

RAINBOW GIRLS

Continuing the adventures of Faustus the Great and friends, last seen in the Olympics Contest Story, Olympic Linking Rings.

“Let me guess, ye loved Rubik's puzzles as a kid, right?” Jackie asks, staring at the contraption, running her hands over the one-piece swimsuit. Five cabinets, each made of five boxes, form a ring around a central pillar. Each box is attached to an arm from the pillar, each cabinet a solid colour, either blue, purple, green, white or orange, with a stylised black figure stencilled onto the front.

“An' ye expect us t' get in there an' let ye chop us up? An' oh so very accidentally, I'm sure, get confused about which bit goes where, even though ye got the boxes colour-coded, an' make us into rainbows?”

Paul looks at the floor, rather sheepishly, “Something like that yes. Is that a problem?”

“Ye know it's not, I'm just makin' sure I know what's goin' t' be happenin' t' me. Fer a change.”

“To us, you mean.”

“Nah. What happens t' ye isn't somethin' I concerned meself with.”

Zil sticks her tongue out with a loud raspberry.

“Well, the last time ye got t' playin' you ended up as a Purple Munchkin an' yer sister's ready t' star in the remake o' Xena as her bigger sister. An' ye're still like that. So why worry about anything else happenin' t' ye?”

“And what's wrong with what's happened to us?” Petra asks, towering over her, muscular arms folded over her chest, newly red hair tied back into a ponytail hanging over her costume.

“Yeah! You meanie, you!” Zil adds, only just rising above her sister's waist, her closely cropped hair the same deep purple as the costume over her now much diminished figure.

“Ladies, please.”

“Ok, serious question time.”

“Yes, Sam?”

“How can those one-size-fits-all magic boxes work with those two?”

“Magic. How else?” he looks around, noting Jackie tapping her foot, “Ok. The boxes twist space when the blades go through so whatever it looks like, they'll all go through at the same points. I do know what I'm doing.”

“Of course, boss. Didn't doubt it for a moment.” Dell adds, running her hands over a brand new pair of shiny red boots.

“An' ye're sure this'll go ok?”

“I'm sure, Jaks.”

“Really, really sure?”

“Nothing will go wrong.”

“Oh, that's not kicking fate in the nuts and saying 'come on then if you think you're hard enough', at all.”

“Nothing will go wrong. And you watch your language or I'll wash your mouth out. Literally.”

Dell smiles angelically up at him as she pushes herself off the chair, “Ok, boss. Whatever you say.”

“Good. Any other questions?” he turns back as four of the boxes close. “Guess not. And before you get in, I'll need to change Anne, or she'll get sliced.”

“You don't reeeally need to do that, do you? It'd be a shame if she missed out on all the fun, wouldn't it?”

Paul sighs, “In you get then.”

The orange door closes quickly.

“Everybody ready in there?”

“Of course we're ready. Get on with it!”

“As you wish.” He pulls out five racks of blades, lining them up with each box. With a snap of his fingers, the racks shoot forward, the blades slicing through the cabinets, ending with a thud as they meet the doors.

“HEY! What happened to warning us?”

“You said you were ready.”

“Rassum-frassum smartass magical bosses. And those things were cold, too.”

“You always complain they're too cold.”

“Well, make them warmer and I won't.”

“Do ye think ye could get on with it? Bein' stuck in five different boxes isn't my idea of a great time.”

“As you wish.” he presses a small remote and motors whirr into action.

“Whoa! Now that feels weird.” the column rises, lifting each box up on the stiff metal arms.

“It gets better.”

“Better? Fer who?”

Paul smiles, and presses another button on the remote, and the column turns, twisting the boxes around itself until each cabinet is made of all five colours.

“Wheeeeeee!” Zil's box giggles.

Another button push lowers the boxes together. Paul snaps his fingers and the racks of blades slide out, rolling away, letting the doors fall open. All five women look down at their new bodies.

“Oh, verra nice.” Jackie says first, her muscular arms wrapped in sky blue, feeling for the non-existent joints between the pieces, her tiny gymnast's stomach in purple, slender hips in white giving way to shiny red boots. “Just don't think ye'll be gettin' any until ye change us back.”

“Don't worry, boss.” Dell grins, cupping her emerald clad chest, sky-blue abs showing prominently over narrow purple hips and white feet, “You can still play with these.”

“Don't ye dare, ye little...”

“Well, they're still yours. What's the problem?” she skips back, “Ooooh. Nice legs you've got, Zil. Shame about the flat feet.”

“Dell, enough. Jaks, don't kill her until we're done. It'll make the restore too messy. Sam, that goes double for you.”

“Don't worry. I can wait.” she smiles sweetly at Dell, rubbing her orange hands together, her stomach covered in green, her muscular thighs sky blue leading into tiny purple feet.

Petra and Zilvara remain silent, once more looking each other in the eye, Petra adjusting to Zil's slim chest and arms, Sam's soft stomach, Jackie's feet and Dell's developing hips, and the tops of the red boots. Zil, meanwhile, finds Sam's chest much bigger than she's used to, Dell's stomach less firm than hers, and Petra's feet waaay too big.

“Well, I can't. Get us back together, Magic Man.”

“Ok, ok. Honestly, what happened to your spirit of adventure?”

“Apparently, it got moved into the teenage temptress over there. I got left with the burning rage.”

“Hint received. Everybody back in before we have to deal with a very angry Irish tiger wearing ripped purple trousers.”

“Thank ye, knew ye were smarter than ye look.” she backs into the box, Sam quickly following, Petra and Zil more slowly.

“Uhm, you won't really let them do anything to me, will you?” Dell asks, shuffling from foot to foot, looking innocent.

“Nothing too serious. But if you keep poking them with a stick, expect them to poke back.”

“Uhm, what does 'too serious' mean?”

“Guess you'll find out. Don't worry, I won't let them do anything to you you wouldn't do to Anne.”

“Oh. Is that a warning, boss?”

“Friendly advice. In you get.”

“Yes, boss.”

“What is takin' ye so long? Don't tell me jailbait ran off an' left us all here?”

“Yeah, yeah. Give it a rest, Auntie Jackie, you'll stretch your wrinkles. I'm here. You can have your droopies back soon enough.”

Paul sighs. “Well, I tried...” he snaps his fingers and the blades roll forwards. He presses the first button, the column rising up, separating the cabinets. He presses another button and it starts to rotate backwards, returning the boxes to their original positions.

Halfway through the slow revolution, it judders to a halt, sparks and smoke erupting from the

column.

“What was that?”

“What's going on?”

“What are ye up to, ye sneaky sunnova...”

“It's not me.” He waves his hand through the smoke, “Oh, great, the motor's blown.”

“It's what?”

“Told you not to kick Fate in the nuts!”

“Well, fix it!”

“Doing my best. Give me a moment.”

After the motor is fixed, “A 'moment'? Took ye three soddin' hours t' get it workin', it did. D' ye know how borin' it is t' be stuck in a featureless box fer three sodding' hours?”

“I had to buy a new motor and fit it. That takes a bit of time.”

“An' ye couldn't have magiced us out of the boxes?”

“Maybe. Would have been risky, though. Trying to do that with all the magic fields holding you together and realigned, especially as there's six of you, each in multiple pieces, and all needing realignment.”

“Six? Oh, Anne. What's the worst that could have happened?”

“Well, you could have ended up inside out, all five of you merged together, stuck in pieces only without the magic to prevent minor details like bleeding, or some combination of the above. Those are just the obvious things, though. It could have gotten weird.” he looks over at Jackie, feeling her shiver against him. “Speaking of magical calamities, what did you and Sam do with Dell?”

“Oh, not much.”

“Jaks...”

“Oh, don't worry, it wasn't anything serious. She should be able to put herself back together. Eventually.”

“Jaks...”

“Ok, so we'll put her back tomorrow if'n she hasn' done it herself. Grouch. It's only half a dozen pieces and we didn' even hide them tha' well, after all.”



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