

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 60
CARRIE AND TRACY: PART 2
PURPLE HAZE

Tracy pushes the door open, the full force of the smoke alarm's wail hitting her over the music coming from the kitchen. "Carrie?!" She hurries in, bundling her bag onto a chair as she passes, to find Carrie dancing around the kitchen, wearing a "Kiss the cook" apron scrawled over with black marker pen to replace 'kiss' with 'fuck' and nothing else. Sausages sizzle and pop on the grill, the extractor fan whirring overtime but failing to contain all the smoke.

"Hiiiiiiii, sweetie. Sorry I didn't wait, but I got the munchies and you weren't around to snack on." She giggles, "And now I've made sausa-sausa-sausages so you don't have to worry. Unless I need dessert." Another giggle.

"You're stoned."

Carrie looks down at her feet, "I'm cooking, not baking." Another high giggle.

"You're already baked. More than the half you usually are."

Carrie giggles.

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, that. I caught an undergrad with it. Poor guy had a block of hash and no clue what to do with it. So I helped him out. And got to keep some in gratitude."

"Uh-huh."

"And so, I didn't have anywhere to put it, so I kind of stretched my bellybutton out..." she pushes her fingers deep into her belly to demonstrate, pulling it open into a gaping void, "...and popped it in there, but I think I might have messed it up because I was a bit, you know, and now I can't find it no matter how much I try. I practically turned myself inside out. Could you maybe..."

"Reach into your stomach and fish around?"

"Oh, come onnnnn, we've done weirder shit than this."

"No."

"Pleeeeeease."

"You want me to reach into you, when you've already 'lost' something inside you, and fish around while you have the munchies and think I look delicious?"

"Uh-huh."

"No. Even if I absolutely am delicious."

"But..."

"TS1," she replies firmly, "this is not a decision you're in a fit state to make. The answer is no."

"But..." she looks at Tracy's stern gaze, and lowers her eyes, shifting from foot to foot, "yes, Mistress."

"Good. Now see to the cooking."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good girl." She turns.

"Oooooooh."

Tracy turns, her eyes rolling, "What..." and stops. Carrie's hands aren't there, puffs of purple smoke taking their place.

"Isn't it cool?" she waves her rapidly disappearing arms around, leaving trails of glittering smoke behind her.

"What have you done now?" Tracy sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose, "A cat with ADHD would be easier to deal with."

"Ooops."

Tracy looks up. Carrie, now completely armless stands by the grill, trails of smoke curling into the extractor fan.

"I think I made a boo-boo, Mistress." She admits as she rapidly disintegrates and is drawn into the fan, her apron drifting to the floor.

"Well, explaining this one to Peter is going to be fun. Especially if she's not back when I do." Tracy

mutters.

Carrie feels her body pulled into the fan, whirling endlessly about. The fan blades tug her every which way, tearing through her, only to have her body flow back together as soon as they've passed. She can't make any headway against the wind, however, and barely tries, drifting in the currents as she's drawn in and out of the blades' path again and again, tasting the smoke of the sausages as it passes through her.

First she notices that tasty meaty tang fading and several minutes that pass in the tumbling, jumbling chaos of the fans before the fans slowly idle to a stop, her body finally able to come to a stop. *Now I know what a sock in the washing machine feels like.* Her vaporous cloud shivers as she tries to giggle, and flows out into the air outside. The breeze plucks at her body. Carrie moans internally as the breeze caresses her, smearing her body out across the sky. The warm sunlight filters through her body like a low hum, thoughts drifting towards a similar incoherence as her fading physical form.

Back in the flat, Tracy scrapes the blackened remnants of sausage into the bin where it belongs. "Ugh. Do not let stoned people cook, lesson 52. So, do I get something for us both ready? Or just me? How can she keep having this happen and be so blasé about it?!" she sighs, "Right, it's quarter to six, so, if she's not back by...seven fifteen, I call Peter and try to explain how his..." the phone rings. Tracy jumps, rushing back into the lounge, "Oh, hi, Lisa. I think so, she... Well, she kind of turned into a purple cloud and disappeared... Ok, I will... Bye." She replaces the phone in its charger, "Ok, Carrie, if you're listening, you've got fifteen minutes before I get fed up and hungry and make my dinner without you! Actually, if you're not listening, too, but then I'm really talking to myself in an empty flat like an idiot, so..."

Twenty minutes later, Tracy perches on the edge of the sofa, a plate of salad on her lap, the phone by her side. "This is getting stupid. This keeps happening!" She spears a cherry tomato with vigour, "How does it keep happening? And why do I keep putting up with it?" she chews angrily, "Ok, so that one I can answer. We're in love. Well, I'm in love, and I think she's in love, but I'm not sure she'd choose me if it was me or magic shenanigans. And every time this happens, and it keeps happening because she's a fucking genius so it's all fine and will be fixed and she knows what she's doing more than poor stupid me, yet she keeps fucking up more than a first day team on the Apprentice! Most stupid genius ever!" the fork chinks on the plate as she stabs it through another helpless piece of salad, "Ok. Deep breaths, Tracy, calm. She is what she is and you love her for it. Or in spite of it. Doesn't matter, she isn't changing any time soon. And you know you're not ready to give her up. And you know you won't say this to her face." the lettuce cracks under her teeth, "Because you're still a scared little mouse under all your nice new mistress outfits." she sighs, "Squeak." and nibbles on the salad.

Outside, Carrie blinks awake, *Oh, wow, must have drifted...* her whole body tingles with pins and needles, the breeze tugging her in all directions. Below her, the park stretches out below, a patch of greenery amongst the roadways and buildings of London, *...off? Whooooaaa! How high am I? Actually, where am I? Where's my body? What happened to....oh, right, the mist, the fan, and here I am...where is here?* She looks around, blinking, her dissipated body tingling like she's waking up from sleep as it pulls together, drifting downwards. *Ok, so park, there, so...* she turns her vision around, looking at the tower blocks. People in the park look up, pointing, reaching for their phones. *Gotcha.* The cloud pulls inward in a swirling vortex of purple smoke and pink flashes and disappears.

Half a mile away, a purple spot appears in the air, a cloud erupting from it in a shower of pink sparks, *What the fuck was that?! Where am I? I...I'm all the way over by the high street? How did that happen?* She turns, more phones aimed at her from below, *Now that is interesting.* The cloud

vortexes into itself and disappears.

Elsewhere, again, the purple cloud erupts, *Oh, this is so cool! I can teleport! I can fly! Wheeeeeeee!* She flies into the air, turning spiralling cartwheels through the sky, trailing purple smoke behind her, vanishing and reappearing in bamfs of imploding air.

Meanwhile, Tracy paces through the flat, “Come on, Carrie, where are you?!” she looks down at her watch, “Almost seven. You've got quarter of an hour before I call Peter and drop you in so much shit...please come back. Please. Crap. I need something to distract me or I'll go insane.” she flicks on the tv, “Brainrot beats fear.”

“...and before the weather, we've been seeing pictures of an unusual phenomenon in the skies over London. Thank you for all your pictures of this strange purple cloud...” behind her images cycle, stills and short videos of the cloud appearing at different points above the city.

“Carrie!”

“...and now the rest of the weather...”

“She's alive at least. Somewhat under control. For Carrie with a new toy, anyway. Ok. Eight o'clock and I call Peter. Definitely.”

Later, outside, *Wow. Look at that sunset. Sky's on fire and...I'm part of it! How cool is that?! Tracy'd love to...oh, shit, Tracy! I've been out here for, oh shit, where am I, where's home, where's... and she vanishes from the sky.*

Inside, “...are you? For fuck's sake! It's been an hour since you were on the bloody tv!”

Purple smoke bubbles up inside the bedroom, solidifying into a quite naked Carrie, “Whoa.” she flexes her fingers, “Solid body again. That's nice. Still should wear something to see her.” her eyes alight on the genie costume, “Perfect.”

A few minutes later, she dissolves into smoke, slipping under the door and reforming, “Good evening, Mistress. What is you wi...” she gives a soft oof as Tracy practically tackles her into a hug. “Oh, God, you're alright, thank fuck for that. You are alright, aren't you?”

“I'm fine.”

“Good.” she thrusts the phone at her, “now phone your sister, she has something important to discuss with you.”

“Yes, Mistress.” he takes the phone and dials. “Hi...It's me...Sorry I missed the call I was stuck in the extractor fan....I said I was stuck in the extractor fan...Do you really want the whole story?...So, what news did you want to talk to me about?...You're what?! Oh my Goooooddddddd!

Congratulations! I'm so happy for you!...Yes, really! Just because you keep trying to spoil my fun doesn't mean I don't want you to be happy! You're my sister!...Have you talked to mum yet? She'll be...Already offering helpful advice, huh?...She's your mother, of course she wants to help...I didn't say it wasn't annoying...Now, when are you planning on letting me see the ring?...No, I'm not going to follow your example with Tracy. We're not there yet....She's looking at me now. Thanks for getting me into trouble, sis. Bye.”

“We're not there yet?”

“We're not! Can you really see us in domestic bliss? White picket fences?”

“So what are we if that's not on the cards?”

“Oh, God, not that talk now! We're young and in love. Isn't that enough?”

“Maybe, TS1.”

Carrie smiles. “That's the spirit, Mistress.”

“So, you can turn into smoke now?”

“Seems so, Mistress. Why?”

“Do it.”

“Yes, Mistress...” she dissolves into a swirling cloud of purple smoke, pulsing with pink sparks in

the middle of the room.

“Good. Now, come here.” the cloud bobs closer, “Now, the way I see it, you've caused me a lot of stress tonight and you need to make it up to me.” the cloud bobs in agreement, “And I figure you've still got a pretty high THC content from earlier, so...” she takes a deep breath of the cloud, filling her lungs with sweet purple smoke, “...I figured I'd join you.”