

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 70a
MARK AND CARRIE: CHAPTER 1
CARRIE AND MARK: CHAPTER 3
OK, THIS ONE IS ABOUT THE TITS

“Hey, Babes. Can you meet me at the rehearsal room? Got a gig we need to talk about.”

“Talk ab...it's at Osbourne's, isn't it?”

“Yeah. So you...”

“I see why we might need to talk. See you in an hour.”

“Right. See you.” he flicks off the phone. “So, what shall we do for the next half hour?”

“Well,” Anne replies, tracing her finger around and through his chest hair, “I'm sure you have some idea, Owner.”

“A couple do spring to mind.”

“Oh, really?” Anne pushes herself up, shaking her bare breasts over him, “Now what could they possibly be?”

“You read my mind.” he pulls her down and Anne squeals in delight.

About an hour later, Carrie arrives at the practice space to find Mark already there, sprawled on the couch with Anne kneeling naked but for the collar beside him. Her hands rest palm up on her thighs, her head bowed forward, vibrant red hair falling over her face. Carrie looks at her, then at Mark and her eyebrow rises in an eloquent question.

“Look, Babes, I know what it looks like, but I can explain...”

“It looks like an absurdly submissive kinkster friend has found someone she considers worth submitting to.”

“You see, I didn't...wait, what?”

Anne smiles without moving in her pose.

“And you've given her 'upgrades', I see.”

“Owner likes big boobs and he cannot lie.”

Mark colours a little at that.

“Well, I know the second part isn't nearly as true as the first. And she's naked, Sir Marksalot, because...?”

“That's not my ide...”

Her eyebrow rises.

“Ok, it's not entirely my idea.”

“He treating you right, Annie?”

“Oh, yes. Owner treats his toy sooooo well.”

“Good. See that it continues. So, what's the deal with Osbourne that you think we need to talk about?”

“That's it? I thought you'd...”

“You've got me confused with my sister. She'd already be halfway through reading you the riot act and working up to actual assault. As long as you keep your Toy happy, who am I to interfere?”

“So you don't mind...?”

“Why would I mind? You signed her contract, right?”

He nods, not sure what to say.

“Then it's all with her agreement, so it's all good. Now,” she flops onto the couch beside him, between him and Anne, “that show?”

“Right, right. Mark's setting up a pre-Samhein show and's asked me if I want in.”

“So he's doing it to try to upstage E's? Guy has issues.”

“Hey, that's...”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, you're best buds. How's the money?”

“Pretty good. He's payin' a lot more than E's...”

“But...”

"You mean it being at his place isn't enough?"

"It's...a mark against it, sure, but..."

"You know what kind of shows he'd want."

"So it'll be a nudie show, probably sleazier than usual, definitely objectifying and with much more 'audience participation' on the poor trapped plaything, right?"

"Something like that."

"Well, our contract does allow for nudity in the show and some touching. If he goes further than that, I'll sic Sis on him. Or if he goes really too far, Tab."

"Yeah. If you do that, can we get paid first? I'm not sure either would leave much left of him."

"I still haven't said no and you're still wanting to say something. What else?"

"The show is an all-nighter."

"That's a lot of show...ohhhhh, you mean the 'audience participation' is an all-nighter, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"So it's less a show and more a sex installation."

"There'd be a bit of a show, but...yeah, more or less."

"Ok, that's...another mark against it. Let me think about it."

"Sure, Babes, sure. There...was something else. An idea...we had."

"Uh-huh and it's so bad you saved it until after *that* idea?"

"It's not bad, it's just, well..."

"We thought of a way to have two, or more, assistants." Anne pipes up to help her Owner out.

"Ok. And why is that so nervous making?"

"Owner?"

"Yeah, you explain it."

"Yes, Owner. Well, the problem with using multiple girls is, well, only one collar." her hand goes to the band around her neck.

"And you have a solution?"

"Maybe. You have your own magic you could use."

"Yeah, but that would interfere with Mark's whole 'I have no idea what I'll do' shtick."

"Uh-huh. And would also mean you weren't as vulnerable and helpless and all."

"There...is that, too."

"So, what we need to do is find a way to share the collar between two assistants, well, one assistant and one toy."

"Uh-huh. And you've found a way. A way you don't think I'll like."

"It's a little, you know, weird. And maybe a little intimate."

"Really? You've spent a weekend as my fucking pussy."

"Mmmmm. And what a fucking it was."

"What?"

"You can tell him the sordid details later."

"And yeah, I have, but you weren't with someone then."

"Ooooo-kaaaay. And what is this plan?"

"Ok. So hear me out but if we use the collar to merge us together then we're both wearing the collar and then we can use the collar to make us separate but still both wearing the collar because we're really one merged person not two or however many people we need to be."

"We'd merge together..."

"Uh-huh. And obviously you'd be the one in charge as you're the real person and it would use all your contract rules because you didn't agree to my contract and it would be done as soon as possible after the show ends and it would obviously be totally safe but it could mean that we'd be able to do more elaborate and sexy things and I could perform without being Yoko Ono and breaking up the band and we could try it now and if you hate it obviously we wouldn't do it but if you didn't we could..."

"And breathe."

Anne stops for breath.

“Ok. We'll try it. But, this time is just a merge and unmerge to make sure it works and I don't have an even crazier than normal bit left in me.”

“Uh-huh, uh-huh. Owner?”

“Sounds good to me, Babes.”

“And don't you go putting all of her on my chest, Sir Marksalot. Just make her part of me and then get her out.”

“You spoil all my fun, Babes.”

“Poor baby. Maybe if this goes well...”

“I'll hold you to that. Let's make that a little easier first.” Anne shimmers, giggling as she dwindles down and down until she's barely the size of a bracelet charm, keeping her submissive pose throughout. Carrie leans down, holding out her hand and Anne clammers on. “Ok, Babes. Just squeeze.”

“Oh, you cruel, heartless Owner. To treat your Toy so cruelly.” she giggles as Carrie closes her fingers, feeling a little tingling in her palm. She opens her hand to reveal a smiling mouth. “Well, that part of it worked.” she licks her lips which sink into Carrie's hand, appearing on the other hand, “And so did that. I'm really a part of...” the mouth vanishes.

“You ok there, Babes?”

“Uh-huh. It's not that intense, but...”

“Out?”

“Out.” she feels her stomach tingling, biting her lip as first a full-sized hand and then the rest of Anne pulls herself out, giving a little tickle-wiggle of her feet as they leave.

“Ok. Let's try to see if there's anything left.” He concentrates, but Carrie can't feel anything happening. At least until she looks at Anne and her swollen chest.

“What did I say?”

“Just making sure there wasn't anything left, babes.”

“Surrre you were.”

Steve Osbourne's office, a couple of days later, “Mark, good to see you. And, Carrie, you finally grace my office with your presence. So, to what do I owe this honour?”

“There's a...contractual issue or two we need to iron out.” Carrie replies as she adjusts herself on the naked chair.

“Contractual issues? You're not asking for more pay, are you?”

“Not...necessarily. But my contract states shows can only be three hours long.”

“Three hours? That's way too short. I need you around all night. Can't you...pretend that contract doesn't exist, man?”

“One, it's my contract and two, no, absolutely not.”

“Well, great. What do you expect me to do? I'm not shortening the event just because some...”

“There is a solution.”

“I'm all ears.”

“We allocate rest breaks every three hours. Ten minutes to get me back, freshen up and redo the changes.”

“I...suppose that would work.”

“Really should be allowing everyone some rest breaks. Good for morale.”

“I don't need advice on how to run my business, thanks.”

“Sure. The other thing is, well, you have a reputation for what sort of bacchanalian shows you put on.”

“Thanks.”

“And again, the contract says no intimate touching and...”

“It what?! You'll be almost entirely 'intimate areas'!”

“Babes...”

“Not like that. It just means I'm not allowed to touch their intimate areas...and they're not allowed to use their intimate areas to touch me.”

Steve sucks his teeth, "HmMMM. That is not ideal."

"They can still rub and squeeze and fondle and lick..."

"Yeah, yeah, but imposing rules like that...it just rubs me wrong. Can't pay you full rates with that kind of limit on it."

"Steve O..."

"Hey, I'm still paying you a mate's bonus here. You get out what you put in."

"Putting it in is exactly what we're trying to avoid."

He shrugs.

Mark taps Carrie's arm, "Excuse us for a second. My business partner and I need to confer."

"Sure, sure." he leans back, absently fondling the chair to feel it vibrate beneath him as Carrie and Mark retreat into the corner for some hushed discussion.

"Steve O, when you say reduced pay, what are we talkin' 'bout?"

"Well, I'm a reasonable man, maybe 70% of what I first thought?"

"30% off for not allowing dick slapping?! Are you serious?!"

"Golden rule, toots. And I'm the one with the gold."

The discussion resumes.

"Ok, Steve O, how's about we compromise?"

"What sort of compromise?"

"80% pay and a bonus that we get 40% of."

"Bonus? For what?"

"People pay extra and they get to spend some time as part of Carrie."

"How long?"

Mark and Carrie exchange glances. "Hows about an hour per payment? Someone pays enough, they get to stay except for the rest periods."

"I can work with that but not 40%. 10 max."

"20."

"You're bleeding me dry here."

"You get out what you put in."

Steve looks darkly at her, "Fine. 20%."

"And if anyone tries to try it on, they get absorbed for the rest of the session and pay you double."

"Which you get 20% of."

"Still double."

"Yeah, ok. Any other 'little contractual issues' you need to rob me blind on?"

Later, "Should I be jealous?" Tracy asked, leaning over her in the bed.

"No! Well, maybe. I wouldn't mind if you were just a little jealous."

"That my favourite test subject is letting other people share her body?"

"That makes it sound a whole lot dirtier than it is."

"Sharing such intimacy." Tracy continues, "Entwined together in a way you and I have never been. Hearts beating to one tune."

"Technically, it's only one heart. And it beats for you."

"So romantic now. What about at that little sex show you'll be 'performing' at? Where you'll be on show? A sexual display piece? Merging with anyone who pays? Why, it's almost as if you're nothing but a common strumpet."

"Being insulted with Victorian slang is not one of my turn ons, Mistress."

"But being told how bad a girl you are by your one true love..." her hand slides down between Carrie's thighs, "That seems to be quite a turn on."

Carrie bites her lip, "Yes, ahhhh, Mistress."

"And is my test subject sure it wants to do it?"

"It's a bit, ahhhh, late to back out now, Mistress."

"And is it safe?"

"For, ahhhh, a given, nnnnn, value of safe, but if Mistress, nnnn, is going to keep, ahhhhhh, doing

that I might not be able to answer, ahhhhhhhhhhhh, any more questions.”

“So I should stop?”

“No! Oh, please, no! But pick questions or playing!”

“Oh I think we can save the questions for later, can't we? And take your mind off things.”

Carrie screams her approval of Tracy's choice.

The night of the performance, “Ladies and gentlemen, perverts every one, allow me to introduce you to our night of celebration. What are we celebrating? Another year alive, full of pleasure!” the crowd cheer, “And to help celebrate, allow me to introduce an old friend in his first performance here, Mark...SAM-SONNNNNNNN!” The crowd cheers as the spotlight switches.

Mark leans against a tall cabinet with a stylised female figure on the front and divided into five parts. “You're very kind, but I know I'm not the one you really want to see, so, come on out, girls, for the breast magic trick of the evening.” From behind the cabinet step Anne and Carrie, both just about clad in slim collars, even slimmer black bikinis and thigh-high stockings, their heels clicking on the stage as an even bigger cheer comes from the audience. “So, who wants to help me in this?” Carrie and Anne look at each other and both take a step back in unison. “Now, now, don't be like that.”

“It's your turn.”

“Uh-uh. I did it last time.”

“That was rehearsal so you're better prepared.”

“Which is why you should do it to get the experience.”

“Girls! Girls! Girls! Clearly there's only one way to settle this.”

Both groan, turn towards each other and slap a fist into their palms three times before Carrie throws a closed fist and Anne a pair of V fingers.

“In you get, Anne.” Carrie grins evilly as she pushes Anne forward. Anne wobbles on the heels, to the audience's delight.

Mark holds the side of the cabinet open and Anne shimmies herself inside. “It's tight!”

“It's supposed to be.”

“I can't breathe.”

“Let me help you then.” he pulls out the second panel down and Anne's breasts spill out to applause.

“Oh, that's much better.”

Carrie and Mark turn the cabinet to the side, showing Anne still inside before they close up the sides and they return her to 'facing' front. Each slides a cut out half piece into the empty slot to keep Anne's breasts displayed but hiding the rest of her within the cabinet. Carrie gives a showgirl pose besides the cabinet. She and Mark push on the sides of the box containing Anne's head, folding them down inside the cabinet with considerably more ease than should be possible. Carrie pushes down the panel at the rear and Mark follows with the front, setting it flat, revealing absolutely nothing inside. For all intents and purposes, Anne stops at just above her slightly increased bust. They turn the cabinet to the side to convince the not at all sceptical audience.

“It cuts down on the noise.” Mark explains before they repeat the whole process from bottom up, folding up the sections containing Anne's feet, her thighs and hips, her stomach until only the section containing her chest is left, quite dwarfed by the breasts in front of it. The bikini lasts until the thighs, under increasing strain until the thin string snaps entirely, flying into the whooping audience.

Mark smiles to the audience, his hand on the side. “Should we?” he asks, to thunderous approval.

“The people have spoken.” He and Carrie push the sides in and fold the top, bottom and back flat leaving only Anne's breasts left, each a good two feet across, hanging out the front of an otherwise empty cabinet. “In you get.”

“Why?”

“To prove she isn't hiding.”

Carrie gestures at the tits incredulously.

“Just do it.”

She salutes, to a jiggle-induced cheer from the audience, "Sir, yes, sir!" Like Anne, she shimmies inside, clearly visible, obviously no room to hide a second assistant and barely room for her in the thin frame. "There. All proved. Can I..." Mark slides the two halves of the chest plate out and Carrie stumbles forwards as Anne's giant tits attach to her chest, pulling her forward, "You asshole!" she shouts as she topples chest-first onto the stage. "Owwwww!"

"Want me to kiss them better?"

"Want to eat shit and die? This isn't what we agreed!"

"What language. We can't have you corrupting our nice audience." He pushes Carrie's face down, her shouts dwindling to nothing as she sinks into her inflated chest. Carrie's arms and legs wave helplessly, jiggling her with each movement. "Now, all you lovely people, you know you'll shortly be allowed up to help verify Anne and Carrie's condition." the audience cheers, "And, as a bonus, there's a touchpad to take a payment to let you be part of the action. A very deep and close part. But, and I can't emphasise this enough, there are rules." the audience boos loudly, "Don't be like that. The rule's pretty simple: no touching my assistant with your cock or pussy. She's not that kind of girl." the audience boo and laugh in more or less equal measure. "We mean this one. If you break the rules, you'll be part of the whole thing and have to pay Steveo for the trouble and you know how much Steveo loves taking money in. Getting it out of him is a whole 'nother matter, of course." the spotlight shines on the comically scowling proprietor, "And to further remove temptation..." he grabs Carrie's legs, somehow avoiding getting kicked in the process, and pushes until all of Carrie has vanished into the giant tits on stage, doubling their already impressive size. He rolls the boobs a little apart, sets up the touchpads and leaves the stage as the audience begins to file up.

A day later, "How was it?"

"Intense. I...kind of lost the ability to think for most of the night. So much sensation. Who knew that many people would want to take part fully."

"Did you get a measure?"

"Mark just said we almost hit the ceiling and, geez, those things are twenty feet high."

"Sounds like my test subject had quite a time."

"Oh, yes, Mistress. I think, think, that they might have merged me together at one point to try to get bigger. And I thought the guys would be the most trouble,. Oh, boy, was I wrong. Those women are freaks."

"Coming from you, that's quite a statement."

"Right back at you, bitch. No, seriously, I lost count how many were riding my nipples right before I sucked them in."

"Well, that sounds like a lovely idea to me." she tweaks one of Carrie's stiffening nipples, "Don't you agree?"

"Ahhhhhh! Yes, Mistress." she moans.