

RACHEL'S REVENGE

By Paul Watson

Tony wakes, his head pounding, “*Man, what the fuck did I drink last night?*” He blinks, trying to see something in the darkness. He reaches for his pounding head, only to find his arm immobile. Not good. He pulls again, feeling the restraints around his wrists. Another tug. And upper arms. And legs. Torso. Not good. Not that being tied up is bad necessarily, but he’d at least like to remember who’d done it and lacking that is more than a little concerning. After all, some of the people who’d tie him up wouldn’t be nice about it. Or about what came after.

A spotlight flares into existence on him, the world turning white, spots of light dancing around his tired, strained eyes. He looks down. Lots of ropes, crisscrossed over his... gaah...naked body, the knots tied well, pressing against his skin, which will get uncomfortable after a while, but they’re a bondage rope cage rather than anything you’d see in crime fiction. Which makes things a little better and possibly a lot worse. “Well, well, well, someone’s finally awake.” Ok, definitely a lot worse. He tries to find the source of the voice, the spotlight making it impossible to see anything outside of it, hearing the clack of heels on a wooden stage.

“Hi, Raerae. If you wanted to play, you know you only have to ask.” He hears a titter of laughter outside the spotlight. Not Raerae. She doesn’t titter. So, an audience. Well, that makes things better. He knows how to work an audience, get them on side. Things are finally looking up.

“Tony, for what I hope is the last time, don’t call me Raerae.” She moves into the spotlight. At any other time, she’d look fantastic in her tight and flattering magician’s outfit, but that, admittedly cute, half-smile spells trouble at the moment. Not that it stops the blood flowing from his pounding head.

“So, what can I do for you tonight, Miss Morris?” Might as well try to pretend he’s got some control, after all.

“Well, Tony, I figure you can sit there while I show you just what it’s like when some asshole uses you as eye-candy in their magic show.” Ok, could have been worse. Not by a lot with Raerae but it could have been.

“Come on, Raerae, you’re not still sore about that are you? I made it up, didn’t I?”

“Made it up? Made it up?! You got me out of doing the shows you got me into doing in the first place! You lied to me, tricked me, and proceeded to expose and humiliate me in public! And you think getting me out of some titty shows I was only in because you got me showing my tits to get your sleazy show going makes up for that?!”

“Well, when you put it that way...”

Rachel takes several deep, steadying breaths, murmuring something under her breath. “No, Tony, you don’t get to push my buttons anymore.”

“Oh, really? Msagro.”

Rachel gasps, her body quaking, moans and cries of pleasure coming from the audience.

“Oh, Tony, Tony, Tony, you really don’t think through what you’re doing, do you? Looks like we’re going to have to keep you quiet, you naughty boy.” She pulls out a bright red ball gag. A large bright red gag. It looks like a soccer ball as she leans in, somehow even managing to distract Tony from the view he’s getting.

“Now, now, Raerae, let’s not be mmmnnrrrrggghh!” She pushes the ball into his mouth, stretching his jaw painfully wide as she pulls the straps tight, possibly a notch tighter than is strictly necessary. “Mmgrrgh!”

“Don’t be like that, Tony. If you’d have behaved, we’d have treated you better, but, as we all knew you would, you just had to push and push and, well, this is where that gets you.”

“Mre?”

“Yes, we. It isn’t just me who’s after a little bit of payback. You’ve stiffed and humiliated quite a few people around here, Tony. And all of us want our pound of flesh.” Tony’s eyes widen, “Oh, not like that. There’s no way that would come close to a pound, anyway. But, well, you don’t really leave your assistants feeling love and joy towards you when that relationship ends.”

“Mrrrggae.”

“Oh, shush. We’re not going to try and take money off you. Even my magic’s not that powerful. This is just to...broaden your experience horizons. Maybe give you a little empathy for what the eye-candy goes through in your shows.” She reaches up her sleeve, pulling out a wand, “And now that you know the whys and wherefores, on with the show!”

Tony protests and struggles, but the chair doesn’t tilt even a little and the ropes don’t get any looser. The wand gets closer, tapping him on the forehead. Tony blinks as a shower of light rains over his face. He feels them sinking into his skin, the magic sliding through him, the struggles easing in its warm glow. He feels his body sliding back on the chair, the ropes remaining infuriatingly tight as Rachel swells in size, looming over him.

“Awwww, isn’t you a cute widdle thing?”

“Mrgargh!”

“Annoying, isn’t it, Tony? When someone treats you as a cute fluffy thing just there for decoration?”

“Mrg.”

“Exactly.” She pets him on the head, her hand almost as big as his bound chest. “But I think your lesson needs a little reinforcement.”

He scowls as he looks up and up and up at her, her smirk promising more embarrassment to come. She reaches down, lifting him up, most of his squirming body hidden under her fingers.

“Now, you’ll like this, Tony. You always did like playing with my tits.” She pushes him into her cleavage, her fingertip on the top of his scalp as she turns to face the audience. The soft, warm skin wraps around him until only his head is left out. As punishments go, it lacks a certain...deterrence value. “All comfy in there, Tony?”

“Mmmmmg.” He wriggles into the warmth.

“Well, we can’t have that, can we?” she pushes her breasts together, pressing them against him. And then starts shaking her hands, her chest quaking like jelly in response, pummelling him from all sides. “Normally I wouldn’t do this...in public.” She smiles to the audience, “But Tony does love his titties so, don’t you, Tony?” she pauses long enough for Tony to mumble obscenities around the gag. “Sounds like Tony isn’t having a good time.” She pouts, “Maybe he just needs to get closer to them to appreciate them better. Not that getting Tony close to my tits is usually that much of a problem.” She gets a sympathetic agreement from the audience. “In you get, Tony.” She pushes his head down into her cleavage, the massive breasts smothering him as they close over him.

“Well, there are worse ways to go.” He thinks as the walls of flesh overwhelm him.

Rachel squeezes her chest tightly, feeling Tony’s struggles fade. She reaches into her cleavage, biting her lip as she pulls a long rope out, followed by a large, bright red ball gag. “Ooops. Guess Tony got really close to them.” She gives her breasts a jiggling shake, “And while it does feel verrrrry nice to have him in there, I can’t hog all the fun.” She flicks a blank sheet of paper out of nowhere, “And now, ladies, the latest advance in printer technology.” She edges the paper between her breasts. There’s a soft whirring as it pulls itself down, the select audience laughing. Rachel flushes, “Is it hot in here, or is it just me?” she jokes as the paper vanishes. For a few seconds there’s a pause, a slight shudder moving back and forth, light spilling out of her cleavage, and then she bites her lips as the paper is pushed upwards. Rachel pulls it out, revealing the image front and back: a pneumatic blonde, blue eyes bright, her tanned and toned body clad in a red triangle bikini that covers her in the least appropriate use of the word ‘covers’ for some time. “Say hi to Toni, folks.”

“Hi, Toni!” The audience respond on cue.

“Well, aren’t you going to say ‘hello’ back, you stuck up cow?” she shakes the paper, “Oh, right. We need to get you out of there first.” She takes the piece of paper, crumpling it up into a ball, casually tossing it into the air. She smiles as she catches it, throws it up again and claps her hands. There’s a shower of sparks from the paper ball as it uncurls into the hourglass shape of the assistant several feet in the air. A high-pitched squeal accompanies the

reassertion of gravity into the situation. Toni stops inches above the stage, still screaming, eyes screwed tightly shut. “Oh, don’t be such a big baby. You didn’t really think I’d let you go splat on my stage did you? If nothing else, trying to get the stain out of the wood would cost a fortune.”

“Oh, ha, ha, very fun...” her voice trails off hands feeling first her slender neck, then, patting down her body, recoiling from the chest. “What? Raerae, you turned me into a chick again!”

She shrugs, “I needed an assistant and you’re much more distracting as Toni than you ever were as a guy.”

“I...” she yelps, dropping the last few inches to the stage. One of Rachel’s boots digs into her stomach.

“Toni, let’s be clear here. We can be somewhat nice about this, or very, very nasty. You do not want us to be nasty. I have 12 people backing me up here. You know what that means. So, if you’re a very good girl and do what Mistress Rachel tells you to when I tell you to do it, when we’re done, which will be tonight, I’ll turn you back. If you’re not good...” she smiles her half-smile, the one that always means trouble, “well, you know what 13 of us working in concert can accomplish. Please don’t think we won’t. That would not be a sensible career choice.”

“Ok, Raerae, you got me.”

“Yup. We do. And don't call me Raerae!”

“So, 'Mistress Rachel', what do you have planned for me?”

“You're taking this well.”

“Well, like a wise and beautiful person once said, 'I'm not an idiot and you've got me over a pretty big barrel'. Might as well make the best of it.”

“And with that settled, it’s on with the show.”

She takes Toni’s hand, leading her towards a different part of the stage, a low pommel horse waiting for them. “Bend over.” Toni does, touching her toes, threatening to escape the flimsy ‘costume’, “No, over the horse, Toni. Honestly, you can’t make the staff these days.” Toni sticks her tongue out but bends over the horse. “Hands down.” Toni puts her hands on the floor. “Legs apart.” She taps Toni’s legs with her wand, “Come on, Toni, don’t you want to give the nice audience a show?” Some muttered grumbling comes from behind the horse, as Toni shuffles her legs apart, the thong vanishing between her cheeks, “What was that?”

“Nothing, Mistress Rachel.”

“That’s better. Selkcahs.”

Toni gasps as chains rattle from the base of the horse, coiling around her wrists and ankles, fastening tightly. “Not nice, Raerae...” she stops, yelping as a stinging slap connects with her nearly bare backside.

“You will call me Mistress Rachel. Bad Toni. You’ll have to be punished now.” She turns to the audience, “Ladies, would anyone care to assist me in putting Toni in her place?” Toni tries to see what’s happening as she hears the sound of people rising from their chairs, shoes clicking across the stage towards her. She starts to struggle, the chains rattling but remaining firm, mostly serving to cause her arse to shake. An ominous sound of metal sliding across metal comes from nearby, out of her sight. “Here’s yours. If the clothes get in the way, you can untie them.”

Toni yelps out “What?!” and then feels a sharp point in her back, the sword sliding easily through her, pushing into the horse beneath, pinning her in place. “Hey!”

Rachel squats down in front of her, Toni stretching her neck to look up, “Toni, dear, am I going to have to gag you to get you to behave? Or is reminding you that if you don’t behave you’ll stay like this enough?” she raises her eyebrow, “Well?”

“I’ll be good, Raerae.”

“Mistress Rachel, Toni. Don’t make me remind you again.” She rises up as another sword pushes into Toni’s back, provoking another yelp.

“Yes, Mistress Rachel.”

“Better. Maybe you will get turned back, after all.”

Toni feels a pair of swords slide into her thighs, holding her on place as another pair slide into her arms, making it harder than ever to raise her head, staring at the grain of the wood.

“So, can we?”

“Sure, go ahead, I don’t think Toni’s going anywhere, are you, Toni?”

Toni whimpers, and then yelps as she feels a pull on her bikini top, the tie coming undone, the bikini straps spilling down. She sees a hand reach to grab the straps, pulling and wriggling the cups out, letting Toni’s treacherous nipples press against the varnished wood. Then the swords push through her back, the points pushing through her breasts into the wood.

Another pair slide into her buttocks, crossing inside her hips to pin her down further. “How many swords do you have?!”

“Twelve. One each. Wouldn’t want anyone to feel left out, would we? Especially not you.”

“Rachel, we could...”

“Go ahead, Tina. Toni won’t object, will you, Toni?”

Toni gulps, which one was Tina? He vaguely remembers a bubbly blonde, all curls and curves, “No, Rae...Mistress Rachel.”

“Cool beans.” She swiftly undoes the ties on the thong, slowly, teasingly drawing in loose. “Now, stay still. This is going to be fun.” Toni feels the tip of the sword slide between her cheeks and stiffens as Tina shoves it roughly through her hips, grating across the crossed swords to push out tantalisingly close to her newly minted womanhood.

“Just one left. Don’t move too much; this one needs to be lined up right.” Toni tenses, expecting to feel the sword on her lower lips but instead, she feels a prick on her scalp, followed by the slow passage of a sword through her skull. Her eyes cross as the point emerges between her eyes, watching as it sinks cleanly into the wooden horse.

“Enjoying yourself, Toni?”

“Am I allowed to give Mistress Rachel ‘attitude’?”

“HMMMM, yes, I think so. Within reason.”

“In that case: Wonderfully, Mistress Rachel, I can’t think of anything I’ve enjoyed more.”

“Good. Here’s your paddle, Jackie. And yours and...”

“What pad...ow!”

“That one.” Jackie smirks as another stinging smack lands on her cheeks.

“Now, now, don’t go enjoying yourself too much. We need Toni to be able to sit down for some of the show.”

“Yes, Mistress Rachel.” Jackie replies, utterly insincerely, smacking Toni again before she walks away.

The others take their paddles with no less enthusiasm, leaving Toni’s backside red. “Ok, Mistress Rachel, you’ve taught me my lesson, can I go now?”

“Oh, Toni, Toni, Toni, we haven’t even begun to teach you your lesson yet.”

Toni gulps back her reply to that.

“But here’s the start: egnever.” Toni’s trapped body shudders, her breath gasping. “You didn’t think we’d leave out your favourite little add-on, did you?”

“You...are an utter bitch...Mistress Rachel.”

Rachel laughs, “Of course, Toni, dear, I was taught by one of the best bastards there is. But I can’t hog all the fun tonight. Amber, you’re up.”

The rest of the ‘show’ passes far too slowly, each trick ending with a single word that sends Toni into quivering ecstasy.

Amber (cherry-blonde, pale, flat as a board) sets the tone for the humiliating experience, having Toni turned into a blow-up doll, her mouth pulled into a plastic ‘O’ before she pulled the plug, literally, the air hissing out.

Jackie (red-head, slim, cute dusting of freckles) steps up after Toni’s been reinflated, leading, or dragging, her over to the guillotine, making all sorts of crude and unladylike suggestions about what Toni could do as she held her head very close to her hips.

Xian (petite, Asian, no tits to speak of) has him flattened down to a playing card, which she ‘accidentally’ drops through a shredder.

Julie (dark brown hair, generous proportions) impales her, vertically, which makes for a pretty effective gag when her twin sister, Susie, pushes a whole damn buzzsaw through Toni, splitting her from crown to snatch.

Ann (blonde, ponytail, nice arse) pushes her into the gemotrix cabinet Tony’d invented, taking great pleasure in cutting out her chest, sex and face with the perfectly shaped tubes.

Rose (redhead, nice suckable nipples, a rose tattoo sleeving her left arm) performs the knotted handkerchief routine, leaving Toni with a string of them weaving in and out of every possible orifice, the other girls eager to pull on those, the knots stretching her body around them.

Cherry (another Asian, decent chest, very flexible) stuffs Toni into another of Tony’s creations, folding the origami box around her, her chest pushed through strategic holes to prove she’s still inside.

Caroline (thin lips, loose brown hair, doesn’t shave despite protests) pulls out a little puppet, much to Raerae’s amusement, sucking Toni inside, making her dance on the stage from her strings. Obviously not of the same quality as Tony would be.

Jasmine (Indian, silky hair, piercings in interesting places) ties Toni to a rack, stretching her out like a piece of rubber.

Naomi (African, tall, slim, way too serious) pushes and squeezes Toni into a thick bell jar, squashing and squishing her inside, everything on squished display through the glass.

Tina (blonde, curves and curls) cuts Toni into three, twirling her severed chest around backwards to show off the “T&A without having to strain anything”.

Rachel finishes the ‘show’ herself, “taking a woman apart before your very eyes”, holding the quivering ball of erogenous zones that she leaves Toni as in her hands.

“So, Mistress Rachel,” Toni pants, trying to be sarcastic, which is pretty tricky when Rachel’s finger is working around her clit, “can I be restored now?”

“Soon.”

“How soommmph...” Rachel presses a cloth across Toni’s face, pulling it back and forth until she’s buffed the face smooth, smooth blank flesh where the features used to be.

“Finally, some peace and quiet.” The faceless ball quivers in protest, former cheeks flushing scarlet as the applause begins, “Oh, thank you, but Toni and I aren’t done just yet.” A finger slips into Toni’s sex, her body stiffening as Rachel pulls, turning Toni around until her pussy stretches right around her abbreviated body. “No, that’s not the end either.” Toni feels her hands on her breasts, squeezing, pinching, caressing, pushing; her hips gradually swallowed up until all she can feel are her tits, a ring of pussy separating them. “And neither’s that.” she smirks as the applause drops again, pressing on Toni’s tits, squashing them inwards until she’s holding the ring of pussy. “Not quite yet, either.” She pinches Toni, letting the ring break into a simple, if long, female sex. “Nearly.” She rolls up the slightly quivering pussy. “Mmmmm, sashemi.” and pops it into her mouth, chewing slowly and carefully before swallowing Toni down. “Now, ladies, fun’s over. Time to get to work...”

Some time later, Tony opens his eyes, and immediately starts swearing, “That bitch! She ate me! That fucking bitch!”

“Such language. You’ll make a lady blush.”

“If there was a lady present, ‘Mistress Rachel’,” he spits out the name, “I might be bothered.”

“Tony, dear, all we did to you was stuff you’ve done to each of us. You don’t really get to ride in on your moral high horse when you came up with those tricks.”

“You...”

“And before you get all riled up and say something you’ll regret, well, you’re not the only one who can leave triggers. Ours are just a little bit more...potent.”

“Triggers... Rae...”

“Tony,” she interrupts, “just shut the fuck up and listen and you won’t find out the triggers the really bad way, ok?” sullen silence, “Close enough. So, the first one, I’m afraid, takes away your favourite toy. If you say a certain word, and I’m sure you can guess which one, you’ll become Toni. Oh, and the word will affect you. Double.”

“What? You can’t do that! Raerae...” he cuts off suddenly.

Rachel sighs, “The second one triggers when you call me that, Tony, but I guess you’ve already figured that out.” she picks the hard rubber, highly realistic phallus off the bed, “I promise to turn you back...eventually.”



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