

GETTING BACK TO ABNORMAL

Lisa wakes up, yawns and stretches. She can hear Peter's soft breathing beside her and smiles. After today, things would be back to normal. Carrie would be gone, back to plague the girls of Edinburgh, at least until the new term started. And with Carrie gone, she could move back into her own flat unafraid of being woken by drunken singing at two in the morning; or of finding someone tickling her feet, which weren't attached to her legs, to get her up; or of the not-so-subtle comments about her sexuality. Granted Carrie had been getting better about that. She was down to only one innuendo every twenty minutes or so. Of course, there was still today to deal with. And if the time since Carrie had found out about Peter was any indication, she'd be round today for some 'fun' before she went. She looks at her watch, and buries her head in the pillows. "Far too early for a Saturday to start." She mutters, trying to get back to sleep.

She wakes up again to the smell of bacon and eggs as Peter makes himself breakfast. She looks at her watch. "Still too early. What are you doing awake at this time for, Peter?"

"Getting myself ready."

"For what?"

"For Carrie to come round. And working up the nerve to ask you something."

"Oh? What?"

"Well, uhm, you see, I was, I mean..."

"Spit it out, Magic Boy."

Peter takes a deep breath. "Would you like to live with me?"

Lisa stares at him for several long seconds. "You want me to move in with you?"

Another deep breath. He nods. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Uhm, because I love you. And I want to be with you."

"How sweet and romantic. Two people in a one bedroom flat. Sounds idyllic."

Peter stares at her, "Two people in a one bedroom flat with a warehouse behind one of the doors. I don't think space is going to be a problem."

"But won't that be suspicious? I thought you wanted to avoid that."

"If that's all that's worrying you, I can sell this place easily enough. That'll buy most of a two-bedroom flat in the area. And I think two professionals can cover the rest easily enough."

"Peter, I, I don't know. This is a huge step. We can't rush into it."

"I understand. Take your time. It is a big decision. And a fortnight in the same flat probably isn't long

enough to base whether we can live together for good on.”

“Stop being so reasonable. You’re making me feel like I’m kicking a puppy.”

“Sorry. Can’t help it. I am reasonable.”

Lisa sticks her tongue out at him. “Well stop being reasonable.”

“OK. I guess I’ll just blackmail you into it, as I’m not being reasonable.”

“Oh, no.” Lisa’s voice quavers in mock fear, “Whatever cruel plan have you devised for me?” she swoons, her arm theatrically across her forehead.

“I was going to turn you into a statue until you relented. But I think a blow-up doll would be better. At least that way, I don’t lose anything while you make up your mind.”

“Pig.”

“No. I thought of that. Too messy to keep you. On the other hand, if you said no, I could always sell you.”

“You wouldn’t?” she gasps.

“Why not? I’m sure your sister would be only too happy to move in.”

“Ok. That’s enough, Peter. You can be reasonable again.”

“Didn’t think it would take long.”

Lisa sticks her tongue out. “For a reasonable person, you have a very cruel streak in you. I mean, threatening to sell me off so you can move in with my sister. Hell, threatening to sell me off at all.”

“You wanted unreasonable.”

“Yeah, yeah, I did. Don’t rub it in.”

“You spoil all my fun, you know that?”

Lisa smiles sweetly at him, “I try.”

“What time’s Carrie’s train again?”

“4:46, from Kings Cross.”

“And it’s 10:25 now. Guess we’d better get ready before she comes round to ‘say goodbye’.”

“Probably. Are you going to tell me what you’ve got planned?”

“Don’t be silly, Lise.”

“Fine. I’ll get up. Slavedriver.”

“Heh.” Peter reaches into a drawer, pulling out a coiled rawhide whip. “If that’s what you want...”

“Sod off.” She gets up, walking to the bathroom.

Lisa flops onto the sofa next to Peter, leaning against him. "Peter?"

"Yes?"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"Am I being overprotective of Tracy? I mean, Carrie's been out with her almost as often as she's been here. And Carrie's..."

"Carrie's Carrie. And you're worried Tracy won't be able to say no and will be hurt. Right?"

"Yeah. That's it."

"I think you're worrying over nothing. Carrie's a bit much, but she's been doing a lot of it just to dig at you."

"What?"

"Come on, Lise, she's your little sister. Making your life hell's part of who she is."

"But..."

"Lise, if it's anyone other than you, she'll take 'no' for an answer. If it's you, she'll take 'no' as an opportunity to piss you off. Just don't let her get to you. Tracy will be fine. She certainly seems to enjoy being with Carrie. Maybe it'll be good for her. Give her a little bit of Carrie's confid..." the doorbell rings. Peter looks at his watch. "Guess who?"

"Pffff. Sucker bet."

Peter opens the door. "Morning, Carrie. You're a bit early for your lift. The train's not for a few hours yet."

"Oh, I know, but I thought I'd spend some quality time with my big sister before I go." She smiles innocently, pulling her bag into the hall.

"Well, I guess you'd better come in then. Lisa's in the lounge."

"Not for long."

"Be nice, Carrie."

"Aren't I always? Not my fault she's such a mundy."

"Carrie..."

"Alright, I'll be nice. Maybe." She adds as Peter shuts the door, and walks into the lounge. "Morning, sis."

"Morning, Carrie." She looks at the jeans and t-shirt Carrie's wearing 'If you think I'm a bitch, you should meet my sister'. "Charming."

Carrie grins, "Like it?"

"It's very you, Carrie."

“Thanks.” She grins from the doorway, “And I know you didn’t mean it as a compliment, but thanks anyway.” she turns to Peter, “So, what’s the plan? Got something I’ll remember for a long time lined up?”

“Maybe.”

“You never give anything away, do you? Mike always lets us know what he’s going to do.”

“Mike needs to work with you; I don’t.”

“True. But I think you’re just a control freak and he isn’t.”

“That might also be true.” He pushes the door to the Magic Room open. “After you, ladies.”

“Or lady and Carrie, anyway.” Lisa mutters.

“Now, now, Lise, you have to play nice too. Unless you want me to set this up as a proper catfight.”

“You wouldn’t be worried about us teaming up to rip you to shreds?”

Peter laughs, “You’re joking. Oil and water have a better chance of working together than you two. And I wasn’t planning on having this fight outside a cage. I’m not stupid.”

Lisa and Carrie look at him, then at each other, and smile. “Get ‘im!!” they both jump at Peter, sending him crashing to the floor. Carrie ends up sitting on his legs with Lisa on his chest, leaning on his arms, and smiling.

“Care to reconsider that last statement, Peter?”

“Let’s see, pressed onto the floor by two gorgeous naked women. Not seeing a downside.”

“Naked? What are you talking...” Peter snaps his fingers and their clothes vanish, reappearing in neat piles by the door, “Peter!!”

Carrie giggles.

“Now, Lise, do you want to get off and get dressed, or are you as happy with the situation as I am?”

Lisa gets up. “Carrie, could you keep Magic Boy down for a second. I need to get something to deal with him.”

“No problem.” She lies down, pressing her breasts onto Peter’s chest.

“Don’t try anything, Carrie.”

“As if I would.” She smiles innocently.

Lisa rolls her eyes, as she pulls on her jeans and runs out of the room.

When she comes back, Peter is still on the ground, and still clothed, and Carrie is still lying on top of him. “He try anything, Carrie?”

“No.” Carrie pouts. “He’s been a very good boy, haven’t you, Peter?” she pinches his cheek.

“She try anything?”

“Nope. Good as gold. Only softer.”

“You’re just trying to make this worse for yourself, aren’t you, Peter?” the light sabre ignites in a brilliant line of blue.

“Sis, can’t you kill him later? I want to have some fun before I go back.”

Lisa looks at her. The light sabre blade vanishes. “As you asked nicely. Come on, Peter, get up.” She tosses Carrie her clothes. “Let’s have some fun.” She smiles.

Carrie places the pile of clothes out in the hall. She shrugs as Lisa stares at her. “I don’t mind him getting an eyeful, sis. And I don’t want those damaged. It’ll take forever to get replacements out of my bag.”

Lisa rolls her eyes. “Fine. Fine. Whatever. It’s your life.”

Carrie smiles, and turns towards Peter, “So, what have you got for me?”

Peter pulls a black box with a pair of rollers in one side and a thin slot in the other the width of the box.

“Cool. I haven’t tried the Wringer with Mike yet. Jo loves it. I think she’d spend all her life flat if she could.”

“You know some odd people, Carrie.”

“Don’t I?” she smiles, and slips her toes in between the rollers. “Let’s go.”

Peter starts to turn the crank. Carrie falls silent, looking down her body as the rollers pull her into the wringer. Lisa watches her sister vanish into the box, and then her toes begin to emerge through the slot as her knees are sucked in through the rollers.

“What’s it feel like?” she asks.

“Gooooood.” Carrie moans, as the rollers creep up her thighs. Lisa pinches the flattened feet. Carrie yelps, “Mmmmm. Nice, that’s like...” she screams, her body shaking as the rollers pull her hips in. She keeps screaming as the roller flattens her stomach, making the tattoo cards as flat as the real thing. As the rollers move to her chest, Carrie takes a series of shallow breaths, her body glistening with sweat. “Oh, man, that, oooooohhh...” she trails off as the rollers pinch on her breasts, reducing her ample breasts flat, squashing her erect nipples into her flesh. “How does Jo stand this?” she pants, “It feels like...” the rollers pull on her neck and her voice trails off as they grab her jaw. Carrie beams as the rollers pull her head into the box. She’s still smiling when the last of her flattened body is fed out of the slot. Peter picks her up by the top of her head.

“Ta-daaa.”

“Are you alright, Carrie?”

“Alright? Alright? I’m fucking brilliant. This is so cool. You should try it, sis. Everything feels so, so, it’s like my whole skin’s as sensitive as my nips were. God knows what they feel like. What do I look like?”

“Pretty much like you’d expect. You look like a flat sister.” She takes hold of Carrie’s arm and bends it. “And you feel like a heated quilt. Just soft and warm.”

“Cool. Well, sis, aren’t you going to help me experiment?”

“What?” Lisa asks, distracted, rubbing her sister’s arm absently.

“Come on, this is great and all, but I want to know what the rest of my body feels like.”

“Huh?”

“Oh, jeez, sis, you are dense sometimes. I want someone to feel me up. If my little clit’s been made sensitive to the same degree as my skin, it’ll be heaven.”

“No.”

“Come on, pleeeeeease? I just want you to touch me up, that’s all.”

“Peter, Do you have a shredder in here?”

“A shredder?” Carrie asks quietly, a tremor in her voice.

“I think that should make this unforgettable, don’t you?”

“I’ve got one somewhere...”

“You want to stick me in a shredder?! No way.”

“Don’t you trust us, Carrie?”

“Hell no. You’d just leave me like that. I’m not going to be subjected to your nasty streak, sis.”

“It’s not like you can do anything about it at the moment, Carrie.” Lisa smiles.

“Lisa, we’re not putting Carrie through the shredder.” Carrie sighs at that, “Not this time.”

“This time?!”

“Why not?”

“Because fitting a 10000 piece jigsaw together is going to take some time, and we haven’t got that long.”

“Yeah, I s’pose. So what do we do now?”

“Your turn for a trick, sis.”

She looks at Peter, “Fine. What you got planned for me? And how are you going to do it while you’re holding onto Carrie, the human towel?”

Peter smiles. “You’ll see. To both questions.” He places Carrie up against a cabinet and presses on her. When he pulls his hands away, having been very careful where he put them, Carrie is stuck to the cabinet.

“Hey! What’s the big idea?”

“I figured you’d want to see what I do to Lisa.”

“Oh, I know that. That wasn’t what I was talking about. You didn’t even touch the tattoo.”

“As we can’t put her through the shredder, Peter, do you have a scroll tube we can put her in?”

“You wouldn’t dare.” Carrie puts in, but she doesn’t sound sure.

Lisa smiles sweetly at her, “Wanna bet?”

“Uhm, Lisa, do you want to fight with your sister a bit more, or are you ready?”

“No, I’m ready. What do I have to do?”

Peter pulls a curtain back on a dark blue box patterned with fishes, “Just get in.”

“It won’t turn me into a fish, will it?”

“Nope.”

“Mermaid?”

“No.”

“Ok. Let’s see what you’ve got in mind.” She steps backwards into the cabinet.

“Wave bye-bye, Lise.”

“Bye-bye, sis.” Carrie calls as Peter pulls the curtain closed.

“Bye-b...” her voice stops.

“You made her disappear?” Peter shakes his head and pulls open the curtain to reveal Lisa. Carrie looks at her sister, watching the fish swim inside her transparent glass body. “Can she hear us?”

“Yes, and see us, but she can’t move at the moment.”

“How come you did that to her but left me to just the wringer? I’d have liked to be involved with a bit of that kind of magic.”

“Ask and you shall receive.” He peels her off the wall.

“Ooooooh.” Carrie purrs, “What have you got in that wonderfully devious mind of yours for me?”

“You’ll see.” And with that, he begins to fold her up.

Carrie sighs at Peter’s touch as he continues to fold her until, instead of a flat outline of a woman, a fish of folded flesh rests in his hands. He holds it up to the mirror, allowing Carrie to see herself. The fish trembles softly in his hands. “What now?”

“Now you go and join all the other little fishies.”

“What are you...” he pushes Carrie against Lisa’s glass stomach and pushes her through, the glass feeling like ice as she slides through.

Inside Lisa, the water is warm, and the other fish swim up to investigate the new, strange-looking intruder. Carrie drifts away, trying to get herself used to moving around underwater inside her sister’s body.

Lisa feels her sister pass through her like a warm ache in her stomach, the movement of the water and the fish sending shivers up her body, if she could shiver. *He’s turned me into a fishtank??? Peter, you are sooooo dead! Wouldn’t be so bad if I could move, I guess. All those ripples feel nice. But he’s made me helpless again. When he brings me back, I am going to make his life...* Her thoughts trail off as Carrie’s tail flicks into her side, her glass body humming softly as it vibrates in ecstasy. *OK, so magic boy did give me compensations; maybe I won’t kill him as soon as he brings me back. But I just wish he’d be a bit more considerate of what I want in these tricks in future.*

The phone rings. “No, don’t get up, I’ll get it. Be back in a minute.”

*Ha ha. Maybe I will kill him.*

An hour later, Peter returns. “Uhm, sorry about that. That was Stuart, an old mate. And he’s got us a job, Lise. Seems he’s running a club now. He’s interested, if we’re interested. I got some details from him. That’s why it took so long.” He looks at Lisa, “Maybe we’d better talk about it later. You probably want to get back, right?”

*No shit, Sherlock.*

Peter closes the curtain, leaving Carrie and Lisa temporarily in darkness. Lisa shivers as he pulls the curtains back, the tickling inside her becoming maddening as the fish move lazily around her body, hitting her far harder than when she couldn’t move. “How you feeling?”

“I’m, I don’t know. I do know you’re going to pay for that. Not now. But you will pay. You know I hate being fucking helpless like that.”

“It was only intended to last a few minutes, Lise. I didn’t mean to be on the phone so long. I just haven’t spoken to Stu for years, and there was the act and stuff to…”

“You’re still going to pay, Peter. Let’s make it simple: Unless I say otherwise, no more inanimate stuff. Or you’re going to need a new girlfriend to go with the replacement testicles.”

“Can I put my name down?”

“Shut up, Carrie!!”

“Ok, Lise. You’re right. You’ll be able to move no matter what I do to you, unless you let me know otherwise. I promise.”

“Can I believe that? You promised the same thing on Valentine’s Day.”

“And I’ve kept it.”

“Bollocks!”

“When I mummified you,”

“Huh?” the Carrie fish’s jaw drops.

“I took away everything.” He continues, “You couldn’t see, you couldn’t hear, you couldn’t move, couldn’t do anything. I thought this would be different.”

“Ok, magic boy, I’ll let you off this time. But not again. No objects. Got it?”

“Got it. How do you feel now?”

“It feels weird, all these fish moving inside me. Tickles.” She pauses, “I’m not glass, anymore, am I? But I’m still see-through. Ooooooh.” She moans as a fish wriggles down under her waist, “Feels good.” she looks down at her transparent clothes, unable to see her body under them, but still able to see the fish inside her. “Can I take these off? I mean, you haven’t made them part of me to do this, have you?”

“No, that is, yes, you can take them off. But are you sure about this?”

She walks up to him, sending the fish darting all through her, causing another shiver. One arm wraps around his shoulders, pulling him to her and kissing him. "I'm sure." She replies when she breaks the kiss.

"Even with an audience?"

"What? The fish? I don't think they'll mind." She pulls off her t-shirt, revealing her naked body underneath, a faint outline, a glimmer as light passes through her.

"I was thinking about Carrie."

"What about, oh." She looks down, to see a large pink fish seeming to grin at her from inside her breast.

"I don't mind, sis." The Carrie-fish replies rubbing up against the edge of Lisa's skin. Lisa sucks in a breath through her teeth. "Ooooooh, you like that?" she pushes harder, making the breast jiggle.

"Stop it, Carrie." Lisa hisses. The maddening rubbing stops as Carrie pulls back, still tickling with each swish of her tail. Lisa feels a tickle as Carrie propels herself down. Her eyes open wide, "Don't you dare!!!!" she shrieks.

"Spoilsport." Carrie turns and stops, hanging inside Lisa's stomach, occasionally rubbing against her.

"OK, magic boy. What else do you have planned?"

"What do you..." Peter begins, looking shocked.

"I saw that twinkle in your eye, Peter. You're not finished yet, are you?"

"You caught me." He raises his hands slightly in surrender.

"So, what do you have planned?"

"A different way of getting Carrie out."

Lisa stops, seeming to think about it, "And what would this do to me? I doubt you'll just reach in and pull my little sister out. And if you say 'you'll see' I'll hit you."

"OK. I intend to run a bath and persuade you to get in it."

"And then?"

"Then you'll dissolve in the water and..."

"Dissolve????!! After what I've just said you're going to make me helpless again."

"No more helpless than when I melted you. You'll dissolve in the water, fizzing away. Then I wring Carrie out, restore her and we take her to the station. But I promise you won't be helpless."

"Fine. I guess you're not going to be that insensitive."

"What time is it, anyway?" Carrie asks.

"It's only around 1."

"1????!! The train leaves at quarter to three!!!"

“Your note said 4:46.”

“It said 14:46.”

Peter reaches into his pocket and holds up the note, the one barely visible. “I thought that was just a scratch.”

“So what now?”

“Well, we can go ahead with the original idea, or I can pull Carrie out now.”

“Well...”

“We can do the original and still get me back in time?”

“I think so.”

“I say go with that, then. Sis?”

“Sure. Why not? This will feel like when I’m melted, right?”

Peter leads them into the small bathroom. “So, do I get in now, or wait till you run the water?”

“Which do you want? It’ll be quicker if you’re in when I’m running the water, but it shouldn’t make a difference.”

“OK.” Lisa strips off and climbs into the bath, firmly securing the plug. “Go for it. Just make it warm. You even try putting me in cold water and the deal’s off.”

Peter turns the taps. Carrie swims down Lisa’s leg, peering through her skin as the water flows towards her. Lisa giggles as the water touches her heels. They can all hear the light fizzing, watching as the water froths, spitting slightly.

“Ooooooooooh. That feels wonderful. It’s like someone’s massaging my feet.” The water continues to flow, spreading slowly, the fizzing getting louder as more and more of Lisa comes into contact with it and begins to dissolve. Her body sinks down in the water as more and more of her is washed away. The warm water inside her merges with the bath water, but doesn’t flow out. The fish swim around inside her and through the bathwater, their ripples, washing more of her away into the warm water.

When the bath is just over half full, Peter stops the taps.

“Ready?”

“For what?”

“For me to push the rest of you under.”

“I don’t know. This feels really weird, just watching my body vanish. I can’t feel the bits that have dissolved at all. Why can’t I?”

“You will. When you’re fully dissolved. Until then, the conflicting feelings would be a bit much.”

“A bit much? More than some of the things I’ve been through?”

“Not on their own, but you’d be getting them both, and it could be pretty disorienting.”

“Oh, ok.”

“Maybe next time.”

“Next time?”

“Well, they do say that having a bath together’s very romantic...”

Lisa laughs, sending waves rolling through the tub, her legs fizzing away under the water. “You have got to be kidding me. A bath? You want to have a bath, with me, like this? What about all the dirt and scum and soap? No way am I going...”

“All that would stay with the water when you’re restored, Lise. What kind of sadist do you take me for?”

Lisa smiles, and pulls him in for a kiss. “My kind. When you remember the rules.” She breaks the kiss and dunks Peter’s head under the water with a splash, sending water onto her chest, where it begins to fizz, dissolving holes in her body.

Peter pulls his head out from under water, coughing up water. “That’s how you want it, is it?” he manages to gasp out and shoves Lisa completely under, holding her there as her body dissolves away, the fizzing water tickling his palms.

Lisa feels her body vanishing, not just a little at a time, but all at once. She starts to panic, trying to thrash against Peter, but he keeps her there, her consciousness feeling confined in a smaller and smaller space. And then the last bit of her body vanishes into the water. The change is sudden, from feeling nothing but the specks of herself dissolving, she feels the entire bath of water, and all of it’s her. It feels very different from being melted. Not like she is all of the water, more like she’s just part of it. She can feel herself as it ripples against the sides of the tub. She can feel the fish swimming inside her, sending more ripples through her. She feels muscles she doesn’t have clench, filling her body with spasms of pleasure. She feels a pair of hands reach into the warm water. There is a brief struggle as the hands close around a fish, the violent thrashing within her sending her deeper into ecstasy.

Peter pulls the pink folded-fish out of the water, dripping into the bath. “Stop struggling, Carrie. I thought you wanted to be restored.”

Carrie continues to thrash, “Not struggling!!” she gasps, her head whipping around, “Cumming!!!! Hand, hood...” Peter shifts his grip and Carrie goes limp, shuddering in his hands.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be. I loved it. No wonder sis like you; you’ve got good hands.” Peter blushes, prompting her to laugh. The bathwater froths. “So, what now?”

“Now we need to make sure there’s no Lisa left on you before I restore you.”

“How are you going to do...” she stops as Peter twists his hands, and Carrie, pulling her tight, wringing her out, water dribbling over her skin and into the bath, the rubbing of her skin on itself setting her screaming, muffled by the cheek wrapped over her mouth. And then it stops. She breathes slowly as her body unwinds. Peter shakes her sharply and the folds flop away, her body unfolding to its flattened shape.

“I’ll be right back, Lise.”

*You’d better. If I even think you’ve...* Her thoughts dissolve as Peter turns on the water jets in the side of the tank, frothing her body up, sending her screaming into renewed ecstasy.

“What did you do that for?” Carrie asks as Peter drapes her over his shoulder and walks back to the

wringer.

"I didn't want Lisa not to be enjoying herself while I get you restored."

"How does turning on those jets help her enjoy herself?"

Peter pinches her leg, rubbing her flattened skin between his thumb and forefinger. Carrie moans softly. "Does that answer your question?"

"No. Keep explaining." Carrie sighs.

"Heh. No need." He feeds Carrie's head into the slot and begins turning the wheel backwards. Carrie's orgasmic shriek is instantly muffled as the rollers cover her mouth, only to resume again as soon as her mouth is out and back into its normal proportions. She subsides, only to begin again, even louder than before, as her flat skin stretches out around the tattoo. As her feet pull out, Carrie slumps onto the table, shaking.

"Oh, maaaaan. What a rush." She lies there, breathing heavily. "What time is it?"

"One thirty, give or take a few minutes."

"Shit."

"You get dressed, I'll get Lise."

"Do you have to? I mean, if she's having that good a time, and we are cutting it pretty close as it is." She pulls on her panties.

"I'll ask her. But if she says no, you're going to have to risk missing the train." He walks into the bathroom and turns off the jets, ignoring Carrie as she sticks her tongue out at him. The water slowly subsides, bubbles and froth popping and fading back into the water. "Lise? Can you hear me?"

*"Mmmmmm. Carrie's all set? Already?"*

"She's getting ready. Should be soon. Time to get you back to normal."

*"I guess."*

"You don't want to be restored?"

*"Not right now."*

"I will be gone for at least an hour. Longer if I don't cheat on the way back."

*"Cheat?"*

"Magic."

*"Well, as long as you don't turn the jets on again, I think I can take an hour like this. Might be relaxing."*

"You didn't like the jets?"

*"Oh no, I loved the jets. You should try them sometime. But an hour-long orgasm would turn my brain into sex-addled mush."*

"You're sure? You'll be on your own, and if anything goes wrong, I won't be here to fix you."

*“Go, Magic Boy, leave me in peace as opposed to pieces. For a change.”*

“OK, you’re choice. Just let me make some precautions.” He plunges his hand into the water, causing the voice in his mind to giggle and sigh. He pulls his hand out, totally dry.

*“What did you do?”*

“Sealed the plug up. And the overflow. That should keep you in one place and out of the sewers.”

*“Ahhh, you do care.”*

“Of course.”

“Is she coming?” Carrie asks from the doorway, her arms folded across her chest.

“Are you coming, Lise?”

*“No, I’ll just stay here. Hurry back, Magic Boy. I might have a surprise for you.”*

*“However could I refuse?”* his voice says in her mind as Peter dips his finger into the centre of the bath and twirls it, sending ripples rolling through Lisa.

*“Ooooooh. Definitely hurry back.”*

“Well?”

“She’s not coming.” He pulls his finger out of the water.

“Awww.” Lisa mentally pouts at him, unsuccessfully hiding her enjoyment.

“Come on then! If I miss my train…”

“You won’t, you won’t.” He pulls on his sunglasses and opens the door, shouldering Carrie’s bag.

“See you later, sis.” She leans into the bath and kisses the water. “Maybe next time we can have some real fun.” She grins and walks out after Peter.

*And maybe you can kiss my watery arse!* She stops, the water rippling in confusion, *Or would she like that? Whatever.* She lets her mind drift, relaxing as the water moves through her.

The front door closes, setting ripples rolling through Lisa, bringing her out of her daze with a soft massaging of every inch of her body. *“Peter?”*

“How you doing, Lise?”

*“Oh, wonderfully well, thanks. If you could do this to other people, you’d make a fortune. It’s soooo relaxing. Like immersion therapy, only better.”*

“Ready to be restored yet?”

*“Hmmm. No, not yet. I’ve got another idea first.”*

“Oh? And will you tell me this idea?”

*“Well, it’s really your idea.”*

*“So you can blame me if it goes wrong?”*

*“Nooo. Well, maybe. Now, you’re sure you can restore me without any gunge if I get soap in me, right?”*

*“Yes.”*

*“Really sure? Not ‘well, I think I can do it, but if it goes wrong I get a girlfriend who’s half woman and half soap’?”*

*“Really, really, really sure.”* Peter replies.

*“OK. Get in then.”*

*“Huh?”*

*“Get in. You could do with a bath. And I’m volunteering my services.”*

*“Are you...”*

*“Yes, I’m sure. Really, really, really sure.”* Peter feels her smiling inside, *“And you can tell me all about your friend Stuart and this club he’s running, and what the job he might possibly have for us is. But first, get ‘em off!”*

Peter smiles. “Yes, dear.” He replies dully, snaps his fingers to make his clothes appear folded on the other side of the room, along with Lisa’s clothes, still transparent, and climbs slowly into the warm bath, Lisa’s ecstatic screaming echoing in his ears.



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