

REMINISCES: PART 2
FEELING THINGS OUT
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

The blonde bursts out of a huge cake, frosting smeared over her body and hair, "Happy ownership day!!"

"What?"

"Today is the anniversary of you owning us."

"Where's the other half of us? I don't need her jumping out at me later."

"Uhm," she licks the pink frosting off her fingers, "I just jumped out of her, of course. It's not like we have credit cards to order a ginormous Ownership Day cake with. Ownership Day isn't even a recognised holiday. Not sure how it could be, to be fair. It's not like toys get days..."

"Back up." she steps back. "Not like that. That cake is..."

"Uh-huh. We tossed for it and she finished last."

"Last? How does...oh."

"Don't worry. I showered first. So you can lick me clean with a clean..."

"How did you...?"

"Well, I'm not sure I should really..."

"Tell me!"

"Yes, Owner. You only had to order. You know the wands you used to use for the fun tricks? When we weren't toys?"

"Yeeeeessssss..."

"Well, good news! They still work."

"I locked them away!"

"Only behind two locks. It's not like you really meant it."

He sighs. "I see."

"We'll keep them safe. Honest."

"Of course."

"It's like when we first started being toys and we had to hide everything so you'd play with us properly."

"Of course."

Much earlier, just after the original Ownership Day, a pair of horizontal sawing boxes sit on adjacent wheeled tables, one red, one blue, "What do you mean there are no blades?"

"They weren't with the boxes, Owner."

"Not after we hid them, anyway."

"Don't call me Ow...wait, what?"

"Nothing, Owner."

"I said don't call me that. How am I supposed to rehearse without blades?"

"Well, you are our Owner."

"Isn't the point of that whole deal that you don't need blades?"

"You just want us in half..."

"...and we're in half."

"Or any other trick you want to do."

"We are your loyal toys, after all."

"That's not the point!"

"Well, we haven't got the blades."

"And it's not like we could hide them." she gestures at the matching red and blue bikinis.

"Although if you want to search us..."

"...we wouldn't object."

"In fact..." she reaches behind her back, pulling on the ties.

"...we should prove to our Owner we haven't hidden them somewhere." she starts to pull down her briefs.

"Stop that."

Both pout, but reluctantly obey.

"Anyway, why don't you get used to using us without real blades?"

"It would make things easier."

"But you should check..."

"...that it's worked correctly." they lift away the tops of the boxes.

"After all..."

"...it's a new day for us all."

"I..."

But they're already climbing into the boxes and securing themselves before he can complete the futile protest.

"So come on, Owner..."

"...split us apart..."

"...with your mighty magic."

"And then you can impale us on your mighty..."

"Quiet! If I'm going to have to put up with this nonsense, fine. But please take it seriously."

"Yes, Owner." They reply meekly, grinning in stark contrast to their tone.

"Now..." he puts one finger on the blonde's tanned waist, drawing it across, gouging a line right through her body, thankful for the restraints that keep her at least almost still.

"That tickles!" she giggles, stretched tight enough that she can barely squirm, her head thrashing from side to side.

He unlocks the table, pushing the two halves apart.

"Oh, oh, turn me around, turn me around so I can see my feet."

"No, that's not how the trick's going."

"Hey!"

He ignores her, walking to the other box.

"Saving the best 'til last, huh, boss?"

"Owner!" the other shouts out.

He raises his hand, bringing it down in a karate chop. The brunette gasps as her waist snaps, a sudden sharp sensation jerking through her before she's in as many pieces as the blonde, side by side.

"Feeling better, dear Owner?"

"Ready to put your sexy toys back together properly?"

"Or, even better, improperly?"

"That's a good point. A double sawing has to mix-up the assistants."

"It's tradition."

"Who am I to argue with tradition?" he asks, taking their legs, rolling them against the wrong torso.

Both toys moan as the skin knits together, making them whole. They scrabble to release the stocks, pleading until he lets them loose.

"Wow, it really looks like you've swapped us, Owner."

"But we know how tricky assistants can be."

"Maybe we just swapped clothes out of sight?"

"That does sound like how a magic act would do it."

"We should prove he's swapped us."

"Sounds fun." and two pairs of skimpy briefs slide down to the floor.

"That does look like my pretty little cunt..."

"...but we should really be sure." she runs a finger along the wet lips that used to be hers, her fellow assistant shivering at the touch that knows exactly where to go.

"I'm not..." she gasps, "...convinced. I neeeeeed a proper..." gasp "...test."

“Coming right up.” the blonde pulls herself into a handstand, resting against her partner. The brunette squats down, running her tongue over her former folds as the blonde does the same to her own new lips.

Both stop talking, communicating in licks and moans. They almost forget their new Owner, losing themselves in mutual passion and pleasure until they feel a hand on their waist. Their eyes open and the brunette's world rotates. The blonde stumbles back, overbalancing at the increased weight above her waist and sending the conjoined torsos flailing wildly as they topple to the stage.

Their joined legs land much more gainly, following the magician like a pet as he walks them off the stage.

“Well, this is a revolting predicament.”

“It's your fault.”

“Is not.”

“Is toooooooooooooo!” she moans as elsewhere she feels the magician filling her pussy, his cock stretching her out. They feel their owner's hands on their conjoined hips.

Her body-mate pouts before joining in as she feels her Owner's cock pistoning out and in of her own pussy lips as it moves in and out of her partners, stretching through their hips to fuck them both at once.

Now, “That was a fun time. Pretty vanilla for us now.”

He nods. “What a good idea.”

“Huh?” she vanishes, taking the cake with her, a bowl of strawberry and vanilla ice cream appearing in his hand, quivering in the bowl as he pulls a spoon out of nowhere to eat up his Ownership Day treat. Much to the treat's combined delight.