

PETRA'S AUDITION

By pwatson1974

Petra sat at the kitchen table, staring down at the paper. It still said the same thing as it had for the last ten minutes:

'Magician's Assistant wanted. No experience necessary. Auditions to be held Saturday, 9th Feb from 10:00 a.m. at Sheckys. Dress casual. All applicants must be over 18.' Next to the advert was a cartoon of a sinister magician sawing his assistant in half.

Petra flicked back a strand of dark hair that had fallen over her forehead and grinned at the world in general. Today was Monday, so she only had five days until the auditions. Hardly enough time to prepare, at all. Just as well she was on holiday anyway. She raced upstairs, piling clothes on the floor in an attempt to find the perfect outfit. Nothing looked right, though. She looked at herself critically in the mirror, her black hair falling over her shoulders, her 5'6 body petite making her look smaller, her chest a little on the large size but not freakish, and sighed. Who was she kidding? To be an assistant, you needed to be tall, long-legged, tanned and preferably have a perfect smile. She tried smiling, but it looked so false in the mirror she gave up and resumed hunting.

By Wednesday, Petra was getting into a state. She wanted the job, probably more than anything she'd ever wanted, so much that it really hurt. And she wasn't going to get it. She was going to be humiliated. But, if she did get it... Which she wouldn't. But if she did... She sighed, wishing Zilvara was around. Her sister would have the confidence to get the job and persuade the magician, whoever he was and she hadn't heard of 'Faustus the Great' before, to take on an extra assistant into the bargain. But Zilvara was out of town on another job hunt and she'd have to do this on her own. She looked, again, through her wardrobe and sighed.

By Friday, she knew she was going to the audition anyway. Maybe she'd be lucky and she'd be the only person there. She doubted it, but she was going to try for this. She tried to relax, scrolling through some new stories on the sites she'd taken over. She sighed again. "God, I wish that could happen to me, but the nearest I'm going to get is to be interviewed by this Faustus."

On Saturday, Petra's alarm went at eight. The backup went at ten past. By eight-thirty she was rushing for the shower. The auditions started at 10. She had to get there earlier to get in early, make an impression. She grabbed a pair of faded jeans and a baby-t, ran a brush through her hair to get out most of the kinks and started her makeup. By 9:20 she was ready, and the nerves were making her stomach roll over in knots. She drummed her fingers waiting for the toast to pop up and snatched it up when it did, eating as she ran for her car. She made it to Sheckys, a small bar in the centre of town and pulled into one of three parking spaces left at speed, screeching to a stop. She looked at her watch. 9:50. *How many others were already here?* She ran in, and stopped. She knew Harry, the barman, well and he puffed at his grey walrus moustache as she came in, passing her a numbered card. Number 13. Petra sighed heavily, trudging into the main bar. Great. Not only was she going to be here for an hour, two at the very least, but being number 13 was hardly a good omen. She almost didn't notice the tiny bit of paper on the back. She unrolled it, and found Harry's crumpled handwriting on it.

'Save you this. First twelve fill up early. Luck.' She stared across at the girls coming in, all looking perfect, mostly blondes with tanned legs up to their armpits, flat stomachs and breasts threatening to burst their incredibly tight tops. She looked down at herself and knew she was going to need a lot more than luck. She drank water and orange juice for the next two hours. When she heard number 12 called, she knocked the glass over, apologised to Nick behind the bar and ran for the toilets. Taking deep breaths she calmed down and came out. It didn't matter anymore that she wasn't going to get it. She had come here to audition and that was what she was going to do. If this Faustus couldn't see how great she'd be as his assistant, that was his problem. She also began to think that someone might have put

something a little stronger than water in her orange.

Number thirteen was called and all Petra's confidence vanished. She took another deep breath, stood up and strode towards the private function room, ignoring both the glares and the arguments following her as people who'd got here early realised she was going before them and that it wasn't fair. Harry listened to them all and apologised for the mix-up, but insisted that Petra was number 13, even if mistakenly, and she was next. She pushed open the double doors and walked along the short corridor to the back room. A man straight out of any Hollywood secret service movie waited for her, a dark mountain of muscle, his scalp shaved, his eyes behind black glasses, even inside, and his hulking body covered in a black dress suit. He took the card from her and nodded, pushing the door open but otherwise remaining fixed at his post.

Petra paused in the doorway. "Thank you." She squeaked before reaching deep down for her courage and walking into the room.

Normally, the back room was filled with tables, perfect for parties, with a slightly raised stage at one end. Now, the tables were pushed against the walls, clearing a large area in the centre of the room. In it were just two chairs, one occupied by a man, Petra guessed he was about forty-five or so, in a black shirt and black jeans that were a contrast to his short grey hair. He looked up as Petra entered, and she noticed there was something strange about his eyes, almost as if they were black with no colour in the iris. "Please, sit down." He gestured to the chair with one hand, his fingers long and slim. Petra sat down, feeling very much like she had when she'd been attending interviews for university, only worse because this she really wanted, and university had just been what she'd expected to do. Part of her noticed a slight accent, German or Polish, to his voice, but most of her was far too busy being nervous to pay attention. "So, your name, please?"

"I'm Petra, Petra deJewels." He looks up.

"Unusual name. Real?"

"Yes." Petra's voice held an edge to it. Who did he think he was, implying she'd made up the name? The rational part of her, along with the part that wanted this job, which was a very large part of her, reminded her exactly who he was.

"How old?"

"22."

"Any experience?"

"No. But I know how a lot of the tricks are done."

"How flexible are you?"

"What?"

"How flexible? Splits, bend backwards, flexible. How flexible are you?"

"Oh, quite."

"Show, please. Raise leg." Petra stood up, stretched and pulled her leg as high as she could until her toes were above her head. Faustus nodded. "Backwards, please." Petra bent over backwards until her hands were pressed onto the floor. "Thank you. Sit." Again, Petra sat down, "Why do you want this job?"

"Because I want to be a magician's assistant. Because I love magic and I've always wanted to do it, but I'm not very good at the patter so it won't work and I really want to be involved and..." Faustus holds up his hand. Petra stops.

"I see." He made a little mark on the paper in front of him. "Same Petra deJewels who writes the stories about magic?" Petra blushed slightly. "Good. Proceed to audition?" he rose, and walked towards the stage. Petra followed him, still nervous. Then she noticed the boxes on the stage. Faustus smiled. "You like?" Petra nodded, staring at the boxes. Faustus pushed out a long box in green with gold trimming, clearly made out of five smaller boxes. "I think you'll like this, Miss deJewels. Please, climb in." Petra climbed into the box, its interior perfect matt black. "Put your hands here, and here." Petra complied and he closed a pair of steel manacles around her wrists. The manacles looked uncomfortable, but the inside was soft and padded. "Feet here." Again Petra complied and another pair of shackles closed around her ankles. He attached further shackles around her waist and neck, across her thighs and just under her breasts. He stepped back

"Hold on. How am I supposed to avoid the blades if I can't move?"

"Don't worry, trick is self-working. You don't need to know how it works. I take you on, I show you."

"Oh, OK." Faustus closed the front door of each box, starting at her feet and working up to her head.

"Goodbye." He closed the box on the top box, leaving Petra almost in darkness, the only light coming from the four slits in front of her. She heard Faustus moving about on stage, and the clang of the metal dividers as he dropped them, followed by several grunts and curses. "Ready?"

"Yes." She squeaked.

"Good." The bottom slit went out as he slid the blade in until it rested just above her knee. Petra shivers.

Don't cry out. Trust him or you'll never get the job. She thought, but being calm when you can feel a blade on your legs was not easy. Then things got worse as the blade shot forward, cutting easily through her legs. Petra held in the scream until the box shook as the handle slammed into it. The head box opens.

"Problems?"

"The trick didn't work! The blade's gone into my legs." Faustus nodded.

"Yes. Trick is real."

"What?"

"Trick is real. I show you." He closed the door. Petra heard him raising another blade and shoving it in below the first. She heard him fiddling with something on the side of the box and tried moving her toes. She felt her toes move, wriggling against the trainers.

Just a trick. Nothing to worry about. Except that her legs were cold and tingling at the same point the blade should have gone, all the way through her legs. She heard Faustus pulling on something nearby. The head box door opened, and Petra found herself staring at a pair of feet in her brand of trainers and faded blue jeans up to the knees, all in a green box with gold trim. *No. This can't happen. It's got to be a trick.* She wiggled her right foot and the right foot in the box moved. She raised her toes up and the feet responded, turning. "Wow. That's good. How come they're following what I want?"

"They're your feet, what else they do?"

"They can't be my feet. I'm attached to them."

"Were. Not anymore." He rolls up her jeans and taps her on the shin. Petra feels it. Her jaw drops.

"Oh. My. God. You really cut my feet off! This is real. Can you put them back?" Faustus shrugged.

“Not much trick to just cut pretty girl’s feet off. Trick is putting feet back.”

“OK.” He closed the door and places the feet box on the stage.

“You want continue?”

“Yes, please.” He closed the head box.

The next slit went dark, the blade resting lightly under the shackle around her waist. The blade sunk into her stomach and pushed through her spine, a line of tingly cold marking its smooth passage. Another blade followed. She hears more clips being undone and hears the box being removed. The next blade pushed in, coming just at the edge of her baby-t. Another blade, and her stomach was pulled away. The last pair of blades cut just under her armpits, separating her chest from her shoulders and head. Her chest was removed. The head box opened, allowing her to see the four boxes spread out on the stage. She giggled. *Well, I said I wanted this thing to happen to me.* She stops giggling, *Even if I’ll never get it to happen to me again.*

“You like?” she opened her eyes.

“Me like.” She grinned back.

“Put you back?”

“Yeah.” She really wanted it to last forever, but didn’t think he’d appreciate that. He closed up the head box and started pushing boxes back into place. He opens the head box and Petra immediately noticed something was wrong. Staring at someone else’s thighs rather than their face will do that to you. “What?” he wheeled in a mirror, showing her head and thighs swapped. There was also something wrong with her stomach, but she couldn’t figure out what.

“Sorry. Just little joke. I put you back, yes?”

“Yes.” she tried to look stern at him, and failed, a huge grin plastered on her face. He closed the boxes up and reassembled her, pulling out the blades. He pulled open the boxes and unclasped the shackles. Petra patted down her body, still feeling something odd in the pit of her stomach. Staring in the mirror she realised what was wrong: her naval was now just under the edge of the baby-t. He’d put her stomach in upside-down.

“OK, you wait. I still see others. Let you know later. You wait in bar, yes?” Petra blinked.

“Oh, yes, but...”

“I let you know.”

“OK.” She walked out slowly, still trying to rationalise the whole thing, but her upside down stomach made that difficult. That and the fact that she knew it had really happened. *Anyway, I can catch him afterwards and get him to turn me back. If I really want to go back.* She went back to the bar as number fourteen was called. Then she remembered that she hadn’t seen numbers 1 to 12 come out. She watched the door intently, reasoning she might have been too caught up in nerves to notice. She ordered a meal, a salad and baguette, from the bar and waited. The waiting seemed to take days, but at 3 the mountain guarding the door came out with a sheet of paper in his hands.

“The following are to stay for further auditions:” his voice was quiet and soft, but easily carried through the hushed bar, “Number 2, Number 7, Number 10, Number 12,” Petra’s heart rose into her mouth, “Number 15,” and fell, the world crashing down around her, “Number 18, Number 23, Number 28,” she got off the bar stool and started for the door, “Number 30, Number 13.” She stopped. He hadn’t just said number 13. Why would he wait till the end to say number 13? She must be hearing things. Harry walked

up.

“Where you going? He called you. Go, go.” He pushed her gently towards the private rooms.

Bet he just wants to restore me. She walked in through the door, and follows the others, the huge man leading the way, standing a head and a half above the girls. He opens the door for them again. “Thanks.” Petra said as she walks past.

“You’re welcome.” He replied softly. She stopped, staring at him, but his face remained perfectly impassive.

“Good, good. Sit, please.” Faustus said, sweeping his hands along the row of ten chairs. “New question: How you feel about doing adult shows?”

“Adult shows meaning what?” number 15, an African girl asked.

“Nudity. Worse and dirtier jokes. A few naughty tricks.” Numbers 15, 30, 7 and 28 all stood and left. “So, rest of you all right with nudity?” Petra wondered. Could she really have strangers staring at her naked body? Could she do it without blushing? If it meant she got to do real magic, then yes, she certainly could. Besides, her body wasn’t that bad. Maybe it should get shown off a bit more. “Good. You mind humouring a lecherous old man and taking tops off?” the six remaining girls did. Petra blushed as she pulled off the baby-t, thankful that she wasn’t the only one turning an interesting beetroot colour. “Now, how do you feel about sharing?”

“Sharing?”

“Hmm. Sharing bits of you with other assistants. Swapping body parts. Losing things from you and giving them to someone else.” Numbers 18 and 12 looked nervous. “Volunteers to show you?” Petra’s hand shot into the air, number 23, a blonde with sparkling blue eyes following her quickly, her breasts jiggling with the movement. “OK, you two, come out.” They did, and Petra found herself a lot shorter than the other woman. “Onto stage, please. Lie on tables. Current assistant will strap you.” They walked onto the stage, Petra getting increasingly nervous. They lie on the long tables on the stage. A tall woman walked up to them, her face hidden behind a jet-black veil to match her hair, a black dress covering her. “Wait. Names?”

“Petra.”

“Samantha.”

“Good. You know each other?”

“No.” Petra shakes her head.

“You know each other well soon. Continue.” The assistant tightened the leather straps around Petra’s ankles, neck and wrists, doing the same to Samantha. Faustus approaches the stage as his assistant brought out a pair of waist stocks and a lumberjack saw. Faustus placed the blade of the saw in the groove of the waist stocks, the teeth pricking Petra’s stomach. She rolled her head over and saw Samantha smiling broadly. She also notices the thumb on Samantha’s hand was pointing towards her. Her hands were on backwards! The saw started to move, the teeth tickling as it sank into their flesh. Soon, the saw reached their spines, the sound changing and slowing as it cut into the bone. Faustus and his assistant removed the blade, placing dividers into the stocks, the assistant dealing with Samantha and Faustus with Petra. They opened the locks, pushing the tables apart, and splitting the two girls into two pieces. The assistant and Faustus took hold of each of the foot tables and pushed them back, onto the wrong girl. Samantha’s smile broadens even further as the tables are locked into place. Faustus and his assistant removed the dividers. Petra gasped as waves of pleasure swept through her body. She looked at Samantha and found her vision blurred, but the smile was easily big enough to see clearly. Faustus and the assistant

unshackled them and they walked back to their seats, Petra now taller than Samantha as she walked on the blonde's long tanned legs.

"OK. Who else want to do that?" 18 and 12 left. "Good. Finally, who minds being changed for longer than the performance, or changed outside the performance?" 10, a Chinese girl, left, leaving just a girl with short red hair and freckles called Jackie, Samantha and Petra. "Well, just one more thing, then. Time to get you three restored." He pulled a white handkerchief from his pocket and unfolded it until it becomes a credible blanket. "Now, stand close together." The three girls cuddled up, Petra noticing a tiger-like tail twitching out of Jackie's bikini pants, Petra and Samantha already used to being very close together. Faustus swung the blanket over them, and whipped it away. Petra patted herself down, and found her stomach returned to its correct orientation, as well as her legs returned. Samantha had her legs back as well, her hands returned while the redhead rubbed her back where the tail had been. All three turned to Faustus.

"Well, who gets the job?" Samantha asked.

"How well do you respond to tricks?" Faustus asked in return. The part of Petra that had noticed his accent now noticed its absence.

"Why?" Faustus reached up and the girls gasped as his fingers dug into his face and pulled it off, revealing a young man of about twenty-three under the older face.

"Sorry." He grinned, looking completely insincere, "People don't take a young magician seriously. Still want to work with me, even though I'm only a young leech?" There were three eager nods.

"What happened to your accent?" Jackie asked, obviously more observant than Petra.

"Oh, that. It goes with the act along with the old face. Any other questions?" they shake their heads, "Good. I'll just introduce you to the rest of the group. I'm Paul. This," he waved at the towering hulk, "is Marcel. He's security, roadie, a very good manager and a passable musician. But if he tells you to do something, do it because he'll mean it." Marcel nodded gravely. And then grinned broadly, his teeth a flash of white in his dark skin. He looked at Petra, his eyes shining as he slipped the glasses into his top pocket.

"Oh, good. You kept the polite one." Petra coloured further.

"And this is my current assistant." The woman walked down the steps, undoing her mask.

"Hey, Hon." Zilvara grinned, "What do you think of the new job?" Petra was speechless, her mouth opening and closing like a guppy.

"Ahem." They all turned towards Paul. "Could I interest my new assistants in an illusion before we pack up?"

"Hey, what about me?" Zilvara protested. Paul winked at her.

"Don't worry, I'll do you later. So, ladies, shall we?"

"What illusion?"

"Oh, a three-way twister. Something I made myself. So, shall we?" All three girls clustered around him, beaming. "Right. This way, ladies." He led them up onto the stage to a circular metal cabinet with four head boxes at regular intervals around it. The cabinet reached down to just above the floor, far further down than a normal Twister cabinet. "Now, if my three lovely assistants would care to enter the cabinet?" he pulled the cabinet open on its hinges. "Zil, could you give me a hand locking them in, please?" Zilvara grinned, locking Petra's wrists into the ceiling of the cabinet, one on either side of the circular head box,

and closed a metal band around her neck. She then shackled her feet into the floor, leaving just her feet, hands and head outside the cabinet. Paul shut the doors up and locked them. From nowhere he pulls out three small wheels and fixes them into small holes on the cabinet in front of each girl. "Marcel, could you give me a hand here. I know Zil wants to torture her big sister," Zilvara nods vigorously, grinning at Petra, "so would you like to twist Samantha or Jackie into a pretzel?" Marcel walked up to Samantha's head.

"May I?" she tried to nod, forgetting she was in a tight head box and settled for smiling.

"OK, everybody ready? Then let's get on with it." He started to turn the wheel, spinning Jackie's head slowly around. Zilvara and Marcel do the same, so that the girls face each other halfway around each rotation. Each time her head turned, which was still a disorienting experience, Petra felt something tighten in her body. She also felt a pulling on her wrists and ankles as her body was pulled away from the locked in limbs.

After ten turns, Paul pronounced them finished with part one, which Petra failed to notice, still concentrating on the strange feelings in her body. Paul opened the cabinet and rolled over a large mirror, revealing, as expected, that their three bodies were now three thick strands of living rope under their necks, stretched stranded peeling off to their shackled limbs. It felt very weird as parts of bodies that shouldn't be connected rubbed together, accompanied by a general tightness across her skin. "Now, shall we see just how far these lovely young ladies will let me go?" he asked the non-existent audience. Petra noticed that.

"How far? What do you mean, how far?"

"I think, hon, he means that you're still a little overdressed." Zilvara grins, reaching into the twisted body of her sister and tickling her helpless form. Petra tried to get away, but being both shackled and twisted only succeeded in sending ripples along her body. Zilvara continued ticking down her sister's side until the soft skin changed into the coarse fabric of her jeans. She took a tight hold and pulled, tugging the twisted trousers through her sister's legs, adding the tingle of their passing to the other sensations. Marcel did the same to Samantha, although with considerably less tickling, and pulled off her black miniskirt while Paul pulled off Jackie's dark green dress as if he was whipping off a tablecloth. "Comfortable, hon?"

"Fine, thank you." Petra gasped, still recovering from her sister's tickling. "Just wait till I get you in here."

"Sorry, hon, but I've got seniority here."

"By about a week, Zil." Paul reminded her. Zilvara shrugged.

"Do you think they've had enough, boss?" She asked, mouthing 'no' very clearly and shaking her head.

"I don't know. Have you had enough?"

"Enough magic? Enough tickling? Or enough clothes taken off?" Petra asked, "Because I know I haven't had enough magic, but I have had quite enough tickling from the old lady here." she poked her tongue out at Zilvara as she said it. Zilvara smiled.

"She hasn't had enough, boss." She reached down and slipped a finger under the edge of Petra's panties and pulling them through her. This time the tingling was a lot more intense, a lot more focused and almost orgasmic. Petra squeaked. Samantha sighed. Jackie giggled.

"And now, on to part two of the actual magic." Paul closed up the cabinet and put a large wheel onto the side. He took a grip with both hands and turned. Slowly, the ceiling of the cabinet began to turn, turning the girl's heads with it, but leaving their feet in one place, wrapping their bodies around each other. The

touch of other warm, twisted flesh made Petra jump, but soon the gentle rubbing of skin on skin became normal and then she began to enjoy it. Paul made nine turns, each one tightening the girls on each other. “Ready to see what you look like?” he asked, opening the cabinet before any of them get a chance to answer. Their bodies are now completely wrapped together in a central rope with three strands leading out to their feet and another three to their heads. Paul closed the cabinet. “One more for luck.” He turned the wheel, and the tension in the girl’s bodies increased. About halfway around, Petra thought she felt the ceiling around her begin to wobble. By three-quarters of the way round she was certain, and the floor wasn’t much better. She started to say something but Paul completed the turn. The floor and ceiling broke loose together, crashing together like giant cymbals. All three girls squealed as the cabinet opened, revealing the two metal plates firmly sandwiched together with no room for their bodies in between.

“Damn. Overtightened it again.” Paul grinned.

The door to the room opened. “Hey, Paul. Hurry it up, willya?” Harry called, looking like a stereotypical Bavarian innkeeper with his portly red face and huge moustache, “I’ve got this place booked for a function at five and I’ll need a hand getting it ready too.”

“Sure thing, Uncle Harry.” *Uncle Harry? He’s Harry’s nephew?* “I’m just packing things away now.”

“Don’t take too long.” He closed the door.

“Uncle Harry?”

“Great uncle, really, but he’s a bit sensitive about that.”

“And when are you going to give us our bodies back?” Jackie demands.

“Yeah.” Petra echoes, feeling a little like a schoolgirl supporting the leader of the gang.

“Not yet. And now, we’ll just pack you away...”

“You’ll WHAT?!” Zilvara picked up Petra’s shrieking head from the head box and placed it in a cushioned, velvet lined box, quickly dropping her hands and feet into a drawer at the base and shutting it tightly, muffling her protests.

When Paul took her out, it was late the next morning, “Good morning.” He smiled. Petra blinked. At the best of times, she was not a morning person, especially at the weekend, and being a bodiless head in a box certainly did not qualify as the best of times (although she would admit to herself, but certainly not to Zilvara, that the sensation of the velvet rubbing on the stump of her neck was nice, even sexy). “Now, just so you are absolutely sure, this sort of thing is going to happen a lot. I won’t promise to restore you after each show, so you could easily be spending the night like this or otherwise, inconvenienced. Do you still want the job?” Petra tilted her head as if sifting the thoughts through her brain. She considered the prospects of being dismembered on a regular basis, of being distorted and abused, of being naked and ogled by strangers. She also considered the sensations she’d experienced during the tricks, the fact that this was real magic and that it was happening to her, that her sister was already involved and would need looking after, and the fact that this was real magic and that it was happening to her. The decision wasn’t hard.

That was a year ago. The act continues with the same four assistants, each of them adding new ideas and illusions, and having fun off it, and continue in the same battered van, or Tardis as Samantha dubbed it after they found their new apartments inside. They have been flattened, stretched, crushed, shrunk, eaten, floated, vanished, melted, twisted, cut into more pieces in more ways than they can count, swapped almost every piece of their anatomy with the other girls and are still having a ball. Marcel and Samantha got engaged in the autumn and are doing well, despite Samantha’s addiction to being flattened paper-thin

‘off-duty’. Jackie has spent so much time as a cat, usually either a tabby or tiger, that her eyes have become cat-like green eyes, even when she’s human. Zilvara and Petra both love being in pieces. Zilvara is happy at just being cut across the waist, although she sometimes fancies being in three pieces. Petra, by contrast, is constantly hassling Paul to be cut into more and more pieces. At last count, her record was well over a hundred and fifty and she still isn’t satisfied. Paul is very busy booking venues, using his trust fund to keep the act going, and trying to keep up with the girls’ demands for off-stage magic, in particular trying to find a way to cut Petra into one inch cubes and restore her (the cutting isn’t a problem, but a 19000 piece 3D jigsaw is not a good idea in his opinion, especially if he has to be the one to put her back together).

The sceptics amongst you are probably asking how I know all of this, which is a reasonable question. Well, to misquote an old song. “I know this story is true, because, son, I was that magician.”



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