

PETER AND LISA: PART 70
WHO ARE YOU WEARING

Lisa collapses onto the sofa. "It went that well, huh?"

"Blargl."

"Oh, that well."

"How are wedding dresses so fucking expensive?!"

"Capitalism?"

"Very funny, magic boy. It....arrrrrgh, I almost wish I was back doing IAG start up stuff."

"That bad? Really?"

"Can you imagine trying to get a decision made with Ola, Carrie and Sarah all chipping in their two pennies' worth?"

"Ah."

"All at once! It's like a wall of contradictory noise. Looks great. Not flattering. Maybe a bit of lace here. Arrrrgh!" she buries her face back into the cushions.

"So, what's the plan?"

"Can we elope? That would deal with all this."

"Your mother would kill me. Well, us, but especially me."

"Still, certain death might be better than another round of dress shopping."

"It can't have been that bad."

Lisa fixes him with a stare.

"Apparently it can be."

"Glad we agree."

"Is the site stable now?"

"Way to change the subject, Magic Boy, but, yes. You've fixed it up good. And we're getting a system in place to handle contacts while it's only a trickle. So, yes, the IAG is currently manageable. So, of course, the universe decides I need some more shit to deal with."

"This seems a bit much over a dress..."

"It's not just the dress. Ola and Sarah are trying to out bestie each other so they get to be Matron of Honour. Carrie is oh so subtly angling for some 'I owe you an apology' payback play. Tab is...actually Tab is supportive and quiet and I have nothing bad to say about her. I'm still somewhat in the doghouse over snapping at Margaret, even though she deserved it. And so I'm still doing two jobs, planning a wedding and being an absolutely fucking perfect girlfriend."

"That last one was fishing for me to say how much I agree with it, wasn't it?"

"Little bit." she holds up her hand, the collar dangling from one beckoning finger. "So, come here and show your perfect girlfriend just how much you agree with it, 'Master'."

Days later, "What do you have planned that needs me wearing this?" she indicates the collar around her neck and the black surface coating her body as she stands in the lounge.

"Do I have to tell you, sis?"

"If you want me going along with it, yes."

"Some apology..."

"You've had the apology. This is something else. So?"

"Fine. There's something I want to check about that collar and..."

"And you need me wearing it because?"

"Because I'll be wearing you."

"You'll be..."

"Wearing you."

"Right. If I'm to agree to this, modesty mode stays on at all times."

"Fair."

"And no spying."

"Spying? Spying how?"

"Never mind. If you don't know how, you probably can't do it anyway."

"Oh, that's interesting..."

"No spying even if you figure it out."

"Fine. Your dirty secrets are safe."

"No pretending to be me."

"Not part of the plan. I couldn't get the stick that far up, anyway."

"What was that?"

"Nothing. Oh, and I need Tracy for this, so I'll need to take you home."

"Why couldn't she come...what do you mean by 'take me home'?"

"One of the things I'm testing out. If it works, I'd go home wearing you."

Lisa gives her a flat stare.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm not going to be going on the Tube dressed up for FetCon. Only if it works. And if it does it'll be unobtrusive."

"I get right of refusal before you go out."

Carrie rolls her eyes. "Fiiiiine. You really can trust me a bit, you know."

"Really?"

"At least as much as I trust you."

"Exactly."

"Harsh. Still, I agree to your rules. So are we good?"

"Fine. Hood up." the black material flows up over her face. "And no leaving me on the floor for shits and giggles." she puts her finger on her collar bone. "Ziiiiip." and pulls it down to her waist, her body opening up, collapsing boneless and empty to the floor.

Carrie walks over, lifting the empty black bodysuit up. "This feels so weird. Shut up. I know what else I've done. Still feels weird." she slips her arm into the suit and clambers in, feeling the warm suit press against her. She pulls the zipper closed, feeling it closing everything tight around her.

"So, *what did you plan?*"

"Well, let's see if this works first. Hood down."

"*Wait what...*" the blackness retracts, revealing Carrie's face underneath, "...*are you doing?*"

"Calm down, sis. Just checking something. Now, how do you..." the slick blackness retreats over her body until only the collar is left, "Doing ok in there?"

"*I'm..I'm just the collar?*"

"For a bit, yes. Don't worry. Almost tested." she reaches up for the collar.

"*Wait!*" and pulls but it refuses to budge.

"Oh, that's disappointing. Thought it was the latest spec."

"*Latest spec? What?*"

"Her Majesty's short changing you. This is a couple of versions old. Explains why she didn't mind giving it free. Anyway, plan B."

"*Plan B? What's plan...*" she feels the suit, her body, moving, extruding from the collar and along Carrie's arm, flowing in inky blackness. Carrie flexes her fingers, covering in glistening glossy blackness.

"Ok. Now..." she tugs on the collar. Lisa feels herself slowly moving, sliding along her black skin.

"Yes!" she moves down Carrie's arm and only stops at her wrist. "Now..."

"*Carrie, what...*" and the blackness vanishes, sucked up into the collar, now wrapped tight around Carrie's wrist.

"There. Much better. No one looks twice at a bracelet."

"*What are you doing?!*"

"Owwww. Not so loud. You don't have to..."

"*You were ignoring me the rest of the time, so, yes, I fucking do! Now, exactly what are you doing?*"

"Owwww. Chill, sis. I was making the collar less noticeable. It's quite a statement to wear one of these in public. You're lucky we didn't get to plan C. Neither of us would have liked you being my underwear."

"Underwear?! You let me..."

"Chill, I said. That was only if this didn't work, but it did. Now, are you going to nope out of this?"
There is a very long pause. *"...Not right now."*

Carrie smiles. "Good. Hey, Peter, Lise and I are going out to spend some sisterly bonding time. Don't worry, I'll have her back before curfew!"

"Sisterly what time?"

"Bonding. B-o-n-d-i-n-g. Not whatever perverted thing you thought."

"Perverted? Me?!"

"Definitely. Now be quiet until I'm ready. Don't want people thinking I'm crazy." she fits in her earbud.

"Except me."

"You're family. You don't think I'm crazy..."

"...I know it."

"Exactly. Now, let's go."

"You still haven't told me what you've got planned."

"I haven't, have I?"

"You promised you would before we went out."

"Don't think I did, just that I'd let you say it was ok to go out in public with you on. And you did."

"I..."

"And before you threaten to nope out now, we're in public and we wouldn't want to give Queen Saz another reason to punish you, would you? Or would you?"

"I hate you."

"Love you too, sis."

A relatively short tube ride later, "Honey, I'm home."

Tracy greets her with a kiss, "Where's Lisa?"

Carrie smiles.

Tracy sighs, "What have you done this time?"

"She agreed!"

"Did she? Really?"

"Kinda?"

"Carrie!"

"Fine, fine, here she is." she holds up her arm.

"Oh, great, great, fucking marvellous. You've made me an accessory to making my boss an accessory. If you can hear me, Lisa, this wasn't my idea."

"Traitor."

"So."

"So?"

"So explain. Now."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Mistress?"

"Shut up. Not you, Mistress." she adds hurriedly, "Well, you know how we were talking about how Lisa's collar lets you wear someone and you asked what would happen if you wore someone wearing someone..."

"And you thought it would be a really good idea to find out. By tricking your sister into wearing it."

"She doesn't really need much excuse to be wearing it..."

Tracy arches her eyebrow and Carrie falls silent.

"And you expect me to wear you like this?"

"Well, no, I have to...right, yes, Mistress." she lets the inky blackness flow over her, leaving just her hand uncovered. "Oh, that's neat. Moving the collar moves the 'safe' zone so..." Tracy coughs.

"Right, as you wish, Mistress. Hood up." the blackness covers her hand.

"Put it back in the proper place, please. We don't want to break Lisa's toys."

"Or Lisa!"

"Yes, Mistress." she tugs on the collar, dragging it up her arm and back to her neck.

"Hood off." the black latex retreats over Carrie's face, "And on again. Yes, that's working. Now..." she walks up, straight-backed and haughty, unlike any time Lisa's seen her. She puts her finger on Carrie's collarbone and pulls it slowly, possessively, down, "ziiiiiip." Carrie collapses to the floor in a crumpled black heap. Tracy lifts the empty suit up, examining the shiny black material. "I really should put you in the closet for a few days to cool you off, TS1. But, we should experiment. For science!" she slips the slick black material on, zipping it up tight. "Now, let's see."

"Let Hello me, Mistress! out!"

"What? Who was that?"

"It's me, LiCasarrie."

"One at a time."

"Well, I, Mistress, shut be up! Quiet! No, No, you you shut be..."

"Both of you, be quiet! This is going to be more difficult than I thought. Let's get some perspective on this." light flickers around her as she floats in the blackness of the suit's interior, images scrolling across them, a chaotic jumble of everything that's been experienced by the suit's wearers. Tracy blinks. *"Right. All screens designated Lisa..."* she sweeps her hand to her left and the jumble moves across, *"...and designation Carrie..."* she sweeps her hand to the right and the jumble makes two separated jumbles of screens. *"Better, I guess. Now, when I give the command Lisa, unmute Lisa and mute Carrie. When I give the command Carrie, mute Lisa and unmute Carrie. Are we clear?"*

"Yes, Yes, Mistress Tracy."

"Good, Carrie," she turns to the right, *"what were you trying to discover?"*

"Well, I wasn't sure what would happen? Would it even work at all or disengage as a safety feature? And if it did, would we be squished together in the suit...or like we are, a LiCarTracy?"

"I prefer matryoshka doll as the analogy rather than a turducken. Unless the plan is to serve us up for dinner."

"Yes, Mistress. Anyway, we now know what happens. The suit takes both of us in and the third person acts as the wearer. I wonder how many..."

"Lisa, how are you doing, boss?"

"A bit confused, a bit weird, a lot angry but that's normal with Carrie. Also, I am not dinner. For anyone."

"Sure thing, boss. You want out?"

"Yes. Definitely. But we'd need to get you and Carrie out first."

"Do we?"

"What?"

"I think I saw this in the manual."

"The manual?"

"Yes, some of us try to read it before going on dangerous experiments. Anyway, eject designate Lisa." The black latex ripples and spits Lisa out. She stumbles and manages to keep her balance. Turning back to Tracy. "Hood off." the blackness lowers, "Hey, that works."

"Hang on, you knew you could do that? That the suit could handle multiple people?"

"I did. Carrie didn't. You know she'll only learn by doing."

"Ain't that the truth."

"So, I have some more things to try, but it's your collar, so, can I borrow it? Just for a few hours."

"Sure, I guess."

"Thanks. You can stay here as our safety, if you want, or come back later for the collar. Whichever you're more comfortable with."

"Comfortable?"

"I wouldn't be that comfortable knowing what my sister does when she's being dominated by her lover, so I figured..."

"Yes, that sounds fine." Lisa replies, blushing, "I'll...I'll come back later."

"Good. Mute. Deafen. And when you do, you can explain why there were memories of what

happened to Sarah's mysterious intern on your side of the memory screens. Undeafen. Unmute. See you later, boss.”

“Right. Later.” Lisa stumbles out the door, trying not to think of what's occurring behind her.