

RANDA
by pwatson1974
Inspired and starring Miranda's Dream

Randa lies in the drawer, feeling empty. The vibrator that had filled her pussy for how long? She doesn't know, but it slipped out, the batteries spent, and that left her empty, needy, and starting to think.

Like, she thinks she remembers a woman called Miranda. Tall, blonde, striking, dressed in figure hugging black PVC with towering heels. She remembers the bite of the clamps on her bare nipples, the thin chain feeling so wonderfully heavy as she and her husband/master walked around the BDSM convention. Her arms were bound tightly behind her back to thrust her chest out even more prominently, the leash around her collar leading her on, her mouth held open by a large black ball gag, but her face uncovered. She remembers Master letting others squeeze her, remembers moaning into the gag as each degrading touch.

There was a stand, a man in a suit, was he a salesman, a magician, she can't remember, but he wanted to demonstrate something, a way of submitting further, so naturally her Master volunteered her. She remembers being up on the little white stage, but can't remember what the company was called. She remembers flushing with excitement as a small crowd gathered to see her. She remembers the throb of her nipples as the man removed the clamps in case they got damaged. He expressed no such concern in case *she* got damaged, but the clamps were clearly more valuable.

Then he got out this empty fleshlight tube, holes open at both ends, black plastic. She thinks she remembers seeing a feminine outline on the tube but didn't get much of a look before he placed one hollow end against her head. There was a sucking, like when she used a vacuum to get herself off that time, and then everything going black and tight, pressing all over her. Well, almost all over her. She remembers still feeling her lips, both sets, open to the cool air-conditioned air. She thinks she remembers a collective gasp and then clapping. She felt the giant hand of the man around her plastic shell, rubbing the outline that sent thrills through her, her lips getting wet at that little touch.

The memory gets hazier after that, blurred by stimulation as she was handed back to her Owner. There was some talk of how to restore her to being a woman, but she doesn't remember how. It wasn't important compared to how wonderful it felt, how achingly empty her pussy was. She thinks she was put in a bag, thinks some other, empty tubes added, and then she doesn't remember much else until the vibrator was inside her, sending her thoughts into a state of buzzing ecstasy.

Which brings her back to now. She whimpers, moans, tries to move to stimulate her engorged lips, to attract her Owner's attention. She hears plastic click on plastic, feeling a breath at her lips, then a feminine tongue licking at her. Then a giant hand grips her, the touch sending her wild as she's pulled out of the drawer.

"Hi, Randa. What's wrong with my favourite toy?"

That's right. She's Randa. She's Owner's favourite toy. "Randa's soooo horny."

He laughs, "Of course Randa's horny. Randa's a pussy. What kind of sextoy would it be if it wasn't horny when it's Owner wanted to use it?"

That makes sense. A Sextoy like Randa should be horny when its Owner wanted it.

Obviously. "Ooooooh, yes, Owner. That would make a bad sextoy. Randa isn't a bad sextoy, is she?"

"Of course not, Randa."

But, that leads Randa's mind to another thought. She wasn't alone in the drawer. There were other toys there. Toys with names like Angela, Pamela, Sandra, Surita... How odd, the same names as Owner's sister, neighbour, boss and intern. What a coincidence. "W-where did the other toys come from? They're not Randa...are they?"

He strokes a finger along her wet puffy lips. "Does it matter as long as Randa's my favourite pussy?"

"But...but..." she moans, "wasn't Randa's Owner's wife? Does that mean...are the other pussies Owner's wives? Or mistresses? Or girlfriends?"

"Randa was always Owner's. Randa is still Owner's. The other pussies are Owner's. What does it matter to anyone what they were before that? Does Randa not want to be Owner's pussy anymore?"

The thought shocks her, "No, no! Randa is Owner's pussy. Randa is a good toy for Owner. Randa's pussy and mouth are for Owner to use."

"Is Randa jealous of the other pussies?"

She pouts, "They get to feel Owner's cock. Randa wants to feel Owner's cock." What little remains of her skin flushes with embarrassment, "Randa is jealous they get to be fucked by Owner."

She hears a zipper undoing. "Randa knows it only has to beg..."

"Mmmmmmm. Please, Owner, please fuck Randa! Please use Randa's pussy like a little slut toy. Please fill Randa up with Owner's lovely cum! Randa can't take it without Owner's cum!"

Owner rubs the head of his cock against Randa's lower lips. She moans in pleasure as he pushes her down, stretching her pussy around his cock, filling every inch of her body.

"Oooooooooooooohhhhh. Yes, Owner, that's it, fuck Randa. Fuck Randa's pretty pink pussy."

Owner pushes in until she can feel his balls against her lips, feeling the warm insides of her body working over his throbbing cock, feeling him stiffening inside her. Randa wonders what happened to Randa's titties. She thinks she remembers Master loving to play with those while he fucked her. But that can't be. Randa's just a pocket pussy and pocket pussies don't have big soft titties to grope and maul. It's just got a pussy and mouth to satisfy its Owner, and from how fast it's Owner is pumping it along his cock, how thick and hard his cock feels inside her, it's doing its job there well.

The only thing filling its mind is the feel of Owner's cock, how good it feels to be used like a toy should be. The disturbing memories of Miranda shatter under that feeling, sinking away in a rush of pleasure as Owner explodes, filling its insides with sticky cum. It doesn't feel jealous of the other pocket pussies with their different skin tones, doesn't remember what their lips said in the darkness, doesn't feel anything but Owner's cock filling its body, filling its mind, filling its being.

Master slips out of its pussy. Randa sucks every drop of cum off his cock. It feels so good to have fulfilled its purpose. To have brought pleasure to its Owner. Owner puts it back in the drawer with Owner's other toys. She feels the vibrator pushed inside it, not as good as Owner's cock, but enough to keep the thoughts away as it feels another toy nibbling on its puffy lips, feeling wet sex against its face to lick. Randa's Owner's toy, Owner's favourite toy. What else could Randa want?