

## PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 85

### REMOTE WORKING

Peter looks at his latest email, "Huh."

Lisa looks up from her book, "What?"

"SAT have..."

She rolls her eyes, "What have they done to Carrie now?"

"Uhm...you should probably have a look at Dr Black's email."

"Oh, that fills me with confidence." she puts the book aside and walks over to him. "Ok, Magic Boy. Show me."

He twists the monitor towards her, "Ok. 'Performance and integration monitoring...' Translate into human, please."

"They've set up a program that monitors Carrie and outputs regular reports."

"On?"

"Mostly on her mana and how its distributing. Dr Black thinks they can use it to isolate any activity that burns off more than it produces. Then they can use that to keep her mana build-up under control."

"That's...sensible. And certainly not something that you'd want to show me. So, what else does it do?"

"They also set up an app that..."

"An app?"

"...that means you can transmit commands to Carrie via the app rather than verbally."

"Sounds like a remote control."

"Kinda."

"And why did they do that, exactly?"

"Actually safety."

"Really?" she replies sceptically. "Given previous behaviour, forgive me if I have...doubts."

"Because the app feeds into the reporting system, it means that any instructions get recorded so if someone tries to..."

"To make her a sex toy?"

"Exactly. Dr Black also plans to integrate verbal commands into the app so..."

"So no matter how she's changed, the app records it."

"Right."

"So, you had to tell me because if I just heard app and remote control, you figured I'd have gone spare."

"Would I be wrong?"

"Probably not. Is she asking or telling?"

He scans the email. "Both."

"Both?"

"She's telling us she's implementing it for SAT and asking if we want the app."

"Do we? I'm certainly not planning on playing mad scientist with my little sister. Are you, Magic Boy?"

He pauses.

Lisa sighs, "Of course you are." she rolls her eyes, "Fine. Get us set up. At least we'll be able to monitor SAT better."

"Ok. I'll just..."

"Of course, this will mean I have to trust you with my little sister. And I think I'll need some convincing."

"Convincing?"

"Mmmmm. I think some kitty Lisa time with lots of petting *might* just convince me."

Later in the evening, kitty Lisa snuggles in Peter's lap as he strokes his hand along her side, the air

filled with purrs. “Oh.”

”Oh? Oh what?”

”I had an idea. Never mind. It won’t work.”

”Oh? Ohhhhhh, it was *that* kind of idea. The kind that gets my naughty master scratched.”

”Always something to avoid.”

”Definitely. But you’ve told me there’s an idea now, so tell me your awful, horrible, no good idea, before I get completely the wrong idea and scratch you up on principle, anyway.”

”If I tell you, will you promise not to scratch me up?”

”Of course not. My mousey boy needs to learn.”

”Fine. That’s a risk I’ll just have to take.”

”Don’t stop stroking, either, Magic Boy. You’re already paying me off for agreeing.”

”Yes, my feline mistress.” he resumes stroking, his hand pressing her soft fur against her not equally soft skin. “So, it’s connected to Carrie...”

”Of course.”

”...and especially the app.”

”Also of course. What are you planning to do to my baby sister with it?”

”Oh, nothing to her.”

”Nothing? Then what are we...’to her’? So, you mean to use it on someone else. Someone like, say, me? Something that involves a remote-control app? Dangerous territory to be walking on, Magic Boy?”

”I did say.”

”You did. Keep saying. As far as I know, only Carrie has an app.”

”True. At the moment.”

”Uhhhhhh-huh.” she flexes her claws.

”But, Carrie being programmable means we can see how things work and then we can apply those...”

”There’s a lot of ‘we’ in there, Magic Boy. But you’ll be the one applying them, and I’ll be the one being applied to, right?”

”That is true.”

”So, what are you planning to do to me that needs the app? I mean, you can do just about anything to me anyway, can’t you?”

”If you let me.”

”Is that what you’re trying to get around with the app? Because that’s definitely a clawing situation. Possibly a lightsabre situation.”

”No, no, no. We’d need to make sure that isn’t a concern.”

”Claws in. For now. But keep talking.”

”It’s not so much doing something to you. Like you said, I can do that anyway. But something like the app would mean we could record exactly what is going on.”

”That doesn’t sound so bad. Where’s the ‘and’?”

”That would mean we could implement them more easily into Carrie. It would also mean we can implement functions Carrie has to you.”

”Annnnnnd there it is.”

”As a side benefit, it would also make it easier for SAT to implement anything we create into a product. We could work out a licensing deal and...”

”That’s more interesting. Money is always good. Although I’m not sure how I’d like *some* of the things you do to me going public. Especially to SAT.”

”Fair.”

”Fine. Let me think on it, Magic Boy. See how you could exploit me before I’ve put in the guardrails. For now, get back to petting. You owe me another hour for not shredding you when I should have.”

A Chancery Lane coffee shop, the unofficial second office of the UKAG, “So, I asked for some time...”

“You said maybe instead of yes? Again?! How are you still pulling the exact same bullshit?”

"Hey! It's not like that this time. I said 'yes, but...' I need to think through how to make sure it doesn't get out of hand. And you're better at that."

"Flattery? From you? What have you done with the real Lisa?"

"I can stop talking to you if you're going to be all Sarah about it, you know."

"I'm sure you can. So, serious-ish. What's the worry?"

Lisa suddenly takes a deep interest in her coffee, "It's just...linking me to an app. Kinda makes me feel like a subscription service."

"Which you're clearly fine with as you didn't say no."

"Hey! A little support here?"

Tabitha shrugs. "You're a big girl. You can make your own stupid decisions. You're ostensibly here to ask for my help putting guardrails in. So, less existential bullshit, more practical concerns. What's the worry?"

"It's based on the Carrie app. He's got complete control over her. They even made a fucktoy personality they could call up on demand."

"That is definitely a practical concern. So, no personality changes." she makes a note.

"Do you always carry a notepad with you?"

"Yes. What else could it do?"

"I don't know. With Carrie, it's an anything app. All her changes are in there. Everything about her's a feature they can edit."

"That's pretty broad for guardrails."

"I know."

"Simple solution. Require approval before he does anything. Even better, you put the app on your phone, not his so you have more control. Even even better, both."

"I guess."

"However, what's really bothering you about this?"

"What?"

"Peter can do all this already, right? He doesn't need an app for it. So this is something else, unless you just don't like the vibe. Tell your Auntie Tabitha all."

"You've been hanging around Sarah too much."

"One, that's not an answer. Two, not really. No one in the community wants to hang around me except you. I work for Sarah sometimes, sure, but she's not the one I'm going out for coffee with."

"Oh."

"So..."

"I don't know what's bothering me. I guess the app recording everything we do..."

"Kinky."

"Not like that! Well, hopefully not like that. But, it would be recording what we do magically. Maybe even setting it down like a package you can export. I don't know how I'd feel about..."

"About other people knowing all your kinky secrets? Probably pretty bad. Of course, I'm not the one you need to be having this discussion with."

"I know."

"You just need to hear it from someone else before it gets through your 'I can handle it' shell. And now you have. However, a question."

"About my kinky secrets?"

"No. But if you absolutely must tell someone about them, I'll definitely listen. This app idea. It records what happens to you magically, yes?"

"I think so."

"Then you, Peter and I need to have a talk."

"Because?"

"Because that kind of logging could be very handy for us."

"Us?"

"AG us. Letting assistants know exactly what magical bullshit's been pulled could be reassuring. But I'll need to know how it works first."

That night, “Ok, Magic Boy. You can install the app on my phone, but the rules are the same as any other bullshit we get up to: I agree first.”

“Of course.” he bends down to kiss her forehead.

“And you definitely don't send any magic code from it to SAT without my approval.”

“Ok.”

“And you definitely definitely don't send anything from Carrie's app to it without me...”

“Of course.”

“You're too reasonable.”

“One of us has to be.”

“Hey! You're not fully out of being scratched territory, you know.”

“I'll be careful.”

“Good Mousey Magic Boy.”