

Msagro!
By pwatson1974

Rachel Morris slumps into the chair, running her fingers through her long black hair. She scowls into the mirror, pulling her jacket tighter to cover her otherwise topless body. She puffs a few strands of errant hair away and sighs. "You'll give yourself lines, Rae." she mutters to herself. Someone knocks on the door. "No autographs!" she shouts through the door as she turns back to the mirror. The knocking continues. "I said, no autographs! I'm busy in here!" The knocks continue. "Right. Well, the world can always use another bunny rabbit." she snarls, stomping to the door as best she can in her black heels. "Look, you have...Tony! You have a lot of fucking nerve showing up here after what..."

"After what I did?" he replies, his pale blonde hair untidily spiked, stubble on his chin, "You turned me into a girl! Not cool, Raerae, not cool at all."

"Don't call me Raerae!"

Tony continues on as if he didn't hear her, "It took me a week to undo it."

"You deserved it, after that puppet show you put on with me."

"Oh, come on, that was just a bit of fun, Raerae."

"A 'bit of fun'? A 'bit of fun'?!" she shrieks, "Thanks to your 'bit of fun', I had a little 'meeting' with the management here, Tony. Thanks to you, I'm doing sleazy topless shows half the nights or my contract gets canned for performing at a rival venue!"

"How was I supposed to know that, Raerae? And does that really justify turning me into a chick for a week?"

"And now you have the nerve to come here and..." her eyes narrow suspiciously, "why are you here, Tony?"

"Why do I need a..."

"Because you're you. What do you want?"

"Charming. I come here..."

"Stop with the wounded innocent act and get in here before someone sees us together and ruins what's left of my professional reputation." the door slams shut behind them, "So, what do you want?"

"I'm hurt, Raerae..."

"Not yet but if you keep this up you sure as fuck will be."

"Who taught my sweet Raerae that sort of language?"

"You did. What. Do. You. Want?"

Tony slumps a little, "Ok, Raer...Rachel, you got me. I kind of need a favour."

"A favour?! You need a favour?! After showing half the Strip my tits and giving the management the idea that I like showing them off, you need a favour?!"

"Hey, you're the one who stopped me working for a whole week. If you hadn't done that, I wouldn't be in any trouble at all."

"What does that..."

"Look, I needed to keep up the frontage so I needed some money, yeah? So I borrowed some off some people."

"Some people?"

"The kind of people who are happy to take other things in lieu of prompt repayment. Minor things like arms. And I'm rather more attached to mine than you are."

"You want money?"

"No, no, no, I wouldn't dream of taking money off you, Raerae."

"Sooooo?"

"I need an assistant."

"You what?! You turn me into a puppet, a literal puppet, for your amusement, humiliating me in public, and now you have the...get out."

"Raerae, let me...."

"Out!"

"But..."

"Out! Or I'll turn you into something far worse than just being a woman for a week!"

"Raerae...."

"OUT!"

He stops in the doorway, "Sorry, Raerae, but, I really need the help. Msagro."

Rachel's eyes fly open, her body shuddering, heart pounding, her legs giving way with a groan.

"You...you..." she pants, her skin glistening with sweat, "You told me you'd cancelled those when you left, you bastard!"

"Yeah, well, I maaaaay not have been 100% honest about that."

"So, how, exactly, does proving you're a lying cheating bastard, as if I needed more proof, convince me to help you again?" she snaps, pushing herself off the floor, breathing heavily in the afterglow.

"That wasn't the only trigger we set up. I'm sure you remember some of the others. Lrigev..."

Rachel's eyes snap open, "You wouldn't dare!"

"Normally, no. I know you don't believe it, but I do respect you, Raerae..." he ignores the snort,

"But like I said, I'm in pretty deep and I really need help and I know that if I'd just asked you, I'd have a snowball's chance in Hell of getting any. So I'm kinda forced to take drastic measures. Don't worry, Raerae, once this is all over, I'll be out of here and you'll be clear of those." he crosses his heart, "Word of honour."

"You really expect me to believe that?"

"Probably not, but, really, what choice have you got? I say the magic words and we both know you'll do anything I tell you to anyway, right?"

She glares at him. "I could just turn you into a dildo, make you way easier to trust and at least some use in bed."

"Ouch. That hurt, Raerae. But if you think you can get a spell that complicated out before I have time to say one little word, well, you're good, very good even, but not that good."

Rachel chews furiously on her lip. "I don't seem to have much choice, do I? Fine, then. What are you going to do to hide the fact that it's me?"

"Huh?"

She rolls her eyes, "Tony..."

"Kidding. I'm not a complete bastard, Raerae."

"So? Solution?"

He holds up a fluffy blonde mannequin wig. Rachel taps her foot, arms crossed, eyeing it suspiciously.

"That won't be very convincing, Tony."

"Sure it will. We just have to replace your hair with it. People expect me to be working with a blonde bimbo..."

"What?! Listen..."

"...and you're a good enough performer to pull off the part."

"You want me to act all ditzy, giggly, busty blonde for you? Be all 'Oh, Tony, you're so wonderful' while you do whatever scuzzy thing you're doing to me? If I could pull that act off, Tony, I'd be up for the fucking Oscars."

"Raerae..."

"No. You say you respect me, Tony, then respect me. I am not an interchangeable bimbo for you to have fun with and leave. If you want me to buy into this, under however much coercion, then do not treat me like I'm some silly little girl who doesn't know what to do. At the very least, I am your peer, your equal. You do not get to treat me like the hired help or worse. If your fragile little ego can't handle that, then you might as well make me your puppet again. It always was the only way you could handle me."

"Cute speech. What does it mean?"

"It means, Tony, that I'll be your assistant, let you paw all over me like you always do, let you do

those scuzzy tricks you like so much, and I'll be giving you attitude every step of the way."

"Just attitude? Not sure I trust this, Raerae. I mean, you're agreeing awfully quick."

"Yeah, well, I'm not an idiot, Tony. You've got me over a pretty big barrel. Might as well get the most I can out of it. Besides, as much as I might want to make you suffer, I'm not really sure I want you actually hurt too much."

"Aw, that's sweet, Raerae."

"Of course, if you don't stop calling me Raerae, I'll push that smarmy grin down your throat myself. It was sort of cute when we were young and deeply in lust, but we're neither now."

"Of course, Ms Morris. So what do you mean by attitude?"

"Sass, Tony. Look it up. I won't screw the act up, I'm a professional if nothing else, but I will not be stroking your...ego for you while it happens."

"Hey, even I wasn't going to go *that* far in the show. A guy's gotta retain some secrets."

"Of course not, Tony. Only the eye-candy has to be naked. Not that you'd be all that distracting, anyway."

"That's, low, Rachel."

"Get used to it. When's this peepshow supposed to take place?"

"Well..."

"It's tonight, isn't it?"

"How did..."

"Because I know you, Tony. If it wasn't tonight, I might find a way to get out of this, right?"

"No, no, Raer...Rachel, you've got me all wrong. I was trying to find some other way of sorting this out and...yeah, it's tonight."

Rachel sighs, "So we'd best get ready then, hadn't we?" She grabs hold of her hair, pulling back, peeling it away with a velcro-sounding tear to reveal a perfectly denuded scalp. She holds out her hand. "Well? You're the one who wants me blonde."

"Right, right," he hands over the wig. Rachel pulls it on, feeling the nylon strands burrowing into her scalp as it becomes a mass of platinum blonde curls.

"There. Oh, wait, let me guess? I'll need baby blue eyes, too, right?"

"Uh..."

"Thought so." She pushes her fingers against her eyes, feeling them tingle. She blinks at Tony.

"Bright enough?"

"Uhhhh, yeah, yeah, but..."

"You want your pet bimbo to look more bimboish. Nice impossible hourglass figure and giant tits, right?" she doesn't wait for an answer, putting her hands behind her and pulling on the strings of an imaginary corset, her waist narrowing, pushing upwards into her chest. "There. Good enough? Oh, get your tongue off the floor, Tony, you're getting drool on my carpets. Show me what kind of dental floss outfit you've picked out to embarrass me with."

Tony blinks to stop staring, and pulls out a bright red sparkly swimsuit. "Not sure it'll fit you now, Raerae," he tosses it across to her.

"Oh, please, you think I can do this..." she waves her hand at the chest threatening to burst out of her jacket "but can't resize a costume. Now turn around."

"Turn around? Really, Raerae, you haven't got anything I haven't seen before."

"Tony..."

"Fine, fine, I'm turning, see."

"Good." She unbuttons her jacket, tossing it aside as she stretches the one-piece to fit, which coincidentally stretches the meaning of the word 'fit' significantly too. She flicks her fingers, her lovely soft boots turning into strappy stripper heels to match the tacky costume. She clicks over to Tony. "You can turn around now. And put the mirror away."

Tony has the good grace to at least look sheepish as he turns around. "Wow, Rachel, you look fantastic. Why did I ever let you go?"

"You decided fucking someone else was more important than me. Not my fault you were wrong." She grabs her coat, wrapping it around her loosely, "So, where are we going?"

“Uhm, well...”

“Oh, what now? You think my night can possibly get worse?”

Tony holds out a battered top hat.

“Oh, you are kidding me. You're going to pull a bunny girl out of a top hat? Seriously? Could you be any more cliché? Fine, fine. If I get ears and a tail, Tony, deal's off and you are soooo dead. And don't you dare rummage around in here to 'find things'.” She tosses the coat onto the hook, diving into the open top hat, vanishing into it.

Rachel settles into the hat's black interior, feeling the cloth rubbing all over her skin, as she becomes part of the lining, feeling her body stretching into the fibres, “How do I get into these messes?” she mutters. She feels the hat moving, biting what were her lips as she sinks into the warmth, “Oh, right. Tony.”

Some time later, it's always hard to tell time when you're basically a bunch of fibres woven into the lining of a hat, she vaguely hears Tony talking in his stage voice. “Thank you for coming, ladies and gentlemen.” There's a pause, “Well, gentlemen.”

“Oh, wonderful. An all male audience. Those are always fun like a root canal.”

“Now, I'm sure you all know what it means when a magician holds a top hat out like this, right?”

“Still cheesy as hell, I see, Tony.”

“Well, watch, and be amazed.” He reaches into the hat. Rachel feels the giant hand rubbing against the fabric, biting her non-existent lips. She remains in the fabric as Tony pushes in further.

“Come on, Raerae, this isn't funny.”

“Wanna bet?”

Tony pulls his hand out after a minute or two of increasingly frantic rummaging. Rachel can hear the crowd muttering and pulls herself from the fabric. She stretches her hand up, feeling round the rim of the hat as obviously as she can, smiling as someone in the audience draws everyone else's attention to the hand. She carefully pulls herself up, wriggling out of the hat.

“Sorry I'm late, Tony, I must have taken a left turn at Albuquerque.” She smiles as the audience laughs, but mostly at the barely audible sigh of relief from Tony.

“That's ok, doll. You're here now.”

Rachel stiffens at the not so subtle reminder of what happened the last time she was with him. Tony hands her the hat, which she quickly perches on the blonde curls, stepping back to let Tony do whatever he needed to do next. He pulls out his handkerchief, putting a twist into the centre and letting the 'ghost' hover above his palm, sending it floating up his arm and around his shoulders. She smiles. Tony always did love the sleights. The ghost gets more acrobatic, leaping high above Tony and somersaulting loop-de-loops back to position. But she starts hearing mutterings from the crowd. And as she takes a step towards Tony, the 'ghost' leaps for her, burrowing between her breasts.

“Hey!”

“Sorry, Rae, let me get him out of...” she slaps his hand away.

“Oh, no, I'm not falling for that one again.” the audience laughs, “I'll get him out.” She reaches for the ghost, only to have it twist away. The laughter gets louder as the annoying twist of cloth keeps evading her grasp, while also making her enhanced figure give a really good show.

“Sure you don't want any...”

“No!”

“Just askin'.”

“I'm fine.” And the ghost dives totally into her cleavage, vanishing from sight. Rachel gasps, “Tony!”

“Sure you don't want some help there?”

She sighs, “Ok, fine, go ahead.”

He turns to smile to the audience, who cheer in response, and whistles. The ghost pokes up, twisting around as if checking the coast is clear. Tony whistles again and it leaps into the air, trailing a line of knotted handkerchiefs that pull themselves out through Rachel's chest one jiggling knot at a time. And then the audience cheer gets louder as a black bra emerges, followed ten knots later by a skimpy pair of black panties. Tony raises his eyebrow at these.

“And what have we here?”

“I really don't know, Tony. I found them in your closet.” she replies with as much wide-eyed innocence as she can muster. The audience roars with laughter. Tony smiles and whispers a word in Rachel's ear. She bites her lip hard, trying to control her body's reaction.

The show continues in similar vein. Tony makes a coin appear from behind her ear (cute), nose (cute), in her cleavage (not cute), in the front of the costume so she had to pull it aside without showing off everything to get the coin out (not cute). That wasn't helped when the coin walked across Tony's knuckles as she struggled to find it, making the audience laugh until she finally noticed after several minutes of squirming on stage (really not cute). The audience loved that one. They also liked the impaled, given Tony had her facing them so they got just a wonderful view down the front of her costume. Amazingly, he played the spirit cabinet more or less straight. As long as you forget leaving her tied to the chair while he did some card tricks with the volunteer. And at the end of each one he whispered one little word in her ear and her body jolted in response. But, the show comes towards its close and Rachel has maintained her clothing and most of her dignity. All of which naturally makes her really suspicious as to what the finale will be.

Tony pulls an empty square frame out of the hat a pole at a time. She notes the brackets mounted on it and suppresses her shiver at what they'll likely have on them soon. Sure enough Tony pulls out a worrying number of chains and manacles, to hoots from the crowd, indicating for her to take her place in the middle of the frame. She doesn't have to act too much to appear suitably nervous as Tony attaches the chains to each corner of the frame, as well as a pair to the cross bar and one to each side. She lets out a breath. *“Ok, nothing to be concerned about. It's Tony. It might, ok, will, be sleazy and I'll need to wash for a week afterwards, but it won't kill me. He's a sleazy git, but he does know what he's doing.”* She holds her arms up as requested, feeling the manacles close shut around her wrists, trying to quell the flutter in her chest. She hides her grimace as she spreads her legs to allow the cuffs to attach to her ankles, effectively holding her immobile and helpless. Tony pulls out a metal belt. Rachel lets her eyes go wide with mostly feigned fear and surprise as her clamps it around her waist. He clips the two chains above her to the back of the belt, attaching the thinner ones to the sides. *“I haven't seen this before. What are you up to, Tony? Not that I can do much about it like this.”*

“Now, we need to get Rae dressed appropriately for this last trick...” Tony begins, unfolding a large white sheet.

“You couldn't have done that before you locked me up?”

“It's fine, Rae. Trust me.” He holds up the sheet 'Instant Wardrobe' emblazoned across it. The crowd laughs a little. Rachel prepares for the teeniest tiniest micro costume possible as Tony raises the sheet, pulling it down to show her face, then raising and suddenly dropping the sheet, revealing Rachel still chained up, stark naked.

“TONY!!!!!!” she shrieks.

“Ooops. Seems Rae didn't have enough time to get dressed. You know how long it takes women to get ready, right, guys?” He throws the sheet over the frame, yanking it away to reveal Rachel now dressed. After a fashion. A pair of tiny black shorts presses against her hips, making her thankful she'd waxed recently. A black cupless bra wraps around her chest, her swollen, stripper tits thrust out and totally bare, the nipples traitorously hard. A hood plasters her hair tightly to her head, her face peering out of the shiny black fabric. A band of black encircles the joint of each shoulder. Rachel recognises the outfit and starts to protest, but the black ball-gag filling her mouth and strapped to the hood turns her snarling threats into gargles. “That's better. Now, I'm sure you've all seen a magician saw a lovely lady into 2, 3, 4 or for the really ambitious 7 pieces. Anyone else as bored of them as I am? I mean, those boxes hide what we actually want to see, right? We don't want to see some muppet sawing into a box, we want to see the woman in pieces, right? Well, this trick is designed to do just that. With a bonus cherry on top.” He moves over to Rachel. “So watch in amazement. Cheer. Throw money. As I take a woman apart before your very eyes.”

His hand moves to her hips, running along the edge of her shorts, indecently close to her womanhood. “Talk amongst yourselves, I'm just trying to find the release catch.” The audience

laughs, "Got it!" he presses against a piece of cloth slightly harder than the other. Rachel hears a dull, quiet click, feeling a line of warmth run through her hip. She tenses, refusing to give in to the pleasure Tony's magic brings on as he pulls her leg aside, leaning it against the frame, still shackled at the ankle. Tony walks around behind Rachel, reaching around to press another ridge, her right leg joining her left, leaving Rachel swinging a little, grunting as her body pulls down on her arms. He runs his hand along her arm before pressing the ridge on the ring around her right shoulder, her arm swinging into the frame, the same quickly happening with her left. Rachel glares at him as he walks in front of her, trying to will him into being a toad. It doesn't work, so she keeps trying, swinging from the metal belt, her body tilting forward, arms and legs removed. The crowd starts to applaud. "You're too kind."

"Hah!"

"But I'm not done yet."

"Of course you're not."

Tony unclasps her arm. She resists the urge to punch him. This time. She straightens her arm out, fingers pointing, trying to hold it rigid in Tony's hands knowing what comes next. "Of course, every good boy knows he needs to tidy his toys up after playing with them." Rachel protests at being referred to as a toy, and at Tony ever being considered a 'good boy', but it just comes out as inarticulate gurgles until Tony touches her shoulder with her fingertips, when she goes quiet, trying not to reveal how good it feels, her fingers sinking inside her body. Tony continues, gently sliding her arm into her body. Rachel wishes it didn't feel as good as it does, feeling her arm melt into her body, the individual sensations falling away into a warm bath of bliss. She's almost sorry when it's over, a light coating of sweat shining on her body.

"One down." Tony smiles, the audience dumbstruck as he unclasps her other arm and gently pushes it into her body. He removes her stripper heels, letting them drop to the stage with a loud clump before unshackling them, her body clenching as her toes wriggle inside her hips before they slip away. Tony slips her other leg in, her body shuddering uncontrollably, the chains jangling around her. Tony drinks in the applause as Rachel tries to pant around the gag.

And then, Tony smiles. "And now for the cherry."

"The what? Oh, fuck no, Tony, you dare and I will..." she grunts, trying to wriggle away as Tony cups her bust to the cheers of the audience. Tony quickly presses the ridges, stepping back, her swollen breasts in his hands. He turns to show the audience, rubbing the nipples together, causing Rachel to alternately moan and curse into the gag. He turns back to her, still smiling, or smirking, and carefully replaces the breasts. In the wrong place, obviously, hanging them from her hips, gravity pulling them down, pulling her pussy against the shorts. The crowd applauds.

Tony runs his hand over her cheek, pushing on another ridge and pulling her face away. Rachel closes her eyes. It always feels so weird when her head is detached and this is that feeling squared. She feels Tony place her into the frame, sliding her into a slot hidden at the top. If she were ever going to include this trick in the routine, as if, she'd have to incorporate that. She opens her eyes, the gag still filling her mouth, straps across her cheeks in the way only magic can make sense of. She hears the audience muttering at the featureless flat plane where her face should be and turns her head slowly as if looking around at them.

Tony quickly solves the problem of the audience's discomfort, lifting her head and shoulders away from the top of the bra. He turns her upsides down, another vertigo-inducing experience and pushes her shoulders into the bra, her head sinking away into warmth. If this wasn't so hideously, painfully, awfully embarrassing, Rachel would quite like that, the feeling of her head, her brain melting away to nothingness is always soothing, but like this? Not so much.

Tony lifts the bra off, taking a sliver of her chest with it, holding it out like a platter. He fiddles with the ridge at her waist and slides her stomach off her hips and onto the platform, the crowd oohing and aaaahing as they watch her toned abs sink out of sight. He places the band on her waist and pushes down, the bra, and her chest, crumpling into her hips. He reaches up, plucking Rachel's face from the frame and placing it on her waist. She moans, feeling face and hips fuse together, so little left of her and virtually all of it incredibly sensitive to the touch. Tony lifts her out, his hand in very

inappropriate places, not that she really has appropriate places at the moment. “And now to finish the cherry.”

“Finish? What do you mean finish? What else can you do to me like this?”

Tony finds another ridge in the costume and pulls, the tiny shorts falling apart, leaving her buck naked in his hands.

“Oh, just fucking great. Last time was just too wholesome?”

“Now who wouldn't want a woman like this? All the important bits, none of the time-wasting extras...”

“Woman? Hah! Fucking sextoy is more like it.”

“But Rae and I need to be going...”

“Finally. Just get restored and then you can go full on Circe and Medea on his fucking arse.”

Tony pushes her into the hat.

“Wait, what? What is he doing?” she sinks into the fibres. It's always a sensuous experience to lose yourself in individual strands rubbing together but when your whole body is an erogenous zone already, the effect is, rather overwhelming and she falls on into pleasure-filled darkness.

Rachel wakes up with a start, the soft sheets wrapped around her body. She throws the covers off, checking everything is in its proper place, breathing heavily. “Oh, man, that was some nightmare. Why did I ever...” she notices her phone blinking with unheard messages at her. “Oh, what now?” She grabs the phone. Several messages, all from Tony, all some time this morning.

“Hi, Raerae.”

“Don't call me Raerae.” she mutter automatically.

“Thanks for being such a sport last night. Managed to get out of that jam I was in, thanks to you.

But I think it's probably safer if I take some time away from the city, you know, recharge, let things cool down. And I'm really sorry about your shows, I didn't ...” the message cuts off. She thumbs to the next one.

“Wow, they don't give you long, do they? Anyway, Raerae, I had a word or two with the men upstairs, as it were, and they're rethinking. They can see now that forcing an artist of your calibre into that kind of role doesn't say much good about their hotel. Although you might want to get the ink dry on that fast. Before the persuasion wears off.”

“Persuasion wears off? Tony, you didn't? You did! I don't know whether to be grateful or outraged.”

She moves onto the next. “Now, about that payment we agreed to, well, the thing is, I kind of was a little economical with the actualité.”

“What?”

“You see I was a good boy way back when and really did remove all those triggers. Well, except that one, obviously.”

“You what?!” she screams at the phone as Tony's message continues obliviously, “You mean to tell me I didn't have to do that last night?! That you lied and cheated me into doing all that on stage?! You asshole! The next time I see you, Tony, I am going to...” she stops as she hears the last word of the message.

“Msagro.” and her angry tirade fades into a low moan as her body reacts to its trigger.



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