

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 49

THE GRAND OPENING

Lisa pulls her coat tight around her as she stops at the exit of the brightly lit tube station. The drizzle blows down the street in so many directions that umbrellas would be worse than useless. "It was a dark and stormy night... well, this bodes wonders."

"It'll be...well, mostly fine." Peter reassures her from alongside her, stepping out, the rain swirling around him without ever quite touching.

"Of course it will." She steps out into the wind, briefly getting a faceful of fine raindrops before Peter's hand closes on her. "Going to hold hands with everyone?"

"Not necessary." Sarah steps out, hair piled into intricate ringlets kept in place by silver, the edge of her black dress peeking out from under her coat, the rain never touching her. She arches one eyebrow over impeccably made up eyes. "As if the rain would dare mess up this." She indicates her coiffure with one gloved hand, "It took me over an hour just to get my hair looking right and nothing is going to damage that if it knows what's good for it."

Stuart follows them out, lifting an umbrella over her fiery pompadour.

They cross over the road, into the warren of narrow streets that have been part of London for centuries. "Location, location, location." Lisa mutters.

"Oh, yes, poor, poor Steven couldn't afford a better location and the secrecy that goes with it."

"But you can?"

Sarah smiles thinly, "We are the Keeper of London. It would be a sad state of affairs if we couldn't."

"Hey!!" they stop, turning, "Hey! Wait up!" Lisa looks back through the rain as her sister comes into view through the drizzle. Carrie pulls Mark towards them, huddled under an umbrella, "I said wait up! Do you have any idea how hard it is to run in these?" she gestures down at the thin high heels clicking on the damp pavement, drawing attention to the bare legs displayed under her coat. "What are you wearing..."

"Calm down, mother. I've got my LBD on under this and Tracey's protecting my modesty." She looks closer, "And how come you're bone dry while I'm looking like a drowned seal?"

"Well..."

Sarah coughs, "Much as I like a good floorshow, if we don't get on, we're in danger of being more than fashionably late. And that would never do. Come, entourage. That includes you two."

"Oh, he's gonna love this."

Sarah favours him with an icy glance, "I know. That's rather the point. By all means tell him I bullied you into it."

"No, thanks. I'll just tell him the truth."

"Well, that would make a..." she stops as Peter's grip tightens on her hand. She looks up and he discretely shakes his head, nodding towards Mark. Lisa almost protests but settles for fuming rather than finishing the sentence as they wind their way through the streets, Carrie continuing to chatter on, Lisa biting her tongue and 'being good' over and over, until they arrive at the shop.

"That's it?"

"I know it don't look like much, babes, but it's bigger and better on the inside."

"It would kind of have to be. And don't call me babes."

Sarah steps forward, rapping firmly on the door. "Then let's see it and get out of the rain."

The door opens. A white-gloved hand extends. "Invitations?"

Sarah frowns briefly before Stuart hands over the glossy black slip of card. "The Keeper of London and his wife." She swishes inside, back held perfectly straight, chin raised.

Peter steps up, "Master Peter Stafford of House Stafford and guest."

They step through into the cluttered shop, the aisles now clear but still crowded close together, the doorway at the back open.

"Mark Samson and Carrie."

They step into the grand illusions room, following Stuart and Sarah into the black doorway. There's

a brief vertiginous feeling of falling before they step out into a brass and mahogany decorated space, posters of the great Steve Osborne around the panelled walls. They hurry up to the small window where Sarah is handing over her coat, revealing a deep black evening dress, spots of white glowing amidst the velvety black.

“Hi. Welcome to the Magic Speakeasy. May I take your coats?” a bubbly red-head asks from behind the window, smiling sweetly, her pale skin naked except for a collar reading ‘Staff’. Lisa stares as Peter pulls off his coat. “Uhm, your coat, miss? Miss?”

Lisa blinks. “Right.” She pulls off her coat, revealing the dark green dress, handing it over.

“Thank you.” She replies brightly, “We hope you enjoy the inaugural show.”

“Right.” Lisa pulls her gaze away from the naked woman and moves towards Sarah and Stuart, defiantly not noticing the amused smirk on Sarah’s lips.

“Still not used to us, are you?”

“Is it my fault you’re all perverts?”

“No, obviously not. Although pretending you aren’t is definitely all on you.”

“Ha ha. You’re hilarious.”

“I know.”

“Heeeey, Anne! Why didn’t you tell me you were working here?” Lisa turns to see Carrie reaching through the window to hug the coatcheck girl, her hair dripping onto the counter.

“Oh, you know, stuff. No reason why you should be the only one to have all the fun in the big city.”

“How’s Mike?”

“Oh, he’s good, but working here was too good an opportunity to pass, you know.” She continues, taking Carrie’s coat to reveal her little black cocktail dress, handing back the ticket. “We hope you enjoy the inaugural show. And look out for my parts in it.” She winks at Carrie.

“Sure thing. They’re good parts.”

Anne giggles, shaking her chest. “You’d know.” she calls out cheerfully as Carrie walks over to the others.

“Of course you know the naked girl working here.”

“What are you talking about? You’ve met her. Twice!”

“I think I’d remember her.”

“You have! She was...oh, yeah, right, you’ve only met her as panties.”

“What?!”

“You remember at Samhein when I was wearing Tracy? Sue was wearing Anne. You were probably too outraged to notice.”

“Ladies, would you mind if, just once, we could not have the domestic in public? Most unseemly.”

“Yes, your...” she stops, staring at the dress, “those are stars.”

“Well, obvious...”

“No, no, you don’t get it. Those are real stars.”

“What are you...”

“Those are real fucking stars! On a fucking dress! Look, that’s Proxima Centauri.”

“How do you know that?”

“Hello, actual physicist here. How cool is that?” she walks slowly around Sarah, “How does it work? Is it a snapshot you’d see outside? Does it track planets? Asteroids? Can you...”

“Yeah, sure, fascinating, babes, but there’s seats and booze with our name on in it in there.”

“Philistine.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I’m an ignorant pleb. You can geek out later.” he puts his hand on her back, steering her towards the midnight black doorway, “Onwards, to party.” they step through, vanishing instantly from sight.

“Well, we’d better follow. Can’t be upstaged by Carrie, can we?” Sarah swishes through the doorway, the stars on her dress twinkling.

Peter puts his hand on Stuart’s arm. “She alright, Stu? She’s gone full on Queen Saz.”

“Social armour. An over-the-top dress gives her plus four bonus versus fear.”

“Right. You’re sure...”

"She'll handle it. I've got a couple of bottles of vodka on standby when we get home." he follows his wife into the darkness.

Lisa pokes the doorway, feeling the darkness stretch around her finger like thin rubber, "What is it with you people and magic doorways? Is a lift too much trouble? Or even just, I don't know, a door?"

"So, Queen Saz isn't the only one nervous?" he asks, putting his arm around her.

"That obvious?"

"To me. You get extra 'you people' when you're nervous about 'us people'. Shall we?"

"Sure. What can go wrong?"

"Jinx."

"Shut up."

They step into the darkness, emerging into another well-apportioned dark panelled room, Steve Osbourne standing by the red velvet curtain, hair slicked back, white suit very nearly glowing, John Lennon spectacles over his roman nose and sharp features. "...famous new assistant Carrie, huh? Sure I can't tempt you here?"

"How much you offering?"

"Babes!"

"If you don't call me babes it's cheaper, but talking to my girls all the time costs a whole lot extra. Have you got a towel or something, I need to sort my hair out before I drip everywhere."

"Sure thing, there's one..."

"Actually, better idea, where's the ladies? I can sort it myself. Go on in without me, babes." she starts clicking off, hips swaying.

"Just bursting with...personality, isn't she?" Steve asks, glancing after Carrie's retreating figure.

"Yup."

"She does know what a guy's thinking if she's in that getup, right? Especially with those..." he cups his hands to his chest.

"Of course she does. Why else would she get totally 'outraged' when she catches you looking?"

"Yeah, right. Still, shame she's off the market. I would love to..."

"Steveo, mate...."

He sighs, holding up his gloved hand, "Yeah, yeah, I know, something about her makes you go all white knight and you'd take her side over your best bro. Get on in there, ya traitor." He slaps Mark on the back.

"Love you too, Steveo." he pushes through the curtain a brief burst of noise erupting as dozens of conversations become audible and die away as the curtains close.

"Very luxurious."

"Ah, my lady, you do me a great honour gracing the humble establishment of us mere mortals with your august presence." he sweeps into a bow, taking Sarah's hand to kiss it.

"Yes, we do." she replies coldly, her face fixed as a slight tremor shudders through her body, pulling her hand away as soon as possible.

"Will you be attending the store's opening?"

"When was that again?"

"Next week."

"Interesting. Stuart, dear, have we had the application for a new store here yet?"

"Application? What application?"

"The one where we grant you a license for the sale of magical property within our demesne, Steven. I'm sure it just got lost in the postal system. After all, we all know what a stickler you are for following the rules exactly."

"I've got..."

"Permits from the local council, I know, but that only allows you to operate your front. If your real shop opens up without those permissions, well, that would be selling magical contraband. What was the punishment for that, Stuart? You know the details of things like that quite slip my mind."

"Confiscation of said contraband. Punitive damages up to one hundredweight in gold. Exile, if

failure to pay or if it's deemed appropriate. If it is determined to be wilful defiance of lawful objectives, confiscation of assets can be total."

"Oh, thank you, dear."

"You..."

"But, of course, as you'll make sure we get them before you open, it won't be a problem, will it Steven, dear? You know we'll approve a venture such as this, there're really no grounds not to, short of personal animus, so not applying would just be wilful defiance on your part. And we'd have to treat that sort of thing very seriously, as the Keeper just made clear. Which would be such a shame. However, talk of commerce shouldn't be allowed to interrupt a social occasion now, should it? Let's see what you have prepared for us." She and Stuart walk through the curtains.

"Bitch." He mutters under his breath as the curtain slides shut. "Ah, Master Stafford and guest. Welcome, welcome." He takes Lisa's hand, "Charmed to make your acquaintance, my lady. Might you favour us by participating in one of our entertainments?"

"I'll...think about it."

"Ah, we can truly ask no more."

"Hey, sis," Carrie calls as she rushes back into the blackness, her hair dry and tonsured, make-up refreshed, a black and cream bundle tucked under her arm, "be right back, just need to give Anne my skin to hold on to."

"Your..." but she's already gone.

"Well, step right up and let the show begin." He holds open the curtains, "I hope you and your pet enjoy the show." The curtains swish closed, cutting off the room, submerging them in the chatter of the club before they can respond.

"What did he...?"

"Sir? May I see your ticket please?" a buxom woman asks, black ringlets curling around her caramel-skinned cheeks, holding out her hand, a 'Staff' collar her only clothing. Peter hands over the black invite. "Ah, I see. Follow me to your seats, please." She hands the invitation back and sets off, expecting them to follow. The club room is large, circular tables spread across the floor, booths lining the back wall, a raised stage with red velvet curtain dominating the front wall. Stuart and Sarah sit in a large central booth, the latter rigidly straight against the plush-looking seats. Mark waves from his booth, looking uncomfortably smug to Lisa as she tries to keep her eyes off the woman in front of her. A long bar lines the near wall, drinks in a multitude of colours filling the wall behind it, barmaids as undressed as the other staff. The beer pumps wriggle as drinks pour from the taps attached to their chests, protests or pleasure muffled by their gags, their torsos unencumbered by arms or legs, resting the flat plane of their thighs on the chrome bar. "Your seats." She indicates a small booth towards the back of the room, the table snug in the middle of it..

"May I get you anything to drink?"

Lisa glances towards the bar, "Just a water for me."

"Same."

The waitress nods and sways away. "Doesn't anyone here wear clothes?!"

"Apparently not."

She glowers at him.

"What? You were warned."

"Doesn't make it any easier to be here at the meat market. The only thing missing is a price tag, or a brand. And are those your things on the...what is the name for person being used as a drinks dispenser? How is that a sentence I'm actually saying?"

"Wet bar?"

"Fine, the wet bar. Are they..."

"Probably. SAT licensed the idea from me. I mean, just the taps, the limbless thing is all Steve."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, please, I haven't done something like that for years."

"You what? When did you..."

"Laaaaaaadies and gentlemen!!!" a voice echoes out from the stage as Steve takes his place centre

stage, the spotlight shining on him as the house lights dim. "Allow me to welcome all our distinguished guests to the Magic Speakeasy, a place where we can gather without being too concerned with the 'rules' our lords and masters put upon us. Although not tonight as our special guests of honour for the opening night would frown on behaviour like that." a spotlight flashes onto the central booth, Stuart doing his best to look happy at it, Sarah imperiously blank-faced, before it fades to allow the audience to focus on the star of the show, "So, be as good as you can." he draws a halo above his head, "Still we have some scandalous acts to entertain you with tonight." The expected cheer comes, "And we'll start with the master of mental might, Mister Simon Saaaaayyyyyys!" he walks backwards off the stage, applauding as the tall thin figure steps through the opening curtains, an old-fashioned mike stand rising from the stage as he approaches, the houselights rising enough so he can see the audience. The hostess returns with two glasses of water. "Will there be anything else?" Lisa shakes her head, looking anywhere else and she withdraws. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." Simon purrs into the microphone, "I would normally demonstrate my abilities on one of our helpful hostesses, but, well, it would be hard for them to remove their uniform seductively for your entertainment, now, wouldn't it? So instead, I'll need the help of some brave, and shameless, members of the audience." his gaze sweeps the audience, stuttering briefly as it reaches Sarah's eyebrow raised in a silent challenge, and stopping altogether, his already pale skin lightening another stage as Lisa blows him a kiss and a wave. He swallows and continues on.

"Something I should know about?"

"We've met. He didn't enjoy it as much as I did in the end."

"Oh?"

"Tell you later. When you can explain when you created anything like..." her hands waves towards the bar, "...those."

The show starts as it means to go on, mostly involving women in various stages of inebriation and dishabille, getting further into both, the lewdness of the acts commanded rapidly rising with the cheers of the audience. In short, it's just as bad as Lisa remembers, although at least this time, there seems no danger of Simon choosing her to participate.

It takes an hour to exhaust the perversions on stage, allowing the women back to their tables with varying degrees of dignity and fewer degrees of clothing.

Simon Says once again cradles the microphone, "Thank you for your minds, ladies and gentlemen, you were a wonderfully appreciative and accepting audience. And I now return control of proceedings, although not my volunteers, to our esteemed host and proprietor, the magnificent Steven Osbourne."

"Thank you, thank you, you're too kind." Steve applauds himself as he walks back onto the stage, Simon sidling out of the spotlight. "I hope you all enjoyed Simon's show. He's going to be one of our regular MCs here. But we're pleased now to bring in a magician who's been making a lot of waves with his private shows and we're pleased to give him a more public venue, please welcome Matt and his even more spectacular, the incomparably sexy Lisa!!"

Matt pushes out the cabinet, fairly average looking, not too much of anything. Not bad looking but probably wouldn't turn heads in most situations. And as he's competing with a buxom brunette bombshell wearing strips of black dental floss artfully arranged to protect her modesty, it's not a surprise no one pays him too much attention. Lisa struts into the spotlight, smiling at the attention, taking care with each step not to shake her impressive bosom from their flimsy prison. One black string runs up from each side of her tiny pipe--cleaner thong to stretch over her nipples, although saying it covered them would stretch English as much as she stretches the costume out. A second and third string run to each side of the first allowing the whole thing to be dignified with the term outfit, if only barely. Somehow, the incredibly flawed attempt at modesty seems more exposed than the naked hostesses. She stops at the front of the stage, waiting as the cabinet pulls up along side her, leaning against it in best showgirl fashion, enjoying herself immensely as she waits to find out what fun is in store for her tonight. "Heeeeeeello, London!"

Matt checks the cabinet behind her. He coughs and Lisa pouts in mock disappointment as she turns

to the plain cabinet, the front hidden behind a screen of black, her thong vanishing between her tanned cheeks. Mattt pulls up the rubbery blind revealing a shallow box that looks barely big enough for Lisa to squeeze into. She steps inside, turning back to face the audience and waving. "Time to say goodbye to Lisa, folks."

Lisa pouts behind him, turning on a dazzling smile as he turns and pulls the blind down, leaving a couple of prominent bulges in the black surface.

Matt turns at the audience's laughter. "Well, I guess someone's been eating her Weetabix." He pulls out a pair of scissors and starts to cut into the rubber. As he makes the holes a slim hand appears through one, then wriggling toes, repeating on the other side. "Now, I've got to be careful here." he approaches the mounds, snipping slowly into the rubber. He pull away the pieces of black, three scraps of cloth falling to the floor from each, Lisa's bare breasts sticking out. A muffled protest emerges from the box. "Ooops." He lowers the scissors, cutting a hole in the centre just below halfway down. The severed thong tumbles out as he removes this piece of the blind to even more urgent sounds. Finally her cuts open a hole for Lisa's face, revealing her smile split by a tight ring-gag that muffles her protests even more effectively.

"Now, although I'm sure most of you would be quite happy if I just left Lisa like this, I do have a reputation to maintain." he takes Lisa's hand and pulls it down to the base of the cabinet, the hole sliding easily along the blind. A foot rises to the top, then the other crosses over to her hand. He then moves to Lisa's chest, pinching her nipples as handholds and dragging her breasts all around the box before leaving them on opposite sides. He reaches down, pinching enough to make Lisa howl through the gag and moves the hole containing her womanhood up to the level of her breasts before pushing his fingers into her gagged mouth and bring it down to where her sex was. Lisa mumbles something that might "Subtle." or might not. Ignoring those, Matt pushes the cabinet to the edge of the stage down a ramp to the floor. "Well, I'm thirsty, so while we all go to the bar for a break, Lisa's here to keep you happy." Lisa mumbles something around the gag as the first people come up to play.

Her namesake doesn't move. "No."

"No? No what?"

"I can hear you thinking. No way am I ever going to..."

"Of course you won't. Not in public."

"Not in public? You think I'd do something like that?" she jabs an angry finger at the crowd, where muffled moans can still be heard. "Even in private?!"

"Maybe."

"You are..."

"Uhm, hi, sorry for interrupting." they turn to see Carrie standing awkwardly at the edge of the booth, shifting from foot to foot, tugging on her dress, her hair damp and matted, make-up spotty. Lisa sighs, "What do you want?"

"Well, uhm," she reaches up to brush a stray strand of hair from her face, "you see..."

"Oh, it must be bad if you're hesitating."

"Ok, Carrie had an..." she leans forward, knocking over a, fortunately empty, glass, "fuck! How does she do anything with these giant udders? Now, how does this work again..."

"What do you mean 'Carrie had'? You are Carrie!"

"Explain in a minute." she breathes out, her chest shrinking, down and down as she keeps exhaling, "right, that will have to do, and I am going to catch so much hell from her for this, too. Right, explanation, Carrie had an oopsie and got herself trapped in her, well, my, I guess, now, panties." she drops the offending article on the table, a very naked figure shrugging in front of the flag, "So, can you fix her? Not now, I mean, soon? And give me a call when you're done. And if she's been a good girl, I'll bring some clothes when I collect her. If she isn't just pop her back in and mail her to me." the tiny figure on the panties grins, drawing a halo around her head and putting her hands together in demure prayer.

"But if Carrie's there? Who are you?"

A faint smile flashes across her face, "It's me, Tracy. Hi."

“But, how?”

“I'm wearing Carrie's damp skin. Which isn't the most comfortable but it beats streaking.” she tugs down on the hem of her dress, “And trying to get this thing to stay in place. Going commando is not me at the best of times. And this is not the best of times for it.” she tugs again.

“Here, let me help with that.” Peter reaches out, pulling down on the dress, the hem stretching lower.

“Eeeep! Oh, thanks. Pencil skirt. Pencil skirt I can deal with. And I'd better get back before they think I'm volunteering. Or Mark things I've abandoned him.” she walks back to her booth, still adjusting the dress for comfort.

Peter picks up the black underwear, Carrie looking half-apologetically out. “What m I going to do with you?” Carrie shrugs. “Yes, I'm sure.” He crumples them up, slipping them into his pocket.

“Is she alright?”

“She'll be fine. Knowing her, once I get her out she'll want to be bad just to get shipped back.”

“Probably.”

“Want something from the bar?”

Lisa looks again at the bar pumps and shakes her head.

“Back in a few.”

Lisa looks up at the crowd, and at the moving body parts, hearing the moans and laughs as a probing finger drags something intimate around. “That? Even in private, no fucking way, magic boy.” she mutters to herself, ignoring the tiny voice I her mind, that sounds suspiciously like Carrie, that reminds her exactly what she said about being tied up. She looks up at her namesake, wondering what she's thinking, how she lets these things happen to her, what it would be like...she starts as a bottle sets down on the table. “I thought I said I didn't want anything.”

“You did. You lied. Don't worry, it's bottled, not from the taps.” He sets down his beer.

“And yours?”

Peter winks at her, raising it to his lips.

“Ladies and gentlemen!!! Although we can see you're having a fine time enjoying Lisa, we will need all of her back on stage soon for the second part of Matt's performance. So if you could all go to the bar and get something to drink before returning to your seats, that would be great!” The crowd around Lisa starts to disperse, although from the squeaks and moans, some are making sure they get a last bit of entertainment in before they go back to their seats. The buzz of conversation begins as people make their way back from the bar, leaving the rearranged girl alone in full view. Matt and a couple of the hostesses push the cabinet back up the ramp. One of the two, the redhead from the cloakroom, wiggles her arse at the crowd as they push.

On stage, Matt rearranges the cabinet, the hostesses standing on either side. Anne waves, her pale skin practically glowing under the spotlight. The other stands straight, her dark skin covering a figure best described as voluptuous. Matt, meanwhile fiddles with the front of the desk, ignoring the querying grunts and grumbles from the head by his knee. He turns back to the audience, “Well, first off, can I have a round of applause for my two temporary assistants, on loan from the front of house. Anne.” the readhead waves, beaming out, “and Monique,” the other woman nods her head, “who have been volunteered to help with the rest of this trick. Now, ladies, if you could take hold of the top corners and step forward?” They do, Anne standing almost on tiptoe to reach. The rubbery sheet moves with them, pulling free of the cabinet. Lisa grunts something into the gag. “Now, please move aside so we can see the cabinet is empty.” There's a laugh as both try to step back at the same time, the sheet bouncing, to the apparent discomfort of its occupant. They finally shuffle off to one side to reveal that the cabinet is indeed completely empty. Matt turns it around to show no hiding place and then pushes it off the back of the stage. “Back to the middle, girls. And now, turn around.” Some more confusion before they manage to turn around, revealing a blank black backing of the sheet and no sign of Lisa. “And back again.” but when they're back, Lisa, or at least some of her, is still visibly on display. “You girls keep holding that. I need to get another helper from the audience.” he jumps off the stage and walks among the tables, “so, who wants to give me a hand with Lisa, hmmm?”

Several hands shoots up, but Matt ignores most of them, walking up to a blonde woman, seated in a tight red halter dress, her hair tied back. "You'll be perfect. Come on back to the stage with me." she does, smoothing her dress down as she makes her way up the shallow steps, the dress splitting to reveal flashes of thigh. "And what's the name of our new volunteer?"

"Ann." she replies.

"Ann?"

"Yes."

"Yes." the audience laughs.

"Ok, that's going to get confusing,"

"Oh, you can call me Annie. Or Red. Or Toy. You know, if you want." the audience laugh as she shifts a little, ripples running across the sheet.

"Ok. Ann, you're Ann. Annie, you're Red. Monique, you're still Monique."

The audience laugh as if that set-up was intentional.

"Now, Ann, I want you to inspect Lisa and the sheet carefully, making sure Lisa is real and that there's nothing concealed anywhere." she sets off, starting at the obvious places, Lisa moaning as she confirms they're definitely real. "Now, Monique, you just stand there. Red, when I give the word, run around behind Monique."

"Ok, boss." she salutes.

Ann moves on from Lisa's parts to check out the sheet, her hands' impressions visible from the other side as she presses against it. Then she emerges behind Monique and back to the front of the stage.

"It all seems normal enough. For a girl in a rubber sheet anyway. But that's normal for some people, I guess. Not me before you get any ideas."

"Perish the thought. Ok, Red, go!"

Anne hesitates and then runs around, dragging her side of the sheet with her. Lisa protests loudly.

"Ok, come back to normal now."

Anne walks back, and takes her at attention pose with the sheet again. "Now, Ann, could you check the sheet again."

"Well, ok, but I don't know what you..." she stops. "...there's an arse."

"Really? Does it feel real?"

Lisa yelps as Ann apparently checks. "Yes. It feels like an arse." There's another yelp and a smacking sound. "Yup. Definitely an arse."

"Thanks, Ann. Red, go!"

"Huh?"

"Go!"

"Oh, right." she runs around Ann.

"Hey! What do you think you're..." her voice descends into a harsh gurgling.

"And come back."

She does so, an extra, and occupied, hole appearing on the front, a bright red dress pressing through.

"Oh, that won't do at all. This could get damaged." Matt reaches out and grabs the dress, a muffled squeal emerging from the other side of the sheet. He pulls back, dragging the dress out of the hole, with more squeals, revealing a tanned backside. "Ok, girls, walk around, clockwise, until you've swapped places while I set the next bit up." Monique looks at him suspiciously but starts walking as Matt walks off stage. The audience see the profile of Ann's body coming into view, split up the same way as Lisa's, a less generous and lighter butt between her slightly more modest chest and hips. Like Lisa, her mouth is filled with a ring gag, muffling her outraged protests, especially as the audience laugh at her predicament.

As they complete the half circle, Matt returns bearing a couple of screen-supports for a modest convention stand. "Good work. Now, Red, you set this up at your end and when your done, Monique, you do the same."

Soon, the rubber sheeting is set up on its stands. Now, it's not fair that the audience can only see Ann at the moment. Let's give them a proper show." He lead them behind the screen and soon

various pieces of Lisa are sliding around and over the edges of the sheet to appear on the front until the various parts of both women are scattered about. And then Monique's slightly frowning in an 'I knew it' way head comes into view, gagged as the others are, followed by her hands, feet and other assorted parts. And then a pale foot makes the journey, followed by the rest of Red, also gagged, until all four women are jumbled up on the sheet. Matt emerges from behind it. "Ooooh, that looks a bit cramped." He takes hold of one of the stands and takes a few steps, the sheet stretching, pulling the disparate pieces further apart. "There. That's much better. Have fun everyone." He walks off stage, despite the increasing protests of Ann as the audience moves back to the stage, hands moving all of the ladies around, increasing the tangled jumble of body parts. Peter indicates the crowded stage, "Shall we?"

"Are you kidding me? Why would I want to go up there and help humiliate those poor women?"

"You don't have to humiliate them. You could stick to just hands and feet. Doubt you'd have much competition."

"That's not the point."

"So what is?"

"What is? That is! It is degrading and..."

"Exactly what they expected. Lisa, that Lisa, works for him. She obviously knows what the job entails. Monique and Anne work here and know what that job entails. Plus you saw Anne, she wanted to be up there, locked in and played with. The only one who could really complain is Ann, and she was quite happy when it was someone else being the centre of attention."

"So, what? I should be happy to join in?"

"No. Just maybe realise that not everyone is like you as far as being displayed and played with."

"Doesn't make it right."

"Doesn't make them wrong, either."

"Stop trying to logic me when I'm angry."

"Yes, dear."

"And stop that too. Just go get us some more drinks."

"From the taps?"

"Don't push it."

"Would I?"

"Yes, you bloody would! Rassum frassum rassum, 'just accept it', bah. Like that's healthy. It's practically a gang rape. It's..." she stops, heaving a heavy sigh, "it's probably perfectly normal for this bunch of perverts. And he's probably right that they knew what would happen, but, still....no, why do I care? That's their business. As long as he doesn't think I'll do it." she looks across at the screen, and it's moaning "Yeah, right. When did this shit get so complicated?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, we'll soon be starting our inaugural auction, so if you could make your way back to your seats."

Peter sets two glasses down on the table. Lisa gives him a sceptical look. "No. I didn't."

"Good." she takes the beer and sips it gingerly, just in case.

"Also, just to reassure you, Anne and Monique are volunteers. Apparently Monique has resting bitch face down to an art form, according to Sarah behind the bar. Never looks happy, even when she's, in Sarah's words, 'cumming her brains out'."

"You really asked?"

"You were bothered. Besides, making conversation with the bar staff is never a bad idea."

"Right. So they knew they were getting involved in...that?"

"No one ever knows exactly what Matt's going to do, but X-rated was mentioned, which is why she's behind the bar and her girlfriend is working the bar the other way."

"Volunteers? For that?"

"Apparently so."

"I will never understand you people."

"Well..."

"No. I know what you're thinking and no."

“Ladies and gentlemen, the intermission will be coming to an end soon so we can get on with the auction inaugurating this place. So please, don't delay too much in getting back to your seats, or you'll miss that.”

This time it takes longer for the crowd around the sheet on stage to disperse, leaving body parts scattered every which way on the rubber.

Matt gets back on stage, pushing the stands and sheet to the back, calmly rearranging the various parts to roughly correspond to the right body. A long table is brought out into the middle of the stage by the hostesses. Matt takes a firm grip on Lisa's breast and tugs, pulling it away from the sheet leaving blank black rubber behind without any sign it was ever occupied. He casually tosses the breast from hand to hand before placing it on the table and tying a “lot 2” label to it. He repeats this until lots 3 through 17 are added, their owners' hands and feet wiggling around their gagged faces, Ann making the most noise.

Steven strides back onto stage, “Alright, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you didn't know you were waiting for. Lads, bring on lot 1.” A pole, about 4 feet high, is pushed out on casters, Mimi resting on the top, well, more the top resting in Mimi is we're being strictly accurate, her moans muffled by her gag. What little remains of her body is naked and exposed, breasts hanging on either side of her womanhood, her face emerging directly from her hips. “So, just to be clear, while the other lots are only available for tonight, sadly I need to divest myself of Mimi's services on a longer term basis. She's very agreeable and a damn fine bit of pussy. Doesn't take up much space, either. And I'll throw in a carry box because I'm just that generous.” he gestures to the box that's been placed on the table while all the attention was on him, barely bigger than Mimi's truncated form and with some flaps opened at the back which would usually be more discrete. “So, let's say a grand to start us off with, and get the bids underway?”

Back in the booth, Lisa looks aghast. “He's...selling her?”

“Seems to be.”

“But, he can't do that? That's a person.”

“Well...”

“Oh, for fuck's sake, this is a Tabby situation, isn't it? She's 'legally just a thing', right? No problems with selling a property just because it's a living person. Fuck everything.”

The bids climb, Steve smiling as they go over ten thousand.

“OK, all, at £15,000 for this unique fucktoy. You won't find a better lay in the country. At £15,000. Going once...going twice.”

“Twenty.” Lisa turns in amazement.

“You fucking what?!”

“Trust me.”

“New bid, £20,000 to Little Lord Stafford, who's clearly wants some variety. Going once, going twice...sold!”

“What are you...”

A soft cough echoes around the room. “If I could have your attention.” Stuart's voice isn't loud, but it seems to carry like a bugle blast, demanding silence from everyone in the room, “As Keeper of London, I declare that this auction is in violation of acts forbidding sale of magical contraband. As such, we are confiscating the item under auction.”

“You what?! You can't do that!”

“You were warned, Steven. We'll take into account that this is probably a misunderstanding or over-exuberance and not go further. Unless the auction continues, of course. That would be clear and unambiguous wilful defiance and we will have no choice but to treat it as such.”

“You have no right to...”

“This is our demesne. The administration of its rules is our responsibility. We have not only the right, but the duty to see those rules are followed. Take it up with higher authorities if you must. But I think we shall be leaving now. With the confiscated property.” he walks across the silent room to the stage.

“You are not fucking serious. You expect me to just...”

“Yes. Steven, I do. If you wish to make things difficult, you know I can oblige you. I don't want to. So, the property, please?”

Steven scowls over his shades. Seconds tick by like hours. “Fine. Take the fucking thing. I hope you enjoy it.” He lifts Mimi off the post, shoving her into the box and latching it shut. “Bet Mimi's a better lay than your ice queen.”

Stuart regards him levelly. “You'd lose.” he turns away, walking back to the booth. Sarah inclines her head, puts her arm around his and they walk stately to the exit.

Taking that as a cue, others start to leave.

“You knew that was going to happen?”

“No.”

“So, explain?” they join the exodus, most of the room emptying.

“You were upset. And you can't free something you don't own in the first place.”

“Free? You were going to free her?”

“If she wanted to be.”

“If? Really? That's a question? You think she'd rather be that...thing?”

“Some people...”

“Yeah, I know, some people are weird and I shouldn't assume they're all like me. Got it. Now, where the fuck do you get twenty grand like that...” she snaps her fingers “...to drop on something like this!?”

After that exodus has left, Steven still stands on the stage, quivering with rage, “Well, fuck that bitch and fuck the Keeper and fuck Stafford and fuck, just fuck everything!”

Mark walks up to him, “What did you expect, mate? A parade?”

“Don't you fucking start. I see your princess buggered off with the others. Still resisting your manly charms, huh?”

“She had other things to get to. And I ain't her type.”

“Yeah, well, fuck, ain't you the noble fucking one?”

“So, what now?”

“Now? Oh, nothing now, might as well let anyone who wants a piece of 'em have it for the night. Hell, why don't I just make the fucking bar free as well? Jesus, that bitch is trying to ruin me. You could see it weren't him. He's too soft. Fucking bitch.”

“Steveo, mate, you were told. What did you expect? That they'd let you walk in and take over without a fight? Come off it.”

“Fuck it. Fuck this place. Fuck them!” he stomps to the bar, savagely twisting the taps of one of the bargirls to pour a double which he quickly throws back. “Well, if it's a fucking fight they want...”



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