

PETER & LISA: PART 34
FRUSTRATIONS

Lisa's office, a low drone of typing runs under the half-heard conversations and half conversations of phone calls, "You're not still upset about that, are you?" Sarah asks from the other end of the phone line.

"Wouldn't you be?"

"Well, yeah, at the time. But it's been a week, get over it."

"What?"

"You're in serious danger of becoming whiny. That really doesn't suit you. Your sister got one over on you and then made you promise not to get revenge on her. Suck it up and don't let it happen again."

"You're not being very sympathetic."

"I'm your friend, Lisa, not your mother. You needed a wake-up call to stop you screwing yourself over. You're just lucky Peter wouldn't let me teach you that lesson. You have no idea how much havoc this Samhain has caused. I've barred people for less than you and Mark got up to."

"Wouldn't let...? You wanted to?"

"It was my idea in the first place. Someone had to take you in hand and set you straight. But, he figured you'd take the lesson better from Carrie. Or that I'd be too rough on you. One or the other. Or possibly both."

"I ended up going home in a carrier bag!" Lisa hisses, looking around to make sure no one can hear her.

"And? You got home same day, didn't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"And you're free of any compulsions she could have applied to occur after you left, aren't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"And you learned your lesson about agreements, didn't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"And you learned why it's so important to be clear, didn't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"And you're going to be my pet slave this weekend, aren't you?"

"Ye...wait, what?"

"Damn it; almost had you."

"Not funny."

"It would have been. Well, for me. Looks like the lessons worked. Still, if you and Carrie want an advanced course, let me know."

"Advanced course?"

"Of course, Caroline doesn't know everything about life and magic just yet. Want to do it?"

"Ok." She pauses, "I'll consider it."

"And again you squirm out of the jaws of agreement."

Lisa sighs, "Am I going to have to watch everything you say from now on?"

"Maybe."

"Would you agree not to try and entrap me?"

"Maybe."

"Fine, fine, do you agree not to try and entrap me into agreements that would mean I'm your slave, toy..." she pauses trying to think of all the loopholes, "...or any other wording that means you get to play with me without my agreement as to what goes on?"

She can almost hear Sarah's smile through the phone. "Except in an official capacity, yes, I agree to your terms."

"Except in an official capacity'? What does that mean?"

"It means that if you do something that warrants being made into a plaything, I am allowed, in my semi-official capacity, to enact the sentence. That ok with you?"

“What sort of thing would I need to do to get that...”

“That’s it!” Lisa stops, turning, along with everyone else, at the muffled shout as it pushes its way through the thin walls of Lorraine’s office. “I’ve had enough of putting up with this! You’re pathetic!!!” the door to the office slams shut as Tracy stomps out, her face flushed, shoulders tensed and back rigid with anger. Everyone quickly averts their eyes, taking a deep interest in their computer screens. She walks stiffly out of the office.

“Sarah, I’ll have to call you back. Something urgent just came up.”

“Good timing, Grace wants her mummy. See you later.”

That evening, “You found her though?”

“Eventually. She’d locked herself in the toilets and was busy trying to decide whether to sob or hyperventilate.”

“So, what happened?”

“No idea at all. She clammed up, just kept sobbing. I sent her home in the end.”

“On her own?”

“Don’t be daft. She phoned up her girlfriend and got her to pick her up.”

“And how did Lorraine react?”

“Asked, well, demanded, to know what happened once. Then went back into her office and I didn’t hear anything about it. Except the rumours. But given how accurate they usually are...”

“One of them’s usually right.”

She looks up at him darkly from his lap, “Only because they guess every single possible thing that could have happened, sooner or later. And I’m betting Margaret’s going to be giving me a call soon enough. That’ll be fun.”

“Awww, poor baby. Do you need protection from the big, bad HR lady?”

“You’re pushing it, Magic Boy.”

“Ready for more fun news?”

“More fun? What?”

“Sarah wants to see us at E’s. Apparently she needs us to witness or sign something.”

“How do you know that?”

He holds up a gold envelope, “The Harry Potter Postal Service.”

“Well, the day can’t get any worse.” She sighs, heaving herself up.

“You had to say that, didn’t you?”

“Swivel, Magic Boy. Let’s see what the Queen wants.” she grabs her coat as Peter gets off the sofa.

“You don’t need that, Lise.”

“Are you kidding? It’s bloody cold outside!”

“We’re not going outside, though.”

“Oh, we’re going to get to Mister E’s without going...we are, aren’t we? You’d better not be smiling when I turn around, you show-off.” she throws the coat back, ignoring it float into place, as she turns to find Peter resolutely not smiling. Peter opens the door to the warehouse. “That door leads anywhere you want, doesn’t it?”

“More or less.”

“Fine, let’s see what Sarah wants.” she steps through the door and into the back corridors of Mister E’s. She blinks, “Still not used to that.” she hears the door close behind her but as she glances over her shoulder for a look, just sees the dizzying corridor with no sign of a doorway.

Peter takes her hand in his, knocking on the door. “Come in, Peter.”

They walk into the office. Sarah sits behind the desk, a computer sending flickers of light over one side of her face. Tabitha sits opposite, a pile of papers in her lap, sucking on the lid of her pen.

Stuart sits off to one side, leaning back, legs crossed, while Carrie stands, her hands clenched around the back of the chair. Two spare chairs sit together beside Carrie.

Lisa looks towards her sister, “What have you done now?”

“This isn’t a trouble meeting.” Sarah interrupts before Carrie can answer, “Have a seat.”

“So what sort of meeting is it?”

"Business, contracts and legal."

"And we're involved because..."

"Because one of the contracts pertains to you."

"I haven't signed..."

"No, you haven't. If you stop interrupting, I'll let Tabitha explain. Tabitha?"

Tabitha coughs, and starts pulling papers from her lap, "This is a contract for a new assistant to a certain magician who shall remain nameless for now. It's been drawn up by the assistant, with some legal assistance. You'll note that you are two of the potential witnesses to future changes in the contract terms. That, naturally, requires your agreement to serve in this capacity. Assuming you accept, you'll need to know the terms of the existing contract so you can evaluate any amendments against it. Furthermore..."

"Hang on, hang on, I'm trying to read this." she looks over the densely typed wording, "wearing of a Proteus collar'? This is for Marks' new assistant, isn't it?"

"Yes." Tabitha replies tightly.

"Part of making sure he isn't quite so careless with what constitutes an agreement in future." Sarah adds.

"Ok. '...wearing of a Proteus collar for the purposes of the act. During the act, which will not last longer than three hours and only be considered to apply to a formal stage show at a pre-agreed and advertised time, the assistant agrees to give the magician complete control, via the collar, of her physical form. Furthermore, during the act, the assistant agrees to obey all instructions from the magician. Immediately following the cessation of the act, the assistant will be fully restored and all changes caused by the collar or as part of the act will be cancelled.' Seems a bit harsh for the performance part."

"It's how Mark works. He prefers to make things up more or less as he goes, so there needs to be a lot of flexibility in what his assistant will allow."

"Ok. And if he wants to make a new Tabby, what stops him?"

"Time limit and situation." Sarah replies quickly, "It only applies to performing as part of the act, which is defined to be a proper performance at a set time. No impromptu acts allowed. And there's a time limit of three hours for the performance. After that, she has to be put back."

"What happens if he doesn't?"

"Next paragraph."

"Pursuant to paragraph yadda yadda yadda, failure to restore the assistant will result in forfeiture of the Proteus Collar and control mechanism to the assistant, along with monetary compensation not less than..." she pauses, "ten thousand pounds. If the monetary compensation is not provided, a period of service to the assistant will be required. During this time, the offender is considered bound by this agreement as if he were the assistant. There is no time limit beyond what is ruled reasonable by independent tribunal.' Harsh. Who's in charge of the tribunal?"

"In the first instance, Stuart and I. If it goes over our heads, other people."

"So, let me get this straight. If someone agrees to this, she has to obey Mark absolutely, and let him do anything he likes to her for a period of three hours."

"Yes."

"What happens if there's another show immediately afterwards?"

"Full restoration still has to occur, but then she's right back into it."

"And he can make her do anything on stage?"

"Yes."

"So there's no problem with him getting a bunch of his mates together for a show and turning it into a gangrape?"

"In public?"

"Public wasn't mentioned in the contract. Advertised was, but it doesn't say how many people that applies to."

"Yay, sis. You did learn something. I am sooo the teacher."

"How would you propose fixing it?" Tabitha asks, making notes, "Insert a clause about public as

well as advertised?”

“Wouldn't that rule out private shows? Like birthdays and bachelor parties?” Carrie asks. “Wouldn't want to give those up.”

“Ok. Hmmm. Ok. We'll put that aside for later. The exact wording could be problematic.”

“So what now?”

“Keep reading, sis. We'll figure out how to allow an adult show without allowing fucking later.”

“Compensation, blah, blah, not bad. Termination at request of either party with one month's notice.

Ah, the part about you and me, Magic Boy. 'This contract details the only circumstances under which the assistant will submit to wearing the Proteus Collar. No other agreement, verbal or written, expressed or implied, shall supersede this contract's terms unless this contract is amended to permit this. Amendments to this contract are only permitted in the presence of and with the consent of no less than two of the authorities presented below: Tabitha Weller; Stuart Drake, Keeper of London; Sarah Drake; Peter Stafford; Lisa McCagherty, along with the signatory to this contract. These witnesses have consented to this duty by signing...' Let's see what we're signing up to.”

Tabitha digs into the pile, handing another sheet of paper over. “We've all signed this.”

“Ok. Let's have a look. 'I the undersigned do hereby agree to serve as witness for the assistant....'”

she looks up, “for the assistant Caroline McCagherty in her dealings...! Carrie!”

“What?”

“You're going to be working for that...”

“Yes, Mother. He needs an assistant, pretty fast; I need some extra cash and a chance to get played with.”

“But he's...”

“He's a bit of an MCP, sure. That's why we're being extra careful with this stuff and why I want you to be one of the executors. Who else is going to give me this hard a time to make sure I know what I'm doing?”

“So, you want me to make sure you don't do anything stupid?”

“Pretty much.”

“Tough job.”

“Not having a good day, sis. Watch it.”

“You and me both.”

“Well, if that charming family spat is now over, could we get back to business? Are you going to agree to be your sister's keeper?”

“My what?”

“Figure of speech.”

“Give me a second.” she looks over the contract, “Yeah, all I have to do is give consent to changes to the contract. Everything else is still all Carrie. Anyone got a pen?” she quickly signs, passing the pen to Peter.

“So, anyone got any ideas on amending the contract?”

“I suppose suggesting it stays fully clothed and non-sexual is too much to hope for?”

“Probably a little bit. You wouldn't have much of a normal grand illusion act with that restriction.”

“No sex, but touching of intimate areas is allowed?”

“Heh.” Stuart snorts, “Are you using Bill Clinton's definition of sex? And touching with what?”

“Good points.”

“Nudity but no intimate touching?”

Carrie scowls, “Only if we have to. I'm quite looking forward to the touching part.”

Lisa takes a deep breath.

“Caroline, please stop provoking your sister. Do you have a better suggestion?”

“Not really.”

“Ok. How's this? 'Intimate areas may only be touched by lips and fingers.'”

“And tongues.” she looks up, “What?”

“Whose intimate areas?”

“Ooooooh. Nice catch, Tab. The assistant's. Definitely no touching of guests' intimate areas.” She looks at Carrie, “Not even if they're young and cute and you're their birthday treat.”

Carrie pouts half-heartedly, “Sounds good. I'll save that sort of stuff for after the act.”

“Ok, I think we're done here. Tab, could you get that change made? Stuart and I will witness it tomorrow. Peter, Lisa, thank you so much for taking the time to come here and for agreeing to be witnesses. Now, go home and let him work his magic fingers on you.” she winks at Lisa, “Go for the full works. Trust me, you won't ever be more relaxed than when he's done with you. Doesn't matter how shitty a day you've been having.”

“That's it?”

“Pretty much. Now we just have to persuade Mark to agree to taking your sister on under these terms.”

Five minutes later, back at the flat, “Ok ,Magic Boy, what did she mean?”

“About what?”

“The full works. Come on, spill.”

“It's a massage involving magic.”

“I'd guessed that much. What's the big deal?”

“You end up boneless, senseless, limbless, and if you really go for it bodyless. You're also helpless, completely. So not something you'd go for.”

“After today? I might reconsider if it really can make me relaxed.”

“Works pretty well. Or it did with Sarah and Victoria, anyway. But you've got to be willing to go with it, same as any normal massage. If you're determined to tense up, it doesn't do much for you.”

“Are you saying I can't relax?”

“I wouldn't dare, but it's not exactly your strength.”

“That sounds like a challenge.”

“It's not. If you want to do it, I'll be happy, but if not, don't do it just to prove you will.”

“You're being heavy on the warnings. What did I miss?”

“By the end of it you'll be unable to move, speak, see, hear, or anything at all really. You'll be a human piece of dough, more or less. Totally helpless. And you don't do helpless. At all.”

“After today, with Tracy, and Lorraine, and Carrie, why does she have to be so, so, so Carrie...” She sighs heavily, “I need something to relax me. Go for it.”

“You're sure?”

“No, but I trust you. Most of the time.”

“With that ringing endorsement, how about we just start with a normal massage, then you can make up your mind?”

“Sure, like that's fair. You know you can turn me to putty in your hands when you get going.”

“I do? Well, this time, maybe.”

“You're stalling, Magic Boy.” She leans in to kiss his cheek, “I love you, I trust you, and you've explained what you're going to do to poor, little me. You're covered. Now get on with it.”

“Ok. If you're sure.” He puts his hand flat and raises it up, smoke bubbling up from the floor, spreading up into a table of cloud.

“You really like showing off, don't you?”

“To the right people, a bit, maybe.”

“Of course.” She starts to climb onto the cloud.

“Uhm...”

“What?”

“You need to take the clothes off...”

Lisa stretches herself out on the floating cloud, “You do it. It's faster and less...” she feels a brief flutter as her clothes drift away in a puff of smoke, “...work. Well, not wasting time, I see.”

“No, dear.”

Lisa purrs as she feels his fingers digging into her shoulders, “Mmmmmmm. I'll forgive you that one.”

"Yes, dear."

"But you're pushing it now."

"Sorry."

"You're forgiven." she murmurs, closing her eyes as she feels his fingers pressing into her back, rubbing and kneading at her tense muscles. It's only when she feels his hands sinking through her back, feeling those fingers kneading the kinks out of her heart and lungs that she starts to open her eyes. "When Sarah said the full works she meant the full works, didn't she?"

"Yup." the internal massaging continues, her body relaxing, muscles and organs flowing together. "Mmmmm. Feels nice." she replies, barely noticing as her heart vanishes into smooth, soft flesh, her lungs sinking into her body.

When Peter takes hold of her arm and very gently pulls it back and back, she notices, especially when she feels it sinking into her back, Peter's hands kneading it into her body. "Ok. That feels weird. Not bad, but weird." She feels him take hold of her other arm, "Word of warning. If you make any Venus de Milo jokes, I will kick you to death." she doesn't open her eyes as Peter massages her arm away into her body, and turns his attention to her legs, his hands running along them, before he bends them back, pressing and kneading them into her back.

"What will you do now?"

"Bite you to death." she mumbles. Peter smiles as he reaches out, turning her over. "What are you doing?" one eye half-opens.

"I need to work on your front, too."

"Oh, right, fine." she closes her eyes, then opens them with an intake of breath as she feels his tongue playing over her chest. "Peter! I thought the idea was to get me relaxed, not worked up!"

"Sure? Apparently this is one of the best parts."

"I'm sure. You can do the adult massage some other time."

"I'll hold you to that."

She closes her eyes, "Didn't say it would be on me, Magic Boy. Now do it properly."

The hands return, pressing on her stomach, her body softening under them.

"That's better."

The hands creep up her body, rubbing and kneading her ribs until the bones soften into the the flesh of her body, then they turn their attention to her breasts, kneading them until they're gone, smoothing the skin over her chest. Lisa moans softly, especially when the hands slide down her body to her hips. His hands play quickly over her mound, softening the quivering flesh into smooth skin. She sighs as Peter rolls her body up, squeezing, pressing and kneading her body until she can hardly tell which pieces of her are next to which. She opens her eyes, her head sitting on top of a smooth ball of pale flesh.

"So. What now?"

"We move on to the next stage."

"Next stage?" He walks behind her. She feels his hands on the back of her head. Her skull softens under his gentle pressure. She feels him tilt her head back, her head sinking down into her body. She blinks as she feels her face staring out of the ball of flesh. "There isn't much of me left, Peter."

"There isn't. There'll be less soon. Trust me, it'll all be fine."

She tries to nod, a quiver running through the ball of her body, "I do." He tweaks her nose, and gently crumples it up into her face, smoothing the skin over.

"How do you want to do this?"

"What?"

"Eyes, ears or mouth first?"

Another shudder passes through the sphere. She closes her eyes. "Eyes. Then mouth. I think." Peter's hand covers her eyes, shrouding her sight. Lisa closes her eyes and feels them sink inside her body. The world goes dark, darker than she's ever known before, complete blackness. Her breathing becomes more rapid.

"Goodbye..." she feels his hand on her lips and kisses it before her body swallows her mouth, her tongue sinking into her body, blending and merging with the rest of her, her teeth softening away.

She stops breathing, her dark world reduced to touch and sound.

“I’ll bring you back in the morning, Lise. Have a good night’s rest.”

There’s a moment of echo as his hands cover her ears and then all sound ceases. Dark. Quiet. The only thing she can feel is the vapourous cloud supporting her. She feels Peter’s hands running over the smoothness of her skin, and then she feels him pressing, kneading her again, pulling and pushing her body. She feels something change in her body. The hands feel a little bigger, growing all the time as she’s compressed, shrinking down and down, her body changing from a huge sphere, to a beachball, basketball, tennis ball, golf ball sized sphere. She feels Peter lift her up, cupped in the palm of his hand, so small, so powerless, so relaxed. She feels his lips press against her skin in a kiss goodnight. She feels his hand close around her, and then, she feels nothing. She hears nothing. She sees nothing. She is nothing, drifting along without senses to trouble her. Her thoughts drift, undistracted by the demands of her body, at peace in the darkness.



This work by [Paul Watson](#) is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-No Derivative Works 2.0 UK: England & Wales License](#).

Permissions beyond the scope of this license may be available at <mailto:magicbookshelf@blueyonder.co.uk>.