

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 13

BALLER

by Paul Watson

for 2good2btru

The Toys put the living fleshlight aside, its glistening lips quivering, "Now that she's all ready for Owner, let's see what she's bringing with her."

"You can tell a lot about someone by what they take on a spying mission." the Blonde replies.

"Absolutely." she puts the case on the counter top, popping the latches. Behind them, the fleshlight quivers, the Rubberdoll's flesh undulating in the opening.

"So, let's see what she's...?" Inside the small case is...nothing. Just blackness.

"Well, that's disappointing." They don't notice the fleshlight extending outwards behind them.

"Does everybody have one of those infinity cases but us?"

"What would we use it for? We can't *have* stuff. We *are* stuff"

"It's the principle of the thing." The Rubberdoll stretches up above them.

"We probably wouldn't even fit in there."

"Well, you certainly wouldn't. You couldn't fit that fat ass through the eeeep!" A pair of rubbery arms loops around and around them, pinning their arms to their sides.

"Really? You thought that would keep me in place? Like that's the first time I've been squished into a fucktoy."

"Ooops."

"Damn right 'ooops'! I might be a really lousy superhero, but I'm still better than you two amateurs."

"Would it help if we said sorry?"

"Let me think on it." her hand stretches under her chin, posing thoughtfully without letting them move an inch, "How about 'hell no'?! Does 'hell no' work for you bitches?"

"I think she's mad."

"She certainly sounds mad."

"Mad? Why would I be mad?" she smiles dangerously.

"I don't know. We were just welcoming you to...urk!" the Rubberdoll squeezes.

"I'm going to get dressed and then we'll see what we do with you." she wraps her legs around them, unspooling her arms as her legs take over the work, reaching her hands into the case.

A few minutes later, the Rubberdoll is dressed. She wears a thick set of green goggles, set into a white headmask that leaves her hair free. The left side of her body is covered in shiny skintight green, her right in red, and a centre stripe of gold down the middle of her chest and the inside of her legs. Gloves and boots of white, and a looping, curling black E that stretches all the way to her side complete the outfit. "That's better. What better to wear while dealing with a couple of bitches like you?"

"What are you going to do with us?"

"Well, as you had such a good time squishing me, maybe I should return the favour."

"Oh, no, please Miss Elastica, please don't throw us in the briar patch!"

"We'll do anything to avoid you using the devices hidden in the main trunk. Please. Anything."

"Especially don't use the things in the section marked 'backstage only'. That would be terrible. We'd truly hate that."

"We truly, truly would."

"Oh, really?" the Rubberdoll winks, playing along, "Well, now I know where we're going."

"Oh, no! Our pleas for mercy have just revealed what she can do to us!"

"Oh, the humanity."

The Rubberdoll shakes her head, her braids clicking, "You two are crazy."

"Are we?"

"Probably."

"Oh, we're definitely crazy. Now, please, please, pleeeeeease, punish us!"

The Rubberdoll opens the trunk, sticking her head in and then her arms.

"We could push her in."

"We could. But then she might punish us more." they look at the highly distracted superhero, her arse high, her upper body rummaging in the depths of the trunk. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Pinky?"

"I think so, Brain. But where are we going to find that much lube and a dumptruck at this time of day?"

"Well, Pinkie, I think the dumptruck has been arranged." She nods at the Rubberdoll's rear and they creep cartoonishly stealthily up behind her.

"On three?"

"One..."

"...Two..."

"...Three." the Rubberdoll finishes, her face pushing from her rear as her legs become arms, her body inverting itself, giant hands closing around them.

"Ooops?"

"Ooops." the Blonde agrees.

"Biiiiiig ooops." the Rubberdoll grins gleefully. "Especially that dumptruck crack." She pulls herself out of the trunk, her arms wrapped around the tricks she wants to use.

"Ok, octo-Elastica is kinda cool."

"Why thank you, but flattery isn't going to help, you know."

"Oh, I'd hope not. But it's still true."

"It *is* very cool."

"Oh, you think that's cool, huh? Wait till you see what I'm going to do with you."

"The briar patch?" the Blonde says hopefully with wide eyes.

"The briar patch." She sets the tricks down. One is a rectangular box with a pair of rollers sticking out of one side and the other a small plastic globe on top of a stand.

"Ok, so I recognise the wringer but what the hell is that?"

"One of Jane's favourites for me: the Gumball Machine."

"Ooooh, me, me, me!" the Brunette bounces, raising her hand.

"Hey!"

"You snooze, you lose."

"Ok." she presses a button and the globe expands. The Rubberdoll puts her palm on the top of the globe, her fingers stretching down the side and twists, pulling that half of the globe away. "In you get...what are you called anyway?"

The Brunette clammers into the half globe, "Sometimes Toy, or Toy 1, or Toy 2, it varies. Sometimes the Brunette. Sometimes just you."

"I meant you're name, dingus." she lifts the half-globe up.

"Toys don't have names." the Brunette shrugs and curls into herself, head between her knees, arms wrapped around her.

"You might not want to...actually, you know what, forget it." she screws the top back into place, the Brunette's back pressed against the clear plastic. "Now, you probably can't handle the full squeeze yet. So, let's see..."

"What does it do?"

"Why don't you watch?" she puts the Blonde down, laying her out on the floor, "But before you do, this is not a dumptruck."

"Well..."

The Rubberdoll's rear swells just before she sits on the Blonde, covering her from knee to shoulder.

"*This* is a dumptruck ass."

The Blonde doesn't protest, mostly because she's still working on breathing with the smothering buttocks pressing her into the floor. The Rubberdoll activates the machine and the globe begins to shrink around the Brunette with a whirr.

Inside the globe, the plastic starting to fog over, the Brunette curls tighter and tighter until her forehead is pressed between her thighs. The globe continues to shrink, pushing her head between her lips, her sex eagerly swallowing her as her limbs get pressed into her body, her moans muffled. The globe continues to shrink for twenty more seconds until she's about 8 inches across whereupon it hisses and the Rubberdoll stretches over, releasing the ball, its surface smooth, a few slight ridges and dips outlining where her compressed limbs were. She bounces it a couple of times. "Perfect. Now, it's your turn." She gets up and the Blonde takes a deep breath.

"I guess that's how you get the superhero bod, right?"

"Uh-huh. You don't get that kind of figure just from exercise. But don't think that gets you out of this."

"I'd hope not. I deserve to be punished, but if you're going to flatten me out, you're already halfway there."

"Poor baby." she loads the Blonde's feet into the hopper, the rollers resting on her toes. The Rubberdoll adjusts the settings. "See you in a bit." she sets it going and the Blonde inches between the rollers, moaning as they press all over her, squeezing her through the impossibly small gap between them.

The Rubberdoll waits at the exit of the machine as the Blonde's feet emerge, her whole body flattened, narrowed and elongated.

"Hey! That feels weird."

"Mal never was the most experimental of Mistress Jane's playthings. Once she found an effect that worked, she stuck with it." she holds up the flattened feet, each now over a foot and a half long.

"Oh, I know. We have to practically force him to do anything really fun with us."

"Now, Mistress Jane, she just loved to take us to the limits."

More and more of the Blonde vanishes between the rollers, her fabric thin body stretching out the other end. The Rubberdoll rolls her up, taking her under one arm, and the Brunette ball in the other, spinning her around on the end of her fingers.

She walks into the garden out the back of the house, takes some ties and stretches the Blonde between the fences, fluttering in the wind. She tosses the ball into the air, stretching her arm back to slam it over the solid net. She quickly stretches in front of the ball, sending it bouncing back. The ball bounces back and forth as the Rubberdoll plays volleyball against herself.

As the sun climbs into the sky, she gets bored. With a final vicious spike, she rolls up the net and carries the Toys inside, leaving them beside the sofa. She flops down, and the Rubberdoll can *really* flop, turning on the tv as one hand stretches to the kitchen for snacks. "Enjoy the briar patch, bitches."