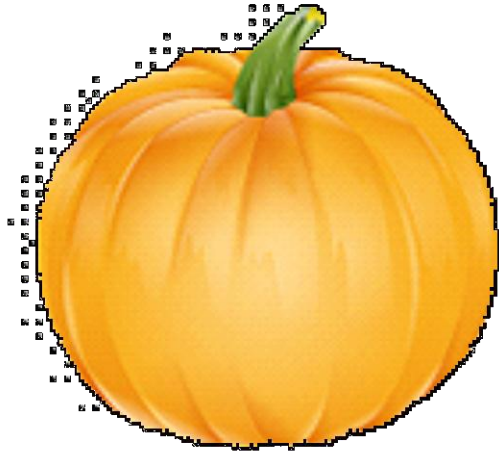
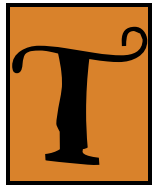




THE RESINATOR

By

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The first thing Mary noticed when she woke was that she couldn't see. What was going on? She muzzily wondered. She tried to move her hands to feel what was over her face, but found they could only move a couple of inches before they stopped. A tremor of fear entered her. Something had restrained her against her will. At least, she hoped it was against her will. She tried to remember what had happened to her last night, but could recall only a blur. Had she been drugged? Mary didn't think so, but anything was a possibility. The soft mattress beneath her body gave slightly as she twisted. She had to find out what was going on. "H-hello?" she called it out hesitantly, unsure if she actually *wanted* anyone to answer her. A few heartbeats passed in silence and she was about to call again when a voice came to her.

"Ah, at last you're awake." The voice sounded young, certainly male, and slightly amused. Mary tried to picture what the man looked like based on his voice, and came up with a college kid. Mary felt a flash of realization; this must be a college prank! Maybe some bizarre initiation! Relief filled her so fast she gasped.

"Are you all right?" The concern in his voice touched her and she spoke quickly.

"Yes! Yes. I just realized that this must be just some dumb college prank right? Something for my initiation into the Kappa Girls Club, right?"

Her hopes were dashed as he chuckled. "I'm quite sorry, but you are much mistaken about this. I'm not a part of your...initiation into your fraternity. Rather, you are here so I could admire your beauty. Your body is quite a sight to behold, you know."

The situation was off, and fear cowered in the dark corner of her brain. *Keep him talking, maybe he'll slip up and tell me something useful to get out of here.* "So, you think I'm pretty?" Mary was proud to hear her voice quaver only slightly.

"Very." The voice agreed. There was a hungry edge that set her teeth chattering. Mary forced herself to keep speaking.

"So, you're an admirer. Have you been on campus then?"

The voice laughed deep enough to make her restraints seem to vibrate. "Afraid not. I only saw you last night in the store, and I knew I had to add you to my collection."

This definitely did not sound good. "C-collection?" Mary felt the whimper and tried to hold it back.

“Yes. Please, do not be frightened, you will not be...permanently harmed.” The voice went low and held an edge of malice to it that about pushed Mary over the edge. She could feel her control slipping and tried desperately to hold on. Her sanity and ability to think were the only things left to her now.

“What do you mean, don’t be frightened.” Mary snapped. She could hear the terror in her voice now, but pushed on in spite of the voice in her mind that told her to shut up. “You’ve kidnapped me, have me chained to a bed, blindfolded me. So don’t you *dare* tell me not to be frightened!” She heard herself yelling and fell silent. Fearfully she waited for him to slap her, choke her, or otherwise punish her for her insolence. Instead, silence rang loudly in the room.

“Beautiful.” The voice whispered. Somehow, that word was more terrible than him hitting her. For the first time since she woke up, she wondered if she would make it through the night with her life.

Suddenly, her blindfold was yanked off her eyes. Mary blinked in pain at the light that assaulted her and made her tear up. She blinked to clear the pain and get a look at her surroundings. The room was fairly small, with wood paneling and warm lighting. A painting of a mountain graced the far wall, with a smaller one of a jungle wreathed in fog with a lone building sticking up out of the canopy. A temple, she thought. Wall-to-wall wine-red carpeting was the floor. Other than that, the room was empty save a door, her bed and a single chair. The chair’s occupant watched her survey the room, black hood covering his face and leaving her unable to make out more than a shadow. He was dressed in brown robes, with a peculiar pendant on his neck, with the largest amber stone she had ever seen.

“Are you better now?” The hooded man said casually.

“A bit.” Mary responded honestly. “To be frank, I expected...”

“You expected to wake in a dingy prison with a scarred buffoon leering over you?” The figure said amusedly. “Well, I suppose that would seem to be likely to someone in your position. I hope you will find the room somewhat better than a closet or a warehouse.”

“I would find it much better if I wasn’t tied up, or if I had actually been invited.” Mary snapped back. Her courage was returning now that she had regained her sight. She found the room bizarrely normal for its current use as her prison.

“Well, the tying up will be dealt with momentarily. Once I am positive that you are fully under my control.”

“I’ll never *be* under your control.” Mary snapped defiantly. She had had enough. She was going to make the man let her go. Then she would break every bone in his body for putting her through this.

“That’s what they all say.” The figure said absently as he suddenly leaned in and moved his hands above her body. Mary thought for sure he was about to grope her, and indeed his hands were hovering just above her breasts. She closed her eyes and prepared herself for his touch, but heard him start chanting instead. Mary’s eyes popped open and focused on his hands. They had moved from her heart to above her eyes. Mary was about to ask what was going on when she felt her body turn to water. The words were starting to pound in her head. What was happening? She tried to speak, but her tongue felt fat in her mouth. She lay there quivering as she felt forces inside her body collide. She heard heavy panting, and realized it was her. As the figure chanted, her body suddenly tugged. She felt, rather than heard, a SNAP! The figure stared at her in satisfaction.

“How are you feeling, my pet?” He asked her gently.

“Fine master.” What! She hadn’t meant to say that.

“Excellent. Give me a moment to release your restraints.” He said soothingly. His hands touched her wrists as she lay there, unable to flinch away. What was happening to her?

“Whatever you wish for, master.” The words were still coming out her mouth! How was she to fight him if her own body kept betraying her? And why did she feel so tired all of a sudden?

“There you go.” The figure said, finishing untying her last restraint. “Now, I know you must be hungry, so I prepared you a last meal. I want you to eat all of it, OK? Take your time and savor it if you must, but be done in a half-hour, understand?”

“Yes, master.” A last meal? That could *not* be good.

“Very well. This way, my pet.” The figure led her down a darkened hallway to a wood door on the right. Opening it, he revealed a nice kitchen that looked like it had come out of a Better Homes and Garden magazine. There was a large two basin sink with a tap-on system, a stainless-steel fridge/freezer unit taller than she was, deep cherry wood cabinets with matching table, and a six-range stove. *Whoa! This guy really has a nice place! Wonder what he does?* Though she couldn’t control her eyes for some reason, she tried desperately to notice any pictures of him or a view of

where she was. No luck, the kitchen and hallway had no windows. Mary wondered if the man had somehow smuggled her underground, maybe a basement then.

As Mary's body walked to the table, it happened to pass by the fridge where she got her first look at herself. If she could have gasped, she would have. Her face was completely expressionless, like a mask had been taped over it. Not even her dimple showed. Then there were her eyes, dark grey with tiny rings of yellow pulsing in them, giving out a blank, endless stare. Dead eyes. Mary shivered. The man had hypnotized her. But how was she still aware of everything? From all that she had read in cheap sci-fi and seen on TV, she should be completely asleep and unaware. Mary worried at the problem as a starving dog would over a leg of ham. Ironically, her "last meal" turned out to be part of a ham roast, as well as part of a turkey, cranberry sauce, and several gourds. Pumpkin pie was set aside for desert. As per the figure's orders, her body ate the dishes in front of her slowly. In her aware state, Mary was able to savor the meal to its full extent. She wished she could make her body move slower, as whatever would happen to her sounded like it would be after the banquet, but found herself robbed of even that much control. Helplessly, she watched herself finish the last piece of pie from her plate.

"Finished?" The figure asked. He had remained in his chair across from her. Throughout her meal, he had indulged in a couple slices of ham, some turkey, and water.

"Yes, master." Her speech sounded tired, and Mary groaned at how much she had eaten. It would take her months to work of all that!

"Very well. Let's get you ready for my collection than, shall we?" Mary went on point faster than a Doberman. She was directed to stand up and place the dishes in the dishwasher. Her body stood up and looked cluelessly around. "Oh, right." The man chuckled. He tapped on a lower cabinet and the door fell open. Inside was a small dishwasher. Her body began putting the dishes in the washer and placed the leftover food in the refrigerator. Mary noticed that the fridge was mostly empty, with only milk and a box of eggs in it before she started filling it. *Must be a health food nut.* Mary wasn't sure how this information would help her, but anything she could gather would help her out of this mess.

When she had finished, the man directed her to follow him. They left the kitchen and turned right down the hallway once more. Through the door at the end of the hall they walked. Mary stared through her eyes as they entered what had to be his work room. The first thing she noticed was the fact that the room was really dark. The only illumination came from a single lightbulb screwed into

the ceiling. It was enough to show a large flat table directly beneath the light, a stand with a black book next to it. Mary felt her heartbeat accelerate at the sight of it.

“Go lay on the table, slave.” The man told her, pointing at it. Her body obeyed without hesitation, laying flat on the table as comfortably as she could. The figure came over to her a minute later with a bottle of something that sloshed like liquid. Where had he gotten that? Mary supposed it must be from a shelf or something in the darkness that she hadn’t been able to see. “Drink this.” The man told her. He gently cradled her head as she drunk from the bottle. Inside she was screaming at herself, trying to tell herself not to drink, but it was useless. The foul liquid swirled around her tongue as it burned a way down her throat. She coughed at the vileness of it. “Good.” The figure said. He took the bottle away and then began chanting again.

A sliver of fear wormed its way up her spine. Mary desperately wished she could hit him, slap him, and run as far away as she could. Hot, searing pain erupted from her belly. Screams of agony filled her ears as she convulsed. The hooded figure held her down grimly as she continued to twist and buck on the table. It seemed to go on and on without end. After an eternity of screaming, of pain, the agony receded, her body slowly relaxed back onto the table, her twitching done.

Mary’s mind was shattered, her consciousness fragmented. She felt the shreds of her mind start to pull themselves back together. As her mind cleared, she began looking out. Her eyes were still not responding to her commands, she noticed with dismay, but at least she could still see somewhat. What she saw made her wonder if she had gone completely mad. The hooded face was still above her, but now it seemed to be floating up in the sky, the size of a moon. The table that she had been lying on had changed to a silver plain that extended as far as she could see. It seemed impossible, but she had shrunk!

“Are you all right slave?” The figure asked softly.

The question was neutral enough, Mary spoke. “I’m fine master. What has happened to me?”

“Fair enough.” His voice sounded slightly surprised. “I’ve shrunk you to a height of about a foot. That should be large enough that all the details of your beauty will show up.” As he talked, he began bustling around, bringing out jars, cans of paint, and tools. “First, I will pose you as best as I see fit. Then I will cast a spell that will place you in hibernation. You will simply sleep. Then I will place you in a mold and fill it with an epoxy-resin. When you have hardened and cured, I will carve the block and place you with my collection.”

“What collection, master?” Mary asked. Her voice was flat, but her mind was curious to know.

The figure twitched. If Mary didn’t know better, she would say he was embarrassed. “Well, you are going to be the first, but don’t worry. There will be many more of you later, I assure you.”

“You will kidnap more people and freeze them, master?” Mary asked. She wanted to make her voice accusing, but only managed the same flat monotone. What he was telling her made her want to weep. More women were going to go through this before he was done.

“Well, yes. Though you needn’t say it like that!” The figure chuckled. “Well, let’s get started. Where I move your body, I want you to hold that pose. But first, I want you to disrobe.”

“Yes master.” Mary railed internally, cursing and weeping. As the figure watched, she took off her shirt and shimmied out of her jeans. Reaching behind her, she popped the clasp of her bra, letting it fall. Pulling down her pink panties, she set them on the pile with the rest of her clothes. Pulling out her hairband from her brown hair, she let it fall to her shoulders. Stepping aside, she stood there, waiting for her next orders.

“Wonderful.” The figure said. “Well, let’s begin.” He spent the next few minutes experimenting with several poses. He would push her arms and legs into positions and she would hold them after he let go. Mary never felt more humiliated and used in her entire life. She stood there, seething internally as he finally found one that he liked. Her arms were outstretched, as if pleading with someone; her face was uplifted, as if looking at someone or something a great distance away. One leg was bent forward slightly, both hiding and proffering the hidden secrets of her body. Her gleaming breasts jutted proudly from her chest.

“Perfect. Now, I want you to look into the future, my dear. Look forward to it with hope.” The figure instructed.

“Yes master.” Mary said dully. Her will to resist was completely shattered. She gave up hope that anyone would ever find her. She was smaller than a Barbie doll, and would soon be sealed up in resin. She felt off-balance in the pose set for her. The master had commanded her though, and she had to obey. “Now,” he said. “I hope you don’t mind if I talk aloud. It helps me concentrate you see. I’ll explain what is going to happen to you as I mix this up so you may accept this gift of immortality with joy.”

Right. Joy. Because that was exactly what she was feeling right now. The hypnosis was strong enough though that all she could say still was those two words. "Yes. Master."

"Splendind. Well, first I am going to dip you in this preservative." He said, pulling out a large paint can with a strange symbol on the label, like glowing white eyes that held a sever fold at the edges. "This will put you in a deep sleep, deeper than hibernation. You won't feel anything, not even the passage of time. I daresay you won't even dream, although I'm not really sure about that last part. Never tried it myself." He gave a laugh at that, impressed by his wit. Mary wanted to puke. "Well, anyway, it will form a clear coat around you that will harden and cure in three minutes. It'll be very thin, almost molecular, sheath around your body and filling your cavities. Then, I'll put you in the resin and pour it over you. When you have hardened in three or four days, I'll carve the outer layer into the shape I want. I was thinking a pyramid, or maybe even a prism, but I'll decide that fully later." The master paused for a minute, a new thought occurring to him. "Oh, I hadn't thought of that before. Slave, have *you* any thoughts on what you want the outer resin shape to be?"

"No Master." Mary responded truthfully. She didn't want to think about it, as if not thinking about it would delay the inevitable. The master shrugged.

"Oh, well, se la vie." He said. He resumed mixing the preservative. "Well, once you are carved, I shall apply a special cure to the outside that will soak in the entire resin in about a day. When finished, it will render the resin completely unbreakable. Not even diamond or even a laser will cut it. You could survive the end of time in one!. Then you will sit on your shelf all nice and cozy as the first member of my collection!" He practically chuckled at the thought. He glanced down at the paint pot he had been stirring. "Ah! The Preservative is ready."

He set the paint can on the table and went to the far side of the room. He came back a moment later with a tube of clear plastic. He placed it down in front of her and began filling it half-full of the preservative. It filled quickly as Mary watched glumly. *I guess that tube will be the last thing I see.* Mary wanted to spit in disgust so badly. It just wasn't right. She about started when she felt his fingers close gently around her belly and lift her up. He was taking her to right about his eye level, if she could see his eyes in the cowl of his cloak. They stared at each other; condemned and condemner. "I must thank you slave. You've managed to hold the pose very well." He complimented her. Mary rolled her eyes and mentally stuck her tongue out at him while her body replied. "Thank you, master." He chuckled and then set her down into the tube.

Mary didn't bother trying to make her body thrash or cry out, it was useless. As the liquid neared her toes, she turned inward, thinking about the family she was about to lose. Her younger sister was barely nine, but already showing signs that she would be as tall and willowy as Mary. Her mother would be at the phone right about now, wondering when her party-girl daughter would ever call home. It would take a day or two before she would get really worried. Then there would be frantic calls to friends, relatives and then the police. Mary could only imagine the pain that they would feel. Mary knew the pain she was feeling already at the loss. She desperately wished she could go back and spend more time with them, but as her mother always said, *If wishes were money, I'd own the world twice over*. As the preservative reached her face, Mary realized that her time was over. She said good-bye in her mind and felt the preservative wash over her. The greedy liquid quickly flooded up her nose and down her mouth, yet her body never moved. Mary's mind faded to black.

The block of amber-like material sat on the table, gleaming. Lovingly, his hands reached out to caress the hard material. Finally, after days of waiting, he was almost ready. All that was left was to apply the cure. He was particularly proud of the results. The resin, which he called Amberrock, had been carved into a prism, an octagonal body with a pyramidal top. Inside, he could see his subject perfectly, the gold accenting the skin and making her shine. He felt a warm glow again as he surveyed her.

She had been tall; almost five foot six, although now she was just over half a foot. Her long, coltish legs were shown off to their best advantage, seemingly coy and yet demure. A difficult balance, but the girl had pulled it off well. Her perfectly flat and shaped belly was a particular interest of his. Although she had been slightly soft in that area, the process of shrinking actually consumed much of the free fat of the body, giving one a toned appearance. He had no idea what would happen if a subject was freed. The body would probably need a ton of food to replenish lost stock. *Woolgathering, by the Powers!* He shook his head and hurried his inspection. Breasts seemed to be in fine shape, not over large and not small, round and firm. Her shoulder-length brown hair had acquired a healthy shine to it, tumbling fetchingly down her back.

What was this? He leaned in for a closer inspection. There was something there, on her face. He went to one of the many rolling toolboxes he had scattered around his workshop. Pulling out a magnifying glass, he returned to his sculpture and looked closer in it. His eyes widened in surprise. A single tear had leaked out of her blue eyes and was frozen on her cheek, the preservative having turned it into a diamond shining on her tanned skin. How strange. It was amazing that she had

managed to break out of his spell at the end enough to cry. He would have to take more care in the future to prevent his subjects from ruining his other works. Still, he rather liked this one, and not because she was his first. The innocence, look of beauty. She was perfect. His hands ached to get a complete set. He eyed his piece thoughtfully. He had found out that she had had a sister, he had seen her in the news broadcasts about her disappearance a day ago. She was too young to grab now, of course, but soon. Oh, yes. Very soon indeed. His low chuckle filled his workshop. It sounded...eager. He would have the set! He smiled at his dear Mary. Soon, she would have her sister to keep her company, on his desk, for all eternity!