

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 21
GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER DO

"Bye, y'all. Be good."

"Never!" the Blonde replies.

Daisy waves over her shoulder, "Don't do nothin' ah woudn't do, then."

"Does that rule out much?"

"Just say 'yes, Daisy' and close the fucking door." the Rubberdoll replies, "You're letting the cold in."

"Yes, Daisy." she closes the door, turning back. Her mouth opens, hands appear between her lips, opening her mouth out impossibly wide as the Triplet pulls herself out, shimmying so that the Blonde slips off her like an empty skirt. She steps out of the pooled skin, kicking it off.

"Welcome back."

"Good to be back." The Triplet lifts up the Blonde's skin by the shoulders, examining it critically.

"Just give it a shake." Malcolm says wearily, "She'll be back before you..."

The Triplet gives the skin a whipcrack and lets the Blonde stumble out of her hands. "That was so cool. You didn't have to let me be in control, though."

"I'll bear that in mind for next time, believe me, but Daisy might have noticed."

"How could she notice anything over those..." she holds her hands out at arms length.

"She's smarter than she looks."

"I mean, she looks like she's the star of 'Farmgirls Gone Wild 17', so there's a lot of room to be."

"Is a naked Toy really in a good position to start lobbing those particular stones?"

"I guess not. But, come on, look at her!"

"Yeah. I thought the same."

"Ooooooh. I smell story time. Tell, tell."

"If you insist."

Some time ago, before Mal's, or even Glinda's, apprenticeship begins, "Why am I out here?"

Heather whines as she steps carefully over the grass behind the circus tent.

"Because I told you to be." Mistress Jane replies, much less obviously being careful where she steps among the wagons and cages.

"That's not an answer."

"It's not a nice answer." she corrects, "You're here to appraise a new assistant I've got my eye on."

"Out here? It's not that clown, is it? Please say it's not her. She give me the creeps."

"It's not Judy, no. Although now that you've mentioned her..."

"Please, I..."

"Please what?"

Heather bites her lip, "Please, Mistress."

"Good girl. You've been with me long enough to know better."

"Yes, Mistress." she replies. "Why isn't her gothness out here?"

"I don't need her opinion."

"But you do need mine?"

"Exactly. Or, at least, I want it."

"Ok, I guess, I can..."

"There she is."

Heather looks in the direction of Mistress Jane's nod. A tall woman squats down, wearing a denim coverall riding high up her hips. She grips a bale of hay and casually stands, holding it over her shoulder, a Stetson shading her eyes from the Sun, revealing an Amazonian physique, tall and muscular with a narrow waist, her honey-gold hair tied into a pony tail over her red halter top.

"The Amazon?"

"Exactly."

"Why do we need a strongwoman? Won't her muscles...holy bejeebus!"

The woman has turned, revealing breasts standing proudly on her chest, bigger than her head and bouncing with each step even from here.

"Yes. She does bring huge tracts of land into the equation."

"Huge? Those puppies are big enough to need their own Senators!"

Jane gives a small laugh. "Maybe. I'm more concerned with how she'll fit in. Shall we go introduce ourselves?"

"Yes, Mistress Jane."

"Make sure you call me that."

"Testing her reaction, Mistress?"

"Exactly." she walks over, Heather dutifully following behind. "Hello. Excuse me."

The woman stops, "Gimme a sec, ma'am. They get right ornery if ah'm late with their feedin'." she snaps the plastic cables around the bale, shovelling it over the fence where the circus' horses greedily crowd around. She turns, standing taller than Heather by enough that it's hard not to look her squarely in the chest. She wipes her hands on the seat of her coverall, that struggles to cover much at all, and extends one out. Jane takes it, the shake travelling up her arm. "Daisy. You're the magic woman, ain't'cha?"

"I am. Jane, and this is Heather."

"So, what'cha wanna talk about? Didn't notice no animals in your act."

"Do you have a couple of minutes?"

"Guess ah can spare a couple fer our new act."

Jane walks away, both women now following. Daisy notices Heather's gaze on her body and blushes cutely. Jane stops at an empty cage.

"The truth is, I am looking to add some animal magic to my act. But I need an expert to check that the accommodation would be suitable."

"Expert? Me?" she brightens, standing straighter, the motion pulling her golden cross pendant into the sunlight.

"Exactly. Heather, open the door."

"Yes, Mistress." she moves to obey, keeping an eye on Daisy's reaction, a confused look, then those big blue eyes open wide with a far too cute little gasp that she tries to hide.

"Can you take a look?"

"Sure." she climbs up the steps, "Only, what am ah lookin' for?"

"Well, do you think an elephant would..."

"In this little thing? Nah. Maybe ya could fit a baby elephant, but then you got a baby elephant with no mama, an' that's no good for nobody."

"A baby elephant, you say?"

Grey smoke fills the cage before Daisy can reply. Instead a small elephant trumpets her answer and then stands confused. Her trunk snakes out to pat over her pebbly grey skin, feeling over her thick forelegs. Her thin tail twitches and another trumpet blasts out, sounding highly annoyed and a little fearful.

"I see your point. Maybe not an elephant then." the smoke swirls back in and as it clears Daisy looks around, now in a grey one piece swimsuit.

"What was that? How did ya? What did ya? What am ah..."

"Maybe something more feline?"

"Say wha...." the smoke swirls back in orange and black, leaving a tiger where Daisy was standing. It chuffs, looking down at her heavy paws. Claws pop between her pads and she jumps back. The claws slide back in, then out. Golden eyes stare out through the bars.

"Uhm, Mistress? Are you sure that's a good idea."

"It'll be fine. Daisy wouldn't dream of hurting..." Daisy stalks towards the bars, growling in the back of her throat. "Actually, you might have a point." the smoke fills the cage, restoring Daisy into a catsuit in a tiger pattern, breathing a little heavily, her arm still reaching between the bars.

"How are...what are..."

And in another burst of smoke, a tawny mare stands in the cage. "Oh, that's nice. Open the door."

“Seriously? Mistress, I am not wrangling this if she bolts.”

“She won't bolt, will you, girl? You know that if you do no-one will know you're not just a horse. And I think that stallion would just love to get acquainted when they catch you.”

Daisy whickers, her head bowed, flanks heaving. She walks unsteadily to the door, balking at the steps. Smoke swirls around her and a white rabbit takes the place of the horse. Her nose twitches, ears folded back before she takes a cautious lope down the first step. Then the second. As she reaches the ground, sniffing at the grass, tentatively nibbling on it. Jane reaches down, lifting her by the scruff of her neck, supporting her under her trembling legs. “You'll look so cute popping out of a top hat. Won't you, cutie?” she strokes the rabbit's back, the fur soft, almost silky.

Shortly, back in the shared trailer that's a little Tardis-like, but not so big that anyone other than Jane has much room to themselves, and even then it's cluttered. “So, is the plan to just keep her as a rabbit?”

“Of course not.” she places Daisy on the floor. Smoke puffs out around her and Daisy stands in her place in a bunny-girl outfit that struggles to fit. She turns scarlet.

“What the...what am I wearin'?!?” she shrieks, trying to cover with her hands more than the cloth can manage.

“Not a fan of your outfit?”

“Ah...it's shameful! Indecent! What kind of girl do you think I am?”

Smoke poofs out and the outfit falls to the floor, empty except for a still squeaking white mouse. Jane picks the mouse up.

“Is that better, Daisy? All covered up now.”

The mouse twists and turns to escape, but Jane has her in too tight a grip.

“Still not happy? So hard to please. Heather, get the birdcage.”

“Yes Mistress.” Heather scrambles through the chaos, growing an extra pair of arms to make dealing with it all faster.

Once she's returned with it, battered and dusty as it is, Jane lets Daisy out inside, quickly closing the door. Smoke fills the cage and where there was a mouse, is now a white dove. Daisy beats her wings, cooing vociferously.

“Don't be like that. I've seen you sneaking a watch of the show.” the dove stops flapping, responding with a questioning coo. “And I've seen you casting those smouldering, lingering looks at my cast and I when you think no one's watching.” that agitates the dove once more. “Now, I'm going to let you out, and human, but only if you agree to talk about my offer.” The dove coos. Jane opens the door, allowing Daisy to perch on her finger. Smoke swirls and she's standing there in the trailer once more, fans of white feathers arranged to provide the minimal coverage to remain decent. Daisy, naturally, blushes.

Now, “Obviously she said yes, and we added some doves and rabbits and sometimes a tiger to the act.”

“And she copes with the rest of you being horny on main?”

“The rest of us?” Heather laughs loudly, “Hah. Daisy's a good ol' fashioned church girl.”

“So?”

“So they are the kinkiest freaks on the planet when they finally let loose. She's still shy and embarrassed by us in public, sure, but behind closed doors, that girl's an animal. Pun intended. For instance, did you know that female hyenas have a pseudo-penis that they use to assert dominance over the males? Daisy did. And, let me tell you, that thing is almost as good as the real thing.”

“Oh, really?”

“A story for another time. When my rent is next due.”

“Unfair.”

“Very.” she raises her glass of Brunette and smiles.