

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 23

LIKE IT'S HARD

Alexandra puts her tea down, staring into the loose leaves in the base of the cup. She sighs.

"Not helpful?"

"No. I can't interpret the leaves. It's just..." she waves her hand vaguely, "...nonsense. Here and not here. Hidden in plain sight. Reflect on the issue to find solutions. It's so frustrating when the Goddess decide to be this vague." She gets up off the stool. "Thank you for the time." she gestures at the pile of Brunette cubes, "I should probably tidy that up. I don't want to be a rude guest." she smiles mischievously, "Do you have a broom? I left mine in my room and I'd hate to clog your vacuum."

"No, we wouldn't."

"Well, if you insist, Lexi dear." she gestures and wispy shadows congeal across the cubes, sinking to the tiles leaving no trace behind as it fades away. "But Mal will probably want her back, won't he? Such a pity. The things I could do to her... Well, be seeing you, Lexi. I, of course, haven't seen you, Heather, dear. I did wonder why the chaos was somewhat reduced at home."

"Hey!"

"Toodles." she wraps herself in shadow and when it clears, the Brunette stands in her place in the kitchen.

"She sure knows how to make an exit, huh?"

"She sure does. Alexis was always good at her exits."

"Would she really have vacuumed me up?"

The Rubberdoll pauses, thinking, "Probably not. Maybe."

The Brunette huffs at that, "Disappointing!"

"You want to be vacuumed?"

"I haven't been yet and it sounds cool. It would have to be a clean bag, though. Otherwise, ick. Also, rent's due."

"Already? Come onnnnn."

"Rules is rules."

"Is Jess going to demand payment, too?"

"If you've paid me, she'll have to live with disappointment. Least she deserves for abandoning me."

"Well, all right, then..." Heather cracks her knuckles, "It's story time."

The post-graduation party at the local university, after the show. Mistress Jane's pushed the girls out to mingle with people their own age. Alexis leans on the bar, curls of smoke drifting from her cigarette. She looks over the party, the others getting into the spirit of things. Both Heathers grinding away on different guys. Daisy trying to escape the attention of a dozen guys without hurting their feelings, although if the drunkest one keeps that leering up, it's going to be his face that gets hurt.

"Oh my gawd, you're one of the performers. That show was so cool. Like when she cut you apart and mixed everyone up. I..."

Alexis turns towards the voice, finding a tanned blonde in a pink power suit, her blue eyes wide, lips almost as bright as the jacket, hands clenched together, mouth moving at a dozen words to the second.

"...and then with the floating and turning that girl into a tiger. Like, that was so realistic I could almost believe she was really turned into a cat. But that's obviously impossible, so it was just really..."

"You liked it, then?" Alexis says, more to get the girl to draw breath.

"Oh, I wish it was real. It would be sooooo..."

"What would you do if it was real?"

The blonde stops mid-sentence. "Me?"

"Unless there's someone else here. What would you do?"

"I...I...you're teasing me."

"I'm just asking a question."

"I..."

"I can't imagine you'd want to just disappear, not with that outfit."

She looks down, "What's wrong with my outfit?"

Alexis raises a pierced eyebrow, "It's a little...bright for a lawyer."

The blonde shrugs, "It makes people underestimate me. They see a silly bimbo in pink. So when I make arguments it cuts them in half."

"Interesting choice of phrase."

The blonde finally stops talking, colouring a little under her tan. She worries at her bright pink lower lip.

"Is that what you want if it was real? What would you want to lose?" she runs her hand along the jacket's pink arm, "These?" her hand drifts lower to her skirt, "It would be a shame to lose these. Maybe losing the skirt..." she smiles internally at the blonde's helpless little shiver.

The blonde steps back, "Now I know you're teasing me."

"Don't you like it? You want to be taken apart like you're a mannequin. And you want to be left helpless, don't you?" she pauses, taking in the blonde's reaction, "Scattered around, unable to stop anyone from taking advantage."

"How do you know that?"

Alexis smiles. "Magic."

"Yeah, right."

"Oh, you don't believe me?"

"Magic isn't real."

"It's as real as a bimbo graduating law school."

The blonde snorts, "What? Like it's hard."

"How about we put your mouth where your mouth is?"

"What?"

"Even law students are students. It's not like you have money yet."

"Yeah, but, like, what do you mean about my mouth?"

"If I prove magic is real to you, no tricks, I get your mouth."

Sandra laughs, "Like, my mouth? How would you do that?"

"Magic."

"Yeah, right."

"So, do we have a deal?"

"Uhm, like, how long are you going to 'take my mouth' for?"

"Just tonight. I have so many things I can do with that pretty tongue of yours. I'll let you know where we're staying and you can pick it up tomorrow."

"So I won't be able to talk? Or drink? For all of tonight?"

"Well, if you're not sure of your position..."

"Like I'm going to fall for that."

"Doesn't have to be your mouth. You have a lot of nice things you could lose."

"What do you..."

"If you don't want to lose your mouth, I'll take one of those pretty blue eyes, instead."

"You're serious. You actually think you can do this."

Alexis smirks, "What? Like it's hard?"

"Oh, now it's on. What do I get if you can't convince me?"

"My eternal and undying servitude."

"No, really, what..."

"I'm serious."

"Seems unfair. You don't even know my name."

"If you want to throw in eternal and undying servitude on your side, I won't object. And you can even tell me your name. I'm Alexis."

"I'm Sandy. And I don't think so. Fine. No skin off my nose. What should I do with you first as my slave, do you think?"

"First you've got to catch the chicken."

"Huh?"

"My gramma said that was the first line of a chicken soup recipe."

"Riiiiight."

"So, what are you going to...do?"

She hesitates as Alexis puts one hand on her shoulder and holds her hand with the other. "Ready?"

"For what? What are you going to..."

"Convincing you." she replies, letting the shadows coil along the pink sleeve before she collapses her hands together, leaving nothing of the jacket sleeve, or the arm within it, a cloth patch blending in perfectly where the sleeve used to be.

"Eeeep!" Sandy starts, staring at her lack of arm. "What? How?"

"Magic. Are you convinced?"

She reaches over, feeling the jacket patch. "You...where's my arm?"

Alexis shrugs. "Nowhere. It doesn't exist."

"But you can bring it back, right?"

"I don't think we agreed that, did we?"

"What?"

"Even lawyers have to be careful when bargaining with witches."

"So, what? I'm not getting my arm back?"

"Oh, it's worse than that. You also owe me an eye."

She pales. "Like, I didn't think you'd..."

"And yet, you agreed." she reaches out, stroking her cheek. "Time to pay the piper." Sandy whimpers at the touch. "You are going to pay up, aren't you?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"Not really. Close your eye."

Sandy takes a steadying breath and closes both her eyes. She feels a light touch, rubbing over her closed left eye. She feels a tiny little chill.

"You can open your eye now."

Sandy opens her remaining eye to see Alexis smirking, one eye lightly closed.

"You really took my eye..."

Alexis opens her eye, revealing a brilliant baby blue pupil. "My eye now."

Sandy's breath catches. "But...but...we agreed."

"And tomorrow you can get it back. But until then..." she slides off the stool, "I'm going to enjoy the party."

"You can't just..."

"Watch me." and she joins the crowd of former students dancing, soon lost in the maelstrom. Sandy looks in the mirror behind the bar, raising her hand to the smooth skin where her eye should be.

The next morning, far too early and far too loudly, there's an insistent banging on Alexis' door.

"What..." she moans, blinking her mismatched eyes, head pounding.

"Enjoy yourself last night?" Mistress Jane asks dangerously sweetly.

"I..."

"Only there's someone here to see 'the goth witch'. She's very insistent you took something from her yesterday. As she wants it back, I'm assuming it wasn't her virginity."

"I don't rem..."

"She is quite pretty, if you like people with one arm and one eye."

"Oh, her. Sandy."

"Oh, you do know who I'm talking about. We'll talk about that later. For now, just give her back what you took. I don't want to mess with lawyers. Even pink ones."

"Yes, Mistress Jane."

Shortly, she's standing in front of Sandy, the latter shifting nervously from foot to foot. "How did you find your first taste of magic?" Alexis asks as she rubs at her blue eye.

"It was...uhm...like, it was..." Alexis reaches out touching her face. Sandy blinks at the chill. "Oh, wow, that feels so much...can I have my arm back? Pretty please? With sugar on it?"

Alexis gives a snort-laugh, "What are you offering?"

Sandy takes some short, shallow breaths, almost hyperventilating. "My eternal and undying service? If you'll keep doing things like that to me. That was...I ca..." she trails off, blushing,

"Like, is that enough? Mistress?"

Now, "Of course, Mistress Jane didn't like that. There's only one room for one Mistress. So she 'confiscated' Sandy. Not that Sandy minded that too much."

The door opens. "God, that was disappointing."

"Didn't you have a good time?" the Brunette asks sarcastically.

"It was a private show for a 21-year old magic fan. You know what 21-year old magic fans are not good at? Girls! At least I can see why our Owner only took one of us. He'd creamed himself practically as soon as I was naked. If we'd both been there, he'd have fucking exploded!"