

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 20
DAISY DAISY

The Triplet lies back in the bed, the Blonde obligingly suckling on one breast while the Brunette nips at the other. The Rubberdoll squats on her face, burying her in her wetness while Malcolm is busy thrusting into her spread pussy lips. Yes, this is much better than being in that stuck up witch's orbit. So very, very...there's a heavy knock on the door downstairs. "Hey, y'all gonna leave a poor girl out in the cold all day?"

"Crap!" the orgy collapses, almost literally, as everyone tenses up. "We forgot Glinda's next check-up would be today!"

"Fuck!"

"We were trying that Owner..."

"Less sass, more getting ready." Malcolm snaps.

The Triplet wipes her face, "I've got to hide."

"Why?"

"Because if Glinda's spy sees her here, she might tell Glinda, dummy."

"I'm not a dummy, you're a dummy."

The Triplet grabs at the Rubberdoll, "Come on, Lexi, hide me."

"How do...? Oh. No. Definitely not."

"Come onnnnnnn. You've done supersuit for me before."

"Yeah, sure, but not on the spur of the moment like..." the knock returns.

"Pleeeeeeease." the Triplet looks up with big pleading eyes. You'd need a heart of stone to refuse her.

"Nuh-uh. If I don't limber up properly, that shit hurts." or, apparently, one of rubber.

"What's supersuit?"

The Rubberdoll looks over, "How to phrase this gently..."

"Oh, don't worry about that."

"We're Toys, remember?"

"Of course." she sighs, "Basically, she climbs into my cunt and wears me."

"Wears you?"

"That sounds hot."

"Oh, it's hot as fuck if I'm in a submissive mood. But right now..." she stretches over to pull on her clothes. The knock comes again, more insistent.

"I'd better get down there before the neighbours complain about the noise."

"If they ain't complained about the noise we've been making, they won't notice this." the Rubberdoll quips.

"Owner, before you go, can you supersuit me for Heather?"

"Hey! What about me?"

"Too slow as usual."

"Pleeeeeeeeeease, Mal. Unless you want to explain to Daisy why I'm here."

"Fiiiiiiiiine." he waves his hand, tugging his pants on with the other and the Blonde collapses into an empty pile of skin. "Just be quick. Before she bashes the door in."

"Unfair, Mal. Daisy's a sweetheart." The Rubberdoll gives him a peck on the cheek as she stretches past, fumbling at her buttons.

"A sweetheart who works out by benchpressing trucks." he calls after her, hopping on one foot as he pulls on his socks.

Shortly, the four of them and Daisy are gathered around the kitchen counter, the Blonde looking somewhat uncomfortable, tugging on her body as if it's a too loose suit. "Ah wasn't interruptin' nothin' was ah?" she asks, her tail twitching over the stool, her hands wrapped around a mug of coffee that seems too small for her.

"Oh, no."

“Absolutely not.”

“What do you mean?”

She nods, sipping the drink, “Guess mah nose must be done playin' tricks on me,” she shrugs, taking a sniff with her bovine snout, “‘cause y'all absolutely reek of sex.”

Malcolm choke-swallows his coffee, the Rubberdoll looks guiltily to one side, and the Toys just brazenly smile.

“She's got us, Owner.”

“We might have been getting our morning constitutional in.”

“Really work the kinks out.”

“Well, maybe work the kinks in.”

“Yeah, maybe that.”

“Because working the kinks out of a kinky Toy...”

“...kinda defeats the object...”

“...wouldn't you say?”

Daisy blinks, trying to keep track of the Toys' rapid-fire bantering. “Lexi, can ya translate fer me?”

“They're kinky toys and intend to continue to be so.”

“So they don't want their kinks worked out like ah did to you?”

The Rubberdoll bites her lip, looking to the side as she darkens in embarrassment.

“Ooooooh, I smell a story.”

“A sexy story.”

“An embarrassing sexy story.”

“A...”

The Rubberdoll exchanges a look with Daisy. She smiles conspiratorially. “Why don't you show them?”

“Really?”

“Oh, yes. They'll love it.” she pulls her cup away from the counter, “Just lemme clear some space.”

“Well, in that case, which of ya...”

“The Brunette.” Lexi calls out as she stretches out, gathering cups along her arm, “The Blonde's a kink ahead.”

“Hey!”

“Sorry, not sorry. Sometimes the tortoise wins.”

“Hah!” the Brunette gloats in the Blonde's face before Daisy's muscular arm reaches across the now empty counter, lifting her right off the stool. “Hey!”

Daisy slams the Brunette down on the counter. “Ya sure she's flexy enough, Lexi?”

“Oh, I'm sure. These Toys are very flexible.”

Daisy shrugs, “If ya say so. Jus' makin' sure ah'm not breakin' Mal's toys.” She stands up, her arms flexing, muscles rippling and she presses down. The Brunette gives a gasp as the air drives from her lungs and the heels of the bigger woman's palms start to work her over. She can't say anything, even breathing takes effort, as the giant hands pummel and press against her back. It doesn't take the bovine blonde long to have the Brunette's torso reduced to putty in the middle of the counter, her limbs limply hanging off of it. She gently folds the Brunette's arms over her back and then much less gently leans in, rubbing and bending and kneading until it's hard to see where the arms begin and the torso ends.

“That is hot!” the Blonde gushes as Daisy bends the Brunette's hips back, the sheen on her lower lips making no secret of how much she's enjoying being manhandled. Daisy's piebald skin flushes a bright scarlet at the sight.

“Gotcha!” the Rubberdoll laughs.

Daisy looks away, apparently not sure what to do. “It's indecent.” she whines.

“Well, duh. We're fucktoys. There's no decency left in us.” the Blonde beams proudly.

“Come on, you've seen Jasmine's a hundred...”

Somehow, Daisy's blush gets brighter. “That's different.” she protests, shaking her head, “That's private.” She gingerly twists the Brunette's waist, fingers placed carefully and once the offending

organ is out of sight she resumes her intense pounding, the counter shaking slightly as she flattens out the Brunette's legs and butt.

Shortly, there's nothing left of the Brunette but a blob of doughy pink rolled out across the counter.

"Pizza party?" the Blonde asks, her blue eyes shining.

"No. It's too early for lunch."

Daisy lifts up what remains of the Brunette, squashing and smushing her into a ball and then slamming that down on the table, kneading her even more. "An' ah ain't done. Ya wanted it, ya got it."

The Rubberdoll smiles, humming just a little in memory. Daisy lifts the Brunette up again, twirling her around until she's a tight braid before she crumples her up again.

Daisy repeats this a few more times until even the Brunette isn't sure what parts of her body are where, her brain as mushed up as her body.

"I wish I..." a rubber finger stretches out across the table to her lips.

"Shhhhh. She's still not done."

"Not done?" she looks at the slightly trembling mush, "What's left?"

Daisy's blush returns. She looks at the Rubberdoll who nods with the biggest shit-eating grin on her face. Daisy reaches out, scooping up the Brunette, smushing her together into a crumpled ball once more before she squeezes the putty-like woman between her cleavage. She presses her breasts together, squeezing her between them until she's lost in the milky canyon. "There. Y'all satisfied? She's hella sticky. Like ah got gum on mah girls. Ah'll be pulling her out of mah tits for weeks now."

"Well, we wouldn't want that, would we?" Malcolm says, walking around behind her.

"Uh-oh. Ah recognise that look. What're ya up to?"

"Don't you trust me."

"Bout as far as ah can throw ya."

"To be fair," the Rubberdoll chimes in, "that probably is a fair way."

Malcolm whispers his plan into her ear. Daisy's blush returns, but she nods. Mal rubs her breasts up and down, wiping away any trace of the Brunette. He eases her breasts out, her nipples hard and starts to roll her teats between his fingers. "Can someone get me a bottle? Or two?"

The Rubberdoll stretches out, opening cupboards as Daisy's lowing moans roll through the kitchen. Beads of creamy pink milk hang from her nipples before the Rubberdoll returns. With containers secured, Malcolm's ministrations accelerate until the bottles are full of the milky remains of the Brunette. Daisy moans and shudders as the last pink drop drips into the bottles.

She pushes away from the counter, pushing her boobs back into her top, her skin growing fur, as her snout elongates, pulling her mouth out, teeth getting sharp. Pointed ears push through her honey blonde hair as her horns shrink back. Her tail shortens, adding thick fur. The wolf-girl sniffs, sneezes and looks around. "Well, if y'all have left any part of this place unfucked in, ah'll see if ah can sniff out somethin' for the wicked witch of the North-East. Ah won't ask what y'all been doin' that means ah can smell Heather all over this place, just in case."

The Blonde shifts uncomfortably in her skin as she places the bottles of Brunette into the fridge.