

REMINISCES: PART 1
HOW DID I GET INTO THIS
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

The screen flickers, bright flashes of explosions and drama, “Why are we watching this again?” a brunette asks from one end of the couch.

”Because His Master’s Voice has no taste except when it concerns sexy assistants.” the blonde at the other end replies.

Between them, the magician sits, trying to watch the screen, “I’m not going to respond. You’re both just trying to get punished.”

”Furnished. It can’t be a punishment if we enjoy it.” the brunette leans in, hand on his shoulder, pressing her bare chest against his arm, her straight hair brushing against him.

”And we can be soooooo very much more annoying to you, if you really want us to earn our funishment.” the blonde agrees, snuggling up from the other side, hiding her smile behind a mass of platinum curls, “If only someone hadn’t taken away our sexy bits when he vanished our legs.”

”Quitter. These are plenty sexy.” the brunette replies, enfolding his upper arm in her breasts.

”Oh, I know.” the blonde licks her lips suggestively, “But there’s something about not having my cute little cunt that makes me feel less sexy. Like, how can I really please my Owner if I don’t have that?”

”You could be quiet and let me watch the movie.” the magician says, more in hope than expectation.

”I mean we could...”

”...but that doesn’t seem very sexy”

”Not at all.”

”You two really should take this comedy double-act on the road.”

”And leave our Owner all alone?”

”Oh, no, we just couldn’t.”

”Like, literally couldn’t.”

”We must always be available to please our Owner.”

”Says so right in our contract.”

”The one you cruelly tricked us into signing.”

”Where you took advantage of our innocent, trusting nature...”

”...so you could have your wicked way with us...”

”...whenever...”

”..wherever...”

”...however you liked.”

”That...is not quite how I remember things going.” he replies, the film momentarily forgotten.

A long time ago in a...

Hey, less of the old, buddy.

Yeah, we’re newly minted.

And don’t you forget it!

Or else...

A not so long time ago...

That’s better.

Now don’t forget again.

...in a theatre dressing room, the magician, not much younger than he is now, is getting dressed after the performance, doffing his stage-suit for more regular attire. The door swings open and two stunning women enter more or less at once, one a brunette in painted on jeans and a belly shirt so tight across her chest it seems to have shrunk more than once since she put it on, her companion

wearing a plain t-shirt and jorts trying to perform their own vanishing act both front and back. “Hey, Boss.”

“We need to talk to you.”

“Of course. What can I do for my two favourite assistants?”

“We’re your only assistants.”

“And that’s what we want to talk about.”

“You’re not still trying to get me to expand, are you?” he asks resignedly, “I’ve told you...”

“No, no, we get that.”

“Kinda. I mean, you could magic money up out of...”

“And that would draw the attention of the most fearsome of human creations.” he replies, shuddering.

“The Mages Council?”

“The Inquisition?”

“God, no, the IRS.”

“Ohhhhhhhhh.” both shiver at the thought.

“So, as that’s not what you want to talk about, what is on your collective mind?”

“Oh, well, we don’t want to be your assistants any more.”

“Nope.”

“What?!” he protests in shock, his face going pale at the prospects for his livelihood, “But...why? I know the pay isn’t great but...”

“It’s not the pay.”

“And I know you don’t especially like the costumes...”

“Yeah, but you won’t let us make them skimpier.”

“Just because of ‘obscenity laws’. Like that’s an excuse.”

“So why?! I thought you enjoyed the magic...”

“Oh, it’s definitely not the magic.”

“Well, it kind of is.”

“It is?”

“I mean, sure, we love being on stage...”

“...tightly restrained...”

“...on display...”

“...with you being so cruel to us.”

“Cutting us into pieces...”

“...squishing us up...”

“...stretching and twisting us like taffy...”

“All those good things.”

“But outside of the act, we...”

“And rehearsals...”

“Yes, and rehearsals...”

“Well, we just don’t get to have that kind of fun.”

“Our post-show lives are entirely too ordinary.”

“And plain.”

“And, frankly, boring.”

The magician blinks, trying to follow the conversation coming from two directions in quick succession, “So, let me get this straight, you’re leaving me because I don’t do enough magic to you?”

“That does sound like what we’re saying.”

“You certainly could have more fun with us in private.”

“That sounds soooooo dirty.”

“Well, if he wanted to have more fun that way, I wouldn’t object, really, would you?”

“Uh-uh.”

“Wait, wait, this might be a misunderstanding. Boss, you’re not gay, are you?”

“Gay?” he squawks in shock.
“I mean, it wouldn't be a problem if you are.”
“Not much of one, anyway.”
“We're not bigots or anything.”
“It's just...”
“...you don't even try to put any moves on us.”
“And given we look like this...”
“...that's really a...”
“...surprise.”
“I was going to say shame.”
“Whatever, it works.”
“You're complaining I'm not treating you more lasciviously?” he asks incredulously.
“Well, I mean, yeah.”
“Pretty much.”
“When we became your assistants...”
“...we were kinda expecting to be taken advantage of a lot more.”
“Or at least more played with magically.”
“Like Richini does.”
“Richini does not have assistants.” he protests.
“Oh, he does, Boss. He most definitely does.”
“Those walls at the Roxy were, like, really thin.”
“No soundproofing at all.”
“If you know what we mean.”
“I'm fairly sure I get the general idea. But I don't think you understand me. What Richini does, it isn't allowed with...”
“But he does it.”
“...with assistants. They're employees. They have rights. You can't just go treating people you're in a position of power over like that.”
“But he does it.”
“I just said that.”
“Boss continued talking so it needed emphasis.”
“Richini doesn't have assistants.” he repeats.
“Well, they sure aren't audience plants.”
“Not looking like that.”
“Not every night.”
“Will you listen?!”
“Yes, Boss.”
“Yes, Boss.”
“Jinx.”
“They aren't assistants, they're props.” he clarifies.
“Very realistic props.”
“Yeah, I'd almost think they were real. Well, most of them.”
“Yeah, no way are those tits real.”
“They were people, assistants, but they signed a contract so they belong to Richini.”
“Belong?”
“Like slaves?”
“Yes. Possibly even more...”
“So, if we sign a contract like that...”
“...so you'd be our owner...”
“...you'd be able to play with us whenever...”
“...wherever...”
“...however you wanted?”

"No!" he practically shouts, slamming hands on the desk.

"No?"

"But you said..."

"They signed themselves away completely. They belong to Richini"

"Yeah. You said."

"But if we signed one..."

"You are taking this far too lightly. Those women don't exist any more!"

"They sure seem to exist."

"Unless you're saying Richini is fucking his imagination?"

"I don't think imagination screams out 'oh God, oh God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!' like that."

"That's a good point."

"They're not people any more. Richini can make them into anything he likes. He can make them do anything he likes."

"Well, duh. We get that."

"Yeah, that's, like, the point of this."

"You don't...you can't mean that."

"Why not?"

"We trust you."

"And you're a good boss."

"Too good, in fact."

"So why wouldn't we trust you to be a good owner?"

The magician pinches the bridge of his nose. "If I say yes..."

"Thanks, Boss, I mean, Owner..."

"You're the bestest!"

"I said if. If I said yes, you'd be my property."

"You said."

"You really did."

"And I don't think you're taking this seriously enough for that commitment."

"But..."

"That's not fair!"

"We want to be your property."

He sighs, "And if I say no?"

"Well, I'm fairly sure Richini will have an opening, right?"

"Or two."

"Actually, I think Richini would be more interested if we had an opening for him."

"Or two."

"That's gross."

"You're gross."

"No, you!"

"So essentially, you're blackmailing me to take possession of you."

"Kinda."

"But it sounds way more judgy when you say it like that."

"Fine. But, only for a month. If you want to extend after that, we'll see."

"Yes!"

"Thank you, thank you, Boss."

"Still the bestest."

"I am going to regret this." he mutters, reaching deep into his top hat to pull out golden scrolls of paper and pens. "Read these. Properly. Then you can sign."

"Uh-huh."

"Sure thing, Boss."

Both eagerly take up the scrolls. "Reading first!"

"Sure, Boss."

“Right on.”

Both turn away, making a show of reading through the scrolls many, many, many very thorough clauses before handing them back signed and rolled back up so only their signatures and the blank spot for his are left.

“Here you go, Boss.”

“All read and agreed to.”

“Even the kinky bits.”

“Especially the kinky bits”

He takes up his pen, signing across the bottom, taking possession of his new living props.

Both women grin eagerly.

“Oh, Boss, sorry, Owner I have a teensy little confession now.”

“Me, too.”

“Really? Feeling bad about blackmailing me?”

“No, not that, just, I might have accidentally crossed out the part of the contract that said one month.”

“Samesies.”

“So I think you've got us forever now.”

“That is what the contract says.”

He unrolls the scrolls, staring at the thoroughly obliterated words.

Now, “Yes, you poor...”

“...poor thing, Owner. It must be so hard having two hot...”

“...horny...”

“..wonderfully submissive...”

“...creatively kinky...”

“...living toys at your perverse whim. Whenever...”

“...wherever...”

“...however you want. Poor...”

“..poor Owner. So hard done by.”

“And speaking of hard. Dibs!” she reaches out, grabbing the bulge in the magician's trousers.

“No fair!”

“Hey, you snooze, you lose.” the brunette smirks, undoing her Owner's fly to free his cock before she envelops it in her mouth, her head bobbing up and down his shaft.