

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 48A
SARAH: CHAPTER 1
REVISITING HISTORY

Authorial note: This is a content warning message. This is not my usual kinky magic sexy times story. It's much, much darker than my usual and contains content that may disturb those of a semi-sensitive disposition. End authorial warning.

“Are you...”

“I'm sure. You know he can practically smell weakness. And the smarmy git loves exploiting it.”

“We can refuse the invitation, you know.”

She reaches up, patting his cheek. “No. We really can't. That would make us appear weak or scared. Neither is acceptable. Especially not in comparison to Steve Bloody Osbourne.”

“But...”

“Stuart, darling, I know you're trying to protect me. But, it's time I faced this properly. It's an old, deep wound. Time to rip the bandages off and deal with it.”

“I'm not going to talk you out of it, am I?”

“No.” she settles herself more firmly into the chair. “Now, work your magic and let's get this unpleasantness done.”

“Yes, your majesty.” Sarah's lips quirk into a smile, “What's the safeword?”

“You know I know what it...”

“What's the safeword?”

“You do this every...”

“So do you. What. Is. The. Safeword?”

“Fine, fine, 'abort'. If it gets too much, I'll 'abort'. Now...”

“Now, *sleep*.”

Sarah's eyes flutter and her head lolls to the side.

Sarah looks around the blackness, feeling her skin sparkling with starlight, the pale glow barely making a dent in the soft darkness around her. She doesn't wait long before another sparkling figure appears beside her, offering his strong silvery hand. She takes it, feeling a tingle pass between them. “Shall we, then?”

Stuart inclines his head, “As my queen wishes.” he reaches out and the darkness parts, sweeping back like theatre curtains drawing.

“My subconscious, or yours, is a ham, dear.”

“You're sure about this?”

She looks through the curtain, feeling a shiver pass through her as she looks at her younger self, standing in tight jeans and a misshapen t-shirt hanging off one shoulder. Blue eyes wide, mouth open, her hair pulled in all directions in a way she's sure she thought was cool, but lacks any elegance to her older eyes. There are other people there, but they're hidden in the darkness, silhouettes she can sense more than see. And standing in front of her with that insufferable smile of triumph, eyes hidden behind mirrored shades, hair quiffed back in a streaky-blonde confection, a

white suit custom fitted to him. She gulps.

“Honestly, no. But we're doing it anyway.” She walks into the tableau, the world frozen around her, even the lights seeming to be caught mid-flicker. She looks down at her younger self's shocked and frightened face, heart skipping at the primal fear in her heavily made-up eyes. “Why am I taller than I was?” she asks, more to stall than to seek information, “This only happened a few years ago...”

“You grew into your role more literally than usual.”

“What?” she looks back through the curtain towards him.

“When you became the Keeper's wife you...changed. It took a few months but you gained a couple of inches, got a bit more definition on your muscles and started looking a good deal more...regal. I figured it was all subconscious as you didn't seem to notice and you can't really pin down what changed.”

“And you didn't tell me because...?”

“Wasn't important.”

“I see. We'll talk later.” she takes a deep breath, unnecessary, but calming and steps into her younger, slighter self.

Instantly time restarts around her, the hush palpable, the tears brimming in her eyes, her heart pounding, she looks round frantically for support, but can only see Steve. She knows Stuart's not here, feeling isolated and alone. Steve pushes his glasses back up his nose. “Well, well, well. I think that means I win.” Sarah shivers at that smug, dangerous smirk. She swallows uncomfortably loudly. “Do you want to remind everyone what the terms for our little bet were? Or shall I?”

“If...if you won...” Sarah swallows again, her throat dry.

“Which I did.”

“I'd, I'd serve you for the night.”

“That's good, but not quite what I remember us agreeing to. I remember you saying you'd serve me in any manner I liked for the night. Isn't that right, my little slave?”

“S-slave?! I'm not a...”

“**Hush.**” Sarah's voice dies in her throat. “For tonight, you most certainly are. My slave. My plaything. My...well, whatever I want you to be. Them's the rules you lot like to protect.”

“But...”

“Shhhhh. Dry your eyes. Put on a happy face. I don't want people to think my slave is unhappy with her lot, do I?”

Sarah blinks, feeling her face pull into a smile that refuses to show anything about her internal turmoil.

“Good girl. Now, take those things off. Clothes are for real people, not the likes of you.”

“Laying it on a bit thick, ain't'cha, Steveo?” she doesn't look at the voice as she undresses, feeling her cheeks burning.

Steve shrugs, “Them's the rules. You make a fucked up deal, you get fucked up. No excuses. No remorse. No mercy. All enforced by the lovely bastards in black. It's not my fault little miss keeper here got cocky. And the best thing is, she'll be lording it over the likes of you and me once she gets hitched to little keeper boy anyway.”

“Yeah, and here you are pissing her off. Smart move, mate. Fucking genius you are.”

“So what? She can't actually do anything, can she? She made a bad deal, she has to deal with it. Even the Families honour that rule.”

“Unless you splatter your girlfriend's...”

“Oh, come on, mate, you're not still sore over that, are you? The Bastards don't care if he's Family or not. They've said its done, smart bloke says it's done.”

“Fuck you, Steveo.”

“You're not my type. This, on the other hand...” Sarah watches his hand swing possessively towards her and lets out a low whimper, one arm thrown across her chest, the other hovering between her legs, “...had better learn not to hide things from its master.” he grabs her wrist, jerking it away. Sarah feels her face turn an even deeper red around that hideous smile. “Tonight, my lovely little party-toy, you will not cover yourself. You will allow anyone to touch you anywhere, in any way, with anything.” Sarah's eyes manage to get even wider, a strangled whisper of protest gargling in her throat as her other arm moves to obey its commands. He smiles into her scared eyes, “Yes, that means exactly what you think it does, and you'll seem to enjoy it every time. Now, off you go and get us some drinks.” he slaps her on the arse, causing Sarah to jump as she scurries off, her older self fuming inside her, feeling everything she felt the first time again, with the added memories of what comes next..

She walks back, drinks carefully balanced on a tray that displays all the wobbles and nervous shivers she can't control. Steve lounges around like a louche king on his throne, his white suit starting to show creases as his leg hangs over the arm. “Ah, you're finally back. Too slow. Put the tray down so you can be punished.”

Sarah starts to protest but realises that would be futile and likely to lead to worse punishment. She sets the tray down, smiling externally and cursing internally as she hears the whistle that lets her know exactly what everyone can now see.

“No, stay down there.” He rises languidly from the chair, letting her drink in her humiliation as he walks behind her. Sarah braces herself as best she can. The smack rings out around the quiet room. She manages to hold in the yelp. So Steve slaps her other cheek. “Who else wants to help discipline this naughty, naughty thing?” he gets some cheers, “Oh, and thing, make sure to thank the nice people helping you learn.”

So she does, standing there, on display, each stinging slap bringing a tight “Thank you.” from her smiling lips, until everyone gets bored of it, long past the point where she is.

“Shame it's not Christmas, we've got something to compete with Rudolph's nose right here.” he pats Sarah's red backside, feeling her wince under his touch.

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome. Still it seems a shame to waste you like this.” Sarah's heart briefly soars, although her future self prepares for the feeling of cruel disappointment, “So, anyone want to play with the toy a bit?”

“Play?”

“Oh, come on, man, you know what I mean. Here's a perfect little cunt and arse all on display, just waiting to be used. “ his hand slips between her legs, caressing her traitorously trembling lips. “You see, it's ready and waiting for anyone to have fun with. That's what it's here for. That's what it exists for, isn't it, toy?”

Sarah smiles, completely ignoring her hammering heart, “You're the boss, master.” no matter how much she rails inside against it.

“You see?” he continues rubbing Sarah between her legs. “It wants this.”

“Yeah, I see.”

“Oh, give me a break. It made a fucked up bet and lost. Why shouldn't I take advantage? You know

if the situation were reversed this little bitch would just love humiliating me, right? And she isn't even one of the Families yet. Maybe she'll remember this when she is and not force things on us plebs."

"Yeah, sure. You're just doing this to stick it to the Man, standing up for the little people. Victoria wouldn't..."

"Yeah, well, she got herself brain-dead, so what does what she would or wouldn't matter?" Silence crashes into the room. "Oh, man, I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"Fuck you in the fucking arse with a fucking crowbar! Sideways!" Mark turns, the door slamming behind him.

"Now see what you've done, you stupid bitch!" he smacks her repeatedly, each one forcing a 'thank you' from Sarah's lips.

Steve looks around at the guests still left. "So, who wants to play first? Sorry, I mean second. It is my toy, after all." Sarah winces inwardly as she hears the zipper undoing. "You'll be a good little slut and say how much you enjoy this, won't you?"

"Yes, master, I'll be a good slut." she hates how happy she sounds and then she feels Steve entering her. "Ooooooooh," she moans, "yes, master, fuck me, fuck me harder, harder, harder, fuck your nasty little slut, fuck me, fuck me, oooooohhhhhhhh!" Sarah continues to demean herself until a cock fills her mouth, reducing her to gurgles as she licks and sucks it like a proper slut, ignoring every internal plea to stop.

She's not sure how long it lasts, how many cocks she's forced to take in every hole possible, how many times her breasts have been groped and pinched and sucked, how many cunts she's licked. It's just too much, all of it, and feeling her body enjoying it, hearing her voice thanking them for using her like the slut toy she is, it's too much.

"Hey, how come everyone's not taking part? Bit squeamish? Bit concerned that it still looks like a real person? Or is it that you're scared of what a stupid little slut can do when the bet's over?" Sarah moans at being called a stupid little slut, feels so good to be called that. "Well, let's fix those. And we can save on the booze thanks to one of little Lord Snooty's ideas. Seems appropriate to do that to one of theirs, right?" Sarah sees the clock, blinking damningly. 11 30. So long, so early, how can she take hours more of this? She gasps as Steve grabs her dangling breasts, breathily thanking him as he twists and tweaks and pulls until they pull away, sending wave after wave of traitorous pleasure through her body. He walks to one of the small room's walls, above the table and presses a breast there, smiling at Sarah's groans as it sticks to the wall. "Drinks dispenser one..." he walks across the room, repeating the process, "...and dispenser two." She feels the hard edge of a glass against her nipple, crying out as the beer pours out. "Help yourselves. Wet bar's open." Sarah pants on the floor. No one moves, everyone waiting to see what happens to her. Maybe the only person in the room who doesn't care is the one at the centre of all the attention. And then she howls as Steve pinches her clitoris and pulls, twisting and peeling her cunt away from her flesh, dangling it from his fingers before it's applied to the wall. "Glory hole one..." One? One? But... She moans as a finger pushes into her abused anus, tugging it away, placing it against another wall, "glory hole two..." Her moans turn once again to gurgles as a finger sticks into her mouth, tasting of sex, pulling her moaning mouth away from her face and placing it on the wall, "And hole number three. Now to remove the spare parts." That raises an ooooh from the small audience but Sarah barely registers it at Steve points a finger at her and 'fires'. Her body explodes in a cloud of sublime pleasure as pink smoke fills the space where she was, dispersing into the air.

This seems to make things easier for people. Sarah feels her breasts, tits as master insisted she call them, squeezed, drinks spurting out into glasses and, more commonly, warm mouths. She feels her cunt, arse and mouth all filled, used, so little of her left and all of it sending such traitorous pleasure through her mind. She pulls away from the horrible, wonderful, degrading, fantastic feelings,

retreating further and further into the silent darkness of her mind.

Her older self shudders. She'd forgotten this. Forgotten how much it hurt, how close she'd slipped to giving in, giving up. How did she ever stand this before? It would be so easy to just let go; to slip away and let herself be the good little slut toy Steve had crafted; to just let go, retreat from the fear, the shame, the humiliation; to leave them all behind and let herself feel the wonderful pleasure; to be happy in this; to just give in; just give up; so easy....

She hears, feels, knows, the word without really hearing it. A whisper in the darkness, repeated, louder each time until it's practically deafening. *"NO!"* She feels her younger self crawl slowly back from the abyss, inch by painful inch, fighting the siren pull of oblivion. *"I will not, will not! I will not give in, I will not give up, I will not be fucking broken, not by Steven Bloody Fucking Arsehole Osbourne! I will not!"*

The rhythm seems to slow as she pulls herself back to awareness, still dark, still silent, still filled with that humiliating pleasure as she's taken again and again. And slowly, they stop, leaving her empty, unfulfilled, a toy that isn't being played with. She fights back that thought, feeling her parts collected from the walls, piled together and, with another rush of pleasure, she's whole, panting, lying on the floor, her body stretched and sore. She glances around. Just Steve and a skinny blonde left, what was her name, Amanda? Mandy? Mindy? Something like that. Both naked, standing over her, Mindy's make-up smudged, the detritus and smell of fucking hanging around the room. "On your knees, slut." She wearily climbs to her knees, smiling happily all the time, glad to obey. Mindy moves in front of her, the overpowering scent of her cunt filling Sarah's nose as she moves in to lick it, just like a good toy should. She feels Steve's hands on her rear, raising her arse to present her cunt to him, moaning as he pushes roughly into her womanhood, pressing her face deep into Mindy.

A rhythm soon develops between them, Steve thrusting into her, forcing her face into Mindy each time. Her exterior slut enjoys it, not noticing the tingling in her fingers and toes. Her inner self hates every humiliating moment, concentrating so hard on resisting, on not giving in that she doesn't notice her body getting shorter. Her older passenger does notice though, feeling the shrinking away of her limbs with each thrust, the increasingly rubbery feeling of her skin, feeling Steve stretching her more and more, filling her body more than he ever should have. And before too long, she feels the transformation complete, no limbs left, her thin, transparent latex body filled completely with Steve's shaft as he slides into Mindy, no longer really a part of a threesome, however involuntarily, just a condom being used in regular fucking. She feels the slickness of Mindy's cunt as she pushes in, tasting her arousal all over, feeling Steve trembling inside her, then a final thrust before he cums, filling her taste with salty warmth. She wants to gag but can't as she's pulled out of Mindy's warm body, peeled off Steve's cock, dangling, cum filling her, swirling inside her as Mindy holds her up.

"Eeeewwww."

"Well, quit starin' at it, and just flush it."

"Flush it? But..."

"Are you fuckin' deaf? It's just a bit of trash now. Toss it."

"But..."

"Oh, fuck it, I'll do it." she feels herself yanked out of Mindy's hand, twisted, pulled, knotted. And then the plunge, the water she splashes into feeling as cold outside her as the cum feels warm inside her. Steve reaches for the pull.

"Abort! Abort! Abort!!"

The scene freezes, plunging away into darkness as she rises out of her memories. She blinks, sweating, heart hammering into her ribs, breath coming in shallow, frightened gasps. Tears blur her eyes. She holds up a hand, watching it tremble.

"Sarah? Are you alright?"

She doesn't answer, swallowing hard. She closes her fingers into a fist, nails digging crescents into her palm until the shaking stops. She wipes the tears away with the back of her hand, forcing her breathing slow and even.

"I'll live. Again."

"Again? Are you crazy?"

"Yes. Probably. Again."

"But..."

"Put me back in. I will deal with this. I did before. I have to now. Again."

"You only barely did last time. Why do you think you made me forget it for you?"

"But I did. And if I can't face...that, all of it, I can't face him. And we can't have that. Again."

Stuart sighs. "Fine. I know that tone. What's the safeword?"



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