

PETER AND LISA
PART 66: POKER FACE
by pwatson1974

"I'm still surprised you said yes."

"Sarah promised me no shenanigans."

"She did not!"

"She did! She said there would be no betting body parts." she turns as Peter stifles a snort, "What?"

"That's only one shenanigan."

"What?"

"That's only one shenanigan. I bet Sarah's already working on others to spring on us. Well, mostly you."

"Wonderful. I really thought I had her."

"Hey, at least you got one banned. She'll appreciate the attempt to get involved."

"That was just to make me feel better, wasn't it?"

"A little. Did she say who else was going to be here?"

"She just told me Mark was busy with his new toy, whatever that means, and Carrie had other things going on. I think she told me they wouldn't be there just so I'd say yes."

"I wouldn't say that was unlikely. We can always cancel..."

"I'll be fine. I promise. And yes, I know what that means. I'll be good,"

"I note you didn't promise that time."

She swats him on the arm. "Ready?"

"Ready."

"Then let's go and see what poker-based shenanigans our fair queen has in store." They step through the door, walking along the corridors to Mister E's.

Lisa shakes her head as they walk up the stairs, "I will never get used to that." she puts her hand on the door, "This is the right room, right?"

"Should be." he waits, "Sarah won't booby-trap the door. That's not the fun part."

"Don't tell her I thought she would."

"Of course not."

Lisa pushes the door open into a darkened room a single lamp hanging over a green baize poker table, the light shining down on the auto-dealer and pile of poker chips in the centre. Two empty chairs sit opposite the open doorway. Around the table, all dressed-up for a casino heist movie, are the Drakes and the Kumars. Somehow smoke seems to hang in the air, despite not a sign of any cigarettes. Stuart pushes his green visor up, checking the pocket watch in his black waistcoat.

"Almost fashionably late. Which would be the first time you've been fashionable in, what, 25 years?"

Peter pulls up a chair, tipping a white Stetson that just appeared on his head, "I made a damn fine baby, though."

"Nope. We beat you to that, too." Sarah smiles, her sparkly green cocktail dress flickering in the light, "She's cuter than you ever were, too."

"You didn't know me when I was young."

"No, but she's cuter than everyone, so..."

"ahem' Did we come here to play poker or just insult each other?"

"Oh, Rafi. Is there a reason we can't do both?"

"When we're playing poker, I prefer 'Fingers' Kumar, maybe Lewisham Fats.." he smiles, fiddling with the heavy gold rings on his fingers.

"Really?"

He shrugs "I'm just here to protect my wife's honour from you rascals."

'Jita pets his shoulder with an opera-gloved hand, "And who's going to protect your honour, Rafi, dear?"

“Well, I was hoping it would be reciprocal...”

“You wish. This is poker night. No mercy.”

“So,” Stuart begins, “for the uninitiated, this is poker night. Texas hold 'em. No wilds. No shenanigans during the round, only between rounds. Stake is £50, ante is 5, and if you run out...”

“We'll get to that later.”

“Apparently we'll get to that later, but for tonight we can definitely rule out betting body parts.”

“Really? That was going to be my secret weapon.” a monkey-like tail flops over her shoulder.

“No magic limb shenanigans today, 'Jita. Maybe next time. Now, and I must stress this, no cheating, no mind-reading, no swapping cards with magic or skill. Those caught will be thrown out, and make my wife very annoyed.”

She nods gravely, “Very.”

“And none of us want that, do we? Also, owing to present company, absolutely no violence, no matter how annoying the other players are.”

“Hey!”

“And no shouting. Grace is asleep, for now, but she has an uncanny ability to hear any even slightly loud noise and wake up to add to it.”

“We get it. Now are we going to talk or bet?”

Stuart lets the autodealer whirr, drawing cards across the table.

Later, 'Jita throws her cards down in disgust. Sarah smiles her Cheshire-Cat-with-cream smile as she pulls the chips across the table. “Are you absolutely sure I can't cash in a tail? It's very cute.”

“Jita...”

“Fine. So, do I have to go all in now?”

Stuart shrugs, “You could. But you can always cash in your outfit for a new stake. We only banned limbs, not all cash ins.”

“Wait, what?”

“You didn't ask about strip poker.” Sarah shrugs.

“I didn't think...”

“'ahem' No need for moral outrage on my part. You can make your own decisions when you get in this position, but my luck is going to change soon. Besides, it's not as if I'm wearing anything, anyway.” her sari seems to melt back into her body, revealing smooth, nipple-less breasts.

“That's cheating.” Sarah half-heartedly protests.

“It is not! What rule am I breaking, precisely? There's nothing that says cashing in clothes means I have to show everybody everything all at once.”

“It takes all the fun out of it.”

“Don't worry, रोब जमाना*. When I take all your clothes, you can show whatever you like.” (*=Hindi for Boss. According to Google Translate)

“With your luck that'll never happen.”

“My luck's going to change.”

Later, Rafi looks at his wife, “When you said your luck was going to change, I assumed you were going to give them all your bad luck, not me.”

“I thought you could handle it, 'Lewisham Fats'.”

“That was bluffing, 'Jita. It is a thing people do in poker.”

“Yeah, yeah, stop stalling, and pay up.”

“I'm out. This perfect body belongs to my wife.”

“It does?” 'Jita smiles.

“Not like that. You aren't putting me into the pot.”

“It would probably count as betting body parts, anyway, just a lot of them all at once.”

“Thank you for your 'support', Peter, it is much appreciated. More than I'm getting from my wife, anyway.”

“Don't pout, Rafi. It doesn't suit you. Can I lend him some of my pot now that my luck's turned?”

"It's your money, but do you think he'd do the same?"

"Of course he would...if he knows what's good for him."

"No. I will not take charity from my wife."

"Fine. You can be my good luck charm. Deal me in."

Rafi moves to stand behind her, resting his head on her shoulder, arms resting over her.

'Jita leans back for a kiss, "Don't get cute, 'Fingers'. One of us needs to look after the money."

"Rassum frassum rassum!"

"Toldja I'd be coming for you." 'Jita grins.

"Yes, well.." Sarah stands up, shimmying out of the dress and sits down, adjusting herself in the seat, "some of us don't intend to cheat others of their payment."

"It's not cheating!"

"Of course not."

"Glad to see you're not bothered, your majesty."

"Not at all. 'Jita can have her little wins."

"Hey!"

"She's not the one I'm after, after all."

Lisa beckons with her hand Matrix-style. "Bring it."

"Well, fuck."

"Not yet. We haven't finished poker."

"That is not what I..."

"Of course not. We all know you didn't mean it like that. Now quit stalling."

Lisa scowls but reaches for her top, muttering under her breath the whole time. She pulls her top off to reveal smooth breasts as featureless as 'Jita's.

"Oh, come on! Is everyone but me going to cheat?"

Lisa smiles, pulling down her jeans as she continues repeating 'modesty mode' quietly.

"Fine. If everyone's going to spoil my fun. But you don't get snacks." she plucks her nipples off, tossing them into her mouth, shivering as she chews and swallows them both. "I do hope you two don't chicken out when it's your turn."

"No, dear."

"Going to complete the job, your Majesty?"

"Not at the moment, Princess Chopped-Liver. However, I can't help but notice that all the men here seem to be fully dressed, while we are in the all-together. Hardly fair. And it seems we should be doing something about that."

Two, not at all deliberate, losses later, although neither deigns to lose their headgear, Sarah is mollified and the game continues until 'Jita loses again, "So, 'Jita, how's that 'looking after the money' going?"

"At least I was in the game, not running like a coward."

"Are you still in the game?" Sarah inquires.

"I have to go all-in, don't I?"

"Only if you want to win things back. I'm sure your luck will turn again."

'Jita looks at Rafi, who shrugs. She worries at her lip. "How long are we all-in for?"

"Only a day or so. I doubt some people would handle longer."

"I don't know what you're talking about but I know you're talking about me."

"Not today, I don't think. I don't trust my 'luck' against these sharks." she pushes the table back.

"We'll just take our losses and let the serious players get on with it."

"Don't forget not to put your 'clothes' back on until you're in your room. You did bet them, after all."

'Rafi graciously takes off his shirt, draping it over 'Jita's shoulders as she gives Sarah the finger over her shoulder as they walk out.

"Ok. So, what does 'all-in' mean?"

Sarah shrugs, "It means you go all in and bet yourself as well as your remaining chips."

"You bet...yourself?"

"Exactly"

Lisa sits quietly as the cards are dealt out, "So, to make sure, I've got it as it might be important. When you say you bet yourself you mean it literally."

"I do." she looks down at her cards, utterly failing to hide her grin.

"So whoever wins gets you as their what? Property?"

"Pretty much."

"So they can do anything to you."

"Pretty much."

"Seems a bit extreme for a 'friendly' poker game."

"One, I never promised friendly.. Two, we're not monsters. It's time-limited. Today just for a day. So when I win, I'll be in charge of you for a day and then it's back to normal. You'll like it, just like you did last time."

"What makes you think..."

She shakes her head. "Please don't try to bluff me that you didn't. It's less convincing than your bluffs in the game."

"Oh, it's on now, your Majesty. Vive la revolution!"

Sarah smiles and waits for the flop.

Sarah scowls theatrically as her all-in bid loses, "Well, that sucks dragon dick."

"Poor, poor Sarah Antoinette.."

"Stuart, make sure you win." she stands up, puts her hand flat on the cards and vanishes.

"What?! Where did she? What just?"

Peter flips the card over revealing Sarah smirking behind the three diamonds. She grins and waves.

"I didn't mention that being all-in doesn't mean you leave the game, did I?"

"No, you didn't. But as you're in there and not me, it doesn't matter."

"Bitch."

"Yeah, yeah, the opinion of a card backing is *very* important to me." she pushes the card back into the deck and lets Stuart deal, ignoring both the tiny moans coming from the cards as they're handled and, especially, the 'advice' Sarah whispers from her hand..

Stuart loses next, joining his wife in the cards. "I thought I told you to win!"

"I did win. I got more time with you."

"That is not the ooooooh." he reaches up, grasping the edge of the card and pulling down, concealing them from view and muting the giggles and moans.

"They're really..."

"Yes."

"Does the next all-in have to join the cards? Because, uhm, I don't think we should interrupt..."

"You could join the chips."

"Me? Oh, no, Magic Boy, you're going down."

"Ok, I could be in the chips instead, then."

"Sounds fun. How about we speed it up?"

"Meaning?"

"One hand. Both all-in."

"Just don't hold it against me when you lose."

"I promise not to, if I do."

"And you're sure about giving yourself over to me if you do lose?"

"I mean, not completely? But it seems to be something I should get better at dealing with. And besides, I'm not the one who's going to lose."

Peter tips his hat and starts the dealer.

One hand later, “Well, fuck.”

“Quite possibly.”

“So, how do I...” she puts her hand on the chip and vanishes, spiralling down to reappear in the central circle of the chips. “...whoa! This is kinda freaky.” She 'moves', her image adjusting on all the chips but keeping her flat, “Very freaky!” She blinks from dozens of identical eyeballs, her view as fractured as a fly-eye camera and then she feels a tugging sliding through her, consolidating into a single image on a single chip, “Whoa! That's a bit betterrrrrrrrr!” a giant hand picks her up, flipping her over and over.

“Time to go.” his clothes reappear around him as he rises from the chair, “Game's over, guys, you can come out whenever. I'll pick up the money later and just take my real winnings home.”