

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 99

GOING STAG

Peter leans back in the booth of the pub, phone to his ear, "I know it sucks, but..."

"But superstitions are a thing."

"And sometimes they're more than a thing. And it is for just one night."

"One night where you can come sneaking back in at whatever time with whatever floozy you like."

"Exactly. Just one night. I promise to clean up afterwards."

"Oh, please. You have higher standards than a random stripper, magic boy."

"Do I? I mean, I am marrying..."

"I can still call it all off, you know. And then you'll have to deal with Mum."

"Isn't that a violation of the Geneva convention?"

"Probably. You think I care?"

"No."

"Good. You understand things. I'll see you at the hall."

"Don't be late."

"I'm the bride. I'm allowed."

"Love you."

"Love you, too."

He closes the call and looks seriously across the table. "I know you heard. Sleeping with a random stripper is off the agenda."

Stuart looks annoyed, "You're going to throw my schedule right off."

"Poor you. I can always sic Lisa on you, if you'd prefer."

"Now who's violating the Geneva convention?"

"No one. Yet."

"And where is Tony? He was supposed to be here by now..."

"Stu, it's fine. It will all be fine."

"Easy for you to say. I've got to juggle half a dozen schemes to embarrass you in front of people, but that needs the people here."

"Half a dozen?"

"I know you. You'll spot some of them." he smiles wickedly, "But not all. And that's why you made me your best man."

"While we're waiting for the mundane contingent to arrive, are you sure..."

Peter holds up his hand, "Yes, Mike, I'm sure."

"I know you're getting married. Nothing I say will stop that. But the vows..."

"What about the vows?"

"Do you have any idea how much trouble that promise to be equal got your father into?"

"No. But I won't have my wife feeling inferior to me."

"I tried. And then you compound that unnecessary risk by promising no secrets?! My boy, no relationship can possibly survive 100% honesty. At the very least, you have to be able to say she looks fantastic when she doesn't."

"That won't be a problem. She always looks fantastic."

"Young love. It will wear off."

"Uncle Mike, enough. If you don't want to be part of this, part of what is hopefully one of the happiest days of my life," he takes a deep breath, "feel free to let the door hit you on the way out."

Mike blinks, "I'm sorry, my boy. I am just trying to protect you in a way I couldn't protect your father. You're making big decisions without knowing all the outcomes and...no, I've said my piece. You're a grown man now. You make your own decisions, even if I don't agree" he leans back and raises his glass, "I wish you all the happiness in the world. To the happy couple."

"The happy couple." the other mages reply.

At which point Tony finally arrives, "Sorry. There was a, you know what, never mind, what's everyone having?"

A round follows, then another, and another before Stuart finally manages to get their attention and another before he can get them all corralled enough to follow him to the room upstairs, set aside for private parties and currently rented out for just that. The small private bar is open, and behind one of the tables, sits one of his surprises for Peter. She's dressed in a feminine version of a traditional magician's outfit: a black jacket with a white button-down blouse and black bow tie. A top hat sits on her raven tresses while fishnets and black hot pants cling tightly to her legs under the table. She smiles ruby red lips, "So, which one of you handsome men is the groom to be?"

The others push Peter forward. He stumbles but manages not to crash face first into the magician.

"So, you're familiar with find the lady, I assume?" she flips over three cards, showing the queen of hearts, and the jacks of spades and clubs. "Watch the lady closely. She's a tricky one." her hands shuffle the cards around, "So, where is she hiding?"

Peter puts his finger on the left card.

She smiles in return and flips the card over to reveal the queen. "Well, that doesn't count. It was just for practice. Shall we play for real?"

Peter looks up, "What stakes?"

"For you, shall we say a fiver a time?"

"And for you?"

She glances over at Stuart, "Well, how about if you win," she runs her hand from her neck downwards, "I start slipping into something more comfortable?"

Peter looks over his shoulder, "The start of your shenanigans?"

"One of them." Stuart smiles in response.

"Sure. Let's go with that."

"Now, remember, watch closely, the lady's a tricky one." Once again her hands swipe the cards around the table.

Peter selects the left card again.

She flips over the middle card, showing the queen, "Awwww, so close. I hope you have better luck finding your lady, handsome. Another?"

Three more failures follow before Peter lets the others start taking turns, to no greater success. "So, is the plan to fleece me completely, Stu?"

Stuart takes a drink, "As If I'd spoil my plan for you."

"Hey, bachelor boy, come take another turn. You're the only one to find her yet, even in practice."

He returns to the table. The cards spread. He picks the middle and flips the queen over himself.

"Seems like she's not so tricky if you treat her right."

The magician looks surprised at the card. But reaches up, undoing her bow tie to let it hang loosely.

"Again?" Peter asks.

"Sure. You can get lucky once."

He picks the left next time, flipping over the queen again. She places her top hat brim up on the table.

"Again?"

Again he picks the queen, and she shucks off her jacket, placing it over the back of her chair.

"Ok, that'll do. I know when I'm the one being hustled."

Peter tries to look innocent. He isn't sober enough to completely pull it off.

"Well, I'm not gambling with you again." she collects her winnings, sticking them into the hat, "So you're going to have to just be members of the audience." They arrange themselves on a leather sofa that's seen many better days. She scratches her head with a wand that's appeared from nowhere while they were organising. "first, we'll begin with something traditional, pulling a rabbit from the hat." she lifts up the hat, showing them the felt interior is empty and replaces it on the table. "Now, observe and be am..." she pulls out the 'rabbit', the plastic buzzing in her hand, "whoops! Wrong rabbit." she drops it back into the hat, "That's, uhm, that's for after the show." there's slightly drunken laughter, "Hey, a girl's got needs, you know? Anyway, let's move on." she pulls out a bright blue balloon, stretching it between her fingers, "So, which of you guys can blow the best?" another

round of laughter, "The balloon! Jeex, your minds are fil-thy."

Peter finds himself pushed up again. "Ok, big boy, give me your best blow." she hands him the balloon. He dutifully takes a deep breath and blows. The balloon flops about but doesn't inflate at all. The magician adjusts her apparently tighter blouse. "Never mind ,that happens to some guys. Give it another try." Another blow, more flopping. She seems to become a little flushed. "One last time..." another blow resulting in the balloon not blowing up at all. The magician pushes her chest forward to make it appear that she's grown in response, which they clearly can't have, before sending Peter back to the sofa to the less than gentle ribbing of the others.

"So, as that was a bust, let's try something else." she drops the balloon back into her hat and reaches in, pulling out brightly coloured bunting on a cord. She keeps pulling the bunting out to reveal that among the coloured triangles are letters reading 'ENJOY' YOUR and then the party laugh as a lacy bra appears in the middle of the bunting, "Hey!" she pauses, patting her chest, but then continues gamely to reveal the letters for 'LAST NIGHT' before she has to stop when a pair of skimpy panties appears. She blushes, "I really hope those don't belong to any of you." she shifts nervously but continues finishing the bunting with 'OF FREEDOM'.

With some drunken help, she hangs the bunting, and underwear, around the room before returning to the table. "Ok, guys, for this I'm going to need to borrow a watch from the audience."

"Oh, no, I know this trick."

"Not me."

Stuart finally, and reluctantly offers his up.

"Chill, I'm not going to take a hammer to it." she covers the watch with a cloth, waving her wand over it. "Ta da!" she pulls the cloth away, the watch still very visible on the table. Even as the sleeves of her blouse are very visibly not there, even if her white cuffs still are, exposing her plump breasts that seem several sizes too large to be comfortable in the bra hanging from the wall. "That's not right. Let's try again." again, she passes the wand over the cloth and reveals that the watch is still there. This time her fishnets have vanished instead. "One last time." More gestures with increasingly energy and this time, it's her blouse that disappears. She gives a little yelp, tries to cover herself and as the wand is still in hand only succeeds in vanishing her hot-pants leaving her naked behind the table, to applause and whistles.

After a few seconds, she smiles, walking around the table, shimmying up to them, "I do hope you all enjoyed that piece of magic." she looks down, "And from the looks of your magic wands, you certainly did. Now, scoot up and give a lady some room." she forces her way into the quartet, pressing herself against Peter especially. She leans in blowing into his ear and whispers softly, "Hello, Owner. I am yours. Have fun with me tonight."

Peter manages not to choke or spit out his beer despite that.

Carrie, still in 'disguise', although not clothes, spends the rest of the night flirting with everyone, rubbing against Peter at every opportunity until the bar closes.

"One last magic trick, for such a wonderful audience." she taps the wand on her head and disappears in a cloud of sparkly pink smoke, taking her outfit and props with her.

The rest of the evening passes in a variety of bars, but with no repetition of the entertainment until it's time to leave.

With muttered promises of revenge on his best man, Peter fumbles for the keys to his flat and stumbles inside. He manages to make his way to his bedroom where he finds a still quite naked Carrie lying in bed waiting for him. She looks up as he enters the room,. "Finally. I've been edging myself for hours."

"What? How? Why?"

"Well, when the Keeper of London says he wants you to help with your future brother-in-law's stag do, you don't have all that much of a choice. Especially when you're a mere toy like me."

"I...Stuart sent you here?"

"Oh, no, this is your idea. I've spent all evening teasing you and doing magic and I am horny as fuck, and under those circumstances, if Sis isn't around, I have to present myself to you for a good

fucking. So, Owner, there's only one thing left to say.” she pauses, her body collapses inwards and soon there is just a small, rounded off pink cube on the bed, licking its lips, “Your fuckbox is ready to serve.”