

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 87

INTERMISSION

The headquarters of the UKAG, “And we’re done for today. No major...”

”Don’t jinx it!”

”Really?”

”I’ve learned lately if you tempt fate enough, it will respond.”

”Fine. You can stay here and look busy for yourself all you like. But I am...” her email blinks.

”Don’t say anything.”

Lisa draws a halo around her head but doesn’t bother to hide the triumphant smirk as she does so.

”Hah. It’s not a problem, after all. It’s just someone else wanting to join and get our signing on bonus. So the opposite of a problem.”

”Just for the signing on bonus?”

”The specifically mention the app, so yeah. Our good work isn’t what attracts people. Everyone just wants a new toy.”

Lisa sighs.

”Hey, don’t go getting down on me. They’re still joining. Even with the subs starting. So we’re doing some...” Another ping of the email, “Why is everyone emailing me right before I leave for a nice relaxing evening?”

”Well...”

”Don’t even say it. Oh, another one for the magician complaints pile. Also about the app.”

”Same complaint?”

”Uh-huh. Blah blah ‘intellectual property theft’ blah blah ‘official complaint’, the usual. Still blaming us rather than SAT.”

”It’s not like we’re making them!”

”Reality doesn’t matter to a good rant.”

”Pass it on to Dr Black with the others. Not our problem.”

”Until it is.”

”Now who’s being crazy?”

”Not crazy, prepared. This many complaints will lead somewhere and we need to figure out what we do.”

”It’s not...”

”Still need a strategy to deal with it.”

”How much do you want to bet this is really about their kinks being exposed?”

”What do you mean?”

Lisa opens the app on her phone, scrolling through. “Here. Perfect example. Here is a ‘girl to motorcycle’ trick. Perfectly legitimate. Perfectly suitable for the stage.”

”So?”

”Annnnd here is the ‘sexy’ version.” she shows the app, a naked woman with silver skin and wheels between her wrists and ankles, her body stretched out and leaning forward, legs bent, the magician sitting on her raised rear, “Also uploaded to the site. Which one do you think magicians are really more likely to complain about being there?”

”I see your point. But maybe all out attack isn’t the best defence in this case.”

”This from you?”

”I’m just saying calling people perverts isn’t as effective when a) it’s a self-evident truth and b) your glasshouse looks a little bit frosted itself.”

”My...”

”Is kitty Lisa not a perverted little furry kink?”

Lisa mouth opens to say something and closes again.

It’s Tabitha’s turn to smirk. “That’s what I thought. Let she who is without kink throw the first dildo. Now, I really am going. And so should you. If nothing else, you’ve got something new to try out with your boyfriend.”

"You're just jealous."

"Insanely. Don't do anything I wouldn't do." she waves over her shoulder and goes to her desk to close down her laptop.

"Magic doesn't work on you!"

"I said wouldn't, not couldn't." she smiles, waving over her shoulder.

Later, "...not practical. I mean, look at the rear wheel. If it's big enough to balance, it'll be spinning right in her..."

"Magicians do something utterly impractical for nookie? Say it ain't so."

"You're the one who showed it to me."

"True. I just didn't expect to get a critique of its performance as a bike as a first port of call."

"Biketaur's much more practical but a bitch to actually use without..."

"Bike what?"

"Biketaur. Like a centaur but with a motorbike instead of a horse."

Lisa considers that possible form. "Didn't see one, I don't think. And no, I'm not about to let you 'show me' how it would work." She stabs a fork into the too dry chicken. "How come you can cook brilliantly at the weekend and during the week it's..." she hold up the offending poultry.

Peter shrugs, "Carrie's home on the weekends."

"What does..." she blinks, "...you mean every weekend, every decent meal we've had, I've been eating Carrie?! Even after..."

"You didn't say no. Just that you had to get used to the idea."

"And, of course, this is your idea of getting me used to it!" She blinks several times, "Fine."

"Fine?"

"You've ground me down, Magic Boy. Fine. Carrie is on the menu, I guess."

"I mean, if you want to be ground down to join her..."

"Do *not* fucking push it, Magic Boy."

Later in the week, Lisa's mobile rings on her desk. She glances down, wondering what Carrie's done *this* time, but it's Ola calling rather than any magical trouble. Of course, the other kind of trouble is still on the table. She picks it up. "Hey, O."

"Hey yourself, L."

"To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I've got it."

"Good. Got what?"

"I've booked our hen day."

"Hen...day?"

"I've got a lot to pack in to give you an appropriate send-off to the single life."

"What, exactly, have you booked for me, O?"

"No spoilers."

"O..."

"It'll be fine, L. You know me."

"That's why I'm worried."

"Bish. You made me Maid of Honour. You knew what you were getting into."

"Trouble?"

"L, have I ever steered you wrong?"

"Well..."

"Apart from those times!"

"Of course. Obviously, all *those* times don't count."

"You were just as much a bad influence on me, L. I'm just repaying the favour. And make sure your inferior bestie and your sister and, what's her name, that lawyer you brought along to the fittings to keep us in line, make sure they all save the dates, too. It'll be great. And, no, you can't chicken out. If I have to drag you out of a meeting with your boss by your ginger fucking hair, you know I will."

"I'm fairly sure you're not supposed to threaten the bride before her big day, O."

"I know you! And, just so we're clear, you will be there. Even if I have to handcuff you at the start of the festivities rather than the end!"

"I'll be there."

"I know, L. Kiss kiss."

Lisa puts the phone down, staring at it. "What was I thinking? This is going to be a disaster. A wonderful, beautiful, debauched, friendship-shaped disaster but a disaster, nonetheless."

That night, Lisa sits curled up on the sofa, her phone resting on her knees, eyes flicking between the screen and Peter, "You're sure I can't make her tell me?"

"Do you really want to spoil the surprise?"

Lisa sighs, "How are we going to get Carrie to this thing? Without arousing suspicion? And as Carrie and not something inconspicuous."

"Well, there go plans A through D."

"Very funny, Magic Boy."

"You weren't expecting a whole plan, were you?"

"I was...oh, of course that's the best seller."

"What?" She shows him the screen, a red starburst against 'inflatable chest enhancement', "Yeah, not shocking."

"No. Embiggening is the new..." she stops as her chest pushes out against her top, "...PETER!!"

"It's not me!"

"Well, I haven't..."

"You did say embiggen..."

Lisa gasps as she swells again. "You can stop that right now!"

"It's not me!"

"Well, I'm not wearing the suit so...are you telling me if people say embig..." she stops herself, "...that word, I'm going to..." she gestures at her chest.

"Apparently."

"Great. Carrie-itis is catching."

"It's probably just the normal kind of your body getting used to the magic."

"That still presents a problem."

"Would you like me to shrink them?"

"Let me guess, the only way to do that is let you squeeze these fucking stupid melons back into shape?"

"Well, that would be the most fun way."

Lisa pauses, "Ok, Magic Boy, you've got a point but you need to fix this right after I'm back to normal."

"Of course. Just let me get more to work with."

"More to...no, don't you dare! Don't you..."

"Embiggen."

"Peter! You are a dead..."

"Embiggen."

"Peter!!!"