

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 39

ADJUSTMENTS

"I swear if she says 'again' one...more...time...."

Peter puts his arms around her, "She's just trying to make the show look good."

"I know that! But she's so, so, arrrrgh!"

"So Carrie?"

"Exactly. And I know she's trying to help, and I know I'm being unreasonable, but..."

Peter kisses her on the forehead, "But you still don't like it."

"No. It's bad enough we're giving up our weekends, and evenings, for this. But...ok, ok, I'm calm now."

"And it's not as if we're not getting paid for this."

"We're getting paid? Ok, maybe I can put up with Carrie bossing me about for a bit longer."

"Bossing us."

"Yeah, yeah, but you get off easy, Magic Boy."

"Can I help it if I'm just that good?"

"If I didn't ache so much, I would so be making you regret that." She snuggles closer into him.

"So I shouldn't offer to get rid of all those aches and pains?"

"How?" she looks up at him, "And don't just say 'magic'. You know I need more than that."

"A good massage works wonders on aches, or so I've been told."

"Oooooooh. A massage I can get behind. Ok. Just get me back to normal before we go to bed."

"Ok."

"And no cheating by leaving me somewhere else so 'we' don't technically 'go to bed'. You know very well what I mean. Tonight, I will be sleeping in bed and in my normal arrangement of limbs."

He leans down, kissing her on the forehead. "That's better. Not perfect, but better. I promise you'll be back to normal before we go to bed tonight."

"What's not perfect about it?"

"You'll find out."

"Peter..."

"I won't abuse it too badly, promise."

"Will you at least tell me what I did wrong? And how you will be abusing me?"

"Normal arrangement of limbs' is very specific. Doesn't include some very important things."

"Like what?"

"Like heads." He leans over, kissing her forehead, "You were a bit too specific."

"But..."

"Remember the point of this? To get you used to dealing with people the lawyers of the Iron City don't like negotiating with. You're getting better, though."

"Great. And how am I being abused?"

"I think our agreement said I don't have to tell you."

"I could go off you, you know."

"You know I won't be too bad."

"Yeah, I know, it's the 'too' that bugs me."

"You can still back out."

"And have you holding this over my head? Not a chance. Just get your massage table ready and get on with it."

Peter puts his hand on the floor, smoke bubbling up, spreading out as he raises it. He turns to find Lisa getting undressed. "Not everything has to be done with magic, you know." She smiles, dropping her clothes on the sofa and climbing onto the cloud. "Mmmmmmmmm. If you could make beds out of this, you'd make a fortune."

She rests on the cloud, drifting off as she feels Peter's fingers working over her back, feeling them sink easily inside her. She feels the aches and pains fading as Peter massages her body away, everything blending together, arms merging with legs and chest. She manages a little gasp as Peter

rolls her up, trying to squirm as he massages her hips fully into her body, spreading her womanhood all through her. Eventually, there's just her head left, but soon, even that is gone, leaving her in a peaceful, silent darkness, feeling Peter's hands as he compresses her body down to the size of a grapefruit. She's awaiting the feeling of utter nothingness when she feels herself being picked up and moved, but doesn't pay it much attention. She feels herself placed on something solid, hard, slightly cool, feeling her body flatten a little as she rests on it. *What are you up to, Magic Boy?* She ponders idly as she sits there, still barely thinking anything at all, and then something presses on top of her. She feels the hard, rounded thing pressing down, parts of her squashing beneath it, the rest pushing up and away, turning her rounded body into a 'U'. As she's recovering from the feeling, the cylinder inside her starts rolling back and forth, spreading her out across the surface.

Ooooooh, wow, that feels good! Most thorough massage I've ever had.

She feels herself flattening out, spreading over the surface. And then she feels Peter's fingers digging under her, peeling her off.

Ok, Magic Boy, what noooooow?

She gets her answer as Peter crumples her skin-coloured, dough-like body up, rolling it around until she's once again a smooth sphere. And then she feels the whole process start again as the rolling pin flattens her out. She feels herself relaxing into the routine: flatten, scrunch, smooth; flatten, scrunch, smooth; repeating over and over, each time the rolling getting a little easier and Lisa a little flatter.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, "I swear if she makes me say 'again' one...more...time..."

"She is trying."

"I know that! But she's so, so, arrrrgh!"

"It can't be that bad."

"You can't just let me rant, can you?"

Tracy looks away, "Sorry."

"Alright, so it's not, quite, that bad. We could, just, perform the show and it wouldn't look completely amateurish, but, she's just so stiff! There's no flow at all! It's just...what? What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Y our arm..."

"What about my..." she turns her head and spots her arm flopping about on the sofa, her shoulder ending smoothly. "That's different. Hmm. Didn't even notice."

"How can you be so calm?! Your arm just fell off!"

Carrie shrugs, picking up the offending limb. "Hmmm." She places her finger on the smooth skin covering where it should be joined to her shoulder, "Just like when I cut it. Interesting."

"Interesting?! Is that all you can say?"

Carrie places the arm up against her shoulder, biting her lip as it rejoins. "There. All better. See? Nothing to worry about."

"But..."

Carrie extends her arm, "It's fine, Tracy, I'm fine. Really. Go on. Pull it."

"But..."

"Go on." She grabs hold of her wrist and pulls but her arm stays stubbornly attached. "See. It's perfectly normal."

Tracy slowly reaches out to take her wrist, and pulls. She slips backwards as Carrie's arm comes away with a soft pop, almost falling. She stares at the arm. Carrie stares at her.

"How did you do that?"

"I don't know! I just pulled and your arm came off! I thought you said it was ok!"

"I thought it was." She takes the arm, putting it back. She tugs but the arm stays in place. "Very weird."

"And from you that says volumes."

Carrie nods absently, grunting in agreement without paying much attention. "Ok, so, let's see..." she pulls on her arm but nothing happens.

"What are you do...?"

"I'm experimenting." She closes her eyes and gently tugs on her arm, pulling her severed arm away. "Aha!" she replaces her arm. "I think I might have it."

"What?"

"Still experimenting. Try again. **And don't think so hard about my arm coming off.** Because it won't."

"But..."

"It won't. Trust me."

"Ok. If you're sure."

"I'm sure." She holds out her arm. Tracy gingerly takes hold and pulls. Nothing happens. "See? Pull harder." She does, "Ow! Maybe not quite that hard."

"How?"

"Almost done. Try again and **this time, try to really pull it off.**"

"But..."

"Trust me. I know what's going on."

Tracy sighs, "You always say that before something weird happens."

"Do I?"

She nods, but takes hold of Carrie's arm and pulls. The arm pulls free with a pop.

"Good. That confirms it." She takes the arm off Tracy, placing it back on her shoulder.

"Confirms what?"

"What's happening."

Tracy gives a little sigh, "Ok, 'Professor', enlighten me."

"Ok, you know that I'm edible now..."

"Because you were caught in the backlash with the Collar."

"Right. And then there was that incident last week..."

"Where you suddenly had a chest that you could see from space."

"It wasn't that bad. You certainly weren't complaining at the time."

Tracy blushes a little, "You said there was nothing to worry about then, too."

"Because there isn't. Really. Anyway, my current hypothesis is that the backlash hasn't quite finished with me..."

"That kinda sounds, you know, not 'nothing to worry about'."

"Depends. So far it's only happened in private and we've been able to fix it."

"Except when I ate you."

"Only the first time. And Peter fixed that, so it still counts. Anyway, I think, if I really overdo something, my body kind of adapts to it. First time is, well, ok, first time can be a problem. But once it's happened once, I know what to do to get it to happen and can stop it."

"But..."

"It'll be fine. Worst case is, Peter gets to be play knight in shining armour and I owe him again. Best case, you get all sorts of fun things to do to me as surprises."

"You're sure it's ok?"

"I'm sure."

"Ok." She smiles slyly, her eyes glinting.

"I don't like that...hey!"

Tracy holds up Carrie's severed hand, triumphantly. "You mean fun surprises like this? Or did you mean fun surprises like this?" she puts the thumb into her mouth and begins to blow. Carrie gasps as she feels a tightness in her chest, her bust swelling as her body reacts to the borrowed magic of her inflatable bra.

Meanwhile, back where we started, Lisa feels herself picked up, a smooth ball in Peter's hands. *Awwwww. Over so soon? I was just getting into it and...* The thought stops as she feels herself falling, *what are you...* She feels her body land, spreading out, cold metal crescents under her, something solid hemming her in. *What? Where? What are you up to magic, boy?* Everything starts humming, a low thrum that rumbles through her body. *Ooooooh, nice, vibrating massage, I could...*

the crescents start to turn, slowly twisting through her, gradually speeding up, her pliable body tearing. *What was that? I...* the crescents continue to speed up, he body sliced apart, *He wouldn't, he couldn't, he did! He put me in the blender!!! I am going to...* the blender continues to speed up, Lisa's body dissolving into a thick, flesh-coloured liquid, frothing about. *How dare he?! I am...mmmm, actually, that doesn't feel so bad. Better than the massage. Ooooh, he's sneaky, getting me to enjoy this. He...* the thrumming stops. *What now? I can't get much more loosened up. He'd better eeeeeeeeeee!* She feels the blender tipped, feeling her body pour out, sliding over the plastic, falling to splosh into another container. This one feels cold, hard, glass, narrower than the blender, her body filling it up. *I'm in a glass. He'd better not do what I think he's going to do! I'll give him indigestion! I'll...* she feels the glass moving, lifted, raised. And turned over suddenly. She feels a shock as it hits the counter, followed by falling, her liquid body plunging down, to land with a little bump on her rear. She blinks. *I have eyes again.* She looks up through the upturned glass. She quickly runs her hands over her body. *Everything in its proper place, except...* "I'm tiny!"

"Yes. All limbs in their proper place, though. As we agreed."

"Right." She replies a little grumpily, "What was the big idea blending me?!"

"You didn't like it?"

"I...ok, so I liked it. That's not the point!"

"Which is?"

"That I'm pissed at you. I thought you were going to drink me!"

"I did consider it."

"You did?"

"A little. But you'd have killed me."

"Yeah. No snacking without permission."

"Yup."

"So, how long am I stuck like this, oh, cruel and wicked giant?"

"We'll see."

She sighs, "Ok, ok. I guess I shouldn't be...Hang on, you said I'd be back to normal before we go to bed tonight."

He smiles, "Wondered if you'd remember that."

Lisa smiles a little triumphantly, "Yeah, well, I'm getting better, apparently."

"Oh, don't be such a grump, Tinkerbell."

Lisa rubs the invisible ring on her finger absently, "Just get me out from under this glass."

"Sure? You are a long way off the..."

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"Ok." He lifts up the glass. Lisa's ears pop as the pressure changes. Peter holds out his hand.

"Don't bother. *I wish I had my fairy wings.*" She whispers, feeling the ring warming, her back itching as the brilliant butterfly wings spread. She steps off the edge of the counter, fluttering up to Peter. "You may applaud." She taps him on the nose, "And you're it." She flutters off.

Meanwhile, elsewhere again, a delicate hand taps on the calm surface of a clear pool, ripples breaking up the image of Lisa fluttering around the flat, "Oh, very nice. Yes, I think you're rather getting the hang of things, dear." She looks up into the darkness, "Don't you think?"

"She is showing promise."

"So, I was right about her?"

"That has yet to be determined."

"Oh, pooh, you never say I'm right."



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