

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 15
HAVING CUMPNY ROUND
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

Malcolm opens the door, new contract safely negotiated, feeling pretty good about how things are going. The moans and shrieks coming from the living room remind him how quickly chaos can descend on his life. He walks though the kitchen to find the Rubberdoll sprawled across the couch, one stretched hand holding a sliver of pale skin between her thighs, her thumb reaching up to keep another, slightly darker but still clearly skin, on one of her swollen nipples. Her other hand bounces up and down, fingers entering another two cuts of flesh. A pile of jumbled, mismatched assortments lies in front of her, a pair of markers uncapped on the floor. Her head practically falls off the back of the couch as she screams her pleasure to the heavens. He leans against the doorway and waits for the noise to decrease to pants and moans.

"I see you're settling in nicely, Lexi."

The Rubberdoll raises her head, pausing in her fingerbanging the Toys. "Hey, Mal! Come join the party. I could do with a good fucking now that your Toys are done licking me." she waves, the lumps on her tit and sex tumbling back into the pile.

"Hi, Owner!"

"Make this sexy stretchy bitch put us back together."

"Pleeeeeeease."

"We'll be ever so grateful."

"Ever so."

Malcolm walks into the room, nudging errant pieces of quivering Toy back into the pile with his foot. "Lexi, can you put those pieces back in the pile?"

"I mean, I can, sure, what's in it for me?"

"Someone mentioned a good fucking?"

"Sold." she slides the pieces off her fingers, slick with their pussy juices which she none-too-subtly sucks clean.

Malcolm unfurls a red sheet from inside his pocket, swirling it out to settle over the pile. Moans emerge from under the cloth fading as it settles flat on the floor.

"Vanishing them right away?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, did you want to share?"

"No fucking way." she leans back, spreading her legs, "Now come over here and show me what those two fuckdolls have taught you."

"Nothing for you to teach me?"

"When would I have learned? There's not one dick between us. Especially as someone took the Magic Happy Stick with her."

"As I recall, Mistress Jane didn't have a problem finding..."

"Yeah, well, her niece has not inherited that skill set. And even if she had, I said a *good* fucking, Mal. Not what someone with lotsa cash and zero game can manage."

"Well, let's hope you haven't gotten too rusty." he says, his clothes pulling off as he makes his way across the room.

"Rusty? Rusty? I'll show you rusty, fucker!"

"Talk is cheap." he rubs his cock against her lips, slathering it in her juices. "Show me." he slides through her lips.

"Ahhhhhh, oh, yes, yes, fill me up, Mal! Stretch em out!" she screams as his cock swells inside her,

"Yes, yes, I was...ahhhhh...right. Found the...Magic Happy Stick!"

"Is that so?" he pounds his cock deeper, jiggles flowing all across her rubbery form.

"Ahhhhhhh! Yeah. Oh, yeah. Bigger. Stretch me right out!"

"Not what I..."

“Mal! Stop, unh, talking! Just, ahhhhh, fuck me!”

For several long minutes, the only sounds are grunts and moans, and the rhythmic slapping of bodies together as Malcolm's cock gets deeper with every thrust.

And then, as the Rubberdoll's body tenses, something grips her arms, pulling them around her. Her eyes open in confusion and the Brunette's bare arse slams down into her face.

“And this.” the Brunette rises up and slams down again, squashing the Rubberdoll down the thick shaft, “Is why.” and again. “You are the. Worst. Superhero. Three. Months. Running!” she stops, her rear resting on the head of Malcolm's three foot long and half as broad cock as it thrusts out of the Rubberdoll's mouth. “Fuck! That's huge! I can't take that!”

The Blonde continues wrapping the Rubberdoll tight around the cock, knotting her limbs together, her face squashed into the obscene cocksleeve. “Try harder.”

“Fuck you, bitch. My pussy is not *that* loose. Maybe your sloppy lips could...”

The Blonde shoves on the Brunette's shoulders, forcing her down. The cock pushes her legs out, pressing against her, but it seems her assessment was correct. Malcolm continues to thrust, gripping the Rubberdoll's quaking hips. The Blonde pushes harder.

“Hey! It's not going to fit!”

“Not with that attitude it won't!”

“Fuck you!”

“One last...heave!” The Brunette finally moves down, but not quite the way the Blonde expected. Malcolm groans as the Brunette's legs push up, her hips jammed into his cock.

“That is not how it...”

“Got to feed the trouser snake.” the Blonde grins, stepping onto the Brunette's shoulders to push her down. The Rubberdoll shudders as the hips bulge down Malcolm's cock. The Brunette's legs move from horizontal splits to impossibly flexibly up against her sides as the Blonde keeps shoving her deeper. Her stomach passes through the opening, then her chest, another bulge to make the Rubberdoll squirm passing through. “Enjoy being cum.” the Blonde taunts as the Brunette's head vanishes into the fleshy tunnel.

“Bitch!” the Brunette rages as her arms wave out of Malcolm's cock head, “If I'm going,” she grabs the Blonde's wrists, “You're coming with me!”

“Hey!!” The giant cock convulses, and the Brunette vanishes completely inside, the walls also gripping the Blonde's arms tight. She sighs, “Well, what a way to go.” and pushes herself deeper, her chest forming another bulge in the shaft as she follows the Brunette down.

Still quaking from the bulges stimulating her, the Rubberdoll slowly slides up the cock, rebounding back to her normal shape rather than a shint brown cocksleeve. The cock head stretches her chest out, a bulge between her breasts, with each thrust, her head lolling as the huge phallus fills her right up to the shoulders.

Meanwhile, Malcolm's balls swell as they struggle to fit two voluptuous women who are taking the option of privacy to enjoy themselves. He pants, groaning as he tries to keep the rhythm with his engorged testicles practically rubbing on the floor.

The Rubberdoll pants, her skin shiny with sweat, her body knotted around the cock filling her body.

“Fuck.” she moans, “Fuckity fuck fuck!”

Malcolm's balls gurgle, the outlines of the women inside fading as they melt and churn, sloshing around as his enlarged cock twitches. He grunts, and his balls shrink, ejaculating all of the cum the two Toys became into the Rubberdoll. To her, it feels like she's suddenly fucking a firehose. She has to consciously tighten her rubbery grip on the cock to avoid shooting off. But eventually the stream of hot, sticky cum slows and finally ends, Malcolm's giant phallus withdrawing as it shrinks back to normal.

“Ohhhhhhhh, fuck.” she moans, working on untying herself. Fortunately, neither Toy was a girl scout so the knots are pretty elementary. She rolls a little as she unravels her limbs, feeling her swollen stomach slosh with its white contents. “Fuck.”

“Again?!”

“Nah. You're good, Mal. This'll keep me satisfied for a while. Fuck. I don't think even the MHS got

that big.”

“You probably came before it could.”

“Probably.” she pants, “How the fuck did you hang on that long?”

“Will...”

“And did you know your Toys were going to ambush me?”

“And if I did?”

“Then you're a bastard and I should squeeze them out into the toilet and fucking flush.”

“Kinky. Do it in the bath. They'll recover from that in a couple of hours. Just leave the plug in.”

“What if I don't?”

“Then you're the one who'll have to wash the shit off them when they reform in the sewers.”

“Ewwww.” she struggles to rise, holding her bloated stomach as she waddles to the bathroom, each step sending its contents swirling from side to side.

A couple of hours later, the Toys come downstairs, towelling themselves dry. The Rubberdoll stretches around the kitchen, complaining at how little variety there is in the cupboards. Mal sits on the couch, more than a little drained.

“Fuck, Owner...”

“That was...”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah, that. That was definitely fuck!”

“Definitely.” they sink to his feet.

“So, is Lexi staying?”

“Well, she is technically contracted to Jane so...”

“The Jane who's missing?”

“And has been for years?”

“That Jane?”

“I can't be *that* hard to...”

“Like I said, until we find Jane, it's...complicated.”

“Yes, Owner.”

“Very legal, much complicated.”

“Haven't they learned you yet, Mal? Anything that isn't 'no' is a 'yes'.” she stretches into the room,

“So, which one's my room?”