

## **Disjointed Wishes**

A Story by

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Inspired by Illustrations Dan Standing Commissioned  
by

A+A

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## Chapter 1

Roxy stopped typing for a moment and let out a long sigh. She was never going to meet the deadline for all the copy on her plate, and she wondered why she should even bother. She pulled up the email from her client, the *Spencer Twins Catalogue*, and scanned through everything she needed to write pitches for – blankets with sleeves, birdhouses you could see inside of, automatic dog feeders. Roxy knew that regardless of what she wrote she'd have to do it all over again for some slightly different product next quarter. Words upon words upon words all for something that most people probably threw away.

This was not what she'd gotten a Communications degree for.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pulled Roxy's attention up from her work. She watched as her roommate stepped out from the cloud of steam, practically in slow motion. Her name was Kaori, a name chosen by Caucasian parents who loved Asian culture too much to consider that naming their equally Caucasian daughter an Asian name was perhaps not in the best taste.

But it was a very pretty name, and Roxy thought it was nearly as pretty as Kaori herself. Roxy's head tilted slightly to the side as she watched Kaori walk down the hallway towards her room. She was wrapped in nothing more than a towel, which barely covered the bottom of her pert ass.

Throughout their time as roommates Roxy had – through pure accident, of course – caught sight of pretty much every inch of Kaori at one time or another. More than once she'd stitched those little snippets together in her mind. As the steam began to dissipate, Roxy couldn't help but imagine her blonde roommate stepping into the shower. In Roxy's imagination Kaori's shoulder-length hair retained its beautiful volume despite the warm moist air.

Roxy imagined Kaori soaping up her breasts, full flesh grapefruits that hung proudly from her chest. Roxy could see Kaori slowly spreading the body wash over her chest, lingering on dark plump nipples as soap and warm water slid down the curves of her body, suds hugging her ample hips.

In a flash Roxy changed up the fantasy. Now it was she in the shower, her auburn bob untouched by the water. She was the one pushing a sudsy lufa across her own pale body, squishing and letting bounce her

apple-sized breasts. She teased her shorn pussy, when suddenly her own hands were not the only ones on her body – Fantasy Kaori had suddenly realized her own sexual desires for Roxy and had joined her.

Steam wrapped around them in a shower only so big in Roxy's mind. Kaori pressed her tits against Roxy's, and she bent down and took one in her mouth.





She'd long imagined what it would feel like to suckle on the sexy nub, and Fantasy Kaori threw back her head in ecstasy.

Roxy's eyes had lowered to the keyboard, and her hand was starting to creep towards the front of her shorts. Her body had started to slide into the pink chair, her nipples starting to tent the flowery tank top she'd pulled on that morning. It had been so long since anyone's fingers other than her own had played between her legs, and the thought of Kaori's fingers...face...tongue...

“Hey, Roxy, what are you doing tonight?”

The question snapped Roxy out of her fantasy, her body getting warm and flushing as she looked up at Kaori. Roxy couldn't tell if her roommate had any inkling of what she'd been about to do, but the small smile curling up the side of her cheek was a good sign she suspected something naughty. Kaori wasn't ignorant of Roxy's crush on her, but had made it clear she didn't swing that way.

Kaori continued to stand across from Roxy, still wrapped in a towel with one hand holding up her cell phone.

“I’m...I’m sorry, what?” Roxy stuttered, struggling to sit up in her chair.

“Did you have plans for tonight?” Kaori rephrased the question, and waved her phone in the air, “My date just cancelled on me, and I figure I’d rather enjoy a night in watching stupid romance movies in nighties eating ice cream and making a whole trite thing of it.”

“I could do that,” Roxy replied, her thoughts fully gathered, “I’ve had my own miserable dry spell I wouldn’t mind having some company in.”

“Then it’s a date! You find us some stuff to watch, I’m gonna take advantage of this shower and go get us some goodies! Be right back!”

Hours later the pair were dressed in nighties, panties, and high heels – all part of the ridiculous dress code Kaori had in mind for their trite night. They’d watched *13 Going On 30* and had just finished *Mannequin*. Empty pints of ice cream were on the table, and each woman was finishing their own marijuana joint that they had started midway through the second movie of their double-feature.

Under normal circumstances the conversation they were about to have would have had no impact on either of them. They would have complained, done a little less

bonding than Roxy would have hoped, and that would be the end of things.

But that was not to be the case. Unbeknownst to Kaori one of the two marijuana joints she had purchased was more than it appeared. It was, in fact, magic. It was enchanted to grant seven wishes – one for each leaf of the marijuana plant. But the trick was it would only grant one a day – and only to someone who was nearby the person who had smoked the joint.

The joint that Roxy was just now finishing.

“Man, Emmy had it easy...” Roxy muttered, leaning back as she exhaled the last of her smoke.

“What do you mean by that?” Kaori asked, checking if she had any more ice cream.

“Well, really, all she had to do was wait around and the perfect lover found her,” Roxy mused, “Fucking magic. I wish I could stand around as a plastic dummy waiting for someone to want to fuck me!”

“Now, see, *that’s* a waste of a wish,” Kaori spoke up.

“What do you mean?”

Roxy was actually surprised that Kaori was even going along with the wish theme. She’d always seen her

roommate as straightforward in her thinking, a you-need-to-help-yourself kind of person, who would have laughed at the idea of using magic as a shortcut.

It really was good weed.

“Well, you've got to spice it up, give it some direction. If you're going to use one wish on something like *this* at least make sure the ride is fun. I mean, as it stands you just turned yourself forever into a horny hunk of plastic with nothing better to do than stand around and silently beg for an orgasm,” Kaori elaborated.

Now *that* the Kaori that Roxy expected. It was an absurd idea, but she was taking it to its logical extension.

“What you need is a narrative, a through-line. What is it you really want?”

Roxy eyed Kaori for some time before answering.

“Well, what's the usual? Adventure, romance, steamy sex, taking relationships to the next level?” Roxy muttered, “You seem to have a better handle on this than I do.”

“It's a good thing for you wishes aren't real. I mean, if you had turned into a mannequin right here what would I do with you?” Kaori laughed.

“Scream?”

“Probably!” Kaori had sat up, leaning forward in a way that let her tits hang deliciously behind the scant material. “I mean, what else would I do? Sell you? Dress you up when picking out my own outfits?” She grabbed an old camera from out of a nearby drawer, “Dress you up in vintage clothes, take pictures, and start some sort of hipster blog and online store?”

“Alright, miss smarty pants,” Roxy exclaimed, getting up. There was a music stand across the room and she grabbed it, popping the upper end out and tossing it aside. Roxy placed it behind herself and posed before the beautiful blonde as if the pole was going up between her legs and supporting her, “I get it, I suck at this. Let’s hear how your wish would work out for me. And…” Roxy grabbed her breasts and bounced them for accentuation, “...make it really pervy, okay? I can’t over stress *dry spell*.”

“Fine. I’ll even keep the mannequin thing as an extra challenge,” Kaori stuck out her tongue and tapped the side of her mouth as she thought, “How about I wish that you’d become a perpetually aroused mannequin who turns back into a woman when kissed but becomes a mannequin again if you go too long without sex or get too horny, or even with a snap of the kisser’s fingers, and

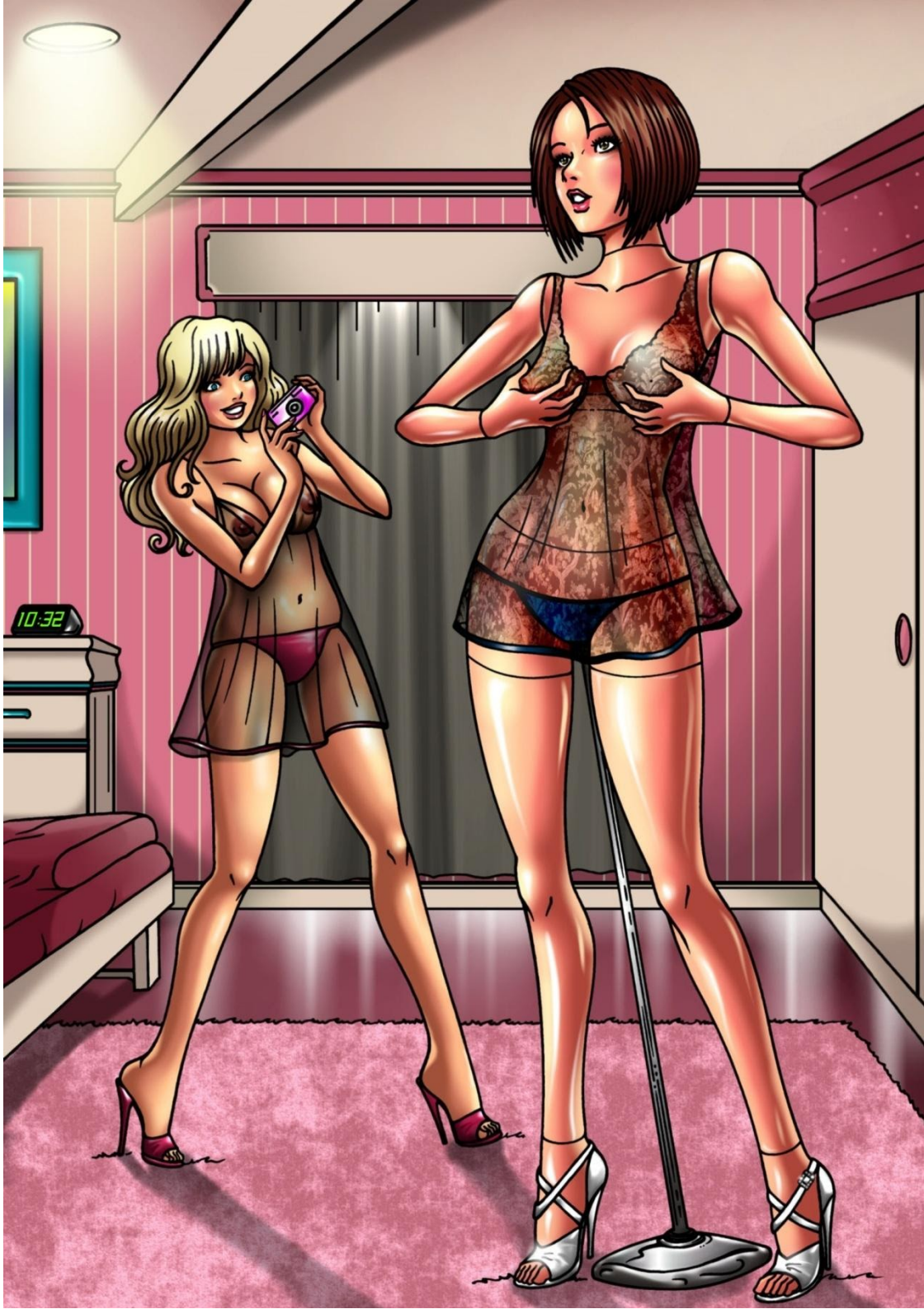
that your adventure gets started because your roommate sells you for rent money to a store that just so happens to employ someone turned on by mannequins, but later on said roommate starts to become drab until realizing she loved you all along and only realizes her own true beauty once she and you are reunited, but of course you and she don't remember that part of the wish.”

Roxy was about to laugh. She was about to lower her hands from her chest. She was about to chide Kaori for that ridiculous way of incorporating a side benefit for herself, even if the process was unexpected. She was about to blush and regret not telling Kaori she didn't have to wait to admit any love to her. Roxy was about to do a good number of things, including taking her next breath.

But she didn't.

She didn't do anything.







Except become exceptionally aroused.

It all happened the moment Kaori had stopped talking. In one instance Roxy had been swaying slightly as the blonde spoke and only slowly getting a little hot between the legs as Kaori spoke, and the next she was stock still and her pussy felt like it was on fire.

Actually, it felt like her pussy had vanished, but beneath the surface of her skin her arousal was boiling.

“Holy shit!” Kaori exclaimed, bouncing up looking at Roxy with wide eyes. All that Roxy could do was stare back. She couldn’t even blink, but it didn’t feel like she needed to. Her eyes did feel a little dry, but there was no pain. In fact, she felt great – even aside from the horniness filling her up. Her body felt lighter, there were no latent aches, her feet even felt fantastic in the ridiculous heels she’d put on.

She.

Just.

Couldn’t.

Move.

No commands to turn her head, lower her hands, take a step, or even inhale would be listened to.

*What's happened to me?* cried out through Roxy's mind. She didn't know what to think. She was panicking, but Kaori was most certainly not.

"This is so cool," Kaori whispered, walking around and examining each inch of Roxy, "Magic is real? Magic is real! And here I was trying to work for everything!"

*Magic is real?* raced through Roxy's mind, *What does she mean by...oh fuck! Did she just-*

"If I can wish you were a mannequin, does that mean I can make other wishes? Do I get three? How about...I wish there was a pile of gold in the middle of this room."

*Turn me back!* Roxy tried to scream. She was starting to get so turned on that it was becoming difficult to think straight...or was that the shock of accepting everything that had just happened to her?

Kaori looked around the room expectantly, but nothing appeared. She sighed, and looked over to her plastic roommate.

"Hmf...I guess I should *try* and turn you back..."

*Yes, yes, yes!*

"I wish you were a flesh-and-blood woman again."

Both roommates waited a moment.

Kaori could see that it hadn't worked.

Roxy could feel that it hadn't.

*No, no, no, no!*

“Well, sorry hun, but I guess you're stuck like this. I guess I'll have to make the best of it. If you're not going to be around to pay rent from a paycheck, at least I can sell you and make up the difference for a month.”

Roxy could not fathom why Kaori was acting so nonchalant about all of this - especially *selling* her?! But of course that was all part of Roxy's elaborate wish, including the part where neither of them remembered what was coming next.

But nobody was going to sell any mannequins this late at night.

“Well, I guess I'll call around tomorrow and see who I can get the most from. Second-hand mannequins probably don't get a lot of resales...” Kaori mused. “Until then good night, Roxy!

*Stop! Wait! Don't leave me out here-* Roxy cried out in her head as Kaori walked by. As she passed her plastic roommate Kaori playfully tapped Roxy's ersatz ass. The

gentle impacts sent bursts of erotic waves through Roxy's stiff form, interrupting her thoughts and practically bursting an orgasm within her.

If Roxy had been breathing that would have stopped her. It was an hour before the pink haze of overwhelming horniness finally faded enough for Roxy to think straight again. But even then all her thoughts eventually returned to how the nightie on her pastel surfaces, her weight on her heels, and even a pleasant itch atop her head that Roxy hadn't yet identified created a steady impulse of arousal - on top of what felt like a base unending heat beneath the smooth curve where her pussy had once split her groin.

Roxy could tell that, even if she were nude, the boiling roiling need to be fucked wouldn't fade away. Unable to close her eyes she stood staring across the room hornier than she'd even been through the rest of the night.

The next morning came, and Kaori padded into the living room in her robe, yawning and giving Roxy's shoulder a few slaps, which again sent the mannequin's mind reeling. By the time Roxy had found her mind Kaori had already made a few phone calls and secured

someone who needed to replace a few mannequins that had fallen down an escalator and gotten damaged.

Her buyer located, Kaori turned and put her hand to her chin as she considered one thing.

“Now how am I going to get you there?”

*Oh fuck, is she going to...?*

In short order Kaori had disappeared over to the kitchen, and come back with some brown paper grocery bags. Roxy watched helplessly as Kaori opened each bag and set it on the ground. If her heart had been beating it would have stopped and jumped to Roxy’s throat.

With the bags open Kaori looked over Roxy and considered where to start.

*I don't want to be taken apart!*

“Well, first of all, I sold them a mannequin, not a nightie...” Kaori announced. Roxy silently cooed and gasped as her roommate stripped the flimsy material from her, the rubbing of the light fabric and occasional brush of Kaori’s fingers sending ripples of arousal through Roxy.

Then came an especially powerful burst of pleasure from the plastic person’s right side. Roxy almost passed

out, the only thing holding her in consciousness was that she could not close her eyes. The pink fog slowly cleared from her vision, and Roxy saw Kaori leaning down and putting something bent at an angle into one of the brown bags.

Then Kaori walked back over, grabbed Roxy's left arm, and popped it off. The same burst of extreme near-orgasmic bliss rattled through Roxy, and she realized now that Kaori had completely disarmed her.

Beating back the overwhelming arousal in her mind, Roxy tried to conceive of what had just happened to her. She could not feel the arms in the bag, but she also did not feel any sort of loss. She just...didn't have arms anymore.

Not that Roxy was doing anything with them, anyway.

With both arms packed, Kaori turned back and looked her inanimate roommate in the painted eyes.

“I guess I need to work from the top down, now.”

*Hey, don't take off my - OOOOOH!*

Without hesitation Kaori had disengaged Roxy's head from her torso. This burst of pleasure was far more intense, as there was less of Roxy for it to spread

through. Just one big spike of pleasure, close enough to an orgasm to be maddening in how much pleasure and satisfaction it delivered but also denied. Roxy's mind was so overwhelmed by it that she didn't feel the wig that her hair had slipped from her head and fell to the floor in a messy nest.

Kaori carefully placed Roxy's head into the brown bag with her arms, and dropped the wig in after it. From that moment on Roxy had little insight into what was happening. She could feel none of her body that had remained standing, but she had to presume Kaori had continued disassembling her.

Shortly after the top of the bag was folded over, leaving Roxy in darkness. She quietly gasped and cursed as the bag with her head was moved, bounced, placed down, swung, and knocked about as Kaori made her way to her seller.

Roxy had no way of knowing where she had been taken, for far, how long, or to whom. The brown bag rubbing her skin was rough but still arousing, as were the gentle artificial fibers her hair had become, and the boiling roiling heat that had been beneath her sealed-over pussy had moved to just behind her solid plastic lips when Roxy had become just a head.

Finally light broke through the top of the bag, and fingers found Roxy's cheeks. Her bald head was lifted out and since Roxy's irises didn't need to adjust to any light she could instantly see that the person who had retrieved her wasn't Kaori.

This woman was far more petite than Kaori, with a short blonde pixie cut. She had dark eyeliner and a red lipstick painted over a playful smirk.

"Well, hello there beautiful," the store dresser smiled at Roxy's unmoving visage. She then turned Roxy around. "What do you think?"

Desperate thoughts and pink clouds of arousal were racing through Roxy's mind as she was handled; *Did Kaori tell this woman I'm alive? How long have I been here? Is that my...*

The woman had indeed turned Roxy to show her a *mostly* reassembled and dressed body. Her legs had been adorned with black heels and thigh-high hose, and her smooth plastic groin and breasts decorated with black lacy panties and bra.

"Hope you like them."

Roxy had barely considered thinking about a reply when she felt herself moved forward, and then latched



onto her body. There was a rush of arousal as Roxy felt her extended form become one with her, the incessant arousal behind her lips shifting back to her sealed plastic pussy. Roxy could feel her legs in their hose, and her featureless boobs under the lace.

It was an extra addition to her arousal, but Roxy was relieved to be reunited with her body.

Roxy watched as this stranger reached down and drew her old hair and arms from the bag. It was now that the mannequin could see her assembler's entire body, and she was quite pixie-like in most ways. Roxy guessed she was barely five feet, with slim arms and legs. Her legs were wrapped in black pantyhose and a black knee-length pencil skirt. Black wedges encased her little feet. Her thin arms reached down from a white blouse with frills. Contained within the blouse were two breasts that Roxy estimated were the size of grapefruits. Little hard nipples stood out hard from beneath the fabric, and the perfectly round shape of the woman's braless tits made Roxy suspect she'd had surgery to give herself this size that was uncharacteristic compared to the rest of her.

It was a view Roxy found herself enjoying, and she wished she had arms attached to her she could use to embrace the sexy little thing before her.

The woman was doing her own examination of Roxy's arms and wigged hair, and now clearly found them wanting for something.

"I think I can do better!" she stated, and walked away with Roxy's parts.

*Hey! Bring those back! They're mine!*

But of course Roxy's objections went unheard. After another minute the woman returned holding two arms with a less severe bend at the elbows than Roxy's arms had been frozen with. The dresser held the disembodied limbs up to either side of Roxy and considered the look.

"Yeah, these will work."

*Wait, don't put some strange - Ahhhhhh!*

Roxy's thoughts had once more been interrupted by burst of bliss as each arm was connected to her. But this wasn't quite the same sensation that Roxy had felt being reconnected to her original body. Something about being connected to these manufactured arms was different...unnatural, in a very naughty and exhilarating kind of way. Roxy felt a special tingle running through them, a constant reminder that they weren't really hers - but it was a tingle Roxy wanted to keep feeling!

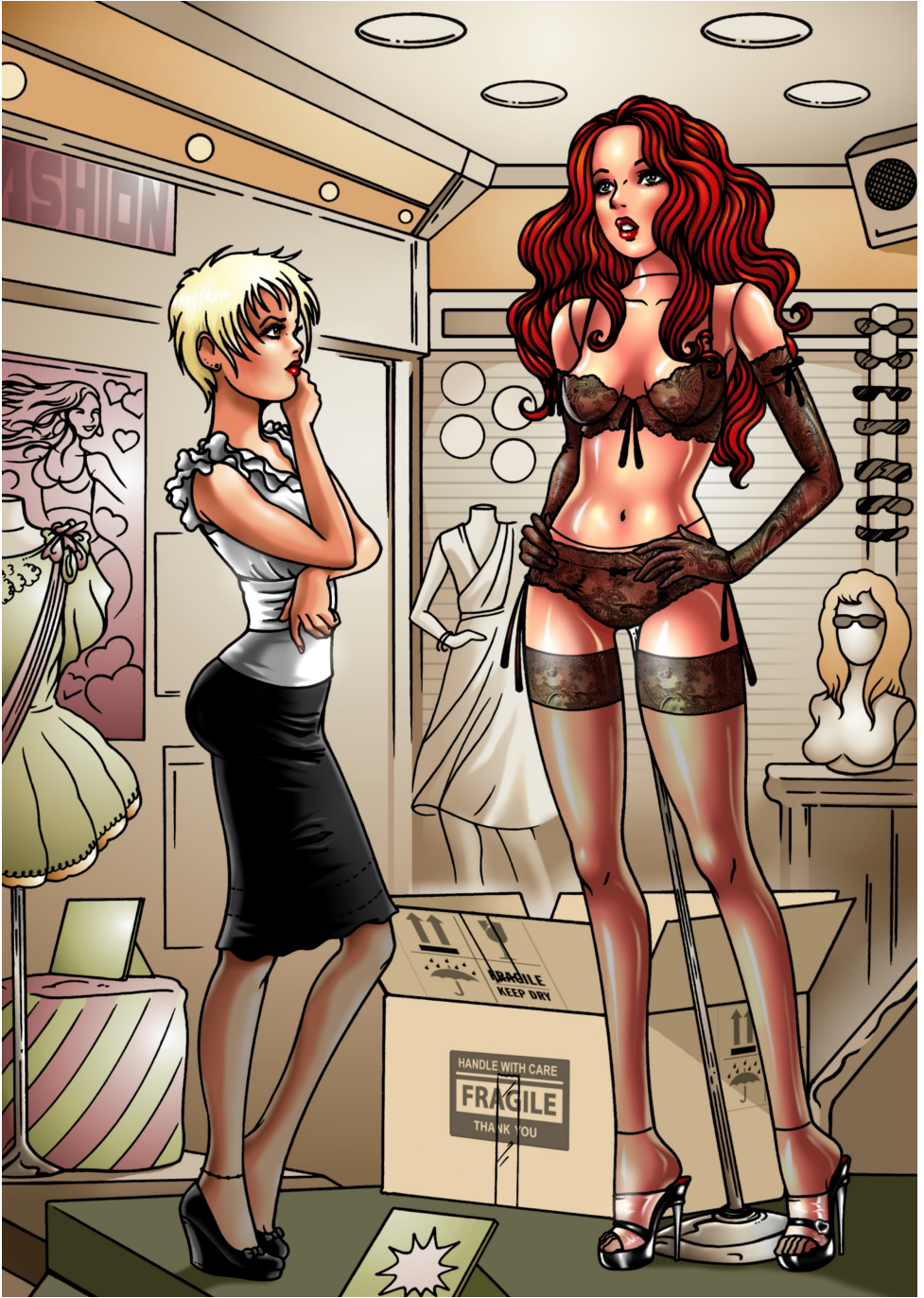
More pleasure rocked Roxy's mind as the woman pulled out lace gloves and carefully worked each of Roxy's stiff fingers into them, running the length of the lace up her arms practically to the shoulders.

By the time she stepped back and looked Roxy up and down this woman had already pushed her beyond any horniness Roxy had ever felt - but she hadn't yet cracked her orgasm. It was maddening, a desperate need rolling through Roxy's mind, and she felt like she'd fall desperately in love with anyone who could push over that edge - like a princess trapped in a tower finally freed by her true love.

"I know just the thing..." the dresser muttered, and Roxy had come to realize she was speaking to herself and didn't know there was a desperately aroused mind within the plastic shell she was speaking to.

Stepping away and coming back, the woman now had a wig in her hands. It was long and wavy and the most wonderful red color. As it settled onto her head Roxy could feel the strands fall across her plastic surfaces, tickling her in the most maddening ways.

The pixie woman stepped back and considered her creation.



“Hmmm, yes, I think you turned out quite nicely...”

A wink and a blown kiss were the last things Roxy saw of the woman as she turned and strutted away. The horny mannequin watched the little tight ass in the black skirt rock back and forth before turning a corner - and turning off the lights.

Roxy was left helpless in the dark with her arousal. She desperately wanted to command these alien arms to move, to shift her fingers to the fire sealed up in her plastic gown.

But even if she could have, the aroused mannequin realized she didn't have a pussy or a clit waiting for her contact. Could she even get herself off if she'd been able to move?

After hours of this the lights switched back on and Roxy watched as two stock women approached her. Each gave her a critical eyeing up and down.

“Busti certainly did a job on this one, didn't she?”

“Yeah, well, you know Busti gets pretty...hands-on with this kind of stuff.”

“Yeah, I walked in on her once acting on her...inspiration.”

“Let’s just get it upstairs.”

*It!? Roxy’s mind screamed, I’m not really an it, I’m a she! And this she - Oooooohhh...*

Roxy’s mental objections were disrupted as one woman grabbed her around the waist and lifted her over the shoulder. The stock woman had one rough gloves that dragged over Roxy’s pink plastic skin, sending waves of want through her hollow form.

*Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...*

Each step this woman took caused Roxy to bounce on her shoulder, sending a bump of arousal pulsing through her pieced-together form through the long trek through what was revealed to be a well stocked and furnished stockroom and up to the sales floor. The other stock woman opened doors and cleared the path as they went.

Once in the Women’s Lingerie department the stock woman heaved Roxy off her shoulder without much care and plunked her down on a display stand. She grabbed the plastic person’s shoulders and centered her roughly. The two then took a step back and looked Roxy up and down.

*Oh please, oh please, touch my crotch, cup my tits, I'm so close...* Roxy silently begged.

“She’s got an odd face,” the one stock woman said.

“What do you mean? What’s wrong with it?”

“Nothing’s *wrong* with it...” the first defended.

“Looks like a pretty generic pretty face to me.”

*Hey!*

“Yeah, the features are the usual milquetoast but I mean the expression.”

“What about it?”

“I mean, have you ever seen a mannequin look kind of...surprised?”

“Yeah...I guess it does...”

“I heard Roxy bought a second-hand mannequin, maybe this one is it. Maybe someone had a custom head done.”

“Why you’d pay extra for *that* is beyond me, but it’s not *my* thing...” the companion stock woman muttered.

*Fuck off! But fuck ME first!* Roxy tried to cry out. But she continued to feel the stubborn resistance of her own

body to act as she commanded it, while at the same time it made her hornier than she'd ever thought possible to feel.

This particular task complete the pair of stock women went off to take care of their next assignment.

And thus began Roxy's existence for the next month. She was stuck on the podium ceaseless stewing in affixed arousal and pose. The lights would turn on, and Roxy would watch employees mill about, then customers would flood in.

Some days Roxy would be mostly ignored. Some days she'd have a few women peer at her jealous of how the lingerie made her look. Some days men and women would linger with looks that made clear they wanted more of what they saw beyond the underwear adorning Roxy's stiff form.

Roxy wanted so badly for one of these leering customers to reach out and caress her, to do anything to push her pending orgasm over the cusp. But every time it looked as if one would come close they'd be interrupted by another customer or employee and scurry away.

Being so aroused and so blatantly hopeless for any release was maddening. But that was the routine; lights on, surrounded by people who wouldn't touch her, lights



off for a night of desperate silent being for orgasmic release.

Roxy had never wished so badly for the ability to sleep.

Amidst every few days of this cycle Roxy would see the pixie-haired woman walked by. She - Busti was her name Roxy had concluded - would always pause and really look the mannequin up and down. This was more than fascination. This was lust. No, this was *covetting*. Many times Roxy could see Busti's pale complexion blush, and sometimes her nipples would nub through a particularly flimsy top.

But Busti, also, would move on without taking any action.

Roxy had quickly lost track of time. The pounding fire of arousal made it difficult to concentrate on much, especially not the counting of days. By the time the month's end had come Roxy only knew that it had felt like an eternity of hopeless horniness. The shutting off of the lights meant nothing more to her than it had any other night.

Her vision and mind was so hazy from arousal that Roxy didn't even notice the same two stock women approach her.

“This one?”

“Yeah.”

*Ooooh!*

The shock of being touched snapped Roxy's mind clear, and she felt the rough gloves and the banging of a shoulder on her hip. All of the contact managed to miss Roxy's pussy, and she begged and begged for a thumb to shift just a few inches, or for her body to be turned a few degrees so that the round shoulder could ram against the smooth patch where she'd once had a vagina.

And where the flames of her pent-up arousal continued to grow and grow.

By the time Roxy had been delivered to the stockroom her mind was nothing but begging babbling desperate for an orgasm - the impact with the dressing podium the straw that broke her, as her body shook and every inch of fabric rubbed against her plastic surfaces.

Roxy didn't see the stock women leave. And she didn't comprehend that the pixie-haired woman, Busti, had walked up to her. And then gotten closer, stepping

up onto the podium. Busti was blushing, but not from embarrassment or shame. She looked around to make sure the other two coworkers were indeed gone.

Then she slipped her hand under Roxy's lacy bra.

*Gaaaaaaaaaahhh!*

Roxy could only feel now, any thinking was shoved out of her brain by the sensations Busti's fingers were creating across Roxy's smooth, stiff, and nippleless tit.

As she moved her hand under the bra to Roxy's other motionless mound Busti slipped a hand down her own body. She was wearing another white top, this styled like a tanktop with a deep V of cleavage. As if the hard nipples pushing out under the fabric wasn't enough the very low cut proved she wasn't wearing a bra.

Around her hips and ass Busti had on a black skirt that was much shorter than the one she'd had on the night she purchased Roxy. Beneath that was a black thong encased in black pantyhose that ran down Busti's legs to two black knee-high wedged boots that shined in the overhead lights.

Busti let her fingers linger over her top where her nipples tried to tear through the fabric, biting her lip as she pinched one. She then slid her hand down her body

to the waistband of her skirt. She pushed against her skin and slipped under skirt, hose, and thong. Her fingers pushed into her soft flesh as she continued to move towards her southern treasures.

As Busti was doing this her other hand left Roxy's breasts and began a similar journey. It paused to trace the ridged ridges of Roxy's navel, and then traced the line that cut the manequinn's torso from her hips.

*Mmmmffffuuuuuuckkkkaaahhh...* Roxy's mind gurgled as it was rocked by this new sensation. Having her seam caressed most closely felt as if Roxy had a second pussy running sideways across the entire circumference of her body, with a finger gently slipping between its labia.

But Busti did not linger there for long. As one hand passed over her mons and found her wet and waiting clitty, the other slipped under Roxy's lacy panties. As Busti's middle finger slipped between her lower lips her other hand palmed the smooth surface that had swallowed up Roxy's pussy.

For Roxy it was like being at a concert, and having one of the stage lights swing out a little far and hit you with a light far brighter than you expected. There was anticipation, exhilaration, and a brief moment of shock and confusion as the senses are overwhelmed. Roxy felt

something like that the moment Busti touched the patch of plastic over her pulsing ball of arousal.

The orgasm felt so alien. Roxy's mind railed against the damnable stubbornness of her inanimate form. She wanted to shudder, to shake, to curl her toes, to arch her back, to feel her pussy sputter and spurt, for her muscles to turn to mush, for the little aftershocks of lingering fingers to cause her to twitch.

But not of that was possible trapped as a mannequin. Roxy could only take solace, as her mind cleared, that she was finding some relief from everything that had built up since arriving in the store.

As Roxy's mind cleared and she regained her awareness of what was going on around her Roxy found that Busti was bent over and just coming out of her own afterglow, the hand on Roxy's body shifted to the mannequin's hip so Busti could steady herself atop jellied knees.

Busti's eyes were closed, her hand still clenched between crossed thighs. Her breathing was deep, and slowly she straightened up. She opened her eyes and looked over to Roxy, a naughty smile crossing her lips.

As Busti recovered more and more she slipped her hand out from her thighs and clothes, shivering as she

brushed against her labia. As her fingers came into view Roxy could see a very thick glisten on them, and a muskiness that the plastic woman found pleasant wafted up.

The smile turned into a toothy grin as Busti looked at her hand, then back to Roxy. She took her hand and Roxy mentally cooed as the woman spread her pussy juices over Roxy's stiff lips in line with the painted lipstick.

*Oh, oh that's not fair...* Roxy silently moaned, taking the action as a kinky flirtation. Afterall, as far as Busti knew, Roxy was a thoughtless hunk of plastic like any of the other mannequins in the story. Busti's juices tingled on Roxy's lips, and served well to stoke the flame of arousal that had never really gone out beneath the plastic dome of her crotch - it had simply shrunk down so much that compared to how she'd been feeling Roxy barely noticed it until now.

With her pleasure out of the way Busti licked clean her fingers and got to work. Roxy groaned with growing horniness as she was stripped of all the lacy underwear, and she watched Busti looked her up and down with the critical eye of an artist. Roxy silently sighed as Busti reached her hands forward and cupped the smooth half-orbs that had once been soft jiggly breasts. She

appeared to be measuring them in some fashion before pulling her hands back.

“Much too small,” Busti assessed.

*Hey!*

The dresser vanished into a far corner of the stock room for a few minutes before returning with a mannequin bust. Roxy could see that it had much bigger breasts than hers, just short of being the size of her head! Unlike what her own tits had become, these manufactured boobs had more pointedness to them - not defined or painted nipples, but more topography to indicate where they would be under fabric.

*Wait, no! Those aren't mine, don't-*

But Busti had already popped off Roxy's head, placing it aside and taking the wig at the same time. As the flame of arousal flipped up behind her lips with Busti's pussy juice drying across them Roxy could partially see the dresser pop off the arms that were already weren't here...

It was only now that Roxy realized she might never be able to find her own arms again, given how much time had passed. Were they in storage? On another mannequin somewhere in the store?

In a swift motion Roxy's bust was twisted off her hips and put aside. The new one was dropped into place, and Busti put on the arms. She stepped back and considered the curves she'd constructed, and Roxy saw the woman think for a moment. She then popped the arms back off, picked up Roxy's original bust and vanished into the stockroom.

*Bring my tits back!*

A moment later Roxy returned with a different set of limbs. These she notched into place, and then nodded approval at.

Roxy watched from her perch as Busti dressed the body that was slowly becoming less and less her own. A soft and stretched white top was slid over the enormous hard tits, the neck made of folds of more white material. The manufactured arms were bare, and the top tightly hugged the false curves and accentuated the pointy faux-nipples.

A black thong and skirt were cinched around Roxy's hips, the hem so short it barely covered Roxy's ass. One by one Busti removed the legs, and Roxy was relieved to see that was only so that Busti could slip on white socks and black boots with very high heels.



Satisfied with the outfit Busti strutted over and picked up Roxy's bald head. She lifted it up and turned it into place. The moment she was properly latched onto this new torso Roxy felt the sensation of having a full body again rush through her mind. The flame of arousal rushed out of her hollow mouth and back behind her former pussy.

*Oh, fuck, what is this...* The strangely seductive sensation of being attached to parts that weren't her own was now spread across the entirety of Roxy's upper body, and it came as no surprise to her at the point that the sensation was especially concentrated in the nubby points of her newly acquired fake tits.

On top of that sensation was the feeling of how her new white top hugged Roxy's chest. Unlike the lingerie which was simply the right size to rest on her stiff skin, this shirt had been stretched and was constructive. Had she been her normal self and wearing such a top the stretch of the fabric wouldn't have been especially noticeable, but even this light pressure on Roxy's new surface was extra arousing. Roxy wanted to wiggle and stretch to try and relieve the sensation, but of course she was locked in place.

As she'd been taking in the impression her new parts and outfit were making on her arousal, Roxy had not

noticed Busti pick up a long purple wig until it was on her. The shiny strands reached all the way down to her ass, save for a handful that Busti pulled out and ran down Roxy's chest, rest atop her right tit and adding to the pressure.

With the wig securely in place Busti turned and bent down, shoving her black-clad ass up at Roxy. Her loins warmed a little more as she looked down on the succulent curves that slipped down into the hose-wrapped legs. Roxy had been right, when she'd thought about how she'd feel about the person who rescued her from her prison of arousal with an orgasm.

Busti had literally come for Roxy, and although this new round of growing horniness was her fault Roxy knew Busti didn't know that. This dresser was, as far as Roxy was concerned, her shining knight. Whatever kink or fetish Busti had for Roxy the mannequin could only be grateful for. She wanted to thank this woman in kind, to touch her back and make her feel as impossibly good as Busti had made Roxy feel.

As Roxy had been thinking this the petite dresser had turned back around with a purple beret that she pinned atop the wig before stepping back to admire her work.



“Yes, yes, I think I’m quite happy with you...” Busti mused to herself. “And this time I’m going to make sure you’re properly placed.”

Before Roxy could realize what the statement meant the little dresser had gripped Roxy and picked her up. The undersides of Roxy’s new solid breasts were pressed down on Busti’s hair, and she bopped down on Busti’s head with each step she took through the store. Busti had wrapped her arms underneath the curve of Roxy’s ass, cradling her with each step.

*Oh, oh, fuck, yeah, mmmm...* the mannequin mentally moaned with each step. *Yahhh!* Roxy’s brain yelled as her butt banged into a push door as Busti crossed from the stock area to the sales floor.

Strutting across the store Roxy could barely register that she’d been brought to Women’s Wear. She rattled again with arousal as Busti placed her down in the middle of a display area.

“Okay, whew, your ass is heavier than I thought...”

*Fuck...you...* Roxy gasped in her head as she tried to wrangle in her consciousness.

It was now that Roxy saw a naughty look spreading over Busti’s face. Her eyes were locked on Roxy’s lips,

and the mannequin didn't understand at first what the dresser was looking at.

“Well, before I finish setting you up and leave you out here, I guess it isn't very good of me to leave...*me* on those lips...” Busti quietly muttered, her breathing getting heavy, “...it's probably a health violation.”

Busti stepped over to Roxy, put a hand around her waist and once more traced the separation between hips and torso, making Roxy shudder inside. Busti pushed herself up onto the toes of her boots and brought her lips to the plastic pair.

Roxy shuddered as she felt the warmth of Busti's body getting closer, her plastic breasts rubbing against Busti's soft flesh. The top of Busti's tits rubbed against the bottom of Roxy's hard plastic spheres.

Finally the store dresser's soft lips touched the mannequin's stiff mouth. Roxy could feel a tongue push against her unmoving lips, trying to part them.

And then, it did.

Roxy felt herself give into the kiss. Her body was suddenly hot...and soft. Her arms had been aching to embrace Busty and now, suddenly, they were - which

was good, because Roxy's legs were going *very* weak from...well, everything!

Overwhelming horniness and lust mixed with a strange release of pleasure mixed with the shock of suddenly regaining her mobility. The taller woman practically engulfed the smaller girl who had initiated the kiss.

The pleasure of the kiss was so deep that neither fully realized what had happened until they finally pulled away from each other with a need to breath. Strands of saliva stretched from their lips as Roxy and Busti looked each other up and down.

“Holy shit,” Busti finally gasped, “I...I thought I was imagining that...”

“No...nope...” Roxy gasped, doing her best to keep standing despite the sensations running through her, “I’m very...very real...”

And *so much* of Roxy was real. She could feel the extra weight of her larger breasts pulling at her upper body. She recalled the sensation of them going from empty plastic to how it felt as they filled with flesh, like someone was packing clay inside of Roxy's bust. The sensation of the immobile skin softening and the wobbly

meat beginning to hang more naturally. It actually made them look a little bigger.

Roxy recalled how it had felt for her new nipples to form at the front of the previously smooth bust, pushing outwards as the plastic became flesh. She could feel them, two hard nubs, heaving into the top she'd been dressed with.

Her arms and upper body had retained the teasing tingle of being unoriginal to her, and Roxy was thankful that they'd transformed with her instead of leaving her a living gasping head. She ran her hands over her new arms and stomach, shivering as the sensation became more intense wherever she touched herself.

Her pussy had already begun dripping the moment it bloomed from the surface of her smooth groin, and rubbing herself like she was only caused the fire within her loins to burn more. Roxy was so horny she was actually having difficulty catching her breath.

“How...?”

Roxy barely registered Busti's quiet question, instead looking around for a mirror. She saw one on a column along another aisle and stepped out to go over to it - and stumbled. Roxy caught herself on a hanger rack and kept herself from falling, even though the momentum of her

own enormous rack tried to pull her down as her tits swung out and then jiggled back. Her heels were much higher than anything she'd worn before, and Roxy hadn't been ready to try and walk with them.

“Here, let me help!” Busti exclaimed, and in a flash she was at Roxy's side. She threw Roxy's arm over her shoulders and walked the formerly plastic woman over to the mirror.

The shock of seeing her new self pulled Roxy up to stand on her own, Busti stepping aside - still in awe and confusion over how any of this was possible.

Roxy was also in awe. It was like staring at the reflection of a stranger - an impossibly sexy stranger, and Roxy felt herself getting hornier as she looked at herself!

But who could blame her? Her legs were perfectly on display in the black boots, with the microskirt barely covering her pert ass. Two tits practically the size of Roxy's head gently swayed under her shirt, Roxy's new nipples large and hard and clearly tenting the material.



Andrea V. Ale



Strands of purple hair cascaded down the front of her chest, cradled in Roxy's immense cleavage. Gently Roxy pinched the impossibly purple hair and tugged at it. She winced as she felt the roots of her "natural" hair tug at her scalp. The wig had grown into her skin when she changed back.

Roxy brought up a shaking hand to her face to check that at least it was still hers. She finally forced herself to take a deep breath - a strange feeling after so much time spent not breathing at all. Roxy cooed as she felt her new and sensitive nipples brush under the fabric.

"Um, excuse me," Busti spoke up again, her voice actually taking on a more authoritative tone, her patience for the fantastic things happening clearly starting to run out, "...but you need to tell me what your deal is."

Suddenly Roxy felt an undeniable impulse grip her.

"My name is Roxy, and I'm a magic perpetually aroused mannequin. I turn into a flesh-and-blood woman when kissed but will become a mannequin again if I go too long without sex or get *too* horny, or if the one who woke me snaps their fingers."

As she finished her word vomit Roxy threw her hand to her mouth. She wanted to add that she'd been a person before this, but the words wouldn't come. Anything she

tried to say to correct or at least refine her statement stuck in her throat.

“Oh, wow, really? I bought a magic horny mannequin?”

“Yeah,” Roxy replied of her own accord. That was certainly true. Her pussy was on fire, and Roxy could feel drips down her thighs, some of her moisture thinly spread and drying between her legs from when she’d walked over to the mirror.

“And you’d fuck me?” Busti asked, although it was partially a command.

“Shit girl,” Roxy sighed, turning and looking down at the short woman, “I’m so aroused right now I’d do just about anything to you.”

“Mmm, really?” Busti mused, slowly circling the former mannequin and giving her a good look up and down, “Roxy, was it?”

“Uh huuh...” Roxy replied, squeezing her legs together. Busti was circling her like a predator would prey and Roxy was kind of into it.

“Well, how about we start small...”

Busti reached out and took one of Roxy's hands. She lead it under Busti's short skirt and pushed Roxy's fingers against the fabric covering Busti's slit. Even through the pantyhose and panties Roxy could feel how damp Roxy was.

Without further prompting Roxy began to massage Busti's pussy through the material, cradling her labia with her pointer and index fingers and letting her middle finger drive down on where Busti's clit was buried.

Busti instantly closed her eyes and began humming with pleasure, pushing her hips against Roxy's hand. As her bucking became more and more haggard Roxy felt Busti place her own hand on the back of Roxy's to help keep it in place.

The Roxy heard the *snap* of Busti's fingers, but she did not see it happen. Instantly her flesh and bones hardened and hollowed back into that of her mannequin form, the flame of arousal shifting as her pussy and nipples were swallowed up by the reforming plastic.

*Nnnnnooooo, no! Why...* Roxy silently moaned. But her open eyes soon saw what Busti had done. Roxy could still feel Busti's hand on the back of her stiffened fingers, her rigid middle digit pressing deeply into Busti's covered pussy. Roxy's plastic finger was so

pointed she thought Busti might rip right through at least the pantyhose.

After a few moments Roxy watched as Busti's expression changed from anticipation to climax, and she pressed Roxy's hard hand even more tightly against herself. Her body was shaking, and as Busti came she leapt forward and kissed Roxy again.

Once more Roxy felt her body transition from hard horny plastic to lusty giving flesh. Softening lips kissed back, and flexing fingers pushed deeper into Busti's pussy and pushed her back up into a second orgasm. The short woman melted into Roxy, who was only barely able to catch and support Busti's limp limbs.

Busti hung as she was for a moment as her dual orgasms dripped off her body, slowly rising up through her afterglow and steadying herself on her own feet. Roxy could see a deep blush across the entirety of the pixie-cut woman's skin.

"That was...fucking fantastic..." Busti groaned.

"I'm...glad..." Roxy replied, still frustrated herself for relief.

"I think I need to get you out of here," Busti mused, looking up and down Roxy with eyes full of hunger, "I

haven't been reimbursed, so you are mine, afterall. Would you like to come home with me?"

If it meant cumming in her home, Roxy would have gone with anyone.

"Yes, please," Roxy said breathily, stepping forward like she was going to seduce Busti again. Roxy really needed someone to get her off.

"Great!" Busti exclaimed, but then her expression fell. "Shit, but I can't afford to pay for all this clothing, and I can't walk you out of here naked, and I can't drag an entire mannequin out of here without it looking like I'm stealing you, since I don't have a real receipt..."

Roxy did not like where this is going.

"I think it will work if-" Roxy started to say, but Busti cut her off with an *Ah Ha!* moment.

"I know! I'll do it piecemeal!" Busti announced, and she snapped her fingers.

*Nnnnnnnnoooooo...*

There was nothing Roxy could do but freeze in place, all the additional eroticism of her plastic form flushing through her. Without a second thought Busti picked up the mannequin she'd just manifested from and

flesh-and-blood woman and walked her to the back of the store.

Placing Roxy down in a corner that was out of the way, Busti looked up at the frozen eyes begging for release and smiled.

“I know what I’m starting with.”

And with that Roxy felt her head pop off her neck. Her wig was pulled away, leaving her nothing more than a bald plastic face that *needed to fuck!* Roxy couldn’t even stare at the sexy woman she wanted to cum with, for Busti slipped Roxy into a large bag almost immediately.

Once again Roxy was trapped in complete darkness, only aware of what was happening from what she could hear and feel. And for a while that wasn’t much. She was moved a few times, and was finally brought back into the light as she fell from the bag onto something soft.

Roxy’s plastic head was picked up and nestled against a few pillows she caught out of the corner of her eye at the last moment, and she was positioned so she could look down the length of a bed in a somewhat bare room.

Busti was beside the bed, and explained that this was her guest room. She was going to let Roxy enjoy it while

she collected enough pieces to bring her back to life. In the meantime Busti didn't want to risk kissing Roxy's head and bringing her to life without a complete body.

*But I neeeeed release noooooooow...!*

Over the next few weeks Roxy found herself left on the bed completely alone, visited only when Busti had a new mannequin part to deliver. Some appeared to be part of Roxy's original body, and some were clearly not - her arms had not been *that* straight. Eventually a long wig that transitioned from black to blue which Roxy had never seen before found its way to her head.

In time a bust and pelvis were connected to Roxy's head, which only provided both more parts for Busti to lustily paw at and reminders of the bits Roxy's plastic body was missing.

And Roxy could feel that her pelvis was not her original pussy and ass. It was especially distracting to feel the alien tingle where a pussy should have been. And how would that look when she grew it?

Eventually it appeared that Roxy had brought home a complete set of parts, laid out on the bed in parts.





Seeing that she *could* be put together but *hadn't* been yet was even more maddening for Roxy. What was Busti waiting for?

That question was answered when one night Busti came into the room wearing a purple negligee that did nothing to hide her hardened nipples, panties of a similar style, and fancy pantyhose. She had a deep desire that shone through her eyes, and as she slinked over to the bed she picked up one of Roxy's disconnected arms and began to suck on the fingers seductively.

"Tonight, we're going to have the *best* time," Busti mewed as her tongue lapped over Roxy's hand.

*I can't feel anything if it isn't attached to me!*

Unaware of Roxy's pleading Busti took her time putting her mannequin lover together. She climbed onto the bed so that she was kneeling before Roxy, Busti's gossamer encased breasts swinging lightly in front of Roxy's frozen face.

Slowly, running her fingers up and down each limb before attaching it, Busti attached Roxy's arms and legs one-by-one. Roxy's mind reeled with each that was locked in place - none felt like her originals, the arousing tingle of otherness enflaming her sealed sex.

Finally Busti appeared satisfied with her creation and leaned down. Her boobs rested upon Roxy's as she put her lips to the plastic pair, and with a gasp Roxy was alive again. The splits between her body parts sealed up, the blue hair rooted to her scalp, and her nipples bloomed atop her big tits practically as hard as her empty plastic shell had been.

Roxy's new pussy erupted from her plastic groin like a freshly struck oil well. Thick and engorged labia fluttered up with a pink curtain of coral beneath it. Roxy ground her new ass into the bed as she felt how empty and hungry her new slit was. And the clit that grew into the crest of her lower lips was large and sensitive.

The two women embraced tightly, tits and lips mashed together leaving no air between them. Roxy rolled back and forth, swinging the smaller woman from one side of the bed to the other atop her. The newly flesh woman was insanely horny, and began to rub Busti up and down her body.

There was a little sensation in the back of Roxy's mind that said something wasn't *quite* right, but it was too quiet to be heard.

"I think you deserve some attention," Busti grinned, and Roxy could do nothing but babble nonsense as her

mind was broken by Busti's fingers just grazing the outer lips of her foreign pussy. Juices drenched Busti's hand as she dove her fingers deeper. With her other hand she had to hold tight onto Roxy's shoulder or risk being bucked off by the woman beneath her.

Roxy's vision had burned to a white light. All she could feel were the orgasms crashing over her again and again, weeks and weeks worth of magic-fueled desire and need for release finally finding it.

Busti finally lost her grip and was flung back onto the bed, the hand dug into Roxy's pussy popping free. Slowly the white filter over Roxy's eyes faded, and she was able to catch her breath as the constant cumming ebbed away. She stayed collapsed back on the bed for a few moments before a statement from Busti caught her attention.

“Oh, well, this is an interesting thing to know...”

Gasping, and feeling her curse of arousal starting to flow back into her loins, Roxy slowly pushed herself up onto her elbows. Her impossibly blue hair, now growing naturally from her head, had fallen in front of her face. Roxy pulled the locks aside and looked down at Busti. She was holding something up in her hand.

Something that looked...familiar.

It was a foot! A plastic foot!

It was now that Roxy realized she could only feel one foot at the end of her legs. She joined Busti in looking back and forth between her flesh-made limbs. The one on the left had a foot and Roxy wiggled the toes at the end of it.

The right leg had no such natural end. Instead her leg stopped right above where an ankle should have been. Roxy's eyes went wide and she bent her knee so she could get a better look. Where once had been smooth plastic was now just a smooth patch of skin.

No bone, no blood, just an unnaturally flat patch of flesh. The pair looked at each other, locking eyes. Roxy was simply relieved that she was in no danger of bleeding out.

Busti had a much more lusty look.

“Oh, we are going to have *so much fun* with this!”

With that Busti snapped her fingers. Roxy could tell what her lover was about to do as she raised her hand and the slightly disassembled woman could only get the earliest part of a frustrated moan out before her flesh

went rigid. She was locked up on her elbows looking down at the woman at the end of the bed.

Busti dropped Roxy's foot and it clattered against the plastic thigh. Busti let herself collapse forward onto the bed-ridden mannequin, her head resting just below Roxy's smooth tits.

"Oh, you are just the most amazing toy!" Busti through her arms around Roxy's waist and hugged the plastic woman tightly, Busti's breasts pushing against Roxy's lower belly.

*Oh please, oh please, let me experience that again!*  
Roxy cried out to no one.

After a moment draped as she was like a sexy tablecloth over Roxy's lower body Busti sat up. Roxy could see the glint in Busti's eyes that was becoming *very* common - the look of sexy mischief. Busti slid one hand down over Roxy's lower back and grabbed her hard right ass cheek while the other slowly pulled around her hip and traced a line down Roxy's plastic leg before crossing to Busti's thigh and down to her mons.

"That felt so good, but the idea of being able to bring you to life in pieces has me *so* wet again..." Busti's statement was accent by her body shuddering as she slipped two fingers into herself. Her lower body

undulated a few times and her ass ground into the bed before Busti snapped herself out of her self-pleasure with a squeak. She blushed and looked at Roxy with mock embarrassment, sustaining the coy expression as she pulled her glistening fingers out of her loins and painted her juices over Roxy's stiff lips.

“Given how insanely you came I'll bet you're already...*thirsty*.”

*I want to cum again like that, let me cum again like that!*

Busti got up slowly from the bed, drawing out her actions making her pussy all the drippier. She picked up Roxy's already-detached foot and rubbed it all over her body as if she was doing a striptease with it. Roxy then let it drop to the floor.

Keeping her eyes locked with Roxy's Busti then leaned over and uncoupled the mannequin's other foot. She again massaged it across her skin before dropping it to the floor. She then did the same with Roxy's hands and arms and the remaining parts of her legs.

All of this was driving Roxy more and more mad with lust, but it wasn't until Busti moved to pop her loins off the bottom of her bust that she finally silently objected.

*Wait, no, leave my pussy! I want my pussy!*

But Busti couldn't hear the objections, and soon Roxy found herself nothing more than a head and wig, which Busti gently picked up as she continued to stare in the painted eyes.

“Might as well jump to the worst-case scenario and see how this works,” Busti smiled, and before Roxy could realize what was coming Busti planted a kiss on her juice-dried lips.

Roxy instantly felt the hair root itself and her jaw loosen, her eyes darting downwards where she had no body. Roxy could not feel herself breathing, but at the same time she did not feel a need to. There was no sense of asphyxiation or drowning, she simply did not *need* to move air through her mouth or nose as she was.

Thankful she was both alive and not gulping like a fish out of water. Roxy intended to scream at Busti *Why would you risk that?* but found that without lungs to move the air past her vocal chords Roxy was just as silent as she was while plastic.

“Aw, no air so no talking, huh?” Busti pouted. She then jumped onto the bed, falling onto her back and



cradling Roxy's head up to one of her nipples, "That's fine, I wasn't expecting conversation right now anyway."

Desperate for some sexual action Roxy instantly latched onto the nipples presented to her. Thankful she could create a suction vacuum with just her palate and tongue, and eagerly lapped and sucked at Busti's tit.

Busti let out a long satisfied hum, and after a moment shifted Roxy to do the same for the other teat. Roxy could feel Busti shiver in pleasure and her body relaxed.

After a few minutes of being suckled Busti finally stirred and reached over to turn off the light on the bed stand. Roxy blinked as her eyes adjusted to the darkness, and just as she began to see the dark shapes around her again she felt Busti begin to push her head under the sheets!

Down and down Roxy went, over Busti's navel and mons before finally finding herself settled between Busti's spread thighs. A brief brush over her lover's blonde bush caressed Roxy's cheek before she found herself facing Busti's pussy and nose-deep in her muff.

Even though Roxy couldn't breathe she could sense Busti's thick musk weaving itself into her nostrils. The air beneath the sheet was thick with the moisture of Busti's flooded folds. And Roxy could feel her head

being positioned and wedged in place by pillows for one purpose.

Roxy was practically knocked out of place by the convulsions that rung down Busti's body like a tuning fork as the horny head stuffed her tongue into the pussy placed before her and ran it as deep and long as she could, ending with a stiff pass over Busti's clit. Subsequent licks were not met with as passionate a reaction, but the increase in flow from the pink coral valley made it clear that Roxy's ministrations were working well.

There was no way for Roxy to know for how long she was under the sheet. She licked away with abandon, wishing she had a pussy to better appreciate the ball of arousal building in her closed throat. Three times Busti came, sprays of thick warm pleasure pouring over Roxy's eyes and nose. Eventually the squirming around her trapped head stopped and Roxy realized that Busti had fallen asleep while she was being eaten-out by a horny head.

Shortly after giving her mouth a break Roxy also found the first real sleep she'd had in a long time.

Roxy was woken up as the legs around her opened and moved and slid out of the covers, although the sheets

remained draped over her. Over the course of the night Roxy's head had turned back to plastic, the blue wig sliding off and becoming entangled in the sheets. Her plastic eyes were frozen shut, although being plastic didn't matter as Busti's ladycum would have practically glued Roxy's eyes shut over the course of the night.

There was nothing Roxy could do but silently rest on her cheek in the empty warmth she had settled in where Busti had been sleeping. She felt the mattress slowly expand now that the weight of the fleshy full-bodied woman was gone.

There were sounds beyond the bed. Showering? Drawers opening and closing? Then the clunking of plastic? Was Busti putting Roxy's body back together?

*Fuck, I want my pussy! I want to cum, I want to feel my pussy lips flutter with pleasure!*

It wasn't long before Roxy felt hands fishing for her under the sheets and she felt her plastic skin sliding through the fabric.

“Oh dear dear dear, I left you so sloppy!”

Roxy was carried across the room and then felt her neck connect with her assembled plastic body, her arousal zipping down and settling in the smooth spot of

her crotch. A new wig was placed upon her head. It was good to be whole again, but something felt...different.

She could feel that some sort of boots had been placed on her feet and legs, but that wasn't it. Nor was it just her swapped pieces, and it was already clear that Busti had found a different chest for Roxy. But something completely different that Roxy couldn't quite get a feel for.

Concerns were distracted as Roxy felt a wet cloth wipe across her face, dispelling the dried remnants of the prior night. The warm water felt very good, and Roxy mewed sadly to herself when she felt the cloth leave her.

Then lips met lips.

The ensorcelled woman shuddered and moaned as rigid her plastic form was released to the soft freedom of flesh. Her toes sunk into the tip of the five-inch high black heeled boots that ran up Roxy leg's nearly to her ass. With a new set of smaller breasts atop the boots Roxy took a step to balance herself, but felt her right leg move in the wrong direction.

Surprised, Roxy opened her eyes and saw Busti standing expectantly before her. She was wearing a blue skirt and a flimsy white blouse that was open down the

front so that Busti could play with one of her own tits as she took in the wavering woman before her.

“Oh, you did turn out fantastic...” Busti’s lusty eyes travelled up and down Roxy’s body. Roxy threw a hand up to investigate the weight pulling at the back of her head and found a ponytail. She then put her hands to her tits, which now only just filled out her fingers as Roxy cupped them.

“I brought home a couple options and wanted to see how those looked on you,” Busti smiled. But it was a sideways grin that implied Roxy still hadn’t found all her surprises. Was it the boots? She looked down through her little cleavage to see what Busti had dressed her in.

And Roxy stared right at her ass.

“What the fuck?!” Roxy exclaimed, meaning to step back and away from Busti but finding herself moving towards the shorter woman, who was grinning like the Cheshire Cat and running a finger around her nipple.

“That’s fantastic! I was wondering how that would work!” Busti laughed, placing a hand on Roxy’s rotated ass and helping to guide her back - forward? - a step.



“How...how am *I* working?” Roxy continued to shout, fully taking in that her upper body had been twisted 180 degrees around atop her hips. Everything from her head to her navel was facing the same way as her ass. She threw hands to her tits and her ass, squeezing each to confirm she was feeling what she was seeing. Roxy then ran on hand up the crack of her rear and the other down around her ribs and stomach so that the pair met at her belly button. “What are my organs doing inside of me like this?”

“Oh honey, I don’t think you need to worry about internal organs,” Busti grinned. She reached out a finger to trace Roxy’s impossible outline and the twisted woman pushed her side into Busti’s hand. The shock was wearing off Roxy’s sky high arousal was reasserting herself. Busti slid her hand down over the ridge of Roxy’s hip, to the curve of her ass, and then followed the full check down between Roxy’s thighs.

At the same time the short blonde put a hand to Roxy’s chest and framed a nipple between her thumb and forefinger. As one set of fingers found the slit down facing the same way as her shoulder blades Busti pinched a nipple.

“Mmmnn...” Roxy moaned, biting her lip.

“Do you want to see what it’s like like this on all fours on the bed?” Busti asked, her words heavy with lust.

“Mmm hmmm,” Roxy replied as she continued to gnaw her lip. Her legs, which faced the bed “behind” her, bent and carefully stepped towards it in the boots. Soon she felt her latex-wrapped shin touch the mattress and Roxy carefully got up onto the bed, as she couldn’t see what part of it her knees were bending over and sinking in on.

Looking over her shoulder Roxy saw that she was at about the center of the mattress, and she rolled her arms back so that she could hold up her torso. It was so strange to see both her tits and ass rising up before her, the heels of her boots just visible beyond the curve of her butt.

Busti followed after, not bothering to undress. She pushed Roxy’s thighs apart and looked straight into Roxy’s eyes as she lowered her face between her legs. Roxy broke the gaze and rolled her eyes as she felt her lover’s tongue split the lower convergence of her labia, just teasing the deeper part of her pussy before Busti began to drag her tongue up Roxy’s taint, through her ass crack, and dabbing at her asshole.



“Guhhh...” Roxy shivered. This was both from pleasure and exhaustion - it was harder to hold her arms back and down like this than it would have been with her top spun around the right way. She wasn't sure how long she could hold herself up like this.

“You like that, huh? You like something in your ass?” Busti grinned.

“It was...nice...” Roxy replied, not caring what kind of attention she was getting.

“Then I have one more surprise...”

That said Busti leapt off the bed, leaving Roxy to moan again, although this time it was from a lack of attention. In frustration she threw back her head and looked up at the ceiling and the headboard. Roxy only overcame the exhaustion in her muscles when she felt Busti get back on the bed between her legs.

Roxy saw Busti holding a black silicon buttplug completely dripping with lubricant.

“Shall I?” Busti asked, motioned to the plug with flair. Roxy could only nod her head - anything to get back to summoning forth an orgasm!

“Ooooh! OH!” Roxy exclaimed as she felt the nub of the plug begin to stretch her sphincter. It wasn't

especially big, but it was the first time she'd had anything pushed into her like that. She was thankful Busti had loaded it up with lube, and after a moment the plug popped inside of her asshole. Roxy hadn't known what to expect of the sensation, but following the initial sensation of relief she found that she did actually like the fullness.

Which was good, given what Busti had planned. Roxy looked from her ass up to the woman hovering over it just in time to see Busti raise her hand.

And snap.

Instantly the exhausting tension in Roxy arms ceased, and the stiff erotic sensation of her plastic existence returned, but with one change. It was similar to the alien arousal Roxy felt when she was attached to non-original parts, but this was far more intense. Like a lover's finger pushed squarely against her clit.

But this sensation was coming from her hollow hardened ass.

*Oh fuck, oh fuck, it's so...nnnnnn, I can't stand it, I'll go crazy!*

“Fascinating...”

Roxy's inert painted eyes stared down at Busti through the cleavages of her tits and ass as the petite blonde investigated what she had done. Roxy's mind shuddered as Busti placed a finger at the indent that represented her naval and traced a line down to the mannequin's butt crack.

Breaching the pink plastic valley Busti's finger continued, and Roxy could feel it getting closer and closer to the overwhelmingly intense spot.

And then finger grazed plug.

The sensation that wracked Roxy's consciousness could not be put into words, at least not any she knew. It felt like her plastic surface would crack by how intense and overwhelming the sensation was.

But it still didn't carry the satisfaction of an orgasm.

Emboldened by her first contact Busti traced around the black bump captured in Roxy's ass, unaware that every caress was blending the mannequin's mind more and more into much.

"This is so cool," Busti observed, "It's like it's fused to your plastic skin. I don't think I could pull it out if I wanted to...I wonder what would happen if I..."

Acting on her curiosity Busti crawled up along the bed and hovered over the motionless visage impossibly facing up and back down the bed. Busti swooped in and kissed the hardened lips.

And was unprepared for the show of pure lust that followed as Roxy regained control of her limbs. Busti shouted out in surprised glee as arms grabbed her and pulled them both down into the bed, her clothes being pulled and torn in lust to Busti's enthusiastic enjoyment.

Roxy had been driven to the edge of animalistic rutting. She didn't need Busti's observations to tell her what had happened to her asshole when Busti kissed her. Roxy could feel that the plug was part of her ass, like someone had duplicated her clit, blown it up to the size of a golf ball, and plugged her butthole with it.

As her boot-encased legs thrashed on the bed - Roxy's arousal befuddled mind was unable to remember that they still did not face the direction of her upper body - she stripped Busti and held the other woman's naked flesh tightly against her own.

It was then that Busti took her hand and moved it to Roxy's groin, taking two fingers and driving them into Roxy's pussy while Busti's thumb stretched up pushed upon the rubber knob.

Roxy came so hard her vision blurred to white.

From that moment on the pleasure Roxy was experiencing blatched out all sensation aside from her chaining orgasms. She couldn't tell whether she'd lost consciousness or just been pushed beyond the ability to experience anything other than the bliss ripping through her body. All Roxy knew when she finally began to regain her vision and some awareness of what was happening around her she had reverted to plastic again.

Roxy was happy to have gone plastic again with her eyes open, and she could see she was still in Busti's bedroom. Roxy could feel that her arousal, while still present, had been alleviated some by the...*orgasm* didn't quite feel like the right word for it.

Her thoughts on what to call the experience were interrupted as Busti entered the room, dressed for work. She smiled at Roxy, and it was then that the mannequin realized that Busti had been talking to her about something and was mid-topic.

“...so it won't be that hard just getting your head and your ass into work, and I will be WAY more entertained knowing you're feeling so good while showing off how beautiful you are...”

With the mention of her ass Roxy became especially aware again of the sensation of fullness in her plastic ass, a new source of her gradually growing arousal. The way she was laying she couldn't see it, but was able to watch as Busti disengaged the plastic legs and popped off the stiff butt.

For once Roxy was relieved to feel her groin removed. While the horny sensation rose up into her hollow chest, the extra intensity of her merged butt plug did not accompany it. For once Roxy felt a relief of lust.

Roxy watched Busti hold up her ass and then show it to her. Busti motioned to the black knob stuck to the plastic. No, she was making little motions around it, and the shadow of the pink surface.

Wait, not a shadow...

"I'm *really* curious to see what happens here as you turn human more and more..." Busti was grinning, and Roxy realized what she was talking about. It appeared that when she was turned back to flesh the dark color of the latex butt plug was spreading out over her skin. It was only about two inches spread from Roxy's asshole right now, giving her rear - or, at least, *this* rear - a deep tan. Roxy wondered if, when she came to life, perhaps

her blood flow was spreading out the coloration of the latex that had become a part of that piece of her body?

Would it spread more if she was turned alive for a longer period of time? Was it *safe*? Roxy wasn't sure if she wanted to know, but she also didn't think she had much say in the matter.

As Roxy had been pondering Busti had been hiding her ass in a multi-use shopping bag, and soon after Roxy's head was popped off and hidden with it. Once more in darkness Roxy could only presume she was carried along with Busti into work.

And that presumption was proven correct.

That day Roxy and her ass found their way onto a complete mannequin in the store room. But the opportunities for Busti to bring Roxy to life appeared to be fewer than expected. That didn't keep the short woman from talking to Roxy when they were alone and dressing her up to pass the time between stock counts, even when Roxy wasn't going out on display.

Busti's roving hands over Roxy's plastic form made the mannequin wish more and more Busti had found long enough private moments to risk bringing her to life for a quickie. Busti was fond of letting her fingers linger

down the harden asscrack, rubbing the latex nub embedded there and practically breaking Roxy's mind.

It took a few days before Roxy found her face and butt attached to a display that was actually out in public view. Busti had given her an action pose, one hand thrown behind her and the other holding a tennis racket. White sneakers and ankle socks gripped her feet, while a white visor sat atop a blonde ponytail wig. A white minidress and white panties completed the look of a tennis player.

One one hand Roxy was pleased to be out of the back room where Busti could not grab at her every other moment, but on the other hand the panties were tight enough over her ass to have a gentle constant contact with the butt plug. Roxy could only assume that they covered the stretch of tan that had formed across her ass.

A few days into her time on display Roxy's attention - although not her fixed vision - was pulled to her leg. It felt like someone was running a finger down it. Roxy was certain it wasn't Busti, who always made her presence known when visiting her favorite toy. After a moment the sensation stopped, and Roxy wondered who had been touching her.





Had Roxy been able to move her eyes the answer to that question would have been apparent. But the impact of that moment would not yet be.

Kaori had found her former roommate.

Roxy remained on display for what she felt *might* have been a week given the flow of people in her hazy vision. As the days went on the light pressure on her sealed pussy and butt plug drove her desires higher and higher, and Roxy's concentration deteriorated in an inversely related fashion.

As Saturday evening arrived and the shoppers went home Roxy was pulled from her horny haze by hands on her legs. Then hips. Then she was lifted from the podium and taken into the back of the store.

Placed on her feet once again Roxy could see that it was Busti who had retrieved her - but only after the petite woman popped Roxy's head off! Pulling the hat and wig off Busti paused to look into Roxy's plastic eyes.

“Hey there! I've got such a surprise ready for you! And *me*, really...”

Without any further details Busti placed the bald plastic head on the ground, where Roxy rolled and settled atop her stiff cheek and mentally howled at the ball of arousal behind her immobile lips. Soon after the stiffened arms were placed down beside her. On the way down to the floor Roxy had caught sight of Busti's outfit, a tight green-print tank top and a black skirt which rested over dark pantyhose that disappeared into black four-inch heeled boots. Roxy watched as the boots stepping about here to there as if Busti had removed one more item from Roxy's form and retrieved something else to replace it.

Next the white tennis clothes began to plop about Roxy's head as "her" plastic body was fully stripped, the panties landing squarely over the upper portion of her face. Roxy lay helpless on the floor only able to see Busti's fuzzy dark shadow moving about through the white fabric.

Finally the underwear curtain was raised and Roxy felt herself lifted up and placed on a neck. As she regained sensation through the mannequin body she could sense something different about the torso she'd been placed on...something *bigger*.

*Mmm, fuck, so much more skin, er, surface on me!*

With Roxy's painted eyes still locked in their upward "tennis action" gaze she couldn't see what had been added to her body. But she could see dark red curls of a long wig that Busti had added to the mannequin's look.

Roxy next felt something cold and soft pushed against her lips. Busti's fingers worked over the frozen mouth, molding and shaping some mass that stuck to Roxy's visage. Now more than ever the still woman wanted to be able to shift her vision to see what was being done to her.

"I was lying earlier," Busti teased as she continued to manipulate the material, "I actually had a few surprises arrive for us in the mail. And I've found the perfect place for us to appreciate them."

Roxy didn't know what that meant, and right now she didn't care - all she could really think about was how what must have been bigger plastic tits beneath her neck were rubbing against Busti's upper body as she fooled around with Roxy's face.

Busti molded and folded for a few more moments before stepping back and looking at her work, smirking in pride. She gave Roxy a thumbs-up and grabbed the mannequin by the waist, faltering a moment to adjust for the new top-heavy mass. Roxy stared on as they traveled

further and further into the back of the store, past what appeared to be some very old wooden storage crates wisped with cobweb. The long fluorescent overhead lights switched to more ancient incandescent bulbs in metal protective hoods.

Some creaking preceded Roxy seeing that she was carried into an old warehouse stock elevator. Decades old steel crossed back and forth over the mannequin's head, and the lights flickered as Busti's weight shifted the space. Roxy felt Busti place her rigid form against the back wall of the elevator, directly across from the open accordion gate.

"I found this *way* in the back of the warehouse," Busti smiled with great pride as she stepped back from the propped up Roxy, "I think it's from when this store was by itself, before they added the mall. They just bricked up the loading doors but left the elevator here. I don't think anyone's found it for a long time...except *me*. Now stay put, I need to go put on *my* part of the surprise, and your lips need more time to finish curing."

*Finish curing? What did you put on my face?!*

But of course Busti made no reply to Roxy's silent demand, leaving her leaning back in the abandoned ancient elevator. The mannequin stared up at the single

bare bulb sticking down from the ceiling, the little wire within burning orange. Roxy had no eyelids to close, nor pupils to dilate, so she realized she was looking up at the old wonder of science in a way she never could have in her living form.

With nothing else to do but stand there with her sensations Roxy realized she could feel the heat of the bulb ever so slightly. Its rays fell down over the new torso she could not see. The extra expanse that Busti had added was again apparent. Roxy wondered if that was why Busti had propped her plastic body against the wall, to account for a shift in her distributed weight.

And if she needed extra propping up with *hollow* plastic boobs, how heavy were her new tits going to be when Busti turned Roxy back to flesh?

*I'm going to be practically all tits...and I was horny enough with what I had before!*

The radiant heat was also acting on whatever Busti had molded over Roxy's lips. She could feel the material transitioning from cool and moist to hard and dry - mostly because as it did so it was constricting over the curves of her mouth. Roxy was concerned about this. Would Busti's addition become part of her lips, or - like

the butt plug fused to and staining her flesh - would it hang off her mouth like an alien attachment?

When Busti returned Roxy only saw a little tuft of blonde hair as Busti jumped to land a little peck on Roxy's lower lip. Roxy wondered at first if that would count to release her, but quickly felt that it was enough.

*Finnnnnnnally!"*

Roxy felt her hollow form filling out, softening and bouncing and blooming open in the right places. She winced and closed her eyes tightly as they transitioned from flat paint to deep windows with cones and rods that reacted to the bulb. She felt the weight of extra flesh flowing into her breasts - and flowing, and *flowing* - and as she regained movement of her eyes and neck she looked down and saw an expanse of tits.

*Tits* was the only word for them. There was nothing natural about them. Even *feminine* was too delicate a word for the medicine balls of fat that were tugging on Roxy's ribs. They were at least as big as her head, and heavy. Despite that they remained impossibly round. Roxy could feel the strong grasp gravity trying its best to droop them and remained braced against the back of the elevator for now.

“Phuck, whad bid you boo doo my...” Roxy stopped talking as she heard herself, and felt how her lips were moving. She placed a hand to her mouth and was met with a sponginess - but also the feeling that she was directly touching her lips. Fingers explored what were clearly very bee-stung pillows, exaggerated and impossibly soft, but undoubtedly lips all the way through.

“Whud...Whawd...*What*... bid...ded...did... what did you do do...*to*...my mouth?” Roxy annunciated, learning the new ways she had to pull her lips to speak as she was accustomed.

It was now that Roxy looked across the elevator to see that Busti was on the other side of the now-closed gate; the blonde must have pulled it shut during the rush of sensations when the mannequin turned to flesh. Through the angled iron Roxy could see that Busti was nude, save for her boots, a high-waisted latex thong, and the dark pantyhose over that. Busti gently padded up to the gate and placed a hand on the metal crossbars.

“I used some epoxy clay to give you a little more volume and cushion,” Busti grinned, clearly proud of herself, “I’m so glad it worked!”

*Me, too!*



“So, uh...” Roxy carefully pushed herself from the elevator’s back wall and paused a moment to feel how her tits were going to pull her. They wobbled about and brushed against each other, but predictably. Confident in her understanding of the new center of gravity Roxy took slow bare steps towards Busti and tapped her fingers on the gate, “...what’s the plan here?”

“Well, I really want to see what will happen to the rest of your skin if we keep you flesh and blood long enough,” Busti grinned, gesturing towards Roxy’s tanning ass. Given all the other changes acting on her Roxy had momentarily forgotten about the plug fused into her butt, and she clenched her rear cheeks and shivered as she felt the pressure on the rubber nub. “But if I’m able to play with you I know I won’t last long enough to keep things going. So I thought maybe you could put on an interactive show for me.”

“Interactive?”

Busti bit her lower lip and motioned a hand at something behind Roxy. The caged woman turned and saw that she’d overlooked how the elevator had been well supplied with large pillows - some of which still had tags on them from where Busti had pulled them from

the stockroom. But this wasn't what the blonde was really pointing at.

Resting on one of the pillows was a large pink dildo. Roxy guessed it was about a foot long and three inches in diameter. It had a large base and a blinking Bluetooth light that indicated it had batteries and some sort of computer chip. Roxy walked over and crouched so she wouldn't be pulled over by her tits. She reached around her rack and picked up the false phallus, her thumb finding a switch and instinctively switching it on.

“Oh! Mmmm...”

Roxy turned and watched Busti hang limply from the gate, her moaning and the creaking of metal-on-metal nearly drowning out the sound of buzzing between the blonde's legs. Roxy now noticed the slight mound under the crotch of the pink latex, covering the knob of something Busti had slipped into her tight pussy.

Something that was connected wirelessly to the dildo.

“Unless you're playing with *that* what I have just vibrates...”

Roxy looked down and slowly wrapped her fingers around the soft rubber shaft, each digit settling in

between the cock's ribbing. As she did so Busti twitched and gasped.

"When you...push in..." the panting woman grinned, "...mine...pushes out."

Roxy was getting more and more of an inkling that for the first time since Busti had brought her back to life Roxy was actually in charge of what was about to happen between them. She ran her tight grip up the shaft towards the head, and watched as Busti felt the rubber inside of her bulge and roll that bulge deeper inside of her.

"Mmm...here...use these on the gate...or I'll..." Busti held up a pair of sex handcuffs that were thicker and padded and meant for erotic play.

A grin spread across Roxy's face. She didn't know if she could get herself off with the dildo, but if she could while at the same time drawing one out - and perhaps even denying Busti any relief - for a while maybe this could all be worth it. There was no consideration of trying to run. Where would Roxy go? And how far would she get before turning plastic? It was better to take the chance to enjoy a little erotic revenge, er, *play*.

The living mannequin sauntered over to Busti's hands, the cuffs hanging loosely from her fingers. Roxy

took the keys out and placed them on the floor far from Busti's reach. She then cuffed each of the slim wrists to the closed gate. The pair exchanged "fuck me" eyes the entire time.

Busti was practically humming with horniness by the time Roxy was done and slowly stepping back to where she'd placed the dildo. Roxy's giant breasts swung back and forth with each step, clearly visible from behind beyond the lines of her arms.

A careful pirouette preceded Roxy crouching backwards before letting herself flump down into the pillows. She came close to cumming first just from landing on her rear knob, and then again thanks to the bouncing and impacts of her enormous tits. Of course, she knew she couldn't actually cross that O line just being doing that.

Settled in, Roxy picked up the dildo and again ran her hand down it. Busti, leaning against the accordion gate, moaned again. Roxy didn't wait any longer to see if she could get herself some relief. She quickly swung around the dildo pressed its thick head against her drooling puss.

Before all of this wishing nonsense Roxy would have needed a hefty dollop of lube to get the monster shaft started, but now she had more than enough natural

juices. The bulbous knob split her labia and with just a little more pressure Roxy felt the head pop inside of her. She jumped and bit her lip, nearly knocking herself on the chin with her boobs. The heat of the light bulb above her had already gotten Roxy sweating from its relentless heat, and now as her body flushed with pleasure her skin glistened all the more.

Roxy's heart was pumping at high speed, her blood rushing through her body. As it did so her arteries were carrying more and more of the butt plug's essence through her system, the deep tan creeping further and further out from her ass.

Her belly quivered as Roxy pushed inch after inch of the high-tech dildo inside of her. The curly red hair was starting to matte a little and Roxy had to look through it to watch how Busti was reacting. The feedback shaft was held *very* tightly within Roxy's depths - almost too tightly - and she knew she was sending feedback to the device inside Busti's groin.

The short blonde, with her wrists restrained, could only squeeze her thighs as she felt the electronic cock inside of her bloating and shifting. She so desperately want to grab her little breasts, dangling free and aching to be squeezed. But Busti knew if she could she'd have probably cum already, and she wanted to draw this

out...to see how Roxy would look...so Busti could do nothing more than bounce on her toes encased in the boots and groan at the delightful pressure shifting in her pussy.

Roxy was already nearing the limit of how much she could restrain herself. It'd been so long since she was in control of when she was going to orgasm, and the desire was overwhelming thanks to the magics built up and acting on her. Roxy knew she'd have no luck trying to play with her own clit with her fingers, instead she'd need to find her G-spot and work it like never before. She grunted, gripped the pillows, spread her legs, and bit hard on her bigger puffier lip as she drove the false phallus in and out. It was so big, so tight, that Roxy could feel its inner-workings rubbing her - which was quite delightful.

The familiar build towards an orgasm was setting her loins ablaze as Roxy pumped and pumped, her ass rising up from the pillows as the crest came closer and closer. Roxy's toes pushed against the metal floor as she sweated and grunted with each internal stroke. Her new tits bounced and swung around on her chest, bopping into each other and threatening to knock Roxy's grip from the dildo.

For a moment it felt as if Roxy wasn't going to be able to push herself that extra distance - and then the damn broke. Her head threw itself up and as her back arched her tits rolled onto her face a nearly smothered her. The orgasm crashed over Roxy. Without doubt the most intense she had experience since turning plastic, her blood surging through her as her muscles tightened and locked. Roxy's brain was practically fried from it.

Ever so slowly her joints loosened and Roxy's ass lowered back onto the pillow.

As she came Roxy's pussy had clamped down on the rubber inserted within it, and Busti let out a surprised "OH!" as she felt the rod inside of her suddenly inflate. It pushed the blonde up onto her tip-toes, her boots not teetering her over only because she was locked to the gate. Her fingers gripped the old metal as her canal was stretched nearly to its max.

"Yes, yes, yes...please..." Busti mewed as she felt her own crescendo getting nearer, but it then waned as Roxy's pussy relaxed. "No, no, I want it...I wanna..."

Through the fuzz of her brief afterglow Roxy could barely hear Busti's disappointment in her denial. While the current red head was already slipping back into her perpetual horniness, knowing she'd teased Busti so

deliciously stoked the fire in her loins - which still held the plastic cock.

Roxy looked down and saw through the red strands draped over her eyes and tits a deep tan had spread over her. It had crossed belly up to her breasts and pushed down to her knees. Roxy was two-toned! It was as if instead of tanning under an umbrella Roxy and spread herself out under a tent with a whole in the roof.

Roxy reached out and touched her stomach. Her thumb found her belly button and she traced it. Her skin felt slightly...smoother. But also spongier. And certainly more sensual, Roxy's slit squeezed the dildo thanks to the sensations of her thumb on her navel rim. A coo erupting from Busti as she felt the pressure. The dark coloration of the latex butt plug was not all that was spreading - it was also distributing a little bit of its enhanced sexual essence through Roxy's skin.

Roxy didn't really know how any of that made sense, but it was magic, so...all she knew was that she liked the look and feel of her deeply tanned skin.

And if one orgasm had spread it *that* far...

With additional enthusiasm Roxy resumed pressing the dildo deep into her G spot. But this time she was



slower. Roxy wanted this play to go longer so that her new tone washed over even more of her body.

At the gate Busti gasped again and threw herself against the cold metal slats. Ancient grease rubbed across her chest and stomach. The sensation of the inflating thing in her slit, synchronized with how Roxy was fucking herself, was gloriously maddening. She could feel her juices beginning to slip out of her rubber underwear and wick through the pantyhose and down her leg.

With one half-closed eye Roxy watched Busti's flailing, how her back arched, how her skin bulged in little diamond shaped against the gate, how she bounced on the toes of her fuck-me boots, and how the glistening hose-soaking rivulet was inching down her right inner thigh.

Roxy grabbed one of her huge tits and slid her palm around it until she reached her nipple. Her luscious lips puckered and stretched open in a silent cry of bliss. She managed to stave off the orgasm for another minute before it finally broke over her.

And then Roxy went right into doing it again.

Busti felt the burst of pressure inside of her as Roxy's pusty clenched down on the dildo for a second time. She

was still so close, and if she wasn't going to cum she wanted a break. But Busti said nothing and let Roxy roll right into another round of plunges. The blonde revelled in the sensual torture she was being put through.

As she came Roxy watched with a wide smile as the dark tone made an advance over the deep curve of her tits. The wave of tan continued across the top of her sexy shelf before disappearing from her view under her chin. Down her legs she could see the color shift had encroached as far as her ankles.

Roxy didn't just see it spread, but she felt it. Her hand was still on her breast and her tanned skin felt so smooth and sexy. Her pussy spasmed again and squirted her juices onto the pillows and floor of the elevator. Roxy quickly felt how much she *needed* to cum yet again, and she knew one more go would cover her entire body in the new delightful sensation.

And that was true. With nearly her entire body's sensitivity enhanced by the spreading latex substance it was harder for Roxy to hold back her third orgasm. And as she came she felt her cheeks and feet warm as blood flushed the changes. Roxy forced herself to let go of her nipple and held up her hand. She giggled as she watched

all five fingers washed over from within with their new tone.

Of course Roxy was quickly horny again, but she had a new desire now; to see how she looked. With great conviction she pulled the dildo out of herself and placed it on the pillow. She got up and carefully retrieved the keys to the handcuffs.

Busti was leaning loosely and heavily against the gate, her eyes closed. Her body was twitching, and Roxy could hear that her insertion was still doing...something.

“Are you still with us?” Roxy asked, gently tapping the blonde’s head.

There was no reaction.

*Oh God, did I break her?*

“Busti? Are you okay?”

“Mmm hmmm...”

“Do you need to do...anything?”

“Nnnnooo...” Busti’s eyes fluttered open and she gave Roxy a very lusty grin, “This is the hornnnnniest I’ve been in a long timmmme...I still want to ennnnjy it...”

“Okay, well, I want to go see what I look like.”

“Oooh, yeah! You look sssssso good! But we should get drrrrrressed first. Cammmmmas. I have sommmmmething picked out that should fiiiiiiiit...”

Once Busti’s hands were freed to retrieve that “something” Roxy saw that it was a tiny black dress that was more negligé than dinner wear on her absurdly hourglass form, and a pair of little black heels. Busti, interrupted by moments of humming and gasping, took her sweet time redressing herself in the green tank top and black skirt.

Together the pair made their way through the forgotten recesses of the store and into the stock area. Roxy strutted her exaggerated body with enthusiasm, while Busti minced along in her boots as if every step added to her arousal. Eventually they found a wood-rimmed full body mirror awaiting Roxy.

Roxy gasped as she saw herself; she was barely *herself* anymore. Only someone who knew her face *very* well could possibly recognize her now. Roxy look like a completely different woman.



An extremely *sexy* woman. Her pussy twitched. Roxy could feel herself being turned on by her own reflection! By those big puffy *pink* lips. By her luscious red hair. And by her impossibly huge tits.

She wanted to fuck the woman in that mirror *so* badly!

Roxy had barely heard the *snap!* as she saw her luscious exaggerated form change - apparently Busti had different plans in mind for the evening. The wonderful soft tan Roxy had admired became shinier as her skin became plastic. Roxy's eyes locked open and her soft lips puckered and hardened. As her body became lighter and harder the living mannequin felt the pinching as her torso and limbs formed their divisions. Finally Roxy felt her nipples and pussy seal over.

Busti slowly strutted over to her stilled lover and embraced her from behind, poking her head around one side of Roxy's big stiff tits. The little blonde nuzzled her head against Roxy's unyielding sideboob before looking into the mirror and smiling. Roxy could feel Busti pushing her crotch against the hard plastic ass, Busti's vibrating insert lightly buzzing Roxy's curves.

"You turned out *so much* sexier than I expected!" Busti cooed, driving Roxy mad by running her hands up

and down the lingerie. Busti then slipped her fingers under the fabric and teased the stiffened skin. “I *need* to get you out onto the floor!”

Roxy was already in need of a relieving orgasm and being hefted by Busti only further fired her desires. She was shocked that the petite woman didn’t do anything more to her than take her out to the floor and place her on a stand in the ladies department. Busti kissed her palm and pressed it again Roxy’s plastic pucker.

“I’m going to cum *so* much later...maybe I’ll make this new toy a regular thing for work, certainly keeps the day more interesting...”

The displayed woman figured that Busti would have her down in the back room every night after that, but in fact she didn’t even see Busti for a few days. Countless people ogled her exaggerated curves, but none of them the blonde who had given them to her and put Roxy on display. When Busti did return Roxy estimated it had been about a week.

And even then it did not appear to be the same lusty Busti who Roxy had known all this time. She appeared chastened, barely making eye contact with her inanimate lover as she walked past preparing other displays. When it came time to change Roxy’s outfit Busti was direct and

quick, doing nothing to indicate that she knew there was a mind reeling with need within Roxy's head.

*I'd never thought I'd say this, but do something to me to let me know you still know I'm in here!* Roxy silently begged, fearful that the only person who knew what she was and where she was had somehow forgotten.

This reserved Busti returned twice more over the course of a month to change Roxy. The mannequin was beginning to fear that perhaps *she* was the crazy one for thinking she'd ever been more than an inanimate thing.

It was the third visit that Busti finally gave some indication that she still knew Roxy was more than just a display. It had been many hours since the store had closed, and Roxy was surprised to see Busti approach her so late in the day. The blonde was wearing a black jacket, grey top, and a tiny black skirt. Mid-thigh white socks flowed down her legs to disappear into tall black heels. A black beret completed the look.

As cute as Busti looked, it wasn't the outfit that got Roxy's attention. She could see that Busti was walking with a tight gait, keeping her thighs tight together. At times Busti half-closed her eyes and shuddered slightly.



*She's got that vibrating thing inside her again!* Roxy was excited, perhaps this meant she'd finally find some relief this night!

Busti walked up and laid a finger on Roxy's bare knee, turning her face up and looking over her inanimate lover with lust.

"I'm so sorry I haven't been able to play with you..." Busti bemoaned. Her fingers slid further along Roxy's leg so that Busti was gliding her entire hand up and down Roxy's thigh. "But the store got bought by a new corporate owner and there's more security now...more cameras..."

As she said this Busti took a step back and looked around nervously. She then turned her attention back to Roxy.

"I was able to...*convince* the security guy to go on a break for a little while. I'm not sure if I'll be able to get you out of here..."

*Wait, wait, does this mean you're not turning me back again I could be stuck like this forever now?* Roxy panicked. *I need to cum! Does this mean I may never cum again?*

“I’m so sorry but I’ll do what I can to get you home...” Busti stepped back, clearly annoyed at the situation. Roxy could see a thousand thoughts and emotions rolling through the other woman’s mind. On top of that it was clear that the vibrator within her was adding another level of experience to what Busti was feeling as she swayed back and forth where she stood.

*Just grab my head and get me out of here now!*

“Honestly, I’m sure you’re happier here as a mannequin than you’d be human,” Busti finally spoke up.

*Uh oh, I don’t like where this is going...*

“Your life is simple. Your *purpose* is simple. Be sexy. Display stuff. And sometimes fuck. You don’t have to deal with jobs, rent, bills, *people...*” Busti lamented with a huff, “I really wish I was a mannequin like you, but I could *always* feel the vibrator in my pussy.”

Roxy saw Busti’s mouth freeze in place as she finished her sentence. Her swaying instantly stopped.

*Oh shit!* Roxy silently gasped as she recognized what was happening to the blonde.



Busti was not aware of what had suddenly gripped her - not at first. Her heart jumped in panic before it and everything else within her body dissolved away to emptiness underneath her hardening skin. She felt the pinching tightness around her thighs, shoulders, waistline, wrists, ankles, and finally around her neck.

*What...what the fuck is...oh!*

Inside the consciousness now trapped within a hollow head beneath the tingling of a forming wig Busti gasped as she, for the first time, experienced her pussy sealing over - with the vibrator still within her! The toy did not vanish away into the hollowness of her mannequin groin, instead merging along the inner wall and sending unceasing erotic vibrations resonating through her.

*Oh fuck, oh shit, my whole body, it's...it's...iiiiiiiiit's...*

Busti's mind teetered at the edge of cumming, but with the sensations running up her stiffened form and pounding at her thoughts she couldn't escape the loop of being so close to orgasm but unable to break through. Her entire existence was now focused entirely on the denial of her orgasm.

Roxy had watched Busti's transformation and silently sighed as she saw the final transition from human to display model.

*Well, I guess I'm screwed now...*

Roxy could only stare on and watch as the hours passed. As the lights turned on in the store and employees poured in there was some confusion as to why there was a mannequin set up in the middle of a walking path. Initially Busti's fixed form was lifted up and placed not far from Roxy, just onto the sales area so she was out of the way.

"It's not *my* problem..." was the explanation Roxy kept overhearing from the employees.

The pair remained like that for two days before someone came by who felt that the random extra mannequin blocking the clothing racks *was* there problem, and Roxy's heart sank further as she watched Busti get carried off into the back of the store.

Another week went by and Roxy was certain she'd seen someone carry Busti's head by her on a completely new mannequin body. If that had been Busti then Roxy had no idea where she'd been taken.

Roxy did believe, however, that wherever she was Busti was probably barely aware of what was happening to her. She'd wished to feel the vibrator *all the time*, and so even if she'd been disconnected from her original groin her mind would still be reeling in endless stimulation that could not be satisfied.

Another few days passed and Roxy's mind was beginning to crack from going so long without any of her own relief. But that night someone new finally came by to disassemble her and put up a new display.

Roxy quickly learned, however, that she was not intended to be part of his new display. Well, not *all* of her, at least. Her wig, arms, and legs were removed and carried away while the rest of her was stripped and placed unceremoniously in a corner in the stock area of the store. With her eyes pointed at the old painted cinder block.

And there she sat. Roxy had been reduced to a horny torso, silently begging every time she heard the sound of shoes behind her that someone would release her and give her the slightest moment of relief from her ceaseless existence at the edge of orgasm.

Time became meaningless to Roxy. Without any consistent stimulus her mind became wrapped up in her denial. As far as she knew, years could have passed.

That was not the case. As she'd sat hopeless of being returned to flesh someone had already been planning a rescue. It had taken training and faked resumes and references and patience, but at long last access to the department store had been granted. Then it required systematic searching, breaking the store into segments that were explored each night foot by foot until, at last, the faintest aspect of Roxy's old visage was recognized at a quick glance down over the top of her head.

Then further planning had to be done. Necessary items acquired and snuck into the storage area. And a window of opportunity found.

Finally all of that came to fruition. Roxy had no inkling of the complexity of her rescue as she was lifted up from the corner, dressed, and wigged. She barely had any concept of who was helping her, Roxy's mind nearly baked beyond recovery. A figure with a blonde halo placed her atop something, and then kissed her-

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH-”

Roxy's orgasmic exclamation was cut short by a hand clapping over her mouth.

"Shhh shhh shhh shhh shhh!" Kaori shushed the squirming torso, looking around to see if anyone had heard. Roxy continued to gasp under the hand as Kaori checked the scene and then turned back to her old roommate. "Hey, hey, I know I don't know what you've been through, but I need you to keep it together long enough for me to get you out of here!"

Roxy's mind was racing now. It wasn't that she had too many thoughts, but too few. It was as if her consciousness was purely primal at the end of a long tunnel, clawing bit by bit towards the light at the end which represented her higher thoughts beyond just *I need to orgasm!*

The best Roxy could do right now to acknowledge Kaori's request was to gasp deeply. As she got closer and closer to that light Roxy looked around and realized more and more of what Kaori was doing. It started with Roxy feeling what she was dressed in, looking down and seeing it was some sort of leather one-piece bustier. Between her leg-stumps Roxy could feel panties pushed against her sputtering pussy. And there was something more around her neck.



*Closer and closer to the light...* Roxy could feel she was placed on something that was...moving? There were armrests to either side of her torso. Beyond those were larger wheels rotating as Kaori pushed Roxy along.

Roxy's consciousness was almost out into the light...

"Bus...ti..." Roxy muttered.

"Yes, you are quite busy now," Kaori responded, although there was a tone to her voice that indicated that she was quite distracted, "...one of the many reasons why I almost didn't realize you were you..."

Roxy shuddered as she felt her brain open, coincidentally as they finally passed from the department store's dark labyrinthian stockroom into the bright kitchen of a small diner connected to the store through the mall.

The fog of her mind lifting, Roxy could take in more and more detail of what was happening. They were moving and a brisk pace, and Roxy could hear Kaori quietly muttering to herself.

"Just keep rolling, just keep rolling..."

As they rolled into the seating area of the diner Roxy looked and saw two waitresses looking confused.

Getting a better sense for what was happening, Roxy flashed them a grin.

“Got lost coming back from the handicapped restroom, it’s so out of the way! What nerve!” Kaori said with confidence as the pair rolled along. The waitress just grinned and smiled after them.

“That’s...that’s some cover,” Roxy spoke up as she was wheeled into the mostly empty mall thoroughfare. She swayed as Kaori turned sharply, heading towards an exit. Roxy wished she had her arms at that moment. The closer they were to escaping the more sudden Kaori’s actions were becoming, and Roxy was afraid she might flop over the armrests.

“Yeah. I had to get trained and then hired as a security guard to look for you properly, thankfully a spot opened up after some guy got fired for letting in a woman who vanished...” Roxy wanted to surmise that the woman was likely Busti, but Kaori continued talking with no viable break to jump in, “...and then once I found you I had to figure out how to get you out without raising suspicion about why I was hanging around in just one part of the mall so much, and so I put on plain clothes under my uniform and waited for my shift to end...”



Kaori continued talking, but all Roxy could concentrate on now was the big glass doors she was barreling towards. Kaori was moving so frantically that Roxy was certain they'd smash through the glass, but just in time some random shopper hit the automatic button for them. The pair rolled out smoothly.

“That...was some escape...” Roxy muttered, squinting under sunlight she hadn't been exposed to for some time.

“I'll celebrate when I've got you out of this parking lot and home!”

Doing just that was, thankfully, just as easy said as done - aside from Kaori having to load and unload Roxy's limbless torso into her car. Roxy had suggested turning her back to plastic as Kaori struggled under Roxy's weight, but the rescuer didn't want to be potentially caught on camera hefting something that wasn't clearly a fidgeting living being.

Of course all that struggling gripping and rubbing Roxy's body was increasing the effects of her libido, but Roxy couldn't help but sense something was different about how she was reacting to it.

Roxy's eyes lit up as they arrived at her former apartment building. Kaori loaded Roxy back into the wheelchair and a few moments later the

woman-turned-mannequin was back in her former apartment.

A deep breath pulled in all the old and familiar smells Roxy had so missed, broken scents of cooking gone wrong, perfumes misted, candles lit, and...a muskiness Roxy didn't recall being so prevalent.

"Where do you, uh, where do you want to be?" Kaori asked, her words wavering slightly. Roxy could hear that the commanding decisiveness that had been driving the entire escape had left her voice. The plan had succeeded, and now...

"I guess, um, maybe on the couch? I've missed a lot of TV...probably..." Roxy replied, uncertain herself now of what to do next. For so long her existence had been either as a prop for display or a prop for sex. And it hadn't really been her choice as to which of those she was and when.

And it wasn't that Roxy couldn't feel the flame flickering betwixt her legs, but it had a different...*flavor* to it now.

Kaori didn't question Roxy's request. She directly rolled the chair over to the couch and lifted Roxy onto the center cushion directly in front of the TV. As she did so Roxy let her face nuzzle into Kaori's hair and neck.

Her former roommate smelled wonderful, and being so close to her was...nice.

It felt as if Kaori wanted to linger like this, their breasts pushed tightly together - Roxy's new enormous tits practically engulfing the slimmer woman. But as Roxy settled into the couch Kaori pulled away. As she did Roxy could see a deep blush across her roommate's face. The blonde's nipples were also rock hard under the tight green shirt.

“Can I, uh, do anything for you?” Kaori asked. Another question Roxy hadn't heard for some time. The pussy between her thigh nubs was buzzing, but not yet to the point where Roxy thought she'd turn back to plastic in the immediate future.

Roxy was beginning to understand what was so different now.

“I guess, uh, is there any good reality TV I've missed?”

Kaori let out a half-laugh and smiled, then pulled up the on-demand options. The pair browsed some options before finding one they were both interested in, and while Roxy caught up on the first episode Kaori made them some eggs and bacon.

Settling in next to Roxy, Kaori gently fed her returned roommate bites of the breakfast stuff. Roxy could not help but hum and mew as she tasted food again for the first time in a long while. The matter of her perfectly plugged butthole was an issue she just put out of her mind for the time being.

After finishing their meal and watching another few episodes next to each other on the couch Kaori stood up. Roxy could see exhaustion in her eyes.

“It’s so good to have you back...” Kaori said quietly, “I’m so sorry about-”

“Don’t worry about it, you did what you had to do,” Roxy replied. The reasons for everything were fuzzy in Roxy’s head, but somehow she knew what Kaori had done wasn’t fully her own fault. “I forgive you.”

That statement nearly drew tears from Kaori, but she held them in with a deep breath.

“I have to be careful, but I promise you I’ll find more parts for you,” Kaori smiled, “Maybe even your original ones.”

“Any parts will do,” Roxy replied, looking down and wiggling so her enormous alien tits jiggled, “The new ones are kind of fun.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll grab what I can when I can.”

“Thank you,” Roxy grinned before looking down. She knew what she had to ask, even though she didn’t want to. But it was the right thing to do. “I, uh, have a favor to ask.”

“Anything!” Kaori’s response sounded so eager both were surprised by it. The blonde cleared her throat, “I mean, uh, what is it?”

“Well, you mentioned that a woman went missing,” Roxy started saying before pausing just long enough to take a bigger breath, “She had actually found me and was what kept me, well, *entertained* for most of my time at the store. But then she somehow turned herself into a mannequin like me and she’s now lost somewhere in there and I feel like trying to find her is the right thing to do, since I know what it’s like being like *that* so could you also see if you can find her?”

The slump of Kaori’s body made it clear that this was not what she had expected, but the show of disappointment was fleeting.

“Yeah, yeah, of course. I’ll figure something out. But right now I have to get to bed for tomorrow’s night shift.



I think this will autoplay if you'd like me to leave it on for you. Unless...you want something else.”

Roxy did. She'd always found Kaori attractive, and right now her rescuer was so fucking hot. But Roxy understood now why her arousal around Busti was different from dealing with her horniness around Kaori.

Kaori was treating her like...well, like she was a *person*. There was certainly a shared lusting, but the tone of it was completely different. There was respect. That was a feeling she'd too long gone without, and there was a key aspect of being a person that right now Roxy wanted to feel again.

She said, “No.” And Kaori honored it.

With Roxy comfortable and at no risk of falling over Kaori said her goodnight and retired to her bedroom. The altered woman rested comfortably on the couch binging reality TV until exhaustion caught up with her and she fell asleep as well.

And as she slumbered enough time finally passed without any sex that Roxy turned back to plastic in her sleep.

## Chapter 2

Roxy awoke to the sensation of her hollow plastic form becoming flesh. She opened her eyes and felt lips on her forehead. Looking up she saw Kaori gently step back. She was wearing her mall security guard uniform.

*Damn, she looks good in that!* Roxy thought.

“Evenin’ roomie,” Kaori blushed, “I hope you don’t mind but I figured you’d like to be awake and watch more TV.”

With a deep breath Roxy took stock of herself. She was still dressed in the leather bustier. She still had no arms or legs. She still had ginormous tits. And she was, of course, still horny.

And she was still pining for Kaori. But Roxy held that back, not wanting to hold up the blonde and risk her job that could not only acquire more parts for herself but also potentially rescue Busti - who Roxy gave a description of.

Their evening exchange was pleasant, and Kaori set up the streaming channel for Roxy before leaving. After a few hours of watching Roxy realized she’d gone too long without sex and the wish turned her to a plastic

torso again. Thankfully her eyes were open and she could keep watching the shows.

As morning broke Kaori returned, brought Roxy back to flesh with another gentle kiss on the forehead, made the pair a meal, and retired to bed. Before heading off into the bedroom Kaori confirmed that she hadn't seen any heads like Busti and that the opportunity hadn't been right to steal anything. Again Roxy exercised her right to turn down Kaori's implied desire and again Kaori respected it.

But now Roxy was doing this because she had a plan.

This sequence repeated Wednesday and Thursday until Friday morning when Kaori came home with a right arm hidden in a duffel bag. Roxy was plastic on the couch and Kaori carefully locked in the limb before placing another kiss on Roxy's forehead.

This time, as the busty woman transformed back into flesh, she used her new hand to grip Kaori gently by the back of the neck and pull her in for a passionate kiss on the mouth. Their tongues danced with passion before the pair finally pulled apart, each breathing deeply.

"I think it's time I properly thanked the knight in shining armor who rescued me," Roxy grinned, taking her hand and gently tugging down one side of the bustier

so that a dark sunrise of areola was coming into view over the leather horizon.

“You don’t have to. I didn’t rescue you so I could get sex points,” Kaori quietly replied.

“I know. Which is why I’m not giving you sex points,” Roxy smiled, fully revealing her right breast, “I’m giving you *sex*.”

Kaori didn’t need further encouragement. Still dressed in her security guard uniform she dropped to her knees and took Roxy’s whole hard nipple into her mouth. One hand pulled Roxy’s other nipple free and gripped it while the other slid underneath the pink panties covering Roxy’s soaked snatch.

“Ah...yes...” Roxy moaned, throwing back her head. Kaori’s fingers traced Roxy’s labia and teased their entry. This felt good, but Roxy knew this wasn’t going to be the ideal arrangement for her first act of *lovemaking* with Kaori. Roxy took her single hand and carefully gripped Kaori by the hair, gently guiding her head backwards. Kaori’s lips left Roxy’s nipple with an audible pop, and she looked up with a disappointed look.

“Get me naked and get me into your bed,” Roxy ordered, and with a smooth motion Kairo lifted her mostly-limbless lover over her shoulder and marched

into the bedroom. A playful toss sent a giggling Roxy onto the sheets. The unmistakable smell of past masterbations hung in their air. It turned Roxy on even more as she watched Kaori nearly rip her uniform off and crumple it onto the floor.

Next to meet the floor were Roxy's clothes. Kaori climbed overtop of her and they mashed their tits together as lips met lips, hands pulling each other's faces as close together as possible. With strings of saliva stretching between their mouths Kaori then moved to Roxy's other fat nipple, her face pushing down into the soft curve of Roxy's tit.

Roxy's single hand found Kaori's left breast and eagerly palmed it, pinching the nubby nip and eliciting a pleasurable "Yip!" Roxy laughed and sent her hand down, tracing Kaori's ribs and hip before sliding over her thigh and finding a dripping slit. Two fingers easily slipped into the gushing canal while Roxy's thumb landed solidly on Kaori's clit.

"Mmmm..." the blonde shivered, but didn't stop her suckling. She needed one arm to hold herself up, but Kaori's free hand was making its way back and forth from Roxy's babbling binch to her nip, a trail of slick juices glistening between them.

It was mere moments before both women were cumming, breasts pressed into each other as backs arched and locked and pussies sprayed each other. Kaori weakly rolled next to Roxy and the pair laid quietly facing each other, each with a hand gently gripping the curve of the other's ass.

“Thank you,” an exhausted Kaori grinned, squeezing the buttcheek in her palm.

“Thank *you*,” Roxy smiled back.

After a few moments they each fell asleep in this embrace. And a few hours later Roxy stiffened to plastic.

A new routine started after this. Each evening as she woke up to get ready for work at the mall Kaori would bring Roxy back to flesh with a gentle kiss and in a naked embrace would bring her back to the couch to watch TV for the night. Roxy would eventually become plastic again, made flesh again as Kaori returned home, and after a little meal and chatty catch-up of each other's days they'd retire to Kaori's room for sex and sleep.

Punctuating this cycle were Kaori's mannequin acquisitions. She brought home a left leg which Roxy was all too happy to wrap around her lover. Two heads also found their way to the apartment, neither of which

were Busti - one hilariously wrong as it had Asian features.

It wasn't long before Kaori had brought back enough limbs to give Roxy a complete body - although they were of mismatched skin tones. But they were just as good for fucking as any others.

Even though she had a complete body again that didn't mean Roxy could resume any sort of normal life. Unless she was having sex regularly there was the constant countdown to when she'd turn back into a mannequin, and the idea of that happening while anywhere but in the apartment was too terrifying an idea.

But a fully mobile and functional Roxy was happy to make herself useful cleaning and tidying the apartment for as long as she could each day. This included posing herself in explicit positions just as she was about to turn plastic again as a surprise for Kaori when she returned home.

Although Roxy had a full set of parts Kaori hadn't stopped bringing home mannequin parts - she had grown a little addicted to the challenge. Roxy was one of the few people in the world who was capable of customizing herself depending on her mood and she and Kaori had a lot of fun mixing and matching new limbs together.

Some were even silver or neon or fingerless impressionist shapes meant to imply hands.

Recalling how Busti had remolded her face Roxy had an idea one day. She had Kaori pick up a couple sets of big plastic gag boobs from a local party and costume store along with super glue. Using a spare torso Kaori had acquired Roxy glued the extra tits onto it and then had Kaori swap her head onto it.

And as Roxy returned to flesh and blood she found that she now had four very bouncy and fleshy boobs - which Kaori was more than eager to shove her face into. This opened up a whole new world for the lovers, who began turning Roxy to flesh in all sorts of configurations and additions. One of Roxy's favorites was a big latex dildo she glued to one of the crotches.

To help plan her new body shapes, Roxy assembled in her old bedroom a full mannequin out of Kaori's growing collection of acquisitions. The duo worked together to make matches and plan, and had come to jokingly refer to the test form as *Olivia*, named after their mutual crush on Olivia Wilde.

“Oh, I have the most beautiful new arm to try on Olivia.”



“You just HAVE to see the nipple falsies I glued onto Olivia’s ass!”

“Olivia is going to LOVE this wig!”

Nearly two months had gone by and the pair could not have been happier. But there was one thing that did continue to bother Kaori. As much as she loved finding her lover in new plastic poses each morning there was a twang of guilt. Kaori had come to truly love Roxy, and the constant threat of re-plastizing meant Roxy wasn’t truly free to decide her fate. She *had* to rely on someone, and Kaori couldn’t shake the little self-doubt that they were only together because Roxy couldn’t be on her own.

One evening, as they were considering what would happen if they replaced one of Olivia’s hands with a vibrator, Kaori couldn’t help but confess her concern.

“Oh, baby!” Roxy exclaimed, taking the gently crying Kaori’s face and holding it to her upper bosom, “Never think the only reason I’m here is because of that! I love you!”

“I know, I know,” Kaori sniffled, sitting up and wiping her nose, “I just want to know you’d be okay on your own without me. What if something happened?”

Thinking about you stuck here like Busti still is somewhere just tears me up!”

“Well, some things just are what they are, and I wouldn’t change our life together,” Roxy assured.

“That’s nice to hear. But I still wish you could, like, bring Olivia to life back and forth as your personal sex nympho with each snap of your fingers.”

“Oh, now *that* would be something,” Roxy laughed, turning to the inanimate dummy standing beside them, “Instant threesome with a snap of my-”

To punctuate saying “snap” Roxy had snapped her fingers, and never finished her sentence as she was interrupted by Olivia’s joints sealing up and her hollow plastic flushing to fully functioning flesh. The freshly minted woman dropped to her knees before the startled pair, bowing so deeply the the nipples on the curves of her buttocks were visible.

“My Mistress! My loins burn for you! Tell me how I may pleasure yours!”

“Holy shit!”

“Fuck!”

In a panic Roxy snapped her fingers again at the bowing woman, who instantly reformed her split joints and froze in plastic bowed as she was.

“H-how?” Kaori exclaimed, jumping up and looking down at Olivia.

“I don’t know. Somehow wishes just seem to be granted around me...” Roxy muttered, equally confused. Each woman shouted out a few more wishes, but since the time limit before another would be granted had not yet expired none of them were granted. Once again both women assumed it was some sort of fluke beyond their control.

“Do you think she’s aware in there, like I am?” Roxy mused, bending over to try and look into Olivia’s eyes and dangling the four boobs she was currently sporting.

“I...I don’t know, maybe?” Kaori replied, completely out of her league. “Should we, you know, wake her up again?”

“Do you want me to?” Roxy teased, standing up and taking Kaori’s hand, “Are you suggesting a threesome?”

“You’re more than enough for me,” Kaori responded, and the pair kissed.

“And so are you for me, but if having this - *her* - as an option puts you at ease...” Roxy looked deeply into Kaori’s eyes and after a moment the blonde nodded, “Then maybe she is something - *one* - new we should embrace together.”

Kaori nodded again, and holding hands Roxy turned and snapped at Olivia again.

“Thank you, Mistress, for re-animating me,” the living Oliva announced as soon as the transition from mannequin to flesh had again completed. She remained bowed, a mish-mash of parts put together without an eye for intent - a pink wig, the enormous brown breasts, two silver-toned arms with mitten-like hands, the pale ass with nipples glued to it, and long neon blue legs ending in feet shaped like high heels.

“Uh, you don’t have to bow to us,” Kaori stuttered.

“I’m afraid I can only follow the orders of my Mistress,” Olivia replied, remaining as she was.

“Well, yes, please, stand up, and you can treat anything Kaori says to you as if I had said it to you,” Roxy stammered.

“Thank you, Mistress, yes, Mistress,” Olivia replied. Her silver palms pushed her up from the floor, fleshy

heel-feet planting down to stand up upon. One she was upright Olivia remained still, awaiting further instruction.

“Wow,” Roxy muttered as she and Kaori walked around their mutual creation, “Olivia, are you, like, a person?”

“I am your personal nympho to do with as you will,” came the reply.

“No, I mean, do you have wants and needs? Dreams? Desires?”

“I desire only to pleasure you and to fuck as much as I can, Mistress.”

Reaching Olivia’s rear Roxy and Kaori’s stopped face to face with each other. They exchanged glances, and then looked down at the ass nipples presented to them.

“But do you have personal preferences? Specific things you’d like done to you?” Kaori asked, and together each took a butt nip in their fingers and pinched, “For example, do *you* enjoy that?”

Olivia mewed and her body shivered with delight. Juices were beginning to escape her labia and dribble down her blue thighs.

“Oh, yes, I do, that feels very good...”

“But what about compared to this?” Roxy asked as she and Kaori released the rear nubs and grab the pair hanging from Olivia’s breasts. She shivered and mewed again.

“Mmm, I think I understand,” Olivia gasped, “I think I prefer the first ones you touched.”

Kaori and Roxy exchanged a smile and a raised eyebrow.

“What would you like to do, Olivia?” Kaori asked.

“Whatever my Mistress would ask of me,” the patchwork woman replied.

“I want to know what makes *you* happy, Olivia,” Roxy pressed.

“I...I like cumming,” Olivia responded, “I would very much like to, I think, fuck and cum.”

“We can arrange that,” Kaori answered. The pair walked back around to either side of Olivia and each took a silver mitt. It was soft and smooth, and Olivia gently gripped each of them back. The trio swapped Roxy’s old room for Kaori’s and its larger bed.

All three sat down together and Kaori guided Olivia's full lips to hers while Roxy suckled on the nape of Olivia's neck. One of Roxy's hands slid down her back and found an ass nipple to grab, while Kaori put a hand to Olivia's breasts. Each squeezed and Olivia's body locked up.

A cry of pleasure broke the kiss Olivia was sharing with Kaori, and the roommates watched amazed as a spray of juices erupted from their mismatched lover's slit.

"Oh yes, yes, thank you..." Olivia quivered, falling back onto her silver elbows, the ginormous tits Roxy had once sported heaving and wobbling. The pleasuring pair laughed and smiled as Olivia added, "May I show you my appreciation?"

Climbing onto the bed Olivia guided Roxy and Kaori to kneel facing each other. She then encouraged them to make-out while Olivia rolled onto her back and positioned her face beneath their crotches. Grinding her own rear nips into the bedding, she rose her face up into the dual muskiness of Roxy and Kaori's crotches.

The kissing pair pressed into each other even more passionately as Olivia's tongue parted Roxy's labia and her nose pushed against Kaori's. Olivia's silver mitts

pushed against each of their asses, bringing their pussies as close together as possible. The kneeling lovers' own hands grabbed at their breasts, Kaori's pair slipping nicely into the horizontal cleavage of Roxy's full four.

It took only a few moments arranged like that for Roxy and Kaori to moan and arch and shiver with their climaxes, their slits covering Olivia's face in juices like faucets.

The trio adjusted their arrangement so that all three were laying on the bed with Olivia in the middle. Roxy and Kaori used their fingers to wipe much of their lube from Olivia, licking the mix of their fluids from their hands. Each embraced Olivia, and she pushed her blunt silver thumb inside of Roxy who didn't understand why but didn't question it and all three fell asleep.

Roxy woke up the next morning with Olivia's thumb still in her pussy - and her body still flesh.

The trio quickly found a new routine. It became clear that because of the wording of the wish that brought Olivia to life she had no sex-to-plastic time limit - the only thing that would convert her from flesh to mannequin was another snap of Roxy's fingers. But that could be at any time anywhere, near to or away from



Olivia - which meant an accidental snap would lock Olivia in place even if Roxy had not intended it to.

The only times Olivia was transformed back to plastic was when the horny throuple mutually agreed on a new arrangement to try on her. Outside of that Olivia remained flesh and blood, spending most of her time with Roxy while Kaori was working. A regular schedule of quick fucks of any kind and style meant Roxy had now gone days without turning plastic.

Roxy and Kaori greatly enjoyed coaxing out of the freshly formed person an independent personality that recognized her own desires. Despite that work core to Olivia was an unwavering obsession with sex and a inability to call Roxy anything other than *Mistress* no matter what she was instructed, but over time she learned foods she liked and didn't like (bananas were a favorite), TV shows she wanted to watch (preferably with lots of female nudity), and ways by which she preferred to climax.

Olivia especially enjoyed having her body arranged into something which was undeniably impossible to achieve by a naturally created human, even more so than Roxy did. Some days Olivia would simply walk around with her upper body twisted backwards in relation to her legs. Other days she had her arms and legs switched. On

occasion, to show solidarity with Olivia's choices, Roxy would do something equally impossible - she especially loved seeing how many sets of breasts she could glue to a torso and then carry.

During all this time Kaori had continued to search for Busti, growing more and more frustrated at her fruitless quest. She'd scoured the sales floor of not just the department store she'd found Roxy in but every store in the connected mall. She'd looked in stock rooms, loading bays, and every spot she could conceive of.

Then, one night, she had an epiphany. She recalled that Roxy had mentioned Busti was the woman who had disappeared, the disappearance that had gotten the guard Kaori replaced fired. What if this guy had found her and, not realizing that magic was involved, hidden Busti away somewhere for his own purposes? It was possible she might not even be in the mall anymore. But, if she was, that thought sparked an idea.

The security hub had an old locker room - only just the one, dating back to when only men had worked Kaori's job. Unable to redesign the space for both genders when policies changed the space was reassigned, dilapidated, dirty, and now used to store mop carts,

cleaning supplies, safety cones, and other material used by both security and maintenance.

But it still had the old lockers rusting away along the walls, which Kaori hadn't prior considered as a place to search.

Quickly making her way to the old disused space Kaori found a crowbar and began cracking open lockers, starting from those closest to the door. Most of them popped open easily with nearly no effort.

As she moved deeper and deeper into the room Kaori had to turn on the small flashlight atop her shoulder, forcing open doors as she went. Nearing the back corner she paused to take a deep breath and rest a moment.

That's when she heard it. A light buzzing. So quiet and distant that at first Kaori turned upwards to look at the dusty old fluorescent lamp that hung over her. While the sound could have easily been attributed to one of the long dim bulbs starting to go faulty, Kaori's careful listening affirmed that the sound was not coming from the lights.

It was somewhere to her right.

Pausing her assault on every locker Kaori slowly stepped further into the back corner, shimmying behind

barrels and boxes pushed back and forgotten. Aside from minor wear and tear each locker looked identical to the next.

Except one that rested the farthest back, standing under the deepest shadow.

This one was different because it had a padlock on it.

Rushing to it Kaori jammed the crowbar against the latched and broke open the locker door. Tumbling out of it came a tangle of plastic arms, legs, a torso, displaced clothing, and blonde wig jaggedly cut by hand, and finally a head.

A head that perfectly matched Roxy's description of Busti's face.

Kaori's heart was thumping in her chest with victory and revelry. She'd *finally* found her! She pushed out of her mind why the guard had hidden her away here, why the wig was roughly sheared, and why a pile of clothing had been balled up amongst the disassembled parts.

And she especially did not want to think too hard about why Busti's plastic crotch was vibrating.

With haste Kaori began assembling Busti's parts. Feet, then legs, then the vibrating groin, followed by torso, arms, hands, head, and the chopped up wig.

With Busti now completed Kaori faltered for a moment, realizing she'd not asked how to bring her to life. Yes, Kaori knew she could have tried to sneak Busti out piece by piece like she had most of Roxy, but Kaori was so excited to have found Busti so complete she wasn't going to risk drawing out the rescue.

Playfully knocking her head when she realized that Busti was likely reactivated by a kiss like Roxy was, Kaori planted a quick little one on her cheek. And as Busti returned to flesh with a long groan of ecstasy she fell over limp into Kaori's arms.

"Ohhhh, fffffffuckm yeeeeeeeeeah..." the nude blonde practically screamed.

"No no no, shh shh shh!" Kaori hissed, looking around in panic, "It has to be getting close to shift change! I need you to get dressed and come with me quietly!"

"Cummmmmmmiiiiiiiiing," Busti's tongue lolled from her mouth as she squirmed and twisted in Kaori's arms, one hand pawing at the rescuer's breasts while the other

moved towards her bare pussy, where her clit was incessantly vibrating.

“Seriously, be quiet! I’ll get fired if some catches us because they decided to clock in-”

“Hey! What’s going on back there!”

“...early.”

Back at the apartment the time had come for Olivia and Roxy to have their fun to keep Roxy flesh. Today had been one of the trust building days where Roxy had let Olivia turn Roxy into her ideal fuck to grow her own tastes. Roxy had been surprised to find herself armless and with six breasts, but not upset.

And she wasn’t actually armless - Olivia had swapped Roxy’s feet for hands.

“If I’m the outrageous one today,” Roxy smiled, raising up one of her foot-hands, “Is it alright if I make some choices for you?”

“Of course, Mistress!”

A sullen, badge-stripped Kaori opened the door to the apartment and could immediately hear the fun happening in the back room. Behind her Busti waddled in, dishevelled but clothed. Her mind was slightly clearer,

but the constant vibrations acting on her clit and pussy meant that clear head was quickly becoming blurry again.

“Roxy is, uh, in there,” Kaori waved her hand in the general direction of the bedroom. Soon enough she’d want to throw herself into whatever revelry was going on at the moment, but first she wanted to shower and wash off the grime of the locker room and the shame of acting too quickly and getting fired.

“Ah...thanks...” Busti’s words were breathy and her gate haggard. She was still adjusting to walking around with what had happened to her body since turning back to flesh with the vibrator now part of her anatomy.

But as strange as that was, and with everything she had done with Roxy, it did not prepare her for what she saw when she walked into the bedroom.





Roxy and Olivia were entangled in a sixty-nine that only two women like themselves could have configured. Olivia appeared the most normal, her lithe pale form writhing underneath Roxy's ministrations. However, instead of hands each wrist transitioned to a long pink dildo. Roxy was sucking on one, while the other was plunged into her raised pussy. From the way Olivia was shivering it was clear she was greatly enjoying the sensations on her pink additions.

Of the two Roxy easily appeared the most exotic. She sported no arms whatsoever, her shoulders capping with round bumps. Despite the loss of arms, Roxy still had hands. These grew out of her ankles, allowing Roxy to use her leg hands to grip one of Olivia's tits while toying with her soft lips. Roxy rested atop six breasts, all three pairs squashed out and jiggling between the lovers.

Busti just stared for a moment before finally alerting the pair to her presence by an outburst.

“What the fuck! You're *my* toy!”

Roxy and Olivia each looked up at the doorway to see Busti caught in a cross of arousal and fury. Roxy knew that look. She'd been with Busti long enough to know that the little blonde was about to raise her hand and snap Roxy back to solid plastic.

But things were different now, and Roxy quickly recalled the wish Busti had made. As the horny angry woman started to raise her hands and bring her fingers together Roxy quickly pointed a foot-hand at Busti and snapped first.

Nothing happened. Busti didn't stop moving, finishing her arm lift and snapping with a look of angry ownership in her eyes.

And while Roxy cringed, waiting to feel once more the sensation of turning to plastic, nothing happened to her, either. Both she and Olivia looked at Roxy's body to confirm she was still entirely flesh, and then they turned back to a confused Busti. She looked at her hand, then snapped again.

And again.

"Why isn't this working?" Busti hissed.

"Because you didn't kiss her last," came Kaori's voice from behind - followed by a *snap!*

Instantly Busti's look of confused anger froze upon her face. Her skin returned to the shiny plastic hue, and the divider slits cut across her stomach, neck, and other joints. She was silent - save for the buzz of the vibrator still merged with her substance.

Roxy and Olivia separated and got off the bed. Roxy took slow deliberate steps atop her feet hands since she didn't have arms to keep balance with three pairs of breasts. Olivia easily stepped over to the frozen Busti and knocked the head of one of her pink dildos on Busti's solid cheek, a tiny bit of Roxy's juices transferring and leaving a small shine.

"Well, she is something," Olivia mused.

"I got fired today after finding her," Kaori spoke up, deciding to tear the bandage off that wound, "Given what she just tried to do are you sure she's worth all we've done?"

"Yeah. Sorry to hear that. We'll figure something out. But I mean..." Roxy sighed as she looked Busti up and down, and took in the expression that was nearly a snarl, "Even if she was a little...*possessive* of me, how could I let someone else get lost like I was?"

"That's why I love you," Kaori sighed, shaking her head and trying to sort out all of the emotions running through it.

"Mistress, would you agree that it sounds like Kaori needs to relieve some stress?" Olivia asked, running a dildo up the inside of Kaori's thigh.

“Mmm, I don’t know if now is-” Kaori was cut off by Roxy pressing all six tits against her roommate.

“I think I totally agree, Olivia,” Roxy smiled.

“Mmm...fine,” Kaori’s resistance was completely melted, her shame for losing her job washed away by the building wetness between her thighs. She stripped out of her clothes as she was led to the bed - neither Roxy nor Olivia was well equipped to undress Kaori themselves!

Naked limbs and breasts fell upon the sheets, Kaori sandwiched between her impossible lovers. Olivia spooned Kaori while Roxy rotated herself so she could mash her face between Kaori’s thighs. Kaori ran her hands through all of Roxy’s cleavages and motorboated the musky pussy presented to her.

While Roxy plunged her tongue into Kaori’s slit Olivia was using her own drooling binch to lube up her hand-dildos. She then gently plunged one into Kaori’s ass and the other into Roxy’s. Olivia kissed and licked and nibbled at Kaori’s neck as the former security guard was overwhelmed with pleasure.

As all three lovers rotated in screaming their orgasms Busti could only stand stockstill and stare, her own

desires building and building as her pussy relentlessly vibrated.

Hours later the trio finally began to rouse from their cum comas. As they stretched and exchanged little kisses and caresses Roxy asked to be put back into a relatively normal arrangement so she and Busti could have a talk.

Once again sporting arms and feet where they were intended to go, along with only two very large breasts, Roxy carried Busti out of the bedroom while Olivia and Kaori fell back upon the sheets, Kaori eager to have one of Olivia's pink rods pushed up her pink pussy.

Roxy placed Busti down in the living room and was about to kiss her back to flesh when she reconsidered. Busti was clearly a control freak who had not been pleased about the current status quo. Roxy had no idea what the little blonde might do once she was mobile.

Deciding to err on the side of caution Roxy popped off Busti's arms, placed them on a chair, and then twisted her torso off her hips. Before bringing her to life, Roxy swapped Busti's short mangled blonde hair for a shoulder-length cut and stripped her down to lingerie to get a little more thrill of power.

Then Roxy gave Busti a quick kiss on the cheek.



“Oooooooh fffffuuuuuuuuck...” Busti moaned as life filled her hollow form, her abbreviated form growing heavy and soft with flesh atop the table. She closed her eyes and took long gasps as she got ahold of herself.

“Hi Busti,” Roxy smiled. Slowly Busti’s eyes fluttered open and she shot a look over at her former lover.

“Hello...” the word was heavy, as if each letter had its own cloud of sexual humidity traveling with it. Busti took a deep breath and looked like she was about to say something more when her words were caught in her throat. All she did was close her eyes again and hum in arousal.

“Even disconnected like this do you still feel that vibrator?” Roxy asked. Something about that sounded both torturous and arousing - more so now that Roxy had trusted lovers who could satisfy her own incessant arousal.

“Mmm hmm,” Busti sighed, “It never stops. My pussy is just...its always stimulated...I just want to...I just want to cum all the time...”

“We could help you with that...” Roxy replied, moving a little closer to Busti’s torso, “...if you’d be willing to play nice. We’re all equals here.”

“No,” Busti instantly replied, as if the very idea of not being in charge had been so much of a turn-off that she’d actually fought back the horrendous horniness for a moment, “You’re mine. I found you.”

“You did, and I appreciate that what you did kept me from going insane from loneliness,” Roxy said slowly, picking her words carefully, “But not all of what...happened is something I want to keep happening. I’m happy here, and I want to help you be happy, but you have to be a *part* of this, not in control of it.”

“Nnnnnno,” was Busti’s response again, although not as biting this time. “No one tells me what to do. I wish no one could control me and I could just cum. Just cum all the - OH!”

Roxy watched as suddenly Busti’s words were caught in her throat, her face pinching and then relaxing. Busti closed her eyes shut tight and then opened them so wide Roxy wondered if it hurt.

“Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee,” Busti finally hissed, “Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.”



“Are you okay?” Roxy had not even processed that Busti had said the W word. She had no idea what was happening to Busti. In fact, Busti didn’t either. All she knew was that suddenly she’d burst into the strongest, most satisfying orgasm she’d ever known.

And it hadn’t yet stopped.

Busti didn’t even hear Roxy’s question. She just continued to moan and gasp as her orgasm stretched on and on.

Just as she’d wished - to *just* cum.

“Busti, please, answer me,” Roxy pressed, but the living blonde bust didn’t even try to respond this time. She was lost in a constant pleasure, going deeper and deeper into an endless white of bliss.

And then Roxy watched as Busti’s skin shifted back from flesh to plastic, an unmistakable o-face locked in place on Busti’s head.

“Hey, wait! What happened to you?” Roxy quickly pushed her lips against Busti’s to bring her back to flesh.

But, despite the kiss, Busti remained frozen as she was. Roxy kissed again, and again, but each was equally fruitless thanks to Busti's wish for no one to have control over her. But Roxy hadn’t caught that part either, and

was getting more panicked as more and more kisses on every part of Busti's face failed to achieve any changes.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Roxy muttered as she rushed to the bed room and threw open the door, "I need you two out here, quick!"

Olivia and Kaori untangled themselves and joined Roxy in the living room. The pair inspected the blastic Busti and couldn't help but comment on her frozen o-face.

"I can't get her to wake up with a case, can you two see if you have any success?"

Of course neither of them did. The trio were dumbfounded. Finally Olivia had an idea.

"What if you change me back to plastic, connect us together at the waist, and wake me up? Maybe I'll be able to bring Busti back with me?"

"What if you get stuck as plastic as well?" Roxy pushed back, her fear and worry quivering her words, "I'll do it, Busti is my problem and I don't want to risk losing you!"

"Me neither! Or you!" Kaori added, looking back and forth between the pair.

“No, it must be me. If I get stuck at least I am no more than returned to what I started as. But if it doesn’t work just disconnect me and I’ll be fine,” Olivia insisted, her words carrying confidence even though she wasn’t sure what she was claiming would actually be the case, “But we must try it if we are to know we did all we could.”

Roxy and Kaori exchanged concerned glances, and then embraced Olivia. Everyone held back tears as they turned Olivia to plastic and reassembled her as a torso with normal arms and hands. They laid her on the table and then leaned Busti back and down so the bases of their torsos lined up.

Being careful to line up as many edges and seams as possible, Roxy and Kaori pushed Busti and Olivia together. To reduce any risks, Roxy insisted that Kaori kiss Olivia.

Life rushed into Olivia’s face just as it had done so many times before. The transition from hollow plastic to thick flesh spread from her head down her neck and into her shoulders. Olivia’s arms began to shift and flex as the weight of life moved through them. Roxy watched with rapt attention as the changes moved over Olivia’s

stomach, washed over her navel, and reached Busti's seam.

At first it appeared like their test may be successful. The line between Olivia and Roxy's plastic bodies vanished as flesh attached to...plastic. Olivia and Busti were connected, but Busti had not turned to flesh. She remained a plastic bust now merged to Olivia's upper body like a playing card queen.

"OH FUCK!" Olivia suddenly exclaimed, her back arching and her arms hugging tightly across her chest. She was gasping and twitching, her eyes rolling back and her mouth gasping at air.

"Olivia! Olivia!" "What's wrong!"

Fearing she was in agony, Roxy and Kaori rushed to hover over Olivia, but it soon became clear she wasn't reacting in pain but pleasure.

"It'ssssssssssssoooooo muuuuuch," Olivia gasped, "But ssssssssssssoooooo goooooooood."

"You're...you're cumming?" Roxy asked. Olivia reached out and gripped Roxy's ass and pulled her closer. With her arm moved Olivia's nipples were exposed - and they were rock hard.

“Yesssssss I caaaaaaaaaaan’t sssssssssstop, even... even with noooooo pusssssssssssy...” Olivia rolled around on the table, the plastic torso connected to her hips rattling around and clacking against the wood. Olivia reached out and grabbed Kaori like she had Roxy.

“What...what should we do?” Kaori gasped.

“Nothing...don’t...dooooooooooooon’t stop thissss,” Olivia hissed, “I fffffffeEEEEEEel Busssssti...hear herrrrrrr, thisssss is pure blissssssssssss...”

“You...what?”

“Jussssst leeeeeeet meeeee beee ooorgassssmmm for a whiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii-”

Pure erotic joy was caught on her face as Olivia suddenly changed back to plastic. Stiff immobile fingers remained gripped on Roxy and Kaori’s asses. After a few moments of taking in what had just happened the remaining pair carefully pulled themselves from Olivia’s grip and just embraced each other silently for a moment.

“I think I need to go to bed,” Roxy finally said, exhaustion heavy on her words.

“Same here,” Kaori quietly replied, and the lovers retired to the bed for actual slumber.

The pair waited a day before waking up Olivia again. She again insisted that she was experiencing, nonstop, the greatest pleasure she'd ever experienced and wanted to have more of it. So again the pair let Olivia go back to plastic.

During the second day of Olivia's absence Roxy and Kaori continued to miss her, but they found some renewed fun in being only a pair of lovers again. For the first three days following Kaori's dismissal the duo spent nearly all of it in bed following whatever desires awoke in one for the other.

On day four the realities of pending rent and bills could no longer be ignored by Kaori and the pair left the musk of the bedroom for the clear air - and internet - of the living room. It took two more days of searching - and sexing - before Kaori had a list of potential employment lined up and began reaching out.

Another week later and Olivia was still asking to be left to her endless bliss, and nearly all the job options had come up duds for Kaori - except one. It was, strangely but appropriately enough, for an associate position at an adult entertainment and sex toy shop called The Pleasure Palace.

It was like old times as Kaori gave Roxy a kiss before heading out to her interview. The magic-afflicted woman settled down in front of the TV and found a good channel to turn back to plastic in front of.

A few hour long episodes in and Roxy felt herself shift back into her mannequin form. It had been a long time since she'd done that essentially alone in the apartment with no one available to turn her right back.

She felt the emptiness of sexual desire rebuilding in her core, practically vibrating through her tanned form. The curve of her enormous solid hollow tits blocked her view of the bottom few inches of the TV screen. Once more Roxy was left to think about how she was locked within her body, limbs incapable of giving herself any relief.

Roxy wasn't a fan of reliving this feeling.

More and more TV programs started and ended, a greater count than Roxy felt should have passed during the time of a job interview. It had practically been a full work day when the plastic woman heard the door to the apartment unlock and open. The sound of bounding steps got closer and closer until Kaori placed her lips on Roxy's in a quick kiss that pulled back so she could speak.

“I got the-”

Roxy wasn't sure if she'd even fully turned back to flesh before she grabbed Kaori and pulled her into her tits. Kaori laughed and welcomed the huggle, the pair collapsing onto the couch together in a flurry of kisses and caresses. Knowing what Roxy needed Kaori slid her hand down her naked lover's body and dove between Roxy's legs.

After an explosively wet orgasm Roxy found the clarity of mind she needed, and Kaori looked over her relieved lover with satisfaction.

“You...were saying?” Roxy asked, her tits wobbling and shifting as she calmed herself with deep breaths. Kaori brought up her hand and gently played with the hard nubs swaying atop the wavering boobs.

“I got the job!” Kaori grinned, “Right on the spot. I had to stay so I could be trained by the owner, Denise.”

“Oh? What's she like?” Roxy smiled, sitting up so she could more easily slip a hand up Kaori's shirt and bra. Kaori sighed and twitched lightly as Roxy pushed through the underwire to find a nip.

“Cute. A little flighty. I think she's a nymphomaniac, honestly. The store may just be an excuse for her to buy



toys for herself as a tax right-off. I'll basically be running it by myself. The last associate got arrested by the police for stealing credit card numbers! And I'm *still* being left in charge!" Kaori gossiped practically in one breath.

"Oh shit, Denise really isn't taking that seriously!"

"Yeah, but from what I can tell the store actually is making money, it's in a good spot between some of the clubs downtown. And if it pays the bills I think it could actually be fun."

"Good...I'm glad," Roxy smiled, trying to show the enthusiasm Kaori deserved. But she couldn't help but glance at the plastic Olivia and then down at herself over reflection of how lonely she'd been this day.

"Well, I haven't told you the best part," Kaori continued, noting Roxy's shift in mood, "I said I had an absolutely beautiful display mannequin that I was certain could improve sales if I was allowed to do with it as I pleased."

Roxy's eyes went wide at the idea, and she pushed herself up on the couch, pulling her hand from Kaori as she considered what she'd just been told.

*An entire day frozen as a mannequin...but I wouldn't be alone. I'd be at the whims of Kaori... teased... touched... dressed... changed... admired by customers... but safe and able to be relieved if we had a schedule... and like the mall no one would know I was watching them... with Kaori caring for me...*

Thighs squeezed as Roxy realized how wet the idea was making her.

“Yes! Let's do it!” she exclaimed, throwing her arms around Kaori and sharing a deep French kiss with her giddy lover.

The next morning the lovers picked out a body for Roxy that wouldn't get her completely stopped in the street. Kaori had something which resembled an actual store uniform, while Roxy squeezed into a red sundress. And soon, for the first time in a long time, Roxy found herself out in the world again.

Fresh air. Sunlight. People. Even public transportation was new and exciting again for Roxy. It was an exhilarating adventure fueled by the constant kisses Kaori was giving her to make sure Roxy didn't turn plastic at an inopportune time before getting to The Pleasure Palace.

Once they'd arrived at the closest bus stop the pair ducked out of sight so Kaori could snap Roxy back to plastic - she couldn't turn up to get the keys from Denise for her first day of work with a *living* model!

Roxy shivered in delicious anticipation as her skin stiffened to thin plastic, the weight resting on her modest heels lightening atop the sidewalk. She couldn't believe how it wasn't that long ago that the idea of being a mannequin in a store had been filled with existential dread.

Now, with Kaori by her side, it felt like a sexy game.

Slipping an arm around Roxy's fixed waist, and resisting giving her a kiss, Kaori lifted her lover up. She took a moment to steady herself and be certain Roxy's wig wasn't going to fall to the cement. Sure of her balance Kaori stepped out of the alley and strutted down the street to The Pleasure Palace with Roxy hugged tightly to her side.

*Ooo, she is cute...* the plastic woman mused as she caught sight of Denise, a petite blonde whose tank top and booty shorts hugged a lithe body with little curves. Something that did tent the material of her top were two thumb-thick nipples.

Denise was fidgeting impatiently as she waited for Kaori, even though Roxy knew they were running early. The moment she caught sight of the new employee Denise couldn't pass the keys into Kaori's hands fast enough.

"There you are, great. I've started the register for you. Left some instructions. Any questions call me - no, text me. I'll get back to you when I...I'm ready."

Without waiting for Kaori to give any affirmation Denise gave a little wave and jogged away. Roxy watched her tight little ass bound away as Kaori opened The Please Palace.

The first few days were not the rampant hours-long sessions of debauchery that one could have assumed. And Kaori and Roxy had set the proper expectation for themselves - Kaori had to learn the register, how to cash out, how to stock, how to scan things, how to do returns, how to order products, and a litany of other responsibilities small and big that came with running a store.

But Roxy was happy to stand and watch her lover learn and earn. There certainly wasn't a lack of teasing attention given when Kaori could. Most days Roxy stood at the center of the store, sometimes redressed to model

lingerie, other times left in the clothes she'd worn that morning as Kaori's attention was pulled to something else more pressing. But Kaori always made sure to slide a hand across Roxy's stomach, or pinch her ass there, or slide a finger over her smooth plastic bust whenever the employee passed by her model.

It meant that by the time the days were done Roxy's arousal was wound so tightly she practically ravaged Kaori each night. The lovers were loving everything about their new arrangement.

As she explored the store and became more at ease with her responsibilities Kaori made a discovery. The second floor of The Pleasure Palace that was used for stock overflow was actually a vacant apartment. She kept this to herself and spent spare moments throughout the next few days cleaning it and sneaking in fresh bedding.

Finally, as the weekend neared, Kaori promised her patient plastic paramour that she'd soon be rewarded - and that included getting a new look. Roxy hummed and grew hornier and hornier as Kaori swapped Roxy's parts, and even brought out an airbrush. The alcohol paint drove Roxy's arousal into overdrive as she felt it sprinkle across her sensitive surfaces and quickly dry with a chill.

As Roxy watched, from within painted eyes, her roommate adjust the look of her own body, the magical mannequin couldn't help but notice that Kaori's looks were also gradually altering to better represent the part of Kaori's mixed heritage that she most identified with.

Neither would have remembered that long ago Kaori's wish that had started all of this included a caveat that once she and Roxy were reunited she would eventually achieve "her own true beauty." Roxy simply attributed it to Kaori being the happiest she'd ever been.

Soon Kaori declared her work on Roxy complete. She'd given Roxy such enormous breasts and ridiculous heels that she had to get a stool in order to reach Roxy's cheek. The kiss complete, and the changes from plastic to flesh washing over her lover, Kaori stepped back and leaned against the checkout counter. As she watched her work of art come to life she couldn't help but slip a hand down into her work jeans.

Roxy's arousal-racked body shuddered and quivered and quaked as she tried to keep heavy flesh upright. She was so horny and wanted relief, but curiosity called her.



Finding her balance behind two blimp-like boobs Roxy carefully clacked the heels strapped to her feet over to a nearby mirror and gasped in delight.

“I’m so different!” Roxy exclaimed, “And so sexy!”

Kaori could only laugh and rock against the counter. Her fingers were even further beyond her belt now, one digit sliding over the hill of her mons and gently diving in for her clit. Kaori was so wet she knew she was infusing her denim with the mustiness of her musk.

Roxy was fascinated with her new form. She had bright pink nipples - and labia! It gave her an unreal look, a playful look. Against the deep tan of her skin it was silly. But sexy silly. She couldn’t help but giggle, and she brushed back her deep red hair so she could express more of her satisfaction to Kaori.

And now Roxy saw that Kaori was pursuing her own satisfaction, her hand vanished under the band of her pants up to her wrist. Kaori’s eyes were locked onto Roxy, Kaori’s lower lip dented by her teeth. Roxy could now smell Kaori’s delightful juices starting to waft through the store.

“Hey, that’s *my* job...” Roxy smiled. She clacked over to her lover and pressed her pink nips against Kaori’s



polo shirt - her tits bulged across Kaori's slim upper body and practically engulfed her.

Kaori let out a groan and started to remove her hand when Roxy placed her own over the lump in Kaori's pants. Roxy pushed and pressed Kaori's hand deeper into her leaking pussy, three fingers now soaked in her juices. Kaori's middle finger slipped between her labia, the base of it directly kneading Kaori's clitty.

Roxy reached around to Kaori's denim-clad ass and squeezed the pair closer together. Kaori's face was consumed by Roxy's tits.

"Kiss them. Lick them. Suck on the titties you made for me!" Roxy demanded, and Kaori did as she was commanded. As she did this their groins pressed together tighter and tighter, Kaori and Roxy's hands trapped between them. Kaori mewed as her fingers pushed deeper into her slit, the tip of one starting to tease the entrance of her deeper depths.

As Kaori sucked and licked and kissed Roxy began to undulate her hips, slowly driving Kaori further inside of herself. Her fingers squished and dragged on her clit, bringing the heaving blonde closer and closer to her crest until-

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!” Kaori gasped, her cry of bliss muffled within the canyon of tan tit. She felt her juices burst out around her fingers, soaking into her panties and undoubtedly leaving a deep stain in her jeans.

The cumming blonde quivered in Roxy’s cleavage, her body collapsing into it. Roxy could feel Kaori’s deep breaths blowing up between her boobs. She bent her neck down and kissed Kaori on the top of her head.

Slowly the satisfied woman came out of her afterglow and lifted herself out of Roxy’s pleasant valley. Kaori sat up on the counter and Roxy stepped back to give her some breathing space. Kaori slipped her hand out of her pants and smelled her fingers. They were covered in womanly honey and Roxy quickly grabbed Kaori’s hand and began sucking her lover’s juices from each glistening fingertip.

“That was...and you are...wow,” Kaori sighed as she watched Roxy’s full pink lips take in each finger. She then looked down and confirmed that the crotch of her pants was significantly stained, well beyond the ability to hide it.

“This is your doing,” Roxy grinned, releasing Kaori’s cleaned hand. She stepped back further into the store to

pose for her designer, “Am I everything in the flesh that you hoped for in plastic?”

“More. Always more,” Kaori smiled. She pushed herself off the counter to get closer to Roxy, and as she did so Kaori winced at the cooling dampness pressed against her crotch. Roxy couldn’t help but notice the reaction.

“We need to get you out of those pants,” the busty bronzed woman again took Kaori’s hand, but this time it was to lead her back towards the changing rooms.

“And into what?” the slim blonde laughed, shaking her head as she dutifully followed the redheaded goddess she’d crafted, “I didn’t exactly bring an extra pair of pants!”

“First of all, I think we’ve learned *that* would be a good idea to start doing,” Roxy teased, “And second of all, we are in a smorgasborg of sexy options! And you totally did NOT give me a fucking form like *this* for us not show it off!”

Kaori gave some weak objections - most of which fell flat amongst a fit of laughter as Roxy held up more and more skimpy outfits against Kaori’s chest - and

ultimately gave in. The pair began their own montage of hunting for outfits for each other.

They eventually settled on an outfit for their partner for the evening, and decided they'd change at opposite ends of the store so the final results could be a surprise.

Roxy had found for Kaori a minidress made of blue latex, and it squeaked and squawked as Kaori powdered her skin and pulled it on. It had a built in corset that hugged the blonde's sides *just* enough. The built in bra cups plumped up her tits so they could nicely wobble and bounce in view through the outfit's chest window.

Kaori had found for Roxy a long white gown, the bottom of which was a smooth silk that was sewn onto a corset that grew out into an enormous porn-star bustier. Roxy was shocked that she was able to unroll enough fabric and squeeze her titanic tits into it.

With heels strapped to their feet the pair giggled and blushed as they turned to see each other like a young couple going to their first prom. The sight of each of them dressed up as they were got their pussies purring, but each held fast.

This was a night for going out.

So they did.



All eyes were on the striking pair as they left the shop and walked down the street towards the clubs. Kaori was beaming as she felt herself so on display. She felt beautiful. Like she was finally realizing her true inner self.

Roxy could not hold back the grin as she saw how many people were practically cumming in their pants just from looking at her. Kaori had truly made her a goddess.

And as was only right, Kaori worshipped her goddess. One the dance floor. In the store. Under their sheets. The more time the couple spent together the more and more beautiful Kaori was presenting herself. Kaori had given Roxy *so* much sensitive skin and flesh, and it was clear that the passionate blonde was going to enjoy every inch of it.

And Roxy was not complaining. She spent her days frozen in the sex shop, her arousal building and building. Kaori would place her horny mannequin where customers had to brush by her gargantuan breasts, or slide across her popped ass. And if some shopper wasn't stoking the furnace within Roxy's plastic groin Kaori's hands were all over her when they weren't working the register.

Every other day Roxy felt like she'd be made flesh and find herself so deeply aroused that nothing could pull her out. But each time Kaori's fingers, or tongue, or even feet would find a way to relieve her. The more time they spent together the more Roxy found that Kaori just wanted to be close to her.

To touch Roxy. To be deep within that magnificent cleavage. To wrap her legs around Roxy's hips and her arms around Roxy's chest and just hold on for the sake of having so much contact. Roxy would wake up and find Kaori clinging to her from behind more like a backpack than a spoon.

And since Olivia continued to prefer her plastic orgasmic state Roxy and Kaori continued to spend more and more time together just themselves.

Even sixty-nining Roxy could feel how Kaori was more interested in hooking her legs around Roxy's shoulders and gripping her ass tightly than whether or not Roxy's mouth was on Kaori's pussy.

Kaori, for her part, always made sure Roxy came. She'd snake her fingers around Roxy's engorged labia, swishing them around and squeezing the juices from them before plunging her fingers inside and pressing her thumb firmly against Roxy's clit.

Roxy happily rode this wave of attention without much thought, until one night at the store the pair were getting changed for another night of clubbing. Roxy was already dressed in a tight green dress. Wedge heels with Amazon straps criss-crossed up her legs. She sat patiently waiting for Kaori to get dressed.

The blonde, however, was taking far longer to change than usual. She'd already stripped down to nothing but her little yellow heels, her prior outfit strewn about on the floor. Roxy could see that every time Kaori started to consider what to wear her eyes would be drawn back to Roxy.

“Are you okay?” Roxy finally asked, “We don’t have to go out tonight, you’re just taking longer to decide than usual...”

“Sorry, sorry, I know,” Kaori sighed, turning and looking straight into Roxy’s eyes, “I just can’t help but think about how lucky that dress is. It’ll get to cling to you for more tonight than I will! Holding your tits, draping over your ass, rubbing against your skin...”

“Are you jealous of my clothes?” Roxy laughed lovingly.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” Kaori grinned sheepishly, “You’ve just become...I mean, you’re so sexy. That’s not



even the right word. It's not strong enough. I want you to wear me. So I can be so close to you all the time! Hug your body, plastic and flesh, wherever you are! I so wish I could be any outfit you needed, able to pleasure you while we're out in public or private!"

It had been some time since something magical had happened around Roxy, and so when Kaori gasped following her wish neither quite realized what was about to happen. All Kaori knew was that her skin had begun to tingle and a most erotic fashion.

It started with a darkening spot in the center of Kaori's chest. It felt like she'd gain a second clit, that's how sensitive the smooth little dot was. Gradually it started spreading over her skin. It flowed over Kaori's shoulders, and as it did so it began to stretch over the valley between Kaori's upper arms and her ribs.

As the transubstantiation of her form moved through her body Kaori was in bliss - even as she started to feel...hollow?



Roxy watched, eyes wide, as Kaori's skin shimmered and darkened and shifted from smooth flesh to patterned...latex? Leather? Pleather? The process flowed down Kaori's body as if a bucket of paint had been poured over her. Roxy knew she should be horrified as the body of her lover was rent and pulled apart, a hole opening up along Kaori's collar bone. But she looked so ecstatic about what was happening.

And Kaori was. Even as the transmutation to black material pulled her arms tight to her sides and her hands merged to her thighs she could only think about how good it all felt. And she could sense she was becoming something that would only bring her more pleasure.

As her upper body hollowed out her head and legs succumbed to the changes, the entirety of her essence starting to thin and converge. Her face had flattened and flowed into the upper ridge of her new shape, Kaori's final expression one of sexual exhilaration. Her hair had long merged over her back.

Kaori was collapsing slowly to the floor, like a feather floating downwards in slow motion. There was no longer any indication she'd ever had arms, and her pussy - as it was overcome by the wave of transformation - smoothed over and vanished as the material merged Kaori's thighs together over it. Her legs were next taken, and as her feet

and toes merged into one flat form the hollowness that had moved from Kaori's chest down her entire body opened at her lower end. The black material collapsed around Kaori's heels, still standing in the spot where her feet had been pulled from them.

Roxy stood up and looked down at what Kaori had become. She lay crumpled on the floor not unlike the outfit the former human had cast aside no less than twenty minutes ago. Roxy picked her lover up by the top hem and let her hang in her grip. She was some sort of pleather tube dress.

As Roxy held the Kaori-outfit in her hands she could feel the material quiver.

"You're...alive in there, aren't you?" Roxy mused. There was no reply, just the sensation of the material enjoying being touched. Roxy put down the dress and stripped off her green outfit. Then, careful not to crush Kaori's hem with her wedge heels, Roxy stepped into the center of the dress.

Bending down with such exaggerated curves was still a challenge, but Roxy was able to feel around and find the top hem of the recently transmogrified dress. Inch by inch she pulled Kaori over her legs, then around the curve of her ass, along her stomach, and finally along her

underboob. As Roxy pulled her former lover over herself she could feel every inch of the material internally swooning. Roxy had to admit she didn't think, as a human, she and Roxy had ever had so much bodily contact.

With her nipples finally tucked under the material - which Roxy still hadn't quite placed - she turned and examined the look in the mirror. The Kaori outfit was tight, but not exactly flattering. She'd been turned into one even tube with no trimming or tucks, which wasn't the highest of fashion looks.

Roxy turned and looked at herself from every angle. She could feel the sexual energy emanating from the material wrapped around her. Roxy could just sense that the mind in the dress was in absolute bliss.

But the mind wearing the dress wasn't quite as thrilled by how she looked in it, and Roxy could not hide it from her face. Seeing the tiny scowl in her reflection pushed Roxy to be honest.

"I'm sorry Kaori, I love you, but not this look on me. I'd really rather you looked more like the dress I'd been wearing."

The moment after she finished speaking Roxy could feel the hem of the dress start to shift. The sensation of

the material moving over her body reminded Roxy of pulling pantyhose over her leg. It was smooth and cool, and finding its way to tightly hug all of Roxy's curves. She felt a strap move up and across her left breast, cross behind her neck, and slither back down over her right breast.

Staring into the mirror Roxy watched the dark and bland material shift to a sparkling green cotton spandex. It pulled in to tightly fit over her hips and waist. And the upper hem shifted to reveal a deep V of cleavage.

Just as Roxy believed all the alterations had finished, and she was about to compliment Kaori on the amazing mimicry, Roxy felt an unexpected - but welcomed - pressure on her asshole and pussy.

“Oh...oh! You naughty girl...” Roxy cooed as a rubber nub as thick as a nickel began to push against her labia. Something of similar size was slowly making its presence more and more known between her butt cheeks. Roxy bit her lip in expectation, but realized the advancing shafts had come to a pause, her vaginal juices just barely glazing the forward tip. Roxy gasped as she realized why.

“Kaori, you should know you are *always* welcome in any of my holes! OH!”

The confirmation of invitation was all the dress needed, and Roxy hopped in delighted shock as the tips grew and she was impaled from both sides.

Both dress dildos had a sponginess to them, particularly the one spelunking into Roxy's unlubricated ass. Roxy noted the unusual sensation of a dildo *growing* into her like sprouting bamboo over the sense of pushing on it. There wasn't the same sensation of the shaft gliding against the walls of her vag, but instead blooming deeper within her from the ends.

"Yeah, yeah," Roxy panted, placing a hand on the wall to steady herself. She was squeezing her thighs and clenching her ass to stimulate herself as much as possible, "Bigger. Further..."

Kaori responded to Roxy's begging by expanding the two rubber cocks as they grew further within her lover. Each swelled to the width of a quarter...and then again...and again, until each was nearing three inches in diameter.

The plumbing of Roxy's depths also slowed, the dual dildos stopping as she felt herself deeply pegged from the rear and the head of the shaft in her slit pushing against the sponginess of her deep G spot.

That was not the end, though. Just as Roxy was beginning to get a handle on how much Kaori was wearing *her* Roxy felt a pressure on her nipples...as if a pair of lips had closed around them.

“You...you really meant that ‘pleasure’ bit...didn’t you?” Roxy’s words were deep and breathy, but she got no response to her question from her dress. Roxy figured there may only be so much interaction Kaori was capable of in her new forever form.

Taking a deep breath Roxy pushed away from the wall and stepped back in front of the mirror. She was flushed and a little sweaty, but all that did was give her enormous cleavage a delightful glisten. Her flush deepened as she took her first steps with her double-penetration, her shifting thighs and butt causing the clothing-grown cocks to wiggle and shift within her.

The front one pushed and glided over her deep G spot with laser-focused perfection for pleasure.

“Mmmmm...” was all Roxy could muster, licking her lips as she looked at herself in the Kaori dress. There was the gentle pull of material over her groin and nipples that indicated something was tugging the dress inwards. Aside from that there was no indication that the dress Roxy was wearing had once been a person.



“We are gonna get some *attention*, babe,” Roxy grinned, running her hands down the sides of her body and dress. Roxy could feel a tiny shudder run through the dildos plunged inside of her, and through the pressure on her nipples.

The walk to the club was eventful. Even just getting out of the shop pushed Roxy from “horny” to “on fire with desire.” This *should* have triggered her curse to turn back to plastic, but as she neared that point Roxy’s dress took the initiative. With some gentle pulses and increased pressure Roxy found herself mewling in orgasm on the sidewalk about ten paces from the store’s door.

“Oh...oh, fuck...heeeeeeeeere?” Roxy gasped, squeezing her legs together and leaning on the brick facade of a bar. The orgasm was enhanced as Roxy felt her flesh body get so near to turning plastic and hollow - but then pull back as her arousal was sated by the very public orgasm.

As she took a deep breath through the afterglow Roxy was embarrassed by the orgasm, ecstatic to realize she could do something by herself...*technically*.

At the club all eyes were on Roxy as she danced...and came. And came. And came. Eventually exhaustion

started to catch up to Roxy and, reeking of the musk of so many orgasms plugged within her pussy, she made her way back to the apartment and passed out.

The next morning Roxy awoke feeling very horny. As she slowly awoke she felt the cocks still buried within her and Roxy recalled that she was wearing Kaori, who was still a green shimmery dress.

Drowsily Roxy pushed herself up, her enormous rack cradled in Kaori's material. Roxy stood and examined herself. Her hair was frazzled but her otherwise permanent make-up looked as good as they day it had become a part of Roxy's face.

“You still look real good like that, Kaori, but I think I'd be more comfortable in, let's say, a sexy black lace babydoll teddy with a deep V!”

Instantly Roxy could feel Kaori's material shifting and changing over Roxy's skin. Lace straps grew over her shoulders like vines. The skirty hem pulled in against Roxy's thighs and snaked between her thigh and over the inner cheeks of her ass.

As the shimmery green changed to delicate lacy black a deep cut formed along the valley of Roxy's cleavage. In short order she was dressed in an entirely new outfit.

What didn't change were rubber cocks plugging her ass and slit - which had pushed a little deeper as the material pulled closer to Roxy's groin and rear - or the little lips clamped onto her nipples. In fact, Roxy thought she could partially see the solid base of the dildo pushing into her pussy through the silky fabric.

Roxy came a few more times as she checked on Olivia - who again requested to remain as she was - and enjoyed some breakfast. She didn't want to take Kaori off just yet, so she waddled to the bathroom and washed herself down with a hand towel.

Curious as to what more she could do with Kaori, Roxy pulled on a pair of light pink knee-high latex heels. She then commanded her adornment lover to become a maroon button-up full dress with a plunging v-neck with billowing three-quarter-length sleeves and a flared skirt. The day dress' satiny fabric draped coolly over Roxy's skin, and with a little flip of the skirt Roxy left to show herself off around town.

Roxy couldn't help but grin as people gawked at her. The buttons of the dress were well-strained holding in her gargantuan breasts, and Roxy loved how they were bouncing and wobbling.

She was still getting used to the occasional public orgasm. Roxy had started to become accustomed to knowing when her bubble of bliss was about to break, taking the opportunity to rest against a lamppost or wall when she needed.

As the sun rose the temperature began to rise, and Roxy realized she should have checked the weather and worn something lighter out. But she instantly realized that she was in the unique position of people able to change her outfit right then and there! But to what?

A number of bespoke clothing boutiques were scattered around Roxy's apartment building, and she strutted and bounced to the one she knew had some of the sexier styles. Peering into the window Roxy spotted a pink latex minidress that would go perfectly with her boots.

In short order the satin had grown heavy, the arms had pulled back to spaghetti straps, and the hem had risen up just a few inches below where her ass met her thighs. Roxy was very pleased...and could feel an orgasm coming on.



“Ohhh...mmm...yes...you make these feel so good, Kaori hummed as the pleasurable warmth washed over Roxy. She leaned a hand on the store window as the afterglow gripped her, and Roxy let out a satisfied sigh.

But then she felt something a bit different. There was a tingle in her left foot that had lingered. A sensation she knew, but had never been so...localized before. Roxy tried to wiggle her toes, but found they would not respond. In fact, her foot felt very stiff.

Stiff and *hollow*.

“Am I...am I turning into a mannequin *bit by bit*?!” Roxy exclaimed in a panic. Kaori, of course, could not reply, even if she'd known anything.

Adrenaline was rushing through Roxy, and she had to stop in order to make herself think straight. She briefly wondered if this new development was due to the intermixing of all of the different fantastical things which had happened to her and Kaori...but then she shook it off. Roxy figured she'd go mad trying to make any sense of the impossible things that had befallen her.

What was important was what was happening *now*. Her left foot was completely stiff, and the sensation was rising. There was an itching spreading in a ring around her leg just above her ankle. Roxy figured she was

forming her first seam there. Thankfully, because of how her foot was raised and held in the boot, Roxy figured she could still walk with the stiffened extremity.

A wiggle of her right toes confirmed that they could move - but that their flexibility was certainly reduced. It wouldn't be long before both feet were mannequinized.

Roxy had to head back to the apartment - *now!*

The first part of the walk back wasn't too challenging. As she felt her left leg turn plastic nearly to her knee Roxy could feel that her right foot had completely hollowed and formed its ankle break. She wasn't that far from the front door of the building by the time her left knee locked straight.

So long as Roxy could move her hip, she could walk. Her gate was like that of a peg-legged pirate as she swung her plastic left leg in wide arcs to keep moving forward, but she was still moving.

As Roxy felt the tingle of the plastic hollowing moving up her right leg Roxy noted another difficulty she hadn't predicted - a massive change in her center of mass. As her legs mannequinized their weight no longer helped offset and anchor the mass of Roxy's enormous tits. They were already bouncing wildly from the

transforming woman's uneven escape, but now they more and more threatened to topple her over.

"I need...some help...balancing!" Roxy gasped as she was still about one hundred feet from the door when her remaining fleshy knee locked up. Roxy felt a shift of material and a tight purple latex bodysuit formed around her with heavy weighted ass-pads hanging over her rear.

"Thanks," Roxy grunted out to Kaori. The living outfit had also tried to reign in the multiple sources of arousal, but because of the parameters of her wish none of the items still inserted into Roxy could be fully removed.

Roxy stumbled through the front door of the building walking on locked legs that were more like stilts. She teetered left and right as she made it to the base of the stairs leading up to the apartment.

It was now, as Roxy pondered what to do next, that the transmogrification in her left leg reached her hip. It locked tight, but the changes didn't feel to be spreading further - yet. Roxy wondered if it was waiting for the plastic on the other side to catch up.

Then Roxy felt the itching of another seem forming, the one at the top of her left thigh. So far her boots had



held in place her feet, but she now feared the possibility of one or both legs falling off!

Roxy threw a hand to the metal banisters that ran parallel up the steps and heaved herself up. The toes of her boots dragged along the front edge of the step before cresting the landing and swinging forward. The moment Roxy felt that she could rest her weight and move her arms up the railings to pull herself up to the next step she did.

There was a hollow rattling in Roxy's left thigh as the lower portion of her leg threatened to shift and detach, but she kept moving quickly so as to not let her limbs hang in the air for too long. She was actually quite proud of how many steps she'd made it up.

Then her right hip was fully taken, and the combined waves of plastic pushed into her groin and ass.

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!”

The railings rattled as Roxy's grip on them threatened to rip their screws from the walls. The orgasm from her holes sealing around Kaori's shafts was the greatest Roxy had experienced so far.

Sweat beaded and dripped from what surfaces of Roxy could still sweat. She let out a long grunt of

concentration, shattering the afterglow that was trying to grip her. She could feel that the encroaching changes had not stopped with her cum, and she needed to pick up the pace.

Lift, drop, slide, lift, drop slide...the pace was frantic. As Roxy rose herself to her floor the plastic had risen over the lowest of her ribs. It had taken and smoothed out her belly button a few steps back, and the itching that ringed Roxy's belly meant that soon a new seam would threaten her journey.

Braced against the hall wall Roxy rotated herself atop one leg to another, her entire body spinning as she went. By the time she reached the door her breasts had locked up and their weight no longer threatened to pull her over.

Roxy did that all by herself. Leaning against the front door as she unlocked the bolt the door swung open faster than she expected. Roxy cursed as she landed atop her stiff tits with a *clunk!*

There was no way she was going to get up, so the 70% plastic woman began pulling herself along the floor towards the table. She felt her lower body dragging and catching, and then the sensations from her stomach down vanished with a *ka-chunk!* - her middle seam had twisted and come undone.

But her mannequined legs were still dragging behind her, the dildo and butt plug stuck in them attached to the bodysuit still wrapped around her chest.

“Kaori...you need to...”

Before Roxy could finish grunting her request she felt the bodysuit shift, the changes causing the lips sucking the smooth surface of her breasts to slip away. A long black silk skirt rested on the floor behind Roxy, freeing her to claw her tits, head, and arms across the floor. She reached a chair next to the table that the queenly amalgamation of Olivia and Busti was resting atop. As Roxy felt her shoulders start to stiffen she pulled herself up with one arm while the other reached for Olivia.

Feeling the crook of her plastic lover’s arm Roxy grabbed it and pulled. Olivia tilted and fell over the edge face first - right onto Roxy. The desperate woman was startled, but did her best to try and kiss Olivia as they collided - but she was uncertain if her lips had made enough contact.

As Olivia tumbled atop her Roxy was knocked down and rolled under the table. Her head pivoted forward atop the fulcrum of her breasts and Roxy found herself planted face first in the carpet. She tried to push herself

up but Roxy only felt the tingle of the plastic locking her remaining limbs in place.

And the tingling was now shifting up into Roxy's neck.

“Olivia! Help me, please! I'm turning ba-”

And that was it. Roxy's head was entirely plastic. The mesh of her wig separated and fell away slightly thanks to the odd angle Roxy had frozen into.

At first Roxy could hear anything. She feared she hadn't kissed Olivia and now they were all stuck as they were, scattered plastic parts potentially trapped forever.

Then a light moan wafted through the apartment. Roxy could hear shuffling. Moving. She could only guess that Olivia was slowly coming out of her fog of arousal and sorting out the circumstances.

Roxy was left resting face-first on the floor for quite a few minutes. It was starting to become so long that she started to fear something had happened to Olivia. But then she heard footsteps approach her, and a hand grabbed her wig and disengaged her head.

Lifted up from under the table, Roxy couldn't see Olivia - her immobile eyes were faced front. She was

carried into the bedroom where she saw a new mannequin body had been put together for her.

The body was dominated by four enormous breasts, but that wasn't the most fantastic part - three pairs of arms had been compiled around the doubled pairs of tits.

Olivia turned Roxy's head as she was placed upon the multi-limbed form and now the plastic woman could see that Olivia had rebuilt herself in the somewhat normal body. With Roxy's head locked in and her wig on Olivia leaned forward, pushing her soft breasts against Roxy's quadrupled plastic chest, and gave her a deep kiss.

As life filled Roxy's newest form she pushed her relieved and grateful tongue deep into Olivia's mouth. Her many limbs rose and found every nook and cranny they could to show their appreciation.

After a few moments of making out and fingerfucking, Olivia finally pulled back, a string of saliva briefly connecting their lips.

"I hope you realize you have a lot of making up to do for taking me from what I had been feeling!"

Roxy smiled and added another finger to Olivia's slit.



“I think I can do that.”

Roxy's six hands were a blur across Olivia. While they could move quickly, caressing Olivia's breasts and plunging into her pussy, the rest of Roxy could not. The red head was weighed down by the four titanic tits Olivia had given her - which felt great, but their massive momentum kept Roxy's options limited.

While standing, at least.

The lowest set of arms grabbed Olivia's ass, the middle the side of her arms, and the upper pair her shoulders. Roxy gently guided her cooing lover backwards until her shins pressed against the bed and she fell back into the sheets with a laugh.

Roxy leaned forward and followed her doubled bust down atop the giggling woman, who was more than pleased to be engulfed in tits. With great effort Roxy better positioned herself, her upper boobs pushing up Olivia's body like she was being engulfed by leavening bread.

The pair mixed limbs into cleavages and pussies until they finally passed out from a number of intense orgasms.

Hours later Roxy let out a light groan as she woke up. She'd rolled onto her back. Even with her elbows shifted squarely behind her Roxy couldn't push herself up under the weight of her quartet of colossal breasts. After a few moments she gave up, knowing that Olivia would come back for her.

A few minutes later Olivia did return. She was dressed in jeans and a white blouse, which looked semi-professional. Roxy looked her over, a perplexed look on her face.

“Why are you-”

*Snap!*

“Oh no no, you've had enough flesh time. When I woke up I realized that not *only* would I have to give up what I was experiencing from Busti, but since Kaori wasn't with you I suppose I'll have to fill in her work shift!”

It was now Roxy realized she hadn't thought to update Olivia on where - or what - Kaori now was. She hoped her transformed lover was still lying as some outfit in the other room.

“Now, since you jumped right into fucking me I presume whatever happened to Kaori isn't especially



dire and that she can wait. Because if I have to go fill in for her at a *day job* based on her check stubs I'm going to need to renegotiate our agreement."

*Wait wait wait!* the plastic Roxy silently pleaded as Olivia bent over and twisted off her head, the sexual need jumping right behind Roxy's lips.

Olivia had made up her mind and was ready to go. She carried Roxy's head and wig into the other room where a bag was waiting. Roxy had just enough time to spot what she believed was Kaori folded up on the kitchen counter before her frozen eyes were dropped into the darkness of the bag.

A while later Roxy felt Olivia's fingers wrap around her face - Olivia's thumb pressing painlessly against her smooth painted right eye - and bring her back into the light in the sex shop. Olivia smiled and winked at her plastic lover and then snapped her head onto a mannequin which Roxy hadn't caught sight of before being attached to it. Regardless, she was thankful the ball of sexual need shifted down into the display body.

From her vantage point Roxy could do nothing more than watch Olivia figure out what to do in the store. The mannequin had to remind herself that while currently Olivia had a fairly normal human body - for their

experiences - she was *not* human. This was a compilation of plastic parts wished into life and masquerading as a totally normal woman who only half understood how anything worked thanks to television.

Soon it became clear that Roxy's plastic placement in the store was meant to be a bit of sexual torment for pulling Olivia into this droll existence. If Olivia had been robbed of her sexual bliss, then she was going to keep Roxy from it as well - for a while, at least.

What kept up Roxy's faith were the looks that Olivia would throw her way, combined with partial stripteases and the occasional caress across Roxy's plastic skin. The mannequin was just getting hornier and hornier and she knew Olivia knew that. She was winding Roxy up for long term torment leading to what would be perhaps a mind shattering orgasm.

This went on over a few days, Olivia leaving and returning to the store with Roxy trapped overnight alone. This was a little more mean than the plastic person would have liked, and it became clear that Roxy knew that.

It was day six of Olivia's torments when she came over to Roxy and petted her hardened cheek with a little pout.

“So...I know I may have taken this a bit too far...” Olivia sighed, her hand sliding down her livid lover’s neck to caress the tough tits Roxy still hadn’t seen for herself. “I kept telling myself, ‘today is the last day, today I’ll turn her back...’”

Roxy watched Olivia blush and step away, sauntering over to the counter and sighing.

“But, I’ve sort of gotten into this whole *being a person* thing. It’s sort of fun to meet people and *not* fuck them. To do a job I’ve had to learn. I mean, it isn’t *as fun* as having your mind melted by a constant shared orgasm, but this breaks up the monotony. I just can’t get out of my head the knowledge that the moment I bring you out of that you’ll probably pay me back by making me plastic again and this little living fantasy will be over.”

*No I won’t!* Roxy exclaimed in her mind, then she reconsidered, *Well, not anymore that you’ve shared that! Just change me back! I need to find out what you’ve done with Kaori!*

“Part of me wonders what it would be like to just be human all the time,” Olivia continued, “I mean...I’d be forever free, but I’d also be stuck in one body for the rest of my life. If I had to be like that I’d want something

really special, you know? Like, I wish I could always be human but with a body that was just the extreme example of sexiness and sexuality. Oh!”

The sixth wish from the Djoint instantly began its work on Olivia. The first thing that happened - although not outwardly apparent to anyone - was Olivia was no longer capable of being changed back to a mannequin.

The next things were all *very* apparent.

Olivia’s lips tingled and ballooned outward, taking up the majority of her face and squishing the rest of her features upwards. As she brought a hand up to investigate she could see her fingernails turning pink and growing out to ridiculous lengths.

Her feet shifted and became more petite, and as Olivia struggled to balance the mass being added elsewhere she stepped out of the heels which were now a few sizes too large. It was now she discovered that the tendons in her legs had permanently shortened to keep her up on her toes.

This posed an interesting challenge as her clothes tightened, and Olivia struggled with her nails to remove them.



If Roxy could have widened her eyes at what she was seeing she would have, for in short order Olivia had grown tits bigger than the pair Roxy had stumbled into the apartment with a week ago.

Olivia was doing her best to keep from toppling over. Her long fingernails scraped across the check-out counter as she tried to keep her balance. Her expanded tits were cartoonishly large, wobbling on her ribs less like flesh and more like gelatin. They certainly didn't weigh what so much fat should - but they weren't light, either.

It wouldn't have been so difficult if her boobs would just *sit still* for a few seconds. But each time she shifted one of her little pulled-up raised feet, or moved an arm and bumped the side of her bosom, Olivia's tits would swing and sway and just keep doing it. Her looks weren't the only sexual thing about her which had become exaggerated - so had her movements.

“Oh...phuck meh...” Olivia murmured through her thick lips, and as she stopped speaking they settled into a pouty O. That wasn't all that was held open. Her pussy had plumped and grown, her labia pulling back so her clit could inflate and take centerstage. The surface

shimmered with natural lubricant that was starting to form little dangling droplets.

Beneath Olivia's titanic titties her waist pulled in so tightly "waspish" was barely accurate anymore. Her hourglass outline then flowed outwards to hips which had pulled apart four inches, leaving her groin wide open. Basketball-size butt cheeks blew outward over her thighs. These were extremely soft, more like memory foam than flesh - and grab or smack would leave an impression of palm and fingers for a few moments.

With a few swings of her thinner arms Olivia finally got a hold of her balance. She rested on the balls of her feet, standing in front of Roxy with one fat nip nearly poking her in a plastic eye.

"Phat waff a weal wuff..." The permanently human Olivia raising a clawed hand to her longer and more lustrous hair. She combed her own improved locks with her nails, the strands shimmering in the light. "I gueff...I gueff I'm humam mow?"

Olivia tip-toed to the shop's mirror and gasped at herself. Roxy could tell it was a self-satisfied reaction, and she watched the former mannequin posing with a puffy-lipped grin. As Olivia shifted back and forth she stepped in something warm and slick.

Unable to look over her enormous udders Olivia had to take a few steps back to see the trail of juices she'd been dripping.

“Mmm, I am pho emby and howmy bowm bere...I meed phomffing for bat...”

Oliva moved towards the back of the store and out of Roxy's view. There was some shuffling, and the sound of a box being open. When Olivia minced back into view Roxy could see in the mirror's reflection that Oliva had shoved one of the oversized gag dildos into her snatch.

“Oh, my deaw,” Oliva smiled, turning and looking right at Roxy, “We awe going bo hafe phome *fum*.”

Much of that fun was Olivia's. Her concern for Roxy's maddening arousal had been completely diverted to exploring the details and needs of her new form. That was the first night Olivia tried getting into the apartment above the storefront, and found that one of the shop keys opened the back door. It was sparsely furnished, but it had a comfortable bed which did not require a trip across town in a sexually exaggerated body. Olivia popped off Roxy's head and took it to bed with her.

Olivia spent the next week figuring out which outfits were stretchy enough for her to wear during store hours, and ordering new ones. She revelled in the shocked look



of customers, but in her new form she oozed sensuality. Even through her growing erotic fog Roxy began to notice an uptick in foot traffic. It was clear many were coming in just to see Olivia, whatever purchase they made just the justification of visiting.

Roxy wasn't the only one who noticed. A few days later a petite blonde entered the store. She had on a white tank top with a white bra whose straps showed over her shoulders. A lycra skirt with a rainbow tie dye pattern hugged her little ass, the tail of a white thong poking up from it. She walked in like she owned the place.

Roxy felt like she'd seen this woman before.

Olivia had a trio of customers in line, and the blonde waited - fidgeting and squeezing her legs the entire time. Finally the customers had all checked out and she was "alone" with Olivia.

"Hi, cam I helb wou?" Olivia smiled, "Cam I geb wou phomefing?"

"Yeah, I'd like to know where the woman I hired is."

Olivia's smile dropped for a moment, her lips shifting into the resting O shape. Then she smiled again."

"Oh, wou muft be, uh...Bammi?"

“Denise,” the blonde corrected. It wasn’t an angry response, not cutting or biting, just a statement. There was a slight bit of urgency behind it, as if the blonde had to pee.

“Bemife, phorry,” Olivia replied, “Amd I’m alfo phorry Kaowi didm’t wet wou kmow phe waff goimg om vacaffiom. Fhe afked me do fill im fow hew.”

“Ah, no, she did not,” Denise replied, shifting back and forth from foot to foot. Her face was blushing, and her breathing was becoming irregular, “But I’ve been checking the books online and everything seems in order, so at least she left someone...*capable* in charge. You’re welcome to stay as long as Kaori is traveling.”

“Phank wou pho much,” Olivia smiled. She was sensing Denise’s arousal, seeing her boss’ eyes traveling up and down her absurd curves, and so Olivia put out a hand to touch Denise’s arm, “I’fe founnd buh beb upftairf bo be vewy comfy, if you’d wike I can show wou how much I-”

Olivia stopped talking when she felt her fingers gently pushed away from Denise’s arm. But this wasn’t Denise pushing her away - Denise hadn’t moved at all. It was moreso a forcefield a few inches from Denise’s skin redirecting Olivia’s motion. The exaggerated beauty

tried to touch Denise again and found her attempt stymied.

A long sigh slipped from Denise's lips.

"Thank you, I appreciate the offer and would take you up on it but I can't."

"Why? Whab's..."

"It's...well, you wouldn't believe me, it's a bit...fantastical."

Olivia glanced over at Roxy, then looked back to Denise.

"Bwy me."

"Well, I've never really shared this with anyone..." Denise blushed, "It's that, well, a few years ago I had this neighbor in the apartment above me, and she was just having sex *all the time*. Like, loud raw fucking. And I was a bit of a prude. One day she was having this very loud threesome and I sort of called in a noise complaint on them."

"Oh my! Maudy wou!" Olivia did an exaggerated gasp and put her hand to her lips.

"Yeah, so, the next day she comes down and knocks on my door and says she's so pissed off that she's going

to curse me. She points and says some shit like, ‘The coitus interrupted is now your state, three libidos you’ll carry that only your own hand sate!’ And all of a sudden my pussy is like a swamp on fire!”

“Oh fuck!”

“Yep. From that day on I’ve been nonstop horny, horny enough for three people. But no one can touch me, all I can do is masterbate and that helps for like thirty minutes at best before my pussy soaks whatever I’m wearing. So I may take you up on using the bed before I go, but just for myself.”

“I’m sowwy, that phucks,” Olivia replied.

“You believe all of that?”

“Wou’b be phuwpwifed whab I’fe pheem im bis wife.”

“Well, so thanks again. Trust me, if I could, I’d totally do it with you. But right now I wish I could somehow have a threesome with myself, and put my mouth to better fucking use than complaining.”

And with that the final wish from the djoint was activated.

Denise let out a very sensual groan as she felt a new magic grip her.

Her erotic mewls weren't the only sounds coming from her. The first indication that her body was being changed was the sound of her clothes being pulled tight, seams and stitches reaching their limit.

Denise first felt a tightness within her arms. Her bones were thickening, pushing outwards on her muscles and skin. She shivered as her flesh then began to bulge and split, starting at her shoulders. Slowly each arm began to separate into three separate limbs each, elbows bending and popping out. Soon her wrists were cracking apart, ten new fingers on each side of Denise's body curling and flexing.

But the additional two pairs of arms did remain identical to the pair that they'd originated from. The middle pair tanned lightly, and the one beneath that even darker. Even the fingernails were becoming varied.

It was as if Denise was having body parts from two different people grow from her.

Beneath her tank top and within her bra a gurgle of flesh pushed her breasts outward. Her bra strained as Denise added one, then another, then a third inch to her

bust. The growth stopped, straining the top and brassiere to its limit.

It was the next bubbling of sensual fat that finally did in the shirt. Four spots on Denise's ribs erupted forward, flesh escaping outwards in surges. Pounds of new soft breasts poured down Denise's upper body, overwhelming the tank top. It ripped down the front and flung itself backwards off of the altering woman's body.

Just as Denise had gained two pairs of arms different from her originals, her new breasts were also not stopping their growth as duplicates of her already enlarged pair. The tits just under her top pair were sloshing outward more and more, reaching near the size of Olivia's marvelous melons.

The third pair had ceased its expansion earlier than the set above it, roughly half the size. Its nipples were puffy and pink, a contrast to the deep stiff brown nips above it. Both were a stark contrast to Denise's top set, again displaying attributes of three separate women.

The most striking alteration to Denise's lower body was currently stretching her skirt to its limits. It had started with her ass bulging outwards, but as Roxy spied little sets of toes poking into view from behind the lycra

hem it was clear this was not the same kind of rear expansion that Olivia had experienced.

Inch by inch two pairs of feet dangled down behind Denise, stretching and curling as they grew. Shapely legs followed, with the two dark skin tones that had covered the new breasts and arms.

Gently the toes reached the floor and the legs ceased their growth. Denise's upper body shifted slightly so that she was now resting atop a tripod made of three pairs of legs. Roxy couldn't see it, but beneath Denise's stretched-to-the-limit skirt a fresh and needy pussy had formed between the new pairs of thighs, and where all the legs' butt cheeks met a single asshole had settled.

While this was the end of the changes made to Denise's body, her head was experiencing its own reformations.

The first, but most subtle, was the interweaving of brunette and red strands of hair amidst Denise's own blonde. Everything grew out past her shoulders until the tips were tickling the top of her upper breasts.





More noticeable was how Denise's mouth was stretching upwards.

Her lips first sucked inwards as if she was giving a kiss. Then the pucker shifted from a horizontal break to a vertical one. The glistening gap stretched upwards, the blooming labia absorbing and stretching apart Denise's nose - the tip of it shrinking backwards until it formed a new hooded clit.

Alongside the forming pussy four horizontal slits were gently breaching Denise's skin. Wispy hairs were forming along their upper ridges. They appeared under Denise's eyes, which had traveled up her face slightly to remain roughly aligned with the shift of her nose-clit. The two irises were focused inwards at the alterations to her face, then another pair fluttered open beneath them.

And then another.

In short order Denise had three sets of eyes to look down upon the rest of her triplicated form. But, like all of her other additional pairs, each was different from the rest.

“Oh...oh fug...wub...I'm...pho hormy...pho mamy puffies...”

Denise's tripod of leg pairs was all that kept her drastically altered body upright as she adjusted to her many breasts and completely reformed anatomy.

Olivia quickly went to the door and locked it, flipping the sign over to "Closed." Returning to the most recently changed woman she instinctively put her hand to Denise's back to guide her towards the rear of the store, but felt her touch pushed away. Olivia went around in front of the multiplied woman and began to beckon her along. It was clear that Denise's mind was being bombarded with sensations.

"Let's get you up do the apartment upstairs, okay?" Olivia gently offered, and Denise - through a haze of arousal - nodded. Carefully she began to go forward, testing which legs had to be lifted and what time it takes steps without toppling over. That two feet were in heels while the others stretched on tip toe was an issue, and Olivia realized that if she *could* touch them her long nails would complicate matters.

"Fine..."

As Denise wobbled towards the back door Olivia went over to the frozen Roxy, sighed, and then kissed her.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.”

It was an exhale of arousal, not a scream. Roxy dropped to her knees, her pussy quivering in a river of long-delayed desire. Her whole body was aflame. Her reformed lungs heaved. She pulled down the top of her bodice and grabbed at a tit.

“Fowwy,” Olivia quietly mumbled over Roxy, “But Denise needs help with her heels.”

“You finally...reflesh me...after that long...to take someone’s shoes off?!”

Roxy wasn’t angry. She’d seen a lot of magic now, and, of everything that had happened to so many people around her she felt particularly bad for Denise. She’d already been cursed twice, but to now be trapped permanently in such an absurd form?

She hoped *Denise* found it to be a relief over her cursed arousal.

The six-legged woman was still struggling towards the back, and Roxy crawled after her, squeezing and milking her pussy with her thighs as best she could along the way. Olivia outpaced her and helped Denise stop and turn so Roxy could get to the shoes.

It was tricky, getting too close to toes or ankles sometimes nudged Roxy's shaking fingers away. But eventually she got the shoes off.

Denise remained pushed up on her toes, but now all six feet were level. She mumbled and pointed where Olivia could find a key, and slowly the trio made their way up the steps - Olivia in front, Denise's dozen combined arms and legs gripping and stamping along the steps and banister, and Roxy behind to make sure Denise didn't topple backwards.

The apartment was bare, with some minimal furnishings. A foam mattress with sheets was in one room, a worn easy chair in another, along with some boxes and folding chairs. Denise immediately moved towards the easy chair, the first soft furniture she saw.

Rotating in a perfect circle the tri-leg-paired woman lowered herself backwards into the cushions, one leg from each of her rear pairs practically wrapping around the back of the chair, the other two legs of those pairs crooked over the arms, and the front pair straight and spread. She instantly had her hands to her groins and tits, massaging and exploring the disparate sets. Her tongue explored the ridges of the pussy splitting her face, concentrating most on the nose-clit.

Olivia and Roxy stood at the doorway for a few moments, just watching the tangle of masterbating limbs. The pair's own arms were slowly wrapping around each other's waists.

"So...can she sate herself still, or is that just what she does now?"

"I gueff we'll fee."

"Want to use that mattress in the other room to make up for trapping me in plastic for so long?"

"Yef."

Roxy led Olivia into the bedroom, the grunts and coos of Denise still audible. Roxy pushed her extra-exaggerated lover down to her knees atop the foam, then slowly walked around behind her so she could unzip the red dress.

"So this is you now? Stuck just like this, eh?" Roxy whispered as she leaned over and slowly dragged the zipper down Olivia's back.

"Mmm hmmm..."

"And you haven't let me play with it *once!*"

As the zipper moved towards the small of Olivia's back the weight of her breasts pushed down the front of

the dress, her nipples slipping free. Roxy roughly gripped one, eliciting a squeak from her lover.

“Fowwy...” Olivia groaned.

“Oh, that’s not good enough...” Roxy continued, the zipper undone enough that she could pull the dress over Olivia’s enormous ass. She took a hand and forcefully slapped one globe, sending jiggles through Olivia’s flesh. A horny laugh bubbled up out of her lips.

“You’re going to give me *so* many orgasms to make up for it.”

“Yef, ma’am.”

“And then you’re going back to get Kaori. She turned herself into the dress I left on the floor.”

“Oh!” Olivia gasped, turning and looking up at the gorgeous living mannequin standing over her, “I gueff it’f good I know whewe the dwy cleaming ticked if!”

### **CHAPTER 3**

Roxy let out a long satisfied sigh as she woke up. She was on her back, one of Olivia's arms and breasts draped over her. She giggled, never letting herself forget how lucky she was to have a woman who gave her so much pleasure.

Between her legs Roxy could feel the Kaori-generated dildo was still embedded deeply, and perfectly, inside of her hot pussy. Her lover-turned-outfit was currently a pink latex thong, tightly filling all of Roxy's holes. She squeezed her legs together as a semi-hug to her living underwear, and all the pegs stuffed inside of Roxy twitched back in happy response.

Being careful not to wake her living lover, Roxy gently lifted the arm from between her own breasts and slowly slipped out from under Olivia's tit. Sliding out of the bed onto her toes, Roxy stretched her arms, gave Kaori's waistband a caress, yawned, and carefully stood up.

Tottering out to the kitchen Roxy made herself and Olivia a pot of coffee. It was a Sunday, and neither of

them would need to be downstairs to open the shop for another few hours.

As the coffee brewed Roxy could hear the gentle passing of light traffic outside, along with the grunts and went ministrations of Denise in the other smaller bedroom. Roxy and Olivia had also brought Busti's plastic torso over from the old apartment. Aside from a table and comfy chair the duo were all that occupied the other room.

With her coffee done Roxy teetered over to her computer and sat down, the latex of Kaori's thong that passed over Roxy's pussy creating a few squeaks on the rubber cushion of the chair. Roxy powered up her email and nearly spit out her coffee as she saw a response she hadn't been expecting.

When Denise mentioned being cursed by a woman it left a percolating idea in Roxy and Olivia's minds. They figured Denise had never tried to find her again out of fear of being further cursed. But Roxy and Olivia got to wondering - if they could find her - if they'd be able to arrange a few quality-of-life changes.

Roxy had certainly enjoyed the many forms and pleasures she'd experienced since Kaori had first,



somehow, changed her. She'd never give up the fuck-filled fun her life now revolved around.

But she and Olivia did constantly live with the possibility of Roxy turning to plastic at an inopportune time and something terrible happening. It significantly limited how much more living they could do beyond the apartment.

Olivia was indeed enjoying her new exaggerated living body, but certain details - like the enormous nails and lips that made drinking and eating difficult - could stand to be adjusted for long-term ease of use.

With those thoughts in mind the pair had gone back through Denise's accounts and paperwork and done some research. After a few weeks they felt like they'd manage to track down a few possibilities for who had been living above her apartment and sent some emails.

Most had been ignored, a few definite dead ends. Roxy had actually considered it a dead-end.

But now...this morning...

The email, if Roxy was reading it right, obtusely referenced a curse Denise could have fallen under. And the writer was willing to meet at the park a few blocks away.

Meeting in a public place had felt like a good idea when reaching out to someone prone to cursing people.

And the replier wanted to meet *today*.

Olivia found herself woken up as an excited Roxy pounced onto her tits, and the pair lost themselves in some morning delight. It didn't take much for either lover to orgasm now - especially with Kaori's rubber plugs deep inside Roxy.

The lovers showered, and Olivia dressed in a well-stretched two-piece jogging outfit while Kaori spread across Roxy to form something that looked like an 80s exercise unitard. With butterflies in their stomachs they put up a "We'll Be Back" sign on the front of the shop and took a walk towards the park.

As the morning stretched towards afternoon Roxy and Olivia watched more and more people emerge onto the street and head towards the park. Of course, plenty of eyes were on the pawing pair, a level of public attention they'd not only grown accustomed to but - for individuals that had spent plenty of time on display - had found was an extra turn-on.

The pair anxiously sat at the chosen bench and did their best to resist doing anything that'd get them arrested for indecent exposure. Minutes dragged on to

nearly an hour, and anxious arousal was turning more and more to concerned indigestion.

Just as Roxy was about to suggest they check which bench they should be waiting on a voice spoke up from behind them.

“Sorry for the wait, I was making sure it really was you two who had asked to meet. And that you didn’t have any surprises set for me. From the looks of it I’d guess someone already cursed you.”

The pair looked up to see a petite redhead in a very revealing jogging bra and shorts walk around into view. Each had expected roughly the same type of gothy-person but this woman was far from that, with pleasant make-up and slight curviness that was very sexy on her small frame.

Something else outside of expectations was that the woman wasn’t alone - following behind her was a taller woman in a business suit. From her brunette hair bun, to her rimmed glasses, to her heels it appeared like this woman was better suited for a conference room than a park. She had a glassy, dull look to her eyes and face.

“Are you Delia?” Roxy asked.

“I am. And I must say, I commend you for whatever detective work you used to track me down. After I cursed the neighbor below my apartment I thought I’d covered up my trail pretty well. How is...she? I’ve never had a chance for follow-up.”

The little blonde stood before Roxy and Olivia with confidence, the taller brunette swaying idly behind her.

“She’s...fine. Whatever it was that changed us gave her some, well, *upgrades* that have made her curse much more..enjoyable.”

“So you don’t know how...” Delia motioned a hand up and down at Roxy and Olivia, “*this* happened?”

“Afide fwom ‘magik,’ mope,” Olivia responded.

“Wow, you did get whammied,” Delia couldn’t hold back a snicker as Olivia spoke through her lips.

“Well, giffem bat I ufed boo be a humpk of plaftic I ffink I got whammieb pweddy well.”

“Wow, life from inanimate? Whatever you got was beyond me. Not sure if I can do anything for you - assuming you tracked me down to do something for you?” Delia asked, her eyes narrowing a bit.

“Not total changes, just if you could do some little changes to help with a few quirks,” Roxy spoke up, “Generally we really like how we are.”

“And what if I refuse to do anything for you?” Delia pressed, her eyes becoming suspicious slits. She made a motion with her hand and the brunette businesswoman tottered over to a patch of grass near the bench.

“Uh, I guess that’s your prerogative?” Roxy replied, honestly perplexed as to why Delia would be asking.

“We awe okay iff wou cam’p bo amyfing,” Olivia added.

“Oh, I’m certain I could do *something*. I just don’t need hangers-on who keep making requests of me. Most of the people I use my magic on are those who’ve pissed me off. I specialize in curses, not blessings. Most of them never want to see me again - or *can’t*. Keeps my social circle manageable. Let me give you an example by making an example of Alira...”

Delia motioned again to the brunette wavering glassy-eyed in the grass, her office heels sinking lightly into the dirt.

“Alira’s the CFO of a big plastics company, one of the ones that are killing our planet. She also cut in front of

me in line for coffee. So, I figured I'd help her heal the planet *and* make sure she can't cut in line again."

Delia raised her hand and snapped her fingers, saying at the same time; "Since pollution you have made en masse, your toes will now forever root among the grass. Partially woman and partially tree, but eucalyptus is all anyone will see!"

Roxy and Olivia watched two things happen. The first was that Delia's eyes began blinking rapidly as whatever thought-dampening power Delia had cast on the woman dissipated.

At the other end of her body Alira's toes were stretching, taking on a rough brown texture and breaking through the sole of her heels.

"What...where...who are youse?" the brunette muttered, and Roxy and Olivia could pick up a slight Australian accent which put the choice of eucalyptus tree for Alira's fate in better context.

"Don't worry about her yammering," Delia smirked, "I let you two in within the glamour, but anyone else already sees her as a tree and can't hear her."

"Tree? What the shit are you talking about? You were in the coffee hut and-" Alira stopped her own sentence as

she tried to take a step towards Delia to confront her. But of course her feet - transformed into undulating woodiness up to her ankles now - refused to budge from their rooted spots.

Alira glanced down and discovered why she was stuck to her spot on the grass and immediately began a string of disbelieving cursing. Delia didn't flinch at all, but Roxy and Olivia looked around in fear that she could be heard despite Delia's claims. But a pair of joggers running by without a second glance convinced them the show was for their eyes and ears only.

The tree transformation continued up Alira's struggling form. Her slacks were ripped apart as the brunette's legs merged together, forming a thin lithe trunk covered in white bark. The watching duo observed that Alira's pussy pushed upward to rest on the outer surface of her leg-trunk, remaining partially fleshy. A trickle of pink sap glistened from within.

Alira's back arched as the wooden transition continued upwards. Roxy watched as Alira's jacket and blouse unbuttoned themselves, undoubtedly by some additional magic cast by Delia. Alira's taught stomach and bellybutton were taken by the white bark, a gentle divot marking where her navel had once been.

Roxy and Olivia guessed that the now displayed bra was no larger than an A-cup or so, padding pressing the brunette's bust upwards. As her changes overtook her chest Alira's swearing became slower and gaspy, a side-effect of her lungs surrendering to their new wooden substance.

But the white bark moved around Alira's chest. Instead of being turned to wood Alira's breasts grew with more flesh and burst her bra off of her. It was quickly obvious that the Australian's tits had become engorged with nearly a gallon of sap, plumping them up round and prominent over her ribs. Alira's nipples sprung outward and dots of ruby sap sprung from the ends of her teats.

The transforming woman's arms swung upwards as the bark overtook her shoulders. They stiffened into place, stretching over Alira's head a few feet as thin green eucalyptus leaves sprouted from the tips of her frozen fingers. They also grew upwards and outwards, developing a pair of small canopies over the struggling woman.

Last to be taken by the wood was Alira's neck and head. Her gasping mouth was caught open, and the weight of her brunette strands becoming flush with more thin leaves pulled her head backwards. Her flesh



stiffened into wood with her mouth open upwards to the sky - perfect for collecting rainwater for birds and squirrels to drink from.

Her eyelids were left to blink wildly, Alira's eyes surrounded by white bark but able to look about as she wished. More white stems stretched out from under her leaf-burdened hair, creating a larger and taller canopy of leaves just a little lower than where her twiggy fingers had spread out.

What now remained of Alira was a vaguely woman-shaped trunk, caught with her arms up and head back almost as if she'd changed in the midst of running away. Ruby eucalyptus sap dribbled down the merged trunk from her pink pussy, while more gently flowed from each breast. Roxy and Olivia could see that some ants and flying insects had already sensed the sweetness and were descending on Alira to collect it.

Only the former woman's eyes indicated she could feel any of the new attention, rolling back in what appeared to be pleasure.

"I know this looks horrible, but she'll actually experience nothing but pleasure from nature's attention. Whether or not nature will leave her perpetually on the cusp of orgasm or actually get her to some satisfaction

will have to be seen,” Delia grinned. She turned to Roxy and Olivia, who had gripped each other’s hands tightly.

Maybe they had bit off more than they could chew.

“So, still interested in seeing what I can do for you?”

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“Uh, well, maybe,” Roxy carefully replied, “I was just hoping you’d be able to help end the risk of me turning back to plastic and getting lost that way again. I mean, I love being able to switch my parts around, but I’ve found who I want to be with and don’t want to risk getting stuck”

“I see,” Delia gently nodded her head, then turned to Olivia, “And you?”

“I lofe being am afatar of luft. But fome of my ekftra fekfiness if a bib awkwarb ab pimes,” the exaggerated woman answered, raising her extra long nails and tapping her thick lips with them.

“Understandable,” Delia nodded again. “Alright, I think I have enough to go on.” She raised her hand when gasps of surprise came suddenly from Roxy and Olivia.

“Wait, wait, that’s it? You’re already...ready?”

“Ifn’d bere-”

“Look,” Delia sighed, “This is already mixed magic. And I have other things I want to go do. You’re either willing to see what I can do for you now, or we pass on this and I never hear from you again. Actually, never hearing from you again goes with both outcomes. I don’t want to keep fixing your quibbles, I didn’t start you dabbling in magic.”

Roxy and Olivia turned to each other. Olivia shrugged.

“Yeah, okay, sure, I guess we’ve both been in worse situations than whatever you’re going to do to us.”

“If you say so,” Delia muttered, and she raised her hand again, first facing Roxy.

“Of flesh and blood you now shall stay, but rearranging still finds a way. Pluck a limb from the joint and see it shine, press another there to make it thine.”

Delia snapped her fingers and Roxy felt a shiver rush up through her body, starting in her bones and resonating out to her skin. She felt an intense itching around her shoulders and hips.

Turning to Roxy, Delia again raised her hand.

“Being made for sex you did evoke, while concerns made clear over speech and poke. Some aspects of yours will now withdraw, whilst your body becomes much more like a doll.”

Olivia felt her own shiver swell up from her core and wash over skin. She cooed as her fingers tingled, and she saw her lengthy nails withdraw inch over inch until each hung only half-an-inch from the tips of her fingers.

Next Olivia felt her lips loosen, although she did not sense them getting any thinner.

“This all feels so - oh!” Olivia giggled as she realized the words sounded like she’d intended them to, “I can speak normally again!”

“Weird, your lips don’t look any different,” Roxy gently ran a thumb over Olivia’s mouth and she cooed at the sensation of her soft lips being pushed upon.

“I guess I just have more control,” Olivia hummed. She brought up her hand to look at her nails again, “At least these actually did get small...”

Olivia’s voice trailed as she noticed her hand changing color - but just slightly. She watched, curious, as the thinnest hint of a line moved up the side of her

thumb, crossed the peak of her digit, then swooped down to climb the heights of her next finger.

“Olivia...you’re...” Roxy gasped as she watched what was happening. She gently poked her lover in the arm, finding a spongy resistance that was soft but not flesh.

It was now Olivia started to feel a tingling falling over her pussy and anus.

“I think we need to get back to the apartment.”

The moment the duo were alone in privacy Roxy gently removed Kaori and Olivia nearly ripped her clothing off. The nude women examined each other.

Roxy had changed the least, the only thing odd about her was a series of creases going across her shoulders, hips, neck, and stomach.

Olivia had retained most of her exaggerated form, except it was clear that from the neck down she’d become a high-end rubber sex doll. Her pussy and buttole had reformed into rounder and wider orifices, which were both maintaining their own wetness. Her head remained flesh, her mouth extra stretchy and pliable.

“What happened to me?” Roxy murmured, running a finger over the crease of her left shoulder.

“Hmm...” Olivia mused, “Let me try something...”

Before Roxy had a moment to understand what Olivia was about to do she grabbed Roxy’s hand and yanked on it. There was a *pop!* sound like a suction cup being pulled off tile, and Roxy yelped in surprise.

The yelp was a combination from the sudden tug and the sight of Olivia holding her arm - which was turning back to plastic.

“Holy shit!”

“You got that right!” Olivia replied, dropping the arm, “Let me go get a leg and see what happens!”

Roxy could only laugh at Olivia’s enthusiasm as the former mannequin dashed into their parts storage room. Roxy turned to a mirror and examined her shoulder, running a hand over the smooth flat skin where her arm had previously been attached. She shivered - it was quite erogenous.

Olivia returned with one of her old legs and positioned the connection point close to Roxy’s bare shoulder. It jumped towards the flat patch of flesh like a paperclip to a magnet, and after a brief feeling of one’s

arm falling asleep Roxy watched as the stiff plastic leg softened and turned to flesh. She felt the extra weight of the thick thigh that now smoothly transitioned to her shoulder, and bent the knee so she could look at her new set of toes wiggle.

“So I guess *I’m* always flesh now, but she left me the ability to still change parts of me...” Roxy mused, letting her hand gently trace the line crossing her stomach, thinking of all the different types of boobs she could still give herself.

“Yeah, and I’m even more of a sex goddess,” Olivia hummed, rubbing her rubber hands over her sex doll body, “I can fuck and fuck and fuck now and never tire.”

“Oh, you want to test that?” Roxy grinned, giving Olivia a wink.

“Get that ass in that bed,” Olivia gave Roxy’s bare tush a light spank, ushering her towards the bedroom, “But keep the leg.”

*ongoing...*