!!! I can feel that!"

He ignores her and slams the blades through. Natasha screams and keeps screaming until he opens the top door.

"What?"

"You...you cut me!"

"That is the point of this trick, cutting a beautiful woman into pieces."

She blushes a little at being called beautiful so publicly, but then remembers why she was screaming. "You really cut me!"

"Well, let's see if that did any damage." he opens the lowest box. "Sir, can you see any blood?"

The boss assures everyone there is definitely no blood.

"And these do look like Natasha's living feet?"

Again, an assurance that they do.

"Could you check they're real?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no..." his finger touches Natasha's legs. Her brain tries to make sense of both feeling it, and the memory of feeling the blade slicing through her but gives up, her body squirming against its many bonds as he touches her feet.

"Definitely Natasha? And apparently working as spec?"

He confirms.

"See? Nothing to worry about it." he closes the doors and takes the next two blades out, lining them up with Natasha's waist.

"Hey!"

He sighs, "This is going to be a thing, isn't it?"

"You're not going to show me off any more, are you? I'm naked in here!!!"

"I did say you had to be brave."

"Not a..."

He raises his hand over her mouth and pulls it away to reveal a bright red ball filling her mouth. He closes the door on her muffled curses and slams the blades through. Natasha howls into the gag.

"I think we should probably hurry this up. Someone's cost us a lot of time." The blades slam in quickly then, scraping the bottom of Natasha's breasts and then through her neck. She breathes in fast through her nose, her brain trying hard to understand how come she isn't dead. The top door opens.

"Doing ok in there? Good." he closes the door before she can respond but, as she's gagged, it's not as if an intelligible response was coming. "Now, sir, could you give me a hand proving that I've really cut the lovely Natasha into pieces?"

Natasha worriedly wonders how he's going to do that when she feels the box containing her head

tilting, swaying, moving before she feels it set on something solid and stable.

Her chest moves next, breasts swaying inside the box. And slowly she's unstacked. Which is obviously impossible. But somehow still happens.

Light shines in as the door is opened and Natasha stares at the Mystery Guest's feet, her head seeming to rise up directly from the floor. She begs and pleads around the gag to not do what is clearly about to happen, but she's soon exposed, every door open, every part of her visible to her colleagues.

"Everyone convinced these really belong to Natasha?" he asks, indicating the boxes. Natasha protests, but there are a number of sceptics in the audience.

"Well, I suppose we can spare a few minutes for you good people to check."

Natasha rages and screams and accomplishes very little except to shake within the confines of her divided cabinet.

And so many of her colleagues are eager to "check" that she's real. Or at least that her tits are. A few check her traitorously glistening sex, but the other boxes are mostly left alone, only the occasional fingers reaching it to tickle her scrunching feet or shaking sides.

Soon, but nowhere near soon enough, the Mystery Guest claps his hands, shoos everyone back to their seats. "Well, this is about the end of my show. Let me just close Natasha up and get things sorted."

Thank God! Natasha thinks, at least her ordeal is almost at an end. The doors close. She can hear paper rustling, which doesn't make sense. Why would there be paper when she's being...her boxes all move, lifted up, turned every which way, the paper rustling around her, until eventually it all stops, her body stable once more.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I hope everyone enjoys their presents under the tree. But not until Christmas Day."

Any protests from the boxes of "presents" left under the tree are far too muffled by gags and wrapping to be heard.