

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 71
SAMHAIN 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO
I'VE BEEN TO A MARVELLOUS PARTY

“Ready?”

“Yes!”

“You don't look ready.”

“I'm not going outside in that.”

“It's Halloween. Everyone will be in costume.”

“The collar is fetishwear, not a Halloween costume, 'Vlad'.”

“You chose it.” Peter reminds her, a red cloak draped over his shoulders, his hair slicked back into a widow's peak and heavily dyed black, fangs poking over his lip, his eyes red with deep hypnotic pupils.

“You didn't remind me I had to get a costume until last week!”

“You look good in it.”

“I know. But I'm still not wearing it out. I'll change when we get to 'E's. And not one instant before.”

“Yes, dear.”

“Don't give me 'yes, dear'.”

“Got your speech?”

“All downloaded into the collar. I can't believe I'm having to make a speech.”

“Heavy is the head...”

“Shut up.”

The Tube ride to E's is fairly quiet, a few photos taken, all of which Lisa steers well clear of as Peter hams it up.

“You enjoyed yourself.”

“You could have been involved as well if you were in costume.”

“I told you, no.”

He smiles and walks through the doors. Stuart stands there, his hooves clip-clopping as he shifts from side to side, the tail swishing.

“Good eeeevening, Mister Drake, ah ah ah.”

Stuart looks down at him, his upper half rising from the horse's neck. “Well, at least you're in character this time. Sort of.” he looks over at Lisa, “However...”

She pulls her jacket collar down, then the collar to reveal a pair of tiny puncture wounds in her neck. “I'm his bride.”

“Nice try. No.”

“I told you it wouldn't work.”

“Yeah, yeah.” the collar flows over her, spikes erupting over her body as the horns grow from her forehead, “How's this?” she asks through her sharp teeth, flexing her claws.

“That's...definitely a look. Approved. Also, please don't kill me.”

“Not this time. Sarah would be mad.” she walks in, patting him on the flanks.

The noise hits as they walk in, along with the sight of people in all manner of costumes and looks.

”Let's get to the bar. Before we try to find Carrie in all this.”

They approach the bar. Sarah looks up from under her crown with a raised eyebrow.

”I don't want to hear it.”

”Hear what?” she replies already pulling the pints of Witches' Brew.

”Whatever smart Alec thing you're going to say about this.”

”Smart Alec? Moi? The very idea. I certainly wasn't expecting the President of the Assistants Guild to be so daring, I must admit.”

Lisa looks around, “I think this outfit counts as pretty conservative around here.”

”Oh, it does. But, for you, it's very daring, almost scandalous. We'll corrupt you yet.”

“If you say so, your Majesty.”

"I do." she hands over the full glasses.

"So, did Carrie say what she was coming as?"

"She said I'd 'love' it, so it will probably be absolutely nothing."

"Probab..."

"Scuse me, 'scuse me, outta the way. Babe coming through." They shift aside as a tall blonde sways in on towering heels that grow directly out of her soles. Her shoulders lack even a hint of arms, and a second pair of breasts stand out from her tanned stomach, a silver 'A' dangling down from a black collar. "His nibs wants three Brews. Please." Sarah pours them out, setting them down in front of her. She leans over, gripping the edge of the glass with her mouth and, tossing her head back, gulps down the whole pint. She repeats it twice more before finally noticing them. "Oh, hey, it's Carrie's sister and her cute boyfriend with the nice firm hands. It's me, Andi. You remember? Mike's assistant? You know, the better looking one of the detachable twins?"

"Of course, Andi. How are you and..." he reaches out to shake her hand. And then pulls it back embarrassed.

"Yeah. I know. I still try to grab things. But they're with Becks so she can do the cleaning. Mouthed off at our Lord and Master one too many times. I should have thought of that."

"Mike? That doesn't..."

She makes a face. "Not Mike. Becks and I got a little too into the boob pit at Osbourne's..."

"Boob pit?"

"Doesn't matter. It was all Becky's fault, obviously. But we ended up owing wayyyyy more than we had so he's having us as his personal servants to pay it off. So Becks gets made to be a maid, and I get lucky enough to be the armless arm candy." her shoulders move as she tries to put air quotes around 'lucky', her breasts sloshing. She scowls down at them, "And as his personal wet bar. Which I wouldn't mind if he wasn't such a creepy little fucker." she turns away, "And I'd better get back to him before he decides to charge me for something else. Mwah. Tell Carrie I blame her for having boobs that were so comfortable to merge into, too. And that I'd looove the chance to do it again without St...Master, blegh, charging a literal arm and a leg for it." she sways off.

"Well, that was..."

"It certainly was. Are you sure I'm not allowed to kill him?"

"I'm not sure you'd be able to, but, yes, definitely not allowed."

Lisa scowls under her mask, lifting the brew up.

"And no rewriting your speech to call him out."

"I..."

He raises his eyebrow.

"Fiiine. What about Carrie?"

"No. And you know that you wouldn't kill her..."

"Not that. Although it is tempting sometimes. I meant, where is she?"

"Has Carrie been on time in her life?"

"No. That's not the point."

"I'll go look for her. Will you keep out of trouble?"

"I faithfully promise not to start any trouble."

"That's as good as I'm going to get."

"I'll be good, Magic Boy. I can't speak for others."

"I'll be back." he leans in to kiss her.

"You'd better be."

"Be good."

"Of course. Just look at me. I'm a picture of innocence." she smiles as she turns back to the bar as Peter dramatically swirls his cloak around him and walks into the crowd.

It only takes five sips before her resolve is tested by a sharp smack on her rear, "There you are, you naughty..."

Lisa starts, spilling Brew over the counter. She turns, her cloven hoof clopping on the floor with a

spark of flame. Red goat-slitted eyes blaze under a pair of twisting spiralling horns, her triangle-pointed tail twitching in annoyance as it grows. "What?!" she growls in a guttural snarl.

The tall woman now facing her blushes, a ponytail of strawberry blonde hair hanging down her back. Her face is pale, pale eyes wide, her body covered in slick dark green material the same as Lisa, her height raised by the tall sharp heels growing from her suit. "Oh. Oh, my, I am so sorry. I thought you were one of mine."

"One of yours?" Lisa slowly repeats, "What does that mean?"

She holds up the clutch of leashes in her other hand. Lisa glowers around her at the half-naked people of both sexes standing there, their heads bowed, their revealing clothing shining familiarly, "I sent one of them for drinks and she was taking too long. When I saw you, well..."

"You thought I was your errant slave and..."

"Exactly. Although, I prefer to call them subs, not slaves. Unless they've been very bad. Still, you must let me make it up to you. It really was inexcusable for me not to check."

Lisa waves her hand in dismissal, staring at the more pronounced claws ending on her fingers, "You don't have..."

"Oh, no, no, I insist." she holds out her hand, "Here. You must take this as recompense." She hands over a pink leash.

Lisa looks down staring at it... "But..." she looks up and the woman is already walking down the bar to find her errant submissive, leaving behind a slender figure in pink. The collar is tight around his neck, his mouth covered by a thick mask gagging him, his black hair ruffled. His body is bare, his limbs and sides clad in the latex material, his cock standing at attention. "What am I supposed to do with you?"

He shrugs.

"Can you talk?" Another shrug, pointing at the mask. "Can you cover up at least?" he slowly nods.

"Will you?" another shrug. "Just do it." she snaps and the pink crawls over his hips.

"Hey, who's your friend? Does Peter know you've got a replacement boytoy?"

"Don't, Saz. Just don't. I got given him by way of an apology."

"Must have been some apology. Hey, cutie, does that mask come off?"

He nods slowly, looking at Lisa.

"Do it."

The mask slides away from his mouth. "Hello, Mistress."

"Don't call me Mistress. What's your name?"

"Mixtress Allie always calls me Boy. When she doesn't call me a worthless little cum slut, anyway."

Lisa tries to pinch her nose with her claws. "Fine, we'll go with Boy. What's the deal here?"

"Well, Mixtress Allie has given me to you, so that's really up to you. You can fuck me, or have me serve you, or treat me like your lowly devoted pet, or you could punish me in place of Mixtress, or..."

"Can I free you?"

He shakes his head, "I'm not trapped. Mixtress Allie is a good Mistress to me."

"Right."

"If that answer makes you unhappy, you should punish me, Mistress. Spank me and tell me what a bad boy I am. Or you could fuck my slutty little arse until all the cum leaks out."

"I cannot deal with this now." she hands the leash back, "Go back to your mistress, tell her I appreciate the...apology but you're not for me."

"Oh." he replies looking downcast.

"You could probably get her to punish you as you've been a bad gift." Sarah suggests.

Boy brightens up, "Oh, that's a good idea. Mixtress will definitely punish me for not being good enough. Thank you." he scampers off, cheeks flapping around his pink thong.

"You have such interesting times here."

"Tell me about it."

Half the pint glass later, "Found her. Ummm, did something happen while I was gone?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, it's subtle but...the horns?"

"It's nothing, it's...Carrie!"

"What?" Carrie asks, her suit very similar to Boy's, only there's nothing above her shoulders, and the shade is neon pink. Her eyes look irritated from their new location on her breasts, her voice coming from between her legs. Behind her, Tracy is dressed in a form-fitting tuxedo, her hair slicked back, her face heavily made up, looking like an announcer in Cabaret. Beside Tracy is a woman best described as gothic lolita chic steps jerkily forward, her body covered in a short black skirt, white frills showing beneath it and a black lacy blouse with short puffy sleeves. Her face is dominated by her dark-eyeliner and black lips. Occasionally a flash of brass moves behind her black twin-tails of hair as a large key turns in her back.

"You know what! What do you think you're wearing? Or not wearing?!"

"Hey, don't talk to the air, my eyes are down here."

Lisa glances down. "You did this just so you could make that joke, didn't you?"

"I mean, not just that, but...it might have factored in."

"Do I even want to know where your bits are if your face is over them?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"You know what? No, I don't need to know."

"Chicken."

Lisa's eyes narrow to dangerous red slits. Tracy absently fiddles with her cufflinks, looking bored by the sisterly interaction and Carrie's low mouth gasps. "Stop baiting my boss and introduce Kat."

"You have a way of getting my attention, Mistress. Sis, this is Kat. She used to be Sue and is still sometimes Joe when she has to be. Don't worry about it too much."

Lisa turns to the woman. Up close, her face looks more painted on than real, her movements jerky.

"Why the name change?"

"Well, I kinda asked my motherrrrr...what...Iiiiiiii...would..." her head slumps forward, her body leaning, arms dangling limply.

"We literally only just wound her up!"

"Is she ok?"

"Sure. Her spring's just wound down."

"Spring?"

"She's a wind-up doll?" she reaches up, finding the catch on Kat's face and swinging it wide to reveal a collection of cogs and pulleys where a skull and muscle should be. "It would be awesome to watch when she's active, like one of those marble machine videos, but Kat says it makes her feel funny to be open and working." she closes the face plate and Tracy turns the key in Kat's back.

Several turns later, Kat stands back upright, "...be called if I was AFAB. I might have gotten her a little bit drunk before I dared to...what?"

"You went out."

"Ugh. I really thought I'd get more time between windings. Stupid cheap piece of junk."

"Do you want to borrow some of our stickers? We've still got some left, right?"

"No, I'll be fine. It's just a pain in the..."

"Lisa, better get ready. We're doing the announcements while people are too sober to riot."

"Already? But..."

"You'll be fine."

"Fine? Looking like this?!"

"It'll probably help, sis. No one will think you're doing it to be a mundy."

"I guess."

"Now come on, we need front row seats for this."

"Why?"

"To show our support, of course. No, for real, don't give me that look. This is a good thing you're doing."

“Really?”

“Really. Knock 'em dead.” she look around, “But not literally.”

“Not literally. Got it.”

Sarah taps the microphone on the small stage, a whine tearing through the hall, “Why do these things never work first time?” she mutters, loud enough for the mic to pick up, “I know you're all anxious to get back to drinking, but before we get to the proper festivities, we do have an announcement to make.” there's a collective groan, “Don't worry, this won't take long. First of all, I'm pleased there's been no excitement to rival last years, even if the rumourmongers amongst you might not be Let's keep that up, hmmm? Yes, Mr Samson, I am looking at you.”

Marc tips his head in acknowledgement, his hair a bilious green, his suit an equally clashing purple, manic grin splitting his chalk-white face. Beside him, Anne folds her arms in indignation setting the jingle bells pinned to her breasts jingling. Her naked skin coloured in red and black motley, a domino mask over her eyes in her white face, a twin tailed jester's cap covering her hair.

“Are you sure I can't, Mistah J?” she pleads in a very loud stage whisper, fingering a cork gun. “Just one little shot? I won't hit anything important. Just her mouth. She can't talk about my puddin' like that.”

Mark pats her on the head and seems to calm her down some. “Gettin' a wee bit too into the role, Harley.”

“Among others.” her gaze sweeps the front row, “Anyway, just to let everyone know, E's is introducing a new policy for our performers.”

A low rumble of discontent forms.

“We've had all our performer contracts assessed by the IAG and all have been stamped as compliant with their principles of fair assistant contracts. Yes, even those ones. Going forward, we're going to do the same to all our performers.”

“Fucking traitor!”

“Thank you for that...reasoned input, Mr Osbourne. You don't need to worry, we wouldn't be hiring you to begin with.”

The crowd goes quiet after one collective Ooooooh, all eyes turning towards Steven in his gleaming white suit. His jaw clenches tightly. A vein in his forehead throbs. Andi tries to study the floor intently past her cleavages. “As if this place deserved my talents.” he finally waves dismissively.

“Quite. You grace us with your presence.” she replies in a voice that drops the room temperature a few degrees. “And to explain what we've done, I'd like to welcome the President of the UKAG, Lisa McCagherty.”

Lisa clops forward, trying to ignore the shouts, cheers and jeers in equal measure. She calls up the outline script inside the suit and lets it float in her vision. “Thank you, your Majesty.” she inclines her head slightly. “Now, yes, I am the President of the UK branch of the Assistants' Guild. No, I don't believe it either. Yes, we have been working with Sarah at E's to certify all their contracts. No, we didn't demand any big changes. That's not what we do.”

“Liar!!”

She ignores Steven, “All we do is provide advice. After that, people are free to sign whatever they like. No matter how lopsided we say it is. But, if this community truly believes in freedom to sign, people need to know what they're signing. And that's what our certification does. We all know magicians are tricky devils. That's why we love them. But being on guard all the time is a lot, so our contracts shouldn't be minefields of legalese. We certify the contracts are clear and confirm what they mean. To be certified as fair, a contract must meet certain conditions.

“1) Termination. If it's not able to be terminated, by either party, under reasonable conditions, we don't pass it.

“2) Time limited. A contract that gives control 24/7 is not reasonable for a work purpose. No show lasts that long.

“3) Pay.” there's a cheer from Carrie, “There isn't a set rate, but how much the assistant will make must be set down and easy to understand. And if you want practice time, which you should because

none of us are perfect, except apparently Mr Osbourne over there, it needs to be compensated.

“4) Adult content. We're all adults here, even if only just, but that doesn't mean we all agree to be shown off in public.” This Carrie boos. “So the contract needs to be clear if that's part of the role. And exactly how far 'adult content' goes: Nudity? Touching? More? Not our concern as long as it's clear.

“5) Control. Some of you are really into control. So are some of us. And some of us aren't. So get it down if you need it.” she almost falters as she sees Mixtress Allie sitting in the midst of the audience, her subs kneeling around her, their leashes in her hand.

“6) Restoration. This is the one I get in trouble for. If the contract doesn't say restored by a reasonable period after the show? Not certified. My contract says restored immediately after every trick, but I'm a bitch. Others like a little freedom

“And that's what it means to be certified. As long as you're clear about how much you expect from your assistants, we'll certify it compliant. That's what we've done at Es. That's what we do. It's no secret that our staff has had some..friction with some magicians in the past, but even their contracts were clear. Oh, and don't worry about us coming for whatever kinky games you play in private. That's not our business unless someone wants to make it. Frankly I'd soon as not know what some of you get up to behind closed doors. Even if my sister seems to delight in telling me, anyway!”

Carrie looks up from taking Kat's arms off to look around with mock innocent expression that no one who knows her falls for. “And I'm done. We return you to your regular scheduled revelry.” she walks off stage and to the front row.

“So,” she breathes heavily, “how'd I do?”

“Solid. Clean. Non-confrontational, except for the crack at Steveo. Reassuring everyone you're not going to clamp down on anything except the worst offences. I think you did good. But I'm terribly biased.”

“Thanks, Magic Boy. Carrie what did...what are you doing?”

Carrie turns to look at her, Kat's arms and legs on the floor in front of her, her blouse hanging over the back of the chair to expose the cogs and gears inside her chest. “Kat crashed again, so I was taking the opportunity to...”

“Did she say you could?”

“She didn't say I couldn't which is nearly the...fine.” She starts turning the key, Kat's gears turning slowly until she sits up and they start the intricate dance keeping her working.

“...like that...wait, where's she...? Did I...? Where are my arms?!!”

“Well, you see...”

“Carrie!”