

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 64

CAT AND MOUSE

Lisa sighs heavily. "Rough day?"

"Lorraine is really being a ...a...Lorraine."

"Ah."

"Exactly. She just, arrrgh. I can't...do anything to her, can I?"

"No."

"You did! You went bowling with her head!!"

"We. We went bowling with her head."

"So why can't..."

"Because I know how to make her think that was a particularly weird dream."

"So teach me."

"There'll be a..."

"Fine, forget it then."

"Awwww, poor Lisa." she swats his hand aside grouchily, "Someone needs some relax time..."

"Maybe."

"Do you want me to get the suit?"

"Not today. Don't feel quite like that much relaxing."

"What were you thinking of?"

She looks up at him, "Well, my little mousey magic boy..."

"Oh, I see. Kitty Lisa wants to play?"

"Kitty Lisa wants to play." she confirms, smiling up at him with a predatory look, "Specifically, Kitty Lisa wants to play hide-and-seek with a little mousey boy hiding."

"How little do you want me?"

"Mouse-sized, of course."

"While you're..."

"Me sized."

"I see."

"I'm always littler with you. Time for me to be a big powerful giantess and you get to be the vulnerable one."

"Yes, dear."

"Good, Mousey." she pats his cheek, feeling the warmth of his magic flowing through her.

Triangular ears poke through her hair, twitching at every sound. Her pupils narrow to slits, her green irises expanding out across her eyes. Her whiskers twitch as pale ginger fur spreads over her body. She licks a rasping tongue over her lips, feeling her fangs getting more pointed. She flexes her fingers, nails curling into short, sharp claws. Very good, Mousey." she purrs, looking over at the empty space. She looks lower, to the grey furred-figure, a long pink tail twitching, circular ears turning towards her.

"How much headstart do I get?"

"Well, you haven't given me that stupid mew voice, so I can give you to 100...1...2..." she closes her eyes and Peter scampers away, his whiskers twitching.

"...99...100...Here I come, Mousey, ready or not." she opens her eyes, marvelling at just how sharp her vision is like this. Her whiskers twitch, nose crinkling as scents too faint for her mere human nose to detect flood into her awareness. She sneezes, shakes her head and pads forward, trying to concentrate on the warm tingling she feels to represent Peter. "I'm gonna get you, little Mousey." she sings. "Oh, of course you go there, plenty of room to hide a little mousey in." she pushes on the door to the warehouse. She steps inside, "And if anyone's watching, I'm here under supervision, ok?!" The room doesn't respond. Her long tail swishes as she stares at the aisles of boxes and devices. "Couldn't hurt." she springs onto the top of the nearest box, scampering across the uneven surface with feline grace, leaping from box to box like a cartoon ninja.

She stops as she feels her Peter-sense tingling behind her, vaulting back to the box she'd just left. Slowly she peers over the top, tail twitching with excitement. A small figure peaks out from under her perch, nose sniffing the air, and scurries under a nearby box. "Gotcha, little Mousey," she purrs, crouching to spring.

As soon as Peter pokes out, she leaps, landing on her hands, just missing him as he scoots backwards. “Come on out, Mousey, or I’ll huff and I’ll puff...” she reaches under the box, feeling around, “...and blowwww!!!” she pulls her hand back, buck teeth marks gouged deep in her finger. She licks it with her sandpaper tongue, hissing, “Oh, it’s on now, Mousey. No more Miss Nice Kitty!”

She scrabbles up the box, searching for her prey, wincing as she puts pressure on her finger “Not nice, Mousey.” she sucks at the side of her finger, “We’re playing Hide and Seek and I found you. So this...”she holds up her finger, “...is cheating! Bad Mousey.” Her ears twitch, a faint scrabble to the right. She pounces, catching her prey between her cupped hands, “Gotcha, Mousey.” A thin, panicked squeak erupts from her hands, sharp little claws scrabbling at her fingers. She cautiously opens her fingers to reveal the brown furred mouse within, its heartbeat hammering against her palm. She scowls, licking her lips, before gently placing it down on the floor. The mouse flees. Her narrowed eyes track it under the box.

“I am not happy with you, Mousey.” she mutters, trying to feel the tingling trace of him in her chest, “When I get my paws on you...”

She hear a sound and swivels, a red dot taunting her. “Oh please, as if I'm going to be distracted by...” the dot moves and her whole body tenses, ready to spring, “that...” the dot moves tauntingly closer and she pounces, leaping after the dot as it cavorts through her grasp. The dot continues its merry dance, Lisa's tail thrashing as she pounces after it, chasing it down the alleyway between boxes.

Eventually, the dot escapes. Lisa hisses in frustration, her fur erect, “Mousey, when I get hold of you, I am going to fucking kill you!” she licks her hands to calm down, concentrating on her Mousey-Sense, before stalking down the corridor, tail erect, nose twitching in annoyance.

As she gets closer to the warmth tingling in her chest, she pauses, cocking her head at a glint in her path. She looks closer, sniffing at the wire strung across the path, “Not nice, Mousey. You're really making it soooo much harder on yourself.” She carefully steps over the wire. “I'm gonna getcha little mousey.”

She continues on, encountering a white X painted at a crossway between boxes, “Really, Mousey? What do you think I am? Wile E Coyote?” She starts around the X, “On the other hand, you are a cunning little Mousey so a double bluff? Or maybe a triple? I am so going to kill you when I get hold of you.” She backs up, and runs at the crosspath, vaulting over the X to land lightly on the opposite side. “Hah. Fooled you, Mous...” which is exactly the time the bag drops from above, bursting in a shower of saw-toothed triangular leaves. Her whiskers twitch, “Really? Leaves? What are you...” she sniffs, eyes going wide, before she leaps at the leaves, pawing at and rolling in them, rubbing them against her face with soft purrs of bliss.

A pale grey-furred, mouse-sized Peter approaches quietly, “Gotta love catnip,” he murmurs to himself as he creeps past. A giant orange paw flashes out of the leaves, crushing him to the floor.

“I’m gonna gesha little moushey.” Lisa slurs, her pupils heavily dilated, fangs glistening as a hint of drool runs over her lips. “Kitty wanna play...kitty hunnnnnnnngry.”

“Lise...” she scoops him up into her mouth before he gets any further, shaking her head as she gulps him down with a satisfied purr.

"Prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, good moushey, tashty moushey, prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr..." she squiggles forward on all fours, tail swinging. She stops, blinks, her eyes snap open wide, "Fuck! What did...Peter?! Fuck!! What do I do?! I...what do I do?! I can't have...I didn't...I...fuck!!!" she wipes away a tear, curling into a sobbing ball.

After a time, her ear twitches, the phone's distant ringing calling to her. She sniffs, "Phone. Person. Help." she struggles to her feet and sprints for the door, each ring taking forever, "Don't hang up, don't hang up, don't hang up, I'm coming!" she snatches at the phone mid-ring, "Hello?"

“Ah, just the person I...”
“Sarah! Oh, thank God!”
“Well, I wouldn't go that...”
“I've killed Peter!”
“...You've what?!”
“I ate him. We were...” she snuffles.
“Oh, that's a relief.”
“A relief?!”
“He was alive when you ate him?”
“Yeeeeees.”
“And conscious?”
“Yes, but I...”
“He'll be fine.”
“Fine?! I ate him!”
“It wouldn't be the first time. I mean, not common, he was much more often the eater than the eatee, but...”
“I...really?”
“If he's alive, he can get himself out. Don't worry about it. But I am verrrrrrrry keen to hear this story.”
“You're sure? He'll be fine?”
“He'll be fine.”
“But...”
“And if you're still worried, even though he'll be fine, well, you do have another way to solve the problem, don't you?”
“I do? What?”
“That lovely fairy ring he doesn't know about?”
“I...the ring? Of course, I can...But I'm not supposed to wish for things...”
“I think we can make an exception. I'll even give you special dispensation.”
“You can do that?”
“Probably not. But who's going to dare tell me that?”
“I...oh, thank God, thank you, Sarah, thank you so much.”
“You're welcome. I'll take payment in war stories. Specifically this one.”
“Ok, ok, ok, I'll tell you when I'm next down.”
“See that you do.”
“Yes, my Queen.” she hangs up, rubbing the ring around her finger, “Now, how do I get this right?”

Sarah looks down at the phone, “How very rude. Still, that is going to be some story.”