

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 24

EATING IN

"She's late." the Rubberdoll remarks, looking at her watch, a spread of herbs and spices arranged on the kitchen counter behind her oil simmering on the stove, as they cluster around the island in the middle of the kitchen. "You'd think she'd be here by lunch time if nothing else."

"Why are you so certain it's going to be Jasmine?"

"She's been sending us a different girl every week, trying to find one who'll trip us up, so..."

"So next week?"

"If we're very lucky, it'll be the other Heathers and the cycle starts again. If we're less lucky everyone'll be piled in. And if we're really unlucky..."

"She'll come on her own?"

"Bingo."

"That's going to suck. And not in the good way." the Blonde sighs.

"Oh, Jasmine is an expert at sucking the good way. Even before Mistress Jane started magicing her."

"Oh, really?"

The Rubberdoll shrugs, "She's a sword swallower. Having a gag reflex wouldn't really work."

"Ooooooooooh."

"Yeah. She could take any guy all the way to his balls before we even started corrupting her."

"Is that true, Owner?"

"Like he'd know. He was a she, remember?"

"Oh, right."

"Welllllll, there was a bit of time before Mal sorted out his arrangement with Mistress Jane..."

The Toys' heads whip around, "Owner?"

"Are you holding out on us?"

"That's not very..." there's a knock on the door.

"Just in time." She stretches over, yanking the door open. "What kept you?!" she asks the Indian woman standing in the doorway, a short white dress silhouetting her body in the sunlight.

"I had to find something to wear."

"Suuuuure. So, where do you want to start?"

She gives Malcolm a deeply incredulous look, "Mal, really? You know I'm not going to find anything. I mean, you didn't, Glinda didn't, even Alexandra didn't, what am I supposed to do?"

Jasmine pulls the dress over her head revealing a slim figure beneath, a tattooed serpent winding its way from her left thigh around her waist and up her back. "We both know I'm here for only one thing. So eat me already."

The Rubberdoll looks down at her watch. "Ok. Who had 27 seconds in the pool?"

"Not me. I didn't think she'd make double figures." the Blonde replies sadly.

"You're all hilaaaarious."

"Get on the top then, Lunch."

Jasmine bites her lip and she clambers up, making no effort to conceal her nude body. "So," she licks her lips, "how do you want me?"

"Well," the Rubberdoll starts, "for one you can be thankful it's me and not Mal or you'd be the most bland, overdone chicken breast of a meal in history."

"Thank you, Lexi."

"And you can thank Mal for agreeing to this."

"Thank you, Mal."

"Not like that."

"Ohhhhhh, that kind of thanks." she lies back, leaning her head over the edge of the island. Her hair cascades down as her mouth opens wide. Malcolm's cock soon fills her mouth, her throat bulging as he thrusts into her face.

"Now, you two, we need to tenderise the meat."

"Tenderise?"

"Like this." she starts at Jasmine's feet, chopping her hands rapidly up and down her shins. If she protests, which she probably doesn't, it's lost in the gurgle around Mal's member. The Toys follow her lead, each one running their hands up and down her leg, the slaps resounding through the kitchen as Lexi moves up to her stomach, adding to the shudders through her body from Mal's face-fucking. Lexi moves to 'tenderising' Jasmine's pert breasts, tweaking the dark, pierced nipples, tugging on the dangling jewellery.

"Hey, Mal, these safe to leave in?"

Mal grunts, probably in agreement as Lexi directs the Toys to work on Jasmine's arms while she continues the pleasuring of her body.

"Do we need to do her head?"

Lexi looks up as Mal grunts and Jasmine swallows automatically, "Pretty sure your owner's already deal with softening her up there. You keep it up. I need to prepare the glaze. Mal, make yourself useful rather than decorative and tie her hair up." she turns dropping spices into the oil.

A few minutes later, after the tenderising has moved on to caressing and teasing, Jasmine's gasps and moans sounding out, the Rubberdoll is satisfied taking the oil off the stove. She carries the still steaming pan over to the island. "Ok, now, you have to work this in. Make sure the meat's covered completely." she smiles at Jasmine's eager face, as the woman purrs at being called meat, "Really work it in to every nook and cranny."

"Yes, chef!" the Brunette replies smartly.

The Rubberdoll tips the pan, oil slowly pouring over Jasmine's stomach, the Toys' hands eagerly spreading it over her skin.

She winces. "Hot!"

"Oh, honey, this is nothing compared to how hot you're going to get."

"Or bothered." the Brunette lathers the spiced oil over Jasmine's chest.

"Oh, she'll definitely be bothered."

"And hot."

"So hot."

After her front is glistening, Jasmine rolls over, the island slippery, and the Toys start oiling up her back, her long black hair draped down her neck as a tail.

A few intimate minutes later, "Ok. Everyone, and the meat, outside."

"Outside?" Jasmine asks.

"Out back."

"Why?"

"Because that's where we're cooking you. Now get." the Rubberdoll gives her a swat on her rear. Jasmine starts and pads out. Mal follows, grumbling about the dripping oil. At least, before the Blonde collapses into a mop and he sets the Brunette to work cleaning up.

Out in the garden, Jasmine stops walking, staring at a fire pit and pair of supports. She licks her lips as she finds the spit, the point looking sharp, the metal pole as thick around as her arm. The Rubberdoll runs her hand along the metal pole, the Blonde returning to human, complaining about her sticky hair until Mal leaves her bald as a billiard ball at which point she stops complaining.

"Well?"

"That looks..." she swallows, "...pointy."

"Oh, it is. Bend over. Mal, gonna need your help with this thing."

Jasmine touches her toes. The others lift up the metal spit, lining it up between her legs.

"Wait! If it goes in there..."

"...it's going to run you through." the Rubberdoll finishes, "That's the idea." she smacks the raised rear. "Now spread 'em." Her fingers stretch along the spit, Jasmine moaning as they find her oil-slicked folds. She shuffles her legs more open, the Rubberdoll nods and the spit begins its progress.

The point slides between her lips, Jasmine shivering as the metal rubs against her sensitive skin and the point begins its path through her, unhindered by the fact that it's tearing its way through her body in the most pleasurable way, any anticipated pain twisting into pleasure all the way through her.

The spit makes its way through Jasmine's body, pleasure and pain blurring until the remarkably clean point emerges from her open mouth. They keep pushing, despite Jasmine's gurgling moans or protests.

"Ok, Jas. Time to lie down." Jasmine struggles to the ground, too much pole fore and aft to make it easy or graceful, but she's soon lying on the grass. Mal produces a smaller metal spike, just over a foot long and presses the point against her ankles, pushing it through the central spit, pinning her in place. The Toys pull her arms out along the pole and a second small spike pierces her wrists.

"Well, I think she looks ready to cook. How does our chef feel?"

The Rubberdoll runs her finger along the spit to Jasmine's sex, licking them clean. "Oh, she's more than ready."

Malcolm snaps his fingers and flames leap up from the empty firepit, shooting up over their heads before dying down. They manhandle the spit, allowing the metal to take all of Jasmine's weight as they fit it into the supports. There's a low buzzing and slowly the spit starts to turn.

"There. She'll be done nice and even. I'll come out and check her in ten minutes or so. You go get Heather out of hiding. Jas is going to be pretty far gone."

The Rubberdoll goes out a couple more times before pronouncing Jasmine fully cooked. Malcolm damps the flames down, turning the spit off, Jasmine's skin crispy, smelling divine. He takes a carving knife slicing along her back to expose the bright pink meat underneath.

The Toys bring out plates and Mal piles the strips onto the white china.

They sit on the grass, leaving Jasmine on the spit, still looking more or less human with only a few pieces of pink meat showing through her crispy skin.

"Wow. You are a wizard."

"Thank..."

"Not you, Owner. This is delicious." she takes another bite of the succulent strip of meat, cramming the leafy salad they've prepared into her mouth with it.

"Mmmhmmm." the Brunette agrees, her mouth full and staying that way, each swallow swiftly replaced.

"I don't..."

"Mal, I've eaten your 'cooking' and wholemeal pasta does not make mac'n'cheese some exotic dish. No offence."

"Some taken." he replies grudgingly, not yet ready to acknowledge how delicious the meal is.

The Rubberdoll basks in the attention. "So, I got one question."

"Mmmm?"

"What are we gonna do with her once we've eaten our fill?"

Malcolm looks thoughtful, glancing at the cooked woman still on the spit. "Doggy bag?" he suggests.