

**Disjointed Wishes**

A Story by

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Inspired by Illustrations Dan Standing Commission  
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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*.”

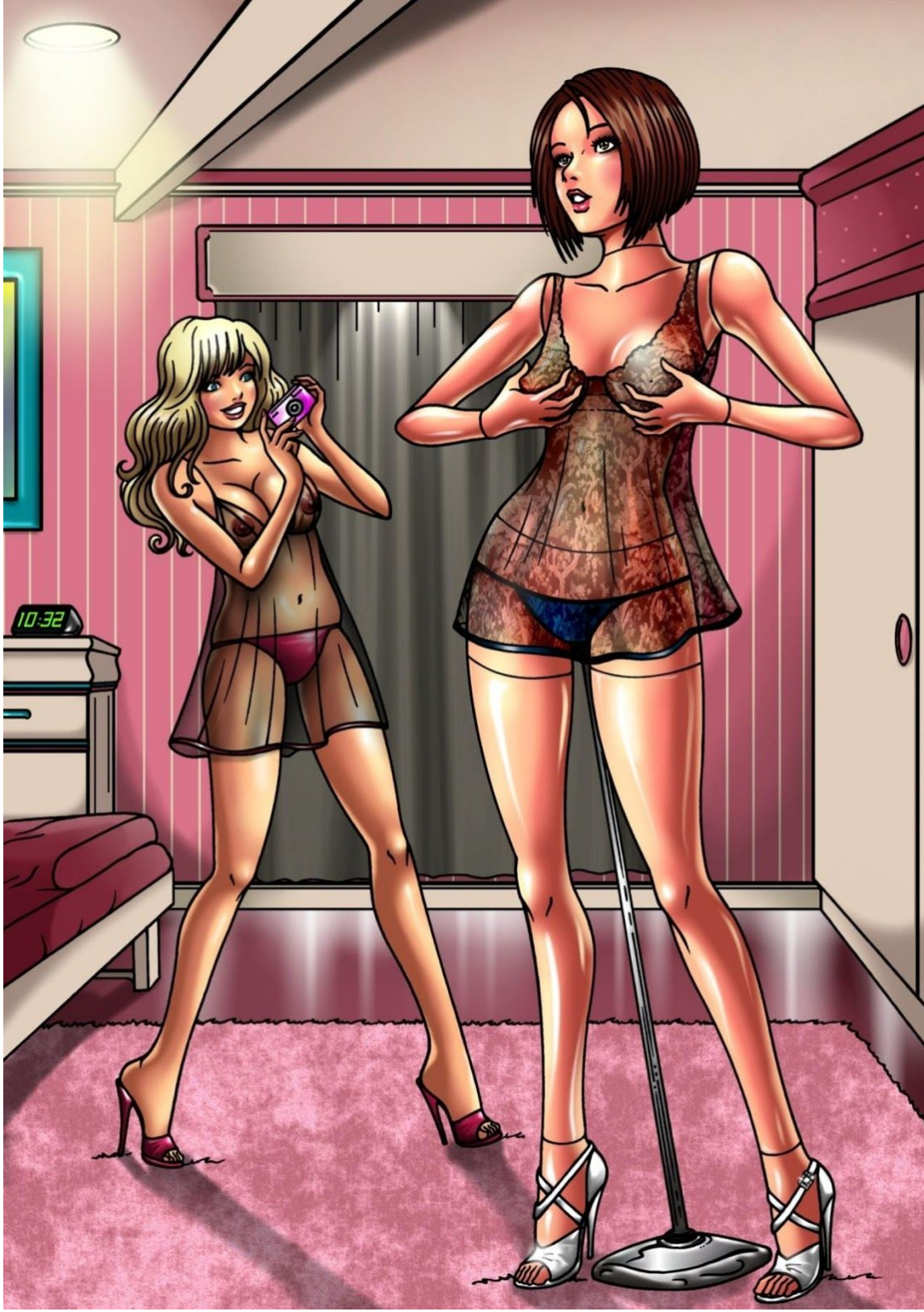
“Fine. I’ll even keep the mannequin thing as an extra challenge,” Roxy stuck out her tongue and tapped the side of her mouth as she thought, “How about I wish that you’d become a perpetually aroused mannequin who turns back into a woman when kissed but becomes a mannequin again if you go too long without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

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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!

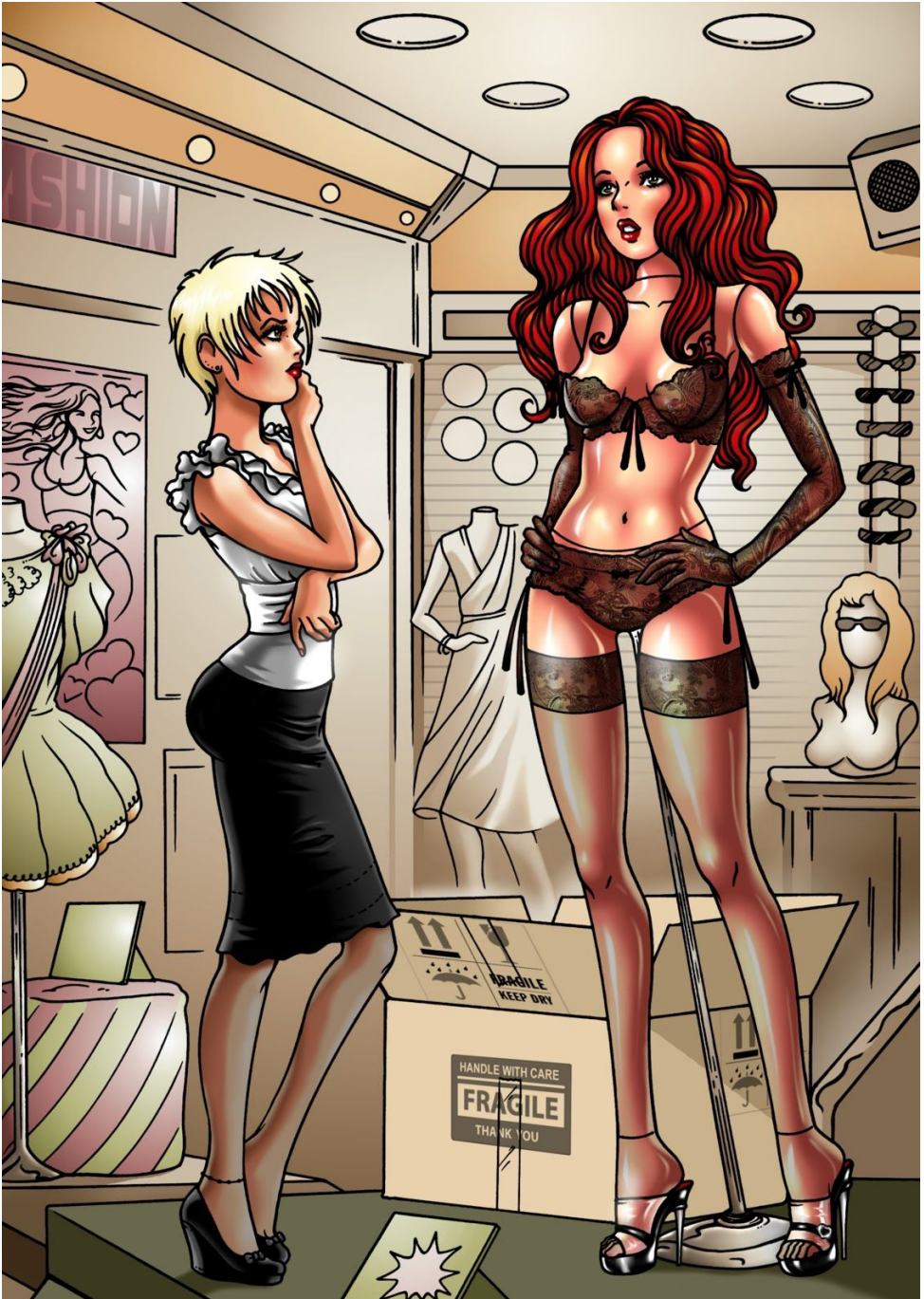
More pleasure rocked Roxy's mind as the woman pulled out lace gloves and carefully worked each of Roxy's stiff fingers into them, running the length of the lace up her arms practically to the shoulders.

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...”

*Ongoing...*