

## **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 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, automated 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 silent 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*.”

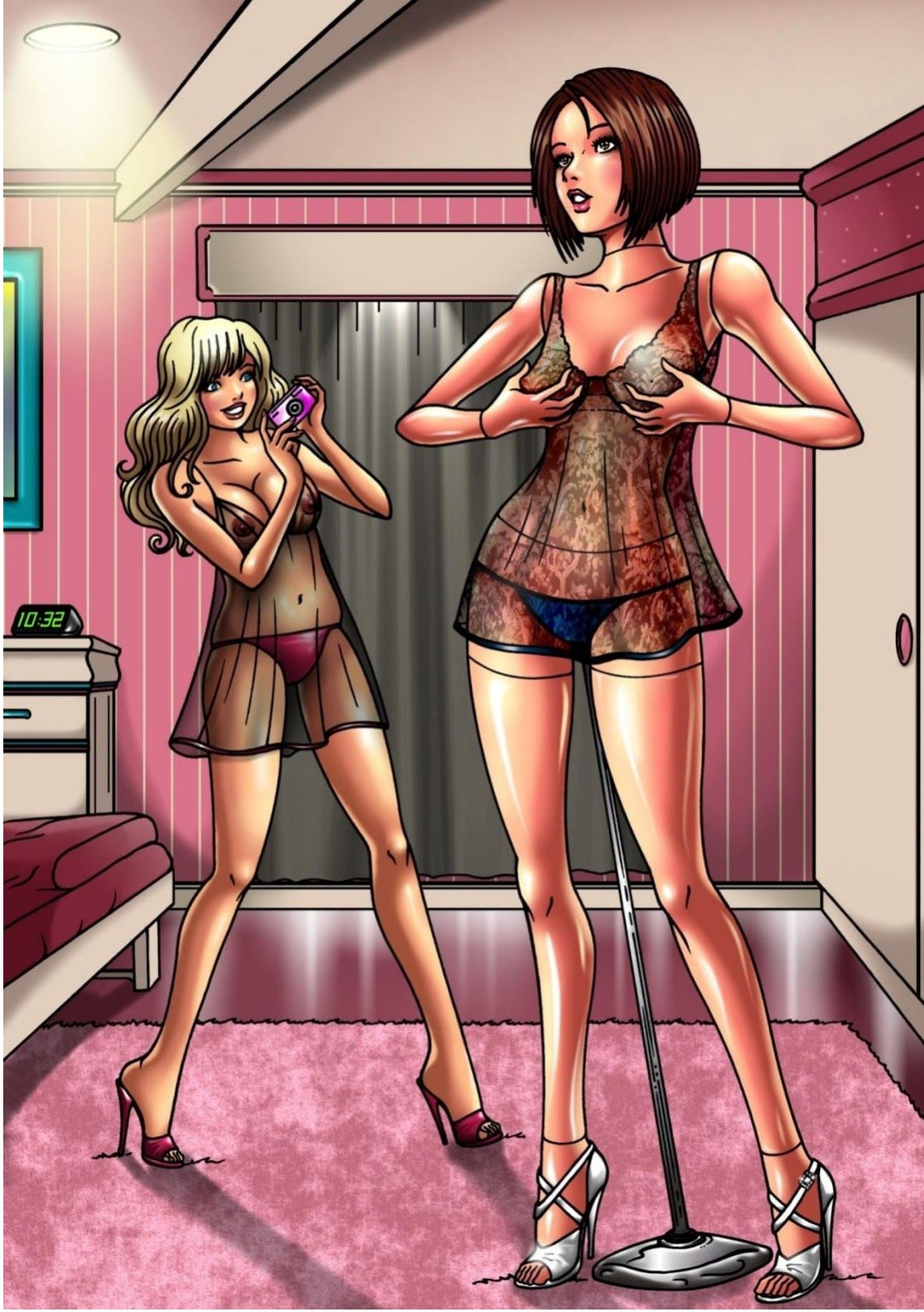
“Fine. I’ll even keep the mannequin thing as an extra challenge,” Roxy stuck out her tongue and tapped the side of her mouth as she thought, “How about I wish that you’d become a perpetually aroused mannequin who turns back into a woman when kissed but becomes a mannequin again if you go too long without 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 become slip from her head and fall 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!

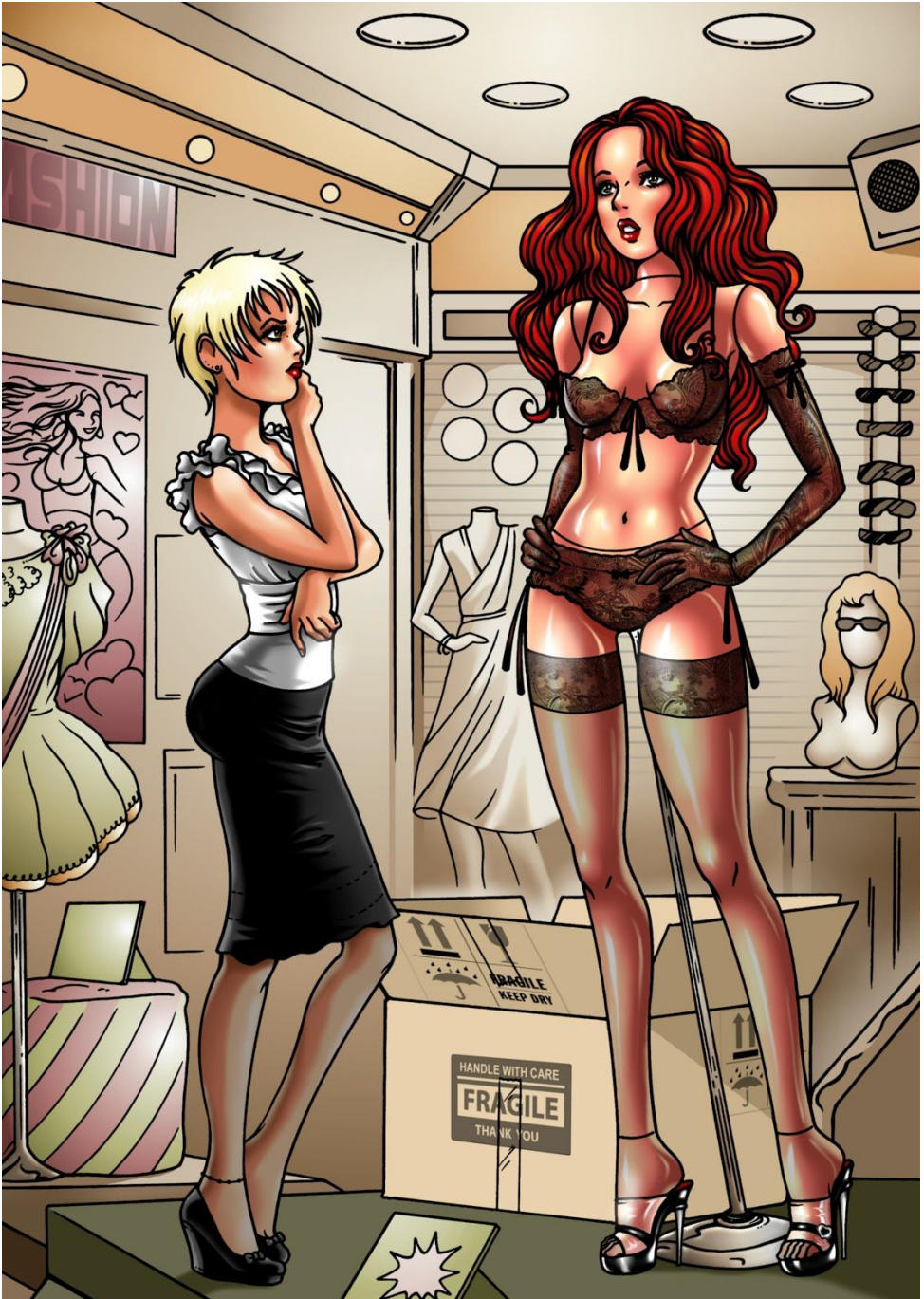
More pleasure rocked Roxy's mind as the woman pulled out lace gloves and carefully worked each of Roxy's stiff fingers into them, running the length of the lace up her arms practically to the shoulders.

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 look 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 & 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.

*Nnnnnnnnooooo...*

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 neeeded release nooooooow...!*

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 puss 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 appreciation 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.

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“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.

Butt 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 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 found 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.

*ongoing...*