

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 6
MILK
(OR A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A COUPLE OF BOOBS)
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

The magician gets up from his desk at the insistent knocking. Probably Lianna returning his errant assistants. Still, lasting the whole week with them is impressive. Maybe she's learning some self-control after... At the door is a delivery man. He signs for the large cardboard box, which is heavier than it looks, carrying it into his office. He looks around for a knife, slicing through the packing tape. Inside the box is a second box, no, two boxes and an envelope marked 'Read me first' in Lianna's looping handwriting.

'Dearest Malcolm,

'Your two playthings performed their limited roles tolerably well. Not that they could do much else, really. Their roles were well within their somewhat abbreviated skill sets, after all.

'However, I really couldn't be bothered to restore them first and listen to their impertinence, so they're returned to you, as is. You should keep them like this for a bit, get them properly acclimatised to their proper place. I know, I know, but you've got to stop letting one little accident hold you back.

'Given their adequate performance, I do hope you'll be open to my borrowing them in future should it become necessary.

'Yours in love,

'Lianna'

"Returned as is? What does she mean by that?" he picks up one of the interior boxes and gives it a shake. Something soft thumps about inside but not any noises that help. He cuts the tape, opening the box on a perky nipple in pale skin. "Oh. That's what she meant."

Shortly, the toys are stretching, getting used to having limbs, mouths and choices again. "Better?"

"I mean, better's a matter of opinion, our Owner."

"What she means is, yes, it's...good to have hands again."

"Again?"

"We've been big bouncy boobs the whoooooole week."

"Mmmmmmmmm."

"I see."

During the last week, the climax of the show. This time, Madame sits Christine Keeler style on a chair, her engorged chest resting over the back of the chair. "Who wants to see me do something with these to close the show?"

There's a chorus of cheers.

"Well," she arches her eyebrow, "you would say that, wouldn't you?"

She snaps her fingers. The helpers put a set of stocks around the base of her breasts, even though more than half of the wood is covered by her pale flesh. Across the stage, a large machine rumbles past the curtains, tubes and nozzles and all sorts of arms and rollers, steam hissing from various vents.

Assistants gather beneath the breasts, hands pressing into her skin. A short sword or big knife, the distinction is fairly irrelevant to the audience thrusts downward through the stocks. Madame nods her head and the blade is slid across from one side to the other, a smooth, clean motion. As the bloodless sword is raised, Madame stands with her arms raised, leaving the weight of her chest behind.

The audience begin to applaud.

"Do you really think it's over?" she smiles and the audience quietens.

The assistants carry the breasts across the stage. First one, then the other, settle into cups on the machine. They connect a long glass tube attached to a thick hose to each throbbingly erect nipple, the rubber seal closing tight. The machine shudders and throbs along with the breasts. The arms on the machine move around, rollers squeezing the soft flesh as the nozzles suck.

"Wait for it, wait for it."

White milk splatters against the side of the glass, sucking noisily into the hose. The audience cheers. The rollers squeeze, the arms pinch and massage, and gradually the huge breasts shrink, milk filling up clear bottles on the sides of the milking machine.

After only a couple of minutes, the nipples vanish in the last drops of milk running through the hose to drip into the vats.

"Milk. It does a body good." Madame smiles to the audience, "But I think it's time to put those back in their proper places."

"But, Madame, it hasn't been pasteurised."

"It could be dangerous to you."

"Don't be rid..."

"We must protect Madame."

One assistant drains a tall glass from the vat and drinks it down in one. Almost immediately her chest swells. "Ohhhhhh!"

"There. It's clearly safe, so..."

The others ignore Madame, taking their own drink, or more often drinks, from the milky vats until they're drained, each of the assistants sporting impressive cleavages, some dribbling milk down their chests.

Madame, who was unable to break through the scrum of now busty assistants, taps her foot. She coughs loudly. The assistants stop caressing their new assets, and each others. "I am displeased."

"Sorry, Madame." they chorus, looking contritely down at the stage floor, hands behind their back.

"Don't be sorry. Be useful." Madame snaps sharply. "I want what's mine back."

"But, Madame..."

"NOW!"

"Yes, Madame."

With visible reluctance, the assistants hook themselves up to the machine, their chests shrinking back to their normal proportions as the milk tanks fill up.

This time, Madame doesn't allow them to interfere, opening the tap directly into her mouth, the audience applauding as they watch her bust swell back to its prodigious proportions.

"Oh, but, Madame, the lottery..."

"What?"

"We cannot disappoint the audience."

"What are you..." she stops as the assistants hook her back up to the machine, her body melting down through her teats into milk. The assistants fill up milk bottles, handing them off through the lottery winners until all of Madame is bottled and gone.

Back in the present, the Toys squeeze their own chests as they tell that story, "That was a wild night."

"At least I think it was."

"We were a bit mixed up."

"And then very mixed up."

"How many people did we 'enhance'?"

"I lost count. It's hard to count when you're sloshing about as dozens of people's tits."

"And cocks."

"Oh, yes, when we got drunk by a guy, we did not enhance his pecs so much as below the waist."

"And then when he came, we enhanced his girlfriend. So every body won."

"And Madame was back in time for the next show."

"And we were her mixed up, dizzy, exhausted, brainless boobs."

"Only even more mixed up and dizzy than usual."
"Yeah, being that spread out...did you forget how to think as well?"
"Like you've ever been able to think."
"Bitch."

A different night during the week, Madame stands on the stage. The assistants gather around her, caressing her breasts, rolling the nipples hard. "Begin." Madame demands sharply. The assistants respond by piercing her nipples with a cross of spikes. Cables lower down from the ceiling and are swiftly connected before they rise back up. Madame pulls herself into a perfect horizontal pose, legs and back straight as she hangs from her inflated breasts at just above head height. She stays there, rigid as a block of wood as the assistants gather around her, all armed with blindfolds and baseball bats.

One calls out "Pinata!" and they set about their employer with some vigour, her body raining sweets to the stage as they shatter her, leaving her chest above them. The cables pull to either side, setting the breasts on their separate journeys as the two winners of the lottery are called out.

The next day, Lianna steps out of her restoration cabinet, her face dark with anger. "SIMON!" He appears by her side almost instantly.

"Madame?"
"That man. The lottery winner."
"Which one, Madame?"
"The right one." she winces a little as she touches her chest.
"Yes, Madame."
"I want him banished!"
"From the audience?"
"From existence!! I am not to be treated like that! Do you know what he did? He hung me up and used me as a speed ball to practice his boxing on! Me!! How dare he?!"
"I shall see to it, Madame."

Now, "Do you think she really had him banished?"

"She was angry enough to."
"Well, yeah, obviously. That shit actually hurt! But...you don't think she could do it, do you?"
"I don't know. Owner?"
"Probably not. Permanently transforming someone is bad for business, No matter how much she might have wanted to in the moment. But I still wouldn't want to be him. Even once she's calmed down, Lianna's vengeance is a fearsome thing to contemplate."
"You don't have to tell us she's a bitch, Owner."
"I mean, she did keep us as her boobs for a whole week without ever acknowledging we were human."
"We're not human."
"You know what I meant."
"Of course."
"Seriously, Owner, can you imagine what it was like?"
"Being so objectified."
"So helpless."
"And then ignored."
"Do you know she never talked to us once?"
"Not even when her regular boobs finally got out of France."
"Not even a 'thanks for your service'. Just whipped us off and packed us up."
"I've never felt more humiliated."
"I see."
"So, Owner, we do have one question for you."

"As you're the one who set us up for a week of that treatment."

"Why..." they start together, "...the fuck don't you do anything like that with us?!"