

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 29
SIMON SAYS...

"Awwwww. She's so cute." Lisa coos.

Sarah beams, the tiny bundle in white sleeping quietly in her bed, wrapped up tight, her eyes closed, her face peaceful, button nose twitching occasionally.

"Isn't she? You wouldn't believe all the fuss she caused."

"You know Peter swore she'd be a boy? He still can't believe it." she sighs, "Men. Can't ever admit they're wrong."

"Yeah, he wasn't the only one." she scowls, "Bloody bastards in black. Trying to spoil everything. Grace wasn't Stuart's, indeed."

"What? Who on Earth..."

"Oh, doesn't matter. Grace proved she was really who she's supposed to be. The look on their smug faces almost made up for it. Almost."

"How?"

"Oh, a little magic proved it. Hope they enjoyed it, too. Didn't bloody apologise, either"

"And you're looking good, too." she says, to change the conversation more than anything.

Sarah brightens, "Advantages of my chosen profession. Assistants have to look good. Still, I'm looking forward to when she's sleeping through. Stuart does his best, but..."

"Yeah, some things only you can do."

"Oh, it's not that, it's just a bit uncomfortable keeping her food on the dresser."

"Her food?"

Sarah grins, "Trick of the trade. All parts are detachable."

"You mean you..."

She winks, "All parts."

Later, "You are out of your mind! No!"

"Oh, come on, sis, live a little. Saz needs some girl time. With girls old enough to get drunk and talk about sex!"

"She's just had a baby! She does not need to be getting drunk!"

"Well, ok, that's a point, I'll get drunk for her. It'll still be a girlie night out. And everyone needs one of those. Even you."

"Carrie..."

"Come on. You, me, Saz, Tracy, Jita, Tabby, you can even bring Ola along. It'll be fun."

"I know you. Vertical or horizontal fun?"

"Oh, definitely vertical. I'll save horizontal fun for later."

"Where are we going?"

"Oh, there's a hypnotist in town. He's supposed to be really good. Come onnnnnn."

"Ok, ok. I'll ask Sarah."

"Oh, don't worry, she's already said yes."

"What?"

"She suggested it."

"What??"

"Quite a party girl it seems, our Sazzle."

"Fine." she pushes the button on the phone. Far less satisfying than slamming it down. And they call this progress.

Another phone call later, "...So you'll come?"

"Well, duh, L. We haven't had a proper girlie night out since the last one. Don't let me get so drunk this time, either. I want to at least remember if I had a good time."

"Sure thing, O."

“And your boy-toy didn't do a very good job packing. Either that or he deliberately left me that modern art hole in the wall. Looks good. Very peaceful. If he wants it back, just tell him I've got it. But it is verrrry nice, and possession is nine-tenths of the law, so...”

“I'll tell him.”

“Tell him I'll swap it for,” she pauses, before finishing in a very breathy, husky voice, “favours.”

“Goodbye, Ola.”

“Does that mean you're not telling him?”

“I'll tell him about the por...the artwork.”

“That'll do. I suppose. If you're determined to be mean.”

“Bye, O.”

“Bye, L. Kiss kiss.”

Lisa shakes her head, placing the phone down. “Marvellous.”

The next day, Lisa leans her head over, pushing her shoulder up to keep the phone on her ear,

“Tracy can't make it, Sarah?”

“Sorry. She's staying late, doing some small stuff to practice. Or at least, that's what she says. She's still not tempted out of her shell just yet.”

“Flo?”

“A night without men? For Flo? She'd get withdrawal symptoms.”

“Tabby?”

“Mark said no.”

“Mark said no? What is he, her father?”

“Not...exactly. It's complicated.”

“Complicated how?”

“You're at work, right?”

“Yeah. So?”

“In which case, I'd better not tell you.”

“Oh, now you've got to tell me.”

“Promise you won't scream?”

“Why would I...”

“Promise. Or I won't tell you.”

“Ok, ok. I promise.”

“You promise what? Honestly, hasn't Peter explained this?”

“Sorry, I'm still used to thinking like a normal person not a sneaky, devious, dishonest...magician. I promise not to scream because of what you're about to tell me.”

“That's better. Nice loophole if you want to scream for other reasons.”

“Thank you. Now, talk.”

“Hey, be nice, I'm your boss.”

“Ok, ok. Now, talk, 'boss'.”

“That's better. Mark is in charge of Tabby.”

“Why?”

“Remember not to scream. He owns her.”

“He...” she stops, just shy of shouting, “he what?!” she hisses down the phone.

“He owns her. As far as the Hellsings are concerned, she's property.”

“The Hellsings? Who are the Hellsings?”

“The bastards in black. Our little community's judges, juries and executioners.”

“Hold on, people know about this? This is legal??”

“She entered into the agreement of her own free will, or it wouldn't have taken effect. For our community, agreements like that are binding. I know Peter explained that. He always does.”

“Well, yeah, but I didn't think he meant...”

“He did. As far as our law is concerned, Tabby has the same rights as your TV.”

“That's...”

"No screaming, remember."

Lisa takes a very deep breath. And then another. "Ok. Fine. So I've joined a community that's ok with women as property."

"Well, to be fair, it's gender inspecific. If you gull someone into signing up, they're yours."

"How noble. Slavery as equal opportunity employer by way of bargaining with the devil."

"Pretty much. And next time Peter explains something about our community, don't assume he's kidding. It's not healthy."

"Yeah. I can see that."

"Gotta go. Grace just woke up and she needs her mummy. See you tonight. Bye."

"Bye." she puts the phone down. "Wonderful. What have I got myself into?"

"Uhm, Lisa, could you sign these off for me?"

She looks up, to find Tracy hovering behind her, the sickly orange holiday form in her hand, *Oh shit, please tell me she didn't hear that conversation. Please.* She takes the form, absently scrawling her signature in the right place.

"Thanks." she scuttles quickly to her desk, almost making it before Lorraine calls her into the office.

Lisa sighs. "And just when the day couldn't get better. Poor Tracy."

Later, "Wish me luck, Magic Boy." she gives him a kiss on the cheek, her hair pulled back into a loose tail down her back, a black halter-neck top and mid-thigh black skirt leading to long black boots.

"Luck." he replies, kissing her back on the lips. "What do you need it for?"

"Carrie. And Ola. And possibly Saz. And having to sit through a lame hypnotism show that Carrie likes."

"Oh. Adults only?"

"It's a show Carrie likes. If it's not XXX, I'll be pleasantly surprised."

"Want me to wait up for you?"

"Mmmm. No. Good as it sounds, I'll be fine. I'm a big girl now."

"No problem. Call me if there's trouble."

"Yes, Mother." she gives him another kiss, throws a long black coat over her shoulders and walks out into the night.

The club isn't exactly packed, but it's hardly deserted. The scuffed carpet's seen better days, the stucco wallpaper hardly helping. A small area along one wall is slightly raised, a dark red curtain hanging across it. The bar takes up most of the opposite wall, bottles gleaming under the lights, the main lights dim. Waitresses walk quickly between the tables, short skirts and low tops providing the bare minimum of modesty. Most of the tables are home to couples and the occasional single, mostly guys. Near the front, next to the small raised stage, a large table of guys, apparently on either a birthday party or stag night, are using the excuse to get hammered before the show starts. "Hey, love, show us your tits."

"So, your flatmate couldn't make it?" Lisa asks, trying to ignore the catcalls from the other table.

"Nah. Tracy's evil boss is working her late again." Carrie replies, her back to the guys, absently, and almost certainly deliberately, stroking her slightly enhanced figure. "And she's a little bit shy. Not ready for tonight's entertainment."

"Oh? What's so bad about tonight's entertainment? How bad can a corny hypnosis show be?"

"Oh, Simon Says isn't any corny hypnotist. He's got quite a reputation." Sarah replies, sipping her wine.

"For what?"

"Highly adult show. Very risqué. I'm quite looking forward to it. Maybe he can use that table as fodder."

"Sounds like fun. Lighten up, L. What's the worst that could happen?"

"He uses us as fodder?"

"You can always say no." Ola grins, wagging her fingers, "Unless he uses his spooky powers to control your mind."

"Funny, O. Let's see if you're laughing when you think you're a chicken."

"Oh, that's not so bad. Being a genie who has to serve her master is better, though." Jita replies, smiling wistfully.

"Care to expand on that, Jita?"

She looks up, blushing. "Uhm, no. Definitely not."

"Internal monologue broke down again, huh?"

"L, you didn't tell me you had such interrresting friends. I almost believe Carrie's stories about you now."

"What stories?"

"Wouldn't you like to know, L, wouldn't you like to know." she sits back, eyes sparkling.

"Carrie..." Lisa starts.

"Not now. This is my night out. No catfighting to spoil it. Clear?"

"Yes, 'boss'."

Carrie nods.

The stage lights rise, the lights over the tables dimming.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer's voice booms out of the speakers, slightly tinny, "please give a big hand for your hot in this evening's entertainment, Simonnnnnnnnn Sayyyyyyysssss."

A tall man walks onto the stage, dressed in a smart black suit, his eyes hidden behind a pair of dark glasses. His black hair is slicked back, his features sharp, skin pale, his long fingers covered by dark gloves. He approaches an old-fashioned microphone on its stand, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." he whispers into the microphone, cradling it in his hand. "I thank you for putting your selves in my hands for this evening. I promise to be gentle with your minds." he pauses, "Probably." A brief ripple of laughter flits across the room. "Now, I'm sure you all read your tickets closely and noticed that you've all agreed to be my vict, helpers this evening. For which I thank you as I wouldn't have an act without you. But I think a little demonstration of just what you've let yourselves in for is in order."

Lisa looks down at her ticket, straining in the dim lights, although the stage lights are helping, to see the fine print, but it proves too small to read in the light.

By the time she looks up, one of the waitresses is standing on stage, a white blouse and black trousers covering her body, tied a little tightly on her chest, a pad on her belt, hair dyed almost white tied back into a ponytail. "And your name is?"

"Kylie."

"And we've never met before, Kylie, have we?"

"Of course, we 'ave. We both work here, don't we? And I had to slap you when you got frisky last week. Woulda thought you'd remember that."

The audience laughs, the lads' table uproariously. Simon squirms a little, clutching his hands together.

"Fine." He lifts up his glasses, blood-red eyes staring out, "Kylie, Simon says you'll respect your betters."

Kylie stares into the piercing red eyes. "I will respect my betters." she replies dully.

"Good. Simon says kneel before your betters."

"I will kneel before my betters." Kylie replies, but remains standing, one hand on her hip.

"Why aren't you kneeling?"

"And give you all sorts of brilliant ideas? Not on your life. Besides you ain't my 'betters'."

Simon's hand clench on each other tightly, the leather gloves creaking against each other. "Simon says kneel!" he snaps. Kylie drops abruptly to her knees. "Much better. Simon says look at me, Kylie, and listen closely." He lifts her chin up, a slight whimper emerging from her throat. "Simon says you are to serve that table," he points at the lads' table, "in whatever way they like for the rest of the evening." Kylie nods, her wide blue eyes following his finger. "And you'll do it without those ugly clothes on."

“Fuck you!”

He takes a step back. “How...?”

A voice shouts out from the audience, “You didn't say 'Simon says...!'”

“Ah, of course. Thank you.” he turns back to Kylie. “Simon says you'll strip for the nice people here tonight. And Simon says that when you're done, you'll serve that table for the rest of the night naked.” Kylie nods along, the table cheering, “And Simon says, you'll start now.”

From backstage, a thumping dance track begins and Kylie starts to dance, her hand slowly and deliberately undoing her blouse, button by button, letting it slip off her shoulder before pulling it back into place. She continues to dance, heels clacking on the stage. Her blouse hangs loosely around her shoulders, draped over her breasts in their lacy black bra. She sighs, running her hand down her throat, tracing it's way over her skin down to her waist. She turns her back on the audience, letting the blouse slip from her shoulders, catching it at her elbows. She looks back over her shoulder, winks and smiles. She pulls one arm from it's sleeve, whirling the blouse around her head before letting it fly into the lads' table, who greet it with whoops and cheers as Kylie turns back, her hands cupping her breasts.

“Oh, this is going too far.”

“It would be if she wasn't a plant, sis.”

“A plant? How do you know that?”

Carrie starts counting things off on her fingers, “One, you can't suddenly know how to strip properly if you haven't done it before. And getting trousers off while looking as sexy as she's managing is damn hard. Two, no one wears lingerie like that to a waitressing job. Three, waitresses don't usually have boob jobs. Four,” she pauses as Kylie whips off her bra, waiting for the roar at the nearby table to stop, “she hasn't taken an order all night. And five, even mind control can't make someone that comfortable being on stage buck naked without any mental cushion if you're not used to it.”

“Wow.” Ola gapes, as Kylie turns around, sliding her panties down before turning back, hands shyly in front of her womanhood. “That's impressive.”

“And the real reason you know?” Sarah smiles.

“Real reason?”

“There's no way you noticed all that just now. It sounds plausible, but...”

“Oh, alright, you got me. And six, I talked to her last week after her pole-dancing set. If she's not getting a couple hundred extra for tonight, she's a lousy negotiator. And she isn't.”

The table roars again as Kylie slowly peels her hands away, sashaying off the stage towards them, undoing her ponytail to let her hair fall over her shoulders.

Simon sweeps his blood red gaze over the audience, “Now, who'd like to volunteer?” he asks, smiling broadly, “I promise it won't hurt...except for your pride, dignity and standing in the community. But those aren't important, are they?”

The audience laughs, a little nervousness creeping into it.

“Now, I'll just need one or two volunteers...”

One or two volunteers quickly expanded, a dozen people ending up on stage at some point. The first stayed the longest, an older couple who were regressed to teenagers, and got more and more passionate each time there was applause. Simon only let them go back to their seats when the next round of applause would have had one or both of them half-naked.

From there, he went with more traditional hypnosis routines, using the orgasm gun on one woman, to predictably loud results and equally predictable cheers from a certain table, and then having one of the few guys he'd called up dry hump her chair as she writhed and moaned on top of it.

A pair of girls were the next volunteers, one a tall and thin blonde with pale skin and a painfully flat chest; the other a tanned and curvy brunette. Simon said his customary few words and they were convinced that he'd swapped their breasts over. Sadly for the comedy value of the trick, both decided they quite liked things this way and got busy discussing how best to utilise 'their' new assets before Simon sent them back to their respective seats.

The next trick worked much better as his victim was persuaded that she'd lost her virginity and that it was down the trousers of another volunteer. After demanding, pleading, begging, threatening and

offering all sorts of things to get her virginity back failed, she opted for a direct approach and only Simon's quick intervention prevented the man from having his trousers, and possibly some of their contents, ripped off.

The next woman was told she was naked and proceeded to desperately try and cover herself, blushing furiously, especially when Simon ordered her not to hide. Someone on her table protested at this, and found herself on stage arguing heatedly with Simon, stripped naked but thinking she was still fully clothed, and completely unable to understand what the audience found so funny or why they kept cheering and applauding. That was the trick that forced Simon to let the older couple go back to their seats. Lisa laughed along despite herself, but each trick sent an oily, dirty shiver down her spine.

"And now, to bring the show to a close, could I have some more volunteers, please?" he turns towards the table, "You ladies would be perfect. Would you mind joining me on stage?"

Carrie grins, quickly getting up, and half-encouraging, half-forcing Ola and Ranjita onto the stage.

"All of you, please?"

"Come on, sis! It'll be fine!"

"Not a chance."

"Please, I insist."

"No."

"Simon says, come up on stage. Please."

Lisa feels the dirty little shiver run through her body, feeling her body rise up and walk a little stiffly up the stairs to the stage, finding herself standing between Sarah and Ranjita.

Simon walks along the line to Carrie. "And our eager volunteer is...?"

"Carrie."

"And what do you do?"

Carrie smiles, "Oh, nothing fancy, I'm a nuclear physicist."

"You're a nuclear physicist? Really? You don't look like a nuclear physicist."

"Yeah, I know. Looks and brains. Intimidated yet?"

"Not at all. Brains aren't that important and, Simon says, yours are only working at the IQ of the bimbo you look like."

Carrie blinks, her smile widening, "Like, what were we talking about?" she asks in a sing-song lilt, twirling a finger around in her hair.

"We were just saying how much fun it would be to show the nice people out there your tits."

"Oh, you want to see my boobie-chesticles?" the crowd cheers it's approval, "Okies." She pulls her top up, shaking her chest from side to side, smiling vacantly at the crowd, "Aren't they, like, nice and perky?"

"Very nice. Why don't you stand there and show them off for a while?"

"Okies. Can I, like, have some gum? Or some cute girl to like, lick me out? Just standing there's going to be, like, sooooo boooooorrrrring."

Simon looks around nonplussed before pulling a stick of bright pink gum. Carrie snatches it out of his hand, breasts still bouncing, and pops it into her mouth.

"Oooh, mit makes my mouf and mussy tingle!" she squeals, chewing happily.

"Yes, quite." Simon mutters, moving on to Ola, "And you'd be?"

"Ola. I'm a PA." she replies, casting glances at Carrie, still happily jiggling away.

"Quite a big girl, aren't you? Simon says, do some jumping jacks, work it off a bit."

Ola looks shocked, but starts jumping, her arms and legs flailing to the side. Simon walks on to Sarah, whose glare could probably do a fair job as a door opener. On a bank vault.

"And your name is?"

"Sarah. But you can call me the Bitch Queen from Hell."

"Fancy yourself a bit of a tough girl, do you?"

Sarah opens her mouth to reply.

"Simon says, as you're a bitch, get on all fours and bark like one."

Sarah drops to the floor, growling deep in her throat, barking harshly.

“Simon says, wag your tail like a good doggie.” the glare intensifies, the barking gets louder, but Sarah obediently shakes her rear.

“Good dog. Have a biscuit.” he tosses a bone-shaped dog biscuit to her and walks on.

“Your name is?”

Lisa just glares at him.

“Come on, don't make me insist.”

Still nothing.

“Ok, you asked for it. Simon says, what's your name?”

“Lisa.” she spits out.

“And, Simon says, what do you do?”

“Eat arseholes like you for breakfast.”

“Another tough girl, I see. And you're my little bimbo's sister, right?” Lisa starts to reply, “Simon says, show everyone your tits, tough girl.”

Lisa reaches behind her head, slowly undoing her top, the dirty, oily feeling running through her.

“No.” She stops.

“Simon says, show us your tits.”

Lisa feels her hands start again, “No.” and stop.

“Simon says, show us your tits.”

“Lisa says, no!” she brings her hands around in front of her.

“Simon says...”

“Lisa says, shut up!”

Simon's jaw slams shut with a clack audible through the theatre.

“That's better. Now, Lisa says, get my friends back to normal.”

Simon walks back down the line, cancelling his instructions, Lisa stalking after him, shoulders knotted, fists balled and a dangerous predatory smile on her face.

“And now, Lisa says, it's time for some payback. Strip for me.”

Simon's face turns a strange purple colour as he starts to remove his suit, to catcalls from the audience. As he reaches his underwear, Lisa stops him.

“And now, Lisa says, press ups. At least a hundred.” Simon drops to the floor, his scrawny arms struggling to push him up. Lisa turns to the audience, “Lisa says, shows over. Almost.” she squats down in front of the party table, leaning forward, licking her lips, as Kylie perches on one lucky guy's lap. “Oh, boys...” they all look up, “Lisa says, be gentlemen, and tip well this evening.” she turns back to the others, “Let's go.”

Backstage, after shooing the others home, Sarah stands before the faded white door, a bit of paint peeling away. “Typical.” she knocks on the door.

The faded door opens, and Simon looks out, his pale blue eyes widening, “You?? What do you want? I should set the Hellsings on you and your psycho friend for doing that? You can't use magic on people without...”

Sarah breezes past. “Oh, yes, do let's give them a call.” she purrs “I'd just loooove to tell them all about how the poor, wronged innocent mind controlled the London Keeper's wife into thinking she was a dog.” she pulls out her mobile, “Do you want to call them or shall I?”

“You, you're the Keeper's wife?”

“Yup. Sit down, why don't you? You're looking a little off-colour.” she smirks, leaning back in one of the room's small chairs, as Simon sits down, wiping his brow.

“I, I didn't know, I...”

“Doesn't matter, really. You were using magic without consent yourself.”

“But...”

“Oh, those tickets might fool the mundanes, but we never actually agreed to them, did we? You know implicit agreements like that aren't well thought of as well as I do.”

“I...”

“So you're going to pretend this was part of the act, and we're going to pretend that it was part of the act. Everyone lives happily ever after and no-one has the Bastards in Black knocking on their door at three in the morning. Does that sound good to you, Mister Slazinski?”

“I, yes, that sounds acceptable. But...”

“But? That isn't a word I like to hear, Mister Slazinski.”

“I already...” he swallows nervously.

“Then I think you need to unreport it. Rather quickly. Don't you?”

He nods, sweat dripping off his nose, “Yes, yes, at once.” he grabs for his phone. Sarah waits until he says goodbye with a strangled whimper.

“Done?”

He nods rapidly, “It's done, it's done.”

“Good. Next time you're in town, feel free to not set foot in E's.”

“But...”

“Oh, neutral ground still applies, don't worry, but nothing says we have to serve you.”

Simon swallows nervously, “I understand.”

“Good.” Sarah rises from the chair, patting his clammy cheek, “I'm glad we had this little chat, Mister Slazinski. Clearing the air is so good for the soul, isn't it? And I won't hear about you and Lisa getting into trouble together, will I? I'd hate to think how...upset that might make me.”

Simon gulps loudly, “Yes, I mean, no, I, I, I understand, there will be no trouble.”

“Good. I'll see you at Samhain. Even fools like you get a pass once a year.”

“Yes, yes, thank you.” he bows, stepping back as she walks out.

“Excellent.” she shuts the door, “Now, I just need to have words with Caroline about her choice of entertainment and make sure that friend, Ola, doesn't remember exactly how the evening ended. It's a good job I like her, or this would be way too much like hard work.”



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