

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 72
MARK: PART 2
STARRING STEVEN OSBOURNE
THE (MOSTLY) CALM BEFORE THE STORM: PART 1

Mark sits across from the desk, shifting in the living and highly naked chair to get himself comfortable. His gaze drifts to the wall behind Steveo, the butts and breasts sporting several red marks and new thin white scars. Steveo pours another glass from a breast, drains it in one gulp and has had it refilled before he turns back to his guest.

“Everything alright, Steveo?”

“You having a laugh? You heard her. She's coming after me, us. She's not going to be satisfied until we're run out of town covered in tar and feathers.”

“I think you might have been listening to a different speech, mate. I mean, she passed my contract, so their standards have to be pretty...”

“Oh, sure they did now. This is just the thin end of the wedge. Mark my words. Give it six months, a year tops, and your contract won't be good enough. God, how can I be the only one to see what these bitches are up to? We've given an inch and they're going to take the full fucking mile.”

“How much have you had to drink?”

“Don't start. You're not my mother.”

“Wouldn't matter if I was, would it? You never listened to her, neither. I'm just concerned, mate. You're taking this far too much to heart.”

“Yeah, well, you would say that. Your 'assistant's' got your balls in her purse.”

“I'm not the one leaving scars on the walls, mate.”

Steveo looks around, and waves his hand dismissively. “That's what they're for. Stress relief.”

“Yeah, must have some stress to relieve.”

“It's pretty hard fucking work being a prophet no one fucking listens to.”

“Sure, sure, you're a regular Cassandra. So, what are you going to do about it?”

“Can I trust you?”

“You'd better be able to. No other bugger's going to listen to you.”

“I've got a plan. We give them enough rope and then we let nature take its course. Get a new Keeper and make some changes.”

“A new Keeper? That's...that's pretty fucking mental, Steveo. When was the last time a Keeper got dethroned?”

“Desperate times, mate. With what they've got planned we can't let ourselves get too far on the slippery slope or we'll all fall into the woke pit.”

“What makes you think the high muckity-mucks will care?”

“They'll care if we get enough people behind us. And if we make enough noise...”

“They'll send the Bastards in on you if you make too much noise.”

“Yeah, yeah, not planning on going that public. I'm not an idiot. Just make things difficult enough, gum up the works until our demands are met.”

“And these demands are?”

Steveo pulls out some paper, printed in black and red, “Got the manifesto right here.”

“Right, right.”

“Sent it to our illustrious Keeper's wife. Seeing as how she's the one with the whip hand. And I've got plans for little Lord Stafford's bitch. Let's see how she likes HMRC turning her life upside down. Those fuckers do not mess around.”

“Mate, if it's that bad, why don't you go back to the States? Watch the downfall while downing JD at a Vegas pool?”

“With that bitch Holli Kim doing the same thing there? At least she's honest about wanting to ruin us all. Just because the stupid sow signed a bad deal with Arthur, she wants to punish us all.”

“Yeah, yeah, I get that, but, you lived there, you had contacts already, here you're starting with one hand...”

"Look, I had ta leave. It wasn't my idea."

"Cause of Kim?"

"Kim? Don't be stupid. That bitch ain't nothing to me."

"So...?"

Steveo sighs. "Alright. Fine. I got into a little trouble over there."

"You? Trouble? Surely not, Steveo."

"No, serious trouble. It wasn't my fault!"

"Yeah, mate, I know. Never is."

"Right. So, I had some fun with some bint and when it was time for her to be dropped to the kerb, I went into her head. And something didn't twig properly, or she was faulty, or whatever, but she went catatonic. That kind of thing looks bad. But you can usually smooth it with a bit of cash, you know."

"If I had a 'bit of cash' like that, I might. But, sure, I get it, grease the wheels a bit and it goes away."

"Exactly. How was I to know that her uncle was in the fuckin' mob?!"

"The mob?"

"It's Vegas. The mob are everywhere. I just thought she was a brainless but built heiress. I didn't know she was connected like that. I'm not a mug."

"Let me guess, her family took it a bit personal?"

"Like you wouldn't believe. Horse's heads, the whole nine yards. Blackening my name. Letting it be known I'd got her hooked on something well-dodgy, overdose, pretended I fucked her like that, as if. And then someone tried to shoot me. I got lucky, but even for me that kind of luck don't hold, so I got out of Dodge and back to the bosom of my homeland."

"So you're stuck here and..."

"...and the bitch sisters are trying to ruin it for me! So now you see why I'm so concerned. If they get what they want, I'm royally fucked. Them or me. And I rather like me."

"Sure, Steveo, sure."

MARK AND CARRIE: PART 1

CARRIE AND MARK: PART 4

THE (MOSTLY) CALM BEFORE THE STORM: PART 2

Carrie, Anne and Carrie walk through the door to the small room,, turning sideways to fit their naked conjoined body through. The two Carrie's flank Anne's limbless torso, their inner arms vanished into her body as their sides merge together, their skintones blending together. "Ok..."

"...Mark."

"Time..."

"...to..."

"...put..."

"...us..."

"...all..."

"...back..."

"...what..."

"...passes..."

"...for..."

"...normal."

"Ugh. I agree, Master. Stereo Carrie is weirder to deal with than regular."

"Oh..."

"...ha..."

"...bloody..."

"...ha."

"Sure, sure, babes." Anne melts away between them as the two Carries flow back into one, "Your wish, etcetera, etcetera."

Carrie looks down as clothes flow across her skin, her hands on the collar. "Where's Anne?"

"Don't worry, I didn't leave her inside you. I know the rules. She's part of the collar. Just toss it onto the sofa and I'll bring her out enough to talk."

Carrie unclasps the collar and flings it across the room. As it settles onto the cushion, it melts into the cloth, a face emerging.

"Ooooooooooh. Thank you, Master."

Mark settles onto the sofa, leaning against the cushioned side of Anne, resting his arm across it. She coos as his hand idly plays with the corner, cloth melting into sensitive flesh.

"So, whatcha think?"

"Well, that last one is cool. Next time we should try it with me split down the middle and then put Anne between us rather than just the two cabinets."

"Right, babes. That works. What about the horsey?"

"It's not there yet. It needs something extra for an act. And we need to work out the staging. Anne got stuck half in the box and it was a nightmare to get out. I like the styling, and the comic touch of our little toy here crashing into me to set it up. That's all cool. And good job on not making it feel like she was crawling up my arse when we merged. But 'just' being a humantaur isn't enough for a crowd. A horse act needs a rider and before you suggest it, you're much too tall. Your feet would be on the floor."

"Yeah, I see your point."

"What if I'm the rider? I'm way light and it stops the legs being such different lengths that it looks too much like a Frankenstein lab experiment. Although, stitched together could be a fun look, but we'd really need very contrasting skins to stand out. Chessboard style."

"Ok, drawing it back to the original topic and parking chessboard mixing, which does sound like something we should look into, you're saying it would work better if we clone me for the comedy role."

"Not clone clone. Just another you that's about the same size. Or a me. Then once we're merged, you take full control so we don't stumble around like a pantomime horse and I get to ride you. Not like that, Master, you perv."

"It might work. No spurs."

"Fair, but I need a big cowboy hat to wave around."

"Of course. No ponygirl stuff, though, I can stand a harness..." she draws around her shoulders with her fingers, "...but bit and bridle is a bit much."

"How about..." he draws a sideways 8 over his chest.

"Really?"

"What? Babes, you know what my show's like."

"Do I ever. Fine, but no ponygirl shit."

"Maybe for special shows?"

"Maybe. When we get a bondage show, we can discuss it again."

"Gotcha, babes."

"I only said maybe."

"So you did. For now."

"We'll need to practice to make sure we get enough strength. Even Anne's pretty heavy at that angle."

"Unless we make me lighter."

"No, no living blow up dolls unless that's the point of the trick."

"Awwwww."

"I know, Toy, but we don't want to overwhelm the audience. Keep it simpler and they'll be more impressed."

"I guess." Anne pouts. "I still say we should start out humantaur and then go centaur. Especially if I'm going to ride you."

"Yeah, but what's the drama? I'm not sawing a fucking horse in half."

"I know, Master. Just thinking." she licks her lips and swallows, "Master, can your toy get a drink?"

My throat's parched after someone made me fire-eat. With real fire."

"Yeah, sure, sure. I said I was sorry for that." He gets up, wandering to the kitchenette and the fridge, "What about you, babes? You want anything?"

"Yeah, can you make me a coffee?"

"Sure, sure, you're a coffee." he turns back to the fridge.

"Master!!!" Anne shouts.

"What?" he turns back and on Carrie's chair is a freshly brewed cup of black coffee, just like she likes it. What isn't on the chair, or anywhere else, is Carrie. "Well, shit! They're going to blame me for this now, aren't they?"