

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 49a
MARK AND CARRIE: CHAPTER 1
CARRIE AND MARK: CHAPTER 2
OOPSIE

“Come on, he’ll be here soon.” Carrie urges, her hair flailing around her.

“And why do I have to be hurried up? You’re the one going out. And looking like you’ve just rolled out of bed.”

“Not my fault you kept me in there so long.”

“Oh, sure, blame me.”

“I will. Now come on.”

“Again, why do I need to?”

“Like I’d go to something like this without my soulmate.”

“Awwww. You’re so sweet.”

“Yes, yes, I am.” Carrie pinches at her collarbone, “Where is it? Come on!! Aha!” and pulls down, her t-shirt splitting open as she unzips herself. She peels her skin away, revealing a short black cocktail dress underneath, high black heels and her hair tightly braided, make up around her eyes and red lips. “Ta-daaaa. See, perfectly ready. Your turn.” She casually tosses a pair of black panties towards Tracy.

“Why would...” she holds them up, the black material shimmering like a pool of oil, “oh. This is your idea of how to treat your soulmate, TS1?”

“Ah, ah, my turn to be in charge today.”

“Is it?”

“It is now. So get those off,” she points at Tracy’s clothes, “and put those on.”

“You will regret this, you know.” Tracy replies, sliding out of her jeans.

“Oh, I do hope so. What’s the point otherwise?”

“Doesn’t look like I’ll be able to see much, though.”

“Are you kidding? This skirt’s so short as it is you’ll have almost as good a view as me.”

“And, of course, that’s the only reason it’s that short.”

Carrie smiles beatifically, “Of course. What other reason could there possibly be?”

“Of course. Don’t you dare launder me again.” She starts to slide the thong up her legs.

“If you insist.”

“I do. Hand wash only. See you later.” She pulls the panties all the way up and with a schlorp vanishes, the thin cloth dropping onto the bed.

Carrie walks over, picking them up, turning the thin cloth around. Tracy blows her a kiss from behind the flag. Carrie kisses her fingers, placing them on the cloth and then casually slips her lover on. “Almost ready.” She takes a deep breath and holds it as her chest inflates, “There. Perfect.” Her underwear doesn’t give its reaction.

Not too long afterwards, she answers the door, “Hey, babes. Looking good.”

“Yes, yes, I am. You’ve cleaned up pretty well yourself.”

“I have indeed. Shame you’re not following the dress code, but I’m sure Steve’ll forgive you.”

Carrie grabs a short coat that still hangs below her hem, “Of course he will; I’m adorable.” She fumbles with the buttons, “Might have overdone it just a bit.” She puffs out a breath and squeezes her now slightly less implausible body into the coat. “And if he’s lucky, I’ll forgive him, too.”

“For what?”

“For being even more obnoxiously sexist than you were before I civilised you.” She adjusts his collar.

“Me? Sexist? Babes, I’m hurt. I love women.”

“Sure you do. You kept Tabby around as a naked fucktoy.”

“Well, yeah, sure I did that, but I thought that was what she wanted. You know some birds are really into kinky shit.”

“And now?”

“Not without makin’ sure, babes. I learned my lesson. Don’t want to get her Majesty any more pissed with me.”

“You see? Progress. Soon we’ll have you campaigning to smash the patriarchy.”

Mark lets out a sharp bark of laughter, “Will you bollocks! No one, not even you, could make me into some kind of ultra-PC guy. So stop with the social justice bullshit.”

“That’s what you say now, but I have ways.” She pecks him on the cheek.

“Yeah, sure you do, babes. Now come on, we’ve got a gig to get to. Hope your sweetie isn’t planning on waiting up.”

Carrie smiles to herself as she closes the door, Mark’s arm wrapped around her waist, “That won’t be a problem.”

On the half-filled tube carriage, Carrie fidgets with the hem of her dress, “Problems, babes?”

“Tracy’s feeling extra feisty so I’m getting the worst of it.”

“Huh? How’d you know if she’s back home?”

“Well, she might be a little closer than that.” She bites her lip, pressing her legs together, “And if she keeps moving like that I’m going to make a spectacle of myself, so stop it, will you?”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about, babes, but don’t worry. You could strip even more naked than you are and no one but me would notice. And I wouldn’t be bothered.”

“Of course you wouldn’t.” she stops, “Wait, what? You think people wouldn’t notice if I popped these out?” she gestures at her chest.

“Usually, sure, you’re kind of eye-popping in that get up, but not tonight.”

“I see. Explain.”

“Ah-ah. What’s the magic word, babes?”

“Titties?”

“Good word, but no.”

“Tell me or I break your arm?”

“Getting colder.”

“Fine. Pweeeeeease, will you tell me?” she flutters her eyelashes at him.

“Close enough.” He pulls out a shiny black piece of card, “These are why. They put up the whole ‘do not pay attention’ thing around whoever’s got ‘em. Just in case anyone took him up on his invite to let themselves go wild. Wouldn’t want to get the law involved, would we?”

“I suppose not. So how?”

“I dunno, babes. I’m not one for caring about the intricacies of the how. As long as they work, it’s good enough for me.”

“Can I see?”

“Later. I’m not letting you take our invites apart to see if you can glue them back together until we’re all done.”

Carrie pouts, arms folded under her chest. “Unfair.”

They exit the white light of the station into the London drizzle, “Ugh! My hair is going to be ruined.” She pulls her coat’s collar up.

“Sorry, babes. Controlling the weather’s a bit out of my league.” He puts an arm around her.

“I suppose a brolly’s too much to hope for?”

“It’s just a bit of rain. It won’t hurt you.”

“Last time I saw weather this dreich was when I went home. I’ll be lucky if my skin doesn’t run.”

“Yeah, yeah, come on, babes, stop moaning and let’s get on. Sooner we get there, sooner you get dry, huh?” He steps out into the rain. Carrie follows, trying to shield her face as much as possible. Mark smirks and opens the tiny black umbrella. Carrie scowls up at him. “What, babe? Thought you wanted a brolly. I’m sure you and I can fit under it.”

Huddled close together to fit under the umbrella, they make their way through the winding back

streets of London. "Hey, I know those silhouettes. Hey!"

"What are you doing?"

"Attracting their attention."

The group up ahead stops, "Hey! Wait up!" she pulls him towards them, her thin high heels clicking on the wet pavement. Lisa looks back "I said wait up! Do you have any idea how hard it is to run in these?" she gestures down at her feet, 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." Mark mutters.

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..." Lisa stops as Peter's grip tightens on her hand. She looks up and he discretely shakes his head, nodding towards Mark.

"First time for everything, huh, babes?" Carrie smirks as they continue on their way.

"Et tu, Brute?"

"Ooooh, classical allusion. You are truly a man of hidden depths."

"Very well hidden."

"I keep trying to show them to you, babes, but you keep saying no."

"Never heard it referred to as *that* before. How much further till we arrive, your Majesty? These things are built for showing a body off not hiking."

"You're a bit old for 'are we there yet', aren't you?"

"Only in body."

Carrie raises her finger and leans into Mark.

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. Carrie looks at the cheesy signage, the cluttered windows and the already fading door. "That's it?"

"I know it don't look like much, babes, but it's bigger an' 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 into the cluttered shop.

"Mark Samson and Carrie."

Carrie watches as the gloves take their black invitations briefly out of sight before returning them.

"Wow. Looks like an explosion in a Paul Daniels warehouse."

"Yeah, it's pretty cluttered. But Steve O insists its just a front so it doesn't matter. Long as it looks like a magic shop, cover's clean."

"I guess. Owwww!" she stubs her toe on an unidentified box stuck halfway across the aisle.

"Yeah, I did that too. Steveo needs a maid for this place."

"Not it!" they step through the matte 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. Ahead of them, Lisa looks confusedly into the check window until she finally takes off her coat and hands it over.

"Hi, welcome to the Magic Speakeasy. May I take your coats?"

Carrie looks up at the bubbly redhead behind the window. "Heeeey, Anne! Why didn't you tell me you were working here?" she reaches 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 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 join 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, mouth half open, staring at the midnight dress with its twinkling points of light, "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, staring intently,

"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 and stepping out 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.

"Alright, mate. Finally managed to get here, then?"

"Hey, Steveo. Yeah, your directions suck."

"Just like you then."

"Yeah, well, your girlfriend liked that." they clasp their arms around each other.

"Still, at least you bought gifts. Wrapped up, too. You must be his famous new assistant Carrie, huh? Sure I can't tempt you here?"

"How much you offering?" she asks as his eyes continually drift downwards.

"Babes!"

"If you don't call me babes it's cheaper, but talking to my girls all the time costs a whole lot extra." she smiles sweetly and innocently, as Steve's eyes rise to meet hers, "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..."

She follows the finger, letting whatever he says drift off into the distance and into the white tiled room, a faint scent of lavender freshener in the air.

"Yes, of course I know he was checking out my tits." she mutters as she finds the stall. "So what? That's what looking like Jessica Rabbit is for." she reaches for her chest, "Fine, I'll take you off first. Don't want to be part of my skinsuit, huh? Wonder if that would even work... We must experiment later TS2. For science! Well done, you're getting the hang of it." she hikes up her skirt, pulling down her underwear. Tracy scrunches up as the fabric folds around her, biting her lip at the soft rubbing caressing her. Carrie pinches at her chest, pulling down the zip to step out, dry and perfectly made up once more, her former skin pooling on the floor. "Good as new. Will have to remember that trick." she pulls her lover back on, "No, I did not make the skirt shorter." She holds up her skin by the shoulders, letting it hang down in front of her, "See? Exactly the same length. But if you want me to... fine, fine, you're as much of a grouch as my sister sometimes. Now, where am I supposed to put this...I was not thinking that! No, you're the pervert. Fine. We'd best get back before Mark gets bored." She smooths down the dress and walks out of the stall, the rolled up skin under her arm, rushing back down the corridor.

"...ask no more."

"Hey, sis, be right back, just need to give Anne my skin to hold on to."

"Your..."

Carrie rushes into the blackness before she gets scolded, barrelling past a blonde woman in a clinging red dress. "Sorry, sorry. Hey, Anne, can you chuck this with my coat, please? Gotta get back!" she practically tosses her rolled up skin through the window before heading back through the hallway.

"Hey! Come back! Don't you want a chit for that?! Oh, fishsticks." she turns to the person ostensibly at the window, "So sorry, sir, you know how disorganised some people get. I'll be right back." and heads back into the stacks to try and remember where she'd placed the coat.

Carrie heads back for the foyer, "All dolled up, love?"

"Yup. Bone dry, and looking fabulous as usual."

"So I see." he leers.

"Hey, hey, eyes up here. Today, anyway."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever you say, love. In you go. Enjoy the show. And if you get inspired, we can talk about how to get you in later."

"Sure, sure. If." she steps through the blackness, twisting slightly to avoid Steve's hand on her rear.

"I know you told me." she mutters as she steps through into the club itself. "You don't have to..."

"Miss? May I see your ticket please?" she stops, looking up at a pneumatic platinum blonde glamazon, "Your ticket, miss?"

"I'm a plus one. With Mark...Samson?"

"Could you step to the side a moment, please, miss?" she puts her hand firmly on Carrie's arm, guiding her aside. Conversations fill the air as other guests enter, greeted by similarly naked hostesses and escorted inside, no one so much as glancing to the side to see her. The blonde raises her hand and snaps her fingers. A pair of white gloves sweeps out of the shadows, floating unattached at chest height. "No invite. Claims she's a plus one. Mark Samson." The gloves flash off, returning with a thick ledger balanced on one hand. The other flips through the pages, running a finger down the columns of text. It pauses one one line. The other glove flashes out, hovering to 'face' Carrie, holding themselves up, thumb to fingertip to form a frame around her face. They turn back to the ledger, slamming it shut with a soft thwump, giving a thumbs up. "You're sure?" one glove forms a fist and nods. "Darn it. I thought for sure I was gonna get to throw this one out." the gloves spread out in helpless apology and whisk the tome away.

"Throw me out?"

"Sure, not literally, unless'n you cause me trouble. Shame these are going to waste." she flexes,

"Now, let's get you back to your master."

"He's not my..."

"Sure, sure. That's what they all say at first. Hell, that's what I said. At first."

"He's not! We're...partners."

"Sure thing, honey, whatever you say. Let's get you back anyhow, huh? Want somethin' from the

bar while we're walkin'?" she thumbs towards the long bar lining 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.

"Free?"

"First hit's always free, right? 'Sides, you're a plus one so you ain't payin' no matter what."

Carrie almost replies when she sees Mark waving her over, two glasses on the table of his expansive booth. "There he is. And it looks like he's already got them in. I'll just..."

"Let's go over then." The hand on her shoulder doesn't move as they head through the crowd.

"This isn't..."

"Sure it is. Can't have guest's property getting lost, can we?"

"I'm not..."

"Sure, sure. That's what they all say..."

"At first?"

"Darn right." she stops at the booth, "This one says she's your plus one, sir. Can you vouch for that?"

"Well..." Carrie glares at him, "yeah, sure. She's my date."

"Good. Next time you let her wander off the leash, give her the ticket so we don't have no trouble, k?" she turns, marching back to the doorway.

"Getting into trouble already, huh, babes? We only just got here."

"Oh, shut up."

"Sure thing, babes."

She grabs the beer and gulps at it, sullenly. Mark waits as more guests file in. "Gonna open up and share or just glare at the beer for the night?"

"Why does everyone here think you're my master?!"

He laughs, putting the glass down before too much beer slops out.

"Not that funny."

"No, babes, 'course not. The idea of you havin' a master is not in any way..." he dissolves back into laughter.

"Are you quite done? And you can be quiet as well."

"Sure, sure, babes. I'm done."

"So..."

"So?"

"So if it's so obvious, why did Wonder Woman over there think you were?"

"They don't know you as well as I do."

"Uh-huh."

"Besides, I thought you enjoyed playing the part."

"On stage! Fine, and sometimes backstage. Ok, ok, and in private, you pedantic rhymes-with-witch. But not full time. And certainly not somewhere like this."

"That's a relief. I thought I was taking your sister out for a minute."

"I'm starting to see her point of view." she mutters.

"Ouch. Babes, that hurts."

"Not yet. But I'm working up to it. So, regardless of whether it bothers me or not, why do people think you're my master?"

"Oh, you want the full version. Sure, sure, let me get lubricated." He takes a long draught of his beer, "Quality stuff."

"So..."

"So, you're my plus one, right? And ever since that whole Tabby thing my rep's been pretty...well, let's say no one's gonna come to me for women's lib advice. And you're my plus one. It's natural they'll think you're into that sort of thing. No one who wasn't would be with me, right?"

"I guess."

“And Steveo’s got the whole lord and master of all he surveys going on, so his girls are bound to think we’re all like that.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And, well, you ain't exactly dressed like you're a player, are you?”

“What's wrong with...”

“Nothing's wrong with it, I quite like it, but it doesn't scream powerful, does it? Look at Her Majesty. You wouldn't think for one second she wasn't boss of herself. Or your sister, don't look at me like that, sure, she's an uptight judgemental bitch but she ain't getting mistaken for a pretty little plaything.”

“Plaything?”

“Figure of speech. Point is, if you’re not the main act, you’ve got to work really hard to stand out as someone of influence. And most assistants are, well, let’s say on the submissive side of things to begin with. And then you've got...”

“Got it. So the Jessica Rabbit look was a bad idea? I know you did, don’t go on.”

“Not from where I’m sittin’, babes.”

“Yeah, sure, but from where you're sitting you've got a great view down my cleavage.”

He grins, taking an obvious look, “Thought that was the point of that get-up, babes.”

Carrie pulls the top up a little. “Yeah, well, we all make mistakes.”

“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.

Carrie sniggers, but sinks down a little in her seat.

“What?”

“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.

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.

Carrie sits up as the victims get on stage.

“Babes, what?”

“Nothing. Just not keen on volunteering for him again.”

“Again?”

She shrugs, “Last time he made me a dumb bimbo.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah. Don't even think it.”

“I wasn't...”

She turns a sceptical face towards him, ignoring the cavortions on the stage.

“Ok, ok, so maybe I was a little.”

“Well stop. That's off the menu. If you're good, I might pretend to be some airhead, but having my head really filled with pink candy floss and hardwired into my pussy is not going to happen on stage again.”

“But...”

“Nope. Not fun if I can't think enough to enjoy it.”

“If you say so, babes. You're the boss of you.”

“Damn right.” she turns back to the show, just as Simon 'persuades' one volunteer that another is keeping her stolen virginity down the front of her dress.

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 assistant, 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. 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. “Heeeeeeeello, London!”

“Nice. She looks like she could give you a run for your money.”

“Yeah. She's something.”

“Figure I could get you in that outfit?”

“Hope springs eternal.”

“Like you're not into it”

“What?” she asks as Matt pulls the blind down to hide Lisa.

“Come on. I may be a guy but I can see when a girl's interested.”

“It's not...” she bites her lip, “it's not that! Entirely. Someone...” she glances down at her lap, “...is getting frisky and mobile and that's, nnn, making it hard to concentrate, so stop it would you?!”

“Stop what? I'm not doing anything!” the audience is roaring with laughter as Lisa protests the removal of her outfit through the gag.

“Not, nnnn, you. Damn it, Tracy! Not now!”

“Tracy? Ok, I'm really confused, ba...”

There's a sucking sound, Carrie's moans drowned out by the cheers for Matt's latest rearrangement of Lisa's part, and with a schlorp disappears and, with the opposite sound, Tracy emerges, looking very confused, dressed only in the shiny panties. She blinks, looking around and turns on Mark.

“What the fuck...”

“What. Did. You. Do?”

“Me? Why are you asking me? I didn't do anything! What even just happened?”

“I don't...” she sighs, “What happened?”

“I don't know. One minute Carrie's talking about you getting frisky then she's gone and you're here with your norks out.”

“My...” she looks down, giving a strangled yelp, hands leaping to cover herself as a fiery blush explodes over her face.

“Don't cover up on my account, love. I'm enjoying the view.”

She looks up, “Don't. Don't do that. I'm not Carrie. She's the one who's comfortable being on display.”

"Uh-huh. And where is she?"

"I don't...oh!" She looks down again, spreading her legs apart.

"Getting mixed signals here..."

"Shut up. What have you done now? Yes, I know you didn't mean to. You never mean to! And stop squirming!"

"Getting confused again over here."

"Edible panties. I was a 'guest' of Carrie's. Now she is and she has no idea how she got in or how to get out."

"And you've been talking to her all evening? When she wasn't making sense?"

"Some of those times, sure."

"How?"

"Very long, boring story that can wait till I've got some clothes on."

"Not a lot of clothes around here, love."

She looks around, at the stage with its exposed occupant, at some of the guests, at the various hostesses, at the bar... "So I see." She turns back towards Mark, to find him taking off his jacket.

"What are you..."

"Don't ever let it be said I wasn't a gentlemen, love." he hands the jacket over.

Very cautiously, Tracy reaches out for it, still covering her chest with her other arm. "Uhm, thank you?"

"You're welcome." He looks away, putting a hand up ostentatiously to cover his eyes, "Let me know when I can look."

"Never." she replies, pulling the oversized jacket as tight as possible, "Ok, fine." he lowers his hand, to see Tracy hugging the jacket closed.

"Yeah, that's not working, is it?"

"Points for trying, I guess?"

"Yeah, shame her dress didn't stick around."

"It wouldn't. It was...oh, yeah, that would work."

"What would work? Oh, private chat again."

"Yeah, Little Miss Genius had a lightbulb moment. Can we have the invite?"

"What?"

"The invite. We need to take a trip outside and well, I'm not Carrie. And that bouncer wouldn't like that."

"Right, sure." he reaches for his jacket, "Hah. You've got it already. Inside right pocket."

She reaches into the jacket, still trying to keep the buttoned-up front closed, pulling out the black card. "Right. Good. Be right back." she races off.

"Well, you sure know how to have an effect on women." Mark mutters to himself as he turns back to the stage and the explicit intricacies of Lisa's latest rearrangement.

Tracy pushes out into the reception room and rushes barefoot to the check-in window, to find the shutters down. "Oh, marvellous. What do we do now? Right, guess it couldn't hurt." she raps her knuckles on the window. "Fine, louder it is." she hammers her fist on the covering, "Hey! Hey, a little help out here!"

The covering rattles up. "Good evening, ma'am, what can I..." Anne stops, "I don't recognise you. How did you get in here?"

"Very long story. Can you please get me Carrie's skin?"

"Do you have a chit for that item, ma'am?"

Tracy pauses, "Really?" she rolls her eyes, "Apparently, she didn't get a chit for it."

"Oh, that is a shame, ma'am. I can't hand over guest's property without a chit. Have a good night." she starts pulling the window closed.

"Stop, stop, please, this is very important."

"I'm sorry, ma'am but the rules state..."

"What? What?! Ok, ok, I'll tell her. Carrie say 'the rules didn't matter to you when you were my

pussy all weekend.”

The window stops closing. “Carrie says?”

“Long. Story. Look, Carrie's had a...little accident and swapped places with me and I need her skin so I have something to wear and...”

“Well, I suppose I could maybe get it. But someone just threw it at me without even waiting to get a chit back, so I really don't know if I could find it here before my cue and...”

“She says 'Sorry.'”

“Oh, I see. Do you think that's enough?”

“She'll also owe you.”

“Did she say that?”

“No, but this is all her fault and she's really in no position to argue at the moment so she can be quiet.”

“So maybe I can...”

“She says 'standard favour rules'.”

“Fishsticks!”

“Please, it's...”

“Fine, fine, you're lucky I'm so sweet and good natured. If you'd been dealing with Sue, she'd have extracted far more out of you.” she reaches under the counter and pulls out the tightly rolled skinsuit. “Here. And I need to go or I'll be late and might miss my chance. Enjoy the show. And tell Carrie to look forward to what I have in mind.” the cover rattles shut as Tracy heads quickly for the toilets.

“Yes, I meant it. I don't care, you deserve it. No, I'm not going to put it on wearing you, I'm not an idiot. Unlike some so-called 'geniuses'. I know you heard me, that was the point.” she slips into the cubicle, stripping naked before rolling the skin over her. “This is very weird. Even for us. No comment?” she pull up the zip in the loose skin and shivers, “That feels so weird. Oh, wow, I even sound like you. Still nothing to say? Stop sulking.” she picks up the panties, “There you are. Theorise later, TS1. We have a party to get back to. Did you have to make this so short?” she tugs down on the dress, “I feel like I'm flashing everyone when I move. Thank you for that oh-so-helpful remark.” she folds Mark's jacket over her arm and tentatively takes a few steps on Carrie's vertiginous heels. “And thank you for the stripper heels, too. We are going to have a serious talk about your fashion choices when you're human again. Ok.” she squares her shoulders, “Think of it as play, Trace. You're going out there to play a part and if it all goes tits up, it's only Carrie's body that gets shown, not yours. So get in your dommespace, put on your best game face and rock this shit.” she walks through the door into the lobby, passing into the main room.

“Miss? Can I see your...oh, it's you again.”

Tracy takes a deep breath and pulls out the ticket, holding it imperiously for inspection.

“Well, that's better, darlin'. You're determined ta spoil all my fun, aren't ya?”

“Depends what you consider fun. I'm sure I could have a lot of fun with you. Don't worry, I know the way.”

The hostess looks at her for a moment, confusion furrowing her brow, “Yes, ma'am.”

Tracy lets out a slight sigh of relief, “Good girl.” and does her best to stride in the tiny skirt onto the floor as Matt wheels Lisa's protesting form onto the floor.

“Welcome back, babes. Want to go play?” he nods to the crowd.

“Not just yet.” she extends her arm, “Your jacket, kind sir. I just have to drop Carrie off to be repaired.”

“Repaired?”

“Don't worry. This happens enough we've got a procedure for it.” she walks off before he can reply further, “And don't call me babes.” she looks around, “Now, where are they? Aha. Now, how am I going to explain this?” She walks up to the table.

“You are...”

“Uhm, hi, sorry for interrupting.” they turn towards her as she stands 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 on the gusset, "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 thinks I've abandoned him." she walks back to her booth, still adjusting the dress for comfort. "Lame, lame, lame excuse." she sighs. "Back to it."

She slides back into the booth, wincing as the damp cloth presses against her. "New look?"

"The old one was a bit impractical without underwear."

"Shame I rather liked it."

"Of course you did. You know I could hear everything you said when I was her underwear, don't you? You don't need to repeat the jokes."

"Who's joking?"

"You are. You know she's not interested and you really know I'm not. Now, how did that work?" she tugs on her top for a few minutes as Lisa is wheeled back on stage, finally stretching the top of her dress up to her neck.

"Not bad, babes. Quite a trick."

"I told you not to call me babes. And, unlike Carrie, I mean it."

"No problem, Miss Tracy, ma'am."

Tracy giggles, "That's much better."

"So, you mind explaining what happened?"

"Carrie decided I was coming along as a plus plus one. And because I love her, I did. Then she had an oopsie and we swapped places."

"An oopsie? Really?"

"Not the first time something like this has happened. Doubt it'll be the last, either. Nothing too serious as far as side effects go. So far, Peter's been able to fix her up, even after I ate her. So I left her with him and here I am wearing her soaking wet skin."

"Right. Sounds simple when you say it like that."

"Oh, I'm sure its hideously complicated and difficult to someone who knows what they're doing, but all this stuff goes right over my head so what can you do?"

"You seem to be coping pretty well with it."

"Seem to, sure. Inside, I'm this close to running."

"Really? So why aren't you?"

She pauses, "That...is a very good question that I don't have a good answer for."

"And you aren't worried? About Carrie, I mean?"

"It's happened before and all's been well. I'm starting to get used to it. Part of the...excitement of having Carrie in my life. I'm sure you can relate."

"Ha! Nice deflection. Good enough that I'll let that one stand and not press you."

"Are you?"

"Am I what?"

"Worried about her?"

"Why would I be?"

"Well, you seem to think I should be, so I'd say you were masking your concerns by projecting it onto me to deal with it better."

"Oh, would you now, Dr Freud?"

"Please, Freud hasn't been taken as the be all and end all for years. But it's the sort of thing you do."

"It is?"

"Oh, not just you. Most people do it to some degree. But we're talking about you. You project your guilt onto Peter..."

"I what?!"

"...and you project something onto Steven."

"What?"

"I don't know but you go all Estuary English when you're talking to him. But, here and now, you're talking like a typical member of the middle class."

"Yeah, well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and all that."

"You really want to go with that? You know the full quote, of course. I wonder..."

"Oh, no, you aren't psychoanalysing me. Especially not looking like that, I'd never get comfortable with the real Carrie again if I thought she was trying to get inside my head."

"If you say so."

Mark turns back to the show as Anne and Monique 'join in' the entertainment. "Well, I might be able to help with your discomfort, at least."

"You might?" her eyes narrow quickly, "How? Exactly?"

"Geez, you're suspicious."

"Yes. So?"

"Well, someone on stage certainly doesn't need her underwear at the moment, does she?"

Tracy looks at the stage, blushing slightly, "But, won't she need them later?"

"Knowing this guy's reputation? Hell, knowing Steveo? If she gets out of that thing before morning, I'll be shocked."

She turns toward him, "That's..."

He shrugs. "Don't you start. I doubt the guy'd use someone who wasn't somewhat into it. But you know, if he does, you pay your money. No one forced her to get on stage."

"So, you plan to magic me her underwear?"

"Something like that. Fairly simple trick. Even Tom does that one."

"Thank you, I, I...no, I couldn't..."

"Fair enough. Can't say I didn't offer. You want something? Figure I might as well get some play with them in tonight."

"Play? Oh." she blushes even brighter.

"Want a try yourself? I'm sure Carrie wouldn't mind if you enjoyed yourself a little bit, would she?"

Tracy shakes her head, although she seems unsure which part she's disagreeing with.

"Suit yourself. I'll bring you back something fizzy. They always love that."

"They?" she looks across at the bar, taking in the bar taps for the first time, "Oh! No, no, I'm good."

"I know," he smiles as he slides out of the booth, "more's the pity. Bet you'd be fun when you're not." he leaves Tracy glowing beetroot red, heading towards the bar and the crowd around the newest, moaning entertainments.

"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."

Mark slides back into the booth, placing a glass of sparkling white wine in front of Tracy who eyes it cautiously before taking a very small sip.

"Ok. Question for you. That psychostuff, I thought you were a secretary."

"Personal assistant."

"Same difference. So?"

"I took some courses in psychology when I was a student. And some stuck."

"Right, right."

"Uhm, is he doing what I think he is?"

Mark looks around at the stage, "Depends what you think he's doing, but it looks like he's getting the auction ready. And it looks like I get to be shocked."

"Shocked?"

"Looks like she's getting out of that thing before the evening closes. In a manner of speaking."

"But she's on sale!"

"Maybe. Let's see what Steveo's cooked up." he suggests as Matt finishes placing the last lot on the table.

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 if 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?"

"You see. Just rental. Nothing too bad. Might even see if I can get some of that redhead."

"Apart from her."

"Yeah, I guess apart from Mimi. But Mimi's different."

"Different how?"

"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."

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

"He did what? Bitch queen's kinkier than I thought."

"Stafford? That's..."

"Sure is. Well, well, we..."

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.

"Huh. Didn't think Stu had that in him."

"Um, I, I think I should go, you know..."

"Yeah, sure, you and half the crowd here it looks like. Thanks for sticking it out as long as you did." He reaches up to hug her. "Carrie's due on stage later in the week. Let me know if she won't be making it, huh?"

"Sure, I will, I'm sure it will all be fine, thanks for...this."

"Sure, babes, you're welcome. Maybe we can do it on purpose some time."

"I...I...we'll see." she joins the flow of humanity out the door as Mark raises the beer to his lips.

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..."

"Then it's one you'll plan a lot better if you don't go off half-cocked. Get some sleep, figure it out, that's what you do."

Steve throws back another drink, "You might be right." he growls, "This is going to have to be something big for this. Who the fuck do they think they are? Just because she slept her way to being Keeper's wife, and that isn't even a real position, she thinks she's got weight to throw around! Think they can treat me like this?! Me?!!!" he tosses back another.

"Sure, sure, Steveo, you'll get them all. Tomorrow. Mind if I borrow this?"

Steve turns, looking at the pale ball of flesh in Mark's hand. "Sure, sure. Just bring her back tomorrow so Matt can put it back or I'll have to charge you full price. Nothing personal. Just business."

"Sure, Steveo, sure." he pockets the ball, Anne's face flushing as his thumb idly flicks at her lips.