

The Magic Kit

“Aren’t you too old for this?” my mother sighed that sigh of hers for the fifth time. It was a long, drawn out exasperated exhale, her shoulders dropping in disappointment. “Why are you wasting your money on this?”

I ignored her the best I could. Although my exterior was calm and relaxed, inside I was screaming.

Why couldn’t she just shut up?

I focused on the aluminum rectangular case in my hand. It had an image of a magician wearing a top hat, posing with a black and white wand in hand. Opening the case revealed a set of steel linking rings, a finger ring, two packs of cards, a small book, dice, a coin, a box for vanishing objects, and some rubber bands.

A scoff to my side had me turning. My mother was shaking a head, studying the contents of the magic kit.

“How much did you pay for this junk?” she asked in a voice full of disdain.

I shrug lamely. I knew exactly how much I had paid for it, but there was no way I was telling my mother that it cost me four figures. She would kill me.

Why had I paid so much, anyway? The decision came to me a week ago when I was browsing YouTube and clicked on a video recommended to me showing a magician performing astonishing wonders with just a deck of playing cards.

I grew enraptured watching the miracles and immediately googled ‘magic kits’. A lot of results popped out, but one particular kit stuck out to me like a sore thumb. I had clicked on a link that promised me to create genuine wonders, advertising a magic kit. This magic kit.

The price tag was insane, but the copywriter had done a superb job convincing me to pull out my credit card. The website was extremely well made, but what was better was the guaranteed assurance that I was going to forge phenomenons and produce marvels using the kit.

But with the actual product in my hands right now, I had to admit I was disappointed. The contents in the box, although didn't feel cheap, were far away from being worth the premium price tag.

I picked up the rubber bands, rolling it in between two fingers.

I mean, really? Rubber bands? What was I thinking?

"How much?" my mother's voice cut through the air like a whip. "How much did you pay for it?"

I shrugged again, not daring to bring my vision up.

With another one of those motherly sighs, she left me, stalking out of the room in a huff, leaving me alone to ponder on my decisions.

I played with the gimmicks for a while, linking the steel rings together, then taking them apart. I studied the pack of cards, still in their plastic wraps. It was then I realized that the two packs were vastly different. One was a typical blue bicycle playing card pack, but the other was nothing like I have seen before.

It had a strange design, almost Egyptian looking, with strange inscriptions and drawings of little symbols. The pack was bright red, almost glowing.

I compared the two packs side by side, studying just how different they were before setting them both down and taking the handheld book out of the case.

The book had a thick hardcover on the front and had the words 'Magician Manual' inked out in big, bold letters. Flipping to the front page, I was welcomed by a message thanking me for the purchase and promising me I would soon perform miracles.

I kept flipping the pages until I reached the first trick, frowning at the title, *The Assistant Picker*. I read the instructions.

Every stage magician needs an assistant! Performing this trick will snag you a lovely assistant willing to do whatever you want! To perform this routine, scan your audience for the right assistant (preferably a beautiful lady!). Have the audience applause after you have made your tough selection.

Now, the next step is vital. Use the specially crafted red deck that we made for this trick. With the gimmicked deck face down, force the joker (for available forces, refer to page 26&27) onto her. Once that is done, ask her to look at the joker. Voila! You now have a lovely, submissive assistant willing to do whatever you want!

I scanned the page in confusion, my frown deepening. The instruction had ended there. What followed was a large, blank space that covered the rest of the page. Where were the rest of the instructions?

Turning to the next page showed the second trick, a linking ring performance. The next page showed a routine for the rubber bands. The fuck? Had the instructions for the first trick really ended like that? Or had I received a defective copy where a page had been torn out from the book?

Backtracking my way to the front, I flipped through the pages, my eyes nailed to the bottom right corner, focused on the page numbers.

Nope, none of the pages were missing.

I rubbed my chin and picked up the mysterious red deck. Unwrapping the plastic cover, I was surprised when I felt the material of the card case. It felt solid yet flexible, almost having a strange leathery feel. I opened the top cover and fished the pack of cards out.

The backside of the cards had the same Egyptian design as the card case, with small inscriptions inked around the rim. The middle of the card had a large cartoonish drawing of the sun. Turning the pack around, I fanned out the cards and saw that they were all in order. One through ten, and Jack through King. The last card at the very end, sitting beside the king, was a Joker. A singular joker, his twin nowhere in sight.

Double checking the deck confirmed it. There was only one Joker, which was odd because two Jokers were the norm and had been since the beginning.

I took the lone joker out and set the rest of the cards to the side. The Joker looked different from the rest of the pack. For one, it was bright red, both the backside and the front. The other cards had a red back, but a white front. The Joker was designed eerily too.

Instead of the typical clownish face, it had the head of a monster-ish figure. Half demon, half goat, its eyes burning red and seemingly staring right into my soul.

Why do I have to hand this particular card to an audience member for them to be my assistant? Nothing was making sense.

Despite my confusion, I swiped to page 26 and chose the first card force that was written at the top of the page.

The dribble force.

I spent a good chunk of the day just practicing the move. It was harder than it looked, and I kept fumbling with my fingers while doing the move. Finally, after I was satisfied that I could execute the force more times than not, I stood up and walked towards the dining room, where my mother was eating her dinner, a healthy grilled and spicy chicken salad.

My mother frowned at me when she saw me walking up to her, bright red deck in hand.

“Don’t tell me...” she warned, setting her phone face down on the table. She put a hand up to tidy her fringe, her ash blonde hair so radiant even under the dim lights.

“Please,” I said, extending the cards to her. “I have been practicing this trick for hours. Just bear with me for just this one?”

She sighed that sigh of hers again. I really hated when she did that. I didn’t need to be reminded over and over that I was a disappointment to her. She had already nagged me enough about my age and my employment status.

My mother thought about it for a full minute before finally offering a faint nod.

“Just one,” she said. “And no more bothering me with these childish magic tricks.”

It was funny for her to say that. My mother was young, younger than most mothers. She had me at sixteen, an accident from a drunken hookup, and although she was in her early thirties now, her unblemished skin and small frame, combined with her obsession with tennis and fitness, made her look like a recent college graduate. Her being mistaken for my sister was a common occurrence.

“Just one,” I confirmed, then began performing the trick. I swing cut the pack with one hand. It was clumsy, but I managed to successfully set the joker in position, holding

it with a thumb break. "Okay, mom, I'm going to dribble the cards. Whenever you want, say stop."

I started dribbling the cards.

"Stop."

On cue, I released a small chunk from my grip and showed her which card she had stopped at.

The Joker.

I set my hands down and pluck out her chosen card with two fingers, the distorted face of the joker staring back at me almost angrily, its red eyes glowing brighter than ever.

I handed the joker to my mother. "Here, take it."

My mother took the card I had forced upon her, her frown deepening as she squinted at the joker.

Now what? The instructions had ended with this. I didn't know what to do next.

Was this the whole trick? Just to teach a simple enough card force?

After a full two minutes inspection, with her eyes glued to the card, my mother handed me back the joker. I took it and slid it back into the middle of the deck.

"So.... that's the trick," I told her. "What do you think?"

She smiled at me, showing her perfect whites. "I think it's *amazing*. What else do you want me to do?"

Her voice had changed. Instead of her usual motherly tone, she was speaking to me in a more innocent, high pitched and girly voice. She had also phrased the word 'amazing' with a breathy pitch, her tongue lingering on the Z. Ama... Zing.

I thought that was odd, but what was more weird was her willingness to volunteer for more tricks.

I shrugged. "That's all I have learnt so far. Magic is kind of hard."

"Aww." She batted her long eyelashes at me. "Are you sure there isn't more? I would loooooove to see more from *you*."

Once again, she emphasized the 'you' in a breathy tone, not even hiding the seductiveness in her pitch.

"Umm..." I shifted to the side, not sure what to make of this. "Mom, are you okay?"

Her smile widened, and she giggled. Giggled.

My mother was giggling.

"I'm more than okay." She winked at me, and there was no mistaking the suggestiveness in the flutter. It was the same wink a girl would do if she *really* fancied someone. "Are you sure you don't have more awesome magic to show me?"

"Uhh." I looked around, searching the kitchen in case there were cameras recording us. Maybe this was some kind of prank. "No..."

"That's too bad." She pushed her bottom lip out, showing her childish disappointment. Then, her gaze flickered to my shorts, and she licked her lips. Her voice went low and breathy. "If I can't help you with your magic, then is there anything else I can help you with?"

I looked down at my pants, then back at her. Was she...

"Mom," I said slowly, my tone strained. "What... what are you saying?"

"I'm not saying anything." She got up from her chair and then dropped to her knees in front of me, her gaze looking up at mine. "I just want you to command me."

"To... what?"

"Command me." Her breaths were low and her chest was rising in and out fast. "I know what you want, but I can't do it unless I hear the words."

“Mom...” I backed away a step, but didn’t exit the room like I had planned to. My brain was screaming at me to stay, to take advantage of the bizarre situation. Staring at my kneeling mother, I shook my head. “What is this?”

She shrugged, and her breasts bounced with her. “This is anything you want it to be. You’re the magician and I’m just your...” She ran her tongue along her bottom lips. “Lovely, submissive assistant.”

This time, I didn’t back away from the craziness. I couldn’t tell what came over me as I took a step forward and set a hand on her head, feeling her soft hair brushing against my palms.

My mother let out a soft squeal and rubbed her head against me, begging to be petted.

“My lovely submissive assistant,” I echoed her words, patting her head. My mind drifted to the joker, to the book, to the instructions.

...ask her to look at the joker. Voila! You now have a lovely, submissive assistant willing to do whatever you want!

Willing to do whatever I want...

I had to make sure.

“Mother,” I said, feeling my voice breaking. I was so fucking horny, I could burst right then and there. “You will do whatever I tell you to?”

Her reply was immediate.

“Whatever,” she confirmed, battering those sexy eyelashes of hers again. “Anything the magician wants, his assistant must obey.”

Obey.

“Okay,” I said, dropping my hand to my side. Nodding to the massive tent under my pants, I spoke out the words I never thought I would say to my mother. “Suck my cock.”

“Oh!” she squealed again, all high pitched and girly, so unlike her. “I thought you would never ask!”

My shorts were wrestled from me a millisecond later, along with my boxers. My cock sprang out, hard and throbbing, its tip pointing directly towards my mother's beautiful face.

Her eyes were wide. "It's so big!" Gripping my length with her right hand, her other played around my tip, where pre-cum was oozing. Her perfect white teeth flashed again. "And Master is so hard for me!"

"Master..." I tasted the word on my tongue.

Master. The word felt so wrong coming from my mother's lips.

But also so right. The way the word rolled off her tongue... It was as if she was born to call me that.

I loved it.

The moment her tongue came into contact with my erection, I lost it. It was a massive disappointment to have a premature ejaculation, but I hadn't felt a woman's touch in so long, and the first one being from my gorgeous mother, and with her calling me her Master...?

I couldn't blame myself.

I spurted my seed everywhere. On her face, on her hair, far away from us on top of the stove, on the ground... just everywhere...

When I was done, I was left heaving in and out with my throat feeling dry and sore from all the moaning.

My mother wiped globs of semen off her face, her smile never wavering as she stayed on her knees, looking up at me.

"I'm sorry," I panted. "It's just—"

"It's ok, Master," she purred at me. "We can go for round two. Would you like that?"

I looked at my mother. Thirty-four years of age, and looking so much younger with that ash blond hair, her full fringe set perfectly straight, her skin gleaming from the light,

further emphasizing its smoothness. My gaze skated down south, to her breasts, disappointedly hidden underneath that shirt she was wearing.

But not for long.

I gripped her shoulder, pulling her up to her feet.

No words were exchanged. She knew what I wanted.

Raising her hands up for me, I pulled her shirt over her. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her breasts came into view.

Holy fuck.

They weren't particularly large. No, that would look out of place with her small frame. Instead, they were palm sizes, probably a solid C cup. Her tits sat firmly on her chest, shaped like perfect teardrops, nipples hard and erect.

I brought my hand south, down her hourglass shaped body, crossing her slim hips, then down to her thighs.

My mother helped me pull down her yoga pants, and then I saw a sight I will never forget.

She was cleanly shaven. Her pussy was so pink and so fucking wet, almost shimmering at me with all its juices dripping down from her slit, streaming down her thighs and running out of steam midway down her toned legs.

As I stared at her utter perfection, my mother leaned in close and then the next thing I knew, her lips were on mine, and she was kissing me with a passion that I have never felt from any other woman.

I sighed happily, and her tongue slipped past my lips, meeting my tongue. We danced with strokes and licks while my hands roamed around her body, eventually stopping on her bubble butt, squeezing and cupping those delicious cheeks.

I was hard as fuck again, and pressure was rising alarmingly quick. I didn't want another embarrassment, ejaculating my load with just her lips on mine, so I did what I thought best.

Pulling away from her swollen lips, I dragged my hands away from her ass and took her hand in mine, leading her towards my bedroom.

My mom didn't comment on the mess in my room, clothes and books everywhere. I honestly didn't think she noticed. Her gaze was glued on me, and her smile brightened whenever she caught my attention.

Letting go of her hands, I hopped on my bed and sat there with my back against the headboard and my cock hard and upright, tip pointed towards the ceiling. How the fuck was I still this hard and wet after just having the orgasm of my life? It made little sense.

Using a finger, I gestured for my mother to come. Her smile was radiant, and she obeyed, getting on all fours and crawling towards me in a sensual way.

When she reached my legs, she climbed on top of me and crawled forward, leaving a trail of wetness on my body as she shifted forward, her breasts sliding across my body.

We were lips to lips. I could feel her hot pants against my skin.

Relaxing back, I patted my thighs. "Ride me, slave."

I didn't know where the word 'slave' had come from. It just seemed natural to label her as that after she had called me Master. She didn't react negatively to the word. My mother nodded, her lips curving into a sexy grin. I watched her, feeling like I was in a dream, as she shifted backwards, ass on my hips.

So much pre-cum was oozing out my tip, it looked like I was orgasming. To be honest, it felt like it, with my mother, all perfect looking and beautiful, staring at me with a 'fuck me' look and a sexy smirk. I gasped when she reached for my cock and held it with a light grip.

I didn't know what magic she was doing, but she started pumping the base of my cock, thumb rubbing on my tip, other hand on my balls, cupping them, rolling my skin. I grew even harder than I thought possible, gritting my teeth as I tried my absolute best to hold down the impending release.

Satisfied that I couldn't get any harder, and still holding my cock in that amazing grip, my mother lifted her hips up and positioned herself right on top of my dick. Then, slowly, she lowered herself, inch by inch.

I entered her with a moan. She was tight. My mother was fucking tight. I groaned and moaned, my back bowing forward, my toes curling inward. My mother moaned with me. She lowered herself lower and lower, her inner walls clamping down onto my shaft, squeezing my cock so fucking hard. Rolling her hips, she dropped herself until I was halfway in, then lowered another inch, then another, until I was balls deep, grinding my teeth together and dripping with sweat.

Don't cum now. Don't cum now. Don't cum now.

"Oh, Master," my mother cried out, her eyes squeezed shut and up towards the ceiling, her back arched from pleasure. Then her body flared to life. Groaning my name through shaky breaths, she lifted herself up, then back down. The pleasure that ripped through my body as I entered her again was pure fucking ecstasy. A drugging feeling.

Her eyes opened, and she searched for me. Locking gazes with me, hers half-closed and overflowing with lust, mine unfocused and drunk with pleasure, she rode my cock, bringing me to planes of pleasure that I never knew existed.

Fuck, her pussy felt good.

Her fringe swayed, and her tits bounced. My teeth should have been ground to dust by how hard I was gritting them together. I silently sent a prayer that I don't explode right there and then.

I wanted this to go on and on, possibly forever, but as my orgasm teetered on the edge, occasionally going over for a split second, then floating back down, I knew I wouldn't last another minute.

No man could.

"Master," my mother moaned out, her voice strained. Each time she lowered herself, thrusting down on my cock, a moan leapt from her throat.

She thrust down. "Master."

I moaned.

Another thrust. "Master."

My jaw tightened. My cock twitched.

Another thrust. She bit down on her lip, hard. "Oh, Master."

Pleasure ripped through my body, ripping me open. My skin felt like it was on fire.

Another thrust forward and down. Her walls clamped around my cock, squeezing me so fucking hard.

I couldn't take it anymore. I had to cum.

I felt all my muscles tensing. My vision blurred.

With a scream, I let everything out. I exploded in a rush, geysers of cum bursting from my cock and into my mother. She orgasmed a second later, a high-pitched scream that cut through the air, wrapping with mine.

Through the madness, our gazes never faltered, locked into each other as we rode waves of endless pleasure. My mind was in a cloud of delirium, everything a background blur except my mother's eyes that were staring so deep into my soul.

Time ceased to have any meaning as I spurt out waves and waves, filling her exquisite pussy to the brim.

By the time I was done, my balls were drained, and I was left gasping for breath. My mother shivered the remains of her orgasm away and she fell forward on top of me, her breasts crushed against my chest, her lips pressed against mine. My taste bud exploded with sweetness.

We kissed for minutes, or it could have been hours. I don't know and I don't care. All that mattered was how good I was feeling and the gorgeous woman on top of me, kissing me like it was her lifeline.

"Thank you, Master," my mother murmured at me in between soft kisses.

I didn't know what she was thanking me for, but I accepted her gratitude by squeezing her ass.

We kissed some more and then my mother withdrew, just a little, our lips grazing. She looked so fucking hot. Her ash blonde hair still looked amazing, not a strand of hair out of place, and her fringe was still perfectly straight.

“Master,” she said, and I felt her lips move against mine. “When are you doing magic again? I want to be your lovely assistant.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle. “I would need to practise and learn more tricks. Much more.”

“That’s okay. I’ll wait.” Sitting up, she took my cock and slid me back into her, drawing a sharp moan from me. “But I want to be on stage with you one day and serve you there.” She moved her hips back and forth, riding me slowly.

I was sore and aching all over, but pleasure washed them all away.

My body jerked and I groaned.

My mother, still keeping her delicious rhythm, leaned forward enough so that she could whisper into my ear.

“I want to be on stage with you during daylight. And when night falls...” She nibbled on my ear and whispered the last words darkly. “You can do whatever you want with your assistant.”

“Please, Master.” She increased her rhythm a little faster, and I snapped my eyes shut. “Please make me your lovely assistant.”

“Okay,” I managed the word out in a strained breath. “Okay.”

“Promise me, Master.” She moved her hips faster, and soon she was riding me at full speed. “Promise to take me as your assistant.”

“I... fuck... I promise.”

“Thank you, Master.” I felt wetness dripping onto me. Opening my eyes showed my mother crying. I have never seen her cry before.

“Thank you, thank you.” she was whispering the words over and over while her boobs bounced up and down as she pleased me back into orgasm. “Thank you. Thank you.”

I shot my load up into her. But we didn't stop there. By the time the sun rose and the birds were chirping, we were still going at it and there wasn't a spot on my mother's body that hadn't touched semen.

No, I shouldn't call her my mother anymore.

She was my assistant.

And like she had sworn to me fiercely, she would serve me well.

I had no doubts she would.

THE END