

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 11
HELPING HANDS
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

Far too early in the morning, the Magician wakes up to a pounding outside his head. He shuffles to the window and opens without looking down. "For God's sake, Glinda! How many more times do I have to drop your ass into a portal before you get the message to come back at a decent time of day?!"

"Wow. Mal has gotten grouchy."

Malcolm blinks as he looks down, seeing rather more than just Glinda camped on his doorstep. Glinda is at the door, hammering away, obviously, but nearly half a dozen other women are standing behind her.

One looks up at him in the window. Her neck stretches up like a rubber band under tension so that her dark-skinned face is level with his, braids hanging down, although not quite all the way to her shoulders any more. "Hey, Mal."

"Hi, Lexi."

"Howzabout you let us in, huh? We're freezing our asses off out here. You can shout at Glinda in the warm." Malcolm shuts the window. "Uncool." she mutters as her neck pulls back down.

Malcolm waves his hand, blinking as he showers instantly, hair brushing itself and clothes pulling on without him even thinking about it. Which is probably just as well. He looks at the two naked women in the bed, envying them the ability to sleep through the racket, snaps his fingers and tucks in the two plush dolls that are suddenly in their place. He slouches down the stairs, sets the coffee on, and finally opens the door. Glinda's temper hasn't improved since yesterday. She tries to push her way in but finds him much harder to move today.

"Before you come in, there are ground rules. 1) You do not do magic on my toys. They're out of the way, but just making it clear. 2) You do not make a bigger mess or treat my other possessions as disposable. 3) You are here to find Jane and that's all. Do you agree to these rules? Or am I closing the door and dumping your ass in the park again? I think I can make one to the lake this time."

Glinda fumes, pushing silently.

"You aren't going to move me, Glinda."

"Boss, just agree, fer Gawd's sake, so we all can get in. Ah am not dressed for this morning weather." a tall, muscular blonde asks from under her Stetson, her duster wrapped tightly around her.

"Just grow some fur then." Glinda snaps.

"Wow, rude. Even for you."

"Ok. Enjoy the park." he starts to shut the door.

"God. Fine. I agree."

"Then enter. The pile of stuff is where you left it. In the middle of my living room." he steps aside. Glinda stomps past him. The others follow into the kitchen.

"So, Mal, how ya been doin'?" the cow-girl asks in a drawl. As she steps over the threshold, her skin changes to piebald white and black, her face taking on a bovine look with an elongated snout, flat nose and longer ears pressing against her hat. She tosses the duster over a chair, revealing a pair of painted-on jeans, now with a tufted tail swishing out the back, and red and white gingham halter-top. "Ya nevah write, ya nevah call. Might get a body thinkin' ya'd forgotten yer ol' friends."

"It's not you I've been avoiding, Daisy." he casts a meaningful glance into the living room where Glinda is already glaring at the pile. "Especially given I lost her Aunt."

"Yeah, that was mighty careless of ya."

"Get in here! I brought you along to help me search for my Aunt, not chit chat with her kidnapper."

Daisy rolls her big, dark eyes, "Yeah, yeah, ah'm comin'. Hold yer darn britches!"

Lexi wraps her bare arm around him. And around him. And around him. "Hi, Mal." Her braids sway

with her body as she walks off, her arm stretching across the room. "Bye, Mal." her hand gives him a squeeze before her arm slithers away.

The next woman gives him a kiss on the cheek. Bright blonde hair falls down over the right hand side of her tanned face. Her left side, meanwhile, is pale, lips painted black, silver rings in her nose, her black hair draped into a loose braid over her shoulder. Her clothing matches the split face. One side in bright pink and white like she's auditioning for Legally Blonde, the other giving Wednesday Addams a run for her gothic credentials.

"Alexandra." Malcolm says, taking her hands before she moves on.

A lithe Indian woman steps up, kissing his cheek, her tongue darting against his stubbly cheek.

"Mmmmm. You taste better like this, Mal. There's a nice husky flavour."

"No snacking on my stuff, Jasmine."

"Spoilsport." she mock pouts, waving over her shoulder at him.

The last girl of the five wraps him in a hug that grows as second pair, and then a third set of arms squeeze him. "Ohhhh, we've missed you." she looks up at him with an impish grin, her brown hair in a spiky pixie cut.

"Heather!!"

"Coming, coming!" she says as one of the sets of arms vanishes, a whole twin walking across the room. "And we can see where your dirty eyes are lingering, you horndog you."

"Sorry."

"Did we say we minded?"

"Heather!"

"Her Mistress' voice." the second arms disappear, and another clone walks off, deliberately wiggling her butt at him.

"Up to three of you, huh?"

"Uh-huh. We've been practising. And you should like this one." he feels something growing against him as two pairs of breasts grow down her front, "More to play with. You just need some more hands."

"Well, I'll do my best."

"Heather!! Stop flirting over there!"

"Not now you won't. We'll have to see if one of us can sneak and stay behind for a bit. See if male you is as fun in the sack as female you was." her chests suck back in as she walks away, blowing kisses over her shoulder.

"Do you need any more help?" Malcolm asks, looking into the crowded room.

"You stay away! You'll just get in the way! Or deliberately hide things."

"It *is* my house." he grouses, taking the coffee back up stairs.

Upstairs, he sits down on the bed, picking up the blonde doll. It shimmers and he pours the coffee into his new mug, decorated with 'blondes do it better' over a lipstick kiss. "I really hope this won't take too long." he mutters to the remaining doll, who naturally does not respond. So he decides to pass the time more pleasantly. The Brunette appears in place of the doll and he guides her mouth down over his manhood, a position she eagerly puts to work.

But lunch time rolls around to interrupt the fun, especially when he's awake from his coffee and allows the former mug to attempt to prove her slogan. "Hey!" they look up at Lexi's face in the open doorway, her neck disappearing downstairs. "One, we can hearrrr you. Two, we've got a pool going on how long you can keep going, so don't stop. Good stamina there, Mal. Three, what do you have to eat around here?"

"Eat?"

"Girls do not live on work alone. Aren't you going to feed your guests?"

"Guests? I didn't invite you."

"You're being a Grinch, Mal. You three come on down and you can introduce us to them."

"Introduce?" her head retreats, "They're toys, not people!" he calls after her.

"Damn right." the Blonde licks her lips, "But I bet they have all sorts of embarrassing stories."
"Even more reason to not..." but both his Toys are already getting up. "I'm talking to myself again, aren't I?"
"Probably, Owner. So if you want to have any say in what scandalous things we learn..."
"...you'd better hurry up."
They duck down the stairs. Malcolm sighs heavily and follows.

Downstairs, the area around the kitchen counter-top is crowded before the Toys squeeze their way in. Glinda is an obvious absence. "Heathers! Only one for dinner! You know the rules."
"Yes." the three reply, perfectly in time, before they press together and then there is one. "Better?"
"Cheaper."
"Hey. We're not the expensive date here! Jasmine's the one who eats the place settings."
Jasmine smacks her lips in response.
"So, what are we all doing for food? Even with only one Heather, there are a whole lot of us here."
All turn to look at Malcolm. "What? I didn't ask you to come here."
"C'mon, Mal." Lexi stretches over to him, "Be a sport. I'm sure a magician as powerful as you can rustle up something."
"Oh, good plan. Flattery always works on our Owner."
"Yeah. Mal was a sucker for it back in the day. You could get her to do almost anything if..."
"Her?"
"Didn't you know? Mal made a really cute little..."
"ahem" I have a solution to both problems here."
"Both problems?"
"Food and keeping you from corrupting my..."
"Aw, Hell no. Ah ain't havin' that, Mal." Daisy drawls, covered in fur with a wolf's snout poking from her face, "We ain't corruptin' them. From the sounds y'all were makin' upstairs, that'd be darn difficult."
"Owner means corrupting us with all sorts of juicy gossip about his..."
"Her."
"...about her time before us."
"Do you want the solution or not?"
"Oh, me, me, I do."
"Of course ya do, sweetie. It involves food."
Jasmine sticks her tongue out at her furry partner.
"Oh, I know this one."
"You think he's going to..."
"Of course he is."
"RPS?"
"Sure. Three...two...one." they shake their fists up and down, the Blonde selecting scissors and the Brunette rock. "Too predictable. You always take scissors."
"I like scissors." she shrugs, "Especially when you add an 'ing' to the end. While you just love fist..."
"Hold on, hold on." Alexandra raises a hand, "For those of us new to the rituals of this house, what even is this solution?"
"I won so I get to be the main and the loser gets to be the dressing."
"What do you think, Owner? Pizza party?"
"Whoa, whoa, whoa, you're going to make them pizza?" Jasmine's mouth waters, "How do I get in on that?"
"Ya're not gettin' outta workin' through that mess, ya know."
"Pleeeeeeease?"
Malcolm sighs. "Glinda!"
"What?!!" she snaps back from the living room.

"Can I make Jasmine pizza?"

"What?! Why are you asking me? I don't care!" she returns to the pile.

"You heard her. Let's go. Do I need to strip?"

"I certainly won't complain."

"No, you never did."

"That was a neat trick question." Alexandra says, her face now entirely tanned and grinning, her outfit preppy and pink, "Very devious. I doubt Glinda even thought about what you were really asking. Still tricky, aren't you, Mal?"

"I had to be around you devious lot."

"Oh, sure, sure, blame us." she mock pouts, false hurt filling her baby blue eyes.

"Less talking, Sandy. More eating me." Jasmine clambers onto the counter, an eager gleam in her dark eyes.

"Up? Or out? Ah 'member ya liked that."

Jasmine shivers as she lies there, "Both, if you're offering."

"No, no, no. Just up for now." Malcolm tries to assert control. "Once you're all fed, you can get back to work and I can get my house back!"

"You heard..." she stops talking, her body flattening into a doughy slab retaining much of her shape.

"Fascinating." Alexandra's goth half asks as she takes over, staring intently at the transforming woman. Pale skin replaces Sandra's tanned skin, her hair black and straight instead of blonde curls, one thick braid hanging over her shoulder. "How are you mitigating the heating effect of lowering her mass?"

"Who cares, Alexia? She already smells great." Heather interrupts before Malcolm can answer.

"Ah, you're using the heat to cook her." Alexia nods to herself, taking mental notes, "Interesting."

The Blonde clambers onto the counter, melting over Jasmine, covering her in a thick layer of tomato paste and cheese. Malcolm pulls a pizza-wheel from nowhere and slices through the feminine pizza, cutting her into six vaguely even slices.

The Brunette climbs up onto the counter, "Call what you want, girls." she dissolves as toppings are called out, scattering over the individual slices.

"There." Malcolm folds his arms in satisfaction as they pick at the slices, leaving one slice free.

"Mmmmm. This tastes soooooo good." Heather mumbles, growing a second mouth on her forehead to talk as she chews on the extra olives.

"So, that there's so she can come back, right?" Daisy asks, gesturing at the sixth slice.

"No, that's..." he slaps a hand stretching out from under the table towards it, "Don't be greedy, Lexi. As I was saying, that's for Glinda. Actually, Lexi, as you've got so much extra energy, could you go check what she wants on hers?"

Lexi pouts but sends her head stretching out of the kitchen, one arm following with her half-eaten pepperoni.