

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 24
ALL DOLLED UP, NO PLACE TO GO

“It's Discworld.”

“Show-off.”

“Is that your final answer?” Chris Tarrent asks on the TV screen.

“Ringworld, Chris. Final answer.”

“Still sure, Magic Boy?”

“It's Discworld.”

“Martin,” the music builds to a crescendo, “it's the wrong answer.” the audience groans, the music tumbling down as 'Discworld' flashes orange. “Terry Pratchett's long-running fantasy series was 'Discworld'. I'm so sorry.”

The contestant shrugs, doing his best to hide the disappointment. “I've still got a grand, Chris.”

“Good attitude.” the audience applaud as Martin slides off the chair, taking his much smaller cheque and walking off the set. A dull klaxon sounds. “And that's all we've got time for this week...” the screen goes black. Lisa snuggles in closer.

“How much weird stuff do you know, Magic Boy?”

“Quite a lot, I guess.” he shrugs.

“And you don't mind not having the chance to use it?”

Peter's eyes roll. “Lise, you're not in the mood.” he kisses her lightly on the forehead, “I understand.”

“I know, I know. But I want to, it's just...”

“Just you keep worrying after, well, after finding out about Victoria.”

“Yes. I know I shouldn't, but...”

“Lise, let's try this again, slowly. I love you. With or without magic, I will still love you.”

“I know. And you'll be able to play without me soon anyway. Carrie's coming down and you're going to have a hard time beating her off with a stick.”

“I know.”

“Sure you won't ditch me for my magiphile younger sister?”

“I'm sure. Carrie would let me get away with too much.”

“Get away with too much? What do you mean by that?”

“Lise, one of the many reasons I love you is that you won't let me do whatever I want. You know how easy it is to give in to temptation when it's offered up to you on a plate? Especially a naked, attractive plate like Carrie.”

“Attractive? How attractive do you find my baby sister, exactly?”

“Of course, nowhere near as attractive as you.”

“Right answer, Magic Boy.” she smiles, leaning in closer. “And I'm sure we can find something to do until I'm back in the saddle.” her hand slips under his t-shirt, stroking over his skin.

“Why, Ms McCagherty, whatever do you mean?”

“Well,” she smiles, her hand slipping over his stomach, “as we're not busy slicing each other up, there's a lot of energy to get rid of and...” the doorbell rings, “ooooohhhh! Whoever that is had better have good life insurance.” she gets up and opens the door a crack, “Yes?” she snaps.

“Awwww, I'm hurt, sis. Can't I ever catch you on a good day?”

“Not when you're interrupting.”

“Interrupting? What are you doing in there? Anything you shouldn't? Does Peter know about this? Does your roommate? Can I join in?”

“None of your business. None of your business. Still none of your business. Yes, he does. Yes, he does. Not a chance in hell.”

There's a slight pause as Carrie digests the answers. “Your roommate's a 'he' now? You've got rid of O for, who exactly? It's Peter, isn't it? You're finally living in sin. Must be serious.”

“Must be. Good night, Carrie.” she starts to close the door.

“Hey, you can't just leave me out here like this! I've only just got my stuff settled!”

“Then you need more time to get sorted. Good night.”

“Come on., sis. I've heard so much from Sarah tonight. Mostly about what your boyfriend can do when he wants to. I just want to do something different before I get to real work and studying. Peter, help me out here. Persuade your mean, old girlfriend to just let me in and I'll let you do anything!”

“And when did you meet Sarah?”

“Not telling you. Not unless you let me in.”

“Ok. I'll wait until I see her and ask her.”

“I'll tell Mum you're being mean to me.”

“Carrie, you're not seven anymore.”

“Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?”

“Jesus, alright, you can come in. God, I am so tempted to let Peter do what he wants with you right now.”

“Hi, Carrie. Your timing sucks, by the way.”

Carrie beams, "Awwww, you'll get her alone again later."

"Sooner rather than later."

"Aw, don't be like that, sis."

"You keep this up, Carrie, and I'll let Peter do his worst."

"You mean it? Ah, you're just teasing."

"And again, when did you meet Sarah?"

"Well, mein Fuhrer, as I'm living there for a bit, until I can find something better, like where the whole room only moves about when you're having a really good time. We got talking. She seems to like you for some reason. And she was telling me some of the things she and Peter used to do. Seems you've been holding out on me. And I thought I was supposed to be the one into kinky."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, don't come the innocent, sis. I've talked to a source, remember?"

"And just how does your source know what Peter and I do?"

"I see you're not denying it, sis. I knew all that fuss about you being made immobile was a tease."

"What do you think he's been doing? We've been doing? Playing statues?"

Carrie grins, "Oh, no, not statues, more, dolls."

"Dolls?"

"And not Barbie, either. Apparently sex is so much better when you're a helpless plastic toy. Care to confirm?"

"What??? You think, I, we, fine, if it's so much better, maybe you should try it."

"What?"

"Yeah, right. Like you'd let me have that much fun with your boytoy."

"Go ahead, Peter. Carrie wants to do something wild. Go for it."

"Are you sure you..."

"Yes, Magic Boy, I'm sure. You've done it before, haven't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"And it won't kill her or anything like that?"

"No, but..."

"You heard her. Quick, before she changes her mind."

Peter looks between them, indecision covering his face, "Go on. You've got a very willing victim offering herself to you on a plate. Just don't get too carried away."

“Awww, he can if he wants to.” She turns to Peter, “So, how do you want me?”

“Dangerous question to ask a magician.”

“Ha.”

“Be nice, sis. He might do this trick for you if you are.”

“Drop dead.”

“Better idea.” she grins. “How about I drop these?” she pops the button on her jeans, hooking her thumbs into the waistband and wiggles them down her legs. The jeans pool around her feet as she grabs the edge of her white t-shirt and pulls it up, stretching to make the most of her lingerie-clad figure, her face hidden inside the inverted shirt. She straightens her arms, her head popping out of the neck. She bends down, collecting her jeans, revealing a deep view down her cleavage, squashed together and thrust forward by her black bra. She stands up slowly, holding the bundle of clothes against her chest, one stray leg dangling over her arm, resting on the ace of diamonds of her tattoo.

“Done with the strip show yet?”

Carrie smiles, “Hey, I'm just showing my appreciation.”

“That's not all you're showing.” Lisa mutters, which causes Carrie to grin more broadly.

“Hey, sis, catch!” she tosses the clothes in a blue and white bundle towards Lisa. The bundle lands heavily against Lisa's folded arms and drops to the floor. “Whoops.” Carrie giggles, reaching behind her, fiddling with her bra's clasp.

“I think you'd better stop there.” Peter says, holding up his hand. “I only really need your stomach exposed for this.”

Carrie pulls her hands down, bowing her head, her hands clasped over the dipping waistband of her panties. “I'm sorry.” she says, sounding as sincere as a 7-year-old caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

Peter raises his eyebrows slightly at that. “Right. Well, anyway,” he holds out his empty hand, pulling his sleeve down with his other hand, “nothing up my sleeve.”

“Oooh, he's getting to be a proper magician, isn't he?”

“Ahem!” he twists his hand around, holding up a small piece of plastic between his thumb and forefinger. He takes a step towards Carrie. “Would you like to examine it?”

Carrie takes the small knob of clear plastic. “It's an inflation stem. Looks fairly ordinary.” she flips the valve open, “Certainly doesn't look like something that's going to make me helpless.” she smiles at him as she hands it back, “Care to prove me wrong?”

Peter takes the stem back, pushing the lid back into place. “As you wish.” he places the base of the stem against Carrie's navel, eliciting a giggle that slides into a satisfied hum as he pushes it in.

“Uhm, I can't feel anything happ, ooooooooooh.” she puts her hand on her stomach, running her fingers over the skin around the stem as it takes on a plastic sheen. She looks down, grinning as she feels the advancing edge of latex and skin. The sheen spreads outwards, the tattoo looking like it's been drawn on in marker pen, raised seams pushing out her sides as the transformation spreads. Carrie's breathing comes harder, her chest rising and falling quickly as the transformation rolls up her body. She cries out as the transformation also continues down her body, resculpting her under the sheer black fabric. Her chest ceases its exertions as flesh and blood become air-filled latex. “Ooooooooooh, that feels so...” she stops her

mouth pulling into a smooth oval orifice. Her eyes shine for a moment before the transformation sweeps over them, her hair turning into auburn strands of nylon. Her hands stiffen, held out before her, as her fingers complete the transformation from living girl to sex toy. She stands still in her black lace underwear.

Lisa looks over at the smooth, shiny artificial flesh, the blank eyes, the mouth open on a plastic tunnel. "Carrie?" the doll makes no response. "Is she all right?"

"She's fine. Probably better than fine."

"Oh?"

"According to Saz, it makes everything a lot more sensitive. She's probably having the time of her life."

"So she's ok? Can she hear us?"

"She's fine, Lise. Do you really think I'd do anything to hurt her? And she can hear us, but I doubt she's paying much attention at the moment."

"Oh?"

"See earlier answer about everything being more sensitive."

"Can she talk?"

"Not at the moment. I could probably fix it so she could, if you..."

"Not on your life, Magic Boy." she drops Carrie's clothes onto the floor, walking over to the doll, "What happens if someone unplugs her?"

Peter shrugs, "She'll deflate. It won't do her any harm and if you plug the cap back in, she'll blow right back up."

"And if you take the plug off once she's deflated? Will she..."

"You can't. Not without cutting it off. And you wouldn't do that, would you?" Lisa sucks on her lip, "Would you?"

"Alright, alright, no, I wouldn't. How long can she stay like this?"

Peter shrugs again, "How long's a piece of string? She'll stay that way until someone pulls the stem out and restores her."

"No limit?"

"She could be a sex toy for years. Why? Feeling particularly vicious?"

"Oh, nothing that vicious, Magic Boy. I was just thinking."

"And knowing that gleam, just what were you thinking?"

"Well, I wonder if Carrie would like to stay like this for a while."

"How long a while?"

"Oh, not too long."

“And I presume you'd like her not to be inflated for this 'not too long while'.”

“Oh, we couldn't keep her around here inflated. What if someone came round? I'd be mortified.”

“Just like you were when Ola found you on the bed and you decided to play patchwork?”

“Oh, far worse than that.”

“Someone could always find her if she's just around.”

“You're absolutely right. So we can't just deflate her, we need to make sure she can't be found.”

“That wasn't quite what I...”

“Shhh. I'm thinking. Can anyone restore her? They just need to take the stem out?”

“Yeeesssssss. What are you...”

“Well, I just think Sarah should get something out of her helpful suggestion, don't you?”

“You want to deliver your sister to Sarah while she's a deflated sex toy?”

“Well, when you put it like that, it does sound a bit mean, but, yes!” she looks over at her sister, still standing exactly where she was, “Maybe it'll convince her not to come round here, interrupting us quite so much.”

“It could convince her just the opposite.”

“Then next time, we don't have to change her back so soon. She's smart, she'll figure it out eventually.”

“You do realise you're enjoying this entirely too much, don't you?”

Lisa pauses, “Maybe a little.” she looks again at Carrie, “She's helpless like that, completely in my power. I can see how someone could get far too used to this kind of thing.” she wraps her arm around Peter's shoulders, kissing him lightly on the cheek, “And I can appreciate how someone doesn't do this sort of thing to me when he could. Now, I don't think we can really send her to Sarah like that, can we?”

“Like what?”

“You can't have a clothed sex toy. You write the note, and I'll make sure Carrie's presentable.” she walks across to the eerily still figure. “Now don't peek, Magic Boy. She's still my sister, after all.” she turns back to Carrie, “And as for you...” She turns the doll around, the Lycra squeaking quietly as she grabs it. “What are you feeling in there, Carrie?” she asks, staring into the blank eyes of the doll. She unhooks the bra, sliding the straps off Carrie's shoulders, letting them slip down her arms. The small mounds of plastic that were her breasts stand on her chest, the nipples replaced by nubs in the seams. She slides the panties over Carrie's legs, shuddering at the rings of plastic where her sister's intimate orifices should be. “You're enjoying this, aren't you?” she asks the doll, its plastic mouth making no reply. She takes hold of the stem. “I hope you enjoy this too, then. *But I wish you'd leave us alone for a couple of weeks and bother someone else.*” She pulls on the cap, a soft hiss issuing out, the air brushing over her fingertips. “You'd better be alright, after this, Carrie.” she mutters as the doll's body deflates, the firm limbs crumpling, collapsing into a flesh-coloured pile of empty skin. She looks up from the deflated form, “Are you sure she's going to be alright after this?”

Peter looks up from the piece of card, the pen halting, hovering in the air, “She'll be fine. Lise, trust me. I'm not going to do anything to hurt her.”

"I know. It's just, what are you doing?"

"You know my handwriting looks like a drunken one-legged spider. I thought it would be better if Sarah could read the message."

"Yeah. Probably would be an idea. How long are you asking Sarah to keep her like this?"

"Only for tonight."

Lisa nods, "How are we going to get her there? I'm not sure I'd trust this to the Royal Mail and there's no way a courier'll take it."

"Don't worry, Lise. It's covered."

She raises her eyebrows quizzically, "It is? Do you have a magic letter box hidden around here or something?"

"Something like that."

"I was kidding. You do? Really?"

"I do. Really. Could you pass me her clothes?"

"Why?"

"I need something to make the box out of."

"Box?"

"We can hardly send her there like that, can we?"

"I suppose." she hands over the bundle of clothes, watching as the cloth shimmers in Peter's hands, spreading out into a thin cardboard frame. "Realistic, life-size, Carrie doll? You are having a laugh, aren't you, Magic Boy?"

"Maybe. But Sarah'll appreciate it, she's got an odd sense of humour."

"Not at all like you, of course."

"Of course." he looks over at Carrie, "We need to get her folded up to fit in."

"We? Thinking of touching my sister like this, are you?"

Carrie floats into the air, her body stretching out, folding itself over like a pressed shirt, sliding into the box, her face stating out the plastic window. "Not really." He slides the card in, closing the box, sealing Carrie in.

"And that's that?"

"Just need to post her."

"No stamp?"

"Keep that up, Lise, and I'll make you the stamp."

"Promises, promises." she grins.

Peter picks up the box, "I'll be right back."

"Hold on. I want to see this." she follows him through a door that doesn't appear on the plans of Peter's bedroom, "I still can't believe you can just put up a door like that. Or how big this place is. You could spend a lifetime here and not get to the end."

"Probably." he stops, turning towards a bright red pillar box.

"You have to be kidding me."

"Nope." He pushes Carrie into the slot.

"Now what?"

Peter points to the collection date on the box. 'Last collection time: Now'.

"She's on her way. Should we phone Sarah so it's not a complete shock?"

"You do that, Magic Boy. Then we can get back to what we were doing before someone interrupted."



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