

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 19

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Heather waves, her second right hand vanishing when she leaves the doorway, "Bye, all. See you later. Good luck finding Jane, Lexi! Oh, and expect someone else to show up if you haven't found it in a week. Just be glad you don't have to deal with the tantrum, our 'fearless leader' is going to throw when she finds out you haven't found her..." The door closes. "...yet. Hey! We're still talking here!"

"Bye, Heather."

"Well, that was just rude, Mal." a rather annoyed Heather pouts from the door to the kitchen.

"Heather? But..."

"You didn't think we were sending all of me back, did you? Someone has to stay and make sure you stay in trouble."

"You mean out of...no, of course you don't."

"We do not. We won't be any trouble at all." she draws a halo around her head, "Don't give me that look, Lexi."

"What are you gonna do when 'Mistress Glinda' finds out?"

"Why would she? She only needs there to be two of me for her tricks. So the spare just doesn't show up for a while. No biggie."

"And I suppose you want us to pretend you're not here next week?"

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease. We'll be...well, ok, not good, exactly, but...helpful."

"Do we get a vote in this?" the Brunette asks

"Probably not. Who asks a Toy their opinion?" the Blonde replies.

"That is fair."

"Did you want to say something?" Malcolm asks, knowing the Toy's preference for oblique requests designed to get him to ask them and not vice versa.

"Well, now that you mention it, Owner."

"There is one little thing."

"Just a trifle, really."

"Hardly anything."

"Which is?"

"If she's going to be here, she should pay rent like Lexi does."

"Rent? Since when does Lexi..."

"Geez, Owner, it's like you don't even pay attention."

"Very unobservant."

"Lucky he's got us watching out for him."

"I'd hate to think how much trouble he'd get in if we..."

"Is there a point coming up on the horizon, do you think?" Malcolm asks wearily.

"Oh, right, well, we came up with a way for Lexi's broke ass to pay rent."

"And it should be carried over to Heather, too."

"Fair is fair."

"And this method is...?"

"Salacious story tax!" they say as one.

"Say what?"

"You want to stay..."

"...you have to give us stories."

"Especially stories from our Owner's time with you..."

"...because God forbid he ever share anything from his past."

"Do I get any say in this whatsoever?"

Heather pats his shoulder pityingly, "Don't be silly, Mal. Of course you don't. Your Toys have spoken. So, let's get comfortable and your Auntie Heather will tell you a story."

Barely three weeks into Mal's apprenticeship, while she was still trying to understand how the troupe worked, which was much harder than the magic Mistress Jane was teaching. Heather reclines luxuriantly, the dark red cloth trimmed in gold feeling slightly warm against her bare skin. The table below isn't really padded enough, but she's used to pretending. "Ok, Mal, so all you have to do is float us. You can float us, right?"

"Sure. Easy."

"Oh, well, if it's that easy..."

"...you won't mind a little distraction..." Heather purrs as she breathes into Mal's ear, pressing her equally naked body against her back.

"...just to make it a challenge for you."

Mal still didn't know how they could communicate so quickly that they didn't even leave a pause, nor why their parents had decided that both twins should be called Heather. But, she took a breath and began to concentrate. Heather felt the invisible hands under her.

"Good start." she whispers in Mal's ear, rubbing herself up and down Mal's bare back. "But we want to make sure you can keep it going no matter what."

"We don't want your concentration to suddenly slip when we're twenty feet in the air, after all."

"It won't." Heather lifts off the table entirely, slowly rising, feeling just a little tremor in the rise.

Heather nibbles on Mal's neck, reaching around to cup her pert breasts, squeezing the globes in as distracting a manner as she can, and she has had a lot of practice.

"Not bad. For a beginner."

"A beginner?"

"Oh, that's a nerve, right there."

"Why don't you show us how good you are, then, Mal, baby?"

"And when I do?"

"Well, if you do..."

"...you cocky slut, we'll reward you." Heather wobbles a little as Mal's mind wanders through all the ways these two women could 'reward' her, even if, thanks to Mistress Jane, she currently lacks the anatomy for the most rewarding ones.

"And how would you like me to..."

Heather spreads her legs, baring her pink lips, floating just above the perfect height for what she's suggesting. "If you give us a reward..."

"...we'll give you one."

"Buuuuuuut, you can't move."

"Well, not from the spot. We want your tongue moving."

"If you know what we mean."

"And that cute little blush means you do."

"So get to it."

Mal tries to concentrate, although Heather playing with her tits and whispering spicy nothings into her ear is definitely not helping. Heather floats through the air towards her, though. Granted it's with the smooth skill and precision of a hippo doing ballet, and not the ones in Fantasia, but she is moving in the right direction.

As she gets closer, Heather's assault on her sensitive nipples intensifies, as if she's trying to make her lose control and drop her sister on her head. Fortunately, she does not and Heather's thighs clamp around her head, her legs folding to push Mal's face against her crotch.

"Now, get in there and get buseeeeeeeee." Mal doesn't need encouragement, her tongue teasing Heather's lips apart.

Heather pants as she kisses her way down Mal's sides, her sister squirming in the air above her.

Mal's tongue probes Heather deeper, her sister's legs trembling as she gets on her knees.

Heather screams, clamping her legs around Mal's face. The squirt of wetness into her face breaks her concentration and Heather drops. Mal screams, looking warily down to see Heather kneeling before her flushed and with no sign of a plummeted sister.

"So," she breathes heavily, "you *can* be distracted. We were beginning to wonder."

"Where's your sister?!" he looks around, but the absence of blood, a body, or any screaming is both reassuring and decidedly not, "Is she alright?"

"She? Oh." she starts giggling.

"What?"

"I can't believe you haven't..."

"...figured it out." a second head says as it grows out of her shoulder.

Mal just stares, mouth opening and closing silently.

"We're not sisters."

"We're Heathers." she continues growing until, once again, there are two identical Heathers standing there.

"One mind..."

"...two bodies."

"You really didn't figure it out?"

"To be fair, she is dealing with a lot."

"And that's just Glinda."

"Still, she *did* do exactly what we asked for."

"So she's pretty good at magic, even if she can't recognise what's right in front of her."

"And we did promise."

"We did." both turn hungrily towards her.

"Come here, Mal." Heather reaches out, gently guiding her towards them.

"So we can rock your little world."

Now, "Booo!"

"What?"

"We were promised salacious!"

"We were expecting at least *some* twincest."

"Of course you were. Everyone always does. It's not as much fun as you think. I mean, it's kinda boring over having a good partner. But it is better than a bad one, I'll admit."

"Still..."

"Ok, ok. I'll throw in some strategy advice for dealing with the others. Boss witch is planning on sending us down one at a time to harass you until you find her Aunt."

"You said that earlier."

"For free."

"Well, let's talk specifics then. Daisy is strong as an ox, even when she's fully human, which she almost never is. But she's very much large and in charge. If you get in her way, she ain't shy about just picking you up and moving you herself."

"But?"

"Buuuuuut, you know how mamma dogs grip their babies' necks to calm 'em down? Works like a charm on her. It's practically her second pussy. You squeeze the back of her neck and she'll melt into a submissive, needy puddle."

"Like, literally?"

"No, not literally. Not yet, anyways. But maybe you'll manage it. And as for Jasmine..."