

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 74
AM I INTERRUPTING?

"Mmmmm. You've got good hands, Magic Boy."

"Why thank you. And you have very good..."

A loud crunching interrupts them. Both look over at a supposedly empty chair, which is very much not..

"Don't let me interrupt." Carrie brings a fresh handful of popcorn to her mouth, "This is just getting good. Popcorn?"

"Carrie!!!!"

"What? Do I have some stuck in my teeth?"

"What are you doing?"

"Entertaining myself. This is as close to sexy times as I'm going to get after you banned me from seeing my sweetie."

"Where did you even get a bucket of popcorn from?"

"That's what you want to focus on? How dare you..."

"Hey, calm down, sis. I'm just a poor little toy, after all."

Lisa glares speechlessly at her.

"Carrie..."

"Yes, my kind and benevolent master?"

Peter sighs, "Get back in the cupboard and stay there."

Carrie pouts. "For that, no popcorn for you." the popcorn bucket shrinks away, returning to her left hand as she flounces to 'her' cupboard.

The door slams.

"Now, where..." he stops, feeling the tension radiating off Lisa like a furnace.

"Sorry, sorry, but I'm not...arrrgh!! We can't even give her ten quid to fuck off to the cinema!"

"It's not a prob..."

"Yes, yes, it fucking is!! It's worse than having a puppy jumping on the bed! Can't you..." she waves her hand vaguely, "...do something about her?"

"Do something?"

"You're her owner, aren't you?"

"Wait, hold up, let me get this straight, you're saying you *want* me to treat your sister like she's my property?"

Lisa stops dead, "Oh, fuck, I...she's so annoying about it! She's got me saying...fuck!"

"That is exactly what I'm trying to..."

"Not funny, Magic Boy."

Frustrating days later, "Mmm?...Carrie?"

"Locked in her cupboard."

"Good." she pause, "I don't mean...I just...she just..."

"I understand." he nuzzles at her neck.

"Mmmmmmm..." Lisa purrs as her clothes slither to the floor. Her hands move over Peter's chest.

"I can heeeeeaaaar you!"

Lisa tenses immediately. "Way to kill the mood."

Peter sighs, pulling his pants back on before going to the cupboard. He yanks the door open.

"Oh, hello, Master." Carrie replies angelically.

"Now, as you can't control yourself..."

"Look who's talking."

"Carrie..."

"What? I'm feeling bored and lonely."

"And making it my problem?"

"You're my owner. It's your job to fix me."

"Fine. If you want it like that...doll."

"Very kinky, Mas..." she goes silent as her mouth pulls into an open plastic 'O'. Peter lifts up the doll, popping the inflation stem. He can almost hear a moan as the air hisses out. Then, he rolls the deflated sexdoll up, face in the middle. He takes some rubber bands off the shelf, snapping them into place to keep the roll secured. "Don't try to get out of this." The rolled up doll doesn't reply as he returns to the bedroom.

"Carrie?"

"Secured."

"Do I want to know..."

"No."

Later still, a coffee shop near Chancery Lane, "If this keeps going, I am going to end this whole toy drama by strangling her."

"Dramatic as always."

"You don't know how annoying she is! Literally every time Peter and I start to...you know, there she is, either making noise from her cupboard or if she's outside it, she'll sneak in like a curious cat and just watch until we notice. And if we don't, she'll do something so we have no choice."

"Yeah, I can see how that would be a little irksome."

"A little."

"Have you tried taking an away day?"

"No. Peter doesn't want to leave Carrie alone for that long while we don't know what's causing her 'condition'. Even if he did, well, that sort of thing adds up and I don't think either of us want to be Mr and Mrs Smith."

"Have you asked Stuart if you could use a room at..."

"Hah. We couldn't stash Carrie there. They've been very clear that our 'toy' is our problem."

"I meant for you and P..."

"Oh, God, no. That would be worse. So much worse. Can you imagine Sarah knowing every time Peter and I...? She'd never leave me alone. Probably want the details as payment for the room."

"Probably."

"Plus, Carrie is not driving me out of my home."

"Technically Peter's..."

"We're engaged and I'm living there. It counts."

Tabitha shrugs lightly. "That does rather cut down on your options."

"Tell me about it. This would be so much easier if I could..." she trails off.

"If you could?"

"I don't want to say it. It's admitting defeat."

"Shouldn't have started then. Now you've got me curious."

"Well, Counsel, I plead the fifth."

"That's an American thing. Doesn't work that way here." she smiles disarmingly over the edge of her coffee cup as Lisa stews.

"Fiiiiiiine. It would be so much easier if I could let Peter deal with her as his toy rather than my sister."

"Probably best you can't. That slope is slippery."

"I know but...she's just so..."

"Only child here, but I've met your sister so I can imagine."

Later again, "Mmmmmmmmm."

Peter presses his lips on her bare skin, his hands gliding across her body.

"That's goo..." the door opens a crack, making so much more noise than if it was moving quickly.

Lisa's eyes open, "What was...? Carrie! Get out!!"

"I'm just checking you don't want to include a toy to spice..."

"OUT!!!"

"Grumpy." the door closes.

Lisa's head falls back to the pillow, "I can't take this any more!"

"I'll talk to her." he starts to get off the bed. Lisa's hand grabs his wrist.

"No. Don't just talk to her, stop it."

"What?"

"Stop it, stop her, stop...this. I don't care what you do, just...stop this."

Peter opens the door to the cupboard. "You really can't help yourself, can you?"

"What?"

"Lisa just told me to deal with it. She corrected to 'her', but the dam has a crack in it."

"Why is that my fault?"

"You're just sooooo irritating to her that she's starting to accept that it's better if you're a toy because then you can be controlled. And that can't come soon enough."

"What? You said you didn't want this!!"

"I don't. I would much rather have a bratty sister-in-law than a toy. But this is the bed you've made for us all to lie in, so I'd just like to get it over with. And until Lisa accepts you're my toy, there's no way you'll accept it because you'll be relying on her to save you."

"I didn't want this!"

"Of course not. You wanted this to be a game. You thought it was just for fun. And it isn't. The Keeper was clear: You're a toy. The sooner everyone gets on board with that, the better."

"Not for me."

He shrugs, "Your opinion really doesn't matter. One, you're a toy. Two, this whole situation is your fault."

"I..."

"So, back off on interrupting us."

"Yes, Master."

"I mean it."

"I understand."

"And you'll obey."

Carrie hangs her head. "Yes, Master."

"Good. We'll make a proper toy out of you yet. And we might as well start now."

Carrie barely manages to gasp, never mind respond as she dwindles before his eyes, shrinking in on herself, her skin turning transparent, texture changing from skin to something like rubber, losing all trace of human form as she shrinks smaller and smaller in the air. Before she falls, she feels something crinkling, wrapping around her tightly, sealing her in.

Peter lifts her up, holding her between his finger and thumb, "Lisa's probably not ready for this yet. Something for you to look forward to." he places the foil-wrapped condom onto a shelf and closes the door.