

STEVIE'S WORLD: LEGO

by Paul Watson

Steve pushes the door open. Such a long day. Why do clients always have to be so, so clienty? How can one simple decision take three different meetings and hours of discussions? It was just a font! He kicks off his shoes with his coat, all ready for a nice relaxing evening when he yelps in the most terrible pain known to man. Looking down, he finds the culprit, a bright red rectangle of plastic with eight raised circles on the top, all of which are surprisingly sharp when you step on them. He looks around, the floor covered in the deadly bricks. "Marcus!!" he shouts for the obvious culprit, who obligingly appears, not looking sorry, in fact, carrying the same cocky, arrogant smirk that Stevie finds so hot. Steve suppresses the shiver it sends through him, trying to keep angry and not letting his other half's emotions get in the way. "What is this?!" his arm sweeps around the room, and the mess.

"I didn't expect you home so soon." Marcus replies unapologetically.

"That doesn't...that's no..."

"It got delivered today." Marcus explains, answering a different set of questions, "I invited Sarah and Becca around to play with it. And I guess they got a bit into it."

Long experience of Marcus' teasing alerts Steve to several key words there, "You made them Lego? And, what? Took them apart and left them scattered over the floor for me to step on?!"

"Of course not."

Steve glances him with best disapproving look. It hasn't induced any shame or guilt in his room mate yet, but it is one of the few tools in his arsenal.

Marcus lifts up two minifigs, neither in regulation yellow. One is pale, just a little pinker than white, a plastic brim of pale gold on its head, while the other is an even tan with shoulder length plastic hair of bright orange, a couple of perky projections on its chest and tiny black animal tracks over its trapezoidal plastic body. Steve looks more closely and is shocked, shocked, to find that the skin colours are even as if they weren't wearing clothes at all. "They look perfect for the diorama I'm constructing, don't you think?"

"Let me guess, Stevie would be just perfect to complete the set, right?"

"Very generous of you to volunteer like that."

"I didn't..." but the warmth has already begun its work, reshaping his body to Marcus' wishes. His clothes melt away, taking his skin with them, revealing Stevie's smooth, dark skin like she's inside him all the time, maybe even the real him, wearing a Steve suit. His lips get plumper, along with several other parts of his body, even as most of him slims down into smoothly glistening curves. Braids hang down to her swelling, jiggly cheeks as her slender hands grip her obscenely swelling bust and her manhood melts away into a shamelessly wet pussy. She pants a little, the change always hitting her hard, but Marcus doesn't allow her a moment to recover, the warmth filling her again.

Her skin stiffens as the room swirls around her, growing larger and larger. She's not sure how she knows what it feels like, but her face pulls into the plastic Lego head, her braids becoming solid black plastic, feeling them separate, gripping the plastic anchor on top of her head. Her features become paint on the smooth plastic cylinder that used to be her human head, a long plastic column filling her head up, leaving no room for any thoughts. Her fingers fuse together, her thumb extending as they both flatten into the trademark Lego gibbous circle hands, their thin anchor points filling her stiff arms. Her voluptuous body flattens, two Lego head-sized globes of brown plastic pushing out in ways that the parent corporation never intended. She feels her legs separating, becoming stiff and blocky, her feet opening hollows just perfect for gripping the anchors on the blocks, her sex sinking into the plastic between her straight legs, two prongs sticking into her empty chest.

Marcus picks up the newly plastic figure and Stevie discovers two things: One, her whole body now feels like it's her chest he's touching, gripping, while her legs feel like extensions of her pussy. And two, Marcus, wonderfully sadistic bastard that he is, is not shy or hesitant about rubbing either as he

places her besides the other, presumably equally ecstatic, former people.

And then he makes it better or worse, or both. Stevie feels him rotating, twisting at her plastic hands until they slide out of her empty arms, leaving them hollow and yearning to be filled. Which they soon are, one by Sarah's pale hand and one by Becca's tan. Or, more accurately now, by her pale right hand and her tan left one while the arms hands that used to be hers are distributed among the other two living Lego minifigs.

Her hair pops off next, replaced by Becca's bright orange, while hers comically adorns Sarah's pale scalp and her disc of pale gold rest on Becca's head.

And then Marcus grips her legs, her mind going into a white noise of ecstasy before she loses feeling in them as Marcus pulls them out of her. She soon has legs that feel long, despite being at the same length as hers.

She's still recovering when he pops her head off, losing track of her body and new legs at once. He seems to leave her empty for some time before a tan plastic stalk fills her head with pleasure.

Marcus poses his new creations, ignoring the usual limited articulation a minifig provides with the same disdain he applies to the laws of physics or Steve's objections to his fun ideas.

She feels a gentle warmth building frustratingly short of a crescendo as the disparate pieces flow together into a more accurate, but still plastic, representation of her body. Stevie finds she has Becca's long red hair, curling over her tanned shoulders and perky tits, while she crosses Sarah's long dancer's legs, still feeling them as sensitive as the shaved sex between them, her hands mismatched. Meanwhile, Sarah's newfound braids brush across her dark, swollen breasts, her tight, toned and tanned butt feeling very firm under her mismatched fingers. Finally Becca tries to deal with having the least hair and chest, having inherited Sarah's lack in both areas, while she has an overabundance of Stevie's arse to compensate.

Marcus smiles and Stevie wonders whether he plans on them becoming part of the diorama like this or restore them back to flesh and blood as these mismatched women. She also wonders which one would feel better, and whether what she wants, if she can even figure it out, makes even the slightest difference.