

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 8

JANE

by Paul Watson

for 2good2btru

The magician stands in his doorway, a youngish woman in the late twenties on the steps outside, her black hair streaked through with purple. A silver ring runs through her nose, a series of them through her black-painted bottom lip. Heavy black mascara hangs around her intense heterochromatic eyes. Sleeves of tattoos run up her arms, her hands covered in lacy black gloves. A long black skirt swirls around his steps, the black t-shirt hanging loosely. She jabs a finger at him, "What the hell have you done with Aunt Jane, Mal?!"

Stop. Record scratch. You're probably wondering how we got into this situation. Well, our story, or at least this part of it, begins several years ago.

Those years ago, the magician, much younger, stands before a redhead in latex and leather, self-consciously naked, hands behind his back, trying not to show how vulnerably exposed he's feeling. She reclines in her raised throne, her thigh-high boots crossed over at the knee, a crop resting obviously against the throne. Her hair tumbles over her bare shoulders in fiery curls as she smiles confidently down at him, the heavy dusting of freckles over her cheeks dimpling. "You want to apprentice to me?"

"Yes." he coughs to clear his throat, "Yes."

"Yes what?" she asks coyly.

He swallows. "Well, it will...it will be 'yes, Mistress'. If you accept me."

Her smile spreads Cheshire Cat style. "Oh, that's bold. Most here are very happy to call me Mistress. Why shouldn't I take one of them?"

"Where's the fun in that?"

"And if I take you on, am I going to have to fight you every step of the way? That sounds like a lot of work."

"Of course not. You'll be my Mistress. Until you're not."

"Oh, really? And what does that mean?"

"My future mistress is known to be something of a switch."

"Someone's done their research."

"So what better way to prove I'm graduated than by having her submit to her former apprentice?"

"If I did that for all my apprentices, I'd be owned by a dozen people or more." she bites her lip,

"That is an...unappealing thought."

"I only need you to do it to one. Me."

"That sounds like a challenge. Well, I may accept. If you can convince me you're serious about serving me." she beckons him forward, up the shallow steps.

"What do you need me to do to prove it?"

"An offering for your Mistress."

"Of course."

"How splendid." she reaches out, her gloved hand closing around his cock, which stiffens at the slick touch. She jerks her hand back, pulling it with her. The magician gasps, hands going to the blank skin there as his body gets smaller, petite, his beard vanishing as his hair gets longer and shinier, his face softer and his whole body more feminine.

"I'm a...you did..."

"And when you can make me give you this back? And let you use it on me? Then you've graduated from my service." she smirks, stroking her hand along the detached and increasingly aroused member. "Until then, well, we'll have to find a new name for you, won't we? You hardly fit Malcolm any more. Malcomina? No, that sort of name only works for Nigella. Mal? Yes, I like that, don't you, Mal?"

She takes a deep breath, her voice coming out higher and softer, “Yes, Mistress Jane.”

And that’s how I ‘joined’ Mistress Jane’s, I’m not sure exactly what you’d describe us as. Her coterie? Coven? Troupe? Toybox? I was hardly alone, but we’ll come to most of those tales another time. Trust me, they’re good. But too many tangents make the story confusing. So instead, let’s talk about Glinda. Yes, really. Parents *really* loved musical theatre, I guess. Obviously she was a witch but whether she was a *good* witch depends on whether you’re talking about competence or attitude.

Mistress Jane leads her into a larger room, half a dozen women in various states of undress. She claps to get their attention, “Girls, this is Mal. She’ll be joining us.”

”As?” a young woman, mid-teens, still growing into herself. She’s dressed in a white blouse and skirt, her blonde hair falling straight over her shoulders, a cute upturned nose overshadowed by her hypnotic heterochromatic eyes.

”She’s my new apprentice.”

”But...”

”Don’t worry, you’re still my apprentice, too, but you’re already learning as much as I can teach you.”

She sighs in teenage resignation, “Yes, Aunt Jane.”

”Still, Glinda, as you’re so concerned, you can help get her settled in.”

Another sigh, “Whatever. Ok, new girl. Let’s get this over with.”

She walks out the room. Mal looks at Mistress Jane, who gives her a shooing motion to follow.

”So, I don’t know what your deal is, new girl...”

”It’s Malc...it’s Mal.”

”Whatever. Where are your clothes?”

”I...I...I don’t have any.”

”You what?”

”When I went to see Mistress Jane, I was...I was a guy.”

She stops, “Kinky. Fine. We’ll find you some underwear, at least.”

”Thank you.”

”Just get one thing straight, ‘Mal’, or whatever your name used to be. You’re the second apprentice. I’m first.”

Mal straightens herself up. ”For now.”

”Don’t even try it. You think my aunt Jane’s going to turn her favourite niece over for you?”

”Aunt?”

”Parents can’t cope with my being magic at all. Bad enough I have to look like student Barbie when I go to see them to let them pretend it’s all normal. So I’m with my Aunt to learn.”

”Just like me, then. I’m here to learn.”

”Sure. Whatever.”

Good first meeting, right? Things proceeded much the same way for the next five years. Don’t get me wrong, Glinda *was* better than me, as insulting to my ego as that is, a true prodigy. But her Aunt believed that the best way to learn was to do. And, for Glinda, doing things to me was, to her mind, the natural order of things. But me doing them to her was an affront that had to be avenged. So even with the lessons I did well in, I usually ended up wrapped around her as a pair of panties until I could undo the spell. Not as much fun as you might think. Especially as she got older and started taking part in her Aunt’s other activities.

Still, you get the idea, so, onwards to the denouement.

After five years of unconventional teaching, including a lot of joint time rented out to Lianna as boobmates when we annoyed Mistress Jane too much, we were getting ready for one of Jane’s soirees, or, more accurately, parties or, even more accurately, magic orgies. It’s hard to describe. Jane had a plan for this one, sawing me in half and letting my lower half ‘get acquainted’ with the

other guests. This wasn't exactly an unusual occurrence at these gigs. Glinda was with her parents that week, dressed in clothes she hated; pretending to be someone she wasn't; with a family who she loved but who couldn't help but restrict her into a box far too small for her full self. You can't help feeling sorry for her, but trust me, it's a lot easier after she's put you through a wash cycle or seventeen.

Mal pushes the table out, blades resting on top of the thin red box trimmed in golden accents, starbursts along the doors. Jane lightly swats across her rear. "Make it sexier."

"Yes, Mistress." Light glints off the blades as Mal pushes them into place, using a flicker of magic to get the glints flashing in sequence, like she always does.

This time, though, Jane blinks, finding herself staring into the lights. Mal silently cheers but just keeps the lights spinning until her eyes close, her head nodding forward. "Jane?" she asks, "Mistress Jane? Are you under?"

A smiling green eye opens. "Nope. It's very cute that you're trying, though."

Mal's shoulder's slump.

"Don't think I haven't noticed you trying sooooo hard to be subtle about it either. You're going to have to get up much earlier than that to..." but he lights are still spinning and she's still looking as it sparkles before her. The light dances as her voice slows and trails off, her sharp glance becoming a vacant gaze.

"Really? You're going to try that after just telling me it wasn't working? How gullible do you think I am?"

Mistress Jane doesn't respond.

"Ok. Fun's fun, but..." she waves a hand in front of Jane's slack face, "...are you actually under this time? Ok, ok, reinforce it. This won't last long. So, Mist...Jane, listen to my voice and only my voice, the light and my voice, each drawing you deeper into your trance. You just keep going deeper as you watch the light, deeper as you listen to my voice. Deeper and deeper and deeper, past your conscious mind until the only thing there is the light and my voice. And when I put the light out, there'll just be my voice, filling you, controlling you. You'll obey my voice, won't you?"

"Ysssss."

She practically whoops in triumph, settling for punching the air. "And when the light goes out and the only thing in your mind is my voice, you'll give me back my dick."

"Nnnnn..."

"Deeper and deeper, not deep enough yet, deeper and deeper into the furthest recesses of your mind, filling every part of you with the light and my voice. Until you'll obey me utterly, immediately, completely. And when you're so deep that snuffing out the light will snuff out your will, leaving nothing but my voice to control you, you'll tell me."

"Ysssssss."

"Deeper and deeper, Jane, quicker and quicker, going deeper and faster as you listen to my voice. Faster and deeper until you can go no deeper, until you're empty and ready to be filled with obedience to my voice."

"Deeeeeeeeepr 'n' fsstr. Deepr...depr...deep..." she stops talking.

"Are you at the bottom, Jane?"

"Yssssss."

"Completely empty except for the light and my voice?"

"Yssss."

"Utterly under my control?"

"...Yssssss."

"I'm going to snuff out the light now. What happens when I snuff out the light?"

"Mmmmm yrrssss."

"That's right. You're mine, following my voice like it was your own will. No will of your own. Lost in the darkness if you don't follow my voice." She puts a cover over the blades, the flickering light vanishing. Jane's head slumps forward. "Now, give me my dick back."

Jane doesn't raise her head, reaching into her cleavage to pull the rigid cock out, holding out the phallus that's spent much of the last five years as a communal toy. Mal takes it, placing it against her crotch. She gasps as sudden heat flares between her legs as her body claims its missing piece, her body growing back into its rightful self. Malcolm pats down his body, making sure nothing's changed, except his body is a lot more in shape than it ever was beforehand.

"Well, that's a bonus, but I'm not one to run around naked." ignoring that's exactly what Mal has been doing throughout the apprenticeship, he clothes himself, a stylish black suit to match his role.

"Now, Jane, to fulfil our deal, what do I have to do?"

"Fccccck me."

"Speak clearly. And when I do, will you stay mine?"

"I am yours. There's no voice in my mind but yours. No thought but to serve you."

"And if I let you out of your trance?"

Her legs press together, "Yes. Yours. Submitting."

"Good to know. But not quite yet. For now, let your mind awaken, but not your will. You'll be you, but still belong to me. My words are your will."

"Your words, my will." slowly her face regains its former animation. "Well, a deal's a deal. I'm not sure I remember betting we'd reverse roles..."

"But you agreed to it anyway."

"But I agreed." she repeats, "Well, my dirty little subconscious did. But that's semantics. Do you want to take me on the table? The floor? Or will you be a gentlemen and take me back to the boudoir?"

"Oh, I have a much better plan than that. After all, it wouldn't be fair to all your guests if there's no toy to fuck, would it?"

Jane's eyes widen a little, her breath hitches. "You...me...you wouldn't....my reputation..."

"Oh? I don't remember this reticence where my reputation was concerned."

"I appear to have created a monster."

"But the important question is, will you obey your monster?"

"I have no choice it seems. For now."

Malcom smiles and gets her to strip out of her clothes before she sits on the thin box and he wheels her out to await the guests.

It doesn't take them long to arrive, the preparations having taken longer than usual. There is some surprise, and not a little taboo excitement, at seeing Jane on display in a role they're much more used to Mal fulfilling.

"Gentlemen," Malcolm starts, "today we're going to do a little role reversal. The former mistress of these revels has become the star attraction. But you should all make sure to treat her as well and as thoroughly as you used to treat the plaything she presented to you." Jane stiffens a little, her eyes roaming over far too familiar leers, "I'm sure you can all rise to the occasion. In fact, some of you already seem to be." There is much crossing of legs and adjusting of trousers at that.

Jane climbs off the box and to the floor, moving to enter before Malcolm reminds her that its traditional for the guests to make sure there's no trickery and she surrenders to the thorough and intimate 'inspections' of her body for any concealed panels. No one bothers to check the cabinet. Eventually, her hair thoroughly dishevelled, the formerly artful ringlets falling around her flushed cheeks in an uncontrolled wave, she clambers into the box, unable to conceal herself from the audience until the lid closes. The box is too small, pressing in on her hips and chest. Malcolm shoves the lid down with both hands, driving the air out of her to get it to latch. He slides the stocks in without pinching her skin, trapping her most securely at the neck, wrists and ankles.

He clashes the blades above her, but she refuses to look afraid. Her mouth opens in a gasp as first one blade, then the other slam down through her waist, the long rectangles of metal poking out from the underside of the table.

"And now, we prove what I've done." he pushes the table, and Jane, apart, the two halves rolling in different directions. He steps between the gap. "I trust you're all convinced?" he asks, playing the game Jane's played with him innumerable times before.

The crowd is very much not convinced. "Well, I suppose I can try to convince you." he fumbles with the boxes, struggling to find the latches as smoothly from this side, but eventually frees her naked halves for inspection, still restrained in the stocks. "How about now?"

The select audience is still not satisfied. He frees her ankles, pulling her waist from the blade with a soft sucking and a queasy look from Jane. The long legs soon stand on their feet. "Turn around, Jane. Show them what they've won." With reluctance on her face, she turns with tiny steps to show herself off from every angle. And while the audience watch this display with close attention, Malcolm drags the other stocks to the edge of the table, her head hanging over the edge. She looks up at him for a moment, mouthing quiet obscenities at him before he presses her forehead down, lining her mouth up with her throat. She hopes no one notices the quiver that races up and down her spine from her severed loins at that moment.

"Well, if you're still not convinced, I suppose I'll just have to let you play with the toy yourself until you are." He steps back, the audience surging forward to have their fun with the helpless halves.

After the soiree is over, and Jane's been restored and cleansed, washing her mouth out as much as the grime of sex from her body, she stands still naked before her former apprentice. "Well, it seems like you are the master now. How long do you intend to keep me like this once you're free of my tutelage?"

"Like what?"

"Cute. But you know what I mean."

"I was thinking, why should the fun ever end?"

"Nope."

"Nope?"

"Not what we agreed. I'll play along for some things, but not that."

"I could..."

"You could try. You caught me, fair and square, but don't think you can do it again."

"Fine. Five years? An 'apprenticeship' as long as mine?"

She licks her lips. "That...sounds fair. But you only get me. I'm not bargaining my niece to a pervert like you."

"I give full credit to my perversions to my outstanding teacher."

"Flattery won't make a difference. You get me. Not Glinda, not the girls. And I want it all in writing."

"You're a very demanding toy."

"You ain't seen nothing yet, 'Master'."

"Fine. In writing."

And that is how we ended up here. Well, not entirely, obviously, but you're as up to date as Glinda is and this way I don't have to explain things twice. So, it's time to return to our regularly scheduled story. Stay tuned. We'll be back, right after these messages.