

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 5
STORM IN A T-CUP
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

The blonde presses her ear against the door. The brunette leans forward, pressing along her back.

“Quit it. I'm trying to listen.”

“You quit it. You're getting in my way.”

“I was here first, bitch.”

“Yeah, but you'll forget half the goss.”

“Well, screw you, I'm here now and...”

The door swings open, both tumbling through to sprawl in the doorway. “I told you.” the magician remarks, walking back to his desk, “No chill whatsoever. More curious than the cat and just as annoying. Just so you know what you're taking on.”

“Taking on?”

The woman ignores the commotion behind her, her hands folded into her lap with her leather purse. A dark green dress runs under her short jacket, dark hair curled into an elegant coiffure on her head, her pale skin covered by long evening gloves.

“You're going on a paid vacation.”

“Vacation?”

“Paid?”

“It'll be a working vacation and I'll be getting paid for the use of my toys.”

“Knew there'd be a catch.”

“Really, Malcolm, your toys are too disrespectful. I know you like a little fire to remain, but after Jane's...”

“Lianna!”

“Oh, fine. I'll tolerate your little sentimental attachments. Anyway, I promise not to break these adorable little things.”

The toys preen.

“But I don't promise not to discipline them if they dare speak to me like they speak to you. You might like them bratty, I prefer my playthings...” she pauses, adjusting her gloves, smiling from ruby red lips in skin as white as snow, “...compliant.”

“Good luck with that.” the magician replies. “I've had no luck with it.”

“I'm not you.” she rises up, heels clicking on the floor as she sways out of the room. “You two.” she snaps her fingers, “Come with me.”

With a quick glance at their owner, and his shooing motions, the two toys follow, trading glances with each other.

“Uhm, Mistress? Are we going outside like this?”

Lianna doesn't pause as she walks towards the door.

“Because, you know, we are naked here.”

“And Owner doesn't like the fuss that we cause if we go outside naked.”

Lianna finally stops, but only to open the door.

“Your Owner's mollycoddling you is not my concern. My concern is that you do what you're told.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You may be trainable after all.” she walks down into the sunlight towards a bright red sports coupe.

“Uhm, Mistress?”

“What is it now?”

“That looks like a two-seater.”

“Yes. What of it?”

“And there are, like, three of us?”

“Oh, I can see the confusion.” The trunk pops open, “Props don't ride in the seats. Get in.”

“But...”

“Perhaps I was unclear. That is a command. Get. In.”

“Yes, Mistress.” they answer automatically, their bodies moving to fulfil the command, unable to object, clambering into the cramped space, the interior smelling of petrol fumes. The door closes automatically, leaving them pressed together in the darkness.

“I don't think I'm going to enjoy this 'vacation' very much.”

A short, uncomfortable car ride later, the trunk opens in a loading bay. “Take them out, get them clean and have them sent to my dressing room.” she claps her hands, “Move it, people, we've got a show to prepare for.”

Hands reach into the trunk, not so much helping as dragging them out. “Ew. You stink.”

“So do you, genius.”

“This way.” the apparent man in charge, at least judging by his waistcoat and the creases pressed into his white shirt, directs, the others marching them into a corner. “Stand there.”

“This does not look like the showaiiiii!!!” the man turns, his sandy hair pulled to strips at his temples, a hose on them, the water tepid at best, frigid at worst, spraying hard into their skins.

“Turn around.”

“Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck...!!”

“Cold!!!!!!”

“Turn around. Faster you're clean, faster we can get on.”

“I don't like him.”

“I don't like anyblurble!”

“Less talking, more cleaning, ladies. We don't want to keep Madame waiting, do we?”

“We don't?”

“We don't.” he replies, turning the hose off. A flock of towels, presumably held by the other helpers press in on them, drowning the blonde and brunette in a world of fluffy white pressing against their wet skin, getting them vigorously dry until their skin is practically polished smooth and glowing.

“Take them to Madame.”

“So, what's the deal with 'Madame'?” the blonde asks. The men and women walking alongside them through the corridors remain stoically silent, eyes facing forward.

“Not very talkative, are you?”

“I don't think they like us.”

“It's mutual.”

“Not even a flicker.”

“Tough crowd.”

They walk into the back of the men in front as they stop abruptly. One reaches out and raps on the door. “Madame, your additions are here.”

The door opens. “Send them in.”

A head jerks at the doorway and the blonde and brunette sullenly enter. Lianna sits at the makeup desk, applying her stage makeup. Stockings cling to her long legs, a tight pair of black bootyshorts clinging to what even the unhappy toys can agree is a shapely backside. “Well, we're here.”

“Be silent. I will deal with you soon enough.”

“Bitch.”

She sighs without even looking back. “Whichever one of you did not say that, I command you to slap the one that did across the face as hard as you can.”

There is a slap of an empty hand across a cheek. “Ow!”

“I didn't want...”

“Quiet, I said. Discipline is important. When you step out of line, I will bring you back into it.” she smacks her bright red lips and turns, revealing an unstrung black basque hanging loosely from her

body, leaving her flat breasts bare. "Now, let's get you ready for your duties."

"We know how to be assistants, Mistress."

"No doubt." she beckons them closer. "But I do not need assistants."

"Huh?"

"What?"

"My helpers who are stupidly stuck in Europe through a most inconvenient strike in France, where else, are not my assistants."

"Then what do you need us for?"

"They aren't assistants, they're my boob job."

"Your wh..." she grabs them by the scruff of the neck, dragging their faces up against her chest. Her skin grasps them, smothering them, dragging them in, swelling as she absorbs them. They can feel their heads melting into smooth breast flesh, her breasts growing over them, pulling more and more of them into her.

The brunette struggles but as soon as her hands hit the pale skin, they sink in, only serving to speed her progress inwards.

Their struggles fade as they vanish inside, until, with a last flailing kick, their feet vanish and there's nothing left but two enormous breasts jiggling on her chest.

"Mmmmmmm." she caresses her new mammoth chest, each breast spilling out into her lap and over her knees. "You might be disrespectful, but you're very thorough in your transformations. Almost too thorough." The breasts jiggle as she tugs on the stretchy black cups of her basque, stretching them out to barely cover her throbbing nipples. "Simon!! Get in here and lace me up." her aide comes in. She turns back to the mirror as he pulls the laces tight, straining against her expanded cleavage. "Hand me my jacket." she takes the short jacket with its tails and pulls it on, but doesn't even bother to try to close it. She places a top hat on her straightened chestnut hair. "Well, let's see how they handle during the show."

On the stage, the breasts can feel the stage lights warming them, the air con having the opposite effect. Their nipples throb, rubbing against the cloth of the cups. They can just about hear Lianna's patter, but are too distracted by the swirling feelings of being so constrained. They sway with every turn of her body. They feel the pressure as she gets too close to an upright sawing cabinet, squeezing them up against it. They jiggle distractingly for the audience as Lianna shuffles a deck of cards for the audience volunteer sitting across a green baize table that is almost completely overshadowed by her too buoyant chest.

"Well," she smiles, "I hope you're paying attention, Jim. I can't see a thing from back here." The trick, and the observed feeling in the breasts, proves that while Jim might have been paying incredibly detailed attention, it wasn't to the cards as his chosen card fails to materialise again and again and again until every card has been discarded.

"Oh, how strange. I must have hidden your card somewhere. I wonder where it could possibly have gone." she says innocently, pouting as she shakes her chest from either side, Jim's eyes following.

"Uhm..."

"Do you think you know where that naughty card is, Jim? Why don't you try to find it?"

He looks at her a little agog, not believing his luck.

"Go on. You know you want to."

Jim tentatively reaches out. At Lianna's encouragement his hand dips into her cleavage, her soft, sensitive breasts enfolding his hand. Lianna purrs as he digs deeper and deeper, getting more confident until he finally, triumphantly, pulls out his card.

Later in the show, Lianna backs into a cabinet before her assistants struggle to close the doors, her breasts feeling the doors pushing against them, pressing them in and out in waves of pleasure.

Lianna gets frustrated, ordering a special door brought out that encloses the base of her breasts and hides the rest of her body, leaving them sticking out, her face smiling above them.

Long spikes are wheeled out, row upon row all the way up to the height of the cabinet and easily

long enough to be seen out the other side. Lianna gives a signal and her team push the spikes through her, her exposed chest shuddering. The cabinet is turned, looking a little ridiculous, given they jut out almost as deep as the cabinet itself.

“Well, I'm pierced all through, but my tits aren't. Does that seem a little unfair to anyone else?”

Savvy audience members note the assistants in the shadows of the wings with four long poles between them. As the audience vocally agrees with Lianna, the two assistants walk into the stage lights. The first two poles slam through the sides of her chest, the breasts shaking, Lianna's breath hitching. The assistants walk around behind the cabinet. Lianna screams out, her chest quaking before the second pair of poles erupting through the front of her breasts. “There,” Lianna pants, “that's much better.” Her breasts probably agree.

Finally, the show comes to the climax. Lianna's assistants turn on her, shackling her in place inside a circular frame. The first assistant takes the curtain hiding Lianna from view as she walks around. As she emerges from the other side, the clack of Lianna's long boots on her legs echo around the stage. She hands over to another assistant who reveals Lianna still tightly bound in the frame, but clad in her stockinged feet. The pattern repeats as the assistants take their 'revenge' on their demanding boss, stripping her of her outfit until she's naked, still tightly bound. The last assistant closes the curtains, smiling to the audience as she picks up a cardboard box with a clear window in the front, the writing on it obscured by her arm. When she's walked around she holds up the box, revealing it's for a Lianna blow up doll. The crowd applauds before the curtain's been opened, cheering louder when she's revealed, her mouth pulled into an open 'O', perfect to fit a cock inside and matching the hole between her legs. Seams rise along her sides and inflated breasts, her nipples replaced by twisted nubs of plastic.

The assistants pull at the inflation stem in her navel, the air hissing away as she deflates. They pull her free, folding her tits up over and over with her body until she can fit in the box, her vacant painted-on eyes staring out. The assistant closes the flaps of the box. She pulls out an envelope.

“Now, today's lucky winner is...seat 69!”

The audience cheers and laughs as the winner comes up to claim his prize, the box handed over.

“Remember to use your new toy thoroughly tonight, sir. She's due back on stage tomorrow.”

He promises he will and hurries back to his seat, his hand already reaching into the box to feel the smooth vinyl surface. The breast he strokes tries to quiver.

I think I'm going to enjoy this 'vacation' so very much!