

LONELY HEARTS

Lisa lay sprawled on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, bored out of her mind. Peter's been busy at work, all day, every day, for almost three weeks now. At the conference he'd been to one of the sales people, Greg, the stupid little bastard, had managed to get the firm a new client. Good thing. The time scale for the client's project was a little on the short side, though. Bad thing. In fact, it was physically impossible without a dozen more people, which wasn't going to happen, or the current technical people working every hour God made and then making up a few more themselves. So, for three weeks, she'd only managed to catch glimpses, or the occasional word, with Peter at work. And there are a few things that you can't do with a glance, especially at work, things that she was aching for now. Greg was still at work, amazingly, mostly because none of the programmers had the time, or energy, to hospitalise him, and none of their partners could get hold of him. And Lisa had tried for a week before giving up, or biding her time, as she liked to think of it.

To take her mind off it, she'd gone out a couple of times with Ola, but she always felt guilty about it. Oh, they both enjoyed themselves, but Lisa still felt guilty about what had happened to Ola. She also went out after work with the other marketeers, to which, for some reason, Lorraine was never invited. Tracy was still upset a lot of the time, but still wouldn't tell Lisa what was wrong. Naturally, the guilt over Ola and the frustration over Tracy are not improving her already foul mood. So when the phone rings right next to her (they'd gotten a second phone so she could answer it even if she wasn't altogether at the time, although Ola thought it was so she could talk to Peter in private), her response is a little bit sharp.

"Lovely. You always this charming, sis, or have I caught you at an especially good time?"

"Sorry, Carrie. There's just a lot of things going on down here, and I can't do anything about it."

"So now probably wouldn't be the right time to ask for a favour, would it?" Lisa's eyes narrow.

"What, exactly, would you be asking for?"

"Well, you know I'm finishing my degree soon..."

"Yeeeeeessss?"

"Well, I've been offered a place on a master's course at London, so I was wondering if I could crash with you while I'm down for the interview?"

"You'd have to be on the couch, and I'll have to check with Ola first. How long for?"

"Not long. A week, maybe two."

"When?"

"I'll be down just before your birthday, sis. The interview's the day after, so don't let me spend too long celebrating with you."

"Don't worry, I won't. Peter's promised me something special for the evening, so you can't use me as an excuse for staying out late."

"Ooooh, has he now? What's he going to do, show you his magic wand?"

"Jeez, Carrie, university's corrupted you good. What happened to the sweet little sister I used to have?"

“A magician made her disappear and I took her place.”

“A magician?” she can almost hear Carrie’s smile over the phone.

“That’s right, sis. You’re not the only one who likes to be strapped down, tickled and tortured. I’ll tell you all about him when I make it down.”

“Hold on, I haven’t agreed you can stay yet.”

“Yeah, but you wouldn’t turn your cute little sister out in the street, would you?”

“Depends. If she tried to steal my boyfriend again, I might.”

“I never! Steve was a” she pauses, Lisa can just hear her counting under her breath, “seven-timing louse who seduced me, when I was still young and impressionable, and then tried to get off with my best friend.”

“How is he?”

“Oh, he’s still limping a bit. Who knew a bag of sugar would do so much damage?”

“If dropped from a second floor window, right onto his foot,” she shakes her head, “you must have had some idea.”

“Not according to the police, sis. I was never charged, remember?”

“Details, mere details. But I’ll talk to Ola, and give you a call back with what we decide. But a maximum of two weeks, Carrie. After that, I’ll want my home back.”

“I’m shocked. You don’t trust your own sister?” Lisa shakes her head, suppressing her smile.

“Bye, Carrie.”

“Bye, mean untrusting old lady.”

“Don’t push it.”

“Ok, bye, Lise. You don’t call me by Sunday, I’ll be calling you.”

Lisa rolls back onto the bed. *God, I wish Peter was here. I need...* The phone rings, “More phone calls like a hole in the head.” She mutters, picking up the phone. “Lisa.”

“Hey, Lise.”

“Peter!! How are things...”

“They’re going as well as can be expected.”

“That bad?”

“No, not doing badly. We might even finish on time.”

“Unless the dark angel of deadlines spots you, of course.”

“Lise...”

“Sorry. What’d you call for? I mean, you’re still under a lot of pressure on this, no?”

“Oh ,yeah, big time. But I heard you were feeling lonely and...”

“How did you hear that?”

“When we’re finally done here, I’ll teach you to think a bit less loudly. Listen, can you get a week off in a fortnight’s time?”

“Probably. Why?”

“Well, we haven’t seen each other properly for a while, and we won’t for another week and a half at least, so I’m asking if you’d come away with me for a week.”

“Where to?”

“Lake Tahoe.”

“Why Lake Tahoe?”

“Would you be willing to take it on trust?”

“You mean it’s magic related stuff?”

“Ya, there’s a resort there with an exclusive entrance policy I want to take you to.”

“I’m sure I’ll be able to.”

“Great.” Lisa just hears someone shouting Peter’s name, “Got to go. I think Mick’s code’s fallen over in a heap again. See you later, love.”

“Bye.” She puts the phone down and feels something kiss her cheek.

“Don’t be lonely, Lise.” She hears Peter whisper, “I’m never that far away.” She rolls over, but the room is empty. She puts her hand on her cheek, feeling the skin cool and tingling.

“I knew there was a reason I loved you, Peter.” She smiles, and then frowns, “Still, Mohammad can’t go to the mountain, and the mountain can’t come to Mohammad, either. Guess I’ll just have to resort to DIY.” She rolls out of bed and locks her door (another addition Ola thought was to ensure privacy with Peter, which it was, in a way). Pulling open a drawer she rummages through her socks until she finds her light sabre. She pulls it out and ignites the brilliant white blade. She pushes the blade through her arm, slowly running it up and down, making her whole arm tingle. She turns the handle around tracing a circle of tingling skin around her arm. The blade sinks into her thigh. Lisa pouts. *This thing’s too long for this.* She glares at the glowing blade and concentrates. The blade shimmers and collapses. Lisa sucks her teeth in annoyance. She concentrates harder and the blade leaps out, but is only a foot long. Lisa nods in satisfaction, slowly relaxing. The blade doesn’t change. “That’s better.” She makes a few tries and the blade keeps changing size. She concentrates and the blade narrows to needle-fine. She pushes the pin-like white blade into her palm and yelps. The tingle stabs into her, a sharp stabbing sensation that almost hurts. She pulls it out, leaving a glowing spot in the centre of her hand. “Ok, Lisa, don’t try acupuncture with this thing. Got it.” She returns the blade to its normal width and a foot long and continues to run it up and down her arm. She changes hands, gripping the blade with fingers full of pins and needles, and repeating the process on her right arm, leaving both limbs glowing softly and tingling pleasantly.

Lisa lies back on the bed, watching as the blade shrinks into a narrow blue pin about an inch long, and only just visible. She switches off the light and stares at the tiny blue light. Very carefully, she pushes the blade into the tip of her finger, peeling away the skin until she holds her fingerprint in her hand, the skin

on her finger perfectly smooth. The blade goes dark. Lisa flicks the light back on and stares at the transparent layer of skin with its distinctive whorls and arches. She carefully places the skin back on her finger. *Wow, I could be a great burglar with this thing. If it wasn't so bright, anyway. But now that I know that works, down to business.* She strips quickly, throwing her clothes onto the back of a chair and lies back on the bed.

“First, I need to relax. I wish Peter was here to give me a backrub and foot massage.” She pouts and slowly begins to smile. “Guess I’ll just have to do-it-myself.” She lines the edge of the light sabre up with her ankles and slowly raises her legs, letting the light sabre die as her severed feet float toward her. She turns her feet over, gently pressing her thumbs into her soles, concentrating the massage on the knot of tension that always concentrates right in the middle of her foot. Her fingers tingle a little, still, as she continues the massage, closing her eyes and letting the tension flow out of her feet. She wiggles her toes, sending them floating back towards her ankles. She shivers with pleasure as the skin fuses together. “Hmmmm, that’s better. But not good enough.” The light sabre floats towards her. She raises her hands and slices them off, rolling onto her chest, resting her head on her pillows, her arms folded under the soft pillows. The hands lower onto her back, kneading her taut muscles, rolling her skin under her tingling fingers and palms. She closes her eyes, letting her hands find the tense muscles almost automatically as she lets go of all the tension the new contract has brought, especially not being with Peter, or his magic, for so long. Slowly, she works out all the kinks, easing her muscles. When she’s finished, and she lets the hands keep rubbing over her for some time, she rolls back, letting her hands settle back into place. She opens her eyes and rolls languidly onto her back, stretching in the bed.

“Now for a little foreplay.” She smiles to herself, igniting the brilliant white blade. She shrinks it until it is a fifth as thick but only an inch long. She guides the tiny blade into her left nipple, moaning softly as the tingle hits her. The blade begins to grow, extending out until it pierces the other nipple. Lisa gasps, biting her lip. She looks down her body, her nipples glowing red, a white bar resting across her chest. She pinches her nipples gently, sending shudders of pleasure through her body. She slowly withdraws the blade and positions a needle-thin blue blade under her left nipple. She teases and pulls her nipple out and carefully cuts through the breast around it until it pulls free. She holds the detached nipple in her palm and carefully places it by her mouth, gently biting and sucking on it. Then she sucks too hard, sucking the whole nipple into her mouth. *Oooops.* She just manages not to swallow. She presses the nipple onto the roof of her mouth, rolling it back and forth. Eventually, she guides it between her teeth, chewing very softly and carefully. Eventually, she spits it back out onto her hand, drying it on the edge of the sheets, a process that elicits more soft moans. She wipes a thin sheen of sweat from her face as she replaces her severed nipple. “That was nice,” she pants, breathing heavily, “but I don’t really want to see what’ll happen if I swallow a bit of myself.” She gently cuts off her right breast, holding the whole thing to her mouth like a giant apple, teasing herself with her tongue, while her free hand plays with her other breast.

Eventually, she pulls the rock-hard nipple from her mouth, replacing her severed breast. The light sabre floats towards her and Lisa very carefully guides it along her jaw line, cutting her head off cleanly from her neck. Her severed head hovers above her neck as her body begins to massage the stump of her neck, eliciting more moans and shudders. Her head floats in, nuzzling down her own neck, kissing the nape of her neck gently. Her body leans back on the bed and her head continues its slow progress down her body, passing over her already sore and over stimulated chest. She pauses over her flat belly, running her tongue around her naval, flicking the ring there with her tongue. She floats on, hovering above her legs, watching her body squirm, but she bypasses the inviting region between her legs kissing down her left leg until she gets to her feet. She sucks and nibbles at each toe in turn, licking along the toes of her feet, making a great effort not to bite off her tongue as she instinctively giggles, before slowly working her way up her other leg. She floats over her smooth, soft mound of her sex. The light sabre floats towards her and descends between her legs, rubbing along the lips of her pussy. Lisa closes her eyes, sighing and moaning as her body’s squirming gets faster. Her pussy starts to glow as she extends the white blade into herself, the white light pulsing through her clitoris. She gasps and shrieks as a violent orgasm sweeps through her. Her head drops onto the bed and the light sabre goes dark as she loses concentration.

“Ooooooh, that was, that was,” she takes several deep, shuddering breaths as she emerges from the sexual haze, “I’ve got to get Peter to try that on me sometime.” Her head rises again, lowering down between her

legs. She floats up, kissing her inner thighs and nether lips before thrusting her tongue deep inside herself, flicking and sucking until another orgasm overwhelms her. She savours the taste of her juices, sinking back to the bed, her body drenched in sweat, the sheets twisted around her, her legs tied in the loose cloth, her tongue and pussy both aching like hell. “God, that was fantastic!! I’ll have to show Peter how to do it properly next time we get together. He’ll never find my sweet spot on his own. Not regularly, anyway.” Her head drifts back to her body, swaying above her, meandering through the air as she struggles to keep control. Her head drops onto the pillow and an exhausted, sexual sleep swiftly claims her.

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