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<World Famous>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

The caravan wheels groaned over the dirt path, kicking up dust that swirled around the colourful wagons and startled a few stray chickens. Dawn, perched on a stack of canvas and poles, adjusted her pointed ears, the cool evening breeze a welcome relief after the day's journey. They had reached Ashbrook, a quaint village nestled amongst the ancient oaks of the Whispering Woods. The townsfolk, already gathering in the central square, eyed the newcomers with a mix of curiosity and awe.

The "Carnival of Wonders," a menagerie of mismatched tents and fluttering banners, was slowly taking shape. Dawn watched as the townsfolk continued to flood the streets.

Looks like a good town to make a few gold pieces.

Dawn looked down at her clothes, they were vibrant but were starting to wear.

A new suit might help me stand out.

Amongst her travelling companions she had friends but there was plenty of rivalry to be had. For Dawn, being so short she was often overlooked, her half elf blood made her exceptional when it came to being nimble, what started as dancing quickly turned to more drastic measures to get more attention on her. The circus was all she had ever known, the ring leader Jasper, found her in the streets of a town, barely any meat on her bones, he couldn't leave her there so she joined the circus and from that day she dedicated every ounce of energy for the betterment of the circus.

She spent most of her younger years just helping here and there, it wasn't until she turned 15 did she start performing. As the years went on the circus built up momentum, especially after picking up more famous acts in the region. Jasper's true skill was his silver tongue.

"Jasper could talk his way out of a Dragon's lair" everyone would joke.

Thankfully he hadn't needed to do that yet.

The most prized position in the circus was the closing act, it was the act that underpinned the whole show, the lasting impression, the one that usually got people to come back. It was a high honour and everyone knew that, they all competed for it but Dawn was the clear best talent at the show until he started picking up new acts. It brought great talent from all over and helped grow the circus but it made the competition for the top spot much more fierce.

The clear downside for Dawn was that with each newly added act, she would have to up her own act to keep up. She remembered the first act they picked up that really made her feel second best. "Whimsy" she preferred to be called, she was a gnome with some low-level spells that he was rather good at concealing, an illusionist is what she called herself. She certainly had a flair for theatrics, much like Jasper.

Probably why they got on so much.

Also, for a gnome she had a heck of a rack on her. Dawn wasn't flat chested by any means, but this gnome was bustier than her. Thanks to her size they just appeared all the more bigger on her tiny body. The crowd loved her, she was so flashy with her magic and there was an extra bit of eye candy for those who couldn't help but stare at those big boobs.

After the Gnome's act joined, Dawn worked on her dancing, she needed something extra if she wanted to outshine that busty gnome, and for her that was a chakram, it was a weighty circle of iron. The weight alone took weeks to get used to, it made Dawn so much stronger and fitter, not that she was unfit before.

Once she started incorporating it into her dancing she saw more cheers in her way, the feat of strength alone was impressive enough.

Next was the Tiefling, Madam Zar Shadowmist. Her skin was a deep shade of purple, she

often wore dark robes and her trick again involved magic but this time it was more around reading minds, she was a seer of sorts. Her act brought the show to a crawl but the payoff of each reveal and shock was usually worth double what Dawn could draw. Again much like Whimsy, Zar was sporting an impressive chest, the robes were on until the first reveal and then she suddenly bounced her hand filling breasts from their robe and watched as people stared at her slack jawed, nobody ever knew if it was for her boobs or the complex trick she had just performed.

This made Dawn want to increase the speed of her dance along with the complexity. It wasn't an easy feat, thanks to her age and her dedication to the use of her chakram she was physically fit enough to add a much faster routine to bring the audience out of their wonder with a flashy show.

Finally, the only other big threat she faced was from the acrobatic wood elf. A pure blood like him threatened her position the most. He was more physically gifted than she was thanks to his blood, his act was him doing a wide range of acrobatic flips and jumps from a high wire.

Elowen Riverwind.

Dawn hated that name. He pranced about and made himself out to be some sort of circus god. It was true that he was showcasing skills that most of the people the circus ran into had never seen before, however, for a wood elf it was rather tame.

The rivalry these four had was quite intense but Dawn was adamant about keeping her top spot. She added more danger to her act, the hoop was heavy and blunt, so why not make it sharp and let it fulfil it's true chakram title. That wasn't all, she enchanted it in a town so that it could be on fire on command, the fire was only really for show but with how quick she moved, it was very plausible to the audience that it was just not on her skin long enough to burn.

The wagons came to a shop and Master Jasper emerged from his ornate wagon, quickly pulling himself to the roof of his wagon. Standing tall above the crowd that had circled the caravan, he was a figure of imposing stature and theatrical flair. His long, raven hair was swept back to reveal a high forehead and piercing blue eyes that seemed to sparkle with an inner magic. A well-groomed Mustache curled above his lips, which often twisted into a charismatic smile that could charm even

the most sceptical of onlookers. He wore a deep purple velvet coat adorned with silver embroidery, its high collar framing his face like a portrait. A gleaming top hat completed the ensemble, adding to his air of showmanship and mystery. His voice, when he addressed the crowd, was rich and resonant, each word carefully chosen to weave a tapestry of excitement and intrigue. Every gesture, every flourish, was calculated to captivate and enthrall, for Jasper was not merely a ringmaster, but a weaver of dreams, a conjurer of wonder, or so he would tell everyone in the circus.

“Ladies and Gentlemen!” His voice boomed. “The Carnival of Wonders has arrived! Our first show will be tomorrow night!” with that he jumped off the edge of his wagon and met the mayor.

Dawn watched them converse from her perch on top of her own wagon. She held her chakram and traced her fingers over the etched markings that covered it.

I wonder if Kaelan will see me tomorrow...

Kaelan was another half elf; it was the only other half elf she had ever spoken to, and she knew she was in love. He was so handsome, she wished that his hands weren't relegated to setting up the tent but maybe they could be used on her.

Dawn was lithe, in her costume you could make out most of her body, she had wider hips but everything else was thin and devoid of much fat. Her orange hair leaned into her fiery look and her short and snappy personality. She long wished that Kaelan would pay her attention, but he was usually talking to other girls.

Why doesn't he see me, I'm the biggest act...

It confused Dawn to no end; she just couldn't get it. She looked around the town from her elevated position and saw a clothing shop, it was still open. She popped in before it would close in the rapidly setting sun.

“Oh wow...” Dawn said aloud, lifting up a red one-piece suit that was very low cut, alongside it she noticed a pair of black stockings. She took one look before she got her coin purse out. “I'll buy it.”

Dawn skipped out of the shop, giddy as can be.

Tomorrow... Tomorrow I will get his attention.

Most of the crew set up the camp into the late hours of the night, the big stars were able to stay comfortable in their wagons.

How I wish Kaelan could be here with me right now...

Dawn often fantasised about what that might be like, to share her wagon with Kaelan, how his tall slender body would wrap around her's in the cold nights, how she would make him feel safe, loved, cared for.

She longed for it.

I have to be the best... Then I can impress Kaelan...

Dawn's mind drifted off as she fell asleep, her mind fogging up with routines and risky dances to impress everyone.

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