PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 84
VOWS

Peter and Lisa sit on the couch, paper sprawled across the table covered in scribbles and scratched out phrases.
“We don’t say ‘til death us do part’. It’s unlucky.”
”Unlucky?”
”When you’re dealing with people like us, who knows what someone with power saying that will call up? We prefer ‘for a lifetime’.”
”Right. Ok, for a lifetime. And in case it wasn’t clear, we’re not including ’love, honour and especially not obey’.”
”Two out of three ain’t bad.”
”I don’t feel like being cherished, either.”
”Love and honour is enough for me.“
”Fair, I guess.”
”How does this sound? ‘We shall stand shoulder to shoulder against all troubles, equal in all things’?”
”Sounds a bit flowery.”
”It’s our wedding vows. I think we can be a bit flowery.”
”A bit?”
”Besides it was part of my mum and dad’s vows.”
”Emotional blackmail on the vows, Magic Boy? What are you going to do when we have a real argument?”
”The only sensible thing: Say ‘yes, dear’ and give in.”
”I’ll hold you to that, you know.”
”Yes, dear.”
Lisa turns a hard glare to him. “Fine. Whatever.“
”One more thing we need to include. ‘There will be no secrets between us.’”
”No secrets?”
”None. That’s what I promise you. Complete transparency.”
She flashes a glance at the ring sitting tightly invisible on her finger, “No secrets. Sounds good to me.” she looks at another of the pile of papers, “Have you got anyone else on your side for the wedding? I’m outnumbering you so much it feels unfair.”
”Uncle Charlie’s said yes. He’ll be bringing his family. Mike, probably not with whole the entourage. I’ve asked Malcolm but I doubt he’ll be there. Stuart. Tony. The gaming crowd. That’ll do me.”
”You’ve barely got enough people for groomsmen. I’ve got cousins coming out of my ears.”
”I’ve got a small family.”
”And no friends, apparently.”
”It doesn’t bother me. You’re just more sociable.”
“Fine, fine.“
”If it bothers you, we can invite them to the reception but not the wedding.”
”No, it’s fine. How are we dealing with Carrie?”
”What do you mean?”
“You know what I mean. Is she allowed to be there? While she’s…”
”Yes. And we can make sure she behaves.”
”Can we?”
”As much as Carrie can behave. But certainly behave regarding the wild magic.”
“Right. That. If she behaves too well, Mum’ll get suspicious anyway.”
”Probably.”

Later, the papers have become somewhat organised piles rather than spread out over the entire table.

Lisa leans back with a heavy sigh. “Finally. I don’t know what’s more stressful: getting married or the IAG. Not to mention Carrie and, you know, my actual job!”
”Sounds like someone needs some relaxing…”
”I can hear that twinkle, Magic Boy. What do you want to do to poor little me?”
”A reduction…”
”Good start.”
”Not a massage, but…”
”But by the end I’ll be…gone?”
”By the end you’ll be gone. I’ll bring you back before bed.”
”I mean, you don’t absolutely *have* to bring me back that soon.”
”Tomorrow morning?”
”Mmmmmm. That sounds better. Especially if no one gives me any shit about how into all this I’m getting.”
”Yes, dear.”
“I’d better be so relaxed I can’t swat you for that. Otherwise…”
”Of course. Just close your eyes and relax.”
”Not taking my clothes off? I’m almost…” she shivers as her clothes vaporise off her skin, “…there’s my Magic Boy.”
”Arm.”
”Sooooo commanding.” she holds out her arm, feeling him wrap a soft fluffy towel around it, rubbing her vigorously out of existence, her skin tingling as it fades away leaving nothing but a warm memory behind. Lisa starts to relax as the knots of muscle tension vanish under the towel.
“Arm or leg?” she asks.
”Arm first. You’re not going to kick me.”
”Not if you do a good job.” she replies, holding out her other arm to erase.
Slowly she fells herself falling away, getting less and less. Arms, legs, her stomach, all vanishing away. Getting more and more reduced. She feels the towel on her head, her brain fading away. So much easier to relax when you can’t think properly, moaning softly as her face settles in its new home.
For a moment Peter pauses and she almost opens her eyes, but it’s far too much hassle.
“Mmmmmmore.” she purrs and the towel returns, her face vanishing under it. The towel rubs away her hips, her sex, everything…except for a single breast sitting on the sofa, one nipple pointing out hard. She feels Peter squeezing her like that, teasing her, raising her arousal with nowhere for it to go. And then the towel envelops what remains of her body and she’s gone.
Peter puts the towel down and lifts up his phone. “Dr Black? Peter Stafford. Is Carrie being used for anything tonight? No? Can you put it through the portal? You just said it wasn’t being used for anything. I have something in mind for it. Thank you, Doctor. I’ll have it back before morning.”

In the morning, Peter places the smooth, blank sphere back on its pedestal for transportation, “You’re really remarkably convenient when Lisa’s not around. Wipe memory from just before leaving SAT to just after arriving back.”
The sphere shudders and goes still, waiting silently for its forgotten sojourn to end.
Peter returns to the bedroom, covering the bed with the duvet. Slowly the duvet rises up as someone grows from nothingness beneath it. Lisa’s moan emerges muffled until she has enough arm to throw the covering back.
”Mmmmmmmmmorning, Magic Boy. I hope you weren’t too lonely last night.”
”Morning, sleepy head.” he shrugs, ”I managed.”
”Well, I hope you didn’t get tooooo exhausted without me.”
”You’re usually the reason I’m tired.” he smiles, “I’m fine.”
“You’d better be.” she reaches up to drag him down onto the bed. He doesn’t resist very hard.

Some time later, once they manage to disentangle themselves from the duvet and each other, Peter

reaches for his phone, “Did you enjoy that?”
”Bit late to be asking for a performance review, Magic Boy.”
”Not that that, the last night that.”
”Oh, that that. I loved it. Why? Shouldn’t I?”
He holds up the phone showing a single breast lying on the couch.
”As if I didn’t know you were taking ‘liberties’ at the end.”
”How about this?” he swipes to an earlier photo, showing her eyes closed, face in a pleased half-smile sitting on top of her waist, her breasts framing her glistening lower lips.
Lisa stares, “What is…? Wait!! You Mimi-ed me?!! What?”
”Sometimes you just need a push to try something.”
”A push?Are you and Sarah colluding?!”
“Not intentionally.”
“You’re just trying to make me say yes to Carrie’s damn sex-toy outfit, aren’t you?”
”Not necessarily.”
”Oh, really?”
”I think the picture proves I don’t need to use the Minimal Lover Suit.”
”You know I hate that…”
”Did you?”
”What?”
”Did you hate it?”
”I didn’t know I was…which is exactly your sneaky point, isn’t it? That I enjoyed it before my brain ’sabotages’ my enjoyment by thinking about it too much.”
”Pretty much.”
”You could have…”
”You’d have said no.”
”That doesn’t sound better!”
”I meant, you’d have said no out of hand. Now that you know what it feels like, what’s your answer?”
”My answer is…you’re a sneaky bastard and I’m not going to reward you for it by suddenly changing my mind.”
”Which isn’t a no.”
”Do you want to make it a no, Magic Boy? Then keep pushing. Let me…let me think about this.”
”Yes, dear.”
”Also, you’re making me breakfast in bed as reward for letting you live, you sneaky arsehole.”
”Yes, dear.”