

PETER AND LISA: PART 27A
MARK: PART 1
MARK AND ♥ TABBY ♥: PART 1
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
by pwatson1974 and Ms Tiger to You

A scream rips through the darkened theatre, flames roaring out through the holes carved in the metal box in the middle of the stage. The echoes of the scream die away as the box falls open, a charred and blackened skeleton burning within it, flames playing over the bones. The man responsible walks towards the bones, his heavy leather trenchcoat flapping against his legs. He reaches down, a curl of flame rises to his hand, licking the end of his cigarette. He takes in a long, slow drag and breathes out a thin puff of smoke.

“Hey! No smoking! You know better than that, Mark!”

Mark takes another long pull and stubs the cigarette out on the edge of the box. “What? This isn't a problem?” he indicates the burning skeleton, “but I can't have one stinking fag to round things off??” he shakes his head in disgust. “Come on, Tabby.” the skeleton rises from the table, scampering after him, flames flickering over her bones as she waves to the curtains.

“And no setting fire to the stage!!!”

Mark sighs heavily, and throws one of the fire buckets over Tabby, steam boiling up around her. “Happy now??” he asks as Tabby steps out of the smoke, her hair plastered over her back, water dripping down her naked body.

“I'm all wet!” she wails.

Sarah shakes her head as the bedraggled Tabby drips off the stage and follows Mark down the corridor.

At the end of a trail of footprint-shaped puddles down the corridor, the door to Mark's dressing room closes with a click. “Unbelievable! Bloody PC nonsense. Can't even smoke! That's a bloody classic part of the trick!”

“But, honey, she's so preggy and stuff, she...”

He turns around, “Tabby, if I wanted your opinion, I'd...” a drop of water plinks into the puddle at her feet, “Stop dripping, you'll ruin the carpet!”

Tabby looks down at the bare floorboards, and sniffles, tears brimming in her big blue eyes. “But, Marky, I...”

“Shut up!”

She sniffles again, “Baby, you don't need to be so steamed up, she didn't...”

Mark raises his finger and she immediately falls silent, looking contritely down into the little puddle at her feet. “Steamed? I'll show you steamed!” he snaps his fingers. Tabby flushes, the water boiling off her in puffs of steam.

“Ooooooooooooooh. Ghosty-roasty-toasty.” she giggles, shifting from one foot to the other as the clouds hover around her chest and hips, tickling her.

Mark grabs her, yanking her out of the steam clouds, pulling her backwards towards the bed hidden around the corner. “Now, what was that about you being all wet? And toasty?”

Mark lies back in the bed, one arm draped around Tabby's shoulder, the other fumbling through the pockets of his discarded jeans. “Whatcha doin'?”

“Looking for my fags. I, bollocks! That one I almost had on stage was the last one!”

“Ohhhh, poor Marky.” she snuggles up to him, squishing her soft chest against him, her hand idly twirling over his chest, “Maybe I could take your mind off it?”

“Nah. I need a fag after all that exercise to calm me down.”

“Awwww, we've finished?” her hand wanders down his stomach, under the sheets, “Can we get little Marky to vote?”

Mark knocks her hand away, shrugging her off, “No, you've worn us both out.”

"I broke little Marky?" she pouts, looking downcast.

"Just worn out. But I still need my fag." he looks over at her and smiles, stroking her cheek.

Tabby shivers, "Ooooooh." and collapses in on herself. Mark pulls the cigarette off the bed, placing her in his mouth. He flicks his finger, and a flame curls out, lighting the end. He takes a long drag, and blows out a long trail of smoke, letting it drift over the room.

Or at least, that's how Mark thinks it happened.

Tabby lies in the bed, snuggled up against Mark, his arm around her shoulders as she leans against him, the other hand fumbling around in his pockets, not paying her any attention. She snuggles more closely, idly tracing hand in circles over his chest.

"I need a fag after all that exercise to calm me down."

You need more than a fag, Mark, my dear creep, you need therapy! You're not done already, are you? "Awww, we've finished?" *Typical. No stamina, these days.* her hand wanders down his stomach, under the sheets. *Not again! Why does my body have to be such a slut?* The hand stops, fingers tracing around Mark's waistband, *Such a pity about little Mark. Maybe you shouldn't use it to think with so much. It wouldn't be so tired..* "Can we get little Marky to vote?"

Mark knocks her hand away, shrugging her off, "No, you've worn us both out."

I should be so lucky. "I broke little Marky?" she pouts, looking downcast.

"Just worn out. But I still need my fag." he looks over at her and smiles, stroking her cheek.

Oh, great, here it comes again. Tabby shivers, "Ooooooh." *It better not be the bloody condom routine again.* And collapses in on herself, feeling her body crumbling under her skin, *Oh, no. He is not going to...* She feels a familiar warmth running outwards as the magic starts to transform her body.

Mark pulls the cigarette off the bed, placing her in his mouth. *Makes a change I'm the one going in his mouth.* He flicks his finger, and a flame curls out, *And here comes the 'best' bit.* The flame licks at the soles of her feet, *Ooooooooooh!!!* and the smoke filters through her body and swirls around Mark's lungs. He holds it there for a moment and exhales, pulling the burning flames up her legs. The flames light a rather more metaphorical, but no less hot, fire, *Ohhhhh Goooooddddddd, why does this have to feel soooooo good??!* *At least the little bastard can get me off this way.*

Mark leans back, smoking lazily, filling the room with a post-coital haze.

As the cigarette burns down, Mark puffs out a smoke ring, popping it with his finger, *And if you could find it when the damn thing isn't smoke...ooooooooohhhhhh! Yes!* The cigarette shudders as Mark puts her back between his lips.

After a few more puffs, and shudders, Mark grinds the stub of the cigarette into the bedside ashtray, snuffing out both fires. *Just great. I gave up a promising legal career for this??!* *That'll teach me to say 'Yes' to tall, dark, handsome, lying bastards on the first date.*



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