

BACK IN THE SADDLE

By pwatson1974

Angel Devine lays back on the bed. Another private stream done and dusted. Satisfied customers still ringing in the tips. Rent covered and still several days in the month to earn for luxuries. And just a stag do booked for the evening. Plenty of time for a shower and a spot of freshening up before she rocks some young groom's world. She rises from the bed, walking past the camera that puts bread on the table, staring out over Las Vegas in the bright sunshine. Hitting the shower, she checks her hair, dark roots starting to show through the white blonde, she'll need to book another session to lighten them. With the warm water beating down over her naturally tanned skin, she smiles her full lips at how far little Sophie Taylor's come in the world. Maybe a shower set for next month? Her regulars did love to see her wet and slippery. Maybe it was time to reward them, remind them what they were getting for their money. Her hands wander across her body, cupping and teasing the tools of her trade, lathering herself up as much as the soap would allow.

Fully pampered, she gets dressed for lounging around the house in a soft robe. No point in going tight and sexy too early. At which point there's a knock on the door. She shuffles grumpily towards the door, her planned afternoon of lazing around spoiled. She checks the peephole, a girl can't be too careful after all. There's a woman standing outside, dressed in faded jeans and faded t-shirt, her crimson hair tumbling over her shoulders in a way Angel notes with professional courtesy as artfully done to convey a flirty personality. She's standing nonchalantly, not looking anxious, stressed or angry, so probably not a jealous partner of a regular who tracked her down this time. Still, a girl can't be too careful. She reaches into the closet by the door, pulling out a handgun, checking the safety's off before opening the door a crack. "Can I help you?"

"Ah guess that depends." the woman outside drawls, "Ah'm lookin' for Angel Devine. We've got a job tonight an' ah want to go through a few things with her before we have to do it all live, y'know?"

A job? Tonight? That stag? She dredges through her memories, there was something about another performer, but nothing about them doing it together, a...magician? That sounds right. But she was expecting an overweight sweaty guy in a bad tux with grabby hands, not this woman. She puts the safety on, slipping the gun into her robe. "You'd best come in."

"Thanks." she glides in, "An' thanks fer not shootin' me, too."

"Huh?"

"Well, unless'n that bulge is somethin' you've kept real hidden from the' Internet, ah reckon ya got a security piece there in case ah was trouble."

"Are you?"

"Course ah'm trouble, ah'm an adult entertainer, ain't we all trouble? Jes' not the kind that needs shootin', less'n ya're listenin' to ma pappy." she stops in the spacious apartment, whistling, "Although if ah knew yore side'a things paid this kinda well, ah might consider a career change."

"You're the magician?"

"Uh-huh. The MagiciAnne, to be precise."

Something tugs at Angel's memory at that name, "Aren't you the one who ran out on her set?"

"Nah, ah didn't run out, ah disappeared. Did too darn good a job at it, too."

"Shame. I saw you. You weren't bad."

"Oh, a fan, huh?"

"Saw you at Treasures when I was working there. You had presence on stage."

"Hope ah still got that tonight, getting' back in the saddle an' all."

"I don't remember that drawl, though."

“Hell, if you cain't be true to yaself when ya're comin' back from nothin', when can ya? But ah ain't here ta exchange compliments. If ya're gonna be mah assistant, ah need to know what ah'm workin' with.”

“Assistant?”

“Boys'll need somethin' good ta look at ta distract 'em from me, right? An' from where ah'm standin', ya'll certainly distract 'em. But ah need ta know how far ah can go with ya.”

“How far?” she falters, noticing the smirking twitch of Anne's lips, a confident smile of someone who has their prey right where they want them. It's a familiar expression, just one she's more used to seeing on her own face. She rallies, stepping into a tried and true persona, “Well, you'll need to at least buy me dinner before I go down on you.”

“Shore thing, honey. Ya ok with Micky D's? Mah fee don't stretch too far these days.”

“Sorry. You're cute, but no one's cute enough to rate a Micky D discount.”

“Sounds fair t' me. But ah wasn't thinkin' goin' that far ta rile up a buncha guys. Maybe if there's an afterparty.”

“So what did you mean?”

“Just how ya'll take ta the act an' where ah have to tone it down or up.”

“And how do you...intend to...do...” she stops, staring into Anne's startlingly emerald eyes, listening to music that comes from everywhere and nowhere. Angel's eyes roll back in her head, her world going blank.

Some hours later, a hotel door opens, “Hi, y'all.” she tips her black top hat, with a brass hatband, dressed in an outfit you only get by image searching “saloon hostess”, “ringmaster” and “steampunk” all at once. A bright red long-sleeved jacket is secured across her stomach by three brass buckles, exposing a significant décolletage, gold tasselled epaulets on her shoulders. A ruffled skirt hangs down the back of her legs, open at the front to show off her stockinged legs and dark red thong, black boots reaching up her thighs. “Ah'm the MagiciAnne an' y'all'd better be the party of Greg White, or ah'm at the wrong room, an' that would just be unprofessional.” the man behind the door stares, mouth hanging slightly open,. Anne snaps her fingers, “Hey, this ain't the kind of outfit ya want ta be caught in a hotel corridor in. This the right room or not?”

“Uh, yeah, yeah, come in.”

“Thanks, honey.” she pats his cheek, sauntering into the room. “Now, ah know y'all are expectin' another entertainer ta show up, but ah was here first, so howzabout ah get the party started an' she can turn up when she wants ta?” she doesn't wait for an answer, plucking a sealed pack of cards from her jacket, “Now, whuch one'a y'all is Greg? Ah'm gonna need his help with this one.”

A young, tanned man stands up, his short brown hair streaked with blonde.

“Well, ah do declare. Future Missus White's gettin' a damn good deal. So, han'some, can ya check this is a new deck, no funny stuff, you know, the usual shit.” she tosses the pack to him. Greg catches them on his chest, dropping into a juggling set of hands before opening them and riffling through.

“Looks ok.”

“Good. Now stay there, a bit to the side, cain't have yore buddies missin' the fun.” she starts shuffling. “Now, Greg, can ah call ya Greg, good, now, ah just want ya ta think of a card. That's it, get the image strong. Greg, Greg, ah said a card, not mah tits, try again.” Greg looks embarrassed, making sure he's looking away as his buddies laugh, “That's better. So, stud, is this yore card?” she pulls out the King of spades.

“Uh, no.”

“Really? Howzabout this one?” three of diamonds.

“Still no.”

“Ok, ok, third time lucky, ah'm a bit out of practice.” ten of clubs.

“Nope.”

“Ah dunno, here, you find it.” Greg looks through the cards, then looks through them again.

“It's not there.”

“What's not there?”

“The card.”

“Ya did check the cards, right?”

“Yeah, but...”

“An' ya did pick the card, right?”

“Yeah, but...”

“An' ya sure it ain't there?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, ah wonder where it's got to?” she scratches her head. “Anyway,” she looks down and plucks a card out of her cleavage, “This yore card?” she holds up the queen of hearts.

“Yeah.”

“Didn't ah told ya not ta think so much about mah tits. G'wan back to yore seat.” she gives him a light slap on the rear as he does so. “Well, clearly mind readin' ain't the way ta go tonight. All y'all's minds are exactly where ah'd've thought.” they cheer. “No sign'a Angel? Guess it's on with the show then.” she flicks the brim of her hat, rolling it down her arm. She holds it out to them, turning slowly, “Now, y'all can see this is quite empty. An' there ain't nothin' up mah sleeves.” she holds up her hand, “So, how am ah doin' this?” she plunges her hand into the top hat, reaching down to her elbow. And pulls out half a carrot. “Well, that was not what ah was expectin'.” She drops the carrot back in. And watches it fly out. “Oh, it's gonna be like that is it?” she throws it back in, only to have it thrown out. “Fine. Gonna be difficult, are ya?” She reaches in again, digging deeper until she's almost up to her shoulder, “Gotcha.” She pulls her arm out, revealing a pair of furry white rabbit ears in her fist. A smattering of applause dies quickly as she keeps pulling, revealing pale blonde hair, followed by the rest of Angel, clad in a traditional black bunny girl outfit. Anne places the hat back on her head in the silence, “Ladies and, well, just gentlemen, Angel Devine. That left turn at Albuquerque always gets ya, don't it?”

“I guess.” she looks around, settling into a striking pinup pose, legs slightly crossed, hands on one thigh, leaning forward to take advantage of the plunging neckline, “So, which of you handsome men is Greg?” she slinks over to the groom as soon as he raises his hand, sitting in his lap, stroking his cheek, smiling as she feels him reacting to her close proximity.

Anne snaps her fingers, “Hey, pay attention to me. Ah know she's cute an' sexy an' all, but ah'm bein' fascinatin' over here. Anyways, as ah apparently cain't use Greg for this, where's the best man got to?” the group helpfully points towards him, encouraging him up. “So, yore the best man here, right?” much ooohs and jeers come from the rest of the group, Greg being a tad preoccupied.

He smiles, “You bet.”

“Good, ah need a good strong man.” she ruffles his hair, “Although ya need ta clean behind yore ears more.” pulling out a casino chip, “Didn't yore mama never tell ya nothin'?” she coin walks the chip along her hand, tweaking his ear with the other, “Man, it's like a garbage dump here.” and pulls out a silk handkerchief, followed by another, and then another, a whole chain of knotted silks emerging to laughter and a confused expression on his face, and then the black lacy bra emerges. “Somethin' ya wanna share wi' the class?” he blushes nicely, “Don't look at me, ah don't wear nothin' this fancy. Hey, Angel! This one'a yores?” she holds it up, tugging another few silks out. Neither Angel nor Greg responds, their mouths and tongues being far more gainfully occupied. “Well, that's just rude.” she drops the silks into the best man's hands and continues pulling until a pair of equally lacy, and brief, panties

emerge. For this she just raises an eyebrow at the best man, before continuing to pull reams of brightly coloured silks out of his ear. Finally with a loud pop a foam brain emerges at the end of the pile of silks. She looks concerned.

"Don't worry, he never used that anyway!" comes from the small audience. The best man's eyes cross and glaze over.

Anne waves her hands in front of his face to absolutely no response. "Uh, oops? Don't worry, ah can fix this." she unties the brain and promptly drops it onto the floor. "Don't worry, ah'm shore that didn't do nothin'." she brushes the 'brain' off and pushes it into the best man's ear with a schlick. He blinks. "There, good as new. An' at least it proves what they say about where you guys think is totally fake, right?"

The group cheers. Anne takes the pile of silks and walks to the intensely oblivious Greg and Angel with exaggerated stealth. She opens her arms, burying them in knotted silks, "Ah said, pay attention ta me, ah'm fabulous."

Angel splutters, trying to fight her way free of the silks. When she manages, she's wearing the lacy underwear and her bunny costume is nowhere to be seen, except for the ears still flopping over her hair. "Hey! I didn't interrupt you doing your job."

"Yeah, just stole the groom away."

"That's what he's paying for!"

"He'll have plenty'a time for that later. Ah ain't gonna go on all night."

"Maybe we should ask him." she turns towards Greg who is starting to get a distinctly worried look on his face.

"Nah, Paris of Troying the poor guy won't get us nowhere fast." she snaps her fingers and Angel stops, arms falling by her side, staring blankly ahead. Anne beckons, "Come on over here, doll." Angel robotically walks over. "Good girl. Do the guys a favour an' take the bra off, huh? They've paid good money ta see yore tits, after all?" Angel, still staring blankly reaches behind her, stripping the bra away with efficient motions. "Now, ah know none a' y'all really believe Angel here is under hypnosis, so what we're gonna do is some audience participation. Come on up, one at a time an' grab a needle, then, put it somewhere in Angel where the cloth ain't. Fixin' that lacy stuff is a nightmare. An' don't worry about comin' back fer seconds, ah got plenty a these things."

Several rounds of piercing later, Angel has needles sticking out of her side, puncturing the string of kanji tattooed there, and stomach, one through her nose and a couple piercing her cheeks. Of course, most are concentrated in her chest, her breasts buried in hedgehogs of metal needles. Throughout it all, her blank gaze never wavers.

"Can't we move those?" the best man asks, pointing at the panties, "I mean, there're plenty of places to test there."

"Well, we can, ah guess."

He reaches out and Anne slaps his hand.

"Ah, ah, ah, eager beaver, no exposin' th' eager beaver jus' yet. Angel, if'n yore willin', take the panties off." Angel slides the panties down her legs, kicking them away, immediately returning to her vacant standing pose. "Looks like you get yore wish." She hands him a needle.

A few minutes later, Angel's buttocks and crotch are sprouting their own thicket of pins, with those pushing the pins in displaying far more reaction than her vacant stare.

"Feel like upp'in' the stakes a little, fellas?"

Greg finishes pushing his needle deep into Angel's sex, "How? She can't take anything else off."

"Well, yeah, that's true, but those are piddly little needles." She reaches into the hat, pulling out a long metal skewer. Anne grins evilly, "Wanna see how she handles the big leagues?" she presses the skewer against Angel's navel, slowly pushing it through her body until the

end emerges through her spine. Angel's expression never changes. Anne smiles at the party. "Y'all get a turn now." she hands out a skewer each, keeping a fistful behind. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the places heaviest with needles get the most attention, the skewers pushed carefully into Angel's breasts and through her sex by the groom. The best man pushes it through her neck. Angel doesn't react to the skewers or the horrible bride of Frankenstein joke the best man finishes with. The final member of the party seems to be thinking about it before he lines the skewer up with Angel's ear and pushes it through.

"Ha. Just as I thought." he laughs, pushing and pulling the skewer in and out of Angel's head, "She's just a brainless ho." Angel doesn't flinch at this, but Anne's eyes go flint-hard. She takes the skewers in her hand and theatrically presses them against her palm, pressing them in, but not showing any sign of them emerging.

"Ok, folks, trick called on account'a one'a y'all being a flaming asshole. Now, ah didn't think ah'd have ta say this with a nice group'a guys like y'all, but ah guess ah misjudged y'all, so, ta be clear, ah don't care what manners y'all didn't get brung up with, y'all do not disrespect Ms Devine or mahself again or ah will get nasty. An' if'n y'all need ta figure out what that means, take a good look at her right now an' figure what ah'll do ta ya. Punters or no, if y'all cain't be gentlemen, ah sure as hell ain't gonna be no lady. Do ah make mahself very clear? Or will it take an example ta make y'all understand things? Because raight now, ah am more than up for that!" she looks meaningfully at the last person to skewer Angel. He briefly meets her eyes and very wisely decides to look away first. "Good. Ah'm glad we got all that sorted. On with the show. First we need ta get Miss Devine back in a fit state fer trickery. Ah could get y'all to pull those needles out one by one, but ah ain't that cruel." She pulls a large horseshoe magnet from her hat, pointing it towards Angel. For a moment, nothing happens, and then the needles start to fly, pulling easily free of her skin, those pushed through her buttocks pulling through her hips until the magnet is lost in a thick forest of needles. "Wow. Ah didn't think y'all were that sadistic to mah poor assitant. Good thing ah didn't get y'all to take 'em out by hand. Y'all'd miss th' anniversary, never mind the wedding." she drops the spike-encased magnet back into the depths of her apparently infinite hat and starts pulling skewers out of her test subject. "Shore ah don't need ta teach y'all a lesson? Ah can put some iron in yore peckers." she smiles, holding up the skewer and watches the wincing and crossing of legs, "That'd be a no, then, ah guess. Anyways, ah'm getting' a mite thirsty, ya boys have anythin' decent ta drink?"

They scramble around, pulling out bottles of Bud.

Anne looks on disdainfully, "Ah'm sure ah said decent. Ain't y'all got any bourbon around here?" They shake their heads, "Fine, ah'll deal with it. Angel, ya listenin'?"

"Yessssss." she slurs sleepily.

"Good girl." she hands a shot glass across, "Gimme Tennessee bourbon, two fingers worth." Angel takes the glass, pressing it against her breast. She squeezes her breast and golden brown liquid pours into the glass, pouring out two measures. Anne takes the glass and Angel returns to her previous blank pose. Anne sips the drink. "Mmmm, that's the good stuff." she looks up to the open mouthed stares. "Oh, y'all want ta use the wet bar, too? Figure y'all deserve it? Ok, y'all shout out what y'all want an' Judge Angel gets ta decide if y'all been good enough ta get it." A cacophony of drinks order out. "Ya get all that?"

"Yessssss." Anne hands a glass over and Angel squeezes a shot of tequila into it, followed by the rest of the drinks.

"Pour one out for yaself, Angel. Then ya can wake up but while we're here, anyone orders drinks, ya'll provide 'em without even noticin'."

"Yessss." Angel pours out a sparkling white wine into the glass, and slowly blinks. She looks down at the glass, and decides better of asking questions about where it came from or where

her clothing went, sipping the champagne, before slinking across the room to nestle into the groom's lap, pressing herself against him, nuzzling at his neck.

Anne proceeds with card tricks to get back into practice at something that takes more skill than magic, playing find the lady with the other guests, who occasionally break off to get refills. The best man risks a sip from the taps and gets a shove away for his trouble. Anne gives him a warning look and no-one else dares to try.

Anne air shuffles the cards in a blurred arc into the hat, pulling out a square of black cloth, she quickly twists and shakes out. She beckons the best man up, who responds rather nervously, "It's ok, ah ain't gonna hurt ya. Have a feel...of the cloth before ya get ideas. Make sure ah ain't got nothin' hidden in there." he takes the cloth examining it closely, if gingerly, before pronouncing himself satisfied that there's nothing nefarious concealed inside it.

"Angel, can ah borrow ya for a minute?"

Angel reluctantly peels herself away from the groom, sashaying towards Anne with a blown kiss to Greg. Anne folds the cloth into a thick ribbon, casually looping it around Angel's neck. "You're going to do exactly what I think you are, aren't you?"

Anne grins broadly, "Almost certainly yes." Angel tenses, raising her chin, "And almost certainly no." Anne pulls the ribbon backwards, the black cloth easily passing through Angel's bare neck, almost exactly as she expected. She wasn't expecting her head to move backwards with the cloth, leaving her body standing in front of her or her head floating behind her, it gets a bit difficult to tell which is 'her' when they both are. Anne lets the cloth unfold beneath Angel's neck, maintaining a hold on the corners. She pats Angel's butt. "Stop enjoyin' the view an' g'wan back ta yore job." Angel's body twists about a little in confusion before walking back to Greg, who seems a little uncomfortable to have a headless woman wriggling in his lap. "Careful on touchin' the stump. It'll drive her wilder, an' be easier for a guy ta find, than her clit."

"Thanks for telling him that." Angel mutters.

"Don't mention it. Ya'd do the same fer me. Now, normally, this here trick'd be done with a big ole polished metal ball, but why do that when we got a purty head to use instead, raight?"

"Don't I get a say in this?"

"Nope." She tilts the cloth to one side, Angel's head sliding along it.

"Whoooooa!" and then back the other way, Angel's discomfort not stopping her body, which is guiding Greg's hands towards her neck, placing his fingers on the smooth skin of the stump. "Hey!"

"Oh hush." She turns the cloth around so everyone can see the long blonde hair spilling over the black cloth and back again, Angel's cheeks starting flush, worrying at her lip.

"Nnnnnnnn."

Anne tips the sheet slightly and Angel's head rolls over the edge, making the cloth bulge out as it drags Anne's arms this way and that, the moans getting more energetic as Greg gives in to her body's encouragement.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuckkkkkkkk!"

"Potty mouth, isn't she? We'll have none of that language, young lady." She crumples up the cloth and shakes it out, turning it all ways to show a complete absence of Angel's head. Her body doesn't notice, squirming around as Greg rubs the stump.

"Hey, scotch." Angel's body freezes for an instant, squeezing scotch into the glass and then continues as if nothing had happened.

"Well, ah think mah part in this is almost done. Where y'all keeping the condoms?"

"Huh?"

"No condoms? What kinda amateur hour am ah dealin' with here?" she reaches into her hat and pulls out a small packet, then another, and another, "Actually, ya'll probably need this. She looks frisky." She pulls out a grocery store brick of condoms, "Off ya go."

“But...”

“Don’t worry, her head’ll come back the instant you get yerself naked. If ya wanna try without, just keep yore socks on or somethin’.”

Greg almost drops Angel’s body to the floor in his eagerness to get to the bedroom, the door slamming closed.

“So, what y’all wanna do while we’re waitin’?”

Some time and a substantial proportion of the pack later, the door opens and Angel looks out. Her mouth drops open. Anne leans back in a chair, the skewer-offender kneeling in front of her, her stockinged feet on the small of his back. The best man stands behind her, massaging her neck and shoulders while another of the group kneels to do the same to her feet. The final member of the group tugs on his engorged penis, wanking bourbon into her glass. All of the men are buck naked, a pile of money and clothes heaped onto the small table, “Hey, Angel, ya worn yore toy out already?”

“What is going on?!”

Anne looks around, “Well, y’see, we started playin’ a bit’a poker ta pass the time while we waited for ya and lover boy and...” she looks around again, “...it kinda escalated.”

“That’s...”

“Yeah, ah know. Ok, boys, it’s been fun, but ah think we’re moseyin’. Don’t forget to leave a nice review.” She stretches, swinging her feet off the naked back, the foot servant pulling her boots up, “Y’all’ve been such good boys.” She drains the bourbon. “It’d be a crime ta leave ya naked an’ penniless.” She strides to the table, pulling out the majority of the bills, but not all, “So, Angel, ready ta go?”

Angel looks down at her naked body, “Like this?”

“Ya raise a point. Ya might cause an accident lookin’ like that.” She walks up, her predatory grin only visible to Angel, who takes a step back.

“What are you planning?!”

Anne doesn’t answer, just puts her finger into Angel’s navel, twists and listens to the hiss of escaping air. Angel manages to let out a gasp before her body deflates into a pool of skin on the floor. Anne snaps her fingers. “Get her folded up nice an’ neat, fellas.” They rush to comply, smoothing and folding the empty skin with extreme care. Anne takes the folded woman when they’re done, slipping Angel back into her hat, waving insouciantly over her shoulder until the door closes.

Later, Angel pours out of the hat onto her soft bed, the silk sheets bunching under her, “Holy fuck!”

“Well, ah wouldn’t say it was that holy.” Anne replies, sitting on the silk sheets.

“You...how...that was...fuck.”

“Prob’ly not today. Ah’ll let ya come down a bit first.”

“Come down? You drugged me?!”

“Nah, but the first hit’a magic can linger. Ya’ll be fine. If ya wanna team up fer another show, ah left mah card in yore kitchen.” She smirks, “An’ if ya wanna team up fer somethin’ other than a show, well, ah left mah card in yore kitchen.”

“Ok, ok.” She takes a few deep breaths, “So...”

“If ya got questions, leave ‘em till later an’ gimme a call.”

“But...”

“Ok, ah’ll let ya have one now.”

“Why am I this close to freaking out now, but not when you did...” she waves her hand, “...all of that to me?”

“Oh, ah put a calmin’ spell on ya fer the show when ah dropped by earlier. Nothin’ big or fancy, just so’s ya wouldn’t panic.”

“But...”

“An’ it didn’t make ya do nothin’ ya didn’t want ta.”

“I didn’t agree to any...”

“Not in so many words, sure. But mah spellin’ meant ah’d know if ah was crossin’ yore lines, and ah never even came close.” She leans in, “Now, if ya want me ta get close ta yore lines...” she pulls back, “well, ah did leave mah card. Give me a call when ya figure out if ya wanna see me. Ah still owe ya Mickey D’s, after all.” she pulls herself up, “By the by, can ya spot a girl a nightcap?”

“I don’t have any...”

Anne pushes the glass against her breast. Angel shivers and bourbon pours out of her nipple.

“Ya shore ‘bout that? Don’ worry, ah dropped the command shit, but a girl never knows when she’ll really need a good stiff drink.”