

Mini Story: Magician Mayhem

By TheSpiralledEye

Daniel watched with a forced smile as Paul went about his performance. The show was good, at its core, and Daniel could see how Paul had managed to score such a good position in the casino. Vegas was the last place on Earth people actually paid good money to see magic and illusion shows and Paul had the skills, what he didn't have, was enough hands.

He was flitting across the stage like a nervous bird trying to do everything himself; gather his tools, hide the secret handles and pulleys that made the tricks possible and entertain the audience enough to redirect their eyes. It gave the whole thing an amateurish feel that ruined the whole experience. Daniel knew that the first show would be the only one that sold well; the reviews would be pitiful and Daniel would lose the position in a week.

The man took a bow, flourishing his cape and lowering the black top hat to his chest dramatically as he finished and Daniel clapped half heartedly.

“Was it that bad?” Paul winced, clearly seeing through his friend's pity.

“How did you even get the job? Did they not ask you for an audition?”

It was Daniel's turn to wince; he hadn't meant that to come out quite so rude.

“Of course they did, but I had an assistant.” Paul sighed, “but she ran off with some other performer three days ago and left me high and dry.”

“Surely it's not that hard to find another assistant.”

“You'd be surprised.” Paul rolled his eyes, “the whole point of the magician's assistant is to distract the audience so she had to be of a certain...calibre.”

“And you don't have enough time to train another?”

Paul gave him a funny look and chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief which left Daniel confused; was he missing something.

“It's not her magic skills, it's...something else, man.”

“In that case, why don't I be your assistant for the first few shows? I have a few more vacation days.” Daniel offered, he wanted his friend to succeed after all.

Paul laughed.

“You're not really the calibre I was talking about...although...” He stopped for a moment and seemed to think hard on something. “Maybe...if it was just for a few days.”

“Come on, I can help.” Daniel insisted, “it can't be that hard to distract people and smile while holding your tools and stuff. I can even do the bits where you pretend to cut me in half, that way if nobody in the audience wants to volunteer, you're still good!”

“You really want to help me?” Paul asked, “Even if it might be a bit embarrassing?”

“It's all a show, my pride isn't that easily wounded.” Daniel grinned. “Just tell me what I need to do.”

Paul smiled widely and produced his classic black and white wand.

“Just stand still, strike a pose and smile.”

Daniel shrugged, put on his best crowd pleasing smile and struck a dramatic pose, arms crossed over his chest. Paul flourished the wand and Daniel was about to ask how he was supposed to react when he felt something odd under his skin. It almost felt like...movement?

Suddenly, he felt something soft pressing against his arms and he loosed down to see his chest expanding; pressing against the limbs until they flew away in shock. He could only gape as he watched his body shift and his clothing melting and changing to accommodate it. His plain shirt became a low cut leotard made of sparkling sequins with a little fringe over the thighs.

Speaking of his thighs, they seemed to be getting wider, almost comically so, paired with the new tits and generous cleavage he had a perfect hourglass figure. His leotard only emphasised it further, pushing his boobs up higher and hugging his ass as it turned peachy.

“P-Paul?”

“Hang on, this takes concentration...”

“B-but! But..!”

“Shhhh...but thank you for mentioning it, your ass needs more work.”

“That wasn't what I meant!” Daniel spluttered, his words turning to an almost pained groan as he felt himself getting even more bottom heavy.

He twisted awkwardly and saw just how curvaceous his butt cheeks were; he could see the damn cleft in the leotard! It was practically obscene and...was that a little bunny cottontail?

Something tight appeared over his head and he reached up to find a headband, with a set of tall velvet ears; bunny ears to match his tail. He wanted to rip it off but as he tried long strands of hair burst from his skull in blonde waves and he couldn't get a good grip.

“There.” Paul said, looking satisfied, “the perfect lovely assistant.”

Daniel gaped at his friend; had he really just done what he thought he had? He stumbled forward on his new six inch heels and clattered for the mirror he knew was in the box of magicians tools. The reflection showed a total stranger; a female stranger!

With glossy red lips, shiny hair sprayed locks and a rack so prominent it was basically impossible not to stare. He turned in shock to Paul.

“Is this what you meant by calibre?” He asked indignantly, grabbing hold of the giant tits and Paul nodded.

“The whole point of the lovely assistant is to distract the audience, with tits and an outfit like that. No man will be watching me and every woman will be staring daggers with jealousy! It's perfect.”

Daniel felt his forehead bulge with irritation.

“And you didn't think to ask before transforming me into a big boob, big ass magician's assistant!?”

“You just found out magic is real and that's what you're focusing on?”

“I've got tits up to my fucking eyes!”

“That's a bit of an exaggeration.”

“That is *not* the point.”

“You're here on holiday, right?” Paul said, “why not just enjoy something different, after all, I bet you can score some free drinks at the bar with a butt like that.”

Daniel gave it an experimental wiggle; Paul had a point. There were worse ways to spend a few days than being a sexy assistant at a magic show in Vegas.

“Alright, but you're changing me back as soon as you find a replacement assistant!”

“Deal, though, it's going to be hard to replace you.” Paul grinned, eyes dipping down to Daniel's tits.

Something told Daniel he might be here a while.