

BLANK
by pwatson1974

The thick oak door closes with a thump. The dark stone walls wrap around her, lit by a pale, thin light from everywhere at once. Anne looks around, shivering a little in the red sleeveless top and jeans that were just there in her room this morning, and let's not get started on that. Rooms should not change colour depending on your mood. It shouldn't have a wardrobe that wasn't there when you go to bed, filled with clothes that fit you far too well, either. She ignores the goosebumps running down her arm, far too used to not feeling the cold, although it's a small price to pay for being real, when you look at it that way. "Alright, I'm here. Now what? Freeze my cute little ass off in here?"

"Ooooh, what a lot of sass you have. We'll have to do something about that. This van isn't big enough for two of us." a mocking voice calls from the darkness.

Anne looks around, running her hand through her coppery hair. "You can always leave. I'm stuck here."

"Oh, it could be worse. You could be stuck in the van."

"I am in the van. I think. Aren't I?"

"Oh, I'll have to show you the difference. Later. For now, it's my turn to play after you put me in that dolly."

"No hard feelings, right?"

"Oh, some, but I'll get over it. Afterwards."

"After what?"

"This." A spotlight lights up, stabbing down to illuminate a large wooden disk, concentric rings of red and white paint circling it, leather straps dangling from it, thick staples bored into the wood. Dozens of gleaming knives sit in a nearby trolley, their black hilts standing erect. Dell grins, gesturing at the board, her hair tied back.

Anne swallows nervously, "You want me up there? Are you nuts? How long have you been throwing knives?"

"Oh, these are magic knives. They won't miss."

"Won't miss what?"

Dell grins, and gestures again at the board.

"Alright, alright." she walks towards the looming board.

"Wait."

"What?"

"You need to change. Don't want to damage your clothes."

"What about me?"

"Oh, I don't mind if I damage you."

"What?"

"Joke." she smiles, "You still need to change."

"You're not reassuring." she sighs, "Where do I change? And into what?"

"Around here? Could be anything. Over here." She walks towards the walls, pulling aside a dark curtain from what Anne would have sworn was a solid stone wall. "Step right up."

Anne peers inside, "Where's my costume?"

"Trust me." she smiles, sweeping her arm out, again indicating Anne should enter.

"Still not reassuring." Anne mutters as she walks through the curtain.

"Not supposed to be." Dell smirks, closing the curtains. And swishing them open immediately, revealing Anne in a low-cut red swimsuit, net stockings digging into her legs, a collar and red bow tie tied around her neck.

"Hey!" she looks down, "What? Oh, you are kidding."

"What? You were wearing that much when we un-ghosted you."

"I know. That's my point." she pulls the curtain closed.

"Hey! What do you think..." Dell yanks the curtain open, revealing Anne in a tiny thong bikini, her

legs still covered in net, the collar and tie around her throat.

"There. That's better. Don't you think?" she strides past Dell, heading for the board. "Well, come on, might as well get this over with."

Dell stares after her for several long seconds, "Right." she catches up, securing Anne's ankles to the board, pulling the straps around her as she balances on the thin platforms. She reaches up, securing Anne's hand, when the other hand flicks across her face, a low, seductive voice murmuring something unintelligible that slips through her brain. "What are you..." her voice trails off, her face goes slack and Dell's world goes blank.

Dell blinks, staring out from the target board, the tight leather straps pinning her in place. She blinks again. "Hey! What the hell is going on??" she tugs on the straps but finds them annoyingly firm, leaving her spread-eagled in a tiny thong bikini, fishnet stockings wrapped around her legs, an orange bow-tie tied round her collar.

"Change of plans." Anne smiles, dressed in her top and jeans, her hands running over the hilts of the knives. She pulls one out, the black handle shimmering for a moment before turning a fiery crimson. "Oooh. Nice touch. Colour coordinated." She flips the knife up, letting it spin in the air, the blade flashing as it tumbles end over end over end before landing easily back in her hand.

"Well-balanced too. You guys have good toys." she turns back to the still struggling Dell. "You might want to stand still. Wouldn't want me to miss and hurt my brave volunteer, would we?"

"Volunteer? I didn't volunteer! How did I get up here in the first place?"

Anne pulls her arm back, "Well, it's like this." her hand snaps forward, the knife sinking into the board a hair's breadth from Dell's side. "I didn't really want to be standing up there with all these sharp objects coming at me, so we had a little bit of girltalk and you swapped places with me."

"But..."

"Oh, you don't remember?" her hand flashes out, the second blade stabbing through Dell's hair into the wood, "Well, I suppose you were a bit out of it. But that's a minor side-effect of a quick trance." another knife tumbles through the air, and another, and another, each flashing past Dell to quiver in the board.

"What are you talking a..."

"Of course, you also told me exactly what you had planned. You're not a very nice girl."

"What do you..."

"Of course," she smiles, "neither am I." the next knife buries itself in Dell's thigh.

"HEY!"

"Awww, come off it. It doesn't hurt." another knife flicks towards the target, stabbing through Dell.

"And it's exactly what you were planning to do to little ol' me, anyway. Not very nice of you."

another knife flies through the air. "And you're right. They don't miss." she smirks towards the target, "Let's pick up the pace a bit." she waves her hand over the rack of knives, the blades floating up into the air, swirling around her head. Anne holds her hand out and one of the knives swoops down to land between her fingers. She snaps her wrist out, sending the blade flying, another swooping into her hand, and swiftly released, the swarm of knives sliding through her hand in a steady stream, each one flashing towards Dell.

After several long seconds of a stream of flashing blades, Anne holds the last blade. She looks over at her victim, dozens of red hilts sticking out of her body. "Now, where should we put this last one?"

Dell glares at her, her reaction muffled by the knife sticking out of her mouth, although the gist is fairly clear, and probably anatomically impossible, although given the company, maybe not.

"I guess I'll have to decide for myself." Almost lazily, Anne tosses the knife, letting the thin blade sail through the air to stick in the middle of Dell's forehead. Anne dusts off her hands, sauntering over. "Not very nice at all."

Dell pulls her eyes away from the red hilt sticking out of her forehead like a bloody unicorn's horn, and glares down at Anne. Anne reaches up, jerking the knife out of Dell's mouth. Dell continues to glare, running her tongue around her mouth. "What? No thanks for taking that out?"

"Thanks? Thanks?! You put it there in the first place!"

"Well, I suppose that's true, but you do need me to get the rest out, so you might want to be nicer. Unless you'd just like me to leave you like this..."

Dell continues to glare, her mouth clenched tightly shut.

Anne reaches up, yanking out another knife. "Of course," she continues, as if talking to herself, "I can't just let you go. You'll probably try and do something horrible to me with all these horrible sharp things." she pulls out another knife. "So, you're going to promise not to use these knives on me before I let you go. That's fair, isn't it?" She pulls out another knife. "Of course, if you'd rather we can keep playing. Would you like that?" and pulls out another.

Dell glares at her.

Anne smiles up. "Well?"

"Fine."

"Say it. It doesn't count unless you say it. I thought everyone knew that." she pulls out another knife, dropping it into the tray.

Dell glares at her. Anne smiles sweetly. "Fine. I promise not to use any knives against you."

Anne beams. "There. That wasn't so difficult, was it?" she waves her hand in a lazy pass and the knives quiver, leaping out of Dell to somersault into the waiting tray. Anne reaches up, unstrapping Dell's limbs. "And, you're free. And we're done here, right?" she turns around, walking away, "Hey? Where's the door?" she walks up to the stone wall, "What happened to the door?" she starts to turn back, and looks down at her wrist, her mouth open in surprise, as Dell closes a handcuff around it, the lock clicking shut. "Hey?? What's the big idea?"

Dell grins, "We're not finished." she replies, clicking the other cuff into place, trapping Anne's arms in front of her. "Come on." She takes hold of her wrists, pulling Anne back into the middle of the room. "I might not be able to use knives, but there are other things to play with."

"Quit it!" Anne tugs on the cuffs, trying to pull free.

"Nope. And you might as well quit struggling. The boss made these. They really can't be got out of. And even if you could, you couldn't get out of the room without me opening the door, so..."

"So." she stops struggling, "What are you planning to do with me?"

"Oh, something fun. You'll like it. Really."

Anne arches an eyebrow, "Really?"

"Really. Just as much as I enjoyed your playtimes."

"Oh."

"Stay there." Dell orders, pulling aside another curtain that wasn't there. Anne looks around, taking a step towards the wall. "I said stay!" Dell calls from behind the curtain. Anne freezes, looking about to try and see how the other girl could possibly have seen her move.

Before she manages to find anything, Dell emerges from the curtain, lugging a large bell jar in both hand, the smooth glass pressed up against her chest, leaning back slightly to balance it, the bikini replaced with jeans and a t-shirt, a swirling rainbow coloured bodysuit draped over her arm.

"What's that for? I hope you don't expect me to get into that wearing these."

"It's for the fun, of course. And don't worry about that. It's all under control." She sets the jar down, revealing a small hatch in the front as he turns it towards Anne. "Here. Catch." She tosses the bodysuit at her. Anne raises her hands to catch it, and the suit slithers over her, turning a fiery crimson as it covers her body, clinging tightly to every curve, her real clothes disappearing under it. Anne looks down at the costume, her hands and feet bare, every other inch covered in red. She looks up at Dell and sighs, "Ok. Now what? I get in there?" Dell nods. "I'm a witch, not a contortionist. I can't fit in there."

"Sure you can. The suit'll do the work."

Anne looks at her sceptically.

"It will." Dell insists.

"Fine, fine." Anne looks up, "Show me." And Dell's world goes blank.

Dell blinks, the glass pressing around her as Anne shuts the little door, her body twisted and bent in

all sorts of ways it shouldn't, or at least she thinks it shouldn't, as the tight orange bodysuit clings to her. She tries to say something but the arm pressed under her mouth, not to mention how crammed in she is prevents anything but a murmur escaping. "Welcome back." Anne waves. "Now, I think you said this door comes off?" she twists the glass and the edges of the door peel away, leaving the glass completely smooth and, of course, escape-proof. She ignores the glare, walking around the jar. She feels around on the top of the jar, twisting at the bulb at the top until it comes free. Dell's eyes widen. "Yes, you really did tell me all the tricks this thing can do." Anne smirks, lowering the need of a hose into the hole. "Bye bye."

She turns on the taps, cold water drenching Dell. Dell shivers as the water soaks through the bodysuit. And then the fizzing starts, covering her body in a tickling froth of bubbles as the water begins to dissolve her, turning the water a brilliant orange as she fizzles out. Anne turns off the taps as Dell vanishes completely into the sparkling orange liquid filling the jar. "Now, where did you say the shrinking stuff was? All that work's made me thirsty." she feels over the glass, finding it completely smooth, as the orange fizzes.

"Looking for something?"

Anne whirls, staring up at Paul. "Uhm, I can explain..."

"I'm sure you can. Of course, I already saw what happened., so there isn't much point." he walks up to the jar. Anne starts to walk away. "Stay. I'll deal with you in a minute." He twists the top of the glass. A thin seam appears under his hand, slicing through the jar. Paul places the new 'lid' on the floor and reaches into the orange water. He pulls his arm back, drawing a hand out of the water and slowly pulls Dell free, the water sinking as she's pulled back, her hair plastered to her scalp, water dripping off her body. She takes a step towards Anne.

"I'm gonna..."

Paul holds up his finger. "Not just yet."

"But..."

"Not just yet." he repeats, "Soon." He turns back to Anne. "Now, as for you, as you won't play nicely, we'll do this the hard way. I presume you're familiar with the rule of three? Of course, you are. So, to be clear, while you're here, you do not use magic, on anyone, without permission. If you do, the rule applies and you get affected threefold. That's point one. Understand?"

"But..."

"I said, understand?" Paul repeats, a hard edge creeping into his voice.

"Yes."

"Good. Second point, you now owe one of my assistants some revenge. In fact, as we're now going with the rule of three, I think you owe her a lot of revenge." Behind him Dell starts to smile, her grin growing from ear to ear. "And as you like using the 'fluence so much, I think it's only fair that we come up with something appropriate." he snaps his fingers, and Anne's world goes blank.



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