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<World Famous>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

The next morning Dawn was woken up by a knock on the door.

“Ughh...” She grumbled.

“Dawn?” The extravagant voice of Jasper boomed through the wooden door.

“Jasper? Come in...”

The door creaked and he walked in, he was ready to go in his ringleader attire. “Good morning Petal.”

Petal was his nickname for her, at first she hated it, but Jasper basically raised her, so she had become quite accustomed to him being the stand-in for her parents.

“Morning...” She rubbed her eyes.

“I think we need to have a talk.” He lowered himself onto the bed, Dawn was starting to worry.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s... Well, this isn’t easy...” For the first time in her life, she saw him struggle to speak.

Oh gods... What is he going to say...

“Your act... It needs to be bumped down.”

Jasper, usually so charismatic, so lively, he was devoid of that right now, he knew what this would mean to Dawn, he practically raised her, he knew that the circus was her entire life. It was

clear to see from her immediate visceral reaction that she was deeply upset by this.

“I’m sorry Petal...”

“Why!” she snapped.

“The crowds like Whimsy better, it makes more sense, we lead Zar into Whimsy for the big finish.”

“Those big titted bitches! What Jasper? Am I not busty enough for your show?” Dawn pulled her blanket down and thrust her generous chest out.

Jasper blushed and turned away. “Dawn, stop.”

“No, I see how it is, they use magic, and they have huge boobs, nobody cares about the work I put into my spinning routine, can anyone else do what I do?”

Jasper shook his head.

“And I keep getting better and better, and here you go, taking me from my top spot.” She growled in frustration. “Fine. Whatever.” She covered herself up and turned away from Jasper.

His hand rested on her side and he softly spoke. “I’m so sorry Dawn... I know how much this means to you...”

“Give me one more finish.”

“I..”

“Please Jasper... Just one more...”

“Okay... Just tonight. I’ll let the others know.” With that, Jasper stood up and uttered those sorrow filled words that cut Dawn so much. “I’m sorry...”

Dawn didn’t reply, she just laid there and listened for him to leave.

Those fucking cows...

Her rage was aimed at the other two starring females in the show.

At least he didn’t mention that lazy prick Elowen.

She huffed and laid there motionless for a few minutes to let her anger seep out of her.

Time to go.

She bolted up and quickly threw on some clothes, staring at the new one piece. “I hope this works...”

Dawn strutted out of the wagon, not letting her body language show what Jasper had just told her. She walked around the back, seeing lots of people still setting up the camp, she paid them no mind. Lifting her chakram out of the storage compartment in her wagon, she gave it a testing spin before walking towards the forest.

I don't want the distraction.

Walking out of camp, she turned one more time to see Whimsy smirking at her, she was over a hundred feet away, but she knew that big titted gnome was happy with the arrangement that Jasper had set into motion.

Fucking Whimsy...

The Half Elf started to practise, testing more dangerous moves, trying to make her routine as captivating as possible. The sweat was pouring off of her, she was giving it her all, maybe even a little too much. Her wails of agony when she made a misstep and she was struck awkwardly by her own chakram she was hurting, but she was so desperate to get better, it clouded all pain.

There was one feeling she couldn't shake though.

Looking down, panting heavily, the chakram had dug itself into the floor. She stared at her tits.

“Not... Big... Enough...”

She fell to her knees and punched the floor, the rage and power the dirt felt was as much as she could muster. She let her arms go limp and looked into the sky.

“You're lucky you didn't break your hand just then.” A deep voice startled Dawn, she almost leapt out of her skin.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed, turning with her fists drawn.

“Oh! I didn't mean to startle you, and you can certainly put your hands down, I mean you no harm Dawn.”

Dawn didn't lower her fists. “I didn't tell you my name.”

The man sighed and lifted his hand, it started to glow, and Dawn felt her hands be compelled to her side.

“I know much, and I can do much more. I am here because you summoned me, know it or not, you are putting out some serious energy right now. Your whole body is begging for something, something I am sure I can provide.”

The man was in a long robe, his face was mostly obscured by the robe that was baggy and covering a significant portion of his face, his hands were the only other part of his body that Dawn could see. Dawn was hooked on his words.

He is an even better talker than Jasper.

“I can make a deal with you, whatever you desire, you want, I can provide.”

Dawn listened intently to his words as they filled her mind and played into her fantasies.

“What’s in it for you?”

“A clever girl indeed.” The man chuckled; his voice bellowed through the trees. “There is one price.” He looked her up and down and squinted his eyes for a second. “Ah yes, of course, your chakram.”

“What? Why?” Dawn snapped. “What possible use could you have for it?”

“The magic requires something specific, and I saw you training here, I saw the passion, the energy. To that.” He pointed at the discarded metal instrument on the floor.

“No.” Dawn said.

“No?” The man questioned; his voice was very composed, but he seemed shocked by this answer.

“I... I can’t... I’ve got one more show to prove myself... I... I can’t.”

The man’s eyes widened, and his face lit up with glee. “Well... That certainly is a surprise. I am offering you **everything**. Yet you cling to that. I must say, I respect your dedication to your cause.” He lowered his head and turned around. “We will meet again Dawn, I am sure of it, when we do, recall this conversation.” He chuckled as he walked into the forest and before Dawn realised it, he was gone, he had seemingly faded from existence.

“What... The fuck was that...” Dawn said, her hands only now being released from whatever spell the man had cast.

Not wanting to remain in the forest to be snuck up on again, she returned to the camp with her chakram and walked around the camp for a while, taking in how it was being organised and set up for this town square that Jasper had landed them in.

The cobblestone ground was now hidden beneath a patchwork of richly dyed canvas, forming a makeshift arena for the performers. Sturdy wooden poles, etched with swirling runes, held up the massive central tent, its striped peak reaching towards the heavens. Around it, smaller tents clustered like colourful mushrooms, each housing a unique wonder.

One tent, adorned with twinkling lights and ethereal symbols, was the domain of the busty purple Tiefling, Madam Zar, the seer. Inside, the air crackled with arcane energy as she divined futures and read fortunes from tarot cards and glowing orbs.

Practising for tonight no doubt.

Another tent, overflowing with flowers and foliage, was the stage for Whimsy, the gnome illusionist. Her enchanting tricks and illusions drew gasps of wonder from children and adults alike, right now however it was adults only and she made sure to show off her huge orbs on her tiny body. She knew the power they held over males, and she used it to devastating effect.

Harlot...

The scent of roasting meats and exotic spices wafted from various food stalls, tempting the townsfolk with their culinary delights. Hawkers called out their wares, offering magical trinkets, enchanted potions, and curious artefacts from distant lands. The air buzzed with the excitement of the townsfolk, the chatter of merchants, and the melodic tunes of wandering bards. The Carnival of Wonders had brought a taste of adventure and magic to this quiet village, and its inhabitants were eager to partake in the festivities.

Jasper was exceptionally good at selling the circus but in truth, all his blagging was no longer an empty lie, he had crafted a well-rounded experience for all, there were stalls, small shows and bespoke meetings with talent. The main event was always in the evening and drew the biggest

crowds, the day was just for the side hustles to draw in a modest sum of money.

He spotted Dawn walking and rushed over to her.

Here comes the damage control.

Dawn knew what was about to come yet she quickly found herself taken in by his words.

“I’m so sorry for this morning Petal. . .” He pulled something out of his pocket. “Look, have these as an apology.” He held out a box towards Dawn.

Dawn felt his sorrow, she took it and opened it, inside were a pair of earrings with Fire gems on them.

“What are these for?”

“I just said, an apology, plus they match your routine, fire right?” He smiled jovially.

“Keep them.”

Jasper was shocked to see her decline his gift, certainly a first.

“You can apologise to me tonight when you give me back the closing spot of the show.”

“Dawn. . .”

“You’ve already given up on me. Wow Jasper. I knew you were a prick but wow, what a prick.” Dawn stamped her tiny feet and headed back to her wagon to calm down before the show.

The morning’s rigorous activities, despite being interrupted by that strange man were a distant memory now, her body didn’t quite agree, still feeling some aches from her missteps. She went through a routine in her head over and over again. She knew what she needed to do.

There was a loud knock on the door. Dawn opened it and saw Elowen standing there.

“What do you want? I’m getting ready to go on.”

“I heard you were demoted. Is it true?” His smug voice filled Dawn with rage.

“Not yet. I’m closing tonight.”

“Best not mess it up, otherwise you definitely will be out. I mean. . . The eye candy the other two bring is much more than you anyway, I am surprised you lasted this long.”

Dawn threw a wild fist at his face, she was strong, she was quick, but he was a Wood Elf.

He dodged it with relative ease.

“That would’ve hurt for sure... Shame I am just so agile, even compared to you. Say, how does it feel being the second best acrobatic based routine here, not only that, you are only in the closer because of the fucked-up nepotism you have with Jasper.”

Dawn lunged forward and threw her fists at the tall and slender Elf, but he was too quick.

“Get back here you coward!” She yelled.

“You’re too funny Dawn. Good luck on your final performance.” Elowen snickered as he jumped atop the wagons and hopped away.

“Arsehole...” Dawn grumbled.

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