

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 14

MAGIC MARKERS

by Paul Watson

for 2good2btru

The Rubberdoll blinks her eyes open. "Must've dozed off. Now..." she looks over the side of the couch, where a 'ball' and rolled up 'net' are conspicuously not. "...fuck."

"I mean, if you want to." the Blonde replies, standing on her decidedly unflat feet.

"We're always open to that."

"But, you owe us a truly salacious story about our dear Master."

"Or we can Tom and Jerry some more, if you really want to."

"We're always open for that, too."

"A salacious story, huh?"

"Very salacious."

"As salacious as possible."

The Rubberdoll leans back, her arms expansive across the back of the sofa, her braids hanging down behind it. "Well, children, if you want a story, Auntie Lexi will have to provide a story."

The Toys settle on the floor, kneeling, eyes looking up at her as she begins.

"So, it wasn't long after Mal joined..."

Seven years ago and change, Mistress Jane stands in front of her assembled playthings, Glinda absent on a date. Not that the assorted girls are jealous that she gets to go out. Not at all. Perish the thought. Well, Lexi has more immediate concerns on her mind, squashed inside the Gumball Machine besides Jane as she is. "I'm sorry, Mistress." she pleads, "I didn't know it would..."

"You clogged my best blender." Jane replies coldly.

"I was just seeing what would happen!"

"And now we know. Blended rubber is very sticky. And cleaning the blades will take you at least a week."

"I didn't mean..."

"But you did it. And so you have to take your punishment." she says to the trapped woman, but her eyes are fixed on Mal as she still tries to hide herself with her hands.

"Yes, Mistress." Lexi replies meekly as the Gumball activates and the globe around her starts to get smaller and smaller.

"Now, the rest of you, let's have some fun." she smiles and the girls smile with her. "Now, the winner of our raffle was Sandy, so..."

Sandy beams, blonde hair tumbling over her tanned skin, as she bounces on the balls of her feet.

"Bippity-boppity, chippity-choppity."

"None of those are real words." Alexis replies sourly.

Sandy's inelegant response is a blown raspberry as Mistress Jane pulls a set of marker pens from her bag. If possible, Sandy gets even more animated and excited. "Magic magic markers!" she squeals.

"Now, do I have a vol..."

Mal stumbles forward, glaring over her shoulder at the angelic-seeming pair of Heathers who shoved her. Sandy looks crestfallen at not being chosen.

"Well done, Mal. I'm glad you're so eager to get into the spirit of things."

"Yes, Mistress." Mal mumbles.

"Now who wants to..." Sandy once again loses out, her face pulling into a pout as Daisy's piebald hand shoots into the air.

"Sorry, Sandy." she drawls, "Ah got mah eye on somethin' specific." she walks up, taking the pen from Mistress Jane and drawing a figure of eight around Mal's breasts. She cups them in her hands, ignoring Mal's barely-suppressed moans, and pulls them away, leaving Mal's chest flat. "Ya know

me. Ah'm all about the milkers.” she presses the tits onto her stomach, fusing them in place below her own and walks back into the small throng, rubbing over her four breasts.

“Now who's...” Sandy's hand almost breaks the sound barrier this time, “Sandra.”

She skips over, “Ooooooh, so many nice bits still to choose.”

“I'm not a window dis...”

“Gotta be the mouth then. If only to stop you whining the whoooooole time.” she draws a quick circle around Mal's mouth, placing her new lips just above her waist. “Cooooool.” her lower mouth beams, “Hey, Alexis? Want me to lick your pussy while kissing me?”

The Heathers' hands shoot up next. They each take a pen, circling Mal's arms and placing them on each other's bodies. They move to shake hands, but the hands don't line up for that, so instead the one with the left arm steps into the one with the right and the four-armed Heather moves back to the others. “Hey, Daisy, come here.” she makes grabbing motions with all of her hands.

Alexis takes the pen next, drawing circles around Mal's eyes. Mal's view goes crazily wild as Alexis turns them around, placing them onto her breasts over her nipples. Mal's world goes dark as ownership of the eyeballs passes over. Alexis smiles her black painted lips, closes her eyes and walks slowly back, her view bouncing with each step.

The remnants of Mal stand dejectedly, flinching as Mistress Jane circles her slit, peeling it away and slipping it between her buttocks. “Mmmm. A nice surprise for the next time someone wants anal.” she smiles, “Now, what shall we do with...”

“Ooh, ooh, Ah have an idea.”

“Yes, Daisy?”

“Ah don't need the head, but if ya don't want the rest...”

“Any objections?” Mal's shoulders twitch as she tries to raise an arm she doesn't have. “No?” she draws the pen around Mal's neck, lifting her denuded head up.

Daisy walks up, backing in front of Mal. “Ok. Bend over. All the way.”

Mal refuses, her headless body trying to pose defiantly, but without arms to cross or lips to purse, it does lose something of the intent.

“Mal, don't be a grump. Girls, do encourage her.” The others move up pushing her over.

Daisy backs up and as her butt touches Mal's shoulders, the piebald pattern moves to cover the new addition to her body, her tail swishing as Mal's former feet become her rear hooves. “Yes. Ah love this. Ah'm a proper cowgirl.”

“Very nice, dear. We'll milk you later.”

Daisy shudders in pleasure at that prospect.

“But, as for you,” she addresses the head, “I thought you understood us. There are consequences for not playing along.” she starts rolling the head between her hands. Mal's head becomes smoother and then thinner, until Mistress Jane's finished and a foot long phallus rests in her hand. “So, girls, have...”

“Ooh, ooh.” Sandy waves her hand, “Mistress, Mistress!”

“Yes, Sandy?”

“Can I volunteer for the pens? Can I? Can I? Can I? Please, please, pleeeeeease? Pretty please with sprinkles and sugar on...”

Mistress Jane holds up her hand, one finger raised. Sandy goes silent. “Well, I will be keeping the naughty ones for a week.”

“A week?”

“Are you willing to share their punishment?”

“A whole week?” her eyes shine, “Oh, yes, yes, yes.”

“Well, tough. You can have until the end of tomorrow. We're dark then, anyway.”

“Awww. Ok, I guess.”

Mistress Jane opens the globe, lifting out the palm-sized ball of slick, compressed rubber. She gives it a squeeze. “And, as for you, you can be my suit.” The ball starts to stretch, flowing over her hand as she holds out the pens. Sandy snatches them up, racing back to the others.

“Ok, you horny sluts, take me apart!”

Heather splits and falls upon her like a two three-armed clouds of vultures. Daisy has to stand back and shout out requests as she's still trying to work out how to get lower with her four legs. As a result, Heather snatches away first her arms, then her boobs, her legs and finally her sex and lower mouth while Alexis pulls her head away. The Heathers share, keeping the extra arms for themselves and merging together to form one six-armed hurricane of chaos, even if it makes for a wildly unpredictable cloud of hands around her, frequently bumping herself as she tries to control them all. Daisy ends up with the extra breasts, a third pair of bovine legs and a new mouth and sex placed under her tail, which proves surprisingly dextrous as it teases her new sex. Meanwhile, Alexis runs the pen around her own neck, placing it on one shoulder and Sandy's on the other.

Now, "...That was really the first hint of Alexandra, I guess."

"Swell. But what happened next?"

The Rubberdoll shrugs, "I don't know. Mistress Jane chose that point to leave wearing me, just as Sandy was trying to make out while Alexis tried to make the remaining torso vanish, and Heather was on Daisy's back trying to milk all her nipples at once. I do know she had fun double stuffing herself with the Maldo and the Magic Happy Stick before she turned Mal over to Glinda for the rest of the week."

"Ooooooh."

"Yeah. Real shame Mistress Jane took the Happy Stick and the pens with her when she sent us all out on the tour to end time."

"So they're in the trunk?"

"I bet they're in the trunk."

The Rubber doll shakes her head. "The pens *were* in the trunk." her hair floats up like Medusa from behind the couch, tendrils of rubber each holding an uncapped pen. "But I'm not going to let you get me that easy." the pens streak out, slashing wilding across the Toys' skin, breaking them down into a surrealist pile on the floor.

"That is unfair."

"Hot, though."

"That's why it's unfair! How am I supposed to finger myself when I don't know where my fingers even are?!"

The Rubberdoll stretches her fingers down into the quivering pile. "Well, as a favour, I suppose I could help you out."