

THE SECRET ORIGIN OF STEVIE

by Paul Watson

The four of them sit around the restaurant table, Steve between Marcus and Sarah, Rebecca opposite, all dressed up nicely for the trip out. "Ok." the short latina woman starts, pushing her plate away, "So, as much as this has been...kinda fun, in an absolutely terrifying 'am I gonna end up a sextoy' kind of way, I think the elephant in the room needs to be addressed."

"Oh?" Marcus asks, still slicing at his steak.

"I know you're Sarah's sticky rebound..."

Marcus arches an eyebrow, looking across the table. Sarah chokes on her swallow of wine.

"...and you're her, and I quote, 'sexy-exy'..."

Steve colours, shrinking into his seat, shoulders hunching up.

"...but how on Earth did you all end up in your whatever the hell kind of...thing you've got going?"

Marcus looks around the table, "So, Rebecca, you want to hear...the secret origin of Stevie?"

"There's another one of you?!"

Marcus smirks in his annoyingly confident way as Steve's blush deepens enough to sear the steak.

"You'll understand when the tale is told."

"Well, storyteller, tell on."

Some time ago, Steve hunches under his coat. It's going to be good to meet up with Sarah again. Sure, it's only been, wow, a year, how did it get to be that long, since they'd broken up but... Ok, so he missed her. Been in a low-level funk ever since. Not that it had been a bad break-up, both realising that she was far too much for him. The attempts to 'spice up their love life' that had brought things to a head had gone...poorly. He just couldn't dominate her in the way she wanted. Incompatible in a way that meant a relationship just...wouldn't work. No one's fault, still friends. Still, he was surprised, to say the least, when she texted him to meet up with her new man; more surprised that the meeting was at a local strip joint, sorry, gentleman's club; and absolutely gobsmacked that it needed to happen after their show. He'd never seen Sarah as the type. And part of him is, admittedly, a bit jealous. Even though they'd broken up, the thought of anyone and everyone seeing her naked like that made him feel...uncomfortable. So here he is, standing outside the place, the windows blacked out, the neon blue and pink lighting blaring in his face. Does he really want to go in and see the, according to the sign outside, 'breast magic show in town'? He sighs to himself and walks up to the doorman. The man's eyebrow rises a little at the complimentary pass Steve manages to fumble out of his pocket, but allows him inside without breaking his intimidating pose.

Inside, the lighting is subdued, spotlights picking out the gleaming poles and the gleaming dancers wrapped around them. Booths line the walls, full of people except for the one that's apparently his. He crawls as deep into it as he can, feeling more self-conscious than the dancers' on stage at being here, trying to hide in the red leather seating while he nurses an apple spritz.

The deafening bass comes to a close as the dancers return to the wings, their modesty left on the stage with their clothes. "And now..." the DJ's voice booms, "...the moment you've been waiting for. With the breast magic show in town, Marcus the Magician!!"

Marcus walks out onto the projecting runway. His dark curls fall over his muscular shoulders, his broad chest bare, legs tightly wrapped in polished black leather that makes him look more like a Chippendale than a magician. Steve goggles at the woman walking behind him more, though: pixie cut blonde hair; pale skin that's practically white in the spotlight; lips painted black to match her thigh-high boots and g-string; a studded collar around her neck; and her chest as bare as Marcus', her nipples pierced by short metal bars standing out proudly on her fried-egg breasts that stand in sharp contrast to every other woman who's been on stage tonight. Sarah glances into the booth. She gives maybe a half-smile before turning her attention back to the show.

The show itself goes in the expected direction. Dancers turn into assistants before they shimmy into boxes and get divided or pierced or squashed into an impossibly small space or set on fire. None of

them seem concerned that their already skimpy outfits don't seem to survive their tribulations as well as their bodies do, every trick finishing with them nude and smiling. The only person who doesn't take part in these antics directly is Sarah, although she's not shy about giving in to the audience's encouragement to torment and tease the dancers while they're helpless. But late in the show, Marcus raises his hand.

"Now, we need a..." Sarah tugs on his arm, "...yes, pet?" she stands on her tiptoes even further than her heels insist and whispers in his ear. "Apparently, we already have a volunteer for tonight's finale. Can the Steve in booth three come up on stage? Or do I have to send the girls in to get rough?" some of the dancers flex, doing more to show off their breasts than their muscles.

Steve looks around. Yup, booth three. And he's definitely Steve. But no one mentioned volunteering at a titty show. The crowd has turned, looking towards the booth. Shouts, catcalls and hands beating on tables call him out until he has no choice but to come out on stage. "Wait, this is the guy you told me not to worry about?" The audience laughs. "Well, we're definitely involving him now. Not that I'm jealous or anything."

"Of course not, Master." Sarah replies, looking like a cat with a whole pint of cream, "Who could possibly think that?"

"Look, I don't want to get..."

"It's fine, Steve. Absolutely no problem for me to meet my pet's ex like this. Absolutely none." he squeezes Steve's hand. "We've never met before, have we?"

"No. We definitely haven't."

"But you and my Sarah have..."

"We've definitely met."

"Met." Sarah repeats making bunny ears for the crowd.

"First we need to do something with your look. No offence, but we need a bit more impressive than a day at the office."

Steve looks down, "You want me to..." he swallows, "I'm pretty sure no one here wants to see that." he stammers, "The girls do a much better job getting naked."

One dancer blows him a kiss.

"I can see why you fell for him. Bro's smooth. Don't worry about it, Steve. I'm not going to ask you to strip on stage. That's a hell of a rough introduction. Just climb into the changing room and leave the rest to me."

A cabinet pushes onto the stage, the front a featureless dark hanging curtain. Marcus pulls the curtain aside, the interior depthless black.

"In you get."

"You won't stick any swords through me?"

"I promise. It's just a quick change closet."

Sarah steps behind him, "God, stop embarrassing me!" she gives him a shove. The audience laughs as he stumbles into the cabinet and the curtain whisks closed.

Inside the cabinet it seems quieter, stiller, calmer. Which is weird. It's like the cloth is keeping the sound out, the fear, the embarrassment. But it's not keeping out a strange warmth crawling up his body. He feels something wet over his skin, like that time Sarah persuaded him to jump into the lake fully-clothed, but much warmer. It's not as scary, either, more... inviting, sensual even. He sinks into the warmth, feeling like he's floating. He feels a light pressure pushing out in his hips, strong hands pressing in on his sides. His chest feels the pressure growing, soft, pleurably sensitive as something tickles his shoulders and falls down his back. He licks his lips, feeling them puffy, swollen, sensitive to the touch of his tongue, as the warmth seems to flare in his hips, then flare again in a burst of pleasure. He hears a feminine moan from somewhere close by, sounding like they're in the cabinet with them. But that's ridiculous. There's no room for anyone else to be in here.

"Well, I think she's been in there long enough, so, allow me to introduce the Pink Pony Club's newest addition, the sensuous Stevie!" the curtain pulls back, the spotlights shining on her body, the air-con teasing her nipples erect, her pussy glistening in the light. Her skin is dark, smooth, her body svelte with wide hips and breasts to rival any of the dancers clustered around the cabinet. The

audience's applause fills the air, although how much is for the trick and how much is for the new addition to the naked display of female flesh on stage isn't clear.

"What..." she stops, putting her hands on her throat, "Why do I sound like a..." she looks down, some of her waist-length braids swish around her shoulders to hang past the chest obstructing her view of her long shapely legs. "Those are..." a hand squeezes her chest, "oooooooooh, why do I have...? What have you done to me?! Hey! What are..." As she asks questions in rapid confusion, the dancers grab her arms, manhandling her into hidden manacles that hold her arms bent ninety-degrees at the elbows, hands up by her head.

"Don't worry, Stevie. I just thought you needed an updated look if you're going to assist me."

"But..."

"You're right. We're going to need to make a couple more changes to the cabinet for the final trick, though."

"Final...? Stop, wait..."

Marcus unhooks the curtain while the dancers slide four pieces into the front in its place, hiding Stevie except for her chest. Marcus slides the final piece in, leaving the large dark breasts on display while the rest of her is hidden inside the cabinet.

"And now that Stevie's ready. On with the show."

"Show? What?! What are you...?"

Marcus pushes on the front of the lowest section of the cabinet, swinging it in and up until it locks at the edge of the box above, leaving empty space below where there should be Stevie's feet and shins. Above him, there's a gasp and Stevie's exposed breasts shudder as they swell up to cheers. Marcus folds the sides and back of the same space quickly. After making someone's lower legs disappear, making some sections of wood fold into each other isn't much of a trick, after all.

"Stage two!" Marcus announces, folding the next box up. The cabinet shakes, Stevie's voice crying out from inside as her thighs and, more importantly, her hips get pushed up into her body, her bust swelling some more in response. "My, but she's loud, isn't she? Let's do something about that." He opens the front of the highest section.

"Wait, what are you, no, don't!"

Marcus' hand covers Stevie's mouth and when he pulls it away, a big, black ball gag stretches her mouth open.

"Ah, peace and quiet."

Stevie continues to make her muffled moans although the gag prevents it from being clear if they're protest or pleasure. Marcus folds up the back and sides again, leaving an empty frame skeleton below Stevie's waist. Sarah helpfully walks behind the cabinet, to show there's no trickery with mirrors being performed.

"Stage three!" Stevie's visible tits shake as he folds up the middle section, reaching an arm through to shake hands with Sarah behind the frame.

"Stage five!" he reaches up, folding the front of the top portion inwards and down. Stevie's moans get frantic before they vanish and Sarah's face smiles through the gap, waving her hands where the other woman's head used to be. But, at least, what's left of Stevie thinks, there's nothing more than can be done to her.

"Stage four!"

Apparently, Stevie was far too optimistic as Marcus folds the final box flat behind her tits that have escaped the alphabet of cup sizes and moved into furnishings. Marcus and Sarah turn the frame to reveal the absence of Stevie from every part of it except for the two bean bag chairs sticking out the front.

"And now, for the real finale, stage six!" he gestures dramatically. Sarah climbs in through the gaps in the frame, filling the cabinet. She sticks her arms out through the sides, holding onto the frame as Marcus turns it. Stevie feels that seductive warmth again as Sarah presses against the back of her. One turn, two turns, the warmth building, feeling Sarah press deeper and deeper. Stevie can feel two hard metal bars swimming through her, something round and slightly softer moving the other way. Sarah coughs, trying to clear her throat, as the frame falls away on the third rotation, leaving her to

stumble out, her intended smile just a glimpse of the black ball gag filling her mouth. Her giant tits rest on the stage, the dark colour fading to Sarah's pale skin at the join between them.

Back in the restaurant, Rebecca looks around the table as Marcus finishes hiis story, "Let me guess, he then let all the perverts in the club come up and cop a feel or three."

"You wound me with such cynicism."

"So you didn't?"

"Oh, no, I absolutely did. It's just terribly gauche for you to point it out."

Rebecca turns towards Sarah, "See, this is exactly, exactly, why I don't want to be part of your kinky thing. How long did they leave you like that?"

Steve blinks, "I...well...you see..."

"They were back to regular human proportions after the show. I wasn't going to try and fit them into my little car like that."

"Normal human proportions'? What does that mean?"

Steve manages to turn redder. "It means...it means..."

"G-cups, I think. We didn't let him all the way out until the weekend. It was nice having proper boobs so I could take part in the rest of the show that week."

"And you obviously liked it, or you wouldn't still be here."

"I...I...I..."

"Steve seems to be having some trouble answering. Why don't we ask Stevie's opinion?"

Steve looks up, eyes wide, "Marcus! Don't you dare! We're in public! You wouldn't...Marcus!!" but the warmth has already started.