

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 59

AN INGENIEIOUS PROPOSAL

Carrie triumphantly holds up her sister's severed head, the guillotine looming large behind her.

"Behold the head of a traitor!"

Lisa rolls her eyes, her head swinging from her hair, "This isn't comfortable, you know. You're tugging on my hair!"

"You did it to me!"

"You deserved it!"

"How did I deserve it?!" Carrie demands.

"You're you." she replies, pushing her headless body off the guillotine bascule.

"That isn't a reason!"

"It is to me."

"Of course it is." she hands Lisa's head over to her body, "That really needs to be more gory. Especially with the dramatic head lift."

"And how do you think that would happen?"

"Well, Mark could..."

"I'm sure he could." Lisa replies, twisting her head against her neck to attach it.

"Or a fake blood capsule in the lunettes, if you want to go mundane. That would get a good scream.

Now, where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"The mystery chest, of course. If it's true to form..."

"Are you seriously still on that? Didn't it eat you last time?"

Carrie waves her hand dismissively, "Only for a little while. There you are. Come to mama." she walks over to the battered black trunk. She flips open the trunk, pale sparks tingling on her fingers, "Same dress. Same lamp. Hmmmmm." she lifts up the brass lamp, putting the dress carefully back. "You're going to rub it, aren't you?"

Carrie grins impishly, "Well, now that you've given me the suggestion, I might as well." she rubs her shirt sleeve over the lamp. "See? Nothing to worry..." a curl of white smoke licks from the lamp, trailing around her wrist, "...about?" the smoke changes colour to a reddish pink, her hand fading into the cloud, "Ummmm, maybe you should get..." she dissolves into the pink cloud, spiralling down into the lamp in a vortex of sparkling neon pink and purple smoke.

"Peter!!!" she yells, rushing from the warehouse.

The lamp give a hiccough of pink smoke and slowly drifts to the floor.

Very shortly, "She did what? How? Why? How did that even happen?"

"When you get her out you can ask her."

"Oh, I will." he looks at the lamp, its surface burnished and freshly polished, and then the open trunk, "Ok. Let me check this first."

"But..."

"She's not in any danger. Those lamps are designed to entrap a genie, no human's going to get within a mile of that kind of power."

"But...ok, you're the expert here."

He peers at the trunk, running his hand along the grain of the dark wood. "Hmmmmm. That doesn't make sense. How did...fine, that gets dealt with later. Let's see what Carrie's done." He picks up the lamp. "Here."

"Me? Why me?!"

"In case it's still hungry."

"What?!"

"It's just...look, I can get you out much more easily than you could get me out."

"But...ok, that's fair, I guess."

"Plus, there shouldn't be any risk anyway. We've had that lamp for...well, generations, and it's never

done anything like this.”

“You think Carrie...”

“Did something? I don't know. I can't imagine what, but...well, it's Carrie. It wouldn't be the first time magic's gone...weird with her, would it?”

Lisa sighs. “No. Ok. Let's hope it's not in the mood for dessert.”

“You'd probably give it indigestion.”

She half-smiles, “Probably. But I'd rather not put that to the test.” she gingerly takes the lamp, “What is it with you and getting eaten by inanimate objects? Ok, here goes...” she rubs her sleeve over the lamp, “...nothing?” the lamp quivers in her hands, a cloud of purple and pink smoke spilling out, lights sparkling in its depths. The smoke spirals up and a figure emerges from the cloud, its legs replaced by the smoke trailing into the spout of the lamp. Carrie's body appears above the smoke, translucent pink harem pants covering her hips before they vanish into the smoke. Her hair gleams, sparks filling it, tied into a high pony-tail. A loose purple Aladdin-style vest hangs open over her chest, covering nothing. Golden filigree chains stretch between her nipples, looping loosely up to the golden collar around her neck and down to the jewel gleaming in her navel. Golden cuffs gleam on her wrist. She blinks above the gauzy veil strung over her mouth.

“Wow. That was wild.”

“Are you ok?”

“Yes, Mistress. What is your wish?”

“What?!” Lisa asks in surprise.

“What? Why did I say that...Mistress? And what the hell am I wearing?!”

“You've worn worse.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Carrie replies meekly, “Forgive me.”

“Ok. That is not normal.”

“You're telling me...Mistress. Fuck, that's annoying. On the other hand, semi-phenomenal, nearly-cosmic power!” purple sparks drip from her fingers, “Well, c'mon, Mistress, whisper what you want, you ain't never had a friend like me.”

“No more Disney marathons for you. Ok, Magic Boy, what is going on?”

“Yes, Master, what is going on?”

“I have no idea.”

“That's helpful.”

“What do you want me to say, Lise?” he asks, “I don't know what's up this time.”

“I don't know,” Lisa sighs in exasperation, “I just wish you did.”

Carrie's eyes flash purple. “**Wish granted.** That's one.” purple sparks flash around Peters head, melting under his skin.

“What did you do?”

“Granted your wish, Mistress.”

“Peter, what...”

“Ok. I don't know how, but I guess 'semi-phenomenal, nearly-cosmic power', but I know what happened. Somehow, and this I didn't get, Carrie's...compatible with the lamp's purpose. It read her as a genie and so entrapped her.”

“So you're really a genie now?”

“How the hell should I know...Mistress? Sort of, I guess?”

“Ok, how do we get her out of there and back to what passes for normal?”

“Hey! That's not nice, Mistress.”

“Carrie, are you in any danger?”

“Not that I know of? It's not like there's a manual tucked in there.”

“And can you get back inside safely?”

“Again, probably? Why?”

“Because it's probably safer if you're inside so no-one accidentally says the w-word again and you cause havoc.”

“That is so unfair! But...you're probably right. Just...don't take too long getting me out, huh?” her

body collapses into smoke, spiralling back into the lamp.

"She will be alright, right?"

"I'll do everything I can to make sure she is."

"That's not a 'yes'."

"No, it's not. I don't know what's causing this, and I won't promise you something I don't know I can deliver."

"Just..." she wipes her eye.

"I will. I need to talk to some people, though. And I need some privacy."

"Privacy?"

"Secrets."

"Secrets?"

"You know what I mean. This is deep family stuff and some of that touches on..."

"Secrets. Got it."

"Thanks." he kisses her on the forehead, "I'll be back."

"You'd better be."

Shortly, "How do you always end up in things like this?" the lamp remains silent, "I mean, you're supposed to be a genius. You'd think blindingly obvious shit like 'don't keep poking magic items for lolz' would sink in, but apparently..."

Thunder rolls through the room. The boxes and lamp quiver, a tang of ozone filling her nose.

"What the fuck?! PETER! Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

"What was that?!"

"Someone taking the news really badly! He'll calm down now..." his voice trails off as he stops shouting between rooms.

"Well, looks like you really did it this time. What the hell have you got angry at you?"

Later, Peter finally returns, "Well?"

"Ok, we have a solution. Well, a probable solution. I am also under strict instruction to never let Carrie enter this room without my supervision."

"Right."

"Or you."

"Me? Why me?!"

"Why didn't you tell me she'd done this before?"

"She begged me not to."

"Because if I'd known she was rummaging through my parents' things without asking I'd have got mad and not let her play?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"And because you didn't, she's stuck in a genie lamp."

"Oh, way to make me feel better, Magic Boy. So, how do we get her out?"

"Make a wish for it. I've got it drafted."

"Drafted?"

"The more precise the better with this sort of thing."

"I guess."

"And first we need to wish for something else."

"What? Why?"

"Doesn't matter what. Something small and simple. But apparently restoring her while she's still got a wish in her might not be the best idea."

"Ok."

"Shall we get on with it?"

"I think we should. I'm sorry I..."

"We can discuss that later. For now, Carrie."

"Right." she picks up the lamp and rubs it. The smoke bubbles out, solidifying, Carrie's hand pressing on the back of her neck.

"Oy! Ten thousand years will give you such a crick in your neck!"

"It was a couple of hours!"

"I know, but it was a joke! You remember jokes, don't you, you miserable Mistress?! Fuck!"

"Can't you cover up?"

"How? This..." she holds the edge of the jacket, "...can't possibly cover these..." she indicates her breasts, pulling the jacket as far as it can around them, but clearly not able to fasten it, if the jacket even had fasteners, "You think I like giving Peter a peep show like this?"

"You don't normally mind!"

"I don't normally do more than tease him, and, more importantly, Mistress, you! That's different from actually getting my tits out for all and sundry!"

"Whatever, I wish you'd cover up more."

Carrie's eyes sparkle purple as a strapless purple bikini spreads across her breasts. "**Wish granted.** That's two, Mistress. I hope you've got a plan for getting me out before you use that last one. I really don't want to find out what this thing will do when I'm out of wishes."

"Right." she carefully takes the piece of paper, "I wish that Carrie be severed of her connection to the lamp and restored to her normal self."

"**Wish granted.**" Purple light surrounds the lamp. It clatters to the floor, its sheen fading as Carrie stands in curled purple khussa slippers and the rest of her genie outfit, her eyes losing their purple glow. "Well, I guess this is my normal self. More or less." she pulls her hair out of the tail, tugging off the veil, "Do you have anything to wear? I can't go home like this!"

"I..."

"I'll bring it back, promise."

"Fine. Let's go clothes hunting. But you're not getting any of the good stuff."

Soon, in Lisa's bedroom, "Here..." she passes a faded t-shirt over, "...and here." and a pair of shapeless jogging bottoms. "Make sure they fit."

"Sure." she takes the clothes, "And thanks for..."

"It's not a problem."

"I might need some underwear."

Lisa looks over at her, "Really?"

"Yeah. I'm ok up top, but, apparently, genies aren't big fans of pants." she shucks off the jacket, pulling the t-shirt over the genie bra and filligree.

Lisa mutters to herself and opens her underwear drawer.

"Don't stress, Bridget Jones granny knickers will be good enough."

"Good." she tosses the pants over, "Shoes?"

"Uhm, yeah, I guess. These aren't made for the Tube."

"And if everything doesn't fit right, Peter can adjust them so they do."

"Or adjust me so they do."

"Yeah, or that. Probably that."

"Can you give me some privacy? Unless you want to see..." the door flies shut with all the speed of a coyote after a cartoon road runner, "...always works." she quickly undresses, folding the harem pants over the chair, *Better keep these. Tracy will love a bit of harem slave play, I think. And if she doesn't, I certainly will.* and equally quickly pulls on the pants and leggings, *Close enough to a fit considering.* She glances around, a shiny black loop of material on the dresser catching her eye.

"What have we here?" she picks it up. "Well, this is new. Ok, sis, you can come back in! I'm as decent as I'm likely to be!" The door opens again, "And when did you get this? Don't tell me you got involved with that SAT test I heard so much about?"

Lisa colours, snatching the collar back, "None of your business!"

"That sounds like a guilty conscience to me. Did you have fun playing with the poor intern like the rest of us perverts?"

"I didn't do anything to...her!"

"So where'd you get it?"

"Sarah gave it to me."

"Really? How come I never get gifts like that?"

"Because it wouldn't be as funny or play with your head as much."

Carrie pauses, "Yeah, that's probably fair. Is it fun?"

Lisa nods, blushing even more fiercely.

"You can show me next time. I need to get back before Tracy worries. I promise not to make a mess of the clothes." she hitches up the leggings, "Give me a minute." she closes her eyes, her body flowing slightly, shifting a little to fill out the clothes better.

Later, "...and I'm sorry for not telling you."

"And you'll tell me in future if Carrie does something risky?"

"No one has that kind of time."

"Ok, risky with magic here. Or anything with magic here that I don't know about."

"I swear on my honour as a brownie I will tell you if she does anything while you're not around." she holds up her three fingers in salute.

"Honour as a brownie?"

"Thought it would convince you I was serious. And, in that light, she found the collar while getting changed."

"Ok. Well, at least we know what we're playing with next time."

"I suppose. How much trouble are we in?"

"Not that much. He was just pissed about a family heirloom being used. And that the wards didn't work. He said they didn't even activate this time, so he's concerned about that."

"This time?"

"They did the last time. That's how he was able to get the trunk to..."

"...to eat her."

"Yeah, it didn't really work as a deterrent, did it?"

"No, it certainly didn't."

"Do you want to stop talking about today?"

"Oh, God, yes! Please tell me you have something in mind."

"I may do."

"Then lead on. Do I need the..."

He shakes his head, "It's not that sort of thing. Something gentle, rather than punishing my naughty slave."

"Gentle is good. What do I need to do?"

"Just lie down."

"Do I need to get undressed first?"

"Need? No. But I won't complain."

"Of course you won't. Go ahead."

The smoke curls around her, leaving her clothes neatly folded as she starts to lie down. Peter makes a few passes over her body and Lisa starts to rise into the air.

"Am I getting massaged?"

"No. At least, that's not the plan."

She keeps rising, floating up to his waist. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a thick golden hoop.

"Very traditional."

Peter passes the hoop around her.

"I'm convinced I'm floating already, you know, Magic Boy."

"I know." he passes the hoop back, and then pulls it over her again. Lisa feels a slight tingling on her skin with each pass, feeling a gentle pressure all over her.

"And you're up to something."

“Of course.”

“Good. Floating's nice, but...”

Another pass or three and Lisa notices Peter seems to be getting bigger. The hoop remains the same size, though, but the hand holding it now seems to swell in her view with each pass. She smiles at figuring out the trick herself, and relaxes into it, paying closer attention as she feels herself shrinking with each pass. She dwindles past half-sized, past Barbie doll, past her fairie size and smaller still, the hoop never seeming to get bigger around her until she's smaller than Peter's finger.

“This is looking very small! You're not going to threaten to eat me, are you?”

“No. I have something else in mind.” he pulls the hoop away, now the same width as his finger.

“Oh? This isn't the end? How interesting.”

“Nope.” He moves to his knee, holding the golden loop up between his fingers, “Lisa Joanne McCagherty, will you do me the honour of being my wife?”

Lisa stares at him through the golden ring, now that she can clearly see the 'hoop' for what it is, “Oh, yes! Oh, God, yes, yes, yes.”