

HEAD GAMES
by Paul Watson
For and starring Becca

Becca leaned forward in her seat. Tony did not know what he was missing, and he was going to be missing a lot when she dumped his arse for ditching her for the latest and last time. Her eyes were locked on the stage as a lithe naked beauty stepped out of a box barely big enough for her to fit in that had, until a few seconds ago, been pierced through every which way and then some. Sadly, her costume had not survived, which seemed to be a welcome feature of this magic show. An unspoken rule, only the magician, who was billed only as the Master Magician, got to keep his natty attire. Becca bit her lip, flushing with desire, her cheeks nearly as red as the flaming hair tumbling past them. She wasn't quite sure if it was because she wanted the girl, to run her hands and tongue all over that ravishing body, or if she wanted to be her, naked, vulnerable and subject to all the tortures the sadist on stage could devise for his audience of perverts, and her...no, she was right the first time, we're all perverts here.

As the stage was cleared, the magician stepped forward, "Now, for the next trick, we need someone from the audience to help. An exceptionally brave, and utterly shameless, woman to take the place of one of my regular assistants for an act too dangerous to risk their lives in."

Becca's hand practically flew into the air, waving to draw attention, while her other hand tried to sneakily undo the top buttons of her blouse to expose some more skin and make her seem more attractive to the man on stage. Not that she'd be chosen, of course, there was obviously already a plant in the audience. Maybe that bubbly blonde with the frizzy hair and a clingy latex dress that was already bursting at the seams to release her tanned and toned...why was the spotlight shining right at her?

"You. Yes, you, the redhead in the white blouse."

Becca looked around, as if there was another redhead in a blouse under a second spotlight but no, it seemed she was the one being talked to. Her heart pounded. For a moment she forgot how to breathe. In a dream she managed to get to her feet and make it to the stage, but if you asked her she wouldn't remember how. She felt a mix of elation and trepidation warring inside her as she climbed the stairs, becoming aware of so many pairs of eyes watching her. She stood next to the magician, who seemed much taller this close, making her feel smaller, hands twisting in front of her, now uncomfortably aware of how many buttons she'd undone and how deep that made her cleavage plunge, revealing the tattoo tracks running to her right shoulder.

"And the name of our brave volunteer is?" he asks, the voice making her quiver.

"Oh, uh, right, my name is Becca. It's good to meet you." she blushed as the audience laughed at her lame reply.

"And we haven't met before to plan all this, have we, Becca?"

"No." she shakes her head, red curls flying, "Honestly, I didn't think you were going to choose me at all. I mean, I figured...there's always a plant or something for this, right?" she stammered, cursing herself for acting like a nervous schoolgirl.

The magician smiled at her, "Oh, no, I don't use plants. My girls can't keep their clothes on long enough. As you've all seen by now."

The audience laughs as one assistant pouts behind him and another gives him the finger.

"Speaking of, would you mind getting into your costume? Or lack thereof. There's a good little slut, hmmm?"

Becca giggled nervously. But, really, what else had she been expecting? And she was up here now, nowhere to run, nowhere to escape to, just like she'd wanted. So she might as well get into it. She finished unbuttoning her white blouse, struggling for a moment to slip out of its sleeves before one of the assistants took it. Her blush extended down to her collarbone at so many people seeing her body like this. Her tattooed tracks wound from her right shoulder, between her breasts and vanished under her jeans' waistband. She kicked off her shoes, collected by another assistant, before they could clatter on the stage. She started to put on a show, egged on by the cheers and whoops of the

appreciative audience, shimmying sexily from her tight, tight jeans, revealing the tracks wending their way around her left thigh, leaving her on stage in nothing but her underwear, her jeans pooled at her feet. She took a deep breath to steady herself, closed her eyes and reached around behind her back to unclasp her bra, pulling the straps down her arms, hands clasped over her chest. She slipped it off completely, one arm covering her as the other whirled the plain white object around over her head, whooping along with the crowd. She let the assistant take it away, lifting her hands away, raising one leg showgirl style as her chest bounced free. Fortunately, no one but her, and the others on stage, could see how hard her nipples were from the appreciation showed. Finally, she slid down her panties, putting them between her teeth and pulling before handing them over. She still kept her legs pressed together, but she was utterly stark naked on stage, wearing nothing but her smile.

"I think Becca deserves a round of applause for being so brave, don't you?" the audience did and Becca basked in the attention. "But I hope she's still feeling so brave when she sees what she's volunteered for." Becca's stomach lurched at that reminder that being naked wasn't necessarily the worst that was going to happen to her. She turned slowly to see the tall white sheet covering whatever it was she'd volunteered for, but she couldn't really tell what. The magician's hand rested on her arse, guiding her forward and maybe taking advantage to squeeze her just to keep her on her toes. "Let's show Becca what she's helping out with."

Two assistants pulled off the sheet revealing the dark wooden guillotine in all its gory glory. The blade gleamed inside the lunettes, rather worrying dark red stains dried hard into the wood, the basket in front similarly stained far too red for Becca's liking. She stared in a mix of nerves and dread excitement as the blade was heaved up, eyes following the razor-sharp piece of metal to the top of the tumbrels. Finally, the magician gave her a light slap on her rear to get her moving and she walked forward, eyes still on the blade.

The bench behind the guillotine itself was much smaller than she expected, and she was certainly not expecting the cut outs halfway down it. As she knelt down and bent forward, the assistants 'helped' her, pulling her breasts through the holes as the edge of the padding pressed against her waist. Then as they closed the lunettes, Becca felt the holes iris a little tighter, gripping her breasts and making sure she couldn't pull them up even if she wanted to. Then one assistant buckled straps around her legs, spreading her wide and securing them against the legs of the bench, while the other secured her hands tightly behind her back, leaving her immobile and utterly helpless.

Becca gasped, staring down into the bloodied basket, "Wait! How does this work?" she whispered to magician or assistant or really anyone nearby enough to help, "How do I move my head?"

"Don't worry. Gravity takes care of that." the magician hissed back, while his assistants took the opportunity to briefly molest her glistening sex.

"Gravity?! What do you mean gravity?" she asked, struggling futilely against both the bonds and the very pleasantly intruding fingers.

"Don't struggle. Those bonds are just there so you don't hurt yourself. That's my job."

Becca tried to blush with embarrassed enjoyment at the treatment she was getting and turn pale at the thought of that blade slamming lethally down into her unprotected neck at the same time.

The magician took hold of the rope, the blade dropping an inch as it settled. Becca let out a scream as she felt that shudder pass through the guillotine, "Now, on three. One..."

Becca shivered, another mixture of fear running down her spine and sexual heat running up from her pussy.

"...Two...Three." he released the rope before Becca's eyes. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as the blade drops, the tumbrels sending shudders through the guillotine and its occupant. She barely felt the blade hit her. A papercut that transitioned into a sudden karate chop to her throat and then to a shudder of pleasure before she felt a slight choking as the metal blade filled her throat. Her moans and babbling cut off in a strangled gurgle. "Ta da!" The audience applause turned into screams as Becca's head slowly peeled itself away from the blade and tumbled down into the basket, her body shaking, head screaming as her pleasure crashed down upon her. Her head came to the rest in the basket, her body lying still and spent, toes and fingers curling languidly, her pussy wet and close to dripping onto the stage

The magician reached into the basket, lifting out Becca's head, his grip on her hair tugging slightly painfully, more like rough sex than actual torment. Becca moaned softly, smiling as she was turned towards the audience, showing she was alive and unhurt, allowing herself to focus fully on the incredible feelings filling her rather than any fear of harm.

As the audience relaxed, reassured that this is a trick and not a dangerously fatal error, the assistants detached the bench from the guillotine and dragged it across the stage. Becca tried to turn her neck to watch what was happening to her but lacked both a neck and any ability to control where her head was pointing. She definitely felt the spank on her exposed rear, though. Her mouth gasped open, moaning, her delight clearly visible to the audience.

"So, how is my brave, shameless little slut doing?"

She smiled at that, "Oh, I'm doing pretty good, now that I know I'm not actually dead. Fuck me, that felt so good."

"Funny you should say that..." he turned to the audience, "Who'd like to check this little slut is really in as many pieces as she appears to be?"

Many, so many, of the audience raised their hands at that offer. Mostly male, like the audience itself, but more than a few of the women present raised their hands. Becca smiled as she realises what's about to happen to her.

"Wow. That's...that's a lot of really sceptical people. We do have to close the show at some point, you know? Anyone want to rescind their scepticism to help with our timekeeping?" Not one hand lowered, "Suit yourselves. In order to get out of here on time, some of you will have to have fun fucking, sorry, I mean, 'inspecting' Becca's throat while others take a turn at her gushing pussy." Becca licked her lips at the thought, being nothing more than a toy for the entire audience, "And, if anyone wants free use of this pretty little blowjob machine in the meantime, just ask."

Some time later, once the audience had satisfied themselves 'inspecting' every inch of Becca, her body spent, hair messy, face damp from everyone's use, her eyes glazed and pleasure stricken. The magician had found a marker pen, putting how many people had used her holes on her skin in black tally marks at each end. "Ok, folks, Show's over. Time for us to pack all our props away."

The curtain fell. Becca waited to be restored, but instead felt her exhausted body being moved backstage, still tied to the bench. "Wait, what? What's happening?" she breathlessly asked the assistant carrying her head. The assistant just smiled down at her and moved Becca's head between her legs. Becca lapped automatically at the wet pussy in front of her.

"Welcome to the toy party."

"What?" Becca asked between licks, "Are you saying I'm officially part of the troupe?"

"Of course not. Master doesn't have a troupe, just a collection of toys to play with on stage. You should be honoured. Almost no one gets chosen directly from their audience participation." her breath catches a little as Becca finds the right spot, "Only the sluttiest get chosen to serve Master."

"I have one more question. Do...do we get to experience all of this...a lot more?"

"Oh, yes, yesssssss..." she moaned, although if that was an answer to the question or a response to the tongue on her lips wasn't clear. Becca smirked, redoubling her effort as the assistant stumbled backstage where the bench, and Becca's body, were being loaded into a steamer trunk far too small to contain either. The assistant pushing it in followed into the trunk, and then the one carrying Becca's head joined them on unsteady legs. Becca gave her one deep lick as she crossed the threshold into the impossible space.

"Are you also a toy? If so, could I be between your tits?" she asked, giving her best sultry look past the assistant's chest.

"We're all toys here, Becca." she smiled, raising Becca's head to her chest as other hands and tongues roamed over their bodies, welcoming them to the Master Magician's toy box. The lid closed, cutting off the world outside, keeping their moans from disturbing anyone nearby.

And that's how Becca became part of the Master Magician's Toy collection.