

REMINISCES: PART 4
OUT TO LUNCH
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for 2good2btru

The blonde runs her hand through her hair as she stretches. "Well, that was some lunch, huh?"
"Mmmmmmm. Definitely."

Lunch time, the magician and both assistants sat around a single table, "Ok, Owner. What are you up to?"

"Up to?"

"We're at lunch with you. We never eat lunch with you."

"Well, you are now."

"We are. Which is why we're asking what you're up to."

"Why would I be up to anything?"

"Because you're obviously up to something."

"Like, there's no food on the table, which is essential for a lunch."

"Or wine."

"There's a wine bottle."

"But it's empty." she reaches across, turning the bottle upside down. "Which is no use whatsoever."

"So you'd like some food on the table?"

"See, right there, that's up to something."

"Why would you ask if you weren't?"

He shrugs.

"Yes, we want some food on the table. So get on with whatever wonderfully, wickedly cruel trick you've got planned."

He smiles and rises from his chair. He walks around to the blonde, putting his hand at the join of her thigh and hips.

"Mmmmmmm."

"Hey! No fair! You always start with her."

"Quality first."

"Age before beauty, you mean."

"Bit...oooooooooooooh!" she moans as he pulls, her thigh separating from her hips. He places her leg onto the table.

"That's supposed to be food?"

"Don't be silly. We'd need to cook it if it was."

The blonde bites her lip, "Oh, no. That would be terrible. Please, Br'er Magician, don't throw me in the oven."

"I'll do one better." he pulls a cloth out of his empty hand, covering the leg flexing on the table. He starts to massage the cloth, the blonde squirming as her leg flexes and bends in ways that it really shouldn't. He moulds it, squeezes it, until the shape under the cloth bears little resemblance to a leg. He pulls the cloth away on a blob of dough.

"That's my leg?"

"It's what was your leg. Now it's not."

He picks it up dropping it to the table, where it deforms. He rolls it around, lengthening the blob into a baton before covering it in the cloth. The blonde shivers. "Ooooooh, that's warm."

He pulls the cloth away to reveal a freshly cooked French loaf where there should be a leg, a dish of creamy butter sitting beside it. "Of course, we'll need something to..."

The brunette's leg is already up on the table before he can finish. "My turn."

"Hey, no, I'll be lopsided."

"Do you really think he's going to stop at one leg each?" she asks as the magician pulls hers away

and fully onto the table.

"That's a very good point."

The magician places the cloth like a tent by the brunette's thigh. He places a hand on her knee, the other on her sole and pushes. She yelps as a stinging sensation burns across her leg again and again as more and more of her slips into the cloth's shadow until he pushes her sole inside and drops the cloth. The magician pulls the cloth away on a series of cold cuts arrayed on a platter.

The blonde raises her leg, pushing the brunette aside. The magician takes her leg and pulls, leaving her hips rounded off as if there never were legs attached to begin with. He covers it with the cloth and pulls it away on a market garden of salad.

"Last one. Unless you have bigger plans?" the brunette asks, raising her eyebrow and remaining leg.

The magician takes it, placing it on the table and under the cloth. The brunette licks her lips. The magician slams his hands around the leg, pushing the shape under the cloth into a soft block. "What are you up to under there?" she asks as he reaches under the cloth, pinching and pulling, tearing pieces off the block. He pulls the cloth away as a cheeseboard appears underneath it.

"There. Is that sufficient food for our lunch?"

"I guess we'll see."

"But we still need something to drink."

"You're right. Let me get onto that." He picks up the bottle and reaches for the brunette's chest.

"Ooooooooooh." she coos as he squeezes her breast. "Mmmmmmm." her head lolls in pleasure as he tugs, pulling the breast away from her chest. He presses her nipple into the neck of the bottle, the cold glass pressing into her skin. He presses his hands together, squeezing her breast, squirting white wine into the bottle. He keeps squeezing until there's just an empty sack of boob left. The blonde looks on as the brunette moans. The magician folds the empty breast inwards, squeezing it smaller and smaller until there's nothing left, the nipple dropping into the wine where it fizzes away. "Fuck!! That feels goooooooooood." she moans as the magician plucks off her other breast for a repeat performance.

After he's done, he tilts the half-full bottle and looks at the blonde. She smiles and hefts her chest up. "Go on, squeeze my 'grapes' into wine, Owner."

He pulls her breasts off, squeezing them to fill up the bottle, the blonde's breath coming in fast pants of pleasure.

He swirls the bottle, thoroughly mixing the flavours up, and pours a glass out for his squirming assistants. He picks up the bread, producing a knife from nowhere and saws into it, the crust cracking to moans and vigorous under the table hand movements, as he cuts the long baton into smaller pieces. He takes one, returning the knife to nothingness, spreading it with butter and folds one of the thin slices onto the top, biting through both.

"That felt..."

"That was..."

"He actually ate..."

"Mmmmmmm." she picks up a hunk on cheese, dropping it into her mouth, "I taste good."

The blonde defiantly crunches on the bread, "I'm btrr." she replies through a mouthful of sensitive, crusty bread.

They unseriously banter through the lunch, shivering a little with every bite, chew and swallow, all the while extolling their virtues, even while they happily snack on the other's transformed limbs.

The magician relaxes, enjoying his argumentative repast as the platters empty. He covers the platters with the cloth, clearing the table instantly.

"Ooooooh, cold!"

"What just happened..."

"I put the leftovers in the fridge for later."

"Leftovers..."

"For later..."

They both shiver at the thought of their transformed legs being snacked on with no idea, and no say, when, or by whom.

"And now for dessert."

"Dessert?"

He pours them some more wine and stands up, walking around behind them.

"What part do you think gets turned into ice cream?"

"Well, he's already taken our tits." she takes a sip of wine and shivers, "So, maybe something that's already sweet and wet but really hot?"

"That sounds like..." the magician twists her head violently and pulls it off. He sets her down on her neck, turned to face her increasingly reduced body. Her hand waves at her. "Like I said, that sounds totally improbable."

"You were going to say likely."

"Was not!"

"Was too!"

"Was not!"

"Was tooooooooo!" she moans as the magician cracks her neck to place her beside the blonde in the table.

"So, are we the centrepiece or..."

"...are we dessert?"

He smiles.

"Oh, we're dessert for sure."

"Mmmmm."

The magician puts his hands on their heads, fingers spread to get a grip and twists.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhh." both moan as he pulls their scalps away.

"To answer your question, I thought I'd use your brains. Someone has to, after all."

"Ooooooh, Owner's getting sassy."

"He's got a point, though. Toys don't really need brains."

"I guess. So what are we going..." her eyes cross as the magician slides the edge of a spoon through her brain, putting the slowly melting dollop into a bowl.

"And here I thought blondes didn't have anything at all up there."

The blonde's hand snatches for the spoon, jabbing it down into the brunette's exposed brain to carve out her own heavy scoop.

"That feels weird."

"How about..." her body takes up the spoon and slices a smaller piece, holding it out into her mouth, letting it melt onto her tongue, "...now?"

The brunette's head pants, her hands spasming. "Oooooohhh, fuck." she blinks, "Uhm, why can't I... what were we doing before we had lunch? I can't...I can't remember."

"What are you..." she stops as the magician takes a scoop of her own brain, "...why can't I think clearly? It's like I'm drunk."

"You're always drunk."

"How would you know? You can't even remember..." she trails off as the magician takes another bite.

"He's not just eating our brains..."

"...he's eating our minds?"

"Our memories?"

"Oh, my God..."

"That is soooooo..."

"...so hot."

"So very, very hot."

"What happens when it's all gone? Hey!" the spoon jabs into her skull.

"Let's find out."

They fight over the spoon, their brains dripping onto the table as their movements get less and less coordinated. Their words increasingly slur until they can say nothing at all, their eyes unfocused,

looking randomly at nothing, their mouths slack, drooling the last piece of the brain they ate onto the table. The magician scrapes the spoon around the insides of their skulls, making sure none escapes. And then he covers the empty skulls and bowls with the cloth, whisking it away to clear the table.

Now, the brunette runs a hand over the edge of her hair where they were split open. “Do you think he kept anything?”

”Like?”

”Like, I don’t know, do we know he put all our memories back? All our thoughts? Maybe he’s kept some things he doesn’t want us to know.”

The blonde pauses, sifting through her own thoughts. “I mean, I don’t think he did anything like that. But...”

”But how would we know?”

”And if he did...”

”We’d be completely vulnerable.”

”Utterly helpless.”

”Totally unable to resist.”

”That is so hot.”

”Uh-huh. So, so hot.”