

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 17

STRETCHING AND SWINGING

The Rubberdoll starts awake, her body tangled up in her sheets. Across the room, her phone rings again. Half awake, she tries to extract an arm from the tangle of cloth and rubbery flesh. The phone rings impatiently again. "'M comin', 'm comin', hold yer damn horses..." Her hand pops free, stretching out across the room to drag her phone back to her. It rings in her face as she fumbles to unlock it.

"Progress report."

"'G'mornin' to you, too."

"Well?"

"Nothing yet. But I'm still getting my feet under the table here. Can't expect instant results when even you couldn't find her."

"I didn't send you over there to make excuses. Or to keep me waiting."

"No. Sorry."

"Just get on with your work."

The phone goes silent. The Rubberdoll salutes. "Yes, boss. Sure thing, boss. Right away, boss. Bitch. What time even is it?" she looks at the phone screen, "Ugh. They should make mornings illegal." she burrows back into her tangle, only drawn out by the smell of breakfast cooking.

Minutes later, she's downstairs in jeans and t-shirt. The Toys are in the kitchen, wearing nothing but aprons several sizes too small to be useful, squealing as the sizzling fat occasionally spatters them.

"Don't you two ever wear real clothes?"

"Why would we do that? Toys don't wear clothes."

"Toys must be available whenever their Owner wants them."

"Even if Owner selfishly refuses to take full advantage of that fact."

"Like, does he even try to fuck us while we're making breakfast? These things are about as easy access as you can get."

"Poor babies." The Rubberdoll sympathises, quietly stretching across the kitchen to squeeze their invitingly displayed cheeks. The Toys squeak and purr.

"Mmmmmmm."

"Wait, wait, wait."

"What? Why?"

"Has Owner given us permission to be used by his guests?"

"Of course he has. That's just being hospitable."

"Oh, right." the Blonde bites her lip, "Carry on."

"Nah. I'm good."

"And to think we liked you."

"Emphasis on the past tense."

"Well, maybe once you're done with breakfast, I can sample your desserts."

"Mmmmmmmmm."

"Oh, yes, Mistress."

The Rubberdoll smiles. She's already liking this place more than Glinda's. She wonders if Jane will let her switch apprentices when they finally finds her.

That evening, after a day of at least trying to find her missing actual boss, the Rubberdoll slumps on the couch. "How am I even supposed to find her when the actual magic people can't? Maybe if she rolled under the couch..."

The sofa bounces as the Blonde lands on one side of her and the Brunette the other. "Sorry to disappoint but after your witch bitch left, Owner lifted up every last piece of furniture."

"And he made us look for her."

"On our hands and knees."

"And he still didn't try anything."

"Even with these asses wiggling right there."

"Sometimes I wonder if we made a mistake becoming his toys."

"We should have joined up with Richini."

"If he'd have had us."

"Like he'd have said no to all this. Oh, well. Too late now."

"Unless we can persuade Owner to sell us."

"Nah. He won't do that."

"Yeah. He's too good to be a bad owner."

"Worse luck."

"Well, sometimes, sure. But..."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm just bitching. He's a good Owner. Just..."

"Too good sometimes."

The Rubberdoll's head swivels back and forth between them until she has to literally hold onto her cheeks to keep it facing forward.

"Are you going to join us for the scareathon?"

"The what?"

"They run a set of scary movies back to back."

"And we sit on the couch, adrenaline coursing, getting us all hot and bothered..."

"And grabbing at whoever's sitting around us..."

"Purely for emotional support."

"Oh, of course. Definitely nothing lewd."

"Especially not hand-holding."

"The lewdest!"

"Well, maybe if it's really scary."

"Purely platonic."

"Well, that's my cue to leave." she pushes herself off the couch.

"Leave?"

"But..."

"Not a big fan of scary movies. Seen too many real zombies and lunatics to enjoy a movie of them."

"Oh, right. Superhero."

"Keep forgetting. You're so..."

The Rubberdoll's eyebrows rise. "Do go on."

"Normal! I was definitely going to say normal."

"Sure you were." she pats the Brunette's cheek. "When you see Mal, let him know I'll be upstairs. If he wants a break from the scares. And you two pawing at him."

"Hey!"

"That's not nice."

"It is accurate, though."

"That doesn't mean she has to say it."

"True. Maybe bitchiness is contagious."

"Ohhhh, maybe. There was certainly enough going around."

The Rubberdoll blows them a kiss as she takes the stairs in one stretchy step. "Enjoy your scary movies."

Later in the evening, Malcolm knocks on the door, "Come in, Mal!" he opens it to find the Rubberdoll leaning back on the bed.

"How did you..."

"Like those two would ever knock. Done with the scary movies?"

"For now. They like them more intense and gory."

"Sure. Poor Mal. Having to suffer such hardships. Poor, poor Mal. Would you like to watch a different kind of movie?"

"Like?"

“Well, I was thinking of a really interactive porno where the studly hero ties a poor, helpless woman up and has his wicked way with her. Several times.”

“Sounds interesting. Who's the star?”

An arm stretches across the room, grabbing his shirt-front and pulling him closer. “I was thinking POV insert for really intense immersion.”

“And the plot?”

“It's porn. There's no such thing as a plot beyond hot guy bangs hot girl. But, I was thinking...” she points upwards to a hook screwed into the ceiling, “...would that take my weight?”

Mal looks up. “Yeah. The old owner was a gym freak. Screwed that in for his chin-ups, so it should hold way more than you.”

“Well, then, your 'plot' is obvious. You come in, tie poor, helpless me up with my own limbs, hook me onto that and plough my brains out. And you've already got the first part down.”

“Are you sure you're really dressed for the part?”

“You worry about your own 'costume', mister.” she squirms on the bed, discarding her clothes rapidly, if not seductively.

Mal just waves his hand and his clothes vanish, folded neatly at the foot of the Rubberdoll's bed.

“Show-off.” she teases, flicking her panties at him.

“Roll over.”

She does, looking back over her shoulder as she coquettishly bends one leg up. “Oh, no, here I am, just sexily lying here naked. I do hope no powerful intruder comes in and overpowers me.”

Mal snorts as he approaches, reaching out to rub and squeeze her glutes.

“Mmmmmmmmm, didn't lose those good hands when you became a guy at least.”

Malcolm's hands run down between her legs, gripping her inner thighs.

“Oh, no! I am caught, helpless before the intruder's superior upper body strength. What will he do with me?”

Malcolm pushes on her thighs, opening her into a splits, exposing her glistening pink wetness, and keeps pushing until her legs press against her sides.

“Oooooooooohhhhhh, fuck, yeah, that's good.”

Holding her there, he leans down, licking lightly along her folds. The Rubberdoll squirms in his grasp, trying to push herself back onto his tongue. “Ah, ah. You're supposed to be my helpless plaything.” he crawls up, kneeling on her rear, pressing it down, holding her legs in place as he grabs her wrists and pulls her arms back.

“You'd better, ahhhhh, make me helpless, then, mmmmmmm, you vicious brute. Otherwise, how could you, nnnnnnnnnn, have your wicked way with me?”

He pulls back, raising her shoulders and chest off the bed. Her arms cross over as he starts wrapping them around her, pinning her legs to the side, feet wiggling by her head. He pulls her arms into a cage of rubbery limbs around her breasts, leaving them exposed as he wraps the rest of her body up tight, finally securing her with a tight knot around her elbows.

The Rubberdoll squirms, as if trying to get out, but makes no progress. “Boy scout in a former life, huh?”

“Just good with knots.”

“Oh, yeah. I just bet you are.”

He grabs her ankles, pulling her feet back over her shoulder. He wraps her ankles just under the knot at her wrists, adding them into it, hands and feet wriggling together.

The Rubberdoll pulls but...” Oh, no. I am completely trapped and helpless. Whatever shall become of me?”

Malcolm slips off the cocoon of dark skin and raises his hands. The Rubberdoll squirms and thrashes as gravity starts to ignore her, lifting her up off the bed and towards the solid metal hook above.

“Hey. This is cheating!”

“Take it up with the owner.” he replies, pulling her stretchy limbs away from her back, sliding them into the hook.

“Hey! That's tight!”

“Really?”

“Maybe a little.”

“Oh, well, you're totally helpless so I guess you'll just have to suffer.”

“You're being mean.”

“Isn't that what you want?”

“That's not the point.”

“No, this is.” He puts his hands around her waist and pulls her down, her limbs stretching as she's lowered to the perfect height. Malcolm's cock presses against her slippery, stretchy lips.

“Enough foreplay! Tying me up got me wet enough! Just fucking fuck meeeeeeeee!” she screams as he enters her. Her body rippling as he pounds into her cunt.

Downstairs, the Toys look up from the flickering screen, the lights on low, clutching each other,

“What do we think they're doing up there?”

“Seriously? They're fucking.”

“They might not be. They're old friends and...” a scream of passion rolls down the stairs, “ok, you're right, they're absolutely fucking.”

“She's loud.”

“Very impressive...lungs, certainly.”

“Are we jealous?”

“Of course not. If our Owner wants to play with a person rather than his Toys, we are obviously perfectly fine with that.”

“Perfectly.”

“No jealousy whatsoever.”

“None at all.”

“Definitely don't to scratch even one of her eyes out.”

“Definitely not.”

They go back to watching the movie, with more adult sound effects than intend in the background.

“What will happen if they find this Jane?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, she was Owner's toy before us...”

“And he lost her.”

“Yeah. Being lost would suck.”

“Being pretend lost would be hot. Like, you're not important enough to bother finding, just cast away.”

“Yeah, but being real lost, that's going to suck big time before too long.”

“Oh, yeah, and she's been lost for, what was it? Three years?”

“That's a long time to be without fucking.”

“That's a long time to be without anything.”

“Yeah.”

“Say, you don't suppose Owner is sublimating his feelings of guilt over losing his first Toy, someone he actually cared for, into being far too protective of us, so much so that he doesn't treat us like the Toys we really are out of fear of doing the same to us?”

They stare at the screen again.

“Naaaaaaaah.”