

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 44

PURRFECTION

“What are you working on, Magic Boy?”

“Lightsabre.”

“Carrie's?”

“Mmmhmm. I'm behind. Should have had it done for Christmas.”

“Says who?”

He sighs, fiddling with the half-open black rod, “Me.”

“And a normal person?”

He sighs again, “Stop that. I'm supposed to be the reasonable one, remember?”

“Yeah, yeah. All work and no plays makes Peter get murdered by his bored girlfriend.”

“And people say you can't do subtle.” he pushes the open black rod across the table.

“I can do subtle. I just don't.”

“Yes, dear.”

“You can be murdered for things other than being a dull boy, you know.”

“Yes, dear.”

There's a crackling hum behind him, blue light coating the table. “Lise, every time we fight with those things, you lose.”

“Because you cheat!”

“Well, yes, but...” he holds out his hand, the light sabre flying out to land in his palm, “...that is the nature of the dark side, little Jedi.”

“True.” she shoves her light sabre through his neck and yanks it sideways. “But Jedi learn fast.”

Peter's head drops into his lap, “Well, that was uncalled for.”

“I win?”

“Yes, yes, you win. Your journey to the dark side has begun.” he lifts up his head, twisting it from side to side.

“You're a very poor loser”

Peter turns his head right around to look at her, “Look who's talking.”

“I'm allowed to.”

“Why?”

“Because I say so.”

Peter twists his head back and forth to settle it, “Well, as long as there's a reason.”

“So...”

“So?”

“So, now that I've won...”

“By cheating.”

“So now that I've won,” she repeats, “what do I win?”

Peter pauses, thinking, “A makeover.” he eventually replies.

“A makeover?? What does that...” she feels her skin tingling, feeling the warm breeze caressing her.

“What are you up to?”

“Giving you your prize.”

Lisa glowers at him, feeling a prickling across her skin as ginger fur spreads over her body. She bites her lip, yelping as her teeth sharpen. Her ears sink into her head, pointed replacements pushing through her hair, her pupils stretching into slits. And then she feels the pressure building at the base of her spine, feeling a tail pushing out against her underwear. She grimaces, undoing her belt and jeans with her furry fingers, allowing her tail to wriggle free, twitching behind her. She looks down at her fingers as the nails harden into tiny claws, flexing them.

“mew' So, this is your idea of a makeover? 'mew'”

“Mmmhmmmm.” Peter replies, keeping his mouth closed to prevent any sort of laughter escaping.

Lisa looks down at her claws, pressing a fingertip against one. She smiles, her fangs gleaming,

“mew' Someone likes to live dangerously. 'mew'”

“Honestly, you're probably not that much more dangerous now than usually.”

“'mew' Glad you noticed. 'mew' So, is my little mousey going to run? 'mew'”

“Head start?”

“'mew' Couple of minutes. 'mew' Would have been longer but you had to put the ridiculous catgirl voice in, 'mew' Now run, mousey. 'mew'”

Peter runs.

Later, Lisa curls up against Peter in their bed, sheets tossed around them, red lines scored along his back, “Ow. Ok, claws are a bad idea.”

“'mew' Poor baby. 'mew' Want me to lick them better? 'mew'”

“I'll be fine. They're not deep.”

“'mew' Sorry. 'mew' I really didn't mean to...”

“I know. But it was a bit stupid of me not to at least make them retractable.”

“'mew' As if that would make a difference, mousey. 'mew'”

“Right. Cat. Claws. Got it.”

Lisa grins, “'mew' Yup, just as you made me. 'mew' Maybe next time, you should make yourself a proper mouseboy for me to chase. 'mew'”

“Maybe.”

“'mew' I'll hold you to that, my mousey magic boy. 'mew'”

“Yes, dear. Time to change...”

“'mew' Do you have to? 'mew' I quite like this. 'mew'”

“Do you promise not to pounce on me when I'm working?”

“'mew' You take all the fun out of this. 'mew'” she pouts.

“Of course, there might be a solution...”

“'mew' I recognise that gleam, mousey. 'mew' What are you planning? 'mew'”

“Well,” he reaches up to scratch between her ears, sending Lisa purring, “how would you like to be a girl cat rather than a cat girl?”

“'mew' A cat? 'mew'”

“Mmmhmm.”

“'mew' You want to turn me into a cat? 'mew' For how long? 'mew'”

“Probably not more than a couple of months.”

“'mew' Months?! 'fsssss'” she skitters back, hackles rising, her back arching, tail going stiff.

“Ok, ok, tonight.”

Lisa's fur slowly flattens, “'mew' You always meant just tonight, didn't you? 'mew' Didn't scratch you hard enough, mousey. 'mew'”

“Is that a yes?”

“'mew' How much will I be me? 'mew' When I'm a cat. I mean. 'mew'”

“You'll be you, Lisa. The cat instincts might kick in, but you're not going to forget you're you.”

“'mew' Ok, mousey. 'mew' But there'd better be belly rubs. 'mew'”

“Yes, dear.” he reaches out, rubbing her belly fur. Lisa squirms on the bed as she begins to shrink, her body lengthening, fingers pulling into her paws. Her hair pulls inwards, levelling out into a pattern in the fur coat, her nose flattening, whiskers twitching across her lip. And soon, in Lisa's place is a squirming, purring, ginger molly, arms and legs splayed as she's fussed.

“And now I can get some work done.” he pushes himself up, looking around for his clothes. Lisa expresses her disapproval of the lack of petting with a sharp meow, walking over to pat at Peter's arm, starting with the pads but her look up at him clearly indicates claws remain a viable option. Peter still manages to get up and dressed, walking back to the table, despite Lisa weaving affectionately around his legs. He sets the lightsabre aside, pulling out a small pair of plastic taps. Lisa leaps up onto the table, prowling around, before curling up directly in front of him, one half-open eye daring him to try to work now.

That evening, once Lisa has migrated to Peter's lap and only occasionally reaches up to bat

whatever interesting thing happens to be in his hands, the phone rings. Peter looks down, and decides to let it float to his hand rather than risk wrath by moving, “Hello, Peter....hi, Tracy. Carrie's a what? For how long? Have you tried pulling out the stem? And it doesn't work? No, no, I'll come over.” he feels Lisa shift in his lap, the prick of claws pushing through his trousers, accompanied by one green eye half opening, “...later tonight....No, she'll be fine....Yes, I suppose you could deflate her if you wanted. Right. Bye, Tracy.” he hangs up, “Your sister...” he reaches down, stroking Lisa, to purrs, “...is becoming a royal pain.” Lisa gently butts her head against his hand, refusing to let her sister interrupt the far more important activity of petting.



This work by [Paul Watson](#) is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-No Derivative Works 2.0 UK: England & Wales License](#).

Permissions beyond the scope of this license may be available at <mailto:magicbookshelf@blueyonder.co.uk>.