

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 46

BAGGAGE

"Remind me why I agreed to this again."

"Because you love me, of course." Carrie smiles. "And you did agree to let me practice on you."

"Didn't our agreement run out in January?"

"It did. And yet here we all are." She sweeps her hand around the warehouse-like corridor. Lisa grimaces, her body stretched out along a long matt black table, the casters on its eight legs locked in place. She flexes her fingers and toes, feeling the soft cuffs around her wrists and ankles, the uncomfortably obvious gap under her waist.

"So I'm guessing you want to cut me in half?"

"Am I really that transparent?" she pulls out a foot long black rod, glaring at it until the blue light ignites.

"No, that was me. Remember?"

"Oh, pish, I totally know what I did wrong that time. Besides, your boyfriend designed these things so that anyone could use them. Even if he didn't tell me about the purple one."

"Purple?" Peter asks.

"You know, the force ghost one?"

"The what?"

The blue light flickers, dimming as it changes to purple. "You know the one that does this." she pushes the glowing blade into Lisa's side.

"Hey! What eeeep!" and Lisa drops through the table to the floor, her skin translucently glowing. She clambers up, staring through her fingers, the table tingling in her thighs, "What did you do?!"

"Cool, isn't it? It lasts for a while. Or until you get zapped again."

"How did you do that?"

Carrie turns, and shrugs, "How should I know? You made it."

"I didn't make it to do that."

"You didn't?" the blade flickers out. "So how come it works then?"

"I..."

"And don't you ask what I did."

"I wasn't going to!"

"Of course you were. I know that face."

"You aren't even looking at me!"

"We're sisters. I know when you're making the 'what has she done now' face." she turns towards Lisa as Lisa steps cautiously out of the table, "See?! I told you you were making the face! You always make the face."

"Because it's usually your fault! What did you do?"

"I told you not to ask! I didn't do anything!"

Lisa tilts her head, arms folded across her translucent chest, "Riiiiiiight."

"I wasn't even holding it when it went purple! Tracy was. I didn't do anything!"

"This time."

"Oh, shut up." the purple blade reignites, sweeping through Lisa's chest. The glow around her vanishes, her body becoming solid once more. Carrie turns back towards Peter, the lightsabre going dark, "So, yeah, that one. If you do it on something big, like a wall, it just cuts a purpley hole in it you can walk through. Seems to last around ten minutes. Haven't seen a lot of variance on the timings and it ghosts anything up to couch sized, at least. We haven't had a chance to do anything bigger. Is there anything else you need to know, oh, wise Jedi master?"

"That is..."

"Cool?"

"I was going to say 'interesting'. Stay right there."

"Of course, Master."

"I've told you not to call me that."

"Sorry...Master."

Peter sighs as he walks out, "Keep her out of trouble."

"Yes, Master."

"Fine, if you're going to be like that. Keep yourself out of trouble as well, then."

"Yes, Master." She salutes as the door closes.

"When are you going to stop calling him that?"

"When he actually orders me to. Or I pay off all my debts, I guess. But until then, he's my master and I'm his loyal, obedient servant. And stop making that face."

"You're not looking at me!"

"True." She turns, "But you're still making the face, sooooo..."

"How are you so casual about this? You just keep piling on...how long do you owe him now anyway?"

Carrie shrugs, "A couple of lifetimes, I guess."

"A couple of...are you insane?!!"

"Probably. Assume I've heard the 'protective big sister riot act'. If I didn't trust Peter as much as I trust you, I wouldn't have even thought to make the offer. It's kind of an old school thing, anyway, not something anyone would really think of, like courting. Of course, with you around it's not like he'd ever take any advantage of it, anyway."

"What does that mean?" Lisa huffs.

Carrie rolls her eyes, "It means you'd disapprove of Peter doing anything remotely fun."

"You mean perverted."

"Not on a first time out, I'm not a complete nympho. Pure vanilla. No really sexy stuff."

"First time out?"

"See?! That's what I mean! You just don't trust me at all."

"You said it!!"

"And?! Never mind. I've accepted the unfairness and will just get my fun where I can. And as you'll stop anything at all happening, never mind anything bad, it doesn't matter how much I owe him, does it? You'll never let him collect."

"That's...stay away from that!" she shouts as Carrie kneels down by a long black battered trunk.

"Ah, it'll be fine." she flips the trunk open, fingers tingling, "Huh?" she pulls out a sleek red cocktail dress, cut dangerously low, a dipping white band around the waist, "This is the same dress from that trunk last time. But that was way over..." she looks around, waving vaguely to the right, "...there, wasn't it?"

"I don't remember. And you really shouldn't..."

"It could be another dress, I guess. But it's identical and..." she pulls out a brass oil lamp. "No way is this a duplicate. So, how would that work?" she looks over her shoulder, "Has Peter been moving stuff around in here?"

"Not that I know of and don't change the subject."

"So," she continues to rummage around in the trunk, digging deeper into the clothes and assorted junk, "either the same trunk's been moving on its own, which isn't out of the question, but I'd expect it to have lots of legs and an appehey!" the lid snaps closed, pressing on her waist.

"Carrie!"

"Mmmph!" The trunk convulses, pulling Carrie deeper inside, her legs wiggling off the ground.

Lisa jumps to her feet, grabbing Carrie's ankles. "Mmmmmmmph!!" The chest convulses again and more of her slips inside. Lisa pulls back.

"Nnnnnh. I should let it eat you."

"MMMMPH!!!"

"Maybe that's where the dresses come from. Identical burglars." She braces her foot on the edge of the trunk and heaves, getting another grunt from Carrie and no movement whatsoever. The lid convulses and Carrie's knees slip inside. "Oh, for... let go!" A long thick tongue runs along the edge of the lid. Lisa starts back, letting go and Carrie vanishes inside the trunk. The lid closes with a self-satisfied thump and click, refusing to budge as Lisa struggles with it. "Oh, no, Carrie! Come on!"

Come on! You opened for her!” she tugs futilely on the lid that remains shut tight, settling finally for kicking the black wood, “[Give me back my sister, you stupid piece of luggage!](#)” The trunk convulses, the lid pursing its lip and spits Carrie out, slamming shut again.

“Ow!” Carrie pushes herself to her feet, rubbing her butt, “I am going to have such interesting bruises tomorrow.”

“Are you alright?”

Carrie continues to pat herself down. “Think so. Nothing appears to be missing or broken. Still a bit tingly but I was just eaten by a trunk so that may be normal. Although having my supposedly protective big sister think I should be eaten by it hurts. Deeply.”

“Ok, you're fine.”

“Uh-huh. Thanks for trying to get me out, though. You're a life-saver.”

“You're welcome.” she pauses, “Does that mean you owe me a life-debt now?”

“Hey, let's not get carried away here. You didn't actually save my life from a fate worse than, you know. Besides, no way am I going to let you have complete control of my life! You'd ban all the fun stuff!”

“You sure about that? Because I'd say getting eaten by a trunk must be about as bad as being eaten by your girlfriend.”

“Uh-uh. My life, I get to decide who owns it. But we don't have to tell Peter about this, right?”

Lisa sighs, “You're sure you're alright?”

“Yes, I'm fine. Really.”

“And you'll be more careful...?”

“God, yes, Mother, I'll be more careful, I promise.” she crosses her finger over her chest, “Cross my heart. And stop with the face!”

Lisa maintains her sceptical pose, “Fine, fine, but if this sort of thing happens again, I'm telling him.”

“I guess I'll take that.”

“You're sure you're alright?”

“Yes, I'm sure, I'm fine.”

“Well, I don't recall the wards doing anything like that.” she dips her finger into the placid pool of water, ripples disturbing the scene, “Why, if I didn't know any better, I'd say someone was deliberately interfering with them. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, dearest?” she looks pointedly into the darkness. Two red eyes stare levelly back.



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