

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 18

TRIPLE TROUBLE

The Rubberdoll looks up from her reading as the knock on the door repeats itself. She looks around, but Malcolm and the Toys aren't in sight. She sighs and stretches her head and hand over to the door, looking out through the peephole as the knock comes again. She beams and pulls the door open, wrapping her arms around the elfin woman with a black pixie cut, wrapped up against the cold. "Heather!" she squeals, "What are you doing here? How did..."

"Her Mistress' Voice wants me to check up on you."

The Rubberdoll pouts. "Well, I suppose you'd best come in."

"Who was at the...?" Malcolm asks as he walks down the stairs.

"Hi, Mal!" Heather waves, a second body rushing towards him, "We're just checking up on Lexi. You know she can't be trusted on her own."

"Hey!" The Rubberdoll tightens her hug, arm coiling around Heather like a rubbery python. "She means she's checking up on me."

"He knows? You *told* him?"

The Rubberdoll shrugs, "It's not like he's hiding anything. You know the thought that Mal's doing this deliberately is all Glinda."

"Well, sure, but we thought you'd make some effort."

"And I am. I'm just not being sneaky about it. Like I told the witch, I've found jack."

"And now that we're satisfied with that, we just have to stay here long enough to convince her we pushed you hard on that."

"Mal, can Heather stay for lunch?"

"For or as?"

The Heather nearest him gives him a friendly punch, "We're not Jasmine. We're here for it not as it."

"But while we are here, we'd better check those Toys of yours aren't hiding anything." a third Heather appears behind Mal, climbing the stairs.

"So, as for you, we need to get our story straight for her nibs..." that Heather walks with the Rubberdoll into the lounge, leaning conspiratorially close.

"...and you need to get some food on." the one nearest Malcolm says, pulling him towards the kitchen. "We hope you've got some more food in since our last visit."

"I..."

Heather's hand strays down, squeezing him through his jeans, "Maybe some goose?"

Meanwhile, the upstairs Heather walks around, "Now, if we were a naughty toy, where would we be hiding?" she stops, "Of course. In their Owner's bedroom, ready for use. Well, while we're keeping him busy, someone needs to look after them." she pushes the door open. On the bed are a pair of small plush dolls, one with blonde hair, the other brunette, neither with a stitch of clothing amongst the stitches holding them together. "Awwww, you're so cute. But not very fun for us."

In the kitchen, Heather raids the cupboards, "Geez, Mal. What do you even eat? I mean, you've got the four basic food groups covered: ramen, cookies, chips and beer."

"There's bread." he replies.

"One half-loaf of white does not count. Where's the fruit? The spices? You eat like a student."

"I don't get many guest..."

"I'm not surprised. I..." she pauses, "...your dolls are very cute like that, but we'd much rather they were flesh and blood."

"Why does everyone want to use my Toys?"

"Same reason you collected 'em, Mal."

He rolls his eyes, and squeals come from upstairs.

"Thank you, Mal. Where does Lexi..." she opens another cupboard, "...aha. This is much better."

Now we can make something decent rather than barely edible.”

”Where did...”

”I knew Lexi wouldn’t put up with your idea of cuisine. She likes her rice sprinkled with enough peppers to half-melt her.”

”I can hear you in here, you know?” the Rubberdoll replies.

”We do now.” The Heather beside her replies.

”Then make sure not to skimp on the jerk powder.”

”We won’t. So, what are we telling ‘Mistress’ Glinda about your progress?”

”There isn’t any progress. I don’t even know what I’m looking for.”

”So we’re saying steady progress?”

”Steady does describe it. Steadily zero.”

”Not that much! Are you trying to fry my taste buds?!” Malcolm’s raised voice carries.

”Some people just don’t appreciate good cook...”

Heather’s arms vanish. The Rubberdoll looks over into the kitchen, but they haven’t reappeared there.

”...ing?” she raises an eyebrow in question.

Heather shrugs her armless shoulders. “Another me needed them more.”

”Oh, really?”

Upstairs, Heather puts her new arms to use, caressing and squeezing the Toys squirming and squealing under her. “Shall we spice things up?”

”You...ahhhhhhhh...you’re the boss, boss.”

”We’re just...ooooooh...Toys.”

She sits up, “Who wants to...”

”Dibs!” The Blonde calls, jamming her hand into the Brunette’s mouth.

”Cheater.”

”Has Lexi been good to you?”

”Uh-huh. And we’ve been soooo good to her, too.”

”Let’s do one of my favourites with her.”

”Ohhhh, gumball...”

”Not that one. You, sit on her feet.” she orders the Brunette who squirms her way out from under her to squat on her fellow Toy’s feet, the blonde’s toes teasing at her. Heather crawls to the head of the bed grabbing her hands. “Ready down there?”

”Always!” the Blonde replies as Heather turns her arms around, starting to twist her up. “Yes! Yes! Keep going.”

”Oh, I will.” she grins evilly and keeps turning, wrapping the Blonde around and around herself, as if she’s trying to wring her out like a damp rag.

The kitchen, “Shoo! Shoo! You’re useless and getting in our way.”

”This is my kitchen!”

”And you can barely cook tooooooooooooooast.”

”Problem?”

”Your Toys are kinda distraaaaaaaaacting.”

”That they are.”

”Ok, ok, we’re fine now. We’re in control and you still need to go before we have to brain you with a ladle. If we can find one.”

Upstairs, Heather finishes her ‘work’, the Blonde a tightly wound ribbon stretching out, even her hands and feet pulled into the braid. “What now?” the Brunette asks.

”Now? Now we have some fun.” Heather replies, easing the Blonde coil between her legs. She pants as the slightly ridged column slides between her lips, pumping her hips along it. “Come on! Join in. What’s the point of having a living double-dildo if you’re the only one using it?”

The Brunette hesitates for, at most, a heartbeat before she slides the other end of her fellow Toy between her lips.

The lounge, "Can you keep it down?"

"I'm not saying anything." a very slightly flushed Heather replies, squeezing her legs together.

"Oh?" The Rubberdoll cocks her head, "That sure sounds like you...and that was definitely your squeal-scream. The Toys are good, aren't they?"

"Uh-huh. Definitely."

"Some would consider it unfair that you're monopolising them."

"You get them all the time, you selfish bitch. Share a lit..." she gives a soft gasp, as does the Heather in the kitchen.

"Sharing a little?" the Rubberdoll smirks.

A shriek of pleasure echoes from upstairs as that Heather experience a flood of pleasure from all three of her pussies as her four hands start to braid up the Brunette to join the Blonde inside her.