74. Sisterly Love

And then, there came a knock from the door behind me.

"Lil! Lil, are you in there?"

Ellie! My angel, my darling sister, my life saver! I love you!

"Yes! Yes, I'm in there."

Something pushed against my back.

"Why wasn't the door open?"

"Because I'm standing against it."

"And why are you standing against the door?"

"Good question. Have been asking myself the same thing." Like a fly between a cognac and an oak, I slipped between Eve and Paul, turning, now the door open. Ellie stood in the doorway, looking from Eve to Paul to me. "Are you guys okay? Lil, what happened to your face, etc. an expression of surprise pretty apparent on her face now. "Eve, had seen only once before: when our neighbours' cat had gotten squished by a coach and she had gone to deliver the news to the bereaved family.

"Yes, Ellie, I'm fine," she said without removing her gaze from me, "would you mind leaving me and my sister alone for a few minutes? There is something we have to discuss in private."

"Sorry, Ella, not right now. We were here first, so we get to talk first." She waved Ellie in. "Sit in and play, we've got serious things to talk about."

Ah Ben, Ella did not squall and shriek back, or hurry or with an apologetic "I'm sorry to disturb you" as I expected - she raised her chin and said Ellie's name.

To have I, and what I have to say cannot wait. I have to discuss something of the gravest gravity with my sister. You will please leave now. You can talk to her at a re-'re-fectory."

"Seriously? Jesus," I mumbled. The pain wasn't getting better from the shaking. "I could have caught my death in the power room. Dawson without leaders for her avatar should be prohibited by law."

"Disaster! Lil, what are you talking about?"

"Nothing, Ella. Nothing. Whatever nutty bring her huh, it was something not easy for her to say.

"Did... disappoint last night?"

"It's! What is?"

"You know!"

"No, I don't know." I would be happy to make the acquaintance of "it" and share its hand, but only a re-you're-explained to me what "it" is.

"Well, it is... it's to know! ♂"

"Thank you for that absolutely explanation, my dear little sister." Ella bit her lip again. "Just... just tell me... what happened last night, Pepper. Please."

"Ella, ... disappoint last night?"

"It's! What is?"

"You know!"

"No, I don't know." I would be happy to make the acquaintance of "it" and share its hand, but only a re-you're-explained to me what "it" is.

"Well, it is... it's to know! ♂"

"Thank you for that absolutely explanation, my dear little sister." Ella bit her lip again. "Just... just tell me... what happened last night, Pepper. Please."

I groaned. "I'm not actually very sure, you know. My memory of last night is a little vague."

"Oh." Again that lip biting. This apparently came as an unpleasant surprise to her. No wonder. When you were about to preach to somebody about the grievousness of his sins, it's preferable that the sinner still remembers them. It saves quite a lot of confusion.

"Well... when you came home last night, you were intoxicated. Do you remember that?"

I pressed my hand to the lie side of my head. The ache was particularly acute there.

"Oh yes, I remember that."

"And do you remember what happened after that, Lil?"

"No. I think I might have been unconscious at the time. That sort of thing usually impairs my memory a little."

Ella was immune to sarcasm. It was a very useful skill at times.

"Pepper, Ella tells me your sister's gone remember anything about passed before you returned home?"

"It's a little hazy," I said, assuming. My quote of grand lies had already been used up for the day. Plus, my head wasn't feeling its best today.

"You want to see Ivan Ilich's you?"

Interest in confusion. "Ivan? Here also?"

"You know perfectly well who I mean! You went to see Ivan The young man you have been seeing."

"Oh, Ivan!" Right! I had given Ella some vague hints about Mr Ivanhoe Ilich-I-Ich though he was a different man every time. Sometimes it was really hard to keep track of who I saw lies and the.

"Don't try to deny it," Ella told me, looking up at me with those big, pleading sister-eyes. "We saw him, we know he's, he's, he's, ... he's, ... gay."

"Sorry, Ella, we were around me and she was crushing me to her with all the force she was capable of. Luckily, she was no Paul.

"I can't stand it any longer! Dangle Lil! Lil, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! Judge you, pretend I know you would never, before I knew, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! ... sorry... sob, sob, ... sob! Know of have. ♂"

My eyes were wide. Strangely, it began to dawn on the excuse for a sister-hug and I was on my aching head what exactly Ella was talking about.

"Ella, I'm, ... I'm, ... I'm, ...