

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 12  
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WOMAN OF RUBBER?

by Paul Watson  
for 2good2btru

Late in the evening, Glinda finally pushes the last item from the trunk away. The large oval mirrors shows her reflection back at her, hair tangled, nails chipped, tired, frustrated as she steps over the small ring box shown in the glass. "She's not here! Where..."

Malcolm sighs. He's been doing that a lot the last three days. "I did tell you."

"I can feel her. She's nearby."

"But you can't find her. I know. I was just as frustrated."

"Don't give me that. You've done something to her and..."

"...and it's time for you to go. You've looked. You can't find her. And I am not going to let you keep disrupting my life on this quixotic endeavour."

"You haven't heard..."

"I'm sure I haven't. Goodnight, Glinda," he holds the door open as they troop out, "ladies."

"Mal, you know darn well we ain't no ladies." Daisy smirks, reluctantly letting the piebald fade so she looks like a cowgirl displaced from an adult film rather than a cow-girl from the same. "When this is all over, maybe we can remind ya." her hand squeezes his butt before she's gone with the others.

He closes the door, "Three days. Three whole days on this! I've got a show to plan!"

"Poor, poor Owner."

"So hard done by."

"Shall we fuck it for you and make it all better?"

"That's not how..."

The Blonde squats down, undoing his belt, "Are you really going to complain?"

He doesn't reply as the Brunette's tongue keeps his mouth fully occupied.

The next morning, as Malcolm tries to hurry through breakfast, his clothes getting magically pressed and cleaned as they drift around him, "Why would Marcus schedule a meeting so fucking early!?"

"It's at ten, Owner."

"For most people, that's not that..." the Brunette's mouth seals over as Malcolm shows his annoyance, waiting for the toaster to pop.

"It's early enough for me. Especially with you two keeping me up all..."

There's a knock on the door. "Oh, God, if that's Glinda, I swear I will turn her into a fucking toadstool!" he yanks the door open and snaps, "What?"

Lexi stands in the doorway, a sweatshirt and jeans around her body, a battered suitcase in her hand,

"Hi, Mal. Oh, goodie, I haven't eaten yet. You shouldn't have." she reaches into the kitchen, snatching the toast up as it jumps out of the toaster.

"What? Why?"

"Oh, that. I've been sent to spy on you. 'Scuse me." she stretches past him, setting the case down as she takes her place at the breakfast bar, "Where do you keep the butter?"

"Spy on...no, I don't have time for this. I'm already late. We will discuss this when I get back."

"Sure thing, Mal." she crunches on the toast. "You got any jelly?"

The door closes amidst muffled cursing.

"What do you mean you're spying on us?" The Blonde asks as the Brunette stands mouthlessly in support, hands on her hips.

"Glinda wants me to find out what you've done with her Aunt. And if I find something out about that, I'll be duty bound to tell her. So don't let me find anything you don't want me to." she smiles broadly, "But until then, this is a busman's holiday away from that controlling bitch that I might like

to make permanent.”

“Oh, really?”

“Well, you two seem to be doing ok out of it. And I already know Mal, so why not?”

“So you want to be another toy for our owner?”

“Well, that might be tricky. I mean, technically, I’m still under contract with Jane. But until she resurfaces, what that means is rather...vague legally speaking.”

“No commitment, you mean.”

Lexi shrugs, “Think what you like. I mean, you’re not the one I need to convince, are you?”

The Brunette finally manages to unseal her mouth, “She has a point. Owner will decide.”

“Of course, maybe I can buy your help with salacious stories about your owner’s time with Jane?”

The Blonde leans forward, putting her elbows on the counter and her chin on her crossed hands.

“Tell us more.”

Several bawdy, thoroughly scurrilous and almost totally true stories later, “Ok, ok, so those are fun, but how did you fall into all of this?”

“All this?”

“You know what I mean.”

“How did you get to be owned by Jane?”

“I’m not owned owned, not like you two.”

“Do go on.” The Brunette makes a circling motion with her hand.

“Ok, ok. Loathe though I am to talk about myself...”

“Oh, we saw that.”

“Definitely. You’re so demure.”

“Well, if I must. I became stretchy after drinking a ‘traditional gingold juice’ drink that was contaminated or something. You remember that whole ‘rubber plague’ thing, right?”

“I think I saw something...”

“Some sort of experimental plasticiser that got into the food chain, wasn’t it? But I thought it didn’t last long.”

“It didn’t...mostly. I was just...lucky. I didn’t get the vomiting, broken bones or ruptured organs. I got to keep being stretchy. So I did what every American would when getting weird abilities: Put on a fancy suit and went out to fight crime.”

“Really?”

“God’s truth. I was Elastica, the Woman of Rubber.”

“Wait, I think I remember. Weren’t you voted the most useless super hero?”

Lexi blushes, “Three months running. Thing is, I might be stretchy, which makes it really hard to hurt me, but I’m not stronger than a normal person and it turns out a lot of crooks work out.”

“That’s it. There were pictures of you tied up in your own limbs.”

Lei bites her lip. “Yeah. Lots of those. So, basically, I was a fairly useless superhero. But I came across something, something I thought might make people forget about all those. I found a modern slavery ring, all run out of this weird magic show...”

“Ahhhh.”

“Getting the picture now...”

“Yeah. You probably are.” she shrugs, “So I tracked her down, not tricky, I admit. And I confronted her. And...that went about as well as most of my attempts at heroing. I ended up tied into a ball, wrapped up tighter than a drum.”

“Sounds...horrible.”

“Oh, yeah, really, really horrible. And being put into a shell and left there for days. Horrible.”

“So utterly horrible and appalling that you’re almost creaming yourself just thinking about it?”

Lexi nods, biting her lip hard enough that when she stops she leaves tooth marks. “And once I got let out, I got an offer I couldn’t refuse. Either I join up, or I get left in public in that shell, without my suit, and with a glory hole open.”

“Mmmmmm.”

"Sounds...horrible."

"I wasn't tempted."

"Of course you weren't."

"And now?"

"Now?"

"Would you be tempted now?"

"Because we would."

"Maybe...maybe a little." she says between pants, holding her fingers apart.

"Sure. A little." the Blonde looks at the Brunette. Unspoken communication happens across the glance and they grab her. Each steps back, stretching her fingers out.

"This little?"

They take another couple of steps back, continuing until they hit the walls of the room. "Or this little?"

"Or..."

"Ok, ok, ok! So I'd be tempted. Really tempted."

"Uh-huh." They let her go.

"Seems like someone likes being tied up."

"Helpless."

"Unable to resist."

"While others do...whatever they like to you."

Lexi turns away.

"Do you like to wear the costume?"

"Does that make it better?"

Lexi blushes.

"Oh, she does. She loves to play with herself wearing it."

"Isn't that right?"

"Oh, god."

"It is."

"Is it in the bag?"

"Should we get it out and put it on?"

"Introduce her to what it means to be Owner's toy?"

"Do you think we could? She is a superhero, after all."

"The most useless superhero. Three months running."

"You two are evil!"

"Oh, we are."

"We certainly are."

"And you, little Miss Lexi Lastic, are going to find out just how evil we are."

Both Toys tackle her at that, wrestling her to the ground. Lexi fights back, just hard enough for it to be clear she isn't fighting back at all, as they pull her out of her clothes, bending and twisting and folding her naked body over until instead of a woman, there appears to be a dark-skinned ball between them. Her head is folded under her back in a more than extreme backbend, her arms and legs tied tightly beneath her, keeping her constrained. Her pleas are muffled, but the way her chest rises and falls in rapid pants and her exposed sex glistens show how she really feels about her treatment.

"Should we leave her like this?"

"A present for our Owner to come home to?"

"He is working so hard on the show."

"And she is a spy."

"True. Do you think she's restrained enough?"

"That's a very good point. We wouldn't want her getting loose."

Lexi mumbles something that might be 'witches' but probably isn't as the Toys lift her up, one teasing her to shuddering orgasm as the other squeezes her tighter and tighter until she fits into a

hand-held plastic tube, her sex poking out as the perfect fleshlight toy.

"That's much more secure."

"I do hope our Owner likes his present."

"Oh, I'm sure he will."

"And I hope his latest toy enjoys it, too."

"Oh, I'm sure the kinky little bitch absolutely will."

"We should make sure she's still wet for him when he gets back, though."

"We should. Tongue or fingers?"

And they get to work, the Rubberdoll's opposition, what there was of it, melting under their extended assault, making her perfect for their Owner's use when he returns hours later.