

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 65
CARRIE AND TRACY: CHAPTER 3
LET ME THINK ON IT: PART 1

A modest flat in central London, "I'm not talking to you."

"You're being unreasonable. As usual."

"You sent me to Peter by DHfuckingL!"

"I could have used Evri."

"Not even you're that cruel. And you sent me naked!"

"It's not like your clothes would fit you like that."

That morning, at Peter's, "...and just sign here." Peter squiggles his finger across the trackpad to form an illegible scrawl of a signature and takes the bright red and yellow box.

"What's that, Magic Boy?"

"I have no idea. It's from Tracy."

He gives it a mild shake and a very muffled "Owwwww!" emerges.

"Did you hear that?" he opens the box to find...a smaller box, taped up like someone was afraid it would come apart at the slightest touch, the lids folded over each other before being taped down.

A few minutes and much hacking with scissors, and very nearly a lightsabre, later, the contents of the box stare sheepishly out, "Hi."

"Carrie?"

"Uh-huh. Listen, could you scratch my nose? It's been itching fierce the whole journey." Peter lifts her out, her body reduced to a form identical to Mimi's, her face resting on her waist, her breasts where her legs should be and nothing else. "So, I can explain..."

"You and Tracy were playing kinky games and you got stuck." Lisa suggests.

"Ok, so I guess you don't need an explanation. Anyway, yes, I'm stuck. Pretty please could you fix me? I'll owe you the usual."

Now, "And he did, so?"

"So he got one hell of an eyeful. And I got a full big sister death glare."

"And they sent you back here."

"Quicker than you sent me there."

"Oh, stop moaning."

"No. That was too much for a funishment."

"Oh? Did I tell you what I was going to do?"

"Yes."

"And did you say 'Sunstone' to nope out of it?"

"No."

"So it couldn't have been too far, could it?"

"Ok, so I can't fully blame you for it, but I hadn't thought through what it meant..."

"Surely not."

"...and it was really embarrassing and not the good kind. For the record, I do not want Peter, or especially Lisa, seeing me naked like that."

"And, for the record, I do not want to find you twisted into some helpless state that I have to call Peter in to fix. And, when I do, because God knows you're not doing anything to make that stop, I do not want you to treat it as a giggle."

"It's not anything serious."

"It's not...how many lifetimes do you owe him now?!"

Carrie shrugs, "I dunno, 3, no, 4 after this one, wait, 5, with the edible panties, forgot that one. It's not like he's going to collect them. And if he tries, my big bad sister will burn through them in a heartbeat when I keep her from killing him multiple times."

"You're not exactly arguing against my point here."

"Because your point is wrong. Look, it's perfectly safe. And I'm still mad at you. Especially for keeping secrets."

"Me? Me keeping secrets?!"

"You haven't told me why sis took the phone into another room when she was talking to you while Peter was fixing me up."

"She offered me a job."

"A job? As what?"

"Don't sound quite so surprised. And don't worry, it's not as your keeper. She couldn't afford my rates for that!"

"Ha ha. So what does she want you for? I can't imagine she's going to want another assistant for their act."

"No, not that."

"So? You're driving me mental here!"

"Now you know how it feels. She wants me to run the IAG office."

"Why you?"

"Because, according to her, she's worked with me before so she knows we work together; she trusts me; there aren't a whole lot of office managers in our community she can approach; I know you, so none of the assistants' stories will shock me;..."

"Hey!"

"...and they can't pay full market rates, so she's hoping being kind of family gets her mates rates."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I'd think about it."

MARK AND ANNE: CHAPTER 1 ½ LET ME THINK ON IT: PART 2

Mark groans in his bed, driving his hips up, his cock deep into his squirming toy's pussy as he cums. The toy convulses around his shaft, his hands gripping its breasts, its mouth open in a low moan of pleasure. He pulls it off him, placing it beside him on the pillow. "So, was that good for you?"

"Sooooooo good." the toy replies dreamily. Its small pert breasts frame its cum-filled pussy, its flat arse resting on the pillow, its head staring up out of its waist at the ceiling.

"Good." he looks over at it. "Nah, I can't talk to you like that. Especially not after..."

"Do you want to talk to me? We could go again."

"We could. But, for now, I want to talk."

"Yes, Master."

Mark rolls over, gripping its face with his hand. He twists and pulls, its hips reluctantly releasing first her head wrapped in a tight dark purple hood, then her shoulders, flat planes of shiny purple where her arms should be. Her chest follows, a roller bra wrapped around it, flat planes where her breasts should be and finally her stomach, leaving her still limbless and helpless, but distinctly more person-shaped as she squirms in delight on the bed.

"Soooooo, what do you want to talk about?"

He sighs, "Not to bring down the mood, but has Steve O been...alright, lately?"

"Uhm..." she bites her lip, "He's been angry. Like, a lot. He hasn't done much to the employees, but he's drawn blood from the wall mounts."

"Yeah, that tracks. He's been drinking more, too, hasn't he?"

"I shouldn't..."

"I saw him down a third of a scotch bottle in my last meeting. You're not dobbling him in."

She nods quietly, "Yes. He gets drunk mad, and everyone who can makes ourselves hella scarce and the fixtures and fittings take the abuse."

"Anything set him off?"

"Like, everything? If you're too slow, he gets mad. Too quiet. Too loud. Too hot. Too cold. Like, he's just always mad."

"Yeah. Does he rant about bitches and queen bitches especially?" Anne looks conflicted, "Yeah, thought so. Couldn't stop talking about what they said to Dini. Accusing us of exploiting assistants."

"Oh, you definitely exploited me just now. Sooooo many times."

"Heh. Going on about his plan to bring them to heel. Talk of stopping them taking over. How they want everyone's contracts to be changed."

"I might have heard him saying stuff like that."

"Did he say anything about his grand plan?"

She shakes her head. "Not that I heard, but, like I said, I've been doing my best to be as far away as possible, so I'm hearing most things from friends of friends of friends who heard him, you know."

"Yeah, I know, Chinese whispers and all."

"And yeah, we hear lots of stuff about contracts. And I want to talk to you about something, too."

"Oh? Giving me the brush off already, are you?"

"No, no, no! Never. I really enjoy our time together." she blushes, "Like this."

"But?"

"Why does there have to be a 'but'?"

"Because when a woman starts out saying nice stuff about a relationship, there's always a 'but'. And not just this one." he playfully slaps her to a delighted squeal, "So let's hear it."

"Well, I like this, but, well, I am just an employee at the club, so...anything could happen there, especially if I upset the boss. So, well, you mentioned contracts and..."

"I told you, I don't need an assistant."

"I know. But...can I have my arms back, please? I need to get something."

Mark twists the caps on her shoulder, Anne's pale arms emerging. She flexes them, rolls over and pulls up her bag from beside his bed, digging around inside it and pulling out a plastic document folder. "Here."

"No fair ambushing a guy after sex. It's not like I can think right now, all the blood's elsewhere. Ok, let's see."

I, Anne Willow, being of sound mind, do hereby, and of my own volition, agree to become the possession of Mark Atwell, hereafter referred to as 'master', relinquishing all rights expressed and implied by my status as citizen of the United Kingdom or human being, as such designations no longer apply.

I understand that my new status will result in the following effects:

- 1. I will no longer have possessions of my own. All that I own is now the property of my master to be handled or disposed of as he wills.*
- 2. I will be my master's completely. He will be allowed to control and change me in any manner he sees fit for as long as he wills for any reason. Changes may be to any part of me, including, but not limited to, body, mind, personality, memory, spirit or any other designation discovered or created.*
- 3. My master may use me in any way, shape or form he desires (way, shape or form may be taken literally or figuratively at my master's discretion).*
- 4. I will always obey my master, no matter the order.*
- 5. My master may loan, trade or sell me, or any part thereof, to another at his will for any duration.*
- 6. My life is my master's and he may end it at any time. However, this does not absolve me of my responsibilities under this contract. I shall not pass on until my master wishes, and will return to life at his desire, resuming my contract obligations immediately.*

I affirm that this is my desire and I fully understand the consequences and permanence of this arrangement.

He whistles, "Pretty serious stuff there, Anne."

"I know. And I know it's weird, that I'm weird. But it's what I want. What I need."

"The last time I did something like this, I got the mother of all bollocking, you know."

"I know, but this isn't you doing it. It's me who got the contract written up and presented. So it's all

my doing.”

“Yeah, yeah, I get that. And it's not like my rep can get worse.”

“I didn't mean it like that. I just...”

“I know, I know.” he leans over to kiss her, “Let me think it over.”