

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 7
MIND GAMES
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for 2good2btru

The Magician sits both toys down, the chairs are the hard, uncomfortable plastic things you only get in conference centres or sadistic high schools, They automatically start to shift to get less uncomfortable as he pulls a pocket watch out of his jacket.

"Hypnosis?"

"Lame"

"Like, you do know you can literally just control us directly, right, Owner?"

"Yeah, we have to do whatever you say."

"I would like to see some evidence of that sometime." he harrumphs.

"Harsh!"

He lets the watch spin, catching the light in flashes and sets it slowly swinging. "Just watch the watch. Keep following it with your eyes."

The toys sulkily begin to follow it's path, back and forth.

"And as you watch the watch, feel your thoughts and eyelids becoming heavier and heavier. Just watch the watch and feel your thoughts falling out of your mind."

"That won't be hard for some people."

"Bitch."

"No talking. Especially no bickering. Just watch the watch and let the thoughts settle into the bottom of your mind. Let the watch and my voice fill the rest."

The Toys' eyelids flutter. The blonde blinks and resolutely stares at the watch.

"That's it. Heavier and heavier. Thinking slower and slower as your thoughts are just so heavy they can't move through your mind. The only things moving are my words and the watch. Just watch the watch and listen to my words."

The brunette's head drops forward before she forces it up.

He keeps talking, slowly, evenly, repeating their instructions until their thoughts and eyelids are so heavy that their heads fall forward, eyes closed, thoughts barely moving. Their brains are filled by nothing but the watch flashing light behind their eyes and the voice taking the place of their own thoughts.

The magician lets the watch keep swinging. "Now, are my Toys in a deep trance? Heads empty except for my voice?"

"Ysssss, Nnr." they slur.

"Good toys. Stay nice and deep in the trance, until I tell you to climb out of it. You can speak normally, but only if spoken to, and always with complete honesty. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Owner."

"Complete honesty."

"And my voice is your reality. What I tell you is true is true."

"Your voice, reality."

"What you say, true."

"And all of this stays in the trance, lost to your minds when you awaken."

"Stays in trance."

"Lost to mind."

"Good. Lift your heads and open your eyes. Now, each of you take this lovely, cold, delicious ice cream cone."

They reach out.

"You want the ice cream, don't you?"

The toys nod.

"And because I'm a generous owner, you can have it."

They lean forward, tongues out, licking along the imaginary ice cream. The blonde turns her hand as if turning the cone against her tongue, while the brunette tips hers, licking up. Their eyes are closed, little noises of pleasure emerging from their mouths as they taste the delicious ice cream. Their nipples perk up from the cold.

"It tastes good, doesn't it?"

"Soooo good."

"So good you can feel your body getting aroused."

"Ooooooh."

"But, because you're good toys, chaste toys, you won't cum, will you? You'll just feel better and better but you'll only release all that pleasure when I allow it, won't you?"

"Yesssssss." they whine, squirming in their seats.

"And your ice cream has all gone. But you can feel the taste and it's having an effect on you. Cluck like chickens for me."

"Bkawwwwwkkk!"

The brunette folds her arms, flapping them out to imitate wings. The blonde's head bobbles back and forth.

"Very good. But, we all know toys aren't interested in chickens. The male of the species is far more to their liking. And here are delicious cocks for you to swallow, instead."

The blonde smiles, holding her thumb and fingers slightly apart to hold the imagined girth, plunging her head down. The brunette licks along the phantom shaft, circling the head with her tongue.

"Whichever one of you makes the cock cum first gets a reward. But, no cheating, mouth and hands only. And, of course, as you do this you'll get more and more aroused."

The blonde plunges it down, gurgling as it fills her throat. The brunette, strokes her hands along it, licking the 'shaft', sucking phantom balls into her mouth.

"That's it. You exist only to please the cock. Nothing else matters."

They gurgle their assent, focused entirely on pleasing the phantom cocks. The magician leaves them alone, watching as they get more and more intense, trying to win the impossible competition.

After a few desperate minutes, he relents. "Well done. The cock's cumming for you." The blonde swallows and swallows, while the brunette shivers as she feels the warm seed splatter over her chest, rubbing it in. "And so you deserve your reward."

Both look eagerly at him.

"Can you feel your reward? The skilled tongue working at your pussies? Teasing you with its expert touches?"

Their collective breath catches.

"Like before, you can't cum until I give you permission, but as your arousal increases, you'll sink deeper into the trance, deeper than you believed possible. The arousal crowds out all your thoughts, forcing you deeper and deeper, more and more thoughtless. Only my voice penetrating the arousal filling your mind."

Once again, he leaves them squirming on the chairs. The begging and pleading dissolves into inarticulate moans as the arousal overtakes them completely and he still doesn't let them climax.

Minutes pass, the air increasingly filled with animal moans of pleasure and the smell of arousal with nowhere to go. "And stop. The teasing tongues are gone."

Both toys whine, faces flushed, panting piteously. The blonde reaches between her legs, desperate to stimulate herself but he gently slaps her hand.

"Ah, ah, toys don't get to play with themselves. They get played with. In fact, toys shouldn't be able to play with themselves. That would need arms and toys don't have arms. Why would anyone make a toy with arms? So if a toy thought it had arms, it would be wrong. It doesn't have arms. It never had arms. Its shoulder are smooth and bare, just like they've always been. Because toys don't have arms."

The toys shiver, their arms shrivelling in the face of this new truth filling their minds. The arms they shouldn't have, don't have, pull inwards, sinking into their bodies until, just like they're supposed to, just like they always have been, they don't have arms, their shoulders smooth without any trace

they ever had limbs attached. The magician steps up to them, rubbing the armless shoulders. "And, of course, without arms, a toy's bare shoulders are as sensitive as its cunt. Nothing but pure pleasure from having someone touching them. The pleasure and arousal fill the toy's mind, sinking it ever deeper into its trance, but, no matter what, it cannot climax without its owner's approval." The toys writhe under his touch, nerves they didn't know they had flaring to bring intense pleasure throughout their bodies, toes curling as they press their thighs together.

The magician teases them deeper into their trance, enjoying the feeling of them squirming desperately against him before he continues. "And toys don't need legs because a toy doesn't need to walk anywhere, does it? It belongs in one place where its owner can fuck it at his whim. So all legs would do is get in the way. So no one would manufacture a toy with legs, it's just obvious. And because no one would make a toy with legs, a toy can't have legs, can never have had legs. Instead of legs, the skin at its hips is just incredibly sensitive. Designed for pleasure, each touch will send arousal to the poor toy's pleasure-addled mind, sending it deeper and deeper into its obedient trance but never enough to cum without permission." He steps back as the toys' legs pull inwards, vanishing into their writhing hips until they're flushed on the chairs, red-faced and covered in perspiration, panting, drool dripping down their chins, their eyes blank behind their closed lids. The magician caresses their hips, driving the toys further and further into their trance.

"And, of course, a toy doesn't need a brain. Why would it? Toys aren't for thinking, they're for fucking. So no toy would get made with a brain, would it? And without a brain what's the point of a toy having a head at all? Just useless weight to be added. Toys don't need it, so toys don't have it, and never have. The toy can still hear its owner's commands, of course. It is still a toy, after all. And it will need a mouth to pleasure its owner, but a toy can't talk, so its voice doesn't need to exist. And it never did. Toys don't have heads, they just have pleasure mouths where their necks should be so their owner can use them. And toys love that, because their tongues are as sensitive as their clits, so licking their lips, or their owner's cock, just sends them deeper into pleasure, deeper into their trance. But a toy still can't cum without its owner's permission."

The toys' heads melt away, the moan turning increasingly wordless and inarticulate as they collapse into darkness, licking their lips with a mutual shudder. The magician slides his fingers into their mouths, their long agile tongues sucking at him while their flushed bodies shiver in ever increasing arousal.

"Of course, no one would make a toy that's multipurpose when they could specialise," he puts his hand on the former-blonde's shuddering shoulder, a fresh spasm flowing through it, "For instance, the toy I'm touching was a tit-toy. It wasn't made with anything else, just its soft, sensitive breasts. Made exclusively to be groped, or tit-fucked, to bring pleasure to its owner like that." The blonde's body shudders, its chest sinking lower as its hips and stomach vanish away, leaving only its breasts sitting flushed on the chair, its nipples hard with arousal it can't escape, and without a mouth can't articulate. The magician transfers his hand to the former-brunette's shoulder, "My other toy, the one I'm touching now, meanwhile, was created as a pussy-toy. The only thing it needed was its pussy and a cylinder of hips to hold it. And so that's all that toy was, all it ever was, just a pussy in a tube." and the brunette's body shrinks from the opposite direction, melting down like a candle until only a quivering fleshlight is left, its lips wet and puffy with arousal. "What good toys they were." He pulls his chair between them, squeezing his titty-toy while his fingers slip inside the warm, wet lips of his pussy toy.

"Of course, if the owner was experimental, he might combine his two toys in ways the factory didn't intend for them," he lifts up the fleshlight, placing the closed end between the titty-toy's breasts. "He could even have the two toys merge together to where there were two, there was now just one, a titty toy with a fuckable pussy resting in its cleavage. Of course, that wouldn't be what the toys were made to be, but a determined owner could force that to be true. And that's what happened to these two toys," he presses on the wet pussy, the fleshlight sinking between the breasts as it melts away until the brunette's glistening pussy pokes out between the blonde's tits. "Sharing the pleasure in one brainless mind, their shared arousal building at twice the speed, taking each other's pleasure as their own, but the combined toy was no more able to climax than the individual

toys had been. Not even when their owner used them as they were clearly intended.”

He lifts the new toy up, lowering it into his lap, wrapping his cock between the blonde’s tits, pressing the head against the brunette’s pussy, the whole toy shuddering as one. He teases them, easing in a little farther each time he strokes them along his shaft until the tits are slapping against his lap, his cock stretching the wet pussy out in quivering, silent pleasure. Given all the teasing of the past hour, he doesn’t last long, filling the toy with a grunt that leaks cum over the toy’s breasts. He places the toy down.

”Of course, there were reasons why you shouldn’t combine toys like that, even if the toys were fully recyclable. That much pleasure put a lot of strain on the toys, so if they ever did manage to climax, it would be too much for their body to take.” he walks away, the toy quivering, cunt dripping its own juices to mingle with the spent sperm as the nipples throb fit to burst. “Why, if their owner let it cum, the toy would explode. Climax.”

The joined toy shudders, its pussy gushing as it quakes with released arousal, flooding over the chair to the floor and then, with only a slight creak to warn anyone nearby, it bursts like an over-filled water balloon, raining its pleasure in wet pieces of something like rubber over the chairs.

”And so it was. Fortunately, they toy was recyclable and it gathered up every part of itself, absorbing all its mess as it was restored to its state at the start of the trance.”

Slowly, the individual pieces slither and flap and melt together, pulling the liquid pleasure with them as the two toys are reconstituted sitting blank and mindless on the chairs. “So grateful were the toys to be restored, they gave their owner their most precious gift. They reached between their legs and peeled their pussies away like they were stickers, handing them over to their true owner.”

The toys don’t hesitate or even blink as they reach down, pulling on themselves until there’s only a smooth space between their legs. They each hold out a hand, their sexes dangling from their fingers. Their owner takes them, placing them in his pocket.

”And then, the toys rose from their trance, returning to their normal selves, but their owner could return them to this blank obedience just by saying the word ‘snickerdoodles’ at which point, their minds would empty and his voice would fill their existence as before.”

The toys slowly blink awake. “Like, sorry, Owner. I guess we’re unhypnotisable.”

”You need a brain to be hypnotised. Which must be why you couldn’t be.”

”You didn’t fare much better, bitch.”

The magician sighs. “Enough. Both of you. Go to your room.”

”Yes, Owner.”

”Like, we are sorry.”

”We know you wanted this to work.”

”You won’t hold it against us, will you?”

”Well, unless you really want to hold it against us. Or, even better, inside us.”

As they leave, the magician places his pocket watch back in his pocket, rubbing it against the two pussies pressed inside there. “Still got it.” he smiles.