

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 48

MEMORIES (GOOD AND BAD)

“Who’s a cutie? You are. Yes, you are.” Grace looks up, pudgy fingers grasping at the finger hovering just out of reach.

“Oh, she knows.” Sarah replies, setting her coffee down. “She’ll have everyone wrapped around her little finger inside two years.”

“That long?”

“Flo isn’t maternal in the slightest, so it might take a bit longer to work on her. But no one’s going to resist her once she’s babbling.”

“Royal command?”

“Ha! If I could command something like that, things would be sooooo much easier.”

“Man, royalty’s rapidly losing its attraction if you can’t.”

“Oh, Stuart could probably do it. It wouldn’t be fair or ethical, but it should be possible.”

Lisa looks up from the cot, “He could?”

She shrugs, “Probably. At least for small groups.” She peers over the edge of the cup at Lisa’s face,

“Oh, stop with that, he wouldn’t any more than your boy-toy would suddenly turn people into balloons. Even less likely. I know he’s done that at least once.”

“He what?”

“That was some birthday party.”

“Again, he what?”

“Oh, you want war stories, do you? I knew you wouldn’t just come around here without an ulterior motive.”

“Hey!”

“Am I wrong?” she arches an eyebrow, daring a response.

Lisa sighs, “No.”

“No what?”

“What? Oh. No, your Majesty.”

“Excellent.” She gives a girlish little clap, “Maybe we can teach you manners.”

“I wouldn’t set your sights too high on that.”

“Oh, I don’t, believe me. Just enough to not embarrass us.”

“Thank you, your Majesty.”

“So, what’s Princess Curiosity interested in this time? What part of Peter’s life has he been avoiding you on and got you all suspicious?”

“It’s not Peter.”

Sarah sighs, “What’s your sister done to get you fuming this time?”

“It’s not about Carrie either.”

“Really? Now you have intrigued me.” She leans forward, “Tell me, whose secrets are you after now?”

“I’m not sure it’s really a secret, exactly...”

“Ok, then. Whose not-a-secret-exactly are you after?”

“Uhm, yours.”

“Mine? Well, I can’t fault you for boldness. Which of my many indiscretions do you wish to worm out of me?”

“It’s about the invitations we got.”

“Is it?” Sarah asks, her voice a smidgen harder.

“Stuart called Peter about them and...”

“...and you couldn’t help overhearing?”

“Exactly. And Peter won’t tell me what the big deal with this guy is.”

“So you thought you’d come to me instead.”

“Yes.”

“Ok. Potted history. Steve Osbourne is a talented magician. He’s imaginative, charming, has a fair

degree of ability and has a chip on his shoulder the size of Yorkshire. He's also an arsehole of epic proportions and left for America after wearing out his welcome here one time too many. And now he's back, rubbing my nose in things again and treating everything with as much respect as always." "Everything being?"

"There are rules. Conventions. Ways of making things rub along. He has a tendency to ignore those when it's convenient. In this case, he's setting up shop in our territory and hasn't had the courtesy to inform us, never mind actually asking permission."

"And if he had?"

"If he had, we'd probably have to let him in. But not asking is a deliberate snub."

"And that's why you want to kill him?"

"Oh, no, I have much more personal, much more serious reasons for wanting to rip his intestines out, set them on fire and slowly strangle him to death with them."

"That seems a bit..."

"That is letting him off far too easy." She looks up, eyes hard, "You know how Tabby really, really hates Mark?"

"Well, yeah, he's a creep..."

"Compared to how much I hate Steven Osbourne, her hatred is barely measurable. And he's put me in the position of having to be polite to him. Bastard."

"Why do you have to go?"

"Because otherwise we're snubbing him and that reflects badly on Stuart. Oh," she waves a hand dismissively, "I might be able to cry off and say I have to look after Grace. And that would even be mostly true. But he'd spin it as a snub which would cause more difficulties than just him being in town does."

"What did he..."

Sarah holds up her hand, palm towards Lisa. "Stop. This is not a conversation I'm having. The few people who need to know, know. Those who don't, don't need to. If you need to know, I'll tell you. If you ask again, I'll get royally pissed off. And as I like you, I'd rather not have to order your execution."

"What?! You're kidding! You wouldn't..."

"Only just. I mean it. This is not a topic that's up for discussion."

Lisa stares at her, "Right. Message received, your Majesty."

Sarah smiles thinly. "Good. Suffice to say, treat Steven as you would a snake. Do not agree to anything. If possible, don't talk to him. Especially don't get mad at him. And that will be difficult, I know, but if I can avoid killing him slowly and painfully for what he's done, you can do that."

"Why do I have to be especially careful?"

"Because you're you. You're still new to all this and you bring Mundie baggage in. And you've got a hair-trigger and a tendency to think after you've spoken when it goes off. Plus Steve is exactly the sort of person who will be able to press every single one of your buttons without even trying. Plus plus he doesn't like any of the old Families and loves to trip us up in the rules."

"Old Families?"

"Long magical tradition. Peter's family's been magic since the middle ages so it counts. So, utmost careful. Certainly more than Samhain."

"I said I was sorry about that!"

Sarah smiles, "I know. But you react so wonderfully to being needled about it. And if it makes you think about what you're doing, all the better."

"Why does everybody think they need to warn me to be careful?"

"Samhain. Christmas. For starters."

"Oh, fuck you. Sorry, fuck you, your Majesty."

"Well, if you're offering..."

Lisa looks up, staring at her and finally laughs.

"I'd take it as a good thing that you have so many people who don't want you hurt."

"It is, I guess, but I feel like a little kid, always being told what to do."

“Well...”

“If you say ‘I shouldn’t act like one’ I’m out of here.”

“Too obvious.”

“Yes, your Majesty. On a related matter, what does ‘casual/optional’ mean as far as dress requirements?”

“Steve’s puerile idea of humour. It means he expects club clothes for the men and gentlemen’s club clothes for the women.”

“And you’re going along with that?”

“Of course not. I just said what he expects. Dress how you like, just expect some to indulge their exhibitionist and/or nudist streaks.”

“Wonderful. I know someone who’ll love that. And to avoid thinking about that, on a completely unrelated matter, balloons?”

“My 21st. All of the guests ended up floating on the ceiling at one point. A lot of the female guests ended up as something far more interesting.”

“Blow-up dolls?”

“Exactly. You’re learning. It’s quite nice to be a dolly and to let your boyfriend get a little rough. Popping was...a fun surprise though.”

“You popped?!”

“Mmmhmmm. When I came, I exploded all over the place. Rather more literally than usual.”

“And yet you had a problem with being massaged away?”

“How did you... Oh, I’m going to have to talk to that boy. Fine, yes, I had a problem with it. In my defence, it was early in things and the person responsible had recently turned my best friend into a vegetable so excuse me for being on edge about his ability to bring me back. Also, I got over it.”

“Are you saying I need to get over it?”

“Nope. It would be nice, even if it spoils my fun teasing you. But what freaks you out, freaks you out. I’m not suggesting you have regular threesomes, either, just because I did.”

Lisa chokes on her coffee, “kaff” You’re deliberately saying things like that to get a reaction.”

“Yes, obviously. But it’s still true.”

“Who with?”

Sarah smirks a little, “Oh, now you’re curious, huh? Stuart and Peter mostly. Sometimes Mark and Vicky joined in, but it’s hard to have two alpha dogs for that sort of thing.”

“Peter? My Peter?”

“Before he was your Peter, obviously, but yes.”

“That’s...I’m not sure how to take that. Oh, God, Carrie doesn’t know, does she? She’d never give up trying to get into his ‘harem’.”

“Don’t worry. She doesn’t. I’ve told her he helped Stuart out with the fun magic sexy times but I haven’t said he took that big a role in it. That sort of thing isn’t really something to be shared without permission.”

“Unlike you?”

“Ouch! That was nasty. I like it. But, yes, exactly like me. No sharing without permission.” She tries hard to keep the smile off her face at Lisa’s expression, “The permission part is the important bit that everyone forgets.”

“How can...”

“Well, when a man and a woman and another man or woman love each other very much...No?”

Lisa shakes her head, “Ok, more seriously. It started. I’m not actually sure exactly when it started but Peter was always showing off. Doing whatever thing he liked to whoever wanted it. And wouldn’t you know it, we usually ended up nude and horny? Mind you, we were teenagers so that could have just been because it was Tuesday. First time, it went further than that, Vicky suggested I ‘thank’ Peter with a blowjob. I reacted like you would. Well, maybe not like you would, exactly. I didn’t kick him in the balls, after all. But, first reaction was definitely not favourable.”

“So what changed?”

“Stuart was ok with it, if I was. And Vicky was ok with sharing her boyfriend. And I was young,

dumb, horny and really susceptible to peer pressure, so why not? It worked up from there. As long as Stuart was involved it wasn't like cheating and it meant I got to enjoy some really major oomph that Peter could provide."

"Oomph?"

"Magic stuff. Not to cast aspersions, but he's not *that* special in the other regard."

"Now who's being nasty?"

"Me, obviously. I've had more practice, Anyway, young, dumb, full of...you know the rest. It was all fully consensual kinky fun. And Peter being Peter he had to one up himself so things got wilder and wilder. It stopped, well, it stopped after...after Steve. After...that, it wasn't as much fun anymore. And with Vicky being....you know, Peter wasn't exactly much of a kinky sexy times kinda person for a long time. Although from what a little sister birdie tells me, that might be changing." she glances across at Lisa to watch the flush flare on her face. "And you've heard my war stories so, fair's fair, right?"

Later, in a corner of a coffee shop, everyone turns to look at the two women there, mostly because Ola is laughing so loudly. "O, pack it in. Literally everyone is staring at us. Even the baristas!" Ola covers her mouth with one hand, stifling her laughter into snorts, wiping tears from her eyes.

"It wasn't that funny."

Another semi-stifled snort of laughter. "Of course not, L. Of course not. The idea of you being a prude is totally not..." she stops, mostly succeeding in stifling her guffaws.

"Are you done?"

She nods, swallowing hard. "It's ridiculous, L. You even taught *me* some things. What on earth brought this on? You're not getting bored with Peter, are you? I can borrow him for a bit if you..." she looks at the fixed stony glare across the table, "...that's a no then?"

"That's a no."

"So, what is it? Come on, tell Auntie Olamide evvvvvvverything."

"Fine, just don't laugh."

"Girl scout's honour." she holds up her two fingers.

"When were you a girl scout?"

"Stop picking holes and start talking."

"Ok, ok. It's just...everyone seems, I don't know, kinkier? More open minded? More perverted? Are they all the same thing? Than me."

"Everyone?"

"Carrie. Tracy, Sarah. Peter. Even Marie. They all..."

"Who's Marie?"

"Oh, another act at the club. She's, oh, she's old enough to be my mother and she's, ugh..."

"She's... Come on, L, don't leave a girl hanging."

"She called me a prude. She always acts so prim and proper and then at Christmas she, oh, it doesn't matter."

"If you say so. So, you're jealous your little sister is more open than you?"

"No! I'm not jealous, it's not that, it's..." she sighs, "She just loves needling me like she's the one who invented lesbian sex or..."

"Whoa, whoa, back up. She's a lesbian? Damn, I knew she was checking out my arse."

"She was not checking out your arse, O."

"Of course she was. Look at it. It is a thing of wonder .Everyone checks it out. Even nominally straight girls like you."

"I do not check out your arse."

"Well, why not? Too intimidating for a scrawny girl like you?"

"No! God, O, you are so self-centred."

"I am not! I am just well aware of my own innate awesomeness. Are you done with that cake?" her fork reaches across the table. "So, you're called a prude by someone who's old enough to know better and usually acts it. Your sister teases you about her getting cute pussy. Tracy?"

“Tracy is the cute pussy she's getting.”

“Tracy who used to work for you? Tracy who wouldn't say boo to her own shadow? Tracy who makes wallflowers look like the centre of attention? That Tracy?”

“That Tracy.”

“Why haven't you been telling me this?! It's like I'm missing out on all sorts of juicy gossip! Now, Sarah's your other BFF, right? Wife of Peter's best friend's cousin's former room-mate?”

“Close enough.”

“No appreciation for cinema classics. And she's kinkier than you as well?”

Lisa sighs, “Yes. That's not the problem. She's just so...up front? In your face? She told me today she and Peter used to have threesomes.”

“She WHAT?! Well, at least you didn't sit on that one for months. That is really rude. You do not discuss the antics of former boyfriends with the current girlfriend. Rude. I wouldn't dream of telling Peter about your times after 'art class'.”

“Hey! What's with the air quotes?”

“Because you and I both know you only went along, and got your kit off, sorry, I meant to say 'model', to flirt with whasisname.”

“Michael.”

“I knew that! Point is, it is terribly declass   to boast about that sort of thing in the company of the current squeeze. No wonder you're feeling down. Also, Peter likes threesomes, does he?”

“No.”

“He doesn't?”

“He hasn't mentioned it, but no, you are not going to try and find out by offering.”

“I'm hurt. What kind of girl do you think I am?”

“O, I've known you since we were students. I know exactly what kind of girl you are.”

“Hmmp. Well, after following your bad example, what do you expect?”

“My bad example?”

“Yes. Miss 'Oh, oh, I'm so pure and innocent people of my mum's generation scare me with their outraaaaageous behaviour', your bad example. I remember those double dates where we swapped ends at half time even if you don't. Trust me, L. You are way kinky enough to fit in with your fancy new friends. Especially if Peter found his gimp suit. Give yourself a little credit.”

“That is not the point. And I was young and...experimental then.”

“Sure, sure, experimental, kinky, perverted, interesting.”

“You are unbelievable.”

“Yes, yes, I am. And if one of your kinkster friends is cute, you do still have my number, right?”



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