

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 45

INVITATIONS

“What are you working on, Magic Boy?”

“Lightsabre.”

“I thought you'd finished Carrie's?”

“I did. Now she wants one so Tracy won't steal hers. And, reading between the lines, so Tracy can't use it against her.”

“So she's stealing my boy toy's time again?”

“I like working on things like this.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Also, boy toy? I'm offended by such blatant sexism and misandry.”

“Oh, really? What are you going to do about it?”

Peter puts the half-completed sabre aside. “Obviously, you'll have to be punished.”

“Talk is cheap, boy toy. Show me.”

Peter smiles, “With pleasure.”

Sometime later, Lisa languidly stretches on the bed, “You know, I could do with more punishment like that.” she rubs her wrists as Peter puts the straps away, “You were frightfully rough with me, though, you brute.” she simpers, her lip quavering.

“You are spending far too much time with Sarah. She's rubbing off on you.”

“Meaning?”

“The teasing. The amateur dramatics. The...” he holds up the straps meaningfully.

“You're being reasonable again.”

“And, obviously, 'boy toy'. That's a Sazism if ever I heard one.”

“Maybe.”

“So, I'm your boy toy, am I?”

“Definitely.”

“Does that make you my girl toy?”

Lisa stiffens, “Ok, that's fair. I admit I might have been pushing that a bit much, so you get that one free. Next time costs you.”

“Yes, dear.” he narrowly dodges the pillow, letting it hit the wall with a soft flump.

That evening, a bell tinkles, Lisa looks up questioningly from the sofa.

“Letter.” Peter replies, “I'd better get it.”

“Do you really have to go now?”

“It'll only take a couple of minutes.”

Lisa reaches out, pulling him down onto the sofa, pressing her lips up to his. “Really?”

“On the other hand, if it's urgent, I'm sure they can phone.”

“That's what I thought.”

A little later, “So, what was it? Anything really important?” Lisa asks, still lying back on the sofa as Peter returns, tearing open a midnight black envelope.

“I don't think so. Let me have a look.” Peter pulls out a black card, gold writing scrawled across it,

“Just invitations.”

“To what?”

“ahem' 'To Peter Stafford, Scion of House Stafford, you and a guest are cordially invited to attend the opening of London's newest, and finest, magical emporium and private club, Steve Osbourne's Magic Emporium on the vernal equinox. Drinks provided. Dress code: casual/optional. RSVP.”

“I'm just a plus one?!”

“Not to me.” He bends over to kiss her.

“Good. Are we going?”

“Do you promise not to cause trouble?”

“Moi?” she flutters her eyelashes, “Trouble?”

“Lise...”

“Oh, you're serious. Why would I cause trouble?”

“Remember Samhain?”

She grimaces, “Fine, fine. I promise to be careful.”

Peter sets the invitations down, “Thank you. Now, where were we?”

Lisa reaches up, “Well, from what I recall, some dastardly fiend was making poor little me absolutely helpless before he had his wicked way with me. Again.”

“Ah yes, I remember now.” he gently traces his finger along her arm, feeling Lisa squirm as her arm starts to fade away to join her absent legs.

A phone rings. Peter looks apologetically down. Lisa sighs, “I know, I know, it might be important.”

Peter kisses her and pushes himself up, the phone floating across the room. “Showoff.”

He nods and smiles, “Hey, Stuart...uh-huh, I got one too....uh-huh. Very formal, wasn't he?” he absently trails his finger along Lisa's remaining arm, “Yes, we're going.” he smiles, “Yes, she's promised to be good.”

“Hey!”

“How about Sarah?...Promised not to kill him immediately?....” Peter grimaces, “Yeah, probably the best you're going to get....He didn't? I can see why Sarah's pissed....And you too, but you're a pussy cat compared to Queen Sazze on the warpath....Gee, thanks....Yeah. Steve pretty much defines interesting times....Yeah, you go calm down Saz. We'll talk before the equinox....You too, man.” he closes the phone, letting it float away, turning his attention to his limbless partner. “So, where were we?”

“You were about to tell me about Steve and what he's done to piss Sarah off.”

“I was?”

“You are now. And then, well, I think I'm quite helpless enough for your evil schemes...”



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